

**BUY WASHED COAL FOR MORE HEAT**

You can now buy the high quality **SPRINGHILL NUT** Coal, washed at the mine. Dustless, clean to handle, less ash and impurities, **MORE HEAT.**

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR **SPRINGHILL Washed NUT**

A dependable fuel for your stove or furnace

Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation Limited  
Halifax, Sydney, Saint John, Moncton

**Buntain & Bell & Co.**  
Charlottetown  
Distributors for P. E. I.

**DOUBLE KNOCKOUT**

(By The Canadian Press)  
**CAPE TOWN**—Dave Carstens, local fighter, knocked out Nick Wolmarans and then was knocked out himself. He damaged his right hand and enroute to hospital his car was in an accident and he collapsed.

**LOOKING TO FUTURE**

(By The Canadian Press)  
**LONDON**—Taking of children's fingerprints is advocated by A. H. Lieck, formerly chief clerk at Bow Street Police Court, "so that it might be seen which juvenile delinquents grew up to be hardened criminals."

Minard's removes stains.

**How Are Your Eyes?**

If you are having symptoms of strain—headaches, sore eyes or dizziness—consult a specialist.

At your service with years of experience and a thorough refracting service.

Call in and discuss your difficulties.

**G. F. Hutcheson**  
G. F. HUTCHESON,  
F. G. HUTCHESON.

**Professional Cards**

**D. F. ARCHIBALD**  
Chartered Accountant  
140 Richmond Street  
Phone 47. P. O. Box 12

**MCLEOD & BENTLEY**  
W. E. BENTLEY, K.C.  
J. A. BENTLEY, K.C.  
C. F. BENTLEY, L.L.B.  
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law  
MONEY TO LOAN  
180 Richmond Street

**MacGUGAN & TRAINOR**  
MARK E. MacGUGAN, K.C.  
C. ST. CLAIR TRAINOR, B.A.  
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Office: Over Provincial Bank,  
Richmond Street, Charlottetown

**PALMER & HASLAM**  
H. J. PALMER, K.C.  
A. J. HASLAM, B.A., L.L.B.  
BARRISTERS, ETC.  
Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers,  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Phone 85 P. O. Box 127

**CUTCLIFFE & ANDREWS**  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS  
AND EMBALMERS  
Hunter River and Bradalbans  
Day and Night Service

**H. F. McPHEE, B. A., K. C.**  
NOTARY, &c.  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR  
Ailey Building Charlottetown

**BELL & MATHIESON**  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.  
R. R. Bell, D. L. Mathieson, L.L.B.  
Barristers and Solicitors

**CHRISTABEL**  
By PEARL BELLAIRS

**FAMILY TAKES CHARGE**

The news of Cavanagh's illness had been kept out of the morning papers but it appeared at midday, and within an hour his sister-in-law, Mrs. Hartley Cavanagh, rang the nursing home. Rather unwisely, the matron told her that no one was allowed to see Mr. Cavanagh except his sister and his fiancée, Miss Collet.

"Fiancée, did you say?" repeated Mrs. Hartley Cavanagh, too taken back to hide her astonishment.

She rang Mrs. Cavanagh at her hotel ten minutes later; and after condoling with her, began on the subject at once.

"I rang the nursing home at once as soon as I heard. I was told that I was not allowed to see him; but they said that some young woman—his fiancée, they called—had been allowed to do so. Arthur is not engaged, is he? I know nothing about it."

"Oh, yes, Muriel, that's quite true," replied Miss Cavanagh. "It was a secret, because of the news-married next week. To a Miss Collet."

"I've heard nothing about it! Who is she?"

"A Miss Collet, Muriel."

"What Miss Collet? Who are the Collets?"

"Why, I don't know much about it. She was nursing, you know, at Arthur's camp when he was in, and his car knocked her down."

"That young person! A nurse! Good Heavens, Doris! But are you sure they were engaged? Are you sure she isn't imposing on you. A man with all Arthur's money—"

Mrs. Cavanagh went on for some time about the danger in which a man with all Arthur's money was likely to be from unscrupulous women.

But Miss Cavanagh was very vague. She had always trusted Arthur's judgment, and found it difficult to mistrust it then.

After working herself up into a state of great anxiety lest some "unscrupulous person" could influence her brother-in-law before he died—Mrs. Cavanagh convinced herself that he must be dying—she went round to the nursing home.

She talked to the matron about Cavanagh's condition; and afterwards she asked the nurse who took her downstairs.

"Is Miss Collet here?"

"Yes, Mrs. Cavanagh. Miss Collet is in either of waiting rooms."

"I think I would like to see her before I go!" Mrs. Cavanagh said.

The nurse led her to the small sitting room where Christabel was waiting.

Mrs. Cavanagh introduced herself. She sat at once as she told many other people afterwards, that Miss Collet or "what-ever" she called herself, was a dangerous person. Those sad, enigmatic eyes in that beautiful pale face—the only word that Mrs. Cavanagh could find to describe it was "fiery."

"Miss Collet, I believe? I am Mrs. Hartley Cavanagh. Very kind of you to interest yourself in my poor brother-in-law."

She managed to convey by her manner as much comment as she could on the impertinence of Christabel's having done so.

The unexpected appearance of this imposing woman with her hostile eyes and stout, expensive-looking figure, took Christabel aback. She had not been thinking of Cavanagh's relatives, only of Cavanagh himself, and wondering a little about her own uncertain future.

She defended herself before she realized that she was being deliberately insulted.

"He asked for me," she explained. "Yes, you were here very early, I understand!" remarked Mrs. Cavanagh, and added with a sort of acid affability, "Well, it's very kind of you, I'm sure Miss Collet! If he asks for you again we will send for you. So there is really no need for you to stay any longer."

Christabel, wounded and humiliated, summoned all the dignity she could.

"I was told by Sir Brian Kellynch that I had better wait," she said. "But if you think it best I will go."

And she walked out immediately so that it might be seen that she was not going to hesitate.

Mrs. Cavanagh followed her. If his family had taken exception and she was not wanted, Christabel felt that she could not stay; but still if Cavanagh wanted her, then she ought to stay. With an anxious, humiliated face, Christabel stopped a nurse who was going upstairs with a tray.

"Could you tell the matron for me that Mrs. Hartley Cavanagh thought it best for me to go? Mr. Lee knows where to find me if I'm wanted."

"That's quite all right!" interposed Mrs. Cavanagh officiously.

But the nurse understood the message and she said: "Very well, I'll mention it to matron."

"It's quite understood!" added Mrs. Cavanagh, in the same loud, affirmative tone.

If she had not been thinking so anxiously of Cavanagh, Christabel might have felt like a bed child being led away by a school mistress.

Outside on the pavement Mrs. Cavanagh nodded to her condescendingly, and delayed at the door of her taxi, pretending to look for something while she made quite certain that Christabel really did walk away down the street.

Mrs. Cavanagh's son, a pimply-faced boy wearing a public school tie, put his face inquiringly out of the taxi.

"Has the old beggar kicked the bucket?"

"How many times am I to tell you not to speak in that tone?" said Mrs. Cavanagh, getting into the taxi hurriedly.

She peered out of the window in the back of the hood as the taxi drove away to see Christabel's slender figure disappearing along the pavement in the direction of Oxford st.

"Yes," said Mrs. Cavanagh to herself. "She's gone! Really Bertie," she added, addressing her son. "If you want your uncle to do anything for you, you'll have to be more careful about what you say!"

hood. There she could live and eke out her £20 until she found another job, or something further happened to decide her future.

But she was too anxious about Cavanagh to give much thought to her own problems; the worst thing of all was not to know whether she should go back to the nursing home. For his sake she could not let her pride stand in the way, though the thought of seeming to intrude—though she was hoping to gain by it—was utterly humiliating.

So before she went back to Barking to arrange for a carrier to take her trunks to Marlborough Road, she rang the nursing home to ask how Cavanagh was.

She was asked to hold the line, and the matron herself came to the phone.

"Yes, Mr. Cavanagh was holding his own. But if it was convenient, could Miss Collet go round, as he seemed anxious to see her again."

**Rogers Incurs Rebuke From Senator Meighen**

**OTTAWA, March 18**—(CP)—Opposition leader Meighen took exception in the Senate today to remarks Labor Minister Rogers directed to him in the House of Commons yesterday, with regard to a statement Mr. Meighen made on the youth training scheme on March 8. The minister's conduct, said Mr. Meighen, was "far from creditable."

Senator Meighen said Mr. Rogers had based his remarks on a despatch which quoted the Senator as saying that out of 25,000 youths trained only 25 youths had been placed in positions. The despatch had been wrong Senator Meighen declared. He had said only 25 were placed in Quebec and the despatch had omitted the words "in Quebec." (A Canadian Press report of Mr. Meighen's remarks March 8 reported him as saying that out of thousands trained only 25 youths had been placed in position. He added the phrase "in my honorable friends (Senator Dandurand) province (Quebec)," which the Canadian Press failed to include in its item.

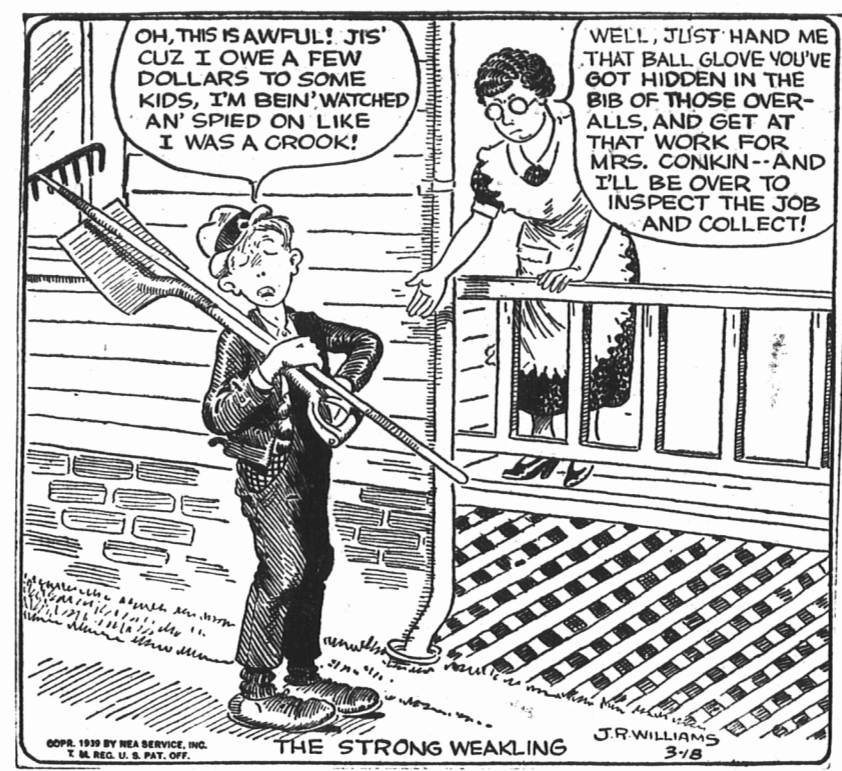
Yesterday Mr. Rogers said 3,282 had been placed in all Canada, adding "elder statesmen ought at least to take the trouble to obtain the facts before they make statements of that kind."

Senator Meighen read from the

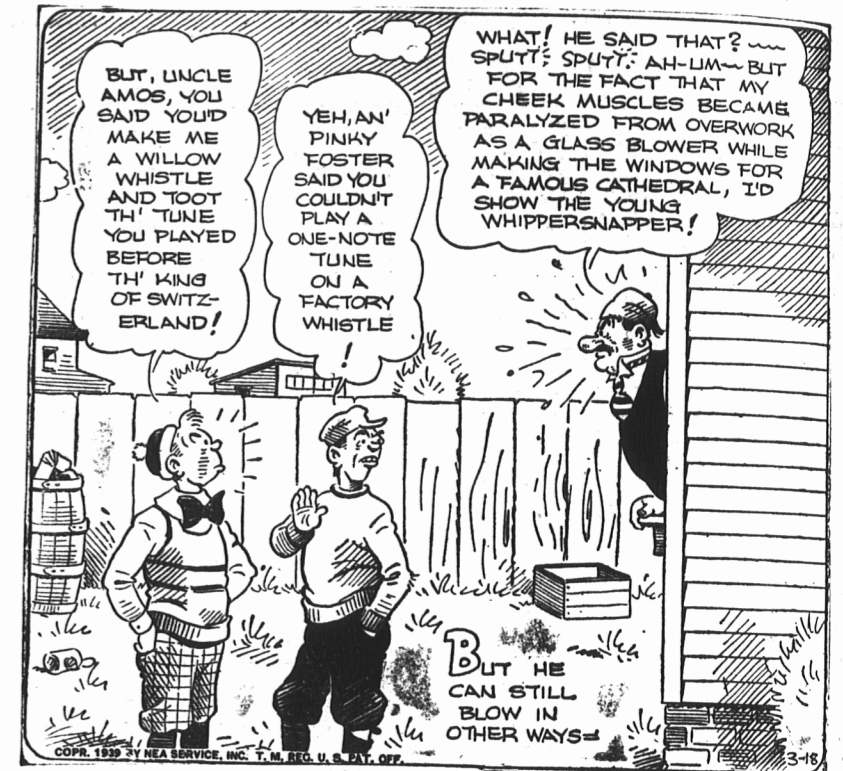
Hansard report of his previous speech, showing that he had specifically indicated the figures as referring only to Quebec. After acknowledging, "as he was compelled to," that the Senator's version had sought to indict him as a person who made "public statements irrespective of truth," Senator Meighen said: "I use only the most moderate language," he added. "His conduct was far from creditable."

**BROKE CYCLE RECORD**  
(By The Canadian Press)  
**LONDON**—Harry Hill, professional cyclist, broke the 50-mile record, lapping two minutes, 30 seconds off Frank Southall's previous best. Hill's time was 1:44.30 seconds.

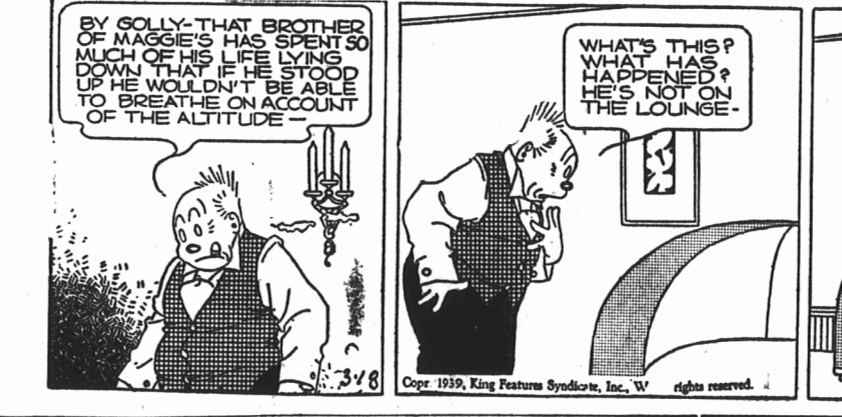
**OUT OUR WAY**



**OUR BOARDING HOUSE**



**BRINGING UP FATHER**



**Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE**



**TIPPIE and "CAP" STUBS**



**ECONOMY THAT GOES INTO THE 'RED'**



**THROAT SORE?**

for common ordinary sore throat

JUST RUB ON **MINARD'S LINIMENT**

3-18