

ASHES of ROSES

A Romance of Today By Joanna Cannan

"That I care seriously for Fay. I admit it would be reasonable of you to want to stop it if it was only a lot of rot; but I don't see why you should muck up my whole life."

"Don't be a fool, Geoffrey, talking about mucking up your whole life at your age. But if you must take a girl out, why don't you take one of your own sort—Patricia or someone all above board?"

Geoffrey made an exasperated sound. "Why should I want to take Pat out when I'm in love with Fay?"

"In love with Fay!" repeated his father. "What absolute twaddle. It's a stupid and discreditable infatuation, calf love, that's what it is. You can call it what you like. Call it a grand passion or a lot of silly nonsense. It's got to stop. And this time I shall see that it does stop."

"You'll see that it doesn't," said Geoffrey.

"What's that?"

"It won't stop."

"Won't it?" said John Gilmour. "That's a nice thing for a father to hear from his son. Very nice. I've been far too indulgent to you, Geoffrey, that's what's the matter with you. I should like to have heard myself speaking to my father like that when I was nineteen or twenty-nine either. It won't stop, won't it? We'll see about that. I suppose you don't realize that you're dependent on me?"

"I do," said Geoffrey. "But I dare say I could find some sort of a job."

"And that's all the thanks I get for keeping you all these years, and spending the best part of my life getting you the position and the advantage you've had. I'd like to see the job that would keep you in the way you're accustomed to. You're quite indifferent to comfort, aren't you? You don't care about your hot baths and your late dinners and your day's hunting and your West-end clothes? Still, we needn't worry ourselves about all that just at the moment. As it happens your not yet of age. A couple of years on, if you've no more sense than you have now, you can go around looking for that wonderful job, and welcome. In the meantime, you will do exactly what I say."

He threw the end of his cigar into the summer grate and took up his bowler hat which was lying on the table.

"I shall be seeing you at the weekend," he ordered. "I daresay I shall have some more to say to you then."

And with a contemptuous glance at Geoffrey, he left the room.

CHAPTER VIII A SHOCK FOR MRS. GILMOUR

"Geoffrey and your typist! It all seems so dreadfully common," Mrs. Gilmour wailed.

"Common or uncommon," said her husband, "there it is!"

On the afternoon of the day which followed his interview with Geoffrey, he had left the office early, and had arrived home soon after six o'clock. He had found his wife in her boudoir, and had told her the whole story. Evelyn Gilmour was horrified.

The boudoir at Hemshott was a small but pleasant room on the first floor. It looked out over the lawn and the river. It was brightly furnished, and always full of flowers. White chintz with a pattern of wisteria on it covered the chairs and sofa; the carpet was of the same cool blue; a white bearskin rug lay on the hearth. On the walls and tables were many photographs, almost all of Geoffrey from the age of long clothes and a coral necklace up to only a few weeks ago. At all ages he appeared handsome, good tempered, strong and smiling. The latest portrait stood on the mantel-piece, and facing it was one of Patricia Lysarde.

"I can't believe it," said Geoffrey's mother. "That dreadful day down by the sea I felt he had just been a little thoughtless, carried away perhaps by a new and pretty face. But to say he is in love with this horrible little creature! You must put your foot down, John."

"I put it down three weeks ago," said John Gilmour. "All this time he's been meeting this girl behind my back. I shouldn't have thought it, though, I must say, he hasn't always been strictly truthful. I shall know better now."

"Boys, and men even, will do anything when they think they are in love," announced Mrs. Gilmour. "I blame you."

"Yes. You should have got rid of the girl."

"Get rid of her . . ." echoed John Gilmour.

"Yes. Dismissed her after that day at Dereham."

"How could I? You don't know what you're talking about, Evelyn. One can't dismiss an employee without a reason. There would have been gossip in the office about it, and the devil of a mess. And it's not the girl's fault, you know, it's Geoffrey's. She wasn't told anything. I don't blame any girl for going out with Geoffrey? To give him his due he's an attractive lad."

"And will be a rich one."

"Well, that may count. We don't know. It's beside the point anyhow. The question is, what are we going to do?"

"Geoffrey must be made to see reason." She looked up at the photograph on the mantel-piece. "Oh, it's incredible. After all the plans I made and the way I brought him and Patricia together."

"Well if you can make him see reason, I'll take off my hat to you!" said John Gilmour, amiably. "As it is, quite frankly, I don't know what to do. I reminded him that he was dependent on me, but all he said was that no doubt he could find another job. I've a good mind to call that bluff. He might find a job but he wouldn't stick to it. You've brought him up too soft."

"Nonsense, John. He's been brought up much more simply than most boys whose parents are in our position. Look at Fred Arnold with his car and his two hunters at seventeen! Where you made your mistake was in putting him into that office to work with these girls. This wouldn't have happened if you had sent him up to Oxford as I implored you to."

"If a boy's going to make a fool of himself, he'll do it as much in one place as in another."

"At Oxford he would have had other things to think about—games and athletics—as he did at school. He never gave a thought to girls' then."

"Well, he's growing up now. I suppose. Sending him to Oxford wouldn't have stopped that. What was the use of letting him waste three years of his life to the tune of a thousand pounds while in business other men were getting ahead of him?"

"They'll get much further ahead of him if he goes off and takes some dreadful job for the sake of this girl."

"He won't do that. That's all bluff. I shall speak to him on Sunday and tell him that he's either got to give up this girl or to clear out of the business and this house too."

"Oh, John, no! You can't . . . Geoffrey . . . our only child. Think of him when he was a little fellow . . . And how splendid he's always been at school . . ."

John Gilmour was not a man given to profitless retrospection. Though he remembered facts and figures, where he had spent Easter in eighteen-hundred and ninety-seven and what income tax he had paid in nineteen-hundred-and-fourteen he forgot very quickly what had happened in his mind. But he had always been very proud of Geoffrey, and the key to his heart was pride. He loved what he could be proud of—his costly home, his elegant wife, his prosperous business, his predominant country, his brilliant son. Now that his wife had reminded him, he recalled the many occasions on which he had been proud of Geoffrey; children's parties in the garden, and Geoffrey winning all the races, parents' days at Barchester, and Geoffrey knocking up his long roar of his own name, prize-giving and Geoffrey coming down from the platform with the cricket bat rewarding the best batting average or the big silver cock horse shield. He had been grateful to his son for those lone moments, for the congratulatory attitude of the masters, the envious glances of less fortunate parents, the whispers of "That's Gilmour's father," which followed him everywhere, the thrill and the fame and the success of it all. His eyes followed his wife's to a photograph of the Barchester first eleven. Yes, he loved his son.

(To Be Continued)

CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN CHANCERY BEFORE THE VICE-CHANCELLOR

The 14th day of December A. D. 1932.

In the matter of the estate of Peter Mahony late of Cornwall in the County of Prince Edward Island, Farmer, deceased intestate, and in the matter of The Chancery Act, 1910, No. 10 of 1932.

PURSUANT to an order of this Honourable Court made herein on the 12th day of December A. D. 1932, I HEREBY NOTIFY all persons having any claims or demands against the estate of Peter Mahony late of Cornwall aforesaid, deceased intestate, to appear to prove their claims before the Vice-Chancellor in his Chambers in the Law Courts Building, Charlottetown on Thursday the 26th day of January A. D. 1933 at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and that otherwise their claims shall be barred.

LIECH E. BREGIN, Registrar.

H. F. MACPHEE, Solicitor.

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AND A

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MAY WE EXPRESS OUR APPRECIATION TO OUR CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS FOR THEIR PATRONAGE DURING THE PAST YEAR. ACCEPT ALSO OUR SINCERE WISHES THAT YOUR CHRISTMAS BE MERRY AND THE NEW YEAR BRING BIG REWARDS FOR ALL YOUR EFFORTS.

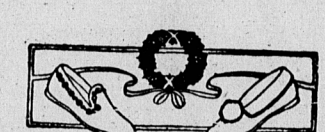
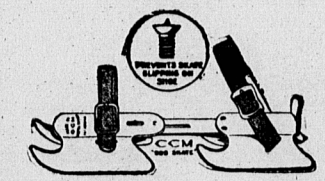
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Georgetown

Mayor E. B. MacLaren presented Louis Victor with an appropriate gift, a wrist watch, as a token of gratitude for saving him from being drowned on the night of his accident. Mr. Victor appreciates the gift very much. A.

St. James R. C. Church held their bazaar in the Town Hall, Georgetown, on Thursday, Dec. 15. The fancy work booth and candy booth were beautifully decorated. The tables laden with delicious eats were also well patronized. The ladies in charge deserve great credit. The lottery for the fountain pen was won by Capt. Chas. Fitzgerald and was lotteried by Misses Gerlie Kiggins and Frances McCormac. The fish pond is always looked forward to by the kiddies, Misses Agnes Solomon and Helen Donovan having charge of it. A sum of money was realized. A.

RADIO

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Their departure is regretted by their many friends. A.

Perhaps made a more valuable and substantial contribution to the nation's welfare than any other educational foundation, however illustrious it may be, according to Dr. J. H. E. Cress, headmaster of Hereford Cathedral School, in an address at Carlisle Grammar School.

Most grammar schools had a roll of notable men, Dr. Cress said. In these troublous times there was scarcely anything more important educationally than that the grammar schools of England should maintain their ancient traditions, enjoy vigorous prosperity, and maintain their independence.

GRAMMAR SCHOOLS HELP NATURE'S WELFARE

CARLISLE, England, Dec. 21 — (C. P.)—English grammar schools, which in many cases possess a history of three or four centuries, have

perhaps made a more valuable and substantial contribution to the nation's welfare than any other educational foundation, however illustrious it may be, according to Dr. J. H. E. Cress, headmaster of Hereford Cathedral School, in an address at Carlisle Grammar School.

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Emphasizing the importance of the team spirit, Dr. Cress remarked that the greatest contribution the public schools of England had made to educational ideas was this spirit, and in a really great school the phrase "team spirit" was not an aspiration but a reality. They would find that if they got the team spirit the school would mean much more to them

Corn for Feed

An old practice of the hard times of forty years ago may be revived in Nebraska this winter. That is the use of corn for fuel.

At the suggestion of A. M. Bailey, a farmer who burned corn in the '90's, the commissioners of Colfax County have agreed to experiment with this fuel, if they can get it unshelled at \$8 a ton, and they have been assured that they can get any quantity at that price. They will test its heating capacity as compared with \$12 coal. If it proves to be economical it will be used to heat the court house and the County's sixty-two schools.

Corn cobs are the customary fuel in farm cook stoves all over Nebraska but, the corn itself has not been burned since the low prices of forty years ago made it more advantageous. With an unusually large crop in prospect this fall, a still further drop in prices is feared. Old conditions will be duplicated.

the cost of coal in interior Nebraska being high due to the long haul and heavy freight rates.

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DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND IN THE PROBATE COURT

IN RE Estate of Sarah Atken late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province deceased testate BY THE HONORABLE Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

GREETING

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of William Reginald Atken of Charlottetown, Queen's County aforesaid, Merchant, the Executor of the above named Estate praying that a citation be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth;

You are therefore hereby required to do all persons interested in 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 Wednesday the twenty-fifth day of January next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same 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 W. E. Dentler, Esq., Doctor for said Petitioner, and I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once 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 Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Royal Bank of Canada and at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia both in Charlottetown aforesaid. And I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province 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 20th day of December A. D. 1932 and in the 23rd year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER, Judge of Probate.

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