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Feed The Birds Contest
Result Of Competition

FIRST PRIZE QUEENS
Cavendish, P. E. I.
April 13, 1931

Dear Sir:
I would like to tell you about the birds I see on our farm.
In winter our little friends, the Chickadees, come to our door to be fed, we throw out bread crumbs. They are very fond of suet and will cure one of the "blues," with their cheery song of chick-a-dee-dee. They never seem to get discouraged, even if the day is bitter cold. We don't see them much in warm weather. I guess they go to the deep cool woods.
We have the proud Blue Jays come for food and give their shrill call; we call them the "rain birds," because they seem to call so loudly just before rain. We have the lively Nuthatches which are fun to watch, they can do so many stunts. The English Sparrow is ever present. I don't like them, they are cruel and lay. "Old Jim Crow" remains with us all winter. They are few in number in our coldest weather. They are scavengers, and always seem to be on the lookout for something to eat.
We also have Woodpeckers. I love to watch them at work and to hear their rap-a-tap-tap and at night we hear the lonely "who hoo" of the Owl. And we have the Sawwhet Owl too. I don't know very much about them except that they try to get our chickens for their supper sometimes.
We have Partridge in our woods, they are very shy, but come out to the edge of the grain fields in summer. I wish P. E. I. farmers could raise enough chickens for their table use, and leave the Partridge to increase. I hope some day we may have a "bird sanctuary" in Cavendish. We have "Snow Birds," they travel in large flocks. And we have 20 pigeons, they feed in our barn-yard. On April 1st the blue-birds appeared on our lawn. I put crumbs out for them. The black-birds arrived a few days before and a few days later, Robin Redbreast told us to "cheer up" as he had arrived.

We have a great many summer birds in our grove. I love the dainty little Orchard Orioles, they never seem to stay still a moment, but I think they like to be talked to. And "Phoebe" calls from the branch of a near-by tree. We have the sweet voiced thrush. I like to have them scold me when I go near their nest. "pit-pit-pit," which I think is "please don't touch." We have Catbirds that look so nice and neat at one time, and then again can appear so very untidy. The Goldfinch comes in our yard and has a feast on dandelion seeds or flower seeds and then perches on our wire fence to sing his sweet song of dear dear dearie. The Hummingbirds come to our holly-hocks. For years a pair of Flickers have had their nest in a post not far from our house.
I have seen a few warblers with a yellow spot on their heads, and I think it is a Meadow Lark we have seen down by our brook. I hope some day to have a good glass so I can see the markings on birds. We noticed a bird one summer, it was a blue gray with white markings, it was in our field. We could not get near to it. It was, perhaps, a little longer and more slender than a Goldfinch. We have a large number of Swallows. We are troubled some with hawks, they watch for our chickens. There is a pair of Bitterns or Marsh Hens at our brook; they make a sound like a person with a bad cough. We also have large flocks of Gulls and Terns on our beach and nice flocks of Ducks and a number of Cranes or Herons and in spring and fall we see Wild Geese. One fall they came into our field where there had been grain and were picking off the ground. Last summer we had a guest, a Mr. Osgood from Washington and one day while he was on our beach he noticed a very large bird rise off the beach and fly slowly away. He was not very near to the bird but he thought it would be about six feet across its wings. I wonder if you would know what it was. It was of a dark gray color I think.

I guess I have said enough for this time. Excepting that in summer evenings when we sit out in the hammock Mosutoe Hawks dart around us and also Bats, I suppose bats are not classed as birds.
Your very truly
MABEL E. SIMPSON
Age 11 years
Care Jeremiah Simpson.
(Only two kinds of owls take

chickens, Mabel, and these are rare. The owls hunt at night, when the chickens are safely housed, and catch rats and mice. They are your friends and should be protected. It is likely Mr. Osgood saw a heron. Your Oriole is the Baltimore O. The Orchard O. is a southern bird.—Ed.)

DUNSTAFFNAGE EXPERIENCE
(Special Prize \$2.50)

(This letter came in after the awards had been made, but it is the only paper submitted which fulfills all the conditions of the contest and also betokens genuine interest on the part of the writer, it has been decided to award it an extra First Prize of \$2.50. Accompanying it was a daily list of the birds observed, and their numbers. These comprise Sparrows, Blue Jays, Chickadees, Snowbirds, "Black-cap Woodpeckers" (Hairy W.), "Red Cap Woodpeckers" (which is correctly the Southern Downy W.), "Blackbirds," "Pigeons," "Grackles," "Crows, Robins, Pigeons and "Gray Birds" (perhaps female Junco?) As might be expected the Sparrows and Snowbirds were the most numerous in the early part of the year, but after March 11th when the first Grackle was seen, these pests soon increased, and stood third at the end of the Contest. Their early appearance would show a tendency to become winter residents. It may here be again suggested that young students of bird life make use of Chester A. Reed's little book "Bird Guide, Land Birds East of the Rockies," to ensure proper identification of the species, and to acquire their standard names.—Ed.)

Dear Sir:
I began feeding the birds on January 30th. On that morning I had noticed some sparrows sitting on the ground, so at noon I threw out some bread crumbs and a few minutes after this a few birds began picking up the crumbs.
The next morning I scattered some wheat and oats on the ground and having filled an old bucket with hay-seed I partly buried it in the snow. I also tied some suet and meat bones on the posts of the verandah.
At first the birds seemed very timid about coming around the house, but the Chick-a-dees being bolder came and helped themselves, and soon many different kinds of birds came with them: Sparrows, Blue Jays, Wood-Peckers, Snow birds, Gray Birds, Black Birds, Crows, Pigeons, and lastly the Robin.
About the first of those birds to arrive in the morning would be the Sparrows and Chick-a-dees, and then the Blue-jays.
I also noticed that one sparrow sat on the fence and watched while the rest ate, and then when his turn would come for eating another one would sit and watch. The Chick-a-dees and the wood-peckers and Blue Jays, always seemed to prefer eating the meat. The Robins which have only come lately, eat the wheat and the hay-seed. The Chick-a-dees appear to be friendly little fellows and are gray and white and black in color. On sunny days they would be sitting up in the trees, merrily singing "chicka-dee-dee, chicka-dee-dee." I think this contest will help to teach the children the value of birds around their homes.

RUTH CAIRNS (11)
Dunstaffnage, P. E. I.
Marjorie Harper,
Teacher Dunstaffnage School

FEED THE BIRDS CONTEST
SECOND PRIZE

As this has been a stormy winter many birds found it difficult to obtain food themselves.
By the side of our house is an old apple tree with large spreading branches and underneath it there had been placed a rain-barrel bottom up. One stormy day in January as I had been looking out of the window I saw three Blue-Jays in the tree. I got some hot potatoes and bread-crumbs and placed it on the bottom of the rain-barrel and hurried back to the house to watch the birds. No sooner had I disappeared from their sight when they hopped down from the apple tree and in less than five minutes the food was all eaten up. This was at noon time. In the evening the three Blue Jays were back again in the tree. This made me interested in them and I set out a tray this time with meat scraps, cheese and bread-crumbs. This time they did not wait for me to go back to the house, but flew down and began to eat while I was but a couple of yards away from them.
Next morning before I was up I heard birds chirping in the old apple tree near my window and on looking out I saw five Blue-jays and a Chickadee waiting for their breakfast. I hurried out as quickly as possible with food for them and it was most interesting to watch their actions. The Jays came down out of the tree picked up a bite and flew away to a nearby bush to eat it up.

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The Chickadee watched his chance when the Jays were away with their food then hopped down and ate his fill. The next day the five Blue-Jays were back and two Chickadees with them, so I continued feeding these all winter. They got so tame day after day that I could almost catch them, and seemed to know when meal time came. While I was in school all day my little five-year-old brother gave them their mid-day meal and took as much interest in feeding them as I did.
One day as I was on my way to school I saw the Blue-jays coming out of a hay-stack in a field near home and I do believe they had their winter quarters there. When I approached the stack to look they would fly into a tree nearby and watch me as if afraid I would destroy their abode.
What impressed me most in regard to feeding them was how they increased their number as if they had told the others of their good fortune and they too came to share in the feast. Last week they ceased coming no doubt owing to the mild weather when they were thus able to seek food for themselves.
Next winter I hope to have a bird house near this old apple tree. It was a real joy to me to feed those birds this winter and watch their movements and I hope they may return

in increasing numbers next season.

ELMER INMAN (aged 12)
Queens County,
Hampton, P. E. I.

THIRD PRIZE
TINY'S ADVENTURE
By Dottie Diamond

As February was drawing to a close, Prince Edward Island experienced a very disagreeable storm, lasting over forty-eight hours: what I believe was the worst storm during our 1931 winter. The wind blew a gale all the time while the storm raged.
Monday the storm started and lasted until Wednesday but Tuesday was by far the worst day. No trains went West at all, it was lonesome without trains going to and from our Capital, Charlottetown, and the snow piled up like miniature mountains in Fairlyland.
About dinner time an aeroplane was sighted going in the direction of the city, and so that provided amusement for some, who had never seen it fly so low before.
But it didn't amuse the little black capped Chickadee, who on Monday had eaten the last bite to be found in his store room, in hopes that the storm would be over by Tuesday.
Instead of ceasing it kept on storming, poor little Chick-a-dee,

afterwards known as "Tiny" was very down-hearted as he sat by the window of his stump cottage, and watched the snow drift covering the ground. Fortunately for Tiny, about 6 a. m., the wind ceased a little and Tiny feeling he couldn't resist the pangs of hunger rose to the dismal air; even then flying was disagreeable, as the wind blew him in every direction.
But courage and patience brought him at last to a farm house: then his courage began to rise, as he thought of Mr. Brown's poultry house where the hen's always ate.
After flying around he noticed some of the hens eating cracked grain given to them by farmer Brown. He flew down, and as he did so, a Plymouth Rock put him to flight, by making after him.
Then Tiny flew toward the farm house, and lit on a small piece of ground, which the snow had drifted off during the storm. But a new danger awaited for poor Tiny, the hungry traveller of the wood, for he noticed a brown cat watching from the corner of the house.
Tiny decided that he was by no means safe so he took to wing, and flew up in a tree near by. After securing a good position, on a branch Tiny chirped at Pussy who flung her tail about with anger.
But soon after the cat was called

in by a girl named Doris Brown, who gave pussy some milk. Just then Doris noticed Tiny who had lit on the garden gate.
"Why mother," exclaimed Doris "who would have thought that a little Chick-a-dee would have turned out today. Then she noticed that he had begun to pick up some seeds.
"He must be hungry," thought Doris, "I shall give him some of pussy's lunch, for the little dear seems hungry; his food supply must be exhausted!"
Doris threw out a handful of crumbs and watched them disappear as by magic, she then flung all the crumbs out.
Tiny ate his fill and arrived home safe and sound, but he cheers all the house hold every day by his world-famous song which Doris loves to hear, "chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee" and is Doris Brown's best little garden helper as he is constantly at work devouring insects in the orchards or garden, so he is a very useful little bird to other farmer or gardener.
This little Tiny became so tame that one could creep almost beside him, and lots of times he would try to get flies inside the window. Tiny is a dear little bird and he never is anything but a "Canadian." Long may Tiny live to help the farmer, and sing to the city folks of Charlottetown.

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