

EMPIRE LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
KINGSTON, ONTARIO
ON A SOLID FOUNDATION
R. H. McNEILL, Branch Manager
179 Kent Street, Charlottetown.

TENDERS

Called for installation bathroom at Manse. Specifications from Manse any morning. Address tenders Frank Jardine, Mount Stewart. Closing 6 P. M. April 15th. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
L-1054-3-31-4-3-5.

TENDERS

will be received at the Office of McLean & McKinnon, Royal Bank Building up to noon of April 10th next for the purchase of property 283 Euston Street, consisting of a large corner dwelling house and an extra building lot. For full particulars apply to
MRS. JENNIE FRASER,
on the Premises.
L-1057-4-3-7.

FARM FOR SALE

Two miles from Charlottetown, by paved road, 25 acres of land in a good state of cultivation. This is one of the most attractive small farms on P. E. Island. Property of the late John B. Lewis, West Royalty.
Apply on premises.
L-1088-4-1-31.

Property For Sale

Fifteen-room and Store, corner King and Queen streets, Charlottetown. If not sold by private sale by April 15 will be sold by public auction on that date at 2 P. M. Apply on premises.
L-1093-4-1-61

FOR SALE

Building Lot, 90 ft. Front, 165 ft. Back. Formerly Low Garden, situated Kent St. Apply
L. M. POOLE & CO.
L-267-3-6-1f

Professional Cards

EGAN & CO.

Chartered Accountants
140 Richmond Street
Phone 47. P. O. Box 12.

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J. A. BENTLEY, K. C.
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MONEY TO LOAN

MacGuigan & Trainor

MARK R. MacGUGAN, K. C.
C. ST. CLAIR TRAINOR, E. A.
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
MONEY TO LOAN
Office: Over Provincial Bank,
Richmond Street, Charlottetown.

Bell & Mathieson

R. R. Bell, D. L. Mathieson, LL.B.
Barristers & Solicitors
MONEY TO LOAN
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
Riley Building, Charlottetown.

Palmer & Haslam

H. J. PALMER, K. C.
A. J. HASLAM, B. A., LL. B.
BARRISTERS, ETC.
Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
MONEY TO LOAN
Phone 85. P. O. Box 127.

NOTICE

Paved Highways Closed to Motors

Until Further Notice all paved Highways in this Province are closed to motor vehicles when the combined weight of load and vehicle exceeds 4,000 lbs.

Dated this 18th day of March, A.D. 1937

By Order

P. S. FIELDING,
Clerk of the Executive Council

We'll Meet Again

By MARGARET GORMAN NICHOLS

(Continued)

He had stayed away, and as Gay had looked for him, so he had looked for her, though he knew how futile it was to love her. A stroke of luck would happen to her—and Alan Riggs, loving her, would come back to her. What has he, Chris Mallory, to offer her? The helter-skelter life of a newspaper man and small shabby rooms where her beauty would be wasted? His play.... he was writing it with his blood, writing a happy ending to Gay's love story, sending her back to Alan....

He would never forget tonight. In the pattern of their acquaintance it stood out vividly—Gay, close to him, her red curls upon his shoulder, her eyes questioning. Eyes that were not sure—eyes that did not yet know her heart. When the cab stopped before the familiar house and Gay awoke with a start, Chris Mallory scoffed at the Fate that had brought them together—the society girl and the reporter—although he knew that had he not met her, he would have gone on, hoping and groping for the one woman for him. An ironing of things had brought them together. It had shown him a girl he was to love all his life but a girl he could never have.

In the dark narrow hall she stood close to him. It was above all the sordid things, her feeling for Chris. "I've missed you," she said. "Haven't you missed me?" His mouth was grim. "I've missed you like a devil."

"Aren't you going to see me again?" "Why? See you and love you and know I'll never have you?" He smiled. "Oh, I'll turn up now and then...."

"When I need you." "There is only one thing to keep me from being a fool," he said. "That is to leave New York." "You're afraid to love me, Chris." "You don't love me, Chris. That's fine, but that's not enough. I haven't anything to offer you and I'm not going to become involved. I'm going to clear out. Try to get a job somewhere else—another country perhaps."

"You've done more for me than anyone has ever done. Where were all the people tonight who used to flock around me to get an invitation to my parties? Where were they? If they thought of me at all, they thought, 'Poor Gay. She's finished and forgotten.' But you...."

"I'd have done as much for anybody in a spot. You'd better get some sleep." She looked up. "Chris, don't go away. I'm still mixed up. Everything bewilder me. I feel lost. Some day I'll find myself."

"Sure you will. But I won't be in the picture. I'm an intruder, and I know it. I'm a hick with a little polish on my shoes and I probably won't amount to much. I don't care about anything—if I have to get ahead by graft and handshaking. I wouldn't do that—even for you. The woman who marries me will have a pretty hectic life but it'll be a full life and we'll have fun. Good night, Gay. Forgive the sermon."

He drew her close and put his lips against her forehead. "We said good-bye before but it's final this time," he said. "I wish you luck and happiness."

He was gone. She stared after him, shivering in the light silver wrap. And she came down from the splendid shining heights where Chris lived, knowing she could never climb them again—without him.

When she went into the apartment and closed the door, there were tears in her eyes. Without Chris the way ahead was all uphill.

INSTALLMENT 9

Gay stopped in at the little tea room where Diana worked, and seeing her mother, wearing an immaculate white uniform, go from one table to another cheerfully greeting the people who came in made her think that no amount of hard work or sacrifice on her own part could be too great.

Diana, born to be ornamental, had had luxury all her life. Her hands were small useless hands, and her slim body was too fragile

for tedious working hours. She came home in the evening, her ankles swollen, her face drawn and weary. "Darling, what a surprise!" she cried, seeing Gay. "How do you like my little hideout?" "It's a picturesque little place. It has a foreign flavor." "I'll get you some tea, dear. The manager told me this morning he wants me to tell fortunes by tea leaves. What next, I wonder? How is it you're free this afternoon?" Gay smiled. "My husband's been generous since Mr. Wick's big order. I'm going to wander through the stores."

"And look at clothes you can't have. You haven't had anything new to wear in months. Nor have I. I've got to run along now, dear. Here comes...."

Diana came in. "Good afternoon, Mr. Bannister. I want you to meet my daughter. Gay, this is Mr. Bannister who never misses his afternoon tea."

He was in his late forties, Gay thought. He had a brown face, dark eyes, a close-cropped mustache and his hair was a mixture of black and white. He was dressed in a sober gray.

"Your mother," he said, "has made afternoon tea a pleasant habit."

At home that night Diana said, "Isn't Mr. Bannister handsome, Gay? But he looks as if he has something on his conscience."

"And you won't stop," said Gay, looking over a magazine, "until you find out what it is and then give him your comforting philosophy."

Diana rested her head on the back of the chair. "I wonder where Patti is tonight. Paris probably. She loves Paris. They'll be coming home after Christmas. She's been sending my mail to the lawyer, you know. She doesn't know anything about this."

"She'll have her eyes opened." Gay laughed quietly. "She'll say, 'Oooh, what a horrible little place!'"

"It's the best we can do. And at Christmas we're going to have a turkey and a tree and invite Chris and Penny to dinner."

"Chris is going away," said Gay, frowning into a magazine. "We won't see him again."

"He's going away because he loves you dear. He's proud and independent. I admire him for it."

Gay looked up. "There's still Alan Mother."

Diana had gone to bed and Mac-duff, a little black ball, was asleep on his pillow. Gay stretched out her slim body in blue corduroy pajamas on the sofa and snapped off the radio with an impatient finger. They played love songs to haunt you and to stir memories, and to Gay they recalled evenings with Alan, certain songs that reminded her of him and the places where they had been happy together. But the most haunting melody of all, she thought, was the one they had played for Chris and her on the night when her silver slippers had come to dance above her dreary little world.

The telephone shrilled and a deep voice asked, "Gay?" "Why, Chris...."

"I'm calling at midnight." "Selling? Where?"

He gave a low laugh. "I'm going to Nassau to finish the play, and probably write a few more. I haven't got much money but it's worth the chance." He paused. "This is just another in our series of good-byes."

"I don't want to say good-bye to you...."

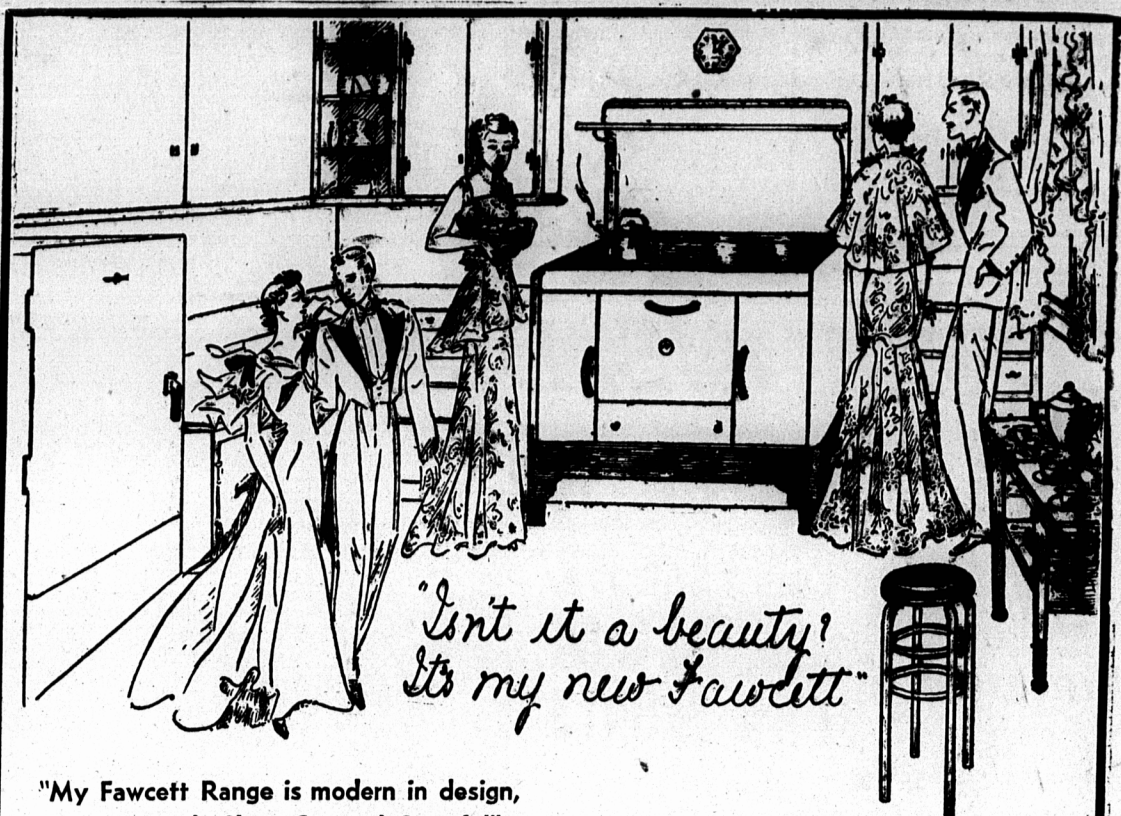
"I want to know if you'll keep Sandy for me."

Of course Chris. But I—I won't say good-bye to you. I'll say au revoir because I know we'll meet again."

He seemed to pause a moment again, and she visualized him in some telephone booth, his eyes tense and dark, and his mouth tight because he would not say what was in his heart.

Good-bye, Gay, and the receiver clicked and an impatient operator reminded her that the party on the other end of the line was no longer there.

(To be Continued)



"My Fawcett Range is modern in design, Symmetrical, Clean-Cut and Graceful"

Yes I love my new kitchen and my new FAWCETT Range. The sparkling, stainless, ivory-enamel finish just fitted in with my color scheme. I chose it because it is modern in design, symmetrical, clean cut and graceful. In fact, it is just what I needed to complete my plans.

"My Fawcett Range is Efficient too"

My new range has changed my ideas about cooking. It is now a joyous art, whereas before it was more or less of a drudgery. The oven bakes perfectly and is equipped with an electric light, which turns on when I open the door and turns off when I close it. My Minute Minder or "Mechanical Maid," which I keep on the High Shelf, saves my cakes and saves me a lot of time. I like the oven and top—they are so roomy, so easy to keep clean.

"My Fawcett Range is easy on Fuel"

You would be surprised at the small amount of fuel that does my work. Jack says the FAWCETT Range is so constructed that it will give years of wear without trouble. The Salesman from whom we bought it took us to a home where there has been a FAWCETT Range in constant use for the past 40 years.

"I had a wide variety of Fawcett Ranges to select from"

I was surprised at the wide variety of FAWCETT Ranges. There are large ones and small ones, plain ones, all enamelled ones. They can be equipped with a Reservoir or Waterfront, for burning Wood or Coal, Gas, Electricity, in fact it would appear as though anything one might want in the way of a range could be picked from the FAWCETT line which has been continuously on the market since 1860.

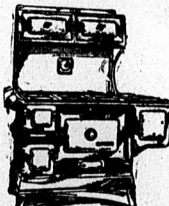
Fawcett Fireboxes are Guaranteed for Three Years

The Salesman told us that the Company had worked out a new alloy metal which they are using in their fireboxes and that ALL FIRE-BOX LININGS IN FAWCETT RANGES ARE GUARANTEED FOR THREE YEARS. Yes Jane I bought it from our local dealer.

See Your Nearest Fawcett Dealer Today

There is a FAWCETT Range which will please you as much as the one shown above pleased Mrs. Archibald.

Modernize Your Kitchen with a Fawcett Better Baking Range



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JAKE HAS A BUG IN HIS BONNET

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