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Standard Chiffon. All silk, extra sheer, 3 thread, 45 gauge dollar quality hose. Sizes 9 to 10 1-2. Special for Exhibition—pair 59c

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Women's Ankle Socks, stripes and plain colors 25c regular 35c and 36c a pair for

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Central Guardian

This column is reserved for news of local interest but advertising of a new nature may be inserted at 5 cents a word strictly payable in advance.

BONSHAW.—Rev. D. A. MacLeod, Springfield, Ill., formerly of Bonshaw will preach in the United Church, August 20th at 7:30 P. M. L-108-8-19-11.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—Services on Sabbath 20th inst. Cape Traverse 10:30 A. M. Stanchie 2:30 P. M. De Sable 7 P. M. Argyle Shore Monday 21st 7:30 P. M. Mr. Donald MacDonald, Preacher. L-152-8-19-11.

CORNWALL UNITED CHURCH SERVICES. August 20th. Kingston: S. S. 2:15 P. M. Service 3 P. M. Cornwall: S. S. 11 A. M. Service 7:30 P. M. Mr. George Cruwys will be the speaker. Rev. E. R. Woodside, Minister. L-151-8-19-11.

TRYON — BONSHAW BAPTIST CHURCH SERVICES.—Westmoreland 11 A. M. Preaching Service. Albany 3 P. M. Preaching Service. Tryon 7:30 P. M. Preaching Service. Evening Topic "The Hope of Immortality" Part 2. Rev. S. D. Britton, Minister. L-161-8-19-11.

YORK UNITED CHURGE.—Rev. J. N. Nicholson, Minister. Service August 20th, 1939. 11 A. M. Central Church, 2:30 P. M. Pleasant Grove, 7:30 P. M. York. The Minister will preach at all services. L-161-8-19-11.

SACRED BAND CONCERT.—His Honour Lieutenant Governor DeBols has arranged for a Sacred Concert, to be given by the Band of the Prince Edward Island Light Horse Regiment in the Gardens of Government House, on Sunday evening, August 20th, from 8:30 to 10:30 o'clock. The public is cordially invited.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH.—Morning and evening services will be taken by a popular former minister of this congregation. The Rev. Ross C. Eaton, B. D. of Bridgetown, N. S. Mr. Roy Cudmore will be the soloist at the morning service. The church summer home, 1:30 A. M. for Beginners to Juniors, at 12 noon for senior groups.

TO VISIT P. E. I.—Mr. Lloyd W. Shaw, B. A., General Superintendent of Education of St. John's Newfoundland, arrived here by motor from North Sydney this week and will visit his home in Prince Edward Island during the

MOUNT ALLISON UNIVERSITY

Dr. G. J. Trueman, President

Degree Courses in Arts, Science, Home Economics, Music, Fine Arts, Certificate Courses in Engineering, Teacher Training, Commerce, Home Economics, and Secretarial Courses Preparatory to Law, Medicine, Theology, Dentistry.

Residence opens for new students on September 25.

First Term Begins on Sept. 27.

Calendar Sent Upon Request.

SACKVILLE, N. B.

next few weeks. Mr. Shaw was Dean of Allison Lodge and on the teaching staff of Mount Allison University a few years ago. Mr. Shaw brought his car over from Newfoundland and it has attracted considerable attention in the town because of its Newton Island license plates. While in Sackville Mr. Shaw called on friends. — Sackville Tribune.

Personals

The many friends of Miss Minnie Judson are very pleased to see her about again after being confined to bed with rheumatic fever.

Mr. Larry Lundgan, of Plattsburg, N. Y., a student of Tufts Medical College, Medford, Mass., is visiting friends and relatives on Prince Edward Island.

The many friends of Mrs. E. P. Judson, of Bumbury, P.E.I. are very sorry to hear she has entered the P.E.I. Hospital and hope to see her about again soon.

Mr. Charles F. Marshall, of Oshawa, Ont., formerly of Liverpool, retired English railway official, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Leo Frank, Rosebank.

RACING DRIVER

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL
Author of Daughter of Exile, etc.

TWO IN THE SHIP

The departure of a big liner is always a solemn occasion. Even the cheerers on the quayside who had adroitly thrown coloured streamers to their travelling friends on deck, and now held the other end while they bawled facetious parting shots, were conscious of this atmosphere. Indeed, they were there because of it—to supply plenty of convivial noise that would drown the sound of snapping ties.

Some of those travelling were going on pleasure bound; some were going to seek jobs in a new and strange country; some were returning home. Some were blue, some were thrilled, some hopeful, some anxious, some rich enough not to care, some poor enough not to care. But all felt that atmosphere, which is as perceptible on the hundredth as on the first voyage, of a setting out into the unknown.

The jovial speeders of the travel-ers would be strangely silent on the homeward train journey.

When Frank came on deck those not travelling had already been scurried ashore. Ropes were being cleared. The telephone, the last link for some with friends in faraway places, was just being removed.

He found Dorothy Ellington at the rail, and was glad to see that she was alone. Surrounded by a mob of people, certainly, but alone in the sense that the other jostlers at the rail were strangers.

She turned to him with a smile. "Well, we're nearly off. Goodbye, England—for a time!"

"Is this your first voyage?"

"My first long voyage."

"Do you feel it?" he asked.

"What?"

"I don't know. But it's always there, at the beginning of a long voyage. A feeling of strangeness, adventure, anything—may happen—round-the-corner—fresh start. A blank sheet. And—goodbye, England!"

"Yes," she admitted. "I do."

"If I say yes, you'll say, 'Aha, the girl's human after all.' And if I say 'No,' you'll upbraid me for being unnatural."

"Well, just tell me how you really feel."

"Yes. Thrilled. In a way. Do I pass as human?"

"You do. But that's just the point. I know you are. Only you try to pretend to yourself you're above such weakness."

"There you go." She laid a hand

on his sleeve. "Please don't lecture. You may be right. I do feel somehow different than when—before you said certain things about what you call the 'higher life.' But I don't want to talk about it now, please."

"Look, we're moving!"

"The last rope had been cast off. The great ship began to glide, almost imperceptibly at first, then faster, from the quayside. The narrow moat of water far beneath them widened. The coloured streamers were paid out to the last. They straightened out. They began to break."

A young crowd on the quay raised a cheer.

"Good old Bertie!" someone yelled, and a young man on deck waved furiously and shouted back.

"Don't get sea-sick, old man!"

"Don't play poker with strangers!"

"Don't forget to write!"

"Send a card from Madra!"

"Remember me to John!"

A woman on the quay had a handkerchief to her eyes.

Somewhere a band was playing "God Save the King."

"The young man called Bertie was still waving furiously, and shouting, and his friends were shouting back, though neither could possibly have heard now what the others were shouting."

The crowd on the quay receded and grew smaller.

A few wisps of coloured streamers hung down the sides of the great ship, or floated forlornly on the water.

The liner began to turn.

"Well," said Frank tritely, "we're off!"

"Yes. We're off!"

The voyage had begun.

TABLE COMPANIONS

Authorities agree that what makes or mars a long sea voyage is the manner in which passengers are allocated to the various tables.

A fearful responsibility rests upon the chief steward. For these people, for three whole weeks, will be sitting elbow to elbow at every meal, taking soup together in the Channel eating fish together off the coast of Spain, consuming ice cream together in the tropics, and eating their first pawpaw together in the shadow of Table Mountain.

Frank, however, was not content to trust to providence. An old hand, he drew the chief steward away at the very commencement of his calculations.

"Steward," he said urgently,

"GREEN SHEAF" BINDER TWINE

550 ft. to the Lb.
"Always the Same"

Use "GREEN SHEAF" for an economical harvest, free from trouble and delays.

We have just received our season's supply, which we are selling at lowest prices.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

A. HORNE & CO.
CHARLOTTETOWN

"There's a Miss Ellington on board. Travelling with her father, Professor Ellington. My name's Carter. I was you to put me beside them."

The steward consulted a large chart of the dining room which was attached to a board. The board would be placed at the entrance to the dining room, and each passenger would be shepherded to his allotted place.

He ran his finger round the tables and the names scribbled in the margins.

"Ellington," he repeated. "Carter. Why yes, sir, that's already been arranged."

"Arranged?"

"Yes, sir. A lady—Miss C. Carter—has already approached me on the subject. You and she and Professor and Miss Ellington are together, sir."

"One up for Aunt Christine," said Frank.

He wondered if Christine's promises had been due to a desire to meet his wishes or to some desire of her own. There had been a look in her eyes when she spoke of the professor.

"Good lord!" thought Frank, who had always regarded his aunt, in spite of her comparative youth and a confirmed spinster. "I wonder?"

The steward had not told all he knew. Not only had a Miss Carter approached him about the Ellingtons, but a Mr. John Forester had

approached him on the subject of Miss C. Carter. It looked as though it might be an interesting voyage, perfected the steward.

There is no dressing for dinner on the first night out.

Frank descended to a sub-deck, though crowded during room, he knew the symptoms. The ice would not be broken for a day or so. Strangers, eyeing each other unobtrusively, would limit their conversation to polite requests for salt and bread.

But in a remarkably short time the dining room would suffer a remarkable transformation. One would descend, if one were the merest little late, into a sedan of talk, laughter, the clatter of dishes and possibly the popping of corks. People who had known each other three days would be slapping each other on the back, talking animatedly, pressing drinks on each other, making dates for dances, games and future meetings "when we land."

"Mr. Carter, sir," Table C, said, the steward bruski, and smiled on Frank with the smile of wisdom. "Sorry I didn't recognise you this afternoon, sir. You're the Mr. Carter, aren't you? Going to give these Italians a licking, sir?"

"Well, we'll all do our best. Italians as well," said Frank smiling.

The steward, animated as a soldier, apparently out of nowhere, and Frank was guided to his table. (To be Continued)

EMERALD WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The regular meeting was held on the 15th inst. at the home of Mrs. Leslie Trainor with an attendance of twelve members. One new member was welcomed. The President, Mrs. G. C. Green opened the meeting with the Club Woman's Creed repeated in unison. The Roll Call was answered by an exchange of fruit patterns and the customary five-cent collection. It was decided that the Institute purchase felt for the convenience of members who may buy some for handwork. Mrs. J. A. Murphy and Mrs. Hughes were appointed to make the selections of felt. The

members were invited to Mrs. Earle McCarville's for September meeting, at which Roll Call will be answered by Pickle Recipes. R.

Reducing Mathematically

The sensible woman reduces these days by a knowledge of calories, counting how many are in each thing that she eats and keeping below 1,500 each day. In this way the menu can be varied enough to keep the body in perfect condition while reducing and milady does not get into the habit of thinking one thing is fattening and the next one non-fattening; she knows by actual count when to stop eating.

ACADIA UNIVERSITY
WOLFVILLE
NOVA SCOTIA
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Four-year courses leading to degrees in Arts and Science, Household Economics and Music.

Special courses leading to "Honors" and "Advanced Course Honors".

One-year special course in Education for graduates in Arts and Science to qualify for the Teacher's License of the Province of Nova Scotia and the degree of Bachelor in Education.

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Three-year course in Engineering, with diploma, leading to final years in Nova Scotia Technical College and McGill University.

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THE HORTON ACADEMY OF ACADIA UNIVERSITY
A "Model" Academy (co-educational) under supervision of Dean of School of Education.

Girls reside in residence of School of Household Economics and Fine Arts.

CURRICULUM—Designed to meet the needs of the students.

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LARGE AND CAREFULLY SELECTED FACULTY
EXCELLENT GYMNASIUM AND SWIMMING POOL
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HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

Maintains a high standard of scholarship. Includes all the principal facilities of a University. Largest Staff, Libraries, Laboratories in Eastern Canada.

ARTS AND SCIENCE FACULTY

DEGREES: B.A., B.Sc., B. Com., B. Mus., Ph. D.
DIPLOMAS: Music, Engineering, Pharmacy, Education.

FOUR YEAR ADVANCED COURSES IN—
Classics, Mathematics, Modern Languages and History.

GRADUATE COURSES, of recognized standing, leading to degrees of M.A., M.Sc.
Courses preparatory to Professional Faculties.
Course in Public Administration.

Many valuable scholarships, on entrance and through the courses.

THE PROFESSIONAL FACULTIES
LAW, MEDICINE, DENTISTRY, enjoy an unexcelled reputation.

INCLUSIVE FEES, in the B. A. course average about \$100.00 a year; in the B.Sc. course about \$150.00 a year.

RESIDENCE
Sheriff Hall, residence for women.
Carefully supervised residential facilities for men.

BRINGING UP FATHER

MAGGIE—HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE WE CAN GET HIM TO STOP CRYING?

VERY SIMPLE—I'LL SING—

WA!

GAA—

EVERYONE IN THE BUILDING IS COMPLAINING—

WE'VE STOOD ABOUT ALL DAY LONG—

ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN THAT SINGING—

THEY'VE A FARM DOWN THE ROAD, WIMPY, YOU GO AN' INSPECT THE PLACE

DO NOT TELL 'EM WE WANNA BUY IT

VERY WELL, SIR

I SHALL COUNT THE HORSES, BUT NOT THE BEES

WHO ME?

STOP WHERE YOU'RE STRANGER!

WE ARE A POSSE

THAT'S HIM

NAW, IT AIN'T HIM

GRAB HIM

WELL, HE WILL DO

I REG PARDON, JONES, IS MY NAME

TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS

IF YOU WANT A TENT, DO LIKE MR. BUDGE SAID—GO AN' EARN IT!

GEE! I COULD SELL A COUPLA HUNDRED CAKES OF BEAUTIFULLY SCENTED SOAP—LIKE WE DID TO GET UNCLE BEN'S GOLD WATCH FOR HIS BIRTHDAY PRESENT—

YOU CANNOT! MY LAND! I CANNOT AFFORD TO BUY T'VO HUNDRED CAKES OF SOAP AGAIN—MERCY! MUST YOU HAVE A TENT??

GOO'NESS! ANYTHING YOU SUGGEST TO HIM IS A MISTAKE!

TILLIE THE TOILER — A LAME EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN NONE

I STEPPED ON MAC'S FOOT AND HE PRETENDED IT WAS BADLY HURT SO AS TO GET AWAY FROM HERE

I'M NOT EXACTLY SURPRISED AT THAT

COME ON, LET'S GIVE 'EM THE REAL 100% RUG-CUTTIN'

OKAY

BE CAREFUL OF THAT WRIST YOU HURT

HEH! HEH!

SAY, DID YOU THINK I REALLY HURT MY WRIST? I HAD TO HAVE SOME EXCUSE TO LEAVE THE ORCHESTRA, DIDN'T I?

By George McManus

BY GOLLY—IT WORKED—BUT WONDER IF THERE IS ANY CHOICE—

I'M GLAD MAGGIE'S VOICE STOPPED HIS CRYIN'—BUT OF COURSE HE IS MUCH TOO YOUNG TO UNDERSTAND GOOD SINGIN'—

STOP WHERE YOU'RE STRANGER!

WE ARE A POSSE

THAT'S HIM

NAW, IT AIN'T HIM

GRAB HIM

WELL, HE WILL DO

I REG PARDON, JONES, IS MY NAME

By Weston

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