

WINNERS

IN THE

HOLMAN GOODWILL SALE DRAWING

SUMMERSIDE STORE DRAW—

1st. PRIZE—\$100.00 in Merchandise
 Won by Mrs. Joseph Woodside,
 Kensington—Ticket No. 25801.

2nd PRIZE—New 1950 Radio
 Won by Mr. Angus M. MacDonald,
 Bradalbane R.R.—Ticket No. 40232.

CHARLOTTETOWN STORE DRAW—

1st PRIZE—\$100.00 in Merchandise
 Won by Mr. Earl Ford,
 Charlottetown R.R.—Ticket No. 3692.

2nd PRIZE—New 1950 Radio
 Won by Mrs. Arthur Gorm
 Charlottetown—Ticket No. 12827.

CONGRATULATIONS LUCKY WINNERS

Tomorrow's Promise

By Temple Bailey

continued
 "I shall never forget this, Carl," she had said on their honeymoon. "I shall never forget." And now she had forgotten. It was he who would remember those other nights under the moon when she had built their little fires—"Altars to our gods, Carl,"—and had watched the flames die and the coals and the smoke curling. Wonderful nights, wonderful days, yet before the honeymoon was over he had known that there were altars in his own soul where Margot would never worship with him. Still he had loved her, doggedly refusing to believe anything less than he had thought her until the day had come when she flung him and his love away.

And now—woodsmoke and the thought of Anne!
 A bit of verse read not long ago dripped in broken fragments through his mind:

"Sand dunes and a blue legged crane,
 And the silhouette of leaves against a sunset sky.

And another love and I...!
 And the evening fire...!
 Woodsmoke faintly mingled with the penetrating sweep
 Of moisture-laden wind..."

Another love and I? Would a man love more than once? And if he did, would there not come memories of that first and splendid passion that had swept over him as a boy?

VII
 Charles cast the thought from him and jumping to his feet began to gather up his belongings. When he came to the cup from which Anne had drunk he stood with it in his hand for a moment, then dropped it on a rock where it splintered into a thousand pieces. Thus in the old days men had splintered their glasses when they had drunk to the queen! He smiled a little as he went on with his packing. He recognized himself the incurable romantic. But romantic or not, no one should drink again from the cup which that charming child had lifted to her lips.

He quenched his fire with water from the nearby stream, and a little later his car slid from under the shadowy pines and into the open. As it crossed the fields towards the highway the sheep raised their heads to look at it; the rabbits scuttled to right and to left of the gleaming headlights. But Charles had no thought of sheep or rabbits. His mind was on the things ahead. If he had luck, he would

Prize Winners at Notre Dame

The lucky winners of the different lotteries at the Notre Dame Bazaar are as follows:
 Oil Painting—Miss Norah Dunlap, 22 Longworth Ave.
 Soudor Electric Light Set—Reverend Eric Robin, North Rustico.
 Chicken Dinner—Reverend J. W. McCardie, Montague.
 Fruit Cake—Mrs. Melvin Horne, Milton.
 Doll—Miss Mary Cullen, 225 Fitzroy Street.
 Box of Chocolates—Mr. Jack LeClair, 257 King Street.
 Teddy Bear—Miss Paula Raymond, Weymouth Street.

Card Of Thanks

The Sisters of Notre Dame Academy are very grateful to the members of their Alumnae and to their many kind, generous friends who helped to make the Notre Dame Annual High Tea and Bazaar the usual great success. They wish God's blessing on each and everyone.

see the sun rise over the river, and by noon he would be in his boat and moving toward the island. And the bounds who were on his track would never find him.

Anne walked the next morning with a sense of impending disaster. Hitherto her wakings had been a sort of resurrection. Each morning had brought its mood of anticipated joy. Now nothing was right. The fear that had oppressed her the night before in the garden was intensified. Her body seemed drained of blood. Her limbs were heavy. She felt physical ill, unable to meet the demands the day would make upon her.

There is not such heart break for the young as disillusionment. Anne had known that the world that claimed her father and mother was not the world in which she lived with Vicky. But she had thought of it as a gay and irresponsible world to which Elinor and Francis belonged by right of their beauty and brilliance. When she had ever thought about it in relation to herself, she had been aware of the thrilling expectation of some day entering upon an existence like that of her father and mother yet with certain reservations that had to do with the things that Vicky had taught her, which would bring to her some measure of Vicky's wisdom and content.

But now she wanted none of that world which belonged to her father and mother for, with the evil that had come into the garden, her own Eden had been lost. Here were David and her mother two beloved beings, thrown from their pedestals. There was left unsmirched only her adored father. And he must never know what she knew.

She bathed and began to dress for her ride, tying her hair with a black ribbon and donning riding breeches and a soft white shirt. It was when she looked for her tie pin that she found her pearls were missing. She remembered seeing them last night, a little white heap in the moonlight. She couldn't be mistaken, yet she opened drawer after drawer, searching. At last she decided that Vicky had put them away and there was no need for worry.

There were other things, indeed, to think about. The ride with her mother, for example. She knew now why she had been asked—to play propriety for Elinor and David. She was pulling her hard little hat down to her ears when there was a tap on the door. "Mr. Garry is here, Miss Anne."

"I'll be down in a moment, Marion."
 The maid had a letter on her tray. "Wells found this in the box." Anne tore open the letter and saw a sheaf of closely written sheets. She turned to the last page and looked at the name. All the blood that had been drained from her body seemed to rush back in a warm flood. For the letter was from the man in the meadow, and he had signed himself "Charles". He had written:

"Anne:
 "I wish you were here, without your belligerent squire. For he was belligerent.
 He hated my calling you 'Anne'. He didn't understand.
 To be continued



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