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HEARTS AFIRE

By MARY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER 38 MOTHER'S WORRY

I don't half like it, Prudence. I don't indeed!"

In the peaceful little parlor of Green Gables, Mrs. Page regarded her pretty young daughter with worried, anxious eyes.

"I couldn't get out of it, mother. Mrs. Vansittart was so—so determined." Prudence fidgeted with a paper-cutter that lay upon some books.

"Then you ought to have shown an equal strength of character."

A pause. Perfume of lilac came through the windows. Some swallows darted by with arrow speed, skimming over the field gates, flying low. With a sort of envy, Prudence noted the sureness of their dash, the fineness of their judgment, and wished that she herself had power to fly away from all the things that worried. Trammels of home were weighing on her now. Oh, for independence!

"As for this idea of borrowing a frock, it goes against the grain terribly," went on her mother, the furrows deepening in her forehead. "I can't think where your pride has gone to, dear."

Prudence's soft lips set in a stubborn line. Up till now, she hadn't wanted in the least to visit Winston Towers. The place hadn't very happy memories.

But her mother's opposition seemed unreasonable.

Did they want her to have no pleasure at all, these elder, wiser folk?

They thought that youth ought to be kept down, didn't they?

That puzzling gulf between the generations! Queer, inexplicable! Why, it almost seemed as though her mother grudged her any pleasure!

Across the parlor table, mother and daughter regarded each other with misunderstanding eyes.

"I have my pride," said Prudence stiffly, resentfully. "But, just the same, I can't see where it would be a crime to oblige Mrs. Vansittart, this once."

"No good will come of it," was her mother's pessimistic comment. The gusty sigh that accompanied the remark irritated her listener further.

"Oh, anything to get out somewhere for an evening!"

Pain mingled with the worry on her mother's face, and Prudence's heart gave a little stab of remorse, although she fought against it.

"You find it so dull here, do you?" came the wistful query.

The girl nodded stubbornly.

"Nothing ever doing. One day just like the next."

Queer how she hated to hurt her mother, whom she dearly loved—and yet she must speak out! Must her life always be in leading-strings?

"You're not hankering after going up to the city, and—a career?" With difficulty, her mother got the hated word out. "You're not wanting to do what Jennie Pearson did?"

Jennie Pearson was a farmer's daughter who, flouting the wishes of her stern old father, had run away to town to go upon the stage. Jennie's career had been a trifle chequered in more ways than one. Its manifold up-and-downs had included a brief marriage with a ne'er-do-well, which later on had been annulled.

And Jennie—outwardly the same pert damsel, and apparently in no wise chastened by her experiences of city-life—had returned to the bosom of the country, for a period of "resting" . . . "between shows" . . . whatever that might mean.

The wayward Jennie had never been one of Prudence's friends. It annoyed Prudence to have her

held up now as an Awful Warning.

"I can't see that Jennie Pearson did anything so very terrible. Her father worked her awfully hard on the farm, and never gave her a cent to buy pretty clothes with, nor a dollar to go off on a holiday. Jennie had a right to choose her own life."

Quick anxiety sprang up in the eyes of Mrs. Page. Was her daughter going to do the same thing? Rebellion and unrest were in the air.

Prudence read her thought, and gave a short, rather mirthless laugh. "You can't see me as a toe-dancer? I'd have to seek other fields of endeavor. But, just the same, I have a sort of sympathy with Jennie. I'd rather wear out than rust out."

Her mother said with some acerbity: "You will wear out, soon enough. If you keep flying between here and the Towers, striving to keep up with people out of your sphere."

A spark of anger glinted in the pretty eyes of Prudence. The entry of her father made an interruption. Immediately the mother laid the tale before him.

To the older woman's surprise and chagrin, he did not back her up.

"Let the child have her enjoyments. She's been moping, of late. What matter if she does borrow a gown for the occasion? Mrs. Vansittart is the one under the obligation, and not Prudence. Our girl'll do her credit."

So away went Prudence in the handsome limousine, at seven o'clock of a spring evening, with a restless cuckoo calling in the woods, and the sedge-warblers trilling in the reed-beds by the river, and a belated lark rising from the meadowland, up to the illimitable blue.

"Money! Power! Luxury! And Beauty! As the big car purred along the winding roads, the girl's heart dwelt upon these things, with a queer pleasurable excitement.

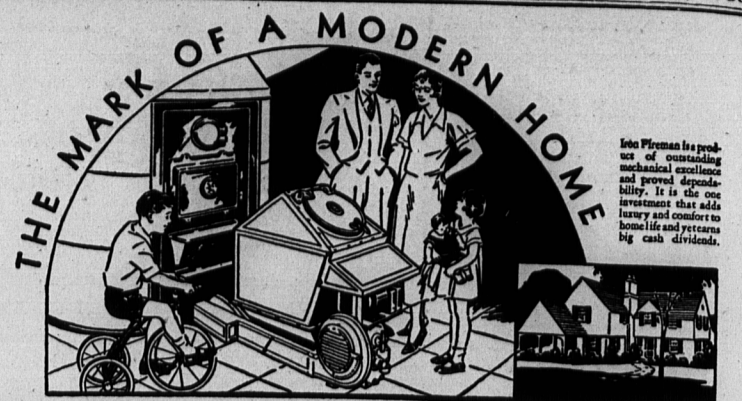
And Love? Ah no! She was definitely 'through' with that!

Odd, just the same, how her thoughts would turn to Peter Armstrong and their very recent interview! Such a man he was! So virile, and so dominating! Queer how the thought of Bertram Traymore dwindled into almost nothing, in comparison with the upstanding young inventor!

Was it because Virginia Dale had sought him out?

Or was it a certain forcefulness of personality? Magnetism? Or the utter sincerity of the man?

Mrs. Vansittart was already dressed when the limousine arrived,



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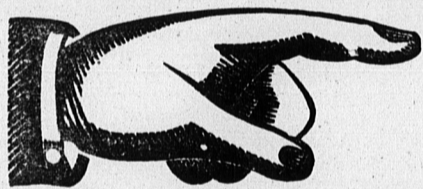
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Friday, September 15th. at 10 a. m.

I am instructed by Mrs. Fred W. Hyndman to dispose of remaining Household Furniture, as she is moving to the Charlotte Residence. Terms Cash.

J. A. McDONALD,
Auctioneer

1049.



SIXTEEN MORE EXTRA CASH PRIZES FOR GUARDIAN CONTESTANTS THIS WEEK

- One For \$15.00 — \$15.00
- Four For \$10.00 Each — \$40.00
- Seven For \$5.00 Each — \$35.00
- Two For \$3.00 Each — \$6.00
- Two For \$2.00 Each — \$4.00
- 16 Extra Prizes This Week Totalling \$100.00

WIN ONE--A BIG ONE--DO IT THIS WEEK

THE SIXTEEN EXTRA PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED to the sixteen contestants turning in the most cash for subscriptions to The Guardian dating from Tuesday, September 12th up to and inclusive of Wednesday night, September 20th.

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- Five \$10. Clubs give 400,000 Extra Votes
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HOW MANY EXTRA VOTES CAN YOU GET THIS WEEK?

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New Candidates Start NOW

All contestants start even for the sixteen Extra Cash Prizes — Start NOW and Win One.

DON'T WAIT — START NOW.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Fish and Game Association will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown, on Friday, September 15th at 8.00 p. m.

J. M. MACFADYEN
Secretary.

Notice Re School Taxes

Arrears for Iona School District No. 61 will be given to the Clerk of Court for collection after Oct. 20, 1933, by order of Trustees.

CYRUS DOCKERTY, Secretary. 1078

(To be Continued.)