

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.

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

FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale by tender my valuable farm of 100 acres conveniently located at North Tryon with proximity to markets, school, churches, stores, mills, creamery, etc. This property, having received scientific attention for the past forty years, is attractive to one desiring excellent buildings, electric lights, running water, productive soil and a profitable farm investment.

Tenders, with and without crop, will be received until July first. For further information phone, write or visit.

GEORGE H. CALLBECK, L-4887

FOR SALE

'SUMMER HOME

Beautiful seashore property known as "The Hedges" situated on the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence owned by Mrs. Gane Morris.

An acre and a half of land fronting on Prince Edward Island's North Shore, famous for surf bathing, beautiful shade trees. Residence has large verandas on front and two sides; living-room 22 x 35 contains two fire places; large dining-room, also outside dining-room, five guest bed-rooms, two servants' bed-rooms and baths. The property has its own electric light and water plant, also three car garages. Everything in excellent state of repair.

Will be sold completely furnished and equipped ready for occupation, or without furniture to suit purchaser. Apply

THE EASTERN TRUST COMPANY, 154 Richmond Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. L-5270-6-13-36.

NOTICE

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the P. E. I. Protestant Orphanage will be held in St. Paul's Parish Hall, Prince St., Charlottetown, P. E. I. on Friday evening June 19th, 1936 at 8 o'clock P. M.

A number of trustees are to be appointed to the board and all contributors present will have a vote; complete printed financial reports will be distributed and the work of this institution freely discussed.

This meeting is wide open to the public and all are cordially invited to attend; the Clergy are asked to make this announcement on the Sunday previous.

IRA M. BROWN, Sec'y.-Treas. L-4812-6-9-11-13-16-18.

To Let

Large house No. 91 King Street, Possession June 15th, 1936.

Apply to S. DesROCHES, Solicitor, Canadian Bank of Commerce Bldg.

DANIEL STEWART, Mortgagee. L-5334-6-6-13-20-27

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	8:55 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.	Peakes	4:50 P.M.
Peakes	9:30 A.M.	St. Theresa's	5:00 P.M.
Plaquid	9:30 A.M.	Baldwin's Road	5:10 P.M.
Fort Augustus	9:30 A.M.	48 Road	5:15 P.M.
Webster's Corner	9:40 A.M.	Cardigan	5:20 P.M.
Johnston's River	9:50 A.M.	Georgetown	5:30 P.M.
Arrive Charlottetown	10:10 A.M.	Nehana Tea Rooms.	

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

Parcels carried at minimum charge of 25c.

ALLISON NEUSTIS, Charlottetown, P. E. Island

FAITHFUL

By MARGARET GORMAN NICHOLS

CHAPTER 28

"When Mr. Butler went out, Joel sat down and covered his face with his hands. His shoulders shook. Iris felt that surely this must be a horrible nightmare, being here in this cluttered dusty room with the dark shades drawn.

"What would Mrs. Wade say? Iris could see her satisfied smile, hear her say, 'What did I tell you about him? I never trusted him.' And her stepbrother Tommy and Louis and Mark would think the same. She thought, 'I have lost everything I felt for him except pity and that has doubled because of his weakness.'

"She put her hand on his arm. 'I'll get the money for you, Joel.' 'Do you think I'll take any money from your swell friends? I'd rather go to jail than take money from Mark Christian and be indebted to him.'

"I'm going to Louis for it." He looked at her. "His wife is divorcing him. Is it because of you? You were pretty thick with him."

"His wife wants to marry some one else," Iris said stolidly. "This isn't the time to talk about me. Mr. Butler is being decent about this, Joel. He won't tell your boss at the bank. You won't lose your job there."

"And if Louis Tracy does give you the money, what then? You won't marry me now, will you? You hate me for this—when you made me do this, otherwise the proceeds of the estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, without regard to such claims."

"Dated at Summerside, this 5th day of June, 1936. Address of Custodian, P. O. Box 36, Summerside, P. E. I. FREDERICK J. E. WRIGHT, Custodian. L-4791-6-9-18-18.

Those having claims against the estate must file with me prior thereto. When she was on the street, she suddenly realized she was walking aimlessly, her mind dazed. For me, she thought, He did it for me. I must not forget though I despise him for it, Eaton Forest, away from greed and selfishness, was a dream.

"Thank you," said Iris. "Is the doctor busy? I must see him. It's urgent." "I'll tell him you're here."

"What's happened? Are you ill? Sit down, Iris." "Thank you, I'm not ill. I've just been through a ordeal."

"You look ill. Tell me." "She told him everything. 'I have forty-eight hours to get that money.'

"You have? Why is it your responsibility? You're not the kind of a good man, Iris. You build them up."

"But he did it for me. Can't you understand? Louis, I've got to have four thousand dollars? Mother doesn't have it. I don't. You're the only person in the world I could come to. I know you wouldn't fail me."

"I've got to fail you," he said. "I don't have four thousand dollars. I made a cash settlement on Annette. I preferred that to monthly alimony payments. I'm poor. I'm starting over. Her money set me up in my office and paid for my equipment. I paid her back every cent and more. I've got a little over five hundred dollars. That's all I have, Iris. You need me and I can't help you."

"I didn't understand the circumstances. I understand perfectly now. If Mary were here, she'd help me. He'll pay it back. I'll see to that."

"Louis bent forward. 'You're not going to marry him now?'" "He stole money for me. If I let him go now, he'll sink lower than this. Don't you see? I've got to stay by him now and help him pick himself up again and pay back the money."

"Louis cried, 'You're out of your mind, Iris. You're carrying your idea of nobility and decency too far!'" "If he had done it for any other reason, I'd help him but I'd never see him again. But he is an embittered because I made him one."

"It's hopeless to talk to you, to make you see what a fool you are."

For months your friends have watched you. It would be different if you loved Joel. You don't. You love Mark. Iris, I hate to be harsh like this. But I know what marriage is. Do you think you'll have even a meager sort of happiness, marrying under conditions like these? It will be between you all the time—this and Mark!

"I have neither pride nor respect left. It's the only hope I have for Joel. I won't blame Mark or hate him if he turns me down. I made such a row about the money he gave me. I was proud and I wouldn't be bought then. Now, you see, I've got to take my medicine."

"Suppose Mark refuses. He's proud, too, Iris, and hurt. It won't be exactly easy for him to give you money to get another man free and then marry him."

"I'm expecting Mr. Christian but I can't say when he'll be back," Mark's servant told her. "He went to his office."

"Thank you, I'll wait." His life had been shaped in this room. The last time she had come in anger. That last time . . . How superior of her when she had said, 'You were trying to buy me . . . My life has nothing to do with money . . . contempt for a man who tries to buy his way with money.' She remembered every word of that dark afternoon.

While she was waiting, she called Joel. "Have you gotten it?" he asked. "Not yet. I was anxious to know if you're all right."

"Not yet, I was anxious to know if you're all right. I don't care how you get that money but get it."

The servant was lighting gas logs in the fireplace when she heard the sound of Mark's key in the door. She got up to face him. She must not cry.

"Mark looked tired, incredibly tired. On the threshold of the room he paused in surprise to see her, then smiled faintly, a happy, expectant sort of smile. He thought she had come to him, and ties with Joel had been broken! The expression said, 'It isn't Iris. It's too good to be true!' But her white face, a little drawn from the rigid control, told him he had jumped too wildly, too quickly at conclusions.

"An unexpected pleasure," he said with a gallant nod of his dark head. His mouth was hard, firm. "Didn't you see enough of me at Eaton Forest?"

Hating subterfuge, she took a long breath, a deep breath, and looked at him honestly and was a little afraid of her voice.

"I guess it's your turn to be arrogant and proud, Mark."

"What do you mean?" "I—I need you. I'm in serious, desperate trouble."

His eyes did not soften, did not forgive. They were black eyes today that looked at her beneath a puzzled frown.

"Suppose you tell me everything," he said. "Iris looked straight into the depths of those black eyes and told the whole ugly drama."

"Am I the first person you came to?" he asked. "I went to Louis first."

"It's not particularly flattering to be a last refuge," he said coldly. "I have talked a great deal about pride, Mark. My pride. I flung it at you one day in this very room. You are my last refuge, my only hope to keep Joel from prison. Oh, I know this is asking so much of you . . . Not the money, of course, but . . ."

"She lowered her head, bit deeply into her lower lip. 'I am desperate. He did it for me.'

"Are you so sure of that, Iris?" "In spite of everything, I know he's been true to me. Mark, will you help me, not for the part I have in it but for charity's sake and to keep a boy from going to prison? Prison won't make him sorer than he is. It will make him bitter toward everything and every one. He'll be hardened. Weak people can't take severe punishment. They have to be helped and encouraged . . . like children taking medicine." She got up. "I'm sorry I came. It is too much to ask. It's humiliating for you."

"Do you think I care about my own humiliation? Sit down, Iris. You are," he said, "the noblest fool I ever saw."

CHAPTER 29

Mark did not say he thought her defeat and her humility magnificent. How many women would be loyal to a man involved in embarrassment? How many women would fling pride to the wind and actually beg for money as Iris was doing now to set free a man she did not love? She knew he'd be cruel and blunt to her. That had not shaken her either.

The stern countenance broke into a smile. "I guess you've passed the test, Iris."

"You mean you've finished torturing me."

"I'll write out a check at once." "It's to be only a loan. It will be paid back."

He looked at her over his shoulder as he went to the desk. "And you'll be the one to pay it back, Iris, having earned it with your own hands."

He wrote out a check and handed it to her. "This is the price for my terrible pride, Mark." She looked up at him only to find he was saying so many things she wanted to say, so many things she wanted to make right."

"I'd rather not have those things haunt me all over Europe," he said. "I'm sailing tomorrow." He smiled again but his jaw was firm. "This is the end in our series of good-byes, Iris."

She thought, "Is my love banishing him? Every one has turned away from me. Mark Louis. They're kind but beneath it is a terrible pity and bitterness toward me. I am only my duty. I must follow that. Mark, has asking for so much money killed everything you felt for me? I can't ask you and I shall never know in our last good-bye whether you are hating me or loving me. In setting Joel free, I have banished all the others I love."

It was difficult to leave. It was she who would be walking away this time with the price of Joel's freedom in her purse. What did two people who loved each other say when they were not to meet again and when one was putting an ocean between them? Iris felt numb.

She got up and went to him. "Thank you for this," and summoned courage and strength to say, "Mark, I love you. I can't help it if those words will haunt you all over Europe. I must say them now for I shall love you, adore you, wherever you are, wherever I am, as long as I live."

He reached for her to say, "Iris, let's stop this ridiculous farce. Let's stop shielding our wounded pride with armor and admit that love is stronger than duty."

But there was gone and the door closed softly. There was no triumph in her voice when she called Joel from a drug store booth and said, "I have the money, Joel. A check rather. Don't worry any more."

"No, I can't. I'm so tired. It's been such a terrible day. Call Mr. Butler and tell him that everything has been settled and thank him for his fairness. I'll see you sometime tomorrow night."

"What a relief! I've been seeing prison bars in front of me. I'd have lost my mind. Iris . . ."

When she went to bed it seemed that daylight would never come. Mark is going to Europe . . . Mark is going to Europe . . . kept tapping against her brain. When he came back, she'd be married to Joel. Mark had ceased loving her. Perhaps that was better than loving her and being hurt by it. She could not cry. This dry-eyed, burning-eyed wickedness was worse.

That night was cool and clear. Iris dressed in a gray sport dress and a dark coat and said to Mrs. Wade, "Joel wasn't feeling himself yesterday. I'm going to see him."

For Joel the way was clear now and he would never know the sacrifice, the sacrifice lives, and the bitter price to make it so. In his room, which the memory of yesterday had made abhorrent to her, they would plan their future mid the ruin of Mark's life and the heartbreak of hers.

The Irish boarding-house mistress seemed at first reluctant to admit her, then, shrugging her broad shoulders, fully opened the door.

Iris did not knock at Joel's door. But when she opened it, she knew that he was more frightened than he had been yesterday.

A small rather voluptuous girl, with hair as bright as her mouth, was sitting on the arm of a chair and her black hat was tilted over one eye. Smoke from her cigarette enveloped her and in one hand she held an expensive fur cape.

(To Be Continued.)

4 STAR USED CAR

GENERAL MOTORS DEALERS

RELIABILITY QUALITY VALUE

DEALER RELIABILITY

HAS BEEN CAREFULLY CHECKED AS SHOWN BY (✓) BELOW

RADIATOR	HORN
MOTOR	BODY
CLUTCH	GLASS
TRANSMISSION	FENDERS
REAR AXLE	FINISH
STEERING	TIRES
BRAKES	UPHOLSTERY
STARTING	FLOOR MATS
LIGHTING	LUBRICATION

OK PRICE

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DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Probate Court at Edward VII, A.D. 1936.

In the Estate of Caroline Yeo, Union Road, in Queens County in the said Province Married Woman, deceased testate.

By the Honourable HAROLD LEONARD PALMER, Surrogate Judge of Probate, Etc., Etc.

Of the Sheriff of the County or Queens County of any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Bruce H. Yeo of Souris in King's County in said Province Motion Picture Exhibitor, and J. Wendall Yeo of Union Road aforesaid, Farmer, the 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 me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in the said Province, on Wednesday the tenth day of June 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 D. L. Mathieson, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioners. And I do hereby order 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 aforesaid, at or near the Royal Bank of Canada in Charlottetown aforesaid and in front of the

school-house in Union Road aforesaid, and I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 6th day of May A. D. 1936 and in the first year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) H. I. PALMER, Judge of Probate. L-4641-5-9-16-23-30.

Will be received by the undersigned until June 15th, 1936, for the sale of the late J. Bismark Craswell's car. MRS. MARGARET M. CRASWELL, J. H. BUNTAIN. L-4795-6-9-11-13.

FOR SALE

About one and one-quarter acres of land with house and barn in the Village of Kingston, formerly the property of Emma Crosby. Near Church and school and in a splendid farming community. Fine shady trees about house. Suitable for retired farmer or fox rancher. For further particulars, apply to Harry Crosby, Kingston, or S. DesRoches, Solicitor, Can. Bank of Commerce Bldg., Charlottetown. L4962-6-13-18

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE

(FOUNDED AND ENDOWED BY THE LATE REV. DR. MCGILL UNIVERSITY MONTREAL)

Applications should be made early. Recently enlarged (reproof 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.

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for BRUISES

There's nothing to equal Minard's "KING OF PAIN" Liniment. Gives quick relief!

GORDON FIFE, Soldier of Fortune

The Lost City

By Bob Moore and John Hales

DAY AFTER DAY THE CARAVAN FORGES STEADILY AHEAD OVER THE GIANT DUNES

CURSE THAT YAM-KEE SWINE... HE HAS BEWITCHED YOUR BROTHER... HE LISTENS TO NO ONE BUT HIM

OUR TIME IS COMING SOON, BELA... WE ARE ALMOST THERE... HE DOESN'T KNOW IT BUT THIS IS CAPTAIN FIFE'S LAST ADVENTURE

IT'S SIMPLY MARVELOUS THE WAY FATHER HAS IMPROVED... HE SEEMS AGAIN HIMSELF AGAIN... YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN A DOCTOR YOURSELF

THERE'S NOTHING TO IT... I JUST CONVINCED HIM THAT HE WAS TAKING TOO MUCH MEDICINE... LOOK... HE'S CALLING US...

THERE IT IS... EL KULAH... THE LOST CITY... THERE HAVE BEEN MOMENTS WHEN I THOUGHT THAT I SHOULD NEVER SEE IT AGAIN... FIVE OLD MEN, WHAT I BELIEVE WE SHALL FIND HERE WILL MAKE US THE MOST FAMOUS MEN IN THE WORLD