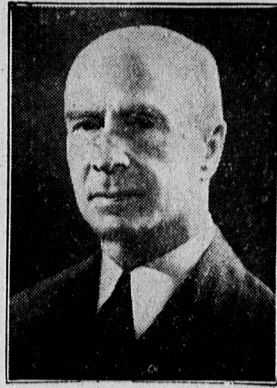


# More fun to bring up a healthy child than a pampered one

Is it wise or kind to allow a child to choose its own food? Certainly not, because a child will choose those things that are made artificially "nice" and these are invariably "dead" foods. A child needs food that builds muscle, nerve, bone and blood. A child needs "natural foods" even more than one who has attained full growth.

Roman Meal is an ideal child's food. Why? Because Roman Meal is one of the three only alkali-forming grain foods known—Bekus Puddy and Lishus being the other two. Given Roman Meal daily, together with milk, fruits and fresh vegetables, a child's blood will maintain its normal alkali reserve—"Nature's first defence against disease". As you love your children, don't let them eat soft, denatured foods. Give them foods that build sturdy youth and rugged man-and-womanhood—and of such foods Roman Meal is the standard—the corner-stone of perfect health.



The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., taken Feb. 20, 1932, in his 75th year. At 30 years of age, Dr. Jackson was a nervous and physical wreck. By natural habits of living and eating, Dr. Jackson is today as mentally and physically alert as a healthy man of 25. Dr. Jackson is the inventor of Roman Meal.

Disease does not simply "come to you". Wrong living invites disease; right living banishes it.

### from Our Morning Mail—

Hamilton, Ont., May 4th, 1932. "I am glad to say I feel a different man since I started your Roman Meal and I also have got all my family started on it, and I am sure anyone who uses it will speak as highly as I do of it."

(Name on request)

We receive scores of such letters daily.

## Dr. Jackson Foods Limited

**FREE** Write for samples of Roman Meal, Bekus Puddy, Lishus or Dr. Jackson's alkaline beverage, Kofy-Sub, and Dr. Jackson's Free Booklet "HOW TO KEEP WELL", to—Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 559 Vine Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



## The Crippled Lady Of Peribonka

"She is like a child, waiting for you," said Emmerdale, as they rode toward his home. "I was there with mother last evening, and she asked me to meet you. She cried and laughed and is damnably happy. If you don't mind I'd like to come over when you two have settled down and have you tell me about this monstrous happening. May I?" "You know you don't need an invitation," said Paul. "Come tomorrow."

He had an odd feeling of not knowing what was going to happen as he left Emmerdale and entered his home. He could feel himself under a strain caused by the nearness of explanations which it was Claire's right to hear and his duty to make. It would be hard to talk about Carla, as he must, even should Claire, in her wisdom ask for nothing.

Claire was waiting for him in her room. This act of thoughtfulness pleased him. She knew that in a peculiarly embarrassing moment they should be alone. Both were sensitive, each a little fearful of what one or the other might betray in their first greeting. He was thinking this when he went to her. As her door closed behind him, his first impression was of a room filled with flowers. Claire, like Carla, loved them. The air was delicately fragrant with their perfume. Claire was bending over a mass of white roses when he entered and then came toward him with both hands held out. She did not put her arms about him or offer him her lips, yet never had he seen such a light of happiness shining in her eyes. He made a movement to kiss her, but she drew back in such a way that her act seemed scarcely to be repelling him.

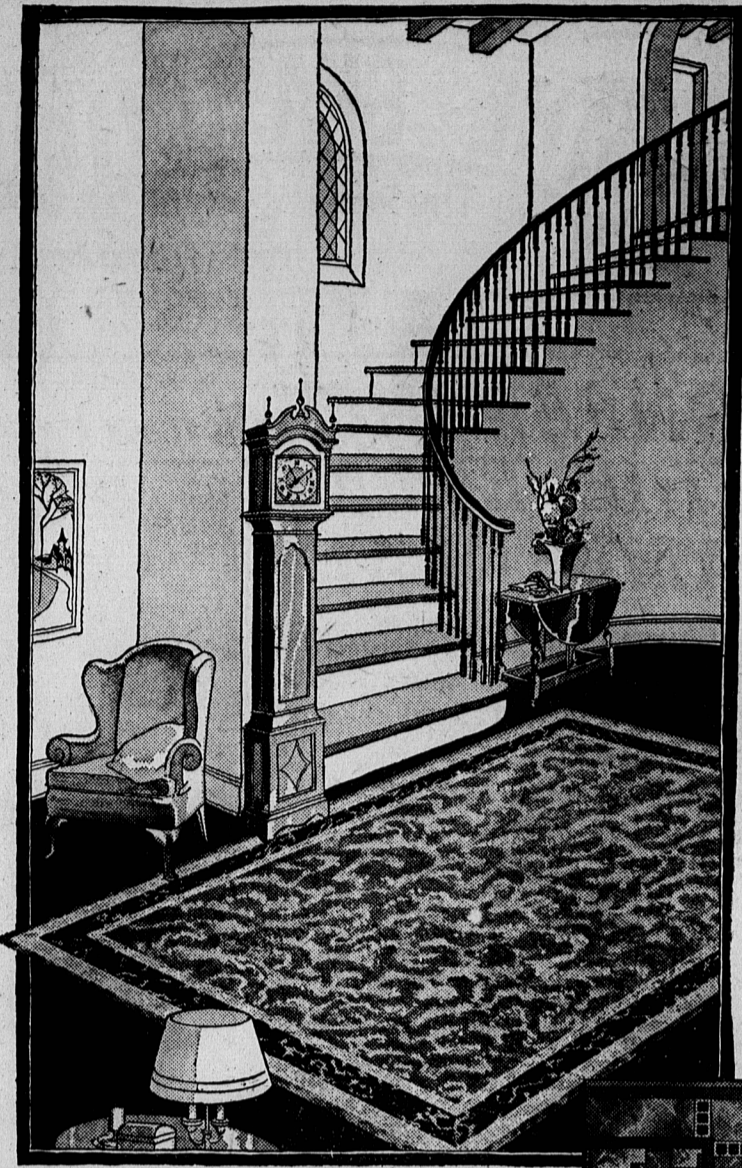
"Not now, Paul. Not until we have talked. Then, if you want to kiss me, you may."

She was astonishingly free of the tension which he had anticipated, and as she stood with her fingers clasped warmly about his, telling him how glad she was that he was alive, and how doomed to despair and unhappiness she would have been if he had not lived to return to her, he wondered if it were Claire, his wife, who was talking to him, or another Claire—some one he had never known. For she seemed all at once, to have drawn herself farther away from him than she had ever been, but in such a sweet and friendly way that the change in her seemed one which could not bring hurt with it.

It was Claire's fight that was hardest. It was going to take a Joan of Arc courage to say what she had planned to say.

She made him sit near her, so they were facing each other. "Paul, we are going to be honest. You will promise me that?"

He knew he was preparing to equivocate as he gave his word. A lie to save Claire from hurt was more creditable than truth. The impulse to shield her, to keep from her all suspicion of his love for Carla, swept over him as he looked at her. She was like the flowers on the table, as easily crushed, he thought. More vividly than ever he saw the difference between her and Carla. Carla would fight on through tragedy, even to death. Claire, suffering more, would droop and fade like a petal in a rose, shrinking from the quicker and more physical action which the other would find for himself. He was not analyzing himself, or her. The thought—like a picture—impressed itself upon him and Claire, gazing at him in these epic, introspective moments, as if



The new Congoleum Gold Seal Rug "Egyptian" No. 651 is shown above.

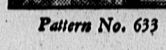
# CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUGS

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Charlottetown, P. E. I.

DOMINION OF CANADA  
PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,  
In the Surrogate Court 23rd George  
Y. A. D. 1932

In Re Estate of Thomas Haberlin  
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  
Queen's County or any Constable or  
other person within said County  
GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Edward Haberlin of Abney in Kings County in said Province, the Administrator of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Surrogate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Monday the seventeenth day of October 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 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, to-wit: in the hall of the Court House in the said town aforesaid, at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia and at or near the Royal Bank of Canada, Charlottetown aforesaid, 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 15th day of September A. D. 1932 and in the 23rd year of His Majesty's reign.  
(L.S.)  
(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER  
Surrogate  
5750-9-16-Fri.-41.

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**Two Millions Cedar Shingles FOR SALE**

Extras ..... \$3.75 and \$4.00  
Clears ..... \$3.25 and \$3.75  
2nd Clears ..... \$2.75 and \$3.00  
Clear Walls ..... \$2.50 and \$3.00  
Extra No. 1st ..... \$2.00 and \$2.50

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MADE IN CANADA

partly seeing the swift visioning in his mind, surprised him by saying: "Paul, I wonder if you know, just how much I honor and respect you. I wonder if you realize how fine you are. I have failed to play my part—as your wife. I have not let you know these things as I should. The fault in our lives is not yours. It is mine. I think I could have made you love me. Yet I saw the unfairness of it unless I could make myself love you first. I hoped and prayed for that.

"There wasn't love when we were married, on either side. You did not love me, not in the way you wanted to love a woman, and my feeling for you was an immeasurable respect and admiration for an honorable gentleman. It seems trite and superficial to say that the interests of our families brought us together, does it not? But it is true. I wanted to love you. But I discovered—after a little while—that something was in my way."

"I know," he found himself saying. "You couldn't love an animal, Claire. I was that, until the day you came to the Mistassin. I have been blind and brutal. God knows I am only half worthy of you!"

"And Carla?"

So softly did his wife speak Carla's name that for a moment it seemed as if he had not heard it.

"We have promised ourselves to be honest," she continued. "Do you remember a letter I wrote you from Paris in which I said I was coming to you and that I was sure a more important thing would happen for us in your woods than any journey, like you promised one around the world could give?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Do you know—now—why I told you that?"

"I have only wondered."

"It was because I had seen, because I had read between the lines of your letters, because I knew at last a great love had come into your life, and that Carla Haldan had brought it to you. You do not love me. You love Carla. And, loving her, you would sacrifice everything for my sake."

His fabric of lies was gone, his soul laid bare under the gaze of his wife's eyes.

(To Be Continued)

**Rare Copy Of Bible To Aid Jobless Fund**

PARIS, Oct. 6.—A plan to offer an early printed Bible as a prize, in a lottery, the proceeds of which would go to French and American unemployment relief, was announced yesterday by the owner of the book, Mlle. L. Lucie, Paris philanthropist. She said she intended to communicate with William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, to arrange the holding of the lottery, which she expects to yield at least \$10,000,000.

Although four other copies of this Bible are extant, this is the only one known to be in private hands. Moreover, it is described as unique because it bears on the title page a Latin inscription by King Francis I. of France, said to be of considerable historical importance.

The Bible was printed in Latin by John Steelus at Antwerp in 1537 for Robert Estienne, who later became Royal Printer to King Francis. Mlle. Lucie's copy is believed to be his presentation copy to the King.

Mlle. Lucie proposes that Mr. Green shall make all arrangements for the lottery, the proceeds to be distributed equally between relief for the American unemployed and Mlle. Lucie's philanthropic works. In a tentative contract she has had drawn up, the name of the city where the lottery would take place has been left blank.

**CANADIAN TYPEWRITERS FOR THE BRITISH ISLES**

No fewer than 5,870 Canadian typewriters have gone to the United Kingdom in the last five months. The value was \$400,468. It is a notable gain over the same period last year when the number was 123 valued at \$11,269. The average value this year is considerably less.

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**

The college football coach took one of his best men aside on a fine spring day and said: "George you are going to pieces. You're pale and thin and flabby. What's happened to you? Are you

**Why that must have been close on 40 years ago!**

My children were still babies I know Wash day meant a six o'clock rising and a sort of endurance contest between you and the soiled clothes. If the dirt was defeated you were bedraggled. If the dirt won, both you and the clothes were bedraggled.

Surprise changed all that. It gave suds easily and spared a great deal of rubbing. Then besides, the clothes came out so clean that they were fragrant. They still do, of course, but the outstanding quality I like about Surprise is its safety in spite of its effectiveness. Surprise has never injured any garment no matter how frequently it was washed.

"Quality first" was the policy adopted when the first bar of Surprise Soap was made in St. Stephen, N.B. forty-six years ago. This policy has never been altered and the quality has improved with advancing knowledge, keeping pace with modern requirements.

**SURPRISE SOAP**  
The St. Croix Soap Manufacturing Co., St. Stephen, N.B.