



# good-bye Winter

GOOD-BYE heavy clothes and heavy foods. It's time to change to crispness. Start the day with delicious, fresh Kellogg's Corn Flakes. You'll delight in the refreshing flavor—and feel keener, better.

Give the children a change at supper by serving bowls of Kellogg's and milk. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont.



## Kellogg's for crispness

Eagles are said to destroy an enormous portion of the salmon crop of Alaska.

### Notice To Trout Anglers

The trout fishing season opens on the sixteenth day of April, 1933, in all the rivers of this Province. In the lakes that have been stocked with Rainbow Trout the season does not open until the first day of July, 1933.

S. T. GALLANT, Supervisor of Fisheries. 6863-4-12-14-2i

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### SWEET VANITY

By RICHARD GOYNE

"Unless you knew too much, that night?" He did not meet her gaze. Viciously he chose a fresh road for his speech.

"I mean about Cavendish himself: I was going to talk about him. Why he went away." He shot across a keen gaze at last. "You didn't know the reason, did you?" She could not pretend disinterest. She could not. She could not. Her eyes flashed as he made the insinuation of a secret reason.

"I didn't even try to find out." She rose, and held out her hand. He did not take it. He kept his own clasped behind his back, like a schoolboy handling a stone behind his back when he has been punished. Knowing a flint to be deadly in its striking, fearing to use it, not knowing even where to throw.

"I might have told you, Cynthia." He hedged for time, for calm, for a suitable opportunity. The blow, when it fell, he knew would strike deep into Cynthia's heart. She would not show it, perhaps, for a long time.

His hands closed tight over the flint as he hedged, this way and that, for an opening. "I meant to tell you," he strove on, the while she was silent, and afraid. "I thought it would help, perhaps. Then I feared that it wouldn't. Cynthia, you haven't forgotten and, for your own sake, I've got to tell you."

Because he, too, was afraid, he waited. And she continued to look at him.

"Well—go on." A wild thrill surged through him. "He tried," he said, with a sneer, "but he couldn't go on. He was playing with you, Cynthia, and you wouldn't give in."

He paused. She heard the faint hiss of his drawn breath and her heart seemed to pause as he said.

"Peter Cavendish was married. He came back, I think, to his wife. That's why."

CHAPTER XII. Cynthia Marland felt all the spirit go out of her as she heard Dicky's announcement and noted the triumphant sneer.

"I don't believe you," she cried hoarsely, and it was such an unsatisfactory retort that Dicky could not but smile.

It happens to be true. Of course it was true. Smythe wouldn't have taken a chance on a thing like that, she reasoned. But still, her instinct was to defend Peter.

Cynthia shuddered and then, for some reason indignation rose within her.

"I think you've said enough," she replied. "You had better go."

When he had gone, Cynthia went over to the piano and let her fingers wander over the shining keys, playing a melancholy melody upon them. They were very humiliating thoughts that were running through her mind, just then, for Dicky had struck deep. He had told the truth. She had loved Peter. That love, although she had treated it capriciously, had been the one big thing in her life. His going and this news, had rocked the foundations of her world.

That was the tragedy of it all. Cynthia hadn't been trained to stand blows of such magnitude. The reaction would inevitably be a reckless abandon of all that might have held her to a reasonable existence; and it was.

A week later Cynthia went to London and took up her abode at the charming flat. The stores, the source of her income, were flourishing. She had more money than she knew what to do with, and, with the still hopeful Dicky flitting about her, she began to do in London what she had done in Midley.

Money brought company enough. Cynthia began to build up a set of people as recklessly eager as herself, to drink the wine of life. And London was bigger than Midley. The clubs, the cabarets, the flats of her fellow sensation-seekers were legion, and all to be explored.

Cynthia explored them, and learned to play as madly as any. Her beauty and charm were dangerous assets for a young woman without any desire other than to enjoy herself to the full, and to forget a wounded pride and a broken love. She flirted light-heartedly with men free to flirt, and with some who were not. It was as though, through them, she was getting her revenge upon Peter.

Cynthia was burning the candle at both ends and not caring when the flames met. She got to that state at which she woke up every morning with a headache; she arrived at that stage when she found the hours of five to seven in the evening unbearable because they were the only ones empty of hectic excitement, the stage where one rose in time for late lunch, and retired too late for breakfast.

Scandal flourished about her. They nicknamed her Sweet Vanity. She became the rage of a certain set. No Bohemian function was complete without her. And then, of

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### W. C. T. U. Notes

CARBON MONOXIDE IN CIGARETTES—DOES THIS MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

This was compiled by Rev. Dr. J. G. Potter of McVicar Memorial Presbyterian Church, Montreal, and printed for distribution by Fairmount W.C.T.U. of Montreal Northern District

The tenth Annual Congress of Anesthetists, meeting in New York recently in connection with the general gathering of notable leaders in all fields of medical practice, heard a paper read in which appeared this significant statement. We quote textually from The New York Times of October 15, page 17, column six:

"The smoking of cigarettes definitely increases the content of carbon monoxide in the blood, and is consequently injurious to the human system, it was reported recently at a meeting of the anesthetists at the Post Graduate Hospital. Tests conducted by the staff of Dr. John A. Killian, head of the department of bio-chemistry at the Post-Graduate Medical School, showed that with each puff of a cigarette, a tiny bit of carbon monoxide, a deadly poison, enters the blood through the lungs."

Although it is impossible to obtain accurate statistics on how many cigarettes are consumed in Montreal in the course of a year, investigation would lead us to the belief that "Lady Nicotine's" devotees in this city and district consumed at least 625,000,000 cigarettes in 1930. In all Canada, five billion cigarettes were smoked, an average of 500 for every man, woman and child in the Dominion. The population of Canada has scarcely doubled since the beginning of the century, but the consumption of cigarettes has increased over forty-fold.

### Protestant Orphanage Annual Collections

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### Resurrection

YE who fear death, Behold the buds bursting; Ye who fear death, Hark, how the robins sing; Ye who fear death, Go, hear the crocus crying, Eternal Spring!

YE who fear death, See how the trees are greening, Risen to life before the April sun; Ye who fear death, Give way to joy and gladness, New life's begun!

Since has been Since days first had beginning, Glad prophecies of Resurrection Morn; Weep not before a closed tomb In Joseph's garden, Life is reborn!

—Ralph S. Cushman

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### NOTICE

My wife, Laura Mossman, having left my bed and board, I hereby notify all concerned that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted or liabilities incurred by her, whether in my name or otherwise. Dated this third day of April, A.D., 1933.

DENNIS MOSSMAN, Souris, P. E. I. 8802-4-8-sat-31

### Department of Public Works and Highways

### TENDERS ROCKY POINT FERRY

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this office until noon of SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1933, from any person or persons willing to contract to run the above mentioned ferry for the season 1933 according to specification, terms and conditions to be seen at this office.

The name of two good and responsible persons willing to become bound for the faithful performance of this contract must accompany each tender.

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

Tenders shall be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Rocky Point Ferry Tender."

L. B. McMILLAN, Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways. Charlottetown, April 3, 1933. 8708-4-4-tis-81.

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