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The Bankruptcy Act

In the matter of the Estate of George L. Prowse of Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Authorized Assignor.

TENDERS

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to 8 p. m. on Thursday the twentieth day of December, A. D. 1923, at the Victoria Hotel, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, for the purchase of the stock of merchandise and store fixtures of the above named authorized assignor.

A complete detailed inventory of the stock of merchandise and store fixtures may be examined at

AUCTION SALE

25 PURE BRED YORKSHIRE SOWS 25

THE AGRICULTURAL HALL CHARLOTTETOWN

ON FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21st, 1923 AT ONE O'CLOCK, P. M., SHARP

THE SOWS are the product of Falconwood Farm and several private breeders and are six months old and over. They all carry full registration papers and are of the approved Yorkshire bacon type.

THE OBJECT of the sale is to assist in promoting the proper type of breeding hogs throughout Prince Edward Island by distributing high class breeding sows that will carry new blood in themselves and in spring litters to as many districts as possible.

THE SALE by auction has been approved as the best means of distribution by which the sows can be sold to breeders at their own prices. It is conducted under the auspices of the Provincial Dept. of Agriculture and the Swine Growers' Association.

BLACK OXEN by GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Published by arrangement with Associated First National Pictures, Inc. Watch for the screen version produced by Frank Lloyd with Corinne Griffith as Countess Zattiany.

"Ha! With twenty-three grandchildren, I may be a fool but I'm not a damn fool, as James used to say. What good would it do me to look forty? I had some looks left at that age but with no use for them as women go. I'd have less now. But Mary was always lucky—daughter of the gods. It's just like her damned luck to have that white eye still young enough to sport by it, besides being as neat as a pin as Mary Ogden. Now, God knows what devilment she'll be up to. What she wants she'll have and the devil take the consequences." She patted his hand. "Go and sit down, Lee. I've a good deal more to say."

Clavering returned to his seat with no sense of the old chair's comfort, and she went on in a moment.

"The unfairness of it as I looked at that old witch in the glass that had reflected my magnificent youth, seemed to me unaccountable. I had lived a virtuous and upright life. I knew damned well she hadn't. I had done my duty by the race and my own and my husband's people, and I had brought up my sons to be honorable and self-respecting men, whatever their failings, and my daughters in the best traditions of American womanhood. They are model wives and mothers, and they have made no weak-kneed concessions to these degenerate times. They bore me but I'd rather they did than disgrace me. Mary never even had one child, although her husband must have wanted an heir. I have lived a life of duty—duty to my family traditions, my husband, my children, my country, and to Society; she one of self-indulgence and pleasure and excitement, although I'm not belittling the work she did during the war. But noblesse oblige. What else could she do? And now she'll be at it again. She'll have the pick of our young men—I don't know whether it's all tragic or grotesque. She'll waste no time on those men who loved her in her youth—small blame to her. Who wants to coddle old men? They've all got something the matter with 'em."

But she'll have love—love—if not here—and thank God, she's not remaining long—then elsewhere and wherever she chooses. Love! I too once took a fierce delight in making men love me. It seems a thousand years ago. What if I should try to make a man fall in love with me today? I'd be rushed off by my terrified family to a padded cell."

"Well—Jane—"

"Don't well Jane me! You'd jump out of the window if I suddenly began to make eyes at you. I could rely on your manners. You wouldn't laugh until you struck the grass and then you'd be arrested for disturbing the peace. Well—don't worry. I'm not an old ass. But I'm a terribly bewildered old woman. It seems to me there has been a crashing in the air ever since she sat in that chair. Growing old always seemed to me a natural process that no arts or dodges could interrupt, and any attempt to arrest the processes of



"I'd give my immortal soul to be thirty again—or look it."

with being as good a wife as ever lived—although James was a pompous bore if there ever was one—bringing eight children into the world and not making a failure of one of them, never neglecting my charities or my social duties or my establishments. As I have grown older I have often reflected upon a life well spent and looked forward to dying when my time came with no qualms whatever, particularly as there was precious little left for me to do except give parties for my grandchildren and blow them up occasionally. I never labored under the delusion that I had an angelic disposition or a perfect character, but I had always had, and maintained, certain standards; and, according to my lights, it seemed to me that when I arrived at the foot of the throne the Lord would say to me, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." The only thing I ever regretted was that I wasn't a man."

(To be Continued.)

O. O. H. & P. Kirvan Sanctorium No. 211. Regular Meeting. Election of Officers.

The Middle Ground

By Marion Rubinow.

THREATS

Chapter 56

"I hope you would leave me if you ever grew tired of me," Jane answered. "Only I can't bear the idea of you growing tired of me. That's why I said just now I wouldn't marry you."

This was a curious sort of love-making! Mrs. Talbot watched these two with utter lack of comprehension. First of all, it seemed so odd that she, Amy Talbot, should sit in a room and hear this conversation going on between her daughter and this man. She had to stay, for when in confusion she rose to go, Donald held her back.

How strange young people were nowadays! The love-making of Amy's courtship period was always carried on in some quiet moonlit spot or sitting cozily before a winter fire—there never was an audience! Moreover, the girl hesitated and blushed. Mrs. Talbot was sure she had blushed when Jordan proposed to her. And the man was anxious, diffident, a little awkward in asking the important question.

This man was threatening to leave Jane if he grew tired of her, before they were even engaged! And they would not let the mother go away, where she could settle down to think over the strange ways of the new generation!

But this was not all—"There's such a thing as taking a chance," Donald went on to say, a little humorous gleam coming into his eyes. "I don't think I would grow tired of you, Jane. You're different from other women. You might tire of me."

"Of you!" Jane's incredulous laugh and glowing eyes as she faced Donald said all the words she left unspoken. "This was better, thought Mrs. Talbot—there was more as a love affair should go. "It would be all right for a year, or for the time you were in the mining camp," Jane said after a pause. You probably would be glad to have me then, because there would be so few intelligent people to talk to. But afterward—"

"We would come back, and be poor, and have all the struggle you began this winter to go through again—worse, because I would be making my career too. You say you don't think you'll like the life there, it would be rather a bore, hundreds of miles from civilization, so even if the mines did pay, you wouldn't stay more than a few years."

Eyes wide and serious, Jane was trying to look into the future and see what it might hold for both of them. "Meantime, we would be comfortably off in the camp. And we would be tempted to have children. We've always agreed there's no use for two intelligent people to be married if they don't have children. Then coming back and being frightfully poor would be impossible and—you would grow to hate me and the child too!"

To Be Continued

"YOUR HUSBAND is an inventor, I believe."

"Oh, yes! Some of his excuses for stopping out late at night are in use all over the world!"



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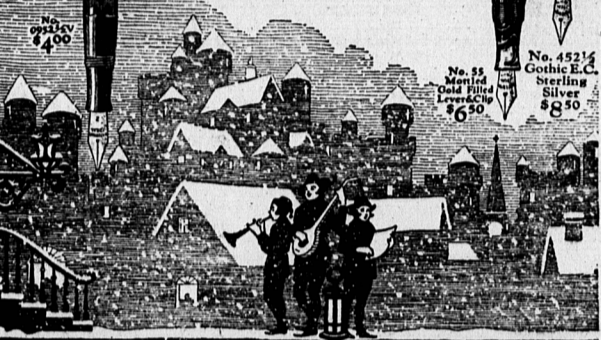
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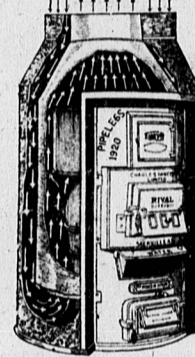
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