

NOTICE

The Parker House is ready to accommodate permanent and transient boarders. The table is equal to none in the city. This house has been less than a year in business but has had a wonderful patronage. We expect all table boarders of last year and as many more new ones. Anyone visiting the city will find an up-to-date accommodation at the Parker House.

M. J. McKinnon, Proprietor

7061-0-24-2177-1

Soviet Russia will erect a \$500,000 cotton mill.

S. S. ROSOLIND

Leave Montreal Ar. Ch'Town and Leave for St. John's August 9th August 12th August 23rd August 26th September 6th September 9th September 20th September 23rd

Carvell Bros.

FOR SALE

An excellent dairy farm in Mermaid, Lot 48, 7 miles from Charlottetown, near churches, schools and railway station, containing 185 acres, 123 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, Mermald.

7004-8-1-turf-1.

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.

PUBLIC AUCTION

AT HAZELBROOK

ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 15th

The following stock and implements to be sold. Three milk cows (grade Holsteins) four calves, one horse and some poultry. One mowing machine, rake, driving wagon, express wagon, cart, two wood sleighs, one driving sleigh. A quantity of hay.

Terms—Six per cent discount for cash. Approved joint notes to run 12 months. L. MacEACHERN, JACK MacDONALD, Auctioneer, 7157-8-9-12-14th.

To Whom It May Concern

Any person having any Debts or Accounts against the estate of the late Donald McNeill of Little Sands, are requested to present same to the undersigned not later than August 20th, 1929. Closing Estate NEIL F. McMILLAN, Executor.

7088-8-6-31.

"PELLICURA"

the remedy for ECZEMA, BOILS, PIMPLES and all SKIN DISEASES To be had at all drug stores. Price per bottle \$1.25.

HARD COAL

The Schooner "Jean F. Anderson" is now discharging a cargo of American Lackawanna D. & H. Anthracite in egg, stove and chestnut sizes. This is the time to put in your requirements while prices are lowest.

WELSH HARD COAL

We are now booking orders for Aberpergwm, big vein Welsh Anthracite for later delivery. This coal is of the highest grade and will be well screened. Book your orders now.

W. D. Gillis Co.

PHONE 174.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



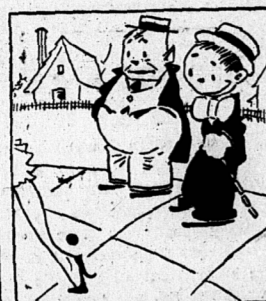
"Any average girl can make a success of carving ivory if she uses her head."



Holmes, Jr.: Ha, a diamond in the open. There must have been rough work here. Watson, my glass.



He: You're the only girl I could ever love. She: But am I the only one you would ever love?



"Her clothes barely cover her." "Yes, they leave lots of her bare."

NATURALLY. There was a young fellow named Leg Had a girl just as cute as can be; She bought a new tucker. Wore it just naath her knicker. Now he watches the time constantly.

When approaching London from Cologne, recently, Captain W. Armstrong, an Imperial Airways pilot, ran into daytime fog so thick, he said, that it seemed as though a huge black curtain had been drawn across the sky, shutting London out completely.

AUCTION SALE

AT GEORGETOWN ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 13th AT 2 P. M.

The property known as the Aitken Hotel, sample room and four lots. Also a very old mahogany dining table. One half the purchase money may remain on the dwelling house. T. E. MORRISSEY, Auctioneer.

EYES TESTED

AND GLASSES FITTED R. W. TAYLOR J. S. TAYLOR Optometrists, 143 Richmond Street

Valuable Farm for Sale

AT HARRINGTON, LOT 33

The subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres ten miles north of Charlottetown, watered by mill stream flowing through the premises. New dwelling house and good outbuildings, farm specially adapted to seed potatoes and fox ranching.

Two-thirds of purchase price may remain secured on the premises. For further particulars apply to Bell & Matheson, Solicitors, Charlottetown and Montserrat. D. L. MATHESON.

The Green Shadow

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

Adele, dressed in a simple suit of blue serge and a small black hat trimmed with yellow, looked at her wrist watch. It showed a quarter to 11. She looked thoughtfully at the dial. Her face was a little pale, but determined. She rang, and her maid appeared at the door.

"Where is Wambley?" she asked in an absent-minded fashion. "I don't know, miss. I haven't seen him all evening."

"Oh, of course." An amused little smile tinged Adele's lips. "I sent him out on an errand. Please telephone the garage, Marie, and tell them I wish the car immediately."

"But the car is at the door, miss. I happened to look out just before you rang, and I saw it."

Adele's brows went up a little. In a moment she understood. Dale, with his usual thoughtfulness, must have left instructions at the garage when he brought the car back after his spin. She felt a little awkward before the maids discreet look of bewilderment.

"Thank you, Marie. That's all."

The maid withdrew. Adele drew on her gloves and went out to the waiting car. She felt a little queer as she sat down at the wheel. Of a sudden her adventure loomed dark and awe-inspiring. She threw in the clutch, heard the soft humming of the engine, and her spirits seemed to bound with the exhilarant rhythm of the machinery. What was it Dale had said—that he would be closer to her than she imagined?

A tingle of excitement swept her nervousness away. She thought of her father, and the thought was an added stimulation. Poor, darling dad! It gave her a feeling of satisfaction to think that, if there were dangers ahead, she was braving them for him. She had been foolish and frivolous long enough. Now she wanted to be true blue.

From upper 5th avenue she drove to 34th street, then swung west and turned into Boardway. An exciting sense of expectancy took hold of her as she joined the mad, churning, jostling procession that crawled along in the glare of the white lights. Crowds were pouring out of the theatres, jamming the sidewalks and flowing over into the street, a long undulating stream of faces. Electric signs wiggled crazily, motor horns blared, traffic whistles shrieked, the whole thoroughfare was a rilladon of brilliance and din.

And it thrilled Adele to think that in this clamoring, glamorous hurly-burly there was probably a pair of eyes looking clandestinely at her.

She could scarcely move now. The car crawled only a few paces at a time, then stopped. At one of these stops she glanced quickly back. She had an impression that the door in the back had opened, then quickly closed again. She looked into the tonneau, but no one was there. The jam cleared, and she crept forward, but she could proceed only a few yards before a red globe flashed a stop signal. She was wedged in a tightly massed legion of motorcars. Waiting, she glanced out over the welter of traffic. Forthright street. It could not be long now.

A green signal flashed, and the legion charged forward. Something flickered through the air and caught against the inside of the windshield. Her heart gave a little bound. She proceeded to the next stop, then unfolded the missile.

"Grant's Tomb," was all it said. With a puzzled air she tore the note to bits while she waited for the signal to proceed. It seemed a strange rendezvous that Dr. Moffett had designated. Again she was slowly sneezing her way through the crawling mass. Soon she turned west into Riverside drive. The congestion ceased; she could go a little faster now. Presently the gray, ghostly masses of a monument loomed against a horizon studded with lights.

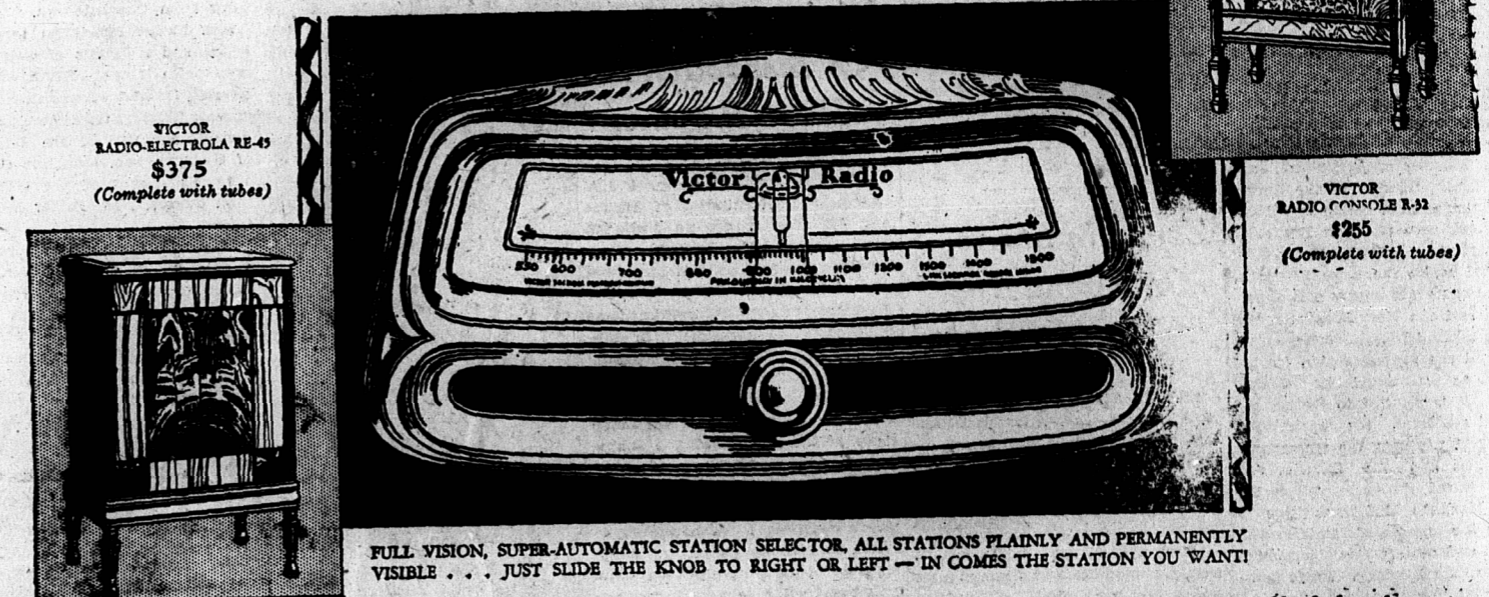
She slackened her speed. Dimly she saw a gray figure a short distance ahead. A hand reached out and made a signal. She stopped, and the gray-clad figure slipped into the seat beside her.

"Oh, it's you!" spoke a voice in well-feigned surprise, and Adele instantly thought of a masked face and a figure in tinsel armor. "Isn't this lucky? I've been standing here holding out my hand till the muscles ached, hoping some kind-

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the most sensational triumph in the history of tone reproduction

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VICTOR RADIO-ELECTROLA RE-45 \$375 (Complete with tubes)

VICTOR RADIO CONSOLE R-52 \$255 (Complete with tubes)

FULL VISION, SUPER-AUTOMATIC STATION SELECTOR, ALL STATIONS PLAINLY AND PERMANENTLY VISIBLE... JUST SLIDE THE KNOB TO RIGHT OR LEFT—IN COMES THE STATION YOU WANT!

Outstanding VICTOR Features

- 1 Micro-synchronous balance. Every element in micro-exact resonance at any frequency. Condensers automatically harmonized. Unprecedented sensitivity and selectivity. Perfect performance through the entire range of the dial for the first time.
2 Super-automatic, full vision, illuminated station selector... as illustrated.
3 Improved circuit developed by Victor... unparalleled stability and fidelity.
4 Push-pull amplification... introducing the new power Radiotron 245. Greater and undistorted volume with the entire musical scale.
5 Three separate and distinct units—interchangeable... all accessible... all parts shielded with scientific thoroughness.
6 Marvelous new improvement in the Victor electro-dynamic reproducer... re-creates the quality of voice or instrument in all its life-like realism.
7 Compact cabinet design of all-Victor craftsmanship... exquisite in every line. Harmonizes with the furnishings in the finest homes.
8 A remarkable new improved Electrola that reproduces the new Victor V.E. Orthophonic Records in all their brilliancy.

HERE it is... the musical sensation of the age... the instrument hundreds of thousands have waited for... the very newest radio by the creators of the New Orthophonic Victrola... the newest radio by the producers of the marvelous Victor V.E. Orthophonic Records!

Radio by Victor... created by Victor—designed by Victor—built by Victor!

An instrument that introduces an achievement heretofore thought "impossible"... MICRO-SYNCHRONOUS RADIO... the goal towards which radio engineers have striven ever since the birth of radio!

... an all-electric radio that reaches far into the future... that Victor is proud to trademark "His Master's Voice."

Go Today to Your Victor Dealer

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED, MONTREAL

Canadian Daily Newspapers Printed in Canada Summer and Autumn



ly soul would take pity on me and give me a lift."

"Which way?" Adele asked, looking into a fair face framed by blond curls. It was rather an attractive face, except that the mouth was a little too tight and belied the guileless blue eyes.

"It's a lovely evening for a drive," Adele nodded and set the car in motion again. There was a keen, exhilarating breeze, and it seemed to blow all misgivings out of her head. For a while her companion chatted brightly, then lapsed into silence. Now and then she glanced back, when the Grand Concourse was reached she suggested New Rochelle.

Soon they were leaving the city behind them. They drove through slumberous and aristocratically quiet suburbs. No sooner was one town

reached than Joan suggested another. They had come only thirty miles although it seemed much longer. Ahead of them stretched a long, winding ribbon of State road. As she guided the wheel with an expert touch, Adele's face grew a little taut with perplexity and a thin wedge of anxiety. There seemed to be no end to the itinerary which her companion was so casually pointing out. And what was awaiting her at the end of the journey? Would Dale be there, or something happened to detain or mislead him?

She dismissed her anxieties with a toss of the head and inhaled deeply of the keen, invigorating night air. The landscape grew more sparsely settled. They traversed shadowy jungles and long, dark stretches of open land. They had just left Greenwich behind them when Joan urged her to slow down at a cross road.

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are no cedars—only oaks and pines. But then names don't mean anything most of the time."

"Does Dr. Moffett own it?" "Yes, but that's another name that doesn't mean much. It's an old estate that's gone to rack and ruin. Dr. Moffett picked it up for a song a few years ago. It was a whim. He didn't expect ever to use it, but now—"

She paused and glanced back again. "I think we are safe now. I didn't know," and she turned her head and gave her companion a shrewd, smiling glance, "but what somebody might try to follow us."

"Who?" "Oh, you can never tell, Mr. Dale, for instance."

The steering wheel slipped for an instant in Adele's hand.

"Careful," Joan cautioned. "This road is full of bumps."

Adele remembered something. Dale too, had cautioned her against bumps. Vaguely she had sensed a hidden meaning in his words, but she felt sure there was no such veiled significance in what Joan had just said.

"But I don't think Mr. Dale will be able to find us now," her companion added lightly. "He is clever, but there are those who are cleverer."

The remark sounded a little ominous to Adele, but it left only a fleeting impression. "A really clever man," she joined oracularly, "sometimes permits an opponent to think that he is the cleverer of the two."

"And you think that is what Mr. Dale is doing. Well—maybe. We'll see."

The road narrowed. There were frequent turns and rocky places. The woods, an impenetrable mass of dark-