

**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TUBERCULOSIS LEAGUE**

**MOBILE X-RAY UNIT SCHEDULE**

Monday 12th—Central Royalty School ... 3:30 - 4:30  
6:30 - 8:00

Tuesday 13th—Central Royalty School ... 3:30 - 4:30  
6:30 - 8:00

Wednesday 14th—Prince Wales College ... 3:30 - 5:30

Thursday 15th—Prince Wales College ... 3:30 - 5:30

Friday 16th—Prince Wales College ... 3:00 - 5:30

Any school teachers in Charlottetown requiring X-ray clearance certificates may be X-rayed at P.W.C. at above times.

**LITERATURE**  
(Continued from Page 3)

The earth very dreary, and they are very tired, for "their grave-rest is far to seek." One of their number, little Alice, died last year. Her grave is free from soil, and no one will call for her to get up early to go to work. When asked to go out and enjoy life, they reply, "Are your cowpods of the meadows like our weeds under the mine?" As far as meadows go they would only be useful for the children to drop down in them and sleep.

They say that "their knees tremble sorely for the stooping, we fall upon our faces trying to go, and underneath our heavy eyelids drooping, the reddest flower would look as pale as snow." This tells the story:

"For all the day we drag our burden hring,  
Through the coal-dark underground  
Dr. all day, we drive the wheels  
In the factories, round and round."

And all day the wind from the droning wheels comes in their faces. Everything seems to turn "our hearts, our heads, the walls, the sky, even the black flies that crawl across the ceiling—all are turning", and they with all. All is so noisy and they say to the wheels, "Stop be silent for today!" But all day the iron wheels go round. They ask, "Does God care?" "Is it likely that He with the angels singing round Him, hears our weeping any more?"

**This Side Of Glory**  
By Gwen Brewster  
Author of "Deep Summer" "The Handsome Road," etc.

He picked up the bags and went down the stairs. Standing with her hands on her throat, which was closing and choking her so that she could not move or speak and could hardly breathe, Eleanor heard the front door closing and then the sound of the gadget-ridden car in the avenue.

Later that night a Negro man brought the car back. Cameo, who answered the doorbell, brought Eleanor a note. "Sorry I had to borrow your car, but I had the tank filled. Kester."

For a week Eleanor heard nothing more from Kester, then she received a note four lines long telling her he was working at the Government cotton station up the river. He did not write her again. She could not tell if his silence was a weapon he was deliberately using to hurt her or if he merely had nothing to say.

Eleanor had never been more uncertain or more wretched than when she had such a blow to her self-respect. Whether Kester's hand or her own had been heavy in dealing it she could not decide. All she knew was that Kester had walked out of Ardeth and she had no way to tell if he had any intention of returning.

She wrote him a letter beginning, "The children ask for you a dozen times a day, and then tore it up. It was true, the children did ask for him, but that was a bludgeon she would scorn herself for using and he would scorn her herself for using and he would scorn her for attempting it. She pacified Cornelia and Philip by telling them their father would be back soon. To other inquiries she said Kester was at the cotton station up-river, and said it so crisply that before long she was receiving no more questions. With a fierce desire for privacy, she went about as usual, willing to discuss any subject on earth but her personal life.

Then, vaguely and tormentingly, she began to be aware that her affairs were not private. At first the rumor was like a cobweb that one brushes away on a dark street, not sure whether one has brushed a cobweb or a trick of the shadows. But though she tried to believe it was a figment of her strained imagination she began to feel like a schoolgirl suspecting that everybody but herself was sharing a secret.

Eleanor had promised to go to tea at Silverwood in honor of Clara's sister, Mrs. Maynard, who was coming down from Baton Rouge on a visit. The tea was placidly uninteresting until during a lull in the conversation Mrs. Maynard asked innocently "What's Isabel Valcour doing these days? Is she still in town?"

Clara answered hastily, "Oh, yes, she's still in town," and as she said it her face pinkened and she began urging Violet to play the piano. Two or three others joined, fluttering as if to cover the embarrassment of a guest who had upset the gray on the tablecloth.

These occurrences were too frequent for her to overlook them all she could do for the sake of her own dignity was pretend not to notice them.

Late one morning during the first week of December Cousin Sylvia made Eleanor a visit. Eleanor was surprised when Cameo summoned her to the parlor, for the day was raw and gloomy with mist, hardly time to be chosen for a round of ceremonious calls. Her knowledge of Sylvia suggested that it was more likely to have chosen a day when one could be sure of finding the object of one's efforts alone by her own fire, and as she descended the stairs Eleanor was buckling on an armor of unconcern against the pricks of Sylvia's lance. She entered the parlor smiling brightly. "Why, Cousin Sylvia, how good of you to drop in! And in this doubtful weather, too!"

"I've been so wanting to see you, Eleanor dear," Sylvia clasped Eleanor's hand ardently.

Eleanor exclaimed, "Your hands are cold. You're sure you're like a hot cup of coffee, wouldn't you?"

"How nice of you!" said Sylvia.

For a few minutes they sipped coffee and discussed a matter. After a while Sylvia remarked that everyone's garden would be full of weeds after this wet spell.

"But you don't work your own flowers, do you?"

"No, I have a man for that."

Eleanor, watching Sylvia across the coffee pot, wondered how long it was going to take her to come to the direct questions Sylvia was evidently yearning to have answered. "My dear," murmured Sylvia, "I have been thinking of you a great deal recently."

"How kind of you," said Eleanor. Sylvia looked around the room and then at Eleanor again. "I have wanted to come to see you before, dear child," she continued. "But I have put it off. Sometimes one's duty is not clear. It is difficult to bring up unpleasant problems, even from the loftiest of motives. And yet, I am convinced I should speak to you. For your own good, Eleanor."

Eleanor listened, pretending a sweet impassivity while inwardly she burned with resentment.

"We were so happy when you and Kester were married," Sylvia informed her at length. "And yet—I am sure you never suspected this and I would be the last to tell you except that the time has come when it seems right to speak frankly—there was some surprise."

"Was there?"

"Indeed yes, my dear. Of course you are startled. You are a lovely, well-educated girl, and your people are most deserving, but there was astonishment, I shan't deny, when Kester stepped outside his own circle—not that I mean to imply he hadn't a perfect right to do so, but you and he had not

**Happenings Of The Week**  
(Continued from Page 3)

Mr. and Mrs. C. Fred Black arrived from Ottawa Thursday evening to spend a short holiday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Black, Palmer Apts.

Mr. and Mrs. F. MacPhee and daughter Mary whistled this week from a motor trip to Montreal.

Mrs. Mark MacGuigan entertained on Thursday for a number of her friends.

Mrs. Fred Ellis of Roslandale, Mass., is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Trainer, Charlottetown.

Miss Mollie Lewis was hostess at a miscellaneous shower on Thursday evening in honour of Miss Lou Compton on Friday evening and presented her with a wedding gift. Another choir member Miss Arden McKorkell who is leaving for Brooklyn, N. Y., was given a gift by the choir members.

Mrs. H. D. Raymond, was the weekend guest of Miss Harriet MacCallum, Richmond Street, before leaving on return to her home in Toronto.

Dr. and Mrs. Donald MacNeill and Donald, Jr., have returned to their home on Brighton Road from Halifax and points in Nova Scotia. While in Halifax Dr. MacNeill spent six weeks on the staff of Camp Hill Hospital as Chief Medical Pensioner.

Mrs. Theodore Higgins, Hyde Park, Mass., accompanied by her daughter, Miss Ethel and her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Higgins, Windsor, Maine, have returned home after visiting her sister, Mrs. H. C. White, Murray Harbour and brother, Mr. Wallace L. Higgins, Kent Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. Lea and son Ricky, Saint John, N. B., who have been visiting relatives and friends in the city left on return home.

On Thursday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Sherrin, Miss Joan Sherrin and Anita McCabe were joint hostesses at a delightful shower in honor of Miss Phyllis Hessian, bride elect of this month.

Senator T. Y. Grant, Montague, leaves today by car for Ottawa. He will be accompanied by Mr. Grant and their son Raymond, who received his B.Sc. degree at St. Dunstan's University last year and this year is attending Montreal University.

Miss Frances Coyle and Miss Inez Murray have returned from an enjoyable train trip to Saint John and Moncton attending the air meet while in the latter city.

Cadet Arthur C. Avard who has been in the U. N. T. D. at Esquimalt, B. C. arrived home by plane from Seattle, Wash., on Monday afternoon and will spend a vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Avard, Greenfield Ave., before resuming his studies at the University of Western Ontario at London on Sept. 24th.

Miss Clarice McGinn, of Fredericton, N. B., is spending a pleasant holiday in Charlottetown the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Frank Murray and Mr. Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. LeClair have returned from Halifax where Mr. LeClair served as Lieutenant in the R.C.N. (R.) during the summer months. Prior to their departure from Halifax they were entertained by Mr. LeClair's classmates and also by the Officers of H.M.C.S. Llewellyn. Among the Officers aboard the ship are Lt. Cdr. W. Inman and Lt. Channing Gillis of Charlottetown and Prim Point.

Miss Margaret Keith of Stellarton, N. S., returned to her home after an enjoyable visit with her niece, Mrs. Eric MacKay, Summerside.

Mrs. Evelyn MacAlpine of Moncton, N. B., spent the Labor Day weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Frank MacKenzie, Summerside. On return she was accompanied by Miss Helen Mills, who has accepted a position in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph MacFarlane and their guests last week Mr. and Mrs. Don Fawcett and her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. ...

(To be continued)

**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE L. S. STEVENSON**  
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Mr. and Mrs. U. R. Williams of Albany, N. Y., has been the guest this week of Mrs. Byron Thompson, Summerside.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. MacQuarrie have returned to their home in Noranda, P. Q., having spent an enjoyable three weeks' visit with friends and relatives in Victoria and Mount Herbert. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Clark, North Willshire to Port Elgin, N. B., and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Raynor at far as Campbellton, N. B. Mrs. Clark and Mr. Raynor are sister and brother to Mrs. MacQuarrie.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Macdonald, and children Peter and Barbara have returned to their home in New Glasgow, N. S., having spent the Summer at their cottage on the Montague River near Montague.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dystant left Summerside on Wednesday for Waterville, N. S., to visit their daughter, Mrs. Claude Cook and Mr. Cook.

Mrs. Lulu Cunningham of Augusta, Maine who has been visiting relatives for the past month in Freetown and Summerside left Tuesday on return to her home. While in Summerside she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Silas MacFarlane and Mr. MacFarlane.

Mr. and Mrs. Leith Smith have returned to Moncton, N. B. after an enjoyable visit in Summerside as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eric MacKay.

Miss Barbara Silliphant, Summerside, has as her guest, Miss Theresa O'Neill, graduate nurse of St. Mary's Hospital, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. David Horne of Bloomfield left yesterday on a visit to relatives in Littleton, N. H., Lexington, Massachusetts and New York City.



**SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES**

FACTORY FRESH

**DAD'S SPECIAL SEAT** repairs Ernest Lovell removed a [blank] it out—Signed Alfred Lov seat from the fire station here [blank] January 11, 1901." It was his and found an inscription under- [blank] father's signature.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE, Eng. and found an inscription under- [blank] father's signature.

neath saying: "Woe to him who

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**See This Magnificent Display**

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