

London's New Lord Mayor



Sir Frederick Wells, London's lord mayor-elect, is shown at his desk. The man who will head the city is an industrial magnate, the son of a wealthy merchant.

PRINCESS BECOMES GODMOTHER



As godmother, Princess Elizabeth holds Rosemary Elizabeth Elphinstone during christening at Worplesdon. Baby's mother is a former lady-in-waiting to the princess.

NIGHT SCHOOL

The Union Commercial College announces the opening of Evening Classes in Typewriting and Bookkeeping. Tuition for fall term (Oct.-Nov.-Dec.) \$10. Tuition for spring term (Jan.-Feb.-Mar.-Apr.) \$15. Registration at the College Wednesday evening, October 15, 7:30 to 9:30. W. D. FRASER, Principal. Accommodations also available for day students.

WHOLE FAMILY WINS BABY SHOW PRIZES



Tradition was carried on by Billy Grant, of Grimsby Beach, Ont., who won prize at Beamsville fair baby show. Holding him, his mother, Mrs. R. B. Grant, won 21 years ago and his father won at Winnipeg 28 years ago. Two aunts also won at Beamsville.

Pioneers Of Tryon And North River

(The following article is republished from the old Prince Edward Island Magazine, 1899. The author, the late Mr. W. H. Warren, was a native of North River. He was a Baptist pastor, first at Cavendish and later at several other centres throughout the Maritimes. His son, Mr. Wilber A. Warren, is now a retired druggist at Bridgetown, N.S.)

(Rev. Mr. Warren was a son of the late James Warren and Priscilla MacDonald. James was a local magistrate and proprietor of the Warren Grove mills. He in turn was a son of William Warren and Ann Robinson and a grandson of Captain William Warren and Mrs. John Goldup, the ancestors of all the Warrens on the Island. Captain Warren carried on a trading business in his schooners on the Tryon River, was a Justice of the Peace, and represented Prince County on the Island Assembly from 1779-90.)

Among the many attractive and progressive communities belonging to Prince Edward Island few are more worthy of note for their social history or for their agricultural advancement than Tryon and North River. The names of these localities are linked together because of the kinship existing between the leading families residing there. Their growth in population and in prosperity has many elements in common; and they trace their success to the worthy pioneers who laid the foundations of social life in these places. In the present paper an attempt is made to furnish a little helpful information respecting these early settlers.

Through the courtesy of Mr. A. E. Holland, of Centreville, there lies before me a quaint and most interesting document, bearing the date April 25, 1768, from which valuable data regarding the early occupation of Tryon and North River is obtained. It consists of "Articles of agreement intended and concluded between Captain Samuel Holland, Surveyor-general for His Majesty's Northern District of North America, on the one part; and William Warren, Jacob Starnan, Henry Goudrup, Daniel McCann and Thomas Shatforth, on the other part" conveying to these persons a tract of land lying on the eastern side of Tryon River.

The document was drawn up and executed at Quebec, where the parties concerned seem to have been residing at the date mentioned. From its contents we gather that the grantor's title to the property referred to was still incomplete. In company with others, he had petitioned George III for possession of certain lots and settlements on the Island of St. John's, and the request had been granted. The Board of Trade and Plantations had informed the petitioners that the distribution of lands had been made by drawing lots, and that Lot 28 had fallen to the ownership of Capt. Holland. Letters patent had not, however, arrived as yet, and the conveyance was made anticipatively to the new purchasers.

Among the curious conditions connected with the agreement, it was specified that the grantees should not in any case erect grist mills, but should always patronize the mills owned by the proprietor of Lot 28. The purchasers were also bound to donate to the landlord one quintal out of every hundred quintals of dry fish they might from time to time be able

to secure, and one barrel out of every hundred barrels of pickled fish. It is presumed that the persons chasing this tract of land came shortly afterward to occupy and cultivate their estates at Tryon. The history of each family would be interesting, but space compels us to confine our attention to the first and, in many respects, the most prominent name.

Captain William Warren — for such is the designation by which he was known — came to Tryon in 1768 and took up his residence near what is now called the Aboltau. Remains of the old cellar over which his house stood are said to be still visible. He vigorously prosecuted his farm work and soon made for himself a comfortable and thrifty home. In social and political affairs he filled an honored position. From 1779 to 1790 he represented in the Colonial Legislature Prince County which, during that period, composed one electoral district.

He married a widow of John Goudrup, a lady of French-Canadian extraction. She brought to her home her first husband's two children, John and Charlotte. And it may be noted here that this John Goudrup subsequently married a widow, Farrow, by whom he had a number of children known by the familiar names of Jacob, James, Charlotte, Lydia and Betsy. The daughter married John Lord, to whom were born John, William, Warren, James, Joseph and Charles. William W., known as Hon. W. W. Lord, became a successful merchant in Charlottetown, and occupied a prominent position in politics.

A large and sturdy family grew up in the home of William Warren, whose names were Polly, Nancy, William, James, Joseph and Martha, the lives of whose offspring it will be interesting briefly to indicate.

Polly Warren linked her destiny in marriage with John Foy, whose home he had purchased at Tryon. Their children were William, Philip, James, Henry, Kitty, Jane, Maria, Charlotte, Phoebe and Matilda. Philip chose his cousin, Eliza Warren, as a partner for life; James married Miss Lowther; Henry chose Charlotte Johnson and became an honored merchant in Charlottetown, whose sign "H.J. Callbeck" was for long years seen on Sydney Street; Kitty married Joseph Baker; Jane became the wife of Joseph Silliker; Maria married Samuel Newsom; Charlotte became Mrs. Lord; and Phoebe flourished under the name of Mrs. Joseph Foy.

William and Joseph Warren, after remaining on the paternal homestead for many years, gathered together their effects and removed, about the beginning of the 19th century, to North River. In the absence of public roads they were compelled to travel in winter around the ice margin of the sixth coast to St. Peter's Island, and thence to their destination. An expanse of ice having unexpectedly drifted from the shore during their journey, they had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse and a sleigh-load of useful furniture, the driver barely escaping by means of floating masses of ice.

They took up their residence near the present site of Warren Cove Mills, and in the midst of the primeval forest set about clearing little patches of land for cultivation.

Very marked have been the changes in that picturesque and shifty locality since these veteran pioneers first laid axe to the roots of the pines and hemlocks. Years of privation and unremitting toil have turned the wilderness into a garden. William married Ann Robinson, whose relatives occupied so prominent a place in the early history of Charlottetown and Rustico. A family of energetic and promising children sprang up in their home, all of whom now sleep with

their forefathers. Their names, familiar to many readers, were William, James, George, Joseph, Thomas, John, Eliza and Maria. William married successively Betsy Cole, Jane Reagh and Mary Harper, and left a son and four daughters. Priscilla, MacDonald, having five sons and two daughters. He was the proprietor of Warren Cove Mills for many years, and filled the position of local magistrate until

George married Grace Pollard, later known as Mrs. James Howatt, Crapaud. He was a man of great physical strength, and the stories of his prowess are both interesting and marvellous. He left two sons. Joseph chose Margaret Cole for his spouse, and left a family of eight children. Thomas was married to Matilda Gardiner, and his children were also eight in number. John became the partner of Ann Pollard, to whom six daughters and two sons were born. One became a merchant at North River. Eliza united her destiny with Philip Callbeck, and their children were seven in number. Maria married Joseph Callbeck, to whom were born four sons and two daughters. A number of these families remain at North River. Others are found at Tryon, whilst numbers of their descendants are scattered over Canada and the United States.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE L. S. STEVENSON BRANCH MANAGER 140 RICHMOND ST. A MUTUAL COMPANY

Canadian Output Of Newsprint To Set New Record

TORONTO, Oct. 7 — (CP) — Canadian newsprint production this year will reach an all-time record of about 4,396,000 tons, the newsprint committee of the United States House of Representatives was told today in a statement prepared by the Newsprint Association of Canada.

This is an increase of 1,137,000 tons since 1945, the last year of war restrictions, and production is estimated to reach 4,650,000 tons by 1950. The United States is getting nearly all of this increase and 82 per cent of the total Canadian output. The house committee, in the words of its chairman, Clarence J. Brown (Rep.-Ohio), is here to tell the Canadian industry "what our publishers are up against" in an effort to get a better supply.

The Newsprint Association statement, presented at today's opening session, put forward these additional points: Probable shortage of United States maximum demand of 5,000,000 tons is around 235,000 tons, or within five per cent. United States demand, now at an all-time high, is expected, on the basis of the record since 1890, to develop a dip.

Consumers get 81 per cent of total world supply. Companies with pre-war averages, they are receiving an increase of 1,000,000 tons a year while the rest of the world gets a decrease of 1,500,000 tons. Existing wood machinery is about 500,000 tons in excess of demand, but more than 1,500,000 tons are idle due to lack of raw materials and minor repairs, chiefly in Britain, Scandinavia, France, Germany and Japan.

Compared with pre-war, Canadian supply to the United States has increased 97 per cent. Prices of Canadian newsprint in the United States are the lowest of any major market in the world. In forest area Canada has nearly 1,250,000 square miles, exceeded only by Russia and Brazil. Productive forest is 770,000 square miles, with 430,000 at present classification. About 174,000 square miles have been leased for industrial use, chiefly for pulp and paper.

Canada is by far the world's largest newsprint producer, its output being 2-3 times that of the world's other major newsprint producers, Britain, Sweden, Norway and Finland combined. It is Canada's largest manufacturing industry and chief export commodity.

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Joseph Warren, of the original family, formed a matrimonial alliance with Ann Pollard. The old home is still seen on the summit of a fine hill at North River; but the children are dispersed in various directions, or sleeping in the dust. Their names were Jane, Frederick, Edward, Nancy, Elizabeth, Sarah, Martha, Charlotte, Priscilla and Peter. Jane became Mrs. Thomas Gardiner of South Shore, Bedeque; Frederick married Margaret Wilson; Edward formed an alliance with Mary Howatt; Nancy became the wife of James Newsom; Elizabeth married Capt. John Scott; Sarah became Mrs. John Ozley; Martha was married to Peter Scott; Charlotte became Mrs. George Lord; Priscilla married William Worth; and Peter became the husband of Elizabeth Webster. Large families were gathered around their parents, whose influence is felt in every department of our Provincial affairs.

To the enterprise and intelligence of these family lines Tryon and North River owe much of their success and progressiveness. The worthy representatives of the original families have passed away, but they have left many scions to fill their places and to aid their fellow colonists in promoting the best interests of our country.

THE COFFEE POT ANNOUNCING The Opening of The COFFEE POT RESTAURANT KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN FRIDAY, OCT. 10th OPEN FROM 6 A.M. TO 12 P.M. DAILY Breakfasts — Full Course Dinners — Lunches Icecream — Drinks — Etc.

Beyond The Law

By Mary Imlay Taylor

But she turned quietly and looked at him with a wan smile. "Not so, m'sieu! They've read your letter. It's one of your comrades—come for me!"

"This is tough luck old chap! Gayle was a big broad shouldered officer, red with the biting cold. I understand now — he cast a quick glance over his shoulder at the figure of the woman in the outer room. Of course he believed it, as I've done good work before, but it's all a lie, a damnable bunch of lies. I swear she's innocent. I'd stake my immortal soul on it!"

"She's mighty pretty, O'Hara!" O'Hara groaned. "Oh, God, this is my just punishment! I'm caught in my own web. I tell you, Gayle she's innocent. You can't touch her. She goes free! Go back and tell the chief I'm a liar and a fool; I've laid a snare for the hopeless and the innocent. She's not O'Hara's slayer!"

Gayle tried to stop him, touched his shoulder warningly. The woman was busy over the stove, the red glow of the fire shining upon the pale perfect oval of her face. She did not look up. No wonder O'Hara had lost his head, thought Gayle; she was a lovely creature, and surely she did not look the part of a murderess!

He leaned toward his comrade and whispered. "If she's innocent, O'Hara who is guilty? You checked up on young Creuse and found he was in Churchill the day of the killing."

O'Hara seemed to brush the haze of fever from his eyes, he was straining every nerve to be calm. "I may have been wrong in that. I've been a fool all through! I want time to check up on Creuse stay right here. She's making broth

for you now, isn't she?" He glanced through the open door into the outer room, where Laure had busied herself. "It'll be all right. The chief thinks a lot of you. Let it go at that until you're better."

"O'Hara uttered cryptic and incoherent things below his breath. "You think I'm out of my head Gayle, I can see that. I'm not! I'm that devilish thing, a manhunter. I had no mercy — you know the game? We all play it, proud of our score, proud because we've run down some poor wretch and sent him to his death! I went to work and wove a web, I caught her in it. I've writen it all down for the inspector. Of course he believed it, as I've done good work before, but it's all a lie, a damnable bunch of lies. I swear she's innocent. I'd stake my immortal soul on it!"

Gayle looked at the raving man with something like an ironic smile upon his lips. O'Hara caught the look and gasped. "You don't believe me?" Gayle smiled, this time broadly. "She's mighty pretty, O'Hara!"

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the inspector — to beg for time! I believe it must have been Creuse, he had the motive, he'd made threats, he may have shot his sister in sheer rage because she had been here to nurse Gharlan. If I have time enough—"

CHAPTER XI

Gayle interjected good naturedly. "The chief will give you all the time you want, but you'll have to wipe out your own work, old chap. He was mighty taken with your report. Thinks it a fine bit of work. Besides, he got Johnson to admit he saw this woman in full flight that day. The chief thinks Johnson shot up his own arm rather than run down a woman. You remember Johnson made a mistake about that woman at Fort Smith, and ever since then he—"

O'Hara broke in harshly. "I tell you it's all a lie, a damnable lie! She's innocent. If you attempt to arrest her, I — by God, I'll shoot you!"

Gayle looked at him with consuming pity. "His head's bad," he thought. "and this woman's been kind and patient. She looks it." But aloud, "It's all right, O'Hara I'm not going to butt in on your case, but stay here until you can go. That'll keep this lady under surveillance, you see, without hurting her feelings. My orders were to bring her in, but the chief'll understand that your injury caused delay, and you're still on the job. That lets me out easy see?"

(To Be Continued)

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