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FOR EVERY SKIN

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Silver Fox Exhibitors' Association of Prince Edward Island will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown, on Tuesday, June 27th, at 1.30 o'clock. Full attendance of members is requested.

W. R. SHAW, Secretary

NOTICE

The quarterly meeting of the Fish and Game Protection Association will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown, Friday, June 2nd, at 8.00 P. M. Mr. Tufts, Maritime Migratory Bird Officer will be present.

J. M. MacFADYEN, Secretary.

P. E. I. and Cape Breton STEAMSHIP SERVICE Steamer "Enterprise"

Fast and direct Passenger Freight Service between Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton.

Leaving Georgetown every Wednesday at 7 A. M. arriving Port Hawkesbury and Mulgrave at about 2 P. M. and with calls at Isle Madame and Bras d'Or Lake Ports arrives at Sydney early Thursday afternoon.

Leaving Sydney every Monday at 7 A. M. calling at Bras d'Or Lake Ports, Isle Madame Ports, Mulgrave, Port Hawkesbury and arriving at Georgetown and Montague at about 2 P. M. Tuesday morning in good time to connect with morning train for Charlottetown.

Motor parties may leave Charlottetown on Wednesday mornings, join the Enterprise at Georgetown, up to 7 A. M. and arrive at Port Hawkesbury at about 2 P. M. and arrive at Sydney before express by connecting with C. N. Express at Mulgrave arrive at Sydney Wednesday evening; or by remaining aboard the Enterprise enjoy the most delightful sail on the Atlantic Seaboard, through the Starbuck of Canso, Le Beaver Narrows and through the entire stretch of the charming Bras d'Or Lakes and arrive at Sydney early Thursday afternoon after calling at Beddeck and many other interesting and beautiful lake ports.

This new Passenger and Freight service is the quickest and cheapest means of transportation between Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton.

For passenger, automobile and freight rates and for stateroom reservations apply to

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ROUND TRIP FARES (Rail to Saint John, and Steamer to Boston)

Saint John, N. B. \$10.00	Fredericton, N. B. \$12.40
Sussex, N. B. 11.50	Sackville, N. B. 14.40
Moncton, N. B. 13.10	Bathurst, N. B. 16.90
Point du Chene, N. B. 13.80	Charlottetown, P. E. I. 16.90

EQUALLY LOW FARES FROM OTHER POINTS

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

For information and reservations apply ticket office, Reid's Pt. Wharf Saint John, or Canadian National Railways or Canadian Pacific Railway coupon ticket offices throughout New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

My Best Girl

By **KATHLEEN NORRIS**

CHAPTER XIII

They could hear the rending, grinding sound of Maggie sobbing bitterly, deeply, as a child sobs and as if her heart would break.

The three exchanged glances, and presently Elizabeth said slowly: "It seems like we have the worst luck of any family in this city."

Her mother took the theme up readily.

Pop, up to this point, had been silent, as Pop generally was.

Now, suddenly, he rose to his feet and dashed to the ground the striped tea cloth he had been using as a napkin.

"Maggie!" he shouted.

Immediately she was in the kitchen.

"Maggie, we've had enough of this!" said Leonard Johnson, in a loud, authoritative voice. "I can't stand no more of it, and I ain't a-goin' to! You take that towel there and wash your eyes and fix your hair. And, Liz, you pack your sister some clothes! She's got seventeen minutes—if that clock's right—to catch the steamer, and she's goin' to catch it! She's goin' to get married on board to-day, or maybe in San Francisco or Los Angeles tomorrow or next day—you help her out there, Ma. Quick, now—while I phone for a taxi!"

"Len, are you crazy?" Ma began royally. But Pop, crazy or not, was at least unafraid.

"You quit talking, Minnie," he said sharply, "and get up and stir yourself." Pop said tenderly, solicitously, to Maggie, guiding her to the sink, switching on the cold water, the furious glare in his eyes as he looked at the other women in curious contrast to the gentleness of his voice when he addressed her. "In this envelope is my half-month's pay, dearie," he said—"You keep your mouth closed, Elizabeth, till I give you leave to speak!" Pop interpolated fiercely—"and you can get yourself some clothes first place you stop. Hurry up there, Ma—the taxi's liable to get here any minute."

"Len—it seems like I'm going to faint," said Mrs. Johnson, pausing pathetically in the act of rushing Maggie's black silk dress and her new clothes into a suitcase and adding Elizabeth's best nightgown and the Chinese wrapper she herself had won at a fair.

"Well, you faint, then, but let me get Maggie off first!" Len said briskly and heartlessly.

"Len, don't yell that way!" Ma said, weeping as she put on her black-velvet hat.

"And we ain't going to miss you, Maggie, and we ain't going to slump," Len interrupted the frightened chorus to say loudly, "Now, you come on out—put your gloves on in the taxi—we ain't got but fourteen minutes."

Laughing, crying, but always clinging tight to this newly found and amazing parent, Mary Margaret had only time to leave a hysterical goodbye with the dog, and the cat, and the beloved, despised, shabby kitchen, with its cooling coffee and congealing sausages and lump dish towels and greasy sink.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS AND HIGHWAYS

TENDERS FOR COAL

Charlottetown, Summerside and Georgetown, and Hospital for the Insane

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this office until noon on Tuesday, June 6th, 1933, from any person or persons willing to contract to supply the Provincial Building, Law Courts, the temporary quarters of Falconwood Hospital, that is the Newson Block Building and Sims' Building, Queens County Jail, Georgetown Court House and Jail, and Summerside Court House and Jail with coal for the season 1933.

Coal for buildings to be delivered in their respective vaults at the cost of the Contractor by the 1st of September next.

Weigh scales to be approved of by the Department.

Full particulars as to the quantity and quality for each building may be had at this office.

The names of two responsible persons willing to become bound for the faithful performance of the contract must accompany each tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tenders for Coal."

L. B. McMILLAN, Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, May 26, 1933. 9786-5-30-ts-41.

Then they were all four jammed into a taxi, and racketing through the Saturday morning streets, past the church, and the market, down the schoolhouse way—among the warehouses—

Their talk was incoherent—inconsequential—monosyllabic.

"Can he make it?"

"He says he doesn't know. Depends on the traffic on River Street."

"This ain't exactly an ideal wedding, dearie."

"Ah, don't Pop. You'll make me cry!"

"Driver, we goin' to make it?"

"How much time have we?—Lean forward there, Pop, and see can you see the clock at Rubenstein's?"

And then, down outside the big free-market, suddenly the agony of a halt.

An officer's imperative whistle and a blue-coated figure approaching.

But Ma, even though speechless, was not entirely without resources. She dismounted from the taxi, met the policeman, and as an interested little crowd gathered, and before that officer could speak, fainted from sheer emotion, heavily, into his arms.

"She's all right—go on," Pop said in an undertone.

Maggie sat back on the seat, holding Liz's hand, beginning to breathe again.

"Pop can we make it?"

"We could, dearie, if nothing else happens," Pop was beginning doubtfully, when another whistle, this time a soothing long breath, as of relief, interrupted him, and the driver, muttering something unintelligible that sounded like a prayer, turned into a curb, stopped the car, and uttered aloud the single disgusted word, "Flat."

Lizabeth Johnson had sprang from the machine, hailed another taxi, pushed her father and sister into it, and shouted feverishly: "To the Allegria, Dock Seventeen. Quick, now! I'll stay here and pay this man, Pop," she said, hurrying them on. "Good-bye, Maggie darling, forgive me if I've been mean to you, and have a good time, and don't worry."

Then Maggie and her father were rushing on again; they had reached the piers at last, Pier Eleven, Pier Thirteen—still so far to go! And they could see the big clock saying that the hour had come and gone. It was three minutes past eleven.

Maggie turned deadly white, but she managed an agonized smile of reassurance for her father.

"That's all right, Pop. We did our best!"

"Maybe they didn't sail on the minute," said the new driver encouragingly. "I've seen 'em twenty minutes late!"

"Oh, go on, then—go on!" the girl said feverishly.

"I can't go no faster than this, lady!" the driver said, hurt. "There ain't many of these cars can jump over or under trucks, you know. You'd do better to take your little suitcase and run for it."

"Do that, Maggie!" said the newly authoritative and decisive man who was her father. "I'll stay with him, dear. Look out where you go—ah, God bless you, my darling!"

"God bless you—and thank you, Pop dearest!" she whispered.

Then Maggie was running—running like mad toward the big arched entrance that said, "Pier Seventeen." A baggage boy had caught her bag and coat, and was running along beside her.

"The Davenport Line, miss?"

"No—the Allegria!"

"Oh—!" And his feet stopped, and hers, too, and they stared blankly at each other. "She's sailed, miss; she went out on time, this morning," the boy said. "That's her—out there in the bay."

As in a dream, Maggie stood still, on the rough, thick, splintery boards of the dock, and looked through the great arched opening, and saw the vessel, balanced like a beautiful great swan, not moving now, but far out on the blue water.

"The pilot's going to drop her any minute, now, miss. Ain't that a shame!" said the baggage boy sympathetically.

The girl did not stir. Her eyes were fixed on the Allegria, her hands clasped.

Somebody touched her arm, and she looked up and saw it was Joe's father. With him was Joe's mother; she had been crying, and his father's face looked grave, and his lashes were wet, too.

But Maggie did not cry. She gulped, and her wan little face twisted into a smile as she said simply: "I was going with him. I couldn't—I couldn't bear it. But it seems—he's gone."

"You were going with him!" his father said, sharply.

(To be Continued.)

Summer's around the corner!

ALREADY you are enjoying the outdoor season. You are tired of heavy clothes and heavy foods. Wouldn't you welcome a crisp breakfast tomorrow?

Well, serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes. The refreshing crispness and flavor of these toasted flakes make appetites take a new lease on life. Good for you too. So rich in energy and easy to digest.

Kellogg's are delicious with canned fruits or honey. Fine for the children—and how they'll like the change. Order the red-and-green package from your grocer. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

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OVEN-FRESH FLAVOR-PERFECT

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THAT THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW

(A column of interest to all recording accepted facts and worthy opinions regarding the place of alcoholic beverages in modern life; as well as news of the progress of the campaign for a "dry" world.)

(Sponsored by the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance P. E. I.)

(Forwarded for S. O. T. column by J. W. A. Nicholson, North Bedeque.)

In aiming at a target, no sensible person takes aim at the margin or outer ring, or even at the inner ring. The rifle-sights are turned upon the bull's eye, the very centre of the target. It would be wise if we always acted in the same fashion in dealing with the liquor business. So much effort is spent on the fringes of the problem. Who shall manufacture? Who shall sell? At what hours? In what quantities? In what sort of premises? To what sort of people? etc., etc. But if alcohol is sold as a beverage it will get its deadly work done, even if it were made by a Cardinal, sold by a Bishop, on Sunday, in a church. The evil is in the very stuff itself—a real nerve and brain poison—not in the circumstances surrounding it.

Three quarters of a century ago, that far-sighted temperance leader, the originator of the pledge-signing campaign for total abstinence, Joseph Livesey, in a "Christmas Present" (1857) hit the nail on the head. This is what he wrote:

"Instead of perceiving that the dreadful evils of the public-house system are concentrated in the drink, our legislators are constantly making a fuss about the size and rating of the houses, the character of the landlord, the hours of doing business, the company allowed, the games and amusements introduced, the adulteration of the liquors, the want of police inspection—all these and many other matters are made the subject of legislation, and fresh regulations and restraints are imposed accordingly. Everything but the right thing seems to have been discovered. Starting with the belief that the drinks themselves are good, it appears never to have occurred to them that there is a stimulating narcotic poison in all licensed drinks—Alcohol—which is the sole cause of all the evils complained of, and that any collateral evils are mere trickling streams proceeding from this polluted foun-

Residential Building Lots

A man called last week, looking for a lot to build on he said "I have been paying \$30.00 per month rent, for the last ten years." This would in ten years amount to \$3600.00, a tidy sum. Think it over Mr. Man, the above statement should at least start you thinking, and the first step to take is, secure a lot to build on. The undersigned has a number of very desirable lots head of School Street, also one lot on Elm Ave 60x100 feet, facing on the largest traffic of any street leading into Charlottetown and would be a good site for a service station or business stand. Apply to

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9794-5-30-tue-fri-41.

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