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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.
48 Road	8:50 A.M.	Webster's Corner	4:30 P.M.
Baldwin's Road	8:55 A.M.	Fort Augustus	4:40 P.M.
St. Theresa's	9:00 A.M.	Pisiquid	4:50 P.M.
Peakes	9:10 A.M.	Peakes	5:00 P.M.
Pisiquid	9:20 A.M.	St. Theresa's	5:10 P.M.
Fort Augustus	9:30 A.M.	Baldwin's	5:15 P.M.
Webster's Corner	9:40 A.M.	48 Road	5:20 P.M.
Johnston's River	9:50 A.M.	Cardigan	5:30 P.M.
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ALLISON HEUSTIS Charlottetown P. E. Island

Play, Pride, And Ann-Jane

By BARBARA CARLUND

Ann-Jane held out her small pink hands for Miss Trefussis' inspection. They were still tingling from association with the scrubbing brush and water which had run too hot from the shining tap in the nursery bathroom.

Miss Trefussis turned them over, pronounced them clean, fluffed out Ann-Jane's hair ribbon, bent down and pulled up one white silk sock then gave her a gentle push towards the door.

"You can go now, knock gently." Ann-Jane walked solemnly along the whole passage, down a flight of stairs, and along another passage, a dark green one, then she stood outside her mother's bedroom door.

It was a big door, with little flowers on the paint work and Ann-Jane knew these flowers well. She looked at them every morning about eleven o'clock, while she waited listening intently for Mother's voice to say "Come in" in answer to her knock.

Ann-Jane hated that knock, sometimes it would be too loud, then Mother would be angry, and sometimes it was too soft, then after waiting a long time, Ann-Jane would have to knock again.

However this morning she was successful first time, and Mother's voice answered clearly "Come in." Ann-Jane grasped the glass handle with both her pink hands and opened the door.

There was the lovely, sweet smell she knew so well, and then a first glimpse of green walls, flame colored curtains, gold frames, and sunlight discreetly veiled, then Ann-Jane turned round to shut the door gently behind her.

Mother was lying in her big bed, with her head against pink lace pillows, and the newspapers and her letters strewn on the pink lace cover. Her hair, as golden as Ann-Jane's, curled against her cheeks and on to her neck, and her mouth which smiled at Ann-Jane was already red, though she had only just woken up. Ann-Jane had been awake a long time, she had eaten her breakfast and done Scripture and arithmetic with Miss Trefussis.

"Good morning," Mother said, "Kiss me."

Ann-Jane leant against the bed, so that the lace rubbed against her bare knees and she kissed her mother's soft cheek, which smelt lovely like the room.

"Good morning, Mother," she answered demurely, and rather timidly she touched her mother's hand, which hung limply as if it was too tired to move.

Her mother had shadows under her big eyes this morning, little purple shadows, which got hidden later by powder and the creams in white and silver boxes which Ann-Jane was not allowed to touch on the dressing table.

"What have you learned this morning?" Mother asked, so suddenly that Ann-Jane jumped.

"Scripture first and then - - -"

"Did you learn about forgiving unto seventy times seven," Mother asked.

"No" answered Ann-Jane.

"Then tell Miss Trefussis to teach it to you," said Mother, "ask her what to do when the very next time it is past and it's to late."

"Too late for what?" asked Ann-Jane puzzled. But Mother wasn't listening any more, she was staring across the room into a long glass which reflected just a scray of her and the big bed, and quite a lot of Ann-Jane in her blue dress and fluffed hair ribbon.

"You're absurdly like him," Mother said, looking at Ann-Jane's profile in the mirror.

"Like who?" questioned Ann-Jane.

"Your father, of course," answered Mother, though why Ann-Jane should be expected to know, when her father had never been mentioned to her, was something obscure. Then as Ann-Jane stared in surprise, not quite certain if Mother was pleased or not, Mother said:

"It's his birthday to-day."

Ann-Jane said "Oh!" and jumping a little in her chair said, "Can I send him a present?"

"Certainly not," Mother sounded angry now. "I don't know where he is, and I don't care; I don't and I won't care. He was very unforgetting, Ann-Jane. He forgave me only two or three times and then he wouldn't try any more. That's bad, Ann-Jane, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Ann-Jane, though she wondered what her father had not forgiven, and why he had done so two or three times.

"I'd better go now," Ann-Jane said gently, when they had been silent a long while, and she had kept her leg still until it hurt, in case her shoe squeaked as it did sometimes.

"Yes, go along, it's your walk time isn't it?" Mother said, looking at her strangely. "And don't tell Miss Trefussis what I said just now."

"No, I won't," promised Ann-Jane, but as she reached the door

The Paths Of The Pilgrims

By W. W. MURRAY
Canadian Press Staff Writer
—XPRES—

Nearly one-half of Canada's six thousand pilgrims will visit Ypres, the magic of whose name does not diminish with the years. The Ypres of today is not the shell-wracked ruin of 20 years ago; it is a bustling, modern town of pretentious residences and public buildings which have replaced the rubble heaps that were once historic and ancient structures. But the roads which radiate from Ypres across the plains of Flanders are the same plains of Flanders are countless thousands of Canadians, and the frowning ramparts of grey and forbidding ridges surrounding the town are those over which Canadians held watch and ward for many weary and costly months.

About three miles to the north is St. Julien, site of the Canadian memorial—the "Brooding Soldier"—which encompasses the area which the 1st Canadian Division defended so valiantly in April, 1915. Farther north at Kerselaere one invades memories of Canadian bravery in the same engagement. To the east are Hill 60, the low ridge on which thousands of men died, Mount Sorrel, Sanctuary Wood, Observatory Ridge immortalized by the sacrifices of the 3rd Canadian Division, in June, 1916. On the plain between Ypres and the encircling hills are many spots sacred to Canadian memory—Bedford House, Cheshire Farm, the Swan Chateau, Zillshofke Lake, Valley Cottages. One comprehends the area in a wide sweep, swinging north-westward to Wietje, St. Jean, Kitchener's Wood and Pilken Ridge. All are redolent of Canadian achievement; all hold something for the pilgrims.

—MONT ST. ELOI—

Five miles to the west of Vimy Ridge, the Mecca to which are bound 6,000 Canadian war veterans and their next-of-kin, is Mont St. Eloi, a little village on the ancient Chausee Brunehaut—a road said to have been built by the Romans. Rich in its associations with Canadians and particularly in the days before and during the Great War, the area immediately after the storming of Vimy Ridge, Mont St. Eloi will stir in the minds of the pilgrims varied memories.

Here were the Bois des Ailettes and the Winnipeg Huts, where the days were restful and the night hours disturbed. Airplane bombing and high-velocity shell-guns—the soldiers' crisply-termed long-range artillery—frequently made the night hideous.

Towering above the hill east of the Chausee Brunehaut are the ruined towers of Mont St. Eloi, destroyed more than 60 years ago during the Franco-Prussian War and never repaired. A monument to the frightfulness of conflict even in those far-off days. But the towers were useful; they made excellent artillery observation posts.

Le Pendu was a small crossroads settlement on the outskirts of Mont St. Eloi, and here it was said, there used to stand a gallows as a warning to male-

(Continued on Page 13.)

It was nights and nights before she came to say good-night. Ann-Jane would lie awake listening and trying hard not to go to sleep because it would be so disappointing if Mother came and she didn't know. One night she did, she woke up, and Mother was looking at her, with such a queer look on her face, and Ann-Jane thought for a moment there were big tears in her eyes, but of course she was mistaken 'cos Mother never cried.

IN CITY TRAFFIC AND ON THE HIGHWAYS

HYDRAULIC BRAKES ARE SAFEST



CHEVROLET gives you perfected Hydraulic Brakes in all its powerful, lively-performing 1936 models. You can depend on these new, perfected Chevrolet Hydraulics to stop faster without swerving—to act positively whatever the weather—and to last longer, with fewer adjustments. Chevrolet is also the only low-priced car that combines the added protection of solid steel Turret Top Bodies by Fisher—Safety glass all around—the "Knee-Action" gliding ride—and Fisher No-Drift Ventilation.

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"Good-night," Mother had said and gone away quite suddenly without kissing her, so that Ann-Jane had thought she had been naughty to be asleep when mother came. And after that she tried hard to stay awake for hours and hours. Ann-Jane looked at him in surprise before she answered politely, "Anne-Jane."

The big man said "Marlow?" quickly, just like that.

"Yes," said Ann-Jane and blushed as she realized she had only told him her christian name, forgetting the Marlow bit, which never seemed quite to belong to her, not even when Miss Trefussis took her shopping, and gave her name and address, to be written down on the paper which had a blue one underneath.

(To be continued)

had to keep waiting for them to catch her up.

And then something happened. A big man who was walking along the path stopped still and looked at her, then as Ann-Jane galloped past him he said, "What's your name?"

Ann-Jane looked at him in surprise before she answered politely, "Anne-Jane."

The big man said "Marlow?" quickly, just like that.

"Yes," said Ann-Jane and blushed as she realized she had only told him her christian name, forgetting the Marlow bit, which never seemed quite to belong to her, not even when Miss Trefussis took her shopping, and gave her name and address, to be written down on the paper which had a blue one underneath.

NOTICE

By order of the Trustees of St. Ignace Mayfield School, all School Tax arrears will be handed to the Court for collection after September 1st, 1936.

JEREMIAH PETERS,
L-6126-7-16-18

NOTICE

All roads and waters lead to Pinette boat races on July 22nd. Open to all fishing boats. Good refreshment booths, tea tables, also swimming match, band music, field sports, old time dancing, fireworks.

L-5995-7-11-15-18

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.

PUBLIC AUCTION

There will be sold at Public Auction on the premises that Charlottetown Property known as 220 Dorchester Street on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of July, 1936, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon. The property comprises two tenements, and was formerly the property of Mrs. Patrick McKenna.

For further particulars, apply to S. DesRoches, Solicitor, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Bldg., Charlottetown.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE with Major Hoople **OUR WAY**



OH, AGNES! GET A LOAD OF HOOPLE OUT IN HIS BACKYARD, BLOODHOUNDING SOMETHING WITH A NET—THE HOT WEATHER MUST HAVE OPENED UP THE CRACK IN HIS CROCK!

I KNEW THAT WOULD HAPPEN! HEAVENS, DON'T TELL ME HE'S NABBED THE NET AWAY FROM THE GUARDS

BY JOVE! WHAT BRILLIANCE! AN EXCELLENT SPECIMEN—NOW, MY FELLOW PUFF-PUFF!

THEY BOTH ARE BUGS, BAXTER =

By WILLIAMS



WHY, MA'AM, THEM OTHER INJUN RUINS YOU WANT TO STUDDY ARE TEN MILES FROM HERE. YIT, WE WON'T GET HOME TIL LATE NIGHT WITHOUT NO SUPPER—WHY?

WELL, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO GO ON. I MUST INCLUDE THAT RUIN IN MY STORY.

BUT, MA'AM, HAIN'T TIED? WE'VE MADE THUTTY MILES, NOW, AN NO SUPPER—UH—

BRAIN FOOD AND GRUB