

NOTICE

The public are hereby notified that I have no connection whatsoever with Horne Bros. of Winsloe 1928 and I will not be responsible for any debts contracted in that name.

Dated March 28, 1933. PARKER A. HORNE,

FOR SALE

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

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.

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

FARM FOR SALE

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to the 8th day of April next for the purchase of the farm of the late Neil McDonald at Pinette. This is a beautifully situated shore farm of 100 acres, 80 acres being clear with good buildings, and is convenient to stores, churches and shipping.

RODERICK E. MacDONALD, Pinette. BELL & MATHIESON, Charlottetown.

FARM FOR SALE IN CANAJOY

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. 3617-3-29-61.

Professional Cards

Stewart & Lowther J. D. STEWART, K. C. N. W. LOWTHER BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. 84 Great George Street. MONEY TO LOAN

McLEOD & BENTLEY J. A. BENTLEY, K. C. W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law MONEY TO LOAN Office: 180 Richmond Street

Prohibition Commission Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown. Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peters John Simpson, Hamilton. Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to

BELL & MATHIESON B. R. Bell D. L. Mathieson, L.L.D. Barristers & Solicitors Money to Loan Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

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J. A. MacDonald, K. C. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &c. Riley Building Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Money to Loan and Collections given the very best attention. 375-2-6-1month.

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Beatty of the C.P.R.

As Montrealers Know Him Reprinted from Montreal Daily Herald

Ed. Beatty is a quarter-back who studied law, but by a twist of fate, became a railway president.



Though he couldn't make the first string on the Varsity gridiron squad he had no difficulty with the C.P.R. and has played regularly ever since. They say it was Shaughnessy coaching that turned the trick (Lord S. not Shaugh).

He is probably the shyest man in Canada. The ladies admire him because he wears his hat over one eye and walks with a quarterback swagger. The fact that he is a bachelor and apparently intends to remain one provides a second element of "je ne sais quoi" to keep feminine hearts in a state of flutter.

Business men like him because he talks straight from the shoulder and has an uncanny talent for getting at the core of the most intricate problem. The man in the street respects him because he preaches the Gospel of True Canadianism.

Politicians favor him because he is the boss of the C. P. R. The Prince of Wales is another citizen who thinks Beatty is "all right," and His Royal Highness is always ready to prove it by officiating at the launching of a new C. P. R. ship.

Ordinary people respect him highly, and are sorry his railway is having a hard time. As a youth he wanted to be a judge, but Fate intervened and sent him a job in the C. P. R.'s legal department. Young Beatty refused to regard this as his life work, but ultimately had to decide in a hurry when the late Lord Shaughnessy sent for him and asked him to be a Vice-President.

Here is one version of what took place: Beatty said "No!" "Tom" Shaughnessy fixed the young attorney with a stern eye and exclaimed, "My God, Beatty! Do you want to be a mere lawyer all your life?" Young Beatty smiled and took the job.

Some people think Mr. Beatty is hard to reach and tales are told of citizens who wait for weeks for the call to conference. Nevertheless he is the easiest man in the country to talk to, provided you can crash the outer office.

He is one of the few leading citizens who go in for Good Works in a Big Way without thought of publicity or praise. Not long ago the mother of an ex-Boys' Home youth who had not a job in the States, was destitute and needed trainfare home in despair telephoned to E. W. The Chairman and President of the C.P.R. came to the phone in person, discussed the case with the harassed mother, told her not to worry and instructed the C. P. R. official nearest to the boy to ship him back to his home, paying the fare out of his own pocket. These are the things which have won him an reputation for kindness and humanity.

He was born at Thorold, which Ontario people will tell you is situated in the Garden of Canada. He attended several schools in Toronto, and ultimately scratched his way into, through and out of, the general office and was called to Toronto University and was called to the Ontario Bar. That was in 1901 and almost at once he went into the C.P.R.'s law department. He stayed there for thirteen years before becoming the company's General Counsel. In 1916 he was elected to the Board. In 1918 they made him President, when Lord Shaughnessy dropped one of his two portfolios. Six years later he added the title Chairman to his already. Since then he has held both jobs and has had plenty of worries on his hands.

He thinks co-operative management will solve the railway problem. He does more travelling than many salesmen. To-day you will see him in Calgary. Next Tuesday he will be in Montreal. On Wednesday he will appear before the Railway Commission in the Capital. On Thursday you can talk with him by long distance to the Empress of Britain, outward bound. Whenever he goes he carries his work under his hat. When times were good it used to be written that he had the Biggest Industrial Job In The World. The job to-day is probably just as big but infinitely more arduous.

His continued good repute is largely due to the idea that he has got about that he is honest, honorable and, taking him by and large, as representative a citizen of Canada as can be found between the two oceans.

And there is plenty of evidence to support the charge, Looseness in the timing chain not only makes the engine run inefficiently by throwing the valves out of proper time, but also is hard on the chain. There is a snap every time the slack is taken up on the sprocket.

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SWEET VANITY

By RICHARD GOYNE

Fool! Fool! As if he thought that was the whole of her plan! Why, it was just a prelude; and he's been deceived by it. But Peter should see, soon now. And she knew, now, he did not suspect, never guessed just how she would burst asunder, with his hands, the bonds of this humiliating bargain.

Yet that night, lying awake in her white bed by the window, the night sounds came up to her from the valley, wafted over the gentle winds, caught up on the garments of mists and driven in among the tender shafts of moonlight. It wasn't easy here, alone, in silence, to pretend. She wanted to look back over the night and remember the many things. She could remember only the few, and one of those few was the moment when he had taken her in his arms; and to other was the look of unutterable misery on his face when he had said "good-night!"

Oh, if only Peter hadn't done this thing! If only he had waited, had acted less like a cad, hadn't demanded and made her the price of a bargain!

Tears softened the brilliance of his eyes wide open to the moonlight. Tears that she dashed away with a trembling, vicious hand. "Oh, hang! What's the matter with me? It's this moonlight, those horrible night birds—"

She got out of bed and slammed the door—she hated stuffy rooms—and drew the blinds, and went back to bed. And slept.

CHAPTER V.

It was obvious to Cynthia, from the first, that only Peter could sever the bonds of their engagement. Therefore she found a plan whereby Peter must take the initiative.

It was her way of keeping her threat on the night she had taken his ring. Docility was part of her plan. She was wearing him down by very failure to do or be anything he had expected.

If her part was not easy, she stuck to it with dogged persistence. If, each time she wounded him with a particularly malicious thrust, this strong man winced under a blow he could not return, Cynthia felt an instinctive shame at what she had done, she crushed it under the heel of her pride.

She was seeking a suitable opportunity to make her desperate bid for freedom from this man she tried to believe she loathed, yet whose kisses thrilled her.

That opportunity came with the waning of summer and the beginning of the Autumn season in Midley.

The "county" element was strong, in this midland town. Just once a year, in October in fact, an exclusive function was held in the Town Hall, a beautiful building overlooking the River Wesk.

Once annually the doors of this stately building were thrown open to the elite of the town and the county. The roads near-by were crowded with cars, the grounds were lavishly illuminated with countless coloured lights. Apart from leading citizens, only those who might be described as being of the "county" were invited. Yet in its way, this was no demonstration of snobbery.

October opened a dull, grey month. Nature seemed to be shedding its summery glory all too quickly. Chill damp days brought the autumn season to a premature end, and Cynthia chafed under the necessity for long, empty days indoors.

Perhaps that was one of the reasons why she became more desperate, more unscrupulous in perfecting the details of her plans. To begin with she sent for Dicky Smythe, and started even that devil-may-care individual by outlining such a scheme as must cause something like pandemonium in the stately town.

Dicky was staggered. He protested the plan was too daring, altogether, until Cynthia went into detail. Then he smiled. Cynthia had a genius for organisation; "safe" organisation. Enthusiastically he promised to assist.

She did not so much as mention the name of Peter; but he guessed what was in her mind, and went the more eagerly to work. The date for the civic reception was fixed. As it happened, it fell

Headaches and Pains In Stomach

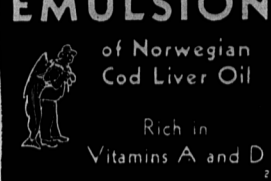
Mr. W. G. Simpson, Saris, Ont. writes: "For two years I was troubled with severe headaches, and pains in my stomach. My druggist told me to take Burdock Blood Bitters, and since then I have not been troubled with either. Each spring I find a bottle of B.B.B. is just the thing to clean the blood of the poisons gathered in the system during the winter months."

For sale at all drug and general stores. Manufactured for the past 25 years only.

As Every Mother Knows

A growing girl has a real need of

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Norwegian Cod Liver Oil



upon a date on which Peter had persuaded Cynthia to accompany him to London for an engagement there which she genuinely wanted to attend. It was the opening of a new and exclusive dance club.

He was certainly puzzled at her sudden change of mind. "Peter, dear, we can't possibly miss this reception. It's simply snubbing the 'county' not to be there. You'll take me, won't you?"

He was suspicious of her strange friendliness and anxiety for his consent; but he consented. After all, Cynthia was a strange person. The Marlands must be at this function.

When he had gone, Cynthia watched from her bedroom window as his powerful figure took the hill in his stride. Her brown eyes narrowed, her delicate features set into a look of something hard, triumphant.

"Now, Peter," she whispered, tersely, "you will see what my way is. You will be only too glad to release me when the next fortnight has come and gone."

She wanted to feel glad about it. Viciously glad. She could not, and that knowledge made her the more callous in her planning.

Ten days later, at seven o'clock in the evening, the reception was held. Cynthia, escorted by her handsome and popular fiance, played her part in the impressive formalities with exquisite grace and decorum.

During the early part of the dancing, after the reception in the council chamber, she scintillated radiant charm and was besieged with invitations to dance. She accepted the elderly mayor as partner in the few moments before, at eleven o'clock, he and his wife adhered to an old custom and retired.

The departure of the mayor was a signal for the dropping of the stricter formalities, when the young people might, so to speak, have something of a fling. But there were limits to the exuberance permitted on such an occasion.

It was then that Cynthia came out of her shell. Peter, claiming his fifth dance of the evening, held her to him with the pride of the possessor they whirled around to the haunting music.

"You'll probably bite my head off for saying it, Cynthia," he murmured happily, "but you are exquisite to-night. Everyone's saying so. Enjoying yourself, or is it needless to ask?"

She looked up, smiling coldly. "Oh—enjoyment? We haven't begun to enjoy ourselves yet. You wait."

He started in dismay. The dance ended, providentially for her. Cynthia shrugged and walked quickly away without another word. She went straight to where Dicky Smythe was waiting, and he greeted her with a smile and a nod. There was a queer brilliance in his eyes as he spoke.

"Everything's ready. Look round for yourself."

Thrilling to the triumph that was to be, Cynthia laughed, softly. "Oh yes, I've noticed the Band retiring, one by one. The costumes are ready, Dicky? And the masks? And the revolvers?"

"Bet your life, Sister," he chuckled. "But—what about Cavendish? We want to get him away for a few moments, what?"

A wave of humiliating resentment swept through her, but she checked a scornful rejoinder and bit her lip as she looked across to where Peter was chatting with several members of the Council. For a moment she hesitated. Again the old sense of guilt and shame came back. What might this not mean to Peter, if her plan carried through as it must? These people would be shocked and more than shocked. She was engaged to Peter. They would blame him, partially, for what she might do.

But had he considered her? She demanded that of herself, angrily, and her qualms were dismissed. She turned to Dicky with a thoughtful smile. "I wonder if—just for ten minutes Dicky—?" "At once, if you like." He was moving away when she called him back. "You must do nothing yourself, Dicky. He'll be suspicious. I'm afraid," with an uncomfortable laugh, "Peter doesn't like you very much." He scowled. (To be Continued.)

PICTOU MEMBER IN CRITICAL ADDRESS

Whole Outlook Of Conditions In Nova Scotia Is Gloomy Says Mortician Member.

HALIFAX, March 29.—(G.P.)—H. A. MacQuarrie who sits in the Provincial Legislature for Pictou County, is an undertaker. But he admits that he finds the atmosphere of the General Assembly Chamber more depressing than that of his Mortuary Parlor in Westville.

Mr. MacQuarrie made the assertion today in a reference to "Opposition pessimism." Speaking in the debate on the Address in Reply, he remarked that "everyone knows my business is undertaking, or to put it on the same plane with that of other members, my profession is that of a Mortician. My business from its very nature is gloomy, and I expected when I came to Halifax to attend to my sessional duties, I would get away from those depressing conditions. But when I got down here in the forbidding atmosphere of the Opposition speakers I found that really the two months I spend here are more depressing than the 10 months I spend at home in my profession."

The Pictou member's address was devoted to criticism of the Opposition's "gloom," and a review of work done by the Government during its time of office.

Today's other speaker was Dr. J. A. Proudfoot, (Liberal, Inverness) who urged careful control of Public Utilities, and in turning to general matters, expressed the belief Nova Scotians themselves did not realize how serious conditions were.

"Almost in the shadows of the smokeless chimneys of the Sydney Steel Plant they are bringing rails from Sault Ste. Marie into Cape Breton for the Inverness Railway," he said.

It was private members day. Considerable progress was made in the House's ordinary business. (Canadian Press)

HALIFAX, March 28.—Recognition of the apple industry under the proposed Federal Stabilization Fund was being considered by the Dominion authorities, Hon. O. P. Goucher, Minister of Agriculture declared in the Nova Scotia Legislature today.

The Minister told the House he had received a communication from Ottawa stating his personal application for recognition of this important Nova Scotia industry was receiving the attention of the Federal Government.

Hon. Mr. Goucher added he was convinced that all primary products were being taken into consideration under proposals to extend the benefits of the fund.

RED ACRE FARM WELL PRESENTED In Emerald hall on Friday evening, March 17 the Emerald Women's Institute presented their three act play "Red Acre Farm" to a large audience. The twelve characters were well impersonated by local talent—several of whom were making their first appearance on the stage; each and every one taking their parts in an able and pleasing way. The interest taken by audience was shown by perfect order. Worthy of special mention were the specialties so agreeably supplied. Miss Ada McKay's vocal solos; Mr. Sibenus Johnson and K'd LeBlanc, violin and accordian music; Mrs. McLennan, monologue; Miss Webster, reading and Mr. Johnson, step dancing, were excellent.

Music was supplied during intervals by the Todd orchestra. The cast of characters were: Josiah Armstrong, owner of Red Acre

On the calm and moonlit sea gliding in proud majesty, Sails a ship; a noble craft with her sails all spread;

And among her merry crew stands a boy who's brave and true. A pale-faced sailor lad, scarcely sixteen summers old.

He is gazing o'er the rail, breathing deep the ocean gale. Quietly contemplating in the reveries of youth;

And while fancies round him play, he is dreaming of the day When Time rewards his efforts with the laurels of success;

Then he sees himself a man, pushing forward to the van, Till he rises to command a fine and mighty fleet;

Victory, honour, wealth and fame, shine upon him like a flame And his valorous deeds are in the mouth of all the world. Filled with courage, staunch of heart, he will always do his part—

His eyes reveal the fire of his young enkindled soul; Then his slender form expands and he proudly waves his hands, Saying: "I'll be a hero too, and win undying fame." Such was the dream of Nelson, when he was young and wonton The victor of Trafalgar, and Hero of the Nile. Where is the lad in story who has not dreamed of glory, And saw himself a Littleton, a Franklin or a Coke? For youth is always dreaming, contriving and scheming. It is the isle of fancies and palace of the soul. But many flirt with pleasure and fall to find the treasure. The reason is quite obvious—a waste of precious time. Only those that sow and reap while the rest of mankind sleep, Ever drink the streams of knowledge or find the rainbow's end. If we could on lazy wings soar to heights of idle dreams, Each man would be a gen'us full of wisdom like the gods. —F. H. McArthur, Lorne Valley.

HOUSECLEANING SUPPLIES

Table listing various cleaning supplies and their prices, including MOPS, WAX & POLISHES, PAINTS AND VARNISHES, BRUSHES, RUBBER MATS, ELECTRIC WALL-PAPER CLEANER, CLOTHES LINE, McCLARY'S STOVE POLISH, SCRUBBING PAIS, ALASIZE, HAND WINDOW CLEANERS, COLD WATER PASTE, DUST CLOTHES, ALABASTINE, FOR WASHING WOODWORK, HAND CLEANER, K. K. CLEANER, DUST PANS, FLUE STOPS, CARPET BEATERS.

Make out your list and call 105. We will be glad to send the goods to your home.

The Rogers Hardware Company Ltd. WHOLESALE & RETAIL

Farm, Leslie Trainor, Colonel Barnaby Strutt, "Crawling Cadwalllopers", Mat White. Jonah Jones, a farm helper, Frank McCarron-Squire Harcourt, who holds a mortgage, Aubrey Fyfe, Harry Harcourt, his prodigal son, Walter Smith, Dick Randall, who seeks his fortune, Allan White, Sam Busby, a travelling merchant, Peter Clarke, Amanda Armstrong, Josiah's wife, Mrs. Joseph Hughes, Nellie Armstrong, driven from home, Pauline Murphy, Laura Armstrong, a poor weak spinner, Margaret Kelly, Mrs. Strutt, the colonel's wife, Muriel Clarke, Junior, adopted daughter of the Strutts, Nora Melvor.

VERNON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE The Vernon ladies held their regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. A. Sullivan, March 21st. The president presided. The meeting opened with the ode, followed by the creed repeated in unison. Roll call was responded to by 10 members with pinning the tail on the donkey.

The minutes of the last monthly meeting were read and approved. A report of what was then given by the secretary. Sick committee reported two sick calls. School committee reported towels and two new foulies needed for the school, these to be purchased. A paper on "Home Economics" was then read by the secretary.

A programme committee consisting of Miss Ruth Fraser and Miss Alice McLennan was appointed. Next meeting to be held at Vernon Hall. Meeting adjourned after which a dainty luncheon was served.

THE DREAM OF GREATNESS (Rev. Daniel Wise's "Dream of Greatness" versified.) On the calm and moonlit sea gliding in proud majesty, Sails a ship; a noble craft with her sails all spread;

And among her merry crew stands a boy who's brave and true. A pale-faced sailor lad, scarcely sixteen summers old. He is gazing o'er the rail, breathing deep the ocean gale. Quietly contemplating in the reveries of youth;

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SCREENING FOR EFFECT Screens should play an important part in your interior decorating schemes. Besides being useful for hiding unsightly corners, beds and other places you don't want to show, they are decorative. Attractive screens for a kitchen can be made by covering an inexpensive screen with squares of oilcloth to match your table cover. Or, if you have an old faded one in the house try covering it with some cretonne as your curtains.

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-31.

I offer for sale, a farm situated at Pleasant Valley, Lot 21, 1 1/2 miles from Elliott's Station, School, Church and Mills. 2 1/2 miles from Rederickton Station, Church and Stores. Farm consists of 100 acres 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 repair. For inspection at any time. For further particulars apply to W. F. STEVENSON, R. R. 7, Box 186, Bradalme, R. R. 7, P. E. Island. March 30-1f.

Minard's Liniment relieves corns.



IMPERIALS Successful fox ranchers feed IMPERIAL FOX BISCUITS because they contain food elements essential for health, strength and successful propagation. IMPERIALS should be fed liberally now to vixens as they supply elements necessary to ensure large litters of strong pups and maintain health and vigor of vixens. IMPERIALS fed during this season richly repay in generous results. Imperial Biscuit Company Ltd. Charlottetown, P. E. I.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS For sale at all drug and general stores. Manufactured for the past 25 years only.