

Prince Edward Today "BISHOP MURDER CASE" AND LANGDON COMEDY

CAPITOL TO-DAY "YOUNG APRIL" Comedy - Travel

CAPITOL WITH ORCHESTRA TOMORROW

RALPH INCE ESTELLE TAYLOR

Singapore MUTINY A flaming drama of raging adventure... CHARLIE CHAPLIN

PRINCE EDWARD ALL TALKING DRAMA - TOMORROW NORMA SHEARER Belle Bennett Lewis Stone Robert Montgomery THEIR OWN DESIRE A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer ALL TALKING PICTURE Thrilling Successor to "Last of Mrs Cheyne"

BOY SCOUTS (Continued from page 4)

2nd Charlottetown (King's Own) The meeting was opened as usual with the flag break and the Grand Towel. There were only 16 Cubs out...

There was an attendance of 16 out of 24. The meeting opened with flag break. The tests which have been passed were marked on the new chart. Four Scouts passed.

The "Kim's Game" or observation test. Scout W. Thornton continued training his recruits. This week the Scouts and Cubs were taught a new signal for the "Freeze".

At the last meeting of the 4th Charlottetown (Baptist) second class tests were carried out. The test of "Kim's Game" was successfully passed by a number of the boys. John Dastford was duly invested as a Tenderfoot.

Second class work is now the order of the day with all troops.

On last Thursday evening the 5th Charlottetown (Zion) troops were hosts to the C. G. I. T. of Zion. A very enjoyable evening was spent in games, sing-song, etc.

LIVESTOCK MARKETS (Canadian Press)

MONTREAL, Feb. 25.—There were 218 cattle, 538 calves, 331 hogs and 32 sheep and lambs, for sale on the two Montreal livestock markets today. The cattle market was steady. Plain to medium cows sold between \$6.00 and \$7.00. Canners were mostly \$3.50 and bulls from \$6.00 to \$8.00, according to quality.

Lambs were steady. The first spring lamb made its appearance on the market and was sold for \$12.00 or close to 50 cents per pound live weight. The bulk of the hogs were sold for \$13.50 to \$13.75 fed and watered flat.

EYESIGHT EXAMINATION Fitting and supplying Glasses etc. H. J. MABON OPTOMETRIST Office Connected With Drugstore Montague, P. E. I.

Gyproc Plaster Board Just received direct from Factory— One full carload GYPROC PLASTER BOARD 3-8 and 3-16 thick 4 x 7—4 x 8—4 x 9—4 x 10. Prices Right. L. M. Poole & Co.

What \$1.00 Buys at HOLMAN'S ALUMINUM SAUCE PAN SET, 1, 2 and 3 quart size, regular value \$1.40 for ..... \$1.00 From Feb. 17th. To March 1st. BUY NOW HOLMAN'S CROCKERY DEPT. Ch'town - Summerside YOUR DINNERWARE REFLECTS YOUR PERSONALITY - HOLMAN'S DINNERWARE REFLECTS GOOD TASTE.

In Memoriam

MRS. VERNON MCEACHERN She passed peacefully away at the Charlottetown Hospital on February 17th, 1930. Mrs. Vernon McEachern, (nee Mamie Williams) in the twenty-fifth year of her age.

The late Mrs. McEachern was of a lovable and genial disposition and was revered and respected by all who knew her. She leaves to mourn besides a sorrowing husband and mother Mrs. Minnie Williams, two children, Marjorie and Roy; two sisters, Mrs. C. Down, Mrs. Percy Gay; two brothers, John R. and Ernest and three half-sisters, Mrs. Roy Taylor, Mrs. James Arbing, Mrs. William Johnson, all of whom reside in this city.

The funeral took place from her late residence on Wednesday, February 19th, and was largely attended, the profession of floral tributes, Mass Cards, spiritual offerings and cards of sympathy testifying to the high esteem in which the deceased was held. Rev. Father J. Sullivan officiated at St. Dunstan's Basilica and at the grave. The pall bearers were: John McCarthy, Richard Carr, William McGarry, Arthur Clark, James Savidant, Elby Ford.

The following is the list of Mass Cards, spiritual and floral offerings and cards of sympathy: Mass Cards—Mr. O. L. Richard and family; Mr. Angus DesRoches and family; Miss Charlotte Creighton; Mr. and Mrs. John McAleer; Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Donnelly, Somerville, P. E. I.; Mrs. J. Mullins, Katie and Mary Duffy, Miss Mae McEachern, Boston, Mass; Mr. and Mrs. Ivan McEachern, Boston, Mass.

Spiritual Bouquets—Mr. and Mrs. S. Blacquire. Floral Tributes—Pillow—Mother, husband and family; Wreaths, P. E. Island Co-operative Egg and Poultry Assn.; Abernethy Club; Mr. and Mrs. Charles McEachern, Vernon River, Crescent, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cudmore.

Sprays—Mr. and Mrs. John R. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gay, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Williams, Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. James Arbing, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Williams, Mrs. A. Williams, Blanche and Jimmy, Mr. and Mrs. George Williams, Mr. and Mrs. William McGarry, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cudmore, Mrs. A. Cudmore, Miss Mabel McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cudmore, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cudmore, Mr. Angus DesRoches and family, Mr. Pearly Williams, Miss Ella Burke, Miss Leticia Ford, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Patterson, Salvation Army Sunday School, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. McInnis and family, Teachers and pupils Prince Street School, Grade I.

Cards of Sympathy—Mrs. Pearl Croken, Mr. and Mrs. George Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy, Vernon River, Ethel and Pearl Swan.

(Patriot please copy.)

EFFICIENT OPTICAL SERVICE EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES SUPPLIED AND FITTED. CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIR WORK. J. W. JOHNSTON Registered Optometrist 107 Kent Street Phone 162-L Charlottetown

Central Guardian POLICE CHIEF ISLANDER, TELLS OWN STORY

Chief S. D. MacLeod, of Bedford, Mass., Recalls Romantic Career.

The following story of his own adventurous career by Chief of Police Samuel D. MacLeod, of New Bedford, Mass., appeared recently in the Sunday Standard of that place. The author, who was born in Belfast, Prince Edward Island, went West in 1889 and six years later settled in New Bedford. The story of his adventures is a fascinating one; and is a reminder of the contribution which Prince Edward Islanders have made to the forces of law and order in the Republic to the south of us:

When I entered Salt Lake City, what a change awaited me! The place was exceptionally well laid out with streets, broad and clean, and the buildings were remarkable for those days. The people lived differently. I found, than those in Leadville. Life moved smoothly and quietly. There was no rough stuff noticeable in Salt Lake City.

My next jump was to Ogden, a quaint old place maintaining its frontier aspect to a more marked degree than Salt Lake City. Heading for Spokane Falls, Washington territory, I made stops at Walla Walla, Wauila, Huntington and many other towns in the Snake river country. I traveled the last 40 miles by stage, as there was no railroad connection from the south, the Northern Pacific being the only road touching Spokane Falls at the time. It went through in '83.

City of Ashes and Tents I found Spokane not a city but a heap of ashes and a field of tents. It had been practically burned off the map a few weeks before I arrived. Reconstruction, however, started at a rapid pace. The town was flooded with eastern capital, which brought about some great developments in the way of new buildings of all kinds, theatres, hotels and business blocks. This gave Spokane, now classed as one of the most up-to-date cities in the country, a flying start. Its buildings, particularly its hotels, have been models for similar structures throughout the United States. I understand.

It enjoyed then and does today, many advantages. Naturally, it was the central point of distribution for a wide area, the whole eastern Washington farming country. Close by lumber and mining districts were situated, extending east into Idaho. A large construction company was building a dam across the Spokane river just above the falls and I went to work there for them, remaining about a year, or until the job was completed. They had controlled all the water in the river when the dam was finished, but apparently had no use for the power thereby created. I find from reading today that the company supplies electric current

over a radius of 200 miles. That shows that the men behind the movement and building the dam certainly had foresight, although at the time there were many of us who thought they were just plain nuts.

It was a tough proposition, this task of building the dam and laying foundations for and setting up the great water wheels. I worked for months under a flow of cold mountain water, dressed in rubber goods from head to foot, including gloves. A leak in any of these meant a soaking in ice cold water for the remainder of the day. And leaks were things we couldn't prevent, working as we were.

My partner, John M. Bruce, and I were batching, which is, I believe, the proper word for expressing "keeping bachelor hall." We lived in a little shack eight feet square covered with tin from coal oil cans, located on the rocky river bottom. The land didn't belong to anybody. In fact at any time it might have ceased to be land and we might have found 10 feet of water under our bunk as a result of a quick rise in the river.

Despite my excellent physical condition, I developed typhoid pneumonia and for two weeks remained in the shack under the devoted care of my partner, except during the time he was working. Then he called in the doctor, who decided cheerfully but erroneously, that I was going over The Divide. I fooled him, however. He ordered me carried up the bank and into a room, not a very elaborate one, at that, and after about nine weeks I found myself able to get outdoors, weighing only 119 pounds. It's not a method of reducing I recommend.

I often think of those days now when in the course of the police department's routine I learn of boys running away from home. I know just how they feel and possibly have some sympathy for them, but how little they know what may be in store for them! I am, however, a firm believer in the truth that experience is worth whatever it costs in most cases.

I went back to work for the Washington Water Power company as soon as I was able, everything that had happened forgotten, including some darn good resolutions. I was "back with the gang" and I did what everybody, apparently, did: spent my last dollar as though I had a million more behind it and kept on smiling.

My next jump was into the John Day country in southern Idaho. I went in with a railroad outfit but, as I was then a construction man and this gang was only cutting the right of way, I didn't stay many hours.

Well, the first night we camped out in a ravine. Naturally, we didn't sleep in pajamas and the next morning I found a snake coiled up comfortably and warm in my pants pocket. I was sleeping in the pants. I looked around with startled eyes and believe me I never saw such a sight before nor since in all my life. There was a snake everywhere I looked, everything from big rattlers to little grass snakes. I didn't pray much in those days but I'd have had a stab at it right then and there if I thought it might bring St. Patrick around. He'd have had a big job on his hands, too.

MISS ALDRED'S DRESS designing advice is free. Ask her about your dress making difficulties. Wednesday and Thursday with Moore & McLeod Limited.

BRADALBANE, United Church of Canada. Services on the above charge for Sunday, March 2nd, are as follows: Rose Valley, 11 a. m.; Granville, 3 p. m.; Pleasant Valley, 7:30 p. m. Thos. Palethorpe, Minister.

ME. C. S. DREW, Director, Moore & McLeod Limited, and head of the Dress Goods and Silks Department, Miss B. G. Foster of the Ready to Wear Department, and Miss Love, Millinery, are at present visiting Montreal, Toronto and other points in the interest of their respective departments.

MISS E. GRACE ALDRED OF TORONTO, style expert and dress making instructor, will spend Wednesday and Thursday at our Dress Goods and Silks Department. Miss Aldred will tell you how to make up any kind of dress, and will gladly advise with you on design, colors, trim and all details. Her services are free to our customers. Moore & McLeod Limited. 1980-21

HOME FOR BURIAL—The body of the late Dr. George A. Warburton will arrive in this city tonight. It will be taken to McLean's Undertaking Parlors and removed on Thursday at noon to St. Paul's Church. The services there will start at 2:30 p. m., and the funeral will leave at three o'clock for the People's Cemetery.

INSTITUTE MEETING—The regular meeting of the Earncliffe Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. John E. Carrier on Tuesday, February 11th, with thirteen members and three visitors present. The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted and also a report of entertainment in school, the net proceeds of which amounted to \$23.80. It was resolved that the school committee visit the school each month and treat the pupils with candy. A very enjoyable programme consisting of solos by Mrs. Carrier and Miss McInnis and a recitation by Miss Young was carried out. After the meeting was over, lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by members. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Daniel McIsaac.

CHILDREN'S CONCERT—A pleasing concert and playlet was staged in the League of the Cross Hall Monday under the auspices of the Little Flower Girls of St. Dunstan's Basilica. The program consisted of vocal and musical numbers choruses and drills and an enjoyable playlet "Hiring Help." All the performers acquitted themselves most creditably in a programme of such excellence it is unfair to specialize but special mention must be made of the violin solos by Mr. Alfred McKearney and the vocal solos of Rev. B. Gillis. The orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Alex McPherson, also was greatly enjoyed. A matinee was given in the afternoon for the school children. The play and concert was directed by Mrs. J. A. MacDonald.

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I think I hate snakes more than anybody else does in this world. After a few days of misery in that ravine, the following Sunday I rolled my blankets and started a 84-mile hike for Pullman, the nearest hobo station. I fell in with another hobo on the way. The word hobo, by the way, in its proper sense, is quite different from the word tramp. A hobo works for a living but will not stick to a job; spends his money like a lord when he has any; will not ride brake beams but takes comfort in a box car; and will neither beg nor steal. A tramp is just about the reverse of all this.

Our combined assets totaled \$1.25. We had no liabilities. Instead therefore, of going into bankruptcy, we went into a boxcar for a flop. What a wonderful night's sleep I had, although I had to share my blankets with my hobo friend, who was traveling light. In the morning, we changed cars for a side-dog pullman bound for Spokane. We watched our chance and slipped aboard when the check or brakeman wasn't looking, intending to enjoy a fine private car right through to our destination. To our surprise, we found 10 in the car ahead of us. To our greater surprise, we found the check had collected a dollar a head from each of the 10 to take them over the division. He had to split with the conductor.

CONDUCTOR COUNTS NOSE We thought we were safe, this collection having been made before we got in but luck was against us. The conductor evidently thought the brakeman was holding out on him for he came through and counted noses. When he found more noses than the check had dollars he nearly started a riot. We all insisted we had paid and the poor brakeman couldn't pick out the ones who hadn't from the ones who had. He knew some-

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body hadn't come across but he couldn't for the life of him say which two.

Then they threatened to turn the whole crowd of us over to the sheriff. That didn't sound so good to me, as I knew it would mean decoration on the ankle for 30 days. Our word wouldn't hold against the conductor's if it came to that, although I question just how much publicity he wanted for his private collection agency. But I finally agreed to pay "another" dollar to keep peace in the family, which, as you have already guessed, was as a matter of fact the first passing of the buck between me and the conductor. Well, it settled the argument, anyhow, and the freight pulled out soon after. Before we knew it, the crew had locked our door on the outside. We didn't mind it at first, considering it a matter of safety, but when we found our car kicked in on a siding after we had traveled about four hours and left there, things didn't look so safe nor so bright. In fact, they looked mighty gloomy.

You see I had been on a diet since Sunday noon; not a morsel had passed my teeth. But just as we were contemplating ways and means of breaking out of our little jail, another freight came along and picked our car up. As it began to move, we knew we were on our way again and perked up.

For Sleepless Nights Restless, sleepless nights—followed by dull and drabby days—are often caused by unsuspected constipation.

A dash of ENO in a glass of water every morning assists Nature to function normally—insures sound, restful sleep every night.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Experience Worth Cost I often think of those days now when in the course of the police department's routine I learn of boys running away from home. I know just how they feel and possibly have some sympathy for them, but how little they know what may be in store for them! I am, however, a firm believer in the truth that experience is worth whatever it costs in most cases.

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south side was an Indian reservation which was later opened up for white settlers under military regulations. The land was simply a garden in the wilderness. Several of my old running mates homes/eated there but I could not see it. To park for one year in one place was too much for me then. The shore of this lake, I understand, is now covered with beautiful summer homes. The mission, too, was very interesting. I suppose the building is still standing there. It was very old then. I was told it was one of the oldest on the Pacific slope. It was a low white building, well constructed, although without the use of nails.

RIDE IN BUCKET Our outfit wasn't much interested in history, however. We were looking for work, money and excitement and we soon found what we were looking for there. There was a little narrow gauge railroad running up when, handling all freight and passengers from the many surrounding camps. Camp Mullen, where I was, was located in a rugged mountain country where handling of freight, particularly of the companies mining in the region had endless cables running from the mines to their concentrators, which were a means of transportation of passengers as well as provisions and ore. A ride in one of the endless chain of buckets was quite some experience almost exhilarating one, too.

Sometimes the daring passenger would find himself hundreds of feet above the bottom of some awe-inspiring gulch and then only a few feet from the ground. These cables were supported on a series of wooden towers. The weight of the oreladen buckets coming across could be equalled of course on the return trip to the shaft house, and usually was by one thing or another.

Mining was the principal industry in the section but this naturally attracted many other lines, such as freighting of all kinds, lumbering, building and railroading. Every town had to have its full quota of saloons, gambling halls and dance halls to provide quarters for the underworld element, to be found in the camps as everywhere, to park in and to play out their little drama.

There was a great deal of activity that year in the Coeur d'Alene country chiefly mining, construction and railroad building. It was the first time I ever saw mechanics paid at the rate of \$1 an hour.

45 FEET OF SNOW FALLS Our outfit built 123 miles of railroad from Mullen to Missoula, Mont. We stayed there until we were forced out by a heavy fall of snow. The amount of snow falling in one of these mountain ranges is almost unbelievable. Engineers at the time reported that more than 45 feet fell that winter, that is, measuring the fall every day.

I do not consider myself qualified to give a description of the natural beauty of the Coeur d'Alene country, with its rugged mountains, silver lakes, deep gorges, gulches, ravines, etc. The country then had many small towns, with the inhabitants clustered in what appeared to be pockets in the mountains. They lived there in log cabins, which no doubt, today have been replaced by modern buildings. We have read where many of these people have had sad experiences owing to avalanches of snow and land slides.

A brief description of a snow slide may be in order, since many persons perhaps

(To be Continued.)

Wretched from Asthma. Strength of body and vigor of mind are inevitably impaired by the visitations of Asthma. Who can live under the cloud of recurring attacks and keep body and mind at their full efficiency? Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy dissipates the cloud by removing the cause. It does relieve. It does restore the sufferer to normal trim and mental happiness.

The Queen of Denmark has become an amateur motion picture enthusiast.

THE DARE TO STAND ALONE POLICY SURE IS MORE DISTRACTING THAN ENTERTAINING