

Let the rest of the world go by—

Ever want to take a "pal" to some romantic retreat in among snow-capped peaks and mountain forests where you can wander away for hours of congenial companionship? Then come this summer to the

BUNGALOW CAMPS

in the Canadian Pacific Rockies. Aren't their names attractive? Yoho, O'Hara, Emerald Lake, Wapta, Moraine Lake, Storm Mountain, Vermillion River, Radium Hot Springs, Lake Windermere. Each camp has a different personality.

Cozy bungalows and community house for meals. Only \$5.50 a day American plan. Well marked trails or motor roads take you from your camp through the

Canadian Pacific Rockies

Reached only by the Canadian Pacific Let us give you full information. G. BRUCE BURPEE, District Passenger Agent, Saint John, N. B.

FARM FOR SALE AT VICTORIA

I am offering by private sale my farm, containing one hundred acres of very best class land, all cleared and in the very best of condition. New houses and barns, granary and implement shed. Inspection.

FOR SALE

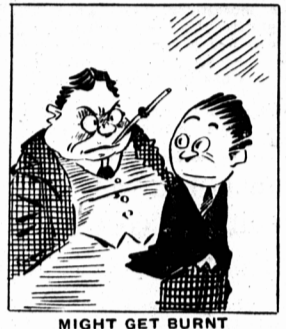
A Business Stand at Emeryvale, Lot 20, with 6 acres of land, a good house, two nice barns, a work shop, all in good repair, a pump at the door, handy to church, store and railway station together with all the movables; also all the work in the shop not settled for by the 10th of June, 1925, will be sold to pay for cost. Apply to B. WYNNE, Shoemaker on the Premises, 1419-6-6th Street.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC. BOSTON-ST. JOHN N. B. (International) LINE FARE ST. JOHN TO BOSTON \$10.00, EASTPORT or LUBEC to BOSTON \$9.00 STATEROOMS \$5.50 S. S. GOV. DINGLEY Atlantic Time Leave St. John Wednesday at 9 A. M. and Saturday at 7 P. M. Wednesday sailings leave Eastport 2.30 P. M., Lubec 3.30 P. M., due Boston Thursday about 9 A. M. Saturday sailings direct to Boston, due Sunday about 5 P. M. Return—Leave Boston Monday and Friday at 10 A. M. (Daylight Saving Time). On Saturdays, passengers may leave Eastport for Boston via St. John. For additional information apply to agents at above ports.

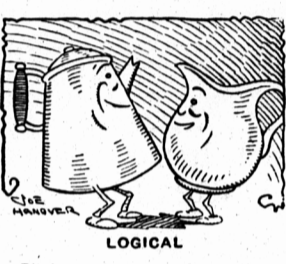
SMILES



She: Yes—that emotional actress had us all in tears last night He: Which tier were you in?



MIGHT GET BURNT Dad: Do something! Get into something! Set the world on fire! Son: Don't want to—might get burnt.



LOGICAL Pitcher: I hear you're getting a divorce—on what grounds will you get it? Coffee Pot: Why on coffee grounds, of course!



WORKED IN REAL ESTATE Mrs. Gabb: And what does your husband do, Mrs. Mumm? Mrs. M.: He works in real estate Mrs. Gabb. Mrs. Gabb (aside): Yea—digs ditches, I hear.



OH! "John how is the machine running?" "Not so good Sis! There was a little miss in it last night." "Yes! I found her gloves and neckerchief."

Table with 2 columns: Location (L.V. Charlottetown, L.V. Rocky Point) and Ferry Time Table (Commencing June 1st, the Steamer H.L. Ashborough will run between Charlottetown and Rocky Point during the Summer months, as follows:)

THE RED VULTURE

BY FREDERICK SLEATH Author of "Salper Jackson," etc.

(Continued)

It was his eye, his round tower, his place of retreat in such times as this when his strong spirit was troubled. Often he came hither, here he looked out on the wild, and felt its power. Here he could draw the violence of his fury passed; he began to consider, to think and to plan—became his old self of a yesterday, the supremely intelligent, indomitable, audacious man. He had need of the clearest thinking, he saw, the strongest control, the sternest marshalling of all his faculties, if he were to succeed in the task, in the mastering of the problem before him. Immensely difficult in its first setting, it was now complicated to the nth degree—complicated by the coming of the girl.

But for her he could have taken wing like an avenging bird of prey, hung on the trail of his enemies, swooped and killed and killed; his range the whole world, wherever they nested; his resting-place here, there, wherever chance willed. It was a part that he could have played well; that he longed to play. One against thousands, he would have backed his strength and cunning to enable him to endure; nerved by the memory of a great love—a great wrong—he would have surely cut his way to the presence of the master-enemy, and in the Vulture's heart claim reckoning and wreaked revenge. Instead he was tied to a nest of his own; rendered practically immobile by the necessity of guarding what he contained.

He could never leave it for long, nor foray afar—perhaps, not at all. She might refuse to stay with him; he had yet to come to an understanding with her and find out her point of view. Perhaps as well as guardian and protector, he might have to be her gaoler. In any case he was condemned to the greatest circumspectness to avoid having known his whereabouts to their foes. Paradoxically, the need for ensuring her safety would be the greatest obstacle in the way of making her secure, for not till the Vulture's brood was extirpated would her peril be removed. There was no other refuge for her, no other place where she might hide while he pursued his vendetta to the end.

Her own friends and acquaintances—every one of them was suspect. His own—the friends of his youth—to them to one only would he have thought of turning, the kindly colonel who had tried to shelter him, a general now holding a very high command; and even this man, much in the public eye as he was, probably already under observation by the Children, could scarcely give her adequate protection, however willing he might be. Later, perhaps, when all danger was gone, in his home a home might be found for her. Meanwhile,

he must stay in the cottage—for years, if need be—he and she together. He and she! A man and a girl. A man who had loved, and a girl in whom his dead love was re-incarnated. A man who had loved and sacrificed all, and a girl who hourly, daily, would remind him of his bitterness, his humiliation, his wrongs—his revenge.

Bitterness grew in his heart at the thought; he was filled with the lust to spring and tear. But the cool brow of the ancient hill gave him of its coolness. It was Clara's dying charge to him, and therefore must be. Of one thing he was certain: he had brought her to a sure refuge. No one ever came near the cottage; no one lived within miles of it. Nor would his presence attract the slightest attention from those who dwelt nearest. He was known to them; he had been known for years; as a hermit, a man who shunned his kind. Silent folk themselves, solitaires many of them, shepherds and rangers, or members of small communities secluded in the hills, they had respected his silence, his obvious desire to be alone. No talk of theirs, no expression of curiosity nor surprise would reach the ears of any stray omiser of the Children and lead to the searchers descending on his hold.

Nor did he fear the possibility of the searchers coming thither of their own accord. They would follow the car; its exact northward track could not long be concealed from them. But the trail was doubled. If they discovered the wreck, they would think disaster had happened. If they missed it and passed on, they would be led to a great seaport city, and think that thence their quarry was endeavouring to escape overseas. Nearly ten miles lay between the hollow, moreover, and the point where he had struck from the road. They would scarcely cast so far, supposing they searched the neighbourhood. And even if they did, even if they came and knocked at the cottage door! Not merely for its remoteness had he chosen his refuge. It would still hide.

How to strike back at them, hampered as he was, how to desert their power—how to get his hands on Eli Carse—that was the main difficulty. Somehow it must be overcome. He put all else from his mind and concentrated his attention on it. Ideas came steadily. Definite schemes formed. He even thought of Branluk. Here was an ally for him—a man at least whom he might well use.

And there was the book that Clara had given him—Carse's diary. She had said it would help him; she had told him her name was the keyword to its code. It was still in his bosom, where he had placed it before diving under the boathouse door. He would examine it as soon as he returned. Yet from such a source he did not expect a great deal of assistance; it was a tiny book by the feel of it, nor was Carse the man to commit much to paper that could be easily read and understood even though the cipher were known. There would be hints, perhaps, aids to memory but hints and aids that only the writer himself could interpret, whose meaning depended on his content of mind. Nevertheless he did not dismiss it as negligible. When completed, he would hold his direction, following no beaten track, moving through pitch darkness, but sure of his way. The rain still fell steadily, the sky was overcast; but the wind had fallen, the fury of the storm passed on; and down in the hollows of the moor and between the hills the air was sluggish and heavy, thick with bog vapours beaten up by the spattering showers.

AFTER ALL There's Nothing To Equal Zam-Buk FOR THE SKIN!

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THE PRINCE IS WAITING This is the beginning of the last week of the story of "Cinderella." If you have been saving these paper dolls you will soon have the whole set with which to act out this famous fairy tale.

Cinderella's fairy godmother had her bring the same things she had the evening before and again she changed them by her magic into the beautiful coach and four. She then touched Cinderella's rags and they were changed into a dress even more beautiful than the one she had worn the first night.

The Prince was watching impatiently for his beautiful Princess. The moment Cinderella entered the room he rushed forward and took her by the hand. "Why did you leave me so suddenly?" he asked. "I looked for you every where and could not sleep all night for thinking of you." He brushed past Cinderella's stepsisters, never noticing them, and led Cinderella to the dance.

(Here is one of Cinderella's selfish stepsisters. Color her hair brown and her dress lavender. Tomorrow we shall see her fancy ball gown.) (Copyright, 1925, Associated Editors, Inc.)

integrated, and washed away by an irrupting spring. He leaped the breach—leaped out strongly over the bank and splashed down onto the continuation of the path on the other side, and was able to make good his crossing without further delay. In less than two hours he had covered eight miles and lay on the brow of a ridge looking down towards a road. The rain had ceased falling. The last breath of wind had blown. A wan moon was struggling slowly through the breaking clouds.

The road was a part of the track of his detour, and immediately beneath him was the point where he had stopped and taken the luggage from the car. He had come to recover it. In a cleft in the rocky bank of a tarn he had made his cache; the mouth of the cleft overgrown and well hidden, he had no fear, and still had no fear, of it being discovered. But he lay for many minutes before descending, although he could not see them, it seemed there were prowlers below. The wan light grew stronger and showed him the road a sudden, livid streak transfixing the wet, glittering gorseland. Nothing stirred. There were shadows athwart it, however, where his keen sight was baffled. Suspicious still, he crawled farther down the brow away from the skyline, and from his new position made a more earnest survey. At last he began to descend, crawling, stealthily and wary, a lynx stalking a kill, a wild man a foe; and he headed, not towards the tarn, but towards a point farther on, where was a thicket on the other side of the road.

Little Cinderella COLOR CUT-OUTS



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also, and in the hollow thus formed the rainwater had gathered. The fall of the food lay halfway across the thoroughfare; and as he drew nearer sounds became audible, soft splashing, breakings of twigs

Healthy Children

WHAT a joy there is in the laughter of children. How quickly that laughter dies when constipation—that great enemy of healthy bodies—coats the tongue and dulls the appetite of your boy or girl.

Mothers often fail to recognize in the bad breath, the coated tongue and fretfulness, the danger of disease that lurks like a shadow ready to throw its black mantle over the loved one.

DR. CALDWELL'S LAXATIVE SYRUP PEPSIN relieves the cause—constipation—and should be in every home. You will be astonished how quickly this great family remedy will put laughter back in the eyes of your child.

It is a safe, mild laxative especially suitable for children, pleasant to take, with no cramping after effects. It contains no narcotics or mercurials.

FOR SALE IN ALL GOOD DRUG STORES

and the rustling of disturbed vegetation. His instinct had not misled him. Men were searching the thicket. Twenty yards away he heard their voices, accents of illomen, sibilant, Oriental. He continued his crawl. It was odd the Vulture's brood had settled there, so near the tarn.

The Flag For Canada

The Annual Meeting of Navy League at Charlottetown passed the following resolution: "Resolved that this Annual Meeting of the P. E. I. Division of the Navy League of Canada believe that the Union Jack, which is the emblem of the unity and strength of the British Empire, is sufficient as a Canadian flag, and therefore is opposed to any form of new flag for Canada."

The Dominion Government has appointed a committee consisting of the deputy heads of the Department of Defence and of State, the Dominion Architect and senior officers of the Naval, Military and Air forces, to consider and report upon the most suitable design for a Canadian national flag for use ashore. The committee, it is further stated, has before it three suggestions. The first is that the red ensign with the Dominion's coat of arms in the fly be authorized as a national flag. The second is that the Union Jack with the arms of Canada in the centre be adopted. The third is that an entirely new design be made and approved.

The red ensign with the Union Jack in the first or upper canton and the arms of Canada in the fly is much flown on land in this country, and is often called the Canadian ensign. Strictly speaking, the red ensign should only be used on water. This flag without any distinguishing mark on the fly was originally displayed on ships of war and by command of an Admiral of the Red. More recently, it has been the flag of the British mercantile marine. The blue ensign with the Union Jack in the first canton is used by the Royal Naval Reserve in Great Britain and by certain British Government departments, such as the Trinity House, lighthouse and revenue services. It may also be used, by special permission, by certain yacht clubs that, like the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, are allowed to use the word Royal in their names. The white ensign, or St. George's Ensign, belongs to the Royal Navy. It shows, in addition to the Union Jack in the first canton, the red cross of St. George throughout the length and breadth of a white ground. Every British ship of war, resses, military camps and military stations and is the King's color of all British regiments. It is also the British national flag and may be flown on land by any British subject. It is used by the Governor-General of British colonies usually with the arms or badge of the colony in the centre. A Union Jack with the emblem of the order of the Star of India in the centre is the flag of India. Canada, thus far, has had no flag other than the Union Jack, especially set apart by law as a national flag to be displayed on land, although the red ensign with the Dominion's arms is flown, by authority of an order-in-Council,

AUCTION SALE Of Valuable Property in Charlottetown

We are authorized by Nemir Tweel to sell on his premises on Thursday, June 18th, commencing at 12 o'clock noon, his double dwelling house and store, situated on the corner of Elm Avenue and Bayfield Street. Reason for sale Mr. Tweel is going away. Inspection at any time. Terms at sale.

BENJ. CARTER & SON, Auctioneers. 1579-6-16M3L.

Store for Sale At Dunstaffnage

Owing to other business arrangements the undersigned desires to dispose of her lucrative Grocery Business at Dunstaffnage including store, dwellinghouse and out-buildings. The business is old established in the centre of a prosperous, populous settlement, near churches and schools. For further particulars apply to MRS. R. PHILIPSON (nee Lane, Dunstaffnage. Phone Central 1 495-6 10 61 133-6-2tu4l.

By ARTHUR MORELAND



DR. W. A. CALDWELL'S LAXATIVE SYRUP PEPSIN COMPOUND RECOMMENDED FOR CONSTIPATION AND TO STIMULATE THE SYSTEM. DIRECTIONS—To relieve the system, take daily when alone or combined with other laxatives, 1 to 2 teaspoonsful in 1/2 glass of water, 3 or 4 times a day. The Children, from 1 to 2 years of age, take 1/2 to 1 teaspoonful, 3 or 4 times a day, according to age, strength, condition and needs, and after meals, and before going to bed. PEPSIN SYRUP CO. LIMITED TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

Dr. Caldwell's Laxative SYRUP PEPSIN

RIVER VIEW FARM FOR SALE

Four miles from Charlottetown, excellent land with good buildings. Also beautiful site for fox ranch. P. BYRNE, North River 1074 5-16 stu-104.

FOX FOOD

We have in cold storage a fresh supply of small fat herring, which many ranches have found the best diet change for foxes during the summer months, price 3/4 cents per lb. Can ship any quantity desired daily by express or tri-weekly by freight. Place your order promptly if you require a regular supply of fresh fish. MATTHEW & McLEAN, LIMITED Souris East 1341-4-2-1st-61.

Province of Prince Edward Island In The Probate Court

16th George V., A. D., 1925 In Re-Estate of John Sutherland, late of Stanley Bridge, in Queens County, in the said Province, deceased, testate by the Honourable Alexander Bannerman Warburton, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, &c., &c. To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County, or any Commissioner or literate person within said County.

GREETING:—

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Alfred E. Fyfe, of Stanley Bridge aforesaid, and J. Simpson Bell, of Hope River, in Queen's County aforesaid, farmers, the executors of the above named estate, praying that a Citation may be issued for the purpose hereafter set forth: You are therefore required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Friday, the third day of July next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock, forenoon, of the same day to show cause if any they can why the accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on Motion of Donald McKinnon, Esq., Proctor for the said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, one in each week, for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, in front of the Hall at Stanley Bridge aforesaid, and in front of the Hall at Hope River aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

Given under my Hand and the Seal of the said Court, this 23rd day of May, A. D., 1925 in the 16th year of His Majesty's reign. (L. S.) (Sgd.) A. B. WARBURTON, Surrogate, Judge of Probate.

MORE HUMOURS OF HISTORY

A. D. 1297.—Nearly all the Scottish nobles swore fealty to Edward. But one, not of noble birth, came on the scene, William Wallace, said to have been a younger son of Sir Malcolm Wallace. That he disliked oppression is shown by his early deeds. He brained an English soldier who tried to steal his fish. He slew the son of the English Governor of Dundee, and at Lanark another Englishman paid for an insult with his life.

