

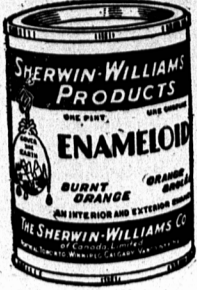


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THE CAMPAIGN ISSUE

The Liberal party leader in his radio speech said: "We are not concerned with the past, but we are greatly concerned with the future finances of Prince Edward Island." Well may Mr. Lea and party be desirous of forgetting the past. But what is their policy with regard to the future finances of the Province? That is indeed the issue.

The utmost they have to offer is a balanced budget on ordinary account, WITH CAPITAL EXPENDITURES MOUNTING YEAR BY YEAR.

"No more hope from Ottawa," says Mr. Thane A. Campbell, deputy Liberal leader, who regards the \$150,000 subsidy increase obtained by the MacMillan Government as "final and unalterable." This notwithstanding the minority report of the White Commission, filed by Chief Justice Mathieson, WHICH LEAVES OPEN THE DOOR FOR FURTHER PRESENTATION ON THE BASIS OF FISCAL NEED.

This is the same door that Laurier bolted in 1907. THE MATHIESON GOVERNMENT REOPENED THAT DOOR AND OBTAINED \$100,000 YEARLY INCREASE.

Again the Liberal attitude was that this was final. Subsidy claims to them became a laughing-stock, a "chestnut." Premier Bell exerted himself enough to write a couple of letters on the subject, but he complained that he got no support from his own government colleagues.

Then the Stewart Government took up the matter before the Duncan Commission, AND OBTAINED A FURTHER INCREASE OF \$125,000.

The Saunders-Lea Government took office in 1927 with the door wide open. Money was being lavishly spent at Ottawa. The Western Provinces were receiving huge subsidy increases. The Duncan Commission recommendation was for IMMEDIATE REASSESSMENT of all Maritime subsidy claims. The Conservative Premiers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, "on different occasions" according to ex-Premier Saunders, appealed for co-operation and support. The Maritime Board of Trade joined in the appeal. A joint Maritime presentation was essential, THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT OF THIS PROVINCE, ACTING ON INSTRUCTIONS OF MACKENZIE KING'S FINANCE MINISTER, "DECLINED TO CO-OPERATE."

Of this amazing fact the people of this Province were unaware until a few days ago. They had been misled by Mr. Lea and his party supporters into believing that the refusal to co-operate had come from the Conservative Maritime Premiers. This malicious slander Mr. Lea repeated emphatically in the Legislature last session.

Figured on the basis of the subsidy increase obtained last year by Premier MacMillan, the dog-in-the-manger Liberal policy in 1929 caused the loss, to this Province, of \$750,000 in subsidy payments.

Mr. Lea, who had time in his radio address to criticize Premier MacMillan for using government gasoline in his car in the performance of official duties, HAD NOTHING TO SAY ABOUT THE SAUNDERS REVELATIONS.

Mr. Thane Campbell, ex-Attorney General in the Lea Government, and legal assistant to ex-Premier Saunders, remains equally dumb. Neither he nor any Liberal candidate have a word to say by way of explanation, extenuation, or excuse.

THEIR SILENCE IS MORE ELOQUENT THAN WORDS!

"Not concerned with the past!" says Mr. Lea. Isn't it on the Conservative subsidy increases of \$375,000 ANNUALLY, FOR ALL TIME TO COME, that Liberal eyes are greedily fixed in the present campaign? They are counting on the ingratitude of the people to place them back in power to reap where they have not sown. TO REAP WHERE THEY DID THEIR BEST TO SOW TARES AND THISTLES!

"Greatly concerned with the future finances of Prince Edward Island!" Where is Mr. Lea's evidence for this statement?

IS IT IN THE SAUNDERS-ROBB CORRESPONDENCE?

It is certainly not to be found in the Liberal party platform.

ONE WAY STREET

By JOSEPH McCORD

CHAPTER 7

Mindful of Edythe Cannon's promise to send for him, Mark Sturges employed the greater part of the following Sunday afternoon with scanning a huge sheaf of newspapers, giving close study to the play ads of the big-city stores. Sometime after five, he dressed himself for the Arden Terrace excursion. When he had finished, he stood at his window smoking a contemplative cigaret. Lowering clouds promised an early twilight. He looked forward to the next hour with some misgiving. He had not encountered Spencer Cannon after that ultimatum across the magnate's desk. Mark speculated thoughtfully. Perhaps the old gentleman would be frankly hostile, now that there had been time to think matters over. It was evident he was not accustomed to being heard by underlings in such a fashion. He might even have an ultimatum of his own up his sleeve. One couldn't tell what was going on behind those trick eyes.

And there was Miss Cannon herself to reckon with. After all, she was the one who had started the affair. It was to be hoped the Sawyer girl would support Mark's stand by staying on the job, for a time at least. He'd better see Edythe in the morning and find out if there had been any developments over the week-end. Tough spot that youngster was in. No fault of hers. Plucky, all right... and darned pretty.

A subdued ringing of the telephone interrupted his reflections. At his "hello," a well-modulated voice surprised him by inquiring: "M'sieu, Sturges, yes."

"The car is waiting, if you please."

"Thanks. Be right there."

Mark laid down the receiver with a low whistle. "M'sieu," he repeated with a short laugh. "We are swanky."

When he stepped into the lobby, his eye caught sight of a slender man in uniform leaning nonchalantly against the cigar case conversing with a clerk. As Sturges approached, the chauffeur stiffened to attention and touched a jaunty cap.

"Mr. Cannon's man, I presume."

"Mr. Cannon's mechanic."

The correction was made gently, with a flashing smile that displayed two rows of white teeth under a small black moustache. "This way, if m'sieu please."

Still pondering over the man's preference in the matter of identification, Sturges followed him to the curb where a huge roadster waited. The guest dropped into the low seat and watched the driver as he deftly set the car in motion.

"Nice bus," he offered amiably.

"Foreign, isn't it?"

"The chauffeur gave him a quick glance from under the visor of his cap."

"Comte, m'sieu," he vouchsafed.

"What will she do?"

"One hundred... without difficulty."

"Looks it," Sturges squinted admiringly along the big hood. Fastidiously the fellow would put the answer in kilometers, always directing him to put into miles. He shifted slightly in his seat that he might study his companion. This good-looking young man interested him. Might be worth while to try to draw him out.

"Do you like it here in the States?" he hazarded for a start.

"Very well, m'sieu."

"What part of France do you come from?"

"But my home is in Brussels."

"Really? Charming old city."

"M'sieu has been there perhaps?"

"Several times. What is your name... if you don't mind?"

"Delcerek... Henri Delcerek."

The young Belgian's attitude relaxed slightly at these friendly overtures. "Miss Cannon bought the car last year when she is touring on the Continent. I am engaged to care for it."

Sturges' blue eyes narrowed. "Miss. Why not 'Mam'selle' again? Her man evidently lapsed into English in his casual moments. Queer."

Nothing more was said until Henri brought the car to a stop in front of his employer's residence and sprang out.

"Thanks," Mark said shortly as the door was opened for him. His eyes were busy with a survey of the Cannon mansion.

It was a lofty house of three floors with the basement extending well above ground level. The structure was rather narrow and appeared to be faced with dressed stone. A massive flight of steps with two crouched lions ornamenting the base, led to the front door and its ornate iron grills. In the dim glow of a vestibule lantern, Sturges located a push button.

His ring was answered by a gaunt elderly maid who murmured formal greetings as she relieved him of his hat and topcoat.

"Wait in here, if you please, Mr. Sturges."

"Here" proved to be a softly lighted drawing-room, furnished at intervals with gold chairs and settees upholstered in rich brocades. Facing the arched doorway from the hall was an imposing mantelpiece of white marble, surmounted by a soaring mirror in a heavy gilt frame. Paintings encased in massive borders filled most of the available wall space. The illumination came from a chandelier

suspended from the center of the ornamented ceiling, sparkling with festoons of cut beads, prism fringed.

Mark selected one of the more substantial chairs in the collection and looked about admiringly. "Quite a hut," he mused. "The old gentleman's still expecting me at all events. Maybe he's dusting the execution chamber. Cream or lemon in your hemlock?"

This last speculation was interrupted by a quick movement at the far end of the room. Miss Cannon entered.

She advanced with a lithe graceful step, one hand held out in greeting. Sturges' eyes took in the slender figure in the trailing gown of crimson velvet, the snowy shoulders and arms. A sleek black head shinning in the soft glow from the chandelier. The long red earrings. Eyes screened by dusky lashes—inscrutable.

"I'm so glad you came, Mr. Sturges."

Mark acknowledged Edythe Cannon's greeting with a murmured "Thanks." Had there been some doubt as to his accepting the summons then? The suggestion gave him more assurance.

"I wonder if you wouldn't rather come back into the library. Dad thought it was chilly this afternoon and had a fire put in there. It is much cozier."

Without waiting for a reply, Edythe led the way from the room. Mark discovered that the velvet gown displayed its wearer's beautifully molded back very nearly to the waistline. So that was her notion of a family supper costume.

Miss Cannon motioned to a deep-cushioned couch facing the fireplace in which several logs smoldered. "Do make yourself comfortable," she drawled. "You'll find cigarettes." Within easy reach of the seat was a low table holding a silver box and an ornamental lighter. Sturges was about to offer the box to his hostess when he noticed that she already was supplied. A long ivory cigaret holder trailed in the fingers of her left hand. As she stood with one bare elbow resting on the mantel shelf, Mark observed the pose appreciatively. He smiled slightly while he coaxed a flame from the lighter.

"What amuses you?" came an abrupt question.

"I was thinking you were rather unfair."

"Unfair? What do you mean?"

"I'm sure you said this was to be informal, and here you are in a dinner gown. Would I have time to run back to the hotel and change?"

"Don't be absurd. I slipped into this old dress because it was convenient... and comfortable."

"Just the same, you look marvelous."

"Why, thank you! Do you always say such pretty things?"

"Only when I'm inspired. I've a reputation for being rather rude."

"I don't believe it. Tell me..."

Edythe left her place and dropped gracefully on the couch beside him. That faint scent of gardenia again.

"Are you nice to people who work for you?" he asked.

"Not been accused of it."

"I wonder," she regarded him through her long lashes. "I've been hearing a great deal about you, you know."

"Yes?"

"Only yesterday. Dad was telling how you had. Oh, here he is now."

Mark was vastly relieved at the waddling entry of Spencer Cannon, resembling more than ever a penguin in his black tail-coat, snowy waistcoat and spats. Edythe's last remark had suggested unpleasant possibilities.

"How are you, Sturges? It is very nice to have you here with us."

Cannon extended a moist pink palm, then shifted his unblinking eyes to his daughter. The corners of his mouth flickered as he continued. "You should have called close to the fire. I believe I must have fallen asleep."

The last words also were addressed to Edythe, as nearly as Mark could approximate the focus of the fishlike eyes. If the old chap didn't play poker that ancient and honorable pastime was being deprived of course you did," the girl agreed languidly. She turned to the guest with a slight smile. "Dad is always surprised at his Sunday afternoon nap. He takes one to fortify himself against the evening sermon."

"Fair enough," Sturges assented gravely. "It must be that a church service was on the program. In addition to being something of a



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Listen!— get hungry

novelty, it might account for two hours or so to good advantage. He busied himself with the ash of his cigaret, groping about in his mind for some suitable topic to break the silence that greeted his last remark. Fortunately, the elderly maid appeared to announce that supper was served.

The dining room proved in keeping with the rest of the mansion. Dark paneling on walls and ceiling contributed to a somewhat gloomy atmosphere, but the long table relieved the scene with its white cloth gleaming dully under the dome light. Two massive sideboards loomed out of the shadows at either end of the long room. Above one of them was the antlered head of a moose, suggesting that the animal might have thrust its face through the wall and been too bewildered to escape. It's glassy eyes rather heightened the illusion.

Sturges repressed a smile as he tried to picture his rotund host in the role of a big-game hunter. Cannon and his daughter occupied the ends of the board, with Mark marooned at a halfway point on the damask stretch—an arrangement which required the almost constant presence of the maid to see that the viands reached their ultimate destination.

After munching a lengthy grace, the merchant ate ponderously the while he conducted an uninterrupted monologue between mouthfuls. As he listened politely, Sturges was more and more bewildered by Edythe's silence. He wondered if it indicated boredom or if, by any chance, it was the result of Cannon's dominating presence as head of the house. Recalling the episode in the office a few days before, Mark was inclined to believe the first conjecture was correct.

(To be continued)

\$75,000 IS RECEIVED ON ACCOUNT UNDER THE WHITE AWARD

Another \$75,000 Payment Due This Year

A cheque for \$75,000 has been received from Ottawa by the MacMillan Government as payment on account under the award of the White Commission.

This represents ONE-HALF of the amount which the Province will receive this year under the award, which resulted in the placing of \$3,000,000 to our credit at Ottawa, through representations made in co-operation with the other Maritime Provinces by the MacMillan Government. The annual subsidy payment for all time, from this capital fund, will be \$150,000—the largest subsidy increase since Confederation.

Coupled with the increases received under the Mathieson and Stewart Governments of \$100,000 and \$125,000 respectively, this represents A CAPITAL AMOUNT OF \$7,500,000, OR AN ANNUAL SUBSIDY INCREASE OF \$3,750,000, obtained by Conservatives after Laurier, in 1907, had "bolted the door" against further claims settlement.

A MILLION ADDITIONAL REVENUE

But the White Commission award by no means represents all that the MacMillan Government achieved in the matter obtaining Dominion revenue. Here are additional amounts, obtained during their term of office from the Bennett Government:

Direct relief (City)	\$ 35,000
Direct relief (Provincial)	39,215
Unemployment Projects	218,562
Salvage: Falconwood and P. W. College	27,728
Old Age Pension	168,895
Experimental Roads	14,000
Concrete Road at Borden	48,706
Trans-Canada Highway	267,971
Rustico Highway	125,000
Total	\$ 945,077

These amounts are the concrete result of "Tory picnic trips" to Ottawa which Liberal apologists condemn because of the few hundred dollars paid in transportation and hotel accommodation!

In addition, the Government obtained from the Carnegie Foundation over \$100,000 for demonstration library purposes for the benefit of every rural community in the Province. Also \$88,000 for establishment of a chair of Economics and Sociology at Prince of Wales College.

The late Liberal Government obtained NOTHING in the way of subsidy increase and "on different occasions", according to Ex-Premier Saunders, "DECLINED TO CO-OPERATE" with the Conservative Premiers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and with the Maritime Board of Trade.

They obtained NOTHING in the way of unemployment relief from the Mackenzie King Government.

They obtained NOTHING from the Carnegie Foundation.

"We are not concerned with the past", says Mr. W. M. Lea.

Why should they be? Their past is as barren of achievement as their platform is of hope.

Fardy Bus Service & Taxi Service

CHARLOTTETOWN to FORTUNE

TIME TABLE

Leaving Charlottetown	4.00 p.m.	Leaving Fortune	8.15 a.m.
" Hazelbrook	4.20 p.m.	" Dingwell's	8.25 a.m.
" Keele's Lake	4.35 p.m.	" Dundas	8.45 a.m.
" 48 Road	4.45 p.m.	" Bridgetown	8.50 a.m.
" Cardigan	5.00 p.m.	" Cardigan	9.05 a.m.
" Bridgetown	5.15 p.m.	" 48 Station	9.20 a.m.
" Dundas	5.30 p.m.	" Keele's Lake	9.30 a.m.
" Dingwell's	5.40 p.m.	" Hazelbrook	9.45 a.m.
Arrive Fortune	5.50 p.m.	Arrive Charlottetown	10.05 a.m.

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Headquarters in Souris—LENNOX HOTEL.

BLUE BUS LINE SCHEDULE

LEAVES	
Peter's Road	7.45 A.M.
Murray Harbor North	8.00 A.M.
Riley Corner—Gaspereaux	8.10 A.M.
Sturgeon Bridge	8.20 A.M.
Gen. Poole's Store—Lower Montague	8.30 A.M.
Clement's Office—Upper Montague	8.50 A.M.
New Perth School	9.05 A.M.
Summersville School	9.15 A.M.
Vernon River	9.25 A.M.
Cherry Valley	9.35 A.M.
Pownal	9.45 A.M.
Arrives Charlottetown	10.15 A.M.
Leaves White's Restaurant	4.00 P.M.
Arrives Peter's Road	6.30 P.M.

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Headquarters Old Spain Tea Rooms, Ch'town
Cox Hotel, Souris

Leaves Elmira	7.15	Leaves Charlottetown	6.00
" Souris	8.10	" Mt. Stewart	6.10
" Dingwells Mills	8.25	" Morell	6.25
" St. Peters	8.35	" St. Peters	6.45
" Morell	8.45	" Dingwells Mills	6.50
" Mt. Stewart	8.40	" Souris	6.30
Arrives in Charlottetown	10.30	Arrives in Elmira	7.15

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