

HEARTS AFIRE

By MARY CHRISTIE

And secondly, because he might escape unnoticed in the steerage mob, whereas—if the police had orders to watch the various embarkations—they would probably keep their eye upon the first and second classes, and any disguise he might adopt would be more noticeable among better-dressed passengers, whereas he could amble aboard the steerage with a five-days' growth upon his face, a handkerchief knotted about his neck in lieu of a collar and a tie, and an old hat rammed upon his head.

He didn't look too savoury, at the moment, but the photographer took the pictures, and four hours later, Traymore had the necessary copies in his pocket.

He filled the forms in at the passport offices, attaching a couple of the photos, but was rather disconcerted to be told by an official that a letter of recommendation (known as a "Declaration") would be required from a mayor, or a magistrate, or a justice of the peace!

These were all people Traymore most particularly wished to avoid!

He was relieved, however, when he learned that doctor's signature would serve, and hunted up a former pal at Bart's, who had fallen on evil days through drink, and looked on Traymore's "disguise" and sudden flight from England rather in the nature of a joke than otherwise.

Thus Traymore's passport was obtained.

And in the steerage of an out-bound vessel, off he sailed, forgetful of Virginia and of all ties that had ever bound him to this country. In the new land he headed for, who knows? he might intrigue an heiress who for the rest of his life would support him in the comfort and position his looks and peculiar talents merited!

In any case, "Fresh fields and pastures new" was Traymore's motto!

WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND

Some fifteen months after the events above related, on a certain autumn evening, if one had peeped through the unshaded windows of a charming home not more than two miles from Green Gables, one would have seen a picture of domestic happiness unrivalled anywhere.

A long-legged, good-looking young man, sunk deep in an easy-chair, a pipe between his teeth, and a book in his hand, was reading aloud at intervals to a charmingly pretty girl who—seated on a rug before a

crackling wood-fire—was playing with a dark-haired baby who bore a striking resemblance to the young man in the chair, but whose eyes were curiously like her own.

"Little Peter's going to have a visitor," she cried, catching up the dark-haired baby, and kissing him rapturously. "Baby Prudence is coming to call on him!"

The young man in the chair laughed lazily, looking down at his pretty wife with adoring eyes.

"Match-making already, are you? Peter and Prudence? Is it to be our own romance all over again?" He leant forward, playfully pinching her ear.

"Big Peter, you're a bully! Even if I were match-making, isn't it perfectly right and proper for a mother to dispose of her own child's future?" And Mrs. Peter Armstrong's laugh—which fifteen months of marriage had in no wise dimmed—tinkled forth just like a freshet of delight.

Peter laughed in unison. Everything that his young wife said or did was a source of pleasure to him, and he adored Peter Junior just as much as she did, which is saying something!

"Curious how pretty your little namesake is, considering Janet's—er—homeliness. And Will Ogilvie hasn't much in the way of looks to hand to his daughter, either," he averred. Then he added, as if discovering a great truth:

"Little Prudence Ogilvie must have become pretty, the moment they called her after you. Well, I don't blame the child, having such a godmother!"

"You tease!" Prudence glanced up at the clock, which had been Janet's wedding-gift to her. "They'll be here any time now." And then she added, stroking her husband's knee with one hand, while she held her baby in the other arm: "You were a darling, to make Janet's marriage possible!"

Peter pretended to look startled.

"I? How? What do you mean?"

Prudence shook her head at him. "Now, don't dare pretend that you didn't make over to Janet a life-interest of something per cent on your invention! She'd hardly saved anything in her six years of nursing, as you know—and Will still has to support his mother. So their marriage would have been 'indefinitely postponed' if you hadn't been so generous!"

Peter shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh! it was nothing. A mere trifle! Besides, why should you and I have a corner in happiness, eh, puss? Mrs. Ogilvie nursed me wonderfully during that dark chapter of my life, when I thought I'd never see again, or be able to win you—and I was glad to do a little thing like that for her."

"You're an angel, Peter!"

"Of course I am! That's why baby's such a cherub!" He gathered Prudence and little Peter into his arms, and at that moment the maid flung open the drawing room door, announcing:

"Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie."

Prudence scrambled from her husband's lap to greet her guests, who had with them a cooling infant about two months younger than Peter Junior.

"Janet darling! How glad I am to see you! You, too, Will!"—and she led them forward into the radius of light before the fire.

It was a comelier, plumper Janet, with the yearning look gone from the eyes, and a sweet repose hovering about the lips.

"How well you're looking, Prudence! Had a good time abroad? I dropped in several times to see if that new-fangled nurse with all the certificates was treating baby Peter right! He looks splendid, but I'll bet you missed him!"

"Every minute," said Prudence quickly, "although Peter and I had a lovely time. We visited Biarritz, and then did a little motor-tour in Spain, and on the way back we shopped in Paris, and I bought this for you."

"This was a Liberty scarf in every colour of the rainbow, which gleamed in iridescent tints as Prudence deftly adjusted it about her friend's shoulders.

Janet's green-grey eyes filled with sudden tears.

"You and Peter spoil me. I never can thank you enough—" She looked at Will, knowing that if it



NEW OWNERS are saying...

"It's the smartest radio we ever saw or heard. It looks lovely... sounds marvelous!"



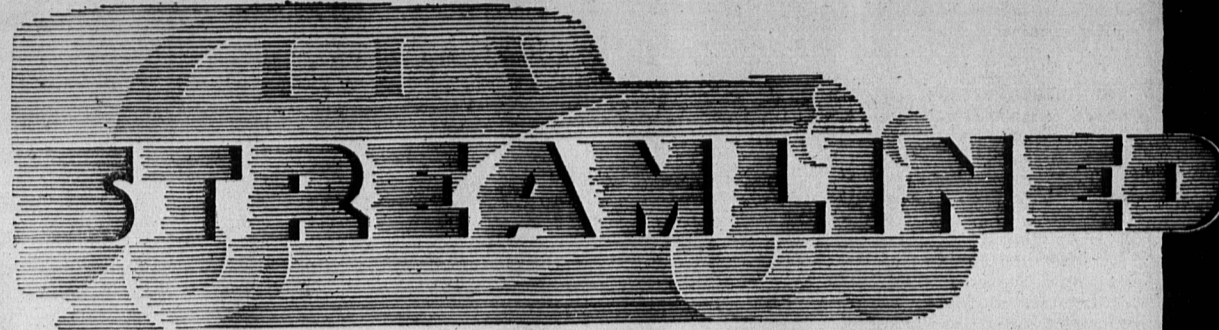
A famous ARTIST says...

"At last, grand performance and a new ideal of modern beauty."



A keen RADIO SALESMAN says...

"Thanks De Forest Crosley... the finest radio in all your ten years of pioneering."



for BEAUTY... for FINER PERFORMANCE

From thousands of owners of the new De Forest Crosley "streamlined" radio, the good word is spreading "you should see my new De Forest Crosley and hear it perform!"

What does this new "streamlining" bring to you? BEAUTY! A flowing simplicity of line blending harmoniously, restfully, into your living-room... moderne... compact.

PERFECT PERFORMANCE! "Streamlined," vibrationless construction, maximum tonal chamber, perfect housing for a super-moderne chassis. THE RESULT?

MAGNA-TONE... and what tone! Richer, fuller, more natural, with all the rich beauty of a full-toned Grand Piano.

COMPLETE DUAL WAVE BANDS—new fields of entertainment. New fun! New pleasure!

ALL the thrilling police calls. Aeroplane signals. Amateur programs and messages. New thrills of the unexpected.

MORE STANDARD LONG-WAVE STATIONS coming in more clearly, more readily, under perfect control.

NOISE-FREEDOM! Yes... achieved with the exclusive De Forest Crosley Elmi-noise aerial. No more buzzes... clicks... hums... from X-Ray, Violet Ray, electrical appliances, telephone, etc. From now on—clear, noise-free reception... uninterrupted pleasure.

Not even a two-year-old radio can give HALF the enjoyment and pleasure brought to you by this new De Forest Crosley masterpiece. Don't wait... see the "4-star" features NOW...



FOUR



STAR



FEATURES



and PRICES? Half what you paid in 1929.

The new BROCK De Luxe (illustrated) \$79.50
Ten Models Moderne—electric or battery operated
\$52.50 to \$189.50—convenient monthly payments
(all prices subject to advance, dependent on raw material prices)

DE FOREST CROSLY

10th Anniversary Series Moderne



BUY NOW and hear CANADA'S GREAT RADIO CELEBRATION BROADCASTS • AT THEIR BEST •

SPECIALIST ENDS STOMACH TROUBLES

Druggists now have famous English Doctor's formula

Now you can really get rid of that acid stomach, that torture after eating, pain, bloating, gas. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is in Canada.

This is the remarkable formula of a renowned London, England, Stomach Specialist, based on practical experience.

All English doctors know Maclean Brand Stomach Powder; it is used every day in the clinics of leading English hospitals, with splendid results, for treating bad stomachs, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Acidity, Flatulency, and Heartburn.

This Maclean Brand Formula is in a class by itself as a remedy for stomach ills. Modern. Pleasant to take. Very pure and absolutely harmless.

Ask your druggist for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Be sure to get the genuine with the signature "Alex. C. Maclean". Never sold loose. Only in plainly marked, handy size bottle, 75c. powder or tablets. Sole Canadian distributors, Rigo Agencies, Toronto.

Speed Horses For Sale

HIGH TOBEY: 2.11 1/2. Brown Gelding by "Peter Volo." Five years old. Trotter. Eligible to the 2.10 class.

CALUMET CITY: 2.10 1/2. Chestnut Mare by "Peter the Brewer." Four years old. Pacer. Eligible to the 2.25 class.

TEASE: 2.09 1/2. Brown Mare by "Bunter." Seven years old. Trotter. Eligible to the 2.15 class.

BARONET: Bay Stallion by "Guy Axworthy." Three years old. Eligible to the 2.20 class. Has paced in 2.12 1/2 the past season.

SCOTIA: Bay Gelding by "Captain Aubrey." Four years old. Full brother to "Helen Aubrey" (2.10 1/4), "Gwendolyn Aubrey" (2.08 1/2), and "Peter Pokey" (2.08 1/4). Trained a few weeks and showed a lot of speed. Good gaited, sound and will surely make a good race horse.

DARKEY GRATTAN: Black Gelding by "Grattan Royal." Eleven years old. Free-For-All Pacer.

These horses are sound, with perfect track manners, clever in and out of stable. All High-Class horses. Write and ask prices and particulars of the ones you are interested in. Also look up their 1933 races.

H. T. FULTON,

Upper Stewackie, Nova Scotia.

for PIMPLES Add an equal amount of cream, or sweet oil, to Minard's, and apply the mixture once daily. A simple treatment which will clear up your skin!



THE END. Heal sores with Minard's Liniment.

Buy Your DeFOREST CROSLY RADIO NOW
Take Advantage of SIMPSON'S HOME-LOVERS CLUB
10% Down — Balance 10 Monthly Payments — No Interest,
LLOYD W. PROUDE
THE SIMPSON EASTERN ROBERT SIMPSON LIMITED
56-58 GRAFTON ST. CHARLOTTETOWN. PHONE 602.

ISLAND RADIO CO.

143 GREAT GEORGE ST.
Pioneer De Forest Crosley Dealers Since 1924—
Authorized De Forest Crosley Service Department. Phone 1428.

S. D. HUGH, Murray Harbour PETER MacEACHERN, Victoria

COLLEGE GIRL MEETS U. S. PRESIDENT ON FIRST ASSIGNMENT

The story of Kitty Wells' first interview after she became a cub reporter on the diamond-back, University of Maryland weekly publication, is a bit of news behind the news that has just come to light. We're country lovers.

"He's been wonderfully successful," said Janet, with not one quail of jealousy as she flung an appreciative glance across the room at the man who was so much more brilliant than her Will. "He could really retire now, and live on the proceeds of that wonderful invention, couldn't he?"

"But he wouldn't. He believes that every one should work. He puts in eight hours a day, you know, and three times a week he goes to town." Prudence's tone was immensely proud and possessive. And then she whispered: "He's the dearest husband in the world, Janet."

Janet nodded, and presently produced a cutting from her pocket. "Read that. It's Virginia Dale's wedding announcement. A former suitor has come forward, and she's going out with him to his farm in New Zealand. I don't envy him, do you? I hear he's twenty years older than she is, and he's forgiven her past, and everything."

"I'm glad," said Prudence simply. "I've felt so sorry for her for a long time. You and I, Janet, have been so very, very lucky. I don't know what I've done to deserve such happiness!"

She crossed the room and touched her husband's shoulder. And in her eyes shone love — enduring love — that miracle which makes the world go round.

RUSSIAN TIMBER IN BRITAIN

LONDON, Oct. 31.—(Tuesday)—(Canadian Press Cable)—The Morning Post, Conservative, said today Canada's memorandum urging restrictions on Russian timber into the United Kingdom apparently had been shelved indefinitely by the Government.

The newspaper added it understood the Board of Trade passed the memorandum on to the import duties advisory committee which sought opinion from some British interests concerned with the sale of Russian timber in Britain. These interests, it said, replied they believed Moscow's opinion must be sought, with the result the memorandum was sent to that capital for consideration by the Soviet Government with no time-limit placed on a reply.

This, the paper said, meant there was nothing to prevent the document being held up for months. Even when a reply is received, it is likely to raise so many questions protracted negotiations will be necessary.

The Post concludes, however,

COLLEGE GIRL MEETS U. S. PRESIDENT ON FIRST ASSIGNMENT

to receive an honorary degree, she set out. She smiled her way to the press box and subsequently managed an invitation to the press luncheon.

Discovering the president was not to dine with the reporters she took the bit in her teeth (figuratively speaking) and wandered, innocently enough into the presidential dining room where luncheon was being served.

She was served and soon found herself chatting to one of the presidential aides.

Presently, she was shaking hands with Mr. Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt, and asking for an interview.

Mr. Roosevelt found he couldn't spare the time from his official business, but Mrs. Roosevelt substituted.

DOINGS IN BLACK & WHITE

Knowing his stuff!

"Mr Colman, I think I will lay in my winter's coal now. Prices seem to be as low as they ever will be. What do you advise?"

"Glad you asked. This new fuel BRADORE 'TREATED' Coal they call it - seems made to order for you, no dust in handling, no soot in burning - Nut size for range and Cobble size for furnace - Price reasonable too"

"Here in the office I use this new treated coal in the cabinet. It is clean - easy to handle - makes hot lasting fires and little ash"

"I am glad I asked - just 15 a nuisance and I am fed up on soot."

BRADORE "TREATED" Coal is an entirely new product. Lump coal broken to right size for home use and then sprayed with a chemical solution that kills both dust and soot. NOTHING quite like it for clean, economical home fires.

Sold in Charlottetown by W. D. GILLIS & CO Phone 178

Combine Post Office Positions

OTTAWA, Oct. 31.—(C.P.)—For reasons of economy no appointments will be made by the Government to fill postmasterhips in cities where district superintendents are located, it was learned here today. The functions of district superintendent and postmaster will be combined, the former performing the duties.

Vacancies exist at present in Toronto, Winnipeg, Moose Jaw and Saint John but the government does not intend to fill them. The postmaster's duties will be undertaken by the district superintendents concerned.

Hunting Guide Drops Dead

Canadian Press) NEWCASTLE, N. B., Oct. 31.—While hunting deer from his camp near Halcob today, Milton Taylor, veteran Miramichi guide, dropped dead from a heart attack. He was guiding Percy E. Roy, of Newcastle, at the time.

Roy fired shots in the air to attract the attention of Taylor's son, also hunting nearby, and they brought the body to camp on horseback.

During his long career Taylor guided sportsmen from many parts of the North American Continent.

that the patience of the British Government representatives negotiating a new Anglo-Russian trade agreement will end and something in the nature of an ultimatum will be placed soon before the Soviet representatives.