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Wood-working Plant with equipment and Carpenter's tools.

ESTATE DAVID CAVANAGH, Charlottetown

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and including Monday, November 19th, 1945, for the purchase of:

- A lot of land in Charlottetown on the Northeast side of the road leading to Hillsboro Bridge, said lot having a front of 40 feet, 4 in. on the said road and extending back 120 feet on the one side, and 99 feet on the other, and having a rear width of 36 feet, together with the building, being a wood-working plant thereon.
- All of the wood-working equipment contained in the said building.
- The complete set of carpenter's tools owned by the deceased.

Parties interested may tender for A. B. and C. together or separately.

Inspection can be arranged on Saturday afternoon, November 10th, and November 17th, 1945, by appointment with the executor, Mr. Emerje Holland, 231 Grafton Street, Phone 1529.

(Sgd.) H. F. MacPHEE,
Solicitor.

11-10, 12, 13, 15, 17-51

Young April

by
Dorothy Chadwick

CHAPTER XXVI

Peter and Henrietta had decided to get married right away. Not with any fuss or feathers, but a wedding for them, thank you!

Just as they were to be married and wife with as little fuss as possible. And Mr. Austin was giving Phoebe a present of a trip abroad.

Peter, though his eyes blazed with excitement at the prospect, first protested against the trip. "Here you spend two months proving you can live on what I make playing in the orchestra," he pointed out to Henrietta, "and then in the next breath I turn around and quit the orchestra. It doesn't make sense."

But Henrietta pointed out to him that her uncle had arranged for Peter to have an audition with a great music teacher in Berlin; she insisted that made a great deal of sense indeed.

Phoebe with a spray of gardenias pinned to her coat hurried along the pier with them up the gangplank of the ship. She felt most shy of Henrietta and Peter because they were so happy. She kept stealing glances at them and trying not to feel sorrow.

The whistle sounded, warning those who were not sailing that they must leave the ship; the bright crowded foyer of the vessel became filled with the sound of goodbyes. Henrietta threw her arms around Phoebe. "Phoebe, darling, you know how much I thank you for everything. Don't be too lonesome in the apartment. Be happy."

Peter went with her down the gangplank to the pier. He stood looking into her eyes. "I guess in this life you never know what's around the corner," he said, and Phoebe nodded because she couldn't speak. Peter glanced up at Henrietta hanging over the railing on the high deck, then back to Phoebe. "Phoebe, dear, I know you're not happy and I want you to be. I want things to come out right for you and me. I can't ever be entirely happy myself until you are too." Putting his arms around her he bent and kissed her softly.

Phoebe took the subway back to the empty apartment. She put the gardenias in a glass of water and wept a little all by herself, and wondered what was around the corner for her.

A week later a knock came at the door while Phoebe was washing dishes after her solitary dinner. And there stood Caroline smiling expectantly as she waited to see how Phoebe would react to the surprise.

"Moms! Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" Phoebe dragged her mother inside and hugged her tightly. "I'm going to stay overnight. Maybe two nights, if you'll have me." Caroline said. "I'm on a shopping spree. Do you realize that Christmas is only ten days away? Darling, how are you?"

"I'm all right," Phoebe said slowly, "but, Moms, are you sure you are? Somehow you don't look very well."

"Why, I'm fit as a fiddle," her mother said. "Oh, maybe I did overdo it a little helping Ruth and Joe to move. I got awfully tired. I'll admit that's all. You should see how happy they are to be back in their home again. Phoebe, the house looks perfect. I love it too. The court made Mr. Prentice give Joe five thousand dollars for damages, you know, so they've been able to get some new furniture for the parlor and Ruth has made the prettiest curtains. You'd never know the place. I'm so glad for them."

"So am I," Phoebe jumped up. "Moms, come on into my bedroom while I put on my pyjamas, then we'll have a nice talk. Oh, I'm so glad you came! After the lonely week in the apartment Phoebe felt relaxed and warm, having her mother there.

"This is a nice little place," Caroline was saying. "I think Henrietta did awfully well. I must say I was surprised that she could learn to cook at all." Caroline was peering at herself in the dressing table glass. "I'm going to move and have a permanent. Yes, really. Father gave me that for a Christmas present. You know I've always wanted a permanent. My hair is so straight and stringy, and I just decided I'd go to a really nice place and have it done now so it'll look decent for Christmas. Where do you think would be a good place to go? And Phoebe, I've been wondering. Do you think bangs would be becoming to me at all? I have the funniest hankering to have bangs cut and yet I don't know, maybe my forehead isn't good enough."

In the end Caroline had the bangs, sitting nervously in the rose colored leather chair in one of the cubby holes of Antoine's softly magnificent establishment while none other than Antoine himself cut them. Phoebe supervised the process with frowning concentration. When at last the permanent was all done, shampooed and set into soft waves, and Phoebe and her mother were out in the cold brightly lighted street, Caroline snatched statelyly at herself in any surface that reflected her image as they walked along. "Mercy, I'm scared to death to face your father!" she said to Phoebe. But Phoebe thought she looked lovely and told her so.

They had been shopping together earlier in the day and next morning Phoebe got ready to go again. But Caroline demurred. "No, you can't go with me this time, darling. How can I pick out your present with you standing at my elbow?"

But though she did go first to the department store and buy a Christmas present that had been uppermost in Caroline's mind when she insisted upon going out alone. Her main errand



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MOORE & McLEOD Limited

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

this morning was to see a doctor. She had felt that sharp pain again two weeks ago when she was helping the Roskies to move and it had been so bad she couldn't help being worried. But she didn't want to go to their family doctor, Dr. Cross, if anything really was wrong she wanted to find out about it by herself and get used to the idea and tell John in her own way. Dr. Cross would be sure to go at once to her husband no matter what she said.

Her heart was pounding as she went up in the elevator of the tall building on Fifty-ninth Street where the doctor whose name she had extracted from her sister had his office.

"I notice it comes usually after I've been lifting something," she told Dr. Dwight, her voice breathless with the dread of finding out. Obediently she climbed on to the examination table. And then after a few minutes she was too upset to think about the hat that had slipped over to one side. "But it can't be as serious as that," she protested, laughing a little, her eyes pleading with the doctor to smile reassuringly. "Lots of people have trouble with their appendix for years and go on without an operation, don't they, doctor?"

Dr. Dwight remained grave. "Not with an appendix like yours."

Mrs. Overton! You should have it out as soon as you can make arrangements at the hospital."

"Out in the street Caroline walked along in a daze. "As soon as you can make arrangements. . . I've got to have an operation, she said to herself, and it didn't seem

real at all. Mercy how queerly that woman stared at me. I wonder if I look as if I needed an operation! Caroline stopped in front of a drug store window and took a look at herself in a panel of glass. Her hat! She straightened it, frowned at the new bangs—she couldn't get used to them—and decided to go in have a cup of coffee at the soda fountain. I've got to get hold of myself before I go back to Phoebe. What's the matter with me? There may be nothing to it at all. I've heard that those fashionable doctors are likely to advise operations on the slightest excuse. Probably he's on some hospital staff and would do it himself. . . And charge a big fat fee. Well, I'll wait till I hear Dr. Cross say I have to have an operation.

the ten days to herself. . . Not that an appendix operation was anything to be afraid of. It was just the expense. But deep in her heart she knew that she was afraid. . . She kissed Phoebe good-bye at the station in the afternoon. "I wish you were coming with me, now, darling. Couldn't you do your last minute shopping in

Riverhead? Oh! your appointment at the employment agency? I'd forgotten that. Well, all right! But you'll surely be out Friday night! All right, darling, good-bye! "By, Moms, I know Daddy's going to like your new hair-do. It looks lovely!"

(To Be Continued)



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