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LONG CREEK WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The regular monthly meeting of the Long Creek Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Alex. MacKenzie on Wednesday evening, Feb. 25th with an attendance of fourteen members and seven visitors. The meeting opened by singing the Ode and repeating the Creed. Roll call was answered with a Valentine verse. The minutes of last meeting were read and approved and signed by the president. The school committee reported the school needed scrubbing. A discussion arose concerning a flag pole for the school, but was left over until next meeting. Correspondence was read and discussed. It was moved by Mrs. Dan MacEwen, seconded by Mr. Alex MacLeod that letters of condolence be sent to our esteemed members.

Mrs. Norman MacLean read a very interesting paper on "The Peace Gardens". A contest put on by Miss Annie MacPhee was enjoyed by all. The prizes were won by Miss Annie MacKenzie and Miss Joyce Stewart. It was decided to hold a concert in the near future also to have a sale of lunches. Lunch was served by the ladies and the meeting closed with singing.

Mrs. Annie Sketch kindly invited the members to her home for the next meeting. Roll call to be answered with a remedy for colds, poisons and burns.

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Probate Court 1st Edward VIII, A. D. 1936.

In re-estate of Anthony J. Dougan late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province deceased testate.

By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

CHIEF JUSTICE

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Margaret Dougan of Charlottetown aforesaid, Widow, Peter McQuaid of Bonaventure, H. Francis MacPhee of Charlottetown aforesaid, Barrister the executors of the said deceased estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose herein-after set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at the Probate Court to be held in the County of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province on Friday, the twentieth day of March next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on the motion of H. Francis MacPhee, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown, aforesaid, once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places, respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Royal Bank of Canada and at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia both in Charlottetown aforesaid, AND I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 17th day of February A. D. 1936 and in the first year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.)

(L. S.) H. L. PALMER, Judge of Probate. 1-2011-2-18-25-3-16.

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THE BLUE DOOR

by RACHEL MACK

With this exchange of civilities the two friends kissed and parted. A few moments later Elaine sat down at her desk and wrote the following letter which Hortense's questions inspired:

"Dear John McNeill: Here's a letter from 'the pesky brat' (you once called me that!) who used to admire you so extravagantly—time out here while you look for my name at end of letter—this I'm at college at Graycastle now and am planning to run off during fall vacation for a visit to mother's old home which used to be, and I hope still is, the house next door to you. I had such fun there when I was a kid that I've always wanted to go back. Just a whim, but I can't seem to get away from it. I suppose it will be a disappointing visit since we can never recapture the old childhood spirit, but at least I'm going to attempt it. It would help a lot to find one familiar face there besides Penny's. In short, when I arrive will you come through the althoe hedge and greet me in the old garden? I'd adore seeing you again and talking over old times. You'll find me aged though not decrepit. Otherwise the same Elaine Chalmers."

"P. S. (Of course there would have to be one.) Do you remember how I turned out the entire neighborhood to look for your Eagle Scout badge? Well, I had stolen it for purely sentimental reasons. I hid it in the old globe in the library. Maybe it's still there. E. C. (unrepentant)."

When she had addressed the envelope and looked through her desk for stamp, failed to find it, swore softly and lighted a cigaret. Presently she noticed the time, picked up her Italian grammar and sauntered out to her next class.

The letter to John McNeill was to lie on her desk for a few days unnoticed. Until Fate was ready for it.

CHAPTER XI

When Ruth awakened on her second morning in the quiet old Hunter mansion she did so without any feeling of guilt or remorse. Having made her decision to remain, she resolved to enjoy her stay to the fullest. The stage was set for a fortnight which she had every reason to believe would be the happiest of her life.

True, there was the possibility of Elaine Chalmers appearing on the scene, but this was remote. The girl had, of course, written Penny that she was arriving "in a few weeks." Penny's eyes had hardly deceived her on that point. "I'll be gone," thought Ruth, "with a week or two to spare. I'll have had my little masquerade, and no harm done—unless maybe to my own heart! I'll leave a note behind me, asking forgiveness. And that's all there'll be to that."

The other cloud on the horizon, Penny's "queerness," Ruth dismissed also. Aside from the matter of the blue door, Penny seemed normal and reliable. Ruth had enough natural curiosity to wonder about the old woman's strange regard for her freshly-painted door, but intuition never turned detective. She warned her not to pry. Good guests were whistling on the lawn outside. Ruth hoped, she knew who it was.

Wrapping herself in the bathrobe that Penny had lent her, she ventured across the room and peeped out. John McNeill was there, looking up at her window.

He called out ceremoniously: "The McNeill heir greets the Chalmers-Hunter-Deal heiress and invites her for a buggy ride at 5 this evening."

Ruth clutched the clumsy robe at her neck and drew nearer. "Do they still use buggies in Ohio?" she asked soberly.

"Eight-cylinder ones, mostly. Wilst go, fair maid Or wouldst choose to languish in thy ratty tower?"

Ruth called, "I'll go, of course, idiot. But make it a country road. I don't feel like meeting people. I'm here for a rest."

"So that's what you're here for." John McNeill replied cryptically. "I've been waiting for you to tell me."

"Well," she said, "now you know!" She recklessly blew him a kiss and withdrew, her heart pounding foolishly. Presently she heard him drive away.

Ruth, dressing, wished that she had a gift for Penny's 75th birthday. "Imagine not being able to buy her anything," she thought regretfully. "Not even narcissus bulbs, like the ones I got I got Cousin Bessie."

"To You!" and sang it precisely, using Penny's name in the refrain to make it personal.

The old woman came to the door, coffee-pot in hand and beaming with pleasure. "Mercy me, Miss Elaine! I remember they used to sing that song at your birthday parties. And now you're singin' it special for me!"

Ruth smiled absently as she rose from the piano and kissed the old woman's withered cheek. She said, "We used to sing it at Sunday School too, Penny." She was thinking of the last time she had heard it. The children in her Sunday School class had sung it on her 12th birthday and she was supposed to respond by dropping 12 pennies into the class bank. The cousin with whom she was living at the time had failed to supply her with the meager handful of copper pieces which would have saved her pride, and Ruth had stood blushing and punting at her handkerchief while the children stared. . . . She came back from the past and smiled at the attentive old woman.

While Ruth was eating, Penny brought up the subject of clothes. She said, Miss Elaine, if you don't want to mix back for your clothes—to school or home or wherever you forget and left 'em—there's somethin' else we might do about it. We might find you something in the storeroom. That box your mother sent for Saint Stephen's rummage sale last spring got here too late. The ladies were right put out knowing what good things your mother always sends. When it finally got here I dragged it up to the storeroom. It's not been opened."

"Oh!" said Ruth, her eyes sparkling. "Do you suppose any of the clothes would fit me?"

"You mean are there any of your clothes in the box, Miss Elaine?" asked Penny, puzzled.

"Yes," answered Ruth. She would have to watch herself.

"Why, half of 'em at least in yours, Miss Elaine, I mean it's always been that way. Finish 'off your breakfast and we'll go up and see what's there."

The "storeroom" proved to be one of the unused bedrooms on the second floor. It was in a state of riotous disorder, but the smell of moth balls attested to Penny's struggle to keep the room free of those particular pests. The old woman pointed to an immense carton of heavy cardboard. "That's the box, Miss Elaine."

As she opened it, Ruth fell on her knees with a cry of delight. Penny said, "You'll recognize your own clothes. Maybe they're a little out of style, to your way of thinkin', but they'll do fine."

There were two evening dresses on top. One was shell-pink velvet, the other was cream-colored lace. "Oh-h!" breathed Ruth and held them up in front of her. The velvet, she saw, was cut with a deep back decollete. The lace frock had puffed sleeves, a tiny round collar and brilliant buttons down the front of the tight bodice. It was torn a bit in the flounce, but half an hour with a careful needle would restore it. Ruth caressed the pretty things with trembling hands.

"Here's a coat," said Penny, dragging out a woolen garment and casting it aside. "You don't need that."

"Don't it!" said Ruth in a tight voice. She saw that it was a blue winter sport suit with three-quarter length coat and a round, trickily cut, gray fur collar. In the box were two contrasting skirts to go with it and several smart sweaters. The sweaters needed only a tender dousing in soap flakes and a few skillful stitches to make them perfect again. "Handmade!" Ruth thought rapturously. . . .

Denny said, "I reckon it's warmer than the suit you've got with you. The pretty weather won't hardly last."

"I can use it nicely," Ruth said quietly.

"That's good," Penny replied. They explored deeper. There was a winter coat of black material, conservatively cut and collared with black fox, which Ruth persuaded Penny to take as her own. There was nothing else, however, that the old woman wanted since she always wore "plain black," she said, and had a chest full of things already that she had accumulated from "Miss Gwen's boxes."

Ruth found an exciting dress of dark blue crepe which she felt sure had been Elaine's. It had a monk's hood collar, a silk rope belt and the most wickedly alluring sleeves imaginable. There was the faint odor of an exotic perfume clinging to it. Ruth thought, "I'll wear this for John—" and her heart skipped three beats.

In the bottom of the box were a few pieces of lingerie, several small felt hats, an evening coat of brown velvet, and three pairs of shoes. "This is lucky, too," said Ruth. The gold evening slippers were hardly scuffed at all; the walking oxford were worn but still shapely; the severe black pumps (minus one buckle, but otherwise perfect) were all a girl's heart could desire. Their size, six double A, did not dismay Ruth; her own trim foot was only slightly shorter.

"Penny," she said, gathering up her chosen clothes as Cinderella might have done before the ball, "let charity fall where it will."

"What say, Miss Elaine?" asked Penny, getting up stiffly. But already she had forgotten the girl's queerly spoken words. "This room needs tidying up," she remarked. "I hope you won't tell your step-father how I let things go. I don't want to be pensioned off." Again that look of apprehension—and something else. Could it be craft? Ruth was too happy to wonder.

IN MEMORIAM

GEORGE N. ROACH

Death of unusual sudden sadness visited the town of Souris in the passing of the late George Roach on Sunday night, February 23rd.

Mr. Roach though not quite well for several days was better Sunday and about in his usual genial, cheery manner, but during the night he passed on before medical aid could be summoned.

The deceased was fifty-six years of age native of Darnley, he took up residence here thirty-one years ago. Of unassuming, kindly nature he made no enemies, but many loyal friends to cherish his memory. Where words cannot pay just tribute to the late Mr. Roach, as a devoted, self-sacrificing father. During the fierce epidemic of 1918 his wife died, leaving seven small children—one an infant, and no one to help share responsibility and difficulties involved. He uncomplainingly carried on, combining the industry of lobster fishing with tending of his bereft little family.

As years rolled on the burden heightened, but his was still the guiding hand till death called. He is survived by his father, Philip Roach, Darnley, four sons, Earle at Halifax, William, Summerside; Robert and George at home; also three daughters, Mrs. Leo Barrett, Gloucester, Mass.; Mrs. Theodore Ellis, Souris and Helen at home, all of whom have the sincere sympathy of the community in their sudden bereavement.

"God's finger touched him and he slept."

Services at home and grave were conducted by Rev. J. C. Hockin, who gave a comforting, impressive address to a large gathering of relatives and friends.

He was laid to rest beside his wife in St. Albans Cemetery, Souris.

MRS. ALICE MACDONALD

The death of Mrs. Alice MacDonald, wife of the late Melville MacDonald of Kingsboro, P.E.I., occurred on Saturday, February 1st at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Baker, North Lake, P.E.I., aged 78 years. For a period extending over 25 years Mrs. MacDonald was a helpless invalid, unable to walk or have free use of her hands on account of arthritis, the condition constant occupant of an invalid's chair for more than 22 years.

At times her infirmity was accompanied with intense suffering, only those in constant touch with

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her knew the burden she bore with such fortitude and patience and for such a long period. To one by nature so ambitious as she, only that power that cometh from above could meet her need, or impart that submissiveness of mind to say "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

"Though a 'shut in' for so many years, she took a keen interest in the activities of the church and community.

She was the daughter of Alexander and Isabelle Kennedy (nee Isabelle McLaren) and was born at Lot 48, on December 11th, 1857. At the age of eight she moved with her parents to Brudenell, where she remained until her marriage. She was the youngest daughter of a family of eight, five brothers and three sisters, all of whom predeceased her.

She was united in marriage to Mr. Melville MacDonald, Kingsboro, P.E.I. in 1883. To this union were born five children, four daughters and one son.

She is survived by her four daughters, Lillian, Mrs. J. H. Baker, North Lake, P.E.I.; Ethel, Mrs. Seidon McLaren, Kingsboro, P.E.I.; Dorothy, Mrs. Charles Newman, Lehighbridge, Alta; Charlotte, Mrs. Percy Williams, Calgary, Alberta; Edward Emery passed away in 1927 and her husband in 1918.

Funeral services were conducted at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Baker, North Lake, Mr. J. E. Dingwell and Mr. Fred Rose officiating.

At the South Lake Church her pastor, Rev. H. R. Bell took charge. After the service interment was made in the family plot in South Lake cemetery. Much sympathy is felt for the four daughters in their loss of a faithful and devoted mother to whom they had given so much care and attention through all those years.

STERLING INSTITUTE

Mrs. Lorne MacEwen, Stanley Bridge, entertained twelve members and three visitors at the February meeting of this Institute. The President, Mrs. H. S. MacEwen, presided, and in opening the meeting she referred very feelingly to the death of our well-beloved King George V. who meant so much to the Empire. The members, with bowed heads, then stood for two minutes in silent reverence before singing "God Save the King."

The business of the meeting was then proceeded with as usual. The sick committee reported several visits made and fruit etc., brought to the sick. Bills for fruit were presented and ordered paid. The committee to visit the school reported hand towels and a number of small articles needed for the school and they were instructed to procure everything necessary. A communication from the Library Committee of P.E.I. Executive of Women's Institute re the Carnegie Library was read but no action was taken in this matter.

Also a letter from the P.E.I. Anti-Tuberculosis League and the members unanimously endorsed the forming of this League.

The program and sick committees were re-appointed. The new committee to visit the school, Mrs. Earl Henry and Mrs. Walter Reid. The questionnaire on Agriculture was discussed under the leadership of the Convener, Mrs. Wallace MacKay.

At the close of the business meeting two interesting contests were put on. One conducted by Levisa Fleming, first prize being won by Mrs. Lorne MacEwen, second by Mrs. Frank Bell and Lucy Gallant, and one conducted by Mrs. Lorne MacEwen, first prize being won by Mrs. Wallace MacKay and Mrs. J. McQuigan and second by Mrs. H. Bulman and Mrs. Cranford MacKay.

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

Basically like the well beloved coat-like frocks, is the youthful home frock, patterned for to-day. It has, however, just a difference, which makes it much more interesting.

You can have buttons all or part way down the front for decorative trim. Whichever you choose, you will in no way detract from the frock's easiness to slip into and adjust generally.

Cottons such as gingham, percales, crash, shirting, taffeta, etc., linens, mixture weaves, rayons and tub silks are all suitable for this model. Opening out flat it will be found very simple to press.

Style No. 1700 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material with 1-yard of 36-inch contrasting.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coils carefully.

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The main topic to be discussed at next meeting, questionnaire on Canadian Industries under the leadership of Mrs. Thomas Bolger and one on League of Nations under the leadership of Mrs. Earl Henry. Mrs. Frank Bell, Stanley, invited the members to her home for the March meeting, which opens at 7:30 p.m. Roll call will be answered by an Irish story or joke and Mrs. Wallace MacKay, Mrs. Thomas Bolger, Mrs. Cranford MacKay and Mrs. D. J. MacLeod will prepare the lunch.

LAURA SECORD PORTRAIT UNDER X-RAY



Beneath the painting of Laura Secord, which for three decades has hung in the Ontario parliament buildings, is a portrait of the late Sir George Ross, former premier of Ontario, which was painted over in part and converted into a likeness of Laura Secord when the government refused to pay, in 1904, the \$500 asked the artist, Miss Mildred Peel, sister of the famous artist, Paul Peel, for the work.

picture expert, made a careful examination of the Laura Secord portrait, which work included a series of photographs under X-rays. The result of his researches are shown here. (1) The painting of Laura Secord as it has appeared for more than three decades. (2) X-ray photograph made by Mr. Worrall of the head of the Laura Secord portrait, with the head of Sir George Ross, painted beneath, clearly revealed. The photograph shows also the top and back of Laura Secord old-fashioned bonnet, superimposed over Sir George Ross head. The white dabs, shown on the photograph, are paint, which the artist placed on the canvas before going to work on the original Ross portrait. It can be clearly discerned how the upper part of the Ross face was used in the later portrait of Laura Secord. (3) Mr. Worrall, whose skill has revealed the proofs about the portrait. He has offered to remove the Laura Secord portrait entirely and to restore the Sir George Ross portrait underneath, which he says is a much finer piece of art. (4) A second X-ray exposure, showing Sir George Ross, hands, sleeve and cuff, the hands holding a roll of paper. Sir George's hands are not those of Laura Secord, her hands reaching lower down in the picture and holding a book. At the bottom can be seen a part of the arm of the chair on which in the first painting Sir George's elbow rested. At the top of this picture the straight black line is a wooden stretcher which goes across the back of the canvas. The X-ray photographs of Sir George Ross superimposed on a thickness of superimposed paint have been touched up slightly by an artist to facilitate newspaper reproduction but have not been altered in any way. (5) An ordinary photograph of the late Sir George Ross.