



An Ice Box Cake that will be the envy of your guests

The next time you want to serve a dessert that will be a success with everybody try this recipe for Chocolate Ice Box Cake.

- 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, broken in small pieces
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup boiling water
1 cup St. Charles Milk
5 egg yolks
1/2 cup butter
1 cup confectioners' sugar
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla
5 egg whites, stiffly beaten
2 dozen lady fingers
Whipped cream

Put the chocolate and granulated sugar into top of double boiler, add boiling water, let stand over hot water until chocolate is melted.

This is only one of over a hundred delightful recipes contained in "The Good Provider" Cook Book.

Borden's ST. CHARLES UNSWEETENED EVAPORATED MILK

HEARTS AFIRE

By MARY CHRISTIE

"Well, as Shakespeare or some writer-person has it, isn't that the only way to take the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune?"

"Outrageous? You—you mean it would hurt you—your going away?"

"That finest feature of his homely face . . . his eyes . . . dark, rather tragic orbs they were, and moody . . . were filled with the light of hope and eagerness."

"She tossed her head exactly in the fashion of a pretty, much sought-after woman. Risky, these tricks were, but Will had hurt her so frequently of late, that he didn't deserve to be reassured too soon!"

"Oh the grand old world 'ud keep on turning, just the same, even though you were on the other side of it, and fourteen thousand miles away!"

"Then you have got someone else? I knew it!" he flung at her.

"Then he added, passionately:— 'I'm through with women. I'll never look at another one again. Tomorrow morning I'll hand my resignation in at the bank, and go right ahead with my arrangements, and nothing—not even you—will stop me—'"

He looked so like a little boy at that moment—an angry, pathetic, disappointed little boy—that Janet had great ado to maintain her present role of cool detachment.

She managed it, however. With widened eyes she asked:— "But didn't you tell me that all arrangements for leaving were already made? What's been keeping you?"

He stopped at a bend of the avenue, close beside a Lombardy poplar, whose branches made an airy sighing, almost like a sob.

"You, Janet! I—cared for you—and I—I thought you reciprocated."

She faced him, hidden from the big house by a thick wall of trees.

"Do you think when a man is always doubting a woman, and keeping away from her, and making her unhappy, that she wouldn't be rather a fool to let herself go on caring?"

He caught her hand so tightly that, had she not loved him so, she would have cried aloud in pain.

"You—you did care, then, Janet?"

Her control snapped, then brimmed over.

Will, you—you gooped! The thought of you going away, hurt so—so terribly—that I just couldn't speak about it! And—let me tell you this—"

"You do go away to the ends of the earth, you won't get rid of me! I'm coming with you!"

CHAPTER 29

When Miss Virginia Dale deliberately dropped the love-letter written to herself by Bertram Traymore, on the pathway of Green Gables, knowing full well that Prudence in all likelihood, would find it, and that it would add a further wound to a tender, loving, girlish heart, she had felt a certain degree of satisfaction in the despicable act.

But that satisfaction was tempered by extreme annoyance over the fact of Peter Armstrong's attention to the 'chit'.

What the brilliant young inventor saw in Prudence Page "beat" Miss Virginia absolutely!

"Inspired child!" "Sly little cat!" "Sly little cat!"

"Little Miss Innocence, who wouldn't say 'bo' to a goose, and yet try and grab every man who came along!"

These were a few of the names Virginia called her unconscious rival.

What could he see in Prudence that she—lovely Virginia—lacked? Youth?

But none of them knew Virginia's age, thanks to the services of her clever maid, to her own systematic dieting, massage, rest, cosmetics, and all the tressome ritual she underwent, in the name of youth and beauty!

Dew on the grass? There was a downiness about the Prudence chit. A large-eyed candor, as it were, that somehow 'got' the men. A freshness of appearance and of manner that made one think of apple-orchards in the early dawn, dew bespangled grass, and birds twittering in the branches.

These poetic images were not the children of Virginia's brain; but subconsciously the comparison of Prudence and spring-time did flit through her mind.

She was rather silent on the homeward run with Traymore.

"Whatever made you call on the Page family?" queried the lat'c, as Jinny's car flew over the country roads towards Winston Towers.

"Curiously, I s'pose," she said laconically.

"I suppose you thought when the cat was away, the mice could play," she retorted, with attempted humor.

He laughed boisterously. "That isn't up to your usual level of wit. You're becoming banal, Jinny."

"A back-number, maybe!" "Never!" He touched the hand that was free from the steering-wheel.

"Poetically spoken, Bert." She gave a crooked smile. And then she added suddenly.

"I don't imagine Peter Armstrong thinks so."

"Armstrong? Bah! The snap makes me tired!" At mention of that name, however, Traymore had looked embarrassed.

"If you were half the man Armstrong is—" began Miss Jinny below her breath and then thought better of it.

Luckily, Bert hadn't heard the broken sentence.

The car drew up at Winston Towers, and Jinny went into the library to write some letters, telling Traymore to run away and amuse himself.

He found a kindred spirit in the billiard-room, and proceeded to play 'a hundred up.' He was a past master at this sort of thing.

Meantime Virginia in the library was busy with her letters. She had to keep in touch with various out-of-sight admirers, for fear that they dropped off.

"No, Miss Jinny! Tell me story." Little Lucia had limped into the room, and stood beside the desk, her big eyes up-turned pleadingly.

"No. Run away. I'm busy," rapped out Virginia, who disliked children, and especially Lucia, who suffered from the unforgivable thing, a physical deformity.

So Lucia limped away, back to her nursery, disappointed. Lucia adored all beauty, and she wished that the lovely lady would have let her stay with her a little while, just for the sheer joy of looking at her.

Virginia finished her correspondence, then went to her own room to take a 'facial pack' so that she might look her best at dinner-time.

The 'facial pack' was nothing but specially-treated mud which Virginia smeared upon her face, thickly, letting it stay on for half an hour.

It pricked a bit, 'drawing' the skin, and stimulating it, and—after it had caked on hard, as it was meant to do—it was rather a job getting it all off, with hot water.

But the process, though awkward and a trifle painful, really did give fine results. Virginia's complexion, glowing like a rose, emerged triumphant from the mud pack.

She smeared it on, with a heavy hand, squeezing large quantities out of the tube. Those lines that threatened to show around the mouth and eyes must be got rid of!

Then she lay down upon the bed, relaxing every part of the body, as per instruction, while the thick mud on her face started to smart and harden.

Ten minutes later, a clock striking the hour warned her that time was speeding.

Before removing the mud, she'd slip along the passage to her bath. At this hour no one was about . . .

Virginia cautiously opened the door, peered around, and then—armed with immense sponge and towel—proceeded down the corridor. She was almost at the bathroom door, when she heard a sudden scream in a child's frightened treble, and saw little Lucia staring at her from a corner.

"Black-faced lady!" cried Lucia, backing away, and not in the least recognising the former beauty.

"Don't be silly!" hissed Virginia sharply. "And don't you dare tell anyone you've seen me like this!"

Before she could complete her injunction, Peter Armstrong, in his stocking feet—for he was playing hide and seek with his little friend Lucia—swung around the corner and confronted the weird and mud-encrusted apparition!

(To be Continued.)

DESCRIBES EARLY TREK TO NORTHWEST

Veteran Member of "Mounties" Gives Graphic Account of Experiences

In the P.M.I. Hospital at present is Staff-Sergeant J. A. Martin, a ninety-year old veteran pensioner of the North-West Mounted Police.

He is an uncle of Mr. Ludlow Jenkins, Marshfield, who not long ago got from him the following interesting account of the first trek from Toronto to the Northwest District.

Enlisting at Toronto under Major McLeod, (who later was appointed judge and who died in 1904) on October 8th, 1873, we started on the morning of October 9th, for Collingwood on the Lakes and took steamer to Prince Arthur's Landing at the head of the Lakes. Here arrangements were made with the Hudson Bay Co. for boats and guides.

We took the Dawson route through thirteen small lakes and portages from one half to two miles long when the prairies were struck and the march on foot commenced. Then we proceeded across the prairie to St. Boniface, which was reached on Hallow'en. Ice was making on the Red River and the ferry boat was unable to cross, so we made ourselves comfortable at a Roman Catholic College. The night was so cold we were able to walk across on good firm ice the next morning to Winnipeg.

From there we went to Stone Fort where we stopped for the winter.

Here we bought a lot of native ponies and started in to drill, and kept it up until the end of May, when we broke camp and started for Pembina, sixty miles southwest of Winnipeg, where we were to be met by the new Commissioner, Colonel French, who along with about one hundred and fifty men and a lot of Ontario horses, came by a southern route and arrived about the last of June.

After organizing the force, which now consisted of about three hundred men, as many horses, 80 oxen and carts, a start was made for the Great Lone Land, as it was then called, the first week of July.

This train stretched along the prairie for about three miles and was a sight well worth seeing. Not a house or camp was seen all summer. The Indians were about keeping out of sight. Scarcity of water was one of the chief troubles, buffalo wallows were plentiful and the men often drank the water, so there was quite a lot of enteric fever among them, but not a man there would be so ill as to be shallow and very scarce.

On September 15th, when north of the Cypress Hills a fearful snow storm started which lasted two days and two nights. We were advised by our guides to put our blankets in two to put them on the horses and put them in the shelter of a coulee, but in spite of this precaution twenty of them died from the effects of the storm.

Thinking winter was on, Col. French divided up the force, took about half or more of the men and started to return to new barracks at Swan River, Manitoba, and left Assistant Commissioner McLeod with about 140 men to continue to the West with no quarters in sight and not knowing what was to befall him there.

But the weather turned fine, we continued our journey until near the Rocky Mountains at Old Man River where we pitched our tents and called the place Camp McLeod, named after our gallant commander on October 19th.

The Mounted Police were a mobile force so that they might be able to cope with the Indians and Montana whiskey traders, desperate characters, about ten of which were established along the river. The force was organized for the express purpose of suppressing those gangs, and they had not long to wait for trouble, for on the night of land-

ing word came to them that two traders were expected the next day at a point 30 miles up river.

The subject of this sketch along with an officer and two other men, one of whom was a half breed by the name of Jerry Botta (Jerry had joined the force and was one of the interpreters and an educated man. He had great control over the Indians and stayed with the force until his death 23 years later when he was given a military funeral) were detailed to go up river next morning.

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The officer went up to them and asked them for their guns but "nothing doing." In a few minutes more one of the men straggled in, his horse's head down but jogging along. After a little, another one showed up and then another. The officer told them he had plenty men and over a hundred men down river besides. They, not knowing how many more might show up, gave up their arms and their outfit was seized.

The next day the officer, surrounded by his men and all the Indians from far and near who had gathered to obtain whiskey, opened up the alcohol and ordered the men to pour it into the river. Immediately there was a scramble for the river and the Indians commenced to scoop up the whiskey off the top of the water. The officer, seeing this would not do, ordered a hole dug in the ground, and kept the mud stirred up so the Indians missed their expected treat.

The head of the whole gang who were operating was a man by the name of Weatherhawk. He was arrested, imprisoned with hard labor, for six months, had all his property confiscated among which was 500 buffalo robes and a lot of horses which he had stolen from the Indians or exchanged for a quantity of alcohol.

The force were now ready to make friends with the Indians who came to Col. McLeod to enquire who they were. They were told that their Great White Mother had sent them to care for them, to see that there would be no more whiskey come into the country, and no more horse stealing so they would be happy.

Lots of times after this old Indians would come in to Col. McLeod, kiss him on the forehead and thank him and tell him: "Now we can sleep in peace and our boys will not be able to get any more whiskey."

In six months time law and order were established in the country which had been so long overrun with the whiskey traders from Montana who were now all out of business, for which great credit was due Col. McLeod. Thereafter he was made commissioner. The warlike tribe of Blackfeet were more than pleased with Commissioner McLeod and his men for putting the whiskey traders out of the country and admired them for the way they handled such characters.

On account of a fight between the Blackfeet and Kootenay Indians over the buffaloes the Blackfeet set fire to the prairie. Col. McLeod went to a small island in the middle of the river and started to build barracks of cottonwood which grew along the banks. The barracks surrounded a square with officers quarters on one side, stables and stores on the opposite side and the men's quarters on the other two sides. They were built of logs, with mud roofs, mud floors with a small chimney in the centre, and when partly finished, the canvas tents being too cold, were moved into on Christmas eve and we occupied them for three years.

The food consisted of buffalo meat, sour pork, beans, tea and flap jacks, but no potatoes, which were sorely missed.

When leaving Stone Fort in the Spring each man was allowed only one suit of clothes, so that by the time we reached McLeod they were pretty well worn out, lots of them being in tatters.

When burning the grass off the island preparatory to building the camps, one of the men in stooping down to light a torch near Col. McLeod had the misfortune of having his pants split right across. Col.

McLeod when he saw this became very much worried and wondered what he was going to do to save his men for the winter. Our friend, No. 41, who was a tailor by trade and who had made a suit of clothes for the Colonel the winter before, told him he had been down the river and had seen the squaws making moccasins out of buffalo hides. He thought he could clothes for the men.

"The very thing; you have saved our lives!" said Col. McLeod. "I know what you can do. We have some men who are handy with the needle."

So hides were bought from the Indians. They were plentiful and cheap and the first outfit made was for the guard. Moccasins, cap, pants, coat and gloves and very soon the whole force were clothed and looked quite trappy.

The Indians not used to seeing a man sewing were very much taken up with our friend and gave him the name of "Howichanokie," which means "the man with the needle."

Staff-Sergeant Martin participated in many other stirring events, spreading over twenty years of active service among which was the North West Rebellion.

Dr. A. Kennedy left Wednesday for Antigonish on a short business trip.

Mr. George Roach of Souris, paid a recent visit to Georgetown.

Miss Muriel Bulphitt, Rosenath, recently visited Georgetown, the guest of Miss Nettie Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wheeler of Boston, are visiting Georgetown, the guests of Mrs. Wheeler's father, Mr. Peter Ross.

Mr. Leo Fay, Newport, recently visited Georgetown.

Miss Minnie Seaman and Miss Mary Poole of Souris, were visitors to Georgetown.

Miss Mary and Miss A. Chaisson of Antigonish, who have been guests at the Queen for the past week, left for home on Wednesday.

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Miss Elsie Knight, nurse-in-training at the Royal Victoria, Montreal, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Seymour C. Knight.

Miss Nettie Walker has returned to her home in Georgetown after spending her holidays with friends in Newport.

Mr. Stephen Scully was among the recent visitors to Souris.

Miss V. McDonald of Souris is

BABIES—LOTS OF 'EM IF GARBO MARRIES



GRETA GARBO

If Greta Garbo marries it will be for just one reason—children. And, although marriage for this reason means the end of her career, the Great Garbo has seriously considered the question of marriage in 1932.

Love, position, adulation, riches—all of these were hers. She didn't give a rap for the convention. There was just one consideration for her in marriage—children. But Garbo knew she dared not do it.

"She would not cheat either her husband and children, or the art to which she was bound with hands of steel." They went their separate ways alone.

visiting Georgetown, the guest of Miss Lucy Scully.

Mr. Jas. Dalton paid a recent visit to Montague.

Mr. Spurgeon Walker was a visitor to Charlottetown last week.

Mr. Edward Easton, paid a visit to Charlottetown last week.

Capt. T. F. Kelly, C. A., Georgetown, has returned home from Picot, N. S. where he was attending the O. A. mission there.

Mr. Philip Doyle was visiting Charlottetown last week.

Mr. Thomas R. Howlett has returned to his home after visiting friends in Charlottetown.

Miss Margaret Jerrier held a very enjoyable dance at the home of her parents, Capt. and Mrs. John Jerrier.

Miss Carrie Easton and Miss Muriel Turner, were among those who visited the city last week.

Miss Agnes Pine of Rhode Island, N. Y., is visiting Georgetown, the guest of Miss Nellie Lyndsey, of Boston, who is spending the summer at Morrison's Beach.

Mr. Bernard McDonald of the R. C. M. P., Halifax, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allan McDonald, Georgetown, left for Halifax this week.

Mayor E. B. McLaren and Mrs. D. P. McKinnon were among those attending the Exhibition last week.

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YOUNGSTERS need energy. They want strength. And Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes are their food. They love the famous flavor of PEP! Packed with nourishment of wheat. Plus enough bran to be mildly laxative. Enjoy PEP often. Buy a package today from your grocery. Always fresh! Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Table with 2 columns: Lve. Ch'Town and Lve. Rocky Point. Rows show time tables for daily (except Sunday) and Sunday services.

Professional Cards: Stewart & Lowther, J. D. STEWART, K. C. N. W. LOWTHER, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

McLEOD & BENTLEY, J. A. BENTLEY, W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law.

Prohibition Commission: Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown.

City Schools: re-open for the FALL and WINTER TERM on Tuesday, September 8th.

Carter's Bookstore: Headquarters for SCHOOL BOOKS and SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

School Supplies: Our prices will be found lower than those asked at the Govt. School Supply Store.

CARTER & CO. Limited: An examination might be of great benefit to you. E. W. TAYLOR, J. S. TAYLOR, OPTOMETRISTS.

Brightens up the Job: If you are still washing dishes in an old battered gray agate dish pan it is no wonder you dislike the job so much.

A Tin Box: Use the tin box in which the pound of coffee came and when next you buy sulphur matches dump the entire box into the tin container.

Covered Buttons: Buttons may be covered at home very satisfactorily by using the cheap bone buttons such as found on children's underwear.

Have You Placed Protection on your most valuable Asset Your Life Assurance. Consult J. B. HUGHES.

Eye Comfort: for eye workers is a matter of vital importance. From early morn to late at night we "crowd" our eyes relentlessly, from one job to another.

G. F. HUTCHESON OPTOMETRIST: There was a downiness about the Prudence chit. A large-eyed candor, as it were, that somehow 'got' the men.

Do Not Neglect Your Eyes: An examination might be of great benefit to you.