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## Executors' Notice

The undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of George Stordy, late of Branch Road in Township Number Twenty-eight in Prince County, in Prince Edward Island, Farmer, Deceased, estate, hereby notify all persons indebted to the estate of the said deceased, to make immediate payment to them, at the residence of Roy Stordy, at Branch Road, in Lot 28 in Prince County; and all persons having any claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same duly attested to the said Roy Stordy within one year from this date.

Dated this Twentieth day of August, A. D., 1926.

THOMAS STORDY,
ROY STORDY,
Executors.

1460-8-23-6i.

## AUCTION SALE

ON AUGUST 28th AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

I will sell by public auction at Kinkora my place opposite the station best business stand in Prince county also a quantity of household furniture sale positive.

P. K. TRAINOR.

1535-8-26-3i

## AUCTION SALE

OF CHOICE FURNITURE

We will sell for Mr. C. Lomer Miles at his home, No. 80 Longworth Ave., on Monday, 30th day of August, commencing at 1.30 o'clock p. m., a lot of choice household furniture and effects consisting of Parlor, Dining Rom. Bed Rooms, Kitchen and Hall. 1 Range Stove, 1 Oil Stove, Dining Set, a Round Table, 6 Chairs, 1 Buffet Side Board, Busines Table and lots of good goods made in quartered oak, misson oak and other costly woods.

BENJ. CARTER & SON,
Auctioneers.

4i.

## FOR SALE

One of the best farms in the province, suitable for dairy Farm. Well watered and sheltered. Conveniently situated. Good dwelling and out buildings in beautiful locality.

AMOS RODD
Milton.

1566-8-27-3i

## Valuable Property FOR SALE In Charlottetown

We are authorized by Mrs. Hilda McKinnon to sell her property, consisting of large lot, dwelling house and stables, situated No. 88 Hillsboro Street, having all modern conveniences.

This is one of the best located properties in the City and will be sold on Tuesday, August 31st at 12 o'clock noon.

Also at 2 o'clock we will sell the household furniture and effects.

Terms for property at sale. For furniture cash.

BENJ CARTER,
Auctioneer.

1511-8-25-wthsat3i.

## SMILES

'TIS TRUE

Stern Old Boulder: A rolling stone gathers no moss.

The Rolling Stone: Yes, but he sees a lot of the world!

USELESS QUESTION, ETC.

"Have you ever met a bandit?"

"Don't I live in Chicago?"

He: I believe we were made for each other."

She: I don't see why I was made to capture beauty prizes, if that's the case.

ANY GOOD FUR

Daughter: Pops, I want about a hundred dollars.

Dad: What Fer?

Daughter: Why, any good fur will do.

OUCH!!

"Oh, there have been so many unhappy matrimonial ventures! The thought of marrying frightens me."

"Dear, I don't think you have any reason to be afraid."

## FARM FOR SALE

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At South Shore, consisting of 118 acres cleared land with good dwelling house and barns. Will sell farm with or without crop. Apply

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## FOR SALE

FOR SALE—AT ST. AVARDS.

Choice Lot 60 x 80 ft. with seven-room dwelling-house and outbuildings thereon, in perfect state of repair. Just outside City Limits. Stone-wall, frost-proof cellar, under house.

For particulars apply to,
George J. Tweedy,
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Charlottetown.

1542-8-26-tst 3i.

## "These Women"

BY MALCOLM DUART

### CHAPTER LVI

In a few minutes Morton returned, laughing, with a great heap of flowers in his arm.

"Come out here a minute, Parrish," he called into the study door, as he passed.

Parrish followed him, as he went to the porch, and dropped the huge bouquet into Audrey's lap.

"Message of sorrow from the folks next door!" he said.

With an exclamation, Parrish stooped down and swept the flowers from Audrey's lap. "Such confounded impertinence!" he cried.

"My flowers!" gasped Audrey.

Morton rescued the peace offering from Parrish, as the latter held it over the porch rail. Returning it to Audrey's lap, he said:

"Lesson number two in the art of living," he said to Parrish, still laughing. "When your enemy offers apology, accept it gracefully."

Parrish leaned back against the rail.

"They insulted Miss Morton," he said. "I don't see how a bunch of roses can make amends for that."

Audrey held the fragrant flowers to her bosom, wrapping her arms around them as if she were holding a child.

"Parrish," Morton said, "did you ever make a fat-headed mistake in your life?"

Parrish grinned sheepishly. "You know I have!"

Morton shrugged his shoulders. "Then you can answer your question yourself." He turned, and went into the house.

Parrish picked up one of the flowers that had fallen to the floor. "I guess we ought to do something to let them know that we've forgiven them," he said.

She looked up at him mischievously. "Did they refuse to speak to you, too?"

Parrish blushed painfully. Then he joined in her laugh.

"It was a personal matter with me," he acknowledged.

He stood considering a moment. Then he ran down the steps, across the lawn, vaulted a hedge, and she saw him ring the bell of the house next door. He disappeared inside.

When he came back, he was smiling.

"What on earth did you do over there?" she asked.

"I presented Miss Morton's compliments," he said, "and Mr. Morton's compliments, and thanked them very cordially for the flowers, and said that you and Mr. Morton hoped that they would call as soon as you were able to be around."

She patted her hands together with delight. "You're so funny, John!" she cried.

He sat down on the floor beside her, suddenly.

"You called me John," he accused.

She dimpled. "Didn't I ever do that before?" she asked, primly.

"Certainly you didn't," he said. "You always called me Mr. Parrish."

"I have thought of you as John for a long time," she told him.

He reached out, and took her hand. She looked right and left, to see if they were observed. Then she let her fingers lie quiet in his.

"Are you going to marry me, sometime?" he asked her, moving nearer to her chair.

She considered thoughtfully, her brow drawn into a little frown.

"I like you well enough to marry you," she, said at last. "At least, almost well enough to marry you."

He pressed her hand against his cheek.

"Dear!" he breathed, looking up into her face.

"I like you," she said, "but you know I've asked Mr. Morton to marry me!"

He dropped her hand suddenly, and turned his head away. She leaned far over, and lifted his hand again.

"John," she continued, "don't you realize something of what my life has been?"

She drew his head to the arm of her chair, and caressed his hair with one hand, while with the other she clung to his fingers.

"Ever since I was a little tiny girl, daddy has been more than a father to me. He has been my friend, and my playmate, and everything that I worshiped in this world. John, you don't know how good a man he is!"

She lifted her hand from his head, and drawing out her little handkerchief, touched it to her eyes.

"I scarcely played with any children, because he always was my playmate. He was rich, you know, and could get away from his office when I wanted him to. We took long rides in the country—ours was almost the only big automobile in town, when we first came here. I didn't need any children. He knew how to play blindman's-buff, and drop the handkerchief, and he used to make up games in the evening, when we would sit on the floor before the fire.

"I almost always went to sleep, sitting on his lap with my head on his shoulder, until I was grown."

Her voice dropped. The young man was silent, waiting for her to go on.

"I can just remember when I was a tiny little thing, way down in the Arizona desert. An Indian woman stayed with me in the daytime, while I played around in the sand. But at night, when he came home, he would always swing me to his shoulder, and dance off across the hills pretending he was my horse! Sometimes he would take me on his pony, and we would go for long rides before dark.

"John, daddy has simply filled my life! I never had a thought that he didn't sympathize with—until recently, anyway. He never forbade me to do anything, in this world! When I was naughty, he would look so grieved, and he would take me on his knee, and talk to me tenderly, until I cried. Then I wouldn't be naughty again for a long, long while."

Parrish reached up, and took both her hands in his, resting his head against her arm.

"He sent me away to boarding school two or three winters. He said I ought to have the company of young people. But I sent him a telegram every night, and wrote him a long letter before I went to bed.

"He would come to the school every Friday night, and stay until Monday morning. We spent the whole time going places, and laughing, and playing."

She brooded for a little time. "You know that women always have been in love with him. I think it's because he is so different. Women are that way."

Parrish smiled. "I guess I went at my love making by the wrong method," he ventured.

She gave his hand a pat, and went on. "I know he never cared anything about them. He never really cared for anyone but me. And oh, John!"

She bent down to look into his face. "John, do you know that daddy is a terribly lonely man? He sees so much of people, and goes so many places, but I don't believe there is anything really in his heart but me!"

She touched her eyes again with her handkerchief. "He needs me, John dear! And I love him so much that I would surrender all the rest of my life to making him happy. Suppose I married you, and he went on into old age, always alone!"

She was crying in earnest now. Parrish got up, and sat on the arm of her chair, his hand on her shoulder. Passersby cast curious, grinning glances at them, but neither of them was aware of the rest of the world.

"He could live with us," he urged. "I like him too. Audrey dear."

Then he added, as in afterthought: "Nona loves him," he said. "I know he likes Nona. Don't you think they could get married?" He spoke hopefully.

Audrey leaned against him. "I've begun to love Nona," she said. "Maybe—maybe it will come out that way."

Holding one of his hands tightly between hers, she concluded: "John, if daddy will marry me, I'll never marry you. If he won't—we'll see."

She began throwing back the coverlet from her knees. He assisted her to arise, and helped her into the house. The nurse came down stairs, and slowly, the girl mounted to her own room.

"She's tired out," he reported to Morton, going into the study.

The older man looked up. "I should think so—you two have been chattering out there like a political convention."

"Could you hear any of it?" Parrish asked, anxiously.

"A little of it," Morton said. "I went to the door, but I judged I'd better retire."

He had been writing, in his close, neat script, on a large sheet of paper. He passed this paper over to Parrish.

"Here's the outline of a proposition I'm going to make you, John," he said.

The young man looked over the writing.

"Audrey is a rich woman," Morton said. "I have transferred to her approximately half of what I have. Her investments are different from mine—she has railroad stock, government bonds, and securities of that kind. Also, she has a very considerable sum in bank.

"I want her to be independent. She has refused to touch the money, except for one small lot that she withdrew for dresses." He stopped, and laughed. "She simply isn't interested in money. However, her interests have to be protected."

He arose, and shut the door. Taking the piece of paper at which Parrish still stared, blankly, he continued: "You have shown unusual ability in taking care of my affairs, while Audrey has been ill. I want you to be trustee for everything she has, with the exception of an ample income which she is to spend for herself—on whatever frivolities she chooses."

He tapped the paper with his pen. "This is the proposition and your acceptance of it. Sign your name there, John."

He showed Parrish a line at the bottom of the sheet. The young man, dazed, took the pen, and signed.

"But what do I do now?" he said.

"I'll get Audrey's signature," Morton said. "Then you will take the list of her securities, make such investments as are necessary, and don't bother me about it any more."

Parrih arose and tramped up and down the room. He ran his fingers through his hair, and buried his hands deeply in his pockets. Immediately he withdrew them, and rumpled his hair again.

"But good heavens," he cried. "I'm not competent to do this!"

"Well, if you need advice, I'll give it to you," said Morton. "But don't ask any more of it than you have to. Trot along, now."

Parrish, blinking, gathered his papers together into the briefcase, and took his departure. He returned to the door a moment, to say: "Thank you, Mr. Morton!"

Morton, laughing, watched him disappear. Then he returned to the study, and carefully placed the paper with Parrish's signature in his files.

Audrey did not again appear that night, but in the morning she was astir early. In a filmy gown of pink silk, she came down the steps, assisted by the nurse. Morton kissed her, and led her into the breakfast room.

"Better, honey?" he asked her.

She nodded. "And hungry!" she said. "It's the first time I've been hungry for weeks and weeks and weeks."

She looked with relish at the dish of shredded tangerines that lay before her.

"We're going to have company," Morton said. "Nona is coming."

She looked up in surprise. "How can she get away from Toronto? She has to be there every night, and two matinees, doesn't she?"

He handed her a letter, that came in the morning mail.

"Dear Harry and Audrey," it said. "I need advice terribly. I am to decide now which way I will go in the world. The producer is opening a big revue in London in a month. He wants to star me in it, and put somebody else in this summer show. An understudy will dance for me two nights, if you will let me come and see you. May I? With all my love, Nona."

(To Be Continued.)

Much attention has been attracted to this portrait of the King which is one of the art exhibits at the National Exhibition. It has excited much comment, and for one thing, brings out most strikingly the resemblance between His Majesty and his first cousin, the late Tsar of Russia.

### Iced-Tea.

On a hot afternoon, how refreshing is the sound of tinkling ice in glasses of lemonade or tea! To make iced tea, use an earthen teapot. Boil fresh water for the tea, not some which has stood in the teakettle. Heat the teapot by pouring boiling water into it, then pour the boiling water over the tea. Green tea makes the prettiest colored tea. Let the teapot containing the hot tea stand over the teakettle of hot water for about ten minutes, then pour off the tea, straining out the leaves. When the tea is cold, add ice.


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