

# this cereal TALKS!

It's so crisp it pops and crackles when you pour on milk or cream. And what a flavor! Crunchy rice grains—roasted golden brown.

Rice Krispies are fine for any meal. Give them to the children for supper. Easy to digest. Order a red-and-green package from your grocer. Try the recipes for macaroons, etc. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.



## FOR SALE

Quarter acre of land with seven rooms house, Ice Cream Parlor and Barn, all in good repair and lighted with electricity. This home is beautifully situated. Near school, churches and stores. Apply to G. E. GAMBLE, North Tryon.

## FOR SALE

An excellent dairy farm in Mermaid, Lot 48, 7 miles from Charlottetown, near churches, schools and rail station, containing 185 acres, 125 under cultivation, balance wood and good timber, extra well fenced and water, fine buildings. Inspection invited. Owing to ill-health, bargain for quick sale with or without crop.

JOSEPH POWER, Mermaid. 6824-7-5-9-12-16-19-6824 Tues. Fri. 11.

## P. R. A.

The Annual Prize Meeting will be held on Charlottetown Rifle Range, Thursday and Friday, August 1st and 2nd, 1929, commencing at 8.30 a. m. Programmes and any information can be had from the Secretary. Make your entries early. Charles Leigh, R.O.V.D., Lieut.-Col., Secretary. H. M. Davison, A.C.V.D., Lieut.-Col., President. 6793-7-20-11-July 31.

## Business for Sale

GREAT WEST END CASH STORE  
**Sterns Son & Co.**  
SOURIS, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
Buildings and Entire Stock of General Merchandise  
Splendid opportunity for any enterprising person to step right into a good CASH BUSINESS. No risk, has been operated as such for the past twenty-six years.

### GOOD STAND

Store and offices very conveniently arranged, modern fire proof vault, main store 65 x 32, three stories, with attached warehouses in rear. Also three detached warehouses 46 x 25 feet, two and a half stories. Immediate possession. J. G. STERNS, Sole Owner.

## S. S. ROSALIND

Leaves Montreal Arrive Charlottetown and Leave for St. John's  
June 14th June 17th  
June 28th July 1st  
July 12th July 15th  
July 26th July 29th

CARVELL BROS. 6808-7-22-31

## AUCTION SALE

### —OF— Old-Fashioned Furniture

To be sold at Public Auction at the Clifton House, Summerside at 9 a. 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.

## The Green Shadow

THE EMPTY SLEEVE

A certain classical dignity pervaded the Castle residence on 5th avenue, and it was reflected even in the servant who, on the following morning, took Dale's hat and stick and announced that Miss Castle would see him in the drawing room. Nursing a swollen jaw and a sadly deflated self respect, Dale walked in. He tried to carry himself with his usual insouciance and hold his head high. After all, there was no great disgrace in being mauled by an adversary at whom you could not strike back for the simple reason that you couldn't see his face.

Moreover, after the delirium was over, Dale had found that the secret drawer in the desk was intact, and there was consolation in that. But Dr. Moffet—for who else could it have been?—had escaped, and that was a bitter and humiliating thought. Adele greeted him with a bright smile, although there were little shadows in her eyes, and they narrowed in perplexity as she saw the disfigured jaw. Dale acutely embarrassed, heard himself murmuring an insipid compliment on her very fresh and exquisite appearance.

"I slept like a top," she told him. "And I dreamed about caterpillars." "Caterpillars?" Dale's eyes widened. "Oh, yes, of course. Well, I dreamed of pink elephants and green dragons." "They seem to have handled you roughly," Adele observed. Her face sobered quickly. "What's—oh, how stupid of me! Mr. Dale, I am sure you will be glad to meet a very good friend of mine, Mr. Paul Ainsworth."

As she spoke, Dale suddenly perceived the third person in the room, one who had remained in the background when he entered. Now he saw a tall, youngish man who responded to the introduction with a curt nod. Instantly Bilkins' unsatisfactory description came back to him—"tall straight, good-looking, well dressed, about 30."

Paul Ainsworth was all of that and much more besides. In an indolent way he stood leaning against a phonograph cabinet, surveying Dale with a hostile, impudent eye and the faintest of sneers. His face was lean and bronzed, he had thick, dark hair negligently combed, he was handsome in a disagreeable, overbearing way.

His neckwear was intriguing and his clothes, of excellent workmanship, hung loosely on his lean figure. The fingers, almost effeminate, yet somehow gave the impression that they could knuckle into a sturdy fist on slight provocation.

But the observation that struck Dale first and most forcibly was that the man's left sleeve was empty. Adele regarded the two men with a faint puzzled frown, as if wondering at Dale's reserve and Ainsworth's evident unfriendliness.

"You two are going to be friends," she announced with a smile. "You might as well begin now."

"We are two shy and timid souls," Dale bantered, trying to ease the tension. "Please give us a little time."

Ainsworth yawned superciliously. His jeering gaze was leveled at Dale's swollen and discolored jaw. "Not shy," he drawled. "Merely cautious. Friendship should always be cultivated to slow music."

"And green lights," Dale let slip out.

Adele gave Dale a startled glance and Ainsworth a disapproving one. "I can supply the music," she declared with an effort at light conversation.

## FOR SALE

Farm at Alexandra, Lot 49, on north side of main road, known as the Robison farm, consisting of about 30 acres in high state of cultivation. Dwelling suitable for two families; four good outside buildings, house with pump in kitchen, large orchard near house, creek running through north end of farm good for fox ranching. About 5 1-2 miles from Charlottetown. Apply to J. H. Judson, Alexandra, Lot 49, R.R. No. 1, P.E.I.

6808-7-22-31



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# McCOLL-FRONTENAC

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<p><b>Cyclo Gas</b> NO KNOCK MOTOR FUEL</p> <p>A new motor fuel with drive -- pep -- and punch a-plenty!</p>	<p><b>RED INDIAN</b> MOTOR OIL</p> <p>Provides a perfect film of protection between all working parts of the engine!</p>	<p><b>MARATHON</b> HI-TEST GASOLINE</p> <p>Slow-burning . . . economical . . . uniformly clean and reliable!</p>
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of sorts this morning. He has suffered a grave disappointment. "So has my burglar. He didn't get what he was after."

"Oh, but Mr. Ainsworth's disappointment is of a different sort. He has received bad news from his broker."

"That's unfortunate. Brokers and burglars are a bad lot."

Ainsworth yawned ostentatiously, then glanced at his watch. "That reminds me, I have an appointment with a man who is a little of both. Ta-ta, Adele. Hope the cuticle heals up soon, Mr. Dale."

With an impudent smile and an indolent swagger he left the room. Adele excused herself and followed him, but returned shortly. Her face was a little flushed and she regarded Dale with a puzzled and disappointed expression.

"I wanted you two men to like each other," she said with a slight pout, "but instead you behaved as if it was a case of mutual dislike at first glance."

"Paul!" said Adele sternly. "I think you are horrid. Please don't mind him, Mr. Dale. He is a little

how much does Mr. Ainsworth know?"

"Nothing," she said simply, her face clouding. "It's really my duty to tell him, isn't it? I can't though, I simply can't."

"Then I wouldn't tell him."

"But it doesn't seem right. Time after time I've tried to summon courage to tell Paul everything about my father and how Doctor Moffet is trying to blackmail him, but I simply can't. I feel beastly about it. I know it isn't fair to Paul. Since we are going to be married, I oughtn't to keep any secrets from him, ought I?"

Dale looked out the window. The bitter, devastating irony of the situation was acutely depressing. If his surmise and suspicions were correct—and he feared they were—then she could tell Ainsworth nothing which he did not already know. Ainsworth was a scoundrel of the blackest dye,

a blackmailer and perhaps a murderer.

"You reproach yourself too much," he said lightly, although his heart was heavy. "Nothing can go seriously wrong with a girl like you as long as she is true to herself and relies on her instincts. If your instincts tell you not to mention the matter to Paul, then don't mention it."

Continued on page 5

# FLY-TOX

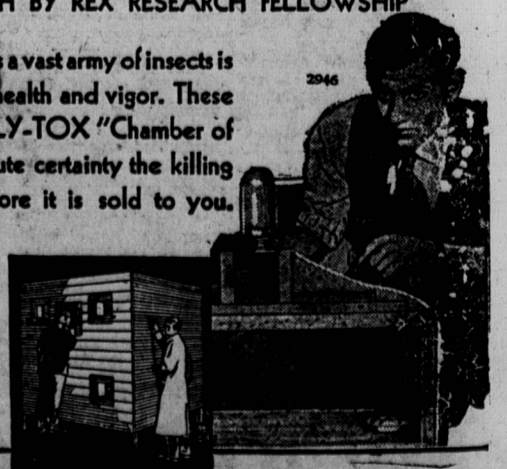
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In the FLY-TOX laboratories a vast army of insects is bred to the highest state of health and vigor. These insects are released in the FLY-TOX "Chamber of Death" to prove with absolute certainty the killing qualities of FLY-TOX before it is sold to you.

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## 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.

## Headache

Bathe the head with Minard's in water. Also heat and inhale Minard's.

