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If you are interested in Contests— and who isn't?—here's a real one—made to order.

These firms are co-operating in sponsoring what is now considered the greatest event of the season. Of course, the contest is being promoted for advertising purposes, but it has been arranged so that every man, woman and child in this province may participate.

For each 25c transaction at any or all of these firms you will receive a coupon. You simply write your name and address on the back of the coupon and deposit it with the firm.

There are forty prizes to be awarded as shown. \$140.00 in cash prizes and \$20.00 in special surprise awards. Wouldn't you like to win that first prize of \$50.00 in cash. Well—maybe you will. Someone is certain to get it!

Buy all your cans from these ten firms during these three weeks. The more coupons you deposit, the more likely you are to win a prize.

This contest will positively close on Saturday, October 8, 1938 at 8:30 P. M. and the drawing will take place immediately following.

Chief of Police Birtwhistle has consented to draw for the lucky coupons and the exact time and place will be announced in plenty of time.

This Contest is being sponsored and managed entirely by these local firms, and will be conducted exactly as outlined here.

Remember, each coupon gives you a chance on 40 separate prizes—there's 160 chances to every dollar left with these firms. But get busy today. Deposit your coupons. There's no "red tape"—40 persons will win prizes.

You owe it to yourself to try your level best to win. It costs you nothing!

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WHICH ONE OF THE PRIZES WILL BE YOURS?

MISS NAPOLEON

By VIOLET METHLEY

The summer heat passed, the cold weather season began to draw near, during that waiting time, and then, at last, to Christie Struan, as well as to many others, came a letter. Wilson Hall, who was still keeping a brotherly eye upon Christie from the hotel at Fa Napore, found her reading it on the same veranda where so much had taken place in the lives of both of them. And, as she read, she alternately laughed and cried.

"Oh! Mr. Hall, it's a letter from Renny!" Christie told him, quite unnecessarily. "A splendid long letter at last! He says he couldn't write before—it's dated September 26th the day they arrived there—"

"Where?" Hall asked.

"France!" Christie drew a long breath, and something like the shadow of a cloud seemed to pass over the sunlit gold in her eyes. "Of course, we knew more or less, but they're really there."

"There are lots of most thrilling things in the letter. I must read you bits of it." She rustled the thin sheets. "The Suez Canal is all entrenched—just fancy! Of course, they're afraid of the Turks attacking it. It's so fearfully important to hold it. Oh! and here's something tremendously interesting!"

She read aloud, her voice shaken with excitement.

"There's a good deal more," Christie was still turning over the sheets of the letter. "But most of the rest is—well, not exactly news." She laughed and blushed looking at Hall desperately, then added in a businesslike manner: "Anyhow, now we know where we are—and the sooner I can get to England, the better. I must be near to Renny, in case . . . He under-

stands that; and he says that I'd better apply for a passage at once; they'll be providing troops to send home the families soon now, he expects."

"I see—yes," Hall looked thoughtful, leaning forward in his chair as Christie went on rather unsteadily. "Of course it's—it's very hard to have to think of Renny as actually in the fighting; I don't think of it. But I know it's where he'd want to be, and it's a great comfort to have heard from him, to be certain of what he wants me to do. It's the waiting that's so impossible."

"Of course, that's so always, well—" Hall leaned back and surveyed his outstretched legs contentedly. I think that the sooner I make a move too, now, the better. I may be able to find some useful job in Europe, even if the U. S. A. don't officially come into the war as I hope they will."

"Do you mean you'd join the British Army?" Christie asked eagerly.

"Or the French. I might do worse. Or I may be more use in a Red Cross job. Anyway, once your passage's fixed up, I'll feel free to start off myself, and go on with it."

"You mean, you've been waiting all this time for my sake? Oh! Mr. Hall, it was very, very good of you—and I don't know what I should have done without you. I really don't!"

"That's all right. I might even be able to get a passage back to Europe in the same boat as yourself, which would be better still; almost too good to be possible."

"It would be simply splendid!" agreed Christie fervently.

"Splendid—yes; simple—well, I rather doubt that!" Hall commented

dryly. "But if I don't manage it, it won't be for the want of trying." There followed another period of waiting which was even more harassing than that which had gone before.

But passages were secured at last, and the almost unheeded-for, despair-of journey was about to begin. Hall by the exercise of more diplomacy than he would ever have believed himself to possess, had obtained the right to travel in the troop. Together they stood on the deck of S. S. Berkshire and watched Bombay receding behind their ship's wake as the steamer kept on its steady course towards the horizon.

Across the silver waters of the harbour, from the clustered shipping at the quays, tiny skiffs and wide-sailed dhows skimmed like butterflies in the sunlight.

The gateway to the country of the Great Raj closed gradually, leaving only a memory of the murmur of voices, temple bells and drum-beats, all blending even in remembrance into a jessening hum as the land receded, faded into the distance.

"I wonder shall we ever see it all again," Christie said under her breath.

"I wonder!" Hall echoed.

At the sound of a voice, utterly unexpected, which spoke behind them, Christie and Hall turned simultaneously—cried out, almost in one breath:

"Leonie!"

She stood there, hands in the pockets of her grey coat, the black, three-cornered hat tilted forward to shade her eyes, looking so precisely as she had upon the Gloriana that Hall glanced almost involuntarily up at the main mast, as though seeking the familiar house-flag of the Atlantic ferry. It was as if such time itself had taken a great stride backwards of eighteen months or more.

"Leonie how amazing that you should be here!" Christie gasped.

"Why? Was I not, until lately, one of the household of an officer in the

Indian Army?" Her tones were level, so unpressed, that it was perhaps only Hall's ultra-keen ear which caught the faint suggestion of biting scorn.

"Yes, of course, yes only confusedly, and Leonie smiled.

"Not that I asked for a passage as the Maharajah's ex-governess. I merely used his name and my experience at Kholalghar to get another post of the same kind with a Colonel's wife, since money alone would not do it. I intended to come by this boat if it was in any way possible in order to be with you two—" Her eyes softened slightly, then resumed their former alert watchfulness. "That is, if neither of you has an overwhelming objection to my company," she added abruptly.

"You know me better than that," Hall answered, while Christie added earnestly:

"Oh, Leonie, I'm so glad you're here!"

"That's well, then, I should have been extremely bored with the exclusive company of my colonel's wife and her progeny. There's nothing to do, really? They've got an ayah, whose passage I paid, by the way, so as to secure the privilege of travelling to Marseilles as one of Colonel Belman's party. A queer, topsy-turvy business, if you come to think of it."

"You're going to France then—not England?"

"Certainly not England."

"And—you're not coming back to India?"

"No, I failed there, or I shouldn't be here. And if I hadn't failed, you might not be here either."

"Oh, she's talking like the Sphinx again!" Christie looked across at Hall.

"That always means she doesn't mean to tell anything."

"There's nothing to tell," Leonie said.

She turned away abruptly and for the moment no more was said. It was weeks later, indeed, not until they were near Marseilles on a black and windless night in the Mediterranean, that Hall questioned her further. "Confound it as they were all three together during the voyage, there had been curiously little intimate conversation between them."

"From the engine-room came the tinkle of six bells, 11 o'clock. It was followed by the sing-song voice of the lascar from the crew's nest, telling the silent ship, the silent night, that 'All ees well!'"

"All's well!" Leonie echoed the words under her breath. "Ah!—if one could say that—"

CHAPTER XXII "A MERRY CHRISTMAS"

Hall sighed, thrust his hands deep down into his pockets and set off to trudge back to the ruined factory where his ambulance unit was temporarily stationed, through the wet blackness of the winter afternoon.

Only along the eastern horizon was there an intermittent glare to the accompaniment of a ceaseless thud and rattle. There was no trace on the Western front this Christmas.

This was especially true of the French front, where indeed a grimmer spirit had always prevailed. No truces there; they rather despised their Allies for yielding to such sentimentality, these men who remembered Sedan, whose fathers had fought there.

Now, too, there was a feeling of growing tension in the atmosphere which already foreboded a new offensive to be launched, so it was believed, against the French front.

Exactly where the main attack would be rammed home was the only really open question, according to the reports of the Intelligence Department and opinion in general. In the section where Hall was stationed some kilometres south of the junction between the French and British, there had been a particularly bad spell of weather and

and transport of all kinds peculiarly difficult and an ugly local attack had developed a day or two before the actual festival itself, the enemy bombarding the French from heights held by them in comparative dryness and comfort, then storming the waterlogged, wretchedly situated trenches on the lower ground.

Casualties had been heavy and the difficulties in the way of removing and tending the wounded very great. Ambulances were busy night and day bringing the injured to aid posts and casualty clearing stations before removing them further down the line. The conditions had been hideously bad for drivers and stretcher-bearers alike, with roads swept by artillery fire, shell-planted, slippery with mud, sleet and half-melting snow.

Hall had tramped the mile and a half into the half-demolished village to make inquiries concerning a family who had been left marooned there, with the mother and two of the nine children injured by the shell which had destroyed their house. He heard the story from one of the ambulance orderlies, told with a shrug, for what could be done? The hospital was over-crowded already—the doctors over-busy. Filling his pockets with bandages, lint, lozenges and all the food he could collect, Hall spent the afternoon playing the Good Samaritan to this forlorn family. They were moderately safe in the cellars of the old village inn, moderately warm, with fires made from the broken furniture collected by the two oldest boys of eleven and twelve.

"And there's so little one can do really," Hall meditated. "This is just an example of it—how can I help that family? Even if I hadn't got my own job to attend to—Hullo! Looks like a new convoy coming in. And we're full up already! No space even on the floor for another mattress."

He quickened his steps as much as the sticky mud and melted snow would allow, as half a dozen motor ambulances clattered across the opening of the lane down which he

was plodding. Hall turned aside, climbed through a wall gap, ran stumbling across a field, a short cut which brought him first to the destination by a split second or two.

One of the over-laden ambulances had just lurched heavily and careeringly into the cobbled square in front of the ruined sugar-beet factory, the shattered brick shell of which had been turned into a temporary hospital, manned by the newly-arrived French Red Cross detachment.

In the wet and gussy darkness the driver of the ambulance leant down, peering about for help, shouting in French for stretcher-bearers to deal with the load of wounded in the vehicle carried. Hall ran up and answered quickly in English.

"Yes, yes, we'll have them here in half a minute—" then as he realized his mistake and hurriedly recollected himself, he went on in rather stammering French: "Pardonnez-moi, je suis Americain—"

"That's all right! I'm an American myself, and it's a relief to be able to speak English a bit," came the answer from the ambulance driver, crisp and clear-cut, accompanied by an equally incisive movement, which brought a slim figure down to the ground amongst the trampled clay and mud and blood of the roadway.

"Good! It's much easier for me to explain. I'm temporarily in charge of the orderlies here, and I'll get the men at once." Hall was just turning away when the driver interrupted him peremptorily.

"Wait! Don't go till you've said how-do-you-do. You're Wilson Hall; I knew your voice at once."

"And you—you are—?" Hall stopped to peer shortly through the driving mist of rain. "Leonie!"

(To be Continued)

LONDON—Described by the magistrate as "a dangerous animal," a man was sentenced to 12 months' hard labor. He drove while drunk, assaulted a motorist and a policeman, stole a car and 87 cases of eggs.