



Costly lotions not needed now

It is so unnecessary to spend money on lotions to keep your hands smooth and lovely after dishwashing. There is a cleaper and better way. Use Lux in the dishwashing and banish that dishpan look—avoid the red rough appearance that spoils the natural beauty of your hands.

You will hardly notice the cost, for less than a cent's worth of Lux will do the whole day's dishwashing.



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. 5505-7-9-81.

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

HAY SALE

I will sell by public auction on Wednesday, July 17th, at one o'clock, 13 acres of hay, standing on the farm at Wellington Mutch, Cymbris.

BISMARCK CRASWELL, ALEX McRAE, Auctioneer.

6370-7-1-41

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE SURROGATE COURT 20th George V. A. D., 1929

In Re-Estate of Thomas McLellan late of Eldon in Queens County, in the said Province, deceased, testate. By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer Surrogate, Judge of Probate, &c., &c.

To the Sheriff of the County, of Queen's County, or any Constable or literate person within said County,

GREETING:—

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Malcolm R. Pitman of Eldon aforesaid, banker, the Administrator of the above named Estate praying that a Citation may be issued for the purpose hereafter set forth; You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Surrogate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province on Friday the nineteenth 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 Malcolm McKinnon, Proctor for the 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 the store of Roland McDonald in Eldon aforesaid and at the store of D. D. McLeod & Son in Orwell Cove in said county so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have notice thereof.

L. S. Given under my Hand and the Seal of the said Court, this 15th day of June A. D., 1929 in the 20th year of His Majesty's reign. (Sgd.) H. L. PALMER, Surrogate.

5547-6-18-25-9-16-41.

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. See crop while growing. JOSEPH POWER, Mermaid.

6394-7-5-9-12-16-19.

Minard's Liniment for Chapped Hands

GREEN SHADOW

by HERMAN LONDON

A BENCH FOR TWO

Dale jumped into a taxi and hurried away to keep the appointment of which he had spoken. His face had worn a light frown when he left the restaurant, but it changed quickly to a whimsical expression. At one of the entrances to Central Park he dismissed the taxi and walked briskly inside. A girl was seated on a bench, and he gave her a quick and unobtrusive inspection, then raised his hat.

"I believe you are Miss Adele Castle?" he murmured. "Yes," said Adele, regarding him a troubled eye. "But you"—she hesitated—"certainly you are not the Picaroon."

"Why not?" he asked lightly, casually noting the trim lines of her smartly garbed figure. "You don't look a bit—er—vicious." Dale laughed. "You can never go by appearances. I may be a wolf in sheep's clothing."

Her lips relaxed a little. "Anyway, sheep's clothing is becoming to you." "Thanks. Is there room for two on that bench?"

She edged away a little, making room for him, and she was still regarding him with a shy, questioning glance.

"I'm glad you came," said Dale sitting down beside her. "I wasn't sure you would."

"Well, I hesitated a bit, but when one is desperate, then there is nothing to do but clutch whatever straw may come along."

Dale nodded. He twirled his stick between his knees and gazed over the rolling greensward and the trees in the autumnal coloring. There was a warm haze over it all, and a certain tender feeling was pulsing wistfully through the beauty of the landscape.

"Forgive me if I speak bluntly," he murmured. "Your father is the mysterious Mr. Graves. Dr. Moffett knows it."

A gasp came from the girl beside him. "Dr. Moffett has documentary evidence which proves that your father is the mysterious Mr. Graves," Dale calmly continued, "and he has placed an outrageous price on his silence, a price which your father is unable to meet even if he were so inclined. That's the situation in a nutshell, isn't it?"

The girl shrank away from him a little. "How do you know all that?" "It is true, isn't it?"

"Yes!" The little word came on a fluttering whisper. "But I don't understand—"

"It isn't necessary that you should understand just at present. Miss Castle, do you think you could trust me?"

She looked at him solemnly and with a quaver. "I have no choice. I am at your mercy. You seem to have information in your possession that could destroy my father."

"Nonsense, Miss Castle. You are not at my mercy. You don't believe for a moment that I would use the information I have in an unprincipled manner. Do you?"

"No," she replied faintly, after a little period of hesitation, during which she scanned his frank expression.

"You heard it, too?"

"I was there."

"In the room with the green light?" He smiled mysteriously. "I was not far away. I heard nearly every word. Let me tell you a secret. The Picaroon visited Doctor Moffett's house one dark night about a month ago. It was just chance that brought him here that time. He didn't see Doctor Moffett, but he observed a number of curious things. He decided to make a return visit and find out some more. That's how he happened to be present during your interview with the doctor."

"Oh, I see." She smiled faintly, but soon her face sobered again. "He told me he is the ugliest man in creation. That's one reason why he doesn't want to be seen. Now, if we should come face to face with a very ugly man—"

Dale laughed. "That would shatter Doctor Moffett's anonymity. If he is as ugly as he told you, then he would be very conspicuous in a crowd. But it's possible he told you a lie."

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Well we can't be certain. Maybe he lied, or maybe he told the truth."

"He also said that he is suffering from a nervous ailment that makes his eyes sensitive to most colors except green."

sion and clear-cut features. "No, I don't believe you would."

"Thank you," Dale said gently. "I don't believe you would betray me, either. By inference I have admitted that I am the Picaroon. You are the first and only person to whom I have made such an admission. Of course," he chuckled softly, "there are no witnesses to this exchange of confidences. I can be frank without jeopardizing my safety. But I don't believe you would harm me even if you could."

"No, I wouldn't. That wouldn't be playing fair. Besides—and with an expression of doubt and keen curiosity she gazed at him incredulously, she scanned his face—"I don't believe even now that you are the Picaroon."

"Tell that to Summers," Dale laughed. "Now, Miss Castle, let us face a few facts. This Dr. Moffett appears to be a villainous old soul. Neither you nor I have seen him, but we have heard his voice. Rather pleasant voice, hasn't he?"

"Yes, but I had a feeling he was disgusting it."

"So did I. You were closer to him than I. What did you see?"

"A rich, green light like velvet."

Adele shivered a little. She had not yet grown accustomed to the presence of this strange man who in some intimate way appeared to have acquired a knowledge of the facts that concerned her most vitally. "I also saw a figure, but it was very shadowy. The face I couldn't see at all. There seemed to be a cloud over it."

Dale nodded understandingly. "You found it a bit spooky, of course. That's what Doctor Moffett intended. One of his objects was to make you feel that it would be useless to resist a man like him. I don't believe he quite succeeded. I don't think you are easily frightened."

"Oh, but I was. I was all chills and fevers for a while."

"But only for a while. The net result fell short of Doctor Moffett's aim. So far he has been successful in his secondary aim, however. He has preserved his anonymity. Probably there is no such person as Doctor Moffett. We wouldn't know him if we should come face to face with him. Even the voice we heard was dissembled."

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"Well we can't be certain. Maybe he lied, or maybe he told the truth."

"He also said that he is suffering from a nervous ailment that makes his eyes sensitive to most colors except green."

"Perhaps they did, but it was all real enough."

"How could it be real if my senses deceived me?"

"It's a poser, isn't it? The trouble is that it's hard to tell where reality ends and illusion begins. See that caterpillar, Miss Castle? It's difficult to believe that such a creature will be a butterfly some day, isn't it?"

"I don't see any caterpillar."

"There he is," Dale pointed with his stick. "You see him now, don't you? The reason you didn't see him at once is that he is green, almost the same shade of green as the grass he crawls in."

For a moment she followed the within motions of the larva, then stared into Dale's face. A look of bewilderment and partial understanding appeared in her dark eyes.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "That would explain," "But," and a little pucker appeared on her forehead, "Doctor Moffett has no protective coloring, and he doesn't crawl in grass."

"No, of course not," said Dale in a queer voice.

Her great, puzzled eyes were still full upon him. "Do you understand how Doctor Moffett makes his face invisible?"

"No, I don't, but I hope to understand some day. It was only trying to point out that there is nothing supernatural about invisibility. This poor, ugly little caterpillar is giving you a partial demonstration. Maybe Doctor Moffett isn't any more dangerous than he."

To Be Continued Tomorrow

WINSLOE NORTH SCHOOL

The annual closing of Winsloe North School was held on June 28th with a large attendance of pupils and visitors. The pupils were examined in the different subjects by their teacher, Miss Evelyn Woolner, assisted by several of the visitors and showed by their answers that they had been carefully instructed during the year.

Afterwards a short but well rendered programme of the following numbers was enjoyed by all.

Remarks by the chairman, Opening chorus "O Canada" Recitation—Eleanor Moresides, Duet—Alice and Joyce Younker. Recitation—by Helen Robertson, Chorus—Welcome. Duet—Sweet Bunches of Daisies—Helen Roberts and Lois Coles. Dialogue—"Deaf as a Post. Duet—Vaunda Saunders and Evelyn Moreside Drill—"What I will do" Chorus—"Vacation" Presentation of prizes and certificates. A Public School Certificate was presented to Helen Younker who has passed her examinations very creditably.

Ruth Cudmore then came forward and presented the teacher with a beautiful gift while Helen Younker read the following address to which the teacher fittingly replied.

Dear Teacher:—

School days are over again for a

difficult to believe that this man was the notorious Picaroon.

Her eyes, no longer full of distrust and doubt, searched his face. It was odd how quickly this stranger of dark repute had won her confidence. "You were there," she murmured absently. "You heard everything, yet you didn't see anybody. That proves it! It wasn't all imagination. I wasn't in a trance. It was no hallucination. It actually happened as I thought it did. I was wondering afterward if my senses hadn't tricked me."

"Perhaps they did, but it was all real enough."

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Dear Teacher:—

School days are over again for a

Should we drink with our meals?

By Kenneth J. Wilbur

I find a great difference of opinion among people as to whether or not liquids of any kind should be taken at meals.

Many health enthusiasts maintain that one should liquidly everything he eats with saliva, and that digestion is carried on much more satisfactorily when this plan is followed.

If one were to eat dry food in accordance with this procedure, he would have to have a liberal supply of saliva. The chemical process which takes place in the mouth during mastication would then be complete in every respect.

But you cannot make people follow a plan of this sort; and perhaps it might not be desirable in every way, for eating must be associated with a certain amount of enjoyment.

If food is appetizing to you, if you derive a real thrill in eating it, the activities of the glands of the stomach are stimulated automatically, and when the food reaches the stomach, the digestive juices are all ready for their work.

The principal complaint against drinking at mealtime is because of the tendency to wash down food instead of chewing it, which is the real signal to the digestive juices, and also because teeth and gums need exercise just as does any other part of the body.

So if you wish to drink with your meals—and, in fact, whether you do or not—it will be well to include in your diet some foods which must be chewed in order to get complete enjoyment from their flavour. This is the surest safeguard against washing down or pulping foods. One of the finest foods I have in my mind right now is Grape-Nuts. It is crisp and crunchy, and its exceptional deliciousness is enjoyed to the full only by chewing well its golden kernels. Grape-Nuts is also a very nourishing food. And easy to digest.

Her great, puzzled eyes were still full upon him. "Do you understand how Doctor Moffett makes his face invisible?"

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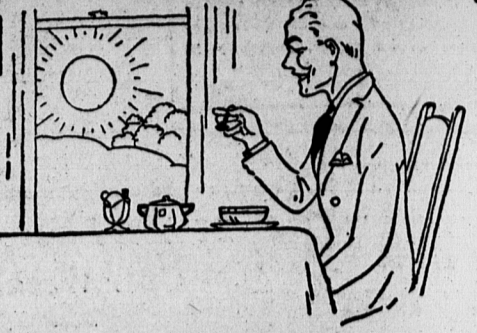
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Dear Teacher:—

School days are over again for a

brightens the whole day



YES, Grape-Nuts for breakfast actually makes your day brighter, happier—through the thrill of its wonderful flavour and the wealth of nourishment it gives.

And it's so inexpensive—and easy to serve. Four teaspoonfuls just as it comes from the wax-wrapped package is a helping—and that's less than one cent's worth!

Your grocer sells it. Get a package today. Serve crisp with milk or cream so that your teeth and gums will get the added advantage of healthful exercise through chewing.

Grape-Nuts

Made in Canada SEND FOR FREE TRIAL PACKAGES Address: Canadian Postum Company, Ltd., Dept. 1, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.

season and vacation is here and as we look back over the past year we feel very fortunate in having you for our teacher.

You have always been kind and patient with us and so faithful to your duties that we feel that we could not let the first year of your work as teacher come to a close without some little remembrance. So we ask you, dear teacher, on behalf of Winsloe North School, to please accept this gift, not for its material value, but for a slight token of our appreciation of your services and of our love towards you.

So, now we all wish you a jolly vacation, and hope to have you back with us in September.

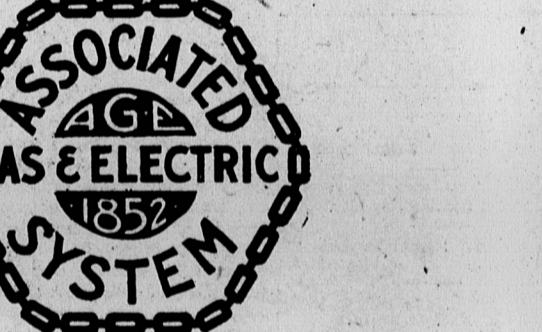
Signed on behalf of the pupils, Helen Younker, Ruth Cudmore.

Pupils and visitors were treated to Candy. Remarks were made by several of the parents, expressing themselves well pleased with the program made. The National Anthem brought the meeting to a close.

Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the members of The Silver Fox Breeders Association of Prince Edward Island will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown, on Tuesday July 16th, A. D. at 3 o'clock P.M. Dated this 28th day of June, 1929 at Charlottetown, P. E. I. Secretary JOHN ANDERSON, 6238-6-29, Sat. Thur. till July 16th.

The Sign of



Dependable, Diversified Public Utility Service

In over 2200 communities in the Maritime Provinces and 18 states of the Union, the emblem of the Associated Gas and Electric System is known. It represents dependable, diversified public utility service for a population of 5,300,000.

The Emblem is On the Securities

It symbolizes safety and a steady return for 104,000 Associated investors. It stands for capable, experienced management. The thirty-two major executives have served over twenty-five years.

When you invest in the Associated Gas and Electric Company 6% Debentures your dollars are backed by established earning power, experienced management and investor confidence. The Debentures are \$100 each. Investment may be made by paying \$10 on each Debenture and a like amount monthly.

CLIP AND MAIL Please reserve for me Associated Gas and Electric Company 6% Debentures. Name Address

Associated Gas and Electric Securities Co., Inc. Office of Maritime Electric Company, Limited Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HAD ECZEMA VERY BADLY

Hair Fell Out Terribly. Healed by Cuticura.

"My little girl had eczema very badly. It started in small blotches on her head and then formed scales all over her scalp. Later it spread behind her ears and formed wet, sore eruptions. Her hair fell out terribly. She was bothered about three months. I tried all kinds of remedies but the trouble kept getting worse. A friend advised Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some, and after using three boxes of Cuticura Soap and five boxes of Cuticura Ointment she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Lyman Earle, Pleasant Lake, N. S., Aug. 13, 1928. Give Cuticura Soap and Ointment the care of your skin.

See the Ointment in all Dr.uggists, etc. Sold everywhere. 2¢ boxes, 5¢ tins. Address: Cuticura, Shelburne, N.S.

S. S. ROSALIND

Leave 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.

Headache

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

