

**ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE**  
 (FOUNDED AND ENDOWED BY THE LATE ST. DOM.)  
 MCGILL UNIVERSITY MONTREAL  
 BARRON STRATHMORE AND MOUNT ROYAL

Applications should be made early. For all information apply to THE WARDEN

Recently enlarged fireproof building, thoroughly modern equipment. For women students, resident and non-resident, preparing for degrees in the Faculty of Arts (B.A., B.Sc., B.Com.) and in the Faculty of Music. A limited number of Scholarships and Bursaries.

### STRAWBERRIES

Secure your Strawberries NOW. Do not wait until the season is almost over.

Berries are now at their peak, as regards quality and suitability for preserving purposes.

Prices, everything considered, are extremely favorable.

Place your orders at once for your full preserving requirements.

### GAY'S PLANTS POSTPAID

Flower plants—Aster, Phlox, Taxodium, Verbena, Salvia, Kochia, Pansy, Daisy, Snapdragon, Marigold, etc. dozen.

Year old plants, Pansy, Carnation, Delphinium, Foxglove, Canterbury-bell, Columbine, Sweet William, Baby's Breath, etc. each.

VEGETABLE PLANTS—Cabbage 30c per 100. Cauliflower 20c dozen. Late Tomato 30c dozen.

J. J. GAY & SON  
 Box 187  
 Charlottetown

### NOTICE

By order of the Trustees of Spring Brook School all School Tax Arrears will be handed to the Court for collection after August 1st, 1936.

J. A. MEEK, Secretary.

L-5937-7-9-11.

### Professional Cards

**Lloyd, Egan & Co.**  
 Chartered Accountants  
 140 Richmond Street  
 Phone 41 P. O. Box 12

**McLeod & Bentley**  
 W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.  
 J. A. BENTLEY, K. C.  
 Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law  
 MONEY TO LOAN  
 Office: 180 Richmond Street.

**Palmer & Haslam**  
 H. J. PALMER, K. C.  
 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 127.

**MacGuigan & Trainor**  
 MARK R. MACGUGAN, K. C.  
 C. ST. CLAIR TRAINOR, B. A.  
 Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.  
 MONEY TO LOAN  
 Office: Over Provincial Bank,  
 Richmond Street, Charlottetown.

**H. F. McPHEE, B. A., K. C.**  
 NOTARY &c.  
 BARRISTER, SOLICITOR  
 Riley Building, Charlottetown.

**Bell & Mathieson**  
 R. B. BELL, D. L. MATHIESON, LL. B.  
 Barristers & Solicitors  
 MONEY TO LOAN  
 Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

### THE FOLLY OF GUESSING

The "eye-guesser" is everywhere. Men and women guess. Children do not bother to do even that. Many guess their eyes need attention, many more that they DON'T. The former guess is more likely to be true. FACTS are easily obtained, and should be secured by everyone who is not sure of his vision.

G. F. Hutchison

### 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.
45 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.	Piquet .....	4:50 P.M.
Peakes .....	9:35 A.M.	St. Theresa's .....	5:00 P.M.
Piquet .....	9:50 A.M.	Baldwin's Road .....	5:10 P.M.
Fort Augustus .....	10:05 A.M.	45 Road .....	5:20 P.M.
Webster's Corner .....	10:20 A.M.	Cardigan .....	5:30 P.M.
Johnston's River .....	10:35 A.M.	Georgetown .....	5:40 P.M.
Arrive Charlottetown .....	10:45 A.M.	Nobara Tea Rooms.	

Headquarters at Georgetown  
 Buses carried at minimum charge  
**ALLISON HEUSTIS** Charlottetown

## THE AWAKENING

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKO

At 6:30 p. m. Anne definitely decided that she wished her husband was dead.

She had been married to Bill for seven years. They had a nice little house in a nice little suburb. They had no debts, no fun, no excitement.

He had nearly paid for the house. He was prompt about insurance premiums, both the children had endowment policies, and he always remembered to renew the radio license. But Anne had lost her sense of humour. Each day spent monotonously, drudgerily and boredom.

Life rushed along the by-pass, but the current did not eddy into the backwater of the street. Her husband slanted to that.

The sun shined over the tree, and into the neatly curtained windows of each house in the monotonous street.

It was so peaceful in the soft evening light, with its gently deepening shadows, that a stranger might have walked along it on tiptoe, fearful of disturbing its evening siesta. But if he had stopped to consider a moment, he would have discovered his mistake.

There was an air of expectancy; almost an air of agitation. A curtain moved surreptitiously; another was adjusted. A window was thrown open with apparent carelessness. Once an anxious head scanned the street, and a young woman watering her garden, peered down the avenue of trees to the by-pass, at which she gazed intently for several seconds. She dropped her watering-can and went swiftly into the house.

The husbands were coming home! He would be home soon. She went on to the balcony and pulled a dead leaf from a fern. She looked along the street and sighed, as idly she pulled the leaf to pieces. If only something would happen. Nothing changed. One got a little sadder and wiser, and perhaps one did not expect so much. It had been like this for seven years. It would be identical in seventy years. Only then, thank heaven, it would all be over, because they would be dead. The hopeless monotony; the humdrum routine of her life was driving her crazy.

She was amazed that Bill had never seen how utterly this existence was crushing everything that mattered out of her. Crushing the gaiety and light-hearted good fun from her, and making her drab and uninteresting to herself and other people.

She imagined that it was his own self-satisfaction which prevented him from realizing this. Standing on the balcony and looking at the piece of lifeless fern in her fingers she thought that it represented her own life; dead, and useless.

Her thoughts flitted over her seven years of marriage.

She might as well be a piece of furniture. Her appearance, her ideas, her conversation, were meaningless to Bill. If she asked for his opinion about a new frock, or a hat she had altered, he muttered that it was very nice, without looking up from his evening paper. If she got angry, and accused him of lack of interest he explained quite placidly that she always looked very sweet.

He was insanely untidy. His clothes looked as if he had slept in them, which he did on Sunday afternoons, on her bed, and to her they appeared faintly funny.

"The bath was awash after his morning tub. He preferred her brush and comb to his own, especially when they had just been washed. Once, he tipped her only bottle of scent into the bath. She had lost her temper completely, because she had saved for months to buy it. He said that she was unreasonable, and explained with great dignity and patience that he liked the smell of it, and although she did not deserve it, he would buy her another bottle. But he forgot."

His cooking efforts were the last straw. On the whole he turned out a prettily good meal, though she remembered a few appalling concoctions he had invented, such as original methods of dealing with kidneys, rabbits, and herrings. But the state of the kitchen when he had finished defied description. It was no good making a fuss, because he was such a small boy over it. He was quite certain he was being kind, and that she could have a nice little rest, while he dealt with the dinner.

There was the occasion when she went into the kitchen with a pile of dishes after one of the chef acts. She had slid the entire length of the kitchen, and landed in a heap of broken plates on the floor and hit her head on the table. Oh yes, he had split some fat when he too; the joint out of the oven, but she really should have looked where she was going!

How could she rest while visions of burnt saucers, slimy frying pans, a filthy gas stove, and a stopped-up sink danced before her eyes.

Why, oh why, couldn't he see that an occasional meal in a restaurant, and a cheap bottle of "vino" put her on top of the world, whereas these cooking sessions made her want to scream.

The children were darlings. Tommy, aged six, and Jane, who was just four. Both had more than their quota of original sin, but she was appalled by their drab future. If something happened to Bill, she could change all that. At the moment she was too miserable to bother about anything except their general well-being, but some time soon, she must plan their future; make certain that they would be successful. Bill either spoiled them or did the stern parent and divine right of father's act. Very bad for them, but what could she say?

Of course the house wasn't bad. She remembered how proud she

was of it when they were first married. But now that Mrs. Day's next door, had been done up, it looked very shabby.

Anne clenched her hands in sudden fury, as she watched the McLeod girl, who lived opposite, get into her car. She was changed. Her hair, her frock, her fur coat, the diamond clips. . . . It was so unfair. Why couldn't she. . . . but what was the use.

She sighed again as the McLeod girl waved gaily to her as she drove off. Would they go to movies to-night? Or would Bill burn his head in the paper, and prevent her from reading by doing the crossword puzzle.

Endless evenings of crosswords swam before her eyes. A word of five letters, beginning with. . . . Oh God! Her eyes filled with tears. She just couldn't stand it another second.

Suddenly she thought of Paris. She gave a little sob. How she longed to go back there. Paris in the spring. The plane trees bursting into leaf along the boulevards. Riding in the Bois. The children in the Luxembourg Gardens. The flower stalls by the Madeleine, a blaze of color in the thin spring sunshine. The flower-bed in the courtyard of her little hotel, full of hyacinths and primroses' buttons. A huge pot of hydrangeas by the door. The Roumanian General who was the night porter, and spoke no known language. Josephine, the fat chambermaid. The proprietor's wife, the colour of whose hair changed from week to week. What fun it had been.

Paris in the autumn, a string of tickets for the ateliers. Lots of hard work, lots of fun. The braziers outside the cafes. The Bal Negre in the rue Blomet. The Etolle on a frosty night. The Moulin de Bicherelle on the road to Rom-bouillet, where there was a little lake, and you chose your chicken and watched it cooking on a spit. Going to fairs and circuses in search of performing seals, her particular passion at that time. But what was the good. . . . unless something happened to Bill.

Bill, who was always saying that he couldn't understand why she had given up drawing. Or rather, "her art," as he called it. Of course he couldn't understand, he didn't understand a thing.

That part of her life was finished. But was it? Would Mary help her to escape. The Bal Negre in the rue Blomet. The Etolle on a frosty night. The Moulin de Bicherelle on the road to Rom-bouillet, where there was a little lake, and you chose your chicken and watched it cooking on a spit. Going to fairs and circuses in search of performing seals, her particular passion at that time. But what was the good. . . . unless something happened to Bill.

He pushed past her and went up the stairs towards the bathroom. She stood on the doorstep and looked across the road unseeingly. Vaguely, she heard the policeman speaking.

"He'd just got out of the car," he said, "when another one came round the corner. The kid from next door ran right in front of it, but your husband managed to pull him out of the way. . . . just in time, too. . . . the wing caught his arm. Pretty good work, ma'am. I thought it was all over with him. So 'id he? . . . Well, good day!"

He departed whistling cheerfully. She turned, closed the front door, and began to walk upstairs towards the bathroom. She could hear the water tap running, and an impatient clatter. Bill searched for the iodine bottle.

Tears streamed down her face, and her body shook with sobs. She reached the bathroom. He turned and saw her.

"What's ever are you grizzling for?" he asked, "and where in the name of all that's holy is that darned iodine bottle?"

She smiled at him through her tears.

### Clearance AUCTION SALE

ESTATE JOHN "F" MacPHAIL, APPIN ROAD

All stock, crop, farming implements, household furniture and effects. Also farm of 103 1/2 acres, admirably located.

JULY 19, 1936, 1 P. M.

J. A. MACDONALD, Auctioneer.

GEORGE J. TWEEDEY, Solicitor.

### What Appeals to You Most?

A Lady told us that the thing that appealed to her most about her electric refrigerator was—

- The way it cut her housekeeping job.
- Marketing only twice a week.
- Plenty of space—Food at proper temperature.
- Desserts simple to prepare—and last of all the little current it takes to make all the ice we need and give us proper refrigeration.

### 5 Year Guarantee

### Health-Comfort-Thrift GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

her wish had come true.

She sat down on the stairs and passed a shaky hand over her dry mouth. She felt quite cold all over. After a minute or two she got up slowly and went into the kitchen. She turned off the gas and stood there aimlessly, afraid to go and find out what had happened. She picked up a dish cloth which had fallen from a peg, but let it drop again, as if she did not know what to do with it.

Presently she went into the sitting room. They would carry him in soon she supposed. Shaking now, her listless eyes took in his photograph. She looked at it vaguely for a moment, as if she had never seen him before. Pale, placid, pompous. Good features, attractive hair, growing in cows' locks on either side of a wide forehead. Large stupid mouth. . . .

She crumpled suddenly. She threw herself on to the sofa. . . . tears. She didn't think anyone could hear it. It sounded terrible. . . . frightful tearing sounds. She loved him. She wanted him. He was large and comfortable and protective. He was good and kind, and just. He was just a little boy who didn't understand what it was all about. He went plodding on, day in, day out, doing his best. He was honest, truthful, devoted. What a devil he had been to think unkindly of him. . . . to wish that he was dead. Well. . . . She had got her wish.

She sat up. The front door. . . . of course that would be the police.

She went over to the mirror above the mantelpiece, smoothed her hair and lit a cigarette. Must behave. Mustn't be a fool. The front door. Open it, hurry up. . . . the children might wake up. Funny things doors. So many knobs and handles. She forced her hand to the Yale latch, and white as death, swung it open.

Bill stood on the door-step. His arm was in an extemporized sling. He looked pale and shaken. With him was a policeman.

"Feel alright, sir?" asked the constable. "Shall I telephone for the ambulance?"

"Oh, that's alright," said Bill with his usual vacuous smile. "It's nothing. . . . only a scratch. Hallo, Anne, you might go in next door and have a word with Mrs. Day. . . . she's a bit shaken about that fool kid of hers. Don't worry about me. I'll put a spot of iodine on my arm and it will be O. K."

He pushed past her and went up the stairs towards the bathroom. She stood on the doorstep and looked across the road unseeingly. Vaguely, she heard the policeman speaking.

"He'd just got out of the car," he said, "when another one came round the corner. The kid from next door ran right in front of it, but your husband managed to pull him out of the way. . . . just in time, too. . . . the wing caught his arm. Pretty good work, ma'am. I thought it was all over with him. So 'id he? . . . Well, good day!"

He departed whistling cheerfully. She turned, closed the front door, and began to walk upstairs towards the bathroom. She could hear the water tap running, and an impatient clatter. Bill searched for the iodine bottle.

Tears streamed down her face, and her body shook with sobs. She reached the bathroom. He turned and saw her.

"What's ever are you grizzling for?" he asked, "and where in the name of all that's holy is that darned iodine bottle?"

She smiled at him through her tears.

### The Bankruptcy Act

Notice to Creditors

In the Matter of the Bethune Hardware Company, Limited, a body politic and duly incorporated, having its Head Office and principal place of business in the City of Charlottetown, County of Queens, debtor.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Bethune Hardware Company Limited of the City of Charlottetown, County of Queens in the Province of Prince Edward Island, made an authorized assignment on the 8th day of July, 1936, and that the first meeting of creditors will be held on the 20th day of July, 1936, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon at the Law Courts Building, Charlottetown.

To vote thereat proofs of claims and proxies must be filed with the Custodian prior thereto.

Those having claims against the estate must file the same with the Custodian or the Trustee when appointed before distribution is made, otherwise the proceeds of the estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, without regard to such claims.

Dated at Charlottetown, this 11th day of July, 1936.

THE EASTERN TRUST COMPANY Custodian.

Office: 154 Richmond Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Your Smile Requires HEALTHY, WHITE TEETH

### Your Dentist Says—"TAKE CARE OF YOUR GUMS"

... Start with IPANA and Massage today

YOUR dentist knows that to have white, healthy teeth you must have firm, healthy gums. He will tell you that soft, flabby gums may lead to serious disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea, Vincent's disease.

Gums become flabby because our modern soft foods do not exercise them—do not make them work as they must to keep in good condition. So start now with Ipana and massage.

Remember—a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

Each time you clean your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Massage starts circulation in the gum tissues. Ziralto, the toning agent in Ipana, tones and invigorates the gums. Result—firm, healthy gums—clean, white teeth.

After you've used a tube of Ipana in this way, look at your teeth—see how much better they look—note the difference in your gums. Use Ipana and massage for white teeth and a bright, happy smile.

**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**

MADE IN CANADA

"I'll find it," she said. "You know, Bill. . . . you know. . . . you're damned fine man."

THE END

### NOTICE

All boats and waters lead to Finest road races on July 25th. Open to all flying boats. Good refreshment booths, tea tables, also swimming match, band music, field sports, old time dancing, fireworks.

L-5995-7-11-15-18.

### 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. ROSSITER, Morell.  
 L-5991-7-11-31.

### The Bankruptcy Act

Notice to Creditors

In the Matter of the Bethune Hardware Company, Limited, a body politic and duly incorporated, having its Head Office and principal place of business in the City of Charlottetown, County of Queens, debtor.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Bethune Hardware Company Limited of the City of Charlottetown, County of Queens in the Province of Prince Edward Island, made an authorized assignment on the 8th day of July, 1936, and that the first meeting of creditors will be held on the 20th day of July, 1936, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon at the Law Courts Building, Charlottetown.

To vote thereat proofs of claims and proxies must be filed with the Custodian prior thereto.

Those having claims against the estate must file the same with the Custodian or the Trustee when appointed before distribution is made, otherwise the proceeds of the estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, without regard to such claims.

Dated at Charlottetown, this 11th day of July, 1936.

THE EASTERN TRUST COMPANY Custodian.

Office: 154 Richmond Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

### ANNUAL MEETING

P. E. Island Co-operative Livestock Marketing Board will be held in Queen Square School Hall (Sydney St. entrance) on Wednesday afternoon, July 15, commencing at 1:30 o'clock. Two delegates from each Shipping Club urgently requested to attend, and all shipping club patrons cordially invited to be present.

J. A. GILLIES, Secretary.

### Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Potato Growers' Association, for the transaction of general business, will be held in Queen Square School Hall, (Entrance Sydney St.) on Saturday, July 18th at 2 P. M. Representative attendance of the membership is requested.

### A Golden Opportunity

Is hereby offered to secure one of the finest Hotel Properties in Eastern Canada.

The "Beach Grove-Inn" and farm is for sale, and is so well known that any elaborate description is not necessary.

The Hotel will be opened on the 22nd of June, under capable management. Cuisine will be of the very best.

Reservations can be made now at the Hotel. For particulars re sale please apply to J. G. Sterns, Souris, June 1st, 1936.

### AUCTION SALE

### Auction Sale Of Beautiful Sea Shore Property Known As "The Hedges"

On July 13th, commencing at 10 o'clock. Sale will be continued from day to day until everything is sold.

Situated on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, owned by Mrs. Gane Morris, consisting of 1 1/2 acres of land, fronting on P. E. Island's North Shore. Famous for surf bathing, beautiful shade trees.

Residence has two large verandahs on front, living room 22 x 35 with two fireplaces, large dining room, also outside dining room, five guest bedrooms, bedroom furniture finished in American oak, two servants' bedrooms, two baths, own electric light and water plant, three-car garage. The house is all finished in Douglas fir with hardwood floors.

At the same time and place, the greatest lot of beautiful furniture and dishes and glassware including several decanters, will be sold, also some magnificent old sets of dishes, including one set of Old Willow china and one Japanese tea set, very old, which cannot be purchased today, a lot of Wilton rugs and other famous makes, all beds, bedding and linen, ice chest, all window shades and curtains, one old Franklin stove, several beautiful floor lamps, wall lamps.

This property will be offered for private sale fully furnished up to day of sale.

Terms of property made known at sale. Of furniture, etc., cash.

For inspection apply to Mrs. Gane Morris, Dundas Esplanade or to J.A. MacDonald, Auctioneer, or MacLeod & Bentley, Solicitors, Dominion Bank Bldg.