

**"I LOVE YOU SO, JANE"**

**I WANT TO STAY LOVELY FOR BILL'S SAKE. THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS REMOVE STALE MAKE-UP THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP. NO COSMETIC SKIN FOR ME!**

**FAITHFUL**  
By MARGARET GORMAN NICHOLS

When she was gone, he said, "Next to telling a girl once that she couldn't live, this is the hardest thing I've had to do. For months Annette has been determined that you should go. My home life has been . . . well, you know what it's been. She says that either you go or she goes. The whole thing is preposterous. She resents my liking anything except my work."

"Please don't worry about it, Louis. It's been too fine a relationship. . . too splendid a friendship. . . But she could not look at him. "I don't want to make your home life more unpleasant. If I go, perhaps she'll . . ."

"I'll get you a job. I promise you—a good job."

"Louis, will you think I'm impudent if I ask to see Mrs. Tracy alone for a few minutes?"

"If you can get the last word on the last laugh, I congratulate you. I'll get into the hall for a smoke."

Without Louis, Annette was less confident. Secretary and wife faced each other—Iris, lovely in her white uniform, her face slightly flushed; Annette dressed exquisitely in afternoon clothes, the diamonds on her fingers made more brilliant by the sunburn.

Iris said, "You're not jealous of Louis and me. You're in love with some one else. But you know I wouldn't hurt him by telling him that you're—unfaithful. You want to get that. Then why do you want him to discharge me?"

"Because I want Camilla to have this job," said Annette.

**CHAPTER 19**

"Camilla?" Iris said slowly. "She needs the job," Annette answered. "She's got to support herself. Mark paid for her operation. It was very successful. Now she needs a job."

Iris thought, "I need my job, too. I wanted a nice tressou, things for our apartment. . . I need every cent of my salary."

But those things, however important they were for the future, seemed less important than leaving the cheerful office, her desk, and the spotless white room where Louis worked. This had been a far pleasanter place than home had been. This had been a job; it had been an inspiration to see the miracle of Louis's work and the sound gentle philosophy he gave to his patients.

Saying nothing to Annette, she got up and went to the dressing room. How terribly silly of her to think of this room as being peculiarly hers! Taking off the white uniform and the white slippers, she put on her street clothes. When she glanced in the mirror, her eyes were strange. She put her uniform and the white slippers in the old school bag she always used to carry clean uniforms to and from home in, and stepped in to the "white room."

It was difficult to recall the things that had happened in this room. Suffering, yes. Pain and tears and physical anguish. But there had been joy in knowing in her work had something to give—her steady hands, her smile, saying often, "It'll be only a minute. Bear it."

She was jerked back to the reality that after today she would probably never see this room again when Louis came in. He looked wretched.

"I sent Annette home," he said. "Iris, you've been more than an assistant and secretary. You've been a friend and a splendid helper. I feel like a cad to do this."

"But your home has got to be preserved first."

"I wonder if this will make any difference. I'm clinging to the wreckage of my marriage. This is my last effort. I pretend not to see certain things I see very clearly."

He said, "Wait—just a minute," and he went to his desk, wrote a check, and handed it to her. "Don't look for a job for a month. By that time I'll have one for you. Don't worry about anything."

"Don't you," she smiled. "I'm going to miss you."

"And I'll lose half my patients when you aren't here to hold their hands under severe treatment."

Apparently she thought, he didn't know that Camilla was going to take her place. There was no point in telling him now.

He put his hand under her chin. "No tears. No good-byes. I'm going to make this up to you."

After she had gone, he stood a long time before a wide window and smoked innumerable cigarettes. Turning quickly, he went to his desk, looked through several letters, and read one—marked personal—slowly frowning as he read. Then he called Mary North.

"Before you bowl me out," he said, "let me say that it might be a lucky break for her."

"What in the world are you talking about, you enigma?" she asked, laughing.

"I must let Iris go."

"Got you fired her?"

"It was either Annette or Iris. Iris will tell you about it and give you a saner version. That's not why I called. I've got a letter from Mark here. Do you know where he is?"

"I have a strong suspicion he went to a certain colony in New Hampshire. I told him about. I went there after Julian's death."

"That's precisely where he is. I want you to take Iris to him, Mary. Don't tell her he's there. Suggest a boat trip to Boston from there go on to New Hampshire. She can manage with the month's salary in advance I gave her."

Mary laughed again, delightedly. "What, that's a marvelous idea! Here I've been sizzling in the summer heat wondering where to go. Now you've turned matchmaker!"

"Perhaps between the two of us we can keep her from going through with this marriage to Joel. You'll have to be tactful," he warned.

Mary said, "Leave that to me. That's the most brilliant idea you've had, my dear, since you made up your mind to be a doctor."

Neither Mrs. Wade nor Tommy was home. Iris took off her hat and lay face downward across the bed.

At dinner she waited until dessert had been served before she said, "I have some bad news, Mother. I lost my job today."

"You lost your job?" Mrs. Wade said. "Tommy cries in unison. Then Mrs. Wade demanded, "Why? Haven't you been satisfactory? I thought you and Dr. Tracy were friends. Oh, I see. He heard about that—that money."

Iris smiled. "No. He knew about that. Mrs. Tracy wants Camilla. That's my news," said Tommy. "I've ever I've seen it. I thought Dr. Tracy . . ."

"It's not his fault," said Iris wearily. "Don't blame him."

"But what are we going to do?" Mrs. Wade cried helplessly. "So many bills to meet, and your getting married. I think it's mean and low to let you out at this time. You need every cent of your salary to get things you need. What is Joel going to say about this. He's very jealous of you, you know. He'll probably . . ."

"This is not a calamity," said Tommy. "Iris helped me out when I was working. I'll see her through."

"That's sweet of you," said Iris. "It will work out some way."

She was sitting on the porch when she saw Joel a tall athletic figure in a white linen suit, walking down the street. "What do girls think about when they see the man they're going to marry coming toward them? I know. They feel as I'd feel if that were Mark. I feel toward Joel as I feel toward Tommy. I love him, but it's a different kind of love . . ."

"Hello! All alone?" He bent down and kissed her. "You're lovely," he said. "You don't have to tell me. I stopped at the office for you and Dr. Tracy said he'd let you go. I didn't question him, he looked so low. What was the idea?"

"Mrs. Tracy has a friend she wants to have my job."

"Oh! Is that it? Well, we aren't going to sit around worrying about it. Let's go to a movie."

"Does it worry you, Joel?"

"I've got plenty of my own to think about."

"The responsibility of taking unto yourself a wife?" she asked, smiling.

"Not that. Let's get the papers and find a cheerful show."

It was after ten when they got back. Mrs. Wade came to the screen door and said, "Mary North has been trying to get you all evening. Iris. It must be important. She's calling again."

Joel said, "Don't talk to her all night."

"Iris," said Mary's excited voice, "don't stop me until I finish. Louis called me and told me the whole miserable story. That set my brain to working. I've been dying to get out of this hot city but I couldn't think of a place I wanted to go alone. Now you can go with me! Now wait. I know the loveliest place in the world. A colony in New Hampshire, quite exclusive, with exquisite mountain scenery, a mountain lake to swim in, and private cottages. Perfect outdoor life and the people who go there are charming. We'll take a boat to Boston and from there . . ."

"Let me get my breath, please. This is so sudden."

"I can't let you get your breath because you'll find a thousand excuses. This is just the thing you need—a fling before you settle down to married life. You'll forget about Camilla and Annette and all the other things that have made you unhappy. You'll come back radiant from the life up there. I won't take no for an answer." She laughed again. "I can't take no because I've already bought the tickets. I rushed down immediately and bought them. We're sailing in a week."

(To Be Continued.)

WHEN EYES BURN  
Get O  
MURINE EYES

**IN MEMORIAM**

**MRS. JAMES McQUAID**

The death occurred at Souris on 20th day of May of Mrs. James McQuaid, formerly Joanna Pierce, one of the oldest and best known residents of eastern King's County. She was born at East Point in 1844 and was the daughter of John Pierce and Mary Harris, both of whom were immigrants from Ireland and were pioneer residents of the prosperous farming settlement now known as Elmira. From the date of her marriage in 1868, until her death, Mrs. McQuaid was a resident of Souris, and during her long and busy life she took a very active interest in the affairs of St. Mary's Parish, and throughout the many years before age and ill-health prevented continued activity she was always among the foremost when there was work to be done for the Parish by the women of the congregation. Her husband predeceased her in 1911.

Four sons and two daughters mourn her passing. They are: John A. McQuaid, Charlottetown; John, Arthur F. McQuaid, Souris; George J. McQuaid, Saskatoon, and the Misses Margaret and Josephine at Souris. She is also survived by two brothers and one sister, viz: Thomas Pierce of Elmira; Frank Pierce, South Norwalk, Conn. and Mrs. Margaret Manning of Providence, Rhode Island.

Her funeral, which was largely attended, took place on Friday morning, May 22nd at St. Mary's Church, Souris, where a Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Harold Croken. Rev. Ronald J. MacDonald of St. Columba Parish, East Point, was in the Sanctuary.

The pall bearers were: Messrs. Frank Conroy, James Keays, John E. McDonald, Daniel McEsherra, Harry D. McLean and Patrick St. John.

May she rest in peace.

**JOHN DUGGAN**

The following is clipped from the Berlin Reporter, May 21, 1936. Another native of Prince Edward Island gone, a credit to the land he left and a highly respected citizen to his adopted land—John Duggan, for forty years a resident of Berlin and for many years night superintendent of the Burgess mill of the Brown Company, died suddenly last Friday, as he seated himself in a dentist's chair at Portland, Me.

He was 61 years old. He was born the son of Michael and Isabel Adams Duggan at Sea View, P. E. I., on Nov. 13, 1875. He was a member of St. Barnabas Episcopal Church.

He was a member of Sabatis Lodge No. 95, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons; Mt. Hayes Chapter No. 27 of No. Star Commandery, Lancaster; and Bektash Temple of the Mystic Shrine of Concord.

On December 24, 1900 he was married to Rose Davies at Berlin and one child, Marian, (Mrs. C. Edward Morton) was born to them. Mr. Duggan is survived by his wife and daughter and a grandchild, Mary Elizabeth Morton.

Three sisters also survive him, Mrs. Gordon McQuarrie, Summerside, P. E. I.; Mrs. Gerald Skinner, National, Wash.; and Mrs. Richard Simmons, Bueda, Wash.

Prayer service was conducted at his home on Willard Street before the funeral service at St. Barnabas Church at two o'clock on Monday afternoon. The Rev. L. W. Hodder was the officiating clergyman. Singing was by the regular choir.

Bearers included Robert McLean, James Gale, Arthur Brostus, William Mountain, Spurgeon Ellis and Fred Proutin. Burial took place in the City Cemetery.

Out of town people who attended the funeral included Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart of Concord; Miss Nora Adams of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Davies and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burke of Donnacona, P. Q.; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davies and Elwyn Davies of Sheldon Springs; Mr. Louise Powers, Alma and Howard Powers of Pittsburgh; Dewey Powers of Lancaster; Eleanor Powers of Plymouth; Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Maasblyl of Westbrook, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Morton of Concord; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nelson of North Woodstock.

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Baldwin's Road . . . . . 9:15 A.M.	Fort Augustus . . . . . 4:40 P.M.
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Fort Augustus . . . . . 10:15 A.M.	Baldwin's Road . . . . . 5:15 P.M.
Webster's Corner . . . . . 10:30 A.M.	48 Road . . . . . 5:20 P.M.
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Vice-principal's Department—1, Noel Regan; 2, Robert Morris; 3, Lloyd Howat.

Grade IX, Mr. McCallum's Department—1, Edward Dooley; 2, Hubert McCallum; 3, Henry O'Neill and Joseph Doucette.

Grade IX, Mr. Doucette's Department—1, Louis Dooley; 2, James Howatt; 3, Stephen Reddin.

Grade VIII, Mr. MacMillan's Department—1, John Outway; 2, John Conna, P. Q.; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davies and Elwyn Davies of Sheldon Springs; Mr. Louise Powers, Alma and Howard Powers of Pittsburgh; Dewey Powers of Lancaster; Eleanor Powers of Plymouth; Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Maasblyl of Westbrook, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Morton of Concord; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nelson of North Woodstock.

Grade VII, Miss Francis' Department—1, Philip Steele; 2, Elmer Shepherd; 3, James Morris.

Grade VI, Miss Francis' Department—1, James Kelly; 2, Francis LeClair; 3, Clark McAluay.

Grade VI, Miss Walsh's Department—1, Eddie Larier; 2, Louis Arsenault; 3, Angus MacDonald.

Grade V, Miss McAulley's Department—1, Carl McKenna and Elton McCallum; 2, Frank Kelly; 3, Maurice O'Neill.

Grade V, Miss Clarkin's Department—1, Don MacDonald; 2, Anthony Martin; 3, Maurice Goodwin.

Grade IV, Miss Vessey's Department—1, Harry Foulton; 2, Gregory Arsenault and Frank Strain; 3, Rolfe Hennessey.

Grade IV, Miss MacDonald's Department—1, Melvin Richard; 2, Louis Biso; 3, Edwin Steele.

Grade III, Miss Trainor's Department—1, Clarence Gallant; 2, Billy Hennessey; 3, Andre Wedge.

Grade III, Miss Walsh's Department—1, Lorne MacDonald; 2, Joseph Duncan; 3, Wing Wong.

Grade II, Miss Gallani's Department—1, Kenneth McAakill; 3, Frank Gormley; 3, Earl Robichaud.

Grade I, Miss Johnston's Department—1, Augustus Savidant; 2, Richard Prunty and Alfred Brown; 3, Billy Doyle.

Grade I, Miss Moran's Department—1, Thomas Flynn; 2, Elmer Douro; 3, Billie Reedy.

Grade I, Miss Duffy's Department—1, Ivan Dowling; 2, Reggie Whelan; 3, Philip Coyle and John Walker.

**CORNWALL-YORK POINT W. I.**

The May meeting of the Cornwall-York Point W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. L. H. Drake. Mrs. Waldo Bain presided and the meeting was opened by singing a chorale and reading the creed. In answer to roll call an Island bird was described. Nineteen members and several visitors were present.

After the business, which consisted of last arrangements for concert and presentation of a program on agriculture was given various papers (describing various flowers) read by Misses Alice Howard, Ellen Shaw and Lillian Scott. Questionnaire on Agriculture Mrs. W. R. Shaw.

Readings (a) Introduction Francis Bain's Book of Birds; (b) The Glory of the Garden (Kipling) Mrs. Gordon MacMillan. Address, Study Clubs, Mr. W. Shaw.

The subjects for the June meeting, which is to be at the home of Mrs. C. D. McLean, are: Canada Industries, Mrs. Peter Scott; Conventions and Canadianization and National Events, Mrs. Victor McPhail; Conventions. Roll call is to be answered by naming a Canadian export, by naming a place of production, the place to which it is sent, Mr. William White, Mrs. Hazen Howard and Mrs. L. H. Drake are in charge of the program.

—By Ad Cart