

WITHIN TWO YEARS

Here are the chief developments, achieved or projected for the Maritime Provinces by the Canadian National Railways, within the past two years.

- 1. Approximately fifty million dollars are to be spent within the Atlantic Region for maintenance, improvements, repairs, operation, wages and purchases.
2. Construction of the "Nova Scotia" Hotel and Railway station with plaza, at Halifax.
3. Enlargement and improvement of Pictou Lodge log cabin resort, near Pictou town.
4. Relaying of mainline with hundred pound rails, half of which will be completed this year.
5. New ferry for Prince Edward Island, together with improved terminals at Borden and Tormentine, involving the expenditure of between three and four million dollars.
6. New stations at North Sydney, Springhill Junction, and Shubenacadie completed, and new station at Yarmouth projected.
7. Establishment of the Canada-West Indies service, with five of the finest ships sailing in tropical waters.
8. An alliance with the White Star and Cunard Lines, that brought to Halifax the heaviest winter port business in its racing history, and brought to the Atlantic Region one of the heaviest periods of traffic movement in the annals of the road.
9. A new fireproof high-class hotel for the city of Charlottetown, P. E. I.
10. Complete new terminals at Summerside, including station, round-house, powerhouse and yards.
11. New terminal facilities at Charlottetown.
12. New building at Saint John station for baggage, express and mail.
13. Twenty-nine per cent. of the total amount of coal used by the Canadian National Railways purchased from Nova Scotia mines.
14. Halifax made Atlantic headquarters for the Canadian National steamships.
15. Opening of a new ticket office in Halifax. The finest railway ticket office in any city east of Toronto.
16. Standardization of gauge in Prince Edward Island.
17. Saint John Harbor bridge—projected.
18. Building locomotives at Moncton.
19. Special advertising of the Maritime Provinces throughout the continent, with a special exhibit of the Maritime Provinces, being prepared for the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.
20. Colonization Department at Moncton, in co-operation with the three provincial governments, assisted in bringing in 1752 immigrants.
21. Industrial Department at Moncton has assisted in establishing number of new industries.
22. Taking over of the Saint John Valley Railway, Kent Northeast, Quebec Oriental & Atlantic Quebec & Western Railways.
What the Canadian National has been able to accomplish for the Maritime Provinces within the past two years is an example to the Maritime people themselves. Who, residing in these provinces, could fail to have faith in the Maritime Provinces, when faith and works of this character are in evidence on every hand!
Of the three thousand odd miles of railway in the Maritime Provinces, the Canadian National Railways own and operate 2819 miles.
With that large mileage of railways, with the expenditures already made, and those projected, can there be any one who is so blind as not to see the vision of what the Canadian National Railways will do for the Maritime Provinces in the years to come!
The recent visit of Sir Henry Thornton, President of the Canadian National Railways, to the Maritime Provinces, has been an inspiration alike to the people and to the railway, and truly had C. H. Wright, the President of the Halifax Board of Trade, declared in Halifax, that Sir Henry was a friend of the Maritime Provinces.

The Ivory Coast of French West Africa has 323 passenger automobiles and 641 trucks.

Professional Cards

Prohibition Commission Chairman, Mr. GEORGE E. BROWN, MARGARET, P. E. I. Send all information regarding infractions of Prohibition Act to the above.

Chief Inspector B. J. Haywood 75 Dorchester Street, Charlottetown. Phone 789 9101-11-16-1yr.

Mark R. McGuigan, B. A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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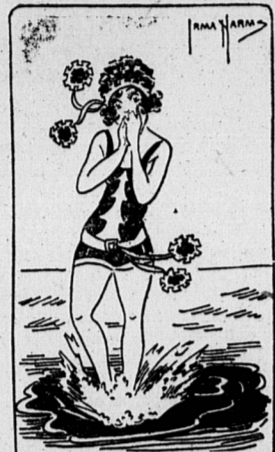
Dr. D. T. Waye DENTAL SURGEON 130 Richmond Street Charlottetown, P. E. I. Office Hours: Phone 643 P. A. M. to 1 P. M. 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

Backache! Bladder Trouble! Sleepless Nights! "Fruit-a-tives" Attacks the Cause—Braces the System

If you suffer from back-pains, wakeful nights, improper bladder and bowel action resulting from kidney trouble, try "Fruit-a-tives". This wonderful medicine made of intensified fresh fruit juices and the finest medicinal ingredients restores normal action naturally, and quickly. Find relief yourself. It has helped thousands! Get "Fruit-a-tives" to-day at your druggist's.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"The old-fashioned girl dropped her eyes when she was embarrassed, but the modern, pyrrhottic flapper is only embarrassed when she drops her teeth."



"Do you think Ted is serious in his intentions?" "Oh, yes. But I don't know what his intentions are yet."



"You're wrong about that fellow being an ex-convict. He spent years slinging beer." "Well, they were years behind the bars."



"Business women seldom steal money from the boss." "No, they usually steal the boss."

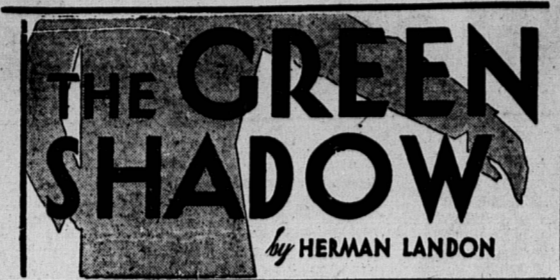
HOUSE FOR SALE

House for sale, No. 303 Fitzroy Street. All modern conveniences. This cottage is in a good locality with nice corner lot. If not sold by Wednesday, July 31st, will be put up at auction at 1.30 p. m. For particulars apply to John F. Bradley Auctioneer. 6869-wfsmw-51

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 Mon. Fri.



DR. MOFFETT'S ULTIMATUM

At 1 o'clock the following day, Captain Summers walked into a restaurant in the Washington Square section and grumpily sat down at the table in the rear. "Soup, veal cutlet, coffee—make it snappy," he growled at the waiter. The soup came and he consumed it with a grim and petulant air, as if it irritated his esophagus. He attacked the veal cutlet savagely, as if to vent his ill humor on it. Suddenly he looked up. "Hello Summers," drawled a familiar voice. Summers stared. His eyes protruded, his lips hung slack. "Say, where in the name of Sam Hill did you come from?" His voice was dull, hollow, full of flabbergastation. "Home," said Dale. He dusted the seat with the napkin and sat down with one of his little flourishes. He looked fresh and keen and without a care. "Don't look at me like that, old socks. I am full of serenity and cosmic harmonies, and you are trying to inject gloom into my soul. Waiter!" He studied the card carefully and gave his order. "I've had men out looking for you all morning," said Summers weakly. "Too bad. Had I known it, I should have communicated with you. Anything special?" Summers swallowed hard. His emotions seemed too deep for words. In the end he resorted to heavy sarcasm. "Oh, no—nothing special. Just wanted to listen to your bright patter and ask a question or two." "For instance?" "Well, I was just curious to know where you spent the hours between 2 o'clock and sunrise." "Your curiosity is insatiable, old top," Dale studied the omelet that had just arrived and nodded approval. "Let me see. I spent the evening at a roof garden. Dreadful bore! Take my advice and don't spend your hard-earned money to see 'The Nude Veractives.' Then—oh, yes, I ordered my car and took a spin out to City Island. Wonderful moonlight effects over the water! You should have been along, you frobsittened old sour face. The sight would have mellowed your crusty temper." "Yeah?" Summers jeered feebly. "Tell me about the moon. Maybe your description of it will do me as much good as if I had seen the whole blime show." "I fear I can't do it justice. A sight of that sort requires a poet's wonderful touch. A measureless expanse of water rippling gently beneath a silver shimmer. A luminous track extending seaward. A ship in the distance, a ghostly blur on the horizon. The magic and sorcery of the lunar radiance. No, Summers, words fail me. I can't do it." "Oh, try again," Summers encouraged. "You might be a little more explicit. Was it a full moon, a three quarters moon, or what?" "Three quarters. Of course, I didn't measure it." "I guess you didn't," said Summers dryly. He took a swallow of coffee. "And the reason you didn't was that there was no moon to measure. It was cloudy last night." Dale's fork paused in the act of conveying a segment of omelet to his mouth. His eyes narrowed slightly. "That's curious, I'm sure there were no clouds when I was." "No? Well, go on. What did you do after that?" "I was wide awake, so I drove around a bit, seeking unfrequented highways. Ever feel a craving for solitude, Summers? That was how I felt last night. So I drove and drove, and the first thing I knew the engine began to sputter and my tank was dry. At that hour there was no service station open within miles, so I parked the car along the roadside, snuggled up in the back seat, and slept." "And then?" "When I woke up it was too late to go to bed, so I took the car to the garage and roamed the park for a while. Ever study protective coloring, Summers? Most fascinating study. I watched the brown little

bodies of the squirrels scuttling back and forth amid the brown foliage of autumn. "You don't say? Well, what next?" "Then—then I went home. That was only an hour and a half ago. I found my rooms in great disorder. My man Bikkins was beside himself. Summers, old dear, next time you wish to amuse yourself by searching my humble diggings, I wish you wouldn't be quite so disorderly. I detest confusion." "Sorry," said Summers sarcastically. "Well, you've worked out a great little alibi, Dale. Barring the moon, of course. That was a mistake." "Alibi?" asked Dale innocently. Summers chuckled. "I can't check up on you, and so I can't call you a liar." "Summers, you wouldn't be so rude?" "Well, I'm not saying much, but I am doing a lot of hard thinking." He lowered his head and gazed craftily across the table. "The Picaroon cut loose last night again." "You don't say!" "He was in one of his queer get-ups—one I'd seen him in before." "One of his famous disguises, eh?" "Well, it isn't disguise so much as acting—character stuff, you know. The Picaroon is great at that." "So I have heard. What time did it happen?" "Oh," about the time you were seeing the moon through a sky full of black clouds." "There you go, Summers!" Dale puckered his lips in mock disapproval. "Always suspicious! But tell me about the Picaroon." Summers did, and he studied Dale as he spoke. But Dale's face showed only frank and honest interest, with a little sympathy added at the end. "Too bad, Summers! So the scallawag got away from you again? And you say he took the rope of pearls with him. Well, well! But cheer up, old dear. You will get him one of these days." "You bet I will! The captain's menacing gaze hung darkly on Dale's face. "And you'll be there to congratulate me. I almost had him last night, but my mind slipped for a moment, when he pulled that stuff about Miss Conway on the caretaker. Axelsson looked as if a ghost had tickled him in the ribs, and I—well, a moment was all the Picaroon needed." "He seems to have made good use of it. You say he pitched Axelsson out the window to distract your attention from himself." Dale gave a clear, hearty laugh of sheer amusement. "And then, I suppose, he escaped up the stairs and over the roof." Dale laughed again. "Oh, laugh! Summers granted. "You haven't many laughs left." "That's why I'm laughing now—making the most of life's jocund moments while they last. But tell me, Summers, you don't believe the Picaroon murdered Mrs. Ferrymann?" Summers' face knitted with hard thinking. "The Picaroon isn't the kind that goes in for murder. He has never pulled any violent stuff in the past. But every murderer has to begin some time. You can't tell what a man will do if he gets panicky and goes out of his mind. What I'd like to know is—if the Picaroon didn't kill Mrs. Ferrymann, how did he know where the rope of pearls was hidden?" "You might ask him the next time you see him," Dale lightly suggested. "I'm asking him now," said Summers pointedly. Dale merely smiled serenely. A little pause came. "Well, what about Axelsson?" "I don't know. If a man ever looked guilty, Axelsson certainly looked that way for a moment last night. I tried to question him afterward, but he—"

ference to the Picaroon who the pearls belonged to? I don't see—but you ought to know, Dale." "No, frankly, I don't. It was just a fugitive thought." Summers gazed at him, his brow puckering. "You're a deep one, Dale. Can't make you out." "Oh, it's simple. The quickest way to establish a reputation for profundity is to talk drivel with a mysterious air." "If people can't understand you they are sure you are a genius. Well, too bad you missed your chance last night, old top. You had the Picaroon in a corner, with the pearls in his pocket. If you had only mused him up a bit, stripped him of his false guise, then the mystery of his identity would now be solved. But it's too late now, of course." "The mystery is solved, as far as I am concerned," said Summers positively. "So you think, but where is your proof?" Summers merely squared his jaw and gave his companion a black look. A waiter appeared and placed a package in front of him. "For you, sir. It came by messenger." Summers gazed narrowly at the package. That it should have been addressed to him here was not particularly strange, since he often took his luncheon at this establishment. Slowly he loosened the string and unwrapped the parcel. A small sheet of paper fluttered out. He read the typewritten lines: "My Dear Captain Summers—You are at liberty to claim full credit for the recovery of the inclosed article. I trust Mr. Ferrymann, your superior in the police department and the newspapers will duly appreciate your brilliant detective work, and that this appreciation may partly console you for the disappointment you suffered last night. THE PICARON"

The captain stared at the note a moment longer, then at Dale. Hastily he unwrapped something inclosed in tissue paper. "The Ferrymann pearls!" he exclaimed.

"Of all things!" said Dale. Quickly Summers put the pearls back in the wrapping and slipped them into his pocket. He picked up the note again and gazed at it. "Full credit! Duly appreciated your brilliant detective work!" He tore the note. "Isn't he a sarcastic cuss? Monumental gall, is what I call it and nothing less." "You're hard to please, old growler. Try one of these cigars. You are doing the Picaroon an injustice. He is merely trying to rub soothing ointment into your wounded pride." "Soothing ointment?" Summers snorted. "Vinegar!" "Maybe he made a mistake and grabbed the wrong bottle. We all make mistakes. How is the cigar?" "Not bad," Summers, his face dark and flushed, studied the label. "A Verona, I see. By the way, thanks for the box you sent me. I like your taste, Dale." He puffed appreciatively, his bad humor gradually leaving him. "Tell me, this why in damnation should the Picaroon go to the trouble of stealing a bunch of pearls and then hand them back? Where's the sense in that?" Dale appeared to reflect. A little smile tugged at his lips. "It's some little riddle, isn't it? I don't know, unless it—"

"Well?" "It's just possible my little theory was correct—that the Picaroon didn't know the pearls belonged to Ferrymann when he stole them." Summers pondered heavily. In the end he shook his head. "It's too deep for me," he confessed. He fixed his small, gritty eyes on Dale. "But you ought to know." Dale paid the check and rose. "You will live and learn, Summers." With that he walked airily away the picture of a carefree and easy-going soul whose life had been cast to a bright pattern. But outside, as he swung down the sidewalk, some of his jauntness suddenly deserted him.

On the opposite of the street a lackadaisical idler had stirred himself into inconspicuous activity and was now paralling his course, Summers was having him shadowed, naturally. He had expected that. It was something else that troubled him. For a while last night he had thought himself in a position to bargain antagonously with Dr. Moffett. Then he had discovered that the pearls were Ferrymann's property. That had made all the difference. Now—

He turned quickly into a cigar store, entered a telephone booth, and called the Castle's house. Miss Castle's voice, usually so clear and bright, was heavy with depression. "This is Mr. Dale." He spoke in a low voice, out of respect for the neutrally garbed person hovering outside the booth. "Any news?" Her answer came after a little pause. "Yes—an ultimatum from—but you know. He has given me twenty-four hours. After that—"

SO MUCH BETTER IMPERIAL GASOLINES PREMIER & ETHYL Canada's six largest and most modern oil refineries uphold the tradition of consistent quality which has won for Imperial Products an overwhelming preference from coast to coast.

Water Power Development In British Columbia

VICTORIA, B. C., July 26—(C. P.)—The greatest water-power development programme ever undertaken in Western Canada is now facing British Columbia, with half a dozen important utility corporations involved in the petitions for hydro concessions. These applications stipulate for the harnessing of 800,000 horsepower additional to that already being utilized. The total electrical output of the province this is being increased by projects now under way from approximately 480,000 to something over 1,000,000 horsepower, all of which is needed to keep pace with expanding industry. Most of the present development is being carried out by the two great power companies of British Columbia, the B. C. Power Corporation which owns the power, lighting, gas and street railway franchises in Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster and several other centres, and the West Kootenay Power and Light

Company, a subsidiary of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, which is an important factor in the development of mines in the interior of the province. Among the other companies applying for rights are the International Utilities Corporation, Canadian Utilities, Ltd., Campbell River Power Company and the Strathcona Power Company. The B. C. Power Corporation's chief development now under way is at Bridge River, 135 miles north of Vancouver, where two units to produce 30,000 horsepower each, are being installed, but it is expected the ultimate development here will reach 350,000 horsepower, the largest hydro

scheme in the west. At the same time this company is carrying on development at Ruskin on the Stave River, to produce 40,000 horsepower and later two additional units of the same size will be installed, making a total of 120,000 horsepower. AUTOIST FINED ON SPOT Having the power to stop autoist and fine them on the spot for road offences, road policemen have been placed on highways of France. Six cars, manned by these officials wearing special badges, are engaged in policing the roads, and are aided by vehicles belonging to local gendarmes brigades.

AUCTION SALE Old-Fashioned Furniture

To be sold at Public Auction at the Clifton House, Summerside at 1 p. m. on Tuesday the 30th day of July, a very fine collection of old-fashioned furniture owned by the Estate of the Late Georgianna P. Mawley. The ordinary hotel furniture has been sold with the hotel, and the furniture to be sold by auction is household furniture as distinct from hotel furniture. Almost all pieces offered are mahogany, including grandfather's clock, sideboard, library table, highboy, highdesk, sofas, living room chairs, etc. also a number of pictures and a few rugs. Terms Cash. Auctioneer: The Eastern Trust Co., Executor Estate Georgianna P. Mawley. 6798-7-20-saturday

AUCTION SALE

I will sell by public auction on my premises at Milton, on Thursday August 1st, the following farm consisting of 76 acres, 50 acres clear and in high state of cultivation, 25 acres of hard and soft wood, near church, schools and one half mile from Milton Station. Crop, Stock and Implements as follows:— CROP:—18 acres choice hay, 9 acres grain. STOCK:—1 blood horse 10 years old, 1 horse 7 years old, 4 milch cows 1 farrow cow, 2 heifers 1 year old, 1 bull 3 months old. IMPLEMENTS:—1 McCormack hay mower, 1 ten foot hay rake (Sharpe's), 1 hay fork with 114 ft. of rope, 1 set disc, harrow, 1 set sprayer (tooth harrow), 1 set spike harrow, 1 single plow, 1 broad cast seeder, 1 potato planter, 1 potato scuffer, 1 turnip pulper and slicer, 1 truck wagon, 1 potato truck wagon, 1 cart, 1 driving wagon, 1 wood sleigh, 1 set Renfrew Scales, 1 Anker Hall Separator, 800 lbs. capacity, 1 turnip seeder, 1 grain stone, 1 set team harness, 1 set driving harness, 1 new Williams sewing Machine and other articles too numerous to mention. Terms of sale—All sums \$10.00 and under cash. Over this amount 9 months credit on approved joint notes. ALEXANDER MACRAE, Auctioneer. 6915-7-26-31. J. CLARENCE BELL.

FOR SALE

In order to devote my full time to my fox breeding interests, I have decided to offer for sale all my stock, machinery, etc. situated at East Royalty, on Thursday, August 1st, at one o'clock sharp, consisting of: 3 horses and 1 foal; 5 cows and 2 calves, (good young Guernsey grade, freshened); 80 hens; 1 cream separator, one trailer, disc, spring tooth and fat harrow; scuffer, mowing machine, rake and seeder; driving, 10-hp. truck wagon, 1 cart; driving box and wood sleighs; harnesses, saddles and farm implements of all kinds; also household effects; straw hay and grain; and standing hay; also my full breeding stock of Springer Spaniel dogs and pups. Springers, as well as being fine retrievers are most beautiful and kindest child's dog known. They are a home dog and do not chase cars or teams. The pups are over 3 months old and now ready for training. Terms made known at sale. If stormy, sale on first fine day following. J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer. 6914-7-26-61. F. A. FARQUHARSON.

Cholera Infantum The Fatal Disease of Children There is no more dangerous trouble, to children, during the hot weather than cholera infantum. Mothers will find in "Dr. Fowler's" a remedy that has no superior for offsetting the vomiting, purging and diarrhoea of this terrible bowel trouble. It has been on the market for the past eighty-four years, and can be used with the greatest confidence. Price, 50 cents a bottle at all druggists and dealers. Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

