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A list of all persons in arrears for Civic Taxes for Real Estate, Street and Sidewalk Assessment is to be published May 10th, 1932.
FRED LARGE, City Collector. 2183-4-26-115-61.

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The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Fedler

(Continued)
He made no answer, and Jean waited with increasing trepidation. She was sure now that she could hear footsteps. Someone had mounted the stairs and was coming along the corridor towards her room.

"Nick!" The low, agitated whisper burst from her as the steps halted outside the door. "Promise me!" It seemed an eternity before he answered.

"Very well, I promise. You've won for the moment—Saint Jean!" He smiled at her, rather sadly. Before she could reply, Blaise's voice sounded outside the door, asking if he might come in, and with a feeling of intense relief that the battle was won for the moment, Jean gave the required permission.

As his brother entered the room, Nick quitted it, brushing past him abruptly.

Tomorrow's eyes questioned Jean's. "We have been discussing Sir Adrian," she explained, as the door closed behind Nick. "And—Claire."

He nodded comprehendingly. "Poor old Nick!" he said. "It's damned rough on him. Latherer ought to be carefully and quietly chloroformed out of the way. He's as much a menace to society as a mad dog."

Jean sighed. "I'm afraid they're very unhappy—Nick and Claire."

"I wonder Claire doesn't chuck her husband," said Blaise. "And take whatever happiness she can get out of the world."

Jean shook her head. "You know you don't mean that. You don't really believe in snatching happiness—at all costs."

"I'd let precious little stand in the way. If I were Nick I think I should do it."

"But being you," Jean did not know what unaccountable impulse induced her to give a personal and individual twist to what had been developing almost into an academic discussion.

Perhaps it was the familiar, unsatisfied longing to hear Blaise himself define the thing which kept them apart—even though, since Lady Anne's disclosure, she could guess only to well what it was. Or perhaps it was the faith, tormenting hope that one day his determination would weaken and his love sweep away all barriers.

He looked at her contemptuously. "Sometimes the past make claims upon a man which forbid him to snatch at happiness. I don't believe in any man's striking his just punishment for the evil he has done. What he has brought on himself, that he must bear. But Nick and Claire have had no part in bringing about their own tragedy. They are just the sport of chance—of an ill fate. They are morally free to take their happiness in a way in which I shall never be free to take mine, as long as I live." He regarded her steadily. "There are certain things for which I have proved myself unfitted—with which it is evident I am not to be trusted. And one of those is the safeguarding of any woman's happiness."

Jean felt her throat contract. It would always be the same, then! The long tentacles of the past would reach out eternally into the future. The woman who had been his wife—the woman who had destroyed herself, and in so doing, had brought a million of remorse about his neck—would stand forever at the gateway of the garden of happiness, her dead lips silently denying him—and, with him, the woman who loved him—the right to enter.

With an effort Jean answered that part of his speech which had reference only to Claire and Nick. "There are other ways, though, in which they have no moral right, in which Claire was persuaded, almost driven into marrying Sir Adrian by her parents, but, after all, we each have our individual free will. She could have refused to obey them. Or, if she felt there were reasons why she must marry him—the material advantage of her parents, and so on, why she ought to have reckoned the cost. I don't mean to be hard, Blaise—" She broke off wistfully.

"You—hard!" He laughed a little, as though amused.

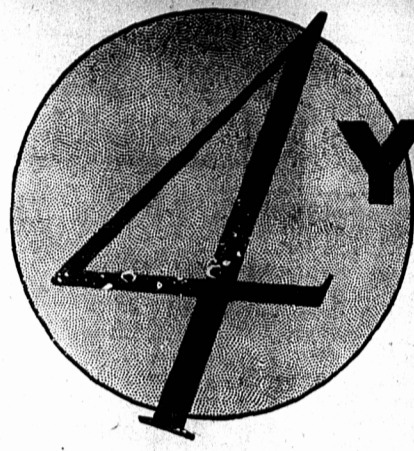
"Only—only one must try to be fair all round—to look at things straight."

She leaned her chin on her palm and her eyes grew thoughtful.

"I don't know, but it seems to me that we weren't meant to run away from things—hard things. If a man and a woman marry, they must accept their responsibilities—not evade them."

As absorbed was she in her trend of thought that she never realized how directly his speech must strike at Blaise himself. His face changed slightly

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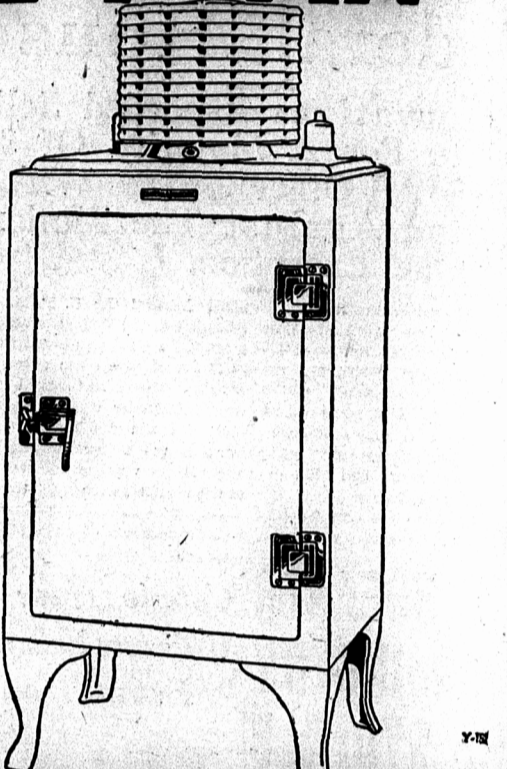
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"You're right, of course, he said abruptly. "You—generally are. And if all the women were like you, it would be easy enough."

His eyes dwelt with a curious interest on the pure outline of her face, on the parted, tenderly curved lips, and the golden eyes with their momentary touch of the idealist and the dreamer.

It seemed as if the quiet intensity of his regard drew her, for slowly she turned her head and met his gaze, flushing suddenly and faltering under it. The consciousness of him, of his nearness, swept her from head to foot, and it seemed to her as though now, in this moment they were in closer touch, nearer understanding, than they had ever been.

The dreamer and idealist vanished and it was all at once just sheer woman, passionate and wistful and tremulous, and infinitely alluring, that looked at him out of the golden eyes.

With a stifled exclamation he caught her hands in his. "Beloved—"

And the whole of a man's forbidden, thwarted love vibrated in the word as he spoke it.

Then he bent his head, and for a moment his lips were against her soft palms. . . .

She stood very still and quiet when he had gone, realising in every quivering nerve of her that whatsoever the future might bring—even though Blaise might choose to shut himself away from her again—as in the past and the dividing wall between them rise as high as heaven—she knew now, without any shadow of doubt, or questioning, that he loved her.

In the burning utterance of a single word in the pressure of immensity."

Lady Anne made a small grimace. "So it does—theoretically. Only from a practical and purely material point of view, everything else sinks into insignificance beside the fact that I am literally starving. Oh!—" joyfully catching sight of Jean and Tormarin making their way up the room—"Here they are at last! Collect our waiter, Nick, and let's begin."

Neither of the late-comers appeared in the least embarrassed by the tardiness of their arrival, and they responded to tentative enquiries concerning their afternoon's amusement with a disappointing lack of self-consciousness.

Lady Anne experienced an inward quail of misgiving. There seemed too calm and tranquil a camaraderie between the two to please her altogether. It was as though the last few days had brought about a silent understanding between them—a wordless compact.

(To Be Continued)

CHAPTER XXIV AN UNEXPECTED MEETING

"Have you been very bored, Nick?"

The week in London had nearly run its course, and Lady Anne's eyes begged charmingly for a negative. Nick accorded it with a smile. "I'm never bored with you, madonna; you know that," he said.

"And hotel life is always more or less amusing. One comes across such queer types. There's one here this evening has been intriguing me enormously. At a little table by herself—do you see her? A tall, rather gorgeous-looking being—kind of cross between the Queen of Sheba and Lucretia Borgia."

Lady Anne threw a veiled glance in the direction indicated.

"Yes, she's a very handsome woman, obviously not English." Her eyes travelled onwards towards the door. "I wish Blaise and Jean would hurry up," she added impatiently. "They're taking an unconscionable time to dress."

The two latter had come in late from a sight-seeing expedition undertaken on Jean's behalf, and had only returned to the hotel just as Lady Anne and Nick were preparing to make their way in to dinner.

"For such a deliberate match-maker, you're a lot too impatient, madonna," commented Nick teasingly. "That they should have stayed out together until the very last moment ought to have pleased you."

A program was then introduced which was greatly enjoyed by all and consisted of the following: Recitations by Mary J. MacDonald, Mary MacKenzie, Joan MacDonald and Annie E. MacDonald. A Victoria selection and spelling contest. The prize for the latter was won by Miss Annie Steele.

After the meeting Mrs. MacDonald served an excellent lunch in her usual capable manner which was greatly appreciated. The members then returned to their respective homes highly pleased that the meeting and entertainment was so successful.

The April meeting of the Little Pond Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Henry Dingwell with an attendance of fourteen members and three visitors. Meeting opened by singing the Ode and roll call was answered with soap-making hints. The sick committee reported having visited the sick, and having brought a treat. The school committee reported that the water fountain needed repairs.

New committees were appointed. Sick: Mrs. Vincent MacDonald and Mrs. Alex A. MacDonald. School: Mrs. Henry MacDonald and Miss Annie Steele. Entertainment: Mrs. Charles J. MacDonald and Miss Helen B. MacDonald. Mrs. Allan MacKenzie invited the members to her home for the May meeting. Roll call to be answered by paying a sum of money, the amount being the size of your shoe multiplied by two. A social hour was then spent in the following manner. Reading by Miss Laura MacDonald, songs by Miss Angela Campbell and Miss Hilda Blackett, reading by Mrs. Henry MacDonald, recitation by Mrs. Henry MacDonald, recitation by Miss Mary MacGillivray, and a very interesting guessing contest was conducted by Miss Helen Campbell and Miss Annie Steele, the prize being awarded to Miss Laura MacDonald. A very beautiful lunch was served by the hostess assisted by Mrs. Allan MacKenzie. The meeting closed in the usual manner.

NEW CINEMA SEATS 4,000

LONDON, April 21.—(By The Canadian Press)—London's latest cinema is the Gaumont Palace at Hammersmith Broadway. It seats 4,000 people and cost \$1,500,000. For the small sum of 12 cents up to 60 cents a three hour program of pictures and stage shows may be enjoyed. The theatre's circle alone seats 2,000 people. Whilst its total capacity of 4,000 is smaller than that of the Trocadero at the

elephant and Castle, the new cinema claims a number of records, including the size of the stage arch, said to be the largest in the country. The safety curtain weighs 18 tons.

SKUNK BOUNTY

The Provincial Department of Agriculture will pay a bounty of 50c for every skunk killed on Prince Edward Island. Identification must be left at the office of J. D. Jenkins, 119 Grafton Street, during business hours. The part needed for identification is that portion of skin only taken from the head and including the snout, nostrils and white strip running back over forehead.

Provincial Department of Agriculture

Department of Public Works And Highways

PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

TENDERS FOR CLEARING RUINS AT PRINCE OF WALES COLLEGE

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this office until noon on Saturday, April 30th, from any person or persons willing to contract for the clearing of the ruins at Prince of Wales College. Specifications may be seen at the office of the Department of Public Works.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

L. B. MACMILLAN, Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways, Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 20, 1932.

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