



AUCTION SALE

I am authorized by the Executors of the late John Neill of Rustico Road, to sell by public auction on Thursday, April 14th, at 1 o'clock P. M., Farm Stock, Crop, Farming Implements and Household Effects. Also 25 acres of land adjoining farm. Terms made known at sale. A. McRAE, Auctioneer. 1925-4-9-31.

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NOTICE

RE: MOTOR VEHICLE LICENSES

Notice is hereby given that the 1931 Motor Vehicle Registrations expired on March 31st and all Motor Vehicle Operators are hereby required to secure their 1932 registration papers without delay and not later than Monday, the 18th instant. (Sgd.) J. J. TRAINOR, Commissioner of Provincial Police. Charlottetown, P. E. I. April 8th, 1932.

1934-stt-3

The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Pedler

(Continued)

"Why had she such a rooted antipathy to the English?" Jean had recovered her composure during the course of Lady Anne's narrative, and now put her question with a very good semblance of detachment. But, inside, her brain was dully hammering out the words "Married-married!"

"It seems that Margherita's step father—Nesta's father, of course—who was an Englishman, treated his wife extremely badly, and Margherita, who adored her mother, never forgave him and hated all Englishmen in consequence. At least, that was what Nesta told Blaise, and it seems quite probable. Italians are a hot-blooded race, you know, and very vindictive and revengeful. Of course, these Valdis were of no particular family—that was where the trouble began. Nesta was just a second-rate, though extraordinarily beautiful girl, suddenly elevated to a position which she was not in the least fitted to fill. It didn't take a month for the glamour to wear off—and for Blaise to see her as I saw her. He came to his senses to find himself married to a bit of soulless, passionate flesh and blood. Oh, Jean! If I could only have been there—in Italy, to have saved him from it all!"

Jean hardly heeded that instinctive mother-cry. She was keyed up to know the end of the story. She felt as though she must scream if Lady Anne were long about the telling.

"Go on," she said, forcing herself to speak quietly. "Tell me the rest."

"The rest had the Tormarin temper for its cornerstone. Nesta was an utterly spoiled child, and a coquette to her very finger-tips. She tossed dignity to the winds, and there were everlasting scenes and quarrels. Then, one day, Blaise came in and found her entertaining a man whom he had forbidden the house. I don't know what he said to her—but I can guess, poor child! He horsewhipped the man, and he must have frightened Nesta half out of her mind. That evening she ran away from Staple-Nick and I, of course, were living at the Dower House then—and after months of fruitless enquiry I had a letter from Margherita Valdi telling me that she had been found drowned. She had evidently made her way back to Italy, hoping to reach her sister, and then, in a fit of despair, committed suicide."

"Oh, poor Blaise! How awful for him!" exclaimed Jean, horrified. For the moment her own individual point of view was swept away in a flood of sympathy for Tormarin.

"Yes, it broke him up badly. Always, I think, he is brooding over the past. It colours his entire outlook on things. You see, he blamed himself—his ungovernable temper—for the whole tragedy. . . . If only he had been gentler with her, not terrified her into running away! . . . After all, she was a mere child—barely seventeen. But she was a heartless, conscienceless m'nix, nevertheless. . . . And Margherita Valdi did not let him down lightly. She wrote him a terrible letter, accusing him of her sister's death. I opened it—he was abroad at the time—but of course, he had to see it ultimately. Tied up in a little separate packet was Nesta's wedding-ring, together with a newspaper report of the affair, and, to add a last stab of horror, she had folded the newspaper clipping and thrust it through the wedding-ring, labelling the packet 'Cause and effect.' It was a brutal thing to do."

They were both silent for a space, Jean painfully envisaging the tragedy that lay behind that stern habitual gravity of Tormarin's, Lady Anne asking herself tremulously if she had been wise—if she had been wise in her disclosure? She wanted her son's happiness so immeasurably! She believed she knew where it might lie, and she had raked over the burning embers of the past that she might help to give it him.

She knew that he himself was but to shoulder all the blame, very unlikely to confide in Jean himself, exonerating Nesta entirely, the story of his unhappy marriage, or that if he ever did so, it would fiery furnace through which he had passed—that ordeal of impetuous, right Blaise's strange churlish claim on life and, above all, the moods, his insistent efforts to stand bitter quality which permeated his always on one side, as though he whole outlook.

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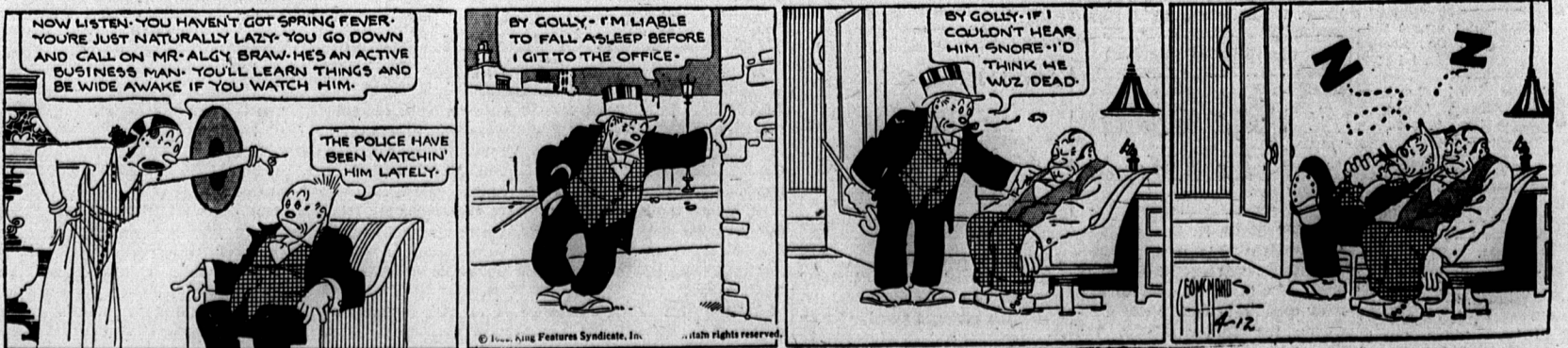
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BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

(To Be Continued)