

**Dad's bath sounds like a big success— It is . . .**

• Dad's using the bath soap he likes. The soap with a rich, quick, man's lather that leaves you really clean. He decided all on his own one day to try Lux Toilet Soap. And discovered that the ACTIVE lather of this pure white soap cleans pore-deep. Carries away stale perspiration, every last trace of dust and dirt. Leaves you feeling fit—and looking it!

**FAITHFUL**  
By Margaret Gorman Nichols

CHAPTER 25

Turning to Mary, Iris said, "No explanation is necessary, can't you tell by your faces." She took Clive Leader's hand. "I'm so glad you came back." Her voice was trembling a little. She turned back to Mary. "This," smiling in Mark's direction, "is what I found at Bluff House. You know perfectly well I'd find him. He didn't drag me in. I went in of my own accord. Well, I think you might kiss me or something. You can't bowl me out. Louis is involved in the conspiracy, too. He suggested my bringing you here. You can't bowl out a bride-to-be. Clive, my dear, forgive me if I cry a little, but . . ."

"We've got to do something about this," said Mark. "Celebration. Certainly we can't eat a plain dinner on such news. I'll go down to the dining room and see what they have in stock and have it cooked and sent to my place. Champagne, if they have any."

"Take Clive with you," said Mary. "I want to cry on Iris's shoulder and I don't want him to see. Besides, the women in the dining room might mob you if you go alone."

When Clive and Mark went out, Iris took Mary's hand. "Clive must love you a great deal. Not to mind the shiny nose and . . . eyes."

"What did Mark say and do when he saw you?"

"He thought I'd fallen out of the sky. Mary, it hasn't been my trip or my holiday. It's yours. Tonight is yours. We aren't going to talk about Mark and me expect to say it—I isn't any use. It was a sweet thought of Louis's but it can't mean anything. Just something else to think about and be hurt by."

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry? It gave you Clive and a home in China and a life that's going to be full and interesting from now on?"

"When I saw him, I guess I felt as Mark felt when he saw you. He was sure I'd turn him down again. He said he just wanted to ask me once more. Iris, what he said . . ."

"I've no right to hear that," she said. "I know he said the right thing about Julian."

"I couldn't be happy if Julian opposed it. I'd feel it. We're going to be married in Boston tomorrow and you and Mark were going with us. I don't know how we're going. I couldn't think of taking my bridal party on a miserable bus."

"Did Mark drive up?" Iris asked.

"He probably did."

"Then that would make it perfect. After the wedding in Boston," Mary went on, "we'll go back to New York and my honeymoon will be a trip to China. I've always wanted a home of my own." She smiled. "He doesn't know anything about my money. I don't think I'll tell him until after we're married. Then he can't object to it."

Mark and Clive came back. "They're sending dinner to Bluff House," said Mark, "with champagne. I'll walk back and get the car."

"Then you did drive up," Mary said delightedly. "It's going to be a more important car from now on. You're taking us to Boston tomorrow to be married."

The dinner party at Bluff House was one they were never to forget and for each of them it had a special significance. For Mary it meant the end of flight and for Clive the end of loneliness. To Iris it meant the end of the most enduring and closest friendship she had ever known with a woman. Mark watching her face in the flicker of the candles, marveled at his restraint, and the casualness of this meeting with Iris. When Mary was married tomorrow, he and Iris would come back to Eaton Forest . . . alone . . .

Clive stayed with Mark that night. Iris, restless all night, heard Mary's peaceful breathing as she slept. There were no questions, no doubts ahead with Clive.

They breakfasted at Bluff House. The residents of Eaton Forest were just getting about their morning exercises and chores when the large car wet by.

When they were on open sunny road, Mark said, "I've never been married but it seems to me one has to do something about a wedding ring and flowers."

**ANNUAL MEETING**

The Annual Meeting of the 1st District of Queens County Liberal Association is to be held in Breadalbane on Monday, June 15th at 8 P. M. for the purpose of electing District Officers and transacting any other business which may come before the meeting. Each poll is entitled to send five delegates. All Liberal voters of the District are requested to be present.

FRED MacDONALD, President.  
J. VERNER MOORE, Secretary.

L. 1829-6-10-21

**Professional Cards**

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**VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE**

That well-known property of P. Mullins, No. 99 Pownall St., consisting of large house with store. House contains 15 rooms, including bath room, steam heated; large yard; stable to accommodate 15 horses. Central location for store, hotel, rooming house and stabling. Property in good repair.

If not sold by June 19th will be sold by public auction at 2 p.m. on that date.

For particulars apply on the premises or to  
J. P. BRADLEY & CO.,  
Auctioneers.

L-5296

**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.	Pisquid . . . . . 4.50 P.M.
Peakes . . . . . 9.10 A.M.	Peakes . . . . . 5.00 P.M.
Pisquid . . . . . 9.20 A.M.	St. Theresa's . . . . . 5.10 P.M.
Fort Augustus . . . . . 9.30 A.M.	Baldwin's Road . . . . . 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 . . . . . 5.35 P.M.
Arrive Charlottetown . . . . . 10.10 A.M.	Georgetown . . . . . 5.50 P.M.

Headquarters at Charlottetown  
Nobana Tea Rooms.

BUICK 7 PASSENGER CAR  
Headquarters at Georgetown  
F. J. Solomon

Passes carried on intercity stage  
of No. 1

**ALLISON HEUSTIS** Charlottetown P. E. Island

**Called Burbank of Canadian Prairies**

WINNIPEG, June 8—Frank Skinner, a native of Scotland, who has a big farm at Dropmore, Manitoba, is earning a reputation as "the Luther Burbank of the Canadian West." Sixty acres of his farm has been turned into a nursery where most surprising results are being secured—surprising when it is realized that Dropmore is 1,500 miles farther North than Southern California and Florida.

This year, for instance, Skinner has four acres of lilies, many luxurious varieties developed through crossing. He has produced hardy and magnificent roses by crossing beautiful varieties from England, Europe and Asia with the native prairie rose, and his specimens stand a winter climate in which 45 degrees below zero is not unknown. His experiments with pear trees promise to be equally successful. He found that the Siberian pear did well in the Manitoba climate, but the fruit was tough and thorny. Now he has grafted on to this tree branches from trees that produce edible pears in southern Alberta, with every indication of a happy outcome.

Because of similar climatic conditions in the two regions Mr. Skinner's experiments are being watched with interest by horticulturists of the prairie provinces.

**NOTICE**

That all School Taxes in the District of Millvale 161 must be paid by the 20th June, 1936. If not, proceedings for same will follow.

By order of Trustees,  
GEORGE MURPHY,  
Secretary.

L-5364-6-10-11.

**NOTICE**

The following city merchants have agreed to close their stores on Wednesday afternoons starting June 10th.

P. J. MacDonald, Roop's Ltd., Saunders & Newsome, Rix's Grocery, Cudmore Bros., Thomas Mills, Wheatley's Meat Market, McLean & MacFadyen, The Queen St. Meat Market, Coffin & Co.

L-4817

**NOTICE**

Wanted to buy well washed and picked wool. Price 2 cents.

Also want quantity of unwashed wool.

WM. CONDON  
Woolen Mills

**A CONTRACT FOR Better Flavour!**

• Quaker Corn Flakes are guaranteed to be the best flavoured, most delicious corn flakes you ever tasted . . . or your money back. They are the only corn flakes with this money-back guarantee printed on every package.

"They have a delicious, distinctive flavour of their own." Quaker Corn Flakes are made from a special recipe that brings out all the full, rich flavour of sun-ripe corn.

"You'll love the fine, crispy, crunchiness of the thin Quaker flakes." Quaker Corn Flakes are thinner and finer—never soggy or chewy in milk or cream.

"They're better value too." Quaker Corn Flakes are the only ones that offer you a money-back guarantee of better flavour; wax-wrapping and triple-sealing; enrichment with health-giving vitamin "D"; and a valuable coupon in every package.

• FLAVOUR is the most important thing in foods. That's why so many people prefer Quaker Corn Flakes. If you've never tasted them, try them—our money-back contract guarantees them to be better flavoured.

**QUAKER Corn Flakes**

And the license," said Mary, laughing. "I want this perfectly legal."

In Boston the ring was bought, a tiny diamond circlet, and a pretty girl in a florist shop, made two orchid corsages. Half an hour later they were standing in the chapel of a famous old church.

Iris, her eyes lowered, had never heard the wedding ceremony so distinctly before, and the deep solemn voice seemed to be saying the words to her. In a few weeks from now another solemn voice would be saying the same words to Joel and her, binding them by strict vows to each other. Then Mark would be lost.

"A flicker of pain crossed her face. She drew in her lips. She did not look at Mark beside her, knowing their thoughts were the same. He, too, was thinking, "In so short a time from now . . . lost."

What was Mary thinking of now? Or that much younger Mary who had heard these vows before, never dreaming of the tragedy that would sever them? Iris wanted to say, "Don't divide yourself, Mary. I'm divided and I know what it is."

They went to a hotel for lunch. It was gay and it was sad, these last moments together, but they would not admit the sadness of separation, "China isn't really so far away," said Mary, "and Clive and I will be coming back one of these days." And Mary's eyes said, "Why, oh why, must you marry Joel when you belong to Mark! That's the only cloud in my happiness. With champagne, I'll walk back and get the car."

"Then you did drive up," Mary said delightedly. "It's going to be a more important car from now on. You're taking us to Boston tomorrow to be married."

If Iris was never to see Mary again, her last memory was a happy one with Mary's arm through Clive's, her mouth smiling, and tears in her eyes when they said good-bye in the lobby of the hotel.

When Iris and Mark had gone, Clive asked, "Why are you crying?"

"For them, my dear. For pride that's too great—and faith that's blind. He'll never ask her now. He'll wait for her to come to him and Iris will never do that. Clive, tell me more about China."

The residents of Eaton Forest saw much of the "hermit" after that and found him to be an entertaining host. To the various parties in the Forest he went with Iris and his own parties at Bluff House were made more interesting by the residents who came year after year. There were midnight suppers and swimming parties late at night when every one went to Bluff House for a bite to eat and steaming coffee.

Iris lived in a state of suspended happiness. There was no time for brooding even over Joel's consistent, lugubrious letters and Mrs. Wade's old complaint of the lack of money. When Iris opened her eyes in the morning in the little lodge, she hurried to dress and meet Mark in the dining room. After that they swam, played tennis, and there was usually a party in the afternoon and at night every one went to Bluff House.

She had never had a vacation like this. When some of the residents talked of, "When I was in Spain the summer before I lost my money," Iris felt no envy. Eaton Forest, with its merry sunburned people and Mark at Bluff House, were the fulfillment of her wildest dreams.

"In a week we go back," she said one night.

Mark said, "I've nothing to go back to. I've everything here."

She was sitting on the ledge of the stone porch, wearing blue pajamas and a white sweater. Inside the radio was playing and people were talking and dancing in high spirits.

"This will always be slightly unreal to me," she said. "This is the first playing I've ever done in my life. I didn't know how to play before. I didn't know that people could live so harmoniously as they do here."

Didn't she know, he wondered, that all this entertainment and keeping the house filled with people was to spare him the madness of being alone with her? He remembered the drive back from Boston the day Mary was married. They had been silent most of the way, un-

**C.N.R. Department Changes Arranged**

MONTREAL, Que., June 9—Official circulars issued at Montreal and Toronto today announce a re-arrangement of positions and titles of operating department officials of the central region, Canadian National Railways.

A circular issued at Montreal by S. J. Hagerford, President, announces that W. A. Kingsland, hitherto in charge of the central region as vice president and general manager, will relinquish the title of general manager and will have the title of vice president, central region, with office at Toronto.

Circulars issued at Toronto by Mr. Kingsland announce the appointment of F. L. C. Bond, hitherto general superintendent, Montreal district, as general superintendent, Montreal district, succeeding Mr. Bond, and J. F. Pringle, hitherto general superintendent of transportation is appointed general superintendent southern Ontario district, succeeding Mr. Hudson.

**FOR SALE OR TO RENT**

Desirable property, 75 Dorchester Street, dwelling house comprising 14 rooms and shop, bathroom, hot water heating. Suitable for store and boarding house or for conversion into apartments or tenements. Apply 68 Pownall Street.

L-5369-6-8-M-W-P-tf.

**BARGAIN FARES**

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New Glasgow, N. S.	June 12th	June 15th	

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**CHANDLER and BELL**

Showroom and Workshop at Radio Towers, Malpeque Road

**A Friend to the Aged As the Years Creep On**

MILBURN'S HEALTH AND NERVE PILLS

In the later years of life we start to lose that snap and vigor of our younger days. The blood does not circulate as it once did, the vitality is on the wane, and the nerves not just as steady as they used to be.

Little sicknesses and ailments seem harder to shake off; and evidences of a breakdown begin to appear. Those who wish to maintain their health and vigor and retain their energy should use Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills at this time of life.

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE** with Major Hoople

HOOPLE'S BOSS HOOPLE IS THE NAME—HARR-RUMF! WITH MY WELL-OILED STEAM-ROLLER MACHINE, I HOLD MY CONSTITUENTS IN THE HOLLOW OF MY HAND—EGAD! THE HIGHEST OFFICE OF STATE AND NATION HAVE BEEN PROFFERED ME, BUT I CHOOSE TO REMAIN THE UNSEEN POWER!

WHAT STATION IS THAT BROADCASTING? SOUNDS LIKE HIGH VOLTAGE!

IT'S ALL STATION—LAST NIGHT, IN THE BAR, HE WAS A SENATOR—NOW, HE'S THE CHAUFFEUR OF A STEAM-ROLLER, RUN BY HIS OWN MOTOR!

YEAH?

OFF TO A GOOD START

**OUT OUR WAY** By WILLIAMS

WELL, NOW I KIN KEEP MY PROMISE TO LOTS OF THE KIDS—AND MAKE A HIT WITH SOME MORE OF 'EM, TOO. LET'S SEE—I PROMISED JIMMIE ONE—HERBERT, RALPH, DUTCH AND FUZZ—AND I KIN GIVE 'EM FOUR—AND DONNIE AND CARL EACH ONE, TOO. COURSE, I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY'LL TREAT 'EM—PROB'LY MAUL 'EM AROUND TERRIBLE—BUT MOM WON'T LET ME KEEP 'EM, SO WHAT CAN I DO?

YOU'LL GIVE NONE OF THOSE POOR BABIES AWAY TO ANY OF THOSE ROUGHNECKS—NOT IF I KNOW IT, YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM YOURSELF!

EE-HEE—IT WORKED—ANY WILL WE HAVE FUN WITH 'EM!

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