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So long loved by all dainty womanhood that it has become a very part of modern social life. Charming at all times it is especially perfect for the informal occasion, when heavy exotic perfumes do not fit the mood and moment.



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Quart size 20¢ each. Toilet size 35¢ each, 3 cakes for \$1.00. Bath size, 50¢ each. Complexion Cream \$1.00. Complexion Powder \$1.00. Lavender Perfume 35¢ to \$12.00.

## My Best Girl

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Joe's championship of Maggie helped her from the very beginning—an obvious fact that made her still more his abject slave. On a dismal, early January day Maggie first appeared in what might have been called her normal form, he heard the congratulations that the busy girls flung at her from all sides, and congratulated himself that he was partly responsible at least. She had done no more than electrify everyone by discarding magnificently, and without permission, the disfiguring ticking apron. That was all. But the effect was astonishing. Everybody looked at her, everybody praised her, and the packing-room boys went down like a row of ten-pins.

It was on this same day that she said to Joe, with a carefully careless air: "I'll bet if you fell in love, Joe, it would be with a regular young lady, wouldn't it?" "How do you mean, regular young lady?" Joe asked. "Well, I mean—you know, a—nice—sort of smiling—" Maggie floundered—"I mean—" she began again desperately—"mean, for instance, that there are lots of girls in this store that you couldn't call young ladies!" she said, turning scarlet.

"No, you might call them nice girls," Joe conceded, "and you might call them smart girls. But, no, you'd hardly call them young ladies."

"Like school-teachers and librarians," said Maggie. "Yep, I guess school-teachers and librarians would be young ladies all right," Joe laughed. "Leave it to you to think a thing like that!" he said.

"My aunt was a school-teacher, Joe," she said, "Joe, how would a person who wasn't a lady get to be one? Somebody must be commenced, once, you know."

"Well, reading the backs of newspapers and magazines about manners, or one thing."

"That helps a lot, and to be always looking for the right way to do things, to be quiet and gentle and listen to the way nice persons speak. And then, of course, there's always the rule that a lady puts the feeling of others before her own—thinks of others first." "Nice things all join together, don't they, Joe?" she said, in deep thought.

"I don't get you, Miss Johnson." "Here's what I was thinkin'. Last Sunday in church they said something about believin' that you have a good thing, an' you have it. Not will have it, but have it. An' that's like the ideal life—I wrote that up on the same card. It was in my prayer book, an' I got it all straight. Now, those two things go together, don't they, Joe?"

"They do," he said, struck. "But I think that you were smart to see that, Maggie."

### CHAPTER VI.

"But now, listen, Joe," she resumed seriously, "here's what I want to ask you. Could anyone who wasn't born to be a lady—now, I'm instance, like me—my mother talks a lot about my grandmother Petheridge, but—but my mother—she hesitated—"you wouldn't say she was always puttin' others first, and thinkin'-ger an' servin'-ger others before she does herself. You couldn't—honest!—say that, Joe. So that—"

Again she paused. "An' Lizbeth positively is not a lady!" she admitted regretfully. "Well, anyway, I do not think Liz is a lady—not yet, anyway. But Joe—do you think—"

Again she floundered. "I guess I couldn't!" she said hastily, shrinking back, gallant, and he saw she was trying to save his feelings. "You don't have to tell me, Joe," she said.

"Maggie, I not only believe you could, but I believe you will!" "Well, if you say so," she almost sang, and she rattled joyously away. On the next Sunday he went to see her.

He reached the Johnson cottage in the neighborhood of three o'clock. He had to wait a few, cold, wet, silent minutes before footsteps, audibly approaching through the house, notified him that it had been heard. Miss Elizabeth Johnson admitted him. For want of any guidance,—for Liz, after a shout of "Maggie! Man here!" had almost immediately disappeared into what later proved to be her bedroom door,—Joe had followed the little hall into an empty dining room swelling of rotting apples and dust, and had put his head in at the kitchen doorway.

Ma Johnson, a heavy, woolen kimonos tied about her ample form with dragged tassels, was in the rocker. At the sink stood a nondescript, forlorn little figure that Joe could not for some minutes at all identify with the gallant picture he had formed on Maggie's father.

Behind the table and between the sink and the stove was Maggie. She

looked at him and said delightfully: "Well, what do you know! I never heard you ring. If it isn't Joe Grant! Joe, have you had dinner?"

"Just up from the table. Hello, Maggie," Joe said, grinning. "This is my mother, make you acquainted with my father; Pop, this is Joe Grant," said Maggie.

Ma was evidently not favourably impressed by Maggie's friend. "I didn't know you expected a caller, Maggie."

"I didn't, Ma. Sit down, Joe. You don't have to finish those if you don't want to, Pa. I hate to have you—take off your apron."

"Sometimes—my father—kinder helps me, Joe," she stammered, with her gallant little smile. "I don't mind wipin' 'em one bit, Maggie," her father's mild voice said surprisedly.

"I'll help you," said Joe, putting his hat and coat on a chair in the corner of the kitchen and helping himself to a dish towel.

"When we haven't a maid we eat out here. I'm one that's always had," said Mrs. Johnson. "So it don't come very easy for me to put up with this sort of thing."

"I see," Joe said, nodding. He sat down on the edge of a chair, and cleared his throat, and said politely: "Mrs. Johnson, if you've not objection, could Maggie go out with me for a while?"

"Why, I haven't no objections," Mrs. Johnson said discontentedly, after a moment. "Maggie isn't nothing but a child, Mr. Grant, an' her father an' I don't want her to get no silly notions into her head."

"Temporarily—temporarily she has accepted a position in a—well, in a five-and-ten," said Ma.

"I work there myself, you know, Mrs. Johnson."

"I've no doubt you do! An' I've no doubt it's a real nice place an' all that," conceded Ma loftily. "But it isn't Maggie's sort of place. To put the whole thing into a nut-shell—"

Mrs. Johnson was resuming briskly, when Joe's opportunity to discover whether she was really capable of this elision was destroyed by Maggie's abrupt reentrance into the kitchen, and in another minute they were out in the dull, cold, wintry Sunday street and she was dancing along at his side.

"Want to go to a movie, Maggie?" "Oh, I'd love it!"

"How about The Highwayman?" "Oh, Joe, no! That's a sixty-cent show. There are lots of nice little ones over on Chelsea Avenue here for twenty-five."

They were at the window, he put down his money. But there were nothing left on this Sunday afternoon, but legs, at a dollar a chair. Maggie's face fell, and immediately her eyes widened and she caught at his arm.

"Joe, didn't be a fool! Two dollars! It isn't worth it!"

But he saw her give a little bounce of sheer excitement and felicity as they went in past the mirrors and marble columns and red boundary ropes, and he thought it was. Their seats were in the very front of the balcony—deep, comfortable seats, with wide arms.

It was pleasant, somehow, to have

that earnest little fragrant baby face come close to his in the dark, and that fuzzy aureole of gold brush his cheek, and that eager little whisper reach his ears.

Joe kept his handsome head bent close to hers, and leaned his shoulder even closer.

Her face was beaming with satisfaction and wet with tears when they came out into the chilly dusk.

In parting he presented her with an enormous box of sweets.

"Oh, Joe Grant! Oh, Joe—two pounds! Oh, thank you—thank you!"

"Oh, hush," he said. "Now you run in and I'll watch you until you're inside the door."

She fled up the path, tried the knob of the porch door, called a joyous "Good-night and thank you!" into the dark, and was silhouetted against a gush of red light, and then was gone.

Joe walked two blocks to his car, raging at himself.

"Gosh, what a fool I am! What on earth did I do that for?"

Millicent Russell, sitting next to him at dinner, was a pretty girl. From a point an inch or two below her armpits, to a point an inch or two above her knees, she was packed into a tube of spangled satin. Her arms were heavy with links of gold and platinum, her legs looked bare, if they were not actually bare, her feet were elevated dizzily upon pinacles of gold leather. Her cheeks were smoothly and brilliantly rouged, her lips stiff with grease, and her eyebrows shaved into two startling inky arcs. Millicent's breath was thick of alcohol and nicotine, her eyelids, coloured with blue oil, were lowered with fatigue and boredom, and she had no more hair than her brother had.

(To be Continued.)

Galileo, first of all men to see the heavens by telescope, was modest and unassuming. Of self-praise so much is recorded of him that when his sight was decaying he beyond all hope of recovery he used to comfort himself by saying that of all the sons of Adam none had seen so much as he—Father's Life of Galileo.

### Singing Count Deeply Mourned

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, May 18.—(C. P.)—The "Singing Count," one of the most popular and original characters of Stockholm, died in his home recently. Count Magnus von Rosen undoubtedly enjoyed greater popularity amongst rich and poor than any other public figure in Stockholm. He was a Bohemian aristocrat, always dressed with the most elaborate elegance, a man about town who would be seen daily leisurely walking along the most fashionable thoroughfares or in the midst of his friends in some popular restaurant or cafe. He had a pleasant voice and received his nickname from his habit of sing along in the streets as he walked along and late night wanderers would often hear his gay echoes through the empty streets.

He was worshipped by the poor for he would always stop wherever he saw someone in need to give him one of the numerous crown pieces with which his pockets were filled accompanied by some cheerful and friendly words. As a young man Count Magnus travelled for years in many parts of the world including Australia, America and the East. He returned and settled down for good in Stockholm, which he loved more than any other place, and where he spent his time in making friends and in spreading the sunshine of his kind heart and gay wit along his path. The Stockholm press and public mourn him as one of the best representatives of the "good old days" and regret that the gay voice of the "Singing Count" has ceased to echo through the streets of "the Venice of the North."

WILL BUILD BRIDGE

LONDON, May 18.—(C. P.)—Despite the refusal of the Ministry of Transport to make a grant, Glasgow Corporation has decided to go on with the building of a high level bridge across the Clyde at Finnieston, at an estimated cost of 1,220,000 pounds.

Several members of the Council have criticized the scheme, and said that the proposed bridge was totally unsuitable for horse-drawn traffic, one of the main causes of congestion in the city.

Members in favor of the scheme stated it would give employment to some 2,000 men. Nearly 500,000 pounds has been spent in buying property on either side of the river.

A vigorous young counsel was cross-examining a woman. He asked, "What is your age?" and she replied, "Thirty-two, sir." He said, "But I cross-examined you five years ago and you said your age then was thirty-two." The woman replied, "Yes sir, I probably did, but I am not the sort of girl, I would have

you understand, who says one thing on one occasion and another on another occasion."

Fruit and tobacco crops in the province of Cordoba, Argentina, have been entirely destroyed by locusts this season.

### LETTERS TO MOTHER

We would like to stay the hand of time and keep Mother with us. But the days flit by, and Mother grows old and weary. Her youth

and beauty have faded, but her smile, her Mother love endures. If Mother is living, how happy she would be now to receive a letter from her boy or girl! Should one ever be too busy to write often to Mother?

## Cent a Mile! Coach Excursions to the WEST

From all stations in Eastern Canada To all stations in Western Canada, Port Arthur, Armstrong and west thereof

GOING DATES: Daily MAY 31 to JUNE 15 inclusive RETURN LIMIT: 30 Days

Examples of Round Trip Coach Fares From CHARLOTTETOWN to

Winnipeg . . . . .	\$41.25	Banff . . . . .	\$59.75
Regina . . . . .	48.50	Jasper . . . . .	59.75
Saskatoon . . . . .	50.75	Kamloops . . . . .	65.75
Prince Albert . . . . .	51.75	Prince Rupert . . . . .	71.25
Calgary . . . . .	58.00	Vancouver . . . . .	71.25
Edmonton . . . . .	58.00	Victoria . . . . .	73.00

PROPORTIONATELY LOW FARES BETWEEN OTHER POINTS

Children five years of age and under twelve, half of the adult fare. Children under five years of age, free.

### TOURIST CAR PRIVILEGES

Fares shown apply for tickets good in coaches only. On payment of a slight additional passage fare charge for each person, Tourist Sleeping car accommodation may be secured at regular rates.

AS TOURIST SLEEPING CAR ACCOMMODATION IS LIMITED, EARLY APPLICATION FOR SPACE SHOULD BE MADE TO YOUR LOCAL AGENT.

STOPOVERS — will be permitted at Port Arthur, Armstrong and points west thereof.

Tickets, Tourist Sleeping Car reservations and full information from any Agent of

## CANADIAN NATIONAL

### AUCTION SALE

I am instructed by the mortgagee to sell by public auction at Victoria, Friday, May 19th, the following stock, implements, etc.:

- STOCK
- 5—General Purpose Horses.
- 2—Shorthorn Cattle freshened during winter.
- 4—Holstein Cattle freshened during winter.
- 5—Heifers 2 years old.
- 6—Polled Angus grade calves, 4 to 6 months.

### IMPLEMENTS

- 3 Truck Wagons, 2 Carts, 2 Slog-ins, Potato Digger (Hoover), Hay Mower (Massey-Harris, 7 feet), 1 Gasoline Engine 4 h.p., 2 Gasoline Engines 1 h. p., 1 Electric Motor, 1 h.p., 1 Boggs Grader, Grain Cracker, Separator, Fanning Mill, Hay Fork and Blocks, Driving Wagon, Driving Sleigh, several sets Work Harness, Driving Harness, 1000 lb. Scales, Spike Harrows and other articles too numerous to mention.
- Terms: Sums \$10 and under, cash, over that amount 6 months credit on approved joint notes, 6% discount for cash. If stormy, first fine day following.
- HUGH F. MORRISON, Auctioneer.

### DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

IN THE PROBATE COURT IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF Joseph Ferguson late of Desable in Queens County, Retired Farmer, deceased.

To the Heirs-at-Law and next-of-kin of the said Joseph Ferguson, deceased,

Take notice that a citation has issued under seal of the Probate Court, dated the second day of May A. D. 1933 whereby you are cited to appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Law Courts building in Charlottetown aforesaid on Wednesday the seventh day of June, A. D. 1933 at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon to show cause why an alleged will of the said Joseph Ferguson dated the 8th day of July, A. D. 1932 should not be proved in solemn form of law and to see proceedings thereupon as prayed for in the petition on file of Daniel Dart of Desable aforesaid, farmer, named in the said will as sole executor thereof.

SETTLED and signed at Chambers this second day of May A. D. 1933.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER, Judge of Probate.

M. ALBAN FARMER, Esq., Proctor.

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Here is one of the many puddings you can make with ST. CHARLES!

Everybody loves corn starch pudding, especially the children. Here is a simple way of making the best corn starch pudding you have ever tasted.

1 1/2 cups St. Charles Milk 1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 1/2 cups water 2 eggs, beaten  
6 tablespoons sugar 1 tablespoon butter  
4 tablespoons corn starch 1 teaspoon vanilla

Boil milk with water. Blend sugar, corn starch and salt and mix with one-half cup of milk. Scald remainder of the milk in top of a double boiler. Add the corn starch mixture to hot milk, stir until the mixture is smooth and thick. Cover and cook over hot water fifteen minutes. Add the eggs and cook just long enough to set them. Remove from the fire. Add the butter and vanilla. Turn into mold and chill.

Attached Coupon will bring "The Good Provider" cook book free!

The Borden Co. Limited Toronto, N.S.  
Gentlemen: Please send me free copy of "The Good Provider."  
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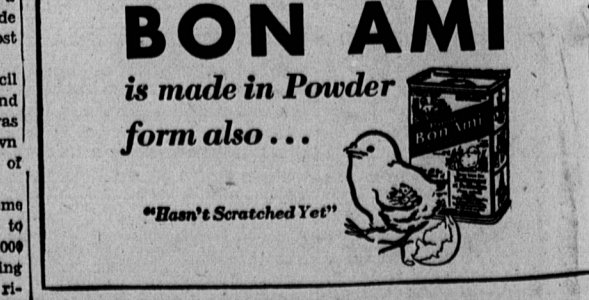


A handy, white cake that cleans better . . . and does it quickly!

For 47 years, Bon Ami Cake has been a big favorite all over the world. Today it is more popular than ever. Simply because it does the work so quickly and so well.

Bon Ami cleans thoroughly but doesn't leave dirt-collecting scratches as coarse, harsh cleansers do. Bon Ami leaves everything it is used on . . . uninjured . . . really clean . . . nicely polished.

Try Bon Ami on your bathtubs, sinks, windows, mirrors, pots and pans, linoleum, etc. See for yourself how much cleaner and brighter it will make them.



BON AMI is made in Powder form also . . .  
"Hain't Scratched Yet!"