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with 54¢ jar of Famous "Wonder Cream"

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PURIFIES—CLEANSES Corrects Skin Faults—Quickly!

Take advantage of the generous offer drug and department stores are making. Try Noxzema Medicated Cream Soap—FREE!

Once you've used it you'll agree it's just the soap you need to keep your skin soft, smooth, lovely.

Noxzema Soap and water—apply Noxzema Skin Cream—wash off in the morning with cold water or ice.

FREE for limited time For a limited time you will receive one large cake of Noxzema Soap—FREE—with your purchase of a 54¢ jar of Noxzema's famous "Wonder Cream."

Make this ten day test

If you are troubled with Large Pores, Blackheads, Chapped Skin, Pimples, Roughness or any other skin fault, by all means use Noxzema Soap and Skin Cream for ten days.

FREE SOAP COUPON

Clip this coupon as a reminder to stop in today at your nearest drug or department store for a Free cake of Noxzema Soap with your purchase of a 54¢ jar of Noxzema Skin Cream.

MOTHER'S LOVE

(By JOAN KENNEDY)

Continued

Uprooting—yes that was a good word. It would be digging up their roots to leave England. Oh, she couldn't do it. And he had said, "It is for you to decide, Nan!"

Well, she had decided. Rosemary Cottage made her little world—her wonderful little world. Fred must come back and take his chance. She could not go away.

For a second or so she stood at the gate of Mrs. Potter's cottage. How lovely the sun was! There was nothing so beautiful as spring in England. Soon the lane would be white with hawthorn and the wild cherry trees would be in blossom.

Nan smiled to herself. It was all right—Fred had said she must decide. Well, she had decided—decided for England and Rosemary Cottage.

Her hand went towards the latch of the gate. Just as she moved she became aware of somebody in the lane. It was a woman—a human detritus. She was coming towards the gate where Nan stood.

Nan had a strange foreboding of trouble as she looked at the approaching woman. She always had been one to feel things very quickly, to sense disturbance. So vivid was that sensation of trouble that she braced herself to meet it and did not know why.

The creature looked unkempt and drab. Her hair was ragged and her hair straggled about her face from beneath a broken hat. She dragged her feet. A travesty of a woman!

"Just as well that I am here," thought Nan. "Mother wouldn't want to be worried by her."

It was so plain that the creature was making for the cottage. Nan held the gate and her mouth went firm. She would keep her out, at any rate.

Now she was close, a soiled, disreputable female tramp. Nan recoiled a little before the unpleasant sight of a woman who had gone so far down hill.

"The name of her husband, coming from the lips of the untidy woman, gave Nan a shock. Mechanically her own lips repeated the name. "Fred Potter?"

"Yes, he used to live here years ago. I'm looking for him. Walked all the way from Burielgh, I have, and I'm tired. I am not got the price of a 'bus fare on me, and just about come to the end of my tether, that I have. I was counting on finding Fred still in these parts."

Nan felt as though cold water were trickling down her back and legs threatened to give way beneath her with the fear which raced through her mind. This woman was asking for Fred—for Fred, her husband!

But, even as the fear tore through her, she marshalled her thoughts, held on to caution, forced her voice to be calm.

"The doesn't live here," she said slowly, but emphatically. "I'm sorry."

"The woman's face went dark and her lips sagged. Nan found herself taking in every detail now of that derelict figure before her. That straggling hair still held red shades. There was a queer scar on her chin. Nan remembered things which Fred had told her, and her hand gripped the gate.

Steadying her voice, she forced those next words. "What was the force when so much might hinge on its telling? She frowned as though trying to remember something. Then she said, "I think I remember. There was a Fred Potter who went up north—Scotland, I fancy—anyhow, a long way away. There's nobody of that name round here."

"The woman cursed under her breath and stared at Nan. But she stared back at her eyes vacant. She said, "Walked all the way from Burielgh, did you say?"

"My feet won't carry me any further," came then. "I'd counted on finding Fred to help me. Haven't seen him for years, but I happen to be his wife."

More tightly Nan's hand gripped the gate, but she made no other sign. She had known—she had known!

"Oh, really!" she heard herself saying, and marvelled at the steadiness of her voice. She wanted to shriek denial of that statement, to defy it. How could this terrible creature be the wife of Fred—this derelict?

Now the woman was whining—whining of her tired feet and not being able to walk back to the town. Nan remembered that she had some change in her apron pocket. She thought, "If I get her away, away as far as Burielgh, she will be out of my life for the moment. It will be a few miles between us. Staying around her she might find out—"

She spoke quickly, feeling in her pocket. "Look here, I'll give you the few coppers which will pay your 'bus fare back to Burielgh. There's a 'bus due in a few minutes. You wait down there at the corner of this lane."

The woman took the pence she held out, thanked her, and ambled away. Nan took a deep breath. Would she get on the 'bus? Would she be rid of her? She was shaking now, trembling all over. Her eyes held torture as they watched the shambling figure going down the lane.

She stayed there at the gate unable to move. She must see that the woman got on the 'bus. She could hear it coming now. There it was—the green 'bus which went to Burielgh. And the woman was mounting.

The 'bus went on. Nan's whole body slacked. Her eyes were hot. Her heart was thudding. Standing there in the lovely sunshine, all the horror of it was revealed to her.

Fred's wife alive! Fred's wife alive and searching for him! Then that other realisation—the shame and misery for Fred if he knew—for Fred, her man! And her children—her two treasures! They would have no legal father—her little Fred and Baby Rosemary.

Nan began to run then—to run towards her home. In a few minutes she was within sight again of Rosemary Cottage. She could see the old twisting chimney, the fluttering curtains, the rose trees which were shooting green leaves about the windows. And in the garden were her darlings, her babies. They belonged to her and Fred. She had to fight for their happiness, she, their mother, who loved them.

This morning, only a short time ago, Rosemary Cottage had been her kingdom, her dream kingdom where she ruled as queen. She had thought that to leave would be impossible. And to go over the sea, to find a home in a strange land! It had hurt her even to think of it.

The fadfalls were still dancing, the wallflowers sending drifts of sweet perfume, the little house bright and home-like in the sunshine, but everything had changed for Nan. Menace was close. Fear was driving her. Fear of losing all she held dear, her wifehood, the sheltered parenthood for her children.

She stood still, staring at the house, taking in the knowledge which had just been forced upon her. After all these years, for that woman to turn up again!

There was with her now only one driving force, to keep her dear ones happy and contented, to shield her man from that grim knowledge which had just been made here. But she was the only one who knew—she was the guardian of that secret.

What was a house? What did England mean to her? It was only her man and his children who counted. She went in to write to Fred.

She was a wife and she was a mother. She could see the fat fists of Baby Rosemary still prodding the air, could hear the laughter of little Fred in the garden. Bessie had not yet gone. Her hands were quite steady now and she started to write.

"Considering the state of the market, my dear, I think the chance is too good to miss. What does it matter where we live so long as we are together? I want to be with you, not have to live with miles between like we have done of late. So I'll come and join you with the children as soon as ever I can, darling. It ought to be easy to get rid of the cottage. You can make your plans for Canada, Fred, as soon as you please, and God grant that we shall find happiness and peace in the new country. I love you, my dear, and so long as you love me that's all that matters."

The post-box was only just down the lane. Before she ran to it with her letter to Fred she bent over the pram and kissed her small



"HERE'S HOW I LEARNED TO SAVE ON THE COST OF FOOD!"

Comic strip panels showing a man and woman talking about food prices and corn flakes.

Comic strip panels showing a man and woman talking about Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

EVEN though many food prices have gone up, Kellogg's Corn Flakes are at the lowest price in their history.

Order Kellogg's at your grocer's today—and don't accept any substitute. A wholesome energy food, easy to digest.



Nothing takes the place of Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Masonic Temple Company will be held in the office of E. R. Brow & Son, 144 Richmond Street, on Wednesday the 8th day of July proximo, at 7 o'clock P. M.

J. B. BROW, Secretary.

Charlottetown, P. E. I. June 25th, 1934.

WANTED AT ONCE 50 MILK COWS

These cows must be large young cows to freshen between 1st of August and last of October.

WELLINGTON McNEILL Buntain & Bell's Wharf L5173-tts-61

TENDERS FOR COAL

Scaled Tenders will be received at the office of the Commissioners of Sewers and Water Supply until noon on Friday the twenty-sixth day of June for delivery and trimming in sheds at Pumping Station, Malpeque Road of five hundred (500) tons, more or less, of coal.

The quality and delivery of coal to be subject to the approval of the Engineer of the works.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order, J. A. MacMILLAN, Manager, City Water Department. L-5308-6-20-31

Al Capone Stabbed by Fellow Convict

SAN FRANCISCO, June 24—(A. P.)—Al Capone was stabbed in the back with a pair of scissors and superficially wounded by a desperate fellow convict in Alcatraz prison today but the former Chicago gang overlord smashed his assailant with his first and walked to the prison hospital.

The attacker was James C. Lucas, Texas bank robber, whom federal authorities have termed one of the most dangerous criminals in the United States. Lucas snatched the scissors up in the barber shop and inflicted a superficial wound.

Newfoundland Canoe Steamships Ltd

S. S. Gaston Nicard due Charlottetown Wednesday, July 1st, sailing Thursday noon, July 2nd for St. Pierre and St. John's, Newfoundland. J. F. Bragg, Agent, Buntain land.

J. F. BRAGG, Agent Buntain Bell's Wharf Phone 1129

L-5359-6-24-31

EXCURSION ON

S. S. Hochelaga

To Pictou Lobster Carnival

Fare \$2.50 Return

Good leaving Charlotte-

town July 7

Returning leave Pictou

July 10th.

Georgetown-Charlottetown Bus Service STARTING MONDAY, APRIL 27th, or as soon after as possible.

Table with bus routes and times between Georgetown and Charlottetown.

BUICK 7 PASSENGER CAB Headquaters at Georgetown F. J. Solomon of 25c.

ALLISON HEUSTIS Charlottetown P. E. Island

GORDON FIFE, Soldier of Fortune

Comic strip panels about a soldier of fortune named Gordon Fife.

daughter. The child had dropped asleep now. Looking down on the soft little face Nan saw in those baby features the stronger features of the father. She braced herself. "There are four of us," she said. THE END

Yarmouth Man Heads Y's Men

YARMOUTH, N. S., June 23—Murray Kirk of Yarmouth was elected district governor of the Maritime Y's Men's Club at its two-day convention ending today.

Agriculturalists Convene in Fredericton

FREDERICTON, N. B., June 23—Canada's leading experts in the science of agriculture will make Fredericton their headquarters from July 13 to 16 inclusive when the annual convention of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists, for the first time in the history of the organization, will be held in New Brunswick.

Farming Problems To Be Discussed At Moncton Meeting

(C. P. by Guardian's Special Wire) MONCTON, N. B., June 23—Representatives of various agricultural organizations in the three Maritime Provinces gathered here today to open a three day conference for the discussion of farming common to the three provinces.

Sir Cyril Deverell Succeeds Allenby

(C. P. by Guardian's Special Wire) LONDON, June 23—Sir Cyril Deverell was today promoted Field Marshal as a successor to Viscount Allenby.

LIPS THAT TOUCH LIPSTICK DECRIED

GOREDICH, Ont., June 24—Lips look and taste better without lipstick, says Dr. B. J. Farmer, Toronto who yesterday conducted anniversary services at the Baptist Church here.

AUCTION SALE

OF REGISTERED AND GRADE DUAL PURPOSE SHORTHORNS

I will sell by auction on July 4th at 1.30 sharp 22 head consisting of:

- HERD SIRE 1 cow 6 years old, in milk—Reg. 1 cow 5 years old, in milk—Reg. 3 heifers 2 years old—Reg. 5 heifers 1 year old—Reg. 1 bull 9 months old—Reg. 1 bull calf 6 weeks old—Reg. 1 heifer calf 6 weeks old—Reg. 1 grade heifer 2 years old. 2 grade heifers 1 year old. 1 grade Shorthorn steer. 1 Ayrshire cow, just freshened—Reg. 1 Ayrshire heifer, 1 year old—Reg. 1 Ayrshire grade heifer, 1 year old. 1 grade Guernsey cow, just freshened. 1 Clyde filly, 10 months old.

TERMS—6 months credit on approved joint notes; 6% discount for cash.

If not fine sale will be held following Monday.

ALEXANDER MACRAE, Auctioneer. (Signed) ATHOL ROBERTS, Highfield.

L-5404-6-25-28-29.

Professional Cards

Lloyd Egan & Co. Chartered Accountants 140 Richmond Street Charlottetown, P. E. I. Resident Manager MR. D. F. ARCHIBALD Phone 47

McLeod & Bentley W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. J. A. BENTLEY, K. C. Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law MONEY TO LOAN Office: 180 Richmond Street.

Palmer & Haslam H. J. PALMER, K. C. A. J. HASLAM, B. A., LL. B. BARRISTERS, ETC. Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers Charlottetown, P. E. I. MONEY TO LOAN F. O. Box 12 Phone 85.

MacGuigan & Trainor MARK E. MACGUIGAN, K. C. C. ST. CLAIR TRAINOR, B. A. Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. MONEY TO LOAN Office: Over Provincial Bank, Richmond Street, Charlottetown.

H. F. McPHEE, B. A. K. C. NOTARY & BARRISTER, SOLICITOR Riley Building, Charlottetown.

Bell & Mathieson B. R. Bell D. L. Mathieson, LL. B. Barristers & Solicitors MONEY TO LOAN Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

By Bob Moore and John Hale!

Comic strip panels about a man named Sahib and a scratch old man.