

Beach-Grove Golf Club

MEMBERSHIP ENROLLMENT

Special rates will be given to those who join and pay their fees before June 30th. Apply at once to

H. M. SIMPSON, SECRETARY
P. O. Box 326
CHARLOTTETOWN
2993-6-25-Vam31.

Desirable Residential Property For Sale

J. A. MacDonald, Auctioneer has been instructed to sell by auction on the premises on Thursday, July 3, 1924 at twelve noon that

Most Desirable Double Tenement Property

situate at Nos. 98 and 100 Kent St., West, almost opposite the City Building. This is a splendid opportunity for anyone desiring to acquire a centrally situated residence at a moderate price.

J. A. MacDONALD Auctioneer
8011-6-25-61.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received until the 10th day of July by the undersigned for the painting of the outside of the Canoe Cove Church, with or without stock.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, Secretary,
Long Creek
2898-6-21-Sw71.

TENDERS

Tenders for painting the exterior of St. Teresa's Church, will be received by the undersigned until July 5th. Particulars on application to

I. R. A. McDONALD, St. Teresa's,
June 25th, 1924.
8071-6-27-61.

Auction Sales

The Guardian Job Department is well equipped to turn out sale bills.

Any person having an Auction sale should advertise in both ways.

An advertisement may pay for itself if it brings only one more bidder to the sale.

The Charlottetown Guardian

Marriage Scales

By Mildred Barbeau.
(Continued.)

CONCERNING THE ACTION AND THE CHARACTERS

Mariana Page, beautiful, idle, romantic has reached the discontented stage of matrimony, and finds her husband, Charles, dull uninteresting particularly when contrasted with Craig Cullam, a young actor-star whom Mariana has seen but not met. Mariana quarrels with Doris Sumner, her pretty, active young sister, who tries to interest her in charities. Doris meets Craig and they are mutually attracted. Craig meets the actor, not knowing he is a friend of Doris, and invites him to her home.

TWO PEOPLE ARE WRETCHED

When Craig Cullam walked in at the pageant committee's headquarters the following morning, Doris gave him a blithe greeting, but went busily on dictating to a stenographer.

There was a little more color in her cheeks, but she gave no further evidence of his presence, and he was immediately seized upon by the redoubtable Mrs. Amos Hunter Deering, who looked more than ever like an impressive bit of overstuffed furniture in a futuristic gown of sprawling black and white figures.

Cullam escaped her finally, successfully dodging Isobel and a fluttering group of lesser social lights, and made his way to Doris's desk.

"Couldn't you manage to have luncheon with me before rehearsal? I've just thought of several changes I want to talk over with you."

She shook her head, smiling brightly.

"So sorry—but I have a luncheon engagement. Thanks just the same."

She didn't mention with whom her engagement was, but Cullam was not long in finding out. Before he departed to lunch alone, in spite of Isobel's languishing willingness to prevent such a catastrophe, he saw quick Jervis coming striding importantly into the room and make for Doris's desk. To Cullam, seized by demon of jealousy, there was something menacing about the man's insolent bearing. There was malice and triumph in the glance he shot in Cullam's direction, though he did not acknowledge by so much as a flicker of an eyelash that he was aware of the young actor's presence.

Cullam, of course, did not know that Doris had deliberately maneuvered this luncheon engagement with Jervis. Determined, after her stormy night, to fire Craig Cullam no further slight into the real state of her heart, she had called Jervis up that morning ostensibly to thank him for the daily tributes of violets which she was at present wearing pinned to her dainty silk blouse.

He almost literally fell out of his chair. She rarely bothered to thank him any more—merely murmured a perfunctory word of appreciation when they met—so established was his custom of wooing. But on this particular morning she was unusually gracious, and he took her manner to be a wordless apology for the rough way she had turned him out on the previous day in the presence of the "actor-chap."

Quite without any hopes of her accepting it, he promptly proffered an invitation to lunch, and, to his delighted amazement, she quite as promptly agreed. He congratulated himself that he was coming on in his suit. Probably the "stage bounder" had proved an eye-opener. Maybe now, she was ready to appreciate the devotion of a real man.

So Jervis pinned a white carnation jauntily in the button-hole of an immaculately tailored spring suit, selected an appropriate story, set his hat at just the right angle on his thick hair, and went to fetch Doris. He was a bit taken aback to find Craig Cullam in the committee rooms, but his self-confidence was restored by Doris's complete ignoring of the young actor's presence. She greeted Jervis with an adorable smile, dismissed her stenographer, and got quickly into the jacket of her own smart little tailored suit, carefully pinning the violets outside.

"How do you like my hat, Dick?" she asked, as she crushed down on her fair hair the tatters of violets which she had worn for Cullam on the previous day.

Twirling his stick nonchalantly, he surveyed her with the proprietary criticism of a man who looks upon one of his own possessions.

"Dara good looking," he conceded. "I've always told you that violets are your flower. That's why I send them to you instead of orchids or American Beauties."

She nodded. "Orchids and American Beauties belong to Mariana."

"When we're married," said Jervis distinctly,—"distinctly that his voice carried across the room to where Craig Cullam stood patiently listening to Mrs. Amos Hunter Deering.

"When we're married, I'll buy a house with a conservatory that grows nothing but violets for your wearing." Doris laughed. She made no denial, but her cheeks flamed.

"Do come along. I'm starving." She tossed Craig Cullam a nod and a charming smile as she passed, followed closely by Jervis.

The young actor bowed, his eyes stony, expressionless.

Jervis was apparently oblivious to the fact that he had met Cullam only the day before in Doris's apartment. He passed him without a word, but his bearing was aggressively triumphant.

Craig Cullam, when the door had closed behind the two, returned politely to Mr. Amos Hunter Deering's rambling monologue. But he heard no word of it. His thoughts had followed Doris and he was torn between bitterness and jealousy.

Was her cool, bright courtesy this morning the symbol of her complete indifference to him? Or was it ingendered by her sense of affront? Had she been angered by that one false move he made the previous day when he had almost crushed her in his arms and poured out his love for her—and was she trying to put him back in his place and show him plainly how imprudent he had been to lift his eyes to her?

Of the little triangle formed by Doris, Cullam, and Jervis, only Jervis enjoyed the afternoon. The other two were wretched.

CULLAM BREAKS A PRECEDENT.

After a week, during which he was denied all social contact with Doris and treated with friendly, but detached, courtesy, Craig Cullam was ready to admit himself the unhappiest young man who had ever trod the stage of the National or any other theatre.

He was completely indifferent to the storm of applause which called him back again and again at the close of each act. He was no longer amused by the little audible gasps, the obvious thrill that ran like a rippling wave across the darkened house when he reached the big love scene of the play, sang the passionate song, and seized the shrieking heroine brutally, ruthlessly in his arms for the famous kiss.

He had lost interest in everything that didn't concern Doris. For the first time, his beloved art, the exacting mistress of his days and nights, lost its power to hold him, rule him, absorb him. He thought he must be unconquered in the play, forcing himself to simulate a passion he could not feel, while a real, a devastating, a futile passion raged in his veins for a girl who would never be his.

As a matter of fact, he was doing the best work of his career. Out of his wretchedness, his voice had gained a new depth, a new poignancy. Moments—moments in the latter part of the play when Love is supposed to have tamed the ruthless wooer and made him a humble suppliant—Cullam's voice was almost heart-breaking in its sweetness and sadness. His fame and popularity increased by leaps and bounds. He became the rage.

But it meant nothing to him while Doris denied him the joy of her presence and treated him with cool, smiling indifference. He avoided everyone except Charles, whose perennial good nature and cheery optimism lightened many of his dark, lonely hours. They still played golf together afterwards, and sometimes had early dinner at the club before Cullam left for the theatre.

On the Sunday following the memorable afternoon when he had driven into the country with Doris, Cullam was especially lonely and depressed. After deep cogitation, he had taken a

chance on a cool refusal and run Doris's apartment. But he needn't have worried. Miss Sumner had gone for a drive with Mr. Jervis, the maid informed him, she was not expected to return until after supper that evening.

In desperation Cullam went to the club and was somewhat cheered on seeing Charles on the golf course. They played together until a chill dusk gathered on the hollows of the green. Cullam looked at his score ruefully. "I'm pretty well off on my play today, all right," he remarked with a shrug. Charles regarded him keenly.

"Anything worrying you, Craig? You don't seem yourself."

"Umm—we all have our ups and downs, I dare say. I'm not much given to moods, but I've felt a bit depressed lately. Probably spring fever."

"Guess you're in love," Charles made the immemorial retort chucklingly. Cullam neither affirmed nor denied. He was thinking of the previous Sunday when, at about this hour, he was sitting beside Doris on the fallen log overlooking the peaceful, little river.

Was Jervis beside her now in some such sequestered spot designed for lovers? Was he, with his bold eyes, drinking in the pure, exquisitely cut beauty of her profile, as Cullam had done one short week ago? Would Jervis, too, be moved by the unconscious allure of her to take her in his arms and tell her of his love? And would she rebuff him with some cool, reminding commonplace, as she had done Cullam?

Charles was looking anxiously at the young actor for whom he had conceived such a liking.

"If say, old man, you do look a bit down. I'd like to try my hand at cheering you up. Why not come home with me for dinner tonight? I know you don't care much about such things, but this is perfectly informal. There's nobody dining with us tonight—we won't even have to change."

Cullam was on the point of declining. He remembered that Mrs. Page would be present, and he was in no mood for exchanging polite social nothings tonight with an almost-stranger. But he did feel lonely and unhappy, there was no getting away from the fact. And if he went back to his hotel and dined alone, he'd spend the entire evening torturing himself with thoughts of Doris and Jervis off somewhere alone in the spring night.

So, he accepted Charles' offer gratefully and was soon comfortably ensconced in a chair in Charles' library, a decanter, ice and glasses on a table next beside him, and an excellent cigarette between his fingers.

Upstairs, Mariana, triumphantly informed by Charles of the presence of her guest, was sitting before her dressing table mirror, flushed, pallid, making herself beautiful for her dream-lover who had suddenly materialized at a desk and blood.

(Continued on Page 3)

Masonic Temple Co.

The Annual Meeting of the shareholders of the Masonic Temple Co. will be held in the office of E. R. Brown, 146 Richmond Street, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, on Wednesday the 9th day of July, A. D. 1924, at the hour of 7.30 p. m.

Dated at Charlottetown this 23rd day of June, 1924.

G. W. WAKEFORD, Secretary

2975-6-24-11571.

DOMINION OF CANADA

PROVINCE OF

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE PROBATE COURT

15th George 5th A. D. 1924
In Re Estate of Michael McCormack late of Souris in King's County in the said Province deceased testate.

By the Honourable Alexander Bannerman Warburton Surrogate Judge of Probate, &c. &c.

To the Sheriff of the County of King's County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Arthur F. McQuaid of Souris aforesaid, Barrister-at-law, the executor of the above named estate, praying that citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth; you are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Friday the Twenty-fifth day of July next, coming at the hour of 11 o'clock forenoon of the same day to shew cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said Petition and on motion of Arthur F. McQuaid, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Prince Edward Island aforesaid, once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively namely, in the hall of the Court House in Souris aforesaid, at the Post Office in Souris aforesaid and at the corner of Main and Church Streets in Souris aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my Hand and the Seal of the said Court this 18th day of June, A. D. 1924 and in the Fifteenth year of His Majesty's reign. (L. S.)

(Signed) A. B. WARBURTON, Judge of Probate

John Horlick's Shoe Repair Shop

We repair shoes with modern Machinery at lowest prices. We specialise in putting on whole soles, half soles, rubber heels, and leather heels on all kinds of foot wear.

Work absolutely guaranteed. Call on us at Lambros Bros., 18 Gratton St.

2791-5-1-1st 1mt 2818-6-21-Sat41.

LEGISLATION RE BUYING AND SELLING EGGS

To meet the instructions of the Dominion Government Department of Agriculture; that we comply with the legislation which makes it illegal to buy or sell eggs except on a graded basis,—which legislation is intended to improve the industry in the interests of all concerned, by encouraging the production of better quality,—as a result of higher prices for the best grades, we, the undersigned dealers, will, on and after July 1st, buy and pay for eggs on a graded basis only, believing that by so doing we will improve the Egg industry of Prince Edward Island. We ask the co-operation of all concerned.

(Signed) AULD BROS., Ltd. CARVELL BROS. N. RATTENBURY Ltd. GUNN-LANGLAIS CO., Ltd. POOLE & THOMPSON, Ltd.

ISLAND COLD STORAGE CO., Ltd. DEBLOIS BROS., Ltd. SWIFT CANADIAN CO., Ltd. HARRIS ABATTOIR CO., Ltd.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE IN CHARLOTTETOWN

We are authorized by Mrs. John H. Gill to offer for sale her beautifully situated property on Number 85 Kent Street, consisting of a valuable house with all modern improvements, large lot and outbuildings. This desirable property if not previously disposed of by private sale will be offered by public auction Monday, July 7th at 12 o'clock noon. Inspection Tuesday and Friday, 1 and 4th.

BENJ. CARTER & SON, Auctioneer

PHONE 149.
UNDERTAKER
N.D. MACLEAN
EMBALMER
180 KENT ST.

Sheriff's Office, King's County, June 20, 1924. H. F. MacPHEE, Plaintiff's Attorney, 2921-6-21-Sat11.