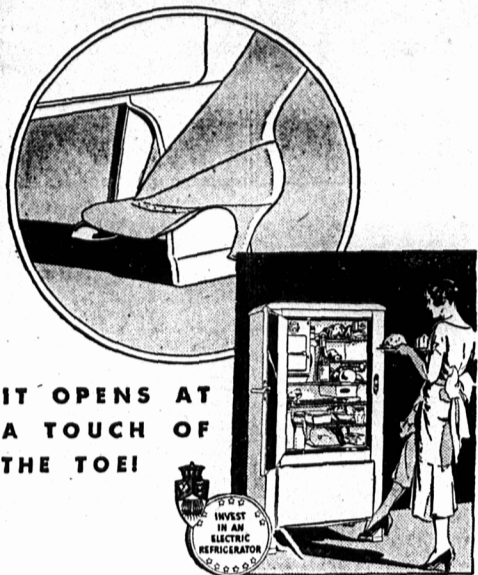


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IT OPENS AT A TOUCH OF THE TOE!

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Here is the greatest convenience feature ever introduced on an electric refrigerator—the LEN-A-DOR. Both hands full of dishes—touch the LEN-A-DOR with your toe—the door swings open—the roomy Leonard shelves are ready to receive the food.

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May we have the pleasure of showing them to you?

ONLY IN THE LEONARD CAN YOU GET ALL THESE FEATURES:

- The LEN-A-DOR... the Chill-om-eter... One-Piece All-Porcelain Interior... Porcelain Cooling Unit with Chromium Plated Door... Sanitizing and Rubber Trays... Heavy Bar-Type Shelves... Egg Basket... Electric Light... Table Top... Semi-Concealed Hinges... High Legs... Steel and Wood Cabinet Construction... Leonard Approved Insulation... Leonard Pure White Lacquer... Vegetable Crisper... Steel and Wood Doors... Floating Condensing Unit... Mechanical Unit backed by 17 years of experience.

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Auction Sale of desirable property on 254-256 Kent Street, Friday, May 27th at one o'clock. Nice double tenement house, fully equipped, in No. 1 condition, hot water heated, large lot 66 x 180. Two gangways, central location, south side King Square. Now turns in rental of \$70.00 per month.

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 Westinghouse Lighting Plant, 16 batteries. In use 2 years. In excellent condition. Owner linking up with the Maritime Electric. For reference apply Bruce Stewart & Co. REV. P. D. McGUIGAN,
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 3245-5-25-wim-41.

The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Pedler

(Continued)
 She caught her breath. Oh! Why did he make it so hard for her? With every fibre of her being yearning towards him she must refuse, deny him, drive him away from her.
 "No, no!" she cried tremulously. "We could never reach our House of Dreams that way—Oh, I know it! At least, not the sort of House of Dreams that would be worth anything to you or me, Blaise. It would only be a sham, a make-believe. You can't build true on a rotten foundation. . . . Don't ask me any more, dear. It's so hard—so hard to keep on saying no when everything in me wants to say yes. But I must say it. And you . . . you must go back to Nesta."

Her voice almost failed her. She could feel her strength ebbing with every moment that he stayed beside her. She knew that she would not be able to resist his pleading much longer. Her own heart was fighting against her—fighting on his side!
 He saw her weakness and caught at it eagerly.
 "Do you know what you're asking?" he demanded hoarsely. "Do you know what you are sending me back to? Our life together—Nesta's and mine—has been simple hell upon earth. I obeyed you—and I took her back. But I have done no good by it. She is as weak and worthless as she ever was. Our days are one continual round of bickering and quarrels." His face darkened. "And she is not satisfied! Her nominal position as my wife does not content her. Do you understand what that must mean—if I go back?" He paused, his eyes bent steadily upon her. "Jean—very low—now that you know—will you still send me back to Nesta? Or will you come with me and let us find our happiness together?"

He watched the scarlet flood surge into her face and then retreat, leaving it a pallid white.
 "Answer me!" he persisted, as she remained silent.
 "Wait . . . wait a little . . ." she muttered helplessly.

She turned away from him and, leaning her elbows on the chimney-piece, buried her face in her hands.
 The supreme test had come at last. She realised, now, that her renunciation—that renunciation which had cost her so much pain and bitterness—had been, after all, only something superficial and incomplete. She had not made the full sacrifice that duty and honour demanded of her. Though she had outwardly renounced her lover—bade him return to Nesta—she still held him hers by the utter faithfulness of his love for her. Nesta had had but the husk, the shell—a husband in name only, every hour of their life together an insult to her pride and womanhood.

Jean's thoughts lashed her. Her shoulders bent and cowed a little as she thought beneath a physical blow.
 There had been a time—oh! very long ago, it seemed before Destiny had come with her snuffers and quenched the twin flames of love and happiness—a time when dimly, as in some exquisite dream, she had heard the sound of little voices, felt the helpless touch of tiny hands. Perhaps Nesta, too, had heard those voices, felt those clinging hands, while her soul quivered to the vision of a future which might hold some deeper meaning, some more sacred trust and purpose, than her empty, wayward past.

And she—Jean—had stood between Nesta and the fulfilment of that dream, forever forbidding her entrance to her woman's kingdom.
 She saw it all now with a terrible clarity of vision, understood to the full the two alternatives which faced her—to go with Blaise, as she implored, or to send him—her man, the man she loved—back to Nesta. There was no longer any middle course.

A voice sounded in her ears. "No true happiness ever came of running away from duty. And if ever I'm up against such a thing—a choice like this—I hope to God I'd be able to hang on, to run straight, even if it half-killed me to do it!"

The words sounded so clear and distinct that Jean, half-raised her head to see who spoke them. And then, in an overwhelming rush of

memory, she recognised that it was no actual voice she heard but the mental echo of her own words to Nick—to Nick at the time when he had been passing through a like fire of fierce temptation.

How easily, in her young, untried ignorance, the words had fallen from her lips as she had urged Nick to renounce his fixed resolve! Such eminently wise and excellent counsel! And how little—how crassly little had she realised at the time the huge demand that she was making!

She had spoken as though it were comparatively easy to reject the wrong and choose the right—to follow the stern and narrow path of Duty, through the mists and utter darkness that enshrouded it, up to those shining heights which lie beyond human sight—the outposts of Eternal Heaven itself.

"Easy! . . . Oh, God! . . ."
 When at last Jean uncovered her face and lifted it to meet the set gaze of the man beside her, it was wan and ravaged—the face of one who has come through some fierce purgatory of torment.

"Well!" he demanded, his voice roughened because he found himself unable to steady it with that strained and altered face upturned to his. "Well? Are you going to send me back to Nesta?"
 She did not answer his question. Instead she put another.
 "Do you think she—loves you?"
 He stared.

"Nesta? Yes. As far as her sort can love, I believe she does."
 Jean nodded, as though it were the answer she had expected.
 "Blaise . . . I'm going to send you back to her. I'm sure now. I know. It's the only thing we can do . . . We must say good-bye—altogether—never see each other again."

"Never?" The word came draggingly.
 "Never. It—it would be to hard for us, Blaise, to see each other."
 "Yes," he answered slowly. "It would be too hard." They were both silent. The minutes ticked away unregarded. Time had ceased to count. This farewell was till the end of time.

"Blaise—All the resonance had gone out of her voice. It sounded flat and tired. "You—you will go back to her?"
 "Yes, I will go back."
 She stretched out her hands flutteringly.
 "Then go . . . go soon, Blaise! I—I can't bear very much more."

He opened his arms, then, and she went to him, and for a space they clung together in silence. For the last time he set his lips to hers held her once more against his heart. Then slowly they drew apart, stricken eyes gazing lingeringly into each other as stricken, and presently the closing of the terrace door told her that he had gone, and that she must turn her feet to the solitary path of those who have said farewell to love.

Henceforth, she would be alone—living or dying, quite alone.
 It was long past midnight when Claire returned from the Dover House.
 She found Jean sitting beside the grey embers of a burnt-out fire, her hands lying folded upon her knee, her eyes staring stonily in front of her in a fixed, unseeing gaze.
 Claire called to her softly, as when one wakes a sleeper.
 "Jean!"
 Jean turned her head.
 "So you have got back?" she said dully. She stood up stiffly, as though her limbs were cramped.
 "Claire, I am going away—right away from here—to Betrnels."
 "Why?" asked Claire.
 She waited tensely for the answer.
 "Blaise has been here. He asked me to go away with him. I've sent him back to Nesta."
 The short, stilted sentences fell mechanically from her lips, she spoke exactly like a child repeating a lesson learned by rote.
 Claire's eyes grew very pitiful.
 "And must you go to Betrnels alone?" she asked quietly. "Won't you take me with you?"
 "Will you come?"—mercuriously.
 "Of course I'll come. I shouldn't dream of letting you go by yourself."
 And then, all at once, Jean's tired body, exhausted by the soul's long conflict gave, way and she slipped to the ground in a dead faint.
 (To Be Continued)

The Electrical Inspection Act 1932

For the information of the Public the following Sub-Sections taken from the Regulations of the Prince Edward Island Electrical Inspection Act, 1932, are quoted:

3. From and after the first day of June, 1932 every person, company, association or corporation wishing to do electric installation work, as provided in this Act, whether as additions to or changes in an existing electrical installation or as new electrical installation in the Province, must obtain, before commencing the work, a permit from the Board.

4. Every person, company, association or corporation who or which, after the first day of June, 1932 carries on business of, or undertakes or works at, the installation of electrical wires, conduits or apparatus for the transmission of electricity in, on or over any building for producing light, heat, or power, in this Province, as a contractor, or as a journeyman electrician or as an apprentice, must, first obtain a license, as hereinafter provided, from the Board.

5. No public utility shall connect with their systems any electrical installation hereafter made in any building in this Province, for the purpose of supplying and producing therein light, power or heat, unless such electrical installation has been inspected and approved by the Board, or an inspector appointed under the Act, and a certificate of acceptance has been issued by the Board for such purpose.

19. The materials, accessories and apparatus which are or which may be approved by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario's Laboratories, at Toronto, or by the Underwriters' Laboratories, at Chicago, or by a recognized Canadian Government Laboratory, shall be considered as approved for the purposes of the present Act and such materials, accessories and apparatus may be offered for sale, may be sold and may be installed in the Province of Prince Edward Island for electrical installation purposes.

The offer for sale, the sale or the installation of such materials, accessories and apparatus in the Province of Prince Edward Island as have not been approved by one or the other of these Laboratories, is hereby forbidden.
 E. S. CHANDLER, B. Sc. (E. E.)
 Provincial Electric Inspector.
 3242-5-25-31.

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Prince Edward Island Hospital ANNUAL MEETING

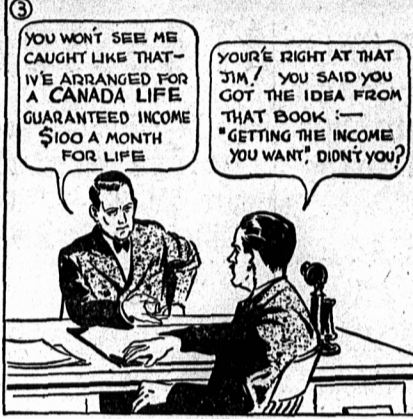
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the Act of Incorporation a Public Meeting of all contributors to the Prince Edward Island Hospital will be held in St. Paul's Parish Hall, Charlottetown, on Friday, May 27th, 1932 at 8 P. M., for the purpose of electing Trustees for the government of the Institution in accordance with the By-Laws and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before it.
 ADA E. HARRIS,
 Secretary,
 Board of Trustees.
 3044-5-13-17-19-21-24-26-27-71.

FOR SALE

HOUSE AND PROPERTY
 Residence 22 Pleasant St., contains 12 rooms. Modern conveniences. Premises include large barn, lawn and fruit trees. If not sold privately will be sold by public auction on May 28th, instant at 1 o'clock p. m.
 H. J. PALMER,
 J. A. McDonald,
 Auctioneer.
 3218-5-21-11.

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 Please mail me your book, "Getting the Income You Want!"
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 Address _____

VERNON RIVER WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The members of Vernon River Women's Institute held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. John Currie on Tuesday, April 11th. Six members were present. Meeting opened by repeating Creed in unison.
 Roll Call was answered by jokes. Minutes of previous meeting were read, adopted and signed. The members presented their quilt squares all nicely finished, to the president.
 It was decided thread and cot-

ton be purchased and five members agreed to meet and complete the quilt.
 Sick committee reported no sick calls.
 Program and sick committee were re-appointed.
 A letter of appreciation from Mrs. H. S. MacLeod in reply to a message of sympathy was read by secretary.
 The members decided that lottery tickets be made to lottery the new butlerly quilt.
 It was decided that no meeting be held in May.
 Miss Margaret Huntley invited

members to her home for June meeting.
 Meeting closed by National Anthem. The hostess then served a delicious lunch.
 (Patrol Please Copy)
 Learning: The fundamental excuse for learning is that it enables us to enjoy life more fully. The person who fails to continually seek new information is merely limiting his own satisfaction in living. There are no bounds defining the normal mind's possible expansion. The time has passed when the knowledge gleaned through formal education sufficed.

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BECAUSE of the advanced construction features found only in High Speed Tires, Firestone has no hesitation in giving with them an unqualified guarantee—not just for so many miles—or for so many months—but the materials and workmanship are guaranteed for the life of the tire.

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