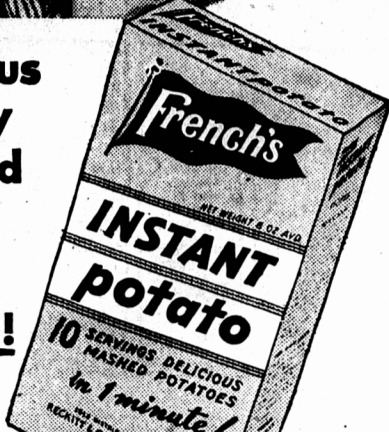




LIKE MAGIC!

Delicious creamy mashed potato in one minute!



This creamy, delicious mashed potato is so easy to prepare! French's Instant Potato is made from top-quality potatoes—precooked for you! Just follow these easy directions and in 1 minute it's ready—best mashed potato you ever ate!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Wait until dinner is ready to serve; then bring some salted water to a brisk boil, add milk and French's Instant Potato according to simple directions on package. Stir for a few seconds until potato has thickened, add butter and whip until light and fluffy.

NO WASHING! NO PEELING! NO COOKING! NO MASHING!

For Gleaming Hair Beauty

BRECK SHAMPOO

Buy the Generous Family Size and Save .75c

\$2.25 Value

only \$1.50



FAMOUS BRECK SHAMPOO cleanses as no other shampoo can cleanse... really restores health and elasticity to your hair, making it beautifully lustrous and full of vitality. Try Breck for yourself! You'll be thrilled with the glorious, natural loveliness it brings to your hair!

PLASTIC DISPENSER FREE!

A wonderful, compressible bottle with patented cap given with each family size Breck Shampoo! Hurry and save 75¢ on this \$2.25 value... the offer is for a limited time only!

Beautiful Hair BRECK

Cavendish Baptist Church Christian Witness Service

The second in the series of Christian Witness services was held on Tuesday, June 27th in the Cavendish Baptist Church. Members of the East Prince Ministerial Association took part of the service and formed the choir. Rev. L. M. Murray was at the organ. The service was conducted by Rev. P. Richardson; the Scripture lesson was read by Rev. C. A. Hicks and prayer offered by Rev. D. Campbell. The choir sang "Sweet Hour of Prayer." The sermon was preached by Rev. L. M. Breakenridge of Summerside who took as his theme the "Power of God in the Church." He said that the power

is not being used to the full by the Church and suggested five ways by which the Power of God might be released to better effect in the life of the Church. There is power in the return to the Word of God, which has life within itself. There is power for the Church in the return to prayer. Power will come to the church when it regains the sense of its primary purpose to preach the gospel that Jesus is the Son of God. By teaching the "saints" whatsoever things Jesus has commanded will bring new life to the Church. Power will come to the Church when she fulfills the divine commission to go out into all the world to preach the gospel. Power is not gained by keeping our resources at home, but by sharing them we shall know the joy that comes from a true faith in Christ.

The Golden Girl

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST AND LADBROKE BLACK

continued

A moment later he sat up and apologized.

"I must have slept." They were coming into the edge of town now and Edson was driving fast. Jack roused himself from his listless quiet.

"Gloria will you do me a favour?"

"Why—surely! What is it?"

"Please don't mention to anyone—that you have seen me today."

"But Jack—" she looked at him almost in terror. Why did he want his movements hidden? "Is there anything—"

"I can't tell you now, Gloria. Promise!"

What had she ever done for him that she could claim his confidence now? He was in trouble. There was some sinister thing to be concealed!

"I promised she said slowly. The car slowed up beside the curb. It was evidently a side street, and a strange, unknown part of the city to Gloria.

"Edson, why are you stopping here?"

"That's all right, Gloria, Edson knows I want to get out here."

Edson came and opened the door. The eyes of the two men met for a moment.

"Thank you, Edson."

Jack turned back to Gloria.

"Good-by." This time he smiled. Edson was quickly back in his seat and the car was off, leaving Jack standing there with one arm held stiffly by his side. He watched the receding car until it vanished around the next corner, dinky with time and city smoke. He went up the steps, stumbling slightly.

Inside, men in uniform were standing around and another man sat at a desk. They looked at him as he came in. He swayed a little.

"I've come to give myself up. I've killed a man."

Two officers sprang toward him as he collapsed in a heap on the floor.

Gloria reached her hotel and dismissed Edson, but she did not go to her rooms. She hesitated only a little and then went through to another entrance and told the starter to signal a taxicab.

"Grandliden Apartments," she told the driver.

Many weeks had passed since she had taken the lease for a year, and the little card with the name "Moreland" was still there. She opened the door—with the key that Jack had given back to her—and stepped in.

It was quite deserted here. No hand had touched it since her last visit. No hand would touch it after she left. It simply waited for something that never came.

She went into the charming living room. That was the table where Jack had put his gifts for her; there was one of the magazines, still untouched, which he had bought to give the place the look of a home. She knew now why he had done it that way. He had wanted it to look like a home, to her as well as to him, but she she looked with eyes that would not see. Over there he had staid when he had given his brief refusal of the aims she had offered him in place of the love he desired. She saw him again, but this time he was a stiffly erect figure in a borrowed ulster anxious only to get away from her.

She buried her face against a chair and choked back a sob.

"Oh, Jack, I want you so!"

Somewhere in the rear a bell rang.

She sat up suddenly. Who could be coming here? An agent, perhaps, but she did not want to see anyone. She sat very quiet, waiting for the unknown person to go away.

The bell rang again, and this time she arose impatiently. It was silly to sit there and hide.

She went out into the hall and opened the door.

Frances Payne stood in front of her, with curling lip and triumphant eyes.

"So glad to find you at home," she said suavely. "I came to return your letter."

She held in her finger tips a crumpled envelope, addressed to "Mrs. John Moreland, Grandliden Apartments."

The sheer insolence of it, the arrogant cruelty, aroused Gloria to battle. "What did she do to be ashamed of? She had made a bitter mistake, but her life was clean. She was Jack's wife, and now at last she gloried in it.

She took the envelope as coolly as it was offered.

"Thank you, but as it is palpably an empty envelope you are giving yourself unnecessary inconvenience. Will you come in?"

Mrs. Payne entered. Her eyes took quick account of the rooms, the furnishings, the faint but evident air of disuse. They came back to Gloria, triumphantly accusing.

"Quite domestic. A very pretty little nest, but doesn't it seem rather deserted?"

"Naturally. I live at the Ritz." Gloria's color was deepening as she moved calmly to the nearest chair. "As for my reasons, you will have to excuse me for confiding them. They concern no one but my husband and myself."

"Your—husband?" Mrs. Payne drew the words maddeningly, and laughed. It was a soft little laugh, low and insulting and

MacDonald-Ballen Wedding

White Syringa crowned the altar and blended into a bower of white and pale pink roses. Graceful blossom sprays and roses of deeper shades edged the altar. As the color tones of pink deepened the flower spread to a borderline of delicate blue flowers interlaced with pink, making a very pretty setting for the wedding of Ora Janet Winnifred, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ballem, who was united in marriage to Ralph Archibald, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel MacDonald, Cornwall, at the United Baptist Church, Charlottetown, on Wednesday, June 28th at 2 p.m. Rev. J. D. Davison officiated and was assisted by Lic. Byron Howlett.

The bride entered the church to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March played by Mrs. Allison MacRae, and was given in marriage by her brother, Cedric. She made a charming picture in a gown of white slipper satin with lace inserted at the yoke and trimming the peplum, full length sleeves, a fitted bodice and a full skirt ending in a graceful train. Her floor length veil was of tulle illusion with a coronet headdress. She carried a cascade bouquet of Sweetheart roses with bouvardia. Her only jewellery was a double string of pearls, gift of the groom. Her sister, Mrs. Ross Affleck, as matron of honour wore a gown of pink net over moire with matching shoulder length veil and mitts. Her bouquet was of pink carnations. Miss Florence MacDonald, sister of the groom, and Miss Ruby Downie, girl friend of the bride, were bridesmaids and were becomingly dressed in blue with headresses of blue net caught with flowers and matching blue mitts. They carried nosegays of Pink Delight roses. Little Miss Judith Ann Ballem, as flower girl, was adorable in a floor length gown of blue taffeta. She carried a dainty white basket of pale pink flowers.

The groom was attended by Mr. Arthur Ballem, brother of the bride, and the ushers were Mr. Roland Hyde and Mr. Harold Ballem. The love-song "Until" was beautifully rendered by the soloist, Mr. Ivan Robinson. The bride's mother wore a dress of French blue silk with blue and white accessories. Her corsage was of Pink Delight roses. The groom's mother chose a dress of navy blue crepe with many accessories. Her corsage was of Better Time roses.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at "Oakwood", where a buffet luncheon was served. The bride's table was centred with a three-tier wedding cake. Sweetheart rosebuds entwined in Sprengia graced the top and base of the cake. The silver candelabra with tallies of Sprengia held tall lighted pink tapers.

Tea was poured by Mrs. D. N. Bell and Mrs. Arthur Ballem and the ices were cut by Mrs. J. D. Davison and Mrs. Cedric Ballem. Mrs. Byron Howlett, Miss Mildred Myers, Mrs. Gideon MacLaughlan and Mrs. Roland Hyde assisted in serving.

The bride chose as her going-away outfit a dress of powder blue taffeta, matching blue straw hat, a blue-grey tweed coat and white accessories. Her corsage was of Starlight roses.

The happy couple left by motor for the States where they will visit relatives and friends in Arlington, Newtonville and Boston. On their return they will reside at Cornwall, P. E. Island.

intolerable. Under the blazing affront of it Gloria's face whitened, but she kept controlled of herself. He hand reached out for the expensive trifle of a purse which lay on the table beside her. In it, in a tiny chamouis bag, lay a plain gold ring. There were initials engraved on the inside and a date. She held it up, looking at Frances, level-browed and angry.

"There is my wedding ring. My marriage certificate is in my safe deposit box at the bank. I placed it there because I discovered that someone had been prying into my personal papers in my absence. I know now who it was."

To be continued

Tonight! Be His Lustre-Creme Dream Girl



Lustre-Creme Shampoo with Lanolin leaves your hair • Fragrantly clean • Glistening with sheen • Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme SHAMPOO WITH LANOLIN 29c — 55c — \$1.00

Advertisement for Agnew-Surpass Shoes. Features large text: 'Sensational shoe savings!', 'July Jamboree', 'at all 92 Agnew-Surpass Stores', 'shoe prices slashed!!', '\$2.99', '\$1.99', 'VACATION SPECIAL', 'Men's Camp and Vacation Casual Shoes—Everett and Romeo Slippers. Regular to \$4.95 — Sale Price \$2.99'. Includes a cartoon illustration of a woman and a man.

CHARLOTTETOWN STORE 123 GRAFTON ST. BERLIN, June 28 — (AP) — expected to end the blockade and British authorities said tonight counter-blockade of Berlin barge they had reached an understanding with the Russians which was transport experts said "very friendly" meetings with the Russians who assured the recent difficulties at the Wittenberge Soviet control point no longer exist. WORCHESTER, England — (CP) — Firemen were called out to rescue a crow who caught its claw in a tree.

Advertisement for 'Don't Miss HOLMANS Big Birthday Party' on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, July 6-7-8.