New Picture Service!

This paper has made arrangements to publish interesting Kodak Pictures made by our readers free and they will be given credit line as herewith shown today's illustration. To have your pictures published mail your films to

The Reid Studio—Moncton, N. B.

for developing and printing and advise them which one you desire to see in this paper. See Reid's advt. elsewhere in this issue.

Residential Property For Sale at Kinkora, P. E. I.

The undersigned offers for sale his property known as the Late Dr. Gallant property.

Dwelling suitable for a professional party.

Apply to
W. W. SMITH.

L8281-7

Lumber

Shingles, all grades, $2.50 to $4.50 per M.; Cedar posts, bridge planks and rails, 2x4 studding, $1.40 per 100; rough boards, $2.00; dressed boards, $2.50 to $3.00. Free delivery in full truck loads, 20 mile limit.

R. A. McPHAIL,
New Haven.

L-8170-6-22-29-7-6-13-20-27

PUBLIC NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the names of those in arrears for School Assessment in the Georgetown School District shall be handed for collection to the Clerk of the County Court if not paid on or before July 20th, 1935.

ASHLEY ALLEN,
Secretary.

Georgetown,
July 8, 1935.

L-8737-7-10-13-18.

Spinning and Weaving

Send me your wool to be spun into Yarn and wove into Blankets. The charges are: single yarn 23 cents, doubled 26 cents per pound. Blankets $2.00 and if unlaundered $1.85; it takes five lbs. of wool per Blanket. Wool must be well washed and all dirt and burrs picked out. The size of single yarn is medium, and loubled yarn fine, medium, coarse and hooking yarn. Put shipper's name on all parcels and owner's name, address and instructions inside. Send by mail or freight. Special price for washed wool with dirt and burrs picked out. Freight will be paid on 100 lb. lots.

WILLIAM CONDON,
65 Queen Street, Charlotttown.

L-8122-6-S-W-tl-Nov. 22.

FOR SALE

SUMMER HOME

Beautiful seashore property known as "The Hedges," situated on the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence owned by Mrs. Gane Morris.

An acre and a half of land fronting on Prince Edward Island's North Shore, famous for surf bathing, beautiful shade trees. Residence has large verandas on front and two sides; living-room 22 x 35 contains two fire places; large dining-room, also outside dining-room, five guest bedrooms, two servants' bedrooms and baths. The property has its own electric light and water plant, also three car garage. Everything in excellent state of repair.

Will be sold completely furnished and equipped ready for occupation, or without furniture to suit purchaser.

Apply
THE EASTERN TRUST COMPANY,
154 Richmond Street,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

L-8705-7-9-31

S. S. FARNORTH

Leaves BOSTON 10th, 20th, 30th of each month for CHARLOTTETOWN via Halifax, arriving three days later.

Returning via Bras d'Or Lakes, Sydney and Halifax. For passenger, freight and automobile rates apply to

Buntain, Bell & Co.
Phone 829.

L-8283-7-11-1 mo.

HEALTH by Dr. Fleming

A HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

COLD AND SPARKLING

In the ear 1850, there occurred in the cit of London, an outbreak of cholera, known to history as the "Broad Street Pump Epidemic." This pump which became famous, or infamous, as the source of a most terrble outbreak of cholera, had a fine local reputation because it provided water which was both cold and sparkling.

At this period, cholera was not a rare disease, but suddenly, in the Parish of St. James, Westminster, it burst forth in unusual severity, and over five hundred deaths occurred within three months. The well in Broad Street came under suspicion, and, to put an end to its use, the pump handle was removed by the authorities.

Suspicion was directed towards the wall because investigation revealed the fact that the disease was practically limited to those who used the water; those who did not drink of the well, such as the em ployees of a brewery in Broad Street, escaped. It was shown that the disease developed in persons who, coming from other parts, used the water, as it did also among those who had the water brought to them.

The Broad Street Pump Epidemic is of interest to us as it was one of the first epidemics recognized as water-borne, and the necessary impetus was thus given to the provision of safe water supplies. The result of these unfortunate experiences is that we, who have learned the lesson, are no longer exposed to danger from cholera and other water-borne diseases.

Nevertheless, there are still some who have not learned the lesson. There are those still who think that water which is cold and sparkling must be safe. Every autumn we see fall victims to disease those who have forgotten that when they go out into the country, it is not safe to use water unless the supply is known to be safe, regardless of the appearance of the water.

It is always wise to boil water when there is any question as to its purity. The safety of water can be determined by means of certain tests. Provincial Health Departments arrange for the examination of well waters and of other supplies. If you are intending to use an unknown supply, write to your Provincial Department of Health and secure informaton as to how to take samples for examination.

You cannot rely upon appearance. Disease germs are not visible to the naked eye. They may be present in large numbers, regardless of the clearness, cloudiness, coolness, or other properties of the water.

Question concerning health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto, will be answered personally by mail.

Bradalbane

The closing exercises of Breadalbane village school were held on the afternoon of June 28th with a number of parents and visitors present. The classes were examined in the various subjects by their teacher, Miss Elizabeth R. MacKay, and showed by their ready answers that they had been well trained during the year.

The following prizes were presented by the teacher.

Prize for proficiency in grade X Sr.—Jean Cummings and Florence MacLean (equal).

Prize for proficiency in grade X Jr.—Margaret MacKay.

Prize for proficiency in grade VIII Sr.—Laura Bernard.

Prize for proficiency in grade VIII Jr.—Margaret Matheson.

Prize for proficiency in grade VI —Eileen MacLean.

Prize for proficiency in grade IV Sr.—Emma Doucette.

Prize for proficiency in grade IV Jr.—Phyllis Woodside.

Prize for proficiency in grade II—Shirley Wallis and Georgie Somers (equal).

Prize for proficiency in grade I Sr.—Dorothy Bernard.

Prize for proficiency in grade I Jr.—Myrtle MacLeod.

Prize for spellings, grade IV Sr.—Emma Doucette; grade IV Jr.—Phyllis Woodside; grade II—Shirley Wallis.

Prize for deportment—Wilma MacKenzie and Margaret Cummings.

Perfect attendance—Wilma MacKenzie, Doris Woodside, Eileen Lean, Blair MacDonald.

Public School Certificates were presented to the following grade VIII pupils: Laura Bernard, Margaret Matheson, Margaret Cummings.

The following address was read by Jean Cummings and a suitable gift presented by Florence MacLean:

Dear Teacher:

As another year is drawing to a close, we hear with deepest regret that you are departing from our midst.

We feel we cannot let you go without expressing our appreciation of your splendid work.

We know we have caused you a great deal of trouble, but you have always shown the greatest patience with us.

We ask you to accept this small token of our appreciation of your work and wish you the best of luck in the coming year.

Signed on behalf of the pupils of Breadalbane Village school.

The teacher thanked the pupils for their remembrance and for their co-operation during the year and wished them all a pleasant vacation.

Suitable remarks of satisfaction with the progress of the school during the year were made by parents.

The singing of the National Anthem brought the exercises to a close.

(Patriot please copy)

Penthouse Love

By ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

CHAPTER 30

"There'll be—a big scandal," Doug said haltingly when Charity said she did not want to go away until people forgot what had happened. "The papers will be full of it——"

Charity's face grew a little paler. "We'll fight it out—together.

"I'll need your love and your confidence so much, Charity. Unless you believe in me—no matter what people say—it will be—unberable."

Charity kissed him tenderly.

"You must know I love you—always, every minute of the day, dear heart, if you want to make me happy."

Doug closed his eyes wearily. Charity thought he was going to sleep.

A soft knock came on the door and the nurse entered again with Dr. Brandt. The doctor smiled and took Doug's pulse. Charity was alarmed when he said almost curtly, "You'll have to go now. No more visitors today, Miss Tell, under any circumstances."

Charity saw the worry in the doctor's face.

"Wha—what's wrong? Oh, doctor—he's not worse?"

The doctor shook his head gravely. "He's gone back into a coma. It may be hours, or days, before he revives."

Miss Tell led Charity to the reception room across the hall. In a second she heard the door close.

She staggered to the window to get a breath of air and felt Billie's arms around her.

"You'll have to be brave, honey," Billie said comfortingly. She was certain then that Doug had died.

Charity heard loud voices and opened her eyes to see a newsboy hurrying by on the street below. She heard him distinctly:

"EXTRA — EXTRA — HEIRESS DIES IN CRASH WITH PENTHOUSE LOVER. DOUG TEMPLE DYING."

Doug was dying. The doctor had lied to her. Yanner had rallied and seemed rational before her death. That's what Doug had done. With a low moan Charity lost consciousness. Billie caught her as she fell.

* * * *

Day followed day at the Seaside Hospital with no one holding out any hope for the recovery of the heir to the Temple millions. Charity haunted the room where her husband lay, refusing to leave him even to go home to sleep.

When Dr. Brandt saw that she was very likely to break down if she didn't get rest, he ordered a cot brought into the room for her. The faithful Sylvia brought what clothes she needed, and thought of other little things for her comfort.

Charity scarcely saw the headlines that screamed out new angles to the Temple scandal daily. The pictures of Yanner and Doug taken in the spring in Paris, in happy intimate poses, were dug up by enterprising newspapers and played up prominently, along with day to day bulletins on Doug's condition and additional details about Doug, Yanner and Charity.

It was Thanksgiving week before Dr. Brandt felt certain of Doug's recovery, and that he would not go through life crippled. The day before Christmas Charity took him home to Templehaven.

The old Temple estate on Long Island was a riot of holiday color. Mrs. Muggins and Charity had decorated it from cellar to garret with pine and holly and Christmas follies. A Christmas tree, which reached the ceiling, filled the corner of Doug's old room.

No stone had been left unturned to make Templehaven a place where Doug would be comfortable and happy while he fought his way back to health. Charity knew there would be times when old memories would come to torture him. Times when he would feel responsible for having sent Yanner to her death.

Since that night at the hospital when Yanner died, Doug had not mentioned her name. But she knew his heart was torn with pity for the girl he had once been so sure he loved.

Doug had thought they should take a nurse back to Templehaven with them. But Charity had been adamant in her refusal to allow anyone else to care for him. She wanted to know the joy of babying him herself. Every little service gave her a new feeling of possession. Every little intimacy sent the color into her cheeks.

It was Christmas eve. Doug lay back in his wheel chair before the crackling log fire, smiling tenderly at Charity busying herself about the room trying to find something else to do. She had switched off all the lights except the red and green and gold ones that burned on the big tree.

Charity crossed to the radio.

"It's time for Trinity choir to sing carols, darling. Would you like to hear them?"

Doug nodded. Then he sat back and closed his eyes.

"Come and sit beside me, sweet."

Charity pulled a little hassock up beside his chair and sat down with her black head snuggled happily against his pajamed knees. They sat in silence, their hearts full, listening to hundreds of voices singing the age old songs of the Yuletide:

"Holy night, silent night,
All is calm, all is bright."

Doug's hand strayed to Charity's face and he lifted it to smile wistfully.

"Happy, dear heart?"

She nodded, tears misting her eyes.

"So—happy, Doug."

"I'd like to think father knows how happy we are, wouldn't you, Charity? We—owe it all to him."

"I—do believe he does, dear."

Doug shook his head wonderingly. "You're so—different, Charity, from anyone I've ever known. You believe in so many things, don't you? I'm glad life hasn't taken away your—faith."

Charity didn't want Doug to grow too pensive. She jumped up and he wondered where she was going when she blew him a kiss and ran from the room. In a few moments she was back, a long silk stocking dangling over her arm. Then she went to a drawer and fumbled around until she found one of Doug's socks.

When she took two big pins and went up to the fireplace, he knew what it was all about. She hung the stocking and the sock above the crackling fire. Doug reached his arms out and she knelt down beside his cha'

"Tell me," he grinned at her then, "do you believe in Santa Claus, too?"

She nodded swiftly. Doug reached into his pocket and took out a little white box.

"Then—close your eyes—and hold out your hand."

She obeyed, her heart beating madly. Then she felt Doug slipping something over her finger.

"Now—open eyes."

Charity gave a glad cry of surprise. For, sparkling on her engagement finger, was a pure white diamond, the largest and most perfect jewel she had ever seen.

Doug lifted her hand to his lips to kiss it tenderly. Then he said almost solemnly:

"With this ring I thee wed."

Charity raised her hand and kissed the wedding ring beside the beautiful jewel—the ring he had put on her hand that day at City Hall when it was all a hollow mockery. Then, too moved to speak, she lifted her lips and kissed Doug with all the love in her happy heart.

In a little while he broke away to hold her from him and look into her shining eyes. Then he grinned—and there was more of the old Doug in his smile than she had ever hoped to see again.

THE END.

CAN'T SLEEP?
IT'S YOUR NERVES
Relief comes soon with use of
Dr. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

ONE WAY STREET

Jean Sawyer had fallen in love with a man it seemed impossible to win. He was her boss and *his* employer's beautiful and shrewd daughter had set her heart on winning him. Jean was intelligent, but not shrewd. She could not scheme her way into any man's favors. But she was a fighter and she knew instinctively all the rules of the game. You'll thrill to her adventures as you follow this dramatic new love story.

By

JOSEPH McCORD

It Starts in the GUARDIAN Next Week

W. C. T. U. Notes

CANADIAN BORN

We first saw light in Canada, the land beloved of God,
We are the pulse of Canada, its marrow and its blood.
And we, the men of Canada, can face the world and brag
That we were born in Canada, beneath the British flag.

We've yet to make our money, we've yet to make our fame;
But we have gold and glory in our clean colonial name;
And every man's a millionaire if only he can brag
That he was born in Canada, beneath the British flag.

No title and no coronet is half so proudly worn
As that which we inherited as men Canadian born;
We count no man so noble as he who makes the brag,
That he was born in Canada, beneath the British flag.

The Dutch may have their Holland, the Spaniard have his Spain,
And the Yankee to the south of us, to the south of us must remain,
For not a man dare lift a hand against the men who brag
That they were born in Canada, beneath the British flag.

Pauline Johnson.

THE BLOT ON CANADA THE BEAUTIFUL

"Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native Land."

Has it become hackneyed to claim Canada as the Land of Lands, or is there a general realization, born of experience and all around comparison with other countries that Canada for many reasons is a rare gem in the British diadem?

The great Atlantic and the greater Pacific wash its shores east and west, bestowing the blessing of climatic change; its waters teem with fish to feed a world, and to the wooing of the wind respond with white-tipped foaming crests; the romance of its northern climes attract the bravest of adventurers; the endless variety of tree and foliage provoke the genius of painter and poet; its mantles of winter snow glittering in sunlight and moonlight awaken longings and aspirations for purity in the realms of the mental and spiritual; its snow-capped mountains with their perpetual crown of glory; its green valleys and golden fields of ripening grain enticing the anxious home-maker the world over; its stored treasures in seemingly inexhaustible mines; its great breathing spaces mould freedom of thought and a personal liberty in startling contrast to countries laboring under despotism.

Truly we have a goodly heritage! But Canada is suffering from a growing durnkenness. Its victims cry out against capitalism but their appetite for intoxicants is building up one of Canada's greatest capitalistic systems.

God gave Canada for the well-being of Canadians and God will enter into judgment when His blessings are turned into curses.

OUR JUBILEE CONVENTION 1885-1935

With over sixty delegates from other provinces throughout Canada and a large number from Manitoba, in attendance, the opening session of the 27th annual convention of the Canadian Women's Christian Temperance Union was held May 29th, in St. Stephen's Broadway Church, Winnipeg. Mrs. F.C. Ward of Toronto, Dominion President, welcomed the officers and delegates and presided during the sessions.

The church was beautifully decorated with ferns and roses, and the picture of Frances Willard, the revered founder of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was prominent in a bower of greenery.

The delegates found a royal welcome in Winnipeg, city of lovely homes and stately public buildings, from the moment they were met at the station by their White Ribbon sisters, to the close of convention. The mid-day and evening meals were festive occasions of fellowship and enjoyment in the Church dining hall, while the first meal of the day was enjoyed with our hostesses under the home roof.

On Friday afternoon a reception at Government House was given to the visitors and their friends by His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Tupper, and on Saturday afternoon a drive around the city by motor car was much enjoyed. Many of the easterners saw a real live buffalo for the first time, and lilac time in Winnipeg is a rare experience of beauty.

After the drive Mrs. Colin Campbell welcomed all to her hospitable home in her own gracious manner. Her guests were entertained by many treasured souvenirs of the past, especially by her wonderful display of mementos of the Coronation of our King and of that of his father King Edward, at which ceremonies Mrs. Campbell was present. Her distinguished husband was for years Attorney-General of Manitoba, and since his death, Mrs. Campbell has been one of Winnipeg's most public-spirited women citizens.

Mrs. Campbell was present in convention at more than one session, and gave most interesting reminiscences of early days in Winnipeg.

A recent musical festival in Winnipeg has been judged to be one of the best held in the British Empire, and prize winners at this festival sang several times during convention. These beautiful solos, trios and choruses were much enjoyed.

Mrs. N. W. Reese of Athelstan, Quebec, our own National L.T.L. secretary, also shared her gift of song with her sisters of the W.C.T.U.

Dr. Boole sat on the platform with the National Executive, and was not only guest speaker on the program, but took a kindly and tactful interest in all our discussions, sharing with Mrs. Ward the task of directing deliberations on W.C.T.U. activities.

Dr. Ella A. Boole, Ph.D., President of the World's W.C.T.U., is one of the firemost women in America today. In 1931 Mrs. Boole was elected to this office at the World's Convention in Toronto, having been nominated for this office by thirty-one if the fifty nations represented. The first World's Convention of her administration was held in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1934, which was unanimous in its decision to continue world-wide opposition to the world-wide power of the liquor traffic.

NEW FORM OF BARBARISM

The world has been informed that after a five year ban the German sport of dueling is to come into its own again. It should be recalled that dueling per se in the centuries when it flourished was not a matter of sport but the more serious issue of vindicating personal honor.

In England dueling is no longer the fashionable vice of the Upper Ten, but it has had its day. History records that from the reign of Elizabeth legal authorities held that a duel was nothing less than an ordinary murder. But it was in France that it flourished in all its tarnished glory, and after a bloody century in that country dueling found its way into England.

Tennyson sang of the "Christless code that must have life for a blow."

There were duels in England as late as 1843. However in 1844 an amendment to the articles of war provided: "Every person who shall fight or promote a duel, or take any steps thereto, or who shall not do his best to prevent a duel, shall, if an officer, be cashiered or suffer such other penalty as a general court-martial may award."

Thus dueling, which had been banned by civil law, was discredited in the English army.

In the Middle Ages dueling was regarded as an appeal to Heaven to vindicate truth and punish falsehood. There must have been a deep-seated conviction that might was right. But as the centuries rolled on there were so many unrefutable proofs that this logic was wrong, France counted out heaven and adopted the ideal that a duel gave satisfaction to an insulted personal honor.

An Ambassador to the Court of Louis XIII is on record as declaring "There is scarce a Frenchman worth looking on who has not killed his man in a duel."

In the 16th century part of the everyday male attire included a sword always at hand to vindicate honor. Dueling became so common as to introduce the daily salutation, "Who fought to-day? Who is to fight tomorrow?" And the fighting pretext was so frivolous the fighting was done just for the love of it. But in 1626 a law was passed to the effect that anyone killing his adversary in a duel was condemned to death. The custom still persisted until 1679 when nobility solemnly agreed they would never engage in a duel on any pretense whatever.

Germany is making another fatal mistake.

Gentlemen, I do not offer you wine, because I never drink it. Can we pledge each other better than in clear cold water?"—Lincoln, president-elect.

"After reconstruction the next great question is the overthrow of the liquor traffic."—Lincoln, a few hours before his death.

Icelandic R.C. Nurse Tells of Work In Native Land

Iceland is not the snowbound, barren country, noted chiefly for its glaciers and its active volcanoes, that some folk think it is.

It has a fairly mild climate, "some real nice hot days," modern cement or "stone" houses, with central heating from coal furnaces, electric lighting, motor cars, busses and boats—no railways, of course, because of the mountainous character of the inland country—and horses. It has many schools, both elementary and secondary, and one university at Reykjavik, its Capital. It has the oldest Parliament in the world—the Althing, which in 1930 celebrated its 1000th anniversary, and a language, "pure Icelandic", which, it is the proud boast of Icelanders, is unique in not having been influenced by any European language in the last thousand years, and which is the language of the people, and of the elementary schools, although in secondary schools English and Danish are compulsory, Iceland being a dependency of Denmark.

And Iceland also has modernized health services, including Red Cross work, well organized for carrying on the various branches of the work as it is known in this and other countries—giving striking evidence of the international character of Red Cross work—now organized in fifty countries of the world.

These and many other more intimate, but no less interesting, details of life and conditions in that seldom-heard-from little island of approximately 100,000 population, were gleaned in conversation the other day with a charming young Icelandic Red Cross nurse, Miss Sigridur Bachmann, S.R.N., who is spending the next six weeks in Canada and New York, doing public health and hospital observation work for the Red Cross.

Miss Bachmann, who is the only Red Cross nurse in the southern part of Iceland, took her course at University College Hospital, London, taking post-graduate work in public health at Bedford College, England. She has come over here at the request of the Icelandic Red Cross Society, under the Exchange Committee of the Canadian Nurses' Association, to observe methods here and take back to the work in her native land, to which she returns in the fall, the benefit of her experience.

Much of Miss Bachmann's work is among the women and girls, classes of whom she instructs in first aid, home hygiene, bedside nursing, infant welfare and other branches of the work. The women are greatly interested, and it is comparatively easy to form small classes of Girl Guides or Boy Scouts, varying the program in the secondary schools, she explained.

Much of the work also is in connection with the outpost on the south coast, where the fishermen come for cod-fishing in January, and remain until May. The herring fishing in the North goes on all through the season, she added. There is no doctor at the outpost, so that the little nurse must treat all minor ailments, and, if serious, "go fetch the nearest doctor—half an hour's motor ride," and in extreme cases summon the Red Cross ambulance to take the patient to the hospital.

"The weather is not nearly so severe as people think it is—it is modified by the Gulf Stream," explained the little lady from the North country. "This year we had the best May we have had in years—much warmer than it was in England".

Schools close in May, not because of the heat, but on account of the short days in winter. People like to make the most of the summer and get the children off to the country for a long vacation. Some of the days in November and December do not have more than five or six hours of daylight, she added.

"The housing is quite good—'stone' houses, we call them, mostly made of cement, with general heating, of coal, with furnaces." The State hospital, as well as the houses in that area are heated from the geyser, "the biggest hot springs in the world," she added.

Most of the women and girls of Iceland are adopting the Western dress, Miss Bachmann explained, although many of the older women still cling to their national costume.

"Of course, I do not wear that dress all the time—I only put it on for an occasion," she said, with a smile. "I wear my uniform a great deal. But my mother wears the national dress," addel the little nurse, who was smartly and suitably attired for a warm afternoon in Canada, in a cool linen suit—Toronto Globe.

At MacDonald College

McGill University offers the following courses in Agriculture and Household Science

1. DIPLOMA COURSE IN AGRICULTURE—A Practical course of two sessions, Nov. 1st to April 1st. Tuition free of residents of Canada.

2. HOMEMARKER COURSE—To train girls for the duties of the homemaker and extending over a single session from Sept. 11th to June 3rd. Tuition free to daughters of farmers in Quebec and Maritime Provinces, others $100.

3. B. S.c (Agr.) and B. H. S. COURSES—Professional courses of university grade open to matriculated students. Entrance into third year is permitted to graduates of the N. S. A. C., or those who have taken a proper slection of courses for two years at a university of recognized standing.

TUITION—B. Sc. (Agr.) Course free during first two years to farmers' sons and daughters of Quebec and Martime Provinces. For others, and for all students during last two years $50 per year. B. H. S. Course, $100 per year throughout.

4. GRADUATE COURSES—Properly qualified graduates may take courses in agronomy, animal nutrition and breeding, bacteriology, chemistry, entomology, horticulture, parasitology, or plant pathology, leading to advanced degrees (M. S.c, and Ph. D.).

Attractive Residences — Beautiful Campus — Well-equipped Laboratories— 786 acres of Farms Orchards and Experimental Plots

For fuller information apply to:
W. H. Brittain, Vice- Principal

MacDonald College, P. Q.

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A limited number of Scholarships and Bursaries.

Highlanders Will Camp In Charlottetown

(C. P. by Guardian's Special Wire)

SYDNEY, July 11—Headed by Col. Freeman O'Neill, M. D, over 100 officers and men of the Cape Breton Highlanders leavo here Saturday for Charlottetown for annual summer encampment.

Early this year efforts were made to have the militia hold their encampment in Sydney during anniversary week, but the plan fell through for certain reasons.

With Col. O'Neill will be Major Theodore Chisholm, Major C. M. Smythe, of this city, Major L. H. McLean, Major George Crowell, Capt. A. L. Mercer, Lieuts. George Morrison, W. A. D. Gunn, Charles O'Neill, A. O. Gunn.

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CHARLOTTETOWN
P.E.I.