

BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES



Give most hours of Service

TRAP SET FOR CARELESS MOTORISTS

LONDON, May 24—(C.P.)—Lord Trenchard, Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, has declared war on motorists who ignore traffic lights now in use all over London. Considerable secrecy has been maintained in connection with the Commissioner's plans. Special watch is now being kept at selected points. Traps are being operated by two wireless vans which leave Scotland Yard each day to proceed to a certain point under secret instructions previously decided upon. A uniformed officer is carried in the leading van and it is his duty to stop negligent motorists, on a wireless message being received from the other van working the trap. The first test of the trap proved so successful that the Commissioner decided to issue the warning.

A PURPOSE

A strong, defiant purpose is many-handed, and lays hold of whatever is near that can serve it; it has a magnetic power that draws to itself whatever is kindred.—T. P. Mumger.

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

IN THE PROBATE COURT IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF Joseph Ferguson late of DeSable in Queens County, Retired Farmer, deceased.

To the Heirs-at-Law and next-of-kin of the said Joseph Ferguson, deceased.

Take notice that a citation has issued under seal of the Probate Court, dated the second day of May A. D. 1933 whereby you are cited to appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown aforesaid on Wednesday the seventh day of June, A. D. 1933 at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon to show cause why an alleged will of the said Joseph Ferguson dated the 8th day of July, A. D. 1932 should not be proved in solemn form of law and to see proceedings thereupon as prayed for in the petition on file of Daniel Dart of DeSable aforesaid, farmer, named in the said will as sole executor thereof.

SITTED and signed at Charlottetown this second day of May A. D. 1933.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER, Judge of Probate. M. ALBAN FARMER, Esq., Proctor. 2294-5-5-Fri-41

Professional Cards

Stewart & Lowther
J. D. STEWART, K. C.
N. W. LOWTHER
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
84 Great George Street
MONEY TO LOAN

McLEOD & BENTLEY
J. A. BENTLEY
W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
MONEY TO LOAN
Office: 180 Richmond Street

Prohibition Commission
Chas. H. Black, Chairman,
Charlottetown.

Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peters,
John Simpson, Hamilton.
Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT

NOTICE

All persons owing drafts, notes and book accounts to Dr. I. E. Croken are requested to make a settlement at his office, 48 Great George Street, on or before June 1st, failing which legal action will be taken. 9899-5-25-31.

NOTICE

The Barrister stallion owned by Ernest Stead will stand at John L. McGuigan's, Hope River, every Monday and Friday afternoon for the coming season. ERNEST STEAD, in charge. 9877-5-23-31

Trapper Stages Rodeo Act Atop Moose

EDMONTON, May 24.—(C.P.)—Texas broncho-busters may be good, but a trapper in the Athabasca country has introduced something new in the way of rodeo exhibitions. Armed with an axe, the trapper, with a companion, went in search of fire-wood. A bull moose charged past them onto the river ice, broke through and floundered in water a foot deep. While his companion prodded the animal with a pole, the trapper vaulted to its back and could not be shaken off. He finally killed the moose with his axe.

Paganism Still Grips Indians

HAZELTON, B. C., May 24.—(C.P.)—Under the towering peaks of "Falling Rocks" mountain range, the native graveyard is a blend of Paganism and the New Faith. Though many of the Indians have been christianized, complete miniature houses have been built over many of the graves. Clothes and belongings of the departed are placed inside. In one skirt, shoes, corsets and mirror, brush and comb are hung on the walls. In another an enlarged portrait stands again a trunk filled with garments and toilet articles. Over chiefs' graves stone poems symbolical of their clan are carved. Food is placed in the houses almost daily. It is invariably carried away by wild animals such as squirrels and rabbits, but the Indians explain the spirits get the food through the wild life.

Nothing New To Aid Farmers

EDMONTON, May 24.—(C.P.)—Governments wrestling with debt-adjustments acts to relieve the farmer and others of debt payments during these days of depression are doing nothing new but using a lot of unnecessary words in their resolutions, amendments and preambles. Centuries ago they had debt-adjustment acts and moratoriums and they were worded tersely and to the point. Ernest Wilson, Edmonton lawyer, has produced "Paragraph 48, Code of Hammurabi." It was found inscribed on clay tablets by archaeologists in the ruins of Babylon. It follows:

"If a man has incurred debt, and a storm has flooded his field or carried away the crop, or the corn has not grown because of drought, in that year he shall not pay his creditor. Further, he shall postdate his bond and shall not pay interest for that year." The wise and humane Hammurabi was the sixth king of the first dynasty of Babylon. He reigned around 2250 B. C.

LOUISIEMOUTH, Scotland, May 24.—(C. P. Cable)—Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald in an Empire Day message broadcast from his home today expressed the hope that the influence and leadership of the British Empire would continue for many years to come. The Premier flew from London for a 10 days' holiday.

Referring to the differences between the British Empire and "those empires which flourished for an hour and whose glory then passed," the Prime Minister hoped the story of the Empire was not one that had been told but one that was still being written.

"The Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa was an attempt to unite Imperial interests without seriously interfering with our relations with the outside world," he said. "Indeed, the experience and methods of the Ottawa Conference might well be copied in wider endeavors about to be made at the International Economic Conference to regularize and put into some system the economic relations of the world."

My Best

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"You're sure they don't place you, Joe?"
"Place me! My God, you ought to hear what they call me and what they tell me."
"You've gotten the goods on me, eh?"
"You stand pretty high with them, Dad. That stock-buying idea has made a hit all down the line."
"You in the Stores. You in the Stores," he murmured.
"Pretty hard work, isn't it?"
"Not so hard."
"And the sort of men—the girls there—aren't they a rather—plain—crowd?"
"They're all right."
"This," George Merrill suddenly exclaimed, "accounts for the automatic idea, of course! I wondered—and Flint wondered, how you happened to be taking such an interest in the Stores."
"As a matter of fact, it wasn't my idea at all!"
"I thought you—that night Flint was here—"
"It was a girl who suggested that," Joe said. "One of the girls in the Mack. A kid—really. She's only seventeen. She'll be eighteen tomorrow."
"How do you happen to know that?"
"She told me. I took her home to night and she happened to mention it."
A silence. Then George Merrill said slowly: "I see."
"See what?"
"What's been making the change in you, Joe. It was a girl, was it?"
"I'm not in love with her, if that's what you mean. She's only a kid."
"She likes you, eh?" the older man asked.
"Well, she's only a kid."
"How far've you gone, Joe?"
"Oh, nothing!" he said vexedly. "I've talked to her—she's a kid who's determined to make the best of herself."
"She's awfully pretty."
"Your mother—and I myself, too," George Merrill said, after a moment, "have always rather hoped that you and Millicent Russell would give us a wedding, one of these days. She's a fine little girl—seems to be different from the rest."
"The trouble is," Joe began slowly.
"That she's in love with you," his father finished mildly.
Joe gave an abashed, youthful laugh.
"She thinks you are merely another clerk among all the clerks, does she?"
"She never dreams anything else!"
"Engaged, Joe?"
"Well, no. And yet, yes, in a way we are. You know how girls are, Dad."
"She's a pretty common little thing, eh?"
"Well—No, he couldn't say Maggie was common. Joe gropped for words. "Not exactly that, Dad. But—but you see she thinks I'm like all the others—just one of the boys down there, the sort of men she would naturally marry."
Perhaps the shrewd eyes watching him saw more than he dreamed. But if he saw this, George Merrill made no sign.
"If she knew who I was—who I am," Joe floundered on, "it might break her all up. She's no gold digger—she wouldn't know how to marry a rich man—it scare her."
"I want to get out of this without hurting Maggie!"
"You're quite sure that you don't want to marry this girl, Joe? Oh, I don't mean immediately—no, I don't mean now. But she could be sent to a fine school for a year or two, travel, maybe. Of course Millicent Russell is a straight little girl."
"Listen, Dad, I don't want to say anything against Millicent, but besides Maggie—Millicent is a drunken little moron—"
"Steady, my boy! Steady!" George Merrill interrupted. "Why, Joe, you must be halfway in love with this Maggie."
"Well, I'm not," Joe responded shortly. "But she's a fine little girl, and she—she seems to be reaching out for everything that is fine, just as these other girls reach out for everything that's rotten! She doesn't know what they know—she wouldn't understand their jokes—"
"H'm!" ejaculated Merrill senior in a somewhat perplexed, dissatisfied tone. And at the time nothing more was said.
On Sunday morning, however, just a few minutes before twelve, George Merrill met his son in the upper hallway of the family mansion and noted that he was dressed for golf.
"Got out of your engagement, eh?"

"Yep. Sweeney was going into town for Mother, and I asked him to send a note to—Miss Johnson, with flowers."
"Well—I guess you're wise!"
"I hope so!" Joe said unconvincedly.
He played four holes, played the fifth—a short one, and suddenly turned back to the club house. It took him fifteen minutes at the telephone to locate his mother's chauffeur.
"Sweeney. This is Joe Merrill speaking. Sweeney, did you get those flowers to that young lady?"
"They went right out."
"I see. Thanks."
And he hung up the receiver, feeling flat.
She probably had them by now. Poor little disappointed kid!
Confound it, it made him feel hot and uncomfortable, and like a skunk.
Maggie, doing the Johnson dinner dishes, and perhaps shedding surreptitious tears into the sink.
Joe had an inspiration. The intelligent thing to do, was to go to her and say, "Now, look here Maggie—"
Rushing cityward in his car a few minutes later, he soon reached the Johnsons' dilapidated cottage.
Maggie came to the door herself—everyone else was out.
"Pop volunteered for special delivery today—it's Valentine Day," Maggie said. "Liz was off with her beau, and Ma had to go to a funeral at one. So I had a real good chance to make the kitchen ideal."
"You certainly did that one little thing," Joe said admiringly.
"And what did you get for your birthday, Maggie?"
"Nobody remembered it but Pop," Maggie said lifelessly.
"But you got my flowers. You aren't mad at me, are you, Maggie?" he asked suddenly.
"Oh, no, Joe. Why would I be? I wouldn't have any right to be mad at you," Maggie said, adding the last phrase as if to herself.
"You seem sort of—stiff," Joe said.
"Here's what it is, Joe," Maggie said. "I just happened—when I got your note—to see your side of it, Joe. I know you like me—but I know you don't love me. I hope we'll always be friends. But—she stopped short—"but,—this part of it—isn't easy for me, Joe," she finished.
"What made you change this way—from last night, when we sat in the car and talked?" he temporized gruffly.
"I think kinder realizing that you were—saying more than you meant, Joe!" she answered simply.
She was delicious, small, confident, brave in her first battle with hurt and humiliation. Joe felt shamed and bewildered.
"Did you know they were thinking of trying out your automat idea for the buttons and pins and tacks and so on, Maggie?" Joe asked.
"I don't believe it!" she said scoffingly.
"It's true. What would you do, Maggie, with—say, twenty thousand dollars?"
"With—what?"
"With twenty thousand dollars for all your rights in that idea?"
"Joe, I'd sell my rights in that idea for twenty-five cents, if you ask me!"
"Yes, but you couldn't do that. They seem to feel it's a new idea, and a darned good idea, and my father—" he floundered, grew red, and saved himself by a hair—"my father thought it was a pretty good idea, too; I was talking to him about it," he said.
She had noticed nothing amiss. Her eyes were dreamy, happy.
(To Be Continued)

LEACOCK SEES SWIFT END TO DEPRESSION

Delivers Paper Before Authorities On Political Economy and Canadian History.

(Canadian Press)
OTTAWA, May 24—Authorities on political economy and Canadian history joined forces here this afternoon when the Canadian Political Science Association and the Canadian Historical Association met in joint session. In the morning, the former body had gathered for the opening of its fifth annual meeting, under the presidency of Professor E. J. Urwick, of Toronto University. In the afternoon Dr. J. C. Webster, President of the Canadian Historical Association, was in the chair.
Speakers on political economy held the floor at the morning session which was featured by an address in which Professor Stephen Leacock, of McGill University, dealt with the industrial depression and indicated remedies for it. In the afternoon political history monopolized the attention of the speakers.
Dr. Leacock, in the course of his paper on "The Economic Analysis of Industrial Depression," forecast a swift end to the economic depression. It would "move away as rapidly as a passing storm," he said, and he advised his audience to "buy now." But, he warned, there would be one more depression unless steps were taken to guard against it, and it would be final. There would not be another.
Short hours, high wages, regulation of the production of basic commodities—these were the suggestions of Professor Leacock for meeting economic ills. Under and through all must run "the fundamental idea of every man for himself." Socialism and communism held no hope for the race. The former he characterized as "social slavery," and the latter as "a penitentiary." What the world needed was not a new game but a new set of rules. Currency deflation would be of some help.
Following the afternoon meeting the executive of the Canadian Political Science Association met briefly, and an evening session was held. The meeting will continue tomorrow when several more addresses on economic subjects will be given.

Wedding Follows 50 Year Romance

NEWHAVEN, Sussex, England, May 24—A 75-year-old peer and a 72-year-old peeress are honeymooning in Europe this month, after a secret wedding at the parish church of this little town a couple of weeks ago climaxed their half-century of romance, interrupted for 40 years when each married another person.
The wedding brought together Brigadier-General Lord St. Levan, owner of St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, island estate on which a castle rises precipitously from the sea, and Julia, Dowager Countess of Dartrey.
Only 12 close relatives of the elderly couple were present at the wedding and a woman relative "gave away" the bride, who is a grandmother. Even servants of the Countess were surprised, they told a reporter who discovered, two days later, that the marriage had taken place.
The romance started when Lord St. Levan, then a Guards officer in his early 20's met Miss Julia Wombwell, daughter of the late Sir George Wombwell. For a considerable time the two were seen together at most smart functions, and society wagged its head prophesying wedding bells. They parted, however, and soon pretty Julia Wombwell married the second Earl of Dartrey.
For 10 years Lord St. Levan remained a bachelor. He went to Egypt and had a distinguished military career. Then he married Lady Edith Edgcombe, daughter of the Earl of Mount Edgcombe. They had two daughters. She died in 1931. Lord Dartrey had died in 1920.
The Dowager Countess visited St. Michael's Mount. Uniformed oarsmen rowed her from the mainland. Later Lord St. Levan visited her in London. From reminiscences of their former association romance revived.
They were married by special licence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Lord St. Levan's daughter, Hon. Hilaria St. Aubyn, was "best man." She handed over the ring at the appropriate moment.

World Arms

(By The Canadian Press)
ROME—Fulvio Suvich, Italian Foreign Secretary, declared Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy by agreeing to the Mussolini peace pact, assumed responsibility "for peace and war in Europe and the World." The pact, covering 10 years was informally agreed upon by representatives of the four powers Sunday.
GENEVA — Announcement that the United States confer with other nations in the event peace were menaced, was made before the Disarmament Conference by Norman H. Davis, American Ambassador-at-large. He also announced the United States was willing to go as far as any other nation in disarmament.
WASHINGTON — The Davis Speech was generally regarded as respecting the policy of American freedom from foreign entanglements, but also paying heed to requests of other nations that the United States provide assurance against attack in return for sacrificing arms.
WASHINGTON — President Roosevelt busied himself with a bill to authorize scaling down tariffs through agreements with other countries at the World Economic Conference next month. A plan to stabilize the United States dollar and the pound sterling was believed imminent following continued Anglo-American financial conversations.

DEFIES DEATH EVERY DAY AND SAYS SHE LIKES IT

NEW YORK, May 23—Eris Daniels, champion Norwegian parachute jumper, defies death most every day and she likes it because "the work keeps you outdoors, you know."
In the two years since she first "balled out" of a plane—she took the job to support her widowed mother—she has hurred through the air hundreds of times, from as high up as 6,000 feet. Once near West Columbia, Tex., she fell into a field full of angry bulls and the pilot had to zoom down a dozen times to drive the animals away until Miss Daniels, unconscious, could be rescued.
Now the 100 pound, five foot jumper is trading parachute exhibitions for airplane lessons but her real ambition is to "settle down and be a home body."
MINNEAPOLIS, May 25—The muse of learning—or maybe it's only the average college professor—prefers brunettes.
His conclusion is drawn from answers to a questionnaire submitted to 147 honor student members of the June graduating class at the University of Minnesota.
Eighty per cent of brunettes and one red head.

R.C.M.P. Return Runaway Couple

(Canadian Press)
NEW WATERFORD, N. S., May 24—Thirteen-year-old Dorothy McEachern and James Hearn, the 18-year-old youth with whom she ran away Thursday, are back in their homes.
The runaway couple were stopped by Royal Canadian Mounted Police officers at Port Hawkesbury as they waited today to cross the Strait of Canso to the mainland.
Returned to their homes, the boy and girl revealed they had covered the 100 miles to the strait in a box car.

REWARD \$ A CRISP NEW \$ ONE DOLLAR BILL

On Monday, May 29th, the SALADA man will start calling AT RANDOM on hundreds of homes in CHARLOTTETOWN, and he will present ONE DOLLAR to every housewife who can show a pound or half-pound packet of "SALADA" Tea.

BUY NOW—BE PREPARED

You may be among the lucky recipients, all of whose names will be published in the newspapers.

Victoria

The \$10,000 Air Race
Enormous interest has been aroused by the gift of \$10,000 by Sir Macpherson Robertson for a flight in the form of an open Race from England to Australia in connection with the Centenary celebration of Victoria, beginning October, 1934. It is expected that this flight will focus the eyes of the world on Victoria at a time when she is celebrating the first hundred years of her history. A committee has been formed and is now busily engaged in formulating plans for a worthy celebration of the great event and the co-operation of all from the State Government down to the smallest organization has been promised.
British Film Director
Further developments are anticipated in the Australian film industry as a result of the visit of a British director with a male and female star who will be in the cast of several Australian films to be made here. While the visiting expert is expected to enquire into the whole question of Australian production. The light, the climate and other conditions are ideal for filming and Australians have the reputation of being the world's greatest film fans.
Aerial Race
One of the most spectacular aspects of the crossing of the Tasman Sea by Sir Charles Kingsford Smith and his companions in the Southern Cross was the wireless transmission from the plane while en route. All Eastern Australia was able to listen in to the plane and to hear the messages being sent and the wireless telephone conversations. Even the roar of the engines was heard—a unique broadcast of its kind.

Farmers Evolve Barbed Wire 'Phone Service

CONSUL, Sask., May 24—(C.P.)—A "barbed wire" telephone service which functions without power or other overhead expense has served people of this district in a fairly satisfactory manner for some time. The plentiful barbed-wire fences which stretch across the countryside are used for trunk lines. A lead wire to which earphones are attached runs from the house to the fence. Wherever there are gates long poles over the gates carry the wires so there is no cut off. The only disadvantage is that one must be expecting or listening for a call. It is customary to make appointment during conversations as to what time people will be "on the fence again."

INGRID SCORES AS ACTRESS

All Stockholm has some enthusiastic over Princess Ingrid's success as an actress in her recent debut on the stage. The performance was held in the Town Hall in aid of the deaf and dumb. The play was called "A Queen for a Day," the Princess playing the title role. The Princess is taking the part of the Empress Josephine, wore genuine costumes, and also a set of jewels which had belonged to the Empress, loaned for the occasion by Princess Sybille, to whom they have descended as heirlooms. Princess Ingrid took a very great interest in the entire production, and threw her own apartments open to her helpers, who made all the other costumes for the cast by hand. A lady of the Court acted as producer.

Art Exhibition

The exhibition of British Contemporary Art, recently held in Melbourne, attracted many thousands of visitors, eager to keep abreast of overseas developments. The examples of the works of eminent British artists such as John, Orpen, Epstein and others were eagerly scanned and freely criticised. The great majority of visitors agreed that these representative works of contemporary British artists will necessarily have their influence on Australian painters and etchers. From that point of view alone the exhibition was well worth while.

REVERENCE

This is the thing which I know, and which, if you labor faithfully you shall know also; that in reverence is the chief joy and power in life. Reverence, for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the Powers that cannot die.—Ruskin.

RIGHTEOUSNESS

If righteousness should perish it would not be worth while for men to live on the Earth.—Emmanuel Kant.
SILENT THOUGHT
To the sessions of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past.—Shakespeare.

LONDON, May 25—(C.P.)—The house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where Thomas Carlyle lived for nearly 50 years has been a Carlyle museum since 1895. Now it is in need of subscriptions from the public if the existing annual deficit on its running expenses is to be met.

LONDON, May 24—(C.P. Cable)

—Yorkshire defeated Leicestershire by an innings and 146 runs in the only one of Saturday's County championship cricket matches finished today.
Leicestershire's batsmen could not master the formidable bowling of George MacAuley, former bank clerk and Hedley Verity, member of the English test team that toured the Antipodes last winter. MacAuley took six wickets on Saturday for 25 runs and followed it up today by calling six for 22, while Verity dropped four for 17. The scores were: Yorkshire 250 for seven declared, Leicestershire 65 and 39.

IT'S LIVER THAT MAKES YOU FEEL SO WRETCHED

Wake Up Your Liver Bile and Get A New Lease of Life. No Calomel Is Necessary.
For you to feel healthy and happy, your liver must pour two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels, every day of your life.
Without that bile, trouble starts promptly. Your food just won't digest the way it should and your bowels are sluggish. Food decays inside you and your entire system is undermined by the poisonous waste matter. You have indigestion—the discomfort of gas, bloating, heartburn and sourness. You are prey to headaches. Have a tongue like cotton-wool, a nasty taste in your mouth, bad breath and ugly skin. You haven't anything like the pep a healthy person should have. In fact you are generally wretched.
How can you expect to clear up a condition like this completely by taking mere bowel-movers like salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum, or roughage? They can't wake up your liver bile!
Avoid calomel (mercury). Buy yourself a box of old reliable Carter's Little Liver Pills. All vegetable, safe, gentle, safe. They'll wake up your liver without upsetting you. Bring back the glad-to-be-living feeling, once more.
Don't waste your money on substitutes. Be definite. Ask for Carter's by name and get the look for the name, Carter's, on the red label. Beware of cheap imitations.