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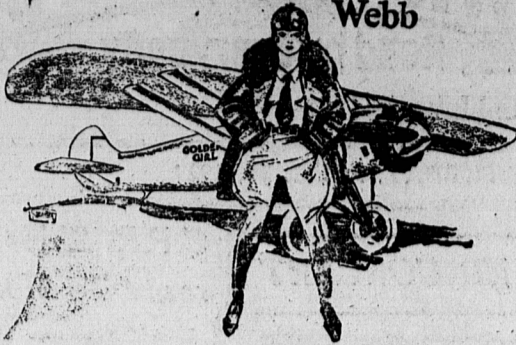
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A. WANDER LIMITED, 455 KING ST. W. TORONTO, ONTARIO

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The GOLDEN GIRL

by Barbara Webb



CONTINUED

Four people have been drawn together at the Minerva Flying Field. The first of these is Solange Harner, who runs the Crownrest, a lunch room across the road from the landing area. Next comes Jerry Corbett, a pilot whom So-so has adored for years. His pal Fred France is in love with So-so. To complete the quartet, there is Constance Terry, a society girl who has taken up flying. She has just bought a plane for herself and christened it the Ice maiden. Jerry is teaching her to fly.

THE ENGAGEMENT

Jerry had a queer dream the night after the christening of the Ice maiden. He usually slept so soundly that he found himself considering this one when he woke just before sunrise. He had dreamed that he was with Constance. In his dream he took her in his arms and kissed her, but when she looked up at him, it was with So-so's face.

"They are a little alike, both tall and blond," he thought now, "but where So-so's hair has a sort of yellow color, Constance's is more of an ash blond. And then she's got the latest Parisian bob, while So-so just lets hers grow."

He lay considering the two girls. Both of them good sports, and, what was extremely important to Jerry, air-minded. He dismissed So-so and thought exclusively of Constance. "I might fall in love with her. She's rotten with money I suppose, but then that's no particular drawback, she's good sport enough to give that up if she cares for me. Wonder what Fred would think."

He looked across the room he shared with Fred to where the latter was still sound asleep on his narrow bed. "Wake up, Fred," Jerry called. No answer. Jerry turned over and groaned. "Open the peepers, laddie—the birds are twittering—merry sunshine's all about."

"Oh, go to hell!" Fred muttered. "Now, now. That's no way to talk. Open 'em up kid. I want to ask you a question."

"What'sit?" "What'sit?" "Is that a way to answer when I want to ask you how to tell when I'm in love?" Fred opened his eyes. "Who with?" he asked indignantly.

"I've counted all my lovely lady friends up, subtracted 340, and the answer is Connie Terry I believe."

Fred was awake now. Suppose Jerry was serious. If he was then perhaps So-so would finally admit him. Fred, to the place in her heart he longed

to occupy. "She's a grand girl, Jerry," he said now.

"She is that. Do you think she likes me?" Fred considered. There was no real reason to suppose Connie in love with Jerry, but Jerry apparently wanted encouragement. And then if he showed an open preference for her, well, perhaps So-so would prove more reasonable. So he said, "I think she's cuckoo over you."

"No, seriously."

"Seriously, I think any girl is cuckoo who likes a man that wakes up as early as you do in the morning."

A second pillow hit him. "You answer me, you lousy mechanic—"

"I'm sure she likes you, Jerry, cultivate her. God bless you and so on. Now let me go back to sleep and I'll give you an acre of nonskid atmosphere for a wedding present."

Jerry allowed Fred to go back to sleep. Connie was a peach, no doubt of it. And he was seeing her later in the morning. She was nearly ready to fly the Ice maiden solo. She was fine and generous, everything a flier could ask in a wife.

He mulled the matter over while he shaved. By 9 o'clock he had convinced himself that he was in love with Constance and that she needed only a little necessary attention to return his feelings.

When he met her at the field and went through the final instructions on a practice plane he watched for the smile in her eyes. He liked the quick capable way she had of taking hold of things. By the time they got into her sport roadster to drive back to the Terry farm he was speculating on his opportunity to let her know something of his feeling.

They went up together in the Ice maiden, Constance at the controls. "Good girl," he said approvingly when they landed. "You'll do. A little more confidence on the banks is all you need."

"Will you lunch with me?" Constance invited. "I'm alone. Father's gone into the city for the day."

Jerry accepted and after lunch they went out into the late fall sunshine and sat in some basket chairs to survey the green and red and gold of the trees on the estate.

"Clark would say this is a 'topping' view," Jerry mused. "Englishmen are funny, aren't they?" Constance answered idly.

"Amusing—you wouldn't want to marry one, would you, Connie?" Constance looked at him in surprise. "Heavens, no! Why do you ask?"

"I just wondered. What kind of man are you going to marry?" "One who does things. I hate idlers. I like men that work. Most of the men I know have inherited a lot of money and they just sit in sofa-where in the family business and never strike out for themselves at all."

"Would you consider an aviator?" "I would, Jerry."

"Me?" "I might. But Jerry—you know my father and mother are divorced. And the funny part is, so far as I can find out, that they were much in love that she couldn't bear to have him take time to run his business and was jealous of him every moment he was away from her. Honestly, I think that the unhappiest people I know are the ones who were desperately in love with each other when they were married. It doesn't last, Jerry. But friendship, and being good pals, and liking the same things—that does last. I want my husband to be my best friend."

the embarrassed silence that fell between them, "then I suppose I engaged."

"I reckon we are," Jerry pulled to her feet. "And I reckon I'd like to kiss you."

He bent his face to hers. She kissed him firmly and willingly but he was a slightly puzzled Jerry that looked down at her after the caress. To himself he was saying, "Now I get to get some kind of a kick out of this. She's a mighty kissable girl. Now, too."

They occupied the chairs again. Jerry got a rotten lot of money. "You, Connie?"

"It's mostly father's, an only child and I have investments of my own. Does that suit you, Jerry?"

"Would you be willing to give me on my salary?" "I'd like to keep my own money. It isn't so much. But I wouldn't want father to keep handing out funds all the time for us."

"That sounds, fair enough. Will he think I'm a fortune hunter?" "Hardly. He likes you and he thinks there's a big future in aviation. He's put some money into it, and he has no more use than I have for idlers."

They sat in companionable silence for a little while. Jerry wondered if he was really happy. He was contented. He knew he would be regarded as an unusually lucky chap. This something that was missing, this thrill people engaged to be married were supposed to feel, it probably wasn't very important.

In voluntarily he thought of So-so. There was a girl who would fall head over heels some day. He turned to Constance, thrusting the strangely unwelcome thought of So-so back in his mind. "Do you want me to talk to your father?" he asked.

"Yes, I think you should. He probably won't be very surprised. He's asked me a lot of questions about you."

"Do you want to keep it quiet awhile?" Jerry asked. "Just to get used to your new estate?" Constance shook her head. "No special reason why we should. I'd like to wait a few months before we marry—spring weddings are prettiest. I think. Go ahead and tell folks."

"Yes, Fred will want to know—Fred and, and So-so. They're about the best friends I have."

"Fine. They'll spread the news. Tell them tonight when you go back."

Jerry hesitated. "I think I'd rather you told So-so. I'd feel—oh I don't know—I just don't want to tell her."

Constance looked at him curiously. "As you like. It's funny that you never fell in love with So-so yourself," she said.

"Oh Fred's the boy with the case on So-so." Jerry spoke casually, but he felt once more that queer sense of disloyalty. TO BE CONTINUED



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MORTGAGE SALE

TO BE SOLD by Public Auction in front of the Law Court's Building at Charlottetown in Queen's County, in Prince Edward Island on Thursday, the Ninth day of May A. D. 1925 at the hour of twelve o'clock noon. All THAT tract piece and parcel of land situate lying on Township number 66 in King's County bounded and described as follows, that is to say:— Commencing on the south side of the Peters Road and at the west boundary of 100 acres of land near or formerly in the possession of Neil Johnston, thence south along the said west boundary 83 chains and 34 links to the north boundary of 97 acres of land in the possession of Malcolm Bethune, thence west 12 chains to the east boundary of 100 acres of land now or formerly in the possession of Roserick McLeod, thence north along the same to the said road and thence east along the said road to the place of commencement containing One Hundred (100) acres of land a little more or less as the same is described in a Deed of Conveyance from the Commissioner of Public Lands to James Clow bearing date the 11th day of December A. D. 1881.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 6th day of January A. D. 1925 and made between Jennie

A. McDonald of Alliston in King's County, wife of Daniel McDonald (of the one part) and Sadie Leclair of Charlottetown in Queen's County in said Island, wife of Alexander Leclair (of the other part), because of default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest due thereby.

For further particulars apply at the office of MacDonald & MacPhee, Solicitors, Riley Building, Charlottetown.

Dated this Fourth day of April, A. D. 1925.

SADIE LECLAIR, Mortgagee.

3055-4-6-13-23-27.

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I am instructed by John Rooney to sell by auction at Southport on Wednesday, May 1st, at 1 o'clock sharp, his house and outbuildings and all his household effects, consisting of parlor, dining room, kitchen and bedroom furnishings, 1 kitchen stove, base burner, Quebec heater, and all other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms made known at sale. For particulars apply to John Rooney, Southport, or J. A. MacDonald, Auctioneer.

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Is established for the prosecution of any person or persons stealing foxes from the ranches of any of its members and have retained a Detective Agency and Legal Team of highest repute to accomplish their purpose. Trained Blood-hounds are also owned by the Association and are ready to go to work at one minute's notice.

T. B. ROGERS, Secretary-Treasurer.

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