

**Remember!**  
 Player's MILD cigarettes  
 have waterproof paper which  
 does not stick to the lips

Player's Please

**BUYING BLANKETS NEEDS CARE**

Buying blankets needs care. Test the blankets by their softness. Good-quality warm wool is very soft to the touch, whereas low-quality wools which are not so warm are rough and harsh. Artificial "nap" should be avoided, so lift the blanket by its hairy surface. If the fibres pull out, the nap is a poor one, but if it will stand its own weight, the quality is good. Test the elasticity of the blankets by gathering up a corner in your hand. Squeeze very tightly, then let go suddenly. A good blanket will almost jump out of your hand, whereas poor quality ones remain crumpled.

It is advisable to have your blankets just a little smaller than the sheets, but where shrinkage is not guaranteed, it may be wise to buy them on the large side.

Blankets should be obtained a month or six weeks before you need them, so that you can arrange to have them washed, dried and aired ready for use as soon as required.

**Decorative Convenience**

Attractive bags may be bought or made to hang on the side of the dresser to hold those elusive pot holders in between usings. Not only can you always find the pot holder at the crucial moment, but if it should be a bit worn or soiled and you have not gotten around to removing it, its defects are all hidden in the bag whose outside covering corresponds with the color of your kitchen.

Women in Paris, France, have a craze for big dogs.

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**City Schools**

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 September 11th.

**CARTER'S BOOK STORE**

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FOUNTAIN PENS. We have wonderful values in FOUNTAIN PENS for students. The prices range from 35c, 50c and \$1.00 each. Ask to see them.

WATERMAN'S FOUNTAIN PENS. The prices are from \$1.25 up to \$12.00.

SCHOOL BAGS: A large range. The prices are from 25c up. (Wonderful values.)

OUR BOOK STORE will be open until 6 o'clock, and send your children early and avoid the rush.

**CARTER & CO. LIMITED**

**RACING DRIVER**

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL  
 Author of Daughter of Exile, etc.

**RUPERT BECOMES HUMAN**

"A shipboard record—or is it? Two rejected suitors in one voyage." "The other being—?" "Me, Dorothy. You did the rejecting." "Please, Frank." There was such real earnestness in her tones that he lifted his head sharply. "We've been over that," she said in a slightly muffled voice. "I told you what I felt, and you—did the best thing. Let's not reopen it." "No," said Frank. "Let's not." In spite of himself, his voice was harsh. He spoke briskly. "Look here. We seem to be about the only two people left on this deserted ship. Let's go up into the town and have a walk round."

Dorothy bit her lip. Rejected by her, he had surely found consolation elsewhere—and he could dismiss it as briefly as that.

It was probably already ashamed of his degradation to her that night under the stars, in the shadow of the life-boat. Hence his present embarrassment.

"Oh well. She had had her chance—and thrown it away. He was scarcely to blame. She would have weakened now and made a fool of herself. She had made her choice and she would stick by it. Regret was foolish. Any man who had cared, now that he had fallen in love with Florence, could only embarrass himself further."

She nodded. "Very well."

A taxi drove them into town. It was too late to ascend the mountain. The "cliché" had unrolled its islet, and the summit was draped in its billowy white folds, visibility would be nil. They explored the town as usual—the old castle, with its vast, echoing courtyard, the snake park, the House of Parliament and the celebrated gardens, and the famous statue of Jan van Riebeeck, gazing with hand on sword over the city of his dreams.

In the lower market Frank secured for her a bunch of delicate blue Cape flowers.

In spite of herself, Dorothy forgot her worries. She was enraptured by the beauties of the famous old city. Everything was a novelty. Beautiful very good such Frank had forgotten to be self-conscious, and chatted together as they had at the beginning of the voyage. Time seemed to pass in a flash. Before they reached it night had fallen with semi-tropical swiftness. Frank glanced at his watch.

"I suggest the Del Monaco," he said. "It's one of the sights of Cape Town."

They passed into the famous restaurant, and Frank secured a table.

"But how marvelous!" Dorothy gazed in awe round the quaint morri architecture, and up at the lofty ceiling, cunningly illuminated so that they seemed to be sitting in the open, under a blue sky filled with stars.

The place was fairly full. An orchestra played soft, seductive music. Round the walls were ranged imperturbable, efficient waiters, tall dignified looking men in white with red sashes.

Dorothy continued to look round—and suddenly she went rigid.

"What is it?" he asked. His gaze followed hers.

"Oh!" he said in subdued tones. At a nearby table sat Rupert Featherstone with Florence Shaw.

Florence was laughing and talking vivaciously. Rupert was leaning forward, drinking in her words. There was a look on his face which had not been there that morning. Groping for words, Frank decided that he looked a great deal more human. Some inner fire had been kindled in what had been an empty heart.

Dorothy felt sorry for Frank. He had turned from her to Florence when she had rejected him; and now it looked as though Frank were merely a gay flirt. On board the ship she had merely been seeking a gay time.

**BAD NEWS FOR FLORENCE**

Frank felt sorry for Dorothy. This was the man upon whom she had faithfully modelled herself. She had made herself cold, because Rupert pretended to regard coldness as a virtue. She had cultivated a lack of emotion. She had laughed at romantic "rubbish."

And now she was seeing the fellow in his true colours. He was apparently ready to flirt with the first pretty girl that came his way. Rupert was a fraud, a great indignation arose within him. He half rose from his seat.

Dorothy misinterpreted his motives. She laid a hand on his sleeve. "Don't make a scene!" she implored.

Frank relaxed. "Sorry!" he said. "But—oh, let's get out of here!"

He looked suddenly miserable. She did not know that he was looking miserable on her behalf. She thought, he was sorry for himself.

"Very well," she agreed.

They slipped out unobserved. In the taxi on the way back to the ship, they sat in silence—a silence that was not broken until they stood once more on the deck of the Abithore Tower.

Then Dorothy laid a hand on his arm. She smiled.

"You mustn't take it so hard, Frank," she said gently. "It's silly to be so impressionable—so hopelessly romantic!"

He stared at her.

He had thought he understood. He had been sorry for her. Now he realized that his sympathy had been wasted.

The sight of her fiancé with another girl did not worry Dorothy. She had told him repeatedly, above all that sort of romantic nonsense. Apparently she was quite prepared to allow Rupert to run after any pretty young woman, while she stood aloof and smiling, understanding all—of—understanding nothing!

"Dorothy!" he said suddenly. "I could shake you!"

It was her turn to stare.

"But I shan't," he went on grimly. "It wouldn't do any good. You'd just tell me not to be romantic."

**WELL, IF YOU'RE CONTENT TO HAVE IT THAT WAY, THERE'S NO CALL FOR ME TO INTERFERE. I'M AFRAID YOU WERE RIGHT IN THE FIRST PLACE. WE'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. I THINK THE LESS WE SEE OF EACH OTHER IN FUTURE, THE BETTER IT WILL BE FOR BOTH OF US. GOOD NIGHT, DOROTHY!**

He turned on his heel and was gone.

Some time later Florence and Rupert came on board. Florence looked at the stars, sighed, and held out her hand.

"Thanks ever so much, Mr. Featherstone. It has been a lovely day."

Rupert held out a hand reluctantly. Somehow, his outlook on life had entirely changed. He felt a new man, physically and mentally. He was vague as to the exact nature of the transformation. One thing only stood out clear. He wanted to see more of this girl!

"I suppose you'll be leaving the ship first thing in the morning?" he inquired.

Florence nodded. "I'm afraid so. We take the morning train to Johannesburg."

"My dear!"

It was Mr. Knox Oliver. The spruce little old man had emerged from the lounge. He was holding a piece of paper, and he looked disturbed.

"What is it, uncle Oliver?" asked Florence in some alarm.

"I have had rather bad news," said the old man gravely. "News that will, I fear, rather alter our plans." He unfolded the piece of

paper. "I found a message asking me to put through an urgent telephone call to Johannesburg. I have just finished talking to our representative there.

"The theatre in which we were to open has been destroyed in a fire."

**ADDITION TO EXPEDITION**

Florence gave a little cry.

"Oh, uncle Oliver! Does that mean the show won't go on?"

"Well, it isn't quite so bad as that," he replied. "The company will suffer no financial loss. That is being made good to us, by a very generous arrangement. But it means that we shall have to wait until another theatre is available."

"And how long will that be?" demanded Florence.

Mr. Oliver shrugged. "It is difficult to say. Certainly not for three weeks, at least."

"Then what shall we do?"

"We shall go to Johannesburg, as arranged," said the old man. "It will mean an enforced holiday for the company, that is all. Well, we shall make the most of it!"

He smiled his old-fashioned, kindly smile.

Rupert had been listening to these exchanges, and a gleam had come into his eye. Now he stepped forward.

"Excuse me—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Florence rapidly introduced the two men.

Rupert addressed Mr. Oliver in his characteristically brisk manner.

"I understand you to say that the revue company will have to take an enforced holiday of at least three weeks?"

"That is so."

"Then," said Rupert, "I have a proposal to make. As you know, Miss Shaw is a friend of our little party. We have all been regretting that she would have to leave us. I suggest that we make the most of this unexpected stroke of destiny. Would you be agreeable, sir, if Miss Shaw were to join our party, and resume her journey to Johannesburg later?"

"That is," he added, turning to Florence, "if you would wish that?"



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**OUT OUR WAY**

By J. R. Williams

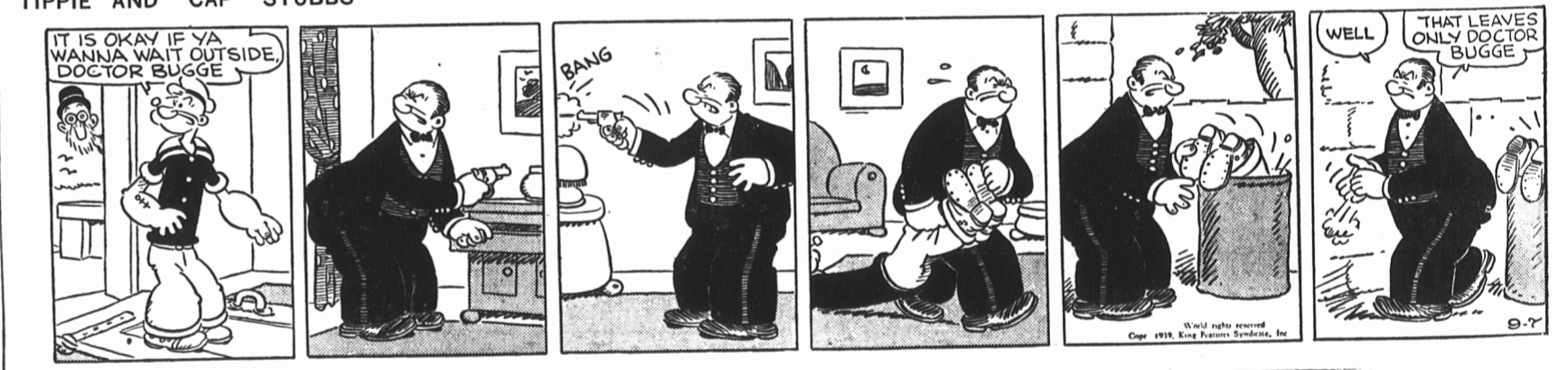


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With Major Hoople



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**TILLIE THE TOILER — IT'S A "SNEEZY" TIME, AT THAT!**



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