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This Is Your War!
The fly—that foul disease carrier—must be exterminated. Do your bit in this war against our common enemy!
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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
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L. C. O. Genest & Fils, Limitée
MONROVIA, QUE.
SOLE AGENTS

SMILES

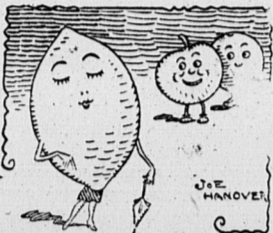
GABBY GERTIE



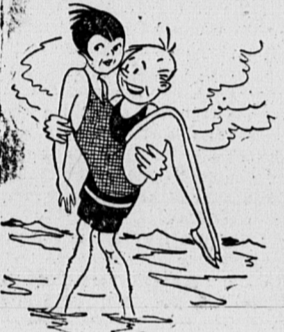
"A girl who works for a dr. cleaner can't be particular—she's got to accept any man's suit."

HER BATHING SUIT

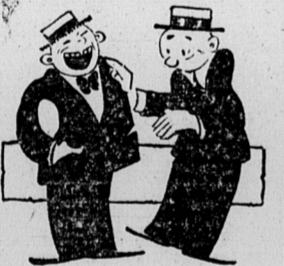
"Mother, may I go out and buy a bathing suit tomorrow? My old one shrunk away last year and vanished, to my sorrow. Yes, go and get a new one dear. It will only cost a quarter. But don't you ever dare, my child! To wear it in the water."



Apple: Doesn't Miss Lemon look charming?
Orange: Yes, she does, I just feel like squeezing her!



She: Am I the first girl you ever saved from drowning?
He: Well, no. But I threw all the others back.



"Reggie's working—what's the matter?"
"Can't live within his wife's income, I hear."

Signor Marco Praga, one of Italy's leading dramatists, and a sufferer from neurasthenia, was recently found dead at Milan with a revolver near the body.

PIMPLES BADLY AFFECTED FACE

Ashamed to Go Out. Lasted a Year. Cuticura Healed.

"My face was badly affected with pimples. When they first started they looked red and were hard. Later they became larger and soon began to pester me by itching. I scratched them which only caused more pimples. They disfigured my face so that I was ashamed to go out. The trouble lasted about a year. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment so purchased some, and within two weeks there was a great improvement. I continued using them and within a month my face was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Katherine Klassen, Box 59, Conquest, Sask.

NOTICE!

Owing to the limited number of Hogs offering, until further notice we will receive live Hogs one day only each week, Tuesday forenoon.

Davis & Fraser

THE GREEN SHADOW
by HERMAN LONDON

MR. FERRYMAN CALLS

Captain John Summers, stockily built, sturdy of jaw, with a reddish complexion and a skull that was considerably larger than symmetry allowed, sat at his desk in the police headquarters building on Center street and tried to fix his attention on a stack of reports.

There was a sour, fretting look on his face. Now and then he made a petulant jab with a pencil. He did not like to read these reports. He did not like any of the administrative functions connected with his position. If Captain Summers could have followed his inclination he would have been out hunting criminals—The Picaroon, for instance.

Summers nursed a special grievance against the Picaroon—the slippery and elusive scamp who amused himself by plundering people's safes and who always left a card behind him stating that the victim could recover his valuables upon paying 10 per cent of their real value to a certain philanthropic society.

Time and again Summers had accepted the challenge, but something had always gone wrong. On several occasions he had maneuvered the Picaroon into a tight corner, but the Picaroon had always slipped out. It was the ambition of Summers' life to catch him some day. That day, when it came, would heal all the wounds his pride had suffered.

But it was a difficult task he had set himself. No one seemed to know anything about the Picaroon except that he had a penchant for annexing other people's valuables and a special talent for avoiding capture. Somehow the rumor had got abroad that he was a wealthy and luxurious person who at one time had suffered grievously from one of the law's mistakes, but this was only a surmise on the part of the public and the newspapers.

Information of a more definite character was in Summers' possession, but he kept it rigidly to himself. Many little details and numerous trifling occurrences, each of no importance when viewed by itself but quite significant in the aggregate, had focused Summers' suspicion on a certain individual. That individual was Martin Dale, a leisurely, cultured and well-to-do gentleman whose good looks, easy manners, ready smile and breezy chatter had made him favorite everywhere.

MARTIN DALE

Captain Summers was almost certain that this Martin Dale was the Picaroon, but so far he had been unable to prove it.

Strangest of all, he liked Martin Dale. They often lunched together. Summers enjoyed Dale's pungent anecdotes about life in clubs and society, and Dale relished the captain's observations concerning crime and criminals. Occasionally the conversation veered round to the subject of the Picaroon, and then Dale would look very innocent, and Summers' reddish face would close up like a poker player's. Yet, much as Summers liked Dale he would not let friendship interfere with duty if his chance to capture the Picaroon should ever come.

There was no particular reason why he should be thinking about the Picaroon this morning, yet his thoughts strayed occasionally from the reports before him. The picaroon had not been active for several weeks. That meant nothing, however. Probably he was planning some particularly brilliant exploit. The Picaroon was full of brilliant ideas. Oh, well, there was such a thing as being too brilliant, in Captain Summers' estimation. Some day the scamp would go a little too far, and then—

The captain moistened his lips as if contemplating some particularly savory mental morsel. The Picaroon had humiliated him time and again. Friendship or no friendship, Summers would give no quarter when the great day arrived. And he knew Dale would accept none. He would take his punishment with a smile and a shrug like a thoroughbred sport.

That was one of the things he liked about Dale, his sportmanship. And Dale had many other likeable traits. It was really odd how Summers could so thoroughly like a man whose alter ego was determined to put in jail. It was a psychological phenomenon that he had never puzzled out.

The door opened and a uniformed attendant announced that Mr. Alexander Ferryman wished to see the captain on important business.

A tall gentleman entered. He was fastidiously dressed and carried himself with an air of distinction. He was lean and straight, looked about 50, carried a silver-knobbed cane and wore glasses on a ribbon.

FERRYMAN'S STORY

"I have something rather curious to report to you," he said at length. "It may sound insignificant to you, but it has worried me a great deal. I have hesitated a long time before finally deciding to bring the matter to the attention of the police. It concerns a situation that may result in some very unpleasant, not to say tragic, developments."

"Well?" said Summers tartly. "I must explain a few things in order that you may understand the situation clearly. I am a retired business man. I own two adjoining houses on Bank street No. 260 and No. 262. They are old houses of the comfortable kind that were built two generations ago. Unfortunately that kind is rapidly passing out of existence."

Mr. Ferryman sighed. Captain Summers looked bored. "Until four years ago," Mr. Ferryman continued, "I lived with my wife at No. 262. I had done everything to make it comfortable for her, furnishing the house in the very best fashion I could afford. I was deeply devoted to her, and for a time we lived happily."

"Then my wife began to show signs of restlessness. She was much younger than I—only a little more than half my age. Naturally she was more active than I, and she craved more pleasure and more youthful companionship. Perhaps I didn't try to understand her as I should. I realize now that I was not the right sort of companion for her. I couldn't—well, to cut a long and distressing story short, my wife left me four years ago."

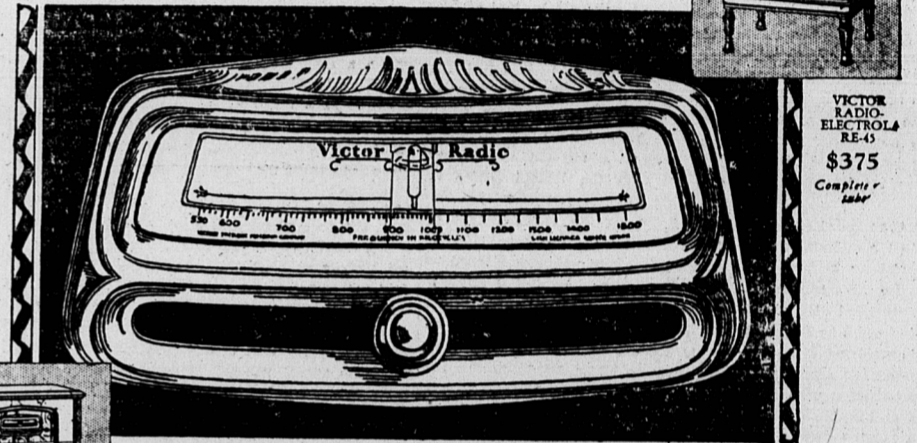
"With another man?" Summers bluntly suggested. The visitor bristled. He tapped his cane against the floor. "You have no right to make such an insinuation, sir. I resent it. I will not have my wife calumniated."

"Keep cool," Summers advised, "and try to use shorter words. It will save time. And don't wear out my floor with that stick." Mr. Ferryman seemed partly mollified. "I keep forgetting that strangers can't feel as strongly about the matter as I do. My wife simply went away, without any explanation whatever. I was heartbroken. I was very much in love with her, and I am still. If you could realize how beautiful she was you would understand. This will give you a faint idea."

Today Victor's greatest instrument
The Musical sensation of the age

... the astounding new Micro-synchronous Victor Radio deftly combined with the hitherto costly Electrola

in one superb instrument at only \$375



VICTOR RADIO CONSOLE \$255 Complete with tubes

VICTOR RADIO ELECTROLA \$375 Complete with tubes

VICTOR FULL VISION ILLUMINATED SUPER-AUTOMATIC STATION SELECTOR— all stations plainly and perfectly visible—just slide knob—and turn for micro-exact adjustment.



Features of Victor's Greatest Instrument

- 1 A remarkable new and improved Electrola that reproduces V.E. Orthophonic Records with thrilling new power—depth—color.
- 2 Micro-synchronous balance; every element in micro-exact resonance at any frequency. Selective and sensitive to a super-degree.
- 3 Improved radio-circuit developed by Victor—unprecedented fidelity.
- 4 Two new Radiotrons 245 in the circuit; increased volume—no distortion.
- 5 Exclusive super-automatic full vision station selector as illustrated.
- 6 Three distinct units—all scientifically shielded. Quickly removable for inspection at any time.
- 7 Marvelous new all-Victor electro-dynamic speaker—re-creates music from the air or record—beautifully!
- 8 Exquisitely designed compact Victor cabinets in walnut.
- 9 Trademarked "His Master's Voice". The world's most famous guarantee in three words and a picture.

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It is here! The instrument millions have waited for... by the makers of the marvelous Orthophonic Victrola... by the producer of the wonderful new V.E. Orthophonic records.

reproduces high notes and low notes in their proper proportion... bass, deep and sonorous—high notes, brilliantly expressive.

At last, an instrument that gives you the finest in radio and the finest in record enjoyment... an instrument with Victor's enduring craftsmanship built into it... with Victor's unending performance ahead of it... at a price that anyone can afford! A revelation.

The dream of thousands... music to suit every mood... your kind of music when you want it... by Victor. Switch from radio to record and back again... at the mere turn of a tiny knob, and forget which is which.

An all-Victor duo-instrument that brings new distinction to "His Master's Voice" trademark, famous the world over.

Price?... only \$375 for the entire instrument complete with tubes. The new Victor Radio can, of course, be had separately—in a cabinet of exquisite design... only \$255 complete with tubes.

... an instrument that combines Victor's latest advance in radio with the new and improved Electrola, both designed and built for each other... both related and balanced in true Victor style... both housed in one handsome cabinet.

Hear it today at all Victor Dealers

Never before was radio so easy to tune. All stations always before you. Never before has radio offered such startling clarity of tone... here at last is a radio that



Valuable Property for Sale

The undersigned offers for sale his property in Charlottetown known as "Sidmoun" consisting of dwelling house substantially built by an English artisan in imitation of Gothic architecture with double walls and stone foundation. Dwelling house has hot water heating, sewerage, bath, toilet on first and second floor, electric light, hot and cold water, set tubs, &c.; also 18 1/2 acres of land. A fine avenue extends from the Street to the dwelling house and a fringe of shade trees surrounds the property. There is a large orchard, a small fox ranch that can be enlarged to any required size, in a good location. The remainder of the land is under growing crops consisting of strawberries, roots, grain and hay. A portion of the land is suitable for building lots being beautifully situated on and extending some distance along the North River Road which owing to recent building operations is rapidly becoming one of the finest residential streets of the City. Owner will sell dwelling house and outbuildings and a part or all of said land to suit purchaser or purchasers. Also seven acres adjoining said 18 1/2 acres of land should purchaser so desire.

Dated 4th July, 1929.

DONALD MCKINNON

Continued on page 5

For Sale

The valuable property of the late Martin Walsh, being number 79 Upper Queen Street and consisting of house containing eight rooms with all modern conveniences and barn suitable for garage. This property comprises about one-quarter of an acre of land and has a nice orchard and garden in connection therewith. For further particulars apply at the office of MacDonald & MacPhee, Solicitors, Riley Building, Charlottetown.

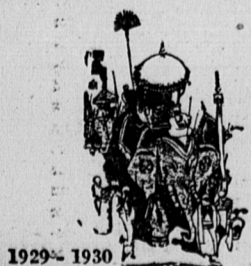
Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the members of The Silver Fox Breeders Association of Prince Edward Island will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown, on Tuesday, July 16th, A. D. at 3 o'clock P.M. Outed this 28th day of June, 1929 at Charlottetown, P. E. I. JOHN ANDERSON, Secretary, 6238-6-29. Sat. Thur. till July 16th.

NOTICE

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If you have a good travel agent, ask him—B. E. Carter, Dist. Pass Agt., 40 King Street, Saint John.

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