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whole wheat including the bran

Salesman Wanted

A large Canadian company is about to appoint a representative in Prince Edward Island and requires the services of a man who is well acquainted with the provincial wholesale and retail grocery trade. Applicants for this position should apply by letter to X. Y. Z. Guardian Office, stating experience, age and salary expected. Such communications will be regarded as confidential.

Mortgage Sale

Take notice that under and by virtue of the powers of sale contained in a certain Mortgage or Deed of Trust dated the twenty-fourth day of January A. D. 1924, made between J. & T. Morris Company Limited, of the first part, and The Maritime Trust Corporation of the second part, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction on the premises Nos. 75 to 79 Water Street in Charlottetown, on Monday the sixteenth day of July A. D. 1928, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the following property, namely: All that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Charlottetown aforesaid bounded as follows: On the Southeast by Water Street, on the Southwest by property now or late owned by W. W. Owen (formerly used as Telegraph Office), on the North by property of Charles H. Longworth, and on the Northwest by the Robins Estate.

Strawberry Boxes We have received one carload 185,000 Strawberry Boxes direct from the manufacturer. Made from clear whitewood regulation size as required by the SMALL FRUITS ACT, done up in crates of 1,000, 500 and 250 to the crate, but sold in any quantity. Also pint size for CURRANTS, GOOSEBERRY, BLACK BERRY, BLUEBERRIES, RASPBERRY, etc., all at lowest possible prices. Special low price in lots of 5000 Boxes and over. Send or phone us your order NOW. CARTER & CO. LIMITED.

Also all the personal property of J. & T. Morris Company Limited, comprising the machinery, plant equipment, office furniture, stock-in-trade, bottles, containers, boxes, cases, references, materials and supplies used in connection with its business, beers, aerated waters and drinks manufactured in the process of manufacture, formulae, trademarks, trade names, book-accounts, and all other fixtures, utensils, goods, chattels effects and assets now owned, or which at the time of such sale may be owned by the said J. & T. Morris Company Limited. Terms of sale to be twenty per cent cash at the time of sale, and the balance within thirty days after the date of sale. Dated this fourteenth day of May 1928. The Maritime Trust Corporation, by McLEOD & BENTLEY, Their Attorneys.

New Zealand exports millions of rabbit skins to the United States and England each year to masquerade as more expensive furs.

Notice The Auction Sale of Wilmot Large which was postponed will be held on the premises at Albany on Thursday, June 14th at one o'clock. 6-12-31.

Jealous Hearts

By MILDRED BARBOUR

Chapter 57 THE RETURN

"The Fleuretania" swung slowly into her berth in the North River docks. There busy, puffing little tugs worried her into it, like terriers at the heels of a mastiff. With the cutting off of the engines, there was a strange, hushed silence—a silence suddenly oppressive, after five days of that steady, endless throb in the heart of the big ship. Elinor stood at the rail beside Farraday, her eyes scanning the fluttering, brightly-colored mass on the pier that represented friends and relatives, waiting to welcome the returning voyagers. Her eyes were rather weary, although they burned with restless, consuming flame, and her lips were not so mocking as bitter. It was not a triumphant home-coming for Elinor. Despite the fact that her fame abroad had enhanced her prestige in America, she felt cheated, balked of her heart's desire. But she looked very regal in her expensive wrap, with camellias pinned to her collar. "Millicent is sure to meet us," she told Farraday, without perceptible enthusiasm. Somehow, she felt rather dull and lifeless. Even the sight of her native land, after five years of absence, had failed to stir her; the prospect of seeing again her foster sister left her cold; it was only the thought of Tony—Tony, who was waiting somewhere there on the pier that quickened her pulse and lit a new fire in her eyes. She was across the gang-plank, on the pier, her restless eyes searching the crowd for Tony's dark head; Millicent would be beside him; Elinor summoned from her memory a vague picture of Millicent, a quiet, wistful, pretty girl, dressed in a quiet, pretty fashion. Millicent would be a little shy; she would hang back in the surging crowd. "Lo, old dear! What fun to see you again!"

A slim, chic, graceful girl, in a jaunty fur trimmed coat, with a rakish little hat pulled over one eye, caught Elinor's arm. Red Lips, curved like a cupid's bow, smiled; brown eyes crinkled adorably. "Millicent!" gasped Elinor. They rushed toward each other. "And this is Mr. Farraday?" Millicent said, emerging from Elinor's embrace and holding out a cordial hand. "I remember you," she told him. "You spent a summer with us at Carver Hall." He looked down at her, his gray eyes pleasantly surprised. "You were only a toddler, wearing a gingham pinafore. You used to sit on my knee and listen to fairy-tales." She nodded, her eyes dancing. "And Gulliver's Travels. You remember, you read them to me?" "For Heaven's sake, you two!" protested Elinor petulantly. "Do save your reminiscence until we get out of this mob." Her eyes were searching the crowd, still restless. She turned to Millicent. "Down at Lynnwood, ostensibly," returned Millicent lightly. "One never knows where Tony is—for long. He's such a restless person." She led the way to the street. "My car's parked in the next block. Want to walk? Or shall I pick you up here, when you're through the Customs?" Elinor bit her lip. She didn't hear Millicent's question. Her disappointment at Tony's absence was patent. "Oh, yes, he knew," said Millicent calmly. "I wired him as soon as I got your cable." Elinor was silent. She shot a swift glance at Millicent, but the latter only waved a careless hand and said: "I'll go and bring the car. Stay where you are, or you'll ruin your shoes in this slush." She was off, walking gracefully, jauntily, with the vigor of youth. She made Elinor feel old and tired. Farraday was looking after Millicent. "What an exquisite creature she has turned out to be!" Elinor laughed harshly. "Don't look so idiotic, Jim. You have the expression of a man who has fallen in love at first sight." A whimsical smile illumined Farraday's face. "I'm not so sure I haven't," he said. Elinor turned away impatiently. "I'm in no mood for jesting," she remarked impatiently. "Heavens, what disgusting weather! Is there

John Smith And His Car

John Smith is a character whom every motorist should welcome. He is not selfish, rather he is a motoring martyr, a chap willing and glad to have exploited, in an interesting way, his experience for the benefit of the other twenty.

ENJOYING THE JOB

"I don't see how Browne manages to keep his car in such fine running condition," Smith observed the other day when he had driven to the neighborhood filling station for some gas and oil. "I guess he enjoys it," I replied. How anyone could really enjoy work in connection with a car was something that Smith had not considered. He did not know that the success of work done on a car is in direct proportion to the pleasure found in that work.

"I think, Smith, one of your troubles is the habit of tackling the wrong kind of work at the wrong time," I suggested. "System in itself is a pleasure, and if you are going to get the best results from your work it is important to have your methods so arranged that you can accomplish certain things on the car at times when it is convenient and pleasurable for you to do so. Why worry about changing oil in the engine when dressed for the theatre? Why think of cleaning the upholstery when adjusting the brakes?"

"Furthermore, you have no idea how many things can be done on a car while you presumably are bent upon some other purpose. Recently I was trying to get a better ride from the car by changing the air pressure in the tires, and while I was doing this I took advantage of the opportunity to insert new valve 'insides' in the tire stems and remove a few squeaks from the rims. This fell in naturally with the rest of the work.

"Whenever I lift the hood to inspect the oil level gauge on the side of the engine or to add oil I pick up a clean rag and touch up one or two things on the engine. Why make a separate job of this when just about 75 per cent of the work is in making up your mind to get out of the car and lift up the hood? While the garage man is pouring in the oil I often see that the ignition wires are securely fastened to the spark plugs and that the distributor head is tightly clamped down. Half the battle in taking care of a car is to do two jobs in the time usually required for one."

I suggested to Smith that if he wants to get more enjoyment out of caring for his car he must remember that work is contagious. Many a motorist thinks that because he has moved into a new home with a fine new garage that he is going to spend more time tinkering with the car, but the fact of the matter is he lacks incentive just because he is alone. To get to the spirit of the thing, frequently one has to drive outdoors in the process of tuning up their cars. Some of the motorists who find the greatest pleasure in their cars are those who spend a little time around garages. Nor is this merely a matter of psychology; car owners can be very helpful to

never anything but gray sky and slush in New York in winter. "I told you that it would be better to postpone your trip until spring. She smiled maternally. "I couldn't afford to wait. I've wasted too much time already." He looked at her curiously. She had left him completely in the dark as to her object in coming to America. When he had rung her up on the telephone on the morning following that disastrous day in Paris, she had informed him briefly that she was sailing for America immediately.

"Do arrange to come, too," she urged. "I detest travelling alone. It's such a nuisance, having to look after baggage and trips and everything." Farraday agreed. There was nothing to demand his presence elsewhere. That fact, coupled with Elinor's frank statement as to why she wanted his companionship, made him feel more old and lonely than ever. His depression had persisted all through the voyage but the meeting with Millicent, the cordially of her greetings, had rolled it away like a cloud before the sun. Elinor turned away impatiently. "I'm in no mood for jesting," she remarked impatiently. "Heavens, what disgusting weather! Is there

each other while working on their respective cars. It is here that experiences are swapped and when discussions on care and operation of machines result in solving many an intricate and troublesome problem. I think I gave Smith something to think about when I asked him whether he ever had considered the pleasure which a car can give when it is not in operation. Like most people he had considered the pleasure from it as measured entirely by his experiences while it is in motion. As a matter of fact, most people get the keenest of pleasure from their cars before they buy them—just looking at them in admiration as they stand in all the splendor and glory of the salesroom environment. Getting pleasure out of the automobile as a piece of fine and intricate machinery while it is in a repair shop or garage is something which does not occur to many, and yet it is something which is a potential source of pleasure, or should be.

"That's fine counsel," Smith said when I had finished, but I'm going to make you pay dearly for it. The trip we were going to take today is off; I am going to spend the day checking over the brakes and spreading the spring leaves apart for a good oiling." pier. She was a little anxious, under her gracious bearing; she found herself counting the reporters. Did they besiege her less than formerly? Unadmitted, but hovering ever in her consciousness, was the knowledge that popularity, in her profession, is fleeting—was fleeing as youth, with which it runs hand in hand. So pitifully soon new faces, new voices, new beauty captivate the audience that one once held in the hollow of one's hand. She and Millicent were in the car and on their way to Long Island. They had dropped Farraday at his hotel. He had promised to come down to the villa to dine that evening. They were alone, after five years these two who had once been like sisters, as close as two girls could be, in heart and understanding. They stared at each other curiously. Like strangers, Millicent was telling herself that this was the woman she had loved and hated, and of whom she had been so jealous, all these years. Elinor was remembering that she had come home to seek love, she wondered what Millicent would say to that. (To be Continued)

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Wool Prices

Ship your Wool to Grading Station, Charlottetown, and get benefit of strengthening market. Wool prospects look bright. Co-operative prices in Ontario now much higher than last year's sales, reaching from 30 cents to 35 cents according to grade—an increase from 30 to 40 per cent over corresponding values for the same wool last year. Consult the Secretary of the Shipping Club of your District about shipping, or ship direct to Grading Station, Charlottetown. Make June 20th a big day for shipping wool all over the Province. Wool will be received at Arena Rink, Charlottetown from June 20th to July 10th. Ship Searly—Mark packages plainly. Be sure your name is inside each package. For further information apply to, J. W. BOULTER, Secretary P. E. Island Sheep Breeders Ass'n.

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