EYES TESTED
AND
GLASSES FITTED
E. W. TAYLOR
J. S. TAYLOR
Optometrists
142 Richmond Street

AUCTION SALE

OF FARM AT KELLY'S CROSS

I am instructed by Herbert McQuaid, Kelly's Cross, to sell by Public Auction on Saturday, the 16th day of May, A. D., 1931, at 1.30 P. M., sharp, his farm of 147 acres of choice land, convenient to church, schools, blacksmith shops, stores and shipping points. Good buildings and in good repair.

Also at the same time all his farm implements.

Terms on Implements 6 months credit on approved joint notes with a discount of 6% off for cash.

JOHN P. BRADLEY,
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May 2	May 4	
May 16	May 18	May 25
May 30	June 1	June 8
June 13	June 15	June 22

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Beginning May 1st a three months course in piano, voice and theory is offered by the Charlottetown School A. Roy Kendall, L.R.A.M., A.A.G.O., Director.

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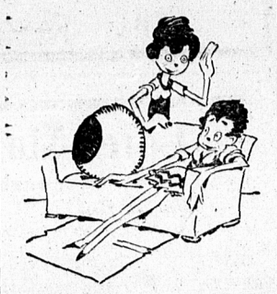
CHILBLAINS · COLD SORES
CUTS · BURNS · SCALDS
RINGWORM · PILES
ABSCESSES · POISONED WOUNDS.

SMILES

"Why does Miss Schreecher close her eyes when she sings?"
"Perhaps she has a tender heart."
"I don't quite understand."
"Maybe she can't bear to see how we suffer."



"Isn't Tom ever going to propose?"
"I guess not; he's like an hour glass."
"How's that?"
"The more time he gets, the less sand he has."

* * * *

WHICH DO YOU?

Some persons get up with the lark,
And others, be it said,
Go out and have their little lark
Before they go to bed.

"Her father owns a yacht, doesn't he?"
"Yacht? He owns a revenue cutter."
"But a private citizen can't—"
"Can't he? I've seen the shears he clips coupons with."

"Dinks is so tired of keeping Lent that he never wants to see the sight of fish again."
"Nonsense. In a short time he'll get up at daylight and walk twenty miles just for the sake of trying to catch some."

LAWN GRASS SEED

Now is the time to attend to the LAWN and GRASS PLOT.

Dig out the weeds and sow some of our "EVERGREEN" MIXED LAWN GRASS, a SPECIAL AMERICAN MIXTURE.

(We have a Special Mixture for Cemeteries.)

Then we sell EMERSON'S "Shady Lawn Seed" made up from grasses especially adapted for growing under trees and in shady places.

For sale at our SEED STORE.

Carter & Co.
LIMITED

SELWOOD of SLEEPY CAT

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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(Continued)

As he spoke, a man that would invite attention entered the front door. He was short, almost squat in stature, and square-built—practically everything about the man could have been measured by a right angle. He was smooth-faced, his head was square, his forehead square, his shoulders square, his feet broad and square, and his jaw was square. He walked slowly and planted his hob-nailed boots squarely before him. His legs were short, his arms long, and he would have disputed build with a gorilla and strength with a grisly. This was Abe Cole, the Sleepy Cat blacksmith. Other blacksmiths there were in Sleepy Cat; but Cole was known as and designated as the Sleepy Cat blacksmith.

Fortunately he was as peaceable as powerful when not aroused, but his disposition was naturally positive and he was known as a fighter.

Abe shouldered himself through the crowd without hesitation or difficulty—whenever his shoulders encountered an obstacle, the obstacle gave way. He walked straight to Fyler, holding out a handful of soggy scraps of black felt. A bedraggled hatband hung from his waist. "Look here, Haynes!" he thundered. The auction stopped. "Here's the hat you sold me yesterday-" Cole added, in no uncertain tones. Haynes gave him prompt attention. "That's what the rain did to it!" bellowed Abe.

Haynes, leaning down, picked up the shoddy wreck, the hatband last and very carefully, for fear it should fall to pieces, and examined the remains with solicitude.

Abe Cole started in again to say a hard thing, but Haynes put up his hand as a doctor might in the presence of approaching death demand restraint from a very angry man.

"Gentlemen," he said, speaking as a troubled man might speak on a painful occasion, "you see here, all of you, what difficulty an honest purveyor of merchandise has in selecting his goods for a new country. That hat, gentlemen—hold on, Abe!" he interjected in stentorian tones, for Cole's safety-valve of anger gave strong indications of popping, "hold on till you hear me; I sold you this hat, didn't I? I did! Very well. I want to say to you, gentlemen, one and all, that when a mistake like this happens, we make it good! This hat," he exclaimed, holding the offender out for personal reproach, "never should have been sold in the mountains; it's a desert hat, made light and porous for a dry country. The Indians along the famous Spanish sinks buy these hats freely for their squaws; they're porous, gentlemen—but they won't stand rain."

"Porous monkey!" stuttered Cole. "They're rotten."

Haynes courteously protested. "I wouldn't had it happen, Abe, for one hundred dollars. I replace it cheerfully. Mr. Fyler," he shouted, pointing a commanding finger, "be kind enough to hand me that box of hats." From the box passed up Haynes, carefully picking over several hats, selected a brown one—never for a moment losing the thread of his easy and plausable flow of words. Abe Cole continued to growl, but he was in effect silenced, and stood under his new hat, a sturdy onlooker, while Big Haynes pulled out his watch. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, as solemnly as if about to lead in prayer. "it is twelve o'clock—time to eat. My heart is weak and I eat three times a day. I never keep men beyond their dinner hour, anyway—their wives pick on me, and a hungry man ain't a good customer. And if you think I've got an easy job here, try, some of you! Next sale at two o'clock sharp, and the biggest bargains ever offered in Sleepy Cat—don't miss it!"

The crowd began to file out. Big Haynes climbed down. "What kind of a hat did you give him " whispered Fyler.

"Same kind I give him yesterday," growled Haynes. "Doc Carpy come in here a while ago with his overcoat—wanted to cut me up for bear bait. I hope to God I get out of this town before it rains again."

The auctioneer followed the crowd as they straggled out. At the door a young girl waited. She had a lunch basket in her hand. When the store was emptied, she walked up the two steps and in. Selwood stood near Fyler, and he watched the newcomer with an unrestrained interest until her eyes fell on his, as she came up. Selwood looked then at Fyler. Christie—and Selwood recognized her as the girl in the wagon at Crawling Stone Wash—set down her basket on the dry-goods box in front of Fyler. "Here's your dinner, father," she said. "Eat it now while it's hot."

Selwood tried to think of something to say, but could not. And though he felt he was an interloper, he could not get started to go. Christie, her back to him, talked and laughed with her father. Her voice was completely new music to Selwood's ears; it transfixed him. But moment could not last. She turned partly and looked at Selwood. Whatever she may have had in her mind, he could think of but one thing, for her glance seemed to him to say: What are you doing here? And Selwood, barely returning her look, just caught sight of her eyes, pulled himself together, and walked out of the store.

CHAPTER V

Pardaloe investigates

Selwood found it possible to happen in occasionally at Fyler's, and although it meant getting up a little earlier, about at the time Fyler's dinner was due.

But he could never get a chance to speak to Christie, who rarely loitered. She was accustomed to walk in just at the close of the auction, and Selwood, who usually took his place close to Fyler's dry-goods box, made into a sort of a desk, was forced to content himself with hearing a few words, or a little laugh, as she spoke to her father and walked out again.

But such a moment Selwood though worth waiting for. He looked forward to that moment. At night, under the glare of hot lamps that cost a fortune in coal-oil brought two thousand miles to burn; in an air reeking with the fumes of tobacco smoke and breaking at times into boisterous ribaldry, Selwood seemed yet sometimes to hear, between the monotonous clicking of chips, the calls of the dealers, and whir of roulette wheels, the cadence of a girl's voice—acdence to start into life a man's first dream—one that may find place even in the heart of a man already case-hardened.

(To be Continued)

"Is that girl popular?"

"Is that girl popular? Say, that girl is as hard to meet as the last payment on a fur coat."—Judge.

Biliousness Brutalized Her for Years

But went as soon as she took Carter's Little Liver Pills

Biliousness is simply liver turned lazy. You'll never conquer Biliousness permanently by taking ordinary laxatives. You need a definite, safe, liver tonic—Dr. Carter's Little Liver Pills, which helped Mrs. C., of Leigh. She says: "I suffered with Biliousness accompanied by Sick Headaches for days at a time and every medicine I tried failed to bring relief. A friend gave me some Carter's Little Liver Pills. The first dose gave me great relief. I find they prevent these Bilious and Sick Headache attacks."

Vegetables, as everyone knows, promote health. Dr. Carter's Little Liver Pills are *entirely vegetable* and should not be confused with ordinary laxatives. These wonderful little pills will tone up your liver, invigorate your digestive tract and keep you in the best of health. Sold by druggists over 60 years. 25c & 75c red pkgs.

No More Piles

Thousands Bless Dr. Leonhardt, the Specialist Who Discovered This Common Sense Remedy

If you think that the surgeon's knife is the only method of escape from the misery of piles, it's because you haven't heard of the new treatment known as Dr. Leonhardt's HEM-ROID.

The Doctor's prescription is a quick acting yet harmless internal medicine. After years of study he discovered the exact cause of piles and then went further and compounded a remedy that would remove the cause.

Dr. Leonhardt wants every sufferer of itching, bleeding or protruding piles to benefit by his discovery and so that there will be no doubting or delay, Hughes Drug Co., and good druggists everywhere are authorized to sell HEM-ROID with guarantee that it will positively end piles in any form or money back.

On that honorable basis every pile sufferer should secure a bottle of Dr. Leonhardt's HEM-ROID tablets today.

Hotpoint Cookery—
is Clean—Cool—Convenient

HEAT from a General Electric Hotpoint Range is clean as sunshine. There are no fumes . . . no soot deposits. Pots and pans stay clean . . . and so do the walls and curtains.

All the heat is used in the cooking . . . enabling you to enjoy a cool kitchen even in summer. The General Electric Hotpoint is made of All-Steel which absorbs very little heat and reduces cooking expense to the minimum.

Hotpoint cookery is convenient, too. A snap of the switch gives you any heat you want. Oven control can be entirely automatic. And features like the Economy Cooker bring you magic convenience. Why not have a demonstration—today?

HR-531

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Hotpoint
HI-SPEED RANGE

For Sale by
Maritime Electric Company, Ltd.
of the
Associated Gas and Electric System

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC Co. Limited

O'LEARY AND VICINITY

Congratulations are extended to Miss Helen Champion, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Champion, upon have successfully completed this year's work in Dalhousie. Miss Champion was a student in third year Arts and in this course she passed examinations in all subjects and attained distinction in three subjects.

Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer of Bloomfield and their two daughters, the Misses Doris and Olive, were visitors to O'Leary on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Matthew, their daughter, Miss Dolly and Miss McLeod motored to Charlottetown on Thursday to attend the funeral of Mr. Godkin, a friend of Mr. Matthew.

His many friends regret to learn that Mr. Colin Mattocks of Springfield is very ill at the home of his sister, Mrs. David McWilliams.

Mr. Champion of Albany is visiting in O'Leary, the guest of his uncle Dr. Champion. Mr. Holland is receiving the congratulations of his friends upon having successfully passed his examinations in fifth year medical study in Dalhousie.

A regrettable accident occurred here the latter part of last week when a spirited horse, owned by Mr. Hector Martin of Howlan, was frightened by the train and became unmanageable. The driver was thrown heavily to the ground striking his head and shoulders. His head and face were very badly cut. The accident happened just in front of Mr. Matheson's drug-store and he was taken in to the store, where first aid was promptly and efficiently rendered.

While some fox-breeders report "no luck at all" this year others have had exceptionally good luck. One case in particular is that of Mrs. Ralph McIsaac of Dunblane, Lot 8, who at the time of her marriage two years ago received the gift of a pair of foxes from her father, Mr. Amos Gorril. From this foundation stock they now have a total of nineteen foxes and one pup was sold last fall. This spring there are three litters consisting of fourteen young foxes. Many large litters exact details of which are not at present available are in O'Leary and vicinity.—O

PENNY POSTAGE GOES BY BOARD IN SOUTH AFRICA

CAPE TOWN, South Africa, May 13.—(By The Canadian Press)—"So penny postage, after five years' life in the Union, died yesterday," said a writer in The Cape Argus of March 31. "The Union Post Office was practically the only postal administration in the world to refrain from levying increased charges throughout the war period, but at the beginning of the financial year of 1920-21 increased working costs made it impossible to keep to the postal rates which had been in operation since the Union in 1910. Letter post then went up to a penny and a half, but the limit of weight, which had been half an ounce, was raised to one ounce, and there it stayed until 1926, when penny postage was again our pride."

GOOD INCREASE SHOWN AUSTRALIAN POPULACE

MELBOURNE, Australia, May 13.—(By The Canadian Press)—During 1930 the population of Australia increased by 61,661—26,744 males and 34,917 females. Figures issued recently by the Commonwealth Statistician C. H. Wickens, show that the population at December 31, 1929, consisted of 3,277,452 males and 3,137,020 females, a total of 6,414,372. At December 31, 1930, the population was 6,476,033—3,304,096 males and 3,171,937 females. The total increase during the year by the excess of births over deaths was 73,069, but this was offset by an excess of departures over arrivals of 11,408. Since the census of 1921 the population has increased by 1,040,299—755,907 by natural increase and 284,392 by net migration. The average annual increase since the census has been slightly less than 2 per cent.

FASHION DECREES WHITE COSTUMES

NEW YORK, May 14.—We will have a white summer, this year. This is not the weather man's forecast. It is the prophecy of the fashion experts.

White like a far-reaching blizzard will storm the ports of fashion everywhere. It is the basic color note of the season and will be worn alone or with gay splashes of color.

One of the most acceptable outfits of the summer showings offered by Fifth avenue shops is the street and sports suit of white linen, corduroy, pique, and flannel.

White jersey bathing suits, their severity relieved by triangular inserts of pin-tucked material, are the newest notes in beach wear. Green, yellow, blue and red bathing slippers, caps and bags are bright accessories which add unusual chic.

A golfing outfit consists of a white corduroy skirt, fitted tightly around the hips and flared below the knee, a tailored blouse of soft white cotton mesh and a string turban of chalky white. One-piece tennis frocks of cotton or silk worn with colored belts, French print kerchiefs tied triangularly over one shoulder and soft scarfs wound Lenglen fashion about the head are also popular.

White duck or jersey sailing pants worn with short-sleeved jumper shirts of blue and white, red and white, or black and white, striped jersey will be one of the picturesque costumes of the swanky yachting party.

White is still the prima donna of the evening. Sauve gowns of lustrous satin and sheer chiffon mold closely to the figure, but emphasizing a graceful, flowing fullness below the hips, are important features of the formal summer attire. Red in a variety of exciting shades, lime and pista chic greens, lemon yellow and a number of berry and brown shades are used to enliven the ensemble.

Fair Damsel—Where do you think I'd be if I had a million dollars?

Male Escort—On my honeymoon.

An Annual Examination
of Your Eyes will Safeguard Your Vision and Comfort
See
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