

"Daughter Of Venus"

BY ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

He hurried back into the lobby, went directly to the telephone booth, and shut the door behind him. In this tight, dim compartment, airless and smelling of varnish, he dropped a nickel into the machine and dialled the Institute. His impatient voice ordered the operator to connect him with Von Guerdon.

"Listen, Von Guerdon! Juliet's in an awful fix. The Gottlieb deal went smash, and she's had a terrible nervous shock on top of that. She'll probably never speak to me again—but forget that. I'm out of the picture. You ought to look after her, old man. I know you care a lot about her. She has got to be taken care of. She just left the apartment, walking south. Jump in your car, and catch up with her, for heaven's sake. You're both such darn regular people. . . ."

Juliet had walked past the third corner before Von Guerdon, in his car, caught her. Wheeking up to the curb he sprang out, leaving the door open.

"Hello, Juliet," he said casually. "Come on—get in."

He took her arm and, at the same moment, took command of the situation. His swift, searching glance saw instantly that she was wandering in the abyss of a walking somnambulist. The palor of her skin and the eyes told the story.

Juliet smiled a faint recognition, and meekly obeyed Von Guerdon's guidance into the car. Sinking back against the cushions, she was conscious of a physical relaxation. She had scarcely sunk at all the night before, and the day's events had exhausted her vitality to the last, ebb.

But this man, this competent and collected Von Guerdon—though she saw him confusedly through a wavering cloud of fatigue-filled her with a sheltering sense of confidence.

"Where are we going?" she asked softly.

"We're going to get you some rest," he replied cheerfully, one adroit hand on the wheel and an arm lightly around her shoulders. "There's nothing for you to worry about—nothing in the world."

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. Beneath the heavy gray cloud of her mental and physical depletion, her emotional insufficiency, Juliet sensed a small warmth that began to steal gradually through her numb body.

Her head involuntarily moved until her cheek was against Von Guerdon's shoulder. The mild pleasant odor of his Egyptian cigarettes—the aroma of his personality—seeped into her consciousness.

Juliet stopped thinking altogether, and surrendered to the sensation of being carried, smoothly and rapidly, towards a directionless haven of quietude. . . .

The feel of her tired body leaning so closely against him pervaded Von Guerdon with a tender sense of curiosity. Between steering her glanced down at her face. She was as restlessly trusting as a child and breathing as softly. Sleep had touched her, like a caress, had smoothed out the wretchedness from her delicate features.

Von Guerdon felt not the slightest desire to learn what had happened between Juliet and O'Hara. It belonged, now, to the past and was none of his business.

The girl beside him had been delivered into his keeping. He had not lifted a finger to bring it about. It was a miracle, and therefore sufficient. His responsibility lay only in the future. By some culmination of events she needed him now, as he needed her forever.

There had been for weeks in Von Guerdon's heart a frozen sadness, but it had melted away. No one would ever know the anguish required to conceal his love, to hide it from the world and maintain a public mask of light indifference. He had been sustained, kept erect, by pride—and now, apparently, his reward had come.

He was amazed, now, at the lack of any triumphant exaltation. What he felt was a deep profound gratitude, an almost solemn reverence that was in no way concerned with ecstasy. . . .

Von Guerdon's car decreased its speed and rolled easily up to a smooth stop. Juliet opened her eyes contentedly.

"Where are we?"

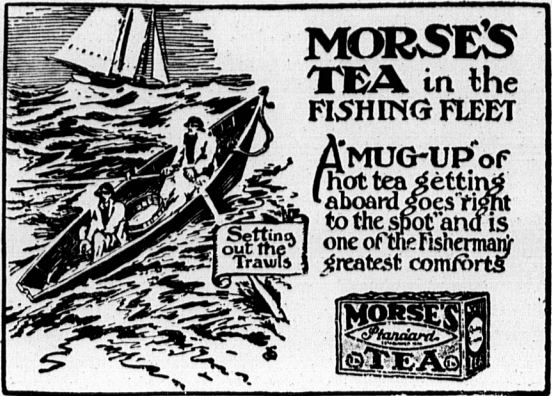
"Home," he said briefly, and came around the car to help her out.

She looked, for a moment, in wonderment at the tall building before them. Then it came to her that she had been here before. It was Von Guerdon's apartment house.

"I'm taking you in with me," he said quietly, with a smile. "Please don't make any objections, or I'll be forced to carry you kicking and squealing into the elevator."

She smiled dimly. There had been in his tone a consoling touch of lightness. She was not tired of things light and pleasant and gay—here unutterable weariness came from qualities quite the reverse, from dark, heavy emotions and the wearing strain of effort.

There was, certainly no look of seriousness or tragedy about Von Guerdon's amiable expression. Indeed, there was almost a playful smile at the corners of his mouth.



MORSE'S TEA in the FISHING FLEET

A MUG-UP of hot tea getting aboard goes right to the spot and is one of the fisherman's greatest comforts

After so much stress, it was a relief for Juliet to follow his easy leadership.

They reached his apartment which was larger than her own. It was masculine and substantial, but there were flowers in vases and the agreeable odor of livingness.

"Sit down," he said, disappearing for a moment.

When he returned he carried a small glass half filled with a liquid the color of champagne.

"Drink this."

Obediently, she swallowed, the fluid ran down her throat like white fire.

"What is it?" she asked, with a little gasp.

"Brandy," he said, taking the glass. "That's all the medicine you need. You have worried yourself into enough distress to make you really ill if you don't stop it. You realize, of course, you're an idiot."

"Am I?" The warmth in her interior had started a flicker of amiability.

"Perhaps the most adorable, loveliest young idiot on this earth," he told her, nonchalantly. "There's only one thing you need right now—and that's rest. If you do what I tell you, I guarantee—I absolutely stake my reputation—that every one of your troubles will vanish by tomorrow. I'm going to put you to bed."

The crisis of her shock had begun to relax. Somehow the tension decreased. It was like a thaw occurring throughout her being. Juliet was conscious of a wholesome, down-to-earth tiredness. Her body needed to stretch out. At the same time, she realized that Von Guerdon was, at the moment, solicitous only of her welfare.

He stood smiling at her, tall, slender, as amiable as though they were, merely, the best of friends.

"I've been an awful fool about everything, haven't I?" she asked him with a new and curious meekness.

"Undoubtedly," he assured her. "Who isn't? Shall we talk it over—tomorrow?"

Juliet's lids were drooping. "Tomorrow I'm not going back to the Institute. I'm not even going to think about it."

"That's right. My time is short, too. I saw Madame Hubert and resigned today. Amazing woman—she's recuperating marvelously from last night. The blow-up did her good. In spite of her eccentricity she'll manage to keep the Institute going."

"When are you leaving?"

"As soon as she finds someone to take my place. I'm off to Europe and then I'll return to America and establish myself somewhere in the East. But no more beauty work for me. It's going to be the real stuff from now on."

"There's one person I'll miss," murmured Juliet. "Poor little McSpadden."

"Don't pity him too much. He's had his better for the time. But you're always feel better for it. But you're tired to talk any more. Come."

He showed her into his bedroom, turned back the covers and brought her blue silk pajamas that were, at least, twice too large. At the door he paused with his hand on the knob.

"I want you to sleep until you wake up. Sleep's one of the best remedies ever invented."

In this strange bed Juliet experienced a deep thrilling peace of mind and body, a tangible calmness in her limbs. Presently she was carried into the profoundly unconscious bliss of utter slumber.

Hour after hour slipped by. The city hushed, and night grew cooler, the moon rose and painted her face with its silver light that poured in through an open window.

She awoke while it was still dark and looked at her small faithful wrist watch. Half past three o'clock. A nameless peace—gratitude perhaps—murmured all through her body. She realized where she was and was content. A vagrant breeze drifted into the room, lightly scented with flowers from some nearby garden. Mingled too, was the bland odor of Egyptian tobacco. Everything was quiet and restfully sweet, but also there was a little strain of loneliness. Juliet wondered sleepily where Von Guerdon was. She raised up on an elbow and there, across the room on a chair beside an open window, he sat.

"Hello," she murmured. "Are you asleep?"

"No."

"I'm rested. It's so peaceful here, isn't it?"

He got up, came over in the dim-

Capt. Stedman Genial Host Aboard Steamer

Everyone who has ever traveled on a large ship is familiar with the exacting duties of the captain and the majority of ocean-going travelers seldom have the opportunity of meeting him socially—but Quincey people are different. Miss Mary Darrah and her brother Theodore Darrah of 110 Merry-mount road, Quincey, sailed July 1 from New York on the S. S. Washington, of which Capt. Giles C. Stedman of Quincey is the commanding officer.

The Darrahs had only been on shipboard a few moments when they received a note from Captain Stedman extending his felicitations. That was only the beginning of his courtesies. He made arrangements for Miss Darrah and her brother to use the gymnasium and swimming pool daily invited them to dinner as his guests and had their names printed on the ship's menu.

Captain Stedman also had the radio paper left at Miss Darrah's cabin daily. He invited them to a dance in his cabin and even allowed them to visit him in the captain's sanctum, "the wheelhouse." As the crowning courtesy, however, he came down to dinner with the Darrahs, sat at their table and danced with Miss Darrah.

Theodore Darrah received the first prize a cigaret lighter, at the costume party on board ship. Miss Darrah designed his costume that of "the man who met her husband." She also designed that of his roommate, Dick Lieve, Cornell graduate and Columbia University student, who received the second prize.

Mr. Darrah was graduated in June from Harvard and Miss Darrah is a teacher at the John Hancock school in Quincey. They are the children of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Darrah. On board ship they met several German families who have invited them to visit at their homes.

The Washington docked in Hamburg. The Darrahs will shortly visit Switzerland, Holland and France, returning to Berlin for the Olympics. They will return to Quincey in September.

The above clipping from a Boston exchange will be of interest here at Mr. Darrah and Miss Darrah are grandchildren of the late Mr. and Mrs. John J. Darrah of Clyde River P. E. I.



Jane Weldon Says:
Use Graves Pure Apple Cider Vinegar
To Offset too Many Sweets!

"The tendency of modern diet toward too much sweetness can be offset by the use of Graves Pure Apple Cider Vinegar as a seasoning for foods. Use it, not only to make pickles, catsups, relishes and spiced fruits that give zest to food and gratify the taste; but also in the preparation of meat and fish dishes; in sauces, in salad dressings and 'as is' on lettuce, spinach and beet greens. Remember, this wholesome, natural acid is the perfect counterpart to an over-abundance of sweets. Its use tempts the appetite, aids digestion and helps to balance the diet."

THE SEASONER'S FAVORITE
Order Graves Pure Apple Cider Vinegar From Your Grocer Today.

FREE TO YOU: An interesting booklet entitled: "Special Recipes" for pickles, chowchows, salads, relishes, catsups and chutneys. Ask your grocer for a free copy of this special aid to good cooking or write direct to M. W. Graves & Company, Limited, Bridgetown, N. S.

FOR SALE

Beautiful House, Lot and Double Garage at 12 Pleasant Street, City. Apply PALMER & HASLAM, Solicitors. L-6426-9-12-36.

FOR SALE

One of the finest built dwellings beautifully situated at 53 Upper Prince St., Charlottetown. Hardwood floors throughout and finished in Douglas Fir. Seven rooms and bath, hot water heating, beautiful sun porch, large lot and garage. I will sell very reasonably and arrange for \$3,000 of the purchase price to remain as a first mortgage.

I also offer at a very reasonable price my summer cottage at Brighton Shore, Charlottetown, consisting of four bedrooms, large living room with fire place. Hot and cold water, bath with shower. Large glassed in sleeping porch. Permanent dock. This property is priced such that as an investment it could be rented, returning the purchaser a yearly dividend from twenty to twenty-five percent. As a summer residence the situation and comfort cannot be beaten. If properties are not both sold privately within a week will be offered for sale at auction by J. A. MacDonald, auctioneer. Advertisement to appear later. Apply to FRANK B. CLARKE, Produce Dealer, Prince St. Wharf. Phone 212. Residence phone 1076. L-9331-9-9-34

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Mortgage Sale

There will be sold by public auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown in Queen's County on Tuesday the sixth day of October A. D. 1936, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon ALL THAT parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number thirty-six in Queens County in Prince Edward Island bounded and described as follows, that is to say: COMMENCING on the east side of Bedford Bay at the southwest angle of land in possession of John McAnnis, thence south seventy-one degrees east one hundred and one chains, thence by a line parallel to the shore south-west a distance sufficient to give a breadth of ten chains at right angles to the said line, thence north seventy one degrees west to the shore, thence along the shore to the place of commencement, containing one hundred acres of land a little more or less.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the fourth day of May, A. D. 1928, and made between Francis L. McDougall of Port Hill in Prince County, Farmer, and Josephine McDougall, wife of the said Francis L. McDougall, of the first part, and the undersigned, of the second part, defunct having been made in the payment of principal and interest secured by the said mortgage.

For further particulars apply to the office of Johnston and Johnston, Solicitors, Stampers Block, Charlottetown.

Dated this 11th day of September, A. D. 1936.
Trustees: Estate of Owen Connolly, MORTGAGEE.
L-6426-9-12-19-26-10-3

IN MEMORIAM

MR. CHARLES P. STEWART

The residents of Keppoch and surrounding country suffered a severe loss through the death of Mr. Charles P. Stewart who died in the P. E. I. Hospital, Sunday, August 16th. Mr. Stewart, who was in his 70th year, resided at Keppoch for upwards of 40 years, where he operated quite successfully a large farm. It was there that he was so well and favorably known to a number of Charlottetown families who have summer cottages on his land and who have been coming to Keppoch to spend their summers for a number of years. By them he was held in the highest esteem, from the youngest child to the oldest, resident he would always greet them with a kindly word and a cheery smile. He is gone to his eternal reward, but his pleasant memory will linger long in the minds of all those that knew him. And among his many friends in the surrounding district he will be sadly missed, for they have truly lost a counsellor and friend.

In the home where he will be sorely missed, he leaves a loving wife, who was formerly Georgina Mutch of Southport to cherish his fond memory.

The funeral which was largely attended, was held from his late home at 2 P. M. August 18th, and was

Lorne Valley And Vicinity

Mr. Lloyd Horton, Armadale was a recent visitor to this Valley being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Nicholson. Other visitors include Mrs. Frank Willis and son, and Mrs. W. Wo of Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. John MacQueen, Uigg; Mr. and Mrs. George Douglas, city; Mr. W. Warren, New York City.

Mr. Charles E. MacArthur and Miss Service MacArthur have again entered P. W. C. to resume their studies.

Mr. Alton Crane, Riverton, narrowly escaped serious injury when he was thrown from his motorcycle early this week. Another accident which might have proved fatal occurred on Tuesday last, at Ferguson's Mill, when an automobile driven by a young man of that district went over the dam into the water. Fortunately the driver escaped but it was a close call.

Owing to the rainy weather farmers are having a bad time of trying to salvage the harvest; but then the weather man is no respecter of persons or crops.

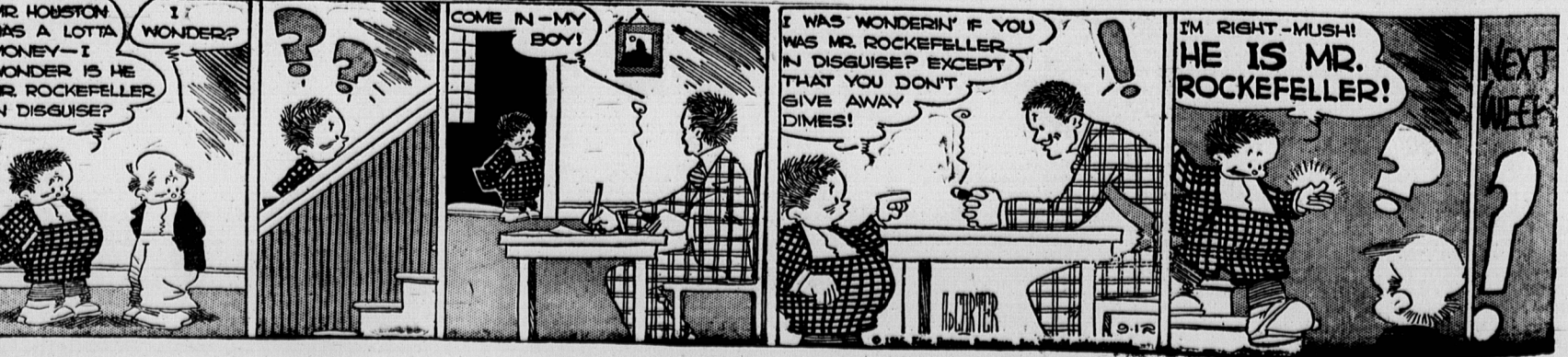
Mr. Angus Gillis of New Hampshire, arrived on the Island last evening, and motored to Lorne Valley where he expects to spend a short vacation among former friends. Mr. Gillis was born in Riverton, this province, but has been away for over eleven years. Naturally, he sees many changes, but as he fittingly said, "They are all for the better"

conducted by the Rev. Mr. Hayter, Hazelbrook, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Elliott, Pownal. Interment was at the Cross Roads Cemetery.

Your Vacation

Have the City Ticket Agency plan your summer vacation. Information in regard to rates, etc. will be given at any time.
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W. K. ROGERS
181 Queen Street, Phone 540

JUST KIDS



MR. HOUSTON HAS A LOTTA WONDER? MONEY—I WONDER IS HE MR. ROCKEFELLER IN DISGUISE?

I WAS WONDERIN' IF YOU WAS MR. ROCKEFELLER IN DISGUISE EXCEPT THAT YOU DON'T GIVE AWAY DIMES!

I'M RIGHT—MUSH! HE IS MR. ROCKEFELLER!

NEXT WEEK

—By Ad Carter