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"Is it possible, I wonder," mused the intelligent milkman as he added a fourteenth quart of Grade A to the layout on the back porch. "that these people are out of town?"

Periodic—Eye Examinations
Don't wear your glasses for five or ten years, as some do, without re-examination, for in that time serious changes are vitally important, whether one's eyes are good or otherwise.

may take place, which if not discovered, may work permanent injury to the most precious sense you possess.
Guard your eyes.
G. F. HUTCHESON
OPTOMETRIST

The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Pedler

(Continued)

"Oh, no, I was supposed to have a lesson with Monsieur Griolet this morning. He is an instructor," she explained. "But he was engaged coaching someone else when I came out."

"And which is this Monsieur Griolet? Can you see him?" Jean's glance ranged over the scattered figures on the rink.

"Yes, there he is." His eyes followed the direction indicated.

"He seems to be well occupied at the moment," he commented. "Suppose—would you allow me to act as coach instead?"

She hesitated. This stranger appeared to be uncompromisingly progressive in his tendencies.

"I'm sure of that. But—"

His eyes twinkled. "But it would not be quite commensurate if I were to take it?" she retorted.

His face grew suddenly grave, and she noticed that when in repose there were deep, straight lines on either side of his mouth—lines that are usually only furrowed by severe suffering, either mental or physical.

"Mademoiselle," he said quietly. "To-day, it seems, we are two very lonely people. Couldn't we forget what is coming if we met again? We know nothing of each other—just ships that pass in the night. Let us keep one another company—take this one day together."

He drew a step nearer to her. "Will you?" he said. "Will you?"

He was looking down at her with eyes that were curiously bright and compelling. There was a tense note in his voice which once again sent that disconcerting tremor of consciousness tingling through her blood.

She knew that his proposal was impertinent, unconventional, even regarded from the standpoint of the modern broad interpretation of the word convention, and that by every law of Mrs. Grundy she ought to snub him soundly for his presumption and retrace her steps to the hotel with all the dignity at her command.

But she did none of these things. Instead, she stood hesitating, alternately flushing and paling beneath the oddly concentrated gaze he bent on her.

"I swear it shall bind you to nothing," he pursued urgently. "Not even to recognise me in the street should our ways ever chance to cross again. Though that is hardly likely to occur—with a shrug—'seeing that mademoiselle is French and that I am rarely out of England. It will be just one day that we shall have shared together out of the whole of life, and after that the 'darkness again and a silence.'"

"I can promise you the 'silence!'" he added with a sudden harsh inflection.

It was that bitter note which won the day. In some subtle, subconscious way Jean sensed the pain which lay at the back of it. She answered impulsively:

"Very well. It shall be as you wish."

A rarely sweet smile curved the man's grave lips.

"Thank you," he said simply.

CHAPTER IV THE STOLEN DAY

"Encore une fois! Bravo! That went better!"

Monsieur Griolet's understudy had amply justified his claim to capability. After a morning's tuition at his hands, Jean found her prowess in the art of skating considerably enhanced. She was even beginning to master the mysteries of "cross-cuts" and "rocking turns," and a somewhat attenuated figure eight lay freshly scored on the ice to her credit.

"You are really a wonderful instructor," she acknowledged, surveying the graven witness to her progress with considerable satisfaction.

Her self-appointed teacher smiled. "There is something to be said for the pupil, also," he replied. "But

now—glancing at his watch—"I vote we call a halt for lunch."

"Lunch!" Jean's glance measured the distance to the hotel with some dismay.

"But not lunch at the hotel," interposed her companion quickly. Jean regarded him with curiosity.

"Where then, monsieur?"

"Up there!" he pointed towards the pine-woods. "Above the woods there is a hut of sorts—erected as a shelter in case of sudden storms for people coming up from the lower valley to Montavan and beyond. It's a rough little shanty, but it would serve very well as a temporary salie a manger. It isn't a long climb," he added persuasively. "Are you tired to take it on after your recent exertion?"

"Not in the least. But are you expecting a way side refuge of that description to be miraculously endowed with a well-furnished larder?"

"No. But I think my knapsack can make good the deficiency," he replied composedly.

Jean looked at him with dancing eyes. Having once yielded to the day's unconventional adventure, she had surrendered herself wholeheartedly to the enjoyment of it.

She made one reservation, however. Some instinct of self-protection prevented her from enlightening her companion as to her partly English nationality. There was no real necessity for it, seeing that he spoke French with the utmost fluency, and his assumption that she was a Frenchwoman seemed in some way to limit the feeling of intimacy, conferring on her, as it were, a little of the freedom of an incognito.

"A la bonne heure!" she exclaimed gaily. "So you invite me to share your lunch, monsieur le professeur?"

"I've invited you to share my day, haven't I?" he replied, smiling.

They steered for the bank, and when he had helped off her skates and removed his own, slinging them over his arm, they started off along the steep white track which wound its way upwards through the pine-woods.

As they left the bright sunlight that still glittered on the snowy slopes behind them, it seemed as though they plunged suddenly into another world—a still, mysterious, twilight place, where the snow underfoot muffled the sound of their steps and the long shadows of the pines barred their path with sinister, distorted shapes.

Jean, always sensitive to her surroundings, shivered a little.

"It's rather eerie, isn't it?" she said. "It's just as if someone had suddenly turned the lights out."

"Quite a nice bit of symbolism," he returned emphatically.

"How? I don't think I understand."

He laughed a little.

"How should you? You're young. Fate doesn't come along and snuff out the lights for you when you are—what shall we say? Eighteen?"

"You're two years out," replied Jean composedly.

"As much? Then let's hope you'll have so much the longer to wait before Madam Destiny comes round with her snuffers."

He spoke with a kind of bitter humour, the backwash, surely, of some storm through which he must have passed. Jean looked across at him with a vague trouble in her face.

"Then, do you think—she spoke uncertainly—"do you believe it is inevitable that she will come—sooner or later?"

"I hope not—to you," he said gently. "But she comes to most of us."

She longed to put another question, but there was a note of finality in his voice—a kind of "thus far shalt thou come and no further"—that warned her to probe no deeper. Whatever it was of bitterness that lay in the Englishman's past, he had no intention of sharing the knowledge with his chance companion of a day. She seemed to have become absorbed once more in his own thoughts, and for a time they tramped along together in silence.

CATARRH
of head or throat is usually benefited by the vapors of
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Peters Road

The continued mild weather with rain would seem to indicate that a general breaking up of winter is imminent. Roads are in bad condition at this time of writing.

Rev. A. R. Gibson, pastor of the Presbyterian congregation at Montague, conducted services in the Presbyterian church at Peter's Road on Sunday 6th inst. The Murray Harbor North section was fairly well represented at this meeting considering the bad travelling. The learned speaker held the rapt attention of his audience as he vividly portrayed God's dealings with His people when He "spoke unto them by the mouth of His prophets." The leading characters in this stirring narrative are Ahab the King of Israel, Jezebel his wife and the prophet Elijah, probably the most remarkable character of these early times, who needed all the sternness of a strong mind to combat the duplicity of King Ahab, and the murderous opposition of Jezebel, the Queen. Passing over this interesting narrative, we come to the famous reply of King Ahab to the King of Syria who seemed determined to ruin him. "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that taketh it off."

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Samuel Lecco, Point Pleasant, who has been under treatment in the Prince Edward Island Hospital, is now at her home much improved in health.

Mr. Samuel Lecco, Jr., of Truro, N. S., has been visiting at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lecco, Pt. Pleasant. It is now over twelve years since Mr. Lecco has been at his home, during which time he has been located in the neighboring provinces. We are also glad to report continued improvement in the health of Mr. Malcolm McSwain, Greek River, who is now able to attend to many of his duties on the farm.

Murray, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McKinnon, Peters Road, who has been seriously ill during the winter, is now somewhat improved in health.

The Dominion Poultry Inspector, Dr. Skuce, who has been in attendance at the canning establishment of W. S. Fraser and Co., Ltd., Murray River, has concluded his work at this plant after a season of considerable activity in this important industry. The plant was under Government inspection from December 1st, until March 3rd, a period of three months. The amount of fowl preserved during this time was 66,822 lbs. or nearly 33 1-2 tons. The product was shipped to Bermuda, B. W. I., centres of Maritime Provinces, Montreal, Toronto, Quebec City, and various other smaller centres in the upper provinces. Employment was given twenty persons, for the greater part of three months. Present prospects point to a much larger volume of business next season, when this firm hopes to be able to handle large quantities of fowl raised by Island farmers. Pork and beans are packed the year round during intervals between chicken, lobster and clam packing seasons. They intend to pack lobster this season, of which a large quantity will be required to take care of the demand for this article. After the close of the lobster season this firm will turn their attention to the packing of clams which will also furnish work to many hands.

Farmer's are beginning to plan for the spring work, as repairing farming gear, cleaning grain for seed and in general seeing that everything is in readiness for work. In this connection some pressed hay has already arrived by train, although it would seem that enough of this commodity should be obtained in our immediate vicinity. Owing to the stress of hard times, as the result of the slump in prices of farm products, many farmers will be obliged to curtail, or cut out entirely, the use of commercial fertilizers this spring, as the outlook just now does not warrant undue risk in this heretofore attractive investment. Some reconstruction of values in many of the manufacturing industries as iron, steel and woods largely, used by farmers should be made for it is evident to all, for if the farmers' purchasing power be weakened, it will assuredly have a corresponding effect on all subsidiary avenues of trade which have their strength in the basic industry of all nations—agriculture.—P.

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CORN, Standard Quality, 3 Tins **25c**

Robin Hood Flour 24 bag each **80c**

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Sockeye Salmon, fancy quality, 1 lb. tins **35c**

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Georgetown

Miss Ethel Morrissey who has been visiting in Charlottetown, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. H. Morrissey, 22 Bayfield St., returned to her home in Georgetown.

The death occurred at Pictou after a long illness of Mrs. Annie Purcell, formerly Miss Annie Rice of Georgetown, and cousin of Miss Elizabeth Smith. She was a devoted member of the Roman Catholic church, of a kind and loving disposition, and she won many friends who will long cherish her memory. Her son, Rev. Father Purcell, predeceased her some years ago. She was visited frequently by her pastor, and received the last rites of the Roman Catholic church. She visited Georgetown frequently and was always warmly welcomed by her many friends. She leaves three cousins in Georgetown, Misses Elizabeth and Ellen Smith and Mrs. John Murphy. The many beautiful Mass cards, spiritual bouquets, floral tributes and messages of sympathy show the high esteem in which she was held.

The death occurred at Newport on Sunday March 6th of Miss Catherine Bell Campbell, one of the most highly and respected citizens of that place after a short illness, which she bore with patience and resignation. She was a devoted and loving sister and it is hard to part with those we love so dearly, but God called her to His Heavenly home. She was a devoted member of the Roman Catholic church, received the last rites from her pastor, Rev. J. C. MacDonald. Many Mass

cards, spiritual bouquets and messages of sympathy show the high esteem in which she was held. She leaves to mourn one sister, Mrs. Campbell, Dundas, and one brother, Colin, to whom sincere sympathy is extended. Her funeral was one of the largest held for some time.

Mr. Jack Donovan, Georgetown, is visiting friends in Charlottetown.

The many friends of Mr. Henry Hemphill who has had blood poisoning are pleased to hear he has recovered.

Miss Dorothy Jenkins who has been visiting in Charlottetown, the guest of Mrs. Walsh, returned to her home in Georgetown.

S. S. Adriatic Is Again On Her Way
(Canadian Press)
NEW YORK, N. Y., Mar. 10—The passenger and mail laden steamer Adriatic, which for two days has stood by the rudderless Collier H. F. De Bardeleben as it struggled helplessly in rough seas, last night was on its way again. The steamer Lagenbank relieved her.

There were 34 men aboard the De Bardeleben, her steering apparatus gone, had been drifting eastward at about eight knots, driven by a 50 mile snow-swept gale. Until late yesterday afternoon the liner Adriatic had been standing by to take off the crew when the storm abated, but she was relieved by the British motorship Lagenbank. It was believed here the lat-

er vessel took the De Bardeleben's crew aboard.

Dr. Helen MacMurphy To Be Retired

OTTAWA, Ont., March 10—(By The Canadian Press)—Dr. Helen MacMurphy, chief of the Department of Child Welfare in the Dominion Department of Health, and one of Canada's outstanding women, may be retired from service at the end of March. Along with several others Dr. MacMurphy recently received notice of her retirement at the end of the month, with superannuation, in view of having reached the 70 year mark. No definite word would be given by the officials of the department here concerning her retirement, but it is reported that both Dr. MacMurphy and Dr. J. D. Page, chief of the quarantine and immigration department of the Department of Health, will be retired.

Negro Kills Three Then Suicides
NEW ORLEANS, La., Mar. 10—Running amuck with pistols and a pump gun in the Twelfth Precinct police station here today, Percy Thompson, 28 year old negro, held off a hundred officers for an hour, shot and killed two policemen, wounded a third officer and a negro trusty and two hours later was slain himself while riding in a police automobile.

The dead were Patrolman Cornelius Ford and Corporal George Weidert. The wounded are Patrolman Albert Oestricher, with a bullet wound in the abdomen, and

William King, the negro trusty. Thompson was shot in the chest as he was rushed in his unlocked cell by a group of officers led by Harry Gregson, chief of detectives, and was distarmed and captured. He had been arrested on a charge of housebreaking and petty larceny.

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Mrs. M. K. MacNid, Iona, N.S., writes:—"I took a severe cold and developed a hacking cough. I kept on neglecting it thinking it would leave me like some previous colds I had, but it got worse. I tried every cough medicine I could think of.

A friend dropped in to see me and advised me to take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I purchased a bottle and before I had finished half of it I was completely relieved."

Price 35c. a bottle; large family size 65c.; at all drug and general stores; put up only by The T. Millburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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