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Marrying Mark

By VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN

(continued)

He looked out over Valerie's head across the lawn and garden. His eyelids stung suddenly. He was almost horrified because the shock and upheaval of Ellen's going were even now wearing thin. He was beginning to realize what a stepchild could do to you.

Valerie stood beside him in a sort of inner ecstasy. She had no twinges of conscience. Only the feel of a cage thrown suddenly open. The first touch of spring, the nameless something in the air, the pale shadow of yellow forsythia etched faintly against the blue of the pool at the end of the lawn filled her almost to bursting after the bleakness of winter. Some inner sense she had never known as stirring in her. She tingled with it. A feeling of high adventure. Of course face to face with a stranger who turned out miraculously to be herself.

"Is mother—somewhere?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes," said Mark flatly. He realized that he had been expecting the question. That he was prepared to answer. "What they put away was no more Ellen than her sable coat. I mean, there wouldn't be any fun in creating just for the purpose of extinction, would there? I mean they haven't hurt Ellen's thought. She's taken it along with her, wherever she is. Really, she is her thought. I don't want to muddle you—"

"I see—just a little—" said Valerie. Mark wondered if he only imagined that the nervous tensing that always gripped her was giving way. "I feel much better about it. I only thought—it was such a sad time—to go away—just when everything is starting to bloom—if that was all there is to it."

"I'm quite sure it isn't. If it were things wouldn't make sense. Everything has to make sense. doesn't it?"

"Most times." She stood quietly beside him for a long time. When she looked up again, her face was like a child's. "There's another favor—sometimes, when you aren't too busy, do you suppose we could go to see the kennels?"

He could partly remember hearing Valerie ask for anything. He had thought of her during the five years he had been married to Ellen as a small shadow in a state of perpetual acquiescence. With the glitter of Ellen gone, he was beginning to see Valerie. Ellen had interpreted their thoughts for them, smothering the slightest happening in a flow of words. Extracting the last ounce of their reactions even to a sunset seen from the Wide Acres terrace, or to the perfume of a rose.

He was again horrified to find such thoughts in his mind. What kind of a man was he. With Ellen so lately gone? He was no sophomore, mooning over a problematical future. What did you expect of marriage? Or even of life, if it came to that?

Ellen had fascinated him at first by the very qualities that afterward proved disastrous: unearthly loveliness combined with an almost ludicrous efficiency, and a voracious capacity for absorbing people. With the spell of her beauty on him, he could forget her capabilities, or he could escape in work. And now she had suddenly and permanently left him. And already he was dwelling on her imperfections.

He looked up and saw Valerie sitting with patiently folded hands, and realized she had asked him a question and was waiting for him to answer.

"Sorry, darling," he said. "Just a wool-gathering fool. That's all. What was it? Something about the dogs? Next time stick a pin where it will do the most good. Or don't girls carry pins these days?"

"Anybody could tell you were thinking," she told him gravely. "It wasn't very important. Just could we go to the kennels if you aren't too busy. Collins says there are puppies—five—"

"You sound as if you approved of puppies."

"Oh!" said Valerie.

"If they're really nice Scotties, why don't you pin a tag on one?"

She stared at him incredulously. "You mean for me? You mean in the house?"

"Why not?"

"But—mother—"

It was time, he decided to settle something that might become an issue.

"Listen, my sweet," he said. "We both know how wonderful your mother was, how beautiful and how good. We don't have to go into that. But she and I were hardly married before I found out something I never knew before, and that is that a man's a man and a woman's a woman, and there isn't any overlooking it. And just because they're so different doesn't mean they can't both be right."

"Take the dog business. Ellen believed a dog's place was in a kennel. I believe a library fire just shouts for a dog to warm his back. Well, we didn't have a dog. After all, she was in the house more than I was. You and I happen to think a dog's place is in the home. So what? A dog by the library fire—and any other place you want him."

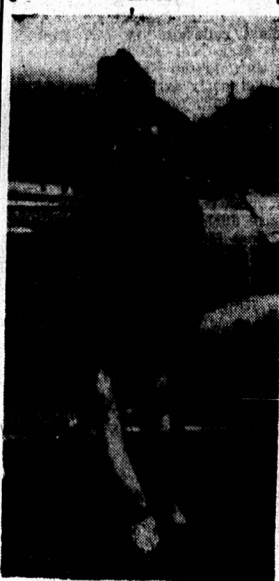
"Oh—" said Valerie again. It seemed all she could think of.

"The school stuff is another example. I can't bring you up like a mother because I happen to be a father. I want my daughter around where I can look at her. I've had very little experience in the parent business, and I may do a lot of things that aren't strictly regular. So I want to be prepared."

He exulted at the shining excitement of her face. But her voice was grim. "I understand, Father. But maybe you never knew I ought to have been a boy. You ought to do very well bringing me

Believe It or Not

By F. H. MacArthur



The wooden man pictured above is part of a tree which Alec MacIntyre, Lorne Valley, felled in his woods a little over one year ago.

Leaning against an automobile by the MacIntyre home, this unique object looks for all the world like a Highlander in his kilt.

The unique wooden man is about average size and weighs 150 pounds with his scotch bonnet, bathing suit and slippers.

The legs and feet are almost perfectly formed; and the head with the exception of a pair of artificial ears, is just as Mother Nature made it.

If Robert Ripley were alive he would now be heading for the Garden of the Gulf to add this curious work of nature to his New York Museum.

Besides the wooden wonder Mr. MacIntyre possesses his grandfather's snuff box which was made from a ram's horn by a scottish

up. Can I truly have a dog? It seems I must be imagining it."

"All five, if you want 'em." He would have promised her a hundred to keep the unaccustomed look of joy in her eyes.

To be continued

Co-ops Becoming Big Business

OTTAWA, July 24 — (CP) — Co-operatives are becoming big business in Canada.

The Agriculture Department reported today in an annual study that turnover of co-operative organizations last year climbed to a record \$1,000,000,000, up \$200,000,000 over 1948. Membership went up 60,000.

J. E. O'Meara, who supervises the study for the department's economics division, said those totals included 90 per cent of total co-operative dealings, though only 65 per cent of known co-operatives reported to the department.

In addition to the above mentioned items the MacKinnon possesses a miniature sailing vessel which has been in the family for four generations. It too came from the Land of the Heather, but its designer and builder could not be ascertained.

While we are on the subject of antiques and oddities it is worth noting that D. J. MacArthur, Cornwall, has a picture frame made entirely of one and one-quarter inch pieces of cigar boxes, dove tailed so that one piece fits into another without glue or nails and believe it or not the work was done by a blind man in Boston who whittled the thing out with his jackknife.

The antique smoothing iron, or whatever the gadget is, found in a village home some weeks ago, has aroused a good deal of curiosity and many persons have visited the general store of Mr. MacKinnon to look it over.

MELBOURNE, Australia — (CP) — Sponsored by an Aussie soldier whom she nursed in Athens in 1941 and then aided to escape from Greece, Mrs. Avangella Farachou is starting a new life in Australia. Along with Mrs. Parachou help 12 soldiers to get away from Greece, then occupied by the Germans.

NOTICE

HOLMAN'S BOTH STORES

SUMMERSIDE AND CHARLOTTETOWN

WILL CLOSE AT

11.00 A.M.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26TH.

FOR THE ANNUAL

HOLMAN STAFF PICNIC

BURGESS BEDTIME

(Continued from Page 12)

here is the loudest drummer and the biggest of the family around here. He is nearly as big as Blacky the Crow and he is called Logcock, and if you want to see him, here he comes now," declared Juniper. Sure enough, a bird that looked to be as big as Blacky the Crow and nearly as black but for white on his wings, the sides of his head and neck and a brilliant pointed

red cap, was coming straight to that tree. It was Logcock the Pileated Woodpecker.

TEA-DRINKING NATION

AUCKLAND, N. Z. — (CP) — New Zealand and Britain now are the world's heaviest tea-drinking countries. New Zealand has risen from fourth place in 10 years and the average person drinks 7.5 pounds of tea a year. Before the war the average stood at 6.7 pounds.

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Price: \$2,475

License and gasoline extra

Yes, Mercury Trucks are priced with the lowest, yet they more than answer truckers' needs! They're truck-built, truck engineered to provide maximum ton-miles per dollar—there's tough, rugged strength in every working part. The mighty, power-packed V-type, 8 cylinder truck engine is outstanding in performance and economy. To meet all trucking needs there are 3 great truck engines—11 wheelbases—7 series.

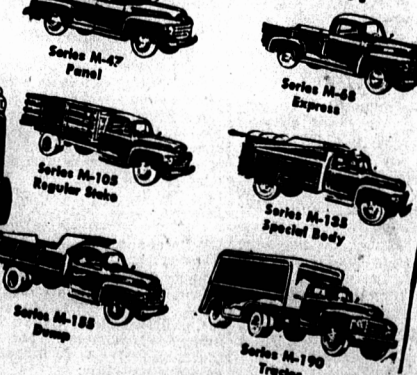
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Tarpaulins—any size.
Blankets and Car Robes.
Large Assortment of Overalls, Dungarees, Work Pants, Dress, Sport and Work Shirts.
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Men's and Youths' Suits \$20.00

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Work and Dress Boots and Shoes and Army type boots.

Airforce Blue Canvas Shoes.

Large Assortment Women's and Children's Shoes—White, blue, grey Sandles.

Crepe Sole Loafers and Sneakers.

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Nylon Hose—51 Gauge \$1.00

Sundresses, Sportdresses and Housedresses.

Silk Blouses and Gabardine Skirts.

Shortle and Rain Coats.

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CHARLOTTETOWN

Legal Aid Bureau To Open In Fall

MONTREAL, July 24 — (CP) — The Montreal Bar Association and a group of welfare agencies have completed plans to set up a bureau which will provide legal advice and services to persons who cannot afford regular lawyers' fees.

Gabriel Marchand, Montreal lawyer serving on a committee which has been studying the problem for a year, announced Saturday that the offices will open in the fall.

HAPPY NOW—FINDS ROAD TO REGULARITY

"After 30 years of terrible constipation, I found regularity in a hospital! They gave me KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN for breakfast—and it's been my steady ever since!"
Mrs. Wilmer Courtnay, Orangeville, Ont. One of many unsolicited letters. If you, too, suffer from constipation due to lack of bulk in the diet, do this: Eat an ounce of crispy KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN daily, drink plenty of water. If not completely satisfied with results after 10 days, send empty box to Kellogg's, London, Ont. Get DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

