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48 Road	8:50 A.M.	Webster's Corner	4:30 P.M.
Baldwin's Road	9:05 A.M.	Fort Augustus	4:40 P.M.
St. Theresa's	9:20 A.M.	Plaquid	4:50 P.M.
Peakes	9:35 A.M.	St. Theresa's	5:00 P.M.
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DECEPTIVE
He was telling his aunt why the motorist at the crossroads was being questioned by the policeman. "That fellow has been jumping the traffic lights he said. "Extraordinary," she remarked. "He doesn't look a bit like an athlete."

IMPORTANT
We wish to announce to those that did not get our posters that we are ready to buy, different kinds of furniture such as kitchen stoves, all kinds of small stoves, kitchen, dining room and bedroom furniture. We pay spot cash for everything we buy.

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L-9746-5-28-30-6-6

Mortgage Sale
There will be sold by public auction in front of the Law Courts in Charlottetown in Queen's County in the Province of Prince Edward Island, on Friday the 5th, day of June A. D. 1936 at the hour of twelve o'clock noon. ALL that tract, piece, parcel of land situate lying and being at Hopeville Township Number twenty-four in Queen's County, Province of Prince Edward Island bounded and described as follows, that is to say: COMMENCING on the West side of the Hopeville Road in the south boundary of land formerly owned by John D. McLeod, thence South along the Hopeville Road to the north boundary of a plot of land containing thirty-seven and one half acres in the occupation of John E. McLeod, thence westerly along the said John E. McLeod north boundary for a distance of eighty chains or until it meets land now or formerly of Archibald McQueen, thence along the said Archibald McQueen's southern boundary and the southern boundary of the said land formerly owned by John D. McLeod to the Hopeville Road northward at the place of commencement containing thirty-seven and one half acres of land more or less. The above sale is made under and by virtue of and pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 3rd day of December, A. D. 1925, and made between D. Gordon McLeod of Toronto in the Province of Ontario, formerly of Hopeville in Prince Edward Island, and Janie McLeod his wife, of the first part, and Gilbert Gaudet and Alexander Bannerman Warburton of Charlottetown in Prince Edward Island, Trustee of the estate of George W. Hodgson, of the second part, and because the said Indenture having been made in the payment of the principal money and interest thereon secured.
For further particulars apply at the office of the Eastern Trust Company, or to Bell & Mathieson, Solicitors, Charlottetown.
Dated this 11th day of May, A. D. 1936.
Estate of GEORGE WRIGHT HODGSON Mortgage.
L-4761-5-14-21-28

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FAITHFUL
By MARGARET GORMAN NICHOLS

Joel said, "Did you see in the papers about the Christian crack-up?" Iris did not have to guess his mood today. "You know now I was right about him, don't you? He had Camilla Winters with him. People like that, who think they own the road because they drive high-powered cars, deserve what they get."

"What is he saying to you?" Louis cried angrily. "I read about it," said Iris. "I guess that's that. What about dinner tonight and a show?" She thought, "And let you gloat over Mark's accident—sorry that he wasn't killed? Let you be commanding and possessive toward me?" "I'm sorry, but not tonight. I'm very tired, Joel. We've been busy here at the office and I've been under considerable strain. I just want to sleep."

"Well, you know if you won't go out with me there are plenty of girls who will. You play around—why shouldn't I?" "That's your privilege." Louis heard the abrupt click of the receiver. "Is there no limit to your patience, Iris? That's a poor demonstration of love."

"It doesn't matter. I don't matter. Louis. But Mark must not sacrifice himself. I made this decision with Joel myself. I wasn't forced. She looked up and smiled. "Mark loves me. There is something wonderful, knowing it. It makes me happy just to know that."

"But my dear, love unfulfilled is a beautiful flower that never bloomed." During the following days Selma gave Iris the soliloquy she desired. There were few new reproaches left in Mrs. Wade. What she thought or might have said were merely reiterations of what she had already said. She knew that Iris was tense and troubled, that she walked about the house late at night because she could not sleep, that she ate scarcely anything. "Though she said nothing, the rebuke was in her eyes: 'I told you so, I told you so. You have brought this upon yourself.'"

The days were short and filled with work; the nights were endless stretches of loneliness, thinking of Mark's brown face against the white hospital pillow and Camilla in the same building, content with the price she had to pay for him. The scene in his room Iris lived again and again. "In the future that will be all I shall have, the memory of that day."

Mark's note, badly written with a clumsy left hand, read: "Iris, my dearest, I do not know the meaning you attached to the flowers you sent. To me they meant steadfastness and honesty. That's why I say you can put China between you and me and I'll still love you and want you."

"Love you and want you." And in the year to come—when both were married to pity and duty—would those words be any consolation? "A beautiful flower that never bloomed," Louis had said. It was true, painfully true. Could a frantic hour stimulate them for a lifetime? Mark, I am not thinking of myself. I don't care about myself. I wasn't tricked. I was blind and young. But you are being tricked."

CHAPTER 14
Joan Ralston, Camilla's sister, took her eyes from a critical survey of the drab room and set them upon the girl descending the steps, a tall graceful girl with dark eyes that had a new sadness in them. So this was Iris Wade, she thought, of whom society had heard through various channels of gossip. This was the pretty secretary who had Mark in pursuit and with whom, it was reported, Louis Tracy was in love. It was not difficult to imagine that many men might love this combination of gentleness and grace and beauty. But Mark Christian had actually come here—when the doors of every drawing-room in the Valley were open to him. Either Mark had degenerated or else Iris Wade was an enchantress.

"Mrs. Ralston. I'm Iris Wade. Won't you sit down?" "Thank you. Do you mind if I smoke?" "No. Please do."

Thoughtfully Joan tapped the cigaret against the end table. I'm Camilla's sister," she said evenly. "I think that more or less explains why I'm here."

"It is almost sufficient," said Iris. Iris was seeing before her a woman of great beauty. Her husband had married a man supposedly wealthy only to discover that he had lost his money at a time when many fortunes were swept away. To no one had the socially prominent Ralstons

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Kellogg's Corn Flakes

ing could shake your confidence in him?" Iris smiled. "Now what are you going to tell me?" "Nothing. I can't tell you." "Why?" "I—I haven't the heart." Iris' eyes were a challenge. "You haven't minded telling me that I'm a nobody and that people of your class wouldn't recognize me. She lifted her head proudly. "What is it you haven't the heart to tell me?" "I had saved it for the final thrust. In this battle of words, you've won, Iris. A woman fighting for the security of her sister can't compete with a woman fighting for the man she loves. I respect you and admire you for it. I do—really. But there is something else—and it's true. I wouldn't be lying to you. It is absolutely true." "And you refuse?" "Camilla will have to tell you herself." "But I won't listen to it," Iris said stubbornly. "You can't escape it, my dear. If you won't go to her, she'll come to you. She's determined that you shall know." Iris was smiling. "Know what?" "That Mark has never had any serious intentions toward you." She got up and held out her hand. "I'm sorry I had to be the one to come. Perhaps some day I'll tell you why I was selected or rather—volunteered. Good-bye."

"I've never learned to be cruel," said Iris. "I could never take away from anyone a precious memory. That is what Camilla wants to do to me." Iris walked to the porch with her and saw her get into a car driven by another woman. In the light of the street lamp she saw that the other woman was Annette Tracy. Annette asked, "Well, what happened? Pireworks?" Joan looked ahead. "A lot happened. Iris Wade is worth any man's fighting for. I hope my daughter is half the woman she is. Are you shocked? I couldn't tell her the message Camilla sent. I should have cried and apologized for delivering it. She makes us both look small, very, very small, Annette, with our plots and our schemes." (To Be Continued.)

CARLETON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE
The Carleton's Women's Institute held their meeting Thursday evening May 21 at the home of Mrs. (Dr.) A. M. Bell, with an attendance of ten members and three visitors. The meeting opened with the Institute Ode followed by the

Creed in unison. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Letters of thanks were received from Mr. Elmer Roberts, for spray sent at his brother's death, and Mr. Herman Myers for fruit received during his illness. The committees then gave their reports and the following new ones were appointed: Sick—Mrs. Harry Muttart, Mrs. W. E. Bell; School—Areta Muttart, Doris Gillespie; Program—Mrs. Stan. Linkletter, Mrs. Nate Bell; Lunch—Mrs. Stewart McKeen, Mrs. (Dr.) A. M. Bell and Dorothy MacDonald. A letter from the Red Cross Society asking for funds, was read and discussed, and it was decided to contribute to this work.

YOUTH SUES SCHOOL BOARD
SASKATOON, May 27. (CP) As a result of a rugby accident at the Nutana Collegiate industrial grounds here last September, David Lloyd Walsh, junior player, has entered suit against the school high school board for general and special damages amounting to a most \$800, caused by a broken ankle and other injuries sustained during the game.

How You May Get Rid of Those Painful Boils
When boils start to break out it is evidence the blood is clogged up with purities and requires to be thoroughly purified by a good blood medicine. We believe there is no better cleansing medicine than Burdock Blood Bitters. It helps to remove the foul matter from the blood, and once the blood is purified the boils disappear and your skin is at an end. Try it!

By Bob Moore and John Hales

SORDON FIFE, Soldier of Fortune

Now...THOU SEVEN-FOLD SON OF A LIZZARD... LEAD US TO MY MASTER... QUICKLY... LEST I FORGET AND SNAP THY WORTHLESS BONES.
AI... LOOSE ME... YOU BREAK MY ARM... COME, I WILL SHOW YOU.
MASTER! SAHIB, WHAT HAVE THE DOGS DARED TO DO... BY ALLAH, I WILL TEAR APART THIS STY WITH MY TWO HANDS.
I'M ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN... GOT A LITTLE CARELESS... THEY SLIPPED ME THE OLD HASHEESH TRICK.
BE MUCH BETTER IN A MINUTE... THIS WILL CLEAR MY HEAD... NOT DOPED THIS TIME... WELL, IF IT ISN'T OLD SAG-OF-BONES! HE'S COME BACK JUST IN TIME TO JOIN THE PARTY.
COME IN, SIDI-BEN-ADAM... WE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU.

