

STARS FROM MANY NATIONS APPEAR IN GREAT CIRCUS



MISS JEAN FISHER AND NED

Eighteen foreign nations have contributed at least one new act to the Robbins Bros. Circus this season. There is Miss Jean Fisher, who hails from the Ural Mountains of Continental Europe. She weighs less than 100 pounds, is not 20 years old, yet she is conceded to be one of the greatest equestriennes in the world.

Performances will be given in Charlottetown Saturday, June 11th

SECOND CHANCE

By HOLLOWAY HORN

Twice she had seen the actress. Once in London and once, a year before, at the Theatre Royal in Mossford. She had a very attractive, husky voice, and she was very beautiful. It was curious that she should have remembered her so clearly. She had noticed the name that evening on the little bill at the side of the theatre where they gave the following week's play.

But gradually her thoughts centred on Ferguson.

The mere possibility of an imputation of dishonesty had upset him strangely. Why? He must have known that there was no cause to fear anything beyond a mistake.

Curious, too, the way he had put that fish back in the water. He couldn't bear to see anything trapped.

Even her mother, prejudiced as she was in George's favour, had recognized that he belonged to a different class, had spoken of his education.

She was right; it was strange that he had come to a place like Mossford—important as Mossford people were convinced it was—and taken up the position he had done.

Stranger still that he should have been glad to be able to do so.

He evidently had influential friends—William Trevowe himself, for example.

You could discuss things with him.

George just liked a film or he didn't and that was an end of it, but Ferguson could talk about films, and ideas and experiences.

One day he would tell her. The thought returned to her.

And until he saw fit to tell her she would never ask him a single question.

It was a kind of faith she had in him.

And with that thought she fell asleep.

CHAPTER V.

SECOND HOUSE

At the Theatre Royal Mossford, it is the custom to exhibit in the vestibule the photos of the leading actors and actresses who will appear during the forthcoming week.

Usually the companies are at Mossford may not know it, second-rate, and the Theatre Royal despite its grandiloquent name, has a hard struggle to maintain its position against the all-conquering cinemas.

Ferguson went to the theatre on the Saturday after he had been to the cinema with Mary Donovan.

The company that week was a clever one. They gave a different play each evening, which in itself, is no mean feat for a travelling company. He was rewarded with some excellent acting and on coming out noticed that the photos adorning the walls around the box office had been changed.

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"Well, you've followed it very closely. What do you think of it?"

"Of the play... the revue?"

"Yes, of course."

He smiled: "It's much like most of them," he said.

"For a travelling company, I thought it quite good. What did you think of Lucia Desmond?"

"She hasn't had a great deal of opportunity to show her talents."

"No. She's very beautiful."

"I thought that Teddie Wilson was an offensive little beast," he said.

"Teddie Wilson," she repeated. "I glanced at the programme. 'Oh yes, I remember. He was the gigolo, Hardy a 'sympathetic' character."

"Not to a good film. I'd rather see a bad play than a bad film, I suppose."

"This Teddie Wilson is the business manager of the company as well," she pointed out.

He nodded. "He's probably running it."

"You seem to know rather a lot about the stage, Mr. Ferguson," she said and since she regretted the hint of a question in her words went on before he could reply: "That little dancer was really good. She'll go to the top."

"I don't think I noticed her particularly."

The second part of the Revue was rather more exciting than the first but it was all hackneyed, second-rate stuff. By the end of the evening Mary Donovan was even more certain that he knew—or rather that he had known—Lucia Desmond.

RECOGNISED

It was raining slightly when they left the theatre and they caught a bus instead of walking back to her home.

"Care for some cocoa?" she asked as they reached the door.

"I don't think I will to-night," he said. "Thank you, though. I have rather a head. I'm afraid I've been a dull companion."

"Nonsense," she said. "I always feel that if people are really friends there's no need to keep on talking."

He nodded. "And I value your friendship more than I can say."

"And I yours," she said frankly. "Good-night... and thank you," he said as he turned away.

From the top of the steps she watched his tall figure as he hurried along the road. He was bending a little forward against the wind and the rain.

She watched him a moment before she turned to open the door and make her way to the warm, comfortable sitting room, where Mrs. Donovan assuredly waited for her with the inevitable but welcome cocoa.

It was a wild night and Ferguson was glad to achieve the quiet haven of Number Five. Mrs. Gaddesden was in bed and the fire in his sitting room was nearly out, but it was still warm. On an impulse he went up to his bedroom, and unlocked a small leather box which he kept in his suitcase. From it he took a photo of a girl and re-locked the box and went downstairs again. It was the photo of Lucia Desmond. She was younger when it was taken, than in the photo by the side of the pay box at the Theatre Royal, but she had autographed it: "Ever yours, Lucia."

That queer smile hovered for a moment on his lips as he looked down at the photograph: "Ever yours, Lucia," he said as he slowly, methodically, tore the photo into small pieces and after stirring the fire to a blaze, dropped them on it. Presently the pieces began to blacken and curl up and suddenly burst into flames. He watched them, still with that queer, strained smile on his lips, until nothing was left of the photo but small flakes of greyish ash.

He stood watching the darkened fire for some minutes, but suddenly seemed to pull himself together: "Well—that's that," he said aloud and turned to the door.

The following evening Ferguson left the office a minute or so before Mary Donovan. Sometimes they met on the steps leading to the street, but on this occasion he was ahead of her. Market Street leads from London Road to Market Square, in which the Theatre Royal is situated, and as Ferguson turned out of the main entrance and towards London Road he had no idea of the direction he was taking.

Mary Donovan saw it; she was a yard or so behind him. Apparently he did not recognise the girl, but there was no question as to whether she had recognised him. She had pulled up and was staring after him as if she had seen a ghost.

She was Lucia Desmond; Mary Donovan knew her at once. Evidently she was on her way to the theatre. She was, judged at least by Mossford standard, beautifully dressed, but there was a strained look on her face. She turned, and for a few steps followed his retreating figure, but apparently thought better of it, and pulled up so that she and Mary Donovan came face to face. She was perfectly made up but in that moment her guard was down and Mary Donovan glimpsed the woman behind the professional mask.

And she was sorry for her. Whatever she had done, however glamorous her life, the woman in a girl who was coming in the opposite direction came face to face with him.

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Advertisement for R&G Used Cars & Trucks. Features a large speech bubble: "I am satisfied with my R&G USED CAR to the extent that, through my recommendation, my mother purchased one a month later". Below the bubble is a sign: "USED CARS & TRUCKS R&G RENEWED GUARANTEED ALL MAKES MONEY BACK GUARANTEE". To the right is a collage of various Ford cars. Text below the sign: "Am well satisfied... will go to the same Ford Dealer for the next... My R & G car is easy on gas and oil... Best automobile I ever bought!" other R & G owners report. A success story for Ford Dealers' R & G used cars has been written by the two hundred and four owners who answered a poll by mail in a single city. These people had driven their cars an average of eight months and more, including three winter months. Ford Dealers wanted to know how they liked their cars, how economical they were. Owners replied with a shower of letters that bear out every claim for these fine renewed and guaranteed automobiles! R & G means that the used car bearing this emblem which you buy from a Ford Dealer, has undergone the repairs and replacements necessary to put it in excellent driving shape. Paint and upholstery have been overhauled where necessary, chrome work is bright, mechanical parts are in good order. R & G also means that you get a 2-day money-back guarantee and a 50/50 30-day warranty against mechanical defects with your purchase. 100% satisfaction or all your money back. That's a guarantee to go for! Ford Dealers have a selection of R & G cars, to help you pick just the car you've planned to buy. Good prices, convenient terms, and generous trade-in allowance on your present car complete the picture. You could ask for no more attractive offer! Buy an R & G used car now. Enjoy safe, modern motoring right away. Start economizing on fuel and service bills. Go around to your Ford Dealer's tonight!

Advertisement for Allison MacLeod Limited. Text: "SEE YOUR FORD DEALER". "FORD DEALER FOR CHARLOTTETOWN ALLISON MacLEOD Limited". "224 Great George Street Phone 642".

Air Conditioned Cars For C. N. R.

MONTREAL, Que. June 9.—Air will come through the ceilings of twenty-five passenger coaches now being reconditioned by the Canadian National Railways. "This new type of ventilation is being used for the first time in Canada as our cars go into service. John Roberts, chief of motive power and car equipment for the railways said. Sixteen coaches are now going out on the line and before the end of the month, nine more will be in service. They will be used on transcontinental trains.

"We are air-conditioning these twenty-five coaches as part of our policy to give the head-end passengers the benefits of the most recent devices to insure comfortable travel," said Mr. Roberts. "This new type of ventilation, known as Burgess 'Multi-vent,' provides for uniform draughts. The ceiling consists of pre-fabricated units panels. Under static pressure, the air enters a plenum chamber under the roof, is metered by hand-operated valves through a contract plate into a distributing plate, that is, a ceiling perforated with holes, fifteen to the square inch."

Use of this system, Mr. Roberts pointed out, not only provided uniform temperature and low air velocity, but reduced the sound of fans, simplified construction problems and did not interfere with any scheme of interior decoration.

SOUTHAMPTON SCHOOL

Honor roll for May: Grade X (Sr.)-1. Anna MacKinnon.

Grade X (Jr.)-1. Beatrice MacAulay, 2. Ronald MacAulay, 3. Johnnie Thompson.

Grade IX-1. Marion MacKinnon. Grade VIII-1. Roma Wilson, 2. Geraldine MacAulay, 3. Mary MacAulay.

Grade V-1. Harold Thompson, 2. Reginald MacAulay.

Grade IV-1. Cyril Wilson, 2. Laughlin MacDonald, 3. Florence MacDonald.

Grade III-1. Allan MacDonald, 2. Barbara MacAulay, 3. Jerome Thompson.

Grade II-1. Marie MacKinnon, Yvonne Wilson, John MacLean (Equal).

Grade I-1. Margaret Wilson, 2. Teresa Wilson, 3. George MacDonald.

Teacher — Lucetta Thompson.

LARGE HAILSTONES

HIGH RIVER, Alta. —(OP)—Hailstones as large as golf balls failed to damage Alberta's promising grain fields in Turner Valley district recently. Early green in fields disappeared for a time but returned, while the slashed leaves of trees are also expected to come back.

ISLAND NURSES AMONG GRADUATES

MONTREAL, June 7.—Among the 47 nurses graduating from Montreal General Hospital School for Nurses today are M.N. MacQuarrie, Summerside, P.E.I., and P.M. Reay, Charlottetown.

Advertisement for Gutta Percha Tires. Features a dog named Perky. Text: "FOR SAFE DRIVING Perfect Grip GUTTA PERCHA TIRES".

BRINGING UP FATHER



her? Nor had she answered any of these questions when she sat down to her evening meal. The following afternoon Mary Donovan was in Mr. Mumford's office alone. The manager was not yet back from his lunch, which, with him, was a movable feast and for once in a way, Mary had little or no work on hand. Her thoughts had wandered, as they had frequently done of late, but the telephone recalled her to herself. To Be Continued

Advertisement for Wool. Text: "WOOL WOOL WOOL". "The Prince Edward Island Sheep Breeders' Association again offers its services in assembling the wool clip of the Province for co-operative marketing through the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Limited, Toronto." "Last year the volume of wool marketed in this way from this Province more than doubled that of the previous year. This fact indicated confidence in this medium of marketing and complete satisfaction with the prices secured. The Association set the price at the full market level and compelled competing agencies to raise prices to this level. This year, wool prices are low, and farmers may sell outright to the first buyer at a low prevailing price. Sheepmen should take note of this fact, however, that when you sell your wool through the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, you not only receive promptly in cash, at time of delivery, the highest prevailing market price, but also the rise in the market until the wool is ultimately sold through an expert sales service at the most favorable periods of distribution. This rise in price will come to the wool patron at a later date." "This year wool will be received after June 10th and the week commencing June 13th will be the Big Wool Week in Prince Edward Island. Our agents will receive wool at various points in the Province at this time." "Do not sell or ship your product until you contact for full particulars, prices, etc." "The Sheep Breeders Association, Charlottetown".

By George McManis

