

Reduced RAIL FARES - KING'S BIRTHDAY

WEDNESDAY JUNE 9th.

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MAY TWENTY FIRST AT WARREN GROVE SCHOOL

The "Live Wires" of Warren Grove School held their May meeting after the clean-up exercises on Arbor day.

The jolly juniors gathered around a cherry bon fire beside the brook. The president, Maudie McLaine, presided. After each member had answered the Roll Call by telling their earliest recollections, the secretary Hilda Jewell read the minutes of the April meeting. The treasurer, Bertha Moynaux gave her report, and the juniors made plans for finishing the Red Cross Campaign in the district.

"Feed the Birds" committee reported that left-overs from lunches had been given to the birds at noon every day. The service Committee being absent the collection was taken by Keith Wheatley. Program—Poem, "Johnny Germ" by Hilda Stevenson.

Panel Reading "A Description of the Corporation" by Neila McLaine, Bewha Moynaux, Hilda Jewell. Alfred Noys Verses of "God Save The King" by Mellick Warren.

The teacher reported that Group two leader, Bessie Owen had won the "No-talkers" contest and consequently were entitled to an extra share of the marshmallows. After the marshmallows toast the pupils gave three cheers for their teacher, Miss Elynor Ackland, and the meeting closed by singing "God Save The King."

CORNWALL-YORK POINT W. I.

The May meeting of the Cornwall-York Point W. I. met at the home of Mrs. Robert Jewell. There were nineteen members and several visitors present. The meeting was held at the "Home Sweet Home" followed by creed. Roll call was responded to by giving mother's maiden name or a verse on "Mother". Minutes of April meeting were read and approved. Reports of the different committees were given. York Point school committee reported that they intended getting coronation pins for children, and Meadowbank, a flag for the school.

Two bills of three dollars each were presented and paid.

Mrs. Hazen Howard and Mrs. Wesley Bell were appointed as delegates to attend the annual convention at Charlottetown.

The quilt which was drawn for by Mrs. Stanley Murray was won by Mrs. Dorothy Walker, being the lucky number. Many thanks are due Mrs. E. J. MacMillan, Mrs. A. Pomeroy and Mrs. Barbara Gregor who made and donated this quilt to the Institute, the proceeds of which are to be given to the Tuberculosis League.

Selections of poetry were read by Mrs. Stanley Murray and Mrs. Fulton Sanderson.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Duncan Robertson. Roll call to be answered by the wrongs of our Educational System. The questionnaires on Home Economics and Education will be discussed.

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Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

(Continued)
CHAPTER X

Pilar stood motionless, her hands clasped tightly around the railing staring at him. Bryn moved off again toward the house. He suggested to Pilar that they go in, but she shook her head and did not answer, and Bryn did not wait. It had suddenly occurred to him what it was that he must do, and do quickly. He must find Deborah and tell her that he loved her. He reached the door of her sitting room. He tapped. There was no answer. He entered, and closed the door gently behind him.

Bryn hesitated, his eyes going to her closed bedroom door. He straightened his shoulders. He rapped lightly on the door. She would be there. She would be dressing for dinner.

"Yes?" her voice answered, softly, with that small lilt in it that sang in his heart night and day.

"It's I, Bryn," he said. "I... could you come out and... and speak to me I want to tell you something."

"There was a little hesitation, and then she said quietly, 'Just a minute.' And, after the minute, she opened the door and came out. She was wearing a dress he had never seen, another old-fashioned one possibly, but her beauty in it took his breath away.

"You wanted to tell me something?" she repeated.

Bryn looked at her. There she was, the girl he loved, with his wedding ring on her finger; and he had come racing to tell her that he loved her, and now that she was here before him, he was afraid.

"Aren't you going to tell me something?" Deborah repeated, knitting her brows faintly.

Bryn started. "Yes," he muttered. He swallowed. "Deborah, that is... did she... I mean, what did Pilar say to you this morning? I mean, what she said isn't important, but I want to know... that is, she tries to make you think that..."

Deborah was looking at him with those quiet eyes. She shook her head. "It doesn't matter," she said gently. "I understand."

Bryn took a deep breath. "You... you don't understand," he protested. "I'm trying to say that whatever she told you was wrong. It isn't true."

Her glance dropped quickly to her hands, clasped together before her. It is true, she said with conviction.

"What is?" Bryn said in desperation.

What she said. But it doesn't matter, you know. That is, not to me. I can imagine that you must be troubled, when you think about the position you find yourself in, but you needn't be troubled on my account. Really, Bryn. If only we... if only there were some way... but Grandmother..."

The position I find myself in?" Bryn repeated incredulously.

What position do I find myself in?" Deborah was silent for a long moment, her eyes still hidden. Then she raised them, and said, "Let's not discuss it, Bryn. It isn't necessary."

Did she suggest that I was, or ever had been, in love with her? I suppose that's not a question a man ought to ask, but I think I'm justified. I'm just beginning to wake up to a number of things. Tell me... did she?"

Deborah's eyes darkened. She showed no sign of anger.

"Her ring? What ring?"

"The ruby you gave her."

"Oh," Bryn said after a moment. He turned and walked away across the room. He couldn't stand being there so close to her without touching her, and there was still too much between them to think of touching her. Did she suggest it was an engagement ring, Deborah? Did she dare say it was?

I... it wasn't what she meant. But you needn't explain these things to me, Bryn. There isn't any explanation due me, you know. The explanation, it seems to me, is due to Pilar herself. She... she doesn't know exactly why you married me. It must puzzle her dreadfully. It must hurt her. Couldn't you tell her? She is all torn to pieces with being hurt about it, wondering about it. I can see why she talks as she does. I don't quite... it doesn't matter," she said hastily, and then, again, I think you ought to tell her."

I have told her, Bryn said, and came a step closer. She knows exactly why I wanted to marry you, Deborah. Nobody in this world could have said it any plainer."

I'm glad.

Bryn came back to stand before her.

Deborah, if I explain about that ring, will you believe me?"

It isn't necessary for you to explain. It isn't any of my business."

But I want to explain... Will you believe me?"

Her eyes met his steadily. Of course, he said.

Don't object, please. Listen, Deborah... it was as businesslike a transaction as this. When I went to the Orient I was headed for India. We had talked all sorts of nonsense about jewels and precious stones and old treasures there, and after I got there I kept my eyes open for that sort of thing... and once or twice, in writing home to Pilar, I told her about one or two things I'd seen. So, in one letter I had from her, she enclosed a check and asked me to buy her the most beautiful ruby I could find. I bought the ruby, and had it set for her in India. That's the ring that she is wearing now."

Deborah did not speak. Bryn moved a step closer. He put out his hand and touched hers, gently. He took her cold fingers within his own, and held them as he spoke. She did not draw away.

I have an engagement ring to

give," he told her. It was my mother's. It isn't a ruby, Deborah. It's a pearl. And the ring itself is much too small for Pilar's hand. I didn't realize it until lately, but I think I've been waiting all my life for a girl who could wear my mother's ring."

Deborah drew her hand away swiftly, and put them both behind her. She stared up at him, her face pale. Her eyes were very dark. Bryn stood silent, smiling down at her.

Do you know what I'm trying to say, Deborah?"

They stood so, facing each other, eyes clinging together. Bryn took a step forward, lost, the world swinging around him.

A long slow sound floated in through the open windows. It persisted. It cut into his consciousness. Deborah heard it, too. She caught her breath.

It was Joe's horn, clear, demanding. It came again.

A wave of color began to sweep up over Deborah's face. She moved quickly. She had heard the horn, too, but now... she smiled at him.

Bryn put his arms out. He put them around her, lifted her off her feet, held her close against his breast. She buried her face against him. He bent and kissed the tip of her ear.

"I love you," he whispered, then set her gently on the floor and went swiftly away lest he should be tempted to look into her eyes again and so forget what must be done at once for the sake of her happiness.

Bryn dashed madly down the stairs and out of the house. Half-way down the path to the little bridge he overtook Tubby, thrust his arm through the crook of Tubby's elbow and dragged him along.

Bryn flung open the narrow door at the back of the stable, they stepped inside. Simon was already there, leaning against Bryn's car at the end of the row, his cigarette glowing brightly.

"Well," Bryn announced, here we are, little buttercup."

"Oh," Simon murmured. That's nice."

The headlights of a car came slowly across the bridge down at the road. A man's voice called out something in a sharp tone, and Gary answered from the gate. The car turned, the gate opened; the car swung through and stopped, and Gary shut the gates behind it and fastened them, according to his instructions. He came back to the car, climbed to the running board and stood beside the driver as it moved slowly forward toward the wide door of the stable.

(To be Continued)

A. A. MACINTYRE, D.D.S., L.D.S.

A few months ago while visiting in the southland, it was the pleasure of this writer to call on Dr. A. A. MacIntyre and family at their home in Glendale, Calif. He appeared to be enjoying the best of health at that time and actively practicing his profession.

During the month word has been received from his daughter, Mrs. Heloise Bondaux, that her beloved father passed away suddenly of a heart attack on February 4.

Alexander Andrew MacIntyre was born in Grand River, Lot 14, Prince Edward Island. He was educated in the school of his native province, subsequently taking the usual course of dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated with high honors.

Returning to Prince Edward Island he opened dental offices in Summerside where he practiced many years. He will be affectionately remembered by the older residents of that town as an upright citizen and friend of all. While in Summerside, Dr. MacIntyre married Annie S. West, who survives him in Glendale.

Dr. and Mrs. MacIntyre later moved to Edmonton, Alberta, and from there to British Columbia. They finally settled in California and for the past twenty years have lived and conducted a successful

business in the charming city of Glendale.

Dr. MacIntyre loved his old Island home and was always pleased to meet anyone from that garden spot of the Dominion.

Surviving besides his widow, are his daughter, Mrs. Heloise Bondaux, and granddaughter, Miss Gabrielle Bondaux to whom sincere sympathy is extended.—Oakland Maple Leaf.

OUR BOADING HOUSE with **Major Hoople**

YES SIR, THAT'S THE SCIENTIFIC FORMULA ON THE INTRICATE THEORY OF MY BALLOON-CAMERA FOR TAKING PICTURES OF THE COMING ECLIPSE OF THE SUN! HMM-KAFF-KAFF—I HAVE NUMEROUS BIDS FOR THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS TO THE PICTURES! THESE ALONE WILL AMOUNT TO THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS! BOOP-BOOP!

WELL, IF YOU ASK ME WHAT THIS MEANS, I'D SAY THAT 'TH' PLATES IN YOUR BULK-HEAD MUST BE WARPING!

MY UNCLE PEACH RIGGED UP A BALLOON, ONCE, TO TAKE A ROUND-TRIP TO 'TH' MOON—WHEN HE GOT UP ABOVE 'TH' HOUSE-TOPS, HE DISCOVERED THAT HE'D FORGOTTEN HIS RETURN TICKET—HE THREW OUT 'TH' ANCHOR AND HOOKED A TEN-TON TRUCK THAT TOWED HIM 40 MILES, BEFORE HE FELL OUT, AND INTO A HOTHOUSE ROOF—HE HAD SO MUCH GLASS IN HIM, THAT WHEN HE WALKED, HE TINKLED LIKE A CHINESE WIND-GONG!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT TO KNOW HOW ALL THIS MUD GOT ON YOUR PA'S OLD TOOL BOX.

OH, SO THAT'S 'TH' TREASURE CHEST HE DUG UP IN FRONT OF OUR EYES!

WHY, I'LL KICK 'TH' PANTS OFF HIM FER FOOLIN' US LIKE THAT!

YOU CAN'T! HE DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN'—DIDN'T ASK US A THING! HE HAS A RIGHT TO DIG UP A BOX!

THE FOOL CHEST.

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We believe that if you will take part in this Test you will learn many valuable facts about economy of car operation. Then, when we go over the simple record that you and thousands of other motorists will keep in the Record Book, we will learn many things that could not be learned in any other way about how the average driver operates his car, and to what extent he obtains full value from the fuels and oils he uses. That information will be very useful to the hundreds of chemists and engineers who are continuously working to give you maximum car performance through the use of Imperial Oil products.

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THE FOOL CHEST.

OUT OUR WAY By WILLIAMS

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