Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

AS YOU GO

Don't look for the flaws
As you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind,
To be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtue behind them,
For the cloudiest night
Has a hint of the light
Somewhere in the shadows hiding;
It is better, by far,
To hunt for a star,
Than spots in the sun abiding.

BECOMING HEADBANDS

A very pretty and becoming fashion is creeping back once again in the headband which certainly adds a finish to almost any head of hair. Lady Anne Rhys, we are informed, wears a diamante Alice-in-Wonderland band, Miss Mary Ormsby-Gore, one of pearls, and Miss Diane Chamberlain a similar one. Older ladies seem to prefer a plain wound round the head.

"MOTHER EARTH"

Are you one of these people who have an objection to numbers? Are you one of those for whom a sequence of figures calls up no picture but leaves the mind dull as ditch water—or is it dish water, through which particularly greasy dishes have passed?

If you are one of those for whom figures and numbers possess no light or magic you will approve the present fashion of giving names to frocks. Trimmings, we are now informed, register a mood or indicate an occasion. There is more in a name than one may at first imagine!

Take "Mother Earth", for instance. This name is given to a frock of brown material flecked with white, adorned with a posy of primroses, crocuses, snowdrops, and pansies on the shoulder. What does it represent? The spring of flowers pushing through the snow upon the brown earth, of course!

THE WHITE DRESS

Many mothers, it appears, have a "complex" about their young daughters wearing a white dress. Vainly the girls plead for pink or blue, even for black, but their desire remains ungratified. White has always been the colour for debutantes, and white it must remain!

And yet isn't it all rather a dreadful mistake? The white dress is the most difficult of all to "carry off." Only the really smart woman, we are told by those who know, can wear it successfully.

CULTIVATION OF MUSHROOMS

Mushroom beds which were spawned about September should now be producing an abundant crop, and will require careful attention. The temperature of the mushroom house should not be allowed to rise above 65 degrees in mild weather, but during very cold weather it may be allowed to drop to 55 degrees.

When the surfaces of the beds become dry, a gentle watering, preferably with rain water which has been slightly warmed, should be applied through a fine rose. Damp the floor and walls of the house to create a moist atmosphere, but avoid a stagnant one by opening the top ventilators when the house appears overcharged with moisture. This is especially necessary when fresh beds are being made, as it frequently happens that the moisture arising from fresh manure introduced to the house is injurious to the existing crop, unless sufficient top ventilation is provided to allow it to escape.

Making Fresh Beds

For the purpose of making successful beds, suitable manure should be collected and placed in a dry, airy shed, where it may be turned frequently until it is ready for removal to the mushroom house. After the manure is in the mushroom house it should be turned once or twice to prevent sourness, after which it should be beaten tightly together, and the spawn inserted when the temperature of the bed has declined to 80 degrees. After a day or two if the temperature of the bed is still declining, the surface should be covered with a layer one inch deep of finely sifted loam, made firm by beating with the back of a spade.

Cyclamen

These plants are developing their flowers freely, and may be allowed to bloom in succession of batches according to requirements. They should be kept growing actively by feeding them with soot water or weak liquid manure as soon as it is found that the pots are well filled with roots. Great care must be used in the watering, and on no account should water be poured in the centre of the plants, as this would cause the young flower buds to rot. All decaying leaves and flower buds should be regularly removed and the plants kept scrupulously clean.

For use as cut blooms, the flower stalks should be pulled out not cut, for the cut end of the flower stalk that remains would soon decay and be a danger to the young flower buds. When pulled out cut off the hard end of the flower stalk and place the latter in water as soon as possible; if allowed to flag the petals of cyclamen flowers do not stiffen again readily, and this is especially true of the giant forms. It is always advisable partly to split the flower stalks of the giant forms before placing them in water.

Young Plants

Young cyclamen plants raised from seed sown in August should shortly be ready for pricking off into well-drained boxes. A light, sandy compost of moderately rich material should be used, and after the seedlings get a fresh start they should be placed on a shelf near the roof glass in a warm greenhouse. Very careful watering must be observed so that they never become dry at the roots and receive a check, which would retard their growth for a considerable time. Over watering and a sodden condition in the soil are equally detrimental, and must be guarded against.

COUGHS
Apply over throat and chest —swallow small pieces of—
VICKS VAPORUB
Over 21 Million Jars Used Yearly

KEEP YOUR LINGERIE FRESH AND CLEAN

The girl who steps into fresh lingerie each morning instils within herself a feeling of daintiness and self-confidence.

It takes a minimum amount of time to wash out several pieces of underwear. If you simply haven't time to stand over the ironing board, get lingerie which does not have to be ironed at all. If your slips need pressing, however, do it well. See that the shoulder straps are flat and smooth when you finish and that the lace looks crisp and fresh.

It's useless to wear clean underthings over a dirty girdle or other foundation garment. Modern girdles and corsets are made so that they can be washed easily without harming the elastic.

A small brush is the best thing to use when scrubbing a foundation garment. Lather the brush with a bland soap suds and scrub your girdle, inside and out. Rinse it carefully and smooth it out before you hang it up to dry.

DON'T FORGET TO BRUSH HAIR DAILY

Every head of hair, whether it be dry, oily or normal, should be given a daily brushing.

Your hair should be given at least one hundred "licks" with a good brush every night. Remember that you can't overdue brushing. The more you brush, the healthier your hair will be.

Choosing a good brush is an important step in a beauty routine. Specialists agree that a brush with stiff short bristles isn't good for the hair, particularly the little fine new hairs that are just starting to grow in. So select brush which has rather long, flexible bristles and learn to care for it correctly.

Your brush should be washed often with warm water and soap suds. If possible, let it dry in the sun. Naturally, it is more convenient to have more than one brush. Then you'll always be sure of having a clean one on hand.

Never keep a hair brush on top of your dressing table. It should be placed in a drawer, carefully wrapped in oiled paper, or in a little box of its own.

Wipe your brush each time after you have pulled a section of your hair through it. In that way you will avoid putting dirt from one spot on your scalp back on another part of it.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Christmas Candy

These are simple "home made" type candies which make nice additions to the Christmas gift list. Wrap the pieces separately in waxed paper or cellophane, colored metal like papers, or silver foil papers to make the boxes attractive. Line the boxes with waxed paper and lay a sheet of foil paper or waxed paper between the rows of candy.

Walnut Candy

2 cups light brown sugar
1 tablespoon butter
½ cup cream
1 cup chopped black or California walnut meats
1 teaspoon salt

Put the sugar, butter and cream in a saucepan. Boil until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water (or 230 degrees if you are using a candy thermometer.) Remove from the heat and beat hard. Add the walnuts and salt and beat again until thick. Pour into well buttered pans when nearly cold. Cut into small squares with a sharp knife.

Peppermint Leaves

1½ cups granulated sugar
6 tablespoons boiling water
1 tablespoon powdered sugar
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 teaspoon essence of peppermint.

Boil the sugar and water in a saucepan about four minutes, or until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water (230 degrees.) Then add the powdered sugar and cream of tartar mixed together, and the peppermint. Stir until thick and creamy. Drop by small spoonfuls on waxed paper. Set aside to cool and harden. Use a small, fine strip of candied green cherry as a stem, inserting it in one end before the mint candy hardens.

A Morning Smile

The Mixture

An invitation to dinner had been sent to the newly-settled practitioner. In reply, the hostess received an absolutely illegible letter.

"I must know if he accepts or refuses," she declared.

"If I were you," suggested her husband, "I should take it to the chemist. Chemists can always read doctors' letters, however badly they are written."

The chemist looked at the sheet of notepaper which she handed him, and, without waiting for her explanation, went into his dispensary, and returned a few minutes later with a bottle, which he handed over the counter.

"There you are, madam," he said. "That will be three and sixpence."

He Just Wanted to Know

A small boy entered a grocer's and said:—"A pound of tea at 2s. 6d., a pound of butter at 1s. 10d., a pound of sugar at 5½d., and a tin of condensed milk at 6d. And how much change shall I get out of three half-crowns?"

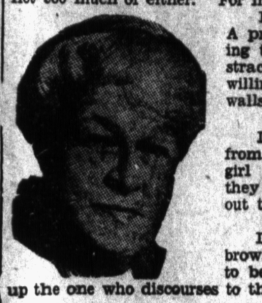
"Two shillings and a halfpenny, my boy," replied the shopkeeper, after making a lightning mental calculation.

"Oh, thanks," said the juvenile gratefully; "that's my homework for to-night."

How to Be a "Wow" With Men — Dorothy Dix — Suggests Winning Technique to Damsels

A Little of This and a Little of That and Not Too Much of Either is the Secret of Success With Men—Flush Hot and Cold and Keep 'Em Guessing, and Never, Never Tell a Man You Love Him

It's funny, girls, but the secret of a successful technique with men is to do a sort of double shuffle. A little of this and a little of that and not too much of either. For instance:



Be good looking, but not too good looking. A pretty girl has a better chance of marrying than a raving, tearing beauty. Men abstractly admire the living picture, but they are willing to let some other man hang it on his walls.

Dress well, but don't look like a daily hint from Paris. Men like to be seen out with a girl who makes other women rubber, but they get cold feet when they start to figure out the upkeep of an expensive doll.

Don't be a Dumb Dora, nor yet a highbrow. Men like girls who are clever enough to be bright and entertaining, but they pass up the one who discourses to them about the Einstein theory.

Don't be hard-boiled. Neither be too soft. Every man's feminine ideal is dewy-eyed innocence and sweet trustfulness, yet he doesn't want her to believe more than half he tells her. Besides, he expects her to have enough sense to look out for herself in these days of emancipated women.

Have a sense of humor, but never let it mislead you into telling jokes. Men like a girl who gets the point and laughs at their funny stories, but they flee from a feminine wisecracker as they would the plague.

Be independent, but never show that you can stand alone. Don't hang on to a man so heavily that he feels that you are a burden, but cling to him enough to make him think you are a poor, weak little vine and he is a sturdy oak.

Be appreciative of a man's attentions, but don't register gratitude for them. When a man takes you out and shows you a good time, let him see that you are enjoying yourself and that you consider him the prince of hosts, but don't get down on your knees and publicly return thanks because he deigned to date you up. So far as a man is concerned, always act as if he was something that you could take or leave, and it didn't mater how much to you which.

Don't be a gold-digger, nor yet too cheap. Go easy on a man's pocketbook when he takes you out. Don't order the most expensive dishes when you go to a restaurant. Don't insist on the highest-priced seats at the theatre. Don't hint for presents. But on the other hand, don't let a man think that any old thing is good enough for you.

Don't let him sponge on you for his eats and ride in your car and generally make you a purveyor of food and drink and transportation without ever making any return for it. And whatever you do, don't ever offer to pay the way when you step out with a boy unless you have agreed to go Dutch treat beforehand. Don't always be objecting to the price of everything and suggesting something that doesn't cost so much. A man likes to make a lordly gesture before a woman and it irritates and humiliates him when she rubs it in that he can't afford it.

Don't pose as a WOW with the boys, but still less bewail the fact that you are a wallflower. Men abhor the girl who boasts of her conquests, but they are like sheep that follow the leader where women are concerned, and the girl who has been passed up by other men they also pass up. Every man wants some other man's O. K. on a woman before he gives her a rush.

Let a man weep on your shoulder, but never shed any tears on his. No girl can have a better line than that of the sympathetic listener who lends an eager ear while a man tells her of his hopes and plans and bemoans the tough breaks he has got. But no girl can queer herself so quickly and so easily with a man as by telling him her troubles and turning herself into what Mr. Mantalini used to call a "demned moist unpleasant body." A man is sorry for a woman when she meets with misfortune, but he doesn't want to hear the depressing details. And a crier he loathes and leaves.

Give a man the glad hand when he comes to see you, but never try to reach out and pull him through the door. Never write two letters to a man's one. Never call him up on the telephone to ask him how about going some place tonight or why he hasn't called. Never reproach a man with his absence or with having neglected you. To do so is fatal. It is like flaunting the halter in the face of a restive colt and it scares him so he takes to his heels. Besides, it is bad enough for a husband to have to furnish an alibi to his wife. No man is going to start doing it while he is still free.

Go after the man you want, but camouflage your designs. Don't boldly throw yourself at his head, or else he will dodge. Play indifferent. Flush hot and cold. Keep him guessing. Give him a run for his money and let him have at least the illusion that he is the pursuer and not the pursued.

Finally, be loving, but not all heart. There is nothing that men get fed up on so quickly as they do upon too much affection and too many caresses. As long as the man has to beg for a kiss he will break his neck to get it. Thrust your kisses upon him and he will turn the back of his head to avoid them. And never tell a man that you love him. The less he thinks you care for him, the more he will care for you.

And that's the way it goes. And it is no wonder it is so hard to please men. Everything about them is a contradiction.

DOROTHY DIX.

Daintiness With Chic Styles

ILLUSTRATED DRESSMAKING LESSON FURNISHED WITH EVERY PATTERN

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

It's just the dress you are looking for as the original in black velvet for holiday luncheons, teas, bridge and matinees.

The draped high neck is ultra-new and adorably smart. And the sleeves are as tricky as you could wish for, and yet are very easily made. Tiny rhinestone buttons down the back and rhinestone belt buckle are its only adornment.

If colors are desired, then peacock blue, copper shade, Chinese red or bright green crepe silk are tremendously smart suggestions.

Style No. 360 is designed in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 4 yards 39-inch material and ⅝ yard 35-inch lining.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 360. Size ....

....
Name

....
Street Address

....
City State

BACK CHAT

"By a strange coincidence," writes a correspondent; "my wife and the woman next door both suffer from chronic lumbago." Very sad. But we suppose they are often able to enjoy a little back-chat.—Punch.

SPEED

"How does the clock go that you won at the sports?"

"Fine—it does the hour in fifty minutes."

CHAPTER 43

"THE BARSTOWE BRIDE"

The sidewalks of Fifth Avenue outside the church were thronged with curious spectators for the Barstowe-Dare wedding. The side streets for blocks on either side of the Avenue were lined with smart motors. Flanking the awning which stretched above velvet carpet from the church entrance to the curb was a battery of camera men waiting to snap the bridal pair and the notables among the wedding guests.

The Barstowe limousine which bore Jeanne and her matron of honor rolled up to the curb, and there came an instant craning of necks and tense activity among the photographers.

Adele Parkinson descended first, shielding her face with her bouquet against the battery of clicking cameras. Jeanne had no such protection, nor did she want it.

THE DAY OF TRIUMPH

This was her day of triumph. She was glad that all the world should witness it. So she smiled through her mist of tulle upon the jostling, gaping throng, and proceeded leisurely into the church.

The next few minutes were chaotic with confusion.

She realized that she was trembling with excitement and that her face, set like a flower in its misty draperies, was flaming with the tumult of her heartbeats.

Some efficient person was arranging the wedding procession in the appropriate order.

She noted absently that the flower girls' basket shook with the trembling of her hand.

Behind her, she heard the bridesmaids' giggle.

Adele's cheeks had taken on a deeper hue than the artificial stain she effected.

Vera Dayton was contrastingly pale. Her lips were compressed in a scarlet line, and she seemed constantly to be biting one. She had greeted the bride with stony calm, and thereafter kept her eyes resolutely averted.

The low murmur of the organ, audible through the closed door of the vestry, ceased suddenly, and, after a moment, broke into the beautiful strains of the Lohengrin wedding march. The door was flung open, and the procession wended its way slowly into the church.

Jeanne lifted her eyes for a moment from their demure downcast regard over her bridal bouquet, and noted with infinite satisfaction that the World and his wife in their smartest apparel filled the edifice, even to crowding the empty space in the side aisles and back of the last line of pews.

The music pulsed and trembled in warm air scented with the breath of the lilies that marked each pew and banked the chancel.

ADULATION

As Jeanne passed in her exquisite bridal robes, she caught the well-bred murmurs of admiration with which the assemblage paid tribute to her beauty and her sartorial perfection.

She felt a curious desire to laugh.

It seemed suddenly the finest joke in the world that these wealthy and fashionable people should show such approval of little Jane Dare.

If they but knew!

As his life passes in swift review before the eyes of a drowning man, so to Jeanne's inner vision, she walked slowly down the aisle to the strains of Lohengrin, came snatches of her entire existence in quick kaleidoscopic review.

She saw herself at six going off for the first time to school, a little red knitted woolen figure with a bonnet tied under her round chin and a tin lunchbox tucked in her mittened hand. She saw her mother, a carelessly untidy figure, hiding her tears behind a gingham apron held with red chapped hands.

She saw herself at her first party in her early teens, in her home-made organdy with slicked and braided hair eating home-made ice cream and layer cake, and trying to hide her feet because she had no party slippers. . . .

She saw her first proposal from her first beau, Henry Harrison in a moonlit glen with the noisy, rowdy, picnic merrymakers behind them singing trashy songs that had been popular on Broadway five years before. She saw Henry's earnest, embarrassed face and trembling lips and, flamingly distinct, was his ill-fitting collar and purple necktie with magenta dots. . . .

She saw Jane Dare, the school teacher, with a knitted golf vest over a cotton blouse, laboriously correcting examination papers in a drafty schoolroom, while two small boys with dirty ears threw spit balls at each other to pass away the period while they were "kept in."

She saw Jane Dare, the chrysalis, arriving at Pennsklvanit Station. She saw Jeanne Dare the butterfly, emerging from the beauty shops, the modistes, the milliners . . .

She saw the bride of Victor Barstowe in her imported velvet and priceless pearls . . .

THE BRIDEGROOM!

And then, because her foot touched the chancel steps and she looked up—she saw her bridegroom!

But to her dreaming eyes, it was not a clean, strong, handsome man who stood there, but a dollar sign, correct in afternoon attire!

The ceremony went through without a hitch. Adele stepped forward and adjusted the bridal veil (Jeanne had chosen to veil her face) and the newly wedded pair turned to face the vast assemblage as the murmuring organ crashed into Mendelssohn.

Barstowe whispered something to her as he looked down at her, his eyes filled with tenderness.

She did not catch what he said, but she raised her lovely, inscrutable eyes, and smiled faintly.

In the pews, the wedding guests stirred approvingly, and whispered to each other: "A true love match, they say! Mad about each other!"

On the outer steps of the church, the bridal pair were fairly mobbed by photographers who besought them to pose together for half a second. They complied smilingly, before Barstowe, wrapping the ermine cloak more securely about his bride's shoulders, put her into the limousine and sprang in after her.

In a flash, it seemed to Jeanne, they were back at the hotel and standing in a bower of lilies and ferns, greeting the line of guests that wound endlessly in from the reception rooms and endlessly out again into the ballroom where a stringed orchestra played for dancing, and the faint, discreet clatter of table appointments indicated that a buffet repast was being served.

Later in the afternoon, Jeanne discarded her bridal veil, and she and Barstowe joined the dancers. Their was wine from the Barstowe cellars, personally selected and sent in by Barstowe, Senior, who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying his son's wedding.

Mrs. Barstowe, regal in brocade and diamonds, with a sable scarf worth a fortune around her shoulders, was gracious and cordial. She had kissed Jeanne with apparent affection after the ceremony, and few except her astute daughter-in-law herself could have detected the reserve which signified her lack of complete approval of her son's choice.

Vera Dayton, the disapointed, had swung from her icy, insolence of the morning to a mood of hectic gayety. Whether or not the champagne was largely responsible, she was proving a good loser, according to the opinion of the wedding guests who had inside knowledge of her thwarted ambition.

Canby, one of the first to proffer his congratulations, had unbent to complete geniality, and even Selby North wore a kindly look in place of his customary mocking one, when he took the bride's hand.

A DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE

It was over at last!

Jeanne was ready in her traveling gown, another Paris importation from Madame Julie's. A sable wrap, the gift of Barstowe, Senior, and a gold fitted travelling bag lay ready on the couch in her sitting room.

Miss Carruthers was franctically trying to locate the misplaced card on a belated wedding present which had arrived just prior to the ceremony. Celeste was getting into her own traveling dress, for she was to accompany her mistress on the yachting cruise.

In a moment Barstowe would come for his bride. Already the car was at the private entrance, the chauffeur at the wheel, the uniformed footman at the open door trying vainly to keep back the crowd of curious bystanders who awaited the coming of the Barstowe bride.

Jeanne was drawing on her long gloves, looking slowly about the little suite that she was about to leave forever . . . She had been happy there.

A knock came at the door, and, in response to her command, a bell boy thrust in a freckled face.

"There's a dame out here that wants ter see you, Mis' Dare—Mis' Barstowe. I think she's a nut but—"

"A nut indeed! You impertinent boy! You ought to be spanked—"

The door thrust open and Aunt Emily walked in.

(To Be Continued.)

WINSLOE SOUTH SCHOOL

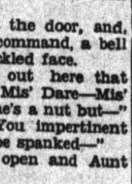
Honor roll for October:
Grade X—1 Olive Rodd, 2 Myrtle Taylor, 3 Verna Rodd.
Grade IX—1 Doris Sellar, 2 Jimmie Palethorpe, 3 Joyce Auld.
Grade VII—1 Letha Horne, 2 Vaunda Saunders, 3 Alice Good.
Grade V—1 Verna Turner, 2 Helen MacGregor.
Grade IV—1 Avis Prowse, 2 Stirling Rodd, 3 Vera Palethorpe.
Grade III—1 Orville Turner, 2 John Holroyd.
Grade I (a)—1 Allison MacGregor, 2 Allison Ford.
Grade I (b)—1 Jean MacFarlane,
Grade I (c)—1 Myra Rodd, 2 Daisy Hambly.

FOR NOVEMBER
Grade X—1 Myrtle Taylor, 2 Olive Rodd, 3 Verna Rodd.
Grade IX—1 Perley Taylor, 2 Joyce Auld, 3 Jimmie Palethorpe.
Grade VII—1 Vaunda Saunders, 2 Letha Horne, 3 Ivan Turner.
Grade V—1 Verna Turner, 2 Helen MacGregor.
Grade IV—1 Avis Prowse and Sterling Rodd, 2 Vera Palethorpe, 3 Rena MacGregor.
Grade III—1 Russell Diamond, 2 Orville Turner, 3 John Holroyd.
Grade I (a)—1 Allison MacGregor and Allison Ford.
Grade I (b)—1 Jean MacFarlane.
Grade I (c)—1 Myra Rodd, 2 Daisy Hambly.
—S. M. Bruce, Teacher.

CHRISTMAS TRADE ON THE INCREASE

MONCTON, N. B., Dec. 21.—Business houses and stores in Winnipeg and throughout the west are doing a fairly good Christmas trade and the people are most hopeful as to the future, stated Mr. W. Ralph Parson, Commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company, Winnipeg, who passed through Moncton this morning on the Maritime Express of the Canadian National Railways enroute to Newfoundland. He said of course Western Canada has its wheat problem but that the west can and is becoming self supporting.

HEADACHES VANISH when you take QUICK and SAFE NOT CONSTIPATING



ASCO gives astounding results. New. Scientific. No harmful or habit-forming drugs. Soothes away pains and aches. Won't upset your stomach, because it's better than others. Breaks up a COLD over-night. Each tablet stamped ASCO. Red, white and blue boxes. All druggists.
Tune in on ASCO Program on C. F. C. Y. daily 7.15 to 7.30 P. M.

Carter's Bookstore And Santa Claus Headquarters, Upstairs

Is now wide open for big business. An immense range of TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES, MECHANICAL TOYS, 5 cent, 10 cent, 15 cent, 20 cent and 25 cent counters, great values.

A Big Display of Xmas Tree Decorations

Ask to see our wonderful display of new Games. Also our range of DOLLS, including "CUDDLES" and "CHUBBY" (with washable Hair) DOLL CABS, DOLL SLEDS, BOYS and GIRLS SLEDS from 40 cents up, HOCKEY STICKS 15 cents up, SHOO FLY ROCKERS at $1.35 and up, CROKINOLE BOARDS, KIDDY KARS, etc. All bright new goods, and priced to meet all competition. Goods selected now will be set aside until XMAS EVE, or till called for. We will have something to say about our wonderful stock in the BOOKSTORE later on.

CARTER & CO., Limited
SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS

MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by public auction on Saturday the 30th day of December 1933 at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Township Number 52 in Kings County, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Bounded on the north by the Morell Road; on the east by the western boundary line of land now or formerly in possession of Aben Finlayson; on the south by the rear line of farms fronting on the Lorne Valley Road; on the west by a line running from the Morell Road to the said rear line parallel to the said western boundary line of Aben Finlayson's land at a sufficient distance west therefrom to embrace an area in the land herein described of 55 acres.

Also all that other tract, piece and parcel of land situate lying and being on Township Number 52 aforesaid bounded and described as follows that is to say: Commencing on the north side of the Morell Road at the south-western corner of land sold to John S. Crane, thence north at right angles to said Morell Road until it meets Peakes Road, thence west along Peakes Road thirteen chains and seventy-five links, thence at right angles south to Morell Road and thence east along said Morell Road thirteen chains and seventy-five links to the place of commencement containing seventy five acres of land a little more or less.

The above sale is made under the powers of sale contained in an indenture of mortgage dated the 20th day of November, 1919 made between James Fisher of Riverton, and Ruthie Fisher his wife of the one part, and the undersigned of the other part, default having been made in payment of principal and interest of said mortgage.

For further particulars apply to McLeod and Bentley, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

Dated this 30th day of November 1933.

EDNA AUGUSTA MCDOUGALL
Mortgagee.

DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
In the Probate Court 24th George V, A. D. 1933

In re estate of William Orr late of New Glasgow, in Queen's County in the said Province, farmer, deceased testate.

By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc. etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

Greeting:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Maggie Jane McNeill of Cavendish in said County, married woman, and Chalmers Laird of New Glasgow in said County, the Executors of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Monday the fifteenth day of January next coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to shew cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Donald McKinnon, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at the Public Hall in New Glasgow aforesaid and at the Public Hall in Mayfield in Queen's County aforesaid, and I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

Given under my hand and Seal of the said Court this 9th day of December A. D. 1933 and in the 24th year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER,
Judge of Probate.

(L. S.) 41

POULTRY

Buying and paying highest market prices for DRESSED POULTRY all kinds
—on—
Wednesday & Thursday of each week until further notice.
POOLE & THOMPSON LIMITED

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