

**Stop Itchy Eyes, Running Nose of HAY FEVER**

THE GENUINE TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAH

**TO LET**

Dwelling No. 247 Grafton Street. Lately occupied by Dr. Keeping. Apply L. M. POOLE & CO. L-8908-7-8-11.

**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.

**Chancery Sale**

(15 acres Brenton McInnis Estate)

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to Order of the Court of Chancery the lands belonging to the estate of the late Brenton McInnis comprising 15 acres in Charlottetown, will again be offered for sale by public auction in front of the Court House in Charlottetown on Saturday the 25th day of July, instant, A. D. 1936, at 12 o'clock. Noon, the price offered at a previous sale not being considered acceptable to the said Court.

D. EDGAR SHAW, Master in Chancery.

**A Golden Opportunity**

Is hereby offered to secure one of the finest Hotel Properties in Eastern Canada.

The "Beach Grove Inn" and farm is for sale, and is so well known that any elaborate description is not necessary.

The Hotel will be opened on the 22nd of June, under capable management. Cuisine will be of the very best.

Reservations can be made now at the Hotel. For particulars re sale please apply to J. G. Sterns, Souris, June 1st, 1936.

**Notice To Fishermen**

In connection with the Federal Provincial Grant for the re-establishment of needy Fishermen, the undersigned Board is prepared to receive applications for Loans from bona fide fishermen of this province.

When such applications are approved by the Board an order will be issued to a merchant to deliver fishing equipment for an amount not to exceed forty dollars to the individual fishermen or a pro rata amount to fishermen's organizations. On receipt of goods each fisherman must sign a Note payable to the Board.

Representatives of the Board will visit the different fishing centres within the next few days with application forms and information with reference to the administration of this loan.

All applications or correspondence must be addressed to the Provincial Fishermen's Loan Board, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Signed,  
PROVINCIAL FISHERMEN'S LOAN BOARD.  
B. W. LePage, Chairman.  
M. E. Acorn,  
Aeneas Gallant.

**NOTICE**

**RED LIGHTS ON HORSE DRAWN VEHICLES**

Public notice is hereby given that under the provisions of The Highway Traffic Act 1936 the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council has proclaimed August 10th, 1936, as the day from and after which Section 21 (g) of The Highway Traffic Act shall come into force. Section 21 (g) reads as follows:

(g) Every horsedrawn passenger vehicle upon a public highway shall carry after sunset and before sunrise a lamp or reflector at the back of said vehicle casting a red light clearly visible under the headlights of a motor car approaching from the rear of such vehicle with normal atmospheric conditions, at a distance of not less than 400 feet in the rear of the vehicle. This sub-section (g) shall come into force on a date to be fixed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council.

P. S. FIELDING,  
Deputy Provincial Secretary.

**Husbands Are Marvelous!**

By LADY BLAND SUTTON

"Why Natalie, you're being absurd! You mean to say that you think running an apartment is just as much a whole time affair as holding down a job in an office? Why... there's no comparison. What do you say, Charles?"

"Well, I agree with you, Bill old boy. You might just as well try and compare actors with their audience, and say that it is as boring to watch a play as to act in it."

"Now Charles, you don't know anything about it," said Natalie. "It may appear to you, Bill, that I do nothing, but how do you suppose your breakfast is ready waiting for you every morning by the time you've had your bath and shaved. And I'm sure you'd be a most injured husband if your dinner wasn't on the table punctually each night."

"And in many ways it's a thankless job," she continued, "because it's never finished. Not that I'm grumbling, I don't mind doing it at all, and I don't expect you to help me any more than I should expect you to ask me to become your typist in the evenings."

"Now you really are exaggerating," said Bill. "Why, you've got the whole day to amuse yourself in. I'd be very content if my job had such easy hours."

"This was not the first time that Bill Learmonth, Natalie's husband, had given it as his opinion that running an apartment was, metaphorically speaking, easy as falling off a log."

And really, she decided with a little shrug of irritation, he was more or less serious about it. It infuriated her to think that he fondly imagined that her apartment, of which she was so proud, ran itself. She was still too much of a bride, having been married only six months, to realize that Bill was merely voicing the sentiments of the average husband all the world over.

But Betty Hibbert paid little or no attention to this foolish argument; she had been married three years, and Charles was very well house-trained. He still adored her, and continued to help her with the dishes, which he pointed out saved time, and always brought her breakfast in bed on Sundays. But, being a wise young woman, she forebore to mention this in front of the Learmonth's.

On their way home Betty said to her husband, "There's going to be trouble between those two if Bill doesn't let up on the simplicity of house-keeping; he kept on re-opening the subject and I could see that Natalie was furious."

"Yes, Bill is a tactless fool at times. I did my best to change the subject; still I expect it will all have blown over by tomorrow morning."

"Well, let's hope so," said Betty. "But Natalie is so very young, and so very proud of her little home, that she wants everyone to admire it so awfully; and by laughing at her and telling her that she's got nothing to do, Bill makes her feel as though he doesn't think she's keeping her end up."

"Anyway, a few rows won't hurt either of them. They'll learn not to expect too much of each other. Do you remember the awful rows we used to have, darling?" replied Charles, kissing the nape of her neck, as he opened the front door.

But Charles was wrong. It didn't blow over. Bill has forgotten all about it in the morning, and he did not see that Natalie was unusually quiet at breakfast, or that her red mouth was set rather purposefully.

The truth of the matter was that Bill hadn't the first idea of how to cook a meal, or for that matter, to order one. As he never saw Natalie looking other than as though she had just stepped out of a beauty chorus, his masculine logic naturally concluded that work which left the worker in such a fresh and un-ruffled state must be child's play. Being a mechanic himself, who spent his day getting grubbier and grubbier tuning up aeroplane engines, his day's work left him ready for a bath at the first opportunity and wanting nothing more than to sit in a chair and smoke his pipe.

"That was the result of work! You were tired and in need of rest, and why his sweet Natalie should get so annoyed with him when he made this comparison between his work and hers, was quite beyond him."

"Well, Natalie," he said to her as he kissed her goodbye before going off to the factory, "mind you don't over do it this morning; you're looking a bit tired after all that trouble you had getting breakfast."

As he went down the stairs Natalie said to herself a little grimly: "I'll teach him. I'll make him thankful he works in a factory, and not in a kitchen!"

Her brows were furrowed as she cleared away the breakfast things, which she dumped in an untidy pile in the kitchen. She then removed the faded flowers from the living-room. These joined the dirty cups and saucers, etc., on the kitchen table. Then with a malicious smile on her face she called up the dairy and told them not to deliver on the following morning. She put through a similar call to the ice man.

Well pleased with her morning's work, she put on her hat and went shopping.

She ordered a large joint of beef, and some chops, vegetables and fruit, and various household necessities, including some sweet corn, of which Bill was particularly fond.

That evening they dined with friends and spent a pleasant evening playing bridge. No mention was made by Bill of the offending topic, and driving home Natalie almost relented of her plot. It was a lovely moonlight night, and Bill had his arm around her, and she knew that she loved him very much. It was on the tip of her tongue to tell him when with a laugh he said, "Well, housewife, you haven't worked overtime today, have you?" Natalie stiffened against his arm, and by that remark, had he known it, he was a doomed man.

The next day was Sunday. Natalie stretched lazily, and looking at her watch saw that it was just after ten o'clock. She heard Bill whistling cheerfully in the bath. She jumped out of bed quickly, covered her face with a generous coating of vanishing cream and then powdered it thickly with some dead white powder bought for the

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occasion. Glancing in the mirror she decided that she looked very, very bilious.

She leapt into bed as she heard Bill open the bathroom door. What a pleasant Sunday she had planned for him! He entered the bedroom, still whistling.

"Come on, sleepy-head, what about some breakfast?"

Natalie rolled over.

"Oh! Bill, I've got such a pain and I feel kind of sick."

"Why! What's the matter, sweet?"

"I feel just terrible, and my head's going round and round," wailed Natalie, getting into her stride.

"Hadn't I better call a doctor?"

"No dear, I guess it's nothing serious, but do you think you could possibly make breakfast for yourself this morning?"

"Breakfast! Could I make breakfast! What do you say to bacon and eggs, coffee and toast?"

"Darling, that would be wonderful, but I'll just have some coffee when it is ready. But perhaps I had better get up and help you, though I do feel so rotten."

"Don't you move; I'll have everything ready in no time," replied the confident Bill.

"But there is washing up, dear, and then lunch to be cooked!"

"Leave it to me," said Bill. "I'm head cook and bottle-washer this morning."

"My clever darling," said Natalie, as she snuggled down in bed.

So Bill went off to the kitchen and Natalie lay in bed and smiled to herself as she thought of his confidence in himself as cook.

"Bacon!" muttered Bill to himself, settling down to work. "Ah! here we have it. And here are eggs!"

Finding the table rather littered, he put down the food he had just taken out of the refrigerator and dumped the litter into the sink-cups, saucers, flowers and everything. Finding plenty of crumbs and leaves remained behind, he swept these on to the floor.

He then reasoned to himself that to prepare breakfast it was necessary to put coffee into a pot and boil it, to fry bacon in a frying pan, to treat the eggs in a similar fashion, to toast the toast, to boil the milk and finally to set the table. Simple enough if one knew where to start.

Well, the coffee would be a good thing to begin on and there was the coffee if the label on the tin spoke the truth. Yes! It was coffee he decided after he had carefully smelt it, and filling a saucepan with water, he tipped half the contents of the tin into it. The milk, however, was definitely missing, so he went in to see Natalie.

"Oh Bill, I forgot to put the bottle out last night. But never mind, there is some condensed milk in the cupboard."

After much searching the can was discovered. He prodded it several times with the opener as though he expected it to fly open in some magical manner. Being disappointed in this, yet determined not to be beaten, his efforts became more strenuous. By the time he had got the better of it he was the possessor of two grand knuckles and a cut thumb, and his dressing-gown was generously decorated with the contents.

Eventually the can was open, there was milk for the coffee all right. But on turning round, he found to his amazement that the coffee had boiled away, all over the stove, and that the greater part of it had found its way on to the floor. The smell was distinctly unpleasant too, but in his determination to master the can of milk he had quite failed to notice it.

About three-quarters of an hour later a somewhat dishevelled

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as he fished out the last plate; all one needed was method. He began to dry up. When about half way through, he happened to glance at the sink, and to his astonishment he found that the water had not run away at all. He put a hand rather gingerly into the slimy water. "Strange," he muttered to himself; but his hand closed over a greasy, slimy deposit where the plug ought to have been.

"Urr..." he cried in disgust, as he gazed at his hand full of solidified fat.

He heard a little laugh, and turning, still clutching his find, saw Natalie standing in the doorway.

"Bill, what on earth are you up to? Have you been indulging in a bonfire? And what's that disgusting looking mess you've got in your hand? What kind of indoor game is this?" said Natalie sternly. The joint; it got a bit burnt somehow when I wasn't looking."

"I'm awfully sorry, Natalie, but I'm afraid I'm not much of a cook after all. I guess I got kind of flustered; there seemed so many things to do at once, said Bill miserably. "I'm afraid I've ruined the joint; it got a bit burnt somehow when I wasn't looking."

"Wasn't looking! Own up, Bill. Unless you were a deaf mute, with no sense of smell, you couldn't possibly have failed to notice the smell of burning meat! You weren't in here at all, were you?"

"Well, as a matter of fact I did go into the living room for a few minutes and glanced at the paper—but I wasn't away long."

"Long enough, it seemed," said Natalie, trying to keep a straight face. "Do you remember a few nights ago at the Hibbert's when I said that cooking and running a flat was a pretty full time job, you laughed and said that I was exaggerating, and that I'd got nothing to do all day but amuse myself?"

"I can't say that I do exactly," replied Bill, looking at his feet.

"Oh, yes you do, darling."

"Well, perhaps I did say something of the sort, but I didn't really mean it. I was only pulling your leg. But if I did I guess I was wrong. I'd rather do anything than

spend another morning like this. I'm terribly sorry, really."

"Well, if I were you I'd go and have a bath, and then perhaps you'd take me round to the restaurant for a sandwich. I couldn't face this mess until I've had something to eat."

Half an hour later, whilst they were having lunch at the little restaurant round the corner, the Hibberts came in for coffee.

Betty walked across to their table.

"I thought you two never lunched out," she said. "I imagined you were the absolute home birds."

Bill coughed.

"To tell you the truth, Betty," he said, "I made rather a mess of getting lunch ready. You see, it's really a woman's job. I've always said that looking after an apartment requires quite a lot of brains and sense of organization."

Natalie gasped, and was about to say something, when Betty stopped her with a wink.

"Don't say it my dear," she said. "You'll learn in time that husbands are just too marvellous!"

THE END.

**FARM FOR SALE**

At South Melville containing 80 acres. Apply JAMES MALONE, Kelly's Cross. L-6286-7-21-31.

**S. S. Harland For Sale**

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to Friday 31st July inst. for the purchase of the steamer "Harland" as she now lies at Pickard's Wharf, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

THE CHARTOWN STEAMSHIP CO. LTD. L-6337-7-23-25-28-30.

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**HEROES ARE MADE - NOT BORN.**

Illustration of a man in a cowboy hat and a man in a suit sitting at a table, with a sheep in the background.

**NOTICE**

All roads and water lead to Good Carmel Picnic on July 29th. Good refreshment booths, tea tables, and swimming match, band music, 2nd sports, old time dancing. Come and meet your friends and have a good time. L-6285-7-21-25.

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