

Agents Wanted

Every district on Prince Edward Island to take Subscriptions for Memorial Volume of the arrival of the Scottish Catholic Emigrants on P. E. Island and after 1772-1922 by Rev. J. C. McMillan, D. D. It describes the condition they met on their arrival and the subsequent trials and difficulties they were forced to undergo. Liberal commission. Apply to D. B. MACDONALD, R. R. No. 3, Summerside 2566-7-12-91.

SIFTO SALT
It flows freely in damp weather. It is something new and better for table use.
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PENDULUM "THE LOVE"
BY MARION RUBINCAM
THE PARTY
Chapter 28
All through the last days of September and the first of October we kept late hours. My aunt was in and out of our home occasionally, but most of the time she was away.

2 in 1 BROWN Shoe Polish
Also For White Tan and Ox-blood Shoes
For Value

KINGSTON SCHOOL
The semi-annual examination of Kingston School was held June 23. Quite a large number of parents and visitors were present. The pupils were examined in the different subjects by the teacher and showed by their prompt and ready answers that very successful and thorough work had been done during the year. At the conclusion of the examination remarks were made by some of those present. All of whom expressed themselves as well pleased with the results.

A Joint Political Meeting
Will be Held in the **Market Hall**
On the Evening of **Nomination Day**
Thursday, July 19th
The questions of the day will be discussed by Messrs **McMillan and Duffy, Candidates for Councilman and Messrs. McLure and Higgs, Candidates for Assemblyman.**
Suitable seats will be reserved for lady electors who are all cordially invited to be present.
Hall will be opened at 7.30 and the meeting will commence at 8 o'clock sharp.
By order of the Joint Committee.
2698-7-17-3i.

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"We were so excited hearing about the elopement," one said, "a girl in my class at school, a slim little brunette who affected a slight lisp. She pronounced it 'tho exhited'."
"Fancy Constance eloping," another caller smiled, a tall, fair haired girl, who had been told she looked like the Goddess of Liberty and who affected ever after a certain lofty manner.
"And we're the anxious to meet your husband," Shirley went on. Shirley Benick was one of last season's "buds," and her one ambition was to marry the richest man in her set.
"He'll be here soon," I told them. But I wasn't sure. Win was still too engrossed with the city to make any serious efforts at finding a position. He spent his days in my car running about the streets and around the resorts near the city, and when I did not want to go, he went alone. I decided it was a fiction he would get over, and said nothing in protest. I did want him to look at things more seriously, and I was disappointed in this sudden frivolity.
Win came at tea time, as the girls were ready to leave. I was very proud of him when he came in, his hair rumpled where he had pulled off his cap, his eyes and skin glowing from the coldness of the outdoor air. Win was not handsome, but he gave that impression. The girls liked him, that was evident. I had been so anxious for that! For since Winthrop and I were to settle in the city, it was necessary that my old crowd like

him. I preferred the simpler life of his own town—but he did not, and his word was my wish in those days.
"Fancy Connie just going off to a little place in the country and having such a romance," my tall friend said, smiling at Win.
"And how well she looks!" Shirley took it up. "I like her hair cut that way. I think I'll do mine that thyle. Connie, what did you do all summer besides getting married?"
"I learned to cook!" I answered. And then they both laughed. But Win frowned and looked annoyed at this domestic remark of mine.
"I suppose you'll both be at the Risdon's reception?" Nedda asked. "It's such a joke, Mrs. Risdon is opening the season this year, she's gotten ahead of the Martins. They say Mrs. Martin has a new count visiting her next month."
"Yes, we're going," I answered absently. I remembered suddenly I had not written Win's mother for weeks.
"I'm having the loveliest gown—"
Nedda went on to describe it, and ended with its price. Win was more interested than I was.
"Have you a new dress for this affair?" he asked when the girls had gone.
I shook my head.
"We've spent more than we ought buying furniture, and we simply can't spend more this month," I answered. "I've been keeping books. Win, I have all our expenses and our income listed, so we will always know how we stand."
"Oh, hang that!" Win exclaimed. "Please buy a new dress for it. You're so much prettier than either of those girls and I want you to be the prettiest person there."
I wanted to do anything that pleased him. I knew the sort of dress I would have to get, and I set it going to my aunt's petty dressmaker. Win had to buy a complete evening outfit too. His old one was not good enough for the places we were going to.
I figured up the bills when they came in.
"More than a thousand dollars, Winthrop," I said. "We can't go on this way."
"Oh, yes, we can. I only have to get one outfit like this—it will last years," Win said easily.
The money was spent, so I decided it was best to say nothing more. I dressed carefully for the reception, knowing Win wanted me to look my best. I had been home for several days, so I was fresh and rested. And I looked very well in the soft, frilly dress of blue silk. It was the shade of my eyes and it made my skin look even whiter than normally. And my hair was so long by this time that I could make a pretense of doing it up by using a jeweled comb in it.
In a way, this was Win's formal introduction to my friends. I was glad he looked well and proud of him, as we entered the big ballroom at the Risdon's.
All my old friends were there, all delighted to see me. And there were many new ones. My aunt was standing there, in a shimmering gray gown that clung about her. She smiled at us and we went over towards her. She was talking to a strange woman—a woman who turned and looked at us quite frankly as we approached.
"I wondered who this stranger might be, who was invited to the very select Risdon reception."
Tomorrow—The Strange Lady

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Harsh words have been unknown in the school-room. Your untiring zeal and many encouraging words to give us an education that would fit us for life's duties will not soon be forgotten as a teacher you have endeared yourself to us all. And the year under your instructions has been a very successful one. Classes have been beautified trees planted and it has become a to all no doubt many of us in after years will call to mind the Kingston School and the Happy year we when Mr. Millar MacFarlane was teacher. We have here a little memento which we ask you to accept not for its great value, but as it carries with it the love and affection of our hearts and it may prove a little reminder which you will not soon forget.
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In Handy Cloth Sacks for Culinary Use
Clean and Pure

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All my old friends were there, all delighted to see me. And there were many new ones. My aunt was standing there, in a shimmering gray gown that clung about her. She smiled at us and we went over towards her. She was talking to a strange woman—a woman who turned and looked at us quite frankly as we approached.
"I wondered who this stranger might be, who was invited to the very select Risdon reception."
Tomorrow—The Strange Lady

Prizes were then given by the teacher to the following pupils for highest standing in the different grades.
Grade 9, Flossie Younker.
Grade 5, Sadie Docherty.
Grade 5 1st Sophie Newson
3rd, Laura Cahill.
Grade 4 1st Mildred Auld 2nd Alma Newson
Grade 3 1st Reginald Younker 2nd Beta Rodd.
Grade 2, 1st Otto Newson and Grand Willis, equal; 2nd, Eric Clow and John Docherty, equal.
Grade 1, Mable Auld, Rhoda Newson, Clifford Holmes, Stanley Willis.
The teacher then called forward Flossie Younker and Marea Cahill and presented each with the 'School Leaving Certificate' which they had won in the recent examinations.
At this period, one of the pupils Miss Flossie Younker read an address and Miss Marea Cahill presented the teacher with a gold piece. The teacher although taken by surprise, replied in appropriate words and thanked the pupils very much for their kindness.
The following is the address Dear teacher:
We your pupils of Kingston School District feel we cannot allow the present opportunity to pass without in some way expressing our appreciation of your kindness shown toward us during the passed year.
We are conscious of our many mistakes, sometimes through neglect of duty, and no doubt your patience has been tried, yet you have manifested a kindly disposition.
Harsh words have been unknown in the school-room. Your untiring zeal and many encouraging words to give us an education that would fit us for life's duties will not soon be forgotten as a teacher you have endeared yourself to us all. And the year under your instructions has been a very successful one. Classes have been beautified trees planted and it has become a to all no doubt many of us in after years will call to mind the Kingston School and the Happy year we when Mr. Millar MacFarlane was teacher. We have here a little memento which we ask you to accept not for its great value, but as it carries with it the love and affection of our hearts and it may prove a little reminder which you will not soon forget.
Signed on behalf of Kingston School.

For Sale In Cornwall Village
My twenty four acres with good dwelling house and out buildings. Within stone throw of school, church, store etc. Will sell buildings and one acre of land separately if needed. Apply to Seymour Scott on premises. 2734-7-18-61

Provincial Rifle Association
Annual Shooting of the Prince Edward Rifle Association takes place at **KENSINGTON RANGE**
Commencing 31st July, 1923
\$1400.00 IN PRIZES
Programmes and any information can be had from the Secretary
COLONEL F. S. MOORE President
CHARLES LEIGH Lieut.-Col. R. O. Secy-Treas.

My old friends began coming back to town, and, of course, they came to see us.
"We were so excited hearing about the elopement," one said, "a girl in my class at school, a slim little brunette who affected a slight lisp. She pronounced it 'tho exhited'."
"Fancy Constance eloping," another caller smiled, a tall, fair haired girl, who had been told she looked like the Goddess of Liberty and who affected ever after a certain lofty manner.
"And we're the anxious to meet your husband," Shirley went on. Shirley Benick was one of last season's "buds," and her one ambition was to marry the richest man in her set.
"He'll be here soon," I told them. But I wasn't sure. Win was still too engrossed with the city to make any serious efforts at finding a position. He spent his days in my car running about the streets and around the resorts near the city, and when I did not want to go, he went alone. I decided it was a fiction he would get over, and said nothing in protest. I did want him to look at things more seriously, and I was disappointed in this sudden frivolity.
Win came at tea time, as the girls were ready to leave. I was very proud of him when he came in, his hair rumpled where he had pulled off his cap, his eyes and skin glowing from the coldness of the outdoor air. Win was not handsome, but he gave that impression. The girls liked him, that was evident. I had been so anxious for that! For since Winthrop and I were to settle in the city, it was necessary that my old crowd like

him. I preferred the simpler life of his own town—but he did not, and his word was my wish in those days.
"Fancy Connie just going off to a little place in the country and having such a romance," my tall friend said, smiling at Win.
"And how well she looks!" Shirley took it up. "I like her hair cut that way. I think I'll do mine that thyle. Connie, what did you do all summer besides getting married?"
"I learned to cook!" I answered. And then they both laughed. But Win frowned and looked annoyed at this domestic remark of mine.
"I suppose you'll both be at the Risdon's reception?" Nedda asked. "It's such a joke, Mrs. Risdon is opening the season this year, she's gotten ahead of the Martins. They say Mrs. Martin has a new count visiting her next month."
"Yes, we're going," I answered absently. I remembered suddenly I had not written Win's mother for weeks.
"I'm having the loveliest gown—"
Nedda went on to describe it, and ended with its price. Win was more interested than I was.
"Have you a new dress for this affair?" he asked when the girls had gone.
I shook my head.
"We've spent more than we ought buying furniture, and we simply can't spend more this month," I answered. "I've been keeping books. Win, I have all our expenses and our income listed, so we will always know how we stand."
"Oh, hang that!" Win exclaimed. "Please buy a new dress for it. You're so much prettier than either of those girls and I want you to be the prettiest person there."
I wanted to do anything that pleased him. I knew the sort of dress I would have to get, and I set it going to my aunt's petty dressmaker. Win had to buy a complete evening outfit too. His old one was not good enough for the places we were going to.
I figured up the bills when they came in.
"More than a thousand dollars, Winthrop," I said. "We can't go on this way."
"Oh, yes, we can. I only have to get one outfit like this—it will last years," Win said easily.
The money was spent, so I decided it was best to say nothing more. I dressed carefully for the reception, knowing Win wanted me to look my best. I had been home for several days, so I was fresh and rested. And I looked very well in the soft, frilly dress of blue silk. It was the shade of my eyes and it made my skin look even whiter than normally. And my hair was so long by this time that I could make a pretense of doing it up by using a jeweled comb in it.
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