

PAGE TWO

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Here is the vacation of your life! Golf, tennis, swimming, motoring... riding and hiking on sky line trails... all in a mountain paradise where the very air is a tonic in itself! Visit the castle-hotel at Banff, the Chateau at lovely Lake Louise, Swiss-like Emerald Lake... three vacations on one low-cost, all-expense tour... Moderate rates for longer stays.

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Enroute to or from the West, sail via the GREAT LAKES (Canada's Inland Ocean) NEW LOW FARES to BANFF and PACIFIC COAST and return from Charlottetown

BANFF
On sale: June 15 to August 15
Return Limit, Sept. 30
Tourist Sleeper — \$ 94.70
Standard Sleeper — 124.90
Coach — 131.85

YANCOUVER-VICTORIA
Coach — \$ 114.95
Tourist Sleeper — 126.95
Standard Sleeper — 148.95
* Plus sleeping car fare.
† On sale to Sept. 30, return limit 45 days but not later than Oct. 31.

Full information from any Canadian Pacific Agent, or H. M. DAVIDSON Ltd., 78 Great George St. Phone 311.

Canadian Pacific

FOR SALE

15 ACRES OF LAND IN THE ROYALTY OF CHARLOTTETOWN

The undersigned offers for sale the above property situated 3 1/2 miles from Charlottetown and Twelve chains west of the permanent highway on the Malpeque Road. House contains eight rooms with water system installed in the cellar. The land is in a splendid state of cultivation and has a stream of running water suitable for raising ducks and geese. Contains also a fox ranch. The above including three head of cattle, farming implements and crop must be sold, as the owner is in ill health and unable to attend to farming operations.

For further particulars apply to Fidele Gallant on the premises or to

S. DESROCHES,
Solicitor,
Canadian Bank of Commerce Bldg.
Charlottetown.

TO LET

Dwelling No. 247 Grafton Street. Lately occupied by Dr. Keeping. Apply

L. M. POOLE & CO.
L-5906-7-8-1f.

FARM FOR SALE

At South Melville containing 50 acres. Apply

JAMES MALONE,
Kelly's Cross.
L-6266-7-21-9f.

Southport Property

For sale privately 15 acres of choice farm land on the paved highway on the west side of the Burnaby Road, Southport. Sheltered on every side by birch trees. Ideal for summer home. Three miles from town. Apply to owner.

MISS BESSIE STEWART,
Southport.
L-6241-7-20-3f.

Property For Sale

Property for sale at Hunter River consisting of three acres of land. Large dwelling house, one barn and warehouse. Apply to

RUSSELL BERNARD.
L-6279-7-21-23.

AUCTION SALE

27 acres on the highway, four miles from Charlottetown. Suitable for fox ranching. Will be sold privately up to the day of sale, August 3rd at 2 o'clock.

Apply to Gordon Chowan, Clyde River or to J. A. MacDonald, Auctioneer.
L-6274-7-21-23-25 28 30 5f.

WHISTLE FOR DANGER

By MABOTH MOSELEY

I was working late one night when without warning my front door was flung open and a pretty girl stood on the threshold. Before I could express my surprise she had turned and closed the door then, with a twinkle in her dark eyes, she murmured:

"Please forgive me. My apartment is being searched."

Her voice had the rather attractive drawl of the educated American. There was no trace of the harsh nasal tone associated in the English mind with the children of Uncle Sam. She smiled at me so sweetly that I swallowed my surprise and motioned her into the sitting-room.

"Don't apologise," I murmured, "Come in and tell me all about it."

For a moment she hesitated, and then a door was slammed on the floor above. With more haste than dignity she took my advice and scuttled into the sitting-room.

"I'm sorry to trouble you like this," she began. "I ought to explain that I'm a newspaper woman."

My heart sank. Since writing the words and music of several revues, which, by a series of lucky chances, had happened to be successful, I had been the prey of enthusiastic reporters. I had no desire to be superior. My dislike was due to a sense of inferiority which which interviewers imputed to me.

"Sorry, Miss—," I broke off.

"Dering, Hilary Dering," she interposed, "late of the New York Daily Telegram."

I tried to assume a stern expression. "Sorry, Miss Dering, I've made it a rule never to give interviews, even to charming young ladies who are enterprising enough to get in by a trick."

"A trick?" There was a puzzled expression in her eyes. "Oh yes," she smiled, "of course, you're the Roger Merriman. I ought to have remembered. But I didn't come to interview you..." she broke off in some embarrassment. "You see, it's like this, a crook named Carloti is trying to bump me off. He came up to my apartment and I came in here."

I was faintly amused, and yet, at the same time, attracted towards her. She was tall and lithe, with dark, wavy hair parted down the centre. Her eyelashes were long and curling and her lips were soft and seductive. Her dress had the simplicity of all great artistic creations. She was one of those Americans who make most of the little women seem dowdy and provincial by comparison.

"Well, go on," I prompted, and then observed that her hands were trembling. Once, she turned nervously towards the door, a gesture which explained more than any words. At that moment I realised she was speaking the truth. "Look here," I said, "I'm going to give you a brandy and soda."

She began to reconstitute, "Oh, no, I insist. It'll do you good."

I got the drinks and she took hers with a hand that still trembled. After she had slipped it I urged her to continue.

"You must think I'm crazy," she said, "but you remember the Leckenheim case last year, when the daughter of a prominent southern Senator was kidnapped?"

"Who doesn't?" I smiled, and recalled the story which had set the world agog, had proved too intricate for the United States police and had resulted in a complete deadlock. The recovery of the child's body had appeared to be an anti climax rather than a clue to the apprehension of the murderers.

After maintaining its position as front page news for several days the story had faded into oblivion.

"In the States," she went on, "women, as you know, are sent out on all sorts of jobs. Well, I was assigned to the Leckenheim story. I accused a man, a prominent politician, of being mixed up in it, but—" she broke off, and her eyes searched my face again. "I hadn't gotten enough evidence. In fact, I'd got no definite proof at all."

"Yes?" I sipped my drink and regarded her steadily. The spirit was doing its work. She had ceased to turn her head in the direction of the door and her hand was no longer trembling. "May I ask how you became suspicious of the politician?"

"Sure," she gazed at her long, pointed finger nails. "It was purely accidental. On the night of the kidnapping a notorious gangster was seen hanging about the Leckenheim home. He was arrested and questioned, but an order came from high official quarters to release him. An alibi was faked and another deadlock arose. A fortnight later I was in New York and saw this man on the side walk. He went into a swell apartment and I hung about outside. Soon he came out with the prominent politician. I made enquiries and, to cut a long story short, got into the apartment and found some incriminating letters. But like a fool I didn't take them."

"And so?" I prompted.

"And so the whole thing collapsed. Instead of telling the police I went back to the office and told the City Editor, with the result that I got kicked out."

"With all due respect for your pluck and enterprise, Miss Dering," I said, "I still don't understand why you should want to get yourself mixed up in such a slimy business and why you are now in England."

She smiled. "You don't know what it means to be a reporter, Mr. Merriman. I wanted to get the exclusive story for my paper. I still want to get it and to reinstate myself. That's why I'm here."

"I see."

"Shortly after this the politician decided that a visit to Europe would be good for his health. I'd not had a holiday for two years so I decided Europe would be good for my health too."

"Who is he?" I asked, thoughtfully.

"John Van Tuyl."

"Good lord!" The revelation staggered me. I, in common with others, regarded Van Tuyl as one of the few incorruptible politicians in the United States. I began to realise how Miss Dering had slipped up in suggesting his guilt in the Leckenheim kidnapping. I no longer wondered why she was eager to bring him to justice. Such a story would cause a world-wide sensation.

It was not this, however, but the idea of the girl's jealousy in a foreign land that caused my determination to afford her what help I could.

"How did you manage to escape them if they went up to your flat?" I asked.

"I'd taken a walk around the block and was coming back when I saw Carloti and another man going up the steps to the front door. I followed them and could hear them arguing on the landing. I suddenly lost my nerve and knocked at your door."

A MINUTE MOVIE

FRED STONE JEAN PARKER

STARS OF THE RKO Radio Production "THE FARMER IN THE DELL"

"Hollywood Adventure"

WELL, DAD, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE IN THE MOVIES?
ALL RIGHT, BUT GOSH—ACTING IS AS HARD WORK AS FARMING!
I'M TOO TIRED TO EAT
YOU NEED SOMETHING NOURISHING. REMEMBER, THEY'RE SHOOTING YOUR BIG SCENE THIS AFTER-NOON

SAY, THIS QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT TASTES GREAT! NO WONDER MOVIE STARS LIKE IT.
YES—AND IT'S FULL OF FOOD-ENERGY. IT'S MADE OF WHOLE WHEAT
OH, DAD, YOU WERE GREAT! THE DIRECTOR SAYS YOU'RE GOING TO GET A CONTRACT!
HE OUGHT TO GIVE YOU ONE—TO SEE THAT I EAT RIGHT!

INNER WAX BAG
SEALED CARTON
OUTER WAX WRAPPER

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT

NOURISHING WHOLE WHEAT GRAINS "SHOT FROM GUNS" GIVE QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT ITS RICH FOOD-ENERGY. AND YOU GET ALL ITS DELICIOUS, DOUBLE-CRISPED FLAVOR—THANKS TO THE RED AND BLUE PACKAGE THAT'S TRIPLE-SEALED TO GUARD FRESHNESS!

QUAKER PUFFED RICE IS DELICIOUS, TOO—TRY IT!

It was then that there came the sound of footsteps on the stairs. The girl's eyes narrowed. She stiffened and whispered:

"That's Carloti. I'd better go. No need to drag you into it."

"Don't be silly, I took her wrist and drew her across the hall into the bedroom. 'Stay there,' I murmured, and without further remonstrance she flopped on to the bed."

I returned to the sitting-room and stole across to the piano. I began to improvise a tune which had just come into my head. I decided that it would make an excellent number for my new revue. It went with a swing to the refrain of:

"On the second floor, on the second floor, came a timid knock at the door."

It was well away when a knock came literally at the door. I rose, ruffling my hair and tying the cord of my dressing-gown.

On opening the door I was confronted by the redoubtable Carloti. He broke into an expansive, ingratiating smile, revealing, as he did so, a mouthful of gold teeth. His black hair was crinkly and oiled. He smelt strongly of scent. Behind him stood a typical Bowery tough whose hip pocket bulged suspiciously.

"Good evening," I began.

"You know the da ne upstairs" growled Carloti.

"Sorry, no I made as if to close the door, but his foot shot out."

"Get this, mister, I gotta find that dame to-night and I sure believe she's in this joint."

"You're mistaken," I replied. "I heard someone running down the stairs just before you came in. That may have been the lady." I feigned a yawn.

"Aw, come on," snarled the tough suddenly, "this guy ain't no use."

Reluctantly, Carloti agreed. I watched them go down the stairs, and then turned back into the bedroom. Miss Dering was standing there, her lips parted, her eyes bright with excitement. I think it was at that moment that I fell in love with her.

After a great deal of discussion:

she agreed to go down to my country cottage the following day. I felt that it was dangerous for her to remain any longer in her flat.

It was arranged that we should both travel down by the same train from Paddington. We were to be like total strangers. I was to keep her under observation, and in the event of danger to whistle the tune "On the Second Floor."

I reached Paddington ten minutes before the train was due out. Of Carloti and his confederate there was not a sign. The train was non-stop to Clavering. I watched Hilary get into a compartment full of women and felt that nothing could happen enroute. As the porters began to close the doors I stepped in, too, lower down the train.

As we approached Clavering the autumn evening was drawing in. The moon had not risen and I felt that supposing Carloti had evaded my glance at Paddington he would find it difficult to perform any monkey tricks in the lonely lanes which for three miles, separated Clavering from the cottage.

(To Be Continued)

Notice of Mortgage Sale

front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown on Friday the 31st day of July A. 1928 at the hour of two o'clock noon, ALL that tract of land situate, lying and being on Township Number Fifty-one in King's County bounded and described as follows: COMMENCING on the North side of the Georgetown Road at the South-western corner of a farm now or formerly owned or occupied by Robert Dewart, thence north along the West boundary line of said Dewart farm one hundred chains to a farm now or formerly owned or occupied by James Moar, thence west along said James Moar's land ten chains, thence South along the East line of land now or formerly owned or occupied by George McDonald one hundred chains to the Georgetown Road aforesaid, thence East along said Road to the place of commencement, containing one hundred acres of land a little more or less. The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an indenture of mortgage dated 27th March 1925, made between J. Milton Kennedy of New Perth in Kings County, farmer, and Elizabeth J. McNeill his wife, of the first part, and Margaret A. McLeod of the second part, and which mortgage by divers means assignments and acts in the law has become vested in the undersigned, default having been made in payment of the moneys secured by the said mortgage.

For particulars apply to McLeod & Bentley, Solicitors, Charlottetown. Dated this 30th day of June 1928.

WILLIAM E. BENTLEY and GEORGE W. WAKEFORD,
Surviving Executors of the Estate of the late Sarah J. Stamper.
L-6262-7-2-9-16-23.

Safe for BABY'S SKIN

LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK



Vaseline WHITE

SPINNING and WEAVING

Send me your wool to be spun into yarn and wove into blankets. Charge, single yarn 25 cents per pound, doubled yarn 36 cents. Blankets \$2.00, if laundered \$1.85. It takes five pounds of wool to make a blanket. Wool must be well washed, all dirt and burrs picked out.

The size of single yarn is: medium, doubled yarn: fine, coarse.

Prices of wool washed and picked wool is 36 cents a pound. Special price for unwashed wool.

WM. CONDON
65 Queen Street, Charlottetown
L-6264-1-1-3 mths.

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We are open to buy Dining Room, Kitchen and Bedroom Furniture. Also large and small stoves.

We pay spot cash for everything we buy.

Phone 869 or call Charlottetown

Furniture Exchange
89 Queen Street
L-6275-7-21-3f.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

with Major Hoople

AH WOODEN GO IN DEAH IF AH WAS YOU, MISSUS HOOPLE, 'CAUSE DE WHOLE ATTIC IS FULL OB BEES AN' LIGHTNIN' BUGS—YASM! MISTAH MAJAH IS PERFECTIN' A HALF BEE AN' HALF LIGHTNIN' BUG, SO DE BEE KIN SEE T'WORK AT NIGHT, AS WELL AS IN DE DAY!

SO THAT'S THE NIT-WIT IDEA THAT'S HAD HIM MUMBLING TO HIMSELF THE PAST WEEK—WELL, BEES IN ONE ATTIC IS ENOUGH IN THIS HOUSE! AT LEAST, WE CAN OPEN THE WINDOWS AND CLEAN THEM OUT OF THIS ONE!

MUCH TOO MUCH FOR MARTHA

OUT OUR WAY

PADDLE-SWIM! YOU CAN'T EXPECT US TO PULL YOU—USE YOUR ARMS!

IF I COULD, I'D SHACK YOU FOR THIS! YOU'VE GOT ME TRUSSSED UP LIKE... BLUB... LIKE A BED IN A BANDANNA—LET ME DOWN! I'LL LEARN-MYSELF!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

Professional Cards

Lloyd, Egan & Co.
Chartered Accountants
140 Richmond Street
Phone 47 F. O. Box 12

McLeod & Bentley
W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.
J. A. BENTLEY, K. C.
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