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"Daughter Of Venus"

BY ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER VI

In a remote part of the great building she discovered a door that swung wide and she entered a room furnished with thickish books bound in yellow leather. It looked like—and was—an extensive medical library.

Before she could retreat, for the room seemed empty, there was a movement in an adjoining room and Von Guerdon, remarkably handsome in a white-belted physician's gown, appeared. The severity of his expression relaxed instantly into a charming smile.

"Ah, I've been expecting you," he said.

"Somehow—Juliet couldn't tell why—there was a graciousness, a suave foreign-bred something in his words and manner which seemed to put an extraordinary value upon her presence. Gracefully, he moved a comfortable chair towards her. A silver cigarette case, with a raised design—which might have been a crest—appeared in one of his strong shapely hands.

"Smoke?"

Juliet was a little weary from so much tramping about and she dropped gratefully into the chair.

"Thanks."

"Yes, I knew you'd find me before long," he said, bending over her with a cigarette lighter. "It's a tremendous shop, isn't it?"

"Quite," admitted Juliet, none too friendly. "But I don't know why you were expecting me, Doctor."

"Just one of those inevitable effects that I'm interested in observing," he said lightly. "Naturally I wanted to see you again as soon as possible, and, of course, you felt the same way." He leaned back against a convenient bookcase and crossed his arms over his chest. "You know you made a sensational hit with Madame Hubert last night."

He was, Juliet thought, one of the handsomest men she had ever seen. Handsome and dangerous—

"Whether I did or not—I seem to be part of this organization."

"And so quickly it made your head swim?" returned Von Guerdon. "That's the way she does things. That old woman has a smooth brain—far cleverer than O'Hara's. She was in a panic about the Gottlieb case until you popped up. Now

she will give you credit for everything—while you're in favor, nothing will be too good for you. Poor O'Hara! He'll be blamed for everything."

"And you should be blamed for Mrs. Gottlieb's condition—"

Juliet maliciously.

"Pardon, I was in no way to blame," said Von Guerdon stiffly.

"The mathematical law of averages worked against Mrs. Gottlieb. My work was not in question. She was saved by a freak psychological gesture, entirely outside the field of surgery, for which you got the credit. None of you understand that the sudden appearance of her husband might equally well have proved instantly fatal. Curious, isn't it? But that's all trivial when compared with my condition."

Juliet's brows began to rise.

"Your condition?"

"Assuredly—Dr. Freud would be tremendously interested in me. Out of a clear sky it descended. Please do not think I've gone silly, but I knew it instantly I beheld you that you were fatal to my happiness. Again the law of averages operates, my dear young lady. Without any desire at all on my part, you became—presto—the one woman in ten thousand for me. I trust you're not married?"

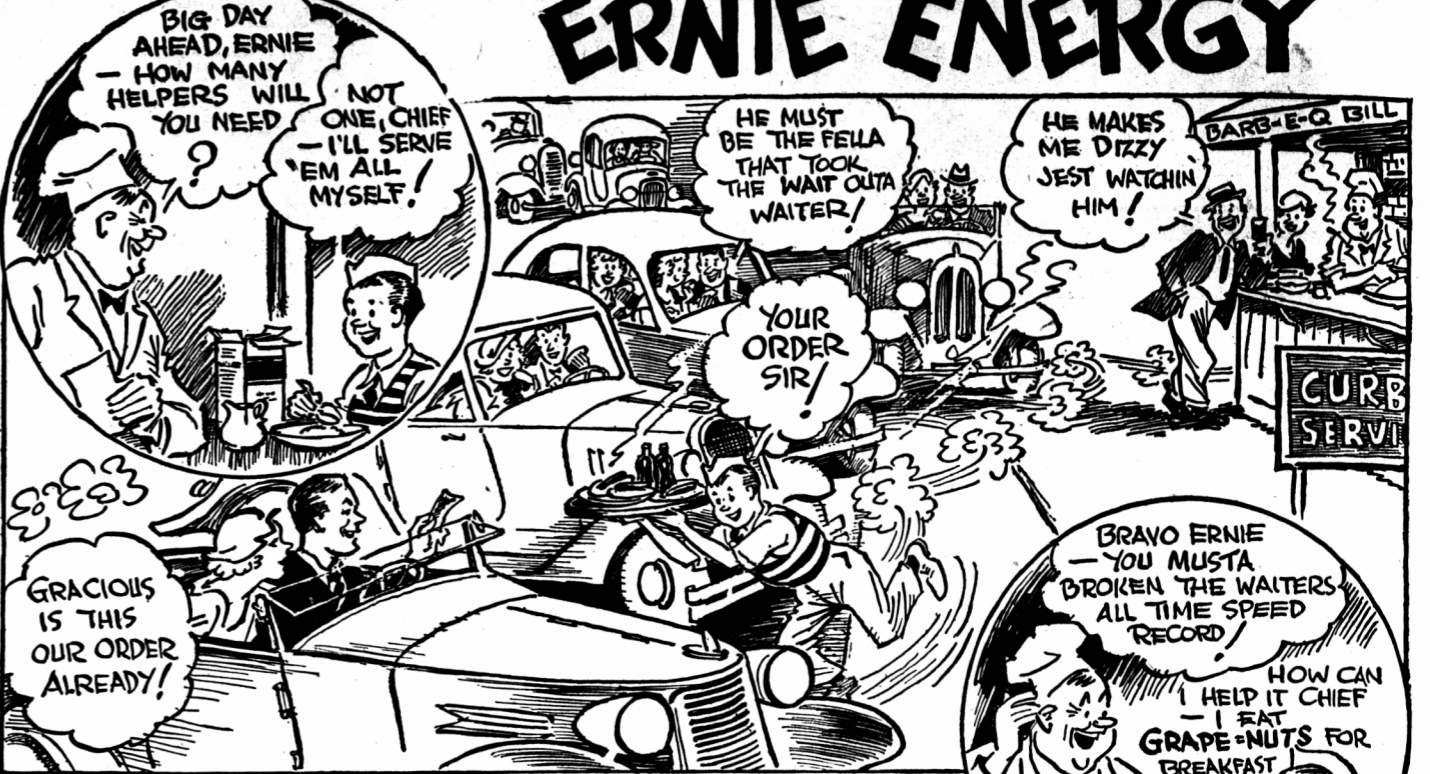
A purple sensation clouded Juliet's vision. For a moment she was so dazed that she refused to come out of her mouth, and then before she could control it—peal after peal of laughter rang from her.

"Please do not laugh," he murmured. "Such things really happen. I'm telling you a serious truth. I have never in my life been so profoundly affected by any woman."

Juliet got out of her chair. "I'm leaving now before I tell you what an awful fool you are!" she said grimly.

"I realize perfectly that I sound quite foolish. But don't let it worry you, my dear. I'm the sanest person in the whole place."

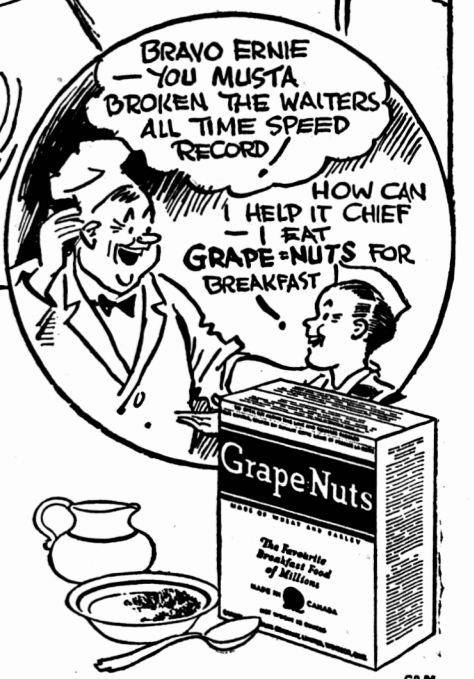
Juliet went rapidly to the door, but Von Guerdon lifted not a finger to halt her. When she slammed the door behind her she knew that she was unbecomingly flushed—but that wasn't the worst—she knew Von Guerdon was actually in love with her. Women always know that...



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PUBLIC AUCTION

There will be sold at Public Auction on the premises on Tuesday, the eleventh day of August, 1936, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, that double tenement house known as No. 24 and No. 26 situated on the south side of Dorchester Street, Charlottetown. This property is now owned by Patrick McKenna of this City. It has a front of 42 feet on Dorchester Street and runs back 80 feet from the street.

For further particulars apply to

S. DesROCHES, Solicitor,
Canadian Bank of Commerce Building,
Charlottetown.

4-6561-8-1-4-6-8-M

Department of Public Works & Highways Province of Prince Edward Island

TENDERS FOR SUBGRADING

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this office until noon of Tuesday, August 11th, 1936, from any person or persons willing to contract for the subgrading of the different sections of highway as follows:—

Section No. 1.—On the Main Western Road, from Carleton, Lot 6, north towards Elmdale.

Section No. 2.—On the Main Western Road, from Goodwin's Corner north towards Richmond.

Section No. 3.—On the Main Western Road, from Summerdale to Miscouche and west towards Wellington.

Section No. 4.—On Georgetown Road from Crossroads towards Vernon River on 49 Road.

Section No. 5.—On Sear's Road from Echo Bay West towards Dingwell's Mill.

Section No. 6.—On Georgetown Road, from Plummer's Corner west to Summerville.

Section No. 7.—From St. Peter's Bay west towards Morell, two miles (more or less); and from Morell (two miles (more or less) west towards Mt. Stewart.

Parties tendering shall tender separately for each Section on proper Tender Forms supplied tenders to be marked "Tender for Subgrading."

Parties tendering shall tender per "Unit Price" for each item according to approximate quantities given in specifications.

Each tender must be accompanied by a certified cheque for 10% of the total amount of each tender.

Specifications for this work may be seen at this office; also at the store of Bruce, McKay & Co. Summerside, where Tender Forms may also be obtained.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

L. B. MACMILLAN,
Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways,
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island,
July 28, 1936.
4-6964-7-112-7-1

MARE INSPECTION

Owners wishing to have mares suitable for saddle purposes inspected as foundation mares under the regulations of the Canadian Hunter and Saddle Horse Improvement Society should make application at once to the Secretary, W. R. Shaw, Department of Agriculture.

Inspection will be conducted during Exhibition Week.

A page boy in dapper blue uniform with silver buttons, popped up before Juliet.

"Madame Hubert would like to see you in her office, please," said the youth, as though he addressed a visiting royalty.

Madame Hubert's mood had changed. Gone were the "my dears" and the compliments, Juliet's status was coldly, that of an employee. Madame Hubert's black eyes were stone cold.

"You will now report to O'Hara. I want you to stay with him until you know all the details of his department."

"Is Mr. O'Hara still—"

"Of course he is still with us," replied Madame Hubert briskly. "No body quits here—they stay until I discharge them. Vite, vite!"

O'Hara's brow, when Juliet entered his office, was a thundercloud of sullessness. He looked so grim, in fact, that Juliet's impression of him, which had been all this time, took sudden command.

"You poor man, I've never seen you when you weren't all stormy black brows and things!" she cried.

"Why don't you let the sun come over the mountains some time? You look exactly like the kind of person who goes around barking at dogs!"

Reluctantly the ghost of a grin started to form on O'Hara's countenance.

"We don't generally get witty around here until quitting time," he said, speaking from his broad chest. Juliet's quip must have had some effect, because the storm clouds lightened. "Madame Hubert sent you in to learn the ropes, didn't she?"

"That's what I gathered," said Juliet brightly.

"All right sit down and I'll explain what I can."

Unlike Von Guerdon, he offered her no chair or cigarette and she rather liked him for it.

For the next half hour O'Hara expounded the intricacies of the

whole-sale jobbing, and retail machinery which carried Madame Hubert's patented cosmetics to all parts of the world. At the present time the firm was advertising nationally and O'Hara was in constant touch with the agency handling the campaign. Also he handled matters of finance and direct sales by mail and the supervision of all department heads in the Institute itself.

His was a job, Juliet gathered, that required about eighteen hours a day. "You make it sound awfully interesting," Juliet said. "The fever has still in my bones. This old hardican picked me up in her limousine and took me to the best hospital in town. So far as she knew, I was just a mangled dog. Things like that don't happen to a man more than once or twice in a lifetime."

"Then I'm frightfully surprised at your bad temper to the Madame," said Juliet primly.

"I'm never in a bad temper!" almost roared O'Hara. "If you want to see a bad temper stick around Madame Hubert or that bossy Von Guerdon. I'm known to one and all as the little sunbeam of this joint. You're a nice girl, sure. Anybody can see that, but you're just one more thing for me to worry about. If I get rough with you—just skip it. Now, wait a minute—"

O'Hara picked up his desk phone and requested some invisible operator to connect him with the laboratory.

"Hello, Mac. I've got some bad news for you," he said to whoever answered. "The Madame has just booked a new trouble-maker to take charge of your department. It's a good-looking girl and she's just yearning to learn all about everything. She's coming down in a few minutes and you are requested to reveal the entire science of chemistry to her before dinner. She's already got Von Guerdon mooning and you'll probably go home and beat up your wife after one flash at her. She's another one of Hubert's brain storms, so 'yes' her all along

me. Want me to tell you something?"

"Please do."

"Know what I was doing when I joined up with the Madame? I was reeling down the street and I collapsed at the corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard from hunger. My black brows tightened, but beneath a misty sentiment softened his gaze. "My shoes didn't have any soles and my coat collar was turned up to hide the lack of a shirt. I had just gotten back from being in the fever was still in my bones. This old hardican picked me up in her limousine and took me to the best hospital in town. So far as she knew, I was just a mangled dog. Things like that don't happen to a man more than once or twice in a lifetime."

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the line."

O'Hara stood up and Juliet saw the novelty of a smile on his face. Thrusting his hands across the desk he seemed a new person.

"Want to shake and be friends?" Juliet put her hand in his palm. The grasp she received was strong and warm and peculiarly magnetic. At this touch of the flesh she really began, for the first time, to feel that here, too, was another man who needed watching.

"It's too bad you are so cranky," she said, "because we are going to see so much of each other."

"Oh, I'm partly civilized, at times," he grinned. "This job is like living in a harem. Too many women. Just be patient with me."

Said Juliet to herself: "Oh no Mr. O'Hara. I'll take no chances with you. Your wild black hair and your blue eyes and those wide shoulders are too reminiscent of the closed chapter of my life..."

(To Be Continued)

Arctic Island Bride's Home

EDMONTON, Aug. 3 (CP)—A winter's accumulation of undeveloped film rolls brought swift romance and exciting adventure to a young Edmonton woman, Miss Lillian Edith Smith.

In April she worked in an Edmonton photo shop. Today, as Mrs. F. Ray Ross, she is to be the first white woman to live on the frozen bleakness of Reid Island, on the south shore of Victoria Land.

Reid Island is probably the remotest and farthest north Canadian trading post to be found at the top of the world. Trader Ray Ross, after a year's service there as Hudson's Bay post manager and only white man in residence, came to Edmonton on vacation. He brought with him over the 2,600-

mie air and rail route a sackful of snapshot film. Fate guided him and his film to Miss Smith's counter.

Chance meeting turned to romance and marriage.

Mrs. Ross will be the first bride to sail through Amundsen Bay, Deuse Strait and the Arctic channels where polar blizzards rage nearly nine months on end. Visitors to her home will be two boats a year if they can smash through the icefield—and sometimes an airplane.

But this young Canadian bride has no quilts and life among Reid Island's Eskimos holds no terrors. "The winters may be nine months long," she laughed, "but Ray tells me Reid Islanders have a three-months-long summer day, when the sun never sets. So that kind of even things up."

She wore no parka or mukluks. She went north into the great white silence as any Canadian honeymooner would go east or west—in a tailored blue suit and a wide felt hat.

Larger Numbers Find Employment

EDMONTON, Aug. 3 (CP)—Young people determined to get work in landing first positions, according to Mrs. Mary Sutherland, only woman member of the Canadian Employment Commission, who said employment figures in Canada were going up.

Mrs. Sutherland, from the Carleton district in British Columbia, has been gathering information here after a tour of British Columbia.

The picture of relief is not the picture of unemployment, she stated, for the unemployed most eager to work are getting work. She mentioned mining towns in

British Columbia where young men are being absorbed in new projects as opportunity opens up.

Mrs. Sutherland, who some years ago was assistant secretary to the Council of Agriculture in Saskatchewan, thought the new code system for household workers splendid and one that has brought fine results in Vancouver.

Business and professional women, the federal commissioner reported, were doing their bit in the Canadian unemployment situation. In Vancouver their club had assisted an organization formed by them to offer practical employment courses.

Minard's Liniment removes stains.

SPINNING and WEAVING

Send me your wool to be spun into yarn and woven into blankets. Charge per pound, 25 cents. Blankets \$5.00. If unaltered \$1.50. It takes five pounds of wool per blanket. Wool must be well washed, all dirt and burrs picked out.

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