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**EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES**  
—they last longer

# MAY SEYMOUR FOOTLOOSE

by BEATRICE BURTON CREA.

MAY SEYMOUR, whose husband killed himself because of her love affair with another man, returns to her home town after a year's absence. She sells her property and with her small fortune sets out to find and marry a man with money. She tells her lawyer, DICK GREGORY, and GLORIA, his wife, that she means "nothing in her life."

At Atlantic City she meets a divorcee, CARLOTTA FRANKING, and her friends, HERBERT WATERBURY and DAN SPRAGUE. Both men pay court to May, greatly to the distress of Carlotta, who has been in love with Dan for years.

But May sets her cap for Waterbury, who, she thinks, is the rich husband she is looking for. In her effort to "land" him she spends a third of her little fortune on clothes.

At last he proposes, and May accepts him. She turns over to him for investment all the money she has—amounting to \$12,000 from the sale of her house. But she immediately regrets this when Carlotta, departing for California, warns her not to trust Waterbury too far. When she goes to Waterbury to demand the return of her money, he disappears. And May, practically penniless, sells her jewels and fur coat to buy a ticket for California, where she intends to visit Carlotta.

On the way she stops off to see her lawyer, DICK GREGORY, and GLORIA, his wife, who is May's best friend. She shrinks from meeting her townspeople, who know the story of her husband's suicide. But Gloria persuades her to face them bravely; and one day while she and May were lurching downtown Waterbury and his young daughter SALLY, come to the table. Ulysses asks May to help him, a chaperon a party that Sally is giving that afternoon in his home.

**THE STORY**

Ulysses Forgan's house was far out in the suburbs of the city, hidden from the highway by a tall hedge. As he and May drove up to it late that afternoon, a sound of music came to their ears. . . . the haunting wail of jazz played on a phonograph.

"The kids beat us to it . . . . They're here already," Ulysses remarked as he drew the car up before the broad steps. "By jove, you'd think they'd get tired of dancing sometimes. But they never do."

The afternoon was rainy, and although it was only five o'clock, the moth-gray twilight was settling down like fog. From the windows of the south wing lights gleamed.

"What a wonderful place you have here!" May cried, as she stepped out upon the smooth lawn and looked around her.

At one side of the house was a sunken garden. On the other was a tennis court, and beyond that a square swimming pool.

"I like it," Ulysses said modestly. "I've lived here all my life, you see. This was my grandfather's farm. Of course, I've fixed it up a bit."

He offered May his arm with an old-fashioned courtesy that she liked, and they went up the steps together.

In the white-paneled hall a wood fire burned brightly, and a bowl of late roses shed their sweetness on the warm fresh air. Through wide doorways, May could see other rooms . . . a freck library, and a dining-room agleam with silver and old mahogany.

"This is the 'homest' home I've ever seen," May said, slipping out of her coat. "It makes me feel happy just to be here . . . and I'm not saying that just to be polite. I mean it. . . . I love your home."

Ulysses shook his head. "It takes a woman to make a house a home," he replied. "A house needs a mistress."

"But there's Sally—" May began.

Ulysses smiled grimly.

"This isn't 'home' to Sally. It's just the place where she parks her lipstick and gets her telephone calls," he said. "She doesn't sleep here half the time. Usually she spends the night with some girl friend or other . . . She says we live too far out from town. Keeps teasing me to sell the place."

He stopped talking, and looked at May quizzically.

"You don't want to go in there, do you?" He jerked his thumb in the direction of the sunroom beyond the library. Through the glass doors that led to it May could see the dash of dancing figures. "They're making a terrific racket. Suppose we sit here by the fire and talk?"

He drew two arm chairs up before the fire, and May sank into one of them. Ulysses lit a cigar, took a good puff at it and looking down at her.

"What am I going to do with my girl, Mrs. Seymour?" he asked presently. "Here she is at eighteen, wild as a baby tiger. Doesn't know how to do anything but dance like a chorus girl, paint herself up like one, and smoke cigarette after cigarette all day long."

May looked thoughtfully at the fire.

"The smoking's bad for her health, of course," she agreed. "And the paint will spoil her skin. But . . . but I believe in dancing. It's healthy exercise for young healthy bodies."

She laughed, and her eyes shone.

"You see, I dance, myself," she explained. "So I defend dancing. To be honest, I smoke cigarettes sometimes, too. Rotten habit, but still I do it, and . . . I have been known to paint my lips."

He said nothing, and she went on: "But all the same, if I had a daughter of my own, I'd see to it that she neither smoked, drank nor painted her face. Besides that, I wouldn't let her spend the night away from home two or three times a week. Mr. Forgan!"

"I'm afraid that if I were a mother I'd be a very strict and horrid one," Ulysses said down in the chair.

"I think you'd be a very lovely mother," he said in a low tone. "and I wonder if you'd mind talking to Sally about smoking? . . . She won't listen to me; I'm only her father."

He laughed, but there was no answering smile on May's face. She stared at him, with wide solemn eyes. . . . Could it be possible that he had never heard any of the gossip about her? If he had, he wouldn't want her to "mother" Sally, would he?

"Mr. Forgan," she began, turning her eyes into the glowing fire. "You never heard the story of my husband's death, did you?"

"I knew her father," Ulysses answered. "Read about it in the paper."

May cleared her throat.

"Do you know why he shot himself?" she asked, and her voice was not much more than a hoarse whisper. "It was very hard to sit here in this peaceful house, and go over the story of Dr. John's suicide."

"Well . . . I heard some talk about you and this little man, Carrew, Ulysses said. "Let's see, you were supposed to be in love with him, weren't you?"

May nodded, wordless. Her silence seemed to spread through the room, to throb like a beating heart.

"Were you in love with him?" Ulysses asked.

May closed her eyes and shook her head. Then she felt Ulysses' warm hand firmly down over hers. She drew it away caressingly.

"She hadn't quite made up her mind whether she wanted Ulysses Forgan to fall in love with her or not . . . She'd have to think it over."

And in the meantime, the clever thing was to keep him at arm's length. The less of herself a woman gave to a man, the more of her he wanted. The trouble with women was that when they loved a man, they wanted to give him everything—their joy, their thoughts. No wonder men tired of women so soon.

May stood up and shook herself.

**David Copperfield**  
COLOR CUT-OUTS

OFF FOR THE SEA

This is the end of the first week of the picture-story of "David Copperfield." Children who cut out the pictures every day will soon have a whole set of David Copperfield toils. Watch for more of this story next week.

Pegotty told David that his mother, too, was going away on a visit and when David heard this he was very anxious to go with Pegotty to visit her brother at Yarmouth. They planned to leave in three days and it seemed as if the time would never come. David was so anxious to get started early in the morning that he wanted to dress the night before and wrap himself in a blanket and sleep in his hat and boots. But, of course, his mother and Pegotty would not hear of such a thing.

Very early in the morning the carrier's cart was at the door. At the last David felt very sorry to leave his mother. It was the first time he had ever been away from her in all his life.

(Pegotty's best dress and bonnet are both of blue silk.)

**WGY Program**

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, WGY (Schenectady, N. Y.)  
General Electric Company  
750 Kilocycles (375.5 Meters)

Eastern Standard Time  
11.30 a.m.—Stock market report.  
11.40 a.m.—Produce market report.  
11.55 a.m.—Time signals.  
12.25 p.m.—New York Philharmonic symphony program from Lewisohn Stadium, New York; Willem Van Hoogstraten, conducting; re-broadcast from WJZ.  
3.30 p.m.—Dance program by Hotel Van Curler Orchestra, Schenectady, N. Y.

By Marie Belmont

Light weight wool material plaided in blue and yellow and red makes the effective medium for this smart child's frock.

The border of the dress, as well as the collar and cuffs, is of plain dark blue wool fabric.

Plaided by the way, is a smart medium for Fall. It will be used in children's frocks in smaller patterns, and in frocks for grown-ups in larger pattern. Plaid makes a smart skirt to be worn with a plain color coat.

**BLUEBERRIES: Union Commercial College Notes**

We shall be buying Blueberries throughout the season, paying highest market value. We supply you with packages for shipping. Write or phone us for prices.

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**Canadian National Exhibition TORONTO**  
Aug. 29 to Sept. 12  
Reduced Fares

VIA  
Canadian National Railways

Good going from August 28th, to September 11th. Good for return until September 16th.

For fares, reservations, etc., apply to  
W.K. ROGERS  
City Ticket Agent  
Or  
Ticket Agent,  
Station  
P. W. CLARKIN,  
District Passenger Agent.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC TORONTO EXHIBITION**  
Aug. 29—Sept. 12

Fare and One-Third for Round Trip  
TICKETS ON SALE  
Aug. 28 to Sept. 11  
Good for Return until Sept. 16

For Particulars of Reduced Fares apply to Ticket Agent,  
G. BRUCE BURPEE,  
District Passenger Agent,  
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**Canada Steamship Line Ltd.**

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Leave Montreal August 27th  
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S. S. "Ceuta" September 12th  
S. S. "Hitherwood" September 26th

Arrive Charlottetown and leave for St. John's  
September 15th  
September 29th

For space and rates apply  
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**EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.**

COMMERCIAL—ST. JOHN, N. B.—(International) LINE  
Fare St. John to Boston \$16.00; Eastport or Lunenburg to Boston \$9.00  
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S. S. GOV. DINGLEY  
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Leave St. John Wednesdays at 9 A. M. and Saturdays at 7 P. M.  
Wednesday sailings leave Eastport 1.30 P. M., Standard Time  
Lunenburg 2.30 P. M. Standard Time due Boston Thursday 9 A. M.  
Saturday sailings direct to Boston, due Sunday 3 P. M.  
On Saturdays passengers may leave Eastport for Boston via St. John.

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR  
Atlantic Time  
Leave St. John Mondays and Fridays at 7 P. M., for Boston direct, due following day at 3 P. M.  
For additional information apply to agents at above ports.

**Dominion Live Stock Report**

(Canadian Press)

MONTREAL, Aug. 26.—(Dominion Live Stock) Aug. 26.—There were 42 cattle, 159 hogs, and 140 calves for sale on the two markets. With the shipment of 320 calves and about 400 lambs to an outside buyer yesterday the markets were cleaned up. Hogs remained steady at \$14.00 for straight lots of good weight, \$14.50 for select, and \$11.00 to \$11.50 for sows.

**Make Your Own SOAP and Save Money!**  
All you need is waste fats and

**GILLETT'S PURE FLAKE LYE**  
Full Directions With Every Can  
YOUR GROCER SELLS IT!

**C. N. R. Radio Programme**  
FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1925

CNRA (313 Metres.—MONCTON, N. B.)  
8 p. m.—  
Kiddies' Half Hour—Aunt Ida.  
8.30 p. m.—  
Dominion Department of Agriculture Market Service.  
9 p. m.—

**STUDIO PROGRAMME**

- Pianoforte Duet—"Zampa" (Edouard Born)—Mrs. Irvine Malcolm, Primo; Miss Vera Sharpe, Secondo.
- Soprano Solos (a) "Melody of Home" (Stowens), (b) "My Treasurer" (Trevalsa)—Mrs. J. Clyde Stevens.
- Tenor Solos—"Angels' Serenade" (Braga)—Mr. A. J. Mason, Violin Obligato: Mr. J. G. Davis.
- Contralto Solo—Selected—Miss Anna Malenfant.
- Vocal Solo (a) "Witches' Dance" (Paganini), (b) "Revue Cadajo" (Vieuxtemps)—Mr. J. Giblin Davis.
- Baritone Solos (a) "L'anci del Caro bene" (Secchi), (b) "Caro Mio Ben" (Giordani), (c) "Omnia mea mecum porto" (Mr. Cecil Blanchard Selfridge).
- Contralto Solo—Selected—Miss Anna Malenfant.
- Tenor Solos—Selected—Mr. A. J. Mason.
- Vocal Solos (a) "Mazurka" (Wienawski), (b) "Ave Maria" (Schubert), (c) "By the Bonnie Banks (Arr. Valentine Henry)—Mr. J. G. Davis.
- Baritone Solos (a) "The Blind Ploughman" (Clarke), (b) "Trees" (Rasbach)—Mr. Cecil Blanchard Selfridge.
- Vocal Solos (a) "Song of Luk a Rose" (Nevin)—Mrs. J. L. the Soul" (Brell), (b) "Mighty Clyde Stevens.
- Pianoforte Duet—Selected—Mrs. Irvine Malcolm, Primo; Miss Vera Sharpe, Secondo.
- Baritone Solos (a) "Oh That We Two Were Maying" (Nevin), (b) "Dawn in the Desert" (Ross)—Mr. Cecil Blanchard Selfridge.

Followed by CNRA Dance Orchestra  
Assisted by Mr. Walter Neale, Tenor.  
Accompanist: Mrs. Irvine Malcolm

CNRT (357 Metres.—TORONTO, ONT.)  
6.30 p. m. (E.D.S.T.)—  
Dinner Concert.  
Luigi Romanelli and his King Edward Hotel Concert Orchestra playing in the Main Dining Room of the King Edward Hotel  
9.30 p. m.—

**A NEW ONE ON HER**

Hubby (reading): Merciful heavens, here's four more persons killed in a feud!  
Wife: Never heard of that make of cars.

**VERY UNLADYLIKE**

Her Mother: I hope you and your little friend behaved like ladies at the party.  
Little Elsie: Well, we didn't. There were no cocktails or cigarettes and we couldn't play bridge, so there was nothing we could quarrel or swear about.

**AUCTION SALE**  
AT MONTAGE

Choice Furniture and 8 room house and stable. Robert McMillan property, at Wednesday, September 2nd, 1925, at one o'clock sharp. See hand bills. Apply owner Mrs. Coffin or Auctioneer.

4573-8-27M3L

**FOR SALE**

Double tenement home, corner Queen and Euston Streets. Large lot, beautiful shade trees, in condition modern. Improvements if not sold privately will be offered at public auction Sept. 1st. Apply to J. K. ROSS, New Bank of Nova Scotia Building.

**AUCTION SALE Under The "Winding Up Act"**

On Monday, August 31st inst. at 2 o'clock P. M. in front of the scale house of the plant of the Canada Dextrine Co. Ltd., Bridge town, Kings County. Will be sold to the highest bidder all the assets of the above Company now in liquidation including buildings and machinery and whatsoever.

All claims against the above Company must be presented to the undersigned not later than September 1st, 1925, properly attested to as per the "Winding Up Act."

H. D. McEWEEN, Liquidator  
Bristol, August 11th, 1925.  
3015-8-14R17L.

**Every 10c Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS**  
WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$8.00 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

Children's Half Hour with the Farmer, featuring the "Totem Pole Land" Stories.  
8.30 p. m.—

**PART II.**  
Combined Studio Concert and Dance Programme, broadcast by remote control from the Edmonton Riverfront Dancing Pavilion by "Graydon Tipp and his Orchestra."

This Dance will be conducted by and under the direction of the Edmonton Curling Club.