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Headquarters Old Spain Tea Rooms, Ch'town Cox Hotel, Souris

Leaves Elmira	7:15	Leaves Charlottetown	4:10
" Souris	8:10	" Mt. Stewart	5:00
" Dingwells Mills	8:35	" Morell	5:25
" St. Peters	8:55	" St. Peters	5:45
" Morell	9:15	" Dingwells Mills	6:05
" Mt. Stewart	9:40	" Souris	6:30
Arrives in Charlottetown	10:30	Arrives in Elmira	7:15

Parcels carried at Minimum of 25c. Bus will stop on signal at any point.

L-7950-6-11-1f.

Fardy Bus Service & Taxi Service

CHARLOTTETOWN to FORTUNE

TIME TABLE

Leaving Charlottetown	4:00 p.m.	Leaving Fortune	8:15 a.m.
" Hazelbrook	4:30 p.m.	" Dingwells	8:25 a.m.
" Keefer's Lake	4:35 p.m.	" Dundas	8:45 a.m.
" 48 Road	4:45 p.m.	" Bridgetown	8:50 a.m.
" Cardigan	5:00 p.m.	" Cardigan	9:05 a.m.
" Bridgetown	5:15 p.m.	" 48 Station	9:20 a.m.
" Dundas	5:20 p.m.	" Keefer's Lake	9:30 a.m.
" Dingwells	5:40 p.m.	" Hazelbrook	9:45 a.m.
Arrive Fortune	5:50 p.m.	Arrive Charlottetown ..	10:05 a.m.

Headquarters in Charlottetown—NOBANA TEA ROOMS. Headquarters in Souris—LENNOX HOTEL.

BLUE BUS LINE SCHEDULE

LEAVES	
Peters Road	7:45 A.M.
Murray Harbor North	8:00 A.M.
Riley Corner—Gaspereaux	8:10 A.M.
Sturgeon Bridge	8:30 A.M.
Geo. Poole's Store—Lower Montague	8:30 A.M.
Clement's Office—Upper Montague	8:35 A.M.
New Ferry School	9:15 A.M.
Summersville School	9:15 A.M.
Vernon River	9:25 A.M.
Cherry Valley	9:45 A.M.
Fornal	9:45 A.M.
Arrives Charlottetown	10:15 A.M.
Leaves Peter's Restaurant	4:30 P.M.
Arrives Farn Road	4:35 P.M.

Parcels carried at 25c minimum charge. Bus will stop on signal at any point on route.

ONE WAY STREET

By JOSEPH McCORD

CHAPTER 23

"Well, it's like this," Miss Gamble seemed at a loss to express her idea quickly. "You know, Gorgeous, this joint is a sort of clearing house for scandal. I never try to clamp a lid on it. . . too interesting," she conceded, shamelessly. "But I've heard something lately that started me to wonder . . ."

"And that was?" Jean asked it calmly.

"About our friend Sturges. The story is that he's all set to marry his job. I should say, Edythe is all set to marry him . . . at least, that's the way it slipped to me. Heard anything like that?"

"Yes."

"Think it's true?"

"Edythe told me as much . . . today."

"What?"

"She dropped in for a little chat this morning." Jean met Nan's gaze without flinching.

"Ah," Miss Gamble nodded her burnished head. There was a sudden light of understanding in the hazel eyes. "Can you feature a Jane like that?" she demanded softly. "So that's what all the outburst of rage is about. She's not so sure about the boy friend, after all. Told you to keep your mitts off him, didn't she?"

"Of course not. Why should she?"

"Because you got her worried."

Nan declared with a grim chuckle. "She needn't be. It's no concern of mine."

"See here, Gorgeous . . . don't try that on me. I wasn't born last year. That Sturges man thinks a lot of you. He doesn't try to hide it. But I never would have put him down for a double-crosser. I don't get it."

"Please, Nan," Jean pushed back her chair and stood up. "It doesn't concern me in the least. I must go . . . The salad was lovely."

"You'll Nan came over and laid one plump hand on the girl's slim shoulder. She placed the other under Jean's chin and looked steadily into the brown eyes. They met her scrutiny bravely, but there was a tenseness in the young body that did not escape the gentle hands.

"Okay, Gorgeous," was the quiet verdict. "But I think I could kill anybody who hurt you. That's what I wanted to get at."

"No one is going to hurt me, Nan. Good-bye."

"Wait a second. I'll walk down with you."

ask you something. Has anything occurred recently to influence that decision?"

"Oh, no."

"Then it's just the matter of . . . of Gorgeous's village complex?"

"Do you think you're quite fair?" he burst out. "I realize that the situation is . . . I don't know how to express it exactly. I wouldn't do anything in the world to make things difficult for you. You must know that. But I . . ."

"Please let's talk about something else, Mr. Sturges." Her eyes were beseeching.

"Of course," he replied instantly. "I understand. I'm very grateful to you for being frank and for . . . everything. Please do not let it make any difference."

"Of course not."

"Perhaps I'd better say good night."

There was no sleep for Jean. For she lay in the great darkness of her room. Thinking. Remembering. Conscious of a dull ache in her heart. Life these past few months had been different, so very different. The clouds had lifted at last. There had been contentment . . . almost happiness.

And now.

Back where she had started from. Everything undone . . . wrong. Even now, she dared not let herself look back at the old dreams. Vague longings. Crushing disappointment. Why did it have to be that way always?

Suddenly, she found herself sitting erect in bed and straining every nerve to listen. There had come a faint sound. It seemed to Jean it might have been the door-bell. There it was again . . . It was the bell Oh . . . She remembered now. After Mr. Sturges had gone, she discovered her father had forgotten his lunch. Jean had left the package on the living room table with a note for John, asking him to carry it down to the garage before he went to bed. That was it. John had come back . . . forgotten his key.

Hastily throwing her robe over her nightdress, Jean pattered down the stairs, intent upon reaching the door before her mother should be disturbed by the insistent ringings.

"You're a nice one!" were her first words. "I . . ."

"The dim form of a police officer on the steps."

"Excuse me, miss, is your name Sawyer?"

"Yes . . . yes, she stammered.

"What is it?"

"Sorry to tell you. There was a stickup at the garage where your father works and . . ."

"Is he hurt?"

"No. He's all right. It was your brother, I guess. Not serious. Shot in the shoulder."

"Oh . . . Where is he now?"

"Over at Mercy. They sent me up here to show you folks know."

"Thank you so much. I'll get dressed and go down . . . right away."

"I'd wait till morning if I was you, miss. He's under guard . . . Just while they're getting things straightened out. They might not let you talk to him yet."

"I see. Where is my father? Are you sure he wasn't hurt?"

"He wasn't. He's down at headquarters."

"I guess she demanded fearfully.

"I guess they wanted to talk to him. Sergeant had an idea it might be an inside job. You always got to figure on things like that."

(To Be Continued.)

The several days following the concert had been highly unpleasant for Mark Sturges.

There had been no call from Edythe. No reason why there should be. Yet he started each time his telephone rang. Eventually, he would have to meet her. But the more time given that last scene to fade, the better. Better for both of them.

His conscience bothered him vaguely.

He could not see that he had given Edythe any reason for that outspoken declaration. It still amazed him. He should have prevented it, ought to have let her know in some way that he had no interest in her. But the thought of that made him the more uncomfortable.

sol . . . sounded as if he should have warned her. Not such a presumption as he had let himself in for.

And there was Jean.

The thought of her worried him afresh. He had encountered her once or twice in the store and fancied there was something chilling in her reserved greeting. What did she think of him? Why should she think? Edythe's interpretation of the concert incident was exaggerated — her saying that he did not take his eyes off Jean. Edythe was angry. And perhaps Jean was hurt. He had tried to tell her how much he loved her friendship . . . then let her sit a whole evening and watch him apparently enjoying the company of another. That scarcely was his fault. Jean had made it plain that she could not accept his attentions.

His reflections got him nowhere. Damn the Iron Block, anyway. He wished he might never have heard of it.

More and more, however, he came to a conclusion that he must have a visit with Jean. If anything was wrong, he must know some way to make her understand.

How?

The problem was still unsettled when he entered his car one evening and grimly set a course for Bridge street.

The outlook seemed propitious at first sight. John Sawyer was at work and John Junior absent as well.

Mark rather outdid himself in his efforts to carry on a snialbe conversation with Mrs. Sawyer and her three daughters. But with each succeeding moment he sensed a change in Jean. She laughed and chatted with the others, but something was lacking. Her former reserve had returned and Mark was unable to banish the certainty.

When the other members of the group had vanished one by one, he turned to Jean with a sudden determination in his face and voice.

"Would you care to drive for a little while?"

"I don't believe I'd better tonight."

"Some other time then. I still have your promise, you know."

Jean looked at him steadily for a moment, then replied.

"I think it would be best, Mr. Sturges, if there wasn't . . . another time."

"Do you mean that?" he asked quickly.

"Yes."

"I'm sorry. Does that apply to future calls, as well?"

"I think it should."

"Miss Sawyer . . . I'm going to

W. C. T. U. Notes

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MOTHER

The Gospel according to Matthew is true. With its calling to me and its message to you.

The Gospel according to Mark seems to tell The wonderful story so sweetly and well.

The Gospel according to Luke makes it plain That the Saviour of Men is a Healer of pain.

While His cure for poor souls, and His power thereupon Is told in the Gospel according to John.

But the gospel I love, and the gospel I know As more plain and more real than all other Is the one that I learn as a child, long ago;

'Tis the Gospel—according to Mother— For oh, 'twas such a reasonable thing (As Mother put it) to take sides with God— As natural as 'tis for birds to sing; As for all birds to joy in blossoming;

For wind—swayed lily bells to bend and nod. She never told us He was looking out To catch us tripping as we played about.

She never taught us that He wouldn't love us If we did wrong. She said it made Him sad.

For though He was so high, so far above us, He knew and cared what sort of thoughts we had.

—Fay McHawn.

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT CANNOT DO

The Government may bring back the saloon as a beer-parlor, but it cannot bring back the manhood and promise of the youthful new drinkers that will be enslaved by the drink habit in these new beer parlors.

The Government may bring back legal advertising, but it cannot bring back to life and health the victims on the highway of the beer-sodden reckless driver.

The Government may get rid of the ban against Beer-by-the-Glass, but it cannot get rid of the crime and lawlessness that beer and whiskey have always, in every generation and every country, produced.

The Government may get rid of the ban against private retail sale and the pressure for increased business at any cost that private sale always shows, but it cannot get rid of the natural law that the next generation suffers in body, mind and soul from drunken parents.

Are you going to vote for beer and all its evil consequences

TOWARD LIQUOR CONTROL

Under this title we find the two hundred . . . report of the study of the Liquor Problem sponsored by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and conducted by Raymond D. Foedick, a practicing attorney and Albert I. Scott, a practicing engineer, both of whom are not only persons of executive ability, but have been students of social and religious movements. These gentlemen have sought to secure a representative cross-section of American opinion in relation to the Liquor Problem by interviews with many people of varied views from clergymen, and prohibitionists to brewers and distillers.

In the foreword, John D. Rockefeller proclaims himself as such: "I was born a teetotaler and I have been a teetotaler on principle all my life. Neither my father nor his father ever tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor. I could hope that the same was true of my children and their children. It is my earnest conviction that total abstinence is the wisest, best and safest position for both the individual and society. But the regrettable failure of the Eighteenth Amendment has demonstrated the fact that the people of his country are no yet ready for total abstinence, at least when it is attempted through legal coercion."

But Did Prohibition Fail Simply Because It Was Violated?

In the words of Ernest H. Cherrington: "If this be true, then murder proves the failure of the laws against murder, then the Ten Commandments are a failure, then each arrest for violation of the traffic laws proves the folly of such regulation."

GOOD HOME GREAT BOON TO CHILDREN

Home conditions are outstanding in most of delinquency and behaviour problems in children in the opinion of Miss Kathleen G. . . Executive Secretary of the Protestant Children's Homes. Recently in presenting her thoughtful report to the annual public meeting at the University Women's Club Miss Gorrie stressed this point and pointed out how necessary a decent normal home . . . was for children.

"When a child has not this," she said, "he should not be blamed or punished when he gets into difficulties in the home, school or community." She said that in two-thirds of the sixty cases studied the boys and girls came from broken homes where one or other parent was dead, deserted or in jail, or the child was adopted or

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illegitimate. Even in homes where the children had both mother and father there was serious disagreement between the parents or one or the other parent was immoral or drinking to excess," she said.

"Arrests for drunkenness in one Denver C. Inland, increased in one month, 142 to 444 after repeal."—Police Record.

THE CRY: "THE LIQUOR REVENUE, THE LIQUOR REVENUE"

As liquor revenue is the prevailing st-clous plea for Government . . . of liquor in eight of Canada's nine provinces, it is to say the least, educational to keep in mind the amounts being realized by Federal and Provincial Governments from this much lauded fund.

The latest annual figures (June, 1933), published in the Canadian Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa, states not the amount of sales but the following re: rnes: the Dominion Government, \$286,011,000; Provincial, N. S. \$492,700; New Brunswick, \$861,540; Quebec, \$6,113,000; Ontario, \$6,632,000; Manitoba, \$1,480,000; Alberta, \$1,390,800.

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Probate Court 26th George V. A. D. 1935.

In Re Estate of Paul Aresault late of Summerside in Prince County in the said Province deceased testate.

By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, Etc., Etc., of the County of Prince County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

Greeting:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Wilfred Kelly of Summerside aforesaid, Baker, and Jeremiah Doucette of Summerside aforesaid, the Executors of the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province on Saturday the Fourteenth day of September next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the said day to show cause, if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Frank E. Dolron, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioners and I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some news paper 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 Summerside aforesaid, or near the Town Hall and in the Post Office both in Summerside aforesaid 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 8th day of August A. D. 1935, and in the 26th year of His Majesty's reign.

L. S.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER, JUDGE OF PROBATE. L907-8-10-17-24-31

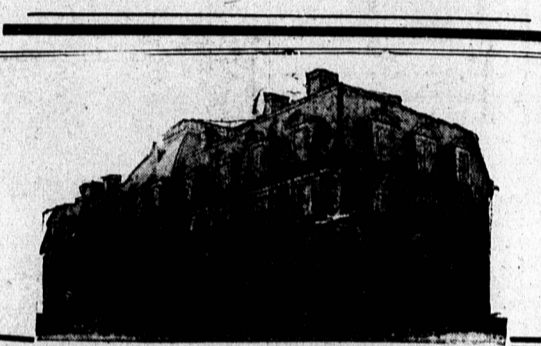
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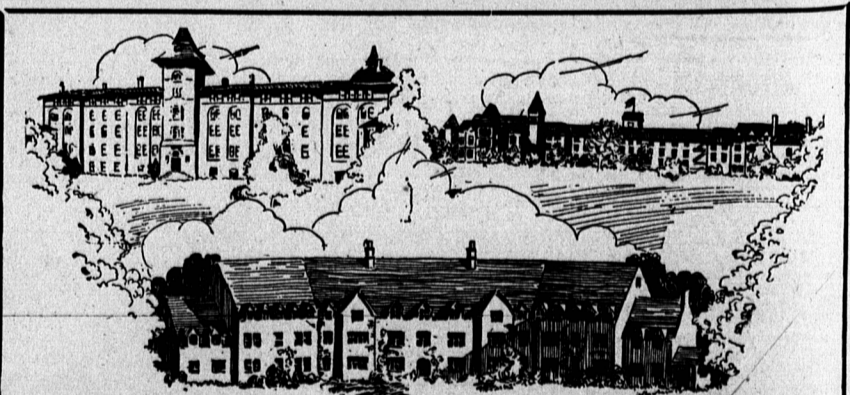
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