



Here she comes Down the street Looking smart And very neat!

Yes, of course—she did "Nugget" her shoes this morning!

"NUGGET" Shoe Polish

THE "NUGGET" TIN OPENS WITH A TWIST!

Windmills are still being used as one of the principal sources of industrial power in the Barbados.

Notice of Meeting

Notice is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the Shareholders of "The Premier Silver Black Fox Company, Limited," will be held in the Public Hall at Beedee, Prince Edward Island, on Tuesday, the 25th day of June, 1929, at the hour of 8 p. m. for the purpose of passing a resolution requiring that the Company be wound up, under the provisions of "The Voluntary Winding-up Act," and for the appointment of Liquidators for such Winding-up and the giving of consequential directions. Dated this 28th day of May, A. D., 1929.

By order of the Directors,
HORACE WRIGHT,
President.
THOS. MOYSE,
Secretary-Treasurer.
5456-6-14-101.

Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Law Society of Prince Edward Island will be held on Monday the 24th day of June, 1929, in the Law Library in Charlottetown, at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon.

W. E. BENTLEY,
Secretary-Treasurer.
6513-6-17-71

EYES TESTED

AND
GLASSES FITTED
E. W. TAYLOR
J. S. TAYLOR
Optometrists,
142 Richmond Street

Professional Cards

Mark R. McGuigan,
B. A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
MONEY TO LOAN
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Prohibition Commission
Chairman, **MR. GEORGE E. BROWN,**
Margate, P. E. I.
Send all information regarding infractions of Prohibition Act to the above

Or to
Chief Inspector **B. J. Haywood**
75 Dorchester Street, Charlottetown.
Phone 709
9101-11-16-17.

McLeod & Bentley

J. A. BENTLEY
W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
Office: 130 Richmond Street
MONEY TO LOAN
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

McDonald & McPhee

B. A.
J. A. McDONALD, H. F. MCPHEE
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, ETC.
MONEY TO LOAN
Riley Building Charlottetown

Stewart & Lowther

J. D. STEWART, K. C.
N. W. LOWTHER
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
84 Great George Street
MONEY TO LOAN
7021-1-4-17.

Dr. D. T. Waye

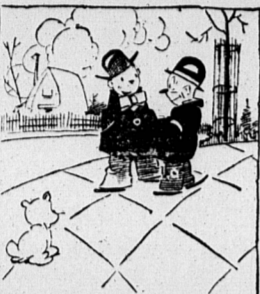
DENTAL SURGEON
130 Richmond Street
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Office Hours Phone 543
9 A. M. to 1 P. M.
2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"A gold-digger knows that anything built along generous lines is bound to give in a tight squeeze."



Friend: Airplane designers are trying to find some bird that can go straight up in the air, to use as a model.
Hubby: They ought to come around and study my wife.



"1st Circus Man: Who's that meek little fellow, who's so plainly afraid of his wife, going into the dressing tent?
2nd Circus Man: That? Oh, that's the Wild Man of Borneo in the side show.



He: I can't make you out at all. She: You can't "make" me anywhere else either.

COMING UP, SIR!

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold—
No matter how you order it,
You feel that you've been sold.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold;
But everyone would like to have
The pease as of old.

SALESMAN

For Prince Edward Island.
THE FIRM. Thirty five years old, one and one half years in Canada, leader in its field.

THE PRODUCTS. Supplementary balanced rations for chickens, cows, hogs, cattle, foxes, (Purina Chows).

THE POSITION. Establishing distribution of the products and consumer resale.

THE REQUIREMENTS. Usual requirements of character, industry and honesty. Applicant must have a live-stock background and sales experience. Must be employed now. Age 25 to 35.

P. H. SPRENKLE,
Purina Mills,
District Sales Manager,
1906 St. Catherine St. W.

ANNUAL MEETING P. E. I. PROTESTANT ORPHANAGE

The Annual Public Meeting of the above Institution will be held in St. Paul's Parish Hall, Charlottetown, on Thursday evening June 27th at 8 o'clock P. M. sharp.

At this meeting a number of Trustees are to be elected to the Board and all contributors present will have a vote.

Complete Financial Reports will be submitted and the work of the Institution freely discussed.
The meeting is open to all and all are cordially invited.
IRA M. BROWN,
Secretary-Treasurer.
5502-5-17-mw/ill June 27.

One Man's Wife

By
BARBARA WEBB
Copyright

CONTINUED

Yvonne slipped back easily into the routine disturbed by her brief masquerade. Only by looking at the blond wig, stored now in one of her bureau drawers, could she feel any reality in the memory of that party at Mrs. Ogden's. She suffered a reaction of weariness and distaste for life, nor could she find any escape from the dilemma of Richard's return, now to be expected within a week or so.

She left the care of the house entirely to Lottie, spent her mornings, reading in bed, exercising, thinking of her new costumes avoiding as far as possible any consideration of what Richard's return would mean to her. At times it seemed to her she was only alive in the brief moments she spent on the stage, carried away from herself by the music, and by her dancing.

She had caught a brief glimpse of Bob West standing in the wings the night following Mrs. Veering's call. He had apparently been watching for her appearance. Yvonne managed to slip by him without his seeing her. She had a vague fear he would recognize her.

She had not heard from Richard for three weeks. She began to be afraid he would arrive unannounced and discover what she was doing. She feared discovery now more than formerly.

"If he finds out that I have deceived him, and knows that I can take care of myself, he will be more apt to cast me out," she reasoned. Shrewdly she realized that one of the things that would restrain Richard from any drastic action in their lives would be his belief that she was dependent on him. "Richard will never leave me as long as he thinks I cannot take care of myself. Yvonne's deeply rooted conviction that this was true made her adamant against any suggestion that she reveal her success.

She had not heard from Richard for three weeks. She began to be afraid he would arrive unannounced and discover what she was doing. She feared discovery now more than formerly.

Then came the morning when the mail held a letter from Richard. Yvonne was absurdly thrilled. She took the letter to her room. Before opening it she laid it against her cheek and a great wave of longing for her husband swept over her.

"If only he is coming home," she thought. Then she opened the letter. "Dear Yvonne," it began. "I expect to be home sometime next week, probably on Thursday. The rest and change have done me a great deal of good. I am anxious to be at work again.

"I wish you would air the laboratory for me, being careful not to leave the windows open if it rains."

"Let him in—it will do you good, Richard isn't the only man in the world."

"He is the only man for me—let's not talk about it any more now. Edith, I haven't completely made up my mind. I'll have to think about it and decide when the time comes."

The next day, soon after getting up, Yvonne went to the laboratory. She had not entered it since the bitter dusty smell of the room so long deprived of air, she looked at her husband's desk, tried to picture him sitting at it busy with the work that absorbed him. She could not conjure up a vision of him try as she would. She blamed herself for it.

"I have thought so of myself of late that I have forgotten my husband," she thought reproachfully.

She opened the windows, dusted the cases and boxes and at last approached the desk. She knew the picture of Anne lay face downward in the drawer where she had dropped it. Hesitantly she pulled the drawer open and then, before she could touch the hated cardboard she banged the drawer shut and ran downstairs.

"Clean up Mr. Ross' workshop this afternoon Lottie," she said. "Don't disturb anything though. He is very fussy about it."

"All men is," Lottie observed. Yvonne went to her room. In the closet hung the silk costume she had made for herself so long ago. Richard had admired her in that dress. She put it on, noting again the change it made in her appearance. She drew a long cape over it, hiding

ing. I hope soon to be hard at work finishing the last specimens I brought from South America.

"I cannot be sure of the exact time of my arrival, but it will probably be in time for dinner Thursday evening."

"Affectionately yours,
"Richard."
Yvonne read the letter twice. Not a word about being glad to see her. Not an inquiry about her well being. A flood of anger took possession of her. She clenched her hands and for a wild minute considered leaving the house, letting him arrive to find her gone. This feeling passed and left her ashamed. She read the letter again, and burst into a storm of weeping. She cried brokenheartedly for an hour.

"I cannot go—I must be here when he comes home—I love him."
She took some comfort from the very fact of his return. No matter how indifferent, how abhorred he might be in the prospect of her work, he was coming home. She could see him, serve him, wait for his casual kiss of greeting, live again with the hourly knowledge he was in the same house with her. With this she must be content. She bathed her face, re-arranged her hair, and went down to the den to practice.

While she was working out some intricate steps, Mrs. Ogden arrived. She stood watching Yvonne for a few minutes.

"You lovely thing," she cried when the record ran down and Yvonne paused. "How do you do it? I'd rather watch you practicing than most dancers perform."
Yvonne drew a gay kimono over her scant drapery and joined her friend in the living room.

"Richard is coming back—next week," she said after a little pause. "Really? Oh, Yvonne, what are you going to do about it?"
"I don't know," Yvonne answered, tonelessly. "Go on the same old way, I suppose."
"But you mustn't—you can't—it's a crime for you even to consider such a thing."
"What else is there to do?" the girl asked.

"Come out and tell him the truth—you could not more help doing what you did than a flower can help blooming. Surely you can make him see that."

"Richard sees me only one way—the way I was when we were married. If he saw me as I am now, I would be a different person to him," Yvonne responded.

"Very well—but he would love the person you are now—"
"If I could only be sure of that—"
"Try it—take a chance on it—no man in his senses could resist you—"

"Richard resisted a lot of other beautiful women. He married me. As long as he thinks I am ignorant and simple and quite dependent on him he will keep me here and take care of me. If he finds out that I am a success in my own right—then he will feel no responsibility for me, and perhaps leave me to shift for myself, without him."

The next day Yvonne selected one of the proofs. It showed her with a wistful droop to her soft mouth.

"Kind of sad lookin' there, don't you think?" the photographer pulled out a proof where she was smiling. "I like this one better."
"No. We will have this," Yvonne insisted. "And I wish a frame for it, the kind that stands by itself."

When the picture was finished and framed Yvonne carried it to Richard's workshop. There she stood it on the desk trying it at various angles. It seemed out of place in that bare room, its feminine appeal lost in the surroundings of glass cases and work tools. Yvonne carried it down to her husband's bedroom. There it seemed equally lost. At last she took it back to his desk in the laboratory. With a final sigh she left it and went downstairs, locking the door behind her.

As she danced that night she tried to think of what it would mean never to return to the theatre. Her imagination failed her. This, this, she must have. Suppose she just disappeared, spared Richard the pain of a confession, vanished from him leaving only the photograph in its silver frame on his desk. Would he think of her? Would he miss her?

She went home with her problem still troubling her. She could not give up her art. She could not have both. She must make her choice. The sacrifice of either seemed too great to be born.

To give up Richard would enrich her art, as suffering always enriches art. To give up her art meant burying a part of her life that had become necessary to her. And there were so few days left to decide.

"If Richard had showed me in one letter that he missed me, how easy it would be," she thought. She took the slight, thin bundle of letters, half a dozen in all, and read them again. He was always, "her affectionate husband." Nothing more.

"He doesn't care," she told herself. "He never has cared. Why should I spend my life, a servant to him—"
But in her heart her choice was made.

She drove to a small photographer's shop she had seen in her marketing trips. There she had a number of photographs made of herself in her peasant costume. She urged haste on the photographer and he promised her the proofs on the following day.

"Yes, Mrs. Ross," the man agreed pleasantly. "Say, they told me around here you couldn't speak English, you're French, ain't you?"
Yvonne bit her lip in exasperation. Then she reflected there was little chance of Richard's finding out from this source that she had learned the language.

"Yes, I am French," she admitted. "But my husband, you know, is American."
The man nodded wisely as though this explained everything. "Ladies always like to please their misters," he agreed.

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The big chocolate Bar everywhere



FAT EMMA

COLLEGE CLOSING

Large Attendance at Closing Exercises of Summerside Business College.

The closing exercises of the Central Business College at Summerside took place at 2 o'clock on Friday p.m. in the college rooms which were profusely decorated with flowers for the occasion. A large gathering of parents and friends of the forty graduates were present. The Principal of the Book-keeping Dept., Mr. Escoe Jeffery, acted as chairman and introduced the two speakers of the afternoon His Worship, Mayor Lidstone and Dr. E. T. Tanton, chairman of the Summerside School Board.

Mr. Lidstone addressed the graduates from a practical viewpoint and gave much useful information as to what the business world demanded of a stenographer. Dr. Tanton addressed them on the very important subject of the stenographer's health. Miss McLean thanked the two gentlemen for their kindness in giving so much of their valuable time.

Mr. Jeffery had given a short resume of the work since the opening of the college only three years ago showing how its remarkable growth had necessitated doubling the class room space at the end of the Fall term. Plans were being now made for adding still more rooms before the opening of the next college year.

Miss McLean continued by giving a detailed account of this year's work and commented on the exceptional brilliance of this year's class of students. While six were being rewarded for special diligence and brilliance the others had followed closely. One student in particular, Mr. Edward Clow had completed the full work in both departments—a fifteen months course—in less than eight months, winning first prize in both departments. Another, Mr. Richard Hinton, had completed the seven months work in less than four months, winning special prize. The girls who received special prizes were the Mesdames Dora Denny, Yvonne Arsenault, Mary Clark and Amanda Cannon. The high excellence achieved by these students had set a standard which future classes would find hard to imitate.

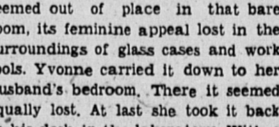
The following received their Diplomas:—
Book-keeping Department
Edward Clow, Richard Hinton, Dora Denny, Yvonne Arsenault, Mary Clark, Amanda Cannon, Jessie Hunt, Anson Pickering, Marvin Bell, Louise Tanton, Alma Woodside, Louise Rayer, Arnold Bryant, Belle Palmer, Katherine Palmer, Margaret Pickering.

Your Cunard Stewardess
... lady's maid, chambermaid, guide, philosopher, and friend— knows what you like for breakfast, which dress you want put out for each occasion. A person is your Cunard stewardess, she helps you to enjoy ship life to the full. Sail Cunard! ...

10% Reduction. Take advantage of the 10% reduction on round-trip fares, available on Cabin class accommodation, when sailing from Montreal after August 15th, and returning after October 15th.

Book through The Robert Reford Co. Limited, Cor. George and Granville Streets, Halifax. (Tel. Sackville 1470), or any steamship agent.

Weekly sailings to Europe from Montreal (and Quebec)
CUNARD
CANADIAN SERVICE
Cabin, Tourist Third Cabin and Third Class



AT YOUR SERVICE

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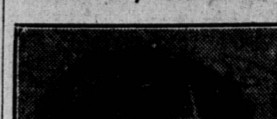
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BE HEARD FROM CNR TUESDAY, JUNE 25th



Miss Marjorie Hutchings, L.T.C.M., graduate of Mount Allison Conservatory of Music, Sackville, N. B., also of Toronto Conservatory of Music, who will be heard in a special programme broadcast from Station CNR, Canadian National Railways, Moncton N. B.

Miss Hutchings, who is a contralto, is a member of the singing faculty of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. She has appeared in numerous recitals and took the role of the "The Witch" in the Operate "Hansel and Gretel", which was put on with great success in Toronto last year. She speaks of her as having a voice of much brilliance and depth, excellent quality, warmth of tone, ease of expression and considerable color.

Miss Hutchings is the daughter of Charles H. Hutchings, K.C., O.B.E., the Inspector-General of Newfoundland.

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... lady's maid, chambermaid, guide, philosopher, and friend— knows what you like for breakfast, which dress you want put out for each occasion. A person is your Cunard stewardess, she helps you to enjoy ship life to the full. Sail Cunard! ...

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Why we breed thousands of disease-carrying flies



At the right is the Fly-Tox "Chamber of Death". A child could safely stay inside for Fly-Tox is harmless to people.

You want no guess-work about the spray you purchase to kill flies, mosquitoes, moths, roaches, bed-bugs, ants or fleas. You want assurance also that the liquid used is harmless to your family and your animal pets. Fly-Tox is the answer.

There is no guessing, for every batch of Fly-Tox is tested in actual use. Thousands of flies are liberated in the "Chamber of Death" and with the spraying of less than a teaspoonful, all must die.



FLY-TOX

Developed at Mellon Institute of Industrial Research