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I will sell that large dwelling house, suitable for two tenement or boarding house, situated No. 70 Prince Street, on Friday, August 6th, commencing at 12 o'clock noon. All modern conveniences. Property in first class repair. Furniture and fixtures will be sold at 1.30 sharp.

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"These Women"

BY MALCOLM DUART

CHAPTER XXXVII

The girl held the picture from her, and then drew it close to her eyes.

"It's my mama!" she cried.

"It is," Morton said, gravely.

He reached behind him, and drew the other photograph, and the letters, from the desk. She watched him with excited interest as he slowly extended the second picture to her.

"My mama again!" she said. There was another figure in the photograph, and as her eye fell upon this an expression of amazement came into her face.

"That's Mr. Smith—the man you threw out of the house and sent to South America!"

She looked at the picture again. At last she dropped it, as if there was in it something unclean.

"Don't drop it," he said. "Look at the background."

She bent over the photograph, without touching it. Straining her eyes, she traced the faded outlines that showed behind the two figures.

"There's a little house—a queer one," she said. "Is it an adobe house daddy?"

He nodded. "In Arizona," he said.

'Yes." She was intent on the picture again. "There's a cactus in the distance!"

"The Arizona desert," he told her.

"Was that where I was born?" Her big blue eyes were rounded as she waited for an answer.

"Not there," he said. He was speaking with difficulty. Reaching out he took the picture, and looked at it a long time.

"It's the end of a trail, Audrey," he said at last.

He passed his hand across his eyes before he continued, as if to wipe from them an unpleasant vision.

"I called you down here to show you that picture," he resumed, his voice dull and lifeless. "You are your mother's daughter. I told you, you know, that you have been running emotionally wild. You've left the highway. You are plunging into uncharted ways."

He lifted the photograph and held it before her. "Your mother did the same thing, and here was where her path ended."

"With Smith?" she asked, in a small, frightened voice.

"Not with Smith," he said. "He left her there. And there—"

He started to his feet, and flung his arms wide. His face was uplifted ,with such a look of anguish as she never had seen. His remaining words were jerked out one by one, as if they brought with them the living fibers of his heart.

"It was there," he choked, "that I found her, and buried her! She was lying dead, alone, upon the spot where they are standing in that cursed photograph!"

He collapsed into his chair, and buried his face in his arms.

Running to him, she encircled him in her arm, with little tender sounds. Then she ran to the hand basin in the corner, and wetting her handkerchief, sped back to him. Lifting his head gently, she bathed his flushed forehead and his hot eyes.

"Don't talk any more, daddy! Don't she cried. She was weeping, and she touched her own eyes with the wet handkerchief.

He shook himself and sat erect. "I'm not through," he said, in his leaden voice.

Turning the photograph face down, he took up the letters, and looked at them vacantly as he continued.

"I loved your mother,' he said. "I had loved her since she was a little, slim thing of fifteen. Her hair was fair like yours, and her eyes were wide and blue, and her laugh was the merriest I ever have heard—except your own, dear heart."

He paused. "She was a flower of a girl. Her parents died, and left her with a little money. She hated restraint—she rebelled when she was given instructions—just as you do, Audrey. Her old aunt was severe. So, with part of her patrimony, she went to Europe, to study art. I was there, too—trying to be an artist. I saw her sometimes.

"She came back to America. I was wildly in love with her, but I had no money.

"A year went by. She was at home again. And she made—she made a marriage that turned out unfortunately.

He turned his face from the watching girl, and swallowed a lump that was in his throat.

"Her husband did not understand. He tried to curb her impulses. She rebelled. You were born, Audrey, child, but that failed to hold her." His fist was clenched, as he went on with difficulty. "She ran away with Smith."

He handed her the paper.

"Read this letter. I found it, there in the Arizona desert, when I found —her."

The Penmanship was clear and precise; the selfsame writing that Audrey had seen in the letter that Smith had written to her not long ago.

"Audrey, my love," she began, and looked up quickly.

"Was her name Audrey, too?" He nodded.

"There is nothing real in life except happiness,", she read on "That is the reason for all the things we do—the search for happiness. And I know, Audrey darling that you love me and I—it is impossible for me to tell you what you mean to me.

"Come with me! Your heart is chilled where you are. He is selfish, immersed in his own affairs. ..You were born for love, and riches, and high adventure.

"I am only a mining engineer! Only! I'm a god, Audrey, beloved, if I am sure I have you! Come with me, while I make sure of this mine I'm looking for. It will mean wealth for us both, Europe, the sea, leisure, happiness—happiness together!

"Take your money from the bank—don't leave it for him to spend! And I'll meet you, and we'll go together to the Garden of Dreams, sweetest of all women."

Her voice died, as she came to the end, and her hand relaxed.

The man's sorrowful voice went on.

"So she took her money, and went with him to that shack in the desert. And with her money he went away, at the end. He had not found his mine.

"There was a baby. It died when she did."

He went to the window, and looked out of it a long, long time. The girl, huddled in her chair, looked at him with yearning, but she did not dare to break his silence.

'I heard about it," he said, turning toward her, at length. "I had come back to this country. Her husband was crushed. He stayed for days, speechless, in the room that had been their's together.

"I had always lover her. I took up the search. It was many months before I came to that 'dobe house, there." He pointed to the picture that lay face down on the table.

His voice stopped.

"But what—what became of my father?" She clasped her hands as if she were in prayer.

"He vanished—his heart, I suppose, was broken. He never was seen again in the little town where they lived, and where you were born.

"And so I took you, darling, with me. And you've been with me ever since."

She ran to him, and embraced him. He put his own arms around her, and rested his cheek on her hair. "Dearest, kindest, daddy in the world!" she wept. "And I've made you suffer so!"

He stroked her shoulder. "I only wanted to tell you," he said, gently. "I wanted you to know that you must—you must beware!"

He turnedfi still holding to the girl, and with his free hand tossed the pictures, the letter she had read, and the two others that remained, into a drawer.

"There were some other letters," he said, "but never mind. They add nothing to the story, really."

To cheer him, she began to talk eagerly, inconsequentially, about other things. At last he relaxed, and sat listening to her chatter. The accustomed composure returned to his expression, and finally he laughed at one of her sallies.

"Audrey," he said, "do you want to go ahead with this fool idea of bringing those chorus girls and men here to Toronto?"

"Not if you don't want me to," she said, seriously.

He made little circles on a pad of paper, with his pen. He was smiling, and she smiled with him.

"I think it will be all right," he said. "As a matter of fact, it will be fun. It depends on what you want to accomplish by the house party. If it is simply to have a good time, and laugh, we'll go ahead with the plan. If it's to become an emancipated woman, and raise the devil, I'm against it."

She made a quick movement of protest.

'I don't want to be emancipated," she told him. "I'm—scared!"

Both were serious for a moment, and their eyes involuntarily sought the drawer where the pictures and letters lay.

"All right," he told her." If that's the case, we'll let them come. I have an idea we're in for some lively experiences."

* * *

"What's the idea sending revue to Toronto I can't come have too much to do here how can I make arrangements to present revue if it is off on the road visiting A Sunshine."

It was a night letter telegram New York, that came to the Morton home at breakfast time. Morton tossed it across the table to Audrey, who read it with delight.

"But it doesn't say if they are coming or not," she said, reading it again.

"I think they'll come, all right," Morton told her. "I staked Abe so heavily that he will send them along, surely. As a matter of fact, I think they'll be here on the late morning train. They would leave about midnight. I'll telephone Parrish to go down and meet the train, and get some taxicabs."

"How about Nona and the boys?" she asked.

Morton told her that he had engaged rooms for them at the hotel. As they ate, Audrey explained volubly how she was going to arrange sleeping accommodations.

"Ten girls all at once are hard to take care of," she confessed, "but I've got it all worked out. By using my dressing room, and your dressing room, we can fix them up."

But Great Caesar, you can't put girls to sleep in my dressing room," he protested.

"Yes we can," she said, placidly. "You will go to sleep in that little guest room at the west end of the house, and three girls can sleep in your room."

"Ousted from my quarters," he sighed, good-humoredly. "But have it your own way."

He was at the door, ready to start down town, when there came the sound of many voices outside. He looked through the glass.

Up the walk, outside, was trouping the cast of the revue, a bevy of noisy chorus girls, Nona, and several young men, all with handbags.

(To Be Continued)

FOR SALE

As I will return to my Home in California on October fifteenth, I will sell by Public Auction at Brackley Point, twelve miles from Charlottetown and two miles from Brackley Beach, the famous summer resort, on Wednesday, August eleventh, at 2 p. m., my beautiful home consisting of seven roomed house, two barns, woodshed, ice house, hen house and two acres of land. This is an ideal home for a retired farmer or gentleman.

NEIL C. MacCALLUM.

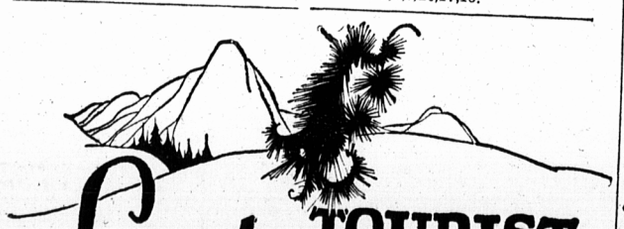
1061-8-4-31.

TENDERS

Will be received by the undersigned until September 1st for the building of a school house at Brackley, Lot 33, in accordance with plans and specifications which may be seen at the residence of Alphonsus Bryanton, Brackley, or at the Education Office, Charlottetown.

EDWARD SELLICK,
Secretary of Trustees.
Brackley School District.

1089-8-5,6,7,16,17,18.



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This summer, take advantage of the low tourist fares to the Canadian West — the world's greatest scenic wonderland.

See JASPER NATIONAL PARK, noted for its super hotel service, its splendid golf, hiking, mountain climbing, motoring, tennis and water sports. Revel in the magnificent scenery of the TRIANGLE TOUR, along the Mystic Skeena to PRINCE RUPERT — the glorious trip through the sheltered scenic seas to VANCOUVER — the towering mountains, the sparkling waterfalls along the roaring gorges of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers.

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Take a boat trip to Skagway or Wrangel. See the Taku Glacier and other scenery typical of Alaska.

The Great Lakes Route from Sarnia to Port Arthur via Northern Navigation Co's steamers adds zest to the trip for those fond of water travel.

Ask any Canadian National Railways' Agent for information and illustrated literature on these tours.

We will plan your entire trip — make your reservations and give you the benefit of every facility at our command — Canadian National personal service is unsurpassed.

Fare From Charlottetown And Return
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Return fares good until October 31st. Stop-overs allowed

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GILLETT'S LYE keeps everything clean and sanitary

Important Evidence In Murder Case Is Missing

SOMERVILLE, N. J., Aug. 4.—Imuortant evidence in the sensational Hall-Mills murder case, including statements of five persons under suspicion, was missing today from the official files. Transcripts of statements made by witnesses in the initial inquiry four years ago have been removed from the safe of the warden of Somerset county jail, according to state Senator Simpson, newly appointed special prosecutor, who declared he was horrified by the discovery.

Nevertheless Simpson expressed the belief he had sufficient evidence at hand to indict a woman and at least two men for the murder of Rev. Dr. Edward W. Hall, and Mrs. Eleanor R. Mills. One of the first steps would be to learn how the evidence disappeared, he said, and who is responsible for its disappearance. The warden of Somerset county jail referred all questions to prosecutor Bergen, of Somerset county, but the latter declined to comment.

Senator Simpson declined to say whether he believed the evidence was sufficient to warrant the arrest last week of Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall, widow of the slain rector, now free in $15,000 bail. He said it was probable the only witness he would call in the near future would be Mrs. Gibson the "pig woman."

The prosecutor said he was "absolutely convinced," after an examination of Mrs. Gibson yesterday "that she is not the type of person who through sheer imagination could invent any of the evidence which she gives for the night of the murder."

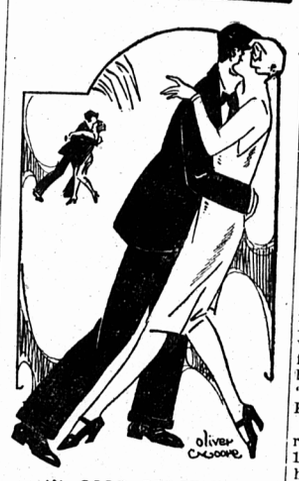
The Senator said that Mrs. Gibson told him she recognized a woman and two of the men.

All things are less dreadful than they seem.

The bones and muscles of the human body are capable of over 1,200 different emotions.

Resolve on the course of life which is most excellent and habit will render it most delightful.

SMILES



IN GOOD PRACTICE

She: I regret so much I'm not a better dancing partner.

He: Don't worry about that, I'm in good practice, have been pushing the lawn mower around for weeks.

AT THE SIDE SHOW

Visitor: You say it's perfectly natural for you to eat glass?

Glass-Eater: Sure—I got a bottle every time I was hungry when I was a kid.

He: I don't care much for swimming. I go in more for golf.

She: Oh! I thought that was an outdoor sport.

"Bill is retiring from business for two years."

"He's said that before."

"Well, this time the judge said it."

TOUGH LUCK

Sherlock Monk: How can I tell if this is the desperate criminal when he sticks his head in the sand and hides!

Issues Writ to Get Back Money King Gov't. Lost

ALLISTON, Ont., Aug. 4.—Hon. Hugh. Guthrie, Minister of Defence who was chief speaker at the Conservative nomination meeting here this afternoon which selected W. Earlrowe as candidate for Dufferin-Simcoe Riding, announced that just before leaving Ottawa for his home in Guelph he had issued a writ against the Dominion Distilleries for $720,000, which he alleged, the government lost in alcohol liens.

H. M. S. Calcutta's Band To Broadcast

MONTREAL, Que., August 5—When "H. M. S. Calcutta", carrying the flag of Vice Admiral Sir Walter Cowan, Bart., K. C. B., D. S. O., M. V. O., Commander-in-Chief of the North America and West Indies Station, arrives in the Port of Montreal early in September she will have on board a group of musicians of the Royal Marine Band and from that fact music lovers in general and Radio enthusiasts in particular may anticipate a pleasant event, because arrangements have been completed by which the band will give a special concert and the programme will be broadcast through "C N R M", the local broadcasting post of the Canadian National Railways.

A year ago when "H. M. S. Calcutta" was in this port Sir James Ferguson, then Commander-in-Chief, gave permission for a broadcast, said to be the first occasion on which a band of the Royal Marines appeared before the microphone. The event proved a success and Sir Walter Cowan in granting permission for the coming concert, wrote that he greatly appreciated the present invitation.

The musicians on board "H. M. S. Calcutta" are under the direction of Herbert Wright, L. R. A. M., and the tentative programme which he has prepared offers a pleasant blend of popular, light and serious music. There is, for instance, a delightful Woodford-Finden suite, "Four Indian Love Lyrics," a special Scottish composition by MacKenzie, and excerpts from the works of Sullivan, Myddleton, Alford, Puccini and Friml, the latter being recalled at the moment by "Rose Marie" and "The Vagabond King".

H. M. S. "Calcutta" is due to arrive at Montreal on Friday, the 10th September, and will remain here until Monday, the 27th September. The special broadcast from "CNRM" has been arranged for the evening of the 16th September, beginning at 9 o'clock, Daylight Saving Time. The cruiser will leave St. George's Bay, Newfoundland, on the 23rd August, and will proceed to Charlottetown, P. E. I., remaining there until the 29th August. She will then make for the St. Lawrence, making a stop at Tadoussac on the 31st August to the 3rd September, thence to Quebec where she will remain a week until the 10th September.

CANADA S. S. LINES LTD.

S. S. "Ceuta" and S. S. "Hitherwood"

Leaves Montreal	Arrives Charlottetown and leaves for Nfld.
S. S. "HITHERWOOD" July 15th	July 19th
S. S. "CEUTA" July 30th	August 3rd

CARVELL BROS., LTD., Agents

TENDERS

Sealed Tenders will be received at this Office until noon on Tuesday, August 10th next, from any person or persons willing to contract for the building of any or all of the following works.

1. McInnis Mill Bridge, Gowan Brae, New Zealand Road, Lot 44.
2. Concrete culvert at Gowan Brae near McInnis Mill Bridge.
3. Concrete culvert at Cheverie's Creek on Souris River Road, Souris East, Lot 45.
4. Concrete culvert at Southampton on Cardigan—St. Peters Road, Lot 41.
5. New roadway at McInnis Mill Bridge.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the stores of Messrs. Matthew & McLean, Souris and J. A. McDonald & Co., Cardigan and at the Department of Public Works, Charlottetown.

Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tender."

L. B. McMILLAN,
Secretary of Public Works.

996-7-30fmw5l.

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The Harris Abattoir Company, Ltd.

1049-8-3-1wk.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up till August 10th, 1926, for the purchase of the Methodist Parsonage situated at Pleasant Valley, consisting of one acre of land, dwelling house, barn and large woodshed. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Tenders to be received in sealed envelope and marked "Tender for Parsonage."

JAMES A. TAPER,
Secretary Trustees,
Bradalbane, R. R. No. 1, P. E. I.

918-7-26mwf7l.

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GOING DATES AUGUST 9th AND AUGUST 25th

Special Train Will Leave Charlottetown at 9 P. M. Monday, August 9th

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THROUGH TRAINS—COMFORTABLE COLONIST CARS—SPECIAL CARS FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Purchase your ticket to Winnipeg via Canadian National Railways, whether or not your final destination in the West is a point on the Canadian National.

Tickets and all information from nearest Agent.

W. K. ROGERS, City Ticket Agent. L. P. RITCHIE, Ticket Agent, Station.

1067-8-4,6,7,9.

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75 Gold-Eyed Sewing Needles.
51 Art Needles, as follows:
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