

10 Real Specials Friday and Saturday Only

- 1 gal. tins Lynn Valley Tomatoes 39c
Genuine Orange Pekoe Tea, 1 lb. pkg. 34c
Smoking Tobacco, 1/2 lb. package 19c
Bananas, per dozen 19c
Pineapples, 2 for 25c
Dates, fresh, 4 lbs. 21c
Pork, corned, per lb. 9c
Classic Cleanser, 3 tins 23c
Clams, 2 tins 19c

CASH and CARRY STORES PHONE 1115

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for Queen's County news of local interest but advertising of a heavy nature may be inserted at 4 cents a word strictly payable in advance.

SPRINGFIELD—Saint Elizabeth's church, May 28. Morning prayer 11.

FUNERAL SATURDAY—The funeral of Miss Margaret Campbell will be held from the United Church Eldon, at 3 o'clock Saturday, May 27th.

BAPTIST SERVICES—Sunday services of Tryon Baptist Church, Sunday, May 27th. Westmoreland 11 a. m. Tryon 3 p. m. Bonshaw 7:30 p. m.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA. Service at North Tryon, May 28th at 11 a. m. and at Bradabane at 7 o'clock. Dr. M. E. Genge, Pastor.

CORNWALL PASTORAL Charge May 28th. Rev. L. P. Archibald of Bedeque will preach at Kingston at 11 a. m. New Dominion at 3 p. m. Cornwall at 7:30. Rev. D. K. Ross, Minister.

ON FISHING TRIP—Mr. Wallace Hill, accompanied by his brother, J. J. Hill of Halifax, has been spending a few days visiting his father in P. E. Island going by motor.—Amherst News.

TWO BROTHERS SURVIVE—In the obituary notice of Mr. Tobias Landrigan of St. Mary's Road East which appeared on the 20th the names of the two surviving brothers were omitted, viz: Matthias Landrigan of Sturgeon, and Joseph Landrigan of Malden, Mass.

POLICE COURT—At the Police Court yesterday morning a man charged with being drunk and incapable was given ten days in jail, another was fined \$5 and costs or ten days. A motorist charged with operating a car without a license was fined \$10 and costs or ten days. The cases against four men charged with breaking and entering were dismissed.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Services in the Parish of New London on the 28th inst will be as follows: Kensington. Service 10:30 a. m. Sunday School 2 p. m. French River Sunday School and Confirmation Class 1:30 p. m. Service 2:30 p. m. Burlington, Sunday School and Confirmation Class 6:30 p. m. Service 7:30 p. m. G. T. Spriggs, Pastor.

ISLANDER'S CAR STOLEN—Osborne Lefurage, Alberton, P. E. I., reported to police yesterday morning that his car, a Ford sedan, had been stolen from his parking place at the Windsor Hotel some time during Sunday night. Police are conducting an investigation but up to an early hour this morning no trace of the car had been found.—Moncton Times.

VISITING PARENTS—Mr. and Mrs. Don Cass of Charlottetown, P. E. I. have been in town for a few days and are remaining over the holiday. Mr. Cass who is Commercial and Traffic Superintendent of the Island Telephone Company, is spending part with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cass, while Mrs. Cass is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McCulloch.—New Glasgow News.

TO ORGANIZE FOX CLUB—Fox breeders in the Fredericton district are to organize a Fox Breeders Club on May 31, it was learned in Saint John yesterday. The district breeders are holding a supper that day at Fredericton and Dr. Ennes Smith, superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Fox Ranch, Summerside, P. E. I. will be chief speaker. The object of the organization will be the general promotion of the fox breeding industry in the Fredericton district, possible co-operative purchase of feed supplies and sale of furs and exchange of ideas regarding care and feeding of foxes.—Saint John Telegraph-Journal.

HAILS FROM THE SHIRETOWN—Mrs. Darwin S. Higginson of Montreal, P. Q., in a recent letter to her friend Miss Dalmeny Miller, told of her preparations for a trip to Richmond, Virginia, as a delegate—the only Canadian delegate—to a week's Convention of The World's Federation of Women's Clubs, May 20-28. Mrs. Higginson was Miss "Zoe" MacKay of Picotou, a sister of Mrs. Howard Cavanagh and Mr. Mason B. MacKay, Charlottetown, P. E. I., is President of the Womens Club, Montreal. Mrs. Higginson was nominated for the speech at the opening dinner at the Convention, at which Mrs. Roosevelt, first lady of the land, and the Governor of the State, were to be present.—New Glasgow News.

The Great Surprise

BY F. H. MACARTHUR, Lorne Valley, P. E. I.

"Oh, its sure to be a flunk, and I hate going to picnics when the teacher is along," cried Tom Blacket, with a proud toss of his dark, curly head. He was coming out of school with the rest of the boys who were discussing the school picnic to be held on the following day. The disappointed look on their faces showed how they felt; for Tom was a general favorite and the merriest one of them.

"Better come along, Tom," they coaxed. "There will be lots of fun. Swimming, fishing and digging for treasures along the shore, where everybody says the nasty old sea-pirates hid their plunder. Besides, the teacher said she might go to Boston." "And if we find any gold," said James Blake, "you ought to be with us to get your share." But these weighty arguments failed to shake Tom. "Nothing going," he protested. "I tell you, Miss Flynn will be there and spoil the fun as usual. Whoever heard of anyone having a good time with an old maid chasing after them? Uncle Nathan promised me a ride on his new horse; so I'm going over there tomorrow. It will be great sport and I'll tell you all about it when I get back. Good-bye!" After he had gone a little way he called back, teasingly: "Hope you find the treasure."

Next day twenty lively boys gathered on the shore at Cape Cod. But, best of all, Miss Flynn had decided to go to the City.

"I'll bet Tom would wish he were here," said Billie Birt, "if he only knew the teacher had gone to Boston." "He'll be sorry when he hears it," piped another little fellow, "Cause Tom won't have any fun riding 'round on that silly old horse."

This conversation came to a sudden end, for just then someone yelled, "Come on in! the water's warm as milk." The youngsters all scampered for the beach and were soon swimming and splashing each other like a flock of ducks. After enjoying this splendid sport for upwards of half an hour, they decided it was time for lunch. The food was spread on a clean patch of grass, and seating themselves in a circle like a bunch of Indians, fell to devouring the meal with an appetite any red man might envy.

Tom's absence was the chief topic during lunch time, but he was soon forgotten in the excitement which followed.

A deep growl coming from a nearby clump of bushes put the whole party to flight. Scarcely had they covered a hundred yards when a heavy voice boomed behind them: "Come back boys! Come back! I didn't mean to frighten you so." They stopped running at the sound, for they knew it was old Ned Williams, the fisherman, who had scared them. So they came back looking quite sheepish, to think they had been so easily fooled. "Thought you seen a bear, eh?" was his first remark as he stood laughing at them. After talking with the boys for a few minutes he went down the beach chuckling to himself, secretly enjoying his little joke.

"Well, what next?" asked the Birt boy, who in Tom's absence took charge of things. "Don't you think we'd better be getting after that treasure?" There was no place for an argument here, for they were all keen to try their luck. Spades, rakes and hoes were speedily taken from their packs and they were off to the land of adventure. Selecting a sheltered place from the sun's rays, and where the ground was not too hard for digging, a halt was called.

Billie Birt drew from his pocket a bit of paper bag, informing the others that it was a chart, and showed the exact spot where the gold lay buried.

They pretended to listen with keen attention while he laboriously solved the mysterious code: "Twenty steps from big stone -- house T East ten." "What can it mean?" he muttered in a low voice, but none of them gave any explanation. "Ah! I have it," he yelled excitedly, waving the scrap of paper in his hand. The rest gathered close about him while he read: "Twenty steps from big stone which looks like a house. Turn due East and take ten steps -- long ones." After giving out this information he carefully folded the paper and returned it to his pocket. The exact spot being located the boys set to work in real earnest. For half an hour they toiled like paid men, till the perspiration stood out on their foreheads in great, glistening beads. A large pile of fresh earth was thrown up, showing a hole about ten or twelve feet deep. Beginning to tire, they rested for a short time while they discussed whether they ought to call it off and go fishing. It was put to a vote, which was speedily decided in favour of fishing. While gathering up the tools, one of the shovels rang sharply against some object which sounded like iron. "Hey!" they shouted in

Henry Ford Dearborn, Mich. May 15, 1933 Time and again I am told—by my own organization and by others—that I penalize myself by quality. Friendly critics protest our putting into the Ford V-8 what they call "twenty-year steel." They say such quality is not necessary; the public does not expect it; and that the public does not know the difference anyway. But I know the difference. I know that the car a man sees is not the car he drives—he drives the car which the engineer sees. The car which is seen, comprises beauty of design, color and attractive accessories,—all desirable, of course. The best evidence that we think so is that they are all found on the Ford V-8. But these are not the car. The car proper, which is the basis of all the rest, is the type of engine and its reliability; the structure of chassis and body, ruggedly durable; the long thought and experiment given to safety factors; the steady development of comfort, convenience and economy. These make the car. A car can be built that will last two or three years. But we have never built one. We want the basic material of our car to be as dependable the day it is discarded as the day it is bought. Ford cars built 15 years ago are still on the road. It costs more to build a durable car—but two items we do not skimp are cost and conscience. A great many things could "get by"—the public would never know the difference. But we would know. The new Ford V-8 is a car that I endorse without any hesitancy. I know what is in it. I trust our whole thirty years' reputation with it. It is even better than our previous V-8. It is larger, more rugged and mechanically a better job all round. I readily say this in an advertisement because I know the car will back it up.

This recent letter from Henry Ford expresses the fundamental policy behind the Ford car. It is so frank, clear and convincing that it is reprinted here by the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited.

German Prince To Marry Ex-Kaiser Annoyed by Grandson who Plans To Break Iron Rule of House of Hohenzollern

"Perhaps it will turn out that Prince Wilhelm of Hohenzollern is as crazy as a fox." That is what some of the wiser heads among the German monarchists are saying now that they have recuperated from their first shock at the announcement that the young man is going to marry "beneath his rank," his fiancée being Dorothea von Salviati, who, compared to a royal prince, is a commoner.

turned down, saying the Allies and associated powers could not deal with the Hohenzollerns. It was then that a prominent Kaiserist said: "The throne of the Hohenzollerns, through this plea to Wilson, has become too small for Wilhelm the Second. Only a child can now fill it."

Hoped Against Hope

The former Kaiser, whose favorite grandson he has, been reported as deeply grieved at the youngster's decision. It has also been said that having broken the iron rule of his House by marrying a commoner, he automatically gives up all rights and pretensions to the German throne. To which Prince Wilhelm made two very significant replies:

First—That he would never consider marrying a foreign princess. Second—That the rules of the House of Hohenzollern are antiquated and out of date.

Gratifying To Hitler

Of which is just so much more to the ears of Chancellor Adolf Hitler and his Nazis. In his autobiography Hitler showed no overwhelming respect for the ex-Kaiser. Also in these days, when he is constantly preaching a close German racial nationalism, the fact that the Prince has not chosen a foreign bride seems to him an evidence of the new spirit he has talked of for 14 years.

It is true Fraulein Salviati is not pure-blooded German. Her ancestors, the Salviatis, were Italians, kinsmen of the Princely house of Borghese. They settled in Germany 200 years ago in the time of Frederick the Great for religious reasons. In the course of two centuries they have become completely Germanized and are related on the maternal side to the old Hamburg patrician family of Crasemann.

If Hitler ever decides that Germany needs a Kaiser, he is now more apt than less so to pick Prince Wilhelm. The young man is the son of a battalion in the Steel Division, now allied with the Nazis. One of his future brothers-in-law in the leader of a Nazi storm detachment in Baden and another is a serving officer in the German artillery.

Nearly Became Kaiser

Prince Wilhelm is the eldest son of the former German Crown Prince and was born at Potsdam in 1906. In the stormy days of the end of the war, he was within a hair's breadth of becoming Kaiser of Germany. The way was prepared after the then Kaiser addressed a peace plea to President Wilson, which the latter coldly

So far as Prince Wilhelm's father and grandfather were concerned, the hint fell on deaf ears. They still hoped against hope. With the rising tide of revolution in the early days of November, 1918, however, the thoughts of Chancellor Prince Max of Baden, himself a kinsman of the Hohenzollerns, turned to the twelve-year-old boy. Here would be a chance to save the throne. The child had not incurred either inside or outside Germany the hatred shown the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. A regency could be set up under either his uncle Prince Eitel Friedrich or Uncle Prince August Wilhelm, since then a prominent Nazi and of their men in the Reichstag. But nothing came of that.

There followed the revolution. The Kaiser fled to Holland as did the Crown Prince. On November 28, 1918, Wilhelm the Second solemnly gave up the throne. On December 1 the Crown Prince just as solemnly gave up his claims to the throne. But young Prince Wilhelm never did. At one time it was said Fritz Ebert, the leader of the Social Democrats, who was destined to be the first President of the German republic, toyed with the idea of making little Prince Wilhelm, Kaiser, with his mother, Crown Princess Cecilie, as regent. But the revolution moved too fast and two far for that.

May Sacrifice Fortune

When Wilhelm grew up, he attended the University of Bonn like his father and grandfather. He studied law. Like them he joined the student corps called the Borussia. It was at Bonn that he met and fell in love with the beautiful girl who is to be his bride. Graduated from Bonn, Prince Wilhelm came to take an interest in Steel Helm politics and was soon prominent at many of their meetings. But at a hint from his wise mother he studied agriculture and has for some time been quietly directing the work on one of the family estates in Upper Silesia.

The most tangible evidence of the wrath of his royal grandfather at his marrying a commoner will probably be, not only invoking of the House rule, but also cutting the young man largely out of his will. And the former Kaiser is today one of the richest Germans alive.

STRAWS SHOW WHICH WAY THE FASHION WIND IS BLOWING

Fert! Cheeky! Jaunty! It's hard to find the word that most aptly describes the new Spring Hats. Shapes are smaller in general but there are plenty of the larger hats in masculine styles too. Straws of all textures are here in a veritable kaleidoscope of color. Greys, Reds, Blues, Greens and of course Brown and Black. They need not be expensive to be smart either.

HOME NURSING HINT

A septic finger in a child should be treated with frequent hot fomentations and it should be wrapped up so that it cannot come in contact with his face, etc. If the inflammation does not subside rapidly or there is much swelling, waste no time before going to the doctor. The thumb and little finger are more serious than the other fingers.

Linen Ideal For Summer

FASHION FAVORS IT FOR FROCKS, SUITS, COATS GLOVES AND EVENING DRESSES

NEW YORK, May 24—Stop and think for a moment of the summer and your plans for it. Are you going to travel abroad or the seaside or you going to stay at your desk on week-ends and do a lot of restaurant dining on sweltering nights? Whatever your project think of linens.

Linen packs smoothly, it does not take up much room in a suitcase or trunk. It launders (twenty-four hours does the trick) and always comes back looking fresh as a piece of china. The long and short of it is, that wherever the well dressed woman goes this season she cannot afford to overlook linen, and she can afford to have it, says a fashion writer in the New York Times. She will be serious and she will play in it; she will golf and she will dine in it; she will lounge on beaches and she will dance in it. At one time or another she will have a linen hat or will walk in linen shoes, and if she does neither of these she will extract her taxi fare from a linen purse with hands gloved in linen.

When she opens her eyes in the morning she will jump into a linen suit or frock (provided the sun is bright and the weather man has withheld promises of showers) and she will have that clean-cut look that the architectural feeling of the present day mode calls for, what

one may call the "wedge-shaped" look; broad at the shoulders, tapering at the waist and tubular at the hips and knees. All of this can be admirably accomplished with linen. A favorite for suits comes in a herringbone weave; it is said not to crumple much and it looks very smart. It comes in a lovely blue that has a dusty sheen and in gray and natural. It has been seen in dark red, made into purses and gloves.

Nothing could be more entertaining than to try out the effect of linen gloves with a tweed suit, or of organdie ones with a print dress. To see one's hands in them is like making a new and intriguing friendship.

A gay little suit of checks—red white and blue, if you please—will soon put in its appearance in the sports department of a Fifth Avenue shop. However, it is far from just being a sports suit; it is as smart as any tweed for town wear, since it is made on the Chantal refer model which every one has been talking about for a year or so.

Black linen is reaching the high water mark—in style, if not in volume—in the flood of linen that is sweeping over the field of fashion. There is something about black in summer that no woman can resist. It must be that it is restful in the midst of outpourings of green, yellows, pinks, blues and other colors. Well, here it is now in cool, sleek linen. It serves as a wonderful background for the lively accessories that are prevalent. A dashing "little number" is made with blouse and revers of plaid gingham. We like it best of all with dusty pink.

But women are not going to stop with a black street suit; if they can wear black at all, they will include a black linen evening gown in their selection of summer clothes (men like black at night) and they will at least flirt with the idea of having a pair of black beach pyjamas. If all black seems too sombre, they will take a dress with a big white organdie lapel, or a decolete trimmed with white pique put on to suggest a sailor collar. One might even get a black linen coat to wear over a black and white dress of that delightfully sheer type of linen known as handkerchief. Even more subtle than black is very dark blue with a lovely pink that approaches the hydrangea tones.

Linen seems to have entered a new sphere, that of coats. One may recall linen dusters of early auto-

mobile days—with yards of chiffon floating from the head, they looked like Mother Hubbard's wrapper. Now they have come in, along with cotton ones, to replace the erstwhile favorite polo coat. Swagger coats are just the thing to throw over a sports dress when hopping into a car heading toward a country club.

But a more dressy role than this is reserved for the linen coat—that of companion to a crepe dress. The latest thing is to make a three-quarter length one to match the background of a print. That is pretty, yet even smarter is a model in tucked white handkerchief linen worn over black; the gown has a yoke of white linen to match and at the left shoulder is a bouquet of starched flowers edged in red. "Which frock are you going to put on to night Miss? There is to be a dinner dance at the country club." Imagine that the question is being put by the maid of a well ordered country house to a week end guest on a hot Saturday night. "The linen one please," will be the prompt reply.

The answer may refer to any one of a dozen or more stunning models. It might be a dainty affair of sheer handkerchief linen printed in red and white and combined with white organdie, or a Rodier linen bold and strong in color, red or blue, on which are large black and white coin dots, or a natural linen of conventional weave made on tailored lines and worn with a ravishing little jacket pinched in at the waist and sticking out over the hips, stitched in green to match a bouquet of grasses at the décollete.

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G. F. HUTCHESON OPTOMETRIST

A Traders Opportunity At A Bargain That very desirable business property at North River Corner, in the centre of a good trading district, consisting of 8-roomed, hot water heated house, all modern conveniences, electric lights, etc. General store and stock warehouse, gas pumps, double garage and barn, all in one condition together with one acre of land, more or less. IF YOU ARE A TRADER YOU WILL RECOGNIZE OPPORTUNITY HERE. Also 30 acres good land at less than \$30.00 per acre. Why not get some of these bargains before they are all picked up. R. P. SIMPSON 99 QUEEN STREET