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7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m.
8.30 a. m.	9.00 a. m.
9.30 a. m.	10.00 a. m.
11.00 a. m.	11.30 a. m.
1.30 p. m.	2.00 p. m.
2.30 p. m.	3.00 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	4.00 p. m.
4.30 p. m.	5.00 p. m.
6.30 p. m.	7.00 p. m.

SUNDAY

Lv. Charlottetown.	Lv. Rocky Point
9.3 a. m.	10.00 a. m.
12.45 p. m.	1.00 p. m
2.00 p. m.	2.30 p. m
3.00 p. m.	3.30 p. m.
4.00 p. m.	5.00 p. m.

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"That young snip ought to be ashamed of herself."

"I don't see what she's got to be ashamed of ma!"

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She (to tourist): I suppose out on the great lonely ocean the crying of the seamews is very sad?

He: Yes; but nothing like so affecting as the blubber of the whales.

PRIVATE? NO INDEED!

"Seen you a good deal with a soldier lately. But that's private I suppose?"

"Private your aunt! He's a lieutenant I'd have you to know!"

A CROAKER

Frog: Everything's all wrong!

Turtle: Aw, quit your croaking

ON THE BEACH

Old Rounder: You're a trained nurse, eh?

She (archly): Yes, I'm really a trained nurse.

O. R.: What's your best trick?

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MAY SEYMOUR
FOOTLOOSE
by BEATRICE BURTON ©NEA

MAY SEYMOUR, whose husband, DR. JOHN SEYMOUR, killed himself because of her love affair with JIM CAREWE, returns to her home town after a year's absence.

Heavily veiled, she comes late one fall night to the home of her lawyer, DICK GREGORY, and GLORIA, his wife. She tells them how the story of Dr. John's suicide has cast a shadow over her life. And so she has made up her mind to "sell out" and go to Europe where no one will know her story.

She asks ULYSSES X. FORGAN, a wealthy widower who is in the real estate business, to sell her house. Forgan advises her to live in it and face the people who have slandered her, but May says she wants to be footloose.

She tells Dick to sell her stocks and bonds for whatever they will bring. All she wants, she explains, is enough money to dress the part of a wealthy widow and "land" a rich husband.

A week later, with $8000 in her handbag, she goes down to Atlantic City for a short rest before sailing for Europe. There she meets MRS. CARLOTTA ROLKING, a grass widow, and her friends, HERBERT WATERBURY and DAN SPRAGUE.

They all go to ADOREE'S little supper club, and are joined by FRANCIE LEE, one of Adoree's hostesses. Waterbury explains that such women as Francie earn their living by dancing with unattached men in these places.

May accidentally drops her bag, and her $8000 falls out. On the way home Waterbury tells her it's dangerous for her to carry the money around with her; and then offers to take care of it for her.

THE STORY

May's eyes widened as she looked up at him.

"Turn my money over to you?" she repeated. "Why, Mr. Waterbury, I wouldn't think of doing such a thing! After all, you're an utter stranger to me. And for all I know, you may be the biggest crook in Christendom."

She laughed nervously and went on. "Don't misunderstand me — I know you aren't, of course. I really think you're a very nice person. But even so. . . . . "

Waterbury pressed her arm with his strong fingers.

"So you do think I'm nice, even if you're sure I'm dishonest?" he asked.

In her role of the Wistful Widow May bent her head and nodded. "Of course, I think you're nice," she breathed. "And what do you think about me, Mr. Waterbury?"

He didn't answer for a minute or two. "I don't know just what I do think of you," he blurted out finally. "But I know I've done nothing else but think about you ever since I saw you on the train today!"

May looked up at him and smiled. At that moment the girdle of lights along the Boardwalk went out, leaving it in gray darkness. Beyond the dim band of the sand, the breakers rolled in edged with white foam.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!" May cried. She ran over to the railing and leaned forward, with her arms stretched wide. "And I love the wind, don't you? It makes me feel as if I had wings!"

She closed her eyes, and raised her face to the cold fresh rush of it as it came in, smelling of the sea.

Then, suddenly, she felt Waterbury's arms around her. They drew her against him, and his mouth came down upon hers in a short harsh contact.

Then, as suddenly, he let her go.

May stepped back, breathless. "Oh, you. . . ." she began. And was in his arms again.

He kissed her again and again . . . not roughly this time, but as if he would never have done. And this time May did not resist him, but lay in his arms, with a curious sense of contentment in her heart.

In all of her life she had never been kissed this way before. . . passionately, and at the same time tenderly, almost comfortingly.

"I'm sorry if you're angry with me. I couldn't help myself," Waterbury said, when he released her. And they stood, holding each other's hands in the windy darkness.

"I'm . . not angry," May almost whispered. "But . . . "don't do it again. Please."

She turned and with her head bent down against the wind, she started back toward the hotel. In silence Waterbury followed her.

"About that money," he said in matter-of-fat tone as they entered the lobby, "Please, won't you put it into the hotel safe, if you don't want to trust me with it? I'm afraid you'll lose it or be robbed."

"Perhaps I will," May answered, ringing the bell for the elevator. "Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," Waterbury echoed, "I shall see you, tomorrow?"

May looked deep into his eyes, and held out her hand. "Yes," she said softly. "Good night."

Upstairs in her room, she stood before her mirror, searching her face in the glass. The eyes were brilliant and there was vivid, unaccustomed color in her cheeks. Her lips smiled

May addressed the radiant image in the glass, aloud,

"Old girl,' she said, "Upon my soul, I believe we've fallen in love with this Waterbury man!"

It was the first time she had ever admitted such a thing to herself in all the twenty-seven years of her life.

She lay down, and was asleep almost the second her head touched the pillow.

* * *

Like nine women out of ten, the first thing May Seymour did upon awakening each morning, was to look at herself in the glass.

Then suddenly she felt Waterbury's arm around her.

This morning as she leaned across the littered top of her dressing table, and studied her reflection, she frowned. All the glow and color that had been in her face the night before were gone. There were violet shadows beneath her eyes.

May tried to rub them out with cold cream. Neither the cold cream nor a cold shower that made her tingle all over, erased them.

"Stayed up too late!" she scolded herself. "What I need is a face massage. That'll fix me up."

A half hour later she lay in a long chair in the little beauty salon of the hotel.

While she waited for the operator to bring hot water and a jar of cleansing cream, May idly watched the women in the curtained alcove next to her's.

There was something familiar about the woman's face.

"Where have I seen her before?" May asked herself.

Suddenly she remembered. The woman was the "hostess" from Adoree's supper club. . . the woman whom Dan Sprague had called "Francie."

She had evidently just had her hair washed, and it hung in dark, dank strings around her neck and shoulders. And her eyes looked small and sleepy above wrinkled pockets of flesh.

She caught May's frank gaze in the mirror before her, and flashed her a smile that illumined her whole face.

"She has a certain queer charm, at that," May thought an hour later as she walked down the Boardwalk, hunting for a place to breakfast.

"Hello, there!" called a gay voice behind her. May turned, and waited for Carlotta Frolking to catch up with her.

"Where have you been so early in the morning?" Carlotta asked, panting a little.

"Early?" May asked, consulting her wrist watch. "It's eleven. I've been having a facial massage and a shampoo and marcel."

"Well, for crying out loud!" Carlotta exclaimed. "All that! Aren't you the early bird! Where are you going now?"

"To breakfast." May answered. "Oh, look here! Do you suppose these are real diamonds?"

They paused before the window of a smart little shop that faced the sea. Within was a collection of diamond rings sparkling on a bed of white velvet.

"Of course they're real. They don't sell imitations at La Gallier's, let me tell you!" Carlotta answered. "Do you see that black pearl there in the centre. . . the one set in diamonds!"

May gasped as she followed Carlotta's eyes. The black pearl was the precise size and color of the imitation ones she was wearing around her neck at that very moment. It would add the last touch of expensive luxury to her mourning.

"Oh, wouldn't I love to have it," she cried. "It would just match my necklace."

"Let's go in and price it," Carlotta urged, and they went into the little shop.

Five minutes later they emerged. Six hundred of May's eight thousand dollars were gone. But the ring gleamed on her ungloved hand . . . coldly like winter twilight.

"It is lovely, isn't it?" she said to Carlotta.

The plump little woman looked at her with envy in her round blue eyes. "I'll tell the street it's lovely" she said. "But what's lovelier than that is having the money to dash it offhand and buy things like that! I wish I had your money, sweetie."

She sighed. "Well," she said, "I'd like to go to have breakfast with you, but I've a date with the beauty specialist, myself. Oh, dearie, if only I had your youth!"

There was a sort of comical tragedy in her face as she spoke. And under the brilliant sun, May saw that her skin was puckered into fine lines.

What a dreadful thing it must be to be middle-aged and footloose like Carlotta! To be in love with a man of the Dan Sprague type who flirted with check-room girls, dance club hostesses, or anybody else, so long as it was a woman!

After all, the only safe and comfortable life was the married woman's existence. Even if she hadn't much of anything else, she still had the law on her side, May figured.

* * *

She left Carlotta and walked along, hunting for a little restaurant called the Blue Rose. She had noticed its cleanliness and its fresh white curtains the night before when she had passed it with Waterbury.

There was no one in it but a woman who sat drinking orange juice at a table by the window, when May entered. This woman looked up, and May saw that it was Francie Lee.

She walked over to her.

"May I sit here with you, Miss Lee?" she asked. "No one introduced us last night. Perhaps you don't remember me. I was with Herbert Waterbury's party at Adoree's. I'm Mrs. Seymour."

"I remember you perfectly, Mrs. Seymour," Francie Lee answered in a cool, low voice. "And I'd like you to have your breakfast here. I hate to eat alone."

A little waitress in pink linen took May's order of dry toast and coffee. When she was gone May leaned across the table.

"Miss Lee," she began in her friendliest manner, "I think your job of being hostess in a supper club must be awfully interesting. Won't you tell me about it?. . . I should think it would be something like being an actress or a movie queen, or a sub-deb even!"

Francie Lee's face hardened in a slow, mysterious way.

You do, do you?" she asked in her well-bred voice. "Well, let me tell you something then. It's the most terrible life in the world for a woman. Do you really want to know about it?"

May nodded.

(To be continued.)

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TENDERS

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A. A. POMEROY,
Secretary-Treasurer.
P. O. Box 25, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
2853-8,5,8,11,15.

Little Boy Blue
COLOR CUT-OUTS

THE SEARCH

This is one day's chapter of the story of "Little Boy Blue." Boys and girls who have cut out the pictures every day will be able to act out the story at the end of the week.

"Boy Blue has always before taken such a splendid care of the animals that I had planned to reward him by giving him the little spotted calf," said his father. "But where can he be now?"

The mother and father searched everywhere for their little son. They ran down the road to ask the neighbors if they had seen anything of Little Boy Blue. They hunted all over the farm and deep into the woods behind the farm, calling his name all the while. But there was never any answer and no one had seen any one at all in blue.

(Boy Blue's overcoat is navy blue with tan leather belt. Make his hat tan with a blue ribbon to match his coat.)

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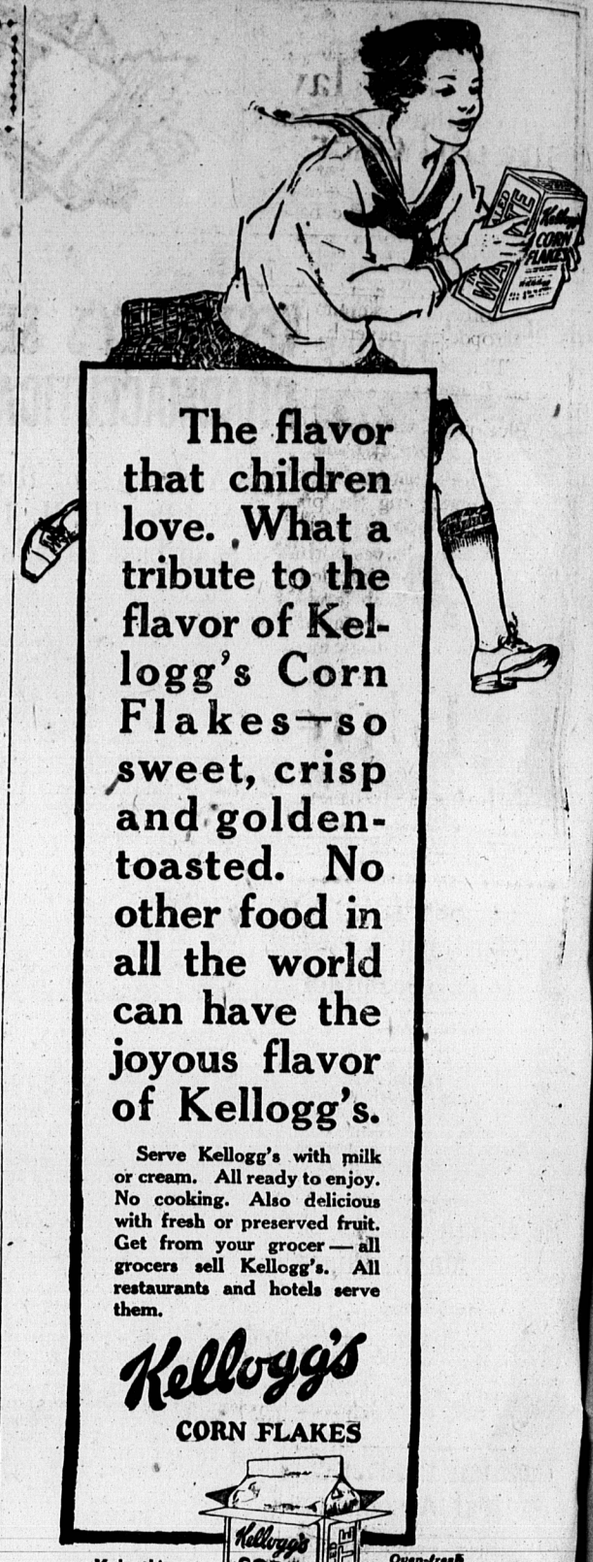

TWIST YOUR TONGUE OVER THIS.

Aristophanes invented a word of 75 syllables to describe a dish compounded of fish, flesh and fowl. Mark Twain in his protest against German language says that the arrays of syllable ending in "Versammiungen" were not words but alphabetical processions. Now comes boldly forward a Swedish chemist who has given the name "trinprometaxvileuol" to a disinfectant he has invented.

EXERCISER FOR EYES.

A New York optometrist has invented a machine for exercising the muscles of the eye. His theory is that the human eyeball is pulled out of shape by the tugging of strong muscles against weaker ones, thus interfering with the focusing of light rays and causing nearsight, farsight and astigmatism. Therefore he considers that these defects can be cured and that normal eyes can be kept in good condition by regular exercises that bring all the muscles of the eye into play.

The exerciser consists of a ball on the end of a bent rod which is revolved by means of a small crank. The eyes are exercised by following the motions of the ball.

For near sight the ball first is moved horizontally before the eyes bringing into play the muscles that move each way toward or away from the nose. Then the ball is moved perpendicularly. This exercises the muscles that move the eye up or down. For far sight the oblique muscles are brought into play by operating the ball in circles boh left and right. Astigmatism is corrected by either one or the other of the foregoing methods, or a combination of the two.

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Passengers from points east of Saint John arriving on the afternoon of August 10, can make connections with the First Special. Other Specials run at convenient times. For full particulars see nearest C. P. R. Agent H. M. Davison, Charlottetown, or

G. BRUCE BURPEE, District Passenger Agent, Saint John, N. B

2781-7-31-Aug. 1,3,5,7.