

Possession of Beauty

For Loss of Appetite
Nervousness
Exhaustion
Retarded Convalescence
Anemia
Malnutrition
Bronchial Troubles

is possible only when the health is good. Then eyes sparkle, the skin is clear, and there is vitality, life, and spirit in step and form.
No anemic or ailing woman can be beautiful. A course of Fellows' Syrup, however, will assist in the building of tissue, bring color to the cheeks, brightness to the eyes, and spring to the step.
This unequalled non-fattening tonic has been prescribed by doctors in all parts of the world for anemia and run-down conditions.
Remember the name Fellows'—and be sure to get the genuine tonic.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

FOR SALE

Property at Hunter River, 1/4 acre of land with large dwelling house and barn. Pump in house. Also Telephone Exchange and electric lights. Apply

J. T. GODFREY,
North Willshire.

8142-2-5-7-10-31.

Auction Sale

I am authorized by Dan A. MacLean, to sell on his premises at Darlington, Wednesday, February 11, 1931, at one o'clock P. M., the following:—

Two horses, 3 milch cows with calf, 2 heifers, 1 brood sow with pig, 25 hens.

Implement—1 team truck wagon, 1 cart, 2 disc harrow, 1 spring tooth harrow, 1 spike harrow, 1 hay mower, 1 plow, new, 1 sculler, new, 1 wood sleigh, new, 1 pung sleigh, new, 1 driving sleigh, 1 driving wagon, 1 farmers boiler, 1 pad breaching, 1 set team pads, 2 pairs traces, 1 set team reins, 2 sets collars, hames.

Crop—200 bushel oats, 100 bushel turnips, quantity hay, straw.

Terms—All sums up to \$5.00 cash, over that amount 12 months credit on approved joint notes, 6 per cent off for cash.

Sale positive. Should the day prove stormy the following fine day.

ALEX. McRAE,
Auctioneer.

The Bankruptcy Act

NOTICE TO CREDITORS OF FIRST MEETING WHERE ASSIGNMENT MADE

In the matter of the Estate of Spurgeon T. Clark, Authorized Assignor.

Notice is hereby given that Spurgeon T. Clark, of Tryon, did on the 21st day of January 1931, make an authorized assignment of all his property for the benefit of his creditors and that R. H. Rogers, Esq., Official Receiver, has appointed me to be Custodian of the Estate of the Debtor until the first meeting of Creditors.

Notice is further given that the first meeting of Creditors in the above estate will be held at the Law Courts Building, Charlottetown, on Tuesday the 17th day of February 1931, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

To entitle you to vote thereat, proof of your claim must be lodged with me before the meeting is held.

Proxies to be used at the meeting must be lodged with me prior thereto.

And further take notice that at such meeting the Creditors will elect the permanent Trustee.

And further take notice that if you have any claim against the Debtor for which you are entitled to rank, proof of such claim must be filed with me or with the Trustee when appointed; otherwise the proceeds of the Debtor's Estate will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, without regard to your claim.

Dated at Summerside, Prince Edward Island, this 3rd day of February, 1931.

FREDERICK J. E. WRIGHT
Custodian

8188-2-7-11-14 31

YOUR CHILD

Not Stupid—
Handicapped

The seeming stupidity of many school children, is directly chargeable to faulty vision.

Correctly fitted glasses often work wonders.

Have your child's eyes examined NOW

G. F. HUTCHESON

F. Gordon Hutcheson
Optometrists—At your service.

The Old Order Changes

By DAVID LYALL

(Continued)

Mary, disappointed but not crushed, softly closed the door and went away. At least she had discharged the debt to her own conscience, she had tried to hold out the olive leaf. She knew perfectly well that if she told the whole story to Geoffrey he would absolutely refuse to call on his aunt, so she decided to say nothing about it. No sooner was she gone than Mrs. Manning felt chagrined that she had not asked where they were staying.

She had heard and read all about the wedding in the Basingfold Gazette, a copy of which had been sent to her maid, Ansell. Mrs. Miles also had written a full and detailed account of the affair, she and Miles having joined the happy throng that tramped in from Mardocks to witness what was a great event in a family like the Mannings, an epoch-making event in a far wider sense than any ordinary marriage. Because on the new regime the comfort, well-being, in some cases almost the very existence of a considerable number might depend. Sarah Miles, while devoted to Miss Freeland, had got what no doubt her old mistress would have called the fitness of things in her bones. She expatiated to Ansell at some length on what a queer wedding it was without a bridal frock, no bridesmaids to speak of, and not a flower, all of which had been retailed to her mistress—indeed, the letter had been practically read out, with some few judicious lapses, for Mrs. Manning's delectation. She even knew that the bride's mother had been arrayed in Russian sable, and that the bride's grand-mother "looked handsome and distinguished in black satin, with a white feather in her bonnet."

Her scorn had been great, though not outwardly expressed, and her mourning for the downfall of Mardocks was perfectly sincere. After young Mrs. Manning left her that morning, she sat for a few moments in deep thought, then summoned her maid.

"You will pack this morning, Ansell, as quickly as you can. We shall go north by the two o'clock train."

"North, ma'am, not meaning back to Mardocks?"

"That is just what I do mean. Normanton is ready for us—I had a letter from Sarah Miles to say that the men had finished yesterday."

"But is there any furniture in it, ma'am?" asked Ansell anxiously. She loved her creature comforts, and had been very happy at Claridge's where she had seen a bit of life for the first time since the outbreak of the war.

"No, idiot, of course there is no furniture in it yet, but there soon will be. I wish to remove my own belongings from the Hall before my nephew and his wife return."

"Oh, very well, ma'am, said Ansell, glancing at the blue and gilt French clock on the mantelpiece, which pointed to eleven. "I dare say I can manage it in two hours. If we leave at half-past one, will that be soon enough?"

"Yes, of course. Go down and send up the manager to me, and I will settle up and get him to telephone for seats in the train."

All this was put through with Mrs. Manning's usual energy, and driving force—indeed, she was more like herself than Ansell had seen her for a considerable time. There was no doubt that she felt happy in her return, even if her estate at Normanton would suffer considerable eclipse. Ansell secretly wondered what had transpired at the interview between her mistress and the new Squire's wife. She could only suppose that it had been of a fairly amicable nature since their immediate return to Mardocks was the result.

At the station a telegram was dispatched to Mardocks and another directing the car to be sent to Chalford Junction to meet the six o'clock train ordering dinner for Mrs. Manning.

But when they arrived at Chalford they were met by a somewhat shabby and dilapidated old touring car belonging to Henry Burdon at the White Horse Inn.

He was in charge himself and greeted Mrs. Manning with the usual respect.

"I'd a word from the 'All to come, ma'am. The Squire he took the car with 'im to London and it ain't come back yet."

Mrs. Manning bit her lips in momentary anger, being humiliated before Henry Burdon in her ignorance of that simple fact. The difference in her position came sharply home for the first time.

"All right, Burdon, thank you for

DDD—a sluggish pimply skin needs its tonic action

An active fluid that cleanses the tissues of unsightly impurities. Skin sufferers—give this treatment a test. Soothing, cooling, healing—a remarkable agent.

E. A. Foster, Hughes Drug Co., Ltd. J. G. Jamieson and Johnson & Johnson

coming. Will this thing get us to Mardocks, do you think?"

She eyed it unfavourably. It was shabby, dusty, weatherstained, and of the build despised by those who can afford to buy anything better.

"Oh, she'll get you there all right, ma'am. A coom in twenty minutes, an' the road's got new metal on it atween this and Hoverley Ridge."

Mrs. Manning climbed in, after having instructed Ansell to cover the seat with one of their own rugs, and was soon being rattled over the roads in good style. Burdon, anxious to prove the speed prowess of the car, was not very careful as to the speed limit.

"Good Heavens, what a journey and what a car!" said Mrs. Manning, her pale lips trembling with rage and indignation, when at last they were bumped up to the entrance at the Hall. Her thoughts were immediately diverted, however, by the picture of scaffolding erected on two sides of the house and the evidences of workmen's craft visible everywhere.

"Now what on earth are they doing here?" she asked, though not audibly, trying to preserve her dignity in front of Ansell and Miles, who had come out by the front door to receive her, slightly mystified by the conflicting orders he had received, yet bound to obey the latest telegram. He did not know whose servant he was. Manning allowed him to potter about the house, but had declined to be waited on at meals, preferring, he said, to ring if he wanted anything.

And that was so seldom that poor Miles's occupation was gone.

The short time he had been under one roof with the new Squire, however, has been sufficient to knit to the new order with hooks of steel.

Manning spoke to him as a brother man, did not exact the painful servility in which he had been trained, indeed objected to some of its expressions.

And the atmosphere at Mardocks Old Hall, if completely changed, did not lack a very fine kind of dignity.

"Tell you what, Sarah, nobody won't take no liberties with Squire! A proper man 'e is and you take it from me. He's as fine a Manning as ever wore shoe leather inside o' Mardocks."

"But different, very different from them as we've known, Miles," Sarah had answered with a sigh. She was in the background to welcome the old mistress, having undertaken at a moment's notice the task of preparing a meal. The cook who had been there in Mrs. Manning's time had duly given notice, her explanation being that, as there wasn't anything to cook, she was losing herself.

The whole household indeed was disorganized, and Mrs. Manning looked around her with dismay when she entered the hall and saw part of the staircase blocked.

"Whatever are they doing here, Miles? I saw Mrs. Manning yesterday but she did not explain," she added for the benefit of the two who would spread the news. It was as well that the village should not know how complete the break was between the old order and the new. The desire to make the best of things before the world was still strong in Mrs. Manning; it was in its way something fine and rather gallant.

(To be Continued)

Continued Morning Tiredness Comes From Constipation

The story of morning tiredness is told by impure blood—poor digestion, sluggish liver and tired nerves. The way to get new pep, the way to brace up your system is by the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They will give you a sharp appetite, and good digestion, they will energize enfeebled organs and improve your spirits rapidly. These little pills change that tired feeling into one of vigor, strength, ambition. Good for men, women and children. Mild and easy to take—cleansing and invigorating—get Dr. Hamilton's Pills from any drug store, in 25c boxes.

Canadian Cattle Sent the British Buyers

Analysis of the report on the results of test shipment of 1,028 head of rangá cattle from Western Canada, arranged by the Dominion Live Stock Branch, shows that well-bred cattle of medium weights and good flesh will be well received on the British markets, particularly during the store cattle season. They respond readily to feeding, making good gains. It is noted that the presence of horns, also of conspicuous brand marks, have a bearish effect on prices. The old cattle in the shipment proved disappointing, indicating that the market

Save The Birds

STUPIDITY STREET

I saw with open eyes
Singing birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For people to eat,
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision
The worm in the wheat
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat;
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street.

—Ralph Hodgson.

THE GREEN LINNET

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread

Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard seat
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together

Once have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the best:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!

Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presting Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May;
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,

Art sole in thy employment:
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid you tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover;

There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves

Pours forth his song in gushes;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign.
While fluttering in the bushes,
—William Wordsworth.

THE OWL

In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despoiled, in the sunshine hour,

But at dusk he's abroad and well
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,

The boldest will shrink away!
O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then, is the reign of the horned owl!

And the owl hath a bride, who is fond and bold,
And loveth the woods deep gloom;
And, with eyes like the shine of the moon-stone cold,
She awaiteth her ghostly groom;

Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill!

O, when the moon shines, and the dogs do howl,
Then, then, is the joy of the horned owl!

Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight!
The owl has his share of good;
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,

He is lord in the dark Greenwood!
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghostly mate,
They are each unto each a pride;
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a stranger, dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside!
(To be Continued)

is essentially for young stock. Another thing, apparent is that the Old Country buyers place a premium on apparent quality. Some of the last shipment of three-year olds to Manchester letted shippers \$67.75 apiece sold for slaughter and evoked favourable comment on the way they dressed out. Prices realized were not as high as hoped for in some cases; they were in several instances better than offered at house.

Keep Safe from COLDS!
Ease that irritating THROAT!
End that wearisome COUGH!

Rely on "Buckley's" to Head off Trouble

(It Doesn't Pay to Experiment)

At the first suspicion of a Cold, take BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE . . . Sip, and slowly swallow, and you'll feel better instantly . . . "Buckley's" quickly removes the cause of Colds, Coughs and Throat and Bronchial soreness . . . and wards off the dangers that lurk in "common colds". Husky, painful throats are cleared and healed by the soothing action of Buckley's Mixture

. . . and stubborn Coughs yield to its penetrating influence on the bronchial passages. Every druggist sells Buckley's Mixture. Two sizes: 75c (40 doses); 40c (16 doses). For severe colds accompanied by fever, headache or neuralgia, take LAXYPYRIN in addition to Buckley's Mixture and quick relief will follow.



BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

"Acts Like a Flash—A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT"

During this week your druggist (druggists everywhere) are making special efforts to interest you in Buckley's Mixture.

SILT SKIRTS ORDAINED BY PARIS

PARIS, Feb. 10.—Silt skirts are back. Frocks with slashed skirts, reminders of pre-war days, returned to the Paris fashion world today by way of the gilt-flecked and mirrored salons of the prominent couturiers.

The new skirts were slit all the way from the knee to the hip line, but varied from the old models by overlapping slightly at the slashes, displaying gay-hued silk petticoats underneath.

Black crepe dresses with overlapping slits in front, revealed yellow crepe de chine accordion-pleated underskirts when the wearer walked. Dark blue wool frocks slashed to the knee both front and back, were displayed with rose, blue, gray and plaid silk petticoats.

Sports frocks carried the slit idea into divided skirts. One model of Alice blue kasha, apparently designed with the slit skirt overlapping front and back, revealed when the mannequin was in motion a full pantalon skirt.

Capes, small and large, were on of the outstanding features of today's exhibitions. Full length capes of green, brown or blue wool, flecked with white, were displayed with matching two piece suits for travel and sports.

Several street dresses of dark blue or black wool were displayed with short capes swung from the left shoulder to the right waist line, military fashion.

CHIDING FIREMEN FOR CUTTING HAIR

TORONTO, Feb. 10.—What do firemen do in their spare time, if any? Well, ordinarily, they play checkers, knit, play cards, cultivate gardens, and all that sort of thing. But local fire ladders are slightly different. Some of them cut their comrades' hair, while others press clothes. All this came to light when the barbers union on and the union of cleaners and pressers laid a formal complaint before the local Trades and Labor

Council, claiming the smoke-eaters were cutting them out of their trade. The firemen replied they would cease the tonorial part of it, but wouldn't promise not to press their own clothes. They liked to keep neat and clean, and needed so many changes of clothing each day, that it was really too expensive to send their clothes out to be cleaned and pressed.

LEADS THE WORLD

Laying 357 eggs in 365 days in the British Columbia Egg Laying Contest conducted at the Experimental Farm of the Dominion Department of Agriculture at Agassiz, B.C., "No. Drone 5 H," a White Leghorn owned by Wm. Whiting, of Port Kells, B.C., qualified as a real champion egg layer. This bird, a beautiful specimen of the breed, weighs just 5.3 pounds. From November 1, 1929, to October 30, 1930, she laid 29.9 dozen eggs which weighed 52 pounds, or just ten times her own weight. Her record is official in the fullest sense of the term. During the entire period of the contest she was entirely out of the hands of her owner and under the competent neutral supervision of the federal egg-laying contest. This hen shows conclusively the possibilities of Canada's national poultry-breeding policy.

PICK THE GOOD ONES

This is the time of the year when the value of trapnest records for hens has its greatest value. In selecting birds for breeding pens George Robertson, Poultry Husbandman at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, advises that vigour is the outstanding qualification to watch for in hens. The birds which pay nowadays are only those having sufficient stamina to stand up to heavy egg production. Size, body-type, volume and size of eggs are important. The trapnest record is a useful guide in the selection of birds of the right type. Equal care should be taken in the selection of the male bird, which should be strong and vigorous and preferably the progeny of a dam of proven production ability. He should be selected carefully for quality, and if he is the right type he will look it.

fully for quality, and if he is the right type he will look it.

First Girl—"When my father died he didn't owe a penny to anybody."
Second Girl—"What a silly time to die!"

Professional Cards

An Annual Examination of Your Eyes will Safeguard Your Vision and Comfort
See
J. W. JOHNSTON
Optometrist
177 Kent Street Phone 420-
Charlottetown

Prohibition Commission

Chairman, MR. GEORGE B. BROWN, MARGATE, P. E. I.
Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to J. J. Trainor, Commissioner, Provincial Police, Charlottetown, or to C. A. Miller, Inspector, Summerside, or to W. E. Haywood, Inspector for Queens, Charlottetown, or J. W. Platts, Inspector for Kings, Charlottetown.

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Cameron Road, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

MILBURN'S HEART NERVE PILLS
Price 50c a box
Sold at all drug and general stores, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Smothering and Fainting Spells

Everything Would Turn Black

Mrs. Andrew Black, Harcourt, N.B., writes: "I had been troubled with smothering and fainting spells and everything in front of me would turn black and I would fall down in a faint and be unconscious for several minutes. I did not know what to do, until one day I was reading when Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills had helped so many people and decided I would give them a trial. I used four boxes and found they help me wonderfully."