



SOMETHING TELLS US DAD'S ANNOYED!

We can't quote Dad exactly, but here's the idea: "How can a man take a bath with this! Where's that soap that lathers?" It makes Dad peevish to find there's no Lux Toilet Soap on hand. He sets great store by the rich, quick, razor's lather that gets him really clean. The ACTIVE lather that frees pores of stale perspiration, dust and dirt—makes a man feel fit.

FOR SALE

15 ACRES OF LAND IN THE ROYALTY OF CHARLOTTETOWN

The undersigned offers for sale the above property situated 3 1/2 miles from Charlottetown and Twelve chains west of the permanent highway on the Malpeque Road. House contains eight rooms with water system installed in the cellar. The land is in a splendid state of cultivation and has a stream of running water suitable for raising ducks and geese. Contains also a fox ranch. The above including three head of cattle, farming implements and crop must be sold, as the owner is in ill health and unable to attend to farming operations.

For further particulars apply to Fidele Gallant on the premises or to S. DESB...

Solicitor, Canadian Bank of Commerce Bldg, Charlottetown.

L-6083-7-15-16-22-23

TO LET

Dwelling No. 247 Grafton Street. Lately occupied by Dr. Keeping. Apply I. M. POOLE & CO. L-5006-7-8-9.

TENDERS

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to July 17th, for Haunting and Delivering in Cellar, Approximately 125 tons coal, from Mt. Herbert Station to Protestant Orphanage. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

IRA M. BROWN, Secy.-Treas. P. O. Box 324, Ch'Town. L-6044-7-13-31.

NOTICE

By order of the Trustees of Wheatley River School all School Tax Arrears will be handed to the Court for collection after August 1st, 1936. ARCHIE BARRETT, Secretary of Trustees. L-6097-7-15-24.

NOTICE

Starting Wednesday, July 15th until September 1st, the following stores at Morell and Bristol will close every Wednesday at noon, open Tuesday evening until 8.30. J. W. McEWEN, Bristol. B. W. McEWEN, Morell. DINGWELL & ROSSITER, Morell. H. S. ANDERSON, Morell. E. F. BOWLER, Morell. L-5091-7-11-31.

NOTICE

All roads and waters lead to Pinette boat races on July 21st. Open to all fishing boats. Good refreshment booths, tea tables, also swimming match, band music, field sports, old time dancing, fireworks. L-5095-7-11-15-18.

Stallion Owners—Attention

Under the provisions of the new Act entitled "An Act to Provide for the Inspection and Enrolment of Stallions" all stallions in the Province of Prince Edward Island both Pure-bred and Grade must be inspected and graded accordingly. No stallion will be permitted to stand or travel for service during the season of 1937 unless he has undergone inspection and receives an enrolment certificate from the Department of Agriculture. Stallion owners who have not enrolled for the season of 1936 in the records of the Department of Agriculture are hereby notified to do so, as inspection for the year 1937 will take place during the latter part of August of this year.

Owners are asked not to neglect this provision. The Act provides heavy penalties in cases of horses operating without inspection and enrolment.

For information apply to Provincial Department Of Agriculture

A Little Bet With God

By WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT

Dursley, awakening suddenly from a day-dream which must have been a very profound one, because he couldn't in the least remember what he had been dreaming about—found himself standing right before the inn, and, for a moment or two, gazed at it rather stupidly.

He was glad enough to see the inn, for he had a mighty thirst on him. His throat was amazingly dry and rough—almost as though his mouth had recently been filled with dust. Furthermore, an inn had been his objective when he first set out on his walk.

But not this inn. It was entirely strange to him, and he could not, for the life of him, understand how he had come upon it. True, in his absence of mind, he might easily have missed his way, but he had always thought that every inch of the countryside was familiar to him. Yet he had certainly never set eyes on that inn before. Or had he...? Somehow the charming little place seemed vaguely familiar to him.

And then—again rather stupidly, for his mind seemed strangely confused—it came to him! Of course! It was just the very place that old Sterne used to talk about. Years ago, when they were students together, and used to go long country walks, Sterne used to talk about how, one day, he would settle down in a lonely old world country inn. He used to describe it in detail—and this place was almost exactly the type of inn he used to draw eloquent word-pictures of.

Although all that happened so many years ago, Dursley remembered details. Sterne had always said he would call it the "Welcome Inn," and that he would keep a large sandy-cat, and have a table and a settle outside, under a cedar-tree.

And then, indeed, Dursley stared and rubbed his eyes! For right in front of him, beneath the great, fat spread of a huge cedar, there stood a scrubbed table and an oak settle—and, in the centre of the table, a magnificent specimen of sandy-cat basked in the sunshine! Dursley looked round for the sign, and, after that, was not in the least surprised to see that it bore the words, in old English lettering: "Welcome Inn."

Dursley laughed then, and realized that he must be dreaming. Nevertheless, he looked at himself and felt the pains, counted up to twenty, and repeated some poetry aloud. Also he realized he could smell things—the perfume of pine, of flowers, and of fresh dewy grass, mingling with the rich smell of old ale and of something in the stew line cooking.

He could never remember smelling in a dream before! He looked around him. The countryside, very beautiful and quite strange to him, looked nevertheless perfectly normal. The sun blazed from a cloudless sky and the birds sang in the trees. He found he could distinguish their notes and classify them.

No, after all, he could not be dreaming. This, then, was the most amazing coincidence in the world, unless... He strode through the open door and into the quaint old bar-room, with its sanded floor. And then he wasn't in the least surprised to see Sterne himself standing behind the bar, smiling at him.

Although he hadn't seen him for over twenty years, Sterne had hardly changed at all—except that he looked amazingly prosperous and happy.

Why, Dursley, dear old chap—this is a surprise! How on earth did you manage to get here? Dursley, grasping his old friend's hand, laughed. For some reason he felt terrifically happy, and free from care.

"To tell you the truth, old man—it's an astonishing thing, but I've got to confess that I don't exactly know!"

Sterne's smile broadened slightly: "That's not so unusual as you might imagine—amongst the people who come here!" he remarked a little cryptically.

"No, but really...!" Dursley protested. "I set out for a walk from Stoke-Pendleton—I've been very ill, as a matter of fact—nervous breakdown, and all that sort of thing, you know. It was my intention to walk as far as the 'Barley Mow' at Little Pendleton, and have a long drink there, you see. Then, rounding the bend in the lane about a mile out of Pendleton—near Smees' Farm, you know—some young fool in a high-powered car came tearing round on his wrong side, and seemed to make straight at me. I had to dodge like blazes! I guess—my nerves being wonky and all that—it rather shook me, and I had to sit down by the roadside for a bit. Then, when I got up and started walking, I must have slipped into a sort of day dream—because the next thing I knew I was standing right outside this place of yours!"

Sterne nodded and smiled, as though he understood perfectly, while Dursley stared round the bar-room again.

"You know," he remarked reflectively, "it's really marvellous! I mean, so few of us ever realise our early dreams and ambitions—and I remember, twenty years ago, how you used to describe the old-world inn you'd have one day—and, by George, here it is!"

Sterne nodded and smiled again: "Yes, here it is!" he agreed, gently.

Dursley, actually, was racking his brain. He knew that there was something about Sterne he ought to remember—something that had happened to him, just before his (Dursley's) breakdown. Something that had been in the newspapers. But, for the life of him he couldn't remember it. His mind had been like that since his illness, somehow.

Aloud he said: "It's a perfectly marvellous old place, you know! But what beats me is that, living in the district as I do, and knowing it all like a book, I've never encountered it before. How far are you, actually, from Stoke-Pendleton, Sterne?"

The other smiled again. He was always smiling, it seemed and such a jolly, carefree smile it was too. "Oh, not far, really, old man. Quite close in fact. But look here, what about that beer you really came in for, eh?"

He reached out, took two shining tankards from their hooks, and holding them in one hand, filled them from the barrel on the counter. Dursley still had his thirst, and drank eagerly. Then he heaved a deep sigh of contentment.

"My word, Sterne, but that's beer! I've never tasted anything so good before, I don't think. Why, it's like ambrosia!"

Sterne chuckled: "That's what it is—almost!" he admitted, not without a suggestion of pardonable pride.

Dursley took another look round the bar. "Queer!" he commented. "The light seems a bit strange in here, somehow—sort of heliotrope effect, and almost as though there was a mist about it!"

Sterne nodded: "Yes," he said. "I daresay it would look like that if I first tried it. This struck Dursley as a rather strange remark, and he was about to comment on it when they were interrupted by the entrance of a woman—or, rather, a girl. Or, hang it (thought Dursley) which was she? Somehow she didn't look like a girl, and yet her poise and movements, and the expression on her face, were essentially girlish—and beautiful.

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"By the way," said Sterne, "I don't think you ever met my wife, Yvonne, this is Captain Dursley, a very old friend of mine!"

As he took the woman's soft warm hand, and gazed into her beautiful smiling face, a sudden gust of memory came back to Dursley. Memory of reading an account of Sterne's wedding in the paper, and a photo of the bride...

"Why, I—er—that is...!" he stammered. But Sterne seemed to know exactly what he was thinking of.

"No, not my first wife!" he put in softly. "Yvonne and I met—later! Come old man, sit down and have another beer, and I'll tell you all about it."

Dursley found himself sitting at one of the tables, with a shining tankard before him, while Sterne sat opposite, his beautiful wife leaning against him, with one arm round his shoulder. Looking at them, Dursley was struck at once by the supreme look of happiness on both faces and also by the affection they showed towards one another. It struck him that he had never before seen such handsome, care-free pair.

"You see," Sterne commenced quietly, "it was like this. You, no doubt, followed my career, although we never met in all those twenty years. You know how I achieved some sort of fame as a flying man, and a record-breaker, and all that—and I gather you know, from the newspapers, of my marriage with Madeleine. Well, you know I was always an idealist—this old inn, for instance. I had my ideal woman, as well, but, somehow, I never met her. Foolishly, I gave it up in despair at last, and I married Madeleine, partly because she was very much in love with me, and partly because I thought she was about as near my ideal as I was ever likely to get. That was a sad mistake!

"Two years ago I met Yvonne here—quite accidentally, at a dance. I fell in love with her the moment I saw her, for she was my ideal in every way the woman I had dreamed of for years.

"It was a horrible position. I had a great regard for Madeleine, and—well, she, very foolishly, thought me a sort of demi-god. Put me on a pedestal, and kept me there, if you know what I mean! If there'd been anything between Yvonne and I—I mean anything concrete, other than our love for each other, which we couldn't help—and Madeleine had found out, it would have broken her heart and ruined her life, apart from losing me! I realised that, and that is why it didn't happen!

"I was quite frank with Yvonne—there was no other way. We used to meet, and discuss it over and over again. I was booked for that record-breaking round the world stunt, and Yvonne begged me, with tears in her eyes, to give it up. She was frightened of the risk—for me. But Madeleine was anxious I should have a go at it, and was sure I should win. That was Madeleine—I was her hero, and my career meant a lot to her. But Yvonne only thought of me. D'you understand?"

"Well, we had been talking about our affair and what we could do about it. And about this air-race. And I got a sudden brainwave. I said to Yvonne:

"Look here, darling! I've got an idea. A hunch. For the life of me I don't know what to do to get out of this mess I've made of our lives—and of Madeleine's. Now, I'm just going to make a little bet with God! I'm going all out for this race, and, if I win it, I shall be racing furiously along a little, twisty country lane when I happen to glance at the clock on the dashboard. If at three twenty-five—just the moment, as a matter of fact when Derek was feeling sure he had won his little bet with God. Then I remembered that I had promised most faithfully to have tea with an invalid friend, who lived forty miles away, at four o'clock. I swung the car round, according to my usual habit, and revelled in the speed as I brought her up to a full seventy. Just as I came to a sharp curve I glanced at that clock and lo! that God means you and I for each other, and I'll leave Madeleine and come to you. If I lose—I stick to Madeleine, and we must say good-bye to each other. How's that?"

"It took me a long time to persuade her to see my point and give in to my whim—if you could call it that."

"I made my start, Madeleine was there, by the plane, when I took off—gay, smiling, and full of optimism. But I was thinking all the time of Yvonne—there alone in the crowd, with her beautiful eyes blinded by tears and her loving heart sick with fear. And that was pretty awful.

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"Well, old boy, I went all out. I smashed records left and right, and, as I drew near my destination—and my win—a great joy settled in my heart. God had accepted my bet—and I was winning! It was zooming through the ether like a



"We like the flavour of Quaker Corn Flakes so much we often have them for lunch." Fresh and crisp in milk or cream, Quaker Corn Flakes are guaranteed to be the most delicious corn flakes you ever tasted, or your money back.



"At last, I've found a cereal that every member of my family likes." Not only are Quaker Corn Flakes delicious to eat, but they're good for you too... enriched with the health-giving vitamin "D".



"Delicious!... I'll say they are... and so convenient and easy to have at any time." The handy packages are wax-wrapped and triple-sealed to assure you of freshness and crispness at all times.

YOU WANT Better Flavour WE CONTRACT TO GIVE IT TO YOU In corn flakes, as in other foods, flavour is the one thing you want most. Quaker Corn Flakes give it to you under guarantee... that they are the best-flavoured, most delicious corn flakes you ever tasted or your money back. Although Quaker Corn Flakes cost no more, they offer you these extra features no other corn flakes have. Money-back guarantee of better flavour. Wax-wrapping and triple-sealing to protect their freshness and crispness. Enrichment with the health vitamin "D". A coupon in every package exchangeable for valuable merchandise.



QUAKER Corn Flakes

god myself! Flying through the air I had conquered to the arms of the woman I loved... Only, occasionally, I shuddered at what I should have to tell Madeleine... "And then—suddenly and quite unexpectedly—something went wrong. I never knew what it was. But I found myself falling—spinning and falling through the air, helpless as a shot bird, or a dropping leaf! I knew then that I had lost my bet, and that this was the end! But, curiously enough, I felt neither frightened nor disappointed. I remained quite cool. I even looked at the clock in front of me as I went hurtling down... then Sterne stopped abruptly, and then said: "Yvonne will tell you the rest."

Using the same quiet tone as her husband had done, Yvonne took up the story: "I can never tell you how I passed the time while that awful race was on. It seems silly, now, when I look back on it—but there came a period when I got wildly restless—I simply couldn't stay quiet. So I got my car out, and commenced to race madly—recklessly and without any special objective—all over the country. I think I just wanted to go as fast as he was going. I was so idiotically young to be a mother, somehow. "Oh, rather," she laughed back at him. "I've got three. I shouldn't be happy without babies—aren't they?" She ran out of the bar, and left Dursley gaping rather stupidly after her. He turned his head, hearing Sterne crossing the floor towards him. And, as he did so, the memory of what he had read in the papers came back to him in a flash. Sterne's crash almost at the triumphant end of his world-flight, his machine in flames, tall of the funeral, which he, Dursley, who was very upset to hear of the death of his old friend, proposed to attend, but was prevented by his own illness. "In the doorway Yvonne suddenly appeared again, smiling and beautiful. Three sunny haired children, of about the same age, clung to her skirts. Dursley stared, then shifted his gaze to Sterne, who was also smiling and holding a brimming tankard out to him. As Dursley took it, he said:

(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS AND HIGHWAYS NOTICE

The West River Bridge will be closed to vehicle traffic commencing Tuesday, June 23rd, until further notice. L. B. MacMILLAN, Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways Charlottetown, June 20, 1936.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE with Major Hoople

EGAD, MEN—AFTER EXTENSIVE ENTOMOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS WITH CERTAIN INSECTS, I AM ABOUT TO PRODUCE A BEE OF TIRELESS ENERGY—THE IDEA WILL MAKE ME MILLIONS HAK-KAK-K— I COULD EXPLAIN, BUT I FEAR THE IMMATURE MIND WOULD BE UNABLE TO GRASP SO INTRICATE A PROBLEM IN SCIENTIFIC MATTERS! SAY, MAJOR, WHATEVER BECAME OF THAT HALF CHICKEN AND HALF DUCK YOU WAS HATCHIN' OUT, IN MURPHY'S GARAGE? IT COULDN'T MAKE UP ITS MIND WHETHER TO SWIM OR NOT TO SWIM, AND IT PASSED OUT OF THE PICTURE FROM HAVING A TUG OF WAR WITH ITSELF. HO-HO-WAW!

OUT OUR WAY

CRAP SHOOTIN', HAH? GAMBLIN'—DO YOU KNOW WILT THAT LEADS TO CROOKEDNESS—TO TAKIN' THINGS THAT BELONG TO OTHER PEOPLE, AN— OH, EDDIE, DON'T BRING TH' MULL LAYER CAKE! JUST BRING YOUR SHARE—