Province of Prince Edward Island
Department Of Public Works And Highways
Tenders For Asphaltic Bituminous Paving

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this office until noon of Tuesday, March 15, 1938, from any person or persons willing to contract for the completion of Grading, Base Course, Underdrainage and Bituminous Surface Course on the following sections of highway:

No. 1—Trunk Route No. 1—Summerside to Tignish.
Section—Summerside to Inverness School.

No. 2—Trunk Route No. 1—Summerside to Tignish.
Section—Inverness School to Elmsdale, and from Elmsdale to Montrose.

No. 3—Trunk Route No. 6—Charlottetown to Souris.
Section—Brackley Point Road to Morell.

No. 4—Trunk Route No. 3—Charlottetown to Montague
Section—Cross Roads to Montague via Stewart's Corner.

No. 5—Trunk Route No. 2A—Charlottetown to Borden.
Section—North River Bridge, West, four miles.

No. 6—Trunk Route No. 6—Charlottetown to Souris.
Section—Souris West Bridge, west, four miles.

A certified cheque for $10,000.00 must accompany each Tender for Nos. 1 to 4. A certified cheque for $3,000.00 must accompany each Tender for Nos. 5 and 6.

Parties tendering shall tender separately for each section, tenders to be marked "Tender for Asphaltic Bituminous Paving."

Specifications and Tender Forms may be obtained at this office.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

L. B. MACMILLAN,
Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways.
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island,
February 14, 1938.

L-2-15-17-19-22-24-26-1-3-5-8-10-12-15.

Province of Prince Edward Island
Department Of Public Works And Highways

TENDERS FOR GRAVELLING

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this office until noon of Tuesday, March 15, 1938, from any person or persons willing to contract for the Supplying and Placing of Gravel Borrow on the following Sections of highway:—

No. 1—Trunk Route No. 1—Summerside to Tignish.
Section—St. Nicholas Road east—1.6 miles.

No. 2—Trunk Route No. 1—Summerside to Tignish.
Section—Line Road Harmony to Stewart Road, Mt. Pleasant, 2.8 miles.

No. 3—Trunk Route No. 1—Summerside to Tignish.
Section Port Hill Road to Portage, 6.0 miles.

No. 4—Trunk Route No. 1—Summerside to Tignish.
Section—Portage Lake to Coleman Road, 3.8 miles.

No. 5—Trunk Route No. 1—Summerside to Tignish.
Section—Piusville Road east—1.4 miles and Dock Road, Elmsdale, to Alberton—1.0 miles.

No. 6—O'Leary Road—Section—Western Road to O'Leary—3.0 miles.

No. 7—Route No. 6—Charlottetown to Souris.
Section—Marshfield School to Scotchfort—9 miles.

No. 8—Route No. 6—Charlottetown to Souris.
Section—Scotchfort to Douglas and from Bristol to Lot 40—9 miles

No. 9—Route No. 3—Charlottetown to Montague.
Section—Birch Hill Road to Vernon River—7.5 miles.

No. 10—Route No. 3—Charlottetown to Montague.
Secton—Vernon River to Sparrow's Road, and from Plummer's Corner to Montague va Stewart's Corner—7.5 miles.

No. 11—Route No. 2A—Charlottetown to Borden.
Section—North River Bridge to Churchill—8.5 miles.

No. 12—Route No. 2A—Charlottetown to Borden.
Section—Churchill to Hampton—8.5 miles.

No. 13—Route No. 6—Charlottetown to Souris.
Section—Souris West Bridge west—1 miles and from Reid's Bridge to Dingwell's Mills—5.5 miles.
Distances given are approximate.

Parties tendering shall tender separately for each section. Tenders to be marked "Tenders for Gravelling."

A certified cheque of $500.00 must accompany each Tender for Nos. 3, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13. A certified cheque of $200.00 must accompany each Tender for Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5 and 6.

Specifications and Tender Forms may be obtained at this office.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

L. B. MACMILLAN,
Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways.
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island,
February 14, 1938.

L-1-2-15-17-19-22-24-26-3-1-3-5-8-10-12-15.

FOR SALE

50 acres of land at Darlington, Lot 31, part of the estate of the late Angus Campbell, apply to

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OUT ON THE ROLLING TIDE

Along the shores of time we stand
And gaze out o'er the sea
Where foaming billows break and roll
In nature's majesty;
This trackless desert waste and wild
This blue-green monster's moan
Of restless power or calm content
Has music all its own.

Sometimes in careless grandeur rests
Sometimes in rippled tongue
Sometimes in melancholy caves
It sings its hollow song;
Sometimes against the toiling ships
In lone monotony
It lulls the voyagers to sleep
With its strange melodies.

What sight is more magnificent
What artful ectacles
What music has more tempo range
Than God's resounding sea
It murmurs in the twilight dim
Along the sheltered shore
Or pounds against the jagged rocks
In angry smashing roar.

As we gaze on this vast expanse
We see time rolling by
We see the log and hollowed tree
Deep in the waters lie;
We see the boat and bark canoe
And galleys rowed along,
We see the steel and clipper ships
And cruisers fast and strong.

Upon their decks the valiant stood
At Trafalgar and the Nile
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fought
In true traditional style;
Along the shipping lanes we gaze
Where sail and steamships go
And on the fishing grounds we see
Them plow the lowlands low.

Into the watered depths we peer
And see the silent tombs
Of men and ships in winding sheets
In nature's ocean wombs;
But there shall be no labor pain
When God shall judge their worth,
And all mankind shall be reborn
Into eternal birth.

PETER A. REILLY.

NOTICE

Dr. Barrett has taken over the Dental Office of the late Dr. M. A. McGuigan. Office hours for the present are from 10.30 A. M. to 3 P. M.

The Castle Island Case with Candid Camera Clues
VAN WYCK MASON'S
by HENRY CLAY GIPSON

CHAPTER XIII

The Superintendent of Bermuda's police glanced at his watch. "Pending the approval of my associates that for a period of twenty-four hours you continue to conduct an investigation by yourself."

"Will you suppress the corner's verdict?"

"Yes."

A slight grimace disturbed Roger Allenby's good humored expression. "Twenty-four hours isn't much you know and —well—it's not an ordinary group of people at Freebooter's Hall. In their several ways every one of them is intelligent and successful far above the average."

"I know it," Tyson said, arising and mopping his forehead, "but—well—twenty-four hours is all I can promise you, don't you know? One thing —I'll have to have a C. I. D. man on or near the island all the time —but he'll stay out of the way."

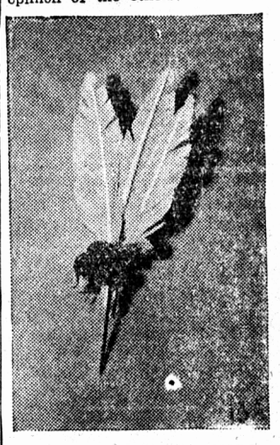
"What will he be doing?" Allenby wanted to know.

"Oh, probably fishing, maybe sailing, or —" he grinned slightly, "taking pictures. A lot of people run over to Castle Island."

"Speaking of pictures, Inspector," Allenby said, with Cora Sue in mind, "would you get these films of mine developed—two prints of each?"

"Glad to—"

On inspiration Allenby produced from his pocket the deck of cards, explained the circumstances of their discovery and, fervently hoping some light might be thrown upon that knotty enigma, asked for the opinion of the others.



THE MYSTERIOUS WANGA

"Odd, deuced odd," Tyson murmured after a cursory examination. "Here, Inspector, see what you can make of them."

Boyd and then Dr. Gosling in turn slowly revolved the squares of pastboard, but at the end of half an hour the problem was no nearer a solution than before.

It was with a sense of acute disappointment that Allenby reached for his hat. Several questions of no mean importance remained unanswered, but at least he had gained the confidence of the Insular police. Apparently they felt assured that he intended to play fair and, in their quaint British way being far more interested in apprehending the criminal than in enhancing their personal prestige, would give him the kind of help he craved.

Clip the Camera Clues

"Just a moment, sir; thought you'd like to have another look at this." Inspector Boyd produced a cardboard box and shook onto the conference table that curious little clump of feathers and the needle discovered on Patricia Fortier's wrapper lapel.

"—And couldn't you make anything of it?" the Superintendent demanded after examining the evidence through a magnifying glass.

Allenby shrugged with a little outspread gesture of his hands denoting helplessness. "Not enough to be sure, though it resembles what's called a Wanga down in Haiti."

Boyd said, "Looks as if Miss Fortier was trying to fix up a dart —you know, sir, like they have in the amusement parks. You can see it's much the same idea."

"Only roughly, I think," Tyson objected. "If you don't mind, Major, I'll take this bit of evidence back with me. We have several young fellows here on the Island completing their Police training course. One's been in the East and two or three are fresh from Africa and the Straits Settlements. Might mean something to them, you know."

"By all means," Allenby nodded heartily. "Looks trivial enough, but you never know."

Heaving a little sigh because he would not be able more completely to renew his acquaintance with the City of Hamilton, Roger Allenby stepped into a cab driven by an ancient Negro driver and directed him to drive slowly along. Even if he paused to snap wayside groups of Negro children, boat yards and a cedar wood-turning shop or two, he would, he calculated, have ample time to catch the 12:26 for St. George.

To one side of a little park a pair of sooty-skinned urchins were executing shrill gymnastics on an enormous field piece, one of those grisly relics which Anglo-Saxon peoples so proudly preserve in their public places in much the same spirit as the cannibal who mounts the skull of a late adversary on his gatespost.

As he watched, a white child ran over to join them and with a start of surprise he recognized the small boy as Peter. Allenby was on the point of ordering a halt when he spied Gail, her whole body aquiver with the violence of her conversation, standing near the base of some exotic species of palm and talking to some indistinctly seen person.

By frankly craning his neck, he discovered with no small interest the identity of her companion. It was Stanley Gibbons who was towering over her and he must have been making an impassioned plea of some sort for his big, sinewy hands were swinging in short gestures suggestive of deep agitation. Twice he saw Gail shake her head before the carriage rolled on down the street and came to a halt before the Furness Line pier.

He took the opportunity to purchase some film and a box of photoflash bulbs lest he be moved to try some pictures at the Gombey dance. Boxes of candy for Gail and her step-mother were his next attention, and finally he bought an envelope of colorful British Colonial stamps for Peter. Somehow the youngster appealed to him no end. The poor little fellow must find life a bit difficult in a step-father's household, where so many temperaments seemed to clash.

Like a strong and steady undercurrent in the recesses of his mind flowed doubts and anxieties concerning the situation. Shucks! If only he could understand the meaning of those cards.

Certainly the stabbing of Patricia was in itself a delicate point. Had the thrust been accidentally perfect, or the result of a carefully aimed blow by someone who knew to a fraction of an inch where the heart lay? Accident or not, no stab could have been delivered with more deadly precision.

While waiting in the shade of an awning in a little bar opposite the railway's Queen Street halt, he tried to visualize Sir George Pakenham — and wondered why the name aroused all too hazy recollections? He must ask Tyson the next time they met. Um. So Grafton and his wife's brother were going to meet the incoming guests? A small incongruity struck him. Barbara was the soul of correctness, so why, if she was to be in Hamilton anyhow did she not remain to greet her guests—surely a common civility? Instead she was intending to return immediately after the funeral service. Why? Did she really with to avoid meeting Sir George, or was it Kathleen Manship?

Presently, sounding an absurdly thin and shrill whistle, the St. George train came clanking leisurely down Front Street and sundry tourists waiting to put their bicycles aboard, fidgeted like racehorses at a barrier. Allenby thought it wise to clamber up into one of the comfortable first-class coaches and, after depositing his purchases about a quarter of wicker chairs, he did a Roderick Dhu until Gail appeared, color high and lips set in a tight line.

"But you promised me an ice cream cone, Auntie Gail," Peter was reminding in high indignation.

"You shall have one at St. George," she said shortly. "We can't miss a train for on ice cream cone can we? Oh, and look, here's Major Allenby. Oh, you were sweet to save us a seat."

"I was beginning to worry." He smiled, arising. "What held you up? Meet someone?"

During an imperceptible second Barney Grafton's daughter hesitated, then said in an appallingly expert counterfeit of the truth, "Oh, no, I've been shopping up on Queen Street. They've some of the darlingest woolens just in from England—just the thing for a man's sport coat."

Allenby never blinked. "Thanks for the tip. Have a cigarette?"

Presently the train started and Peter commenced an examination of the stamps by arranging them on his lap in colorful rows. Skillfully.

Allenby then directed the talk from generalities to fishing, and gradually towards sailing and boating in general.

"That's a beautiful boat your friend Gibbons has. From the little I saw of him this morning, he seemed a very interesting chap. What does he do?"

Clip the Camera Clues

Before making reply, Gail reddened and shot him an oblique glance which he shed with calm unconcern.

"Stanley's very nice. You ought to see him swim! He can even beat Dad —and me, and I'm no slouch in the water. I—I admire him a lot, even if some people think he's a bit crude."

"Crude?"

"Well, yes, in some ways," Gail admitted in a low voice. "His table manners aren't anything to brag of—and he pulls some pretty awful social 'boners' now and then. That's why Barbara can't see him for dust. You see, Stan's father was only an ignorant fisherman; he died when Stan was still just a kid. Until he was about twelve Stan kept himself and his mother going by fishing; then she died. By this time he was crazy over fishing and fish and learned all he could. A rich American he took out one day thought Stan should make a study of ichthy —ichthy—"

—"Ichthyology?"

—"Ichthyology! And paid his way through some courses on oceanography and marine geography at N. Y. U. Right now," Gail continued with a touch of defiant pride, "he is collector in cheif for half a dozen big aquariums ba home." Enthusiasm grew in her voice. "He's discovered six brand new species and I don't know how many subspecies. He's even named one after me."

Roger Allenby's eyes crinkled. "Hence the Angel Fish?"

—"If this Toonerville train weren't jerking so I'd make you a nice curtsy for that," Gail laughed, and some of the ageing lines disappeared.

"By the way, I'd particularly like to meet Jack Quitman and Bunny King. A friend told me to look them up. Said they knew you."

"Who?" Her surprise seemed quite genuine. "Bunny? Who's she, or is Bunny a man?"

"Oh, she's a girl." Allenby was barely able to conceal his astonishment. "Jack Quitman's a gent."

"I still don't know them. Must be friends of Barbara's. You'll like Kay Manship. I'm so glad Kay could come over, and I know she'll go for that distinguished gray head of yours."

H nodded thoughtfully, and ran his eyes over the girl's bare arms and generously revealed legs. How powerfully the muscles played beneath that smooth brown skin!

In his pocket he tested the cards again. When he got to the island he'd have to give them an awful lot of thought. That and the note describing the beach party to which Jack Quitman and Bunny King had been. It would he curious and vitally important, he foresaw, to learn whether Barbara Grafton knew either of them.

(To Be Continued)

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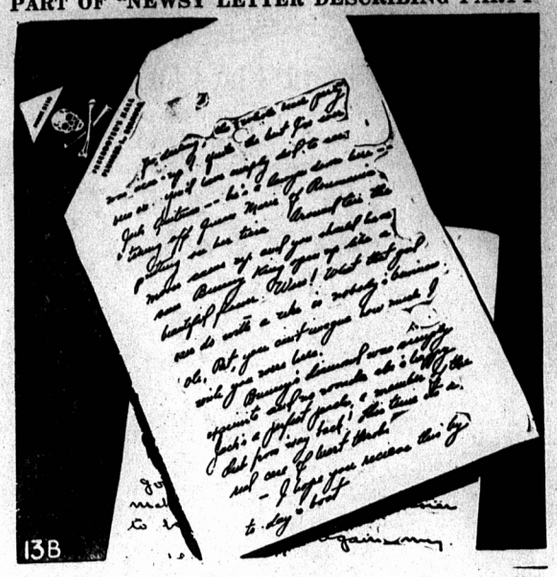
PART OF "NEWSY LETTER DESCRIBING PARTY"



Specimen of Judy's handwriting that was compared with Patricia's

CLIP FOR CLUES!

"THE CASTLE ISLAND CASE" presents the first fictional detective triumph for the candid camera. Important clues to the solution of the mysteries concerned in this novel are contained in certain of the text illustrations. It is suggested that the reader clip each of the instalments or, at least, the photographs illustrating the same. A careful study of the pictures should lead to the solution of the story's crime problems even before that astute detective, Major Roger Allenby, cleans up the case.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard)

SATURDAY, MARCH 12

TOKYO
4:45 p.m.—National Program. JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg.; JZJ, 25.4 m.., 11.80 meg.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY
6:00 p.m.—Hungarian Folksongs. HAT—4, 32.8 m., 9.12 meg.

MOSCOW
7:00 p.m.—News and Program for English Listeners. RAN, 31 m., 9.6 meg.

LONDON
7:20 p.m.—"Over the Farm Gate," a talk by J.A. Scott Watson, Professor of Rural Economy, University of Oxford. GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.; GSL, 49.1 m., 6.11 meg.

MADRID
7:30 p.m.—Program for English Listeners. EAR, 31.6 m., 9.48 meg.

ROME
7:30 p.m.—Chamber Music; "The Ballet in Italy," a talk. 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.; IRF, 30.5 m., 9.83 meg.; 25.21 m., 11.90 meg.

CARACAS
9:45 p.m.—Dance Music. YV5-RC, 51.7 m, 5.8 meg.

PARIS
10:00 p.m.—Musical Recordings. TPA—4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

LONDON
11:00 p.m.—"Musical Variety." GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.; GSL, 49.1 m., 6.11 meg.

TOKYO
12:45 a.m.—"Guide to Famous Places Series." JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA
4:30 a.m.— (Sunday) —Chimes from G. P. O. Sydney VK2ME, 31.28 m., 9.59 meg.

HAZELBROOK WOMENS INSTITUTE

The February meeting of the Hazelbrook W. I., was held at the home of Mrs. Kent Jones on Tuesday the 8th with an attendance of thirteen members and four visitors, meeting opened with Institute Ode followed by repeating the Club Womens creed. Reports of different committees were given, school committees bill of $1.20 was presented and paid. A new member was welcome to the Institute. Mrs. A. Roy Jones kindly invited the March meeting to be held on Tuesday the 15th. Roll call to be answered by "Housecleaning hints" Questionairre on legislation was filled in collection amounting to 80 cents. Mrs. Harold Lawton put on a contest, first prize going to Mrs. Holden Wood. Meeting then adjouned followed by a dainty lunch served by Mrs. Jones.

The Week At S. D. U.

The affirmative side won when the St. Thomas Literary and Debating Society debated on the resolution "That Canadian military defence should be increased," March 5. The winning team comprised S. Trainor, F. Howatt and F. Boudreau. On the negative side were J. A. MacDonald, J. J. Bedard and G. Connolly. Augustine Kelly gave a five-minute speech on "Daniel O'Connell."

* * *

In celebration of the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas High Mass was celebrated March 7 by Rev. J. P. E. O'Hanley. The singing and the serving was done by philosophy students. Afterwards, the sophomores defeated a team drawn from the other philosophy years in a hockey game. Following the dinner at the Queen Hotel most of the philosophy students attended the Junior hockey match at the Forum.

* * *

The finals of the Intra-Mural League are being played between the First Corridor of Dalton Hall and the Third Corridor. The first game ended in a tie, and the second was won by First Corridor. The deciding game has been postponed until after the Retreat.

Island Interests In Boston

Mr. Claude Gaudet, Cambridge, Mass. (formerly of Tignish) reports the Taxi business very good, also amusing at times.

Miss Mary White, Dorchester, Mass. (Formerly Souris West) left for St. John N.B. Sunday night to make arrangements for her passport papers.

Mr. Everett Gillis, Watertown, Mass. (formerly of Freeland) reports the Spring Water business to be very good, despite the amount of ale that is being consumed.

Miss Philamena Peters of Rollo Bay, is ill in Massachsetts General Hospital. Her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Pat Grant, former boxer, Roxbury Mass. (formerly of Peakes Road) is reported considering making a return to the squared circle.

Friends of Victor McPhee, Roxbury, Mass. (formerly of Elmira) will be glad to learn that he has completely recovered from his recent illness.

Mrs. Fred Peters, Rollo Bay, returned to her home a few days ago, after spending a pleasant visit with her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Fisher, in Dorchester, Mass.

Mr. Thomas MacDonald, Monticello, recent visitor to Boston, may be glad to know that his many friends here hope he enjoyed his stay, and that he will return again.

When any Islanders visit Boston, and wish to see some folks from down home, they should attend some of the Saturday night down east dances in Roxbury. You will see them all there at one time or another.

Dr. Leo Casey, dentist, Roxbury, Mass. (formerly of Palmer Road) has made many friends here. Dr Casey is a cousin of the late Dr. Martin McGuigan former dentist in Charlottetown.

Mr. John MacDonald, West Newton, Mass. (formerly of Brudenell and Morell) is recovering after having a severe cold. Mr. MacDonald hopes to make a trip to his old home this summer, which he has not seen for a number of years.

Mr. Wilfred MacDonald, Watertown, Mass. (formerly of Lorne Valley) wishes the home folks would try and eliminate some of the gates they have; last time he was home, he and his friend, Mr. Murdock McInnis, Concord N.H. (formerly of Lorne Valley) visited a place which was located quite a ways from the road. It was after dark, and after getting in and out of the car to open several gates, they finally arrived at the house—only to discover they had three more gates dragging from the front bumpers.

Readers, this may interest you and it may not; but to stop at a newspaper stand in Boston (one that carries all papers) one will see people from all parts of the world come and go. The other evening the writer paused a few moments near a newspaper stand at Washington and Milk streets, and here's how it went: A tall gentleman: "Give me an Irish paper please? North of Ireland" A lady: "I'd like a copy of the Toronto Star please? Two girls: "Have you the Miami Times?" A business looking man: "Saturday's Charlottetown Guardian and the New York News please" An oldish looking man: "The San Francisco Chronicle if you please.?" And still they came. So homeward thinking what a small world it is after all, and remember readers, if there is something you want to hear from up here or about up here, a card or note to this column may help. —Regard, Ma-

NOX KIDNEY FLUSHERS

Flush your kidneys and liver with NOX KIDNEY FLUSHERS. Backache, headache and rheumatic poison will be washed out. No more getting up nights. The whole system will take on renewed vigor, your health improved.. Each package contains one month's treatment.. Price one dollar. KFI

For Sale by TAYLOR DRUG CO., Kensington

Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Eastern King's Exhibition Association will be held in McQuaid's Hall, Souris, on Tuesday, March 15th at 2 P. M.

President—EDWIN REID.
Secretary—D. F. MacAULAY.

L-766-3-12-2t.

W. C. T. U. Notes

THE JUDGMENT DAY

I dreamed that the great judgment morning had dawned
And the trumpet had blown;
I dreamed that the nations had gathered
To judgment before the White Throne;
From the throne came a bright shining angel,
And stood on the land and the sea,
And cried with his hands raised to heaven:
"Time is no longer to be."

The rich man was there, but his money
Had melted and vanished away,
A pauper he stood in the judgment—
His debts were too heavy to pay.
The great man was there, but his greatness
When death came was left far behind;
The angel that opened the record
No trace of his goodness could find.

The widow was there, and the orphan,
God heard and remembered their cries.
No sorrow in heaven forever—
God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The gambler was there and the drunkard,
And the man who had sold them the drink,
With the people who gave him the license
Together in hell they did sink.

The moral man stood in the judgment,
But his self-righteous rags would not do—
The men who had crucified Jesus
Passed off, as moral men, too.
And the soul who had put off salvation,
"Not tonight, I'll get saved by and by."
No time now to think of salvation—
But alas! It had found time to die.

NARCOTICS

"Oh, God! that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains."
Shakespeare.

WHAT CAN HALT THE UPWARD PROGRESS OF MAN?

Let us imagine for a few dreadful moments a round table conference in the shades of Hell. The demons assemble at his majesty's call to try to discover some means by which the all-conquering work of God on earth shall be defeated.

"In order to accomplish our purpose of destroying the image God in the soul of man, we must invent some patent drug that shall secretly deprive mankind of the likeness to his Creator," declares the leader of the council, "no poison that merely slays the human race can quench the thirst for souls that rages within the bosom of his Satanic Majesty."

"The Heavenward evolution of the mind of man is the enemy of Hell, and this is the danger we demons must avert," quoted another.

"Surely," assented a third demon, "to fit man for a dwelling place on High was the purpose of his Maker. To fit man for a lodging place in Hades is the purpose of Satan. That is the task he had assigned to us, his slaves."

"Some drug to paralyse the brain might do the work," suggested another.

"Nay," exclaimed another, "paralyse the lower part of the brain, that controls the heart and lungs, and you have death. That would not serve our purpose."

"Paralyse the motor centre of the brain and you have an idiot," was the next objection.

"Paralyse the knowledge centre, and you produce an imbecile. Man develops from the animal stage into knowledge, and then into moral consciousness," objected still another.

"If we could paralyse the moral centres of the brain, leaving knowledge, locomotion, heart and lungs in operation, we would make man a possible criminal, lacking moral self control."

"Man's will can put a check upon his appetites and desires, we must paralyse his will, his moral consciousness, and at the same time stimulate his animal appetites."

"Good, my brother demon," exclaimed the leader. "Poison control and stimulate desire; poison the spiritual and stimulate the animal; poison the higher, excite the lower, overthrow the God, and enthrone the animal in man."

"Might man not know, and knowing, shun it?" objected another ghoul.

"The subtle poison we must invent must please the palate, soothe the senses, catch the eye and evolve a craving for itself, and its habit-forming effect must be so gradual and insidious that our victims may not know it, or know it too late ot save themselves from the bondage of habit."

"What we need is a nascent drug!" —Prov. 31

DEADLY UNEMPLOYMENT

A good workman who has lost his job gives his experience when unemployed. "For the first fortnight I enjoyed it; after a month I felt that I had had all the holiday I needed; but now I feel that to be without work is destroying me, body and soul."

This experience, heartending as it is, seems to be true to life, and is probably being repeated in hundreds of thousands of cases in this and other lands where unemployment prevails in all its deadly potency for the destruction of humanity. Are we facing it fully in Canada? Are we sufficiently awake to its deadly power?

The questions of supporting life in our regular style drops out of sight, and the other much graver question arises, as to how we shall retain our manhood despite the unemployment. We think that the time has arrived when we should discuss the matter from the point of view of preserving the manhood of men rather than from that of merely assisting them to keep alive. It is not primarily a question of wages, nor even of food and clothing but of self-preservation, the preservation of manhood unimpaired, and the prevention of that demoralization which precedes degeneration. The question is not what kind of work we would prefer, but what kind is just now possible, and it is a poor type of employment which cannot be made to preserve humanity's self-respect and our necessary morals.

"KICK"

Those whose cry is "Give us light wine and beer" are never satisfied with lightness. Always they want kick!

"And isn't it interesting how the 'kick' in alcohol 'KICKS!'

"I have known it to KICK people out of good jobs into no jobs.

"I have known it to KICK whole families into the street and boots and shoes from children's feet.

"I have known it to KICK men and women into the madhouse.

"I have known it to KICK men and women into jail.

"I have known it to KICK women and babies to death.

"I have seen it KICK murderous blows at youth.

"I have known it to KICK men to the gallows.

"And I know —the devil KICKS with alcohol."—Grace Houlder, of Australia.—"Union Worker," Michigan.

LIQUORLESS NIGHT CLUBS

After three months of operation, the liquorless night club established at the University of Iowa for college students, has been declared a success both as regards finances and as a social feature, says the Christian Avocate. Except for the fact that the "Silver Shadow" serves only non-alcoholic drinks, it closely resemble the conventional night club, with its floor show, its popular singers, its swing band, and its attractive atmosphere. The musicians, entertainers, and all other employees, with the exception of the chef, are students whose salaries help them defray the expenses of a college education. For a month or so a second dry night club has been operating in the city in competition with the "Silver Shadow." This also is having good business.

Following the example of Iowa, Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., opened a similar club on February 27. This student night club is to be operated on Saturday evenings in the freshman house, Willard Hall, named for Frances E. Willard, who was once dean of the woman's college of this institution. The city of Evanston prohibits all sale of alcoholic beverages.

Only $10 one way from Saint John to BOSTON via EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

Regular sailings Fridays at 8 A.M. (A.T.) from Reed's Point Wharf, Saint John. Due Boston 8 A.M. (E.S.T.) next day. One-way fare from Saint John $10; from Charlottetown, P.E.I., to Boston $16.

• Apply any Canadian National Railway, Company ticket office, or Reed's Point Wharf Saint John.

HORSES FOR SALE

Will have arriving last of March and 1st of April 150 mares and geldings. These will be horses I can handle when farmers are through with work.

Signed
WELLINGTON McNEILL

FOR SALE

The property of the late Walter B. Robertson, 21 Upper Prince Street, is offered for sale privately until Tuesday, March 15th.

For further particulars, apply to
GEORGE J. TWEEDY,
Solicitor,
Charlottetown.

L-680-3-9-12.