

FEED THE BIRDS CONTEST

The Guardian offers prizes of \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.00 to each of the three Counties to children Feeding, Counting, and Writing the Best Story about the Birds visiting their farms.

This contest closes March 31.

For further particulars read regularly "Agriculture's" Notes in The Guardian.

IN BANKRUPTCY

In the matter of the Bankruptcy of James V. McDonald, Authorized Assignor.

Scaled Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon Wednesday the 25th day of February A. D. 1931, for all or any of the following parcels which comprise all the assets of the Bankrupt:

Parcel No. 1—Lot with House and Store at Borden, Being Lot 15 as shown on plan of the Town of Borden.

Parcel No. 2—Being Lot 14 in plan of said Town, together with a Garage situated thereon.

Parcel No. 3—Being Lot 13 in plan of said Town. The above mentioned three parcels are subject to a Mortgage of \$2500. and interest.

Parcel No. 4—Total Stock of Merchandise and Fixtures, subject to lien of \$50.00 on Datons Scales and Cheese Cutter, and \$134.92 on Safe.

Parcel No. 5—1929 Four Door Chevrolet Sedan.

Parcel No. 6—All the Accounts and Bills receivable of the Bankrupt together with any securities therefor.

Tenders may be made for the whole or any number of the parcels. The highest or any tenders not necessarily accepted. Particulars of all parcels may be seen at my Office, Summerside, or at Carter & Co., in Charlottetown. Inspection of Stock may be made at Borden, on Friday the 20th day of February, between the hours of nine-thirty and four o'clock.

Dated this 21st day of February A. D. 1931.

F. J. E. WRIGHT, Trustee.

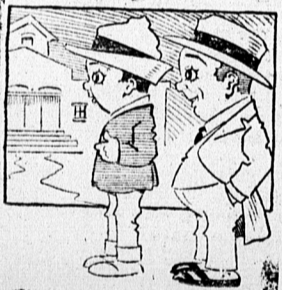
1931-2-17-Tue-Wed-Sat-31

SMILES

GABBIE GERTIE



"When a man asks a girl out to eat he shouldn't offer her his arm—it looks cannibalistic."



"Yes, but your city hall?" "Yes, but since so many grafters have been found there it is spelled in a new way, the second word being 'h-a-u-l'."



The Foreigner: You aw-don't recognize titles of nobility in this country? The Rich American: Oh, yes, we do. The women folks can quote their market value offhand and call 'em by their first names."

A TOAST

Then here's to him who never Attempts a stunt that most His hearers think is clever— A stale and ancient toast.



Soldier: Yes, I have participated in nineteen engagements. Widow: Indeed! And you are still a bachelor?

"CLEAN"

Shining in the hallway responsive to Max Horn of 104...

THOUGHTS OF A LOVER

O come, sweet Cupid, to my lonely heart! And drive away the cares which fret my brow. Why fate decreed that we should ever part— Is the great question that confounds me now.

Oh, tender love, come woo me as of yore. Forget the follies of a wayward youth: Pray let thy lovely lips press mine once more— Those tender lips which always spoke the truth.

Give me thine heart, and eyes so full of love, Those eyes which spoke the language lovers know; Who's blue is deeper than the skies above And loveliness as the dying sunset's glow.

O come, sweet Cupid, to my waiting arms, Empty is life, without thy soothing kiss— For thou art fair, and beauty hath its charms To fill my soul, with love's immortal bliss.

F. H. MacARTHUR

MAPLEWOOD SCHOOL

Honor Roll of Maplewood School for the month of January.

Grade X.—1, Margaret McManus. Grade IX.—1, Leo Flood; 2, Russell Smith.

Grade VIII.—1, Ethel Duffy. Grade VII.—1, John Nantes and James McManus, equal; 2, Russell Nantes.

Grade VI.—1, Reta Nantes and Reta McManus, equal; 2, Josephine McManus; 3, Mary Creamer.

Grade IV.—1, Beatrice McManus. Grade II.—1, Linus McManus.

Perfect attendance—Leo Flood, Patrick Flood, Margaret McManus, John Nantes.—Teresa Mulligan, teacher.

son Avenue, Windsor, late Thursday night. Horn reported to the police today that \$200 was stolen from his trouser pockets while he was in the tub. "I did not hear a thing" Horn said to the police. "The tap was running and I was singing." The trousers, with the pockets turned out, were found hanging on the back fence.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Public notice is hereby given that William Landrihan, has applied to the City Council of the City of Charlottetown for exemption for five years commencing 1931 from Civic taxation on all the assets of such applicant pertaining to the new industry at the Line of such application intended to be brought into the City and not then in existence. The particular nature of the industry referred to is the factory cleaning and processing of wool, and manufacture of yarns, woven goods and wool products.

Charlottetown February 15th, 1931. WILLIAM LANDRIHAN, Applicant.

The Old Order Changes

By DAVID LYALL

(Continued)

Manning put his arm round her and she lifted up her face to be kissed.

"Darling, do not get the mugs-wumps. We're getting our chance. The gods have decreed it, and if we can't show the world what we're made of—our own little world first, then the bigger one you are going to count in so tremendously—why, then, we don't deserve the glory that we have won."

Her voice broke on the last words, for she was a very strict hoarder of her happiness, almost fearing to touch or speak of it lest something should go out of it. It was the word Manning needed, and his young shoulders were set, his face brave and untroubled as we went through the door of the wall to her father's presence. He was well aware he had left the more difficult task to Mary; only Mary knew just how difficult it might be.

Harriet had mellowed of late, mellowed and become a monument of graciousness, winning golden opinions even from people who had had no use for her before. There are people who expand and become beautiful without and within when the sun of prosperity warms them out of cold hostility which so often companions the failures.

Basingfold had never had a more beloved and trusted Mayor nor a more popular Mayoress. She was tireless in her efforts, fulfilling cheerfully and with conspicuous ability even the smallest of the multifarious duties thrust on her. She had never been happier nor more fully occupied in her life.

At eleven on a Saturday morning she had no engagement and was enjoying a little leisure in the dining room, going over part of the correspondence which flows in on mayors and mayoresses, consisting largely in appeals for help and co-operation in every kind of cause, popular and the reverse.

Bee acted as unofficial private secretary occasionally, but had been sent into the town for the usual Saturday shopping. Mrs. Freeland was far too good a house-keeper to order goods by telephone, and the Basingfold shop-keepers had been known to quail before the majesty of her eye. No inferior goods could be palmed off on her. The fish-monger said of her once that she kept a register of the day and the hour when every fish that came into Basingfold market was caught.

She was looking particularly bright and efficient when Mary interrupted her, and received a warm welcome. "You are an early bird, my dear, and what a colour! You really have improved marvellously since your marriage! I used to think Bee the beauty of the family. But now—"

"The ugly duckling has become a swan, mother. Glad to meet with your august approval."

She tossed off her hat, pulled her forelock in mock respect and laid her gloves on the table.

"Did you motor or cycle in?" "Oh, cycle; our motoring days are over," answered Mary on the spur of the moment, but her mother did not catch at the words. Mary so often said outrageous, irresponsible things; she has always done. More than once Mrs. Freeland had openly compassionated the school children of Mardocks being prepared, Heaven knew how, for that state to which God had called them.

"Are you alone, or is Geoffrey with you?" "Geoffrey's gone to father. Bee not in, mother?" asked Mary, and sat down, conscious of a sudden little tremor within. The beauty and the glory of the thing that had happened, the wideness of the vista stretching out in front was about to be dashed and restricted. She felt it in her bones.

"How are they getting on with the house? Surely they must get finished soon."

"I doubt if it will be finished now, mother," said Mary very quietly, folding her hands above the green plush table cover and looking very straightly at her mother. "Henry Manning has come back!"

Mrs. Freeland did not grasp the real import of the words, and merely asked in a puzzled voice: "Henry Manning has come back; but who is Henry Manning?"

"Mrs. Manning's son—the Squire, you know. He wasn't killed. He was a prisoner somewhere in Russia, and afterwards escaped, to Persia. Oh, I can't tell you the story; it's an awful one. He suffered so much that he forgot who he was and had been wandering like the lost tribes. But he's all right now. He arrived at full in some sort of a tramp steamer yesterday, and came to breakfast last night."

"What a wonderful face was a study. It was entirely characteristic of

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her that, it was of her own child she thought and of the tremendous change this return must make in her position and outlook. She had been very proud when occasion arose to allude both in public and private to my daughter, Mrs. Geoffrey Manning, of Mardocks Hall.

"How extraordinary! How truly awful! Of course I'm glad, for his poor mother's sake."

"You should be, mother. It has transformed her. She has become human, lovely beyond imagining. She has even forgiven me!"

"Very kind of her, I'm sure—and easy," said Harriet in rather a cutting voice, "for of course, it's the end of you."

"The end!" Mary laughed, ruffling her hair with her two hands, a little gesture she had inherited from her father. "No, the beginning, the really true beginning. My man will see to that!"

"It's all very well to talk like that. Sounds very noble, but after all grim facts have to be faced. Mary, Geoffrey has nothing, or at least, very little, apart from Mardocks, for he told me so himself. They must, no doubt will, take the extraordinary tragic circumstances into account, and make a handsome settlement of all claims."

"Claims! But he hasn't any claims, and we never really belonged together. I can't tell you how often we have said to one another that Mardocks wasn't our continuing city or abiding place. The mountains of difficulty we've had to overcome before we could get the smallest thing done drove that big fact home, making us feel more and more detached every day. And to-day we're free, thank God, free, with the whole world in front!"

"Stuff and nonsense! You've got to live and you've tasted luxury, Mary. The Mannings will certainly have to do something handsome for Geoffrey after bringing him all that distance home for what has turned out to be a bogus claim. Haven't they suggested it?"

"Oh, mother!" A little sob choked in Mary's voice. "They've got each other and there isn't anything else. Henry Manning minded me last night on nothing but a lost and terrified child, that had crept back to its mother's breast. He's got to be mothered, and comforted and made to forget. He doesn't want problems or claims thrust under his nose. Good Heavens, no; but we haven't any claims, I've married a man, mother, not a stuffed sawdust doll. He'll conquer fate if it were twice as odorous. I'm going up to father now. No, please, don't come; I'll send Geoffrey to you."

She was gone even as she spoke, bareheaded, with a stormy something at the back of her eyes which had so often lurked there in the days of stress, when her will and outlook had come into sharp conflict with her mother's. She found the two men in close converse, and though their faces were grave, they lightened at sight of her.

Freeland stretched out an understanding hand. "Come away, lass," he said kindly. She nodded, and dropped her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"Go to mother, Geoffrey, and talk—talk for all your worth! She'll maybe listen to you; she's through with me."

Geoffrey went, and Mary closed the door. Then, forgetful of the passage of the years, of all excepting the fact that here was sanctuary for womanhood, as it had been for childhood, she sat down on her father's knee, and, hiding her face, began to cry. Not noisily or stormily, but quietly, as a great deep might flow when the flood-gates were suddenly unlocked.

"Never mind, lass; there, there, we wifie! There might be waur things than losing a big house and a great estate."

These words dried Mary's tears quicker than anything could have done. "Oh, dad, I'm not crying about that," she asserted scornfully. "But just, well, because I felt like it, I suppose. Things had piled up. But we don't mind, not a scrap, about Henry Manning coming home; in fact, we're glad of it. Hasn't

Geoffrey convinced you of that by now?" "Oh, yes, he's all right, and not bothering his head—I must say he is taking what to most men would be a very keen disappointment very well. But all the same, it's to make a difference. You'll have a man with his way to make now, lass, instead of just walking beside him on a good made road that other folk have trodden flat and easy for your feet."

Mary flung up her head with a sudden joyance, rose to her feet, and stood steadily thereon.

"That's the thing! I'm more glad about it than anything, dad. The road was too well trodden at Mardocks, and it was going to give us grey hair to make anything different, even for the folk—I could see that it was not the work for a whole, strong, sound man like my Geoffrey; for when the houses were ready, and the folk in them, and the thing moving in a regular routine, what would have become of him? He's a pioneer, father, a builder, and we'll go somewhere where there's room and material to build—"

"He can come in here, Mary; I could make a place for him in the mill, I've told him that."

"I guess you'd do something of that sort, but I think it will not be that road we'll gang," she said with a little whimsical smile. "You're not going to worry about me, dad, nor let mother worry. We'll find a place, if not in the sun, at least on the open road, and before we're done we'll do something worth while. Just you wait and see!"

Freeland was quite willing to wait and see, and had very little doubt as to the ultimate destiny of these two gallant souls, equipped with faith in God and one another. He had already, in a vision, seen Mary's man on the floor of the House, advocating unpopular, if not lost, causes, pulling his whole weight against extravagance, irresponsibility, injustice and narrow vision. He did not know how it was going to be accomplished, but that was the vision before his eyes, and something told him it would be realized.

"What are you going to do in the meantime, stop on at Mardocks with the folk?" he asked, without having given voice to the wonderful imaginings which rose up to gild what to most men and women would have savoured of disaster.

"No; as soon as Geoffrey comes back from the house we're going over to Granny's to quarter ourselves as paying guests."

"Why Granny's? There's room and to spare near by—"

"Yes, but Granny will help, and Geoffrey loves her. You haven't seen them often together. It's the most beautiful thing in the world. We shall get our cue from Granny. She has commerce with high heaven, daddy, she never makes a mistake."

About half an hour later, from an upper window in the warehouse above the offices, Freeland watched them swinging along the path by the Basin towards the cottage on the brim of the Filder.

There was no lagging in their young footsteps, nor any hint of either sharp or lingering regret. His lips parted in a queer half-smile as he watched them. He loved them well, and envied them, for they were care-free and the whole of life was in front, beckoning them to the shining heights of endeavour, achievement, hopes that might reach the stars.

Untrammelled, they would compass these heights, and those who were left down in the little valleys would watch with prayer and pride their upward flight. When he remembered the call of routine, walked across to the house for mid-day meal, he found Harriet rather glum, not inclined for much talk.

"I suppose these extraordinary creatures have talked you over, Bob? Did you ever see the like of them? To hear and see them you would think they had come into a fortune instead of having lost one. What do you think of the situation? I've been arguing with Geoffrey that his cousin should settle a substantial income on them, but he just looked me straight in the face with those silly blue eyes of his, and asked why? I wanted rather badly to box his ears."

Freeland laughed. "He'll take money from no man, mother, and we'll have to leave them to die their weird."

"But you'll have to settle something on Mary, unless you want to see them starve, Bob. Oh, you and they together make me tired!"

"Mary kens where to come when she needs. They're not bairns, Harriet, but I'll be much mistaken if they ever need anything free either you or me."

"He's got, not one but a handful of bees in his bonnet—talks of going out to serve humanity, and stuff of that kind," cried Harriet, growing warmer.

"Ee'll do it, too. They're not needing either our advice or our pity, Harriet. They're the happiest man and wife. I've seen 'em, and the

"I declare you are every bit as THE END

Save The Birds

ATTRACTING BIRDS WITH FOOD AND WATER By Robert Owen Merriman Hamilton, Ontario

Wherever man has established himself, he has necessarily altered that delicate adjustment in the competition between different forms of life which we call "the balance of nature;" and in so doing he has often made trouble for himself. An example is the effect of cultivation on bird-life. By clearing the woods, ploughing the natural meadows, and draining the swamps, he has deprived many birds of their food and shelter; and thus he has lost to a great extent the help of the birds in his fight against insects and weeds.

The wanton destruction of birds has been stopped; but this alone is not enough. We must use artificial means of attracting birds to our farms, gardens, and parks; and give them active help as well as protection to compensate for the many ways in which we have turned the balance of nature against them. One aspect of this work is dealt with in the pamphlet "Bird Houses and Their Occupants" by P. A. Taverner (obtainable on request from the Canadian National Parks Branch, Department of the Interior, Ottawa), and another is the subject of these pages.

FEEDING STATIONS In the winter one sees the most direct results from feeding wild birds. At this season, an artificial food-supply will form the centre of activity for numbers of birds, which will do great work in devouring hibernating insects and their eggs, and in consuming weed-seeds, as well. When a sleet-storm sheaths all shrubbery and tree growth in ice, artificial supplies of food may save many birds from starvation, to continue their work through other seasons.

Winter feeding should begin before winter sets in. Stations should be established in sunny, sheltered positions early in the autumn; for some birds remain in a narrow area after winter descends, and they may not find the food, if it is not offered until after the snow has come. At first, small quantities of food may be placed here and there over a comparatively large area; and the outlying birds may be removed as the birds find their way to the main feeding station. Once established, food must always be available at the chosen spot; for it will attract a larger population of birds than would otherwise be supported in the locality, and this bird population would be scattered by even a brief interruption in the food supply.

Suet forms a good base for most winter food of birds; for it furnishes the heat-producing substances needed this time. It is taken readily by many species of both insect-eating and seed-eating birds. It is cheap and easily handled, and, at least from the point of view of the birds, it does not deteriorate with time. At the writer's feeding station, Downy Woodpeckers have been seen enjoying suet which had been exposed to the weather for eighteen months. The simplest way to feed suet is to tie lumps of it to the trunk or to the under side of the larger branches of trees. Many windings of cord should be used, each tied separately, so that the suet can not fall when partly eaten. The suet may be placed in a string bag of large mesh; or in small wire cages—a cheap sponge-holder does admirably; or again, a wire soap-dish may be tacked to a tree as a suet basket.

Wire suet-baskets made for bird feeding can be purchased from dealers. A word of caution seems necessary here; for a few cases are recorded in which birds have been severely injured by touching the frosty metal of a suet-basket with a tongue or eye. This danger is, perhaps, not great; but it is as well to use wire suet-baskets only where squirrels learn to cut the cords and steal all the suet intended for the birds. Where House Sparrows ("English" Sparrows), are very troublesome, the suet may be suspended at the end of about two

feet of cord, in such a way that it will swing freely in the wind. Only birds accustomed to feeding on swaying limbs of trees can successfully take food so placed, and the House Sparrow, in common with other ground-feeding birds, is excluded.

Other foods besides suet should be used. Pieces of meat and meaty bones may be offered, and they should be placed in the manner described for lumps of suet. One should remember that seeds must be provided to attract the eaters of weed-seeds. Mixed grains, such as are sold as "scratch feeds" for poultry, are good if sufficiently fine. Chaff, screenings, sweepings from barn floors and granaries, and other similar waste materials are useful at the feeding station. Long lists of foods might be prepared, and experiments will soon extend the following suggestion: Seeds of grasses, weeds, squash, melon, pumpkin, sunflowers, etc.; hemp, millet, buckwheat and other small or broken grains; rolled oats and other coarse cereals; dried bread and cake crumbs; finely-broken dog-biscuits, table-scraps including meat, fat, and vegetables; cheese crumbs, which growers are sometimes glad to give away; and nuts of many varieties. Results with cracked corn are often disappointing; but a cob of ripe

corn wed in a tree is highly acceptable to Blue Jays, and is a splendid attraction for Cardinals, which now seem to be extending their range in southwestern Ontario. A sheaf of wheat, tied straw upright to a tree-trunk near the ground but above the level of the snow, will prove a boon to Bobwhites and Pheasants in districts where these valuable game-birds are found. Observation will soon show what foods are appreciated by the guests at the feeding station, and the variety can be reduced or increased as seems necessary.

Food is not likely to be found by the birds if it is thrown into loose snow; and the feeding station should therefore be cleared or the snow packed hard with shovels or snow-shoes. The spot chosen for the feeding station should be near the trees in which suet is placed, and if possible it should be near evergreens and shrubbery; but it should be three or four yards away from any cover whence an enemy might spring on the feeding birds. Much of the value of a feeding place, for all kinds of birds, lies in the fact that they can find food there when storms make natural sources of supply unavailable. Care must be taken therefore after every storm, to replenish the supply of food.

(To Be Continued)

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