

IDLE RAINBOW

By Phoebe Sheldon

XI.

When the four who had stopped at the inn for food had spread innumerable English matins with marmalade and each small towel of whipped cream pasty and had two cups of tea apiece Julius looked at his watch and said: "We'd best be starting. I've been getting nervous seeing that stream of traffic driving past."

When they turned in the driveway and went down a long lane Lindsay could see at the end of it the dark outline of a great house. They had not gone more than half the length of the lane when a door slammed and some one was on the back porch swinging a lantern.

"Hi, Johnny," called Rufus. "Got some groceries for you. Unload, man. And here, Johnny, give a hand with the suitcase." Lindsay was suit with cold and jumped down into Rufus' arms. "Now be careful, everybody, there's a little hill up to the porch and then a high step and, Johnny, your lantern! Let's see those people in the house and warm them up. Don't stumble here."

Presently Rufus were in the hall where on a three-legged table stood a white-shaded kerosene lamp. The next room was bright and blazingly cracked. The old fireplace, Julia, Rufus and Sam were when they came in and held out both her hands to Rufus.

"I thought I'd never get here," she said. Dinner's been ready for hours. Did the antique break down?" "We stopped for tea," Rufus said. "I fixed myself a cocktail and Julia. And I told Johnny to get a tray ready when you came in. But he had to wait, perhaps."

"The room was small and low ceared with an ancient wall paper which in some places had come in dark brown where rats had come in under the eaves. Some of the furniture was very old, but much of it was of the Victorian era. A comfortable room, thought Lindsay, with unpretentious charm. The arched marble fireplace reminded her of some she had seen in the city, built for candle coal. The room had been she supposed in the days of Aunt Mamie, a parlor, the wall-frames filled with Haydon portraits.

They went up to change for dinner which sent an appetizing smell of roasting meat up the bank stairs. Lindsay and Poppy shared a room under the eaves with a slanting ceiling. It contained an old wooden bed with a high head board and a black walnut bureau with a marble top. "But," said Rufus grandly, "throwing open a little door, every guest has a private bathroom. There may not have electricity, but we certainly have running water and plenty of it is hot. While I was putting in the bathroom I thought I'd do a very good job so that when I'm able to do the rest of the house over I will have that out of the way."

At dinner Julia sat opposite Rufus and the candle light touched the edges of her smooth and shining black hair and fell on her face, lighting it with an unreal beauty. Some of the dishes and glassware were old and lovely and some were from the five and ten. But it was a dinner of exceeding simple meals. Lindsay sat opposite the swing door where she caught glimpses of Mrs. Johnny Raymond's wife, presiding over the tureen and vegetable dishes in the kitchen. Johnny Raymond served in a short white coat, and they were all frightfully hungry and ate like starved wild animals.

breakfast?" Lindsay's eyes sparkled. "I'd love it!" Julia sighed. "Rufus, your early morning energy is the most plebian thing about you. Anybody who goes to bed never gets up until noon."

"It's my farmer forebears," "For Lindsay the high spot of the weekend was the ramble with Rufus over the bleak hills Rufus cut out sticks and they climbed the hard frozen road up the hill into the woods, the ground carpeted with crumpled dried leaves. They walked up past Johnny Raymond's tenant house to the spring where they found deer tracks in the black leavy mud. And they climbed another hill at the top of which they stopped and looked breathlessly back at the view of the Hudson River, a metallic ribbon in the valley below the misty fortifications of West Point. And down below them blue smoke curled up from the chimney of the Haydon farmhouse.

Rufus found a sheltered rock which had been warmed by the sun, spread his coat and hat on it, and sat down. Lindsay clasped her hands over her knees and watched a breeze lift a gang grass roots at the base of the rock with his walking stick. But for a time neither of them spoke.

"A penny," "Hardly a penny's worth of thoughts, Rufus I was thinking that the morning has sweet hours in it if it smells more than any other time of day, and that people owe it to himself, just as a matter of 'twopoint to get up high and see then to think back to my ears could all see enough natural beauty around us we could forget ourselves. Oh, it makes all the things that happen down in the city seem so tiny and unimportant."

Rufus felt in his pocket. He handed her a silver coin. "That," he said, "is worth much more than a penny." Lindsay smiled. "Now you tell me yours and I'll see whether you get this back again." "I've never shared this rock or the hill with anybody but you and I've dreamed hours away at it's place, so that the very shape of that tree over there holds something of my self. Hope, anxiety, worry, and though a inside that are real and honest."

Lindsay hesitated. Then she handed Rufus back his coin. "You deserve two of them," she said. "That's one of the nicest things any one ever said to me." "I used to come up here and think about my mother," Rufus continued. "She died when I was a year old, so I don't remember her. There were three pictures of her, one taken when she was about five and one when she graduated from High School and one when she was married to my father. The one I liked best was the little girl picture. I probably wanted some one to play with. Then my father died and I lived here with Uncle Amos and Uncle Tom."

"But weren't there any women to look after you?" "Oh, yes, Nettie Raymond washed my clothes and saw that my ears were clean and all that sort of thing. Uncle James went to town and started a store and made quite a lot of money selling home country. It's a good thing he did, or there wouldn't be a Haydon living on the farm now. While Aunt Mamie lived I tried desperately to make the nursery business pay and save the principal, but during the depression every thing went haywire. The investments were all wrong and people who would pay five hundred dollars for a full-grown willow tree were fewer and fewer. From willow I went to shrubs and from shrubs to seedlings, from seedlings to insects, and the question is, where does one go from here?"

Lindsay got up. "Rufus, you've been a darling to bring me up here. I've enjoyed it more than anything that's ever happened to me." "Rufus took her hand. "You can't mean that?" he asked her. "No small talk allowed up here." "Lindsay looked into Rufus' level eyes. "But I do mean it, Rufus, and I feel as if I had known you longer and better than anyone else in my whole life." (To be continued)

Sea View and Vicinity The fine weather of the past few days was greatly appreciated by the farmers in getting their potato crop finished. Miss Ruth Ross, Health Nurse, and Dr. James Keir have completed their T. B. test in the district surrounding communities. The citizens of Sea View are indeed pleased to learn that the pupils of Sea View School were found to be all free from any symptoms of this dread disease. Mrs. Earle McKay and little daughter Joyce have returned home after spending a pleasant visit with friends in Charlottetown. Mrs. John W. Pickering is spending a few days pleasantly with friends in Malpeque. Mr. Melville Donald and his sister, Mrs. Nelson Ramsay, Alberton, were recent visitors to Sea View. Mr. Chester MacLeod, Long River, has the contract of painting the dwelling house of Mr. Edwin Donald. When finished it will add greatly to its appearance. Dr. Frank and Mrs. Bonness, Kensington, were recent visitors to Sea View the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sutherland. Owing to the extremely busy season very few from this community attended the horse race held at Kensington on Wednesday, but those who did greatly enjoyed the afternoon sport. A pretty wedding ceremony took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Atwood Bakaney, Sea View, on Wednesday evening September 28th, when their daughter Mildred was united in marriage to Edie Matthews, son of Mrs. Neil Matthews, Balfic. The parlor was prettily decorated with Autumn leaves and streamers of pink and white, while an arch of evergreen and flowers was artistically arranged. The bride entered the par-

lor on the arm of her father to the strains of Lehmann's Wedding March played by Mrs. Charles Paynter, and took her place beneath huge wedding bell as presided over by the Rev. Mr. Frum officiated in the presence of the immediate friends. At the close of the ceremony the guests all partook of a sumptuous wedding supper and later a joyous bunch of serenaders arrived to tender congratulations in their merry way. A most pleasant evening was spent in music and social chat. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews will reside in Balfic, a host of friends join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Matthews many years of wedded happiness.

The variety concert held in Malpeque Hall on Tuesday evening was a decided success. The large hall was filled with an orderly and appreciative audience. The stage well lighted was prettily decorated with flowers and evergreens and presented a pleasing background. R. V. Mr. Thomas presided and in his introductory remarks explained the nature of the gathering and introduced the artists, among whom was Major Bowes impersonated by Mr. George Bonness, Summerside. Miss Ada McKay delighted the audience by singing two fine solos in a pleasing manner. Mrs. Thomas' cloutiers gave two fine numbers in her usual good style. Amanda Cannon, Summerside sang very expressively in two numbers. Mrs. James Hickey, Darnley also gave a splendid reading in an antique costume of dress. Malpeque school children staged a fine

piece of acting in costume which was a credit to their director Miss Lois Ramsay. Mr. W. L. Bentley who was always a great favorite in Malpeque sang two solos. Mr. Bentley is always a welcome visitor in the musical circles. Miss Thelma Woodside also contributed two very fine readings in her usual good style. Mr. James Bearisto and Mr. James Harding with violin and guitar in dance music were most favorably received. Mr. Theriault, Summerside, twice exhibited some varied and snappy step dancing which was loudly applauded. Mr. Bonness also gave a solo in his splendid way which is always appreciated. Miss Cannon and Mr. Bentley were then heard in a nicely blended duet. At the conclusion of each selection Major Bowes commented with humorous sayings and presented each performer with an article as recommended. The Major Bowes broadcast was a variation which created much amusement. Mrs. Simpson was pianist and directed the program. It was a financial success. The Ladies Aid served refreshments to the performers.

Mrs. John S. Cousins, Park Corner, is spending a pleasant visit the guests of her sister Mrs. Fred Campbell, Graham's Road. Miss Ida Adams left recently to resume her duties in Boston, Mass. after spending the summer the guest of her father, Mr. David Adams. In spite of the down pour of rain on Friday evening a large number of friends and neighbors gathered at the home of Mrs. Neil Matthews, Balfic, to tender Mr. and Mrs. Edie Matthews their

congratulations and to welcome Mrs. Matthews to the community. The gifts from the guests were all beautiful and useful as well as costly and bore evidence of the popularity of this young couple. Mr. Matthews on behalf of himself and bride thanked all for their great kindness and all joined heartily in singing For They Are Jolly Good Fellows and the groom received the customary boucel from his boy friends. A bountiful lunch was served by the ladies and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and music furnished by Jimmie Bearisto and James Harding and all greatly enjoyed this pleasant evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ramsay, left on Saturday morning for their home in Boston, Mass., after spending a pleasant visit with friends in different parts of the Province.

NEW AT THE GAME

When the youngsters first start school there are so many new perplexing problems for them to solve that those that can be eliminated by a little thought at home should be done. For instance, mark those overshoes with a large R for the right foot and a large L for the left and put a large paper clip on the top of the shoe so he can clip the overshoes together upon removal in the school dressing room. Her initials should also be in each shoe for identification. Just putting them on at the age of six is a struggle without all the minor details.

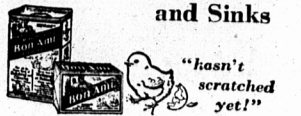
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"hasn't scratched yet!"

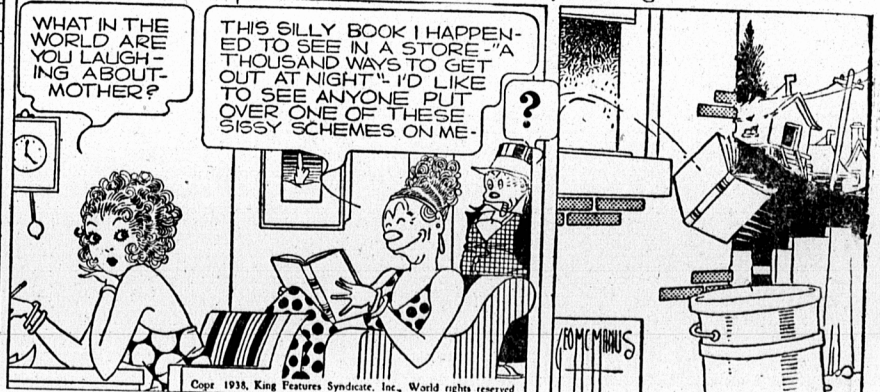
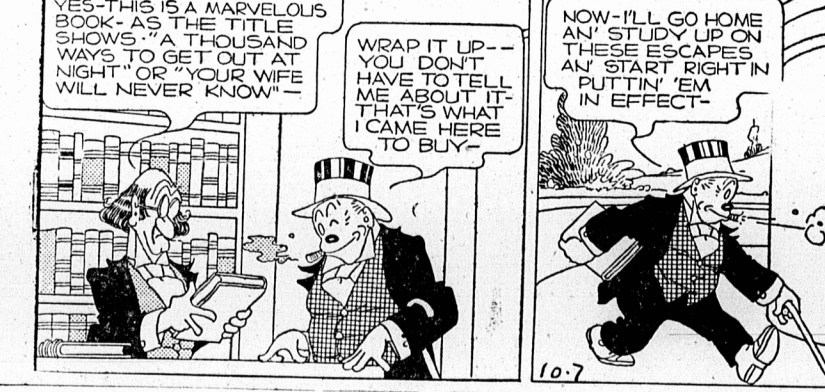
OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



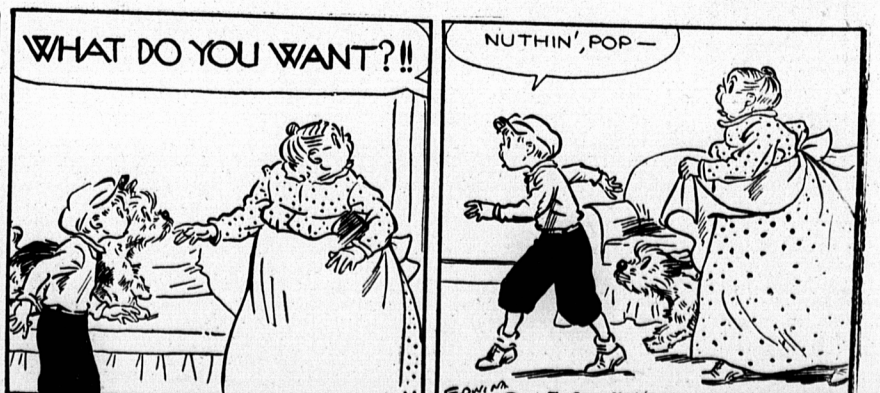
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