EDUCATIONAL

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MR. GEORGE C. WILDE
Official Representative

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
For Prince Edward Island
Write — 230 Richmond Street, Charlottetown

Eastern Guardian

..*This column is reserved for news of local interest but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at 4c a word strictly payable in advance.

..*SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Charlottetown Guardian may be handed to their Rept. Archie Hume.

..*PRESENTATION — On Tuesday evening the members of Hillside Lodge, Montague, presented Brother Lewis Watson of the R. C. M. P. with a smoker set on he occasion of his marriage to Miss Christina MacDonald which took place in Charlottetown on Monday. Rev. Mr. MacKenzie of Trinity Church performing the ceremony.—L

..*Y. P. S. MEETING — The regular meeting of the Y. P. S. of the United Church, Montague, was held in the classroom. Mr. L. Gillis principal of Montague High School gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the poets Wordsworth and Burns, this was very much appreciated by the members.—L

..*BRIDAL SHOWER—A shower was tendered Mrs. Lewis Watson on Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Coffin, Montague, which featured a program a little different to the usual type of showers. The living room in the Coffin's pleasant home was very prettily decorated. The large bay window filled with flowering plants in pinks and two large blooming shrubs reaching to the ceiling, one on either side of the window with soft colored lights made an attractive background for the winsome bride. A mock marriage ceremony was first staged, causing much mirth among the throng of guests that crowded the rooms when a very tall bride and a tiny bridegroom entered to the strains of the Wedding March. On the signing of the register, Mrs. Garric sang "Because". Mrs. F. Campbell was accompanist. A dance by an Oriental lady was next announced. This proved to be Mr. Morrison who is so proficient in the art of tap dancing. He was in costume and looked very regal in his or her rich robes. Mrs. McBeath was his accompanist. The next feature was a skit by Mrs. Sidney MacLean and Mrs. Cumming on our German and Italian dictators. When amid much trumpeting and pomp Adolf Hitler and Mussolini entered sternly rebuking the guests for their hilarity. At their appearance they then entertained them with a dialogue on their ambitions to conquer Europe and listed the territory they intended to annex. After this part of the program came to an end, the real bride who was Miss Christine MacDonald of Whim Road, before taking on the name of "Watson" was seated among the flowers, and a huge gaily decorated basket filled to overflowing was placed before her. Miss Anna Martin and Miss Ada MacGregor opened the parcels and Mrs. J. D. MacDonald read the verses and such a display of lovely and useful gifts. The bride had just finished thanking her many friend in her charming way for the beautiful things, when still another surprise was in store for her. The Rebekahs took this opportunity to present her with a beautiful silver and china relish dish. Mrs. Watterworth read the address and the "Noble Grand" Miss Ada MacGregor made the presentation on behalf of the Lodge. Dainty refreshments were then served by the hostess and a most enjoyable evening came to a close with a host of friends wishing Mr. and Mrs Watson many happy years of wedded life.—L

..*Miss Marie Coffin, Montague left on an extended trip to Moncton, Sackville and Annapolis Royal, where she will visit friends.—L

Apoplexy Now Can Be Warded Off

NEW YORK, April 7—(AP)—Apoplexy, the stroke which heretofore has killed without warning, can now be foreseen and warded off, the American College of Physicians was informd today.

Apoplexy's official name is cerebral haemorrhage. The federal census ranks it as the fifth cause of death from disease in the United States. Ahead of it are heart trouble cancer, pneumonia and kidney disease.

It has been one of the most feared of all diseases because it has seemed to strike in good health, without giving a chance to realize the danger.

Eight definite signs which foretell the approach of one of these apoplectic strokes was described to the college by Dr. Albert S. Hyman, director of the Wilkin Foundation for the study and prevention of heart disease.

All these warning signals occur in the region of the head and in definite ways that show they are conected with the brain. They range from headaches to dizziness, always coupled with high blood pressure. They occur he said, during the danger zone which precedes on of these strokes.

A treatment for them, he said, has been developed by the foundation and proved to be effective in 81 per cent of the cases treated. It has been under test for three years.

The treatment reduces blood pressure temporarily. Dangerously high blood pressure Dr. Hyman explained, always precedes an apoplietic stroke.

PENSIONED OFF A FIT MAN

Rigours of Police Life Did Not Harm Him

At 50 years of age he was presumed to be beyond the arduous demands of police duties. But was he? Read what he says now—five years after he was pensioned:—

"I am a man of 56 years. It is now five years since I was pensioned off from the ——— Police. I went through thick and thin, day and night in all weather, while I was on the Force, and am to-day as fit as any man still serving on the Force. People often ask me 'How do you keep so young?' and my answer is 'Kruschen Salts.' I have used Kruschen now for the last 13 years, and I will certainly use these Salts for the rest of my days."—W.J.

The numerous salts in Kruschen provide just that gentle daily aid your internal organs require to enable them to perform their work properly. These vital salts keep your liver and kidneys in top-notch efficiency, so that they help to free your system of poisonous waste matter. The result is a feeling of youthful health and vigour —"that Kruschen feeling!"

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY

The following girls secured an average above 75% for the month of March:

Grade X.—June Foster, Marian Quinn, Betty Leightizer, Claire McWade, Norma Thompson, Winnifred Doyle, Dorothy Peters, Dorothy McDonald.

Grade IX.—Mary Doyle.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Senior Division—Patricia McKinnon, Marguerite Briand, Bernice Murphy, Reta Kennedy, Reta Gagnon, Winnifred MacAulay, Mary Hogan, Dorothea Noonan.

Junior Division—Isobel Stewart, Victoria Paquette, Alice Prenette, Mary Murnaghan.

Who's Who in Typewriting and Shorthand Speed for the Month of March.

Senior Typewriting Speed—Jacque ine De'Billy.

Junior Typewriting Speed—Reta Gagnon.

Senior Typewriting Accuracy — Mary Hogan.

Junior Typewriting Accuracy — Rejeanne Gagnon.

Best in Shorthand Dictation (Letters)—Rita Kennedy and Patricia McKinnon, Senior.

Best in Shorthand Dictation (Letters) — Winnifred MacAulay—Junior.

Grade VIII.—Marcia Murray, Kathryn Doyle, Zita Schlayer, Marion Mitchell, Claire Griffith, Madelyn Jay, Dorothy Conway.

Grade VII.—Joan Gillis.

Grade VI.—Helen Malone, Frances Coyle, Inez Murray, Marion Peake, Bernice Murray, Joan MacDonald, Joyce Lee, Shirley McNally, Eileen Schlayer.

Grade V.—Evelyn Kays, Barbara Clyde, Ruth McWade, Claire McDonald.

Grade IV.—Noreen Noonan, Kathleen Herrel, Enid Adams, Stella May Doyle, Marjorie Creamer, Joan McCallum, Florence McAulay, Frances Longaphie, Priscilla Johnston, Gwen Collins, Mary Sigsworth, Joan Weir, Shirley McDonald, Delma Peake.

Grade III.—Arvella Martin, Mary Gillis, Helen Roach, Rita McGee, Mary Callaghan, Shirley Richard, equal.

Division B—Betty McDonald.

Grade II A — Mary McWade, Kathleen Noonan, Therese McKenna, Mary Carroll, Elaine MacDonald, Shirley William, Helen Callaghan, Joan Collins, Eleanor Hynes Polly Cutter.

Grade II B—Jessie McAulay.

Grade I—Leonie Macdonald, Phyllis Walsh, equal; Teresa Trainor, Anna Gavin, Cora Davidson, Ruth Corrigan, Flora Gillis, Betty May Randall, equal; Joy Fantacci, Blanche Clarkin, equal; Sheila Praught, Helen Larter, June Carroll, Helen Williams, Phyllis Gaudet.

The Notre Dame Shield for Deportment, Attendance and Punctuality is awarded to the pupils of Grade V and VI for the month of March.

Fur Farming

FOX MEN ATTEND SHORT COURSE

Between 80 and 100 fox ranchers and interested persons from a wide area surrounding Sussex, took advantage of the one-day short course for fox farmers, which was held at the Agricultural School recently. This event was under the auspices of the Royal Silver Fox Breeders' Club, and proved to be one of the highlights of the club's many activities since formation. Simon Friars, president of the club, was chairman.

The leading speaker was W. Fred Burke, fox fieldman for the province of Prince Edward Island, and he dealt with many subjects in a clear and helpful way. Many problems put to him during the day by individual ranchers were dealt with at length, and much valuable advice and suggestions were given.

Much of the discussion was based on the contents of the question box, which was found to contain numerous and varied queries.

Mr. Burke discussed problems of fox raising and stressed the need for better selection and rigid culling for production of better quality fox pelts. He al dealt with housing and feeding problems, pointing out the need for balanced rations.

W. R. Tinney, Summerside of the Prince Edward Island Fur Pool, Ltd., spoke on the production and sale of pelts. Competition of Norway and Sweden was dealt with by Mr. Tinney, who emphasized the importance of continued improvement of the quality of pelts.

A discussion of whelping problems was participated in by all the ranchers. An open forum as held also, during which written questions, presented by those in attendance, were answered.

R. A. Snowball, Chatham, one of the oldest fox ranchers in Northern New Brunswick and a director of the New Brunswick Silver Fox Breeders' Association, was present and took part in the discussion. Correspondence was read by the secretary, W. J. MacLeod, Sussex, and Dr. A. E. Teakles, honorary president expressed appreciation to the Prince Edward Island Department of Agriculture and the Prince Edward Island Fur Pool for the co-operation and attendance of Mr. Burke and Mr. Tinney.

DAUGHTER OF EXILE

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

CHAPTER I

AN ARTIST ON HOLIDAY

The girl sat on a tall rock at the edge of the road where the moon slipped steeply down to the sea. Chin in hand, she seemed to brood over the gold and blue lake at her feet.

Shane had turned the corner expecting to see just another stretch of empty, boulder-strewn moor, such as every previous turn in the twisting road from Carnach had revealed. Trudging through the white dust of the roadway, in the warm silence, and with only the sea for company, his mind had become attuned to loneliness. The transition from an untenanted wilderness was too abrupt. He stopped and stared, the suitcase dangling unheeded from his right hand.

The girl did not move. She seemed to be oblivious of Shane's presence.

Her face was turned seawards. Shane could see only the curve of her back and the half of a pink cheek. Her gold hair was uncovered.

Shane found his tongue. "Excuse me," he said.

The girl scrambled to her feet and turned on the top of her rock. She faced Shane. Two large, startled blue eyes gazed at him out of a tiny, heartshaped face beneath the silken mop. Then her red lips parted, revealing very small white, even teeth.

"Oh!" she said in a long soft breath. She smiled, "You startled me."

"I'm sorry," said Shane. He smiled back. The smile transformed his long lean face and made it attractive.

He was reflecting that the girl, poised on the rock, was worthy of her setting. She made the picture complete.

The island of Lewis lay under the spell of a Hebridean summer. All along the road ,the hard baked bricks of peat were piled in high black mounds. The grey-green moor stretched low to the horizon, under a vast sky barred with crimson and veiled by slowly falling curtains of gold. The long line of the cliffs unwound in a series of bronze and black bluffs from Tolsta to Cellar Head. Under the dying sun the blue sea flashed with broken gold. The distant hills of the mainland were visible as a smoky blur floating on the ocean's edge.

It was certainly a beautiful sunset; but one cannot eat a sunset. Until this moment, Shane had been conscious only of hunger. Now hunger and the weary miles were forgotten. The girl looked down and made to scramble off the rock.

"Allow me!" Shane moved swiftly forward. He extended a hand, and felt the steady pressure of small cool fingers.

She jumped lightly down and stood beside him on the road. She was smaller than he had thought. She did not quite come up to his shoulder.

"I'm looking for a place called The Lighthouse." Shane explained. He felt suddenly awkward, and cursed his usually admirable composure for being put to flight without any more reason than a pretty girl come upon suddenly in a wilderness.

He flogged his tongue to go on and recover its habitual glibness.

"It's the house of a Captain Peter Macpherson. I wonder if you—"

He saw enlightenment dawn in the blue eyes.

"Are you Mr. Lawrence Shane?" She spoke softly, with the faintest of accents. Shane suddenly realized that she was a foreigner —German or Austrian, perhaps.

But she had spoken his name.

"How do you know—?" he began, bewildered. Then: "You are a friend of Captain Macpherson?"

"Yes." She smiled with a frank friendliness that was singularly disarming.

"Oh!" Shane smiled back.

He had in his pocket a letter from Captain Peter Macpherson, retired R.N. The Lighthouse, by Carnach, Lewis. The letter said that Captain Macpherson had received Mr. Shane's letter on the matter of holiday accommodation, and was pleased that Mr. Shane found his, the writer's terms reasonable (Shane had thought them ridiculously low). That being, he would look forward to Mr. Shane's arrival at The Lighthouse, and hoped that Mr. Shane would let him know what day to expect him.

The letter concluded by observing that as an artist Mr. Shane might find some subjects worthy of his brush in the surrounding countryside.

The girl spoke, and her words followed so directly on Shane's thoughts that he started.

"You are an artist, are you not?"

"Yes." Shane did not conceal his astonishment. "I suppose the captain——?"

"He told me so. He was talking to me about you today. He said he was expecting you."

Shane reflected that his host must be a garrulous person.

"I hope he gave me a good character," he said solemnly.

"H'm!" The girl considered. There was a suspicion of a twinkle in her eye. "I don't know about character. What he did say was that you would probably want to paint my picture."

Shane smiled. "What do you think?"

"Would you?"

He laughed. I think I'm going to like the captain," he declared. "He did say something in his letter about my finding subjects worthy of my brush in the surrounding countryside. And now right he was! Only I never imagined —H'm!

"I believe," he went on hurridly, "there's another chap staying at The Lighthouse. The captain mentioned him. A Mr. John Halford—"

It seemed to Shane that a shadow passed across the girl's smiling face.

"Yes," she said, shortly. "Mr. Halford is also a guest of the captain."

Having said that, she said no more. Shane sensed a restraint. Before he had time to pursue the matter the girl abruptly changed the subject.

"Surely," she exclaimed, "you did not walk all the way from Stornoway!"

Shane laughed ruefully. "I'm afraid so. It was a lovely day," he explained. "I felt my legs needed stretching after the train and the boat—I came straight up from England. They told me at the hotel in Stornoway, where I spent the night, that there is a bus which runs daily to Carnach. But it didn't seem too far on the map, so I decided to walk. And when I go to Carnach—by the way, the village is well named, isn't it? I believe Carnach is the Gaelic for 'the stony place'—I was told it was only about half-an-hour's walk to the captain's place. Only I seem to have been walking for hours," he ended lugubriously.

He glanced at the case.

"Incidentally, my luggage hath a tale attached. This case isn't mine. When I decided to walk, I told the hotel people to send my luggage on by the bus, and took this small case. But there was a lot of stuff in the hall, and I must have lifted the wrong one. I opened it back there on the road, to nibble a sandwich I had thoughtfully packed, and found it was full of ghastly looking pyjamas and things, but no sandwiches."

He said this with a comical air of despair, and the girl laughed.

"How sad! I suppose you are very hungry?"

"Very!" said Shane with emphasis.

"You have not far to go now. The Lighthouse is only a little way past our house."

A GIANT IN THE WAY

"Pardon me," said Shane. "Are you on holiday, too?—Or——'

"I live with my father here," said the girl. 'He is a writer." Again Shane had the odd feeling of something being withheld. "There is also father's servant, Heinrich." She nodded towards the grim building on the cliffs. "That is our house."

"I say," said Shane. "How on earth do you ever get any sleep? I'm sure the row would drive me crazy."

"No," said the girl. "The birds are quite quiet at night. And in the daytime they are worth watching. The people here," she added, "call our house the House of the Birds."

"The House of the Birds," repeated Shane after her. "It sounds quite thrilling —until you know the reason for the name!" He grimaced as the screaming of the gulls was borne to his ears on the slight sea breeze.

"'And now that I have told you about our house," the girl smiled, "I had better tell you my name." The restraint which Shane had noticed twice in her manner had quite gone. She was once again anxious to import knowledge, with a complete and rather devastating candour. "I am called Martha Pelmann. My father——"

There was the scraping noise of a shoe against stone, and the girl turned. Shane followed her gaze.

A man had appeared on the path behind them. He was very tall—six feet seven or eight—and had a magnificent torso. His head was like a massive block set on great shoulders. His arms were long and powerful.

Shane thought he had never seen such an ugly man. The face was a wrinkled leathery mask, and was completely without expression. Large eyelids fell like leaden shutters over opaque eyes of a dull colour. The nose curved like a yellow beak over a long, narrow strip of leathery mouth.

The giant bowed stiffly in the direction of the girl, and removed his hat. The hat had a feather in it, and reminded Shane of the hats he had seen peasants wearing in the Austrian Tyrol. The man was completly bald, and when he bent his head Shane noticed six long furrows, like sabre slashes, running along the top of his yellow scalp.

"Heinrich!" exclaimed the girl.

The gaint moved forward. His long arms hung motionless at his sides, and his legs swung stiffly from his hips like the limbs of a wooden soldier. As he advanced he kept his dull eyes fixed on Shane, and the later found the lifeless gaze singularly disconcerting.

The giant laid a vast hand tenderly on the girl's slim shoulder. Looking at her, Shane was astonished to see her smiling trustfully into the leather mask. She laid a small hand on top of the man's, and turned again to Shane.

(To Be Continued)

PROMOTED TO VICE-PRESIDENCY

MONTREAL, April 7 — (CP)— Arthur P. Earle has been elected director and vice-president of Thompson Cadillac Mining Corporaton, G. P. Racine, secretary-treasurer, notified Montreal Curb Market today. Earle will fill the vacancy created by the registration of Andrew Walz.

OLD CABLE SHIP BEING REPAIRED

VICTORIA, April 7—(CP)—The cableship Restorer lay in drydock here today, her white plates stained with rust and the brine of a six-month 20,000-mile journey through the Pacific repairing cable at Guam, Heishan Island, Manila and Midway.

The Restorer visited Singapore in October and reconditioned cables there.

W. C. T. U. NOTES

THINGS NOT DONE BEFORE

The things that haven't been done before,
Those are the things to try.
Columbus dreamed of an unknown shore
On the rim of the far flung sky.
And his heart was bold and his faith was strong
As he ventured with dangers new,
And he paid no heed to the jeering throng
Nor the fears of a doubting crew.

The things that haven't been done before
Are the tasks worth-while to-day;
Are you one of the flock that follows, or
Are you one that shall lead the way?

Are you one of the timid souls that quail
At the jeers of the doubting crew,
Or dare you whether you win or fail,
Strike out for the goal that's new

DR. DOBSON SPEAKS

At the annual Frances Willard Memorial service in Saskatoon a large audience of men and women listened with rapt attention to an eloquent and awakening address by Dr. Hugh Dobson, of Vancouver.

He said:— "We are living in a critical period of the world's history —a day of danger, but one of supreme opportunity—there was never a time when the spirit of fellowship, co-operation and unanimity was so prevalent among Christian churches. From the Oxford and Edinborough conferences this year, was sent forth a clean cut challenge that the church has something to offer, that the world wants. The same spirit was evident at the conference of Women's World organizations, held in Vancouver last summer."

"Nevertheless we are facing a time of danger, of disintegration. Men's hearts are filled with a sense of chaos and catastrophe. Yet the thing that appears is not always the truth. There is an awakening in every country to the realization of the utter futility, the brutality and the vugarity of war.

"The liquor interests are spending millions advertising their wares. The temperance workers can take courage from this deduction—there is no need to be depressed or overwhelmed by the campaign tactics of the enemy."

Dr. Dobson condemned the individuals, who accepted blood money to put over advertising. "He is not a good citizen," he said. In Toronto on Christmas Eve an accident was treated every five minutes, between sunset and sunup. Three people were killed, sixty-one injured, twenty-seven arrests and one hundred and forty known accidents—all in the clean city of the East. The speaker condemned the sale of Brandy Candy. Probably it does not contain alcohol, but it is the subtle association of brandy with something enjoyable that has a psychological effect upon the minds of youth.

The youth of the world who had led the movement for Peace, who were becoming more and more converted to the possibilities of Democracy as Christ taught it, were fast awakening to the enslaving knavery of the liquor interests. When that realization comes in its fullness to youth, they will present a united front against the economic, social and moral evils that arise from the selfish greed of the few.

WINNIPEG REPORT OF TEMPERANCE LESSONS TAUGHT AT LORD KITCHENER SCHOOL, FEB. 1938

During February four lessons were taught to about 125 pupils each week, following the course in "Answers to Alcohol," which Dr. Fletcher approved as a text. He said such work is all to the good and much needed.

The lessons taught were:—

The Interview with the Doctor, who told the boys and girls, "Alcohol is a Narcotic." It dulls and deadens the brain and nerves which control the body.

The Interview with the Life Insurance man, who told them, "Life Insurance Companies class alcohol as a bad risk. It increases the chances for accidents, disease and earlier deaths."

The three lower grades were given the femory verse:
Head clearer, body stronger,
Purse heavier, life longer.

The Interview with the Traffic Officer, who told them — Drinking and Driving — Disaster, Accidents —"Even slight intoxication makes accidents more serious. One who drinks alcohol, either much or little, may be a traffic danger."

The Interview with the Business Man. Alcohol is often bad business. It may cause serious losses through mistakes or accidents.

The attitude of teachers and pupils has been very fine.

On Thursday of Education week I had the opportunity of meeting Mr Bayne and Mr. Van Hull of the School Board, both of who wished these lessons could be taught in the one-roomed schools of the district, also. They said they would bring the matter up at the next meeting.

SOMETHING WE OUGHT TO KNOW

Japan Profits By Drug Trade

While in areas controlled by the Chinese Government the production and sale of dangerous drugs has declined, there is an "alarming deterioration" in the situation in areas under Japanese influence.

Now, when Japan is rapidly taking new territory in China, the statements of the witnesses before the League of Nations Advisory Committee on Dangerous Drugs in June, 1937, are of great interest.

"These ghastly records will show the world as nothing else can, the fate which awaits countries conquered and ruled by Japanese armies." One factory at Kalgan was reported to have an output of 50 kilogrammes of heroin daily—which was 15 times the legitimate needs of the world.

Illicit operations continued unabated in all regions under Japanese influence.

Manchuria and Jehol, run by the Japanese, formed the one region in the world where the Government authorities not only made no effort to prevent the abuse of drugs but actually profited by the rapid increase of narcotic addiction.

It was reported that nearly 6,000 people died of narcotic addiction in principal cities of Manchuria in 1936.

The sale and manufacture of heroin was an open and authorized trade in Manchuria and Jehol; Harbin had 300 heroin dens, frequented by 50,000 addicts daily; the Japanese Concession at Tientsin was a centre of heroin manufacture for the whole world; it contained over 1,000 dens and drugs were openly sold in shops. It shipped great quantities of drugs to the United States and other countries.

LIBERTY FOR ALL—OR FOR THE LIQUOR DRINKERS ONLY?

(Joy Elmer Morgan, National Education Association.)

People talk about the right to drink liquor?

What about the right to be safe on the streets?

What about the rights of people to quiet and decency in the neighborhood?

What about the right of children to have food and clothes?

What about the right of wives to have security and courtesy?

What about the right of industry to have workmen who are sober and dependable?

What about the right of government to have citizens and officers who are free from the evil and corrupting influences of the liquor traffic?

The breakdown of city government today is the natural fruit of the old saloon days when the liquor forces were the dominant political power in our great centers of population.

Let the leaders of our city life look ahead to a nobler day when our cities shall be made fit to live in

WIN A CAR RADIO

Visit A. Horne & Co. Used Car Sale ALL THIS WEEK.

OPEN EVENINGS

A. HORNE & CO.

NEW CAR SHOW ROOM.

FOR SALE

Farm of 196 acres at Martinvale in King's County, the property of the late Henry A. Collins. Land and buildings in ...n. For further particulars apply to H.F. MacPhee, K. C., Solicitor, or to Bell & Mathieson, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

L-1350-3-31-4-2-9-16.

FOR SALE

Business stand opposite Kinkora Station 1-2 acre land. Store dwelling, warehouse and outbuildings.

Also 32 acres of land in Newton Lot 26.

Address
A. M. TRAINOR
East Millinocke
Box 143 Maine

or to
ERNEST H. STRONG
Summerside.

L 1415-4-2-5-9-12-16-19-22-26

FOR SALE

Business stand, modern house, work shop and blacksmith's shop, outbuildings, several acres of land. Apply

PRESTON H. WARREN,
Bayview, P. E. I.

Nerves Were So Bad Could Not Stand The Children Playing

The happiness of every home depends largely on the health of the wife and mother. If she is nervous, peevish and irritable, worried by the cares of the household, and tormented by the pains and irregularities that accompany a run down system, there can be no happiness in the home for the husband and children.

Women who are weak and run down, nervous and irritable should take a course of Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills to help restore them to the blessing of good health.

MRS. THOMAS KIRK, Neston, Alta., writes:—"I was in such a weak, run down condition before I started using Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills I could not do my housework, and would be so nervous I could hardly stand the noise of the children at their play. Now, after taking three boxes of H. & N. Pills I feel like a different person.

I shall always tell anyone not feeling well to use your medicine."

Put up by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd.

Two Farms for Sale

I am offering for sale two farms at Hazelgrove, a mile from Hunter River Station, fronting on paved highway and close to churches, schools and starch factory.

One has 105 acres, with 80 acres clear, the balance in good growth of hardwood.

The other, the adjoining farm of the late Archibald MacKinnon, has 75 acres, with 50 clear and the balance also with a good growth of hardwood. Good buildings on both farms. Stream in centre of latter farm, also pump in the kitchen.

Apply to

RODERICK MacKINNON,
Hunter River.

L-1494-4-6-8.

FARM FOR SALE

AT COVEHEAD ROAD

Consisting of 79 acres, buildings all in good repair. If not sold by private sale before April 25th it will be sold at Public Auction on that date together with stock, crop, implements and household furniture. Also a Willys Knight Car.

MRS. LAURA H. McGRATH,
Covehead.

J. A. McDONALD,
Auctioneer.

L-1495-4-6-9-13-16-19-23.

Desirable Property For Sale Near Montague

18 acres of land with good dwelling-house and barn, just outside town limits, to be sold for cash or on time.

Apply
PALMER AND HASLAM,
Barristers, Etc.,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

L-1427-4-2-6-9.

IN STUD

ABBE WORTHY 2.08

Reg. No. 4875.

Will make the season of 1938 at Lawndale Farm, East Royalty, P.E.I.

This horse is a Class A Premium Sire. He is sired by The Abbe 2.04, by Chimes, dam Mae Worthy, by Guy Axworthy 2.08¾.

Abbe Worthy is the sire of Anne Worthy, 2.19½, winner of the Nova Scotia futurity 1936, and winner of the three year old futurity at Charlottetown 1937; also sire of reserve champion standard bred filly at Charlottetown fair 1937, and champion roadster mare at the same fair.

Will meet mares by request.

Terms $15.00 for season; $5.00 at time of service, balance Nov. 1st, 1938.

Mares at owner's risk.

FRANK McKAY,
Owner in charge
Phone 1582-3
L-1409-4-7-9-16

IN STUD

CALUMET BUDLONG

2.02¾

Reg. No. 69507

Will make the season of 1938 at Lawndale Farm, East Royalty, P. E. I.

This horse is a Class A Premium Sire. He is sired by Peter The Brewer 2.02½, by Peter the Great 2.07¾, His dam is Bahai 2.10 by Silico 2.11½.

Calumet Budlong has sired Miss Budlong 2.06¼, champion two and three year old pacing filly 1936, 1937; also Budd Abbe, 3, 2.10¼; Molly Burke, 3, 2.11.

His tabulated pedigree will be mailed on request. Will also meet mares on request.

Terms: $25.00 for the season, $15.00 time of service, remainder due Nov. 1st, 1938.

Mares at owners risk.

FRANK McKAY,
Owner in charge
Phone 1582-3
L-1409-4-2-9-16

Notice to Fishermen

We have been informed that certain fishermen who have obtained loans for the purchase of fishing equipment, which loans have not been yet re-paid, are offering this equipment for sale. This is to notify the fishermen and the public, generally, that all fishing equipment so purchased is the property of the Provincial Fishermen's Loan Board, and parties buying same do so at their own risk.

THE PROVINCIAL FISHERMEN'S LOAN BOARD
Charlottetown

L-1527-4-7-121

NOTICE

After Monday, April 18th, 1938, all persons operating or permitting the operation of motor vehicles not duly registered for the current year will be prosecuted as the law directs.

P. S. FIELDING,
Deputy Provincial Secretary.

Charlottetown,
Prince Edward Island,
April 6th, 1938.

L11560-4-8-9-11-13-16.

NOTICE !

HIGHWAYS CLOSED TO MOTOR VEHICLES

Commencing on this date, until further notice, all paved and gravel highways in this Province are closed for motor vehicle traffic, except in such cases where the total weight of vehicle and load does not exceed 4,000 pounds.

Anyone driving on provincial highways contrary to this order shall be duly prosecuted.

Dated the 30th day of March, A.D. 1938.
By order,

P. S. FIELDING,
Clerk of the Executive Council.

L-1351-3-31-4

She Looks So Young

Is a tribute to health

"Keep happy—Keep the mind young—don't worry". This is the recipe of a famous actress. Worry, irritability and exhausted nerves are the greatest enemies to feminine beauty. They bring wrinkles and care lines and make you feel tired and discouraged.

There is nothing like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to restore pep and vigor to mind and body, to give you control of yourself and to bring the color back to faded cheeks. Charm and personality are based on health. The cheerfulness and vivacity, which add so greatly to woman's attractiveness, can only exist when you are feeling well.

Women everywhere know and appreciate this fine restorative of blood and nerves.