

**7 DAYS**  
make  
one  
week

**BOVRIL MAKES ONE STRONG.**

**FARMERS**

When in the City during FARMERS WEEK get our low prices on FEEDS of all kinds.

We have a fresh stock of  
BRAN, SHORTS, WHITE MIDDINGS, CORNMEAL, CRACKED CORN, OIL CAKE MEAL, SCHUMACKER FEED SUGAR BEET PULP, LINSEED MEAL, FLAX SEED, ETC.

A full stock of  
BLATCHFORD'S POULTRY FEEDS  
LAYING MASH, EGG MASH, MIXED SCRATCH FEED, CRUSHED OYSTER SHELLS and POULTRY GRIT

FEED WHEAT, etc. etc.  
All Live Stock Feeds are very low in price just now and we follow the market downwards. Don't buy before you get our very low prices

**Carter & Co. Limited**

Seeds and Feeds Queen Street

**Let Us Make Your Fox Skin Into a Scarf**

The cost to dress skin and make up will be

REDS, \$12.50 PATCH, \$15.00 SILVERS, \$15.00

DAVID MAGEE, LIMITED  
Fur Specialists - 78 King Street Saint John, N. B.  
"Since 1859"

Jan. 24-121.

**C. M. Lampson & Co. LIMITED.**

61 Queen Street  
London, E. C. 4, England  
Public Auction Sales

RAW FURS  
Shipping bags will be furnished without charge by applying to R. T. Holman, Ltd., Summerside, P. E. I.  
Represented by  
Alfred Fraser, Inc.  
212 Fifth Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

**Professional Cards**

**BELL & MATHIESON**  
R. R. BELL  
D. L. MATHIESON, LL. B.  
Barrister Solicitors, Etc.  
Offices—Charlottetown & Montague

**McLEOD & BENTLEY**  
J. A. BENTLEY  
W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.  
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law  
Offices: 120 Richmond Street  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**McDONALD & McPHEE**  
B. A.  
J. A. McDONALD H. F. McPHEE  
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, ETC.  
MONEY TO LOAN

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

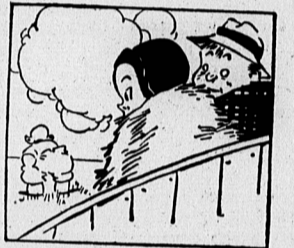
**MARK R. McGUIGAN**  
B. A.  
BARRISTER SOLICITOR, ETC.  
MONEY TO LOAN.  
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**Prohibition Commission**  
Chairman MR. GEORGE E. BROWN  
Margate, P. E. I.  
Send all information regarding infractions of Prohibition Act to the above  
Chief Inmate, P. E. I. Prison  
75 Dorchester Street, Charlottetown

**SMILES**



"When a woman gets mad enough to show her teeth it's because her dentist has overcharged her."



Ethel: Tom, I don't see any cripples.  
Tom: Of course not yet, my dear; the game is young. What did you expect?  
Ethel: Well, where are the quarterbacks and halfbacks who were to play?



"How did Brown come to be so highly esteemed as a weather prophet?"  
"By his optimism. When there is a drought he keeps predicting rain, and when it's raining he says it is going to clear off."



Brother: You and that husband of yours never quarrel. What's the secret?  
Sister: I'm too easy going to quarrel, and he's too lazy.

**The Old Order Changes**

By DAVID LYALL

(Continued)

"Look here, Geoffrey: I suppose I may call you that, if you are to be my good son, I've become a capitalist in spite of myself. It's not my fault, it's the fault of the Government, that knows less about handling finance than a bairn. There's no system in them, or rather so many systems, so many cooks at the broth that it's spoiled. I thought to get rid of it by buying land and a place and setting an example of how landed folk should administer estates. Then I got feared at it, for there's something in the possession of land, in the position and prestige it confers, which seems to blast, or at least corrode, the soul. I'm to get rid of that money somehow. I'm in the throes of it, now. Maybe you'll help me, you and Mary, when you've 'made a kirk or a mill of Mardocks.' Manning's eyes glowed. The simple sincere soul of Robert Freeland seemed to him one of the finest he had ever encountered. He realized very poignantly from what source Mary had obtained her beautiful outlook on life, her great humanity, her love for the whole world. In the woman's heart it had expanded and grown more godlike, but the essence was the same.

"You make me feel very humble, Mr. Freeland. Beside you, I am a crude adventurer in life. You have made good, and I know you are respected in Basingfold and wherever your name is known."  
"I've tried to do my duty and mark you, my man, it's not so easy as it looks. The man who does his duty by work folk in these days earns what little may come to him. They've got clean away from the middle of the road, Major, they've lost grip. I know what I'm talking about, for there is nothing in the lives of working folk I don't understand from personal experience. My father never had more than a pound a week. It's my mother you'll need to talk to. She'll tell you more about the inwardness of great industrial questions than you'll learn from books in a life. The crux of the whole matter is that work has become merely a means to an end. There is no joy in it until work for work's sake is lifted up again to the altar where God Almighty placed it for the salvation of men: there'll be neither peace nor progress in this country, nor in any other country, under Heaven."

He spoke with a passion which swept Manning along as on the crest of a great wave.  
"They've lost all sense of proportion, particularly where brains and money are concerned. As I tell them, where would the workman's hands be, what would they be worth to them, without the controlling brains that show him how to use them. It's got to be a combine or the result is nothing. But they won't listen. Go down to the Basin any night you like and you'll hear more nonsense, aye, and blasphemy talked in an hour than you could digest in a week. I tell you what, Geoffrey, there'll have to be a little wholesome blood letting, and the sooner we get it the better. What we're doing now is as if some poor ignorant quack, not half conversant with his remedies, was trying to heal a mighty disease that needs the surgeon's knife. But I'm blethering. I might be taking a cue from the Basin. It's a quarter past one o'clock. Come inside and get a bite of dinner and see Mary's mother."

It was by accident rather than design that Manning and Mrs. Freeland had not yet met.

He had paid several visits to Coppetts while she and Bee were at Scarborough, and Mary had left for

her camp the day after their return. It was with a feeling of genuine interest and anticipation, therefore, that he accompanied Freeland through the now familiar door in the wall which immediately brought them to the front of the Mill House. It was looking its best with the flame and the gold of the creeper all over it, peeping in at every window, and trying to oust a few late rose blooms, wooed to linger by the warm September sunshine. The door stood open, the black and white tiles scrubbed as clean as soap and scrubbing brush could make them.

Deborah was still at the Mill House, though she had intended her intention of going and taking care of old Mrs. Freeland, just as soon as her mistress could find two good maids. The search for these remote and shadowy treasures was then occupying a considerable part of Mrs. Freeland's day, and furnishing her with ample conversational matter for the evenings.

She had had no idea, dwelling in smug satisfaction with Deborah's faithful service at command, that the woes of her fellow householders were genuine. She had had an enlightening few days. It was a fortunate thing for everybody concerned that Freeland had brought his distinguished guest in to luncheon on a day when there was plenty to eat. He often laughed at his wife's apologies for a scanty table when he brought odd callers across from the mill. He had never once had cause to be ashamed of what was set on the table either for him or his guests. It was just her way of going on and now he paid no attention to it, nor even troubled to send a warning intimation through the door in the wall. This was a fine compliment to her housekeeping which in her heart of hearts she fully appreciated, even while occasionally grumbling at his lack of consideration. Tuesday was often a remnant day, finishing up the Sunday joint, but as it happened, Tom and his wife had both dined and supped at the Mill House on Sunday and there were consequently no remains. A very succulent beefsteak pie, a creamy milk pudding, and some tartlets, light as air, provided a delightful lunch. Harriet piously thanked God that she was so well equipped, and also that, after making the pastry, she had put on a clean blouse. She was therefore all smiles when she came running breathless down the stairs to receive the Squire of Mardocks. "Mother, this is Major Manning," Freeland said "very anxious to see you, lass," he added. "He's got something to say to you. I'm not sure that you'll be wanting to hear it."



COMING SOON  
World's Greatest Voices  
Screen's Greatest Romance  
TIBBETT MOORE  
NEW MOON  
PRINCE EDWARD

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**NATURAL TONE**

**SELECTIVITY**

**SENSITIVITY**

**PROVEN PERFORMANCE**

**ORIGINALITY**

**FULLY-GUARANTEED TUBES**

**SCREEN-GRID POWER DETECTION**

**MADE IN CANADA**

**For Sale by:**

**R. T. HOLMAN Ltd.**

**PROVINCIAL DEALERS**

**Charlottetown Summerside**

**Hear Rogers Majestic Hour over C.H.G.S.**

Summerside, every Sunday evening at 10.30

**CITY TAXES**

Taxpayers are hereby notified that the list of unpaid Civic taxes is being prepared as required by law and will be advertised in the daily newspapers commencing February 15, 1931.

FRED LARGE,  
City Collector.

and, as if there are no end of good things about Rogers Radios, they are --

**Strictly Canadian-Made**

What an array of advantages! No wonder Rogers Radios lead! You can own a Rogers Radio. They cost no more. Made in Canada, employing Canadian labour and capital.

As little as \$10.90 down will put a Rogers in your home. Mantel, consolette, highboy and combination models. Prices from \$109 up. Every Rogers Radio has Rogers fully-guaranteed tubes — the longest-lived and most satisfactory of all A.C. radio tubes. See the Rogers Radio today.

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TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG SAINT JOHN

Tune in on the Rogers-Majestic broadcast of cheerful music every Sunday evening 9:30 p.m. Eastern Standard Time, over a network of 20 Canadian stations.

**ROGERS Radio**  
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**R. T. HOLMAN Ltd.**  
PROVINCIAL DEALERS  
Charlottetown Summerside

**Hear Rogers Majestic Hour over C.H.G.S.**  
Summerside, every Sunday evening at 10.30

In addition to all her social entertaining and her charitable work, Lady St. Helier found time to write extensively. Her "Memories of Fifty Years," published in 1909, gained considerable circulation and cast no little light on the customs and private lives of the inner circle of Victorianism. She had also to her credit a selection of essays, mostly on sociological subjects, and she contributed frequently to magazines. She found her athletic pleasures in cycling, riding and skating and kept up these pastimes until well beyond middle age. She was the eldest daughter of the late Keith Stewart-Mackenzie, of Seaford. In 1871 she married Colonel Constantine Stanley, second son of Lord Stanley of Alerley. Colonel Stanley died in 1878. She married Lord St. Helier in 1881. He died in 1905.

**LADY ST. HELIER, 85 IS DEAD IN LONDON**  
LONDON, January 28.—Lady St. Helier, one of the most noted hostesses of the late Victoria era and of King Edward's reign, died today at the age of 85. She was famous not only for the brilliance of her entertainments but for indefatigable social work in behalf of the poor.

Lady St. Helier, despite her advancing years, had been an active member in the London County Council since 1910. She was re-elected Dame of the British Empire in 1928.

**Rheumatism So Bad Could Hardly Walk**  
Mrs. Wm. Kneszig, R.R. No. 4, Joseph, Ont., writes:—"For years I suffered with rheumatism, and my hands and feet used to swell so at times, I could hardly walk, and could not sleep or rest for the pain. I used different kinds of medicine, but got nothing to do me any good until a friend told me to take Burdock Blood Bitters. Now I have no more pains and the rheumatism is all gone."

For sale at all drug and general stores; manufactured for the past 21 years, only by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

**FEED THE BIRDS CONTEST**  
The Guardian offers prizes of \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.00 to each of the three Counties to children Feeding, Counting, and Writing the Best Story about the Birds visiting their farms.  
This contest closes March 31.  
For further particulars see the "Birds" column in The Guardian.