

THE CHARLOTTE TOWN GUARDIAN

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1927

OUR FISHERIES.

ONE of the most valuable of the resources of the Maritime Provinces is our fisheries, and there is probably no other of which we know so little. Our forests, our coal mines and water power, the capacity of our soil, we can measure almost definitely. We take our fish when they come to us, we know little of their movements, whence they come and whither they go. We know that at certain seasons of the year they approach our shores in uncertain quantities. We know that to some seasons certain varieties are more abundant than at other seasons, and we know that if we use our nets or our traps or our baited hooks, we can succeed in landing certain but always insufficient quantities. Mackerel fishing was for many years a profitable industry and then they almost suddenly disappeared. Later, a few years ago they swarmed into the coast waters at the east end of the Island, and hundreds of men made a rich haul by daily fishing. This experience has not been repeated and in the past few years this valuable fish has given us a wide berth. Whether they swarm elsewhere, whether they were fished out, whether they shall come again, is unknown. The cod family, the lobster, the smelt are equally uncertain in their movements, and the fishing of either variety is always more or less uncertain. Probably the most uncertain and perhaps the most potentially valuable is the lobster. In the opinion of many experienced fishermen, the lobster has been practically fished out through indiscriminate trapping and not sparing the small and the spawn fish. If this is the trouble, the only remedy is to stop fishing them altogether for a term of years. Yet this cannot be done without serious loss, including the dismantling of factories, the destruction of traps, the laying up of boats and the taking up of other occupations by our fishermen. Sanctuaries for lobster-breeding have been recommended and there is much to commend the scheme. Of all the bays around the province most suited for such a purpose there is no better suited than Richmond Bay, the home of the world-famed Malpeque oysters. In this bay, before trapping began, lobsters teemed in immeasurable numbers. They were secure from the great enemy of their race, the cod, which never enter the bay. Being scavengers, the lobster feed on the star fish, thus saving the oyster from its natural enemy. The lobster and the oyster, literally "grew in beauty side by side." There were other fish in the bay, all friendly to the lobster, and those of them which were antagonistic to the oyster were devoured by one of the other species. If this bay were closed for a few years to lobster fishing there is no doubt that by the end of the close season the bay would once more be filled with lobsters which would eventually overflow into the Gulf waters adjoining and help greatly in increasing the supply of this valuable fish. One thing is practically certain, unless some means are adopted to conserve the lobster industry, the business will shortly be too unprofitable and uncertain to be prosecuted.

TIME'S CHANGES.

THE times change and we change with the times has been a truism throughout the ages. Every generation has brought its changes, slowly during the primitive ages, accelerating as knowledge grew, and although oftentimes the changes indicated reversion rather than progress, civilization developed, moved onward from the dark to the middle ages and to the still increasing measure of civilization we have today. We may assume that in every age there were, as there are today, those

those who regarded any deviation from the old paths as radical and dangerous, those also who jumped at the suggested changes as better than conditions as they were. In every age there were those who were not satisfied with the slow processes of evolution. They were the reformers of their time and who wanted to at once create a new heaven and a new earth. Those who refused to immediately accept the new ideas were, as with us, regarded as the "old fogeys" of their day and generation. And yet they were the "governors" on a machine which ever had a tendency to outrun the speed limit of safety. In no age of the world's history have the wheels of civilization and progress sped up as they are doing today. There is a feverish desire to change the old order of things. The science, the theology, the creeds of yesterday are thrown aside today, and we take up without examination or thought the plausible theory of some self-seeking gold brick artist or a fanatical reformer. There is a constant conflict between the old and the new. And the conflict surges this way and that. Victory often falls to the blatant crowd only to end in ultimate disaster, "right forever on the scaffold, might forever on the throne," but not forever. Right eventually triumphs. The "old fogeys" who refuse to be stamped, are "the remnant" but for whom "we should be as Sodom and Gomorrah." They let go their hold slowly on the anchors of the yesterdays and incorporate into the new the best things of the past. "The mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceeding small." We only retard their progress by our feverish efforts to hasten them. Civilization is made up of seeming victory and defeat, and we in our shortsightedness mistake the one for the other; we mistake noise and vain boasting for victory when, in reality, the imagined victory was but time's revenge.

"Speak history! Who are the victors? Unroll thy long annals and say, Are they whom the world calls victors Who won the success of the day? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's trust, The Persians or Xerxes, his judges or Socrates. Pilot or Christ?"

IN many respects Premier Baldwin's visit will be one of the most important in the history of the province. The visit will be regrettably short, arriving at 8:40 Tuesday evening the 16th, and leaving Wednesday morning the 17th, at 9 o'clock. We trust the most possible will be made of the short visit, both to do honor to the Prime Minister of Great Britain and for our people to do honor to themselves in seeing and hearing one of the most distinguished men in the world today. We understand that other speakers will be practically barred and that the distinguished visitor will be given all the time he can devote to speech-making. This is as it ought to be. The others, like the poor we have always with us. A British Prime Minister honors us but rarely. The whole province should be in Charlottetown on the night of his arrival.

Now, let us make hay while the sun shines. The hay crop which, owing to the unusually late spring, was not very promising, has taken on new life during the past warm showery weather and present prospects are that it will be an average crop. One of the summer attractions along our coasts at present is deep sea fishing. The man who succeeds in landing a thirty-pound cod has something to crow over the man who lands a two-pound trout. Both feats have been accomplished by some of

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been. That is well. But the smugglers are more resourceful now that the motor car and the airplane are available as aids for their nefarious trade.

Smugglers have plentiful chances to ply their trade across the Canadian border. Our own province has a thousand miles of shore line. The other Maritimes have much more. Westward more than 3,500 miles of land and water boundary separate Canada from the United States and beyond are more than 2,000 miles of shore line and land boundary as our western boundary. The Customs preventive service has been increased

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It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where. Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither nor why. Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool rush of the air, Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of the sky, And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern at the brink Where the harebell grows, and the gorse and the foxgloves purple and white; Where the shy-eyed delicate deer come down in a troop to drink When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on of the night.

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Notes by the Way

MONTREAL has suffered a scourge of typhoid fever which has now continued for several months. It ought not to have occurred. Typhoid is preventable by medical treatment, as was proven by the immunity given to our soldiers during the Great War. It had been claimed that medical science had triumphed over this form of fever, and so it had, but a large portion of the people of Montreal had not been rendered immune, and the same is true of all cities. And unfortunately for the Canadian metropolis, the means of infection were at hand, apparently in the milk supply.

And this ought to have been foreseen, but was not. As a consequence this long siege of sickness has visited the city with its attendant suffering and cost, while the surrounding country for a distance of 200 miles has been quarantined against shipment of milk and cream to the United States, thus paralyzing a large and profitable trade. What is puzzling to a reader at this distance is the fact that although the Director of City Health announces five new cases with that he goes on to say "there is no danger of typhoid in Montreal." This will be understood to mean that the disease is now under control. Three of the special hospitals which were opened months ago to give refuge to the large number of typhoid patients who could not gain admittance to the permanent hospitals, it is expected will be closed this week. There is a lesson for other cities large and small in what has happened in Quebec Province.

Captain F. T. Courtney, the noted English aviator, who is prepared to fly from Southampton to New York, has been detained by adverse weather reports. The westward trip across the Atlantic is admittedly more difficult than flying across from west to east owing to the prevailing winds in summer blowing from the west. Captain Courtney has named his plane the "Whale." This particular whale, if it makes the trip will have a more notable experience than is recorded of any fish of that name. The only flying fish hitherto known have been little fellows. This is a big one. It is proverbial that a fish out of water is "uneasy." We hope that Captain Courtney may have no unusual cause for uneasiness as he rides on the Whale's back across the Atlantic from the Old World to the New.

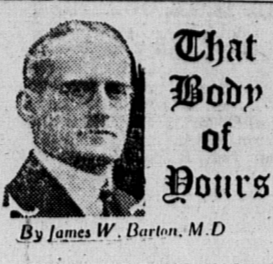
The superstition that the finding of a four-leaf clover brings, or indicates luck to the finder prevails unaccountably over many lands, and even in Charlottetown there are persons who pick them up when they see them. This year the number of these abnormal clover plants seems to be greater than usual, owing probably to the luxuriant growth of herbage in general. In a recent issue of the Toronto Globe five correspondents have brief notes telling of the finding of clover plants with nine, seven, six, five and four leaves respectively. One of the writers reports his collection as "more than 130 four-leaves, over 30 with five leaves and 20 with six leaves." Who can astonish the world with anything more wonderful?

The hobby referred to is quite a harmless one and is amusing to a certain class of minds. Last year as many as 200 four-leaf clovers were found in a small lawn not more than 20 feet square in front of a dwelling in Charlottetown, but the fact was not recorded in the newspapers. And there is said to be a garden in Cornwall, P. E. I., that is famous for the production of these "lucky" plants from year to year. Ontario has nothing on us in really big competitions such as this.

Captain Dicks of the rum-laden schooner whose cargo was captured by the Canadian Government cutter Bayfield last week, has given out some strong talk from Halifax as stated in a Canadian Press despatch. He says that his ship is a British ship with a British crew; that she was captured on the high seas, and if he can get the captain of the Bayfield arrested he will lay a charge of piracy and will fight the case to the Privy Council. He also avers that he has beaten the Government three times and will do it again. These be brave words and not a syllable of penitence in them. They are somewhat defiant in their tone. And now we shall see what we shall see.

EDITORIAL NOTES. Now, let us make hay while the sun shines. The hay crop which, owing to the unusually late spring, was not very promising, has taken on new life during the past warm showery weather and present prospects are that it will be an average crop. One of the summer attractions along our coasts at present is deep sea fishing. The man who succeeds in landing a thirty-pound cod has something to crow over the man who lands a two-pound trout. Both feats have been accomplished by some of

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By James W. Barton, M.D.

EAT SUFFICIENT FOOD

In these days when most people really do eat too much, and are being warned thereof, there is just the danger that some individuals will not eat enough food for their daily needs. These folks all complain of "stomach trouble," "indigestion," "dyspepsia" none of which terms says Dr. J. A. MacGregor, should ever be used. He suggests the words "distress" or "discomfort."

The two normal sensations of the stomach are hunger, and a sense of having eaten enough, but we find at times heaviness, fullness, burning, sinking, dull or aching pain, fluttering and nausea. Now whenever the stomach is in evidence at all, the most natural thing is to blame the trouble on the stomach, whereas kidney and heart ailments, intestinal obstruction, appendicitis, gall bladder trouble, glandular disturbances, and emotional or nervous conditions may really be the cause of the trouble. The stomach, as has been said, "stands sentry," and is affected by all sorts of conditions inside and outside the body.

Therefore when the stomach makes itself felt, it immediately occurs to the individual that he is eating too much food, and he begins to cut down on his food intake. This starving process affects the whole system because the blood becomes too thin to do its real work of building up the various tissues. It doesn't matter whether you work or rest all day, the body requires a certain amount of food to keep it going. Perhaps during the cold weather a little more should be eaten, and in the warm weather a little less, but more than 80 per cent of the food you eat is required just to keep up the animal heat in the body. Remember heat is life, and it can only be manufactured by eating food.

These folks that do not eat sufficient food because food upsets the stomach should first make sure that there is no organic trouble—cancer or ulcer—and then make up their minds to eat sufficient food to keep up all the body processes. Lack of sufficient food means low blood pressure, and low temperature, and every tissue must suffer. Included of course is the stomach and it often makes the first outcry; hence is blamed for the trouble. Remember then that lack of food may be more dangerous than too much food.

FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

A SERIES OF LITERARY QUOTATIONS FOR BOOK LOVERS

Wednesday, July 27th. Campbell born, 1777. To carry of women by violence the Persians think is the act of wicked men, but to trouble one's self about avenging them when so carried off, the act of foolishness. —Herodotus.

TEWKESBURY ROAD It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where. Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither nor why. Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool rush of the air, Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of the sky, And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern at the brink Where the harebell grows, and the gorse and the foxgloves purple and white; Where the shy-eyed delicate deer come down in a troop to drink When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on of the night.

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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AS A TOURIST RESORT

Some Interesting and Delightful Locations Described For "Guardian Readers."

RUSTICO.—II

By Harold Messervy. Our road now swings away from this beautiful estuary, and after making a turn to the left, climbs a slight rise. Along this we take our course, with now and then to our right fleeting glimpses of a bit of blue water, caught between the trees in their steady march past us. Now and then, too, quite close to the road we come here and there upon lovely cottages, very small and neat, each with its little garden in front of it. What a riot of bloom these gardens are. The striking orange tones of the tiger lilies here mingle well with the red and white Peonies, or the tall blue spikes of Larkspur. And perhaps a clump of Poppies may almost dazzle your eyes with their gleaming cups. I know but one other plant that vies with the poppy in scarlet brilliance. It is the flamboyant tree (Poinciana Regia) of the tropics. These, when they are in bloom, are simply a mass of flame. You cannot see the leaves at all; only the vivid mass of bloom. Quite literally, it almost "takes the sight out of your eyes!"

Soon we descend again, to cross a wooden bridge spanning a little stream. Just to our left is a ruined mill, with its dam all out of repair, and grown over with grass and wild flowers. In its basin some contented looking cows are cropping leisurely the soft grasses which grow in the rich soil once covered by the waters that turned the old mill wheel. To the right, on a hill about half a mile away the tall steeple of a white church rises itself above the dark trees which surround it. Not far from this we see a substantial looking brick and stone building. It seems too large to be the Presbytery of the church, and yet, in its isolated position, it is hard to guess what other purpose it may serve. One enquires at the cross roads store nearby. It once was, we are told, the Rustico Farmers' Bank, long since a thing of the past. The building is now used as a public hall.

So, since it was once a bank, it would, of course, need to be, and what is more important, look substantial. Bankers, no doubt, feel that the fabric of their buildings should proclaim to the eye of the passer-by the solidity and permanence of the institutions they house. Usually they are executed in one of the classical styles, either modified Grecian or Roman, but in this country, at least, generally the latter. And this is most fitting, for was not Imperial Rome pre-eminently the centre of a commerce which extended to the very ends of the earth? This semblance of the Roman manner the architects feel, I am sure, even if the bankers do not. Then, too, these styles call for the use of massive and imposing pillars, and what can convey to the man in the street such a sense of dignity, stability and endurance as these same weighty columns?

But there are matters of greater interest to be considered on this bright July day than banks and banking. So we push on, following the main road, which will take us to Rusticoville and North Rustico. By the way, one cannot but be struck with the occurrence of the name Rustico. Is it, the classical man may ask, of Latin origin—the dative of Rusticus—signifying "to or for the country man"? Not at all. It is named after a certain Rene Rassicot who, in 1724, came to Port La Jolie from Avranches in Normandy. Later on he moved out to this district, settling down near the head of Wheatley River. In the older records, the place has been called "Rastico," "Raclas" and "Raelco." At the present time, too, the people living here are predominantly of French blood, though the locality is not mentioned as being among the more extensive French settlements in the earliest records.

We have gone scarce a mile from the ruined mill we had passed, when we come on another of these charming landscapes so often seen in the province. Coming to a little rise in the road, there is displayed on our right Rustico Harbor and the western end of Rustico Bay. The small white cottages of the village of North Rustico nestle in a valley about two miles distant from this little vale; in all directions, the chequered squares of green, which are the fields, stretch away to the rim of the sky. Through the varied tints of field and wood cuts the blue estuary of Hunter River. Out at the mouth of this can be seen the fishing village of Rustico Harbor, with its cottages, factories and fishing stages all clustering about the light-house and pier. Rustico Harbor itself is a narrow "run," like so many of the North Shore, but larger than most. It is a gap between the

THE SOURCE OF JOY:—Rejoice the soul of Thy servant: for into Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. Psalm 88:4. PRAYER:—O God, in Thy presence is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures forever more. ROSE TIME Now is the time when the gentle air is filled with the scent of their fragrance, rare. When the bushes are bowed 'neath their load so sweet Of velvet pink petals. What sight to greet The weary one, a-passing by. Come, stop a bit, and feast the eye. Red roses, white roses, down by the gate The buds of the pink roses bid you to wait Till they open their hearts to the warm south breeze That is stirring now through the tallest trees. Oh, was ever a time so rare As now, when rose scent fills the air?

HOUSEHOLD SCRAP BOOK

By ROBERTA LEE

Laundering Hint Instead of rubbing very dirty towels, collars, and neckbands over the washboard by hand, spread them smoothly on the board, lather them well and scrub with a small stiff brush. It preserves the fingers and the material and does the work more satisfactorily.

How To Make A Smelling Salts Secure a wide-mouthed bottle with glass stopper and fill it almost to the top with subcarbonate of ammonia, in coarse powder form. Then pour over it just enough oil of lavender to cover the contents.

Kitchen Table The next time a new piece of oil-cloth is to be fastened to the kitchen table, instead of tacking it, use a flour paste. It will last much longer and will not crack nor wrinkle.

DAILY LESSONS IN ENGLISH

By W. L. Gordon

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Idle Savings

Our advice on investment matters will help you. Ask for our list of sound bonds.

JOHNSTON AND WARD McCurdy Bldg., Halifax. Please send me your list of sound bonds. NAME ADDRESS

another short tongue of sand jutting eastwardly from the mainland. To the left, and on higher ground, rather apart from the village, one can see a large farm house with its attendant saw white barns. It is Rollings' Hotel. Seated on its verandah one can drink in the briny and invigorating breezes of the Gulf and at the same time enjoy a magnificent and unobstructed view of the curving Island shore to the eastward, almost as far as Savage Harbor.

Here at Rustico, too, is a splendid bathing beach. As this is the principal fishing port on the Island, I need not tell you that at either of its two hotels, Rollings' on its commanding hill side, or Marshall's, nestling away among the cottages of the fishermen, one can enjoy food fit for the gods—fish, cooked to a turn, which only two hours ago was swimming in the Gulf. I am the last to disparage our cold storage and refrigerator plants. They have worked miracles in permitting the dwellers of Toronto and Winnipeg to enjoy in some measure the delightful products of our Atlantic fisheries. But until you have tasted these same fish, cooked when they are hardly out of the water—well, you've no idea what fish can be like. And that is the sort of thing you will get here.

This harbor is now the scene of busy life. The boats are coming in. Some are already here, and are landing their cargoes. The fish destined for distant parts are salted and spread out on the planes to dry. Here cod is the principal catch. But there are mackerel, too, together with haddock and herring. Once on a time, so they tell me here, haddock would bring only a low price on the market. Now, however, they get more for them than for cod. It is a pity that no fresh fish to speak of can be shipped from here, for the little that leaves Rustico is consumed in nearby towns and villages. The nearest railway station is Hunter River, ten miles away over a hilly road. The cost of this haul is greater than that of many hundreds of miles by rail, say the fishermen, thus greatly reducing their profit on the salted and pickled fish, and absolutely prohibiting an export

EVERYTHING LOVELY DOWN IN MARITIMES SAYS J. R. MACNICOL. TORONTO, July 26.—John R. MacNicol, Dominion Conservative President, has just completed a 3,000-mile motor trip through Quebec and the Maritime Provinces and has returned enthusiastic over the interest he found everywhere in the coming National Convention at Winnipeg on Oct. 11.

Meets Party Leaders. With the exception of British Columbia, Mr. MacNicol has now covered every Province in Canada, and met all the party leaders, and is convinced that the Winnipeg convention will have great historical significance. In every Province he heard names of candidates for the leadership discussed quite freely, but he believes a few delegates will go from any particular candidate.

Conservatives in Quebec. Mr. MacNicol is not once of those who believe that Conservatives are few and far between in Quebec. While in that Province he noticed in the public press the desire expressed to have Quebec well represented when a new party leader is chosen, and a new party policy laid down.

Mr. MacNicol will now enter actively into the organization work for the convention. On his trip he was accompanied by Mrs. MacNicol.

Exhausted from Asthma. Many who read these words know the terrible drain upon health and strength, which comes in the train of asthmatic troubles. Many do not realize, however, that there is one true remedy which will usually stop this drain. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is a wonderful check to this enervating ailment. It has a countless record of relief to its credit. It is sold almost everywhere.

We cordially invite the fellow who eliminates the squeal from the hog and the bark from the dog to try his hand on the worm

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