

Older Boys Conference At Valleyfield

On Friday evening, Oct. 19th the boys of Eastern Queens and Kings Counties gathered in conference in the United Church in Valleyfield. There were in all with the leaders sixty-five enrolled. The registrars, Mr. W. A. Bruce, reported the following communities represented: Valleyfield, 23 boys, Charlottetown 13, Montague 7, Murray River and Harbour 5, Pownal 2, Union Road 3, Georgetown 3, Corquwall 2, Kinross 2, York 1.

The following were the leaders: Rev. F. M. Milligan, in charge, Revs. D. M. Sinclair, E. M. Aitken, C. U. MacNevin, H. E. Campbell, C. N. Brown, T. R. Goudge, J. Stirling and W. E. Aitken.

At the Friday evening session the boys appointed their officers to preside over the conference. Grand Praetor, Robert MacPhee, Bellevue; Deputy Praetor, Keith Morrow, Charlottetown; Grand Scriptor, Stewart Ives, Montague; Grand Comptor, Walcott MacPherson, Ulg.

On Saturday morning the boys were formed into squares according to age. They appointed their own officers, Praetor, Deputy Praetor, Scriptor and Comptor. There was an address on some of the live problems in the life of Jesus. What is there about Jesus that appeals to you? What do you understand by the phrase "knowing Jesus"? Which of the following statements describe Jesus most satisfactorily? 1. A friend to be loved. 2. A hero to be admired. 3. A leader to be followed. 4. A divine Saviour to be believed and worshipped. 5. A teacher to be obeyed. The character of the reply depended upon the age of the group. The younger ones looked to Jesus as a hero; the older boys as a divine Saviour to be believed and worshipped. One thing that is fraught with favor for the future is the appeal that the life of Jesus is making to the boys of today. The boys are keenly aware of his contribution to life and are desirous of emulating his life. It is worthy of note that over 50% of the boys at the conference were church members, and of the rest two thirds were seriously considering membership in the church.

One big feature of the conference was temperance. Rev. C. U. MacNevin of Georgetown gave a most interesting address on the question of alcohol in the human derelict that are cast upon the shores of time and called upon the boys to work for the removal of an evil that works more havoc in our society than anything else.

The following resolution was brought in by the conference and unanimously carried. "We as the Older Boys Conference convened in Valleyfield and representing the older boys of Eastern Kings and Queens Counties of P. E. I. desire to put ourselves on record as endorsing prohibition as the best policy so far discovered for the suppression of the drink evil. We however feel that the enforcement of this law could be

more effectively carried out, and hereby pledge ourselves that when the time comes for us to act as responsible citizens, we will do our utmost towards getting proper enforcement.

We also believe that the final remedy is only to be found in sane temperance education, concerning the evils of alcohol from a scientific standpoint, and to this end would recommend that an intensive study of this question be conducted this year in every square and camp in our territory."

On Saturday evening the Conference sat down to a sumptuous feast provided by the good ladies of Valleyfield United Church. After all had most generously partaken of the good things provided the Rev. F. M. Milligan led in a hearty sing song to the pleasure and delight of all. The list of toasts followed with the Grand Praetor, Robert MacPhee as toastmaster. The King, Canada, responded by Mervin Herring, responded to by Mr. John A. Campbell, M. P. P. Homes and parents, proposed by Arthur Jones, responded to by Mr. S. M. Martin. Our Schools, proposed by Harry Smith, responded to by Mr. W. A. MacPhee. The Church proposed by Wilfred Boothroyd, responded to by Mrs. W. A. Bruce.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Milligan spoke to the boys on "How Can We Know God?" His chief points were: 1. Be still and know that I am God, the need of quiet for reflective and creative thought. The muscles need rest, so also the mind and the spirit of man. 2. If any man will do his will he shall know. Knowledge of God is gained through doing His commands. 3. The need of sacrificing everything that would make us less than our best and separating us from God. 4. The contributions the church has to make to each one and the contribution that each one has to make to the Church. Church membership was stressed as the best avenue for service.

On Sunday evening the Conference closed. A very fine congregation listened to an address by Rev. F. M. Milligan on "The Church and Youth." He spoke of how the church has been calling to youth so as to help youth. That is a call that has not the proper appeal. The call that does appeal to youth is "Come thou with us for thou canst do us good." To that call to sacrifice youth will respond.

A certain amount of competition was carried on among the different groups. Revs. D. M. Sinclair and W. E. Aitken were appointed judges. Rev. Mr. Aitken announced and awarded Top Notch badges to the members of the winning square, No. 3, which was under the mentorship of Rev. E. M. Aitken. The award was based on general activity, conduct, attendance, minutes, and group yell.

The Conference was a splendid success. The boys reached decisions that will be of real value to their lives. The hearty good fellowship and communion of those meetings in Valleyfield will yield fruit among the future manhood of P. E. I.—some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold.

Australia has increased the import duties on movie films.

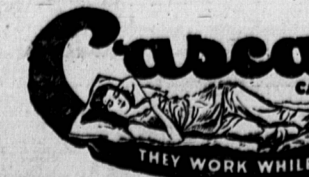
"They work while you sleep"

When the bowels need help there is nothing like Cascarets; nothing more efficient, nothing so good for the system. Any doctor can confirm these facts.

Candy Cascarets give you pure cascara in a most pleasant form. Take one tonight. See how fine you feel all next day. Without discomfort and without harmful effects this gentle laxative cleanses the whole thirty feet of bowels. Cascarets never produce that nauseous feeling usually associated with the use of laxatives. And their action is so natural that there is no danger of forming the laxative habit. You can take them as often as you please—or give them freely to children or old folks.

A coated tongue or a laden breath is a signal for a candy Cascaret. Or a sick headache, or any sluggish feeling; any time you believe the liver and bowels are not functioning fully, Cascarets will sweep away accumulations in the lower bowel. They are sweetened with pure cane sugar and flavored with real licorice, making them the ideal laxative for children.

Full medical endorsement proves their principle is right; the use of 20 million packages a year proves their effectiveness.



Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Southern Notes

Mr. J. D. MacRae, of South Pinette, was a visitor to Wood Island, this week.

There were no hotel arrivals at Port Wood during the past two or three days.

The appearance of the woods at present is so beautiful as to beggar description.

Mr. Charles Mosher, of Port Wood, is making an early start for next year's lobster fishing. He has commenced already to build traps.

Potatoes are being moved now to Murray River, Murray Harbor and Hopfield, Wood Island, and Belle River Stations in great quantities. Prices range between 80 and 90 cents per bushel. I hear of no cases of rot.

Mr. Daniel Keenan, of Port Wood was recently presented with two attractive pigeons, but the poultry dealer them, and if they were not extremely active and quick of flight they would have as poor a life as Jags, which is about the limit for a man free white and twenty-one.

Nothing is constant but change. Old customs, old styles, old ways pass away like worn out coats or shoes. Do you remember for instance the sign-boards we used to have in Charlottetown? The signs of commodities for sale. They stood sometimes on the ground near the sidewalk or hung suspended above it and projected well over it. A huge clock or exaggerated watch denoted that accurate time was sold inside. The sign of a giant boot said a great deal about footwear of approved pattern and comfort. They have gone too or at least the signs of painted boards have departed but still there are other signs of the trade but these are generally arrested. I don't see barber poles so magnificently as in the halcyon period of a by-gone era. They made a brave and gallant sight and I miss them. Several tribes of Indians were represented by chiefs of the Mohawk and Chippewa tribes; and they made a fearsome, warlike, and fearless set. They frightened children away and were designed to show that tobacco was only for strong brave men; in other words that only the brave deserved the fair. Hard by a smithy would be seen a huge picture of a smith shoeing a horse or pounding iron on the anvil. I remember the smith in the picture looked many times stronger than any smith I ever saw. Signs are like many other advertisements in this way. Looking back now I don't seem to have fully appreciated signs as I should have done but that's past mending. I had one or two objections to them, trivial ones. I disliked their creaking in a high wind, particularly at night, their notes were discordant, wholly unmusical and hard on the nerves and often when talking beneath them on a stormy night I was afraid they would be torn from their fastenings and drop down on my head and break it. Apart from this I regarded them favorably and if a word of mine could restore them to their former places or honor and glory that word would be spoken, but that is not to be for they are gone beyond recall unless there arises a demand for them as antiques which very well may happen.

"Agricola" in a quiet, cozy, friendly note which he addressed to me personally in the Guardian of recent date, gives a most ingenious and original derivation of the word "flungullion" and there is every reason to believe he is correct. It will be no news to Agricola how the word "Quiz" came into our language. Some readers may be curious and I give this: One Daly, manager of a theatre in Dublin, laid a wager he would introduce a new word into the English language in twenty-four hours. In this he succeeded by plastering every wall or building or fence with the letters Q, U, I, Z. This excited the curiosity of everybody and set the whole town talking, so the word had no trouble at all in marching into the very heart of the language and remaining there.—H.

Mr. J. D. MacRae, of South Pinette, was a visitor to Wood Island, this week.

There were no hotel arrivals at Port Wood during the past two or three days.

The appearance of the woods at present is so beautiful as to beggar description.

Mr. Charles Mosher, of Port Wood, is making an early start for next year's lobster fishing. He has commenced already to build traps.

Potatoes are being moved now to Murray River, Murray Harbor and Hopfield, Wood Island, and Belle River Stations in great quantities. Prices range between 80 and 90 cents per bushel. I hear of no cases of rot.

Mr. Daniel Keenan, of Port Wood was recently presented with two attractive pigeons, but the poultry dealer them, and if they were not extremely active and quick of flight they would have as poor a life as Jags, which is about the limit for a man free white and twenty-one.

Nothing is constant but change. Old customs, old styles, old ways pass away like worn out coats or shoes. Do you remember for instance the sign-boards we used to have in Charlottetown? The signs of commodities for sale. They stood sometimes on the ground near the sidewalk or hung suspended above it and projected well over it. A huge clock or exaggerated watch denoted that accurate time was sold inside. The sign of a giant boot said a great deal about footwear of approved pattern and comfort. They have gone too or at least the signs of painted boards have departed but still there are other signs of the trade but these are generally arrested. I don't see barber poles so magnificently as in the halcyon period of a by-gone era. They made a brave and gallant sight and I miss them. Several tribes of Indians were represented by chiefs of the Mohawk and Chippewa tribes; and they made a fearsome, warlike, and fearless set. They frightened children away and were designed to show that tobacco was only for strong brave men; in other words that only the brave deserved the fair. Hard by a smithy would be seen a huge picture of a smith shoeing a horse or pounding iron on the anvil. I remember the smith in the picture looked many times stronger than any smith I ever saw. Signs are like many other advertisements in this way. Looking back now I don't seem to have fully appreciated signs as I should have done but that's past mending. I had one or two objections to them, trivial ones. I disliked their creaking in a high wind, particularly at night, their notes were discordant, wholly unmusical and hard on the nerves and often when talking beneath them on a stormy night I was afraid they would be torn from their fastenings and drop down on my head and break it. Apart from this I regarded them favorably and if a word of mine could restore them to their former places or honor and glory that word would be spoken, but that is not to be for they are gone beyond recall unless there arises a demand for them as antiques which very well may happen.

Mr. J. D. MacRae, of South Pinette, was a visitor to Wood Island, this week.

There were no hotel arrivals at Port Wood during the past two or three days.

The appearance of the woods at present is so beautiful as to beggar description.

Mr. Charles Mosher, of Port Wood, is making an early start for next year's lobster fishing. He has commenced already to build traps.

Potatoes are being moved now to Murray River, Murray Harbor and Hopfield, Wood Island, and Belle River Stations in great quantities. Prices range between 80 and 90 cents per bushel. I hear of no cases of rot.

Mr. Daniel Keenan, of Port Wood was recently presented with two attractive pigeons, but the poultry dealer them, and if they were not extremely active and quick of flight they would have as poor a life as Jags, which is about the limit for a man free white and twenty-one.

Nothing is constant but change. Old customs, old styles, old ways pass away like worn out coats or shoes. Do you remember for instance the sign-boards we used to have in Charlottetown? The signs of commodities for sale. They stood sometimes on the ground near the sidewalk or hung suspended above it and projected well over it. A huge clock or exaggerated watch denoted that accurate time was sold inside. The sign of a giant boot said a great deal about footwear of approved pattern and comfort. They have gone too or at least the signs of painted boards have departed but still there are other signs of the trade but these are generally arrested. I don't see barber poles so magnificently as in the halcyon period of a by-gone era. They made a brave and gallant sight and I miss them. Several tribes of Indians were represented by chiefs of the Mohawk and Chippewa tribes; and they made a fearsome, warlike, and fearless set. They frightened children away and were designed to show that tobacco was only for strong brave men; in other words that only the brave deserved the fair. Hard by a smithy would be seen a huge picture of a smith shoeing a horse or pounding iron on the anvil. I remember the smith in the picture looked many times stronger than any smith I ever saw. Signs are like many other advertisements in this way. Looking back now I don't seem to have fully appreciated signs as I should have done but that's past mending. I had one or two objections to them, trivial ones. I disliked their creaking in a high wind, particularly at night, their notes were discordant, wholly unmusical and hard on the nerves and often when talking beneath them on a stormy night I was afraid they would be torn from their fastenings and drop down on my head and break it. Apart from this I regarded them favorably and if a word of mine could restore them to their former places or honor and glory that word would be spoken, but that is not to be for they are gone beyond recall unless there arises a demand for them as antiques which very well may happen.

Mr. J. D. MacRae, of South Pinette, was a visitor to Wood Island, this week.

There were no hotel arrivals at Port Wood during the past two or three days.

The appearance of the woods at present is so beautiful as to beggar description.

Mr. Charles Mosher, of Port Wood, is making an early start for next year's lobster fishing. He has commenced already to build traps.

Potatoes are being moved now to Murray River, Murray Harbor and Hopfield, Wood Island, and Belle River Stations in great quantities. Prices range between 80 and 90 cents per bushel. I hear of no cases of rot.

Mr. Daniel Keenan, of Port Wood was recently presented with two attractive pigeons, but the poultry dealer them, and if they were not extremely active and quick of flight they would have as poor a life as Jags, which is about the limit for a man free white and twenty-one.

BRINGING UP FATHER

Mr. J. D. MacRae, of South Pinette, was a visitor to Wood Island, this week.

There were no hotel arrivals at Port Wood during the past two or three days.

The appearance of the woods at present is so beautiful as to beggar description.

Mr. Charles Mosher, of Port Wood, is making an early start for next year's lobster fishing. He has commenced already to build traps.

Potatoes are being moved now to Murray River, Murray Harbor and Hopfield, Wood Island, and Belle River Stations in great quantities. Prices range between 80 and 90 cents per bushel. I hear of no cases of rot.

Mr. Daniel Keenan, of Port Wood was recently presented with two attractive pigeons, but the poultry dealer them, and if they were not extremely active and quick of flight they would have as poor a life as Jags, which is about the limit for a man free white and twenty-one.

ROLLO BAY AND VICINITY

Miss Minnie Chalson, Rollo Bay East, was in Charlottetown recently.

We are glad to see our mail-carrier Mr. Fred Peters on the route again.

Mr. Joseph Dingwell, Bay Fortune, was a recent visitor to Charlottetown.

Miss Celia MacEachern, Charlottetown is visiting friends in Bear River.

Mr. Peter MacCormac, Rollo Bay was to Dundas Saturday on a business trip.

Mr. George Conohan is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Conohan Fortune.

The Eastern Kings shipping club loaded a car of live hogs at Souris Monday 14th.

Mr. Angus MacKenzie, Rollo Bay was to Selkirk recently on a business trip.

Mrs. Mary McKinnion Rollo Bay West was a recent visitor to Charlottetown.

Mr. Leonard Macdonald, St. Margaret's is in the employ of the MacCormac Bros, Souris River.

Died in Souris East Saturday at the home of her sister Mrs. Joseph Montgomery, Mrs. Lutz of Boston.

Mr. Alphonse J. Macdonald, Souris West purchased a valuable mare from Mr. William A. White Rollo Bay centre.

Died at Gowen Brar Saturday Oct. 12, Thomas Edward and John Alphonse infant sons of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mallard.

The Morell dramatic society will present their play my old New Hampshire Home in St. Alexis Hall Rollo Bay Monday night.

Visitors to Charlottetown this week included Mr. Alphonse Deagle, Bear River, Mrs. Arthur Dixon, Fortune, Henry Peters, Rollo Bay.

Mr. Donald Bryanton Middleton, Lot 60, left Saturday to resume his duties after spending a vacation at his home in Rollo Bay West.

The Misses Annie Steele and Madeleine McCormack, Little Pond, left for Boston last week where they intend to reside for the winter.

Officers M. Donald and McPhee Souris East were visitors to Rollo Bay West recently and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McRae.

Mrs. Annie Trainor has returned the home of her sister, Mrs. Jack spending the past month visiting friends in Rollo Bay and Souris.

Messrs. Edgar Francis and Gordon Ochevris of Matthew and MacLean Co. Limited, Souris, were in Rollo Bay last week in the interest of the firm.

Rev. Gregory MacLellan Tishish, returned on his trip to Europe in the B. I. S. Hall, Souris, last week. He lectured on his trip to Europe in the well attended.

Mrs. Patrick St. John, Souris East, and Mrs. John Chalson, Bear River South, were visitors to Rollo Bay Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas MacCormac.

The Marriage takes place Wednesday at St. Mary's Convent of Miss Laura Mooney daughter of the late Danil and Mrs. Mooney of Souris to Mr. William Murphy Georgetown.

The Morell Dramatic Club presented their three act comedy drama, "My Old New Hampshire Home," in Rollo Bay Hall to a large audience. Judging by the applause the play was well received. The specialties included instrumental music, orchestra and

Mr. J. D. MacRae, of South Pinette, was a visitor to Wood Island, this week.

There were no hotel arrivals at Port Wood during the past two or three days.

The appearance of the woods at present is so beautiful as to beggar description.

Mr. Charles Mosher, of Port Wood, is making an early start for next year's lobster fishing. He has commenced already to build traps.

Potatoes are being moved now to Murray River, Murray Harbor and Hopfield, Wood Island, and Belle River Stations in great quantities. Prices range between 80 and 90 cents per bushel. I hear of no cases of rot.

Mr. Daniel Keenan, of Port Wood was recently presented with two attractive pigeons, but the poultry dealer them, and if they were not extremely active and quick of flight they would have as poor a life as Jags, which is about the limit for a man free white and twenty-one.

Nothing is constant but change. Old customs, old styles, old ways pass away like worn out coats or shoes. Do you remember for instance the sign-boards we used to have in Charlottetown? The signs of commodities for sale. They stood sometimes on the ground near the sidewalk or hung suspended above it and projected well over it. A huge clock or exaggerated watch denoted that accurate time was sold inside. The sign of a giant boot said a great deal about footwear of approved pattern and comfort. They have gone too or at least the signs of painted boards have departed but still there are other signs of the trade but these are generally arrested. I don't see barber poles so magnificently as in the halcyon period of a by-gone era. They made a brave and gallant sight and I miss them. Several tribes of Indians were represented by chiefs of the Mohawk and Chippewa tribes; and they made a fearsome, warlike, and fearless set. They frightened children away and were designed to show that tobacco was only for strong brave men; in other words that only the brave deserved the fair. Hard by a smithy would be seen a huge picture of a smith shoeing a horse or pounding iron on the anvil. I remember the smith in the picture looked many times stronger than any smith I ever saw. Signs are like many other advertisements in this way. Looking back now I don't seem to have fully appreciated signs as I should have done but that's past mending. I had one or two objections to them, trivial ones. I disliked their creaking in a high wind, particularly at night, their notes were discordant, wholly unmusical and hard on the nerves and often when talking beneath them on a stormy night I was afraid they would be torn from their fastenings and drop down on my head and break it. Apart from this I regarded them favorably and if a word of mine could restore them to their former places or honor and glory that word would be spoken, but that is not to be for they are gone beyond recall unless there arises a demand for them as antiques which very well may happen.

Mr. J. D. MacRae, of South Pinette, was a visitor to Wood Island, this week.

There were no hotel arrivals at Port Wood during the past two or three days.

The appearance of the woods at present is so beautiful as to beggar description.

Mr. Charles Mosher, of Port Wood, is making an early start for next year's lobster fishing. He has commenced already to build traps.

Potatoes are being moved now to Murray River, Murray Harbor and Hopfield, Wood Island, and Belle River Stations in great quantities. Prices range between 80 and 90 cents per bushel. I hear of no cases of rot.

Mr. Daniel Keenan, of Port Wood was recently presented with two attractive pigeons, but the poultry dealer them, and if they were not extremely active and quick of flight they would have as poor a life as Jags, which is about the limit for a man free white and twenty-one.

Nothing is constant but change. Old customs, old styles, old ways pass away like worn out coats or shoes. Do you remember for instance the sign-boards we used to have in Charlottetown? The signs of commodities for sale. They stood sometimes on the ground near the sidewalk or hung suspended above it and projected well over it. A huge clock or exaggerated watch denoted that accurate time was sold inside. The sign of a giant boot said a great deal about footwear of approved pattern and comfort. They have gone too or at least the signs of painted boards have departed but still there are other signs of the trade but these are generally arrested. I don't see barber poles so magnificently as in the halcyon period of a by-gone era. They made a brave and gallant sight and I miss them. Several tribes of Indians were represented by chiefs of the Mohawk and Chippewa tribes; and they made a fearsome, warlike, and fearless set. They frightened children away and were designed to show that tobacco was only for strong brave men; in other words that only the brave deserved the fair. Hard by a smithy would be seen a huge picture of a smith shoeing a horse or pounding iron on the anvil. I remember the smith in the picture looked many times stronger than any smith I ever saw. Signs are like many other advertisements in this way. Looking back now I don't seem to have fully appreciated signs as I should have done but that's past mending. I had one or two objections to them, trivial ones. I disliked their creaking in a high wind, particularly at night, their notes were discordant, wholly unmusical and hard on the nerves and often when talking beneath them on a stormy night I was afraid they would be torn from their fastenings and drop down on my head and break it. Apart from this I regarded them favorably and if a word of mine could restore them to their former places or honor and glory that word would be spoken, but that is not to be for they are gone beyond recall unless there arises a demand for them as antiques which very well may happen.

Mr. J. D. MacRae, of South Pinette, was a visitor to Wood Island, this week.

There were no hotel arrivals at Port Wood during the past two or three days.

The appearance of the woods at present is so beautiful as to beggar description.

Mr. Charles Mosher, of Port Wood, is making an early start for next year's lobster fishing. He has commenced already to build traps.

Potatoes are being moved now to Murray River, Murray Harbor and Hopfield, Wood Island, and Belle River Stations in great quantities. Prices range between 80 and 90 cents per bushel. I hear of no cases of rot.

Mr. Daniel Keenan, of Port Wood was recently presented with two attractive pigeons, but the poultry dealer them, and if they were not extremely active and quick of flight they would have as poor a life as Jags, which is about the limit for a man free white and twenty-one.

Nothing is constant but change. Old customs, old styles, old ways pass away like worn out coats or shoes. Do you remember for instance the sign-boards we used to have in Charlottetown? The signs of commodities for sale. They stood sometimes on the ground near the sidewalk or hung suspended above it and projected well over it. A huge clock or exaggerated watch denoted that accurate time was sold inside. The sign of a giant boot said a great deal about footwear of approved pattern and comfort. They have gone too or at least the signs of painted boards have departed but still there are other signs of the trade but these are generally arrested. I don't see barber poles so magnificently as in the halcyon period of a by-gone era. They made a brave and gallant sight and I miss them. Several tribes of Indians were represented by chiefs of the Mohawk and Chippewa tribes; and they made a fearsome, warlike, and fearless set. They frightened children away and were designed to show that tobacco was only for strong brave men; in other words that only the brave deserved the fair. Hard by a smithy would be seen a huge picture of a smith shoeing a horse or pounding iron on the anvil. I remember the smith in the picture looked many times stronger than any smith I ever saw. Signs are like many other advertisements in this way. Looking back now I don't seem to have fully appreciated signs as I should have done but that's past mending. I had one or two objections to them, trivial ones. I disliked their creaking in a high wind, particularly at night, their notes were discordant, wholly unmusical and hard on the nerves and often when talking beneath them on a stormy night I was afraid they would be torn from their fastenings and drop down on my head and break it. Apart from this I regarded them favorably and if a word of mine could restore them to their former places or honor and glory that word would be spoken, but that is not to be for they are gone beyond recall unless there arises a demand for them as antiques which very well may happen.

Mr. J. D. MacRae, of South Pinette, was a visitor to Wood Island, this week.

There were no hotel arrivals at Port Wood during the past two or three days.

The appearance of the woods at present is so beautiful as to beggar description.

Mr. Charles Mosher, of Port Wood, is making an early start for next year's lobster fishing. He has commenced already to build traps.

Potatoes are being moved now to Murray River, Murray Harbor and Hopfield, Wood Island, and Belle River Stations in great quantities. Prices range between 80 and 90 cents per bushel. I hear of no cases of rot.

Mr. Daniel Keenan, of Port Wood was recently presented with two attractive pigeons, but the poultry dealer them, and if they were not extremely active and quick of flight they would have as poor a life as Jags, which is about the limit for a man free white and twenty-one.

HAZELBROOK NOTES

Mr. Henry B. Lindsay, N. B. was a recent visitor here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Wood, Royalty, motored to Bethel last week.

Miss Florence Chandler is spending some time at her home in Mt. Albion.

Mr. Henry McDonald, cheese maker at Hillsboro factory, motored through Cardigan recently.

The Misses Hattie Carver and Elythe Wood, city, spent the week end at their home here.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Trowdale on the arrival of a baby girl.

Service at Birch Hill on Friday evening, October 18th, was largely attended and conducted by the pastor, Rev. Ewen McDougall, who preached a most interesting and effective sermon.

Service at the Baptist Church here on Sunday evening, October 20th, was conducted by Mr. H. B. Lindsay of New Brunswick. During the service a violin solo was rendered by Miss Edith Lawton.

Last week the older residents of Hazelbrook and vicinity were sorry to learn of the death of Mrs. David Mitchell, which occurred at the home of her son, Mr. Alfred Mitchell, Mt. Stewart. The late Mrs. Mitchell lived in Hazelbrook for some twenty years and was a kind and helpful neighbour, always ready to do a good deed. There are left to mourn her loss one son, Alfred, with whom she resided for the past few months, also several grandchildren to whom sincere sympathy is extended.

On Monday evening, September 23rd, several members of the McDonald, Hazelbrook and Mt. Albion Institutes met at the home of Mr. Samuel Sealey for the purpose of extending their best wishes and to bid farewell to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Lindsay, who left the Island the following week to take up their new work in Nova Scotia. Mrs. Hedley Jenkins, president of Mt. Albion Women's Institute, gave a few opening remarks and then called on Mrs. L. Reddin, who read an address. Mrs. H. A. Jenkins on behalf of the United Institutes, presented Mrs. Lindsay with a purse of gold to which she most fittingly replied. The remainder of the evening was spent in games and music. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Sealey for the use of his home. Very dainty refreshments were served by the ladies to which all did ample justice. After singing "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows," and wishing Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay every good wish on their new field of labor, all dispersed homeward feeling they had enjoyed a very pleasant evening, with the exception of the regret felt at parting with dear friends.

The regular monthly meeting of the Hazelbrook Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Vernon Wood on Tuesday evening, Oct. 8th, with sixteen members and several visitors present. Meeting opened with Club Women's Creed, followed by singing institute Ode. Roll call was responded to by "Different ways to prepare vegetables." Mrs. Ernest Ings gave a very interesting report of the District Convention. The next meeting is to be held in the school-room, roll call to be answered with membership fee. The programme for the evening consisted of a solo rendered by Miss Mary Monaghan, recitation by a visitor entitled, "For People Will Talk," monologue by Mary Monaghan. Mrs. W. T. Coady then put on a most interesting contest for which she gave three prizes. The singing of the National Anthem brought the meeting to a close, after which lunch was served.—H.

Columbia has just opened a new government radio station at Bogota, sold by Mr. William Connelly. The tidy sum of seventy five dollars was realized.—R.

HAZELBROOK NOTES

Mr. Henry B. Lindsay, N. B. was a recent visitor here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Wood, Royalty, motored to Bethel last week.

Miss Florence Chandler is spending some time at her home in Mt. Albion.

Mr. Henry McDonald, cheese maker at Hillsboro factory, motored through Cardigan recently.

The Misses Hattie Carver and Elythe Wood, city, spent the week end at their home here.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Trowdale on the arrival of a baby girl.

Service at Birch Hill on Friday evening, October 18th, was largely attended and conducted by the pastor, Rev. Ewen McDougall, who preached a most interesting and effective sermon.

Service at the Baptist Church here on Sunday evening, October 20th, was conducted by Mr. H. B. Lindsay of New Brunswick. During the service a violin solo was rendered by Miss Edith Lawton.

Last week the older residents of Hazelbrook and vicinity were sorry to learn of the death of Mrs. David Mitchell, which occurred at the home of her son, Mr. Alfred Mitchell, Mt. Stewart. The late Mrs. Mitchell lived in Hazelbrook for some twenty years and was a kind and helpful neighbour, always ready to do a good deed. There are left to mourn her loss one son, Alfred, with whom she resided for the past few months, also several grandchildren to whom sincere sympathy is extended.

On Monday evening, September 23rd, several members of the McDonald, Hazelbrook and Mt. Albion Institutes met at the home of Mr. Samuel Sealey for the purpose of extending their best wishes and to bid farewell to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Lindsay, who left the Island the following week to take up their new work in Nova Scotia. Mrs. Hedley Jenkins, president of Mt. Albion Women's Institute, gave a few opening remarks and then called on Mrs. L. Reddin, who read an address. Mrs. H. A. Jenkins on behalf of the United Institutes, presented Mrs. Lindsay with a purse of gold to which she most fittingly replied. The remainder of the evening was spent in games and music. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Sealey for the use of his home. Very dainty refreshments were served by the ladies to which all did ample justice. After singing "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows," and wishing Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay every good wish on their new field of labor, all dispersed homeward feeling they had enjoyed a very pleasant evening, with the exception of the regret felt at parting with dear friends.

The regular monthly meeting of the Hazelbrook Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Vernon Wood on Tuesday evening, Oct. 8th, with sixteen members and several visitors present. Meeting opened with Club Women's Creed, followed by singing institute Ode. Roll call was responded to by "Different ways to prepare vegetables." Mrs. Ernest Ings gave a very interesting report of the District Convention. The next meeting is to be held in the school-room, roll call to be answered with membership fee. The programme for the evening consisted of a solo rendered by Miss Mary Monaghan, recitation by a visitor entitled, "For People Will Talk," monologue by Mary Monaghan. Mrs. W. T. Coady then put on a most interesting contest for which she gave three prizes. The singing of the National Anthem brought the meeting to a close, after which lunch was served.—H.

Columbia has just opened a new government radio station at Bogota, sold by Mr. William Connelly. The tidy sum of seventy five dollars was realized.—R.

Mr. J. D. MacRae, of South Pinette, was a visitor to Wood Island, this week.

There were no hotel arrivals at Port Wood during the past two or three days.

The appearance of the woods at present is so beautiful as to beggar description.

Mr. Charles Mosher, of Port Wood, is making an early start for next year's lobster fishing. He has commenced already to build traps.

Potatoes are being moved now to Murray River, Murray Harbor and Hopfield, Wood Island, and Belle River Stations in great quantities. Prices range between 80 and 90 cents per bushel. I hear of no cases of rot.

Mr. Daniel Keenan, of Port Wood was recently presented with two attractive pigeons, but the poultry dealer them, and if they were not extremely active and quick of flight they would have as poor a life as Jags, which is about the limit for a man free white and twenty-one.

Nothing is constant but change. Old customs, old styles, old ways pass away like worn out coats or shoes. Do you remember for instance the sign-boards we used to have in Charlottetown? The signs of commodities for sale. They stood sometimes on the ground near the sidewalk or hung suspended above it and projected well over it. A huge clock or exaggerated watch denoted that accurate time was sold inside. The sign of a giant boot said a great deal about footwear of approved pattern and comfort. They have gone too or at least the signs of painted boards have departed but still there are other signs of the trade but these are generally arrested. I don't see barber poles so magnificently as in the halcyon period of a by-gone era. They made a brave and gallant sight and I miss them. Several tribes of Indians were represented by chiefs of the Mohawk and Chippewa tribes; and they made a fearsome, warlike, and fearless set. They frightened children away and were designed to show that tobacco was only for strong brave men; in other words that only the brave deserved the fair. Hard by a smithy would be seen a huge picture of a smith shoeing a horse or pounding iron on the anvil. I remember the smith in the picture looked many times stronger than any smith I ever saw. Signs are like many other advertisements in this way. Looking back now I don't seem to have fully appreciated signs as I should have done but that's past mending. I had one or two objections to them, trivial ones. I disliked their creaking in a high wind, particularly at night, their notes were discordant, wholly unmusical and hard on the nerves and often when talking beneath them on a stormy night I was afraid they would be torn from their fastenings and drop down on my head and break it. Apart from this I regarded them favorably and if a word of mine could restore them to their former places or honor and glory that word would be spoken, but that is not to be for they are gone beyond recall unless there arises a demand for them as antiques which very well may happen.

Mr. J. D. MacRae, of South Pinette, was a visitor to Wood Island, this week.

There were no hotel arrivals at Port Wood during the past two or three days.

The appearance of the woods at present is so beautiful as to beggar description.

Mr. Charles Mosher, of Port Wood, is making an early start for next year's lobster fishing. He has commenced already to build traps.

Potatoes are being moved now to Murray River, Murray Harbor and Hopfield, Wood Island, and Belle River Stations in great quantities. Prices range between 80 and 90 cents per bushel. I hear of no cases of rot.

Mr. Daniel Keenan, of Port Wood was recently presented with two attractive pigeons, but the poultry dealer them, and if they were not extremely active and quick of flight they would have as poor a life as Jags, which is about the limit for a man free white and twenty-one.

Nothing is constant but change. Old customs, old styles, old ways pass away like worn out coats or shoes. Do you remember for instance the sign-boards we used to have in Charlottetown? The signs of commodities for sale. They stood sometimes on the ground near the sidewalk or hung suspended above it and projected well over it. A huge clock or exaggerated watch denoted that accurate time was sold inside. The sign of a giant boot said a great deal about footwear of approved pattern and comfort. They have gone too or at least the signs of painted boards have departed but still there are other signs of the trade but these are generally arrested. I don't see barber poles so magnificently as in the halcyon period of a by-gone era. They made a brave and gallant sight and I miss them. Several tribes of Indians were represented by chiefs of the Mohawk and Chippewa tribes; and they made a fearsome, warlike, and fearless set. They frightened children away and were designed to show that tobacco was only for strong brave men; in other words that only the brave deserved the fair. Hard by a smithy would be seen a huge picture of a smith shoeing a horse or pounding iron on the anvil. I remember the smith in the picture looked many times stronger than any smith I ever saw. Signs are like many other advertisements in this way. Looking back now I don't seem to have fully appreciated signs as I should have done but that's past mending. I had one or two objections to them, trivial ones. I disliked their creaking in a high wind, particularly at night, their notes were discordant, wholly unmusical and hard on the nerves and often when talking beneath them on a stormy night I was afraid they would be torn from their fastenings and drop down on my head and break it. Apart from this I regarded them favorably and if a word of mine could restore them to their former places or honor and glory that word would be spoken, but that is not to be for they are gone beyond recall unless there arises a demand for them as antiques which very well may happen.

Mr. J. D. MacRae, of South Pinette, was a visitor to Wood Island, this week.

There were no hotel arrivals at Port Wood during the past two or three days.

The appearance of the woods at present is so beautiful as to beggar description.

Mr. Charles Mosher, of Port Wood, is making an early start for next year's lobster fishing. He has commenced already to build traps.

Potatoes are being moved now to Murray River, Murray Harbor and Hopfield, Wood Island, and Belle River Stations in great quantities. Prices range between 80 and 90 cents per bushel. I hear of no cases of rot.

Mr. Daniel Keenan, of Port Wood was recently presented with two attractive pigeons, but the poultry dealer them, and if they were not extremely active and quick of flight they would have as poor a life as Jags, which is about the limit for a man free white and twenty-one.

Nothing is constant but change. Old customs, old styles, old ways pass away like worn out coats or shoes. Do you remember for instance the sign-boards we used to have in Charlottetown? The signs of commodities for sale. They stood sometimes on the ground near the sidewalk or hung suspended above it and projected well over it. A huge clock or exaggerated watch denoted that accurate time was sold inside. The sign of a giant boot said a great deal about footwear of approved pattern and comfort. They have gone too or at least the signs of painted boards have departed but still there are other signs of the trade but these are generally arrested. I don't see barber poles so magnificently as in the halcyon period of a by-gone era. They made a brave and gallant sight and I miss them. Several tribes of Indians were represented by chiefs of the Mohawk and Chippewa tribes; and they made a fearsome, warlike, and fearless set. They frightened children away and were designed to show that tobacco was only for strong brave men; in other words that only the brave deserved the fair. Hard by a smithy would be seen a huge picture of a smith shoeing a horse or pounding iron on the anvil. I remember the smith in the picture looked many times stronger than any smith I ever saw. Signs are like many other advertisements in this way. Looking back now I don't seem to have fully appreciated signs as I should have done but that's past mending. I had one or two objections to them, trivial ones. I disliked their creaking in a high wind,