

# ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

# "SALADA"

# TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

LORNE VALLEY

## AUCTION SALE

Having sold my farm I will sell by Public Auction all my Stock and Farm Implements and Household Effects, etc., on the premises Monday, October 30th, at 1.30 o'clock P. M.

For particulars see Posters. If not fine, following fine day.

F. W. MORESIDE,  
North River.

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## 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.

How long will they stand it? Are you now enjoying that efficiency and comfort which ought to be yours?

Consult us if you are not; You have much to gain, and nothing to lose.

In any case the knowledge gained from an examination, makes it well worth while.

G. F. HUTCHESON

OPTOMETRIST

The Y. P. S. of Marie presented their play, "The Village Lawyer" in Lorne Valley Hall, September 18th, to a large audience. After the play, the Women's Institute served ice cream and cake. The proceeds, which amounted to \$48.40, were divided on a fifty-fifty basis.

His many friends will learn with deep regret of the illness of Angus MacLeod, and hope for his speedy recovery.

Taking advantage of the cheap excursion rate to Boston, several young persons of this community took the trip.

Among the recent arrivals to our valley are the following: Mr. and Mrs. Jack Caldwell, Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Barrett, Kingston; Dr. and Mrs. Barrett, Hunter River; Mr. and Mrs. Everett Homes, Kingston; and Mr. Golden Barrett, Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Ackland, Kingston; Mrs. May Willis, Kingston; also Mr. Keith Barrett, Hunter River. They were the guests of Mr. F. H. MacArthur.

Mrs. Estella Watson, accompanied by her friend, Miss Della Grant, left for their homes in the United States.

Farmers of this vicinity have completed harvesting their potato crop. The yield and quality surpasses that of last year. Shipping has begun and while the price is not high, it is encouraging, at any rate.

Mr. George Leard, of Leard's Mills, has remodelled and painted his home, which looks very nice. It is a pity that all farm dwellings should not be put in better shape. Nothing disgusts the eye more than rickety, dilapidated homes. Even the old-fashioned lime and white-wash brush can do much to beautify dwellings. Let everybody's motto be, "Clean up!"

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Godfrey, formerly of Kingston, P. E. I., have moved from Lorne Valley to Caradigan Head, where they will reside during the winter months.

Mr. Alex McPherson had the misfortune of losing a valuable horse recently.

## PILLOWS BRIGHTEN HOMES

If you can't buy new winter slip covers and drapries, remember that a few colorful, inexpensive sofa pillows will go far toward freshening your home. You can make them yourself. Try to have the colors blend with, but not match, some of your chairs or your over drapes.

## Do Not Neglect Your Eyes

An examination might be of great benefit to you.

E. W. TAYLOR  
J. S. TAYLOR  
OPTOMETRISTS

Charlottetown and Alberton

## FARMERS

Market your TURNIPS at the good prices now going and FEED

## Sugar Beet Pulp

The ideal substitute for Turnips. You will save a lot of money by doing so.

We are selling BEET PULP at a very low price. One carload just received direct from Factory. Get our special prices in ton and half ton lots, and by the bag.

Carter & Co.

Limited

## HEARTS AFIRE

By  
MARY CHRISTIE

But no! That was too stupid. Simpson was an excellent servant, and had no mind above his station. He had only been in Mrs. Vansittart's service in the last two weeks, but had given every satisfaction.

How quiet the house lay! Wouldn't this be a fortuitous time to slip the missing candlesticks back into their place?

But what end would that serve since she—Virginia—was going away?

The candlesticks were worth a heap of money. What purpose to relinquish them?

She'd need all the money she could lay her hands on, for all her best-laid schemes had "gang agley," and even Bert didn't seem to want her any more.

She flushed as she remembered how he had dared to call her a common thief! Yet, immediately after, he was putting into her mind another daring "coup." Surely that went to prove that he appreciated her cunning and could be won yet, matrimonially speaking?

Meantime, the object of her thoughts was taking a peculiar way of "calling to inquire for the invalid." He was dodging round the boarded-up windows of Peter's erstwhile laboratory, feeling for an opening with his hands.

It was rather disconcerting to suddenly come face to face with Prudence Page.

Had she seen him try the boardings?

"What are you doing here?" The girl faced him unsmilingly.

He attempted jocularity, though he felt very awkward.

"Just what you're doing, lady fair. I've come to inquire how the poor chap's getting along." He held out his hand in greeting, but Prudence made no move to take it.

"If you come round to the front-door, Miss Mercer, who is his nurse, will give you the latest report about him." Prudence led the way, and then betook herself off in the direction of her own home.

Janet Mercer regarded Traymore suspiciously.

"You got all the news of my patient a little less than an hour ago. I suppose you've come here to bring the apologies of your friend, Miss Dale?"

Oh, no, he hadn't. He's just come to make a friendly call, being almost sorry for poor Armstrong. Was there anything he could do?

He disliked this competent, brusque woman, and was glad to sneak away at her dismissal.

Arriving back at Wyndham Towers, he found the front door open, but no sign of the well-trained butler anywhere. Simpson usually was visible . . . but now a queer air seemed to hang about the place . . . the unnatural calm before a terrific storm . . . What could be brewing?

Suddenly, from the direction of the library, he heard a woman scream . . .

It was blood-curdling!

Followed a voice, wailing: "Horrible! Horrible!"

Traymore's feet impelled him to the library, and with shaking hands he threw the door open.

An astounding picture met his eye. Mrs. Vansittart, the butler Simpson and three other men faced Virginia Dale, who—heavens!—was actually handcuffed to two big policemen!

Virginia! In handcuffs!

Traymore could barely believe the evidence of his own eyes!

"Save me, Bert! Oh, save me!" Like the heroine of a cheap melodrama, Virginia jerked forward towards him, but the handcuffs held her back.

"Take them off! They aren't necessary!" sobbed out Mrs. Vansittart, who was weeping in a heart-broken fashion. Then, helplessly, to Traymore:

"To think that such a ghastly scene could take place in my house! I'll never, never get over this!"

"Calm yourself, madam. The law must take its course," said one of the men authoritatively; but he nodded to the constables to undo the manacles. "If the prisoner won't try to escape again, and won't struggle, we'll treat her properly."

Mrs. Vansittart mopped her eyes. "Come in, and shut the door. The whole world'll know about this, soon enough," she moaned to Traymore. "Oh, the disgrace will kill me! Oh, I know it will!"

The plain-clothes man said, briskly: "You have nothing to reproach yourself with, madam, except for being too 'easy.'" He had a notebook with him, and turning to Virginia, observed:

"If the prisoner has anything further she wishes to say, go ahead; but I must caution her to be careful, as any statements she makes will be taken in evidence against her."

"I never took the things," cried Virginia, glaring round at everybody like a tigress.

The plain-clothes man looked grim.

"You will be given opportunity in court to prove the truth of what you say. Meantime, the evidence against you is in order. 'This lady here'—he indicated Mrs. Vansittart—"has employed one of my men in the house for a full two weeks, and it's principally on his evidence that you are being arrested."

Virginia made a clawing motion towards Simpson, the detective who had masqueraded as a butler, and who had seen her many times when she least suspected it.

In her trunks had been discovered stolen property sufficient to convict her over and over again!

Janet Mercer's sweetheart was standing beside the pawnbroker who had sold him Mrs. Vansittart's ruby ring. Virginia had stolen the ring, in the first instance, and sold it outright to the broker for a much-needed five pounds, little recking it would come home to roost again!

Mr. Ogilvie gave it to his fiancée as an engagement ring. Mrs. Vansittart had explained to the plain-clothes man she had hired to investigate all the recent peculiar happenings at Wyndham Towers.

"He bought it in a pawnshop at the neighbouring town, and so it should be quite an easy matter to trace the thief."

Virginia would have been caught, in any case, for Simpson had many "counts" against her. But her carelessness in not taking precautions against the stolen ring had precipitated matters just a little.

"That's the young lady." The owner of the pawnshop had identified her at once. Virginia was a striking figure one wouldn't forget in a hurry.

Traymore would have fled from the hateful scene, if flight were possible. He was terrified lest Virginia—idiot that she had been!—would try to drag him down with her.

Indeed, she did do her worst, by blurring out that Traymore had known for some time about the thefts, and had only to-day demanded "cash-money."

"In that case," said the plain-clothes man, "accessory after the fact."

(To be Continued.)

## Machines Make Waste Into Packing Cases

A wood-working machine which it is claimed will enable lumber hitherto wasted to be made into box ends suitable for cases used in the packing of oranges, apples and similar fruits has been developed in England and is to be demonstrated to lumbermen in British Columbia. Besides finding profitable use for small wood previously scrapped, states the Industrial Department of the Canadian National Railways, the machine is said to permit economy in the thickness of wood that may be employed and to enable brittle timbers hitherto unacceptable to be incorporated in box-making. Another field for which box ends can be supplied by the machine is in the making of cases which are used in China for the pack delivery of gasoline in tins usually carried two in a box. The machine, made in Leeds, is the third of its kind, one each having been installed in Finland and in Sweden.

## Exposition Trains in France

France has taken to the exposition train to such a degree that several are being run over various railroads of the country. These are operated under the auspices of the French Ministry of Commerce, and are believed by officials to produce very satisfactory results in promoting the use of French merchandise. A typical train has 18 coaches devoted to the display of merchandise advertised as being made in France. Included are the displays of the French factories of two American concerns. Among the exhibits are wines, liquors, electrical, plumbing and heating appliances, books, and coffee.

## Englishman Writer Of Scottish Songs

How Englishman, a Baronet, and a prominent figure in the business world of London, came to write some of Scotland's most famous songs, to edit three volumes of "Songs of the North" and to spend more than half a century studying Scottish songs, was revealed in London recently by Sir Harold Boulton.

The occasion was the opening meeting of the winter session of the Burns Club of London, at which Sir Harold Boulton, who is the Englishman referred to, took the leading part in a lecture-reading entitled "From the Border to Hebrides on the Wigs of Song."

Sir Harold's lecture framed an introduction to groups of songs arranged in accordance with their local association. The songs were sung by Mr. William Heughan and Mrs. J. An Herries, well-known Scottish singers, accompanied by Miss Gladys E. yer.

Mr. Heughan and Miss Sayer are well known in Charlottetown, where they have given two recitals.

## Spirit of Highlands.

I have been strongly urged, said Sir Harold, to explain how a man born in the lowlands of Kent should have been identified with Highland and Scots song for half a century as I have, but I say it is no more strange than that Scott and Hogg, the men born in the most Sassenach part of Scotland, should have done so. In fact these two great men had far less opportunity than I have had of being in the Highlands and penetrating to some degree the spirit and absorbing the environment of that part of Great Britain.

At the most impressive time of my life I began by residence and frequent visits to the Western Highlands to absorb a local enthusiasm which is ineradicable.

The reason for writing in the Lowland vernacular was, continued Sir Harold, the same—time spent in Edinburgh, in Galloway, in Fife, and the reading of many books. The literary vernacular was not the language of any particular district, but the enrichment of one's English vocabulary by words from all English-speaking Scots districts. Burns used many non-Ayrshire words.

Scott and Stevenson

Finally, he added, why a man born in Kent who, like most Englishmen, has Scottish blood in his veins, should not write in literary Scots can be answered by—Why should Sir Walter Scott write some English novels in southern English, far removed from the language he talked in his youth, or Robert Louis Stevenson do the same? And tell me why Lord Macaulay, a Highlander, who wrote the History of England, was more English than I, and why Thomas Campbell of Glasgow, wrote the great sea song "Ye Mariners of England?"

## Owner Of Island

A vote of thanks to Sir Harold was proposed by Mr. J. D. Ritchie, vice-president, who referred to the fact that Sir Harold had just become the owner of an island off the mainland of Scotland—Inch Kenneth, beside Mull.

The musical programme consisting of twenty-seven songs, was a remarkable testimony to the range and versatility and admirable vocal powers of the artists.

## Egg Laying Contest

Report of the Prince Edward Island egg laying contest for the week ending October 23, 1933:

Pen No.	Owner's Name	Pts.
1	Mrs. A. E. Holland	1931.4
2	Mrs. Roland Easter	2124.9
5	Mrs. J. F. Easton	1974.5
6	John A. Lea	2135.6
7	Exp Farm Ch'town	2419.2
8	Exp Farm Ch'town	1996.1
11	Hrs. J. H. McPhail	2067.3
13	Harold Laird	2385.4
15	Wm. R. Brown	2172.0
18	William Sansom	2066.4
19	S. R. Pendleton	2092.5

Production 160 hens, 217 eggs, 19.4 per cent.

F. A. Driscoll, Manager of Contest, Dr. J. A. Clark Superintendent.

## NOTES

In the 15th annual Prince Edward Island Egg Laying Contest which was completed October 23, 1933, there were 30 pens of 13 birds each. Of this number 160 completed the contest, 65 were withdrawn, 35 died. The total number of eggs laid was 42,324. The total number of eggs laid for 160 birds completing the contest was 31,471 or 196.6 eggs per hen.

The following birds laid 200 or more eggs which averaged 24 or to the dozen after the first four weeks of laying, and are eligible for registration by the Canadian National Poultry Records Association:

Pens 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. Number of hens laying 200 or more eggs, 83. Number of hens registered, 70.

## PENS

Pen No. 13 owned by Mrs. Harold Laird, Kelvin, P.E. Island, won the contest, with 2387 eggs, 2385.4 points the pen of Mr. Wm. Robert Brown, Wood Islands, No. 15, was second, with 2077 eggs 2172 points, and Pen. No. 6, owned by Mr. John A. Lea, Summerside, was third with 2086 eggs, 2135.6 points.

## HENS

Mrs. Harold Laird's pen No. 6 led the contest for individual production with 283 eggs, 277.3 points;



## Nobody Felt Like Singing on Wash-day . . . until SURPRISE SOAP was made

- How much labour there was over the wash-tubs of half a century ago. And how glad women were to learn that Surprise Soap washed clothes so thoroughly, and with so much less rubbing.
- The ingredients of Surprise Soap are skillfully blended to give rich, lasting suds that remove all the dirt with very little effort. Yet Surprise is entirely safe for even the daintiest and most fragile garments.
- Surprise Soap goes further. The hard, golden bar can be depended upon for economy. It lathers quickly, and dissolves so completely that rinsing is made an easier task. And it washes thoroughly, leaving garments fragrant and really clean.



## Cunard Line Winter Sailings

(Canadian Press)

MONTREAL, Oct. 21.—Cunard Steamship Company today announced it would provide weekly sailings during the winter season from Halifax to Plymouth, Havre and London. There will also be a weekly service in the opposite direction from London, Southampton and Havre through cargo alone will be taken aboard at the British Capital. The boat on the service will turn at New York, calling at Halifax both east bound and west bound.

At the same time the Donaldson Line announced it proposes to operate a fortnightly service from Saint John during the winter to Glasgow and another to the British channel for the carriage of freight.

Commencing with the departure of the Ausonia from Halifax on Saturday, Dec. 9, there will be 19 departures from the Nova Scotia port the other ships involved in the winter service being the Ascenia, Aurania, Alauania and Carinthia. The Samaria is scheduled to call there on her west bound voyage to North America, leaving Southampton on January 6 and continuing to New York.

Only passenger departure from Saint John this winter by liners of the Cunard and Anchor-Donaldson lines will be taken by the Letitia scheduled to leave there on Dec. 14 calling at Halifax the following day.

In addition to the channel schedule there will be four sailings from Halifax to Liverpool by the Antonia which will call there on westbound voyages after embarking passengers at Belfast and Glasgow.

There will be 13 sailings from Glasgow to Halifax during the winter, including the four by the Antonia, the other liners involved being the Caledonia, Transylvania and Cameronia, all Anchor line steamers turning at New York.

## Auction Sale Household Furniture

Friday, October 27th next, at 10 o'clock A.M., at the residence of Mrs. Charles Lyons, 51 Fitzroy Street. Kitchen range and utensils, bedroom furniture, mattresses, etc. Chairs, Tables, Mirrors, Clocks, Pictures, Silver, Dish, and other articles of household furniture, Washing machine, Garden Hose, Lawn Mower, etc.

J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer