

# Outstanding Canadian Artists and Musicians APPROVE the Tone Quality of the New MARCONI Radio

"Rich beauty of tone... especially clear," says Dr. Ernest MacMillan. "Exceptionally faithful," says Madame Jeanne Dusseau. "Quite perfect," says Mr. George Brewer. Such is the praise of the new Marconi radio from some of Canada's most brilliant artists and musicians.

The same famous engineers who perfected Marconi wireless have this year Perfected Marconi Radio Sets...

## 3 DIFFERENT WAYS



**1 TONE**—Marvelous... natural... specially designed speaker and amplifier give you perfect tone quality... tested and approved by such outstanding Canadian artists and musicians as Dr. Ernest MacMillan, Dr. Herbert Austin Fricker, Madame Jeanne Dusseau, Boris Hambourg, Stanley Gardner and George Brewer.



**2 APPEARANCE**—Beautiful... absolutely correct, modern design... judged and approved by such outstanding interior decorators and social leaders as Mrs. Minerva Elliot, Miss Martha Allan, Dr. A. E. Whitehead, Mr. Adolphe Savard, Mr. Herbert J. Hodgins and Dr. Augustin Frigon.



**3 SENSITIVE - SELECTIVITY**—Amazingly keen and accurate in both far and near stations... tested and approved by world-famous radio engineers... a set that requires no artificial time adjustment, yet one that will bring you stations you never hoped to get.



Photo shows famous artists and musicians assembled in the Mezzanine Ballroom of the new Royal York Hotel, Toronto, where the perfected tone qualities of the new Marconi Radios were tested and approved. Reading from left to right—George Brewer, prominent Montreal organist and pianist, Dr. Herbert Austin Fricker, conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, Madame Jeanne Dusseau, internationally known Canadian soprano, Dr. Ernest MacMillan, distinguished Canadian composer, conductor and organist, Stanley Gardner, well-known pianist and musical theorist, Boris Hambourg, Canada's foremost Cello exponent.

**RADIO** tone has this year been perfected by Marconi's world-famous wireless engineers. Outstanding Canadian musicians and composers have approved the Marconi radio's tone qualities!

There is a thrilling new joy for radio lovers and a new pride of ownership in the living, sparkling, musical tone beauty of the new Marconi radio.

A specially designed auditorium type dynamic speaker reproduces voices and instruments with amazing clarity. Massive construction does away with vibration. And a scientifically developed audio amplifier insures faithful reproduction.

Your dealer has identical twin models to those used in the tone test photographed above. Come in and test them yourself.



**MARCONI A.C. "STANDARD"**  
A high-grade A.C. Receiver, unique in appearance and performance. Special double selector circuit. Screen grid Amplifier. Screen Grid Power Detector. Auditorium Dynamic Speaker. Amazing selectivity and sensitivity. Unequaled tonal realism. Distinctive Cabinet of Selected Walnut. Compact in every detail. Cabinet height 38 3/4". \$225 with tubes.

## Canadian MARCONI Company

Branches: VANCOUVER, TORONTO, HALIFAX, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., MONTREAL

**J. A. GESNER**, Distributor for Prince Edward Island

Operating Radio Station C. H. C. K.

### The Old Order Changes

By DAVID LYALL

(Continued)

It was something of relief that Mrs. Freeland did not come down to breakfast next morning. The taciturnity of the two men—of the whole family, indeed—at the table, was supposed to hinge on the surrender of Gorham Lacy.

Bee's eyes were red. She had cried over it for the best part of the night. She had built many fairy castles on the coming change, had even seen herself being transformed in due course into a young country matron with a handle to her name. Now she was thrust back into the grey routine of life under the shadow of the Coppett chimney stacks.

Mary was saying little, only wondering whether it might mean that she could stay on at Mardocks.

She was far too wise, however, to push her own claims at this crisis in the family history. She was a little like her father in her habit of tackling one thing at a time. It is no bad way to live, when one can achieve it, but sometimes the forces are overwhelming.

Freeland did not go upstairs after breakfast because his mind was obsessed by the business in hand, and until he had made his own survey of this bit of new territory in the family life, speech with his wife about it seemed useless. Much would depend, however, on her reception of the news. Would she co-operate in the good work of helping to establish their son's life on a satisfactory basis?

None knew until the crucial moment came, and meanwhile Freeland, with his singular power of detachment thrust it into the background of his thoughts. They had exchanged a brief morning greeting, but that was all.

Mrs. Freeland was wide awake now, however, and in full fighting trim. Not without a struggle would she relinquish the fulfilling of her most ambitious dream. She was already marshalling certain forces intended to show her lord and master that she would not be trampled on. Deborah brought in her breakfast tray about half an hour after the other breakfast was over and waited with her hands folded above her apron for the orders of the day. Mrs. Freeland had slept, and there were no new lines of worry on her face. She looked almost as youthful as her own daughters, and much fresher than Bee, whose cheeks were as white as chalk after a semi-sleepless night.

Mrs. Freeland was just about to say something rather diplomatic about Gorham Lacy to Deborah, when the sound of the motor-bike getting up steam came floating across the high wall which separated the mill from the house.

"Look out, Deb, and see if that is Mr. Tom going off again. He was very late last night, wasn't he?"

"Very, ma'am, just on eleven, and played out very nearly he was."

"Then his father kept him talking till nearly one, poor boy. Can you see anything, Debbie?"

"Yes'm, Master's in the side-car, and Mr. Tom's jes running along to get in the saddle; now they're off! It gives me the creeps every time I see 'em start. They might, wiv all their cleverness, invent some better way of gettin' off than that, don't you think, ma'ma?"

"Master in the side-car! Now, I wonder where they can possibly be going? He loathes the motor-bike. It must be something important. I wonder if the girls know anything about it. Has Miss Mary gone?"

"Yes'm, about twenty minutes ago."

"Send Miss Bee to me when you go down. What about dinner? Really I haven't courage to tackle meals to-day. I don't suppose the master has told you what has happened."

"About the new place, ma'am? Yes, he tole me last night."

"Well, what do you think about it?"

"It won't affect me much, ma'am, because, you see, I wasn't goin' there," said Deborah quietly. "I'm glad you ain't leavin' this dear little house. Don't you love it, ma'am? I do. I should 'ate bein' strangers in it. It seems to belong to the children and Master George, he loved it."

The last words silenced Mrs. Freeland for a moment sending her thoughts into other directions.

"Just go down and make the best of what you find in the larder, Deborah. I know it'll be all right. Send up Miss Bee with the newspaper. I'll be getting up shortly."

Deborah closed the door softly, and went downstairs. Meanwhile, the motor-bicycle, as a means of transit the very last to be used or desired by Robert Freeland, was making swift headway across country in the direction of Barnsey. It was perhaps a good thing that the condition of travel in such a vehicle

prohibits conversation between travellers. They had time for thought, however, and they both thought desperately. About two miles from their destination Tom suddenly slowed down. "Look here, father, I've been thinking. You needn't put on the screw to-day. Take your bearings, you'll you, and give me a little time?" It was an odd speech which somehow raised a slight suspicion in Freeland's mind that Tom wanted a chance to shirk his responsibility. Men had been known to show a clean pair of heels, to flee the country for this kind of trouble. Every newspaper had its record of such desertions. Freeland never read sordid stories, and held most strenuously that all details of them should be kept out of the daily press. But he could not always escape the headlines nor the pictures. "What does that mean, Tom, exactly?" he asked. "No more and no less than it says. Just interview Edie and her aunt, and leave it for a day or two, won't you?" "You don't satisfy me, lad. The thing has to be settled somehow."

"Yes, but don't tie me up in a knot," said Tom with rather a hopeless ring in his voice. "Do you mind if I have a fag? I'm feeling dead beat."

Freeland did not mind, and he observed the trembling of his son's hands as he held the lighted match to shelter it from the wind. But whether it was from nerves regarding the coming scene, or from the strain of driving the machine, he could not tell.

"It's an awful form of locomotion, this. Tom, I'd pay something to keep off it rather than seek it for pleasure."

"Oh, it's all right once you get used to it. If you were driving you'd lie it. I confess I'd hate sitting in the basket. Up here it's all right. (To be Continued)

### COURSE FOR FISHERMEN

The Biological Board of Canada offers to assist a limited number of fishermen from the Maritime Provinces to attend the Short Course for Fishermen to be given at the Fisheries Experimental Station, Halifax, N. S., during a term of six weeks commencing on January 28th, 1931. Each will be given on completion of the course the sum of forty-five dollars plus the amount of railway fare for a return trip, between Halifax and the railway station nearest his home. Only bona fide fishermen from 17 to 35 years of age, who have passed through grade 6 in the public schools of the Maritime Provinces or an equivalent grade will be able to obtain these grants. All applications must be in by January 15th and should be addressed to Fisheries Experimental Station, Halifax, N. S., 1-3-5-7-8-41.

### Professional Cards

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### NOTICE

Public notice is hereby given that Island Fertilizer Company Limited has applied to the City Council of the City of Charlottetown for exemption for five years commencing 1931 from Civic taxation on all the assets of such applicant appertaining to the new industry at the time of such application intended to be brought into the City and not then in existence. The particular nature of the industry referred to is the factory production, manufacture, receiving, mixing, packaging and distribution of fertilizer.

Charlottetown, December 10, 1930.  
**ISLAND FERTILIZER COMPANY, LIMITED.**  
Applicant.

Every day the world comes to an end for somebody.

### MT. ALBION

On Monday evening, December 22nd, the pupils of the Mt. Albion School held their Christmas tree and concert in the Women's Institute hall, which was filled to overflowing. Mr. Frederick Robertson capably acted as chairman and a most enjoyable programme was carried out. The pupils acquitted themselves in a creditable manner, reflecting the greatest credit on their teacher, Miss Francis Wood. Following is the programme: (Part 1)—Chorus, School; Recitation, Helen Jenkins; Christmas Drill, Children; Solo, Isabel Myers; Recitation, Lawson Jenkins; Motion Song, Junior pupils; Dialogue, Recitation, Marguerite Myers; Solo, Eric Ballew; Evergreen Drill. By eight girls; Violin Selection, Roger Chandler; Monologue, Elsie Myers; Intermission and sale of

candy. (Part 2)—Drill, Aids to a Merry Christmas; Recitation, Della Horton; Drill, Vera Horton and Edie Myers; Duet, Elsie and Isabel Myers; Recitation, Earle Jones "A boy and his stomach"; Stocking Drill, Eight pupils; Solo, Lola Myers; Chorus, Boys; Dialogue, Chorus, Instrumental music was furnished by Mr. William Jenkins on the mouth organ and on the violin by Master Roger Chandler. At the conclusion of the programme, Santa appeared and in a jovial way presented gifts, candy and the usual Christmas cheer. The teacher and pupils are grateful to the Women's Institute for so kindly giving their hall, lately furnished with a splendid new piano, for the occasion, thereby helping to make the concert the splendid success it was.

itor here over the week end, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Horton and preached acceptably at both the Saturday and Sunday evening service at the Kirk, Birch Hill.

Mr. Clifford Chandler is spending the Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Chandler.

Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Shaw, Albany Plains, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Rankin, Bethel, on Christmas day.

Mr. Oliver and Miss Amy Myers were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lund, Bethel, Christmas day.

The many friends of Mr. Samuel Sealey will be glad to learn that he is recovering from his recent indisposition and able to be about his duties again as usual.

Miss Julia and Margaret Myers were guests of their grandfather, Mr. W. J. Carver, on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Haviland Horton and daughter Vera were visitors to the Capital last week.

A young gentleman in this vicinity while calling on one of the fair sex a few evenings ago, left his horse standing at the door. On coming out he was chagrined to find that he had taken his departure. A long search by the gentleman in question failed to disclose the whereabouts of the animal. Footsore and weary, the young man repaired to his home and in the morning received notice that his horse had been found in a nearby farm yard, having been out all night, but none the worse of his experience.—J.

### STEAMBOAT FREIGHT LINE IS OPERATED BY WOMEN

SEATTLE, Wash., Jan. 2.—A steamboat line owned and operated entirely by women is a successful institution on Puget Sound.

The Skagit River Navigation company, founded 38 years ago by the late Capt. H. H. MacDonald, now is headed by Mrs. Anna Grimison, one of six daughters of the captain.

Mrs. Grimison and her sisters bought out the share of a brother in the company several years ago, and now only women attend stockholders' meetings.

Three vessels are owned by the company. They are used in freighting between Seattle and the Skagit river.

Justice may not be blind, but certainly as slow as a man with rheumatism.