

Lumber & Shingles

2"x4" \$1.35; 2"x5" \$1.75 per 100 linear ft. Boards \$1.50 and \$1.90. Wide surfaced spruce boards \$3.00 per 100 board ft. Sheathing and Cove siding. Large cedar posts. Cedar shingles all grades reasonably priced; also hard and soft firewood. Free delivered in full loads 20 miles radius.

R. A. MacPHAIL  
New Haven, P. E. I.

L380-6-30-7-8-15-22-29

For Sale

Desirable Tourist Home for Sale. Ten room house and large lot on Malpeque Road at City Limits for immediate sale. Very up-to-date Tourist Home with well established clientele. Three-car garage, well shaded lawn. Modern convenience. Good location. Apply to Mrs. Joseph Peters, Malpeque Road or M. A. Farmer, Solicitor. L-132-7-6-61.

Sealed Tenders

Sealed Tenders will be received up to July 12th by the Trustees of Drwell Head United Church addressed to the Secretary for re-modelling the cemetery. Specifications can be had at the Secretary's home. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

R. C. MacLEOD, Secretary.  
Kinross P. O.  
L-163-7-7-31.

Tender For Painting

Sealed Tenders will be received until July 12th for washing and painting interior of Winsloe School No. 6. Trustees supplying paint. Lowest tender not necessarily accepted.

C. L. CUDMORE, Secretary,  
Winsloe North.  
L-3-7-5-7-8.

How Are Your Eyes?

If you are having symptoms of strain—headaches, sore eyes or dizziness—consult a specialist.

At your service with years of experience and a thorough refracting service.

Call in and discuss your difficulties.

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F. G. HUTCHESON

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Richmond Street, Charlottetown

The Riddle of the Riderless Horse  
By JEAN & CYRIL CASALIS

TUNNELS, SNAKES AND CAVES

The passage, which was quite seventy yards long, ended in a narrow tunnel beyond which the big trees came to an abrupt end, and they entered a miniature jungle of scrubby, compact poplars, natural bush, and tall grass. Huge boulders formed a maze of passages, but they followed a narrow well-worn path which wound through them, coming out a hundred yards further on into a small clearing, on the right of which gaped the low, wide mouth of the cave. It certainly was an extraordinary place. To reach it, one had to climb up a kind of uneven rock terrace about four feet high, which formed the floor of the cave. Beyond the entrance the rocky roof rose to a natural arch, quite seven feet high, and extended to a depth of over ten yards; but the most remarkable feature of the cave, beyond the arch, were inverted replicas of the portions of the roof, suggesting that they had once formed part of the enormous arch. "By Jove, this is more like a cave," said Malcolm admiringly. "And a good sized one too."

"You've only seen half of it," said Adhemar, pointing to a black hole low down in the rock wall at the back. "This is only the veranda. Come inside."

Scrambling through the opening they descended into the inner cave, across whose sandy floor ran a little stream. It was dark and chill, and moss grew on its low, moist walls. By the light of a succession of matches Malcolm managed to get an idea of its dimensions, which were quite as big as the outer cave, though at either end it narrowed down to what looked like entrances into small tunnels. "How far does it go?" inquired Malcolm. "My brother Joseph," Adhemar answered, "tried to find out many years ago, because the natives used to say that one passage came out at the river, and the other on the next farm. He crawled about for a whole day with a very bad cold. He found nothing at all, and he said it was just native superstition as usual."

"John tried too, you know, Mr. Recouille," Cynthia said, "and he didn't find anything, either." "Joseph," continued Adhemar, "couldn't get one native to go with him. They all said a big snake lived in here, and it would suck you in and carry you away to the river. Native superstition," he added, reflectively, "has logic: that snake is the same famous river snake, which make them dislike the river at night."

It is that why they dislike being told to come and cut wood in the 'khotio?' asked Cynthia. "Of course—and they swear the snake has been seen here." Adhemar's full of snake stories was not yet exhausted when they emerged from the cave and crossed the valley. From its farther side the whole of the surrounding country came into view again, and they could see the sandy course of the main road to Brandfontein as far as the boundary of van Stellen's farm to their rear, and on rising ground to their left, the Campsie pump, with its protecting system of concrete and barbed wire fencing.

"You seem to value your water supply, Miss Channing," remarked Malcolm. Old Adhemar chuckled, and Cynthia laughed. "It's John's pet scheme," she replied. "As a matter of fact I don't blame him—whatever the neighbourhood says," she added meaningfully to Adhemar. "Campsie is good farm, but we've had wretched luck with water. We've put down four boreholes, Mr. Green, and always missed it, and we've just got to be resigned to this system of pumping by hand every day, for a windmill or an engine would simply pump the fountain dry and then fill all the pipes with air. As a matter of fact, that's why John has put up all these entanglements; it's to prevent passing natives from interfering with the pump."

CHAPTER X  
MALCOLM TURNS HOUSE-BREAKER

During luncheon and throughout the afternoon, when he and Corneille rode out to the lands to supervise maize planting, Malcolm was unusually silent. Ever since Adhemar and Cynthia had told him of his neighbour's insistence on the old way of celebrating Nagmaal, he had been debating in his own mind whether to take advantage of the van Stellen family's absence from home. The house might conceal something. But with neighbourly relations at stake, there could be no question of robbing in Corneille's share in the job. Maraka might be the lad to have, but if Maraka was

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



FOR SALE

6 1/2 acres in Marshfield, good building, full plumbing, 4 1/2 miles from Charlottetown. H. NELSON. L-437-7-4-9-8-11-13-15.

Cabin Cruiser Is Towed Into Port

(By The Canadian Press) YARMOUTH, N. S., July 6.—After drifting 24 hours off Nova Scotia in a disabled pleasure boat, three Massachusetts men were towed into port aboard their 38-foot cabin cruiser today by a Royal Canadian Mounted Police cutter.

Engine trouble had crippled the new cruiser Lorelei 51 miles off Yarmouth on her maiden voyage to Rockland, Me., and before the Ellsworth picked her up she had drifted within nine miles of dangerous Lurcher shoals with her owner John L. McCommons of Springfield, Mass., and two other men. The owner, assistant superintendent of Springfield schools, had set out from here yesterday with Edgar Donnyer and Everett Colwell of Springfield. The boat had been built in Nova Scotia and they were taking her on her first long voyage.

HEADS N. S. MEDICAL SOCIETY  
DIBBY, N. S., July 6.—(CP)—Dr. H. K. McDonald of Halifax was elected president of the Nova Scotia Medical Society at the annual convention today. He succeeded Dr. H. L. Simpson of Springfield.

I AM INSTRUCTED BY THE EXECUTORS OF THE ESTATE OF THE LATE LEON J. MCINNIS TO OFFER FOR SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION AT HIS LATE RESIDENCE AT 54 AVARDS ON SATURDAY, JULY 22ND, 1939, AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M., ALL THE PERSONAL EFFECTS OF THIS ESTATE CONSISTING OF: Dining Room, Kitchen and Bedroom furniture; Tallor Shop Equipment; Pictures; Books; Violin; Garden Tools and Articles about the premises. Terms at sale. J. F. BRADLEY, Auctioneer. L-133-7-6-61.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople

EGAD! MELLOW MOONBEAMS ON THE RIVER... A BALMY EVE LIKE THIS STIRS THE POET IN US ALL! THERE, ON THE BOSOM OF THE DEEP IS THE UNPRETENTIOUS SHOWBOAT WHERE THIRONS WILL SOON BEHOLD US ALL AS POOR PUPPETS IN A PLAY! THIS RECALLS THAT HALCVON DAY IN THE THEATER WHEN THE GREAT SIR HENRY IRVING DECLARED I WAS A BETTER SHAKESPEAREAN ACTOR THAN SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE HAR-R-RUMPH!

COME ON, LET'S GO! I GOT MORE GOOSE PIMPLES THAN THE FIRST TIME I SAW LITTLE EVA SOAR AWAY ON A WIRE SWING IN THE LAST ACT OF 'UNCLE TOM'S CABIN!'

UNCLE AMOS, WERE YOU A BETTER ACTOR THAN TOM MIX, TOO?

A LITTLE HEARTS AND FLOWERS, PLEASE, PROFESSOR



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE

By Edwina



TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwina



TILLIE THE TOILER

MAC MUST BE "STONE" DEAF.



By Westover

TILLIE SHOULD HAVE WAKED ME, BUT SHE WAS SORE AT ME. I SUPPOSE, GOSH, WHY DO I ALWAYS DO THE WRONG THING

