



NERVE TROUBLE

AMONG the most baffling ailments are those involving the nerves. Frequently they result in a loss of memory, partial paralysis, or a general breakdown of health.

Temporary stimulants only aggravate. Fellows' Syrup is a trusted, well-known preparation, notable for its beneficial action in nervous ailments.

It helps digestion and assimilation, so that the blood is enriched and fortified and, therefore, better able to nourish the nerves.

Properly fed, the nerves cease to assert themselves in irritability, worry, sleeplessness, or pain.

Fellows' Syrup is made in Canada and sold in all drug stores.

MASONIC TEMPLE COMPANY

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Masonic Temple Company will be held in the office of E. R. Brow, 144 Richmond Street, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, on Wednesday, 15th of July, 1932, at 8 o'clock P. M.

Dated this 27th day of June, 1932.
G. W. WAKEFORD, Secretary.

8973-6-25-mw-f-81.

NOTICE!

Owing to Friday, July 1st being a public holiday, the City Market will be held on Thursday, June 30th.

FRANCIS HEARN, Market Clerk.
4007-6-28-21.

FOX FEED PRICES

Cash Prices

Beef Cheeks	4 1/2c lb.
Beef Hearts	4 1/2c lb.
Beef Tripes	3 1/2c lb.
Beef Trimmings	5c lb.
Beef Liver	8c lb.
Horse Meat	4 1/2c lb.
Tongue Trimmings	3 1/2c lb.
Pork Liver	3 1/2c lb.
Weasand Meat	4c lb.

Credit 1/2c additional per lb. with the exception of Horse Meat which is 1/2c.

Prices f. o. b. Charlottetown, effective June 22.

Island Cold Storage Company, Limited

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8000 miles of scenic grandeur. The Great Lakes cruise; Minaki; the Canadian Rockies; Jasper; Banff; Lake Louise; the Pacific Coast. 5 nights on steamers: 8 nights in palatial hotels.

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E. R. BROW

146 Richmond St., Charlottetown

Fire, Life, Accident, Sickness and Plate Glass Insurance

at Lowest Rate.

Agent at Summerside, Lloyd Lewis

Live Hogs

In view Friday, July 1st being Dominion Day and our plant will be closed, we are receiving Live Hogs Thursday until noon this week.

Davis & Fraser

The Plains Of Abraham

By James Oliver Curwood

Illustrations by Irwin Meyers
Copyright by Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc.



(Continued)
Twice in the next hour Odd halted and gave a groan which warned of danger in the air. Jeems strained his eyes to see and his ears to hear—and once more, when they stopped to listen, he felt the gentle touch against his shoulder.

They struck a deer run and followed it into a plain between two lines of hills where a devastating fire had passed some years before. Here they traveled through a young growth of bushes and trees reaching scarcely above their heads, with the light of the stars falling on them. It stirred a soft radiance in Toimette's smooth hair and illumined Jeems' face until the gentle made by her hands were plainly revealed. They climbed the north-east hill after a time, and at the top of it stopped again to rest.

Jeems, like Odd, stood tense and listening, searching the glimmerous distances of the wilderness which lay about them. He caught all movement and all sound, the direction of the wind, the shifting play of the shadows, the almost noiseless flutter of an owl's wings over their heads.

And then he knew what had touched his shoulder in the darkness—Toimette's cheek pressing against it for a moment as lightly as a feather.

He felt her trembling. When she looked at him, her eyes rested on the brand of the musket barrel which lay in a red stripe across his forehead. The stars seemed bigger and clearer when at last they came to the half mile of abandoned road which ended in Lussan's clearing.

It was the road down which Jeems had watched Toimette and Paul Tache and a proud little princess ride to the sale years before. Now the princess walked unsteadily at his side. She was white and fragile in the starlight, and her strength was gone. Her dress was torn by brush and briars, and the thin soles of her shoes were almost worn from her feet. She struggled bravely, as they entered the clearing, with the ruin of the house ahead of them. Both were so tired in soul and body that their minds seized upon this end of their journey as a relief from longer supporting the burdens of the flesh. In a way, it was like coming to a home which they had forgotten. For this was Lussan's, a place filled with memories of hope and triumph and bitterness out of which it built a welcome for them even in its loneliness. Toimette's lips almost smiled as if she saw Madame Lussan at the threshold of the door calling to her above the laughing voices of men and women, above her father's cheery greetings to friends and neighbors, above the restless stamping of her horse's hoofs and the crying of the auctioneer. She might have seen and heard these things but yesterday; now there was sleep—a dark and lifeless ghost of a house, crickets rasping their wings in the tangled grass, a jungle growing where before there had been a broad and level green.

Both were children now, seeing the ghosts as only children could see them, wide-eyed and a little afraid at first, and yet comforted by the nearness of that yesterday in their lives. The stars and the crickets and the rustling grass and the wind in the trees seemed to listen and move to the cautious tread of their feet. A rabbit ran ahead of them. An owl flew off the roof of the house. A bat dipped in spirals and curves before their eyes, and thorns caught playfully at their shoes and clothes. And they felt safe. A warmth crept through their blood, and with it a relaxation of nerves and eyes and brain. Here was sanctuary. Rest. Peace. They sensed these things without speaking as they approached the building. The door was open. Starlight spashed like the golden glow of candles on the floor. They entered and stood silent as if listening anxiously for

the voices of sleeping ones whom their entrances might arouse. Emptiness was here, a spectral vacancy, but with it were neither death nor fear.

They were a little apart, and Toimette looked like a broken flower ready to fall.

"Wait for me here," said Jeems. "I am going for an armful of grass."

He made a bed in a corner of the room, and Toimette sank upon it. He covered her with his father's coat which he had brought from the valley and went outside to watch and guard with Odd.

He could hear her sobbing as tears came at last to give her comfort. He fought back a thickening in his throat and a hot flame in his eyes as the boy in him called out for his mother. He, too, wanted this easement for his grief. But he stood—a man. Odd watched tirelessly and sleeplessly with his master.

After a long time, there was silence in the old house, and Jeems knew that Toimette was asleep. He went in quietly and replaced the coat about her. Her face was white and lovely, and wet lashes glistened on her cheeks. Timidly his fingers pressed the silken braid of her hair. He brushed a wisp of hay from her forehead. Unconsciously his lips moved. Hope and faith and prayer seemed to stir in the room as he dared to raise the soft braid to his lips, and then he returned to his place outside with something like a glory enshrined with his sorrow.

He sat on the ground with the house at his back and his bow and sheaf of arrows and the English hatchet within reach of his hands. The stillness seemed a live thing that had barred all sound from solemn hours of meditation, and he soon began to feel its influence. Slowly and irresistibly it brought the desire to close his eyes, and sleep, and he rose to his feet in a struggle to keep awake. Odd's teeth clicked and his eyes gleamed with undimmed vigilance.

For hours they watched together and marked every changing shadow. They skirted the edges of the open, advancing a step at a time and with a little noise as the owl wings that now and then floated about them. They scanned Lussan's meadow, and Jeems climbed a tall tree to see if he could discover a glow of fire. At intervals he returned to the house and looked in at Toimette. It was after midnight when he saw down again, and soon the stars seemed to be laughing at him and to be drawing nearer as if they had beaten him in a game. They closed his eyes. Odd rested his heavy jaws between his forepaws and gave a deep sigh. Exhaustion—then sleep.

With an effort, Jeems roused himself. He saw Odd at his feet. Day



HE KISSED HER PALE FACE AND HER EYES OPENED

sensed these things first, in a flash of wakefulness, and then felt a weight against him and the softness of his mother's hair on his cheek. Only it was Toimette and not his mother. She must have come to him before the dawn broke. Her head was resting on his shoulder and his arms about her as they had been about his mother. His movement had not awakened her, but now a slow tightening of his arms brought a tremor to her lashes and a deep breath to her lips. He kissed her pale face, and her

TURRET CIGARETTE "CAR-A-WEEK" Handwriting CONTEST WINNERS

WINNER OF THE FIRST CONTEST

Sonat Lye C.N.R. Brakeman of Montreal

WINNER OF THE SECOND CONTEST

Sam Grace Steel Mill Superintendent of Hamilton

WINNER OF THE THIRD CONTEST

Queenie Cather Stenographer of Vancouver

This week's (THE SEVENTH) CAR-A-WEEK CONTEST closes July 6th, 1932. All entries mailed after that date will be entered in the next week's contest. The winner of this contest will be announced July 20th, 1932.

NOTE

The only condition of entry in this contest is that you write the following on the backs of 4 front panels from empty Turret Cigarette (20's) packages with portion of excise stamp attached:—on the back of one panel, your name; on the back of another, your occupation; on a third, your street and town; and on the fourth, your province. Fasten the four panels together and mail, on or before the closing date shown above, to Turret Cigarette Handwriting Contest.

P. O. Box 2500
Montreal, P. Q.

Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited

STILL ANOTHER WINNER!

Lucien Racine

Police Constable
414-3rd Avenue,
Limoilou, Quebec

Would you like to be a winner too? Of course you would, but you can't be unless you send in a sample of your handwriting.

This contest is simple to enter and you have an equal chance with everyone else. One thing is certain—somebody is going to get a motor car each week. The conditions of the contest appear at the left-hand side of this advertisement—read them and send in your entry.

Remember, excellence of penmanship has no bearing on the judges' decision—but, if your handwriting reveals character or temperament, if it is unusual, unique or interesting, then you have a splendid chance of winning. Mr. Frederic D. Jacob, for 15 years Dominion Government Graphologist, heads the committee of judges who select, each week, the winning handwriting. 100 Free Graphological Readings are also given each week to selected contestants.

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Turret

CIGARETTES

During the last nine and a half months of the fiscal year, 3,635 vessels traversed the Peninsula along the canal, compared with 4,467 for the same period last year, according to the Royal Bank of Canada's report on Latin-American business conditions.

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30 x 4.50/21	6.25
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29 x 4.75/20	7.90
29 x 5.00/19	8.25
30 x 5.00/20	8.40

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