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**SMILES**



Cholly: You girls are all so practical, doncherknow. Now, for instance, I presume you usually go walking with an object, don't you?  
Kitty: Sometimes; but—er—really you will have to excuse me this morning.

**EFFECT OF PRACTICE**

She had her finger in everything, so when he showed an engagement ring it wasn't much more than a minute before she had her finger in it.



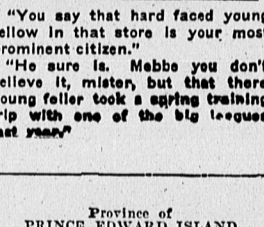
"If I had plenty of money I'd rig myself out in dozens of near-diamonds and look like a chandelier." "Chandelier, you mean?"



Rattler: I've never been able to hold a position very long.  
Turtle: Why?  
Rattler: I get rattled so easily.



"You say that hard faced young fellow in that store is your most prominent citizen."  
"He sure is. Mebbe you don't believe it, mister, but that there young fellow took a spring training trip with one of the big league last year."



Province of  
**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**  
In the Surrogate Court, 22nd George V. A. D. 1931.

In the Re Estate of William Edwin Youngusband, late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province, deceased intestate.  
By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable of the County of Queen's County, I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia and at or near the City Weigh Scales, both in Charlottetown aforesaid. And I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 14th day of July, A. D. 1931 and in the 22nd year of His Majesty's reign.  
(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER,  
Surrogate

**YOUNG PRODIGY LEARNS QUICKLY**  
MEMPHIS, July 21 (U.P.)—Andrew Brown, Jr., six, scored a perfect grade in first grade examination, made a high mark in second grade and was promoted without delay to the third grade.

**What the Gray House Hid**

The Mystery of a Haunted Mansion  
by Wyndham Martyn  
Copyright by Wyndham Martyn

(Continued)

"Tell Hanby, Smucker is here!" he said loudly. "A. Smucker!"  
"I asked your name, not what you were," she retorted.  
"My name is Smucker—Adol. Smucker—and Hanby has to see me at once!"

He was shown into a small room, which led, as investigation proved, to a gallery running along one side of the apartment. Below him was a spacious drawing-room. Through an arched opening Smucker could see a party of diners. Dining, and it was past nine o'clock!

This, then, was what a duplex apartment meant. The Smuckers had never been quite sure. They were certain only that it was a symptom of the criminal extravagance of the untaxed rich, won at the cost of the workers.

"Old Smucker here?" Hanby exclaimed. "Are you sure?" He turned to his wife. "D'na, do you hear that? Smucker from the office is here."

"That odious little man! Well, he won't mind waiting until we have finished. You'd better send him a cocktail or something. You can't leave us, just as you are going to spring this great surprise." Dina Hanby turned to one of the servants.

"Mary, ask Mr. Smucker to be kind enough to wait, and ask if he'd like a cocktail. See if he will leave a message."

Mr. Smucker looked at the cocktail greedily. Some day pretty girls like this one in neat black and white should bring him cocktails when he thirsted; but they should not sneer at him. If they sneered they should be lashed.

"Mr. Hanby asks you to wait," said Mary Sloan, not softening the blow. "He's busy. They're in the middle of dinner."

"At half past nine?"  
"That's what I said, Mr. Smucker."

"Smucker, Smucker!"  
"As he won't be through yet awhile. Mr. Smuckersmucker, do you want to send a message?"  
"No!" the man roared. "I won't! Absolutely I will not! Tell him and his wife I come on a matter of life and death. Tell him to leave his boon companions for a moment, and he will go back to them a saddened man!"

With the possible exception of Adolph Smucker, Hanby had not an enemy in the world. His children adored him and his help remained until removed by marriage or death. Mary hurried back. She was interested in the announcement her employer was about to make. He was on his feet when she reached the dining room.

"Family and friends!" he began. "Best of families, best of friends! I stand before you tonight at the ripe age of four and forty. I have not only an announcement to make—I have also a confession. I have concealed my name from even my wife. You have hitherto known me as plain Hilton Hanby."

"Not exactly plain," his wife laughed. "I could never have married a plainer man!"

"Best of wives!" he murmured. "I have deceived you. Almost half a century ago my mother was drowning in one of our picturesque rivers. A handsome stranger sprang in and rescuer her. Later

they were married, and her first son she called by the name of that superb stream. My true name is Housatonic Hilton Hanby. At school I was known as Tonic. At college they called me Tony. When I married I dropped the name because my wife was from Cleveland, and would not have understood. Tonight I resume it publicly. There are reasons. I am now lord of the manor. I have territorial obligations. Boys and girls, I have been a hard worker, and I have prospered. Fifteen years ago, when I was young in the woolen business, I took, in payment of a bad debt, sixty acres of land near Los Angeles.

"And you've struck oil there?" asked Cella, his eldest daughter.  
"No—this is a true story. I have subdivided what was formerly a rocky, goat-infested hill. It is now Wildwood, famous as the queen of hillside residential parks."

"Dream on!" said Junior, Hanby's son, who was a Yale sophomore, and therefore given to doubting the enthusiasms of his elders.  
"No dream, my worthless lad, but a fact! I have the money. Half of it I have spent this afternoon. Know, beloved ones, that I have realized the ambitions of a lifetime. About a hundred miles away, near the peaceful village of Pine Plains, Housatonic H. Hanby owns a lordly estate. In this historic home, this feudal fastness, he will dispense hospitality of the sort his position entails. On his private golf course his friends will pry gobs of turf from their beds as they now do weekly at Wykagyl and Garden City. On his tennis courts, grass and concrete, his children will play under his able tutelage, until they go in triumph to Forest Hills. There Sir Housatonic has a lake, wherein bass and trout await the anglers' fly. There his children will find a swimming pool—not yet built, however—which will make the best that Pasadena and Hollywood have to offer look like frog ponds."

"Oh dad!" Cella cried. "Is this real, or do we wake up now?"  
In answer he passed photographs around. The Gray house was a fact, not a mere hope.

"Wonderful!" said Mrs. Bishop, one of Dina's close friends. "But the help problem in a thirty-room house is appalling. You won't get any one to stay."  
"Mary!" Hanby called out. The girl was arranging glasses in the anteroom. "You heard what I've been saying?"  
Mary flushed a little.

"I couldn't help it, sir," she apologized.  
"Go and ask the others if they'll come to the Gray house."  
"They'll come," said Mary eagerly.

"Ask them," Mrs. Bishop commanded. "New York help simply hates the country. We tried it out, and we know."  
Mary came back.  
"They're crazy to go, sir."  
"I don't know how you do it," said Mrs. Bishop.

"It's easy," said Hanby. "We treat em as if they were human."  
Hanby started as a strange but somehow familiar voice broke in.

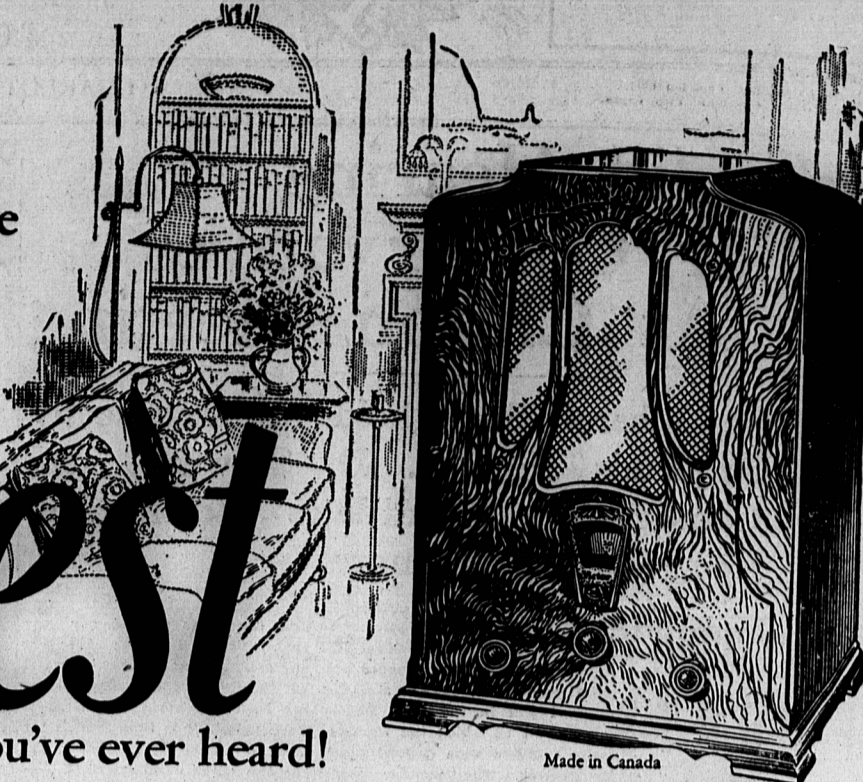
"They gave a feast the night before Waterlool!" shouted the voice from the distant balcony.  
(To be Continued)

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R-4B

**VICTOR RADIO**

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**MALPEQUE**

Mrs. Courtney Scott Henley and little daughter of Birmingham, Alabama, are guests at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Keir.

Master George Thompson of Montague is spending his holidays at the North Shore House.

Miss Louise Burns, who has been in Hartford, Conn., during the winter returned to her home on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Crozier and daughter Phyllis of Worcester, Mass., arrived here on Monday evening to visit Mr. Crozier, Darnley who is seriously ill.

Misses Mildred and Dorothy Bearst of Kensington spent a few days recently guests of Miss Annie Phillips, Hamilton.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Ramsay of Hamilton, on the birth of a daughter on Saturday, July 18.

Miss Laura Pickering, Sea View is visiting friends in Summerside.

Miss Doris Bernard, St. Eleonors spent a pleasant holiday recently in Sea View and Baltic.

The Sydney Record gives an interesting account of the reception given in honor of the Rev. E. M. Aitken and Mrs. Aitken of St. Andrews Church, Sydney, and their organist Prof. W. E. Fletcher and his wife Mrs. Fletcher. It reports an important feature of the evening's programme—the burning of a twenty thousand dollar mortgage which had been standing against the Church building on Bentinck Street for many years. The clipping which follows will be of much interest to many throughout this Province as the Rev. E. M. and Mrs. Aitken are well known not only in this vicinity but in other places where Mr. Aitken ministered and Prof. and Mrs. Fletcher who were formerly in Trinity Church, Charlottetown and are kindly remembered here for their musical contributions in Princetown United Church.

Featured by the impressive ceremony of the burning of the \$20,000 mortgage which has been standing against the church building on Bentinck street for many years, a reception was tendered to Rev. E. M. Aitken, B. A., new pastor, and Prof. W. E. Fletcher, new organist,

Mrs. H. Roy Cromwell spent several days here, previous to her leaving for her new home in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Lillian Donald, R. N., Montreal, is spending a holiday at her home in the Baltic.

Mrs. J. A. Campbell returned here on Saturday after a pleasant visit with friends in Alberton.

Mrs. W. T. Henderson, Dorchester Mass., spent a week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. MacNutt and at Dr. E. H. Ramsay's Cottage, Hamilton.

Miss Gladys Holman and the Misses Burrows of Summerside were motorists here on Thursday.

Mrs. Colin Donald and Mrs. Sinclair MacGougan spent the week end in Wilnot Valley the guests of Mrs. Hubert Agnew.

Miss Sadie Sinclair of Waltham, Mass., is spending two weeks in Hamilton a guest at the home of her father, Mr. William Sinclair.

Misses Evelyn and Myrtle Ramsay of New Annan have returned home from a visit with their grandparents Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Hamilton.

Miss Blanche Hogg of Summerside spent a week at the home of Mrs. Alex. Sinclair, Hamilton.

Messrs. George and J. O. MacGougan motored to Cape Traverse on Sunday and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Irving.

and the members of the families by the congregation of St. Andrew's church in the church hall on Pitt street on Thursday night.

The hall was crowded to capacity for the event and the newcomers were tendered a warm welcome not only by the members of St. Andrew's congregation but also by other city Protestant congregations, who were represented by their pastors or leading church workers.

The burning of the mortgage was carried out in full view of the capacity audience by Alexander Matheson, former postmaster of Sydney, who is the oldest member of the church Session, following a brief address.

D. W. MacDonald was chairman of the evening and the program included in addition to addresses several vocal numbers. Among the speakers was Rev. Alexander Kerr, pastor of St. Augustine church,

Winnipeg, who is at present visiting in the city. Rev. Mr. Kerr a few years ago was assistant pastor of St. Andrew's church.

Another speaker was Rev. Gordon MacLennan, of Pittsburgh, who is also in Sydney on a visit to his mother. Both extended to the new pastor and organist their best wishes for success.

Other speakers were Staff Capt. Wilson, of the Salvation Army; Rev. Fred Friggins, pastor of Victoria United church; Rev. J. H. Hamilton, of the United Mission; Rev. H. B. Holborow, rector of Christ church; Rev. J. A. MacLennan, of Dominion Rev. Nelson McDonald, of Sydney; Rev. Mr. Ross (of Marion Bridge); Rev. E. A. Kinley, of the United Baptist church and W. Parkinson, of the First United Church.

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