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Six building lots, four fronting on Water St. and two on Gt. George St. the site of the Victoria Hotel "King Street lots have been sold. The above lots would make an excellent site for an apartment house and will be sold at an attractive price to anyone who will buy them in one lot. Also building lot on Water st. facing Victoria Hotel site. This is a most desirable residential lot. Apply to Liquidators. W. K. Rogers or Lieut. Col. D. A. McKinnon. 4251-4-28 tfs t

CONNOLLY ESTATE SCHOLARSHIPS

Applications will be received by the undersigned until the eighth day of June, 1931, from students desirous of competing in a written examination to be held in July next in Charlottetown and Kinkora, for a Connolly Estate Scholarship. Candidates should have a knowledge of Grade X work in the public schools, and must be eligible to compete under the provisions of the will of the late Owen Connolly.
Applicants should state (1) full name; (2) names of both parents; (3) Post Office address; (4) age; (5) nature and extent of the past year's studies.
M. J. SMITH, Secretary
"Trustees Estate of Owen Connolly,"
Kinkora, P. E. I.,
May 26, 1931.
4805-5-27-29-30-June 1-3-4-6l.

FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale 30 acres of land, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation about half mile from the Town of Kensington and fronting on the Summerside Road, A Fox Ranch with new Fox shed and storage barn built on one corner. A never failing brook at rear. Will sell with or without Fox Ranch. Splendid opportunity for any person wishing a small farm near a Town. Inspection invited.
For further particulars apply to the undersigned.
MRS. MILLIE JOHNSTON,
Kensington, P. E. I.
4840-5-28-31.

SELWOOD of SLEEPY CAT

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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(Continued)

"Oh—Christie heaved a big sigh of relief—"ever so much better. Oh, I know I shall never be able to say all I want to to thank you—how am I ever going to do it?"
She looked at him with eyes so wide open and so appealingly perplexed that Selwood momentarily wilted. His eyes fell. The man who could look at any sort of a hand at poker calmly, or into the muzzle of a gun without visible hysteria, faltered before Christie's eyes. He kept his wits just enough to answer her appeal. "You've done it," he managed to say—and continued: "I hope you'll have no more trouble. Bob Scott will be sneaking around here for a while at night; Bob doesn't sleep much."
"He just saved my life, helping this morning. And"—she hesitated and twisted her fingers a little as she stood behind the counter. Then she summoned courage and went on—in truth she had much the more courage of the two. "And—he, when I spoke of you, he told me you were not here at all last night! And I just knew that wasn't so. And he said that Mr. Pardaloe had gone out of town early this morning—"
"He took a wagon trail out," explained Selwood. He did not add that knowing there was but one way to keep the mule boss quiet, he had sent him out.
"Where were you last night?" demanded Christie, growing in pretty boldness—pretty because it was nothing but gratitude and fast-kindling confidence—with just the merest dash of receptive feminine curiosity. "Oh, you needn't tell me if you don't want to," she added hastily. "I know I ought not to ask."
Her head hung down—about far enough down to reproach herself for hardness—and her eyes looked up just far enough to reach his; and just innocently enough to shatter his good resolutions of every sort.
"You've full permission to ask me any kind of a question in the world," he. "Just remember that, I was here a little while last night. But Pardaloe and Scott did the hard work."
"Somebody certainly did it. How can men be so mean as those men were to really steal everything we had?" Christie sighed at the thought. But it was not the sigh that shook Selwood; it was the appealing confidence of her question to the one man she felt sure she could trust; and it was so satisfying to him to be even for a few moments in that position.
He stumbled at some effort to answer or explain her difficulty, but Christie rode right on. "I suppose," she said impulsively, "I might as well ask: How can men be as good as you and your friends were to risk their lives to get back what was taken away from us—when they couldn't have the slightest personal interest in helping father and me?"
Selwood demurred. "I wouldn't say just exactly that. Men like Pardaloe and Scott and myself don't see a nice young lady like you often—"
"Nonsense!" exclaimed Christie, flushing anew at her success as a nice young lady.
Selwood, once started, warmed to the subject. "It isn't nonsense. You're the first one I ever saw in my life—"
"I wish you please wouldn't make fun of me!" protested Christie meekly; but, in matter of fact, not unhappy in her embarrassment.
"All my life, since I ran away from home—"
She opened her eyes. "Did you run away from home?"
"I never had a home, rightly speaking, but I ran away from an uncle I lived with. And ever since I've lived on the frontier and seen nothing but these poor, half-starved emigrant women—or worse. When I see anybody like you—I why shouldn't I help, if I can? Christie, I'd do anything for you—I mean it, every word. Just give me a chance to do things for you. If my own affairs

were as straightened out as most men's are"—he stammered—"I never would ask anything more than the chance"—he leaned toward her in his intensity. Christie, frightened at what she had aroused, stood with her eyes down on her hands, clasped nervously before her on the counter.
"—to do everything for you," he exclaimed.
Her heart beat a tattoo. She breathed fast in spite of herself. This was a new tone in a man's voice for Christie, and she was afraid.
"—and kill any man that stepped between us—do you hear, Christie?"
It was not hard to hear words such as these words, but difficult to know what to say. However, the simplest answer was the best. "Yes" she answered faintly.
"Look at me, Christie," he said almost sternly. Christie summoned up her courage. She raised her eyes. Selwood's face was red to the temples. His eyes glowed. Her heart almost stopped at their expression.
"Some time," he said in deadly earnest, "I'm going to tell you everything; then—you'll be the judge Christie."
He walked down the street with his head thrown well back, and kept on to the tent quarter for his daily visit to Tracy.
Selwood found him much disturbed. He had just received a visit from an unusual caller—Harry Barbanet, one of his old-time enemies. Harry had told him a long story about Selwood's uncalculated meanness in cleaning Atkins and Bartoe out of Fryer's store, threatened reprisals, and left the sick man worried. Selwood made light of the complaint, but Tracy took it seriously. "What did you do it for?" he asked with invalid peevishness. "I don't like to get that bunch stirred up. What's the use?"
Selwood tried in vain to bring Tracy around to his way of thinking. Tracy was much upset that Selwood should dip into a quarrel not his own. "I dunno, John," he said at last; "I don't guess you're fitted just exactly for keeping out of other folks' rows. You ain't that kind, John. You're too much of a gentleman—the fellows that nicknamed you hit it about right. Oh, I know you don't like it. I didn't used to like to be called 'Smooth' Dave Tracy, but they had me right. You're too much of a gentleman—so you're fightin' all the time with these river rats—"
"All the time?" echoed Selwood indignantly.
"Well, a good deal o' the time, Carpy tells me. But why stir up Atkins and Bartoe and Starbuck for this man Fryer? What's he to you?" Selwood squirmed but held his peace.
(To be Continued)

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(To be Continued)

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This is the last sale of Antiques that Maritime Antique Co. will ever have in Charlottetown. So would advise any one interested in Antique furniture not to miss same, as there is a fine assortment to choose from of rare and quaint old pieces.
Sale starts Tuesday, June 2nd, at 1.30 sharp. Store now open for inspection.
J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer.
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