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Carter & Co. LIMITED

NOTICE!

The S. S. Harland has again taken up the different services having made her first trip of the season yesterday, May 3rd to Orwell where she will make the return trip this afternoon. Also will leave for Victoria tomorrow, Thursday at 7 A. M. Friday the usual trips will be made on East River. Saturday the usual trips on West River. Both at usual hours of sailing.

2842-5-4-3L

CRAIGENFLOWER IMP. 25895

The Clydesdale stallion Craigenflower will leave Charlottetown at noon on Monday, May 9th, and will travel via Hampshire, Brookfield, Springfield, Freetown and North Bedque to Albany where he will stand over the week end, proceeding on Monday, May 16th via Tryon, Bonshaw and New Haven reaching Charlottetown on Wednesday evening and standing there until the following Monday noon. This route will be continued fortnightly for the season. Further particulars will be published later. See this splendid horse before breeding your mares.

For information regarding service fees, apply to Provincial Department of Agriculture, Owner; or Aeneas Murray, in charge.

The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Fedler

(Continued)

As he spoke, Burke vanished into the semi-dark of the garage, and presently Jean heard sounds suggestive of ineffectual attempts to start the engine, accompanied by a muttered curse or two. A few minutes later Burke reappeared, looking rather hot and dusty and with a black smear of oil across his cheek.

"You'd better go back to the bungalow," he said gruffly. "There's something gone wrong with the works and it will take me a few minutes to put matters right."

Jean nodded sympathetically and retreated towards the house, leaving him to tinker with the car's internals. It was growing chilly—the "cool of the evening" manifests itself early on Dartmoor—and she was not at all sorry to find herself indoors. The wind had dropped, but a curious, still sort of coldness seemed to be permeating the atmosphere, faintly moist, and, as Jean stood at the window, gazing out half absently, she suddenly noticed a delicate blur of mist veiling the low-lying ground towards the right of the bungalow. Her eyes hurriedly swept the wide expanse which, even as she watched them, crept higher, inch by inch, as though responding to some impulse of a rising tide.

Jean had lived long enough in Devonshire by this time to know the risks of being caught in a mist on Dartmoor, and she sped out of the room, intending to go to the garage and warn Burke that he must hurry. He met her on the threshold of the bungalow, and she turned back with him into the room she had just quitted.

"Are you ready?" she asked eagerly. "There's a regular moor mist coming on. The sooner we start the better."

He looked at her oddly. He was rather pale and his eyes were curiously bright.

"The car won't budge," he said. "I've been tinkering at her all this time to no purpose."

Jean stared at him, a vague apprehension of disagreeable possibilities presenting itself to her mind. There predicament would be an extremely awkward one if the car remained recalcitrant!

"Won't budge?" she replied. "But you must make it budge, Geoffrey. We can't stay here! What's gone wrong with it?"

Burke launched out into a string of technicalities which left Jean with a confused feeling that the mechanism of a motor must be the invention of the devil designed expressly for the chastening of human nature, but from which she succeeded in gathering the bare skeleton fact that something had gone radically wrong with the car's running powers.

Her apprehensions quickened. "What are we to do?" she asked blankly.

"Make the best of a bad job—and console each other," he suggested lightly.

She frowned a little. It did not seem to her quite the moment for jesting.

"Don't be ridiculous, Geoffrey," she said sharply. "We've got to get back somehow. What can you do?"

"I can't do anything more than I've done. Here we are and here we've got to stay."

"You know that's impossible!" she said, in a quick, low voice.

He looked at her with a sudden devil-may-care glint in his eyes.

"You never can tell beforehand whether things are impossible or not. I know I used to think that heaven on earth was 'impossible,'" he said slowly. "I'm not so sure now." He drew a step nearer her. "Would you mind so dreadfully if we had to stay here, little Miss Prunes-and-Prisms?"

Jean stared at him in amazement in amazement which slowly turned to incredulous horror as a sudden almost unbelievable idea flashed into her mind, kindled into being by the leaping, half-exultant note in his tones.

"Geoffrey!" Her lips moved stiffly and, even to herself, her voice

sounded strange and hoarse. "Geoffrey, I don't believe there's anything wrong with the car at all. . . . Or if there is, you've tampered with it on purpose. . . . You're not being straight with me."

She broke off, her startled gaze searching his face as though she would wring the truth from him. Her eyes were very wide and dilated, but, back of the anger, that blazed in them lurked fear—stark fear.

For a moment Burke was silent. Then he spoke, with a quiet deliberateness that held something ominous, inexorable, in its very calm.

"You're right," he said slowly. "I've not been straight with you. But I'll be frank with you now. The whole thing—asking you to come here to-day, the moonlight expedition for to-night—everything—was all fixed up, planned solely to get you here. The car won't run for the simple reason that I've put it out of action. I wasn't quite sure whether or no you could drive a car yet."

"I can't," said Jean. Her voice was quite expressionless.

"No? So much the better, then. But I wasn't going to leave any weak link in the chain by which I hold you."

"By which you hold me?" she repeated dully. She felt stunned, incapable of protest, only able to repeat, parrot-like, the words he had just used.

"Yes. Don't you understand the position? It's clear enough, I should think!" He laughed a little recklessly. "Either you promise to marry me, in which case I'll take you home at once—the car's not damaged beyond repair—or you stay here, here at the bungalow with me, until to-morrow morning."

With a sharp cry she retreated from him, her face ash-white.

"No—no! Not that!" The poignancy of that caught-back cry wrenched the words from his lips in hurrying, vehement disclaimer. "You'll be perfectly safe—as safe as though you were my sister. Don't look like that. . . . Jean! Jean! Could you imagine that I would hurt you—you whom I worship—my little white dove?" The words rushed out in a torrent, hoarse and shaken and passionately tender.

"Before God, no! You'll be utterly safe, Jean, sweetest, beloved—I swear it!" His voice steadied and deepened. "Sacred as the purest love in the whole world could hold you." He was silent a moment; then, as the tension in her face gradually relaxed, he went on: "But the world won't know that. The note of tenderness was gone now, swept away by the resurgence of a fiercer relentlessness triumphant, implacable that meant winning at all costs. "The world won't know that," he repeated. "After to-night, for your own sake—because a woman's reputation cannot stand the breath of scandal, you'll be compelled to marry me. You'll have no choice."

Jean stood quite still, staring in front of her. Once her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Slowly, laboriously almost, she was realising exactly what had happened, her mind adjusting itself to the recognition of the trap in which she had been caught.

Her dream had come true, after all—horribly, inconceivably true. The heavy silence which had fallen seemed suddenly filled with the dream-Burke's voice—mocking and exultant.

" . . . you'll be stamped with the mark of the beast for ever. It's too late to try and run away. . . . It's too late."

IN MEMORIAM

MISS EMILY CAHILL

There passed peacefully away at her home in Kingston, on Sunday, April 17th, 1932, Miss Emily Cahill, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cahill of that place. She deceased suffered from a stroke of paralysis from which she never regained consciousness. The esteem in which she was held was plainly shown by the number of Mass Cards and the large funeral to St. Ann's Church, Lot 68, where a Mass of Requiem was sung by her Pastor, Rev. Father Herrell, after which her remains were laid to rest in the pearly cemetery to await the glorious Resurrection. She leaves to mourn three brothers—Thomas of Kingston, with whom she always made her home; Richard of Kingston and Cornelius of Tyrone; also four sisters Mrs. John Quinn, Charlottetown; Mrs. Wm. McCarron, Montague; Mrs. Ambrose Hynes, St. Peter's Bay, and Mrs. E. Byrne, Charlottetown, who was with her during her last illness.

The pall bearers were: John Yeo, Gordon Wilson, Francis Cass, Robert Nell, William Nolan, Augustus Tierney. To the family is extended deep sympathy. May she rest in peace.

Old gentleman, browsing in book store: "Last Days of Pompeii—h'm! What did he do it?"

Clerk: "I'm not sure. Some sort of eruption, I believe."

Peters Road and Vicinity

Although cool the weather is fine, and the roads are becoming quite firm, except in places where drainage is inadequate. Motor vehicles are beginning to enliven the dullness of traffic on our highways.

Mr. Peter Morrison, who holds a responsible position with the Anchor-Donaldson L'v'e of transatlantic steamships at Montreal, returned to the metropolis where he will resume his duties after spending the winter season at his home, Peters Road.

The great commonwealth of British interests whose statement will convene at Ottawa in July next is unique in that it will overshadow anything of its kind ever held at any time or place in the world. Britain has maintained her supremacy as a world power since the time we might almost say when Caesar landed his legions on the south. So much for the character of her people. The policy of Free Trade was beneficial to Britain so long as she maintained a pre-eminence in manufacturing but with other nations developing a sharp competition, she has had to recognize the fact that a change

We were pleased to see the Captain's father, Mr. Thomas Gosbee on board, and taking his place on deck as an active worker. The aged gentleman was formerly well known in Maritime ports as a successful sailing master and now, though he has attained the four-score mark is quite well and enjoys a trip on the briny wave. He will accompany his son on the present trip.

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number, the dealer will present you with the Prize Rug ABSOLUTELY FREE.

There are no complicated conditions, no obligation to purchase. Everyone stands the same chance. All that you need do is go into the store where you see the prize rug displayed, ask for a free entry form and make your guess.

And, while there, you can take the opportunity of seeing for yourself the beauty of the new Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs and judging the pleasure that the prize will bring to your home.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you purchase a Genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Rug during the period of this contest, and then prove the winner of the Prize Rug, you have the option of taking the Prize or having the full purchase price of the rug you have already bought returned to you.



ENTRY FORMS may be deposited where you see the rug on display. The result of this contest and name of winner will be declared where you deposit your entry and advertised in the window and in the store. . . . Contest closes 12.00 noon May 14th. . . . Winners declared the same day.



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We regret to learn that Mr. L. J. Acorn and family, Allison, have received word that their son, James, of New York, has sustained severe injuries from a car accident in the city. Through illness Mr. Acorn had spent some considerable time in hospital and had been discharged therefrom, and was about to resume his work when the accident occurred.

Messrs. Allan Morrison, Basil Morrison and Forest Beaton of Peters Rd. have joined the number of those who are engaged in the lobster fishing trade and will be located for the season with one of the factories of the North Shore.

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Prohibition Commission
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Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peter
John Simpson, Hamilton.
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NOTICE!

A list of all persons in arrears for Civic Taxes for Real Estate, Street and Sidewalk Assessment is to be published May 16th, 1932.

FRED LARGE,
City Collector.

2183-4-26-tt-6L

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