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Wholesale Houses

The following Wholesale Houses will close at 12 o'clock soon Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of Old Home Week:

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NOTICE

RE LAWN SPRINKLERS AND FOUNTAINS

Property owners are hereby warned that Water Department regulations do not allow the use of these fixtures EXCEPT ON METER.

Any person found operating these fixtures or found leaving hand hose unattended or wasting water in any way will have his service metered immediately.

COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS & WATER SUPPLY
CHARLOTTETOWN

Napoleon and Uncle Elby By Clifford MacBride

I'M CONSTABLE OF BERRYDALE AND I DON'T NEED ANY HELP FROM AMATEUR DETECTIVES! HERE, I'LL BELL THESE FATHERS!

I'LL HAVE THAT CHICKEN THIEF BEFORE NIGHT!

POULTRY MARKET

Wisdom's Gate

By Margaret Ayer Barnes

"Oh, Albert! Really —!" she snapped at him irritably. "Don't be so absurd. I don't expect anything."

Bertie and the puppy were rolling on the floor. The puppy was barking.

"Stop that darn dog!" Albert had lost control of his own temper. "That pleased her, perversely. With a shrug she turned away from him. Sis and Robin were staring from the living room door. Bertie had picked up the little black spaniel and was trying to console him by kissing his long ears, looking himself in need of consolation. But Cicily did not stop or glance back at her husband. Her petulant pleasure had already subsided. These quarrels, she thought, over nothing, over anything — they're dreadful — they're dangerous. She had forgotten Jack as she walked up the stairs.

Albert made no further mention of Jack and his plans. Whatever passed between the two men the next day at the luncheon Jack had mentioned, remained a secret from Cicily. Indeed, never said that he had seen Jack. This omission of allusion to an unpleasant subject did not surprise his wife. And Jack did not communicate with her again.

When, six days later, on New Year's morning, the announcement of his engagement appeared in the Chicago Tribune, Cicily braced herself to meet the glances of her friend Sally MacLeod who was giving a party that afternoon and had asked her to pour egg-nog. Otherwise, she thought, she might have remained at home. It was better to go than make a point of her absence.

The party was large, but very informal. Nearly everyone there had known Jack as a child. On Cicily's arrival, glances were veiled with friendly discretion; but later, now and then, some cheerful irrepressible with a tongue loosened by egg-nog would call out gayly, "Well, what do you know about Jack Bridges?" or, "Let's drink to Jack!" before nodding her presence. She could see Gertrude watching, as she sat beside Albert on one of Sally's window seats.

The punchbowl was circled by a group of genial men, and Avery Caldwell had drawn a chair to her side. The impression this created was reassuringly gay. She did her best to heighten it by smiling at everyone as she led out egg-nog, chatting incessantly and laughing with Avery.

Albert had not left the window seat. Gertrude was saying something that pleased him.

The flattery in his dark eyes was her immediate reward.

When, an hour later, the party was breaking up, Gertrude and Albert were still on the window seat. As Cicily rose from her post they joined her. With Avery they strolled in the direction of the door.

"Did you see Jack when he was in town?" The question was Gertrude's. She might have been referring to any mutual acquaintance.

"Why, certainly," Cicily said, in an accent so casual that she felt very proud of it.

They said good-bye to Sally and Alan in the living room. In the hall, as Albert helped Gertrude into her fur coat, Avery turned to Cicily. "A very good party," he said smiling down at her. "I never saw you gay."

Then Albert came up with her coat in his hands. As she was slipping into it, "Oh, Albert —" called Gertrude, who was standing on the doorstep as if she'd thought of something she'd forgotten to say.

Albert promptly joined her. Avery detained Cicily by holding out his hand. "Happy New Year," Gertrude's laugh sounded outside in the darkness.

Cicily frowned; a mere twitch of her eyebrows, but Avery observed it. She turned quickly away from him, when they reached the doorstep. Gertrude was in her car. Albert was waiting by the door of the Ford, holding Cicily's rug smiling a little.

"Can we drop you, Avery?" asked Albert, too heartily. His voice, she was certain, held an undertone of excitement.

Avery said smoothly, "Thanks. I have my car."

"Well, Happy New Year!" said Albert, still smiling.

It was just one week later that Albert came home as usual from the five-fifty and entered the living room to say abruptly to Cicily, "I'm going out to dinner. It's all right, isn't it? We have no engagement?"

"Where are you going?" Under the direction of this question and her gaze, his face showed some confusion. But it was directly conquered. "Gertrude called me up today at my office. She's giving a bridge dinner and a man dropped out this morning. She asked me to fill in. I said I would go."

"Very well," murmured Cicily. She had ceased to look at him.

"You don't want me to go," when she did not answer, her silence seemed to shake him. "I suppose I could call Gertrude up —" he began.

"And say?"

"That you'd asked someone here."

She laughed scornfully at that.



ROBERT E. ROGERS

Trans Canada Credit Corporation Limited has announced the appointment of Robert E. Rogers as Branch Manager of the Charlottetown branch. Mr. Rogers was born in North Sydney, but has been a resident of Halifax since 1929. He attended Quinpool Road and Chubasco Road schools, Halifax Academy and Dalhousie University. Prior to joining Trans Canada Credit Corporation in 1947 he held positions with Maritime Telegraph and Telephone Co. Ltd., and Pickford and Black Steamship Agents. In 1944, he enlisted in the Royal Canadian Navy and served two years as Writer.

"Gertrude isn't a fool."

"No, she isn't," said Albert. "That did not help matters. 'Not that kind,' she suggested. He reddened with anger. 'I'll call her at once.' He turned toward the door.

"Don't be ridiculous!" She had jumped to her feet.

"It's you who are ridiculous." She was; and she knew it.
(To Be Continued)

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
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Our customers have always appreciated the privilege of buying direct from the producer, and the fact we have no rent or delivery expenses, enables us to sell at reduced prices. Our vegetables are picked fresh daily. We are now open for business. Thanking you for your liberal patronage in the past.

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Gay's Hot House
Open Evenings

"HAVE THINE OWN WAY"

A very humble little woman was the author of this famous song. Adelaide A. Pollard was one person who wanted no earthly glory for her writings; in fact, she signed her poems with the initials "A. A. P."

But in spite of her humility she attained distinction as a writer of prose and poetry, and as a Bible teacher. She travelled a great many years, spent several years in England and went to Africa in 1920. When she returned to America in 1929 she continued travelling in Christian work until just a week before her death, December 20, 1934.

use this sentence in her prayer—"But it's all right, Lord; it doesn't matter what You bring into our lives. Just have Your own way with us!" Miss Pollard went home a much encouraged woman, and wrote the words of "Have Thine Own Way, Lord."

Reg and Sue Jim and Dolores

they all call for **PHILIP MORRIS Cigarettes**

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