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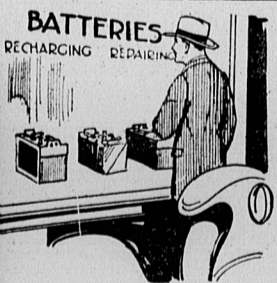
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Prohibition Commission Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown. Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peter John Simpson, Hamilton. Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to Inspector J. Fripps, R. C. M. P.

TENDERS FOR COAL

Tenders will be received at the office of the City Clerk up to and including Wednesday September 28th from Coal Dealers for supplying the City with 125 tons of good screened coal for the City Building, and 150 tons for the Market Building.

G. P. NICHOLSON, City Clerk.



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The Crippled Lady of Peribonka

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD (Copyright, 1929, by Doubleday, Doran, and Co. Inc.)

Carla also received a letter from Claire. It was filled with a womanly tenderness and sympathy for one who had suffered a great loss and was filled with the intimate knowledge and sentiment which could only have been given and inspired by Paul. Carla let him read it. Her eyes were strangely aghast, although she had prepared herself to show it to him.

"You told me once that millions could not buy sentiment," she said. "And millions could not bring what has come in her letter. It is her heart speaking to me."

Carla became so deeply absorbed in work outside of her school that he did not talk with her again for a week. She formed evening classes, in which she taught English to the adults who wanted to come to them, and the few spare hours of her afternoons were spent among the mothers of her school children. With the coming of winter Paul buried himself more passionately in the actual stress of outdoor labor, leaving his office routine largely to others, and the change benefited him. Carla, on the other hand, seemed to have assumed too great a burden. The strain, if it were that, began to show its effect on her, until Lucy-Belle noted it and remonstrated with Paul.

"Every day she is growing less like the Carla we knew before her mother died," she told him. "She is breaking under an effort to keep her mind away from herself. Yesterday I dropped into her cottage for a moment when I knew she was there, and I found her crying. She is growing paler, and it frightens me to see the loveliness fading slowly out of her face. You must do something, Paul. Make her drop her night classes, send her away for a vacation if you can. I think I am the only one she confides in at all, and I should not betray her confidence—not even what I have guessed about her. But something is eating at her life which isn't entirely the loss of her mother. She insists that her night work is a pleasure, says she is feeling well and doesn't want to go away. But I know of a dream she has always had of visiting her mother's country. If the company could arrange something like that—"

Paul saw Carla the next day, a cold Sunday with snow on the ground. For the first time in many weeks they had a long walk together, and at the beginning of it she settled any suggestions he might have had in his mind. It was as if she saw written in his face what Lucy-Belle had said to him. She mentioned Mrs. Derwent's visit and told him what she had said about her work, smiling the other's fears away as absurd and without reason, and adding with a very decisive little note in her voice that to give up this work or go away, as Lucy-Belle had suggested, was the last thing she would think of doing.

She had heard again from his wife. It was her third letter and came from Capri, where she was spending her winter, painting. Claire had sent her a little sketch of the vineyards and the picturesque houses on their rock cliffs. These letters, Carla said, would always remain bright in her memories, they were so friendly and cheering. She had answered them, and had tried to tell Claire a little about her own work, and of the glory and beauty of the great forests and mighty rivers near them. But she lacked the creative soul which his wife possessed, and could not adequately describe them.

Paul knew that something of Carla's real soul was gone even as she talked to him.

His own dragged heavily through the winter. Spring came, and his days at the pit were almost over. August would see his work finished. He did not know what he would do then, he told Carla. Things were

happening in South America. He might go there. Carla's future was settled for another year. The government had offered her a contract to remain with the children on the Mistassini, and she had accepted. She hoped that within a year or two she might be able to find a place in Peribonka, near her mother.

Late in May Paul's wife sailed from Cherboung and, to his surprise, was coming straight to Quebec to join him.

"That is wonderful of her," said Carla, her eyes shining with the light which was always in them when she was thinking or speaking of Claire. "She is coming directly to you!"

The day he left for Quebec he saw her for a few moments to say good-by.

"I wish I were a man—and you" she said.

A radance was in her face when he left her.

That evening, at dinner, Lucy-Belle said to her husband: "Carla's school was closed this afternoon. Beryl told me she dismissed the children because she had a headache. We must go over and see her." "I have been there," replied Derwent. "I was a bit worried when one of the boys told me what had happened, so I went over to see if she needed me, and found her crying."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucy-Belle. "Now I think I understand!" She said nothing more to her husband about Carla Haldan.

CHAPTER VI

The crowning point of anticipation in Paul's six years of married life was his journey to meet Claire. From the Mistassini to Roberval, from Roberval to Metebetchewan, and from there down to Chicoutimi where he took the cross-wilderness train to Quebec, he built steadily to the visions which the increasing interest and comradeship in his wife's letters had helped him to create during the long winter. That she was not following her usual precedent of going to New York, but was coming to him, gave him an emotional thrill which it had not previously been his happiness to experience in his relationship with her. He believed that for Claire to divert herself in this way from home, her own people, and a host of friends after an absence of nearly a year, that she might come to him in a wilderness which she frankly detested, was almost dramatically significant of a change in her attitude toward him. It was the mystery of this change which with-

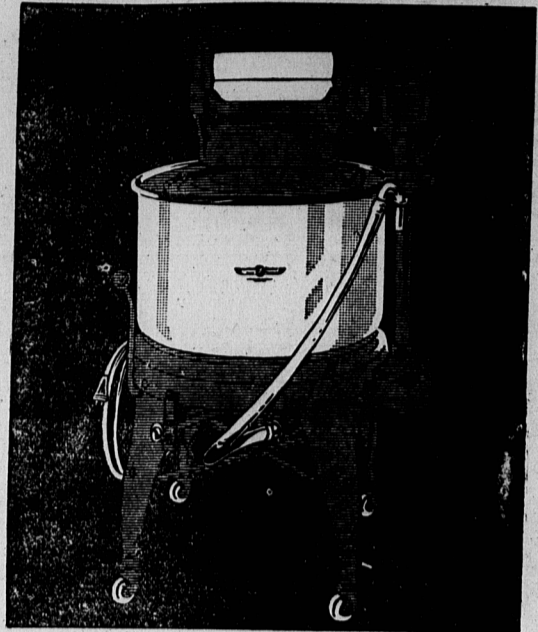


She Raised Her Lips and Kissed Him With the Light Touch of Her Mouth, Which Was Part of Claire.

held from his feeling the one thing which might have made it a real passion of expectancy and joy. In none of her letters, which had drawn her nearer to him than she had ever been, had she spoken of love. Even in response to the warmest of his communications to her she had given him no definite satisfaction, except to write him in a way which, without openly avowing herself, drew her closer to him, and gave to his ideals of her a glowing, fleshly reality which excited and possessed him as he went to meet her.

He could not keep Carla out of his mind. She came to him vividly when he stood in the shadow of the ancient chapel of the Ursulines, at Quebec, where he had seen through the chancel grating the lovely nun whose face and eyes had looked so much like Carla's. In Lower Town he went into the little old church of Notre Dame des Victoires, and he felt as if she were standing at his side. She seemed to be a part of the composure and beauty and age-old enchantment of these quaint and hallowed spots which he loved, as if in some past day her

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Dr. H. R. Mill in The Spectator (London): Can anyone take the responsibility of discouraging an eager youth from attempting great things simply because of the risk to life. In these days risks rise around us at every step, even in our own familiar roadways, where every month five thousand people meet

unlooked for death. Explorers who return safe from the polar regions are not exempt from domestic danger (as the records show). . . Obviously safety from accident is not assured by shirking apparent danger, and there is still more comfort to be drawn from the old adage: "A man's immortal till his work is done."

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