

Sale Of Lands Dwellings & Business Premises

AT VERNON BRIDGE

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to an Order of the Court of Chancery made in the matter of McLean vs. Forbes, No. D 154, I will set up and sell by public auction on the premises at Vernon Bridge, Lot 50, in Queen's County, on Thursday, the 11th day of May, next, 1933, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, all the real property of the estate of George Forbes, deceased, including his farm with large barn and cottages thereon, bounded on the south by land formerly in the possession of W. Charles Welsh, on the east by land of John G. McDonald, on the west by the Road to Vernon Bridge and on the north by land of John Murphy, containing 50 acres, excepting thereout 3 acres sold to His Majesty the King, AND also the triangular tract of 1 1/2 acres on the west side of said road including residence and business premises of said George Forbes deceased, described as follows: Commencing at edge of Vernon River, near the Bridge and running northwardly along said Road to Donald McDonald's southeast line, being 5 chains, 62 links, thence southwestwardly along said line 6 chains, 56 links, or to the shore of Vernon River, thence along the same 4 chains, 42 links, on a straight line, to the place of commencement, excepting a small plot conveyed to His said Majesty for wharf purposes, OR a sufficient part thereof to make good the deficiency of the personal estate of said deceased to pay his debts and the bequests under his will and costs of the above named proceedings, CLEAR AND DISCHARGED FROM ALL ENCUMBRANCES.

Such sale to be under the direction and subject to the approval of the said Court of Chancery. Conditions at Sale. For further particulars apply to the undersigned. D. EDGAR SHAW, Master in Chancery. Messrs. McLean & McKinnon, Complainant's Solicitors. 1905-4-15-Sat-31

NOTICE

We are opened to buy men's suits, extra coats and pants, boots and shoes, also carpenter and mechanical tools.

SECOND HAND STORE 8987-4-20-31

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Prohibition Commission Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown. Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peter John Simpson, Hamilton. Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT

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Listen!— get hungry



NOTICE

My wife, Laura Mossman, having left my bed and board, I hereby notify all concerned that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted or liabilities incurred by her, whether in my name or otherwise. Dated this third day of April, A.D., 1933.

DENNIS MOSSMAN, Souris, P. E. I. 8902-4-8-Sat-31

Farm for Sale AT MIDDLETON

Owing to ill health I am obliged to offer for sale my homestead farm of one hundred and four acres at Middleton. Ninety-four acres clear and the balance a good growth of hardwood and lumber. Good set of farm buildings and land in excellent condition. If not sold by private sale the farm will be set up by public auction on the premises on Saturday, April twenty-ninth at two p.m.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. 8926-4-17-Ms-21.

CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND IN CHANCERY Before the Master of the Rolls No. D. 208

Moses Byrne and Ors. COMPLAINANTS and James Joseph Byrne and Ors. DEFENDANTS Pursuant to an Order made by a Decreeal Order made in the above cause on the Seventh day of April A. D. 1933 by the Honourable Master of the Rolls I will set up and sell at Public Auction on the premises at North River on Thursday the Fourth day of May A. D. 1933 at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon ALL THAT TRACT, piece and parcel of land situate, on lot thirty-two in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, commencing and bounded on the south by land (59 acres) formerly held by James Byrne, on the east by the North River road for the distance of ten chains on the north by land formerly owned by the said James Byrne, and on the west by land in possession of William Cummins for the distance of ten chains, containing by estimation seventy-five acres of land a little more or less. The property will be sold free from encumbrances including the dower estate or interest of Florence Byrne, widow, therein. A deposit of twenty percent will be required from the purchaser at the sale and the balance on the delivery of the deed, but all persons having an interest in the lands may become purchasers without payment of any deposit. DATED this Seventh day of April A. D. 1933. GIL GAUDET, Master in Chancery. Donald McKinnon, Esq., K. C. Complainant's Solicitor. 8798-4-8-Sat-31

The Most Desirable Residential Sites In Brighton FOR SALE Apply To V. C. SMALLWOOD 122 North River Road

SWEET VANITY By RICHARD GOYNE

CHAPTER XVI. It may have been a miracle that happened that morning, but Cynthia Marland did not die. When she came to her senses she was lying on the hot sand under the coral reefs to the left of the harbour, and she was alone. As her first terrified thoughts of seething seas, of sucking currents and those black, lithe shapes of death cleared, she realised where she was and struggled into a sitting posture there on the quiet coast. A palm behind gave her a measure of shade. A sudden white cloth had been folded, clumsily, as a rest for her head. Weak and dazed as she was, Cynthia scrambled to her knees and called for Peter. He must surely be here. It was Peter who had risked his life to save her, Peter! "Peter!"

"There was no answer to her cry, and then a new fear seized her, for as she unfolded the crumpled cloth that had made a pillow for her head she found it to be a white shirt, and the back was stained crimson. There was blood upon it. Peter had—?"

Unsettled though she was, Cynthia was shocked into clear thinking and fresh physical strength. Sobbing his name, she stumbled to her feet and searched along the shore. But Peter had vanished. He had been hurt. By the crimson stain on his shirt he must have been badly hurt; but where was he? The worst fears assailed her, his boat, too had gone. Was it possible he had over-estimated his strength, and in trying to retrieve his boat had met his death? But would he have ventured into the sea again, into almost certain death, for a mere boat? She searched for some sign until she staggered. She wept as she cried his name, miserable, loathing herself for her folly, anxious only to learn of Peter's safety. And then she saw a tall figure approaching along the path that led in the direction of Noumea. But it was a stranger who came, a Frenchman, and he seemed surprised that Cynthia had recovered consciousness. "I am the only doctor on the island, ma'amelle," he said in French. "A man comes to me and begs me to come out here, as an Englishwoman is lying ill on the sands. He explains no more than that, and leaves some money and hurries away. Of course I come. One cannot gamble with life and death, and I get many strange summonses here."

Cynthia uttered a glad little cry of relief. She almost fainted with relief. "Then it was Monsieur Cavendish who came to you? He is not badly hurt?"

"No, the doctor looked puzzled. "No, it was not Monsieur Cavendish, whom I know well, but a half-breed, a sailor I think, whom I have never seen before."

"The circumstances were amazing," Cynthia was stupefied, and then her anguish increased as she saw how that might have happened. Others had come to their rescue. They had found Peter ill, perhaps worse. They had saved her and sent for aid for her, and Peter—?

In that moment, when it seemed that this time her folly might have cost Peter his very life, Cynthia Marland could have died with anguish and with shame at what she had done. Hysteria seized her. The doctor quietened her, somewhat, but she could only cry out that she must find Peter.

"Where does he live, please!" she begged. "I must know what has happened at once. I must! I must!" The doctor pointed to her sodden, tattered clothes. "But ma'amelle is in no condition to make the journey to Monsieur Cavendish's house. It is fully a mile, along a difficult path away from the harbour."

"I don't care," Cynthia cried. "I must go, at once. Show me the path, quickly."

He did so. It let into the hills, and in the distance she could see the white bungalow where Peter lived—a wooden structure surrounded by palms and overlooking the coast line and the sea.

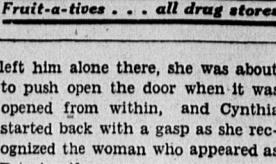
It was clear the doctor thought she was mad rather than injured. She stammered over her story of what had happened, and begged him to call in at the hotel on his way back and tell Dicky and the others that she was safe. Then, her eyes swimming with tears, her feet stumbling over the rocks and the treacherous sands, she began her journey towards the first hills towards the white bungalow.

The brief walk seemed an age, though she ran half of the way in her anguish for Peter. At length she came to the clear ground in front of the bungalow, hurried up to the door and knocked and waited.

There was no answer. Fearing they might have carried Peter and

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"I was in a very bad way with constipation. My stomach I kept having headaches. Quite frequently I had severe pains in my joints and muscles. The general effect was very depressing. Indeed, I felt so wretched that I was about to give up work. Today my health is excellent and I certainly feel that 'Fruit-a-ties' played a large part in bringing this about. They toned up my entire system."

left him alone there, she was about to push open the door when it was opened from within, and Cynthia started back with a gasp as she recognized the woman who appeared as Peter's wife.

It was apparent, at once, that she knew her appearance was in amazing contrast to the smart, even dazzling creature of the night before. She was wearing a tattered kimono that had once been crimson, but was now stained in a dozen places. Her hair was awry, her face was drawn and pallid, and she stood none too steadily as she glared, obviously hostile, at the anguished Cynthia.

"Well!" she demanded; and when Cynthia had stammered out her question, the woman even laughed, bitterly. "Oh, yes, I know where he is. He's ill enough, bitten by the sharks. Just a fool, that's what he was to go in after you at all. Oh, he didn't tell me. He was too far gone when he got here. Karati told me."

Cynthia's eyes clouded with disgust at the creature's callous disinterest in what had happened to her husband. "But Mr. Cavendish is here?" she pleaded, earnestly. "You will let me see him?"

"No," the woman sneered, "he isn't here, so you can't see him. Karati carried him down to the missionary's house, if you must know. I suppose you're the girl he loved in England, aren't you? I found your photograph, anyway, among his things. Well, you might as well go away. I'm not parting with a rich husband yet awhile."

The amazing speech ended as the woman stepped back and slammed the door, leaving Cynthia staring at the sun-blistered paint. But she could think only of Peter, now. He was alive, Thank God for that. She would find him, at once. Where was the missionary's house? Who would direct her?

She made her way back towards the harbour, but it was a long pathway, hilly, winding, and uneven underfoot. She was nearly exhausted when she reached Noumea, enquiring of the first person she saw—a brown-skinned native woman sitting outside one of the fishermen's huts nursing her child—where her destination was.

The woman pointed up a hilly pathway edging the town. Cynthia hurried breathlessly on, and presently came to the place she sought. It was a little wooden house standing in a dip in the first hill. Vegetation was thick in the vicinity, and the missionary had contrived to grow some delicately-coloured flowers in a crude kind of garden that gave his domain an almost English appearance.

The door was opened but the elderly minister himself saw her coming up the pathway, and he went quickly to meet her. Cynthia was nearing the end of her strength, and all too conscious of her bedraggled condition as she stopped, smiled bravely up into the kindly face and began to introduce herself and explain. When she spoke of Peter the minister cut her short. "Yes, ma'amelle," he said, in French, which was his nationality. "Monsieur Cavendish is here. Karati helped him. I am afraid he is in a very bad way." He shook his head. "There is no Englishwoman to help, and we shall need a nurse. We got the doctor when he returned from the shore, but he has gone now. Will you come in?"

Without a word, Cynthia followed him in. These were bachelor quarters, that much was plain. A silent, brown-skinned giant or a servant was standing by the doorway of the room in which Peter lay. The missionary gestured him to depart as they entered. Somewhat nervously the minister indicated the bed. Cynthia, her hands tightly clenched, moved slowly forward. The room was a bedroom, the furniture all of it plain and almost crude. The blind was drawn over the window. Near it stood the wooden bed and there, only his drawn, expressionless features visible over the white sheet, lay Peter Cavendish. He looked as one dead. Cynthia stifled a cry of anguish as she gazed down upon him, and tears were glistening upon her cheeks as, fighting for calm, she turned to the minister. He laid his hand upon her arm and led her out into the adjoining room, and when he had closed the door he answered her. "Monsieur Cavendish had a hard battle to save you, ma'amelle, but for Karati's following him, anxious

THAT THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW

(A column of interest to all recording accepted facts and worthy opinions regarding the place of alcoholic beverages in modern life, as well as news of the progress of the campaign for a "dry" world.) (Sponsored by the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance P. E. I.)

THE LESSER SHARE

One of the inducements to Government to give up Prohibition and go into Government Sale of Liquor is to obtain a share of the gains that otherwise would go to the illicit makers and sellers. The Government, noticing that large quantities of liquor are still being made, sold, and consumed, illegally in spite of Prohibition, decides to secure a share of the proceeds from these various transactions for worthy public services—roads, schools, health, social insurance. But the Government gets the lesser share.

UP HILL AND DOWN

Two boys had gotten a "coaster" for a Christmas present from their mother. One day as they came in from coasting she said to the older: "I hope you are giving little brother his share of the sled." "Oh, yes, Mother," he replied, "I have it down hill and he has it up." This is not without its parallel in the Government Control Business. Even financially the Government gets much less than half the cost of the Brewer, Winer and Distiller tell the rest of that story. Important as finances are in these days of depression, much more significant are the social and moral elements in our national life. Clear heads, clean minds, undebauched morals, are tremendous factors in seeking a revival of industrial prosperity. A glance at the charts depicting the trends in crime and accidents proves conclusively that the costs to Governments in reduced health, losses due to accidents and moral degradation, will ultimately impoverish even though drink revenues temporarily enrich the public treasury. Injury to health is not easily measured, but the figures telling of increased industrial accidents and highway fatalities, indecent attacks on women and other indelible offences, are out of all proportion to expectation, and are clearly co-ordinated with increased drinking facilities. The Drink Traffic has it down hill, and Governments and the Public have it up hill.

The Government smiles at the pennies it piles, and it joyfully hollers; the Brewer, he smiles as he thinks how his wiles have brought him the dollars.

A fungicide which has been found by the Dominion Department of Agriculture to give adequate protection against the important diseases of the rose plant, and be at the same time easily applied and comparatively inconspicuous, is a dust composed of pulverized sulphur and arsenate of lead, made up in the proportion of nine parts of sulphur dust to one of arsenate of lead.

Egypt is becoming radio-conscious. for his master, you would both have perished. As it was, he was bitten, badly. It is his shoulder. There is grave danger of fever." He shook his head rather helplessly. "We must find a nurse, ma'amelle. His wife would be useless, even if we could get her to come. You have seen her, yes?"

Cynthia shuddered. "But a nurse shall and must be found, Father. Oh God, if only I could have foreseen this! Yet it might be worse, mightn't it?" she begged, pathetically. "Else he could not have got so far from the shore?"

The minister smiled, sadly. "You forget Karati. Ma'amelle, none but a man as powerful as Cavendish could have survived such a wound as he has. Happily he was unconscious soon after he reached here, Karati almost carrying him. He said, ma'amelle—he said, and they were almost his last words—that you must be attended to first. He called out to you, before he lost consciousness. He spoke of you as if—"

He paused, realising her embarrassment and what she was suffering. He reached out and took her hand, earnestly. (To be Continued)

Desirable Residence FOR SALE

For sale, one of the finest built residences in the city, centrally located, easy to renovate into apartments or re-rented to roomers. Grates in most every room. Will sell at a reduced price as it is too large for family. Apply Guardian Office. 8983-4-20-31.

PRIZE WINNERS Turret Cigarette Season's Contest Season's Contest Closed March 11 - N.H.L. Season ended March 23 OFFICIAL TOTALS OF GOALS SCORED DURING SEASON 1932-33 BOSTON.....124 CHICAGO.....88 DETROIT.....111 CANADIENS.....92 RANGERS.....135 AMERICANS.....91 TORONTO.....119 MAROONS.....135 OTTAWA.....98

FIRST PRIZE-\$1000.00 A. Keeley, 247 Niagara St., Winnipeg, Man. SECOND PRIZE - \$250.00 Divided Between Two Tying Contestants \$125.00 - W. J. Reilly - 3800 Decarie Blvd., Montreal, Que. \$125.00 - R. V. Martin 294 Morris St., Halifax, Nova Scotia THIRD PRIZE - \$100.00 R. J. Hewitson - 2950 Robinson St., Regina, Sask. 15 PRIZES OF \$10.00 EACH

100 PRIZES OF \$5.00 EACH Robert Estall, Toronto, Ont.; James Connelly, Montreal; Desika Poirier, Valleyfield, P.Q.; E. O. Hanson, Orkney, Sask.; Robert H. Flowers, Toronto; Moise Mailoux, Valleyfield, P.Q.; Ronald Inor, Halifax; T. Bowker, Hamilton; Frank McMillan, Antigonish, N.S.; H. M. Thompson, Kingsville, Ont.; R. G. Bond, Toronto; N. M. Stilling, Saskatoon; Louis Gaucher, Jr., Asbestos Mines, P.Q.; R. Pepper, Calgary; Mrs. S. Luff, Toronto.

Smoke Turret Cigarettes and Save the Poker Hands

W. C. T. U. Notes AN EASTER CAROL

By Phillips Brooks Tomb, thou shalt not hold Him longer; Death is strong, but life is stronger; Stronger than the dark, the light; Stronger than the wrong, the right. Faith and Hope triumphant say, Christ will rise on Easter Day.

While the patient earth lies waking, Till the morning shall be breaking, Shuddering 'neath the burden dread Of her Master, cold and dead. Hark! she hears the angels say, Christ will rise on Easter Day.

And when sunrise smites the mountains, Pouring light from heavenly fountains, Then the earth blooms out to greet Once again the blessed feet; And her countless voices say, Christ has risen on Easter Day.

Up and down our lives obedient Walk, dear Christ, with footsteps radiant, Till those garden lives shall be Fair with duties done for Thee; And our thankful spirits say, Christ arose on Easter Day.

BIBLE LESSON The Three Women at the Cross There is no more significant grouping in all the sacred word. Darkness is over the face of the earth; the end is near; in all that foisting crowd His friends are few; His disciples are scattered—one of them has betrayed Him, all of them has denied Him—all forsook Him and fled—yet here is a little company of women clinging together at the very heart of the tragedy—the foot of the Cross.

They have followed the Master through the lanes and streets to Mount Calvary. One of them was healed by Him; all have been blessed by Him and they love Him. The darkness of the night has no fear for them; the cruel angry mob gives them no terror. Their one thought is Jesus, their dear Friend. Love is so strong they have no fear. This little company of women has gone right into the thickest gloom.

TENDERS Tenders will be received till May 25th for twelve seats suitable for hall. Write Sterling McSwain, Lorne Valley, for particulars. 9023-4-22-31.

UNPAID TAXES Taxpayers in arrears who want to avoid having their names appear in the published list of tax arrears should pay now before it is too late. FRED LARGE, City Collector.

STOPS a Headache There seems to be no safer way to end a headache—and there certainly is no safer way—than to take two tablets of Aspirin. You've heard doctors say that Aspirin is safe. If you've tried it, you know it's effective. You could take these tablets every day in the year without any ill effects. And every time you take them, you get the desired relief. Stick to Aspirin. It's safe. It gets results. Quick relief from headaches, colds, or other discomfort. TRADE-MARK REG. 8959-4-19-wim-31.