

ANNUAL MEETING

The Charlottetown Driving Park and Provincial Exhibition Association

The Annual General Meeting of the above Association will be held in the office of the Secretary, Room 7, Provincial Building, in Charlottetown, on Wednesday, January 14th, 1931, at the hour of 2.30 p. m.

Dated this 29th day of December, A. B. 1930.

By Order, J. W. BOULTER, Secretary.

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Annual Meeting

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PORK WANTED

Bring along your dressed Hogs with organs attached and receive highest market prices in spot cash.

J. R. MILLMAN, Kensington.

9589-12-19-mwsat2kws.

EYES TESTED

AND GLASSES FITTED E. W. TAYLOR, J. S. TAYLOR, Optometrists, 143 Richmond Street

Professional Cards

BELL & MATHIESON, Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. Money to Loan

McLURE & MacKINNON, SILVER FOXES AND FURS, Representing HUDSON'S BAY CO. OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

W. H. AITKEN & CO., Importers of high grade GASOLINE - KEROSENE - OILS

Prohibition Commission, Chairman, Mr. GEORGE E. BROWN, Margate, P. E. I.

Chief Inspector B. J. Haywood, 75 Dorchester Street, Charlottetown.

Stewart & Lowther, J. D. STEWART, K. C., N. W. LOWTHER, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

MARK R. McGUIGAN, B. A., BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN.

AUDITORS

Accounts Audited, Income Tax Returns Prepared, A. E. MacNEILL & CO., 127 Grafton Street

McLEOD & BENTLEY, J. A. BENTLEY, W. E. BENTLEY, K. C., Barrister and Attorney-at-Law

McDONALD & McPHEE, B. A., J. A. McDONALD, H. F. McPHEE, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, ETC.

Mr. A. Roy Kendall, L. R. A. M. A. A. G. C. O.

Organist and Choir Director, Trinity United Church, receives pupils for Piano, Voice and Theory.

Studio-Hearst Memorial Hall, Phone 966.

SMILES

GABBIE GERTIE



"We're wading through the snow or sloshing through the rain, buckling windy winds that blow—happy days are here again!"



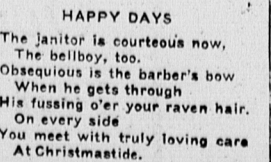
"My husband loves to hear him self talk." "Indeed." "And he'd be greatly grieved, I know, if he knew how much he talked in his sleep."



Helen: I hope you're going to put Red Cross seals on all your Christmas presents. Harry: Not on all of them—some will be kisses.



Hotel Clerk: Did you ever play football? Cranky Guest: Why do you ask? Hotel Clerk: Well, you certainly are some kicker.



HAPPY DAYS The janitor is courteous now. The bellboy, too. Obsequious is the barber's bow. When he gets through his tussling of your raven hair. On every side. You meet with truly loving care. At Christmastide.

OCUTA, Colombia, Dec. 31, Out here in the heart of the Andes, four days' journey from Bogota, the natives don't strum their guitars any more. They'd rather hear New York jazz. Radio is the answer, of course. Not that any individual would go to the expense of buying a set. The town has one, and there is a big loudspeaker at each of the public squares.

An Annual Examination

of Your Eyes will Safeguard Your Vision and Comfort. See J. W. JOHNSTON, Optometrist, Street Phone 420, Charlottetown.

The Old Order Changes

By DAVID LYALL

(Continued)

"Where have you been to-night then, may I ask?"

"Oh, yes; you may ask. I've been at a place called 'Taton-cum-Ragis.'"

"Seen to have heard the name. Where is it?"

"Nine miles this side of Barnsley." "Mercy me, have you been there and back since six o'clock?"

"I have," answered Tom, and gulped the last mouthful of his coffee, flung up again, and searched in his pockets for his cigarettes.

"Lost it, by Jove! Have you a tag, Dad?"

"Not on me, but there's some in the little brown box in the sideboard there. I see that monkey Bee at them whites."

"Freeland, of course, held old-fashioned ideas about women. The bobbed hair, cigarette smoking, breech-wearing type made no appeal to him."

"Tom searched the sideboard and found the little brown box. The weed soothed his nerves. Evidently, for the look of strain slowly died out of his eyes. Freeland did not smoke. His nerves were ragged, for he had exchanged no conciliatory word with the wife of his bosom yet, and quarrels were hateful to him."

"Where's your pipe, Dad; won't you light up?" asked Tom. "It's more sociable; I want to speak to you."

"I'm not in the mood for the pipe, but I'm not needing my bed. You can speak as much and as long as you like," observed Freeland, and as tone lightened. Perhaps he was about to hear something which would cheer him. But at the moment he was more conscious of the distance between him and his son than he had yet been. It seemed something immeasurable.

"Suddenly Tom threw his cigarette into the fire-place, and sitting forward, glowered across the intervening space, his breath coming a little more quickly."

"Dad, I'm in a hole—a duce of a hole. I don't know how to get out."

"Let's hear about it, and we'll see," said Freeland in that direct way of his, which admitted of no beating about the bush. "What kind of a hole is it?"

"Oh, the usual with a young chap. Can't you guess, father?" asked Tom, with a slightly uneasy laugh.

"A woman, I suppose?"

"Tom nodded, got up, took a few steps across the floor, and then sat down again, continuing to glower."

"I suppose I'd better tell you the whole story."

"It might help," observed Freeland casually, as if the matter were of the smallest moment. That was his way. So injured had he become to veiling his feelings that in his moments of deepest emotion they could be entirely unsuspected by those who came in contact with him. It had been one of the principal causes of friction between them. I don't just know how she often called him callous, blaming it all on his nationality which she now professed to abhor.

"Well, it began—let me see—a couple of years ago, when I was in camp at Loudesley. She used to come about the camp with an entertaining party."

"Oh, that kind," observed Freeland dryly.

"Oh, there was nothing the matter with her. She had a good voice and could mimic folks. She was a voluntary helper, and awfully pretty. I got to know her rather well."

"Where did she belong?"

"Belong? Oh, London—Cambridge. She worked at munitions in between. I don't us know how she got in with the entertaining crowd. She was only at Loudesley at holiday times when she was off munitions. She has an aunt there."

"Freeland listened, putting two and two together."

"Loudesley was within motoring distance of Barnsley and Tom had been in camp there for over seven months. He belonged to the latter batches of conscripts, his age having precluded his admission to the army before. He was now only twenty-four, and had been demobilized for nearly a year."

"Well, go on," his father said. "It isn't easy to go on," said Tom uneasily. "It's just the old story, you know. We got to like one another, and always when I came through on leave we met in London. I may as well confess that I never came straight through from France, nor yet went straight back. I took for at least two days off my leave every time on Edie's account."

"What's her name?" asked Freeland, and felt his mouth going dry.

"Edith Carter. Her father is a man working with a firm of 'berwell' brewers."

"Never mind about her father. It's

New Year's Letter From California

Here we are facing another year. Hitherto it has been my custom to send Christmas and New Year cards to my friends, but cards have had their day. They seem to lack the personal touch and the Christmas spirit. So I am sending this simple personal letter instead. What men want today is a word of good cheer and hope that comes red hot from a warm loving heart.

Let me send such a message from far-away California. Though there is much to charm and cheer out here, yet as this season of the year my heart turns to the old friends as the flowers turn to the sun. One may live to be a hundred years old and ten thousand miles away, but he will never forget the home of his birth and the friends of his youth. These, no undertaker can bury loving memories and happy friendships. These remain as fresh and sweet as a Jop-pa orange so here I am:

Pledging the same old friendship. To stung the Long Ago. Knowing that nothing can equal. The times we used to know.

Hoping that the years may bring you. All that I wish them to be. Grasping your hand in Memory. Proud of a friend like you.

Well, I am a year older than I was this time last year, so are you. I have failed and blundered, so have you. But I have had a great many bright happy days, so have you. Now we have another New Year. A new year is no novelty. Some of us had 20,370, of them. Some even more than that. We all have enough of them to know what they are like.

Now the amazing thing is that all about you and the lassie I want to cheer. Have you married her on the Q. T. then?" inquired Freeland, going, as was his wont, straight to the heart of things.

"I haven't—but—but—"

"But you'll need to; is that what you're driving at?" asked Freeland, and his face darkened.

"I don't want to," confessed Tom suddenly, "if there's any other way out."

"Is there a bairn?" asked Freeland, scorning details and only concerned with vital facts.

"Tom jumped up again, and partially turned his back on his questioner."

"There's going to be, and that's the hole—quite a common one, you'll admit—but it has worried me a lot."

"There was a moment's silence."

"There's only one way out of course, my man. You'll need to marry her."

"But I don't want to," groaned the unhappy youth. "She's all right, you know, quite a decent little girl, but she wouldn't fit in here with the mater and Moll and Bee. And after we got to Gorham Lacy, my hat, that would be just the limit. There must be another way out. Won't you help me to find it, Dad?"

"There was an ingenueness about the question, and the whole attitude of the lad, which sent another pierced arrow to the elder Freeland's heart. For there was no conscience there, nor any standard of conduct, excepting that of expediency. The coming together of two young creatures in the first glow of passion, so often mistaken for love, Freeland could have forgiven, for though rigid in some things, he was entirely human, nor ever presumed to sit in judgment on other men who differ from him in nature and outlook. He had even sometimes reproved Harriet for her glib and merciless condemnation of others, always the hall-mark of a meagre nature with nothing to spare for charity."

"As far as Gorham Lacy is concerned you may keep your mind easy, Tom. We're not going there—I've sold it."

(To be Continued)

Stubborn Coughs Ended by Recipe, Mixed at Home

Here is the famous old recipe which millions of housewives have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up a stubborn, lingering cough. It takes but a moment to prepare and costs little, but it gives real relief even for those dreaded coughs that follow severe cold epidemics.

From any drugstore, get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex, pour it into a 16 oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup or strained honey. Thus you make 16 ounces of better remedy than you could buy ready-made for three times the cost. It never spoils and tastes so good that even children like it.

Not only does this simple mixture soothe and heal the inflamed throat membranes with surprising ease, but also it is absorbed into the blood, and acts directly upon the bronchial tubes, thus aiding the whole system in throwing off the cough. It loosens the germ-laden phlegm and eases chest soreness in a way that is really astonishing.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway Pine, containing the active agent of cressote, in a refined, palatable form. Nothing known in medicine is more helpful in cases of distressing coughs, chest colds, and bronchial troubles.

Do not accept a substitute for Pinex. It is guaranteed to give prompt relief or money refunded.

the years are so much alike. The same rainbow hangs in the sky and the same flowers grow in the gardens that they had in the Garden of Eden. Another astonishing thing is that so many of us remain the same year after year. We hold the same silly notions, the same petty ambitions, the same old grudges; the same narrow views. And we will have the same another year if we do not change.

Now I am resolved to change and make this year different. For one thing I am determined with the aid of the divine helper, to get rid of my petty prejudices and old grudges; my silly notions and foolish fears. I am going to do with them what the gardener does with thorns and thistles; gather them all up in a pile, set fire to them and burn them, and scatter the ashes to the four winds. They never did me any good or anybody else. All they ever did was put furrows on my brow and sorrows in my heart. They kept the flowers of love and good will from growing in the garden of my life. Good bye to them all. Resolved to root all weeds out of my life and put lilies and roses in their place.

Again, I am resolved to be more friendly this year. I want to make more new friends and be more loyal to the old ones. The most valuable thing in the world is a friend, and the next most valuable is another friend. A true friend is a mighty helper in the hard places of life. The man that has one friend is well to do the man that has two is rich, the man that has three is a millionaire. I can now count three friends that have been as true as steel and pure as gold that have been mine for many many years, and I feel as rich as a Rockefeller. I am saying to these golden friends of mine:

Across the miles old friends of mine. That separate me from thee, My thoughts are turning far today And reaching out to you.

And while I cannot have you near, The time will never come, When I shall not be longing for And missing you, old chums.

All the money in all the banks would not buy my friends. More to be desired are they than pure gold. Indeed, I am now living on my friendships and not on my money. I have been cold and unfriendly so many times the past year, but I am resolved to change. I am convinced that what this old world means more than anything else is friendliness, and brotherly spirit.

Then, I am determined to look more on the bright side of things. I want to see the best and noblest in my fellowmen, and not their faults and failures. Sam Johnson said that to look on the sunny side of things was worth a thousand pounds a year. I know I am going to have days that will be dark and dreary, but I want to be like the kettle—through up to its neck in hot water, it still sings. Keep a smiling face and a cheerful look. Herbert Spencer said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his smile." Cultivate a happy disposition or you will lose it. The wise men said

that a merry heart doeth good like medicine. Laughter and song are better than pills or powders. Say pleasant things. Laugh a lot and sing more. Tainage said the man that can sing and won't sing ought to be sent to Sing Sing.

Once more God has given us a new-born year out of the womb of time. It is one of the great years of God. Let us resolve to get rid of all useless things in our lives; let us resolve to be more friendly to all people; let us keep a smiling face all through the year.

Ever yours and more, JOHN F. MACPHEE

755 East Claremont St., Pasadena California December 26, 1930 My dear friend,

FORTUNE ROAD SCHOOL CLOSING

The closing exercises of Fortune Road School for the Xmas holidays were held Wednesday evening, Dec. 24th. The school was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The pupils were examined in the various subjects by the teacher, Miss Nellie Harrington and showed by their apt, and ready answers, that they had received very careful training. After the pupils were examined in the different subjects a short but very appropriate programme was very ably carried out.

John J. Larkin ably fulfilled the duties of chairman. After the closing number of the programme, Santa appeared on the scene, and went straight to the Xmas tree, which was heavily laden with presents for teacher, and pupils. Home made candy was passed to the pupils, and visitors. The evening's entertainment was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

Following is the Programme. Opening Recital—"A Christmas Wish" by Monica Larkin.

Drill The Dolly's Xmas by 5 girls. Recitation "A Xmas Tree Farm" by Walter McMILLAN.

Chorus "Jingle Bells" by school. Recitation, "A Xmas Telephone" by Matilda Larkin.

Monologue—"Enjoying the Telephone" Cecelia Larkin. Recitation "So Did I" Arthur Larkin.

Dialogue "Deaf as a Post." Recitation "Good Enough" Edith Larkin.

Drill "What is the Meaning of Xmas"—Two girls. Recitation by Mildred Dwan.

A special feature—Boxing bout between Stephen Larkin, and Freddy Larkin with referee Arthur Larkin.

Recitation "Gramma's School-days" by Teresa Larkin. Song, Little Rosewood Casket" by Beatrice Dwan.

Recitation, "The Feller That Looks Like Me" by Herbert Larkin. Dialogue "Rastus Rambles On" Recitation by Hazel Larkin.

Closing Recitation—"Thanks for the Xmas Tree" by Stephen Larkin.

Holstein Breeders Attention

Special meeting of Provincial Holstein breeders will be held in Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown, on Friday, January 2nd, 1931, at 1.30 p. m. Very important business. All breeders requested to be present.

H. J. KENNEDY

1212-12-31-2.

Department of Public Works & Highways

PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TENDERS FOR MATERIAL

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this office on Saturday January 17th, 1931, from any person or sons willing to supply and deliver at the various sites the following materials:—

(1) STEEL BRIDGE MONTAGUE, LOT 59 9,600 F. B. M. 3" Hemlock plank in 17' lengths, not less than 7" wide.

16 Spruce span beams, 3"x12"x18' long. 88 Spruce span beams, 3"x12"x16' long.

(2) SEAL RIVER STEEL BRIDGE, LOT 54

60 Spruce span beams 3"x12"x17' long. 20 Spruce span beams 3"x12"x18' long. 6,550 F.B.M. 3" Hemlock plank in 16' lengths, not less than 7" wide.

50 pieces Railing 2"x5"x17' 2 pieces Spruce or Hemlock 12"x12"x20'. 20 cords poles 16' long, not less than 4" at small end. 40 Spruce or Juniper piles 20' long 7" at small end.

(3) McLEOD'S BRIDGE, MONTAGUE, LOT 59

10 cords Poles 16' long 4" at small end. 8 Spruce Piles 20' long 6" at small end. 16 Spruce Piles 16' long 7" at small end.

(4) GRANT'S STEEL BRIDGE, PEAKES ROAD, LOT 52 80 Cords Poles 16' or 20' long, 4" at small end each length to be piled separately.

4 pieces Spruce or Hemlock 12"x12"x20' long. 8 pieces Spruce or Hemlock 6"x12"x6' long. 50 pieces Railing 2"x5"x17'. 52 Cedar Posts 7 1/2' long, 5" at small end. 14 Spruce Piles 20' long, 6" at small end.

(5) GILLIS' MILL BRIDGE, ROLLO BAY LOT 43

2 Spruce caps 12"x12"x20'. 8 Spruce Span Beams 4"x12"x15'. 950 F.B.M. 3" Hemlock plank in 20' lengths, not less than 7" wide.

40 pieces Railing, 2"x5"x17' long. 40 Cedar posts 8' long, 5" at small end.

(6) STARCH FACTORY ROAD MURRAY HARBOR LOT 10 10 cords Poles 16' long 4" at small end. 35 pieces Railing 2"x5"x17' 30 Posts 4"x5"x8'.

(7) MIDGELL BRIDGE, LOT 40

50 cords Poles 16' long, not less than 4" at small end. 20 Spruce Piles 20' long 7" at small end. 10 spruce Piles 15' long 7" at small end.

(8) MORELL BRIDGE ABUTMENTS, MORELL, LOT 9 70 Cords Poles in 16' and 20' length 4" at small end, length piled separately. 24 Spruce Piles 20' long 7" at small end. 100 yards Field Stone piled near bridge in a position to be measured.

(9) NORTH LAKE ROAD BRIDGE, LOT 47 25 Cords Poles 16' long not less than 4" at small end.

(10) DIVISION NO. 21 MONTAGUE 3000 F.B.M. 3" Spruce or Hemlock plank in 16' lengths not less than 7" wide.

2000 F. B. M. 3" Spruce or Hemlock plank in 12' lengths less than 7" wide. 40 Pieces Railing 2"x5"x17'. 28 Spruce Span beams 4"x12"x15' long.

(11) DIVISION NO. 20 CARDIGAN 4000 F. B. M. 3" Plank, Spruce or Hemlock in 16' lengths not less than 7" wide.

50 Pieces Railing 2"x5"x17' long. 25 Spruce Span Beams 4"x12"x15' long.

(12) GRAHAM'S BRIDGE GASPHEREUX, LOT 61 1500 F. B. M. 3" Plank Spruce or Hemlock in 18' lengths. 7 Spruce Span beams 4"x12"x20' long. 35 Pieces Railing 2"x5"x17' long. 33 Cedar Posts 7 1/2' long 5" at small end.

(13) GROVE PINE BRIDGE LOT 56

2 Spruce Caps 12"x12"x20' long. 7 Spruce Span Beams 4"x12"x15' long. 1500 F. B. M. Spruce Plank in 18' lengths not less than 7" wide.

30 Pieces Railing 2"x5"x16' long. 30 Juniper Posts 7 1/2' long not less than 5" at small end.

(14) FERRY WHARF GEORGETOWN 60 Spruce Piles 26' long 6" at small end. 5000 F. B. M. 12"x12" Spruce or Hemlock in lengths not shorter than 18'.

20 pieces 6"x12" Spruce in 22' lengths. 5,500 F. B. M. 3" Plank in 15' and 20' lengths not less than 7" wide.

Material for Lots No. 10 and 11 to be delivered in care of the Highway Superintendents, all other material to be delivered at the different sites.

Parties tendering to tender separately for the material for each bridge and may tender for the whole or any portion thereof, and tenders to be marked "Tenders for Material."

A price per cord shall be submitted for poles and a price per foot for piles and a price per M. B. M. for sawn lumber. All material to be inspected before delivery is taken by the Department or payment made.

Poles to be of Spruce or Fir, straight and sound, and sawn lumber to be Spruce or Hemlock as specified, square edged, free from warp or shakes, perfectly sound and the exact size specified. Lot No. 1 and sawn lumber for Lot No. 2 to be delivered on or before March 16th, 1931. All other material to be delivered on or before the 1st day of April 1931. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

L. B. McMILLAN, Deputy Minister of Public Works.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, December 24, 1930.

Department of Public Works and Highways

PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TENDERS FOR MATERIALS

Sealed Tenders will be received at this office until noon of Saturday, January 3rd, 1931, from any person or persons willing to supply and deliver at the various sites, the following materials:

(1) QUAGMIRE BRIDGE, WELLINGTON, LOT 16. 120 cords poles in 16 ft. lengths, not less than 4 ins. at small end. 16 piles in 20 ft. lengths, not less than 8 ins. at small end. 36 pieces 6" x 6" in 16 1/2 ft. lengths. 72 pieces 2" x 5" in 16 1/2 ft. lengths. 72 pieces 4" x 5" in 6 ft. lengths.

(2) GRAND RIVER BRIDGE, LOT 16. 26 pieces 12" x 12" in 23 ft. lengths. 35 pieces 12" x 4" in 17 ft. lengths. 70 pieces 12" x 4" in 16 ft. lengths. 63 pieces 12" x 4" in 14 ft. lengths. 24,500 F. B. M. of 4 inch plank in 19 ft. lengths, not less than 7 ins. in width.