

BAND INSTRUMENTS

HERE IS GOOD NEWS! Musical instruments at prices we never dreamed possible—Trumpets, Trombones, Saxophones, Clarinets, Drums, Banjos—easy terms—parts and sundries for all instruments.

GIFT OF \$1.00 Turn in your old instrument—we promise a good allowance—this advertisement is worth \$1.00 on any new instrument. Send for illustrated catalogue and Free Trial Form.

WRITE NOW! Enclose this advertisement in your letter.

GREENE MUSIC CO.
60-62 FRONT ST. TORONTO

FOX RANCHERS

You can't afford to take any chances in the feeding of your foxes at this time of the year. One box of old or tainted meat may cost you several litters. WE GUARANTEE WILSIL'S MEATS to be absolutely fresh and of the best quality.

WILSIL LTD.
F. B. CONRAD, Rep.
Auld Bros., Cold Storage
Charlottetown

5393-3-21-tts-6.

City Taxes in Arrears

The names of those in arrears for City taxes will be published within a few days. Pay now and save expense. Unpaid taxes bear 7% interest.

FRED LARGE,
City Collector.

5589-3-27-mws-3i

NOTICE OF SALE

Boat, engine, lobster traps and anchors.

By order of the Judge of the County Court I will at one P. M. on Thursday, April 6th next, at W. A. McQueen's shore in Wood Islands, sell at public auction one fishing boat and engine, about 200 lobster traps and three anchors, all attached in suit of Isaac Martin against William Smith, absent debtor.

Charlottetown, March 31, 1933.
JOHN P. BRADLEY,
Sheriff of Queens County.

2678-4-1-st-21.

FEEDS FEEDS

To make room for large stocks of SEEDS now arriving we offer the following stocks of FEEDS at special low prices to clear. (Special prices in lots).

- 500 BAGS BRAN.
- 150 BAGS SHORTS.
- 100 BAGS CRACKED CORN.
- 100 BAGS FEED CORN-MEAL.
- ONE CARLOAD SUGAR BEET MEAL.
- 50 BAGS SCHUMACHER FEED.
- 40 BAGS WHITE MIDDINGS.
- 250 BAGS OIL CAKE MEAL (old process).
- ROLLED OATS, TABLE CORNMEAL, OAT MEAL, BUCK WHEAT FLOUR, WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR, "ROBIN HOOD" and other brands of FLOUR &c., for sale at our SEED STORE.

Carter & Co. Limited

THE HIGHWAY TRAFFIC ACT NOTICE

All motor vehicles operated upon the public highways of this Province on and after April 1st proximo will be required to carry 1933 registration plates.

Operators Licenses for the year 1932 expire on April 1st next.

The Provincial Secretary's office will be open on Friday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock and on Saturday afternoon.

H. R. STEWART,
Deputy Provincial Secretary.

Charlottetown,
30th March, 1933.

8662-3-31-2L

SWEET VANITY
By RICHARD GOYNE

"What's the matter, Simons?" Peter demanded. "What's happened?"

Simons shook his head. "Nothing, sir, that I know of." "But—but you telephoned," Peter explained.

"No, sir, no one is ill here, sir. In fact, your aunts have retired. I was just dozing, sir, waiting for you."

Peter thanked him and turned away, utterly at a loss. Then a queer light crept into his eyes.

"Hum, some sort of a practical joke; but I can't see the humour of it, to save my life. Now who the dickens is that young fellow Coward?"

Shrugging, he went out to his car, climbed in and drove slowly back down the valley. He suspected the Black Band, of course, but the whole thing seemed so futile that it did not even irritate him.

Reaching the Town Hall, he parked his car and frowned in some surprise as he noticed how many of the guests were leaving. One old and austere lady, to whom he had spoken during the reception, passed him without a word, and he looked after her in bewilderment at the snub.

When he stepped into the entrance hall he stopped short, as the sound of harsh, bizarre orchestral music offended his ears. The orchestra seemed to have taken leave of their senses, the guests seemed to have gone mad. Hysterical laughter, a pandemonium of sound and the clinking of glasses reminded him of an approach to a Brussels estaminet.

Three people swept out of the inner-hall as he stood there bewildered and silent. They were Sir Charles Hibbs, his daughter and wife, and as Peter bowed to them they would have passed him by had he not taken the initiative. Irritated by this second snub, he spoke.

"You are leaving early, Lady Hibbs?"

Lady Hibbs stopped and gave him a chill, angry smile.

"I should think one would leave, Mr. Cavendish," she snapped. "One did not expect a mayoral reception to be turned into a cabaret of the lowest type."

Peter started.

"But—"

"Oh, you must surely know the folly the Black Band, or whatever that disgusting set call themselves, had up their sleeves for tonight. It's positively disgraceful and I, for one, intend to complain to the Mayor. If you wish further enlightenment, Miss Marland, your fiancée will no doubt be able to provide it. She is dancing on a table, now."

Peter, pale and staggered, stared after them as they swept on. Others passed him, without a glance. Did he but know it, scores of his most valuable customers had during his absence, already mentally moved their patronage.

But the remark about Cynthia rang, alone, in his ears. Dazed, he passed on to the glass doors and stepped inside. There on the threshold the truth was revealed, leaving him rigid as a statue of stone, his steel-grey eyes, veiled with pain and disgust, surveying the pandemonium within.

Most of the elder people had left in disgust. The hall was a setting for the wildest disorder. Mad-brained youngsters in fancy dress had dispersed the orchestra, and taken command of the instruments, to disastrous effect. Dicky Smythe—he was masked, but by his gestures Peter recognized him—was presiding at the drum, one side of which he had already beaten in.

But this was the mildest innovation. The tables lining the walls had been dragged hither and thither, chairs put round them and filled with the hectic company. The air was pungent with smoke and scent. Couples were madly dancing up and down, smoking as they danced. Empty bottles littered the place, glasses tinkled in hysterical answer to the tuneless blarney of the "orchestra."

But the centre of attention was at the far end of the hall, quite near the orchestra, where a large stone-topped table was surrounded by laughing, cheering couples—all all of them masked—who were sipping wine, waving empty glasses, smoking and cheering the figure in their midst.

The figure of a girl, her face flushed, was dancing wildly, madly, with gay abandon, on the table about which her followers had gathered.

For a moment Peter stared without recognition. Her shimmering, scanty frock was already stained with wine in several places. A cigarette in one slim hand, she was performing a fantastic, exaggerated version of new importation from America, her lovely, wavy hair disordered and wild as she danced. Again and again, as they cheered, she kicked vigorously with her supple legs and dainty, silver-slippered feet.

Like a man in a dream, Peter moved on into the room, fury fast usurping the disgust in his heart. His hands clenched, his eyes flamed. "The Idiots."

He stopped short, and the colour ebbed from his face. He was staring at the girl dancing on the table.

"Good God!"

This was Cynthia, his Cynthia. It was then that, in her madness, Cynthia saw him. He had returned, perhaps, sooner than she had expected. An hour before she would have chosen this very moment for his coming. Now the sudden sight of his seemed to send a cold stab into her heart, numbing her very body.

She stopped dancing. The crowds, too, ceased their mad gaily, bewildered, and, turning, saw Peter. The effect upon the girl who a few moments before had been madly dancing on the table.

Cynthia's brain was on fire. Her desire for revenge had assumed fantastic proportions.

(To be continued)

FOR SALE

As I am leaving this country I will sell cheap for cash 1 Eaton incubator 600 eggs, 1 coal burning brooder 1000 chicks, 1 Chevrolet Sedan Model 1926, 1 trailer.

AAGE TIMM,
Wood Island Mills,
P. E. I.

8642-3-30-3i.

FARM FOR SALE
IN CANAVOY

The undersigned offers for sale his farm of 105 acres with house and barn, 50 acres now ploughed and in good state of cultivation, balance lumber and hard wood. Near school and churches and railway station. Apply to

W. F. JARDINE,
Head Hillsboro,
R. R. No. 1, P. E. Island.

8617-3-29-6i.

FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale my farm of 100 acres only six miles from Charlottetown. With good barns and furnace heated dwelling house. Near Churches, School, Railway Station and Creamery. Apply to

ALEX. STEWART,
Marshfield.

8636-3-30-tst-3i.

FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale, a farm situated at Pleasant Valley, Lot 21, 1 1/2 miles from Elliot's Station, School, Church and Mills, 2 1/2 miles from Fredericton Station, Church and Stores. Farm consists of 109 acres 70 acres cleared, balance covered with Hard and Soft wood. Land in excellent state of cultivation. Never failing spring running through farm.

Dwelling house, and all out buildings in good repairs.

For inspection at any time. For further particulars apply to

W. F. STEVENSON,
Box 186, Bradalbane, R. E. I.

P. E. Island.

March 30-1f.

FARM FOR SALE BY TENDER

We offer for sale the well known William McKinlay farm at Bradalbane, containing 100 acres of good land with good buildings.

Tenders received up to April 15th, 1933.

MRS. ADAM MCKENZIE, or MRS. DAN BUCHANAN,
Bradalbane, P. E. I.

8618-3-29-wew-3i.

W. C. T. U. Notes

ALL WOULD BE CHAOS WERE MORTAL NOT PROUD

Written by Andrew Rosewater when a young man as an answer to Abraham Lincoln's favorite poem, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"

The course of man's life from cradle to shroud
Would be aimless and hopeless if man were not proud.
Doomed to like fate, by like trials tried,
All would be chaos were man without pride.
Like a rudderless ship, like the beasts of the field,
All would be chaos, if man's pride were to yield.
His noblest ideals forever be lost—
On seas' highest waves ships of state would be tossed,
Love's passion were lost, man's progress a cloud,
All would be chaos were mortal not proud.
Proud of his birthright of body and brain,
Conquering more and more nature's domain,
Let him ever be proud, though mortal he be,
Since he masters the earth, the sky and the sea,
Tho' death be his portion and dust be his lot,
His greatest achievements destroyed and forgot,
Not alone for himself—though he knows he must die,
He builds for the good of humanity.
Not proud of his wealth, but his actions and aim—
Goaded by pride to win glory and fame.

VINDICATED AT LAST

The early pioneers of the Total Abstinence Movement were snubbed and jeered at; they were taunted and jeered at; they were the butt of the hostile crowd, and the laughing-stock of the foolish-minded. But the truth which set them free has since given freedom to millions of others who have entered into the fruit of their labours.

The foolishness of 1932 has become the wisdom of 1933. "There is nothing to which any reasonable man can object to in Total Abstinence. Nor is there anything objectionable in the advocacy of Total Abstinence," so writes the London Evening Standard. Nothing objectionable! There never was anything objectionable in Total Abstinence—it only seemed so to

NOW!

THE NEWEST CAR IN 20 YEARS!

Especially Designed for 1933 Economy

A complete new series of FOUR and SIX Cylinder Low-priced Cars

Frontenac

WINGED POWER **25 to 35 MILES on a Gallon of Gasoline** **NEW CHASSIS**

Red Seal Continental Motor . . . three-point chassis construction and engine mounting . . . safety windshield . . . double Cantilever rear springs . . . anti-shimmy steering . . . automatic spark retard . . . no excess weight . . . and many other exclusive engineering and body features are combined with new standards of first-cost and upkeep economy in the new series of ultra-modern Frontenac fours and sixes. See them today!

Built by
DOMINION MOTORS PRODUCTS LIMITED
Toronto (Leaside) Canada

T. G. IVES
219 Great George Street

those who refused to move on with the times.

Vindicated at last! The "Seven Men of Preston" have come into their own. The Way of Life they declared to be right was right, nor was it less right because the masses refused to walk that road. Ah! in spite of human scorn, the music-makers and the dreamers of dreams are the movers and shakers of the world.

It was said a hundred years ago that Beer was liquid bread, but to day—because that argument won't any longer hold water—it is said that Beer is not so much a beverage as a recreation! The ingenuity of the human mind passes comprehension sometimes! The drinker's hour of recreation has often been his undoing, as evidenced in all walks of life.

"But Prohibition?" queries the same London newspaper, "That has a different ring to English ears, and we do not feel quite so friendly towards it." Men were once unfriendly towards Total Abstinence, but that time has passed. So, too, will all unfriendliness to Prohibition. Those who live longest will see most! Says Lord Fitzbooby in one of Disraeli's novels, "I believe that these Wesleyans are many of them quite respectable persons." Total abstinence is more than a matter of taste; it is a matter of conviction. The world reviled the Total Abstinence as it seeks to revile the Prohibitionist, but the Dry Road is the High Road, and those who take it will reach the top before those who continue on the low road have climbed the first incline.

There are pioneers today, and pioneers unborn who will carry this Cause to final victory. They will not swerve from the Truth, neither will they be afraid of difficulties. They will know, and what they know with confidence they will tell. The old and futile must pass away; the true and eternal lives. "Each age is a dream that is dying.
Or one that is coming to birth."
—O'Shaughnessy.

SALON VERSUS SPEAKEASY

Both in Canada and in the United States, wet propaganda, seeking ever more and more legal protection and authority for the liquor traffic, had much to say concerning the "speakeasy." Secretary of State Stimson, in an address some months ago, set forth the old saloon versus the speakeasy in striking contrast. He said:

"Fifteen years ago, in most of

our cities, the saloon stood recognized by law, flaunting its wares in conspicuous places where it could best appeal for its traffic, and having behind it the money and organization of an immense and legal and recognized industry. It was both a social and political centre. It was buttressed by law. Its political power was recognized. "Admit all that is said against the 'speakeasy'. It has none of the legal power and nothing like the actual power possessed by the organized liquor traffic before the Eighteenth Amendment. The abolition of this great legalized power for political and social evil was a benefit and gain for the United States which should not be undone."

In all Canada's "wet provinces" the "speakeasy" flourishes and flourishes more for the protection naturally coming from a legalized government sale of liquor.

Canada needs to go to school to India to learn its A. B. C's in temperance enterprise.

The "Associated Press" has furnished the world with an interesting tale, and not of woe either, but of remarkable undertaking for the benefit of that section of humanity living in Hyderabad, the Territory of the Nizam, an extensive realm in Southern India.

This narrative gives an account of this scheme being introduced by the Excise Commissioner, Brigadier General Keyes, the Resident, the Chief Justice of Hyderabad, and it will be supported to a certain extent from the Excise income.

The scheme is to replace toddy booths by teashops and milk stalls. These will be operated from four centres under a committee consisting of a Moslem, a Hindu and a Christian. That certainly is a co-operation of forces to tell for effectiveness.

These teashops are to be situated a few yards only from the toddy booths and will be supplied with some chairs, benches, tables, pictures, postcards and story books with a moral.

The practicability of the scheme is to go the length of entertaining habitual drunkards to tea at the expense of the State for two months in the hope that the alcohol appetite of the drink victim may have been overcome during this period.

The Statesman says: "The scheme is a worthy one and its progress will be watched with in-

terest, and by none more than the sorely-ried tea industry. But what has happened to America that Hyderabad was permitted to think all this out first?"

And tidings asks: "What are we Canadians doing comparable with the country of the Moslem and the Hindu in their heroic attempt to save their land from the drink curse?"

He married Jane Amelia McKenzie, daughter of the late Captain George McKenzie. The issue of the marriage was two sons, John, who lives in Calgary, and William I. French River. The funeral was held on Sunday, Feb. 19, and was conducted by Rev. V. Osborne who spoke feelingly of the good qualities of the deceased. The pallbearers were: Wm. Johnston, and John Margate, Heartle Underhill, Hugh J. Lamont, Hall Burd, John H. Pidgeon.

Interment took place in the Geddie Memorial Cemetery. Sympathy is extended to the family, who were obliged to bear the loss of the mother two months ago. The sympathy of the whole community is extended to the bereaved.


In Memoriam

JONATHAN A. DELANEY

Jonathan A. Delaney, French River, died on February 17, after a short illness. He was the son of the late William Delaney and the late Mary Ann Warren, his wife, and was born on the homestead in Irish-town, May 19, 1848. He was, at the time of death, in his eighty-fifth year. His early education was received in the common school in

FOR ANY PAIN

Have you ever found any quicker relief than this?



Anyone can take Aspirin, for doctors have declared these tablets perfectly safe.

And there is no quicker form of relief for any pain.

It is well to remember these things when anyone tries to persuade you to try anything in place of these tablets.

Aspirin may be taken as often as there is any need of its comfort: to stop a headache, throw off a cold, drive away the pains from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, lumbago, etc.

Whenever you take Aspirin you know you are going to get immediate results—and you know there will be no ill effects. You know what you are taking.

Why take chances on some form of relief which may not be as swift—may not be as safe? The new reduced price on bottles of 100 tablets has removed the last reason for ever experimenting with any substitute for Aspirin!

Aspirin is a trade-mark registered in Canada