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MORSE'S TEAS have long held their reputation as leaders in the Maritimes, not only because of their delicious flavour, superior strength and constant uniformity, but also because of their "thick liqueuring" consistency in the cup. . . . .



## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND HOSPITAL ANNUAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance with the Act of Incorporation, a public meeting of all contributors to the Prince Edward Island Hospital will be held in St. Paul's Parish Hall, Charlottetown, on Friday, May 26th, 1933, at 8 p.m. for the purpose of electing Trustees for the government of the Institution in accordance with the by-laws and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before it.

ADA E. HARRIS,  
Secretary  
Board of Trustees.  
8481-5-13-rod-2 wks.

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Route. Starting at New York and calling at following ports in rotation: Halifax, St. Pierre, St. John's, Montreal, Ch. Town, St. Pierre, St. John's, Halifax, New York.

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## OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT!

I have recently taken over the store formerly owned by Geo. S. McLeod, Esq., at Hunter River. Besides having a full line of Groceries, Fruit and Confectionery, I will also have Flour, Feeds, Poultry, Supplies, Drugs and Fox Feeds. I solicit a share of your patronage and guarantee at all times prompt service and courteous dealings. Paying highest prices for eggs on a strict graded basis. Will be open for business on Thursday, May 18th. Special prices on Groceries, Flour and Feeds on Friday and Saturday, May 19th and 20th. Store open at nights during sale.

**Horace B. Cutcliffe**  
Hunter River

## 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 F. E. I.)

### A STUPID BUSINESS

An impartial analysis of the whole drink business, making, selling, buying, drinking, impresses one with its imbecility quite as much as with its immorality. Alcohol itself, of course, makes people addle-headed. It also seems as if governments that try to handle it as a business become stupefied and befuddled by it. Three simple statements regarding it, accepted for fact by every competent authority, will prove the point.

1—It helps nobody. Alcohol is not necessary in any shape or form for the healthy human system. Not only so but it is positively dangerous even in the smallest quantities. There is no advantage for anybody in using it. Whatever may be said for its use as a drug in case of illness—and very little can be said—it has no value as a beverage.

2—It hurts everybody. Alcohol is harmful to the human body. The hurtful consequences can be detected in the case of very tiny doses under the most favorable circumstances. The injury may be slight if the proper precautions are taken, such as drinking at meal-time, in moderate quantities, of greatly diluted strength. But there will be a reduction of physical skill and mental alertness nevertheless.

3—It wrecks many. There is no need to enlarge on this aspect of the matter. The story is age-old and world-wide. So terrible are the social consequences that practically every decent citizen recognizes the need of some drastic method of dealing with it. To a large section of the world's population it brings poverty, misery, ignorance, vice. Nor is it only the baser sort that it destroys. The brilliant are often among its victims. It reduces them to beasts. Many lives are blasted and many homes are turned into hells.

For Governments to permit or to utilize the drink traffic is an amazing imbecility. It is also a glaring immorality. Of drink its tale is told in every school—The maker, trader, drinker, is a fool.

## NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of Charlottetown Forum Ltd. will be held Wednesday, May 24th at 8 p.m. in Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown.

H. S. HENDERSON,  
Secretary.

NOTE—May 24th being a legal holiday the meeting will take place May 25th at the same hour.  
9612-5-19-31

# My Best Girl

By  
**KATHLEEN NORRIS**

"I thought you had to go to prison to get a clip like that!" said Joe. "Isn't it adorable? They call it the cocotte," Millicent told him enthusiastically.

"It's a crown of glory. If I were a girl," Joe said, with sudden fire, "I'd have had beautiful braids and curls and masses-of hair. It's pretty!"

"Say the word, Joe, and I'll be your little covered wagon," suggested Millicent, in an odd tone, and with a darling little laugh.

"Nothing doing. I'm in coll," Joe answered.

"You're not in coll! You're working. I like you an awful lot, Joe. You think I'm crazy, saying this. Perhaps I am. But"—her voice was husky—"but I like you an awful lot, Joe."

Girls always said that to him, and presumably to all the other fellows, when an evening had reached about this point, Joe reflected. That was the way persons got engaged, nowadays.

Millicent was trying it now. Right here, at the Carters' hot, crowded staid party, Millicent Russell was trying to land him.

"Nothing stirring," he said briefly. "Come on, let's dance."

Millicent raised the heavy eyelids, looked at him with superb insolence. "Who's the other woman, Joe?" she drawled theatrically. "Goodness, you are a brute!"

"There isn't any other woman!" He believed it. Yet, even now, when his face was close to Millicent's curled, perfumed bobbed head, he had a sudden memory of Maggie, childlike and eager, in a sleazy little faded white dress, with a mop of living gold tumbling upon her small shoulders.

"Goodness help me, it's that way with me now, Joe!" she whispered, not meeting his eyes.

They walked back to the store in absolute silence.

One night in early February, it chanced that at the Merrill table there were dining but three men: George Howard Merrill, president of the entire chain of stores, his trusty right-hand man and general manager, one Frank Flint, and the son of the house, Joseph Grant MacKenzie Merrill.

The last named was included in the party merely because he happened to be in the house, with no dinner engagement and because a wild rain was falling. George Merrill cared no longer whether his son and heir came or went.

Yet he had blindly idolized his son.

That young Joe had shown a lamentable indifference to society, and had flunked in college, after disposing of a small fortune in various idiotic, if not actually harmful ways, had been a bitter blow to the father's honest, hard-working pride. Since, however, he was actually living, they had begun, for the first time in his twenty years, to permit him, in their disgust and disappointment, to find his own level.

So that on this particular evening, upon seeing three places set at the family board, his father, scowlingly interrogating the butler, merely shrugged when the answer was that the third place was for Mr. Joseph.

"Oh, he don't matter!" said George Merrill. "We want to talk business. But Mr. Joe's all right. He won't hear a word we say!"

"I wish he would," Frank Flint, a big, rosy, silver-headed man, said politely. "We want that boy in the business, some day."

Mr. Merrill responded simply: "Frank, I don't know what he's doing, or what he wants to do! They're too much for me, nowadays. He's busy about something—it won't last. But while it keeps him out of mischief—or out of jail—"

"I'd be glad enough to have him get interested in the Mack. If he seems to catch on to anything to-night, as we talk, Frank, see if you can draw him out."

"Sorry to be late," said Joe, at this point, coming in.

"You're not late," his father assured him ungraciously. Sometimes, in the course of the last few years, his disappointment in this boy has risen almost to actual hatred.

(To be Continued.)

Maggie, and wish for all sort of good things for you," Joe said rather slowly. "Without—without, I say, having a crush on you!"

"Well, that'd be enough for me," she answered, still in the same audacious, high-spirited key. "I don't want any kissin', an' as for pettin' parties."

"Now, look here, you little idiot," he said, half angry and half laughing, "don't you think you can get away with that sort of thing! When your hour strikes, my dear, you won't be so sure you can get what you want! You'll be sick for more than kisses, then, Maggie, and afraid to take them. The whole world will turn itself into a sort of blur, and when he speaks you'll answer, and you'll say what he wants you to say, too. Don't fool yourself. You and I are friends—friends—I was down and out when we first began to talk together, and you gave me a right steer and it kind of made you like me. I like you—I love you—I think you're perfectly keen kid. But that kind of love's different. You're too young to know anything about it. Believe me, it's got a lot of pain in it, and it leaves a scar—you don't get over it—"

## CHAPTER VII.

She had begun by laughing, boldly. But she had sobered, to listen to him, lashes wide, lips slightly parted, little felt hat pushed back to show a film of gold across her earnest forehead. The colour had ebbed from her face, and putting her elbows on the table, she had covered her face with her hands—those small hard, red hands that Joe found so infinitely pathetic.

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## W. C. T. U. Notes

### IF TO BE CLEVER

If to be clever means that I must sneer  
At every honest effort to be good,  
Must tear to pieces all the brave  
revere,  
And scorn what isn't clearly understood:  
If only what is rotten can be art,  
Lord keep me from the sin of being smart.

If to be clever means that I must jest  
At all that men hold secret, and disdain  
The simple teachings telling what is best,  
Must serve the passion for my pocket's gain;  
If brilliance means an utter lack of heart,  
Lord save me from the sin of being smart.

If to be clever means that I must see  
All that is base and vile and call that real,  
And finding honor, swear it cannot be  
Because I've known some men to lie and steal;  
If wit must tear all gentle worth apart,  
Lord save me from the sin of being smart.

### BEER VS. BRAINS

What a spectacle we have witnessed in Washington during recent weeks! The answer to the cry for bread has been a wrangle over beer. Figuratively speaking, the House of Representatives in session, guided by that inspiring motto "Beer before Christmas," has resembled nothing quite so much as a smelly barroom with loafers seated on beer kegs quarrelling over alcoholic content and listening to brewers and distillers expatiate on the benefits of booze.

The only ray of light has been the presence of a minority group of conscientious, God-fearing dry members and representative prohibitionists who have protested against the proceedings, like the women "Crusaders" who in 1873 invaded the saloons in a campaign of song and prayer against the whole devilish liquor business.—Zion Herald.

"Seventy-one per cent. of all the alcohol consumed in the Dominion of Canada last year was contained in beer and wine."

### CHARGED WITH MURDER

"Prisoner at the bar, have you any thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush fell over the crowded court room, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for the answer to the judge's question.

Not a whisper was heard anywhere, and the situation had become painfully oppressive, when the prisoner was seen to move, his head raised, his hand clinched, and the blood rushed into his dull, careworn face.

Suddenly he arose to his feet, and in a low, but distinct voice, said:

"I stand here, before this bar, convicted of the willful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard, a wretch, that I returned from one of my prolonged debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife that I had sworn to love, cherish and protect.

"While I have no remembrance of committing the fatal deed, I have no right to condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as jury in this case, for the verdict is in accordance with the evidence.

"But may it please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife."

The startling statement created a tremendous sensation.

The prisoner paused a few seconds and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice:

"I repeat, your honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife.

"The judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within the bar, and most of witnesses, in the bar, and most of the witnesses, including the pastor of the old church, are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to stand with me before His Judgment Throne, where we shall be righteously judged.

"If it had not been for the saloons of my town, I never would have become a drunkard, my wife would have been a sober man and would not be here now, ready to be hurled into eternity! Had it not been for the inhuman traps, I would have been a sober man and an industrious workman, a tender

# ASK any OWNER

HERE is the real test of Westinghouse efficiency, convenience and economy! Any Westinghouse Refrigerator owner will tell you about the trouble-free, attention-free performance of this exclusive, Dual-automatic, hermetically-sealed refrigerator. Check its modern convenience features such as built-in crisp pan, rolling shelves, electrically lighted interior, etc., and ask about the savings it effects in the home... savings that pay for the refrigerator many times over.

Owners will tell you "It's worth a lot to have Westinghouse build your refrigerator." Yet it costs so little, at present prices and terms, that you need not wait a day longer to enjoy electric refrigeration at its best!

Canadian Built

FOR SALE BY  
**MILLER BROS Ltd.**

Every house needs  
**Westinghouse**

father and a loving husband. But today my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, my little children—God bless and care for them!—cast out upon the mercy of the world!—whilst I am to be hung by the strong arm of the State!

"God knows I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway, my weak, diseased will-power was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing appetite for liquor. For one year our town was without a saloon. For one year my wife and children were happy and our little home was a paradise.

"I was one of those who signed remonstrances against the re-opening of the saloons of our town. One-half of this jury, the prosecuting attorney on this case, and the judge who sits on this bench, all voted for saloons! By their votes and influence the saloons were re-opened, and they made me what I am."

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present, and many of the spectators and some of the lawyers were moved to tears.

"I began my downward career at a saloon bar—legalized and protected by the voters of this town. After the saloons you allowed have made me a drunkard and a murderer, I am taken before another Bar—the Bar of Justice, and now the Law Power will conduct me to the place of execution, and hasten my soul to Eternity. I shall appear before another Bar—the Judgment Bar of God—and there you, who have legalized the traffic, will have to appear with me! Think you that the Great Judge will hold me, the poor, weak, helpless victim of your traffic, alone responsible for the murder of my wife?

"In my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition I have murdered one, but you have deliberately voted for the saloons which have murdered thousands, and they are in full operation today with your consent.

"All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth.

"You legalized the saloons and made me a drunkard and a murderer, and you are guilty with me

No Chance

The accused had been convicted of bigamy, and the judge asked "Have you anything to say?"

"No, not a word," was the reply.

"It's hardly likely," retorted the judge. "A man with two wives would never get a chance."

Henry Ford says "the country far better off today than it was a year ago." He may mean that it has fewer dollars and more sense.

## Every Week the Browns Enjoy ONE meal FREE

"It's on the Electric Refrigerator"

The Browns have learned that an electric refrigerator is a pleasant aid to thrifty living. After every meal, the food left over is put away in a spacious compartment of the refrigerator. Some "rainy day" these left-overs become the ingredients of tempting new dishes. Tasty meat loaves and souffles . . . savory soups . . . sparkling jellies are, more often than not, left-overs glorified by the clever cook. In the Brown's home one meal every week costs nothing . . . It's made from food saved by the electric refrigerator.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerators SMALL DOWN PAYMENT 24 MONTHLY PAYMENTS

See the latest models on display at our store or ANY DEALER'S

"I NEVER BELIEVED AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR WOULD SAVE SO MUCH FOOD!"

## SALE NOTICE

Thomas Cassidy, will sell by Public Auction on his premises, the following articles on Tuesday, May 30th, at 2 o'clock.

- 1 colt
- 1 cart
- 1 truck wagon
- 1 driving wagon
- 1 driving sleigh
- 1 wood sleigh
- 2 harrows
- 2 ploughs
- 1 wheel rake
- 2 sets harness

and a number of small articles.

6537-5-20-st-2L

**Maritime Electric Company, Ltd**  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**Her BACKACHES have GONE!**

Quick, sure relief with Fruit-a-tives

"Your splendid remedy acted like a tonic to my entire system. I can't begin to tell what I suffered from backaches due to kidney derangement. When I would bend down it seemed that I couldn't straighten up again. I was continually awakened at night from the same cause. Dizzy, sick headaches and a weak stomach made me feel perfectly wretched. Now thanks to your wonderful 'Fruit-a-tives', I am enjoying life again."

Fruit-a-tives . . . all drug stores

**END PAIN—Soothe SORE HANDS by Rubbing in**

**MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT**