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Feb. 8 ..... Metagama
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March 8 ..... Montclare
Mar. 29 ..... Duchess of Richmond

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Annual Meeting

OF WHEATLEY RIVER EGG CIRCLE

Wheatley River Egg Circle will hold its Annual Meeting in Hall, Thursday evening, February 7th. All members come and secure rebate. Mr. Leightizer expected to be present.

CLIFFORD CAREW, Secretary.

4255-1-30-31.

LIVE HOGS

We are taking live hogs daily, excepting Saturday, paying highest market prices.

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THE STORY

"I'd like to," the captain said pleasantly, and a smile showed in the dark mild eyes, "I'd like to first rate. But it's too late now. No, you'll have to stick it out with the Roger Williams this trip. Keep her in your cabin, Ronald until— You'll have to be married! That's the dope. The men don't have much regard for women, but they show some respect to a wife."

Gay flashed a frightened, appealing look at Ronald. Married!

"The captain marry us," he stammered. "At sea. Captain's privilege. Yes, that would be—best." But he did not meet her eyes.

"Yes. And meantime keep her in your cabin, and out of sight." The captain's eyes wandered to Gay again, warmly appraising slowly approving. 'Maybe she'd better stay here. My cabin is safe enough, for woman, child or beast. I'll keep her for you."

"No. She'll be all right in my cabin.—She—she is very nervous; I—I must console her."

"I could console her," said the captain, smiling broadly.

Ronald answered with a straight defiant stare. He stepped quickly to the door and opened it, then, after a moment's pause while he waited for a seaman to pass through the corridor, he took Gay's hand.

The captain, smiling, gave her a friendly touch on the shoulder. "Don't be frightened, little girl," he said. "I'm going to take care of you. I am the captain here. Don't be frightened."

"Th—thanks," stammered Gay weakly, and then, hurried by Ronald who held her hand, she ran, a boyish slim figure beside him, down the corridor to the farther cabin, and the door closed behind them.

Safe in their retreat, Gay faced Ronald Ingram defiantly, chin sturdily upturned, hands in pockets, eyes stubborn. She was not afraid of Ronald Ingram.

"What—what in the—the name of—heaven and earth—"he began wildly, "what in the name—of heaven—"

"You said that once," she interrupted coldly. "Don't be silly." And then she wilted suddenly. "D'don't scold me. I—I—feel just—terrible. I—I know I'm going to cry." Then, remembering Rand, she stiffened, faced him furiously again, drove the quiver from her lips. "Where is he," she cried, "where is Randolph Wallace? What have you done with him?"

"Oh!" Ronald Ingram looked white and sick all at once. "Oh, the Cavalier!—So that's it. I might have known, fool that I was, for a moment I believed it—I thought—I believed you really did come—because you loved me—" His voice broke, and his eyes were smartingly bright.

But Gay was heartless. She caught his arm, held it wrenched, strong young fingers. "You tell me," she commanded. "If you have hurt—one hair of his head."

"I haven't seen him, Gay. I don't know anything about him. What has he to do with—us?"

Gay wilted again, broke into soft painful sobs. "Rand, Rand," she whispered through tears.

"Don't cry. Don't. He—he's all right. D—n him. I don't know where he is, but he's all right. Nothing ever—only us poor—devils—who—get—Don't cry, Gay." He put his arm about her tenderly, but Gay wept passionately and would not be comforted.

"What the dickens did you tell him all that for?" he broke in at last impatiently. "Nice mess you've got yourself into. Why didn't you keep your mouth shut, as I gave you a sign? Why do women always have to blab everything they know. You put yourself in his power by your own words. If he thought you were innocent, knew nothing, he would send you ashore. But now, knowing you have his life in your hands, you are his slave for life. You'll never get out of his sight as long as you live. He wouldn't dare let you go."

"I was afraid of it," she said faintly. I knew I had made a mistake when I saw his eyes. I was very foolish. I was never—very wise," she admitted pathetically.

"No. But you are—very sweet," he said sadly.

"Help me, Ronald. Won't you help me? You said you—liked me. I only came because I thought—"

"You thought that chap—the Cavalier—"

"I thought you would kill him, so I came—"

"To intercede for him—to save him?"

'Alas, no, I had no hope. I thought you would let us die together.

"I will help you, Gay. It is putting my nose behind the bars to run the risk, but I will do what I can. We must think, we must plan it out. You must pretend to be in love with me—keep away from the captain—fear him more than the men. Gay, I am afraid he will insist that you marry me. I all most hope he will."

"Oh, no; oh, no."

"You could easily have it annulled Gay, don't be foolish—marriage would protect you—until you reach home. I would not—bother you. Gay watch the captain. Do not think he would stick at murder? Don't you know that when a man is facing exposure, capture, death, he is mad—quite mad? Well, you mean those things to the captain, Gay, exposure, capture death. He will keep you in his web like a spider. Remember Blakely—"

"Blakely," she said sadly. "Poor Blakely!"

"Why Do Women Have to Blab Everything They Know."

'You stand where Blakely stood. Watch the captain, and do not cross him or you'll lie where Blakely lies. Blakely got in a mess—with a woman, too—no wonder Garman rules the women out; we've lost three good men because of them. Well, Blakely tried to swing Garman in to clear himself. You saw the end of Blakely. I tell you, Gay, watch the captain, and do not cross him."

'But, Ronald, I can't marry you. I—I love— I can't marry you."

"Sh!" He signaled her into silence, his manner changed. "I know, dearest," he said clearly, 'but don't cry. Don't be afraid of him. We were very wrong to do this, and put him in such a position, but he has promised to take care of you and he will keep his promise".

He indicated for her to take her cue.

"I—I am afraid, Ronald," she said faintly at first, but gaining courage as she spoke. "I—I wish I could go home. Oh, why did you let me come? Why didn't you warn me? He hates me, I know. He looked very fiercely at me. He is handsome, is he not? But I know he hates me."

A brisk tap at the door, and it opened. The captain entered, and, one of the bravest of men, not without his smirk of satisfaction. His eyes upon Gay were amorous.

"Now, I won't bite you," he said "don't be afraid of me. Just be a good girl and do as I tell you, and—sweet papa!" He laughed lightly as his own humor, then he added briskly, "See here, Ron. You'll have to be married at once. If anybody should come on board to look us over, you smuggled the girl aboard without my knowledge or consent. She is your sweetheart, see? And you did it. So they'll have nothing on the ship. Now if you get married at once it will clear me of any suspicion of complicity."

CONTINUED

Queen's County L.O.L. Meeting

The annual meeting of Queen's County L. O. L. will be held in Tanton Lodge Room on February 5th at 11 A. M.

ANDREW E. DOLLAR, Secretary.

4234-1-29-31.

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Who Is to Blame for the In-Law Problem? Calling the Bluff of an Inconsistent Lover. How to Deal With the Wife Who Is a Quitter

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—When mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law fail to get along together, do you think it is ALWAYS the mother-in-law's fault? Haven't you seen a lot of young wives, untrained and inexperienced, and self-centered and selfish, who were so on the defensive that they resented every suggestion from their mothers-in-law as "butting in"? I have been a daughter-in-law for a long time, and am soon to be a mother-in-law and am trying to see both sides of the question. MRS. M. L. W.

ANSWER:

Certainly I think that there are two sides to the in-law question, and that when John's wife and his mother fail to hit it off together it is just as often the daughter-in-law's fault as it is the mother-in-law's.

If I preach oftener to mother-in-laws than I do to daughters-in-law, it is because I hope the older woman will listen, and I know the younger one will not. There is no other such self-complacent creature on earth as a bride. She knows it all. She is sure of herself and of her opinions and her ability to handle every situation, and in vain do you hang red lanterns of warning before her.

Also, it is more important for the mother-in-law to get along amiably with her daughter-in-law than it is for the daughter-in-law to get along with her.

For John's mother is not essential to John's wife's happiness. She can get along perfectly well without mother-in-law, and whether mother-in-law likes her or not makes little difference to her, but it is vital to John's mother for his wife to be fond of her and friends with her, for that is the only way she can hold on to the son who is the core of her heart. Otherwise John's wife proceeds to alienate him from his mother. That is tragedy for mother.

So, if I am always urging mothers-in-law to avert catastrophe by not living with their daughters-in-law, and to climinate as much friction as possible by keeping their tongues behind their teeth if they are forced to live in the house with their daughter-in-law, it is not because I think that the mothers-in-law are always in the wrong. It is only because peace at any price is worth while to the mother-in-law, and because the older woman should have more judgment, more self-control, more diplomacy, and should be able to handle the situation with more finesse than the younger one.

Inasmuch as most mothers-in-law have been daughters-in-law themselves, it does look as if they should have salvaged enough wisdom out of their own experiences to know how to deal with their son's brides. Surely every woman must remember how she resented her mother-in-law's interference and advice, and that should teach her to keep fingers out of her daughter-in-law's pies. Surely every woman should remember how determined she was to have her own way in unimportant things, and what stress she put on dollies and on the right spoon when she was starting out in housekeeping, and that should enable her to make allowances for her son's bride, and to realize that if she lets her alone she will soon be asking for the recipes she scorns when she is first married.

Certainly many young women enter their husband's families with chips on their shoulders. They make up their minds beforehand that they are not going to let mother-in-law put anything over on them. They are aggressive and bumptious and hard to get along with, but if mother-in-law has enough intelligence to let them severely alone they will get over the attitude, for you can't pick a quarrel with one who never interferes in your affairs.

Of course, it requires superhuman patience and forbearance for a mother to see an incompetent young wife poisoning her son on bad cooking and wasting his money on foolish extravagance, but when she tires to set her daughter-in-law right she merely makes a bad matter worse. She antagonizes the daughter-in-law and loses her son. Hands off is the only motto that works with in-laws. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—What would a young man, who says repeatedly that he loves and wants only you, think if you were to say to him: "Either lets get married or stay away from me." Would that sound like a proposal of marriage from me? I love him, but if he does not intend to marry me I want to try to forget him. M. S.

ANSWER:

Go to it. Call his hand and see where he stands. Find out whether he is bluffing or not. I have no patience with these men who hang around a girl year after year, monopolizing her time and winning her heart, but who never go further than a petting party.

They never pop the question. They speak vaguely of marriage, but they don't set a day for walking with the girl to the altar. They draw romantic pictures of the little home that they will occupy together in some far-off future, but they never take the girl around to look at some new row of bungalows or a cute little flat with a cunning kitchenette just built for two.

Believe me, my dear girl, that no man is really in love with a girl who isn't hustling up the wedding day. A man wants what he wants when he wants it, and if he has any notion of marrying a girl at all he is always and forever telling her about it.

So put no faith in these dumb steadies. Because a man comes to see you six nights a week and gets mad if you look at another boy is no indication whatever that he has any matrimonial intentions. He probably comes just because your house is a nice free club and he enjoys your society and he likes your mother's cooking.

Any girl who lets a man hang around her year after year without being definitely engaged to him hasn't enough sense to come in out of the rain. She lets the marrying time of life go by. She lets this social deadbeat keep real marrying men away, and at the end he invariably grows tired of her and goes off to some younger and fresher woman.

And when she gets left she gets no more than she deserved for her folly. DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I married a city girl and took her to a small town to live, as that was where my business was. She was very discontented and miserable and persuaded me—nagged me, I might say—into going to the city where her family and friends were. But I could find no employment there, and as a baby had been born in the meantime and there were heavy bills I returned to my old home, where I can make a good living and am getting on my feet again. I have a comfortable home for my wife and child, but she refuses to budge from the city. Her mother has no room for her and does not want her. I cannot go back to the city, as I cannot make a living there, while I can make a good living in my home town.

Please advise me what to do in this terrible situation.

ANXIOUS HUSBAND.

ANSWER:

Stiffen up your backbone and refuse to give your wife another dollar until she comes back to the good home you have provided for her. Tell her that she can either come back to you and be taken care of or she can go to work and support herself.

If your wife cares more for the city and her family and friends than she does for you, she has no affection for you and will be a small loss. You are asking her to make no great sacrifice and to endure no hardships, because in these days even small towns have all the modern conveniences of living, and oftener far better society than the circle to which the city girl belongs.

You can brace yourself up on this thought: if you let her nag you into going to the city where you will have to take a poorly paid job, if you get any at all, she will be just as fretful and discontented, and make you miserable by her reproaches because you do not succeed better.

So stay in the place where your business is and at least preserve your self-respect as a man does not if he lets a silly wife pull and haul him around. DOROTHY DIX.

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BLINDFOLDED CYCLIST AVOIDS OBSTACLES BY "SIXTH SENSE"

LONDON, January 30.—During an interval of dirt track racing at West Ham Stadium M. Gaston Ourvier rode blindfold round the track on a motor-cycle and avoided obstacles placed in his way. Members of the Auto Cycle Union examined the mask he wore.

When Mme. Ouvrier is present in the audience, M. Ouvrier has more confidence, as, it is stated, thought transmission between them is much more highly developed than it is between him and the crowd.

It is apparently a considerable strain on M. Ouvrier to be guided by the thoughts of the audience, and he has to take care not to overstrain, as he is a disabled ex-soldier.

He suffers from "trench feet," has only one lung, and has 47 pieces of shapnel in his body and head. One shell fragment is within a millimetre of his brain, and he attributes his "sixth sense" to an unconscious instinct developed to protect him from the danger of receiving a slight blow on the head, which might prove fatal.

CANADA

PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN CHANCERY BEFORE THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS-

No. D. 15.

John Nicholson, Margaret McInnis, Christy McDonald, Sadie VanHorn, and Annie Patterson,...Complainants.

vs.

Catherine McLean , John McLean, Administrator of Estate of Annie Nicholson, John H. McPhee, Johnnie McPhee, Rachel McDonald, Maggie McPhee, Ronald McPhee, John S. Nicholson, Malcolm Nicholson, William Nicholson and Mary McPherson, ... Defendants.

Pursuant to and by virtue of a Decretal Order made in the above Cause on the fourth day of January, A. D. 1929, by the Honourable the Master of the Rolls, I will set up and sell by Public Auction before the Law Courts building in Charlottetown on Friday the fifteenth day of February next, 1929, at twelve o'clock, noon, all that tract, piece and parcel of land described as follows, situate,lying and being on Lot Sixty in Queens County bounded and described as follows—COMMENCING on the west side of the Murray Harbour Road at the northeast angle of land sold to Ronald McLeod; thence west to the rear line of the Murray Harbour Road farms; thence along the said line to the south boundary of land in the possession of Donald Matheson; thence east to the Road; thence along the Road to the place of commencement, containing an area of (75) seventy-five acress of land, a little more or less. The said land will be sold freed, cleared, and discharged of and from all encumbrances, and to be sold subject to the approval of the said Court.

Any of the persons interested in the said lands are to be at liberty to bid at such sale and become the purchaser without payment of any deposit in respect thereof.

Terms made known at Sale.

Dated this 24th January, 1929.

H. J. PALMER,
Master-in-Chancery

D. McKinnon, Esq., K. C.,
Solicitor.

4166-1-24-31-7-14.

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