

# SPINNING and WEAVING

Send me your wool to be spun into yarn and wove into blankets. Charges are, single yarn 25 cents per pound, double yarn 20 cents. Blankets \$2.00. If unlaundered \$1.50. It takes five pounds of wool per blanket. Wool must be well washed, all dirt and burrs picked out.

The size of single yarn is: medium, doubled yarn fine, medium, coarse and hooking. Put shipper's and owner's name on all parcels, address and instructions inside.

Send by mail or freight. Freight will be paid on 100 pound lots.

Price of well washed and picked wool is 26 cents a pound. Special price for unwashed wool.

**WM. CONDON**

65 Queen Street, Charlottetown, L-5636-1-3 mths.

## TO LET

Flat 78 1/2 Euston Street, lately occupied by George J. Tweedy. Apply **DR. AYERS**, 78 Euston St.

L-5760-8-8-Stt if.

## FOR SALE

A valuable lot situated at the corner of Elm Avenue and Alley Street, approximately 67 feet by 114 feet. An excellent location for Gasoline Station or business stand.

Apply to Guardian Office. L5723-8-8-11-13

## TO LET

Dwelling No. 247 Grafton Street. Lately occupied by Dr. Keeping. Apply **L. M. POOLE & CO.**

L-5908-7-8-11.

# 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. 214 and No. 216 situated on the south side of Dorchester Street, Charlottetown. This property is now owned by atrick 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.

L5561-8-1-4-6-8-11

# 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. 7-28-8-4-11

# 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 Elmsdale.

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

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

Section No. 4.—On Georgetown Road from Crossroads towards Vernon River on 40 Road.

Section No. 5.—On Souris Road from Rollo Bay West towards Dingwell's Mills.

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

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 specification.

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 Brace, 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 25, 1936, 15394-7-116-71

# "Daughter Of Venus"

BY ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

## CHAPTER XII

Von Guerdon was as good as his word—he knew how to be patient. Juliet sat in several conferences with him and Madame Hubert the following week and his attitude was studiously polite.

Once when they met alone in one of the great carpeted corridors he asked her to have dinner with him, but she refused. Her excuse was that she was extremely busy furnishing and decorating the smart apartment she had taken in the fashionable Wilshire district.

As it turned out, Juliet had never occupied the recovery suite at the Institute but had found next day a place that suited her perfectly. The rent was high but so was her salary. For the first time in her life she was creating a home of her own and she had, recklessly, spent all of her surplus on the furnishings.

"But you will dine with me some time?" Von Guerdon persisted hopefully.

"Yes, I'll be glad to," Juliet told him vaguely.

Von Guerdon knew she was fending him off, but he took it calmly. "Remember, I am very patient," he said with a wry smile. "I'll ask you again before long."

O'Hara still stuck like a burr in her mind and conscience. Fortunately she did not have to face him the morning after their feverish night because he was still confined to bed. When he was able to be up he slipped away to Palm Springs for a couple of weeks' rest.

"While he's gone," Madame Hubert had told her, "you'll have an opportunity to master his duties. His secretary will show you everything."

The secretary, a dull bespectacled girl, did indeed know everything. Before she realized it, Juliet was up to her neck in orders and deliveries. It was all new and difficult but she poured such a wealth of energy into the long hours that the furnishing of the new home was abandoned half finished. Caught up in a revolving machine of work, sleep, eat, and fatigue, she had no time even to go to a picture show.

Once, due to inexperience, she was responsible for a freight-car of facial cream being shipped to New Orleans instead of Chicago and she was awake twenty-four

hours before the mistake was straightened out. In this catastrophe McSpadden was her only consolation. He let her weep on his shoulder and sent flowers from his garden for her desk.

Tearfully and expecting to be discharged, she went to Madame Hubert and confessed.

"It's nothing," said that remarkable woman. "One mistake I can overlook. If it happens again, my dear, you'll be discharged."

Juliet rushed back to the maelstrom of O'Hara's duties. The vision of the freight car wandering through Texas cactus was something she never forgot. Her brain clarified, her caution redoubled, and before O'Hara returned, his department was operating like a brisk and steady clock.

On the day of his return she dreaded their first encounter. It was going to be difficult, but she fortified herself with stony determination and marched straight to his office.

"Darling!"

The endearment leaped from his lips as he sprang from his desk and came around.

His face was tanned, his eyes clear. Instead of the old nettled sullenness his face radiated renewed health and his joy danced in the blue eyes. She was caught up in a close embrace and kissed hard on the mouth. But there was no response in her lips and her arms hung loosely at her sides until he had finished.

"Please," she said a bit breathlessly, "sit down. I want to tell you something."

His gaze was still shining upon her; the smile was not yet gone from his lips.

"That sounds bad—"

"We might as well get everything straight right away," Juliet's voice was level and friendly. "The kisses and the rest of it—that's all finished. I've been worrying about it all the time you were gone, and I want to be perfectly definite about it. I made a fool of myself that night. I lost my head—and it probably wasn't fair to you. It will not happen again—it will not even begin to happen again—"

O'Hara's smile was still in place but it wobbled slightly.

"All right—you've had your little joke," he said. "Now come over here and kiss me again."

"I'm not going to kiss you again—now or ever," she told him quickly. "It's all off—through—finished. There is nothing against you—but I don't feel that way about you."

The dancing light had gone from his eyes; they were no longer blue but mere slits of darkest night through his narrowed lids.

"It was just an evening out for you, eh? Was that the way of it?"

"Oh, don't make it sound so cheap," Juliet implored. "I was afraid you wouldn't understand. I don't go around doing that sort of thing—something I wasn't able to control rushed me off my feet. It wasn't my real self. It was being tired and excited and alone with you in the night."

She wasn't telling him the full truth. It had been because of O'Hara's fatal resemblance to her dead sweetheart that Juliet had lost her head. But she couldn't tell him this. It was too intimate, too secret to reveal.

"Well, you had me fooled all right," said O'Hara grimly. "I thought you were on the square."

"I am on the square!" cried Juliet. "That's why I can't go on with it. This job I have here is the best chance I ever had in my life. It means everything—it's escape from the worry and poverty and all the scrummy little drag-drag-drag that make life foul. I've been through all that. That's why I can't afford to lose it all by getting into a messy affair. The two things simply won't mix—"

"Oh, I'm not going to interfere with your caviar and artichokes," O'Hara put in.

"And you didn't mean it either?" Juliet rushed on. "You were sick, feverish—in a delirium. Half the time you didn't know what you were saying."

"Oh, didn't I?" He opened a desk drawer, produced a tiny plush casket and pressed a spring. "Here's how much I meant it—saw that I was!"

In the palm of his hand was the fiery glint of a square-cut diamond and beside it the white narrow band of a marriage ring.

"But I'm glad to know how you feel," he said out of his blackness. "I'd rather learn it now than later."

He dropped the useless things into his desk and shut them away. "But it's all right—I know when I've been kidded."

A parody of a smile flicked on his lips. It was the last semblance of geniality she saw from him until that other girl, Kate Schmidt, strolled into both their lives.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Juliet walked out of O'Hara's office. An hour later came the ominous request to report at once to Madame Hubert. The usual smile was missing from the blue-uniformed page boy who brought the message.

Before she left her own beautiful office with its mauve brocades and silk hangings, Juliet took a last look around. Her job, she felt, hung by a thread. With O'Hara returned there was, of course, no place for her in his department. Or any other definite place in the organization, as far as she could see.

Thoughts like these grew one out of another. In the past hour there had been time for O'Hara, if he so desired, to see Madame Hubert and put in complaints. The blunder of the errant freight shipment was undoubtedly still prejudicial in the Madame's mind.



Jack Rider and his all star diving trio.

might be closing the door on all her hopes and ambitions forever. By the time she reached Madame Hubert's office (and had been kept waiting in the ante-room for fifteen minutes her whole body was leaden.

Nor did the feeling lessen when the grim visage of her employer looked frostily across the desk.

"Sit down there and wait a minute!" snapped Madame Hubert, picking up her desk phone and getting the personnel manager on the wire. "Here are three names I want you to take off the payroll as of today," she barked into the receiver. "Alice Adams, Gladys Murphy, and that man Wilkins in the shipping department. The overhead around this place is getting out of all bounds!"

The Madame plainly was in a firing mood as she thrust the phone away and inspected Juliet as a hawk might a fieldmouse.

"Well, young lady," she demanded aggressively. "What are you doing?"

"How do you mean—what am I doing?" asked Juliet, regretting all the money she had spent on her flat.

"What are you working at? How are you earning your salary? O'Hara's back and he doesn't need you."

"I suppose I'm not doing anything just at present—"

"You suppose you're not doing anything!" screeched Madame Hubert. "Can't have that—absolutely won't have it! O'Hara was just in telling me about you. He said—"

and here Juliet held her breath—"that he has checked over things and found you did a perfectly marvelous job for us while he was gone. What department do you want to go into next?"

Juliet was a straggle-minded girl; nevertheless there was a childish gulp in her throat.

"And I thought you called me in here to fire me."

"Fire you! Don't be an idiot, child. I think we'll put you with Von Guerdon for a while. Go in there and watch him work and learn about the fees. Then you can begin booking the surgical cases downstairs. That's where you will need real judgment. You'll have to size them up and estimate the price we can charge 'em. That's the de luxe end of the business—but Von Guerdon will explain all that."

It was this new assignment that brought Juliet into a new and inescapable association with Von Guerdon. She was rid of O'Hara for the present, but it was the old case of frying pan into the fire.

Von Guerdon was delighted to have her sharing his office—to have her slender form beside him bending over his desk to look into her dark eyes at lunch, to spend long hours in which he strove subtly to woo her.

But there were other hours when his tall graceful form was incredibly swift and active in the operating room. Juliet never permitted herself to witness these operations; a theoretical knowledge of facial surgery, achieved verbally and through diagrams, was sufficient.

At these times Von Guerdon was an entirely different man, dictatorial, efficient, miraculously skillful. It was this professional excellence—far more than any other quality—that aroused Juliet's respect and something else that fell just a little short of momentary affection. When he ignored her presence and focused the full power of his mind upon some anonymous patient she liked him best of all.

(To Be Continued)

The only country in which regular slave markets still exist is Arabia. At Midl Berk and El Taif, hundreds of slaves brought from all parts of Africa are sold weekly.

# THE PLAYGROUND OF THE ISLAND

FOR FOUR BIG DAYS

**TUESDAY** **WEDNESDAY** **THURSDAY** **FRIDAY**  
AUGUST 18th AUGUST 19th AUGUST 20th AUGUST 21st

THROW AWAY YOUR TROUBLES, FORGET YOUR WORRIES AND HAVE A REAL HOLIDAY.

COME TO THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION AT CHARLOTTETOWN AND JOIN THE THOUSANDS OF MERRY MAKERS. MEET OLD FRIENDS AND ENJOY YOURSELF WITH THEM.

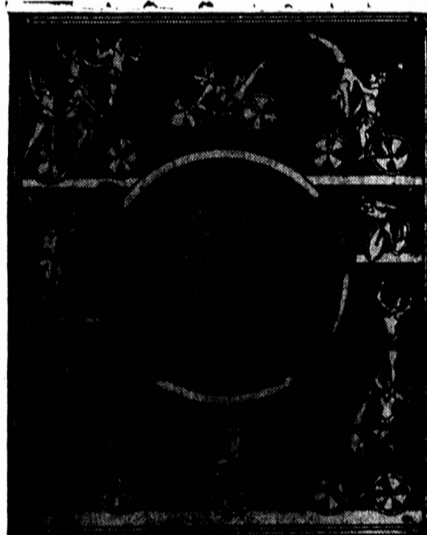
Here is our Vaudeville in miniature. Every act a real one and very spectacular.

## VAUDEVILLE PROGRAMME



WALKER'S JUNGLE WONDERS

For years we have been endeavoring to get a real high-class animal act and last year we put in our bid for it and this year it is here for you. Captain Walker's Jungle Wonders, a new achievement in wild animal training and zoological surprise. Ferocious Lions, Wild Pumas, Blood-lusting Leopards, broken to the word of man, work side by side with ponderous brutes of the North woods. Huge Black Bears in amazing harmony. A startling act that will give you a new conception of trained wild animals. An unusually thrilling feature.



JEAN JACKSON BICYCLE TROUPE

The leading Act of its kind in America. Trick and Acrobatic Bicycle work of the very best, presented by charming girls who have all the pep and daring vigor of youth and are arrayed in splendid and colorful costumes. Brightly glittering paraphernalia, daring evolutions on the bicycle combine in a swift moving panorama of color, thrills, smiling girls and side-splitting comedy.

## JACK RIDER AND HIS ALL STAR WATER CIRCUS

Easily the greatest diving act and water circus before the American and Canadian public today. SEE JEAN—The beautiful Young Lady Diver who will thrill you with acrobatic and classical diving, recognized as one of America's most outstanding divers.

SEE CURLY THE CLOWN—The Comic Diver who amuses you with humorous dialogue, comedy dives and a sensational 60 foot fall from the ladder.

SEE JACK RIDER—The outstanding star of the troupe performing the most intricate acrobatic and fancy diving. You'll gasp at his sensational 112 feet backward double somersault dive into a seven-foot tank of flaming water.

CHARLIE CHAMBERLAIN, "THE SINGING LUMBERJACK," who was so popular with us last season, will be here on re-engagement. He will come back from the forest primeval, full of the vigor and vim of the Northland, with a complete new repertoire of songs that will delight you. Hear Charlie every afternoon and evening.

OUR BIG VAUDEVILLE PROGRAM AND CHARLIE CHAMBERLAIN will be a feature every afternoon and evening, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Don't miss a single day. Come and bring all your friends, enjoy the biggest afternoon and evening's entertainment ever provided in the Maritimes. FIREWORKS every night of the four, and such Fire works that it would take a page to tell you about them.

For the past two years we have been offering a program of Fireworks, each year an improvement on the previous one. This year we placed our order in February and gave instructions that it must positively eclipse last year's display.

Our big new program for four nights is now in our hands and we will startle you when we release the particulars regarding it. Nothing approaching it has ever been shown at any Maritime Fair or any other gathering in the Maritimes. The set pieces alone have taken the time of dozens of employees working many weeks. They are so beautiful that we will probably require a page ad to tell you about them. Nothing so dazzling in pyrotechnic achievements has been offered before by any Fair in Canada, with the exception of the Canadian National in Toronto.

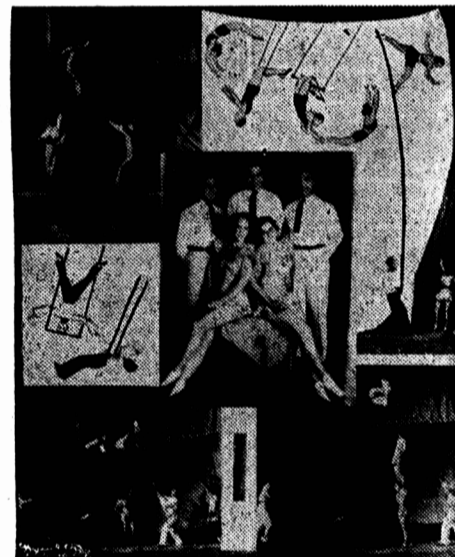
SPECIAL LOW PRICES EVENINGS

\$3.00—SEASON TICKETS—\$3.00



THE GLOBE OF DEATH

This is truly motor-madness—the world's most sensational motorcycle act. It will feature a daring team of race drivers, Miss Bunny Nix, known as Australia's Mile-a-Minute Girl, and Grady Nix, whirling through looping-loops on high-powered motor cycles in mid air inside a magnificent gilded globe, brilliantly illuminated at night. Four different rides, each more breath-taking than the last.



THE MOREEN TROUPE

A whole circus in one. These are scions of the sawdust arena, as versatile as the circus itself. Artists who have grown to their present greatness by training from earliest childhood.

## FOUR ACTS

1. A SCREAMING COMEDY CLOWN NOVELTY.
2. AMAZING BALANCES ON THE AERIAL TRAPEZE.
3. A THRILLING PERCH EQUILIBRISTIC OFFERING.
4. A THRILLING ACROBATIC SPRINGBOARD FEATURE.