

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

— GOOD 40 years ago
GOOD today

Mortgage Sale

333 ACRES OF LAND AT TRYON, LOT 28, PRINCE COUNTY

There will be sold at public auction in the Hall of the Court House in Summerside, Prince County, on Monday the 29th day of June, A.D. 1936, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, all and singular that tract piece or parcel of land situate lying and being at Lot 28, Tryon, in Prince County, in Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing at a point on the east side of Tryon River, and in the north boundary of land formerly in possession of George Story now in possession of William Lea; thence east along William Lea's land one hundred and five chains and thirty-nine and one-third links or to land in possession of John B. Lea; thence north along John B. Lea's western boundary line twelve chains and fifty-nine links or to land formerly in possession of Jabez Hudson and now in possession of Charles Pooley; thence west along the southern boundary line

of land formerly in possession of Jabez Hudson to the shore of Tryon River aforesaid; and thence south and following the various windings of said river to the place of commencement, containing one hundred and thirty-three acres of land, a little more or less.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the fifth day of July, A.D. 1930, and made between Wendall H. Lea of Tryon, Lot 28, in Prince County, Prince Edward Island, farmer, and Alma D. Lea his wife, of the one part, and Janie Sturdy of Tryon Branch Road, Lot 28, in Prince County, in said Island, widow, of the other part, and because default having been made in payment of the principal money and interest secured thereby.

For further particulars apply to Janie Sturdy, Victoria, R.R. P. E. Island, or to Heath Strong, Solicitor, &c. Water Street, Summerside, P. E. I.

Dated this twenty-seventh day of May, A.D. 1936.

JANIE STURDY, Mortgagee.
L-5825

Market Your Wool Co-operatively Through THE CANADIAN CO-OPERATIVE WOOL GROWERS, LTD.

Wednesday and Thursday, June 17th and 18th will be the Big Wool Days in Prince Edward Island

The Sheep Breeders' Association is asking farmers to ship their wool collectively on these two days to the Wool Station, Charlottetown. Arrangements have been made in different districts with Secretaries of Shipping Clubs, and others, to take charge of collective shipments. Farmers who are not able to combine lots may ship individually.

If arrangements cannot be made for shipment on above dates, subsequent shipments will be received until early in July.

Tie all fleeces separately with PAPER TWINE or WOOLEN STRING. Do NOT use binder twine. Order TWINE and SHIPPING TICKETS from the Sheep Breeders' Association, Charlottetown.

Wool should NOT be washed. Washing lowers its value. Ship freight collect, and use old bags or useless rugs.

Write your name and address plainly on the shipping tickets. Put one ticket inside the sack and the other on the outside, for fear the outer one may be torn off and then the lot cannot be identified. On this ticket also give the number of bundles you are shipping.

Address all bundles to THE SHEEP BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION, CHARLOTTETOWN.

REMEMBER: JUNE 17th and 18th will be the Big Wool Days in this Province. We are trying to get the bulk of wool moved from local points on these dates. Co-operate with us! Get your wool in readiness! Get in touch with your neighbors and the secretary of your local organization, and make one of these days the Big Wool Shipping Day in your district. You will find the Co-operative method of marketing the most profitable, and satisfactory.

For further information apply to—
W. R. SHAW
Secretary
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND SHEEP BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION
L-5108-5-30-51-61.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the 1st District of Queens County Liberal Association is to be held in Breadalbane on Monday, June 15th at 8 P. M. for the purpose of electing District Officers and transacting any other business which may come before the meeting. Each poll is entitled to send five delegates. All Liberal voters of the District are requested to be present.

FRED MacDONALD, President.
J. VERNER MOORE, Secretary.

L4829-6-10-21

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE

That well-known property of P. Mullins, No. 99 Pownall St., consisting of large house with store. House contains 15 rooms, including bath room, steam heated; large yard; stable to accommodate 15 horses. Central location for store, hotel, rooming house and stabling. Property in good repair.

If not sold by June 19th will be sold by public auction at 2 p.m. on that date.

For particulars apply on the premises or to
J. P. BRADLEY & CO., Auctioneers.
L-5296

Georgetown-Charlottetown Bus Service STARTING MONDAY, APRIL 27th. or as soon after as possible.

Leave Georgetown	8:15 A.M.	Leave Charlottetown	4:00 P.M.
Cardigan	8:35 A.M.	Johnston's River	4:20 P.M.
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.	Pisiquid	4:50 P.M.
Peakes	9:35 A.M.	Peakes	5:00 P.M.
Pisiquid	9:50 A.M.	St. Theresa's	5:10 P.M.
Fort Augustus	10:05 A.M.	Baldwin's Road	5:20 P.M.
Webster's Corner	10:20 A.M.	48 Road	5:30 P.M.
Johnston's River	10:35 A.M.	Cardigan	5:40 P.M.
Arrive Charlottetown	10:50 A.M.	Georgetown	5:50 P.M.

Headquarters at Charlottetown
Nobana Tea Rooms.

BUICK 7 PASSENGER CAR
Headquarters at Georgetown
F. J. Solomon

Parcels carried at minimum charge of 25c.

ALLISON HEUSTIS Charlottetown P. E. Island

FAITHFUL

By Margaret Gorman Nichols

CHAPTER 26

There was a letter from Louis Tracy the next morning. "I can tell by your letters you're having a great time," he wrote. "You merely said that Mark was trying to kid me again? You know perfectly well he's there. Good friends, I suppose, good pals. What deceit, Iris!

"What am I doing? I'm being divorced and I suppose Annette will marry young Jansson. It was a shock at first but it is the sensible thing to do. I saw Camilla in a new limousine yesterday so I guess her troubles are over with her marriage to the old bank president.

"My new secretary? Is she fifty and homely, you asked. To keep me out of further complications? She is not. She's young and attractive and her name is Anita Rogers. She's a better secretary than assistant and the patients like her because she has a soothing smile like yours."

Letters from home were from a world of strife and conflict. Soon she must go back to that world of strife and conflict—for better or for worse.

The last day at Eaton Forest, Iris tried to enjoy to the fullest extent. In brown linen slacks she joined with the breakfast table in the dining room.

Elsie Henshaw, feeding small Tuck, cried out, "The place will be dead when you and Mark leave, Iris."

"Don't remind me of it," said Iris. "I'll take good care of Mark's car," said Iris. "I'll be falling to pieces and Mark was leaving his car for them to drive back home to Washington. "It'll be like old times driving a real car again. We'll have quite a caravan with the three youngsters and Major. The children are all crazy about that dog pal of Mark's."

Iris played tennis with Mark that morning and swam with him. At noon that day the Henshaws and her other friends looked for her, but Iris did not come in for lunch. Mark sat alone at the table.

With her hands dug deeply into her brown slacks, she was standing on the platform at Bluff House, looking at the waterfalls. The bite of early autumn was in the air. Pine needles made the ground a green bed around her.

Good-bye to all this. . . . Once, many months ago, she had prayed to be faithful to the old love. Now in this place where there was no sound except the echo of birds in the pines below she prayed again. "I want to be a good wife. I want to be true and loyal. Thank You, Thank You for this, Mark called it. I'm going back to marry Joel when my heart is full of Mark."

Back at the lodge she put on clothes for traveling. Going out, she locked the door and looked around for the last time.

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Beat the HEAT



Here's a hot-weather lunch as cooling as a sea-breeze. A big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes—crisp and tempting. Plenty of cool milk or cream and fruit. Even on hot, muggy days, Kellogg's are oven-fresh. At all grocers. Served in restaurants, hotels, dining-cars everywhere.

Nothing takes the place of Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

marriage in three weeks or so. She felt strong hands on her shoulders. She did not turn around. Mark was there, his hands giving her courage. They stood there, waiting and slowly became a narrow straight line, like a thread, in the distance.

"I guess Mary is in China now," said Iris, frowning as the wind cut across the deck.

Mark puffed on his pipe. "Mary acquired a husband and you a shadow."

"A shadow?" "Oh, a nondescript young man with a nose that's too sunburned and slightly peeling, and an uncontrollable cough."

Iris grinned. "A very callow youth."

"You might smile at him and let him treasure that."

It was typical of their conversations, just banter back and forth. Yet in her cabin she lay face downward and hated herself for treating him as if he were a casual acquaintance. It was a cruel trick of Louis and Mary to bring them together again—a trick with the best intentions.

But what would happen if they gave way to the truth? A torrent of words and kisses that would be hunted in the bay with Mark's kisses on her mouth. . . .

They said good night at the door of her cabin—a mere touching of hands that was electric—and Iris lay on the bed and tried to turn her mind to restful wedding invitations. Where would they live? A small downtown apartment, probably. It would be closer to the bank and they had no car. If Joel's extra work ceased, it would mean her getting a job.

Mark said, "I don't want to put you in an embarrassing position, Iris. If Joel knew we had come back together, he'd naturally think the worst. When we dock, I won't see you home."

Because of fog the boat anchored in the bay an extra night and the passengers took the delayed landing as a time to celebrate a trip kindly over.

The fog was almost impenetrable. The melancholy music drifting down the sound of the whistles from inside.

Iris was a lone still figure, her white coat covering the white evening dress, standing on deck. Journey's end, she thought. It is over and I don't have Mary to go to any more. In those dim lights beyond, the city will smile up at Joel's wife. He'll always lean on me and I shall have no one to lean on. . . .

She had stayed away from Mark all day but when she saw a man approaching out of the fog, she knew it was he. Iris thought, "Mark, this is the first time in months she looked at him with everything she thought, and felt clear and honest in her eyes."

"Mark. . . . " "Don't tell me you're sorry, Iris. I hate apologies of that sort. I've heard of people dying for an ideal but I've never seen blind sacrifice to a promise. I didn't intend to see you again! I don't want to see you again. Do you think that's being unnecessarily brutal? You see, I'm

trying to be a good loser." "If you were a poor loser," she said, "you'd kiss me and tell me things to break my heart—things you know I want to hear. Your severity is only a defense." "This is our second and final good-bye, Iris. No, I won't tell you things to break your heart, things you want to hear. I don't want to hear crying from you. I'll remember, I remember enough. But I will kiss you good-bye. . . .

There were many anxious faces waiting for the passengers. Was Joel waiting for her, Iris wondered. What would he say to him? He would probably complain because the boat had been delayed. Mark. . . . Don't think of Mark. . . .

But it was Louis who was waiting. Iris! You look marvelous. Have you had any breakfast?" "I wasn't hungry."

"Then you are coming to breakfast with me at once."

Over a table in the restaurant Iris said, "You look ten years younger."

"And you look ten years older in wisdom. Do you want your old job back?"

She folded her hands and smiled at him. "I could read between the lines of your letter. Anita Rogers has had something to do with your looking ten years younger. Tell me, Louis."

"You're coming to rather premature conclusions, my dear. She is a fine girl. She hasn't had an easy life. A country girl, the daughter of a country doctor. That has made her complacent and sweet natured. It would be hard to let her go now, Iris. But if you want your job back. . . .

"I'm going to be married, you know."

"I saw Mark when he came off the boat. Do you hate me for what I did? It was my gesture to make up to you for Annette's cruelty to you. I thought. . . .

"Louis, I couldn't fall into Mark's arms, wearing Joel's ring. I couldn't take advantage of our being together. It wouldn't have been fair."

(To Be Continued.)



DELIGHTFUL SPOT FOR A VACATION

BY THE SEA

Low Summer Fares

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Only the best is good enough for those Daddy loves. That is why so many motorists are changing to Dunlop. . . . They know that Dunlop Cabload Tires are dependable and always keep them "Within the Circle of Security."

No greater name than Dunlop ever built a tire. In every corner of the world it stands for leadership in tire construction. . . . durability, safety and long life.

DUNLOP
"THE WORLD'S FINEST"

F. R. McLAINE, Charlottetown

NOTICE

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the P.E.I. Protestant Orphanage will be held in St. Paul's Parish Hall, Prince St., Charlottetown, P. E. I. on Friday evening June 19th, 1936 at 8 o'clock P. M.

A number of trustees are to be appointed to the board and all contributors present will have a vote; complete printed financial reports will be distributed and the work of the institution freely discussed.

This meeting is wide open to the public and all are cordially invited to attend; the Clergy are asked to make this announcement on the Sunday previous.

IRA M. BROWN, Sec'y.-Treas.
L-4812-6-9-11-13-16-18.

Radio Broadcast THURSDAY

Listen in to C. F. C. Y. at 6:30 tonight for the first of the finals of the Garden City Amateur Contest, which has been broadcast to you from this Station.

The second will be on Monday the 8th and the third on Thursday the 11th which will decide the lucky winner for the Pure Milk Co. Prizes.

L-5201-6-4-8-11.

Tenders

Will be received by the undersigned until June 15th, 1936, for the sale of the lake J. Bismark Craswell's car.

MRS. MARGARET M. CRASWELL, J. H. BUNTAIN, L-4795-6-9-11-13.

Black Percheron Stallion

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REG. NO. 15462

Will stand for season 1936 at Mont Annear's, Lower Montague.

JACK ANNEAR, In Charge.
L4849-6-11-13-16-18-20-23

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C. ST. CLAIR TRAINOR, B. A.
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Office: Over Provincial Bank, Richmond Street, Charlottetown.

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Barristers & Solicitors
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A. J. HASLAM, B. A., LL. B.
BARRISTERS, ETC.
Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
MONEY TO LOAN
Phone 85. P. O. Box 174.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE with Major Hoople

TUNE IN ON THIS BULLETIN FROM THE FRONT—GREETINGS, MAJORS—JUST RETURNED FROM A NIGHT OF CONFERENCES, CHAMPAGNE AND CAVIAR, WITH BIG POLITICAL BOSSES—X MARKS MY THREE ROOM SUITE CHEERIO, MAJOR!

IF THAT SPOT IS HIS BUNK, I'LL BET THERE'S A LEDGE THERE!

HIS SUITE IS A PADDY CHAIR IN THE LOBBY, WHERE HE FILLED HIS FOUNTAIN PEN AT THE DESK, AND PUT THE BEE ON THEM FOR THIS STAMPED PICTURES CARD!

JUST TO MAKE THEM FEEL BAD!

OUT OUR WAY

YES, I'M GONNA HAVE COMPANY—AND HE'S GOING TO BE MY COMPANY, NOT YOURS! ANY OF YOUR SMART CRACKS AND YOU'LL GET SOME SMART CRACKS FROM ME—AND I'LL MAKE YOU SMART! AW—NOW, LISEN—IF HE BRINGS A BOX OF CANDY, LIKE HE USUALLY DOES, I'LL GIVE YOU SEVERAL PIECES—HONEST! GO ON UP TO YOUR ROOM AND READ—WILL YOU PLEASE!

SURE, I'M GOING TO MY ROOM—WHY SHOULD I WANNA SEE YOUR COMPANY? COURSE, IF I HAFTA COME DOWN FOR A GLASS OF WATER, AND HE SEES ME, AND SPEAKS TO ME, AND SAYS HELLO, I'M GONNA SPEAK TO HIM, AN'T I? SURE I AM!