

"I Got Through Harvest"

"Before I got through the first bottle I could tell it was helping me. I got through harvest and threshing without any asthma. Other years I would have to go to bed."

(Mrs.) Archie Parker, R. R. 1, Dauphin, Man.

Unless Overseas Asthma Remedy helps you a lot, return the empty bottle and get your money. \$2.50 at your druggist's or post-paid.

CAREW & FRASER, Mfg. Chemists, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.



OVERSEAS ASTHMA REMEDY

FOR SALE

I Gurney Hot Water Furnace suitable for a nine room house, guaranteed in A 1 condition, 1 brass bed, 1 large kitchen table, 1 dining room table, 2 comodes, 1 bureau, 2 English brussels carpets, 2 washing machines, New Century, Jr., and Happy Day, 14 panell doors, 10 window sashes with glass, 2 enamel sinks. Bargains while they last.

Apply J. J. Stewart, Rosneath Apts., Upper Prince St. Phone 635-J. 6514-61

AUCTION SALE

VALUABLE RESIDENCES AND BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE

To be sold by Public Auction on the premises on Monday, 15th July, at twelve o'clock noon, real property of the late William Carpenter, as follows:—

- Plot No. 1. Building Lot on corner of Kent and Rochford Streets, 64 feet front on Kent Street, 50 feet front on Rochford Street.
- Plot No. 2. Double tenement dwelling house and land having 40 feet front on Kent Street.
- Plot No. 3. Building Lot having 25 feet front on Kent Street, extending back 69 feet, with a way 7 feet wide to and from Kent Street.
- Plot No. 4. Dwelling house and lot having 26 feet front on Kent Street, subject to a way 7 feet wide to and from Kent Street.

For particulars and terms apply to Messrs. McLeod & Bentley, solicitors.

J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer, 6339-7-3-101

NOTICE

Make your old furniture look like new. Polishing and refinishing done at your own home. Reasonable prices. Telephone 1133. 6508-7-9-61.

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

NOTICE

The Parker House is ready to accommodate permanent and transient boarders. The table is equal to none in the city. This house has been less than a year in business but has had a wonderful patronage. We expect all table boarders of last year and as many more new ones. Anyone visiting the city will find an up-to-date accommodation at the Parker House.

M. J. McKINNON, Proprietor

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"Wraps and pelts are frequently exchanged at summer fur sales."



"Have you seen anything of Madge this afternoon?" "I'll say I have—almost all of her there is."



SOME EXPENSE "Yes, I have five healthy, up-to-date daughters." "How can you afford to buy cigarettes for them all?"



"I wish I knew how to shake Tom." "If he's as handsome as his photo, I can take all that worry off your shoulders."

QUESTION Is it better to take no vacation, I say. But simply imagine the rest there is in it. That you cannot enjoy it one blessed minute?

HAY SALE

I will sell by public auction on Wednesday, July 17th, at one o'clock, 70 acres of hay, standing on the farm of Wellington, Mutch, Cymbric.

ALEX McRAE, Auctioneer, 6570-7-11-61.

Insidious Eye Strain

We use this adjective advisedly. Sufferers from Eyestrain may have perfect vision and therefore do not suspect the presence of any evil defect. The motive power of the entire human organism is Nerve Energy. Normal eyes, it is computed utilize about 20% of this Nerve Energy, but when Eyestrain is present, a much larger proportion is required. Hence defective eyes through their consumption of an excessive amount of Nerve Energy may seriously affect the functioning of other organs of the body and produce ill health.

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED
G. F. Hutcheson
OPTOMETRIST

The Green Shadow

"GREEN"

"Thanks for the tip. Automobile goggles, eh? Colored?" "Yes." "Green?"

The faintest flicker passed across Dale's eyes. His brows went up ever so slightly. "No, amber."

Summers fixed him with a shrewd, oblique scrutiny. There was a little tension in the air. Dale's amused laugh broke it.

"You and I, Summers, are seeing things through a glass darkly, as the Good Book says. You can't read my mind, and for once I can't read yours. I infer you are trying to convict The Picaroon of the heinous crime of wearing green-colored glasses."

"Why The Picaroon in particular?" "Because he seems to be always weighing heavily on your mind."

The captain looked down at his squab again. "One of these bright days," he declared purposefully, "I'll put The Picaroon where he belongs."

"Really? It will be a great day in your life, Summers."

"You bet, The greatest ever." "I hope to be present and congratulate you on your achievement."

"You will be present," said Summers darkly, "but you can omit the congratulations. You'll be in no mood for them."

"Why Summers!" Dale's eyes were full of gentle mockery. "That sounds almost sinister. From your tone and your expression I am almost convinced that you suspect me—and he laughed as if at something very droll and preposterous—that you suspect me of being The Picaroon."

"It strikes you as being funny, does it?" "Uproariously funny," Dale laughed again.

"Laugh," said Summers. "It will do you good, and I like to hear you. I'll have a laugh myself one of these days, and I am saving up my strength for it."

"That's bad philosophy. When that day comes you may have forgotten how to laugh."

"No danger," Summers devoted himself with grim earnestness to his squab. "It isn't very far distant."

"Besides," Dale pursued, "something tells me that you will be just a wee bit sorry when the great day comes. The Picaroon has provided you with excitement for so long that you have actually grown to like him. Your life would have grown staid without his merry quips and pranks. You have a lot to thank him for."

"And I'll show my gratitude with a pair of perfectly good handcuffs."

"Moreover," Dale went on, ignoring the captain's last remark, "the fellow isn't doing any actual harm. Rumor has it that the authorities once did him a great wrong. He is simply taking his revenge, and he takes it with a smile."

"So I see," Summers observed dourly, looking up at Dale's smiling face. "It's all right, Dale. I like you. You're a good entertainer, you know how to order a good meal, and I enjoy your company, even if you talk like an idiot at times. But I know what I know. Friendship won't cut any ice with me when my chance comes."

Dale gave a serio-comic sigh. "Then let us implore heaven that the evil day may be deferred as long as possible. By the way," and he lowered his eyes in a casual way, "has The Picaroon misbehaved again?"

"Why ask me?" "Who could be better informed in relation to the doings of The Picaroon?"

"The Picaroon himself, of course," Summers looked up from his squab and fixed his meaningful eyes on Dale. "Since you ask me, though, my answer is that I don't know."

Dale gave him a glance of mock reproof. "Bad, Summers—very bad. A great cop never admits that there is anything he doesn't know. I like your charming frankness, however. Am I to infer that somebody's necklace and earrings have vanished and you are not sure whether The Picaroon took them?"

"I'm not worrying about necklaces and earrings this time."

"No? What is it, then? Has somebody robbed a bank, or has your pet stool pigeon choked to death on a fishbone?"

"No, nothing like that," Summers drawled with the air of one who finds enjoyment in another mystification.

"Then I'm stumped," Dale confessed, "Utterly stumped, unless—"

He paused. A little smile played at the corners of his lips. He regarded his companion with a shrewd



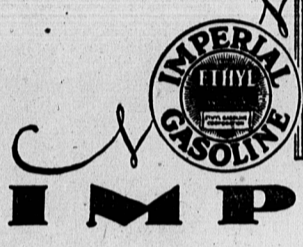
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side-long glance. "Unless," he continued tentatively, "the thing you have in mind should happen to be a—ahem—a green light."

Summers dropped his fork and drew himself up straight. His face was as expressionless as a wooden image.

"What do you know about a green light?" he demanded.

"Mercy!" Dale exclaimed. "I seem to have fired a shot in the dark and hit something!"

"Are you sure you fired it in the dark?" Summers' tone was inquisitorial. "What made you mention a green light just now?"

A RARE BAND

"I've talked enough—too much, perhaps," Dale shrugged his shoulders and grinned tantalizingly. "Not another word until you reciprocate. Our minds seem to be travelling in the same channel, and at the end is a great green light. Where did your channel connect with mine?"

Summers hesitated a moment. He had often confided intimate details of his work to Dale, and the latter had never betrayed his confidence. On the other hand, Dale had often offered helpful suggestions. This situation was different, but the captain gave a terse account of the occurrence in Mr. Ferryman's house.

"You say the victim of the murder was Ferryman's wife," Dale murmured after listening with grave and puzzled interest. "Odd, isn't it? While Ferryman sat in your office telling you of his wife's dereliction she was really lying dead in his house. Can you describe her?"

Summers described the dead woman in detail, and Dale appeared to make mental notes of the description.

"She must have been a beauty," he commented. "Too lively for Ferryman, I should imagine—the hectic, emotional, pleasure-loving kind. You didn't find any clues?"

"Not unless a cigar band can be regarded as a clue," said Summers, masticating his final morsel of squab.

"A cigar band? There's nothing distinctive about a cigar band, is there?"

"Not generally." Slowly Summers stirred his coffee. He reached into his vest pocket for a cigar, but Dale anticipated him.

"Try one of these. They're not bad."

"I know," said Summers casually, accepting one of the two cigars Dale held toward him. For a moment his gaze lingered on the decorative band. "I've smoked the same kind before. You haven't changed your brand, I see."

"Why change a good thing?" "It would be foolish. By the way, have you ever been inside either of the two houses Ferryman owns on Bank street?"

"What on earth would I be doing

there?" "I was just wondering." The captain puffed with relish on his cigar. "Good cigar, Dale."

"Glad you like it. You will not find many of that brand in America. I get them direct from a manufacturer in Key West who makes his selections from the choicest Cuban stocks."

Summers nodded. He was leaning back, eyes half closed, as if giving himself over to the enjoyment of his smoke. In an absent fashion he inspected the band again.

"Verona, eh? Nice name for a nice smoke." He blew a ring of gray vapor ceilingward. "Did you say you were never inside Ferryman's houses?"

"Never," said Dale languidly, but his eyes narrowed slightly. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because," said Summers carelessly, "the cigar band I picked up at No. 262 Bank street was from a Verona. I just wondered how it got there. You tell me you have never been inside that house, and you say there are not many of that brand in this country."

Dale's hand paused in the act of returning his cigar to his lips. His eyes narrowed over a vague flicker. A smile of faint mockery came to his lips.

"Summers," he drawled, "are you trying to prove me a liar?"

"Oh, no," Summers disclaimed, his voice heavy with sarcasm.

Dale glanced at his watch. "I've enjoyed our chat. Unfortunately I have an engagement. Sorry." He rose and moved away with his lithe, swinging stride.

"Much obliged for the cigar," said Summers.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

Dominion Debt Is Being Reduced

(Canadian Press) OTTAWA, Ont., July 12.—The net debt of the Dominion of Canada decreased by \$92,620,133 in the twelve months ended June 30 last, according to figures issued through the finance department today. At the end of June, 1928, the net debt stood at \$2,244,142,450. On June 30, it amounted to \$2,151,522,317.

WARREN GROVE SCHOOL CLOSING

On Thursday afternoon, June 28, parents and visitors met in the schoolroom for the closing exercises. For this occasion, the schoolroom was nicely decorated with pretty flowers and ferns. Rev. Mr. MacWalker and the teacher examined the children in their work, who showed by their answers that they had been carefully trained during her past two years of service in this school.

The teacher presented prizes to the following pupils: Prizes for spelling during month of June: Grade I—Louise Ladner, Grade II—Mellick Warren, Grade III—Sarah MacWalker, Grade V—Robbie MacLean, Grade VII—Beth Ladner, Grade VIII—Haldane Scott. Prize for general proficiency awarded to Haldane Scott. This clever young pupil who is but 11 years of age, also received his Public School Leaving Certificate. Prize for best attendance during the year awarded to Beth Ladner. An address was read to the teacher by Marguerite Moreside and Olive Thompson made the presentation to the teacher of a fountain pen.

The teacher although taken by surprise thanked the scholars most fittingly for the nice remembrance.

Miss Kathleen MacKinley

Dear Teacher: We wish you to accept this little gift as a token of the esteem in which you are held by all the pupils. We also wish to thank you for the way you have labored for our benefit the past two years. We wish you a pleasant vacation and every success in your new work. Signed on behalf of the school children of Warren Grove The teacher served ice cream and candy to all present.

Rev. Mr. MacWalker commented the teacher very highly on her work

during her stay in Warren Grove School.

LONDON, July 12.—Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill is to visit Canada. The announcement of his visit came in a roundabout way to-night through Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas at a banquet at the Mansion House. "Winston," Mr. Thomas said, "has just told me he is going to Canada. I calculated how long it would take him to get back, and I said to myself, 'Jim, there is six weeks' salary certain for you while Winston is out of the country.'

PROVINCIAL TREASURY NOTICE

Owing to the rapidly increasing cost of issuing car registration booklets and in order to curtail needless distribution, a nominal charge of 10c per copy is being made for booklets containing registrations to July 1st, 1929.

H. R. STEWART, Deputy Provincial Treasurer.

6609-7-12-31

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