

MORNING
...
NOON
...
NIGHT

Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND COFFEE

In two, one and half-pound cans—whole, ground or fine ground for percolator use.

Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Eastern Exhibition Association will be held in McQuaid Building on Friday, March 15th at 2 o'clock p. m.

All interested are invited to attend.

P. A. MacISAAC, President.
D. F. MacAULAY, Secretary.

FOX MEAT FOR SALE

Boneless horse meat, boneless beef hump and beef tripe for sale.

LAND COLD STORAGE CO., LTD.
43-3-7-11.

AUCTION

Auction sale of six choice general purpose horses, from 1200 to 1400 lbs. to 8 years old, all broken, single and double. Will be sold by public auction in front of the Agricultural Hall on Tuesday, March 12 at 1 o'clock sharp.

Terms—8 months on approved bank notes.

LOUIS McPHER
New Haven
A. MacDONALD
Auctioneer.
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SMILES

"Occasionally a man insists on loving a girl who gives him a pain in the neck."

"Friend: Why did you call the baby Margold?
Mother: Because that's what I want her to do."

"The boss has assigned you to me as my secretary. Think we'll get along all right?"
"Sure. You might be getting along right now."

"He's a regular cannibal."
"How's that?"
"Lives off other people, of course."

DANGERS OF THE AIR

"Where did you get the black eye?"
"I flew right across the ether lane of a prize fight they were broadcasting!"

LETTER OF SYMPATHY

The following letter of sympathy has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Webster, Morell:

To Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Webster and family:

We, the members and officers of Morell East Women's Institute desire to convey to you an expression of sincere sympathy in your recent sad bereavement, which you have sustained through the death of your beloved child.

It is the fervent prayer of each member that our loving Father, the Great Comforter of all our sorrows, will comfort and console you all in your many sad hours.

Signed on behalf of Morell East Women's Institute.

MRS. WARREN WEBSTER,
President.
MRS. GORDON HOOPER,
Secretary.

Society may set itself up on top of a high mountain, but any donkey laden with gold can reach it.

FLU

Claims Many Victims in Canada and should be guarded against.

Minards Liniment

Is a Great Preventative, being one of the oldest remedies used. Minard's Liniment has relieved thousands of cases of Grippe, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Asthma and similar diseases. It is an Enemy to Germs. Thousands of bottles being used every day. For sale by all druggists and general dealers.

Minard's Liniment Co., Ltd., Yarmouth, N. S.

Men Marooned
By George Marsh

THE STORY

Still before them the endless hill lifted to the horizon with no indication of the break of a low valley where timber would give them shelter and a cooking fire. At noon it was evident that Etienne was worried. Never before had Garth seen his head man use the whip on his dogs as he used it that day; never in their journeys had the fur-lined hood circled with ice and rime, turned so often while the salt-like eyes of the half-breed consulted the horizon.

"Beg blow comin' Mooch snow, she fall soon."

"It can't be far now," said Garth. "We've surely made the twenty miles. The Rabbit must head over that hill."

"Eef, we don't get off dees high countree before de win' blow, we nevaire get off," was the quiet rejoinder.

"It's colder, already." And Garth took in the belt of his parka.

"De dog weel not travel mooch more. Dere feet are cut to pieces on dis frozen bush."

On up the next ascent the limping dogs, with breath trailing behind like ribbons of smoke, followed the trail breakers. Gaining the backbone of the ridge, the men stood with startled eyes looking north. Instead of the wide basin of the Rabbit headwaters with its scrub fringed lakes, they looked across a treeless barren.

The grave eyes of Etienne met Garth's puzzled look.

"Those Indians lied."

"No," objected the half-breed. "We travel ver' slow. Eet ees ovaire dere." And he pointed to the far ridge.

"It will be dark when we hit it."

"One hour more light and de win' rise," muttered Savanne as he patted Castor, who lay at his feet, his steaming red tongue hanging from a mouth hung with ice. "You ver' tired, Mooch? You mak dat ridge?"

The powerful leader got to his sore feet and whined as if he understood, but the listless team lay sprawled on the trail.

"It's come," announced Garth, as a curtain of snow drifted in from the northeast.

"We go! Up, mes enfants! Allons! Marche, Castor!"

An hour later, five dogs sheathed in white, plodding slowly behind two ghostlike shapes, reached the rim of the basin of the Rabbit headwaters. Dimly below them, through the pall of snow and gathering dusk, the men traced the scrub edging the lakes with shadow. As they stood in the rising wind as the dogs rested, night shut down, wiping from their eyes the goal they sought, as a sponge wipes clean a slate.

"I've got the compass direction, north, northeast," said Garth. Etienne shook his snow-crueted hood. "Keep de win' on right cheek. So long cheek froze, we head right for de timber." He turned to the dogs, white as the snow they lay on. "Marche, Castor, mon brave!" And snapping his whip, he tugged at the harnesses until the reluctant brutes got to their feet.

Facing the drive of the wind, the team fought its way slowly down over the frozen tundra. With night the frost stiffened, and the needle-pointed barrage of snow crystals stung the faces of men and dogs like the lash of myriad whips. Heads down to avoid the agony, men and dogs swung away from the thrust of the wind, until the half-breed, straightening again, felt the beat of the blizzard on his right cheek, and changed their course.

Often, unable to face the burst of edged torment on their noses, the dogs lay down, backs to the drive, re-

KING COLE Coffee

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7-27-29

fusing to move. Then, Garth and Etienne, lifting them to their feet, dragged the team and sled until the huskies again leaned into their collars. Blindly into the murk walling them in plunged the tireless half-breed, leading the way to shelter of the far timber and food. With face frosted from exposure in feeling for direction, hands numb from untangling with mittenless fingers the frozen harness of the dogs, Etienne plunged down the sloping tundra. His face buried in his hood and constantly fighting to save his numbing fingers, Garth followed. There flashed through his mind tales told at the post of Creeks caught, as they were on the high barrens, and found stiff in the snow. But as he doubled, against the drive of the blizzard, blinded, unable to see the man ahead; often swinging off the trail while, holding true, the canny lead-dog passed him with the team, Garth Guthrie never doubted that they would win to the timber and shelter.

Two grinding hours of slavery on lacinated feet into the pin-pointed fury, and turning in their harness, the spent dogs lay down, refusing to move. Numb to threats or urging, the heart-broken huskies, crusted with ice, had made their choice. Rather than the torture which flayed their faces, they would lie, backs to the barrage, while the withering wind slowly stiffened them to ice.

There was nothing the men could do. The dogs were done.

"I turn dem loose. We hunt de timber," Etienne shouted into Garth's hood. With his knife he slashed the dogs from their frozen harness, but the huskies lay while the snow beat over them, refusing their freedom. Shot, white-coated from nose to tail gingerly muzzled the motionless shapes. Castor, alone, resented the act by a feeble snap. Lifting their heads, and shaking them, Garth in turn called their names, but the numbness of the white death already was in their blood. Gently he lifted Castor to his feet, but the leader sank limply to the snow.

"Good-by, boys!" he called to the white shapes by the sled. "You gave us all you had. Good-by!"

"Dey weel freeze in ten minute-nevaire feel eet now," shouted Etienne his voice breaking as he turned from a last word with his favorite Castor. Shelter and fire! All thought of the food frozen under the sled cover had left them. The windbreak of the spruce meant fire, warmth, life—but how far was the timber? With the ax from the sled the two men started. Shot at their heels. A hundred yards and Etienne stumbled, stopped—while Garth lunged into him.

The man on his knees turned to the other. "De spruce—eet ees here!" His snowshoes had fouled a dwarf spruce on the edge of the timber. Swiftly now they plunged ahead, seeking the heavier growth. In a hundred yards they were in thick bush.

While Guthrie scraped out a fire-hole with a snowshoe, Etienne gathered dry spruce twigs and started a fire; then slashed down saplings and soon had a comforting heat in the snow-hole behind the wind-break. With the warmth the men rubbed the circulation into numbed hands and faces. But out on the tundra in the drive of the blizzard lay five loyal friends, stiffening under the drift.

Leaving the fire Garth and Etienne started to back-track to the sled. Guthrie, with shot, alternately plunging ahead and returning to find his master, had gone out a short distance into the blackness with its shot-like hail of fine snow, when he found that he had drifted away from the half-breed. Too dark to locate tracks in the snow which filled at once with drift, he kept on with the wind on his left shoulder. Suddenly he missed shot. He stopped and shouted, hoping the dog was near, but the alreade was lost, or had left him. Why?

In Memoriam
HUGH L. O'HANLEY

Death in any form casts a gloom over the community but when it calls one just in the morn of manhood, it leaves a dark pall which time can never wholly dispel. Such was the case when on February 15th it was learned that the angel of death had entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald O'Hanley, French Village and carried away their beloved son, Hugh, at the early age of 24 years.

He had been in delicate health for the past two years but was only confined to his bed two weeks previous to his death. All that medical skill and tender nursing could do was done for him but was unable to stay the hand of death as Divine Providence willed otherwise.

He was attended during his illness by his Pastor, Rev. A. P. McLellan, and strengthened by the last rites of the Catholic Church and resigned to the will of God, his soul went forth to meet its Maker. Though his life was short it was well lived and he won for himself a host of friends. He will be much missed in the circle among which he moved and his memory will be long cherished but after all it is in the home where he was known and loved best he will be most sadly missed. The esteem in which he was held was evidenced by the very large number who followed his remains to St. Andrew's Church where a Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. A. P. McLellan, thence to the cemetery where interment took place.

His pall bearers were: Milton Doyle, George McCormack, James Doyle, Winsloe Fiske, Joseph McKay and Raymond Doyle.

He leaves to mourn besides a heart broken father and mother, six sisters and one brother, viz. Mrs. John W. Feehan and Annie, Mr. Stewart, LeVina, Mary, Winifred, Helen and Reuben at home to mourn their loss.

Mass Cards—Father and mother, Sisters and Brother, Reggie, Winifred and Helen, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Feehan, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McAuley, Mr. Stewart; Mrs. P. J. Doyle and Raymond, French Village; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Doyle and family French Village; Anna and Margaret Doyle, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. Jas. Travers, Brookline, Mass.; Miss Kathryn Doyle, Brookline, Mass.; Miss Eileen Ryan, Charlottetown, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy, Charlottetown, Mrs. John McParlane and family, Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Burke, Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. P. McCormack, French Village, Miss Genevieve McCormack, French Village; Mr. and Mrs. James Atkins, Mt. Stewart; Mr. and Mrs. Temple Murphy and family, French Village; Corney McInnis and mother, French Village.

Letters of Sympathy: Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Mitchell and family, Bedford; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy, Charlottetown; Miss Eileen Ryan, Charlottetown; Mr. Ira Douglas, Charlottetown; Stella McDonald, St. Dunstan's, Guelph; Mrs. Margaret Doyle, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. Lauretta Feehan, Brookline, Mass.; Sadie and Kathryn Doyle, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. J. D. Shaw, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. Ellen McCabe, Bear River, Miss Anna McCabe, Kinkora; Miss Gladys Taylor, Vernon; Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Langille, New Jersey; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Snow, Woodford, Maine; Mrs. W. G. Rich, Gloucester, Mass. (Patriot please copy)

Rockford Square School

Honor roll month of February:

Grade X—1, Beatrice McNeill; 2, Lucy Campbell; 3, Mary B. Benoit.

Grade IX—1, Stella Smith; 2, Catherine Wedge; 3, Ethel McAleer.

Grade VIII—1, Noreen Cullen; 2, Catherine McGuigan; 3, Lily McNeill.

Grade VII—1, Adele Coyle; 2, Aileen O'Neill; 3, Ruth Toombs.

Grade VI—1, Anastasia Leightizer; 2, Beatrice Greich; 3, Kathleen Costello.

Grade VI—1, Dorothy LeClair;

EGZEMA CAUSED MUCH PAIN

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"The trouble lasted about ten years before we began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After one week's use it looked better, and after using three cases of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Eileen Cavanaugh, Enterprise, Ont., June 3, 1928.

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See the Ointment in 2¢ and 5¢. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: Cuticura Dept., P. O. Box 1024, Montreal, Que. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25¢.

Adjourned Meeting

An Adjourned Meeting of the Shareholders of the Georgetown Silver Black Fox Co. will be held in the Council Chambers at 2 p. m. on Tuesday the 19th day of March, 1929, for the reception of the Annual Report, the election of Directors, etc.

W. T. EASTON,
Secretary.



"Lovely smooth skin has quickest appeal"

says Richard Wallace, director for FIRST NATIONAL

SATIN-SMOOTH SKIN—its lovely youthful freshness touches the heart! What a thrill grips the audience when the close-up reveals the exquisite perfection of the screen star's skin.

Knowing this, motion picture directors make flawless "studio skin" a first essential, for the screen star must constantly face the glaring close-up lights.

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Grade I—1, Hazel Martin; 2, Mary McDonald; 3, Eleanor Gaudet and Margaret Somers.

Grade I—1, Della King; 2, Ida Peters and Bertha Gallant; 3, Thelma Doucette.

Progressive Series Piano Lessons Class I.

1st—Noreen Cullen; Marjory Holman, Elizabeth Quinn, Catherine McGuigan—100 per cent.

2nd—Bernadette Lappin, 99 per cent.

3rd—Beatrice Proutie, Mary Hughes—98 per cent.

Grade II—1, Dorothy Weatherbie; 2, Catherine Feavour; 3, Rita McDonald.

Grade I—1, Hazel Martin; 2, Mary McDonald; 3, Eleanor Gaudet and Margaret Somers.

Grade I—1, Della King; 2, Ida Peters and Bertha Gallant; 3, Thelma Doucette.

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3rd—Beatrice Proutie, Mary Hughes—98 per cent.

Grade III—1, Dorothy Weatherbie; 2, Catherine Feavour; 3, Rita McDonald.

Grade I—1, Hazel Martin; 2, Mary McDonald; 3, Eleanor Gaudet and Margaret Somers.

Grade I—1, Della King; 2, Ida Peters and Bertha Gallant; 3, Thelma Doucette.

Progressive Series Piano Lessons Class I.

1st—Noreen Cullen; Marjory Holman, Elizabeth Quinn, Catherine McGuigan—100 per cent.

2nd—Bernadette Lappin, 99 per cent.

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