

"Life has suddenly become very pleasant, Toby"



For this little citizen a sombre world has suddenly brightened.

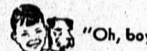
His mother has given him his first taste of Castoria—the children's laxative. And did he love it!



"It was swell!"

That delicious taste is important. It means no more of the struggles that a bad-tasting laxative causes—that all too often upset a child's whole delicate little system.

That's why even the taste of Castoria was made especially for children!



"Oh, boy!"

It is also prepared just for a child's needs. It contains no harsh, purging

drugs so many "grown-up" laxatives contain.

Castoria will never cause griping pains. It is not habit-forming. It is perfectly safe. It is very gentle—yet very thorough.

Rely on Castoria whenever your child needs a laxative—from babyhood to 11 years old. Get a bottle today—look for the name Castoria. Save money by getting the Family-Size bottle.

CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative
from babyhood to 11 years

Feather in Her Hat

By JULIE ANNE MOORE

It was distinguished committee that waded in the small room of the airport terminal to formally congratulate Lee Monday upon his achievement. Senator Runbrecker had been invited because he was always invited to all affairs related to aviation. There was nothing surprising in this for the Senator was a large stockholder in one of the country's largest air transport companies and in the Senate he had convincingly demonstrated that he was not only the champion of his own interests but of aviation in general. Lee Monday's flight had effectively advertised the fact that poor visibility was no longer a hazard in air travel, and the Senator's company had helped to finance Monday's venture.

When the young flier, whose fame rested not so much on his accomplishments in flying as upon his reputed wealth, entered the room, helmet and goggles swinging in one hand, wide grins spread on the faces of the dignified, immaculately dressed men who faced him. They saw a young man in leather coat, whip-cord breeches and leather puttees who was still in his early twenties, and who, while not as tall as the average, was slim and straight and eager despite his flight-about flight across the continent in a sealed cockpit.

But what amused them was the curious effect created by a combination of grease and oil that almost entirely covered his boyish face from his not very prominent chin to the border of his definitely red curly hair. He reminded Senator Runbrecker of a youngster who has just been hit between the eyes with a big juicy mud pie.

"Sorry I haven't had a chance to clean up, gentlemen," Lee said, smiling. He shook hands with all of them and stood back, erect, attentive but obviously fatigued, to hear him speak their pieces. He had been through this many times. A Cabinet member spoke, briefly, in a low voice. Senator Runbrecker grew oratorical in his praise of this "invaluable and revolutionizing contribution to aviation." A Southern Congressman named MacMillan restricted himself to a merited compliment.

Lee Monday's response was one of the shortest on record. He said pleasantly: "Thank you, gentlemen, and shaking hands all around again, he slipped out of the room.

"Come on in and sit down, Mr. Monday," she invited as pleasantly as she could. "It's quite a long story and we're both fagged out."

Lee Monday stepped into the room, but his hazel eyes did not leave hers. "Say—I've met you somewhere, haven't I?"

"I've met you?" Ann smiled as she led the way to the couch. "It would be much nicer to be told than asked."

Still studying her face, Lee got out of the oversize topcoat and threw it over a chair. "I can stay only a few minutes," he said. "I'm about all in."

"You may as well be comfortable while you're here," Ann replied. She was looking at the heavy leather coat. Lee nodded agreement and took off the leather coat. Under it he was wearing a khaki shirt, unbuttoned at the neck.

Ann was occupying the exact center of the couch. Lee had no choice but to sit near her. He shoved his legs out and sighed, comfortably.

"This is something like," he grinned. "Do you know, your face is as fresh in my memory as if I'd seen you yesterday. And yet—"

"Don't try to use your brain," she said. "You're tired to think and I'm too tired to let you. . . . When you made your triumphant march from the plane to the terminal at the airport to-night, I was sitting on Bill Hudson's shoulders and smiling."

He cut her grinning. "And I said, 'How's tricks?' or something like that—and you said, 'Congratulations—and darn it I'll never see her again.'"

"You're quick on the pick-up, anyway," Ann said, matching his grin. "You didn't see Bill, holding me?"

His head dropped a little and he seemed a long time answering. "No, I recognized his voice, but I never could spot him. . . . Bill's perfect, just like he is."

"I like him," Ann said. "But I just met him tonight." Her own voice was lagging. "This isn't his apartment, you know?"

"No?" he said. He was looking at her, but his eyes were glazed. "No, I guess not." He slumped down a little and let his head fall back against the couch. "Don't mind if I close my eyes a minute? Just a minute—then I'll—have to run. . . ."

Ann's own lids were leaden. Well—she'd close her eyes, too—until he spoke again. . . .

The group of young men in the lobby of The Pilgrim had about reached the end of their patience. For more than two hours they had been there, arguing among themselves, storming at the cowed clerks behind the desk. And all to no effect.

"They came out of another huddle now and one of them, rumber, short, stouky, belligerent, approached the desk. The head clerk saw him coming and waited, nervously fingering a pencil.

"Now, see here—" said the stouky young man—"we've cooled our heels around this dump as long as we mean to you admit Lee Monday is registered here and you admit his bags were brought here from the airport. No man could fly here from the coast in a grocery bag and go out on a party without getting some sleep."

The clerk lifted his hands, palms up. "And little bits of fun—Monday," he said, unsmiling, "is not in his room. I've told you gentlemen that many times. It is true."

Late dancers coming down from the roof recognized the group in the middle of the lobby as reporters and newspaper photographers and at least one of the guides. They were there for their presence here.

The stouky young man at the desk, said abruptly, "All right. We're not looking for trouble, but if we find Lee Monday spent the night at the Pilgrim, it's going to be just too bad if anything ever happens at this hotel." With that he turned on his heel and started off.

"Hell, Charlie. . . . Giving you the run-around?" The speaker was a tall, well-built young man in a tuxedo. A strikingly pretty girl was standing beside him. The stouky one stopped. Charlie Biggs, Rita. He's probably together. Know where Bill lives?"

Charlie Biggs was on his way. "Sure, Iowa Circle. Thanks. . . . Walking out to the street Rita said, 'Bill may not thank you for that.'"

"Oh, yes he will," Carl assured her. "Bill Hudson's not the sort to dodge his own crowd."

Bill Hudson, in pajamas and robe, looked out at the silent, sullen group in the dim hall. "Hello, boys. What's up?"

"We're looking for Lee Monday, and we understand he's here," Charlie Biggs said.

"Here?" Bill shook his head. "I haven't seen him since he landed."

"Sure, Bill," Bill snapped. "Come on in and search the place!" He backed inside, half angry.

Charlie Biggs said, "I'll try to live that down, Bill. We've been getting a fine tossing all night. . . . Sorry we bothered you."

Bill came back to the door, grinning. "Come on in, you palookas. I'll get dressed and go along." He pointed across the room. "You'll find the stuff in the cabinet. Help yourselves."

"Well—?" Charlie Biggs said. They all went in, eagerly.

Without compunction, without a thought of Selma Runbrecker, Rita let Carl kiss her good night. Then she watched his stride down the corridor and not until he had stepped into the elevator did she open the door and enter Millie's apartment.

HEALTH

A HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES OF CANADA

PYORRHOEA
John Hunter, the famous English surgeon of the eighteenth century, was among the first, if not actually the first, to point out the damage which arose in other parts of the body as a result of infections in the mouth.

Of recent years, rather startling advertisements have directed public attention to pyorrhoea, which is one of the most common forms of manking, even if it is an exaggeration to say that "four out of five have it." More teeth are lost because of pyorrhoea than from decay.

Pyorrhoea is a disease of the gums which surround and support the teeth. It is not a new disease, as evidence of its ravages is found in skulls of pre-historic times. It occurs in all lands, among all races and in both sexes.

The normal healthy gums are pink in colour, firm in texture and cling closely to the necks of the teeth, forming little pink points of tissue which project upwards beneath the teeth.

The first step to pyorrhoea is a gingivitis or inflammation of the gums. This shows itself by the gums becoming tender and bleeding readily. After a time the gums shrink, the necks of the teeth are exposed and it is at this stage, with the formation of pus, that we have real pyorrhoea. The trouble apparently originates in any condition which, by irritating the gums, sets up an inflammation of the parts. Tartar which collects about the teeth will, unless removed periodically, act as an irritant. Tartar is most prevalent on the teeth close to the openings of the salivary glands, which means the inner surfaces of the lower front teeth and the outer surfaces of the upper molars.

Poor dental work leads to irritation. A poor bite due to irregular teeth or the loss of one or more teeth irritates the gums. There should be a law against the sale of teeth which because the regular use of these gives his gums a great deal of punishment.

It would appear that the way to prevent pyorrhoea is to eat a balanced diet so as to provide good building materials for the teeth; to chew the food well, using all the teeth; to keep the teeth clean by regular and thorough brushing night and morning; to brush the gums at the same time as the teeth; to have the teeth cleaned regularly by the dentist, and to have such dental care as may be found necessary at the time of the regular dental cleaning.

Questions concerning health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

W. C. T. U. Notes
LITTLE THINGS COUNT
It's little bits of kindness and little bits of fun—And little bits of comradeship—that all our life with sun!

We may not be remarkable For cleverness nor learning But all of us can keep the lamps Of happy brightness burning!

And all of us can do a bit Of kindness ever day, To ease the ruts and kill the weeds Along the common way! —Lillian Gard

THE TRUTH
We may live without pastry, We may live without stews, But no union we know of Can live without dues.

AN AMAZING STORY OF THE WORLD'S INDIFFERENCE
(Written for the "Dearborn Independent," June 30, 1933)

By Luther Burbank
For sixty years my chief work has been the development of plants. The cumulative effect of this work is now apparent. I now have more experiments under way than ever before—about 3,000—and am now producing more new and improved varieties in a day than I used to produce in twenty years. The average is at least 1,000 a year of better forms of plant life than ever before existed. The new creations include fruits, flowers, vegetables, nuts, grains and trees.

At the height of the growing and ripening season, sometimes as many as forty superior varieties are found on our farms in a day—better fruits, grains, nuts, vegetables or flowers than ever existed before on this earth, some of them the products of experiments that have been going on for thirty years.

What can we do with them? The only way they can be introduced to the public is through seedmen and nurserymen. No seedman or nurseryman wants more than two or three new plants a year. I recall that one dealer took ten new varieties one year, but this is very unusual. At any rate, we can put out through dealers only a small fraction of our product. They assert that it disorganizes their business to take more.

What becomes of the remainder? It stays on our farms, unused and mouths. . . . Ann and Lee Monday were sitting on the couch, motionless. Lee had slumped over toward Ann and his flaming head was on her shoulder. Ann's cheek was resting comfortably in the midst of the flame. They were both sleeping, soundly.

(To Be Continued.)

RADIO TONIGHT

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5th

AND ONCE AGAIN!

MISTER SAGE

A shrewd observer who sees through the pretenses, knows the facts, and understands the true issues of the present political campaign, discusses the election with his friends.

CHNS **CJEB** **CFCY** **CHSJ** **CFNB**
Halifax Sydney Charlottetown St. John Fredericton

AND OVER A NATION-WIDE NETWORK

11.15 p.m. Atlantic Standard Time

(Presented and sponsored by R. L. Wright)

unknown to the public. I have thirteen acres of land at Sebastopol, California, that would be worth to the world a billion dollars an acre if all of the new creations upon this land were introduced to the world and put to use. I had sixteen acres at Sebastopol until I sold three acres a few months ago. It was sold to a cemetery association and every plant on it is being pulled up and burned so that the tract may be plotted for graves. Among the thousands of new and improved varieties on this little three-acre tract were more than forty new selected thornless blackberries that would have been worth \$30,000 if they had been introduced to the world. In addition there were some thirty varieties of new hybrid roses from a selection of several thousands, a choice collection of some forty varieties of loquats, a large number of new apples, chestnuts, plums, peaches, nectarines, dahlias, and so on.

I am seventy-four years old. My strength is good for my age but it is not what it used to be. I sold part of the Sebastopol experimental farm because I could no longer operate it. The remainder will have to be sold for the same reason. On the thirteen acres that are left at Sebastopol are 2,000 varieties of cherries, 1,000 varieties of plums, sixty or seventy kinds of selected chestnuts, between 300 and 500 varieties of pears and fifty or sixty varieties of quinces. There is also a walnut tree that, for sixty years, has produced each year 21,000 worth of fruit. This tree is so superior to anything else in existence that I was once requested to supply 10,000,000 young trees like it to be delivered a million a year for ten years. Of course, that was too big an order to be filled from one tree. I could have supplied 65,000 trees a year if I had been able to superintend this work in addition to everything else I have to do. But I supplied only a few thousand.

I once offered the Sebastopol place for sale for \$100,000, but I would take a good deal less than that and be glad to if it were going into proper hands. It seems to me that this farm should be in the possession of a state university. It seems a pity to convert it into a graveyard or a chicken ranch.

I took up plant improvement, sixty years ago, only by chance. I had a greater tendency toward art, mechanics, chemistry and the practice of medicine. Plant breeding was chosen as my occupation because I had not a very robust physique and it was necessary that I be out-of-doors. It seems to me then as it does now that one who is confined all of the time within doors loses at least half of the joys of life.

Being a naturalist by heredity and environment, the variations in which I saw in plant life greatly interested me. It seemed to me as though these variations, which were so numerous and so plain to the eyes of a keen observer, could be built upon and improved.

Digging potatoes and hoeing corn constitute very uninteresting occupations unless there is some ulterior object in view. These and other methodical and mechanical occupations had no attraction for me, but the ideal before me of devoting my life to the improvement of plants for the benefit of humanity seemed to be worthy of my best efforts.

The new plums, quinces, apples, berries, nuts and vegetables that I have produced have built cities and furnished the great overland railroads with the bulk of transportations worth thousands of carloads of delicious foods. I have developed timber trees that will produce hardwood lumber ten times as rapidly as it could be produced before, created new flowers and added size, fragrance and abundance to those already in existence. Even if one cared little for his fellowmen and their welfare, one could receive satisfaction and reward for such labors.

ONTARIO'S OFFICIAL LIQUOR RECORD
Millions For Liquor
Despite depression, Ontario's liquor business prospered during the Province's last fiscal year; turned over to the Government a profit of \$5,600,000. The total turnover amounted to \$36,933,657. This indicates that no matter how hard times may be, no matter how mounting costs of relief for the unemployed, there is plenty of money available for the purchase of liquor. During the year 178,517 Ontario people could afford permits and give liberal patronage to the Government's liquor stores. Since the change in methods of beer and wine sale 1,053 standard hotels and 178 clubs have been doing good business; and, taken altogether, "the trade" has no reason to complain about conditions.

Of course, the situation is anomalous. Other Provincial enterprises in business and industry would be glad to have shared in the prosperity enjoyed by the Government's liquor sale branch; but they did not. And there is the individual side to this situation. Before the liquor law was loosened,

it was assumed that only those who could afford to do so patronized the liquor dispensaries; under the beverage-room plan the small change of the citizen who has little to spare goes to swell the general receipts, and that is a deplorable feature of the whole enterprise.

The annual report of the Liquor Control Board of Ontario indicates a prosperous year, while the annual reports of other enterprises, no matter how large, do not show profits of more than \$5,000,000; in fact, many balance sheets reveal a condition perilously near "the red," if not quite in it. Municipalities may be obliged to default on their obligations, but the Liquor Control Board has weathered the gale well. There may be grumblings and difficulties over the securing of funds for relief purposes, but the Liquor Board had no trouble in piling up big profits. Taken for all in all, it is a queer situation, and there is nothing in it of which the people of Ontario should be particularly proud.

Before the act became law, there were 617 standard hotels, but since the act came into force 500 new standard hotels received licenses. Before the act, there were 22 standard hotels in Ottawa. Of these 14 received beer sale licenses, and there were 27 new ones in addition to six clubs.

Toronto Globe Latest figures given on the floor of the house show 1071 hotel authorities in operation. The club authorities. Five steamship lines authorities have been issued. London has 21 licenses; Windsor, 61; Walkerville 2; Sandwich East 7; Sandwich West 1. Tecumseh 4.

POOR CANADA!
Canada is complaining of hard times, and why should not this country be short of cash for necessities? The liquor bill is enormous, the fee to get into the show is enormous, the cost of crime with its

tobacco-pampered jail inmates is enormous.

On March 29, a staff correspondent of leading papers informed the public that the consumption of cigarettes during 1934, according to excise tax returns, was 4,822,405,065, an increase of approximately 12 per cent over the consumption of 1933.

The number of cigars consumed in 1934 amounted to 119,671,000, an increase of nearly 5 per cent over that of the previous year.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS.
ATLANTIC REGION LAND AND DWELLING FOR SALE
Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received up to and including Wednesday, October 16th, for the purchase of the Agent's dwelling, Bear River, P. E. I. together with the land on which located.

The lot is 120 feet wide by 182 ft. deep. The building is a two storey frame structure on masonry foundation with a basement, single roof and clapboard walls.

Plan of the property may be seen in the office of the Division Engineer, Charlottetown.

TERMS — Payment on award.
The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
F. H. KINNEAR,
Purchasing Agent.
Dated at Moncton, N.B.
September 30th, 1935.
N287-10-3-5

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

MEMORIES OF HOME



Pictures, such as this one, are not difficult to make so let your camera furnish you with "Memory Insurance."

DO YOU remember "way back when grandmother's "parlor" was furnished with the very latest horse-hair furniture, the lovely round "center table" with its marble top, the huge portraits with their deep, heavy gilded frames and the always present "what-not" with its assorted display of "bric-a-brac"? Wouldn't you like to have a picture of it to help recall fond memories of days gone by?

Believe it or not but it will not be many years until you will be trying to picture in your mind some of the furniture and furnishings you had in your home when you were a child or perhaps when you were first married. Interior snapshots will serve as "memory insurance."

Don't put off taking these pictures any longer for making them is not at all difficult; in fact you will enjoy it. Here are a few pointers that may help you in making your first shots.

If you take your interior pictures in the daytime the chances are that you will have to take a time exposure unless your camera is equipped with a very fast lens, say f.5.5 or faster. If a time exposure is necessary you will have to use a tripod or else place the camera on some solid support such as a table. Even with an f.3.5 lens you should have some substantial support for your camera for you will probably find it necessary to take your shot at 1/5 or 1/10 of a second, and at speeds slower than 1/25 of a second it is extremely difficult to hold the camera steady. Any movement of the camera will cause a blurred picture.

The secret of success in indoor pictures lies in controlling the light reaching the various parts of the

room to be pictured. To begin with, never point your camera directly at the window or door through which the greatest amount of light is coming. Keep the light behind or to the side of the camera. If, as sometimes happens, a sunny window is in a particular part of the house you want to take, you can eliminate sun-glare by a very simple trick. Pull the shade of that particular window clear down and keep it down for an exposure long enough to give you the other features and details. Then, close the shutter and run the shade up to its normal position. Now, go back to the camera and, without changing the film or the camera's position, open the shutter again for a half second longer.

It's a good idea to use a very small lens stop in taking indoor pictures, because you want detail. Focus on a point about half-way between the camera and the far side of the room; then, when the lens is stopped down you will find that practically everything is in sharp focus.

Avoid including large pieces of furniture in the foreground, lest they take up more space in the picture than they deserve.

Exposure time will vary, of course, with the brilliance of the daylight and the degree to which the walls reflect light. On a bright day, pictures in a predominantly light colored room can be taken with an exposure of five or ten seconds. On dull days, in dark rooms having only one window, you will need as much as five minutes, with the lens at f.16. "Memory Insurance" costs but little; so load your camera today for interior pictures that in later years will be worth a lot.

JOHN VAN GUILDFER

NOTICE

After the 16th October the Abegweit Cafe in Borden will be over the management of Mrs. R. E. Corbett and will not be responsible for any bills made by the present management.

MRS. R. E. CORBETT
5-1405-10-3-1

J. D. TAYLOR

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G. F. Hutcheson

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Farewell Gathering

A very enjoyable social gathering took place on Tuesday evening, Sept. 10th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Stewart, when a large number of the Brookfield congregation assembled to do honor to Mr. Rudolph Berils, student Minister, on the eve of his departure. After some time spent in social intercourse, games and music; the most interesting number was brought on, namely the annual corn ball, provided by Mr. Stewart. After everyone did justice to this interesting part of the program, the meeting was called to order by Mr. Donald MacDonald. Miss Miriam Dollar then read the following address to Mr. Berils, and Miss Jean MacDonald made the presentation of a well filled purse.

Address:
Dear Mr. Berils.—We are gathered here this evening for a two fold purpose, namely, to spend one more social evening with you, and also to tender you our sincere regards at your impending departure. During the short time you have been with us, you have won the affection of all the people you have come in contact with, by your diligence and enterprise in the interests of the church. You have laboured with unwearied zeal to promote the Glory of God and to forward the spiritual interests of the people.

The high place you hold in the hearts of the people and your ability as a preacher is properly attested by the large congregation that gathers at the church services.

Realizing the interest you have taken and the work you have accomplished in so short a time, we feel we could not let you depart, without showing in a more tangible manner than mere words our appreciation and gratitude. We therefore ask you to accept this gift as a remembrance and also to assure you, that your departure brings sincere regret to all.

In conclusion, we ask God's richest blessings on you, and wish you God-speed in your noble work.

On behalf of the Brookfield congregation, Mr. Stewart, Mr. McPherson and Mr. McDonald added their verbal commendations and congratulations to those set forth in the written address.

Mr. Berils made reply, expressing his heartfelt thanks and appreciation for the kindness shown him during his stay in Brookfield. The evening closed by singing "Eless be the Tie that Binds" and "Auld Lang Syne."

NO DISAPPOINTMENT

Misses—Well, did you tell Miss Fag that I was out?
Maid—Yes, mum. She laughed and said, "Friday's not always an unlucky day."

DODDS KIDNEY PILLS

TREATMENT FOR
HEADACHE, BACKACHE,
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,
BLINDNESS, DEAFNESS,
MIGRAINE, BRUISES, BURNS,
WOUNDS, SORES, ETC.
THE PROPHET