

Central School Fair

The BOYS' and GIRLS' ROYAL SHOW

WILL BE HELD IN

The Exhibition Building, Charlottetown

THURSDAY and FRIDAY, SEPT. 22nd. 23rd.

WHERE

the future of Agriculture for this province will be mirrored in the exhibits shown by the first and second prize winners at the local School Fairs recently held.

Two days crammed full of interest for both old and young. All Exhibits must be in place in Main Building at 1 o'clock Thursday. Judging will begin immediately. Judging of Calves and School Fair and Club sections will commence at same hour.

On Thursday evening a Public Speaking Contest will be held in the Paton Pavilion, commencing at 7.30 o'clock.

Friday morning Judging will be completed in all sections.

Friday at 1.30 P. M. the winning boy and girl athletes from the several schools competing at local Fairs, will contest for athletic honors, on the track in front of Grand Stand. An attractive program is arranged for pupils of all school ages.

Intending exhibitors and visitors in Murray Harbor District note that the train will operate Thursday the 22nd on regular time schedule.

The prosperity of our citizens depends on the success of Agriculture. It becomes the duty of every citizen to support this important undertaking and thereby encourage our boys and girls in their Agricultural and Scholastic efforts. Reserve the above dates.

ADMISSION—EXHIBITORS FREE. ADULTS 25 CENTS. CHILDREN UNDER 15 YEARS 10 CENTS.

Canadian Legion

The annual general meeting of the Charlottetown Branch of the Canadian Legion, B.E.S.L. for the election of officers and transaction of business will take place at the Legion Home, Grafton Street, Thursday evening September 22nd at 8 o'clock.

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Prohibition Commission Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown. Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peters. John Simpson, Hamilton. Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to Inspector J. Fripps, R. C. M. P.

Miss Gwynneth F. Coombs TEACHER PIANO, THEORY, SIGHT-READING 40 Victory Ave. Phone 683-L. 5697-9-14-wam-1-mth.

The Crippled Lady of Peribonka

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD (Copyright, 1929, by Doubleday, Doran, and Co. Inc.)

He sealed and addressed the letter and put it in the company's mail. What a glory life would be if his wife would come at last! He had painted a picture for her in the letter—her golden beauty a part of the blue of open skies, a thing near and wonderful for him to have. But when he went out into the night and looked at the row of lighted cottages on the hill he thought of Carla, and a yearning to be near her possessed him again.

This impulse bewildered him. He went to his bachelor quarters and tried to read. One by one the houses grew dark. Still he endeavored to make his books and magazines interest him. Never had his nerves been more sleeplessly alert, and their obstinacy persisted after he had undressed and gone to bed. Something kept him awake—an incessant stream of things passing through his mind, detached illogical, unreasonable and always bringing him back in one way or another to Carla and her mother.

He got up and dressed. It was after midnight. Over the pit hung an illumination which reached up into the sky like the glow from a volcano. He turned down the cinder path and was soon among the men. No one was on the job who did not know him, even in the night shifts. Many of them spoke to him tonight, but their friendliness failed to wipe away the disquiet of mind which had compelled him to get out of bed. He looked at his watch and found it was one o'clock when he reached the far end of the workings. A gravel-made road led to the forest trail higher up, and he took the road out of the pit.

After a little he came to the row of cottages. There was a light in the Haldan home, and he found himself wondering what Carla did with the long nights in which she waited for the coming of death. Was it possible for her to sleep? Or did she sit alone through dragging hours watching her mother, praying for the day? He stopped at the gate to the pocket fence which enclosed her flower gardens, and his ears caught a sound which did not come from the pit. It was like a cry. He opened the gate quietly and went in. A window was open somewhere and he could hear clearly a voice that was sobbing. It was Carla!

No one else in the cottage could be crying like that—surely not Carla's mother. His heart thumped against his ribs. His breath came a little short. He went to the door and knocked against it gently. Then more loudly. Some one came, and the door opened. He entered and stood beside Carla. She had not been in bed, had not undressed. She was as he had left her hours before, except that her face and eyes were



It was Carla! No One Else in the Cottage Could Be Crying Like That.

stricken with a grief that terrified him. Then, in the dim light, a miracle happened. She smiled at him through tears. "I was hoping for you" she said.

"I was passing—heard your crying—" He said no more, because he had guessed only half the truth. He was careful to speak so that his voice would not awake Carla's mother, if she were asleep. His mind was not working quickly, he was bewildered and frightened by the agony in Carla's face, the way she turned and went ahead of him into the big room with Mrs. Haldan's empty chair near the window and from that to another room that was full of light, and from which the sobbing must have come at the gate. In the open

door of this room Carla waited, and without turning her head gave him her hand. It was a cold, lifeless little hand, with no spark left of the warmth and thrill which he had felt in it a few hours before. He closed his own over it tightly, for the hand, more than Carla's face and eyes, struck the truth to his heart. They went in. Mrs. Haldan lay in her bed. Her face was lighted with peace, her lips were gently smiling. She was very white and very still. Paul knew she was dead.

Carla drew him nearer. When they were beside her mother she looked up at him. Her eyes, flooded with their pain, were starry bright, almost with pride, almost with glory. "Beautiful," she whispered, the word breaking in her throat.

Paul bowed his head. "Yes, she is beautiful," he said, fighting to keep his voice even. The hand which was not holding Carla's he placed on her mother's white forehead. For a few moments they stood in this way. Then the same impulse which had drawn his boyish lips to his mother's cold face when her soul was gone made him bend over and kiss the smooth white brow where his hand had lain. A little cry tore itself from Carla's breast, and freeing her hand from Paul's she sank down upon her knees and pressed her face closely against her mother. For an eternity, it seemed to him, he stood over her—an eternity in which he could find no words for his lips to say, nothing which might help a little to ease the grief which had come so suddenly and crushingly upon her.

Slowly he put out a hand until it rested on Carla's head. Then he gently stroked her hair, and after a little the tenseness went out of Carla's body, and she seemed to be sleeping beside her mother—sleeping with wide-open, misty eyes, while Paul could not see, while through the partly open window came to them the drone and grind and distant tumult of the pit.

CHAPTER V On Tuesday they went to Peribonka. For thirty minutes there was silence in the pit, the first time in three years. The pit demanded it. It cared nothing for James Kirke, or whose millions it fed, but for Carla Haldan it held a warm affection. Out of the pit came tributes of flowers which smothered the little cottage on the hill, and when Carla and her mother went to Peribonka the soul of the pit went with them. For the first time Paul looked down

The next day Carla was among her children in the school. This was the most amazing part of her fortitude. Two days later Paul was called unexpectedly to New York.

The new life which submerged him for a fortnight, its passionate business details, its conferences, the talk of still more millions, and of greater activities, was like a plunge into a maelstrom. His father and Durand had perfected a fresh scheme for bringing in another hundred million dollars of other people's money. Each day they were struggling to reach a little farther. Their huge new office building, with its appalling efficiency and ceaseless rush of living creatures oppressed and dismayed him, and he was startled by its unexpected effect upon him. It was worse than the pit, for the pit had its redeeming edge of wilderness and its human forces at work with their naked hands in rock and clay. Here his mind seemed dulled, his wits blunted, his senses overwhelmed by the magnitude of the things which he knew were happening without the physical use of hands and bodies, without the flesh and blood vigor—the strain of brawn and muscle—which had made the pit endurable for him. He made no great effort to enter into it or to understand it. The house where his mother had lived seemed no longer even the husk of a home. It was filled with a cathedral stillness, wrapped up, packed away, moth-protected, like a palace whose occupants had suddenly died, obsequious servants who made him shiver. It was a sepulcher of hopes for him, a place of gayety and laughter and entertainment for Claire. Here he felt about him a clinging emptiness, a great loneliness, a haunting unrest—and in this same environment Claire would find amusement and happiness when she returned. The truth of the thing added to his heaviness of heart. A new note had come into his thoughts.

He was beginning to ask himself if Claire, with all her wealth and freedom, were really happy. And if, in any way, it were possible for him to make her happy. He had written to her immediately after the death of Carla's mother, and toward the end of the fortnight he sent her another letter. He wanted her more than ever, and in this last letter, his third since he had heard from her, he told of the loneliness of the great house, its emptiness, its coldness, and how only her golden presence could bring hope and earnestness.

made a suggestion. If she would come back and spend only a little while with him upon the Mistassin, he would take her anywhere she might want to go when the job was off his hands—around the world, if that would please her. It would be rather wonderful, wouldn't it? Around the world—just they two! He asked the question with almost boyish hope and earnestness.

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Ottawa Expected To Act On Logan Case This Week

VACANCIES ON QUEBEC AND ONTARIO BENCHES TO BE FILLED

OTTAWA, Sept. 19.—Advance indications all point to the present week on Parliament Hill proving one of major activity. It is the Government's intention to clean up a number of pending appointments and also to make its decision finally with respect to certain matters that hold considerable interest.

The appointments which are in contemplation are all of a judicial character. Vacancies on the Bench of Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia and Saskatchewan are to be filled. Several of them are Superior Court posts of importance.

In addition, the Cabinet is likely to take action upon the report rendered several weeks ago by Mr. Justice Harvey of Saskatchewan in the case of Senator Hance Logan. While the Cabinet has yet to consider the matter, it is commonly forecast in Government circles that the finding will be forwarded to the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, who is the appropriate officer to act upon it. On the grounds that some of the matters complained of were committed in Ontario, where the Reparations Commission sat, the matter might also be placed in the hands of the Ontario Attorney-General.

JUDGE'S CASE TO COME UP

Another legal matter which is now before the Department of Justice relates to Judge Stubbs of the Manitoba Bench, certain of whose remarks in recent cases have been transferred to the Government here. The extracts involved were received by Hon. Hugh Guthrie, Minister of Justice, yesterday, and he refused to make any comment

400 Be Continued

on the matter until he had studied them further.

The advancing of the date of the session to October 6 has forced some of the Government departments into a race against time. This is particularly true of the Finance Department, which is working day and night in an endeavor to have the revised customs schedules ready. When Parliament was not expected to meet until about October 27, the task of revising the schedules in accordance with the Imperial Conference Agreements was considered formidable enough; now that the opening date has been advanced it is regarded as almost impossible, notwithstanding which the order has gone out that it must be done.

The reason for having the Canadian Parliament meet so much in advance of the British House is the custom which obtains in British parliamentary practice of publishing important agreements which Parliament is going to have to consider at least a week in advance of its opening. By having the Canadian House meet on October 6 the Canadian Government hopes to be able to bring down the detailed agreements in sufficient time to allow the British authorities to follow their established custom.

In regard to the same matter it is interesting to note that Ottawa understands that the date of the British opening was advanced by Right Hon. Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, because of the growing force of the attack which is being made upon his Ministry. By the publication of the agreements Mr. MacDonald is counting on silencing his critics who contend that the Mother Country was worsted by the Dominions at the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa.

GOLFERS WEAR FLAID SOCKS

Women golfers in England, round about London, are wearing socks in gay plaids, and gloves with colored leather backs and chambray palms.

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF JOSHUA CARMODY late of Charlottetown in Queens County, deceased, intestate.

By the HONOURABLE HARRY LEONARD PALMER, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc. To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County or any constable or literate person within the said County

GREETING: WHEREAS by petition filed into the 10th day of September A. D. 1932 the HONOURABLE HARRY LEONARD PALMER, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc. of the County of Queens County or any constable or literate person within the said County

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER Surrogate

5700-9-14-Wed-21

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