

# Bigger Than Ever! 10 FREE Premiums In This

## HOLMAN-Enterprise

# PREMIUM Sale

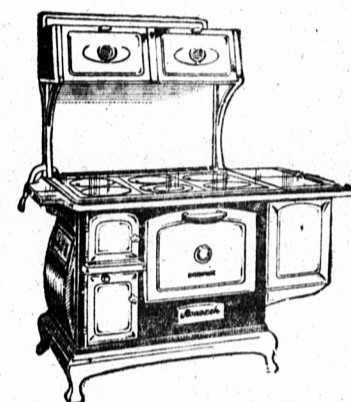
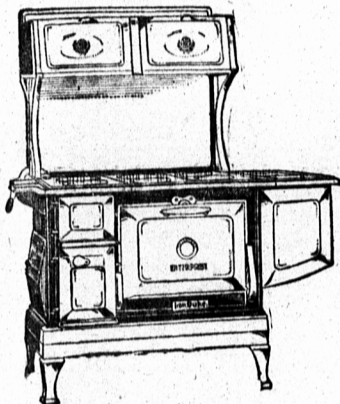
Again, the makers of Enterprise co-operate to help us stage this outstanding Event! This time we make it worth your while to Buy your Enterprise Range now by offering a big line-up of real valuable premiums. If you are planning to buy a new range, don't delay, for this remarkable offer positively ends November 6th and will not be repeated again this year. Visit Holman's today and select your new Enterprise Range and your FREE PREMIUM.

### A Sensational 12 Day Sale -- Oct. 25 to Nov. 6

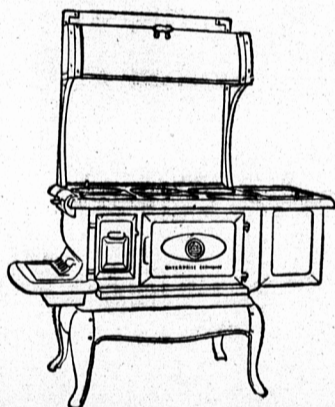
## FREE! FREE! FREE!

Check Over This List of Useful Premiums—Decide Which One You Want—Then Order Your New Enterprise Range NOW and We'll Deliver With it, Absolutely FREE Your Premium! YOU MUST ACT QUICKLY—Sale Positively Ends Nov. 6th

- |   |  |  |  |   |
|---|--|--|--|---|
| Premium No. 1<br>26 Piece Silverware Set.         | Premium No. 2<br>Congoileum Rug Size 6 x 9 Ft.   | Premium No. 3<br>Congoileum Rug Size 7½ x 9 Ft.    | Premium No. 4<br>Coleman Gasoline Table Lamp.        | Premium No. 5<br>Popular Coleman Gasoline Iron. |
| Premium No. 6<br>Electric Bridge Lamp with shade. | Premium No. 7<br>Set of Enamel Cooking Utensils. | Premium No. 8<br>Reliable Electric Iron with cord. | Premium No. 9<br>Attractive 32 Piece Dinnerware Set. | Premium No. 10<br>Set of 5 Aluminum Utensils.   |



**\$5. DOWN**  
Delivers Any ENTERPRISE During Sale  
**BALANCE**  
Easy Payments



### Such Features As These: Only ENTERPRISE Gives You

**QUICK HEAT**—Speedheat Streamlined Flues, gives quicker morning fires and quicker heat at all time.

**GOOD TIGHT JOINTS** — Flame sealed joints mean more heat from less fuel.

**GREAT STRENGTH** — No twist with an Enterprise—The Anchor Tie-up Construction makes it impossible.

**SPEEDY COOKING**—The "Intensifire Ring" on the bottom of every cover speeds up cooking.

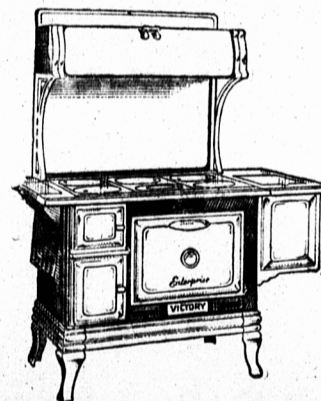
**10 YEAR GUARANTEE ON COVERS**—Break one in that time and Enterprise supplies a new one, no charge.

**MAGICOOK OVEN**—Clean, bright and well ventilated, a joy to see and to use.

**ACCURATE THERMOMETER** — Clear vision style, accurate and easy to read.

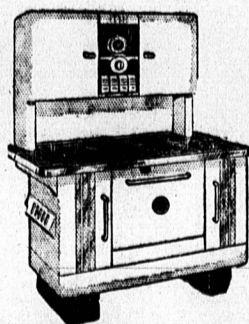
**INSULATED HANDLES** — Ensures comfort at all times.

**EASY TO CLEAN**—Double thick enamel and smooth nickel makes cleaning simple and easy.

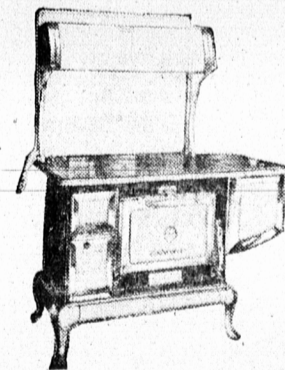


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No Need To Buy The Ordinary  
There's An ENTERPRISE  
At Every Popular Price  
Be Wise--Buy Enterprise



Choose ENTERPRISE  
"Canada's Finest Range"  
And Enjoy Years of Carefree,  
Fuel-Saving Cooking and Baking  
Comfort . . .



SUMMERSIDE

# HOLMAN'S

CHARLOTTETOWN

### TRUE BY THE SUN

By LIDA LARRIMORE

(Continued)  
He learned, by devious means, a few scattered facts about Cecily. She dominated the household. Since Miss Cecily isn't here, I suppose we can have corned-beef hash for luncheon, he heard Miss Parker's remark to Nora as he waited, respectfully, hat in hand, to drive her to the village.  
Cecily was popular. The telephone rang and cars filled with young people raced in and out of the mall drive. A lark addressed to her each day was interested in someone who did not meet with her father's approval. He could scarcely avoid hearing snatches of a conversation between Miss Parker and a friend from a neighboring estate.

He didn't learn a great deal, however, merely that the object of Cecily's interest was artistic. That might mean anything, of course, though, later, he heard something about a summer theater and the word bohemian pronounced by Miss Parker with fastidious distaste. He learned, too, that Mr. Vaughn had forbidden Cecily to have anything to do with the undesirable young man under pain of penalties hinted but not detailed.  
He reviewed Dolly's references to a mythical rival in the light of the conversation he had overheard. Was that the guy to whom Dolly had scathingly alluded the artistic young man whom Miss Parker had mentioned? What Cecily sees in him? Perhaps he'd better stop in

at the drug-store.  
He hadn't seen Dolly since the afternoon of his arrival. He hadn't delivered her message to Tommy. The storm breaking at twilight had canceled its importance. He had an idea that Dolly would not be offended by his negligence. His desultory acquaintance with Tommy convinced him that the affair with Dolly, if there was an affair, was important only to Tommy.  
Dolly, however, bore no malice. When Jim went into the drug-store one morning to have a prescription filled for Mr. Vaughn, she greeted him with a jaunty Hello Mr. Barrymore!  
Jim assumed an engaging air of contrition.  
No, he said with a slow, some what sheepish smile. I'm the extra man in and about the house.  
Dolly's eyes narrowed and crinkled.  
You're Jim, she said returning his smile. The new man out at the Vaughn's.  
How did you know?  
Tommy told me. She perched on a stool behind the fountain, perched as Jim had remembered her friendly smile. It's funny, she continued, the day you came in mentioned? What Cecily sees in him? Perhaps he'd better stop in

of the Vaughns. You looked—  
I'd just had a hair-cut, Jim countered.  
Dolly considered for a moment. Then she learned toward him across the fountain and asked in a confidential undertone, What's the idea, Mister? It is a bet?  
Jim shook his head.  
Don't you read the papers? There's a depression, he said.  
Oh! Her expression changed. I'm sorry, she said slowly. It's none of my business anyway. Again her eyes glinted teasingly between thickly mascaraed lashes. Are you a good hired man? she asked.  
I'm improving, Jim replied. And by the way, I'm indebted to you for the job.  
To me?  
To you, Jim replied. You sent me out to the Vaughn place with—  
What's his name? The speed demon with the sandy hair.  
Herbert. She smiled.  
You're responsible. What are you going to do about it?  
Must I do anything?  
You must let me pay my debt, at least. What evenings are you free?  
Mondays and Fridays—to you. Good! I'll arrange something.

She smiled. Okay, Mister!  
But what about Tommy? Jim asked. Perhaps I'll be risking my job.  
Oh, Tommy! She grimaced laughingly. Isn't he the man about town! He's cute, though, she added, and useful sometimes. I can dodge Tommy. He thinks I spend my evening reading.  
Customers claimed her attention then.  
Jim promised himself the pleasure of spending an evening with Dolly at some undetermined date in the immediate future. Meanwhile he devoted his attention to his assorted duties. He discovered, surprisingly, as he became accustomed to the vagaries of the household, that he was happy at Meadowbrook.  
He wired Kay to send his clothes. She responded with an avalanche of telegram, ranging from a mildly facetious Come home all is forgiven to persistent demands for information. He wrote her a letter, being careful to give her no idea of the nature of his position. She'd turn up sometime, of course.  
He wrote to Lenore. The letter gave him a great deal of difficulty. He destroyed a quantity of stationery, sitting at MacPherson's desk

in the living-room of the cottage. At intervals he swore.  
Well, he had submitted to it, hadn't he? No use kidding himself. Lenore was attractive. He liked her. Then what? At any rate he had no intention of making a definite break. This was a temporary arrangement. He would write of his position amusingly. Lenore would understand.  
Would she? The question, recurring at intervals, was a source of annoyance to Jim. Lenore had glorified the memory of his youthful devotion during the years of her unhappy marriage. He'd never been able to tell her that his feeling for her had changed. She should have sensed the difference. Perhaps she had but wouldn't admit it. Women had a devastating capacity for deceiving themselves.  
Oh, well! He wrote to her, finally. The letter was not satisfactory. It lacked entirely the touch he thought it should have. What was the difference? He probably wouldn't be permitted to remain at Meadowbrook. When the Princess returned, that imperious young lady named Cecily, she'd probably see to it that he was discharged at once. That was why he thought of her at intervals, why he

wondered when she was coming home.  
He had no warning of her arrival. If he had gone to the garage that morning, he would have seen her roadster there between the sedan and the station wagon. He did not go to the garage. After breakfast, he went about his task of sweeping the terrace.  
Jim thought of how pleasant the early morning was when one had become accustomed to rising at half past six. Birds were singing. Cobwebs sparkled on the grass. The wind was cool and fragrant.  
The screen door opened and there she was, slender and trim in whipcord jodhpurs and a shirt of heavy cream-colored silk. Jim glanced at her fleetingly from the far end of the terrace and hastily turned his back.  
Good morning! she called in a clear gay voice.  
Jim did not reply. He whistled loudly and made swishing sounds with the broom.  
Will you saddle Lady for me? she asked pleasantly. I'll nip in and have some breakfast.  
Jim felt that the request demanded a reply. He turned. She

looked at him. For a moment her expression was puzzled. Then she recognized him.  
Oh! she said, not quite so gaily. It's the S. P. C. A!  
Good morning, Miss Cecily. Jim's manner was deferential. He saw that her eyes were flashing. Good-by to independence, he thought. Good-by to Meadowbrook.  
When she spoke her voice was crisp and cool.  
I thought you were the stable man, she said. He's been doing this, who are you?  
Jim, he replied, the new extra man, and he couldn't resist adding, in and about the house.  
Oh! She appeared to deliberate for a moment.  
She said nothing and turned toward the door.  
Jim ventured a question.  
Shall I saddle the mare for you? he asked.  
No, thank you! She stood at the door, her hands in her pockets, her chin lifted, her eyes flickering over Jim. So you're the new man, she said at length. You're more decorative than the last one. I wonder how long you'll stay?  
(To Be Continued)