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Excellent Residence and 7 acres of land at Bayview. Blacksmith forge, carpenter shop with complete set of tools including planer. The house contains 8 rooms, bedrooms, hardwood floors and grate. All glass sunporch. Bathroom, hot and cold water. Near National Park. House and several outbuildings and garage in good repair and newly painted. Very suitable spot for Tourist Cabins and an ideal summer home. Price \$3000.00.

H. K. S. HEMMING, 88 Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. L-1321-6-11-14-18

NOTICE

A meeting of the Conservative Supporters of the following Polls: North River, North Wiltshire, Cornwall, New Haven, Kingston, Riverdale, will be held in the Hall, Tyrone, on Tuesday the 21st inst at 8 o'clock P. M. for organization purposes.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE, L-1576-6-17-11

LUMBER

Cedar and Spruce Shingles, all grades, reasonably priced. Light Scantling 2" x 3" \$1.00 per hundred running measure; 2" x 4" \$1.40; 2" x 5" \$1.90; 2" x 6" \$2.00. Rough boards \$2.20; wide surface planed boards \$2.80. Also hard and soft wood. Free delivery 25 mile limit.

R. A. MacPHAIL, New Haven. L-1220-6-11-18-25-7-2

At VICTORIA

Brighton Bridge Meeting

MONDAY AT 8.30 SHARP.

As requested at the Bonshaw meeting in support of the new North River Bridge a meeting will be held in Victoria on Monday, June 20th at 8.30. All representatives are requested to attend and a cordial invitation is extended to those interested in Charlottetown.

BY REQUEST OF COMMITTEE

SECOND CHANCE

By HOLLOWAY HORN

STERNBERG'S ACTIVITIES.

"Not you!" he smiled. "You were enjoying it." "John," she protested. "That's the best thing I've ever had said to me."

"Then it true?" he asked.

"No!"

"Then I did you an injustice." "You never wrote to me . . . afterwards."

"One's literary activities are limited . . . there," he said with a smile.

"But you could have written."

"There was nothing to say. You were sitting in court with the man you married shortly afterwards and his attitude towards you was, even at the time, proprietary."

"He doesn't matter. I've only loved once in my life."

"I know that. You were in love with yourself, Lucia."

"I wouldn't have come here to-night if I had known that this would be your attitude," she said angrily.

"What did you expect my attitude to be?"

"A reasonable one," she said quietly. "I know that judged by ordinary standards I'm a washout where you are concerned—that I didn't stick to you—but I've only got one life and it all seemed too hopeless!"

"I don't blame you."

"But you do! I can see that you do! And yet, I loved you, she went on more quietly. "I've always loved you."

"You said that very effectively, Lucia. But you didn't put it across, as you say on the stage."

"Ah, Well!" she sighed. "I know. The smash didn't do me any good; your reaction finished me."

"People thought that I was the cause, that you had wasted the money on me."

"You know that I didn't."

"But people thought that I was behind it. I was cold-shouldered. My contract at the Imperial was terminated. They paid me, of course—they had to—but they wouldn't give me another job."

"But you had another job in London. Someone here saw you in it."

"I was understudy and appeared a few times only at the end of the run. No one could finish me as well. I thought it would do the time."

"I'm sorry."

"And it led me into the greatest mistake of my life—marrying Sternberg."

"But you knew what you were doing. You knew he was a wrong 'un."

"But he'd pulled up. He was going straight at the time. And I thought he could help me."

"In any case he's never been in prison," said Ferguson bitterly.

"Well that's that," he went on as he got up from his chair. "Mrs. Gaddesden look after me wonderfully well."

"If she's listening at the door—as she probably is—she'll be pleased."

"I'm quite certain she isn't. By the way, shouldn't you be on the stage now?"

"Yes. But I'm sick of it all. I told Teddy that I was coming to see you and that he could play the part himself if he wanted to. The understudy will be glad of the change, anyway. And she's quite good."

"Life's a funny thing, isn't it?" he said as he sat down by the fire.

"Very funny," she said quietly, almost as if she were speaking to herself.

"I'm working in this town, as Sternberg had probably told you."

"She nodded. "He's in a very ugly mood about you."

"Why?"

Again she shrugged her shoulders. "I don't quite know. Something to do with an emerald necklace."

Ferguson smiled. "Apparently he was behind the burglary at Murray's house that week-end. One of his varied activities."

"He's through with that sort of thing now."

"I think he'd better be. Has he given up drugs, too?"

"She looked round startled. "She isn't listening, is she?"

"No. She's probably rather annoyed that you are here, thought. It wouldn't seem quite proper to her."

"Oh, that," she said contemptuously.

He glanced at his water. "You'll appear at the second house, I suppose?"

"I don't know. The houses are rotten here, anyway. It's the infernal pictures! The people are spooned. They can't stand an interval even if it's only a few minutes. You mean to stay on here?"

"Pretty dull, won't it be?"

"I've got used to dullness," he said with a smile.

"You've got used to dullness," he said with a smile.

"I used to think of you!"

"See you!"

"I wish you wouldn't adopt that stupid, cynical attitude. I hate it!"

"Sorry, I suppose I am cynical. But surely it's understandable?"

"WHO IS SHE?"

"Not with me. Your smash did for me, too, remember."

"Particularly with you," he insisted. "There are genuine things in life, though. Genuine, loyal people. People worth while."

"Do you believe me when I say that I wish I had waited for you?" she asked quietly.

"If you say so. It would be rude not to, wouldn't it?"

"I do say so. And it's true."

"It would have been excellent publicity. Can't you see the headlines: Actress meets criminal at prison gate and marries him!"

"I've told you I hate this cheap cynicism."

"That wasn't cynicism, Lucia," he smiled. "It was irony. Still, I'm glad you came here to-night."

"Why?" she asked in obvious surprise.

"Because it showed me that the old life is dead. That it doesn't matter in the least."

"You mean you don't love me? I'd gathered that," she said quietly.

"I do not. It's incredible to me that I ever did. You're as beautiful as ever, but I seem to see more clearly. And beauty—superficial beauty, anyway—just doesn't matter. There are other things far more important."

She thought over this a moment before she said: "It was my husband who suggested that I should come here to-night."

"Why?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I fancy he thought I could get the hiding place of the emeralds out of you."

"Why do you tell me this?" he asked.

"Because I've made a strange discovery to-night."

"Oh!" he said doubtfully.

"Yes. You won't believe it. You'll probably laugh. But I love you. It is funny, isn't it?"

"It's certainly a strange statement."

"You don't believe it?"

"I don't quite see why you should lie to me. I can't see any object in it."

"In the old days you were just like a dozen different men I know. I thought that you were going to make money and that was all I wanted."

"I gathered that."

"But you're not the man you were. You're a different person."

"To a great extent," he agreed.

"To a very great extent," she said with a sudden bitterness.

"I've no hard feelings Lucia. I didn't expect you to act other than you did."

"I should have stuck to you! If I'd loved you then as I do to-night, I should have."

"This is all very embarrassing," he said unflinchingly.

"Yes. The tables are turned, John. In the old days you loved me, remember. Ah, well," she went on as she stood up. "I may as well be going. You'll get your revenge, if you wanted it."

"I didn't. As far as the hiding place of the emeralds is concerned, I don't know anything about it."

"He's got a bee in his bonnet that you do."

"Will I don't—I assure you."

"Good-bye!" she said. "I hope that you have better luck. Don't think worse of me than you must."

"We're both better never near the rocks, I'm afraid," he said.

"You'll miss them," she said.

"And I'm glad you've found loyalty in someone else. You always were loyal. Who is she?"

"No one in particular."

"There is," she said quietly. "And I'm glad it's funny that I should have come here to-night to try and bluff you into telling me where the emeralds were and ended up by giving Sternberg away."

"It is," he agreed.

"There will be a first class row when I get back."

"I'm not sure about that. But in any case you couldn't have succeeded, because I really don't know anything about them. If I did I should hand them over to the police."

She watched him quietly for a moment. "I shall remember you like you are now," she said.

"In this room. Good-bye, my dear."

She turned to the door and he hurried away into the little hall.

He passed out into the misty night without a word. From the open door he watched her as she hurried away into the bend of the road hid her from his sight. Quietly he closed the door. In a way, the word was symbolic.

Mrs. Gaddesden came in to clear away a few minutes later.

"So she's gone, I see," she said.

"Yes."

"She looked like an actress," she went on with an almost inaudible sniff.

"She is an actress," he said.

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The De Luxe Ford V-8 is a handsome car that looks big and is big. The low, wide appearance is a natural outgrowth of the Ford's low centre of gravity, planned for safety and comfort. The body sides curve gently to contribute extra strength. Interiors are designed to give the utmost in roomy riding comfort and convenience. From the sweeping grille to the sloping rear deck that conceals the large luggage compartment, the De Luxe Ford V-8 is a thing of beauty and pride!

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ON DE LUXE MODELS—twin tail lights, two windshield wipers, two sun visors, twin electric horns, cigar lighter, de luxe steering wheel, glove compartment lock and clock, rustless steel wheel bands, in addition to front and rear bumpers and guards, spare wheel and tire and tube, tire lock, and headlight beam indicator.

ON STANDARD MODELS—front and rear bumpers and guards, spare wheel and tire and tube, tire lock, one sun visor, cigar lighter, headlight beam indicator, and two horns.

\$30 A MONTH, with reasonable down-payment, buys any new Ford V-8 car under T.F.C. National Finance Plan

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PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Probate Court 2nd George VI A. D. 1938.

In Re Estate of Annie Alberta McDonald late of Charlottetown in the said Province deceased testate.

By the Honourable HAROLD LEONARD PALMER, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Jessie Macdonald of Canoe Cove in Queens County aforesaid, married woman and Donatress of the said Province aforesaid, barrister-at-law, the executors of the above named estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Thursday the seventh day of July next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Donald King, Esq. Proctor for said Petitioner.

And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the Hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia and at or near the Royal Bank of Canada both in Charlottetown aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER L-1104-6-4-11-18-25

IN MEMORIAM

MR. ERNEST WATTS

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., June 15—(Special)—Ernest Watts, 53, died at his home in Chamcook on Wednesday after a heart attack. He was born at North River, P. E. I., but had resided at Chamcook for several years.

He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Edith Townsend, Chamcook; one son, William; a brother, Heustis, in P. E. I., and a sister, Mrs. L. A. Bruce, in Montana.

The funeral was conducted on Friday from his residence to St. John's Chapel by Rev. A. Brock Humphrys. Pallbearers were Messrs. William Carson, Max Rankine, Frank Grimmer, Jack Scullion, Arthur Grant and John Fields. Interment was made at Chamcook.

Notice To Public

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I, John Aufferrey, of Charlottetown do hereby notify the public that henceforth I shall not be responsible for any debts contracted in my name unless contracted by myself.

Charlottetown, June 8th, 1938.

(Signed) JOHN AUFFREY, L-1278-6-10-18-18

Nerves Were So Bad Could Not Stand The Children Playing

The happiness of every home depends largely on the health of the wife and mother. If she is nervous, peevish and irritable, worried by the cares of the household, and tormented by the pains and irregularities that accompany a run down system, there can be no happiness in the home for the husband and children.

Women who are weak and run down, nervous and irritable should take a course of Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills to help restore them to the blessing of good health.

Mrs. THOMAS KINK, Neston, Alta., writes: "I was in such a weak, run down condition before I started using Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills I could not do my housework, and would be so nervous I could hardly stand the noise of the children at their play. Now, after taking three boxes of H. & N. Pills I feel like a different person.

I shall always tell anyone not feeling well to use your medicine."

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