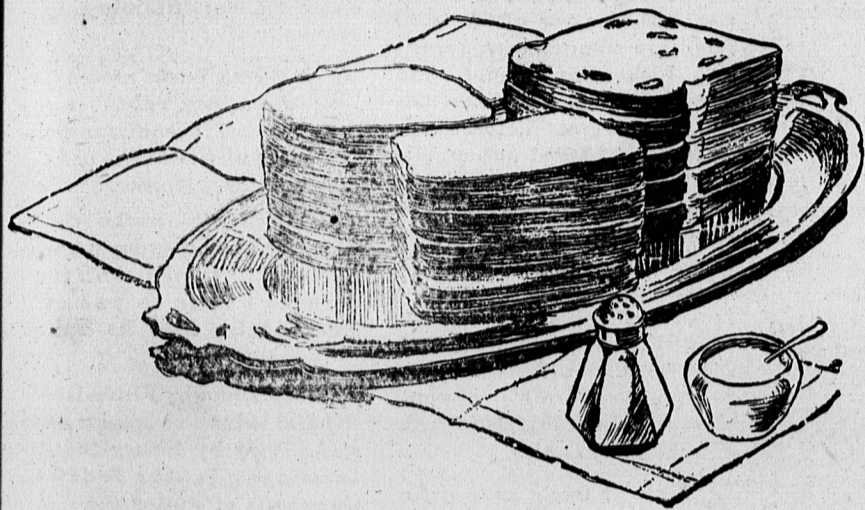


How many BREADS on your platter?



Do you serve in your home only one kind of meat—one kind of vegetable? Certainly not! You give your family plenty of variety in all these foods because you know it is necessary for their health, and that they would quickly tire of the same menu over and over.

Did you ever stop to think that this applies to bread too?

Your regular white loaf of Stewart's Bread is a necessity you must have on the table at every meal. But your Baker also carries a variety of other breads he bakes.

Try serving some of these along with the regular white loaf. More than one kind of bread on the platter offers a choice that every one will enjoy.

With these to choose from, you can serve as much variety of bread and other baked goods, as you do in other foods!

Variety of Breads

White bread, Whole wheat bread, Raisin bread, Parker House Rolls, Vienna Rolls, Sugar Buns, Filled buns, American Buns, German Buns, Biscuits, Butter Horns, Plain Bread buns, Whole wheat buns, Bran muffins, Stollen, Butter Fly Buns.

STEWARTS' BREAD At Your Grocers

STEWARTS' BAKERY

Phone 211

Charlottetown

161 Kent Street



The Pick of the Crop

Only the highest quality of leaf tobacco, combined with the best ingredients are used in the manufacture of our chewing tobacco. Result "THE BEST CHEW"

HICKEY & NICHOLSON "BLACK TWIST" CHEWING

U. S. VISITOR WRITES UP TRIP TO P. E. ISLAND

Interesting Description of Garden Province by American Journalist.

The following very interesting description of a visit to Prince Edward Island recently appeared in the New York Sun, from the pen of Mr. Edwin C. Hill, staff correspondent of that newspaper.

Sailing across the Strait of Northumberland upon the little ferry steamer which was once the private yacht of that Austrian Prince whose assassination at Sarajevo threw the world into war, one comes into sight presently of a low, red coast—bright red, splashed with green. It is the coast of Canada's smallest province, Prince Edward Island, the Rhode Island of the Dominion. It is the "Million Acre Farm" without a hill or a stone. Its soil from end to end (it is about the size of Long Island) is as red as the British flag and is known the world over for its seed potatoes and its silver foxes.

Gradually it swims toward the steamer, this land that the Indians called "Cradled in the Sea" and that the French named "La Basse et Belle Isle," and as it nears its astonishing redness becomes more definite. Untilled ground side by side with fields of waving oats and hay show up precisely like the red and green squares of a checker board. There is probably nothing quite like this coloring of a whole island anywhere in the world. Once, ages ago, it was red sandstone. Then time and water and weather did its work. The red sandstone crumbled into loam of peculiar richness, and a farmers' paradise lay at the feet of its first settlers.

The one-time sea toy of the ill-fated Austrian, now endings its career as a ferry for tourists and merchant travelers between Nova Scotia and Charlottetown, noses its way into the narrow harbor entrance of the main city, swings with the channel and finally lies up alongside the dock. One steps ashore to one of the oldest provincial or State capitals in America. It antedates Washington and most of the American State capitals. It was the cradle of the Canadian Confederation because it was at Charlottetown that the first conference was held which discussed the union of the provinces.

AN ANCIENT PLACE.

It is one of the most interesting of the cities and towns of the Maritimes with its broad, tree-lined streets, its quaint old houses and its placid, homeloving people. Men came to it first back in 1534; then the Sieur Doublet in 1683 sought to establish great fisheries. Finally the

from us our respect, admiration, and esteem, whilst your consideration for our welfare, your kindness of heart, cheerful manner, tact, and good judgment have made it indeed a pleasure to serve under you.

As a token of our feelings towards you, we ask you to accept this small gift accompanied by our sincere wishes for your future success in whatever position you may occupy.

Signed on behalf of selves and associates.

Irene Storey, D. G. MacPherson.

Charlottetown, May 9th, 1929. Miss McQuaid who was deeply touched by this farewell token on the part of the staff, made a feeling reply expressing her gratitude for the beautiful gift and for the address.

After singing "For Shes" a Jolly Good Fellow" all present shook hands with Miss McQuaid and wished her abundance of happiness and prosperity.

WIG MUST MATCH DRESS

In spite of the reports that long hair is to rule in France, a recent exhibition of new styles in hairdressing in Paris revealed that the bob and saigne may be shorter than ever this year. But to be really chic it will be necessary for lady to wear a wig or perouk of the same color as her dress.

Remove the Cause of Constipation!

Today most people know how to avoid constipation. First: Eat simpler food, allowing digestive system to improve. Second: Stimulate better digestion and bowel regularity by taking Chamberlain's Tablets for a week. They get quick results. 25 cents at all druggists. Sample FREE. Write Chamberlain Medicine Company, Ltd., Toronto.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS "Help You Stay Well"

English took it, along with the rest of Canada, from French hands that were not strong enough to hold what their bold adventurers had found and it and the rest of the rich little island was eventually colonized after and absurd system of lots granted to royal favorites.

The whole island was granted in one day by the drawing of lots, sixty-seven of them, and for nearly a century the well-being of Prince Edward Island was retarded by the greed and neglect of absentee landlords. Finally, some fifty-odd years ago, the Government of the little province bought out the last of these holdings and since then the island has boomed in its own fashion.

The vicissitudes of its early colonization were not wholly bad in its effects, for the land was carefully surveyed and regularly laid out. Many settlers of the right kind came to it—French from Acadia, thousands that were driven out of Nova Scotia in the great expulsion of Grand Pre; Irish, Scotch and English, and the descendants of these original settlers inhabit the island today. There is practically no immigration.

So wonderfully productive is the soil, so free from stones and so favored by climate and rainfall (or, if not rainfall and unvarying and drenching dew) and enriched in the way of natural fertilizer from the sea in the shape of mussel mud, that it supports in comfort the most densely populated area in all Canada.

They are farmers, these people their lives placidly and regularly devoted to the growing of a peculiarly fine potato and to other less profitable farm products. The minute you put your foot upon Prince Edward Island you hear of the virtues of the Prince Edward Island seed potato. The automobile license plates of Prince Edward Islanders invariably carry the legend "Seed Potatoes and Foxes," the main and superior products of the tight little sea garden.

They ship those seed potatoes all over the world where potatoes are grown, but most of them go to the Southern States of America. They get top prices for them. Last year their potato crop brought in \$4,230,000, which is a pile of money for a district so small.

They are proud of their turnips also, and the turnips fetched them a million and a quarter of good round dollars. The result of all this, along with the silver fox farming that so many of them play with on the side, is that the Prince Edward Island rural folk are extraordinarily prosperous. Some of them clear \$25,000 or more every year. The savings banks of Charlottetown and the other towns are bursting with farmers' money. No agricultural depression of the Million Acre Farm.

The ride in the best American made automobiles and scarcely one denies himself a radio playing, but they are curiously conservative.

"I very much doubt that 80 per cent of the people have ever been off the island," said the Hon. Frank Hertz, Lieutenant-Governor of the province. "They have not been over to New Brunswick even or to Nova Scotia. They are rooted to the soil and the soil occupies almost their entire thought. The doings of the rest of the world mean little to them."

There are plenty of ways in this day and age of leaving the island. The young people have found those ways, unhappily for the good of Prince Edward. There is a railroad now, the Government owned Canadian National, which comes to Charlottetown from New Brunswick, ferrying whole trains across the Northumberland Strait. There is frequent and regular steamer service to both neighboring provinces. You can get an airplane ride if you want it. But for generation after generation the forefathers of these slow moving people were almost literally isolated and the habit sticks.

They are oddly content with "The Island," as they invariably call it. They cannot conceive of there even being any other island worth the name. To them it is the home and haven of everything worth while in life. To the older generation, that is; the middle aged and elderly.

The younger people have quite a different notion. They grow restless before they are out of their teens—and it is away for New York or Boston or somewhere else in the States. To them the air is clamorous with exciting calls—calls to life and pleasure. Almost all of these young people of Prince Edward Island have well to do, even rich families. There is almost never any lack of money. The farmhouses are attractive and well furnished. They have radio and phonographs and daily newspapers.

As farm work goes their life is not hard, because if the Lord ever made life easy for the farmers anywhere upon this earth he made it easy in this tiny province. But the young people grow bored with the eternal round of sameness. Life is too easy perhaps; or at least too unexciting, and so they troop away, a few now

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GREATEST SALE OF MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING

Held in the City for the Past Fifteen Years
20% DISCOUNT

In order to reduce our clothing stock \$10,000 20% DISCOUNT will be given for spot cash from now until May 18th.

We are forced to take this course in order to maintain our leadership as the largest dealers of Men's and Boy's clothing in the province. Nothing reserved, our fresh new stock at 20% DISCOUNT, no approbation.

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and a few then, and all through the island you come across farmsteads where there are no young people at all—youths, that is. They have gone to the States to make their fortune.

A few years ago Prince Edward Island had a population of nearly 110,000. Today a few more than 88,000 occupy its lovely and fertile lands, a considerable loss relatively. It is the only province in Canada that has shown a loss in population, and this falling off, as I say, has been due almost entirely to the fact that existence on the beautiful red sea garden is a bit too placid. Youth seems to be the same pretty much everywhere, with the same restless stir in its cosmos.

Many of them come back, in time. They say that the Prince Edward Islander always returns some day, that the red soil infallibly draws him. But they like to make their fortunes first and then return with a bit of swank and swagger to prove to the old folks and to the conservative neighbors that they were right.

It is not a total loss, this winging of youth to the American States, but it is dubious enough. Many people on the island ask what is to become of the farms that are the pride and glory of the province. Some day the conservative generation will disappear and the fear is that these garden farms will be deserted and go back to brush and weeds.

In the meantime they are making farming pay as no other people, probably, ever made it pay before. The agricultural department of the province is an institution that other provinces of Canada or the American States might have immense pride in. The Government takes its farmers, by the neck, so to speak, and says to them, as conservative as they are:

GROWN GOLF GREENS

The result is entire perfection in several special crops. The Government has worked the seed potato industry up to the point where the Prince Edward Island spud is the talk of the farmers the world over. Soil helps a bit but grading and rigid elimination of imperfection and of disease helps more. They would no more think of letting an imperfect seed potato go out of the island than they would think of presenting tourists with hundred dollar bills, and that is a long way from their idea of entertaining the tourists. They raise more than seven million bushels of those champion spuds in a year and the average price is sixty cents a bushel. That runs into money when farmers raise as much as fifty thousand bushels.

A lot of golf courses in the United States look to Prince Edward Island

to keep their putting greens like velvet carpet, for in this island is grown a very special kind of grass called "bent grass." They sold a pile of seed last year—\$40,000 worth. Once upon a time they bred a very special kind of work horse on the island, but the gas engine and the motor truck has rather put a crimp in that industry. Dairying is lucrative and their fat milk cows graze all over the lovely rolling land.

Naturally, in an island that has been so intensively cultivated for a century and a half, you will not find many forests, but they have been canny enough not to cut down all of their trees, for trees hold moisture in the soil, and all through the island

you see groves and copses, some quite large, and through these run streams full of trout and salmon, especially large, luscious trout.

It is no trick at all to collect a dozen fine trout weighing all the way from a pound to ten pounds in two hours fishing of one of the wooded streams. The little province is also rather proud of its oyster crop and its lobsters, and off the coast great catches are made of the fish of the cold waters of the Maritimes, herring, mackerel, eel and sea salmon. There isn't much need to import anything except American motion pictures. It is one of the most self-supporting little communities anywhere around the globe.

Your food doesn't do you any good if you're tired

Tired, strained nerves interfere with digestion. At the end of the day's work, it is a good rule to relieve nervous tension before eating—by the use of Wrigley's. Your doctor will tell you how the act of chewing relaxes and soothes the nerves—how the healthful clean Wrigley's refreshes and tones you so that you're ready to enjoy your food.

Wrigley's also helps digestion after meals, by stimulating the flow of natural juices. In addition, it cleanses the teeth, removes all traces of eating or smoking—and sweetens the breath.

What other sweet cost so little and does so much!

WRIGLEY'S

Spearmint—Double Mint—Jolly Fruit—and P. K. Sugar Coated

3 handy packs for 5¢