

**kill Mosquitoes AND ALL INSECT PESTS**

**Spray FLY-TOX**

**QUICK, SURE WAY TO KILL ALL INSECTS**

**CHOPSTICKS PASSING**

China is casting aside chopsticks for forks. The big Hong Kong factory which turned out the wooden implements by the million has gone bankrupt, partly because of the steadily falling demand, partly because the Japanese have been flooding the market with cheaper sticks. In cities the call for forks is growing, while the chopstick's click a la defiance in rural districts.

**NOTICE ANNUAL MEETING**

The Annual Meeting of the P.E.I. Protestant Orphanage will be held in St. Paul's Parish Hall, Prince St., Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Friday evening, June 18th, 1937 at 8 o'clock P. M.

A number of Trustees are to be appointed to the board and all contributors present will have a vote; complete, printed financial reports will be distributed and the work of the institution freely discussed.

This meeting is wide open to the public and all are cordially invited to attend; the Clergy are asked to make this announcement on the Sunday previous.

IRA M. BROWN, Secy.-Treas.  
L-1178-6-7-9-11-14-16-18.

**AUCTION SALE**

We will sell by Public Auction on premises on June 22nd at 1 o'clock, 59 acres of land, property of Late Hamilton Smallwood, St. Andrews.

Can be bought private up to day of Sale.

NEIL MORROW  
W. L. McLEOD  
Executors  
L-1263-6-19-11-14-16-19

**Annual Meeting**

The annual meeting of West Prince Ltd. Conservative Association will be held, in the Public Hall, O'Leary, on Wednesday, June 23rd inst., at 1.30 P. M. Conveners please call meetings and have full quota chosen.

Each poll is entitled to send five delegates.

Dated this 11th day of June 1937.  
A. A. RAMSAY, President.  
GILBERT GAUDET, Secretary.  
L-1301-6-16-19.

**Spinning & Weaving**

Send me your wool to be spun into yarn and woven into blankets. Charges are, single yarn 23 cents per pound, doubled yarn 26 cents. Blankets \$2.00, if unlaundered \$1.85. It takes five pounds of wool per blanket. Wool must be well washed, all dirt and burrs picked out.

The size of single yarn is: medium, doubled yarn; fine, medium, coarse and heavy. Put shippers' and owners' name on all parcels, address and instructions inside.

Send by mail or freight. Freight will be paid on 100 pound lots.

Price of well washed and picked wool is 22 cents a pound. Special price for unwashed wool.

WM. CONDON,  
65 Queen St. Charlottetown

**Professional Cards**

**EGAN & CO.**  
Chartered Accountants

140 Richmond Street  
Phone 47. P. O. Box 12.

**McLeod & Bentley**  
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J. A. BENTLEY, K. C.  
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law  
MONEY TO LOAN

**Alex. W. Matheson**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.  
Money to Loan Collections  
Office: 90 Great George Street.

**M. ALBAN FARMER**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Bank of Canada Bldg.  
Charlottetown

**ANITA LOOS' SARATOGA**

Illustrated by Vincentini

**CHAPTER VII (Continued)**

Hartley and his mother took Carol's announcement that she wanted to wait a little longer before she was married with better grace than she had expected. She could not tell them the whole truth and even half-truths she disliked. She simply said that there were a number of things she must attend to that her father's sudden death had been a strain on her nerves, that before she went to her new home she wanted to do something for her father. She couldn't explain it now. Perhaps they wouldn't understand her feelings, if she did. Would they please just take her word for it that what she was doing seemed to her the one right thing to do?

"It may seem strange," she concluded, "when I tell you I am going around the circuit. But I am not going to be gay or have a good time. I dread it—but it is part of what I must do."

They did not understand, of course, but they told her gently that of course she was the one to make the decision. Her grandfather who never admitted that anything or anybody could "stump" him, twisted his face into a sarcastic smile when she told him she was postponing her marriage and going around to the tracks.

"Waited to give up this life, eh? Went all the way to Lunnon Town, got yourself a nabo fool enough to marry you—and you're going back to the tracks. Don't I know? All of us say we're going to leave when we make our pile! You have your hands you on a diamond-studded tray and see what you do! You head for the first race. And you always will."

by the hair of her head to the nearest altar. This would be the happiest day of my life—so far."

Hartley went to the races a number of times with Carol. But without being at all shrewish, without seeming too insistent, she saw to it that he did not bet. She said she was the expert—didn't her record show it?—and she would do all the betting, please. Days when Hartley was at the races, Carol would be almost pleasant to Duke. He knew she was gloating over the fact that Hartley was not placing bets with him, but she never could annoy him into being anything but his laughing, carefree self.

"Why don't you like Duke?" Hartley asked one day. "Seems a nice chap to me. Say, is it true he was high man at some college, headed to be a lawyer, ducked out and was found later following the races?—odd as if it might be true, talks that way, too."

"I don't know a thing about him—never saw him before you did. He's too sure of himself—oh everything I don't care for. I'll bet he starts all those stories himself; thinks it makes him fascinating to be as he says a legend during his own life-time. He's just not my kind. I have him place my bets, because father, for some reason, liked him."

Carol was relieved when they boarded the train for Baltimore. Hartley had important business and must stay in New York. She liked having him with her, of course, but she was always afraid that Duke would get him to bet, also she was systematic about her betting and worked hours each day over dope-sheets, turf records and racing forms. There was no other reason, of course, why she felt glad when



"Beginner's luck, you know," said Duke one day when Carol went to his wicket and he counted her winnings.

Jamaica, the Empire City Track, Belmont—all the places she had known all her life. The two years she had been away seemed further in the past than any of the years that had gone before them. She was not now a young society woman who listed racing as one of her social activities. She was "horse folks" again.

"She was running in luck. 'Beginners' luck, you know,' said Duke one day when she went to his wicket and counted her winnings.

"She always told herself she would not answer him, when he spoke; she would be polite, of course, but most, oh most dignified. But there was something about his voice or smile which always stung her into speech.

"I'll let that pass," she answered. "But would you mind not bringing up the law of supply and—oh, pardon me, it is the law of averages, isn't it?"

"The O'Brien, still Duke's adoring sheet-writer, who worried. "I wish we could lose that dame," he muttered one day. "She must have the evil eye or something—it ain't natural for anyone to rake it in the way she's doing. I don't like her anyway. High-hatting everyone in sight. Glue on her hands she has."

"Tin," said Duke. "I've told you about the law of averages a million times. What's the matter with you, anyway? You've been with me, man and boy, for quite a spell now and you've never missed a didn't have you?"

"I wish that guy who's fool enough to want to tie up for life with her, would come and drag her

he said he wouldn't be able to see her for several weeks—of course, there wasn't she said to herself. But she was vaguely worried.

It was a racing special and crowded. Carol, as soon as Hartley had left the compartment, took out her papers and settled down to pick her horses for the next day, but there was so much noise in the club car she could not concentrate.

"Clear with light winds is the forecast," she muttered, "that means a dry track, that at Narragansett, Night Flight ran three-fifths on a muddy track. That makes him good for—" she stopped abruptly and shouted to Rosetta, "Can't they stop that noise, ever, the hoodlums? How can I dope this out with that infernal noise going on?"

"Bound to be a racket, honey, honey, when that Miss O'Malley and Mr. Duke are together. Minute she lays her eye on him, before he speaks even, she begins laughing and soon as he speaks, she hollers."

"I can't stand it," Carol said. "Give up your handicapping for a while, honey," said Rosetta. "You look plumb worn out. I'll dream you a horse tonight—I have a hunch I'll dream a hot shot for you."

"Ask Mr. Bradley to come in a minute, please," she said.

Rosetta rose from the corner, laid down her knitting and went to the door. Before she went out she said: "You got a pencil smudge on your cheek, honey child."

"That about it? I'm busy."

"Just thought you mightn't want Mr. Duke to see you not looking

**All-Out-of-Sorts! Nervous, Irritable, Peevish!**

This may be due to lack of proper rest, the worry over business, the too free use of tea, coffee or tobacco, the keeping of late hours, the never ending drudgery of housework, but whatever the cause you have been putting too heavy strain on the nervous system.

If you are tired, listless, irritable, distressed, you will find in Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills a medicine that will help put you on your feet again.

**MILBURN'S HEALTH AND NERVE PILLS**

**"It Pays To Play"**

1937 SPORTS AND RECREATION WEEK

Desire for play, for enjoying oneself in some healthful recreational pursuit, is inherent in all healthy individuals; when Canadian Sports and Recreation Week was introduced to the public, eleven years ago, it was not necessary to convince Canadians that 'It Pays To Play' was a slogan worthy of nation-wide adoption. The idea of a "Sports Week" was taken up enthusiastically, all across Canada, and with each succeeding year that enthusiasm has grown and expanded until now it encompasses red-blooded Canadians in practically every municipality in the Dominion.

Canada is blessed—or cursed—with a plethora of "Special Weeks"; in the majority of instances, this superabundance of special promotional periods is responsible for only a moderate measure of success in bringing topical events and particular products to the attention of the Canadian people. Only a few "weeks" have gained and maintained national popularity; in this wild scramble for attention; one of the most popular a pioneer in the field—is Canadian Sports and Recreation Week.

Over a decade ago, it came into being—"mothered" through its early infancy by sterling co-operation on the part of press, pulpit and platform—possibly no "week" has made such pointed and practical progress in its efforts—efforts designed to promulgate the benefits of healthful play and recreation.

Because of the spontaneous public response and the annual co-operation of various mediums of publicity, the seven-day period has gained yearly in influence and results. The newspaper world has been a potent force in giving the "week" Dominion-wide significance; many ministers, convinced that a sound body is most likely to hold a sound soul, have delivered special "Sports Week" sermons, based on relevant texts; radio stations have consistently told the story with special series of sports talks, supplemented by "Spot" announcements.

An example of newspaper co-operation is picked at random from a file of Sports Week clippings: "The value of sport to the world, the value of sport to Canada, is far from being fully understood even yet. A more general appreciation of the many advantages and opportunities offered, a keener recognition of all that clean, wholesome contests contribute to the life of a community can only come through education. Teach people to play; it matters not if it is lawn bowling or rugby, if it be on a championship team or with a pick-up scrum; the big thing is 'Play—and play fairly. The slogan of sports world is 'It Pays To Play' sports not only in dollars and cents, but in the training of qualities and standards which cannot be reduced to the scale of mercenary measurement."

In our national life, the spirit of true sportsmanship is necessary if we are to truly prosper. It was the English writer, Trevor Wignall, who said: "Sports means nothing when it is concerned only with the winning of an encounter; it is a very essential ingredient of life when it prompts, in the minds of the lowliest, the stern necessity of playing fair."

"IT PAYS TO PLAY." That will be the nation's slogan from Saturday, June 19th to Saturday, June 26th, when the 11th Annual Celebration of Canadian Sports and Recreation Week will stress the story of "Sport for Sport's Sake."

your prettiest."

"Don't be ridiculous. And do as I told you."

She bent over her papers. Then hurriedly, almost guiltily she reached for her vanity case, rubbed the mark off, powdered her nose and patted her hair.

"Mr. Bradley," she said stiffly, when Duke came in. "It is getting late and I have work to do. Would you mind asking your friends to have some consideration for other passengers?"

"They are rather noisy, but it's the first time this season they've all been together and they think it rates a party. Don't you think?"

"I think they are just a bunch of dressed-up rowdies whose ideas of home is a shoddy hotel room, whose idea of a place to go is a race track—their futures mapped out for them by bang-balls."

"Carol said 'Duke' to you," "you don't like or trust me, but I'm forgetting that now and I'm dropping my kidding. Your nerves can't stand too much and I'm not just talking about the commotion going on out there, either."

"You're prescribing a bromide and a good night's rest, I suppose."

"On the contrary, I was going to suggest that you put away your pencil and your papers and come outside with the gang for a while. You won't? Well, it was a good suggestion, but it would have been only temporarily raised anyway. So here's another and a serious one. Wire Hartley to meet us. He'll come if you ask him. That will settle everything for all of us."

"Still scheming to get at the Madison millions are you? Well, I'm telling you again, you're not going to do it."

"Partly that—sure. Why deny it? I'm a bookie and it would be a leg up for me if I placed Hartley's bets. What's wrong with that? You bet, don't you? Why be selfish about it and keep Hartley and me apart?"

"How many times do we have to rehash this same old dish of hash? If you don't know by now that I mean what I say, you're just too dumb to bother with any more. So once again, will you please tell those people out there—especially that Fritzie O'Malley of yours—to try to show a little of the good breeding they haven't got and never will have."

"You're going to crack," he said

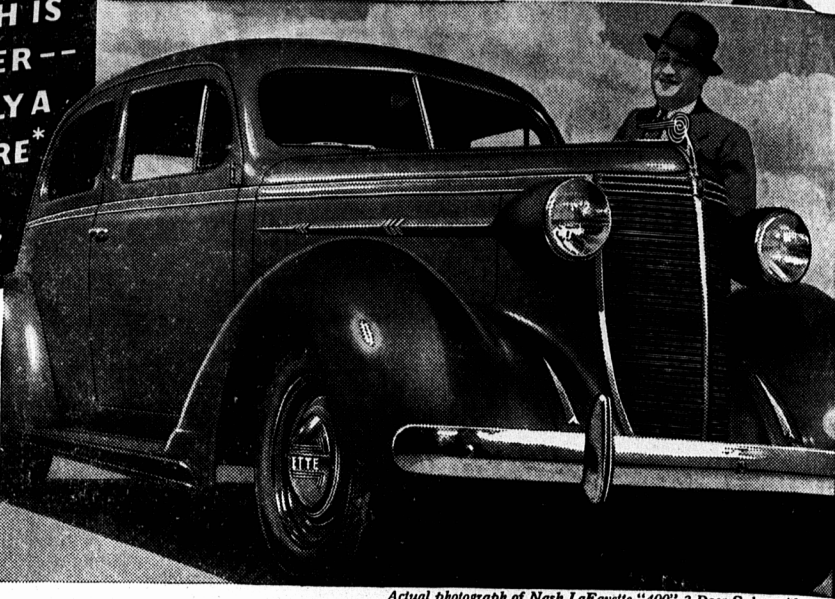
**"I'M PROUD WE GOT OUT OF THE 'ALL THREE' CLASS!"**

**"OUR NEW NASH IS SO MUCH BIGGER— AND IT COST ONLY A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THOSE SMALLER CARS"**

We'd like to thank Mr. E. Hovel for the following expression... read what he says!

"Lots of people take their automobiles for granted. But not me. I want to know what's under the hood. I'd like to say Nash this compliment—the Nash LaFayette '400' is one of the best engineered cars today. That '400' engine is a 'sweetheart'. Those LARGER hydraulic brakes will save me many a dented fender. That big roomy body is a joy to our whole family! I'm proud of my new Nash... it's a grand automobile!"

We hope that some of you people will look at the Nash LaFayette '400'. It's a great big 117-inch wheelbase car. You get a remarkably economical 90 horsepower six cylinder engine. You get larger hydraulic brakes, stronger all steel body. More room. More comfort. Come in. Let us show you all



Actual photograph of Nash LaFayette '400' 4-Door Sedan with trunk the extra value Nash offers— for just a few dollars more than those "All Three" cars cost. See the new Nash Ambassador Sixes and Eights. Thrillingly beautiful. Imposingly big. We honestly believe that the Nash Ambassador models offer you every important advantage of the most expensive cars made—at an amazingly low price. See the X-Ray System at Nash showrooms. Don't buy your next car on "guess-work"—get facts!

**NASH MOTOR SALES CO.**  
F. J. E. WRIGHT  
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Summerside, P. E. I.  
Vernon, P. E. I.

quietly, and it won't be long either. I know the things. You're over-doing this thing, just as you do everything else, I imagine."

I will not crack and I will not stop until I have paid you the last cent of that seventy-six grand and there's a long way to go yet."

But my plan is so simple and easy and quick—wire Hartley, let him bet—

"You've taken some trimming for me. How do you know if he bet you wouldn't find yourself cleaned out, looking around for a tin cup to hold out on a street corner? Remember, he wouldn't be using chicken-feed like me."

I might mention the law of averages, but I believe I've done that before. But my point is—I've offered to cancel your marker when he places the first bet. If he finishes me—well, that's my affair. And you—why you could be married right away."

Thank you so much for your kind interest, she said. And now, will you please be good enough to call Rosetta. I bid you goodnight."

But why wear yourself out with this fool handicapping? You're doing it just so you can be married and—

"Will you be good enough to call Rosetta?" she said.

He gave her a look, pursed his lips, shook his head and went to the door.

Now the war between Carol and Duke is out in the open. Duke is certain, though, that he cannot lose. Will his optimism be justified? Carol has a head start on him. Be sure to read tomorrow's thrilling installment.

(To be Continued)

**President Hungerford Receives Degree**

BURLINGTON, Vt., June 15—Before a distinguished assemblage which included the 207 members of the 1937 graduation class of the University of Vermont, the states' oldest educational institution, educators of national and international repute and alumni

**Round Trip BARGAIN FARES TO HALIFAX GOING**

FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1937  
Mon., June 28, 1937

**\$4.80**

From Charlottetown

Proportionately Low Fares from other stations

Children of Five and under Twelve Years of age HALF FARE

Tickets Good in DAY COACHES ONLY

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**CANADIAN NATIONAL**  
Use Canadian National Telegraphs

from all sections of the country, S. J. Hungerford, of Montreal, Que., the Chairman and President of the Canadian National Railway and affiliated Companies, was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Mechanical Engineering here today at the University's 133rd commencement in recognition of his notable work in restoring the Vermont Railway Lines after the great New England flood of 1927. Honorary degrees were also conferred by the University of Vermont upon five distinguished Americans.

The degree was conferred upon President Hungerford by Guy W. Bailey, President of the University which was founded in 1791 by Ira Allen, brother of General Ethan Allen, of revolutionary war fame, the year in which Vermont was admitted to statehood as the first commonwealth to join the original 13 states of the union, within a stone's throw from the original building on the University of Vermont Campus the cornerstone of which was laid by General the Marquis DeLafayette, distinguished french soldier in 1825. Professor Frederick Tupper, head of the University Department of English, conferred by President Bailey read the citation which accompanied Mr. Hungerford's degree and which reads as follows: "Samuel J. Hungerford, Chairman and President of the Canadian National Railway and Central Vermont Railway and Chairman and President of the Canadian National Telegraphs and the Canadian National Steamship Lines at the time of the Vermont flood in 1927 was active in his support of crippled Vermont Railway systems" it was for his leading role in this gigantic task

of reconstruction that Vermont's leading educational institution conferred an honorary degree of Doctor of Mechanical Engineering on Mr. Hungerford. Among the Canadian National system officers who accompanied Mr. Hungerford to Burlington were D. C. Grant Vice President in charge of Finance Edmund K. Deschane Vice President in charge of Central Vermont Lines R. H. M. Temple K. C. General Counsel and E. P. Malloy Executive Assistant to the President.

**MR. DANIEL G. CAMERON**

On Wednesday the 2nd day of June, 1897, in his 92nd year, Daniel G. Cameron passed away at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. H. P. Wright of Calgary, Alberta.

Mr. Cameron carried on business at Montague, Prince Edward Island, from 1868 to 1906, with branches at Murray River and at Sidney, Cape Breton.

After the death of his wife at Montague, Prince Edward Island in November, 1907, he removed to Calgary, Alberta, and resided there from 1908 until the day of his death.

He was the oldest member of the Knox United Church and to the very last he was intensely interested in all the problems of the day.

The impressive Funeral Service, attended by nearly 500 people, was conducted at the Knox United Church, Calgary, Alberta, by the Reverend Dr. Warwick Kelloway, assisted by the Reverend A. D. McDonald both of whom paid a moving tribute to Mr. Cameron's sterling qualities and progressive ideas.

The Pall Bearers William Robertson K. O. Wallace Stewart, Mon-

tagne Robertson, William McDonald, Russell Dauncey, Henry M. Jenkins, were all ex-Prince Edward Islanders.

Mr. Cameron's daughter, Mrs. H. P. Wright, whose husband Dr. Wright, died in 1923, his son Major Arthur G. Cameron, Barrister and Solicitor, Trail, B. C., and his grandson Gordon Cameron Wright, ex-cadet of the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario, were present at his death.

One brother of the Deceased, John Cameron of San Francisco, California, and one sister Mrs. W. H. Mills of Roslyn, Mass survive him.

Get your bedding plants properly spaced and thin them by pinching out stinging stems. It will help a lot in getting a fine mass of bloom.

Use Minard's for Bloes.

**ABUSE**

Have you ever thought of it? The VALUE of your eyes. What would you do without them? Probably you would not part with them at any price.

What you may not understand is that abuse and neglect wear the eyes down. Experience shows neglected eyes fall early.

**G. F. Hutcheson**

**OUT OUR WAY**

By WILLIAMS

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

ASH TRAYS!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.