

Music Examinations

The Local Centre Examinations of Mt. Allison Conservatory of Music were held Friday, June 11th at Miller Bros. Studio. Mr. Harold S. Hamer, F.R.C.O. was the examiner and the following are the results in order of merit: Piano Introductory Grade: — Merle Luck, 82 marks; Shirley Stacey, 77. Grade One — Katherine McEachern, 87 (honours), Adele Callbeck, 79; Louise Avard, 77; Adele Vickerson, 75; Elizabeth Simmonds, 73. Grade Four — Verna Wood, 86 (honours); Pauline Simmonds, 73; Margaret Fry, 72. Grade Five — Cynthia Kendall, 80. The above are pupils of Mr. A. R. Kendall, L.R.A.M., A.A.G.O., at the Charlottetown School of Music. Singing Results — Grade One — Miss Helen Callbeck, 81; Miss Marianne Saunders, 73. The Singing Candidates are the pupils of Miss Vera Campbell, Mus. Bac.

MARITIME Summer School

Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B. July 6th to Aug. 17th, 1937 Courses 1. Regular work leading to degrees in Arts and Science. 2. Music, Painting and Drawing. 3. Courses especially arranged for teachers and given by prominent educationists. July 12 to the 24th — a Two Weeks' Course for Community Leaders, with courses in Adult Education and Group Leadership, Recent English Literature, Physical Education, Community Singing, Practical Psychology, Practical course in Weaving and other hand work in the Art Gallery. Good students who have their Arts or Science degrees may enter on courses leading to the M. A. degree. Write for descriptive Bulletin to The Director, Maritime Summer School, Sackville, N. B.

Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Law Society of Prince Edward Island will be held in the Law Library in Charlottetown on Monday the 21st day of June, 1937 at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

W. E. BENTLEY, Secretary-Treasurer. L-1330-6-11-37.

Valuable Property FOR SALE

The large and commodious house and premises on Grafton Street, No. 286, opposite Prince of Wales College, containing 4 rooms and kitchen on first floor, 4 rooms and bath on second floor and three rooms on third floor. Good basement and new furnace in cellar. Hot water heated. Premises in first class condition. Excellent location for boarding students and others. Apply to JOHNSTON & JOHNSTON, Solicitors, Charlottetown. L-1211-6-6-11-37.

Property For Sale

That desirable property on the Pope Road—2 miles from Summerside, owned by Mrs. Hubert Howatt, consisting of sixteen acres of land, dwelling house with all modern conveniences and protected on the North and West by a spruce grove. Fox ranch in good repair with room for enlarging; also a small house for rancher. This property is beautifully situated, facing Summerside harbour on the South, and Richmond Bay on the North. Open for inspection any time. L-1265-6-12-19.

TENDERS

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up to July 15th for:—purchase and taking down of the three and-a-half story brick building situated on Main Street, Georgetown. An opportunity for contractors as inside finish is of the best. 25 inside doors marble mantels, mahogany top counters, etc., with a large amount of good English brick. Purchase price may be worked out by building a small cottage. Tenders also received for purchase of Town Lot No. 6, Range 4, letter D and pasture lots in Royalty. The above is part of the estate of the late Hon. D. Gordon. A good title given to all this property. Apply to MATILDA GORDON, Georgetown. L-1246-6-10-12.

ANITA LOOS' SARATOGA

Illustrated by Vincenza

CHAPTER IV By all the rules which govern human nature, Carol and Duke should have become friends in those first days which followed Jim Clayton's death. If they had seen each other, except now and then in passing, if they had said something of the grief which they felt, the whole story might have been different. But Carol was too grief-stricken to talk to anyone and Duke, with the sensitivity which lay beneath his lighthearted cynical behavior, kept in the background. He spent hours with Grandfather Clayton.

"I don't know what I'd do without you," said the old man one evening. "But, Duke, why don't you try to help Carol over this hurdle. It's tough going for her." Duke, knowing the old man as always brusque, always scornful about his emotions, always scornful sentiment, was deeply touched. "I'd like nothing better than to do something for Carol," he said, "but I can't. You see she took a great and instantaneous dislike to me, even before she saw me. I did razz her, I admit. I sized her up as just a pretty, selfish girl who'd gone high-hat. But now I know she is Jim Clayton's daughter, after all. But she thinks me a rough tough guy and nothing else." "Well, I don't know. She doesn't think this Hartley Madison that and she made him go away. He



"Will you join me?" he said pointing to the table. "Thanks, no," she said curtly.

wanted to stay, but she insisted she must be alone. Seems kind of queer, wouldn't you think she'd want this man she loves with her now?" "Maybe she knows best. I'd say she has a good head as well as a strong will."

"She did promise to go to mother's in a week or so and then they're going to be married soon after that. Of course, she'll do just what she wants—always has. And this Madison seems a nice enough chap, but I guess he's still a sucker. Once one—"

"How do you mean he's a sucker?" "He got the name when he was still in college, seems he was crazy about racing lost wad after wad; it burned his family up. But he settled down after his father died."

"I wonder," mused Duke out loud, "if a person's who's really crazy about betting on horses, is ever sane again on that subject?" "Well, this young man'd better be or he'll be minus one wife."

"I wonder, repeated Duke slowly, as if he were talking to himself. He wished he could follow Grandfather Clayton's suggestion and have a talk with Carol. It was not that he hoped to comfort her in her sorrow. He knew that was impossible as matters stood between them, but he thought he might be of some service to her in untangling her father's affairs. How had they were he didn't know—Jim Clayton talked little of his troubles—but he had a feeling they might be serious. For Carol herself, it didn't matter much. He knew she had some income from a trust fund and he was to marry one of the richest young men in the country. But there was Grandfather. And also there was pride. He felt that Carol had her full share of that. If her father had left debts which could not be paid—that would hurt.

If only he knew how matters stood. He might be worrying unnecessarily, he knew; it might be that the only large amount outstanding was the seventy-six thousand dollars Jim Clayton had lost to him at the tracks. That was easy enough to handle, he told himself. But he was reckoning without Carol.

He had just ordered his breakfast one morning a week later, when Grandfather Clayton phoned to ask him if they could lunch together. Carol was leaving that morning for Newport and he would be lonely, he agreed, of course, and apologized for not talking longer; he had something of

office so when you said you couldn't come for one hour—you must have a tremendous appetite, I decided I must overlook the conventions and came right up. Will you join me, he said pointing to the table. Thanks, no, she said curtly. Miss Clayton, this is Mr. O'Brien, nodding toward the embarrassed young man. And Tip, would you mind going into the bedroom to work on your sheets. Just give me those papers you're holding before you go. I'll attend to them myself."

Even after Tip had left them, Carol was silent. He asked as to Mr. Madison and was told he was quite well. She was going to his mother's by the next train; they were to be married soon, very quietly. "That's why I had to see you, Carol said. We won't be in Brookdale perhaps for a long time. I'm sorry. I had hoped—"

You had hoped, I suppose, to get Hartley to place bets with you? Her tone was more insulting than her words. You've heard he is a sucker and you know he's rich. It isn't a bad idea, he answered pleasantly. Don't you think he might as well bet through me as— "I do not. I've had enough of you and your dealing, already for one thing. For another, he is not going to bet on the races any more. Does he say so, too? he asked innocently. Mr. Bradley, she said, I came here for just one thing. I have one question to ask you. What do you intend to do with my father's farm?"

I hoped you didn't know anything about it. So, he left a memo in his papers, did he? I'm sorry. But as you know about it, I'll tell you I had planned—"

Before you make any final decision—I hate to ask any favor of you—but will you give me a chance to buy it back? And will you please not let Grandfather know anything about this whole unfortunate affair? He has no idea of the state of father's affairs. He is old. Will you have the common decency to spare him?" In all his life, Duke had never been so angry and so hurt. He pressed his lips together; they were thin and white. He tried not to speak, but the look on her face as well as her bitter words would not let him be silent. "So you thought I would foreclose, did you? Put Grandfather out on the road? You have the most poisonous personality I've ever encountered in a young filly."

Advertisement for General Motors Used Cars. Features three portraits of men and large text: "Greatest Used Car Values in History", "Look for the General Motors Dealer's 4-STAR TAG", "Get the Protection of a WRITTEN GUARANTEE". Includes a diagram of a 4-STAR TAG with stars for Dependability, Value, Quality, and Reliability. Text: "This GENERAL MOTORS DEALER'S 4 STAR USED CAR... Backed by our 4 STAR Written Guarantee... General Motors Dealer's 4-STAR Tag identifies the finest Used Cars at the lowest prices... It is the new HALLMARK OF UNUSED MILEAGE... Is certified by your General Motors Dealer's written guarantee... General Motors Dealers, as reputable merchants, are anxious to please you and retain your goodwill."

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I didn't want your father to do this thing. Why, we were the best friends in the world." "That friendship paid you very well, didn't it?" "Miss Clayton, I did not want your father to give me this paper at all. I do not want it now. I shall do nothing about Brookdale."

"Thank you," she said but you will, I shall pay you, in full. You'll be good enough to wait a few weeks longer, won't you? Certain formalities to go through with and then you have your money and Brookdale goes to Grandfather." "Oh, I see—you're marrying a bankrupt and—"

"He'd have a lot of fun, you words, is—awfully—full—of—larceny." "Carol, without a word, without bending her head, walked to the door. Hurry, cried Grandfather and Rosetta, from the car waiting for her. Train leaves in five minutes. As Carol took her place at the wheel and the car sped down the street, Rosetta shrieked: "This ain't the way to the station." "We're going home," said Carol. "But what about going to Newport? What about getting married?" "I'll be getting married, all right," said Carol. "But not until I finish a little job—and I'm doing it all by myself."

No Happiness In the Home When the Mother Is Sick The tired, worn out mother cannot make a happy home if she is sick and worried by the never ending household duties. She gets run down and becomes nervous and irritable, downhearted and discouraged, can't rest at night, and gets up in the morning as tired as when she went to bed. Women suffering in this way will find in Milburn's H. & N. Pills a remedy with which to recuperate their health, build up the run down system, and bring back their bodily vigor.

Carol has met her match in outspoken Duke Bradley. His words have goaded her into changing her plans. What is her next course of action? Read tomorrow's thrilling installment. (To be Continued)

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