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# MAY SEYMOUR FOOT LOOSE

by BEATRICE BURTON ONEA

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

Heavily veiled so as to escape recognition, May comes late one rainy fall night to the home of her lawyer, DICK GREGORY, and GLORIA, his wife. She tells Gloria, who is her close friend, how the story of Dr. John's suicide has followed her everywhere. And so she has made up her mind to "sell out"—to convert everything she has into cash, and go away to Europe where no one will know her or her story.

Next morning she goes to see ULYSSES X. FORGAN, a wealthy widower who is in the real estate business to ask him to sell her house for her. Ulysses advises her to keep the house, live in it, and face the townspeople who have slandered her. But May tearfully insists that she can't—that she wants to be footloose.

She begs Dick Gregory to sell her stocks and bonds for whatever they will bring. All she wants she explains, is enough money to keep her afloat for a year while she hunts a new husband. She frankly admits that she is going to marry for money if possible.

A week later with \$8000 in cash May sets out for a rest at Atlantic City before sailing for Europe. On the train he has a shy flirtation with a handsome, middle aged man across the aisle. And as she enters her hotel at the seaside resort, she sees him going up the steps just ahead of her.

THE STORY

The lobby of the hotel was flooded with the rich sunlight of late afternoon, and filled with smartly-dressed men and women. At one end of it an orchestra was playing something low and sweet and haunting.

Suddenly May remembered what it was—the old "Destiny" waltz that had been so popular in 1914, at the outbreak of the Great War.

"Destiny... Fate... I wonder what mine is to be," she thought. And as if in answer to her thought, her eyes at that instant fell on the familiar figure of The Man From the Train!

He was standing at the desk, registering for his room.

A little laugh shook in May's throat as she went forward and stood beside him. From one corner of her eye she watched him as he dashed his name across the open book.

"Herbert Waterbury, Brookline, Massachusetts."

"What a nice name!" thought May. Point by point she took him in—his snubbed skin and hair, the loose clothes he wore, the expensive pigskin kitbag he carried.

"And he certainly looks like money!" she added cheerfully to herself, as she watched him vanish into an elevator.

Then she turned to the waiting room-clerk. "I want a room that faces the ocean. And a bath, of course," she said. She did not ask the rate. She didn't want to know—didn't care how much it would cost. She had \$8000, and she was going to invest it in herself, in her future.

And not one nickel of it was she going to save! "If it's all gone by the end of the year, and I haven't found the husband I want, I can always go back to typewriting," she decided comfortably a half hour later.

later, as she stood at a window of her room. "Besides I still have my house. I do hope that Forgan man sells it soon."

Her thoughts touched lightly upon Ulysses for a moment, then settled themselves upon the handsome man she had just seen in the lobby.

"Herbert Waterbury," she repeated the name aloud.

And it was with him in mind,



She looked straight into the eyes of Herbert Waterbury.

that she sat down before the mirror, to dress for dinner.

What kind of woman would lure such a man as he?

"Probably a very elegant woman who could talk well, who knew the ways of the world."

Or else a little whirlwind of a girl who could say funny things, and could laugh at nothing.

"Oh, what do I care!" He's probably married, and has a wife. Herbert Waterbury tucked away up in Brookline," May scolded herself.

But she hoped that there was no "Mrs. Herbert Waterbury."

When she was dressed, she stepped back from the long glass and looked at her reflection.

"Perhaps I do need a touch of color on my cheeks," she thought, doubtfully. Then she decided against it. She had worn no rouge for months, except the brilliant paste on her sensuous mouth.

And against the ivory whiteness of her skin her eyes, tonight, were almost black with suppressed excitement.

She went over to the window and leaned out. Far below the ocean lay in the twilight, like a floor of silver. A band of lights sparkled along the famous Boardwalk.

"After dinner, I shall go out there," May said to herself. She caught up a lace scarf from the bed as she passed through the room.

Through her mind ran a picture of herself, walking against the wind, down the Boardwalk. And beside her was a shadowy figure—the figure of a man.

The picture passed instantly, like a dream. And May found herself shivering a little, as the elevator carried her swiftly and smoothly down to the dining room.

There was a vase of yellow roses on the corner table where May sat and waited for her dinner. She leaned forward and separated one from its frarant fellows, held it a moment against her lips.

Then suddenly, she felt as if someone were looking at her. Slowly, unwillingly, she raised her head, and looked straight into the clear, lightblue eyes of Herbert Waterbury! He was sitting not ten feet from her.

At that moment, the orchestra broke into the first soft strains of the waltz that is called "Destiny."

May dropped her eyes. She picked up the card and pretended to study it. But the hand that held it trembled ever so slightly.

The waiter set her cup of jellied consommé before her, and she began her dinner. She had been very hungry... but, suddenly she found she had no appetite.

After the meal she poured herself a small cup of black coffee. As she raised it to her lips, she lifted her eyes and looked once more at Herbert Waterbury. Deliberately she let her eyes lie in his for a long moment.

She signed her check, tipped the

waiter generously, and with a certain air of defiance walked out of the dining room feeling Waterbury's eyes upon her as she went.

Out of doors, the night was black. There was a high wind, and the ocean that had been so calm at sundown roared. In the radiance from the lights along the Boardwalk, May could see the white foam along the edge of the breakers.

She threw her lace scarf around

her shoulders and walked slowly along in the direction of the Ambassador hotel, that dimly loomed in the distance.

The Boardwalk was almost deserted. Later on the ray crowds would be out again, on their way to the brilliantly-lighted theatres and movies that faced the sea.

But at this moment the pleasure-seekers of Atlantic City were occupied with the serious business of dining and being dined.

So May had the long sweep of

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So May had the long sweep of



the famous promenade to herself almost to herself. Behind her as she started out, she heard foot steps as slow and measured as her own.

She quickened her pace, and the footsteps behind her quickened, too. She could hear them every now and then above the roar of the surf.

Without looking back, she knew who was there. Some vague instinct—or, perhaps her own wish—told her it was the man she

had just seen in the restaurant, who passed for a moment beside her as she went for the lift. She was wearing, from her shoulders, it fluttered away toward the sea.

May walked on, one was listening with every nerve in her body for the footsteps to begin again. But she could hear nothing but the dull roar of the sea.

"Then, suddenly, Waterbury was behind her. He held out to her the lace scarf. "You dropped this," he said softly.

"Yes," she said almost inaudibly, and walked on.

"Here, aren't you going to take it?" he asked, and thrust it into her hands. He stood for a moment looking down into her eyes, as if he were trying to say something more to her.

"May I return your scarf to you?" she asked, her starry eyes up to his, she opened her lips to say "thank you," but found she could make no sound.

She felt dreadfully awkward... tongue-tied.

Men had often looked at her before, had even spoken to her in the street.

But this man was different. He was so serious, and so obviously a gentleman... or at least, a man of the world. Certainly not the type of man who would follow a woman unless he had a purpose.

"What?"

For the life of her, May couldn't finish the thought. Utterly baffled, almost panicky, she turned away quickly and walked back toward the hotel.

Breathlessly she sank into one of the deep velvet chairs in the lobby, and leaned back with closed eyes to listen to the music.

"My, but I'm sick of jazz aren't you?" asked a soprano voice beside her. And May opened her eyes to see a blond, plump woman with babyish blue eyes, sitting in the chair beside her.

"That isn't jazz they're playing. It's Brahms," May answered. She knew a thing or two about musical music.

"Well, I wish the orchestra would take something for it. It sounds like a nervous breakdown they're having," the woman said, peevishly.

"When there are so many pretty things like 'The Indian Love Call,' I don't see why they play such stuff as that, do you?"

"Like it?" May answered. She bent her head to listen to the music that seemed to sweep around her in a tide.

She looked up to see Herbert Waterbury coming down the lobby. His eyes were fixed upon her and she seemed to be coming straight toward her.

With a curious calm, May watched him come.

He paused beside her chair, and she felt sure that he was going to speak to her.

A mixed feeling of dull anger, indignation, and excitement filled her then.

"Hello," she heard him say, and as she looked up, she felt a hot flush sweeping up over her breast and neck, to the roots of her hair.

Then, with intense relief, she saw that he was not addressing her, but was looking down at the little blond babyish woman who sat beside her.

"Hello, Herby," the little blond woman answered, patting the arm of the empty chair on her other side. "Sit down and listen to the music. It's terrible, but it's better than nothing."

She turned suddenly to May.

"What did you say they were playing dearie?" she asked.

"Brahms," May said with an effort. "Something of Brahms."

(To Be Continued)

Every 10c Packet of

**WILSON'S FLY PADS**

WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$80 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores

Britain Will Consider Protest

LONDON, July 30—Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain has assured United States Ambassador Houghton that immediate and serious consideration will be given by the British Government to views of foreign countries regarding the restriction of raw rubber production in British colonies. Mr. Chamberlain gave this information to the House of Commons today, replying to a member's question.

Ambassador Houghton recently presented to Mr. Chamberlain the objections of United States manufacturers who use raw rubber to the restriction of output scheme of British rubber producing colonies.

PROTECTION AGAINST MOSQUITOES.

Certain protective mixtures applied to the skin are of great value in warding off mosquitoes, black flies and similar pests, especially when the insects are very numerous. A number of formulas for such mixtures are given in a pamphlet on the methods of protection against mosquitoes and black-flies just issued by the Entomological Branch of the Dominion of Agriculture. A mixture recommended by the author is composed of 3 ounces of oil of citronella, 1 of sprits of camphor, 1 of oil of tar, 1/2 an ounce of oil of pennyroyal and from 4 to 6 ounces of castor oil. Another mixture consists of 2 ounces of oil of citronella, 1/2 an ounce of pennyroyal and 2 ounces of castor oil. The castor oil is included to prevent injury to the skin. Tallow may be used instead if it is desired to have the mixture in the form of a paste.

When the insects are abundant it is necessary to apply the mixture at least once every half hour, using liberal quantities and rubbing it thoroughly over the hands and face. Care should be taken to have a sufficient quantity of a mixture when on an extended trip in the woods. At least an ounce per person per day is necessary if the insects are anyway abundant. The mixture should be carried in a small aluminum flask or screw top tin, but not in a glass bottle as it is apt to break.

CHERRIES IN SEASON.

The cherry crop is short this year, according to reports from state and federal government observers. This shortage applies particularly to the sour or pie cherries of the Early Richmond type. Unseasonable freezes played havoc with the blossoming fruit trees, and many sections report only 40 per cent of a crop or even less than that. So it behooves the housewife seeking a supply of cherries to can to be on the look-out when the crop begins to come to market and not wait too long in the hope they will become plentiful and cheap. In some sections cherries escaped and full crops are reported. These are fortunate sections this year.

However, the big, thick-meated sweet cherries from Oregon, Washington, California, Virginia and some sections of the East, are coming to market in the usual volume, according to dealers, and it is reported that they will be plentiful as usual. The fresh cherry pie is one of the eagerly awaited articles of ressert over wide stretches of the country and it is one of the favorite materials for canning, preserving, and sun curing.

The two types of cherry have distinct uses and both are equally valuable, the sweet cherries being fine as a fresh dessert fruit while the sour cherries are more esteemed for cooking. However, the sweet cherries are great pie material, as the Oregon boosters during their trip through the country demonstrating their product last year showed, cherry pies being one of the most popular demonstrations, the big sweet cherries being used.

The use of cherry preserves, cherry juice and the fresh fruit in both hot and iced tea, a custom borrowed from the Russians, is an added use for the cherry of very recent discovery by Americans, introduced by our foreignborn population.

It will be advisable to keep a close watch for cherries this season unless you happen to live in one of the sections which escaped the widespread freezes which played havoc with so much of the fruit crop.

MOVIE LOVE.

Dottie: Do you love me, John? John: Of course, dear! Dottie: Then why doesn't your chest go up and down like the man in the movies? —Good Hardware.

THEIR DAILY DOZEN STEPS

A doctor urges daily walks in summer as a means to keep well. Many get it by walking from parking place to business.

POP :

I FIND THE FLOOR A BIT STICKY TO-NIGHT MA!

GOOD HEAVENS! NO WONDER!!

YOUVE STILL GOT YOUR GOLOSHES ON!

Mustard is valuable in the diet

Did you know that mustard not only gives more zest and flavor to meats, but also stimulates your digestion? Because it aids assimilation it adds nourishment to foods.

But it must be Colman's

Wilhelm Prepares for a New 'Day'

In spite of discouragement the deposed war lord is preparing for a sudden invitation back to Berlin.

From the Guerino Meschino, Milan, Italy.

The Charlottetown Fox Breeders Protective Association

Organized by a group of Fox Ranchers in the vicinity of Charlottetown for the purpose of giving financial support to each other for the prosecution of parties who molest or steal from the members' ranches.

Protective Measures Include:

MAN-TRACKING BLOODHOUNDS

BEST DETECTIVE AGENCY IN CANADA

BEST LEGAL TALENT

All ranches will bear the official placard. List of members is:

"Unionvale," MacLure and MacKinnon, Union Road, P. E. I.

"Vimy," Prowse and MacKinnon, Norwood Road, P. E. I.

"International Foxes and Furs," W. Chester S. MacLure, Marshfield, P. E. I.

"Bovyer Ranch," Franklin Bovyer, Bunbury, P. E. I.

"North River Ranch," W. K. Rogers, North River, P. E. I.

"Dalton Ranch," W. K. Rogers, Southport, P. E. I.

"Bellevue Ranch," W. K. Rogers, Tea Hill, P. E. I.

"Flood Ranch," W. K. Rogers, Southport, P. E. I.

"Smallwood's Ranch," W. K. Rogers, Southport, P. E. I.

"Farquharson Fox and Fur Farms" P. A. Farquharson, East Royalty, P. E. I.

"Lawndale Ranch," C. L. MacKay, St. Peters Road, P. E. I.

"MacDonald Ranch," J. A. MacDonald, Southport, P. E. I.

"Silver Sheen Ranch," Walter S. Grant, Marshfield, P. E. I.

"Brow Ranch," E. R. Brow, East Royalty, P. E. I.

"Saunders Ranch," Ed. Saunders, Newstead, P. E. I.

"General Fur Farms Ltd., Mount Edward Road, P. E. I.

"General Fur Farms Ltd., North River Road, P. E. I.

"Charlottetown Silver Black Fox Co., Ltd., Mount Edward Road, P. E. I.

"Jenkins Ranch," J. D. Jenkins, Charlottetown Royalty.

"Hopeton Ranch," W. A. Mutch, Southport.

"Greenacres Ranch," Ray Clarke, Union Road, P. E. I.

John Agnew Fur Farms, Brackley Pt. Road.

Wm. L. McEachern, Mermald, P. E. I.

John Roper, Sherwood, P. E. I.

Why He Couldn't Dance

POP :

I FIND THE FLOOR A BIT STICKY TO-NIGHT MA!

GOOD HEAVENS! NO WONDER!!

YOUVE STILL GOT YOUR GOLOSHES ON!