



NEW VALUES in RAINBOW CHIFFON STOCKINGS 75c

These lovely sheer chiffon stockings represent unusual values at this low price

AND THEY LAUNDER BEAUTIFULLY. Prowse Bros. Ltd. -Hosiery Dept.

Fardy Bus Service & Taxi Service CHARLOTTETOWN to FORTUNE

TIME TABLE

Table with columns for departure/arrival times and locations (Charlottetown, Fortune, etc.)

Headquarters in Charlottetown-NOBANA TEA ROOMS. Headquarters in Souris-LENOX HOTEL.

BLUE BUS LINE

Blue Bus will resume operations May 20th. Same schedule and fares daily except Sunday.

L-7544-5-15-1f.

FARMERS TAKE NOTICE

Farmers who are unable to purchase their supply of TIMOTHY and CLOVER SEED for cash, call and see us. We are in a position to make arrangements whereby you will be able to get your supplies from us on time.

CARTER & CO., LIMITED

Seedsmen Charlottetown

EYESIGHT EXAMINATION

Fitting and supplying Glasses, etc.

H. J. MABON

OPTOMETRIST Office Connected With Druggists

RESTING TIRED EYES

Strained eyes get only temporary relief from resting. They need more than rest. They need the permanent help of corrective lenses, and THEY can be obtained in but one way—by submitting to a thorough examination of the eyes. Do not unnecessarily defer this service.

G. F. HUTCHESON OPTOMETRIST

Professional Cards

McLEOD & BENTLEY W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. J. A. BENTLEY, K. C. Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law MONEY TO LOAN Office: 139 Richmond Street.

Prohibition Commission Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown. Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peter's. John Simpson, Hamilton.

NORMAN W. LOWTHER Barrister & Attorney at Law 85 Grand George Street Charlottetown, P. E. I. MONEY TO LOAN

Alex. W. Matheson BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Money to Loan Collections

Central Guardian

This column is reserved for news of local interest but advertising of a new business may be inserted at a cost a word strictly payable in advance.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE L-6798-7-12-312. ADDRESS on Red Cross from Montreal on Monday at 10.00 P. M. L-7303-5-20-11.

THE CULLINAN DIAMOND—a most interesting window is now on display at G. H. Taylor's Jewellery store on Sunnyside. It is an exact reproduction of the famous Premier Diamond Mine in Kimberley, South Africa. It looks surprisingly real with a view of the city on the top elevation and the mine's settlement further down. A section of the largest hole in the world with moving cars loaded with the diamond bearing ore is also shown. The Cullinan diamond weighing 3024 3/4 carats in its rough state and valued at \$2,000,000 was presented to King Edward VII in 1907 and later cut into nine large stones and a number of small brilliants. On display are models of the original and the nine large stones weighing respectively 516 1/2, 303 3/16, 82, 99, 18, 11, 9, 6, and 4 carats.



Open Every Evening Courteous and efficient staff to serve you. PERCY GULLISON Hair Stylist and Proprietor. Will be in charge every evening. Phone, 1329 L7302-5-20-31.

Meeting Of Potato Growers At St. Peters

A largely attended meeting of farmers was held in the Court House, St. Peter's, Wednesday evening, May 16th, for the purpose of considering the depressed condition at present affecting production and marketing in the potato industry.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Charles Crockett of Windsor, Ont., who was called home to the bedside of her mother, Mrs. J. H. Reeves, Freetown, is a visitor in the city, the guest of Mrs. Wm. Crockett, Fitzroy St.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. D. F. MCCARTHY The Angel of Death visited the home of Dugald P. McCarthy, English, May 11th, and claimed for his own his loving wife Eunice, at the age of 68 years.

Deceased had been ill about three months following a paralytic stroke with which she was stricken early in the winter.

She was the mother of thirteen children, three of whom pre-deceased her, Mabel, Clifford and Emily, and eight of whom had the consolation of being with her in her illness. Two daughters, Mrs. Clara Kelly, Providence, R. I., and Rev. S. S. Francis, of the Passion arrived home to spend some time at her bedside before she died.

Mrs. McCarthy was the daughter of the late Edward O'Connor, Sarah MacDonald of Tignish. Eight years of her childhood were spent in Tignish. She was educated at a teacher's certificate in Prince of Wales College and followed up the teaching profession for many years after her marriage. For about two years she was a stenographer at J. H. Myrick's store in Alberton.

Deceased was a devout member of the Catholic Church and during her illness often visited by her pastor, Rev. J. A. MacDonald and his assistant, Rev. Douglas McNeill.

Modest and retiring in disposition, she was a kind and thoughtful neighbor and will be sadly missed by all who knew her.

She leaves to mourn the loss of a loving wife and mother a sorrowing husband, four sons and six daughters, namely: Mrs. Chas. Kelly, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Francis, New York City; Mrs. Daniel Hurley, Gravelbourg, Sask.; Victor, of Ponteix, Sask.; Mrs. Pat Callaghan, Ebbsfleet, P. E. I.; and Florence, Cecil, Vernon, Adele and Helen at home.

The funeral service took place on Monday at 9 o'clock from her late residence to St. S. Simon and Jude Church, Rev. Fr. McNeill officiating.

Full bearers were: Messrs. Henry Hogan, John Dorgan, Charles Gavin, Wm. Handrahan, John Christopher and Frank Ready. Requiescat in pace.

Egg Laying Contest

Weekly report of the Prince Edward Island Egg Laying Contest for the week ending May 15, 1935. Orpington's Name, Points: 1. Exp. St. N. Ch'town 1067.1 2. Mrs. Roland Easter, New Wiltshire 1063.2 3. Mrs. J. H. Mc'Hall, New Haven 1122.5 4. S. R. Pendleton, Kesington 898.7 5. Mrs. J. D. McParlane, DeSable 960.6 6. Wm. R. Brown, Wood Island 1187.1 7. Exp. St. N. Ch'town 1001.5

ECZEMA

Why try to remove eczema by external applications? Go straight to the root of the trouble—purify the blood stream by taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The herbal ingredients of this well known Blood Purifier will help Nature refresh your system and eliminate skin troubles. You'll feel better too! Highly recommended for 57 years.

WAR ACTIVITIES GEARED TO HIGH PITCH

Italy And Ethiopia Prepared For Conflict In East Africa.

(By Joan Allary Special Correspondent of Havas Agency)

ROME, May 17—Whether or not war should break out between Italy and Ethiopia, the two countries today are strategically ready and prepared for a conflict, the Havas Agency learned after an exhaustive study of the situation in Rome, in the East African colonies and at Addis Ababa. But owing to climatic reasons a campaign could not start until September.

In Ethiopia, seven provinces are mobilized, those of Harrar, Ogadets, Arussi, Bale, Sidamo, Borana and Tigre. The most modern guns, airplanes, gas projectors, and machine gun equipment have been accumulated by the Emperor Haile Selassie. The Emperor has personally visited these provinces on a tour of inspection.

In Ethiopia public prayers are being offered up for war.

In Italy, 900,000 men are under arms, comprising the classes of 1911, 1913, 1914, and three divisions of the regular army are on a war footing, along with two divisions of the Fascist militia. The transport of troops for the East has continued regularly since Feb. 11. The entire fleet is being used as transports. The 24,000-ton liner Conte Biancamano, the 12,000-ton Vulcania, the Gange, the Colombo and 20 others are in continuous transport service.

Regiments Replaced

As quickly as regiments leave for the East, new regiments are organized in Italy.

Relations between the two countries are determined by the following factors:

- 1. Italy signed in 1906 an agreement with Great Britain and France regarding Ethiopia. 2. Italy signed in 1928 a treaty of amity with Ethiopia. 3. Italy obtained from France Jan. 7, 1935, participation in the railroad to Djibouti, (a port in French Somaliland). 4. Italy and Ethiopia are both members of the League of Nations. Under the terms of the 1906 agreement, Italy, Great Britain and France agree to undertake no enterprise in Ethiopia without first consulting each other.

A campaign in Ethiopia must be assured especially of the assent of Great Britain. Britain might make no objection provided her zones of influence toward the sources of the Nile are respected, but she can invoke the 1906 agreement should she desire to protest Italian measures.

Italian Attitude

The Italian attitude on this question is that from the moment her colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland are menaced, she can resort to full liberty of action. The Italian Ethiopian treaty provides, however, for a commission of conciliation and arbitration to settle disputes. The commission can regulate the incident at Ualul, but Italy contends the commission is not justified to make a complete adjustment of boundary difficulties.

COPPER PINK TABLE

Those yellowish pinkish tones make a delightful table setting. Perhaps you have a cloth with pale-oxid copper-color in it; or some of that pink glassware that is called "Vimingo" color; and by other names. If so, you'll find Talsman, Sunset or Opelia rosin and pale yellow or green pale pink and pale yellow roses, two distinct kinds—it may surprise you how beautiful they are together. Then there is the snapdragon that combines a coppery pink and yellow—it's lovely, too.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

FOR THE STOMACH, BLOOD AND SKIN



"THE SMOOTHEST SMOKE"

The Ghost at Holland Cove

(By F. FitzGerald, Charlottetown)

Probably in no more beautiful or romantic spot than Holland Cove. Situated three miles from Charlottetown, it overlooks the Harbour entrance, the waves of the sea, and in the distance of serene wall of Moaning Molly, the gas buoy, three miles out. This wall mingled with my dreams, and when full consciousness returned, I was greeted with the raucous voice of a crow, perched on the top of a tall spruce, just at my tent door. Five o'clock. I threw a shoe, and if I were lucky, the crow disappeared. If I weren't he stayed and persisted in telling me that it was too fine a morning to lie in bed, and finally I had to believe him.

Oh! what a morning sun shining on the water, where the moon had just been a moment ago, it seems, the air so sweet with balsam odors, the deery pine needles under your feet! How ridiculous of people to be asleep on a morning like this! Your contempt for them knows no bounds, and as you go (with the self righteous feeling of one who has been wakened early, and can't sleep again) to rouse the rest of the camp, the crow shouts "caw" as he disappears in the woods. Year by year, more and more people chose Holland Cove for their summer homes until all the land on the West and North sides of the Cove, was bought up by a Charlottetown citizen and an up to date summer colony was established. This colony is called "Holland Cove Summer Resorts" and tourists come from all parts of Canada every year, to spend the summer there.

I started to tell you a little story, but I have digressed sadly. One year, after the summer visitors had all left, a party of friends decided to go over to one of the original camps, for a week end. These friends had become very much interested in the ghost story and wanted to be there for the anniversary, and so it was decided. Saturday afternoon found a carload of us on the Ferry, bound for the Cove, and twelve o'clock Saturday night, was the time the ghost was scheduled to make herself manifest.

It was a windy dreary afternoon and promised to be an ideally spooky night. We arrived about five o'clock opened up the Bungalow and started a huge fire in the fireplace. It was cold—the wind was blowing a gale, and the water looked red and angry. Certainly it was most cheerful after that fire got started, and soon the aroma of bacon and coffee, made us all as hungry and happy as hunters—is there anything quite so good as bacon and eggs, coffee and toast when the wind is howling outside, and the fire is blazing inside. I don't believe there is. Supper over, we washed up, then sat around the fire, discussing the Ghost.

Bill and Jim "pooch-pooched" the idea, they weren't "going down on the shore at 12 o'clock on a night like this, for any darn fool ghost" but Mrs. Brown and Peggie were still keen on it, so letting the matter rest for the time, we got the card table, and started a game of bridge.

Mrs. Brown didn't want to play, just wanted to sit beside the fire and enjoy herself. Nine o'clock, Mrs. Brown half dozing came to life "what time did you say the ghost is abroad Anne?" "Twelve o'clock," I said "we've three whole hours yet—would you like a hand?" "No thanks dear, I love this, it's so cozy here by the fire." "Are you going down to hear the ghost Mrs. Brown, asked Peggie. "Why of course I wouldn't miss it for anything."

The game went on—the fire crackled—the wind whined, ten

H. & N's Bright Cut SMOKING TOBACCO

making new friends every day because of its mildness and its slow burning sweetness. It is manufactured by the makers of Black Twist Chewing.

Hickey & Nicholson's Charlottetown

"Say" (from Jim) "do you girls, really intend to be such idiots as to go down there by yourselves." "Certainly we are—if you refuse to come with us—we shall have to Peggie replied—you're coming too Mrs. Brown?" "I was just wondering, if perhaps I might take cold, the night air, you know?" "Well it's not time yet, lets play another rubber" said Bill, who played on. Eleven o'clock—half past.

"Peggie threw down her cards—"I can't play bridge with a ghost snooping around, listen to that wind! Are we going Anne?" "Why surely, I said—come on Mrs. Brown you'll need a coat." Mrs. Brown looked up. "Do you know dear—I don't believe I'll go—you and Peggie go—you can tell me all about it."

"This was all more or less jokes to me—we had often done it before and had tried to work our feelings up to a really ghostly pitch. "Come on then Pegs—Let's go!" we slipped into our coats—"You boys are going to be quitters, are you?" said Peggie—"You're pretending you can't be bothered—you're really frightened!"

"All right—we're frightened," I just bet you each a box of chocolates, you don't walk to the bottom of the hill" said Jim.

"Mrs. Brown—you're witness to that I said, and we were outside. As I remarked before, it was all a joke to me, but when I got outside that cottage, it wasn't quite a funny. The wind thro' the trees was the most dreary thing I have ever heard. Big black, ragged clouds were racing across the moon, and except when, at intervals, the moon shone clear, it was pitch dark. We started toward the slope of the hill, leading down to the shore. A narrow path led along the bank down to a steep incline—the cliff on one side, the thick woods on the other. As we reached the path Peggie said "Let's not do it Anne, it's horribly dark, and it's really boys have the job on us—we'll never hear the end of it."

"Really Anne, I'm half frightened—we've been talking so much about it I feel queer." "All right" I said, you go back but I'm going down. I want those chocolates. Tell the boys I'll bring back a handful of wet shore sand so they'll know I've been down."

As she went back toward the cottage, I turned to watch her, and got the shock of my life. The moon came out from behind a cloud at the moment, and round the corner of the house, a luminous figure flitted—it hesitated a moment—then seemed to float towards the woods, and disappeared. My first impulse was to run back after Peggie, and I took a few steps in that direction, then stopped those boys! They'd never forget it—and neither would I. There was nothing for it, but to go on. Suppose there was something in this crazy story after all! There couldn't be though—the idea was idiotic. If only it wasn't so dark! There the moon was at again and I could see the path—I started down, walking quickly now—I would get that handful of sand after all—A loud crashing in the woods near me, brought me to a standstill again, frozen with fear. That was it! Oh, probably a dead tree blown down I must go on—only a few steps more—I could see the beach ahead now—I'd make it after all! Suddenly from the woods at the side of the path came an ear-splitting shriek, followed by a wall that froze me to the spot. I half turned, as a shape detached itself from the bushes and dashed toward me—something enveloped me—I was smothering, and I know no more.

I could hear voices, but they seemed a long way off. I strained my ears to catch what they were saying, and at last recognized Mrs. Brown's voice—"you ought to be ashamed of yourselves—you might have frightened her to death."

—BY GEORGE MCMANUE

BRINGING UP FATHER

