

# Big Rally Meeting IN CHARLOTTETOWN

W. CHESTER S. McLURE

and  
W.-C. J. ANGUS McLEAN, D.F.C.  
Progressive Conservative Candidates for  
Queen's County

Also  
MR. JOSEPH HARRIS, M. P.  
Since 1921, for the constituency of Davenport  
(Toronto)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6th.

AT 8:30

AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE

VOTE

Progressive Conservative

Inserted By The Prince Edward Island  
Progressive Conservative Association



In addition to his establishment, that in several cases already has been his worth, has been the purchase of an E. & J. Resuscitator Inhaler and aspirator by Mr. A. E. Cutcliffe of the Cutcliffe Funeral Home.

The merit of this machine has already been established by its successful application in thousands of desperate cases and since coming to the island has been used to a great extent at the P. E. I. Hospital with good results. It can be used for adults, children or tiny, premature babies.

Designed for use in emergencies where natural respiration has failed, such as drowning, electric shock, carbon monoxide poisoning, asthma, pneumonia, the newborn, heart attacks and like, it produces respiratory mechanically at normal rhythm and pressure as it automatically adjusts itself to the lung capacity of adult or infant. And it can perform three functions in the twinkling of an eye for by merely turning over it can be converted from a breathing machine to an aspirator, an inhaler.

One of the finest hospitals throughout the United States are using this machine and members of their staffs know well the merit of it. In addition rescue squads in a large number of important hospitals, fire and police departments have availed themselves of its use and many lives have been saved because of the vital advantages the apparatus offers.

Mr. Cutcliffe deserves special commendation for his foresight in purchasing this machine. As said before it already, in the short space of time it has been on the island, has proved its worth, and it certainly is a great deal to the already fine undertaking establishment which Mr. Cutcliffe manages.

This machine, in a portable case, weighs 110 lbs. and can be rushed to the scene of an accident. It is available at any time by calling telephone No. 533.

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## Summer Hostess —by— Lucy Poate Stebbins

XXII

When Leslie asked what friends Hunt would be bringing, Eric said abruptly that he didn't know. His handsome blue eyes searched her face with a cold stare and he added maliciously, "Maybe Father and Mother Orsini. We ought to get the bunch together down here. Rocky Point would rake in the kake."

Leslie understood that this was his idea of a joke, but his humor was too sinister for her to enjoy it. She was going away when he stopped her by asking curiously, "Where do people like the Orsinis spend their summers? Our clientele is pretty well to do, but I suppose the Orsinis are a cut above them. We don't get multimillionaires at Rocky Point."

"They used to have a place in Scotland," said Leslie. "In the winter they went to the Italian Riviera." Her tone was laudatory.

She had been offered the use of the Hardaway car as far as the pier but she preferred walking there, and had wanted it only to transport Tony, Norah and herself to Mrs. Sanderson's. She started early in order to charter the one taxi.

At the pier she spoke to the garulous taxi driver. He did not want to reserve his cab, for he liked to fill it with passengers and demand from each of them an exorbitant fare. Leslie argued but failed to convince him. The most he would promise was to squeeze her party in somehow.

The Walkure was in sight although many minutes must pass before she docked. Leslie walked restlessly along the pier. It was a pity that so many guests from Rocky Point liked to see the Walkure dock. Leslie hoped they would think Tony belonged to Norah. His eyes were like the purple pansies steeped in heavenly dew. Norah would not try to be inconspicuous. She loved attention.

When Leslie caught sight of him the ship's flag was not more noticeable than Hunt's mighty shoulder. He was about his peck, he was shouting at the top of his lungs. Norah was standing beside Hunt with her arm through his. Someone exclaimed, "What a lovely family!" It was going well, then; one would associate Tony with the Vance girl who had been at Rocky Point all summer. "Norah is making up to Hunt," she thought. When she found out the Hardaways aren't rich any more she will lose interest. She will marry again, but not until she makes sure of handsome settlements.

The three crossed the gangplank. Huntleigh carried Tony; lovely, helpless little Norah followed just ahead. Leslie laid her hand carelessly on Norah's arm, but her eyes were fixed beyond her upon Tony. She could scarcely speak. "Do you know me, Tony?" He had a way of screwing up his face which was like Frost's, but wasn't as if he meant to cry, but something. "Aunt Leslie!" he shouted, looking with joyous laughter.

Her hungry arms reached up to take him.

"The car's waiting," said Hunt, not giving him up.

"Where are your friends?" she asked looking around.

"Why, Tony's here, and Norah; no one else," he said, surprised.

She was deeply touched. All week she must have been planning to arrive with Norah and Tony. The three had been ordered to meet them. Everything was going with beautiful smoothness. Hunt carried her friend "Norah" and what Hunt did sounded right. Yet when Eric used first names she was displeased. What else could any one call Norah except darling or sugar pie? Mrs. Hardy didn't suit. Hunt dismissed the chauffeur. Again Leslie reached up to take Tony, but the child burrowed his face in Huntleigh's shoulder while a laughing eye flirted with his aunt.

"We'll put him between us," said Hunt. "Norah will have to sit in back with the suitcases."

Norah sat on the edge of the rear seat, and leaning forward laid one soft little hand on Hunt's shoulder and the other on Leslie's.

"We got a party, Les. Rehearsals had to dig out from under the kid, so it's a good job you sent for him. Say, it's a pretty good one they've given me. Listen." She hummed a bar.

Leslie said, "How awfully pretty!" But she could think of little besides Tony who sat gravely between her and Huntleigh with his eyes fixed, and a fat finger pointing first to one fascinating knob and then another. "He scarcely knows what a car is," she murmured.

When they reached Erika Sanderson's, Hunt carried Tony into the house and then came back to unload the luggage.

"But precious," cried Norah, "those two beautiful cases belong to little me. They go to the hotel." It was like Norah to bring enough clothes for a season when she was staying a weekend. If she had never suffered the privations of a trouper, she would have brought a wardrobe trunk.

"This is Tony's," said Leslie. "Is it yours, Norah?" For Hunt was carrying a wooden packing case into the house.

"Toys for Tony," he explained briefly.

"He's the kindest man I ever knew," she said to Norah while he was out of hearing.

"Perfect peach," agreed Norah. "He drove all the way from New York to Boston to pick up Tony and me and bring us down the Cape. Saved us a filthy train ride. Oh, Hunt is quite a boy! He took me to dinner at the Ritz last night. We did a show and then went up to dance at the Blue Heaven. He enjoyed it heaps."

Huntleigh carried the bags upstairs. Erika lifted Tony into a crude high chair. She washed his face and hands and brought him a deep dish with chicken, mashed potatoes, and little green peas. Tony brandished a spoon and fell to.

"It is better that you go now," said Erika to the girl. "He will not mind while he is eating. Afterwards he will sleep. Too much excitement is not good."

What she said was

## Looking Ahead with Hal Bohaker

I made a call on a friend of mine the other day and, to my surprise, I found him packing grips in preparation for a journey. "Going away, Bill?" I asked.

"Sure. Going away on a business trip."

"Be away long?"

"Couple of months."

I turned to his wife who was helping to pack. "How are you going to get along without him?" I asked.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to starve," she replied laughing. "I'm making sure that he leaves me enough to get along with until he gets back."

That's a simple little story of a man who is leaving home for two months. He arranges the family budget so that everything goes smoothly until he returns. Life insurance has a bigger problem than that. It must arrange the family budget for a journey from which there is no return. No one can tell when the call will come to take the journey. It may be many years. It may be tomorrow. But the Sun Life of Canada can arrange the budget for you at once, simply, economically and effectively. Call or write me and I will gladly talk things over with you... and no obligation incurred.

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true. Yet Leslie felt disappointed. She had expected to watch him have his dinner and then to undress him and sit beside the crib until he slept. Norah was calling her to hurry. She perched on the running board like a bright-blossomed hough of Forsythia. "Let's go for Rocky Point!" she shouted. "I want my lunch."

Leslie kissed Tony. Huntleigh was watching. "I'll run you over tonight," he volunteered.

"You will get him all upset," said Mrs. Sanderson. "For a few days he must be kept quiet."

"You had better let Miss Vance decide," said Hunt gravely.

Norah was about to be shoved into the back seat on this trip. "We can all sit in front," she remarked good-naturedly, and snuggled up to Huntleigh. Leslie could see over her pretty yellow head in its crownless hat. She gave Hunt a smug smile, as she knew how to make it. She was quite willing to have Norah monopolize him because she knew he had too much sense to be attracted to a girl like Norah was fatal to some types of men. But Hunt wasn't that kind. He had no more sense than Tony.

"Have I made a mistake?" she asked.

"You know my opinion," he answered seriously.

"I don't mean with the Orsini family. Was I wrong to take him to Mrs. Sanderson's? She seems so—possessive."

"Yes."

"She's jealous of me already. She fell in love with him at first sight."

Leslie had asked Miss Sablin to put an extra single bed in her room to save expense and spare at a time when the hotel was full. There wasn't much objection. Her left to move about on, but Norah didn't mind. It did Leslie's heart good to see how happy the child was. Too much contrition in which to see her pretty self. What she saw in them satisfied her so perfectly that she never once looked out of the window at the view.

She dressed in a great hurry, so eager was she to get down to the dining room and see the crowd. Leslie rather liked Miss Baron's scarlet nails because she dressed quietly and was as brown as a gipsy; but didn't Norah go too far toe and finger nails, earrings and in wearing beforesandies with linen dress all of flamingo pink? Her blond hair was of a silvery fairness; she rouged her lips leaving her face pale under heavily mascaraed brows and lashes. No one could help looking twice at Norah; that is, if he had the will power to turn his head away after the first glance. Leslie had not realized how conspicuous she was, nor how conventional the Rocky Point clientele, until they entered the dining room.

(Continued)

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