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OF GOOD TIMES

William French, English composer who died in 1847, played the organ in London at the age of four.

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Family Reunion At Beaton's Mills

A delightful family reunion was held this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch Gilmore of Melville, Beaton's Mills. All members of the family were present.

Mrs. Samuel D. Buchanan of Belfast; Mr. Angus Gilmore of the staff of the Ottawa Technical High School and formerly of the School Supervisory Staff here; Mr. Martin Gilmore of the Farming and Welfare Branch of the Post Office Department, Ottawa; Mr. John Gilmore, Divisional Engineer with the local Department of Public Works and Highways; and Miss Janet Gilmore of the Nursing Staff at the Provincial Sanatorium. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Reynolds of Uigg and Ottawa; Mrs. Millar MacDonald of Charlottetown and Mr. John Gilmore, Sr., of East Brantree, Mass.

Literature

Continued from page 3

She meant more, he said than many of his professors and she was but a slip of a girl.

When we ask what teachers influenced us, we find it hard to put our finger on any. I recall that in my early teens I had a female teacher not out of her teens, under whom I began algebra and geometry and had a general awakening.

There has always been a close connection between the church and an education. The great universities were founded by the church. I had as my minister, Dr. Blair, the best Greek scholar among the Presbyterian ministry in the Maritimes, and said to be the best Gaelic scholar anywhere. He was an expository preacher. Among the facts that interested me was the remark that Italica did not mean emphasis but to fill in the translation. I never ran into him or shook hands, but he was a

formative influence in my life. His pupil was a sort of university chair. He used the historic method, as to whom I also owe more than I can ever hope to pay. There was Dr. MacMechan who knew the by-ways of English literature as few do; Charles MacDonald, affectionately known as Charlie; John Johnson, called Johnnie — both of these taught us precision of statement; Walter Murray taught us to think. In the old land I had A. B. Davidson and Marcus Dodds — the latter was the man to whom Sir Robert Falconer owed so much. Nor should I forget Falconer as probably the best teacher I ever had.

I owe my interest in Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus to hearing Edward Cleard giving the Gifford lectures in Glasgow.

How deep in debt am I! But in thus recollecting those to whom I am indebted I cannot forget the simple, unlettered folk among whom my lot was cast yearly. Many of them were philosophers and theologians by nature. God to them was

Daughter Of Former Islander Joins U. S. Navy

Miss June R. Peterson, daughter of Mrs. Albert E. Peterson, nee Ruth I. Harper, formerly of Eaker's U. S. Naval Training Station in Chicago for a tour of duty as a Wave in the U. S. Navy on Tuesday.

On Friday, July 27, prior to her departure, Miss Peterson was tendered a "going away" party by her business associates of the Stone and Webster Engineering Corporation of Boston. Later in the evening a social was held by her mother and the Pilgrim Fellowship of the North Congregational Church of Woburn, Mass. At both gatherings she was presented with gifts and the best wishes of all were extended to her.

Her father and she had a religious content. They asked little from the world, and lived godly lives. Their influence was often unconscious, but it was there.

With All My Love

(By Virginia Bowes)

CHAPTER I

Stephen Calridge looked up from his morning paper and smiled quickly at the young girl crossing the shaded terrace toward him. Through the border of stately elms on the east edge of the cool flagstone terrace a few shafts of yellow sunlight shot through, and as they touched the girl's soft blond hair they seemed to caress it, ruffle it with tender fingers.

"Rather early for you, Clare," Stephen Calridge said wryly. "Isn't she?"

His daughter smiled as she bent down and gave him a quick kiss on the forehead. Colby, the aged butler, had come silently from the dining room and moved one of the cushioned wicker chairs up to the table. Clare sat down and Colby said, "Good morning, Miss Clare. The usual?"

"Morning, Colby. Yes. A little extra coffee."

Colby moved away and Stephen Calridge leaned back in his chair. "My dear," he said solemnly, "looking at you makes me feel 40 years younger. There's something about morning sunlight on a woman's face that should reserve the right for young men only. It's not good for us old codgers to feel a quickening of the heart-beat so early in the day."

Clare tilted her head and appraised her father through narrowed eyes. Every day he looked older, she thought, yet every day he acquired most of that fine strong dignity that made age in his case almost something to strive for. He must have been exceptionally handsome in his youth; you could visualize what he must have looked like by half-closing your eyes and filtering out the sagging lines in his cheeks and under his eyes. His head was broad and sat heavily on his wide shoulders, and the hair that had once been coal black was now steely, bristly gray. The arched nose and thin line of mouth must be the same now, she thought, as



T. W. BENTLEY, C.L.U.
P. E. I. Branch Manager

they were in the beginning, and the eyes were the same sparkling gray-blue. The principal effect of the years, she decided, had been upon his figure. There was a paunch that he could no longer exercise away, and there was a stoop to the shoulders that seemed to confess a permanent tiredness.

"You must have been wonderful as a young blade, Steve," Clare said. "You say things so nicely. Nowadays young men don't talk in flowery terms like that. They'd more likely say, 'Gee, honey, you do things to me.' And they'd use the same line morning, noon and night."

Stephen laughed quietly and said, "You can't blame the young men entirely, young lady. In my day girls were more appreciative of tender romantic gestures. You know perfectly well you'd laugh in the face of any of your young men that tried what you'd call the 'poetry technique.'"

And I can be almost infallible in talking about you, he thought. You are just like your mother, not only when she was your age but until the day she died. You are the type that never changes. You'll always be young, you'll always be a thrill-hunter, you'll always be a heartbreaker because no man in the world will ever be your boss. You love life too much to give up one ounce of its freedom. You'll probably even die like your mother did, doing something dangerous. Maybe it won't be in a speedboat, like it was with her, but it will be in something just as reckless, just as gay and just as daring.

Colby brought in Clare's orange juice, and when she'd drunk it down she said, "I have a date at the airport for 9 o'clock, in case you're wondering why I'm up so early."

Her father nodded and as he looked at her a smile with a tinge of sadness tugged at the corners of his mouth. "You figure it's time you learned to fly, eh?"

"How did you know? I might have been just going out for a ride," Clare watched as Colby set a plate of bacon and eggs before her, then she immediately began to eat.

"You never enjoy anything unless you are at the controls," her father said. He laid his napkin on the table, folded the paper next to Clare's place and took out his watch. "It's 8:45 and I have an appointment at the bank for 8:45," he said. "Are you eating at home tonight?"

"Yes, every night for the next month or so, I think. There's a lot of studying involved in this aviation course, and the plane I want to buy eventually has so many instruments it'll take special schooling just to learn how to use them." Clare looked up and grinned as her father kissed her on top of the head. "Bye, bye, see you tonight," she said as he moved off toward the house.

(To be continued)

CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE PROBATE COURT

The 18th day of July, A.D. 1931. In Re Estate of MARGARET J. JOHNSTON late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province, Widow, deceased, testate.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County

GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Keith M. Johnston and Olive E. Johnston, both of Charlottetown in Queen's County, aforesaid, executors of the above named estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before the Judge present at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province, on Friday the 24th day of August next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said Petition and on motion of David L. Mathieson, Esquire, Proctor for said Petitioner.

AND IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the Scotia Building in Charlottetown aforesaid and at or near the Royal Bank of Canada Building in Charlottetown aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

WITNESS His Honour Harold Leonard Palmer, Judge of the said Probate Court at Charlottetown in Queen's County, the day and year first above written.

By The Court do sit near the (sgd) BETTY PROCTOR Acting Registrar.

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