

"My Nerves Are Upset"

For Loss of Appetite
Nervousness
Exhaustion
Retarded Convalescence
Anemia
Malnutrition
Bronchial Troubles

How often you hear people say that! The cause may be indigestion, worry, overwork, strain, or late hours.
 There may be nothing organically wrong with such cases, yet nervous ailments are always stubborn and frequently perplexing.
 If you suffer from "nerves" and are dejected, irritable and "jumpy", take Fellows' Syrup. In a short time it will rebuild your nervous system and dispel your dreary outlook on life. You may thus be spared a long siege of illness.
CAUTION—Ask for it by name and be sure of getting the genuine.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

"Oh, Mr. Pot, perhaps you can tell me—what does it cost, to divorce one husband and marry another?"
 "I'm sorry—I don't know the present rate of exchange."

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1929 Chevrolet Sedan. All condition. No reasonable offer refused. Apply Phillips Sales System, 79 Queen.
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 Three Year Palmer Graduate
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Are used by 85% of the Screen Stars—and should be on every ladies' Dressing Table. Cleansing Cream, Hair and Lemon Powders, Rouge, Shipment, etc.
 MISS RYAN, Representative

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Beginning May 1st a three months course in piano, voice and theory is offered by the Charlottetown School of Music, 1, Roy Kendall, L.R.A.M., A.A.G.O., Director.
 1905-4-22-Wed-Fri-Mon-1 month

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SMILES



"I had a Cubist dinner, today."
 "What in the dickens is a Cubist dinner?"
 "Why, a square meal, of course."



She: I wouldn't marry the best man living.
 He: Well, you've got a big selection from those that are left.

SIGNS OF SPRING

The years that man goes plodding through
 Compel him soon to learn
 That ere the birds and blooms are due
 The grip germ takes his turn.
 And though the sky be dull and drear
 And chill the muttering breeze,
 The earliest sign of spring is here—
 The universal sneeze.



He: So you think girls should marry young?
 She: Yes indeed. If one doesn't marry young nowadays, she won't have time to marry more than three or four times before she's too old.



"Time is money, you know."
 "But I don't know anything of the kind. There's Dinks who has plenty of time on his hands and not a cent in his pockets."

for NEURITIS

One thing that helps it to wear a dink, pour in Minard's. Then rub the liniment gently in.
Pain eases off!

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED
 E. W. TAYLOR
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 Optometrists
 142 Richmond Street

SELWOOD of SLEEPY CAT

by **FRANK H. SPEARMAN**

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CHAPTER VI (Continued)

Sunday in Sleepy Cat was not the best day of the week; usually it was the worst; but Sunday morning early was fairly quiet, and on this Sunday Christie, in trouble, was abroad early. The sun was scarce an hour high when she hastened up-street from the tent camp toward Doctor Carpy's hotel, Slender in figure, light of foot, alert, almost swift in action, Christie looked neither to the right nor the left, and the few men stirring at that hour caught none of her glances.

The front door of the hotel was open. She entered the narrow hall with the caution of the inexperienced and looked through another open door into the office, which was empty. Christie when she walked in and halted in perplexity at the desk—which consisted only of a shabby piece of old counter and a half-empty cigar-case containing with a few cigars an abundance of old bills rendered the proprietor for merchandise had and delivered.

But on the counter stood the dinner-bell and Christie, after some looking about and some hesitation, seized and rang it.

Started at the noise it made, Christie set it down in trepidation and waited for results. For a moment there were none; then men, some in coats and some coatless, some bearded and some unshaven, but all very much face-washed and with hair very wet and plastered, began appearing from nowhere, or, rather, from everywhere—at the doors and through the windows—Christie saw them coming, some slowly, some eagerly, but all with great accord, toward the entrance to the dining-room across the hall. The doors were closed, but one adventurer, more bold than his fellows, pushed open the door, walked in, and the rest trooped heavily in after him.

Christie heard a woman's voice one not pitched in an amiable key: "Ready? No! It's not ready and won't be ready for half an hour yet. Who rang that bell?"

Christie felt like dropping through the floor. Very positive steps were coming rapidly her way. The next moment she was faced by a stern-looking woman.

"Did you ring the bell?"
 Christie felt it would be useless to deny. "I didn't know it was the dinner-bell," she explained. "I want Doctor Carpy."
 "What for?"
 "For my father."

"Well, he's not here. There was a fight this morning down in the River quarter. A man got shot. He's down there. What's the matter with your father?"

Each question was chopped off with a metal ax, and the question flung with about as much consideration as a bullet.

"My father," retorted Christie resentfully, imitating and beginning to feel the harshness of her questioner, "needs a doctor. He was robbed last night and beaten!" She spoke her words with due feeling; but if she expected to make any impression with the news, or to arouse sympathy for her anxiety, she was disappointed—stories of Christie's sort meant little to Margaret Hyde; she had become too injured to the violence of a frontier town.

If you want the doctor you'd better wait here till he comes back," she snapped. As she spoke the two women heard a heavy step on the porch, and the next moment Doctor Carpy walked in.

He threw down his bag and threw off his hat with the air of a tired man. Then sitting down as his housekeeper left the room, he heard Christie's story. Her father had been called out of the tent late the night before, set on by two men, robbed of all his money, brutally beaten about the head—and she had not dared leave the tent to hunt up the doctor till after daylight.

Without discussion, Carpy told her to wait one minute till he could get a cup of coffee and he would go with her.

But the cook had overslept, the coffee was not ready, Carpy muttered somewhat and sputtered, rummaged about for some bandages, and

was ready to go with Christie. Selwood kept a room at "Carpy's Hotel," as it was locally known, and usually slept there, but his hours were irregular and he did not often appear in the dining-room before noon. This Sunday morning he was up early and walked down to the River quarter on his way to Tracy's tent. Near the bridge he saw Christie coming up from the tents with Doctor Carpy, and preferred to do so, without comment, for he was in no mood, being jealous and resentful, to make any appeal for Christie's favor; according, he tried to pass on.

Carpy, however, held him. "John" he began, without preface or apology and catching the lapel of Selwood's coat to make sure of his victim, "I said to you only the other day, 'If there's any human scum in the whole blamed United States that hasn't landed in Sleepy Cat, it must be because they ain't never heard of it yet!'"

Beyond touching his hat, and that almost without looking at her, Selwood did not acknowledge Christie's presence. He held his eyes strictly on Carpy, and received the doctor's outburst without visible emotion. "Why don't you say something, you big galoot?" demanded the doctor, fused, to tell the truth, by the presence of the slip of a young woman at his side—so young, indeed, that she should be called a girl rather than a woman.

"What do you want me to say?" asked Selwood, without a smile. "You always ask me that when you get mad—and you're mad most of the time. What's bothering you?"
 "John, here's this nice little girl"—he looked toward her and knit his brows in perplexity—"dash it!" he continued apologetically, "I never can remember your name—"

The doctor had taken off his hat and was scratching his ear when he appealed to his companion for help.

"Christie Fyler," interposed Christie. Just the sound of her voice pulled Selwood's eyes to her eyes. And he saw she had been crying.

"You know this big hulk, don't you, Christie?" asked the doctor with genial informality. "If you don't," he continued, "meet Gentleman John."

Selwood was impatient. "Don't be a fool, Doctor," he protested, pleased neither at the mention of his Sleepy Cat nickname nor at the situation before him.

"Well, it is 'Gentleman John!' You can't get rid of it," persisted the doctor. "You just tipped up your hat to her, didn't you? Nobody else within a hundred and fifty miles of Sleepy Cat would do that, would they?"

(To be Continued)



HELPS SICK WOMEN TO GET WELL
 Why not INVESTIGATE?

Many young women suffer frequently from severe attacks of bilious Dyspepsia. The face takes on a sickly pallor, and a bitter taste is noticeable in the mouth. At times the bowels are very constipated. The simplest remedy is Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which act upon the stomach, bowels and liver. They cleanse and tone the system, establish regularity, and restore sufferers to sound, robust health. They put new life into disordered stomachs, aid digestion, purify the blood, stop headaches, make you feel lively and full of "pep." All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills in 25c boxes.

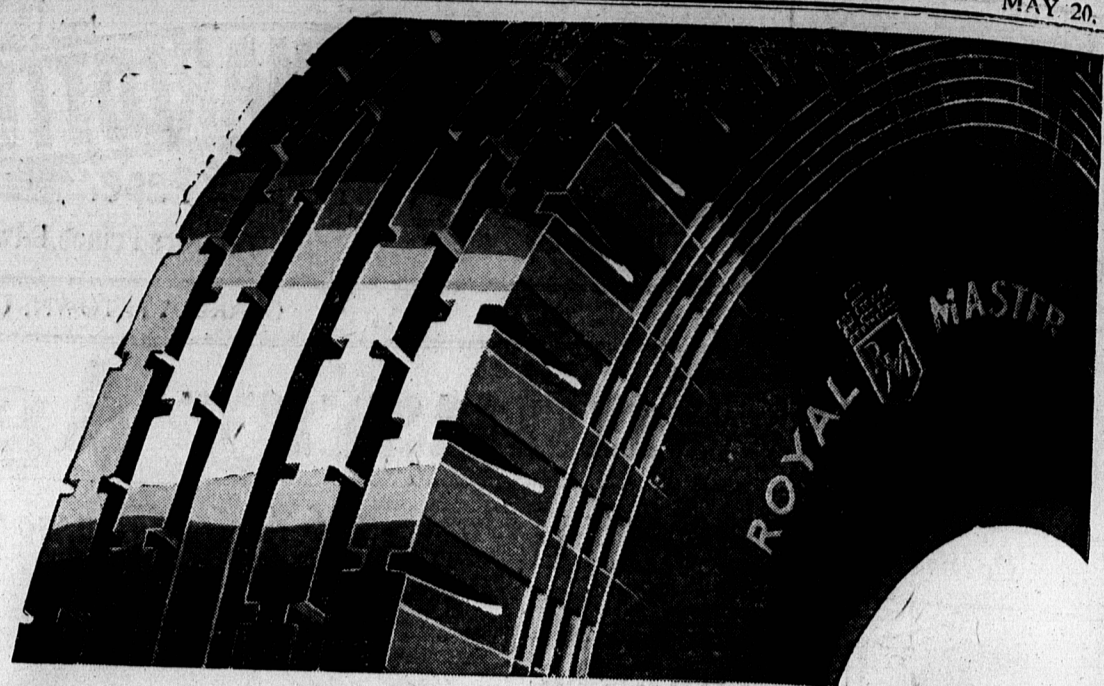
POTATOES

If you have any potatoes to market I can handle them for you to advantage on a commission basis. Would make a liberal advance against B-I and documents on arrival of cars.
 As my clients are scattered all over Ontario, bill all cars to TORONTO for inspection and diversion. . . .

H. W. DAWSON
 Brampton Ontario
 May 20.11

FOR SALE

Just arrived 2 carloads of Ontario Horses for Sale at McNeill's Stables, Burnin & Bells Wharf.
 4704-5-19-31.



Canada's Finest Tire . . . the Royal Master!

THE ROYAL MASTER is Canada's finest tire . . . it is without equal . . . because it is built with utter disregard of cost to serve with entire freedom from trouble for as long as you drive your car.

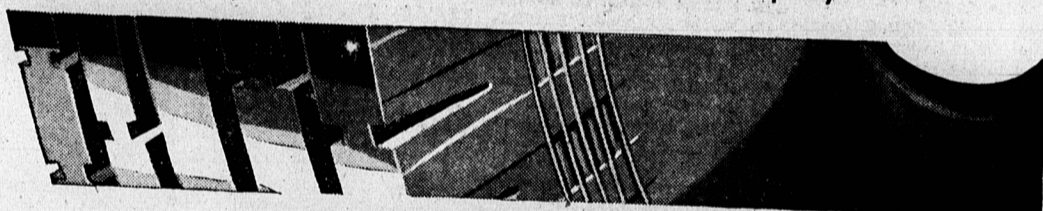
Look at the husky, deep-notched tread and you will know why the Royal Master grips the road with safe, sure traction. Look at the sturdy, buttressed sidewalls and you will know why it has the "flex" to endure severe road shocks.

But what you can't see is the sturdy carcass built of ply upon ply of Dominion Web Cord and virgin rubber.

Besides, the Dominion Royal Master, with its massive tread design in permanent jet black, and the smart Crest in royal purple, strikes a new note of tire beauty that adds to the appearance of the most aristocratic cars.

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Seal of Strength

STRENGTH STRENGTH STRENGTH

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND IN THE SURROGATE COURT

21 George V., A. D., 1931

In Re Estate of Helen Davies late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province deceased intestate.
 By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate &c., &c.,
 To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of William H. Davies of Charlottetown in Queen's County, Administrator of the personal estate and effects of the said Helen Davies, deceased, intestate, praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Surrogate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Monday the first day of June next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to shew cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not

be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of James B. Johnston, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown, once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the City Weigh Scales and at or near

the Bank of Nova Scotia both in Charlottetown aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.
 GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the said Court, this twenty-eighth day of April, A. D., 1931, and in the twenty-first year of His Majesty's reign.
 (Sgd.) H. L. PALMER,
 Judge of Probate.
 4277-4-29-weds-41.

CASH AT ELDON

On June 1st, 1931 we, the undersigned, will start a strictly cash business at our store in Eldon. We wish this opportunity to thank our customers for their support during the past year and ask for a continuing share of their business.
ROSS BROTHERS
 4732-5-20-21

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NOTICE
Montague Bridge Closed
 Montague Bridge will be closed to traffic between the hours of 8 a. m. and 5.30 p. m. daily until further notice.
 By order
 DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS AND HIGHWAYS
 Charlottetown, May 18th, 1931
 4708-5-18-31