

Soothes Skin Irritations



NOTICE

Dog taxes are due and payable on or before July 1st in each year. Every owner of a dog or dogs who shall refuse or neglect to pay said tax shall be prosecuted within ten days of the appearance of this notice.

AUCTION SALE

There will be sold by auction on the premises at Hunter River on Saturday July 6th at one o'clock the house and lot, property of the estate of the late Sarah Large, and also the few items of household effects therein.

CLIFFORD MATHESON, ALLIE B. CUTCLIFF, Executives.

Penthouse Love

By ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

CHAPTER 22

Certainly something was happening to him, Doug thought as he drove along. The old ways and old associations seemed strangely boring and empty. He was not happy. Sometimes even the thought of going to work intruded itself upon his troubled mind. But he thrust it away. The foolish scheme had more money to spend than he could use, as it was.

Doug made his way through the traffic of the Queensborough bridge and was on Northern Boulevard before he realized it. Soon he was far out Long Island where the highway level and little side roads lined with tall autumn-kissed trees invited the gypsy-minded to leave the beaten path and explore the country lanes.

Not far from Templehaven was a road Doug loved when he was a boy. He hadn't been on it since he started to college. Then it had led to big farms with wide green orchards and fields of waving corn. Doug remembered with a thrill that it was time for pumpkins to be lying in the sun for drying in the shock. A sudden nostalgia to explore the boyhood lanes seized him and he turned onto the big road. Perhaps he could find something he wanted to paint.

Doug drove along slowly, drinking in the beauties of autumn on Long Island. Surely there was no more beautiful spot in the world. An artist in his soul cried out for canvas and a brush. He had ridden along perhaps two miles when suddenly his eye was caught by a wide stretch of farm land, which reached for miles.

Then he saw that there were hundreds of people working in the fields. When he saw near the huge white house that seemed to be the center of activity a long row of tents, he stopped his car and sat back to watch the hum of activity. There looked like a tremendous agricultural exhibition to explore the boyhood lanes, other men piled the fodder in shocks, still others plowed long strips of land getting the ground ready for the next spring.

He drove on slowly and as he neared the house he was surprised

to see children playing on the wide green lawns, women sewing under the trees. Still other women sewed on machines on the wide side porch.

Doug stopped his feet at the gates and sat back again. It was an interesting sight. He must find out what it was all about. Then his eye was caught by a little tan runabout in front of him. Suddenly he sat up with a start—it was Charity's license number. But it wasn't her car. He took another look and knew he couldn't be mistaken.

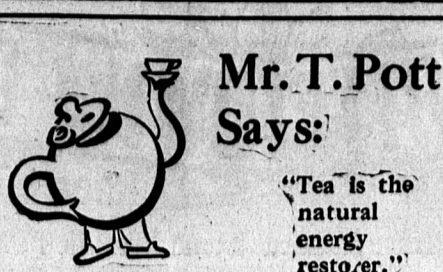
Doug's first impulse was to drive through the gates and see for himself what Charity could be doing there. But he decided against it. It looked too much like a trap. He had followed her. The car had followed her. The car had followed her.

He had started to drive away when he saw Charity. She was crossing the lawn just a short distance from him. He waited a moment, then he saw her heart beating loudly against her ribs. She was in a henna suit, high at the throat, a knitted dull green beret against her black hair. He thought suddenly how perfectly she blended in with the autumn leaves swirling about her feet. Before he she had deliberately dressed for the setting. The artist in him wanted to paint her.

For a moment panic seized Doug. He looked as though Charity were coming through the gates to go to her car. But a few feet away she stopped to lean down and swoop a little boy into her arms. Doug saw with a shock that the little fellow wore braces. Infantile paralysis, perhaps. It made him a little quivery.

Charity's eyes—Doug could see them plainly—were bright with joy. Rose pink stained her cheeks, which had lost their too slender look. When she smiled he saw with surprise two dimples appear and disappear in his life since anyone quite so genuinely happy. The child clung to Charity's neck as though he would not let her go. Charity sat down among the leaves, holding him lightly. The wind carried her laugh, clear and young, to Doug. Then he heard her say happily,

"I'll say 'tis." The old man wagged his white head and went around to wipe the windshield. They got about five or six hundred people from the tenements of New York down there now aworkin' for their board and keep."



Mr. T. Pott Says:

"Tea is the natural energy restorer."

There's a lot to be said for an extra cup of two of tea a day—especially when it is good tea like MORSE'S TEA.

"Two more weeks, darling, and Dr. Batchelor says we can take these old braces off your legs. Almost as if Batch! So Batch came to this place in the country, too—whatever it was. It looked like some kind of home. Suddenly Doug's day was ruined. Batch and Charity had been seeing each other often since the night of the opening of the casino roof. He was sure of it. That was what had been taking so much of her time. Doug was sure then that she was in love with his old friend. He drove away slowly, feeling more gloomy about the fact before he left New York.

Batch wasn't the sort of man for a girl like Charity. He knew Batch's reputation with women. There had been a great many in his life. But he'd seemed never to even think of marrying any of them. A man like that would never make a girl like Charity happy.

Doug looked at his gas meter and realized he needed fuel. A short distance down the road he saw a service station with a sign that attendant, an old man, jumped to activity when he saw the expensive make of Doug's car.

"Been down to visit the East Side Farm?" The man asked casually as he busied himself with filling the tank. It was Doug's chance to find out what it was all about. "I passed by it," he leaned over conversationally. "Looks like quite a place."

ged his white head and went around to wipe the windshield. They got about five or six hundred people from the tenements of New York down there now aworkin' for their board and keep."

"Who owns it?" The old man scratched his head. "Well, nobody seems to know, exactly. Some kid woman with more money'n she's known what to do with, I guess. Purty she is, too. Her and some doctor fellow seem to be runnin' it. They say the gal puts up the money. She come out long ago but she begun to develop her own feller by the name of Simmons and bought it from old man Sower."

Doug struggled to hide his astonishment, and to say casually, "I guess the people must be unemployed."

"Guess so." The man wagged his head with gas for the farm engines and they sure are a different lookin' lot of humans than they was when they come out here. The kids sure like it. They're gettin' fat and sassy as a lot of Indians. There wasn't a white kid around here when they come out from the city."

"This girl—Doug asked then, to make sure of her identity, "what does she look like?" "Well," the old fellow studied thoughtfully, "she's got her funny hair—black, I think they are. And she's tall and kind o' thin like. A durn purty girl to be spendin' her time workin' out the salvation of a bunch of East

side furriners, if you ask me. She must be some society gal. Now lemme see—I believe they call her Miss Jones. That's it—Jones. But it prob'ly ain't her right name." "That was all Doug needed to know. He paid the man, and drove swiftly away, his head a whirl of emotions.

So that was where Charity had been spending her summer. And he had thought she'd been chasing around having a good time throwing money away. Simmons was in on Charity's charitable activities, too—and he'd never heard a thing about it.

Why hadn't Charity told him how she was spending her time—and her money? Then he remembered what he had said to her that day in May, when she had married him. The hateful way he had told her to go her own way and chase around with every man on Long Island if she wanted to. And he'd told her he'd go his own way. That was what he had said to her business—and what she had done.

She had taken him at his word—and gone her own way. But it was a way that no one would believe one so young and inexperienced would take. How had she happened to establish the East Side Farm? He must find out.

Suddenly Doug Temple felt more ashamed than he had ever felt before in his life. Always he had been rich, and not once had he ever raised his hand to share his good fortune with others. Charity had been wealthy only a few weeks when she had begun to develop her own money to unemployed men and their wives—their starving helpless little children.

Doug knew with a sudden blinding realization that the only woman he had ever loved was his wife. He was so astonished at the revelation that he stopped his car and sat for a long time reveling in his amazing discovery.

He—Douglas Brookhart Temple, 3rd—was ready to lay his heart and life at the feet of a girl whom only a few weeks before he had scorned with the bitterest assurances of his superiority. How his father would smile if he knew. His father! Doug remembered then, with a sudden sinking sensation that there was something he had to do before he could go to Charity. He would have to break with Yanner. That was not going to be so easy. He had a feeling Yanner would not be so willing to be thrown into the discard.



Norman Armour, newly appointed United States ambassador to Canada at Ottawa, with Mrs. Armour on their arrival in New York, from Europe on the Normandie.

Political Meetings FOR SALE

In the Fourth District of Queens. Iris, July 9th. Wood Islands East, July 11th. Flat River, July 13th. Eldon, July 15th. Grandview, July 17th. Vernon, River (C.M.B.A. Hall) July 19th. Powall, July 20th. All meetings to start at 8 P. M. DOUGLASS MACKINNON, J. LAWSON JENKINS, J. WALTER SONES, A. H. MACDOUGALL. L-8549-7-4-15.

Catholic Rally

A great Catholic Action Rally, sponsored by His Excellency Bishop O'Sullivan, will be held at St. Peter's on Tuesday, July 9th. According to directions from the Bishop, all parishes east thereof, will attend the St. Peter's Rally. Mass, Coronam Episcopale and Sermon at 10 A. M. A full picnic and games on the field. Should Tuesday, July 9th be unfavorable, the Rally will be held the first Friday following. L-8491-7-3-41.

Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of The Masonic Temple Company will be held in Mr. E. R. Bro's office, 144 Richmond Street, on Wednesday the tenth day of July proximo at seven o'clock P. M. G. W. WAKEFORD, Secretary. L-8211-6-25-27-29-7-2-4-6.

CITY OF CHARLOTTETOWN

List of Ratepayers for the City of Charlottetown in default for Assessment due on Real Property including Permanent Streets and Side Assessments containing names of such defaulters and amounts due from them respectively and the property in respect of which the taxes are owing.

Table listing property owners and their details, including names like Abbott, Annie, Abbott, Russell, Acorn, E. P., etc., and their respective addresses and tax amounts.

Table listing property owners and their details, including names like Fraser, Hubert, Francis, Joseph, Ford, Margaret, etc., and their respective addresses and tax amounts.

Table listing property owners and their details, including names like Millan, Mc. Paik, H., Millan, Mc. Linus, Munn, Wm. A., etc., and their respective addresses and tax amounts.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the provisions of the City of Charlottetown Incorporation Act and amendments thereto, in due course after the publication of the above list of the amount of the Assessments severally levied upon their Real property in said City, I will make each and all of the lands above described for the respective amounts so levied against them and such lands. Dated this 18th day of June, 1935. FRED LARGE, CITY COLLECTOR.