

Red Rose Tea

The New **20 1/2 lb.**
BROWN LABEL, 40 lb.

"It is good tea or it would not be in a Red Rose package"

The Plains Of Abraham

By **James Oliver Curwood**

Illustrations by **Ivan Meyers**

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Farm Notes

CELERY TRANSPLANTED IN BERMUDA RETURNED TO CANADA

MONTREAL, June 22—A plan to cultivate celery in Canada between June and October, transplant it in Bermuda and harvest it for export to Canada in February, was made known by W. R. Evans, marketing advisor to the Bermuda Department of Agriculture. It is understood that an expert will arrive in Montreal to plant the first seeds.

The scheme would advance the opening of celery shipment from Bermuda to Canada by two or three months. This year 25,000 crates of the vegetable reached Canada from the British colony. In former years there was practically none shipped to Canada. This year no Bermuda celery was shipped to the United States. Though the Bermuda-grown celery season is now about finished for the year, Bermuda-grown onions, and potatoes are flourishing on the Canadian market. A. O. Norman, manager of Mutual Brokers, big importers of Bermuda vegetables, says next year should be "bigger and better than ever."



IT'S DADDY'S FAVORITE SPORT

WHEN Daddy gets home, there's just about time for a couple of hugs and two good romps—and then it's time for Sonny's supper. How proud you both are of him. How you love to see him eat... dig right into his cereal and milk and fruit and literally stow away the calories and proteins and vitamins that make a growing, healthy boy.

fishing—and so easy to digest. Rice Krispies help youngsters sleep sounder—for they do not overtax, like many heavy foods.

Serve Kellogg's Rice Krispies for breakfast, lunch—or with the after-school glass of milk. Dietitians advise giving children two cereals a day—a different one in the evening, for healthful variety.

If you haven't tried it—by all means give him a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies for supper some evening soon. Watch him listen... fascinated as those toasted rice bubbles actually crackle out loud. Then see him eat!

Kellogg's Rice Krispies are made with exacting care. Hands never touch them. Gleaning machinery, spotless ovens, sunlit kitchens. And they are protected by a patented sealed WAXTITE bag which is placed inside the red-and-green package and keeps every kernel oven-fresh. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont. Quality guaranteed.



TENDERS

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until noon 27th, for the completion of a wing to the Sunnyside High School, Summerside, P. E. I. A certified cheque for 5% of the amount must be enclosed with bid. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Secretary of the School Board, Summerside, and the office of J. M. Hunter, architect, Charlottetown. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Secretary School Board, Summerside. 3815-6-20-1 wk.

MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by public auction in front of the Court House at Summerside in Prince County on Monday the fourth of July A. D. 1932 at twelve o'clock noon all those parcels of land situated in the Parish of St. John's, Twenty-one in Queens County in Prince Edward Island bounded and described as follows:

Parcel One—Commencing at the southwest angle of a lot or land owned by the late William Fyfe (and now in the possession of Robert Fyfe) and being on the meridian of the year 1764 north three degrees west fifteen chains three fourths eighty degrees west to the easterly margin of the Fountain Road to the easterly boundary of the lands of one Joseph Jackson thence north three degrees and forty minutes east to the northerly boundary of the lands of one Charles Bigler thence north three degrees east thirteen chains three fourths west eleven degrees east six chains or to the place of beginning containing by estimation forty-two acres or less.

Parcel Two—Commencing on the east boundary of the Presbyterian Church land being lot Number 223 of the Township of St. John's No. 201 thence following the course of the westerly boundary of said lot No. 201 east southeasterly sixty-two chains and fifty links or until it meets the westerly boundary of Farm Lot No. 211 thence following the course of said westerly boundary four chains and fifty links or until it meets the north boundary of Farm Lot No. 211 thence along the said north boundary westerly sixty chains and fifty links or until it meets the said east boundary of the Presbyterian church land thence following the course thereof northerly to the place of commencement containing by estimation sixty-two acres of land a little more or less and being the land thus described in an Indenture dated the twenty-seventh day of September 1867 from the Government to one James McKay.

The above sale is pursuant to a power of sale contained in a mortgage bearing date the ninth day of May A. D. 1922 and made between Arnel Murray of Graham's Road in Queens County, Ontario, County of Frontenac, and the other part default having been made in the payment of the principal money thereby secured and the said mortgage having by divers assignments become vested in the undersigned.

For further particulars apply at the office of Thane A. Campbell, Solicitor, Summerside.

Dated this thirty-first day of May A. D. 1932.

GEORGE M. MCKAY
Executor will of Andrew G. McKay
JOHN W. MCKAY.
Assignees of Mortgage.
3121-6-2-Thur-4

FOR SALE

30 acres of choice farm land at North Bedouque, a few yards from Church and School grounds.

Apply to Mrs. Fenwick LeFurgey, North Bedouque, or to the undersigned.

HAROLD M. LEFURGEY,
East Royalty

3817-6-21-Tue-31.

Blatchford's Calf Meal

FEED the CALVES with **BLATCHFORD'S CALF MEAL** and watch them grow.

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Bring up the **YOUNG CHICKENS** on

Blatchford's Egg Mash

both sold by **Carter & Co., Ltd.**
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(Continued)

But Jeems had heard. He had heard the firing of guns. Over the hills and forests the sound had come to him from the direction of the Tonteur seigneurie. He did not wait for the oaks to drop again. Odd led him in their last heartbreaking race into the Big forest. Leaden weights seemed to be dragging at his feet before they were through. He had run too hard. He stopped and sagged against a tree, with Odd growling in a low and terrible way close to his knees. He was not trying to prove or disprove matters now. A catastrophe had happened to his thoughts with the firing of the guns. Taking the place of hope, even his fears, was the one great desire to reach his father and mother as quickly as he could.

His exertions had beaten him when they came to the edge of the forest and he could have run no farther without falling. Before them was the slope, a silvery carpet of the star-light. At the foot of it was what had been his home.

That it was a red-hot mass without form or stability, a pile out of which flame rose lazily, its fierceness gone, added nothing more to his shock. He had unconsciously looked for this. The barn was also a heap of blazing embers. Everything was gone. Even this fact was not the one which began to break down his reason, which he had struggled so hard to keep. It was the stillness, the lifelessness, the lack of movement and sound that appalled him at first and then closed in about him, a crushing, deadening force. He could see the big rock at the spring. The paths between the gardens. The bird houses in the nearest oaks. The mill. But he could see nothing that had been saved from the burning house. He could not see his father or his mother or Hepsibah Adams.

Even Odd's heart seemed to break in these moments. A sound came from him that was like a sob. He was half crouching, no longer savage or vengeful. But Jeems did not see. He was trying to find some force in him that could cry out his mother's name. His lips were as dry as sticks, his throat failed to respond. The silence was terrific. In it he heard the snapping of an exploding ember, like a pistol going off. He could hear no one talking, no voices calling.

Fear, the repulsion of flesh and nerves to danger, was utterly gone from him. He was impelled only by thought of his father and mother, the mystery of their silence, his desire to call out to them and to hear their voices in answer. He did not let an arrow in his bow as he walked down through the starlight, his feet traveling a little unsteadily.

What was there or was not there could not be changed by an arrow. Unexpectedly, he came upon his father. Henri was on the ground near one of Catherine's rose bushes, as if asleep. But he was dead. He lay with his face turned to the sky. Firelight played upon him gently, now increasing, now fading, as the embers flared or died, like fitful notes in a strain of soundless music.

As softly as the light, without a sob or cry, Jeems knelt beside him. He spoke his father's name, yet knew that no answer would rise from the lifeless lips. He repeated it in an unexpectable way as his hands clutched at the silent form. The starlight left nothing unrevaled; his father dead, his white lips twisted, his hands clenched at his side, the top of his head naked and bleeding from the scalping knife. Jeems slumped down. He may have spoken again. He may have sobbed. But the thing like death that was creeping over him, its darkness and vastness, hid him from himself. He remained beside his father, as motionless and as still. Odd crouched near. After a little, an inch at a time, he crept to the dead man. He muzzled the hands that were growing cold. He licked Jeems' face where it had fallen against his father's shoulder. Then he was motionless again, his eyes seeking about him like balls of living flame.

Death was in the air. He was breathing it. He was hearing it. At last, irresistibly impelled to answer the spirit of death, he sat back on his haunches and howled. It was not Odd's howl any more than it had been Jeems' voice speaking to his father a few moments before. It was a ghostly sound that seemed to quiet even the whispering of the leaves, an unearthly and shivering cry that sent echoes over the clearing, with grief for company.

It was this which brought Jeems out of the depths into which he had fallen. He raised his head and saw his father again, and swayed to his feet. He began speaking. Close by, near the pile of apples which she had helped him gather from under their trees on the slope, he found his mother. She, too, lay with her face to the sky. The little that was left of her unbound hair lay scattered on the earth. Her glorious beauty was gone. Starlight, caressing her gently, revealed to her boy the hideousness of her end. There, over her body, Jeems' heart broke. Odd guarded faithfully, listening to a grief that twisted at his brute soul. Then fell a greater silence. Through long hours the burning logs settled down into flattened masses of dying embers. The darkness came which precedes the day, and after that, dawn.

Jeems rose to face his blasted world. He was no longer a youth but a living thing aged by an eternity that had passed. It was Odd who led him in the quest for Hepsibah Adams. He sought like one half blind and yet sensed everything. He saw the trampled grass, the moss-beaten earth at the spring, a hatchet lost in the night, and on the hatchet an English name. But he did not find his uncle.

In the same gray dawn, stirring with the wings of birds and the play of squirrels among the trees, he set out for Tonteur manor.

He carried the hatchet, clutching it as if the wood his fingers gripped held life which might escape him. Because of this hatchet there grew in him a slow and terrible thought that had the strength of a chain. The weapon, with its short hickory handle, its worn iron blade, its battered head, might have been flesh or blood capable of receiving pain or of giving up a secret, so tenacious was the hold of his hand about it. But he did not see the iron or wood. He saw only the name which told him that the English had come with their Indians, or had sent them, as his uncle had so often said in palatial hotels. The English. Not the French. The English.

And he held the hatchet as if it were an English throat.

But he was not thinking that. The part of him conscious of the act was working unknown to the faculties which made him move and see. His thoughts were impressed within in stone walls, and around these walls they beat and trampled themselves, always alike, telling him the same things, until their repetition became a drowning in his brain. His father was dead. Indians with

SAWDUST AND ARSENIC MENU FOR GRASSHOPPERS

WINNIPEG, Man., June 22—Close co-operation is being effected between the Canadian National Railways and the Provincial Department of Agriculture in waging a concerted fight for the control and eradication of grasshoppers. Along the Carman sub-division the railway right of way has already received one application of poison bait at Selkirk and L'Amour, railway men are busy scattering the bait. So such as is found along railway right of ways is especially liked by grasshoppers when depositing eggs.

As fifty per cent of poison bait is filler and as sawdust makes an excellent filler and holder for the arsenic solution, the Canadian National has given special service on the movement of car loads of sawdust from points at which saw mills are located to districts where mixing stations for poison bait are located.

PREPARING GRAIN EXHIBITS

(Experimental Farms Note)

The preparation of a grain or sheaf exhibit requires both skill and judgment. The basis of success however, lies in the choice of materials. The farmer who had sown Registered Seed should be in a better position to produce good sheaves and threshed grain than the user of ordinary commercial seed.

The plants used to construct the sheaf should consist only of the best matured, most uniform and most typical material obtainable. The straw should be clean, bright and free from disease. It should be cut with a sickle and as close to the ground as possible, providing the maximum length. It may be brightened to some extent by exposure to the bright sunlight, but protected against rain or dew. The plants, in the case of oats and barley, will retain their shape and compactness of head by hanging them with the heads down.

Neat, well balanced sheaves can be obtained by constructing the main sheaf of smaller bundles made from about twenty to thirty straw tied together. The well rounded head is developed by gradually adding small bundles after small bundle and thing in place as you proceed, the centre bundles being left a bit higher than those towards the margin. The leaves should be stripped off as the bundles are made and the straws cut squarely off at the bottom. The size of the sheaf will depend on the rules of the exhibition but should not be less than eight inches in diameter.

Threshed grain is usually judged for its fitness for seed purposes, and here size, colour, uniformity in shape and plumpness of kernel, good weight per measured bushel, freedom from disease and weeds are the leading considerations. Care in

FOX FEED PRICES

Cash Prices

Beef Checks 4 1/2 lb.
Beef Hearts 4 1/2 lb.
Beef Tripe 3 1/2 lb.
Beef Liver 5 lb.
Beef Trimmings 8 lb.
Horse Meat 4 1/2 lb.
Pork Liver 3 1/2 lb.
Pork Trimmings 2 1/2 lb.
Weasand Meat 4 lb.

Credit 1/2 additional per lb. with the exception of Horse Meat which is 3/4.

Prices f. o. b. Charlottetown, effective June 22.

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