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**GOOD YEAR**  
 MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

# Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

"Deborah Mayne Brynildson. Deborah Mayne Brynildson. Deborah was his wife. She had taken his name. She was conscious of her position, far more conscious than he was. Deborah Mayne Brynildson... somehow the fact that she bore his name hadn't occurred to him. Poor little Deborah. Perhaps she hated that name."

Grandmother was waiting in the car. Bryn had parked the car when they had reached town, her eyes wide and excited. From time to time he came back to her, two or three times followed by white-aproned clerks with their arms piled high with packages which they placed in the trunk at the rear of the long car.

"Now," he said, with a foot on the running board, "how would you like to come out and stroll down the street, Grandmother? Nothing shall happen to you. I promise."

She looked up, her eyes sparkling. For a second she looked astonishingly like Deborah. "I don't think I would be afraid, Stuart," she said haltingly.

Bryn came to a sudden decision. He took her hand lightly in his black glove. Will you do me a tremendous favor?"

Certainly, my boy. Do you mind calling me by the name I've always been called? If you can believe it, almost nobody has ever used the name Stuart. Could you bring yourself to call me Bryn? It's what my friends say, and I scarcely know myself by Stuart."

It's very strange," she said thoughtfully. I don't understand why you're called Bryn. But I don't mind using it. As a matter of fact... Bryn, Bryn, she repeated. You know, my boy, it suits you, somehow. Stuart doesn't. I always felt queer saying it.

Thank you, Grandmother. You know how it is. When you aren't accustomed to a name... He opened the door wider, and waited. She gave a little fluttering breath and emerged slowly from her long retreat. She stepped out into the world and a hesitating air; but as she took the arm he offered and crossed the curb, she drew herself up slightly, and became once more the shadow of an assured woman of the world.

Both together they saw the hat in the window. It was a small window, glittering clean, and the hat hung inside the window. It was a small window, of a tiny millinery shop at the end of the street.

On a pedestal in the center was one hat, a molded toque of gray velvet the exact shade of Grandmother's hair. Bryn felt her hand move on his arm. He looked at the hat, an dither down at her face. He turned slowly, without a word, and they went into the little shop.

"The hat in the window, please," he said. The girl put the soft gray toque on the silvered hair. Grandmother, startled, looked at herself in the glass, and then turned to Bryn. Her eyes were deep blue and shining; her cheeks were pink.

"We will take it," he told the girl, and handed her a bill. And now, he said happily, now let's go shopping."

Grandmother was a little intoxicated. She made no protests whatever. She clung tightly to his arm and followed where he led, and Bryn enjoyed himself thoroughly.

He bought her a long soft gray woolen coat. He took her to a florist's and bought her a bunch of purple, scented violets to pin on the new coat. He bought her five pairs of gray gloves and a gray suede purse to match. Grandmother, by the time they were through, was twenty years younger, and the pain in her heart had entirely disappeared.

They proceeded down the street toward the car. "I've got one or two more things to buy," he decided, and went into a confectioner's. Grandmother accompanied him and stood waiting.

"I want," he told the proprietor, a very nice box of chocolates and a pound of your best tobacco and a good pipe."

The proprietor knew what was meant. The articles were selected and paid for. He placed Grandmother carefully in the seat and got in himself.

On the sidewalk in front of the car a small boy in clean faded blue overalls came slowly along with a very small dog on the end of a leash. The dog shone like silk in the late afternoon sun. It sniffed the sidewalk happily.

The boy's eye caught Bryn. He called out. You don't want to buy a good dog, do you, mister? This here one's for sale. Two dollars."

"What is it, a cocker spaniel?" Bryn inquired, regarding the floppy ears, the water-waved coat, the thumping tail.

"Yessir, a real cocker. Ain't that a pretty color?"

"What's the matter with it?"

Well, the boy told him dropping his voice, "it's a lady dog. And," confidentially, you know what they're like."

"Oh, a lady dog. What's her name?"

"Garbo." The boy grinned. Just take a look at her." He made a little ducking noise with his tongue. Instantly the dog sat up, paws crossed limply before her, mouth closed, silky ears drooping, her eyes sad and mournful and pleading. Bryn looked. He began to laugh, silently.

"Well," Bryn decided, she's sold. Here's your money."

CHAPTER V Bryn, on the morning after his trip to town with Grandmother, paired in his systematic and careful examination of the grounds, leaning against a tree down at the lower corner, lit a cigarette, and considered.

The men were coming out from town to make a garden out of this wilderness would have to work carefully. All through the thick grass were scattered rare shrubs, beds of flowering plants, plots of hyacinth and crocus bulbs, crescents of iris set into the corners.

But his main consideration was not directed toward the garden. He was remembering Deborah's face when they had returned yesterday, he and Grandmother.

White and cold she had met them in the doorway and led Grandmother into a small sitting room to rest for a moment before removing her new coat and hat. Deborah was no longer angry. While they were away she had obviously come to some agreement with herself; Bryn decided, as she smiled faintly and took the box of chocolates, as she put it down without a glance upon the small table beside her, that he preferred her angry. He had swung on his heel, leaving her there with Grandmother, and come out to Gary. Gary stood in the drive, his parcel laid on the grass, watching the puppy rolling over and over, wild with excitement, and yelping with joy at her release from the car.

"Perhaps you'll tell Miss Deborah that the puppy is for her," Bryn said curtly, and went back up to his room.

But the puppy wasn't having any difficulty in penetrating these frosty layers and discovering the real Deborah. From his window yesterday afternoon Bryn had witnessed their first meeting. Deborah had come out to Gary, and at her appearance the puppy had rushed upon her with a ferocious threatening growl which ended precipitately as the little dog fell over her feet and tumbled in a heap before Deborah's. Instantly, unquestioning as a child, she bent to lift it in her arms. "Oh, Gary," she cried, "isn't it a darling? Isn't it a darling puppy?"

She hugged it close, and it snuggled for a moment comfortably under her chin. Then it put out a pink tongue and kissed Deborah entirely without reserve.

"You're a bad dog," she scolded, but her voice was soft and laughing and tender. Bryn drew a deep breath. When she spoke to him her voice wasn't like that. "Where did it come from, Gary?"

"She's for you, Miss Deborah. Mr. Bryn brought her out from town."

NOTICE The three year old pure bred Clydesdale stallion Mount Pleasant Jack will be at Large Bros. stable, Charlottetown, Friday of each week; will remain home remainder of the time. This is a low set horse, the kind farmers have been looking for; was first prize and reserve champion at Charlottetown Exhibition. We invite your inspection. GORDON NEWSON, North River, Owner. L-374-5-12-31

## AUCTION SALE

of Farm, Stock and Merchandise, on Saturday, May 15th, at 2 o'clock, at North River, five miles from Charlottetown. Farms contains 50 acres of choice land, good buildings, close to church and school.

ESTATE OF THE LATE DONALD MATHESON

J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer. L-311-5-11-13-14-15.

## AUCTION SALE AT CLINTON

I am instructed to sell at public auction on the farm formerly owned by Norman Day, Clinton, the following stock and implements: three horses; a mare with foal; eight milk cows, newly freshened with calves at foot; a number of young cattle; and fifteen sheep. Together with a full line of farm machinery including thresher and fan; gas engine; plows; harrows; carts; truck wagons; sleighs; potato machinery; blacksmith tools; driving wagon; harness; root pulper; all kinds of hay machinery; manure spreader; binder and grain drill; and all the machinery usually found on the well kept farm. Sale takes place on Thursday, May 13, at 1 p. m. Terms at sale. Hugh F. Morrison, auctioneer. L-290-5-5-41.

## AUCTION SALE

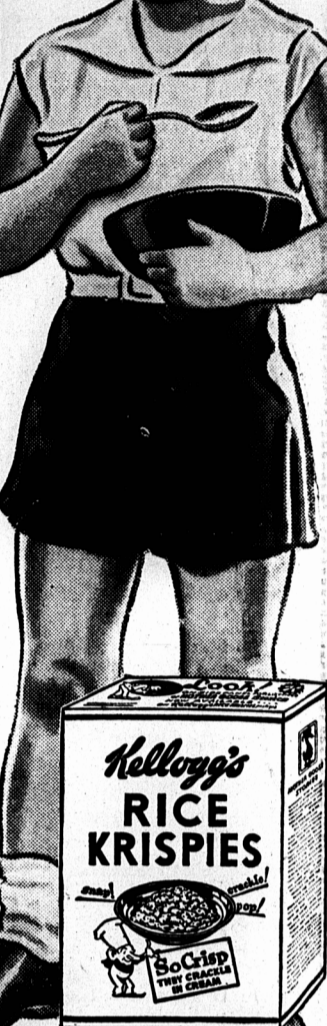
130 ACRES OF LAND AT DROMORE formerly property of James Hughes will be sold at Public Auction on the premises on Saturday, MAY 15th, at 3 o'clock, P.M. Conditions at Sale. JOHN P. BRADLEY, Auctioneer. L-374-5-12-31



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**SO CRISP** they crackle in milk or cream

"Oh," Deborah said. "Of course, I might have known." But she did not drop the puppy. She stood silent thinking. "Now look, Miss Deborah," Gary began, "I don't think he means any harm after all. He's only acting natural."

"Oh, hush!" Deborah cried stormily, stamping her foot. She held the puppy close and ran off with her, back of the house, down to some hidden nook of her own which always seemed to be her chosen place of refuge.

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND In the Probate Court 1st George VI, A. D. 1937. In Re Estate of Elizabeth Match late of Charlottetown in Queens County in the said Province, widow, deceased, testate. By the Honourable HAROLD LEON-PALMER, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, etc., etc. To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County or any Constable or literate person within said County: GREETING: WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Fraser T. Morrow of Charlottetown aforesaid, Dairi Producers Grader, and William E. Bentley of the same place, Barrister, the ex-

centors of the above named estate, praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Monday the thirty-first day of May next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock fore-noon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed, as prayed for in said petition and on motion of J. A. Bentley, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioners. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Char-

lottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Royal Bank of Canada and at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia both in Charlottetown aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof. Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court, this 27th day of April, A. D. 1937 and in the first year of His Majesty's reign. (Sgd) H. L. PALMER Judge of Probate. L-2033-4-29-5-12-30

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Light 18-48 — 65c rod	For Pigs 7-26 — 37c rod
Light 20-60 — 75c rod	For Sheep 9-35 — 48c rod
POULTRY NETTING	CHICKEN NETTING
Various widths and prices	Various widths and prices
36 inches — 10c yard	30 inches — 16c yd.
LAWN FENCING AND LAWN BORDER	
3 ft. Painted Fence — 16c ft.	
3 1/2 ft. Painted Fence — 18c ft.	
18 in. Painted Border — 14 1/2c ft.	
FOR CATTLE	
Various strengths and heights	
From 34c to 62c a rod.	

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