

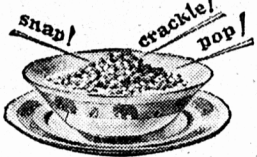
A touch of SPRING for breakfast



All the family will welcome Kellogg's Rice Krispies these mornings. Delicious rice bubbles that crackle in milk or cream. What could bring a more refreshing change from the heavy, hot dishes of winter!

And truth to tell, we don't need so many heavy, hot foods in this age of steam-heated houses and closed automobiles. That's why red flannels and bed warmers have disappeared—and why crisp, delicious cereals are becoming more and more popular.

Kellogg's Rice Krispies are rich in energy, easy to digest. Splendid for children's meals. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Quality guaranteed.



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575-2-6-1 month.

Husband (a travelling salesman)
—Who is that strange woman I
just saw in our kitchen?
Wife—Ssh! That's the cook-of-
the-month.



READ THIS

GRATEFUL MOTHER'S LETTER

"With my last baby," writes Mrs. William McLean of Elora, "and I have a family of eight children, I was only able to nurse him for about four months, and then naturally turned to Eagle Brand, but after starting him on Eagle Brand he gave me little or no trouble, sleeping regularly between feedings, and grew to be such a happy, contented little fellow. He cut his teeth without difficulty and has not had a sick day since. Wherever I go, people admire him and say 'What a lovely baby,' and ask me how I feed him. Eagle Brand is highly thought of in our home, and I recommend it to every mother seeking a satisfactory food for her infant."

Every photograph and letter published by the Borden Company is voluntarily sent us by a grateful parent or other relative.
FREE! Wonderful Baby Booklet!

The Borden Co., Limited,
115 George Street,
Toronto, Ontario.

Gentlemen: Please send me free copy of your new 64-page edition, "Baby Welfare."

Name _____

Address _____

The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Fedler

(Continued)

He said no more and an uncomfortable silence fell between them. Jean was suddenly conscious that it might be possible to be a little afraid of this man. She did not like that side of him—the self-willed, masterful side—of which, almost deliberately, he had just given her a glimpse.

With the appearance of tea the slight sense of tension vanished, and the conversation dropped into more ordinary channels. She discovered that he had travelled considerably and was familiar with many of the places to which, at different times, she had accompanied her father and mother, and over the interchange of recollections the little hint of discord—of challenge, almost—was forgotten.

They were still chatting amicably together half an hour later when Blake returned. The latter's face darkened as he entered the hall and found them together, nor did it lighten when Jean recounted the afternoon's adventure.

"I suppose Miss Peterson has your lodge-keeper's boys to thank for this?" he demanded stormily of Burke.

"I'm afraid that's so," admitted the other.

"If you had any consideration for your neighbours, you'd sack the lot of them," returned Blake sharply. "Or else see that they're kept under proper control. They've given trouble before, but it is a little too much of a good thing when they dare to play practical jokes of that description on a guest of ours."

Jean stared at him in astonishment. She had told the story as rather a good joke and in explanation of Burke's presence, and, instead of laughing at her dilemma, Tormarin appeared to be thoroughly angry over the matter.

Burke remained coolly unprovoked.

"I can't say I've any quarrel with the young ruffians," he said. "They afforded me a charming afternoon."

"Doubtless," retorted Blake. "But that's hardly the point. Anyway"—heady—"I'll thank you to see that those lads are kept in

order."

"My dear Blake, you fill me with alarm! I'd no idea you were such a bloodthirsty individual! But seriously, what had the poor man done to incur your wrath? He's been most helpful."

There was an element of self-mockery in the brief smile which crossed his face.

"Perhaps that was just it. I've rather grown to look upon it as my own particular prerogative to help you out of difficulties."

"Well, naturally I'd rather it had been you," she allowed, twinkling.

"Of course I do"—lightly. She had failed to notice the eagerness of demand in his quick question.

"I'm moved to it! Besides, I believe Mr. Burke rather frightens me. He's a trifle—overwhelming. Still"—shaking her head reprovingly—"I don't think that excuses you. You must have a shocking temper."

He laughed shortly.

"Most of the Tormarins have ruined their lives by their temper. I'm no exception to the rule."

Jean's thoughts flew back to the description she had overheard when in London: "A Tormarin in a temper is like a devil with the bit between his teeth."

"Then it's true," escaped her lips.

"What's true?"—with some surprise. "That the Tormarins are a vile-tempered lot? Quite. If you want to know more about it, ask my mother. She'll tell you how I came about, m'sz zzu 'vepk' to 'nn came by this white lock of hair—the mark of the beast."

Jean was trying to make the comments of the woman at the hotel and Blake's own confession tally with her recollection of the latter's complete self-control on several occasions when he, or any other man, might have been pardoned for yielding to momentary anger.

"I believe you're exaggerating absurdly," she said at last. "As a matter of fact, I've often been surprised at your self-control, seeing that I know you have a temper concealed about you somewhere. I think that is why your anger this afternoon took me aback. It seem-

ed unlike you to be so fearfully annoyed over practically nothing at all. I don't believe"—half smiling—"that really you're anything like as hot-tempered as a Tormarin ought to be—to support the family tradition!"

He was looking, not at her but beyond her, as she spoke, as though his thoughts dwelt with some past memory. His expression was inscrutable; she could not interpret it. Presently he turned back to her, and though he smiled there was a deep, unfathomable sadness in his eyes.

"I've had one unforgettable lesson," he said quietly. "The Tormarin temper—the cursed inheritance of every one of us—has ruined my life just as it has ruined others before me."

The words seemed to fall on Jean's ears with a numbing sense of calamity, not alone in that past to which they primarily had reference, but as though thrusting forward in some mysterious way into the future—her future.

She was conscious of a vague foreboding that that "cursed inheritance" of the Tormarins was destined, sooner or later to impinge upon her own life.

At night, when she went to bed her mind was still groping blindly in the dark places of dim premonition. Single sentences from the afternoon's conversation kept flitting through her brain, and when at last she slept it was to dream that she had lost her way and was wandering alone in a wild and desolate region. Presently she came to a solitary dwelling, set lonely in the midst of the interminable plain. Three wretched-looking scrubby little fir trees grew to one side of the house, all three of them bent in the same direction as though beaten and bowed forward by ceaseless winds. While she stood wondering whether she should venture to knock at the door of the house and ask her way, it opened and Geoffrey Burke came out.

"Ah! There you are!" he exclaimed, as though he had been expecting her. "I've been waiting for you. Will you come into my parlour?"

He smiled at her as he spoke—and she could see the even flash of his white teeth—but there was something in the quality of the smile which terrified her, and without answering a word she turned to escape.

But he overtook her in a couple of hand in a grip so fierce that it had a na grip so fierce that it seemed as though the bones of her fingers must crack under it.

"Come into my parlour," he repeated. "If you don't, you'll be stamped forever with the mark of the beast. It's too late to try and run away."

Jean woke in a cold perspiration of terror. The dream had been of such vividness that it was a full minute before she could realize that actually, she was safely tucked up in her own bed at Staple. When she did, the relief was so immeasurable that she almost cried.

The next morning, with the May sunshine streaming in through the open window, it was easier to laugh at her nocturnal fears, and to trace the odd phrases which, snatched from the previous day's conversation with Burke and Tormarin and jumbled up together, had supplied the nightmare horror of her dream.

But, even so, it was many days before she could altogether shake off the disagreeable impression it had made on her.

(To be Continued)

To Avoid Grippe, Keep Nostrils Clear

It is in the breathing organs that the germ of Influenza gains its foothold. Go after your little cold at once. With the first sneeze, use Catarrhoxone Inhaler. Flu germs can't live in the atmosphere of Catarrhoxone. You get relief at once. The cough and nose cold stop quickly. Sore throat is relieved. Sneezing, spitting and pain over the eyes come to an end. Nothing quicker than Catarrhoxone for Grippe, Colds, Catarrh, Influenza, and winter ills. Sold everywhere, complete outfit, including Inhaler, \$1.00; small size 50c.



hand for the future."

Jean glanced across at Burke with some apprehension, half fearing a responsive explosion of wrath on his part, but to her relief he was smiling—a twinkling, mischievous smile that redeemed the ugliness of his features.

"Fraid I can't truthfully declare I'm sorry, Tormarin," he said good-humouredly. "You wouldn't in my place."

The man was keeping his temper in the face of considerable provocation, and Jean liked him better at that moment than she had done throughout the entire afternoon. Tormarin's own attitude she quite failed to understand, and after Burke's departure she took him to task for his churlishness.

"It was really absurd of you, Blake," she scolded, half-smiling, half in genuine vexation. "As if Mr. Burke could possibly be held responsible for the actions of a mischievous schoolboy! At least he did all he could to repair the damage; he brought me back, and recovered the missing pair of oars for me. You hadn't the least reason to flare up like that."

Blake listened to her quietly. The anger had died out of his face and his eyes were somewhat sad.

"You're right," he said at last, "absolutely right. But there rarely is any reason for a Tormarin's temper. Do you know—it sounds ridiculous, but it's perfectly true—it was all I could do not to knock Burke down."

"My dear Blake, you fill me with alarm! I'd no idea you were such a bloodthirsty individual! But seriously, what had the poor man done to incur your wrath? He's been most helpful."

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(To be Continued)

New Wonderful Face Powder

Prevents Large Pores — Stays on Longer
For a youthful complexion, use new wonderful MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Hides tiny lines, wrinkles and pores. New French process makes it spread more smoothly and stay on longer. No more shiny nose. Purest face powder known. Prevents large pores. Ask today for new, wonderful face powder, MELLO-GLO that suits every complexion.

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(To be Continued)

IN MEMORIAM

MARY BUCHANNAN

Mary Buchanan died at the old home in Heatherdale on Wednesday, March 7th, 1932, aged 46 years. The case of this patient and gentle lady was a most touching one. From the cradle to the grave she was an invalid. She never walked. She had to be wheeled about in a chair and for the last two years of her pathetic earthly course, she had by doctor's orders to lie in her bed. In former years she would do a little knitting and sewing. She appeared to be taking her lot happily with a gentle and resigned smile on her face. Everybody that knew Mary now wish to believe that she went to be among those concerning whom the Angel in Revelation explained to John "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Rather remarkable was her end. In possession of the feeble flicker of vitality when practically to the end she suddenly lapsed into unconsciousness and in a few hours she was no more.

Her parents predeceased her by a number of years and she is survived by four brothers as follows: Malcolm of Alston, Mass., Duncan of Chicopee, Mass., Murdoch and Robert at home. Messrs. Dan Matheson, Morris Vanderstine, Russell McPhee, Adam McKinnon, John Bruce and D. A. McKinnon were her pall bearers while Rev. D. M. Sinclair assisted Rev. Allister Murray, her pastor, with the funeral services. The interment was to Valleyfield cemetery. Until the day dawns and the shadows flee away, when we believe Mary will appear not the helpless invalid she was in the days of her earthly pilgrimage, but lithe and strong in the exuberance of eternal life.

STEPHEN COMPTON

Stephen Compton passed from these earthly scenes with tragic suddenness at the tender age of 19 years last Sept. He dropped dead as he was splitting some firewood at his own door, Tuesday afternoon March 29th, 1932. To his wife his death came as a terrible shock, collapsing under the dreadful strain, and it seriously ill since. Her case is truly a distressing one. They were married only a few months.

Mr. Compton was a pleasant and popular young man, well liked by all who knew him. His death has cast a gloom over the whole community and country around. His mother, now Mrs. Duncan McRae, Iris, and his sister, Mrs. Neil McLean, Iris, along with the young widow and the other immediate friends are taking this sore and sudden bereavement very hard. We assure these and all the friends of our sincere sympathy in this their hour of deep sorrow and pray that the God of all comfort may support them. How mysterious are a God's providences, but some are more so than others. Truly this is one of these, but one day we shall understand. May we take comfort now in the thought that there is an allwise and loving purpose in it all no matter how hard on flesh and blood the parting with our loved ones may be.

Messrs. James McLean, James Young, Stanley McLeod, Carlton Hume, Preston Beaton and Harry McLeod were the pall bearers. The interment was to Brooklyn cemetery. The largely attended services at the home and grave were conducted by the Rev. Allister Murray, Caledonia, who spoke with deep solemnity and earnestness from Mark 13: 37—Watch. "Watch for the night is long. Watch for the foe is strong. Watch for the treasure's dear; Watch for the Lord is near."

FEWER BABIES IN GERMANY
BERLIN, April 6.—Marriages and births are on the decline in Germany, the decrease last year amounting to nearly 10 per cent.

For the first nine months of last year there were 366,188 marriages compared with 406,019 for the same period in 1930.

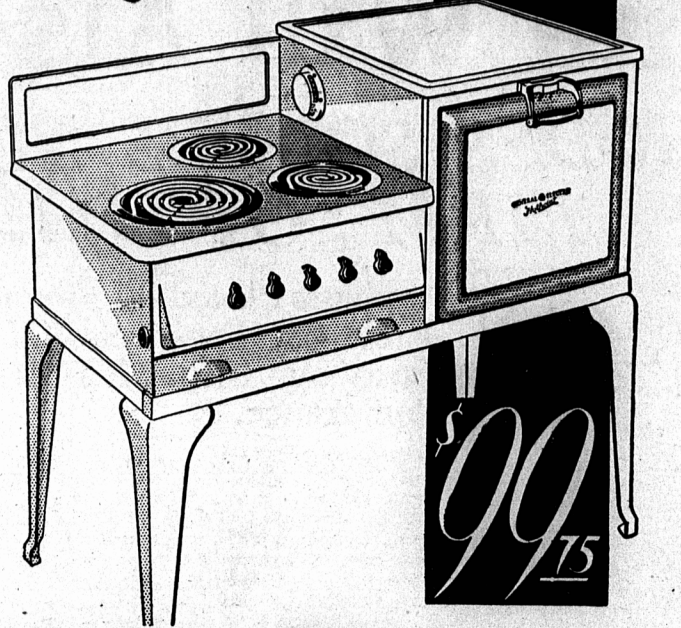
The decline is actually more serious than the bare figures reveal for last year larger numbers of men and women reached marriageable age.

The birth rate in cities of more than 100,000 population reached a new low level, dropping to 11.6 per 1,000 compared with 13 per cent in 1920 and 13.3 in 1929.

Shoemaker—Here are the shoes for your new Polar expedition. Were you satisfied with the boots I made for you the last trip?

Explorer—Quite. They were the best boots I ever ate on a Polar expedition.

\$10 puts this Cabinet Model in your home!



GENERAL ELECTRIC Hotpoint Range



This remarkable element makes Hotpoint electric cookery as fast and economical as gas and convenient. It is an exclusive feature of General Electric Hotpoint Ranges.

MADE IN CANADA

HOTPOINT electric cookery—clean as sunshine, fast as electricity—can be yours to enjoy right away. Simply pay a few dollars down—a few dollars a month—and you can own any General Electric Hotpoint Range you desire.

Think of the difference a Hotpoint Range will make to you. A cleaner, cooler kitchen! Better-flavored, electrically-cooked meals! Fast and economical cooking with Hi-Speed CALROD Elements!

The General Electric Hotpoint Range—“designed by women for women”—brings you every modern convenience, including Super-Automatic Oven Control. See the various models at your dealer's—and have a cabinet model completely installed in your home for as little as \$10 down.

For Sale by

Maritime Electric Company, Ltd.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED

INCREASE IN P. E. I. POTATO SHIPMENTS
Potato shipments from Prince Edward Island to the mainland have been increasing somewhat lately,

and anywhere from thirteen to forty-four carloads are being transported by the car ferry Charlottetown daily. The traffic while by no means equal to last year, is a wel-

come addition to the car loadings of the Canada National Railways—Moncton Times.

NOTICE!

To Whom it May Concern:—All Peddlars wishing to do business in the Town of Borden must procure a license before doing business. These licenses may be procured from the Town Clerk, L. E. RICHARD, Town of Borden.

1883-4-7-31.

NOTICE!

To Whom it May Concern:—All Streets in the Town of Borden are closed to Automobile traffic until further order. By Order STREET COMMITTEE, Town of Borden.

1883-4-7-31.

AUCTION SALE

AT KINGSTON, LOT 31 ON MONDAY, APRIL 11th, 1932 AT 1 O'CLOCK

I am instructed by the Executors of the estate of the late Hampton Green to sell at public auction, on the premises, Kingston, on the above date, Farm, Crop, Stock and Implements including a quantity of good seed grain. Terms at sale.

A. MacRAE, Auctioneer.

1889-4-5-tis-31.

BOVRIL

"Beef Goodness" AFTER ILLNESS MAY save you weeks of weakness



Pure!

No substitute can be good enough

Christie's Arrowroots

Your Mother's Mother gave her children "Christie's" Arrowroots, Canada's original Arrowroot Biscuits, baked in Canada by Christie's since 1853. There is nothing better for your children.

