

HALF HOLIDAY

The Stores of the undersigned Merchants will be closed each Wednesday at 12 o'clock noon commencing June 28th, continuing until September 13th.

Signed THE WOOD COMPANY, WRIGHT BROS., LTD., MORRISON & CO., H. V. NORTON, MRS. BESSIE HOWATT, G. P. DUNSFORD.

Cedar Shingles and Posts

Posts 8c, 12c, 20c and 30c each. Shingles \$2.00 to \$3.75 per M. Best Quality. Also Studding, Sheathing and Hard and Soft Wood.

Valuable Lots For Sale

Some choice Building Lots for sale on reasonable terms, on both sides of Gerald street extension. Apply to Palmer & Farmers' office where a plan may be seen.

FURNESS

Freight and Passengers Leave Montreal Ch'Town 8. S. Rosalind July 1 July 3

CARVELL BROS LTD.

Charlottetown Agents 1038-6-10-stt.

Do Not Neglect Your Eyes

An examination might be of great benefit to you.

E. W. TAYLOR J. S. TAYLOR OPTOMETRISTS South Side Queen Square

STRAWBERRY BOXES

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND just received regulation size (1 quart). Also PINT SIZE for SMALL FRUITS.

A very large crop of STRAWBERRIES are in view this season. Growers are advised to secure their supply early as there may be a scarcity before the end of the season.

FOR SALE at our (Seed Store) Queen Street.

Carter & Co. Limited

Professional Cards

Stewart & Lowther J. D. STEWART, K. C. N. W. LOWTHER BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC 84 Great George Street MONEY TO LOAN

McLeod & Bentley J. A. BENTLEY J. A. BENTLEY W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law MONEY TO LOAN Office: 180 Richmond Street

Bell & Mathieson R. R. Bell D. L. Mathieson, L.L.D. Barristers & Solicitors Money to Loan Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

H. F. MacPhee, B. A. Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, &c. Riley Building, Charlottetown

Mark R. McGuigan, B. A. Barrister, Solicitor, Etc. Money to Loan Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

J. A. MacDonald, K. C. Barrister, Solicitor, &c. Riley Building Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Money to Loan and Collections given the very best attention. 875-6-1month.



IN CHANCERY

Before the Master of the Rolls. No. D 212. George R. Villett, Administrator of the personal estate and effects of Johanna Howatt, and another, Complainants, and Eva Innes and others, Defendants. PURSUANT to a Decretal Order made in the above mentioned cause or matter, by the Honourable, the Master of the Rolls, on the fifth day of June, A. D. 1933, referring all accounts and claims against the estate of Johanna Howatt, late of Victoria in Queen's County, Prince Edward Island, Widow, deceased, to me to report upon, I HEREBY NOTIFY and call upon all persons claiming in respect of any debts or liabilities affecting the said estate to come in before me, the undersigned Master in Chancery, at my office in the Prowse Block in Charlottetown in said County on Thursday the sixth day of July, A. D. 1933, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to prove the same, otherwise to be excluded from the benefit of the said Order, and to be barred from and against any claim against the estate.

Dated this 19th day of June A. D. 1933, D. EDGAR SHAW, Master in Chancery. 1283-6-20-tues-31

LEGAL NOTICE

The Bankruptcy Act

In the matter of the assignment of Albert E. Harris, of Summerside, in the Province of Prince Edward Island.

Scaled tenders will be received by the undersigned up to twelve o'clock noon on Wednesday the 28th day of June for all or any of the following parcels which comprise the assets of the said authorized assignor, namely:

PARCEL NO. 1.—Being the total stock of G. N. Furnishings, consisting of Mens and Boys Suits, Raincoats, Winter and Summer Overcoats, Overalls, Mens and Boys Pants, Bathing Suits, Underwear, Sweaters, Pyjamas, Shirts, Caps, Hats, Gloves, etc.

PARCEL NO. 2.—Store Fixtures.

PARCEL NO. 3.—Book Debts and Bills Receivable.

PARCEL NO. 4.—Household Furniture.

The highest or an offer not necessarily accepted. An itemized inventory of the above may be seen at the following places: namely, The Office of Messrs. Stewart and Lewis, Barristers, Water Street, Summerside, and the Office of the undersigned at the Court House, Summerside.

Inspection of the stock may be made at any time by applying to the undersigned at the Court House, Summerside.

Dated at Summerside, this 19th day of June A. D. 1933.

FREDERICK J. E. WRIGHT, Trustee. 1806-6-21 wed sat tue 31

AUCTION SALE

I will sell by Public Auction on Tuesday, July 4th, my farm consisting of 96 acres.

GEORGE DOVER, East Suffolk, P. E. I. 1088-6-13-27-7-3-31.

AUCTION SALE

I will sell by Public Auction on Thursday, June 29th at 1 P. M., the property of the late James McLean, Brookfield, two farms, 1 consisting of 70 acres fronting on the Malpeque Road, also 50 acres on the Johnson Road.

Stock—3 horses, 2 colts, 7 milk cows, 3 young cattle, 1 calf, 2 brood sows, 2 young pigs, 1 sheep and 2 lambs.

Implements—1 sectional seeder, 1 set disk harrows, 2 sets spring tooth harrows, 1 set light harrows, 1 gang plow, 2 single plows, 1 scuffer, 1 hiller, 1 hay mower, 1 rake, 1 binder, 1 truck wagon, 1 driving wagon, 1 cart, sleighs, harness, hardwood plank and other articles too numerous to mention. Terms made known at sale.

A MacRAE, Auctioneer. 1275-6-24-41.

Spinning and Weaving

Send me in your wool to be spun into Yarn and wove into Blankets. The charges are: single yarn 23 cents, doubled 26 cents per pound. Blankets \$2.00, and if unlaundered \$1.85. If wool must be well washed and all dirt and burrs picked out. The size of single yarn is medium, and doubled yarn fine, medium, and coarse. Put shipper's name on all parcels and owner's name, address and instructions inside. Send by mail or freight. Freight will be paid on 100 lb. lots.

WM. LANRIGAN, 65 Queen Street, Charlottetown. June 20-Tue-Sat-321.

The Other Man

By RUBY M. AYRES

STORY

She was roused by a little sound in the passage, and she looked up to see Mrs. Mellish, in a drab gray dressing gown, watching her with kindly eyes.

"Come to bed, my dear—I'll get you something hot to drink." Barbara laughed sobbingly. "I've been a fool, Mellish," she said. "I've been a silly darn fool. I've sent away the only man I ever loved."

Mrs. Mellish took her hand and patted it. "He'll come back," she comforted. "He'll come back to-morrow."

Barbara broke away from her sobbing. "To-morrow never comes," she wept. "Tomorrow never comes."

She read Pauline's letter sitting up in bed long after Mrs. Mellish had gone comfortably away, believing that Barbara slept.

Darling, Darling, Darling (Pauline began in her extravagant fashion)

I don't know why I am writing to tell you my wonderful secret even before I tell Dennis, something seems to tell me I must. I think somehow I've known it for a long time in the way that people know things—subconsciously, don't you call it?—and that I've been afraid to admit it even to myself. But now I'm sure, and I'm so wonderfully, wonderfully happy that I want to share my happiness with you, because you are my best friend and I love you, Barbara darling, I'm going to have a baby

The little green and gold clock on the dressing table which Jerry Barnett had given to Barbara ticked merrily on—the only sound in a world that seemed suddenly to have grown empty and ceased to live, and at last with an effort Barbara picked up the letter that had fallen from her hand and went on reading.

"If it's a boy . . ." She closed her eyes with a dreadful feeling of weakness.

Of course it would be a boy! a boy with eyes like Dennis's and a smile like Dennis's, like the man they both loved. Oh, Dennis—Dennis!

She was so cold; suddenly Barbara realized that her hands were like ice and that she was shivering violently. She slipped out of bed, leaving the rest of Pauline's letter unread, and crouched down by the fire.

"There is still to-morrow!" It was as if a voice whispered those words into her ear as she crouched by the fire, and suddenly her cheeks flushed and her pulses quickened.

To-morrow! It was not yet too late. He would come back, and just for once, if never again, she would know the perfect happiness of his love, and then

Across the warm, beautiful room she caught sight of her reflection in a long mirror, and it seemed to her overstrung imagination that a shadow Pauline stood behind her, a smiling, happy Pauline, with loving, trustful eyes.

Her best friend! Barbara fell forward on the floor, her face hidden, her hands clenched as she moaned over and over again in utter self-abasement.

"I can't—I can't . . . to be such a beast—such a vile beast!" And yet in her heart she knew it was not so much for Pauline that she was willing to make her sacrifice as for the sake of a child she had once held in her own arms.

Such a little life it had been, but it had yet left something indelible in Barbara's heart, some memory which, recurring now, would not allow her to hurt the child of another woman.

Barbara woke from a troubled sleep late in the following morning to the sound of voices in the little hallway outside her door.

Mrs. Mellish's she knew—the quiet, unemotional tones that never varied, and then another—the only voice that had ever had the power to make her heartbeats quicken and her cheeks flush. Dennis! and so early.

Barbara leaned on an elbow and stretched over to her watch. Half-past ten. Something must have happened to bring him so soon, or was it just that he found he could not do without her any longer? She listened intently.

"Not up yet—very tired after last night. Sleeping soundly." Then Dennis' voice again, impatient, obstinate. He would wait—if she would tell Mrs. Stark. Then the sound of his steps going to the sitting room, then the shutting of the door, and Mrs. Mellish tapping gently on her own.

"Come in." Mrs. Mellish entered, calm eyes, undisturbed as ever. "Mr. O'Hara. He says he will wait. I told him you were still sleeping."

For a moment she could not answer; then she said with an effort: "Oh, yes."

"I'll get up. Please get my bath ready."

THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND

by Timmins

ALICE, WHAT HAS COME BETWEEN US? YOU'RE NOT A BIT LIKE YOUR OLD SELF HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO OFFEND YOU?



I SHOULD HAVE BEEN FRANK. I MEANT TO BE, BUT IT'S SUCH A PERSONAL MATTER. THAT'S WHY I'M SHRINKING FROM DISCUSSING IT.



NEXT DAY AT THE CLUB



WELL, MY BOY, HOW GOES MARRIED LIFE?



I'M CERTAIN SHE DOES. BUT ALICE IS FASTIDIOUS—ALL WOMEN ARE. YOU'VE GROWN A BIT CARELESS ABOUT 'B.O.' I'VE NOTICED IT MYSELF.

CHEER UP, YOUR FAULT IS EASILY CORRECTED. JUST BATHE REGULARLY WITH LIFEBOUY AND YOU'LL HAVE NO MORE 'B.O.' WORRIES



ONE MONTH LATER



NOTHING COULD BE MORE DISTANT ABOUT THIS LITTLE SCENE! EVIDENTLY, LIFEBOUY'S DONE THE TRICK. NO 'B.O.' NOW TO SPOIL THEIR HAPPINESS

No one excuses "B.O."

ROMANCE dies—love itself grows cold—when "B.O." (body odour) offends. Yet it's so easy to be guilty and not know it. For pores are constantly giving off odour causing waste—a quart daily! Take no chances—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will know by its pleasant, extra-clean, quickly-vanishing scent that Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its rich, hygienic lather deodorizes pores—effectively ends "B.O." Lifebuoy today. To protect health, too—by removing germs from hands.



Barbara got out of bed and looked at herself in the glass. She did not look her best in the early morning, and she knew it.

"I look old," she thought with a pang, and hurriedly turned away. Barbara had never dressed so quickly before.

Why had he come so early? What was he doing now?

She looked in the mirror a hundred times, and at last she went to him without paint or powder on her face.

Dennis was standing looking down into the fire, and he had not taken off his overcoat.

"You are an early bird," she said, trying to speak lightly, and Dennis turned.

"He has heard from Pauline—he knows about Pauline," Barbara told herself, and her hand went to her heart.

"I'm so sorry to come so early. I ought to have rung up, but I—somehow I couldn't. I—" He broke off; then with an effort he pulled himself together again and said constrainedly: "You look tired. Won't you sit down?"

Barbara laughed. "Don't you mean I look old?" she asked bitterly.

"Old!" He did not understand; then, seeing the pain in her face, he said vehemently: "No—good God, no!" Then again the unbearable silence fell. Barbara took a cigarette from the mantelshelf and lighted it.

With a supreme effort she controlled her thoughts and turned to him. "I had a letter from Pauline last night." Was that the lead he wanted? Every pulse in her body seemed to stand still awaiting his reply.

Dennis said, "Oh, did you?" And then suddenly he plunged forward and took her hand. "And I had a visit from Barnett," he said.

FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT

"From Jerry?" She looked surprised, and the sudden relief sent the color rushing back headlong to her white face. "What did he want with you? I haven't seen him for some time."

"He came to talk about you." "About me?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Was he very melodramatic? Did he beg of you to give me up and not to ruin his life?"

"Something like that." O'Hara's voice sounded thick and unnatural. "Something like that." He caught his breath on a hard sound before he broke out savagely: "He told me you were his mistress."

Barbara stared down at the gray ash on the end of her cigarette. His mistress! Jerry's mistress! She wanted to laugh, and she wanted to cry. It was a lie. Thank God, it was not the truth, and yet—it might so very nearly have been.

But it was a lie all the same—thank God!

The gray ash fell, and she looked up into O'Hara's face. "Well—what did you say?" she asked. She was confident of what he had said; most likely he had kicked Jerry downstairs—poor dear Jerry!

June Wedding

The bells of St. Michael's Church, Iona, chimed joyfully on Wednesday 14 inst., signalling the gladly, solemn ceremony about to be performed within its walls, and the mid June sun danced with exuberant joy when a favorite young couple became man and wife, Miss Catherine McGarry, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis McGarry of Iona parish, an exquisite and accomplished young lady and Patrick J. Valley, a most estimable young man of Vernon River Parish were united in the holy bonds of matrimony in the presence of friends and relatives.

The bride looked charming dressed in blue silk crepe trimmed with white silk embroidered lace with hat to match attending the bride was her sister Miss Mary McGarry, dressed in blue silk crepe du chene trimmed with white silk, embroidered lace, with hat to match. The groom was ably supported by his brother, Mr. John T. Valley. The groom's present to the bride was a gold cross and chain, and to the bridesmaid a gold brooch set with rubies. The ceremony was performed by the assistant pastor, Rev. George MacDonald. After the marriage ceremony the happy couple accompanied by a number of immediate friends proceeded to the home of the bride's parents where they partook of a sumptuous wedding breakfast prepared in Mrs. McGarry's well known efficient style. After justice was done to the luxuries a number of the guests addressed words of eulogy to the bride and groom, wishing them a very happy married life with everyday sunshine and their hearts ever beating true.

The groom ably responded, thanking the speakers in a few well chosen words on behalf of himself and fair young bride for their pleasant words, and kind remarks, assuring them that, as they journeyed through life their kind words and addresses would ever remain fresh in their memories. The fore-

Dennis said fiercely: "I did love you—God knows I did love you." Already in the past! "I did love you," not "I do!"

She saw his hand go out to her, then fell again to his side. "He swore it! He said he'd been here with you alone, night after night—is that the truth?"

"Yes." She heard him sob as he turned away, and there was a tragic silence. Then he came back once more.

(To be Continued.)

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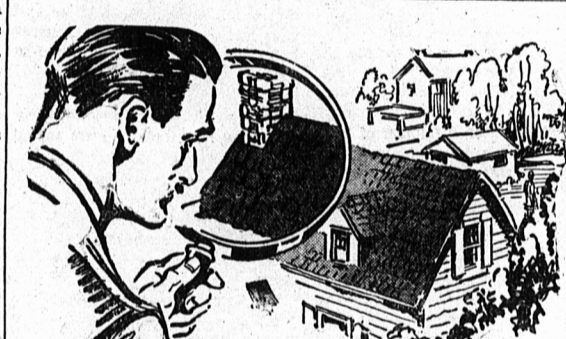
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(To be Continued.)



HOW LONG since you looked at your roof?

OLD roofs aren't to be trusted. There's no telling when they'll leak or catch fire. Ask us to send an expert to inspect your roof, without cost to you. He'll give you a frank report on its condition.

Repairing and re-roofing are our specialty. If you need a new roof we recommend Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles—colorful, moderately priced, fire-and-weather resistant, and long-lived. Today you can buy a new Johns-Manville roof outright, or pay for it under J.M.'s own deferred payment plan. That's an advantage. Let us tell you about it.

L. M. POOLE & CO. PAULS WHARF LUMBER MERCHANT Phone 172.

SANDY BEACH AND SEA-SIDE GOLF AT ST. ANDREWS BY THE SEA. Every golfer has the supreme ambition to 'play St. Andrews' someday—for St. Andrews' golf is perfect. Two courses, a championship '18' and a practice '9'. Sun-heated sea water bathing in sheltered cove. Trout fishing in season at nearby lakes. The ALGONQUIN Hotel is known all over the continent as a charming seaside resort. Delightful evenings—music, bridge and dancing. Season July 1—September 5. Write for full particulars to the Manager, Algonquin Hotel, St. Andrews, N.B. or C. B. Andrews, District Passenger Agent, Saint John, N.B.

Imperial Biscuit Co., Ltd. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. 'Well Begun Is Half Done' Begin feeding your fox pups with IMPERIAL PUPPY FOOD and prove the truth of this well-known adage as well as assuring pups of normal, robust, healthy development. You desire your pups to mature into highest class outstanding foxes. This result can readily be accomplished by liberal and regular feeding of 'IMPERIALS.'