

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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SUMMER TRAIN SERVICE

The Liberal organ erroneously states that from May 26, when the new railway time-table comes into effect, the first train from Borden will leave Charlottetown a half hour earlier than last year. It will, on the contrary, leave a half hour later—7.30 a. m.—which should be a decided convenience to passengers.

The only other changes over last summer will be the discontinuance of the Georgetown train on Thursday, and the operation of the motor coach between Emerald and Summerside instead of between Charlottetown and Summerside. Last year this coach left Summerside in the afternoon, coming through to Charlottetown and connecting at Emerald Junction with the train leaving here in the afternoon. It then left Charlottetown in the evening for Summerside and connected at Emerald with the last train. Under this summer's schedule, passengers to Charlottetown will not be inconvenienced, but there will be no motor coach going out from Charlottetown in the evening.

The reason advanced by the railway officials for these changes is that of economy. They state that two or three days a week are sufficient to handle all the traffic on the Georgetown train, and that during summer months the passengers available average only about two per cent.

There is, of course, the question of public convenience to be considered. While our people realize that economies are necessary, they also feel that this Province is by no means over-supplied with railway transportation facilities, and that it is much easier to cut down on services than to obtain concessions when added facilities are necessary. Any curtailment in train services, therefore, for whatever reason, is unlikely to be accepted without protest by those who vitally affected.

OUTMANOURED

Parliament, writes the Ottawa correspondent of the Montreal Star, witnessed one of the most curious performances by a political party in many years when the Liberal Opposition, after having two amendments to the budget ruled out of order by the Speaker of the House, turned around and helped the Bennett Government to defeat a C.C.F. amendment and then let the main budget motion go by default.

It was the first time in recent memory that a budget has been adopted in the Commons without a recorded vote, or without the Opposition putting the Government to a test of strength. Jeers and taunts from the Conservative benches—and undisguised laughter from Premier Bennett over the Liberals' disorganization—marked the failure of Right Hon. Mackenzie King and his followers to divide the House.

Earlier in the day, when their first amendment was thrown out by the Speaker, the Liberals did divide the Chamber in an appeal against the ruling and lost by a vote of 91 to 48, all the C.C.F. except A. A. Heaps (North Winnipeg) voting with the Government.

Later the Liberals secured revenge on the C.C.F. for this failure to co-operate by joining with the Government to defeat their amendment to the budget motion by 157 to 14—almost, but not quite, a record majority for this Parliament. The amendment was to the effect that "this House, while appreciating the unusually difficult task of the Government in attempting to administer the present system, regrets the delay in taking the necessary steps leading to the redistribution of our abundance among the Canadian people."

The feature of the day was not so much the fact that it marked the close of one of the briefest budget debates in some years and the formal adoption of the principle of the Finance Minister's proposals of a fortnight ago, but rather the manner in which the Liberal and C.C.F. groups remained at one another's throats throughout the sitting. Their first encounter came when the C.C.F. succeeded in having the Raleton amendment to the budget thrown out on the grounds that it raised an issue which had already been voted down earlier in the session. Then the third party did some smart maneuvering and got into the Irvine amendment on their own account, with the result that when Liberal Leader King wanted to move a straight want-of-confidence amendment in the Government, he was told that the rules of the budget debate did not permit of two amendments, but just one and a sub-amendment. Blocked in this endeavor, Mr. King and his followers thereupon turned upon the C.C.F. group and helped the Government to run the steam roller over their proposition.

It is fortunate indeed for Canada that the Opposition groups, jointly or singly, are in such hopeless minority that their political squabbling, while it may occasion delay of the business of Parliament, will not materially affect the vitally important issues with which the Government is dealing.

ISNT IT AWFUL?

From the size of the type used in quoting it, we may assume that our local contemporary considers the following statement of Mr. A. E. MacLean to be the most important which the Prince County representative made in his recent speech on the Budget: "The Conservative policy has stagnated trade, crippled business, increased unemployment, ruined our transportation, handicapped agriculture, reduced our revenues and brought our country to the verge of bankruptcy."

In pleasing contrast to this blue-ruin cry of the Province's sole Liberal representative in Parliament—who bolted out of the House rather than vote one way or another on the bill to provide marketing boards for our farmers and fishermen—we have the following latest official trade figures:

Total exports of Canadian produce in April, 1934, were valued at \$31,581,881, an increase of \$11,570,229 over the April, 1933, figure.

Total value of goods entering Canada during April of the present year was \$34,815,447, as against \$20,457,294 in April, 1933. This was an increase of \$14,258,153 in favor of this year.

A net increase of \$3,690,972 in customs and excise revenues collected during April of this year as compared with April 1933.

The major increase was recorded in customs duties. During last April the net amount realized from customs collections was \$5,619,737 as against \$3,541,642 in April, 1933. This was an increase of \$2,078,094.

Second in importance in the customs and excise field was an increase of \$1,192,730 in the net amount collected through the Excise. These collections last month produced \$3,624,448 as compared with \$2,431,718 in April, 1933.

These figures show a gain in export and import trade and customs collections which is truly phenomenal.

Mr. MacLean calls this "stagnation." Unbiased people call it progress in a highly satisfactory direction.

MERCY FLYING

In nine long typed sheets the Canadian Airways lists, as a matter of public interest, incidents from its records which show the place of the airplane as an instrument in saving life. They come from new mining areas and isolated districts in the Canadian North where medical and hospital facilities are limited and the emergency cannot be met by methods taken for granted in the older regions.

These "ambulance flights" are in the day's work of the Northern pilots, notes an Ottawa exchange. Their brief reports show the variety in this work, and offer a glimpse of the splendid human service rendered. "Woman taken to Akavik hospital. Temperature 50 degrees below zero." "Sick Indian to hospital." "Sick miner." "800 pounds food dropped to starving miners." "Sick child: appendicitis case." "Sick Indian princess for Smith hospital." And so on. Beyond doubt many lives were saved because the planes made it possible for ill and injured persons to receive attention promptly, and even than the spectacular flights which are front-page news as a continuation of a service of this kind over a long period illustrate the status of modern flying and the progress it has made in the field of transport.

"Mercy flights," it may be noted, have been made several times during the past two seasons by the Canadian Airways pilots between the Magdalen Islands and Charlottetown, and the benefit of prompt hospital or surgical treatment afforded in emergency cases. This is a feature of the air service which is deserving of every commendation.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Crimean War seems very far off these days, but word comes from New Zealand that one of its survivors, William Freeman, recently celebrated his 104th birthday in Auckland. Propped up in bed and wearing all his medals, he eagerly partook of his birthday cake. He saw the bombardment of Sebastopol and the sinking of the Russian liner, the *Novik*, and the Twelve Apostles, to prevent it falling into the hands of the Allies, in that war Britain, France, Turkey and Sardinia.

Notes By The Way

Finer than a human hair, wire is now being manufactured at the Prescott (Lancashire) Works of British Insulated Cables, Ltd., which has a diameter of two-thousandths and one half miles of this wire to weigh a pound. Special machinery has lately been installed to make this wire and further machinery to coat it with an electrical insulation of enamel, five coats of which have a radical thickness of only two ten-thousandths of an inch.

Three kidnapers in Fort Worth, Texas, were foiled by a woman with a pistol. They probably considered discretion the better part of valor, for if she had ever pressed the trigger, there was no telling where the shot might go, and thus any one of them might be hit.

It is an effective answer, says an exchange, to the claim of theorists and vote-chasers that everybody has a right to a fixed income from a national dividend, and that the dividend in question can be achieved by a change of financial method and policy. "Everybody knows what both this is from personal experience. Who hasn't encountered the pathetically incompetent 'general'—the well-meaning young woman who makes a hash of every domestic duty she takes on? Or the jobbing gardener with the fatigued complex who is never engaged twice in the same place? And they have their counterparts in every walk of life: briefless barristers, solicitors without clients, doctors without patients, salesmen who can't hold jobs, farmers who fall however good the seasons may be. These unfortunate have no purchasing power, not because of the malign behavior of bankers, but because they are unable to offer services or products that anybody wants.

Although they refuse to predict its reaction on human beings, Philadelphia researchers have developed a vaccine which cures monkeys of symptoms of infantile paralysis. The monkeys became weaker and weaker as the paralysis took its course and, losing the use of their limbs, lay almost inert in their cages. When the vaccine was injected, however, the animals recovered the power of locomotion and within a comparatively brief period appeared to be also cured.

Steele in Christian Science Monitor: British newspapers pay extraordinary tribute to President Roosevelt in reviewing his new book, "On Our Way." The London Telegraph says one cannot lay down the volume without a real admiration for a great leader sincerely aiming at things worth while. Sir Walter Layton's often critical Economist says many of Roosevelt's messages recall addresses of Lincoln. The London Post suggests that European leaders, "not excluding Hitler," should read the book and "learn how it's done." The Manchester Guardian has high praise of Roosevelt's first twelve-month—"Most effective example of democratic leadership in post-war years."

The end of the social and educational year, the end of the season's activities for clubs, associations and organizations for service brings many reports, elections, graduations and so forth. All these provide ample material for discussion in the week-end directly interested. However, the annual odyssey to the country is so occupying many minds that nothing else counts. Even some 28,000 young trout are going out into the world from the shelter of their rearing pond. With their feelings the graduates from school and university will have some sympathy. The graduate may even be a trout to the extent that the latter are sure to be sought after and tempted with attractive lures. Perhaps it were well, however, to remember the lurking hooks. Life is full of fishhooks.

There is no limit to human ingenuity, as is made evident by an advertisement in a Melbourne newspaper: "Gentleman who gets paid on Thursday and who is usually broke by Saturday will exchange small loans with a person who is paid on Saturday and is broke by Thursday."

Sir Austen Chamberlain was in doubt as to the wisdom of women taking an active part in politics but appears to have those fears allayed. He now appears to see control of politics passing to the gentler sex, whose organizations are more active than those of the men. Then he plaintively remarks: "I do not know what men do with their time. Maybe they stay at home to nurse the baby and prepare supper." How the Pankhursts of a former generation would enjoy that one.

When a fire breaks out in Constantinople, or Istanbul, its modernized name, the Fire Department is called as quickly as possible, but before the firemen go to work, the chief and owner of the building must first agree on what the charge for their services is to be. Quite often there is haggling and frequently fires get out of control while this is going on.

That Body of Ours

By James W. Barlow, M.D.

THREE THINGS NECESSARY TO PRESERVE THE TEETH
Oler, the greatest physician of modern times, said, "that of all the disorders that beset humanity, dental disease is responsible, directly and indirectly, for a large amount of ill health and unhappiness than any other kind."
Observations show that 95 per cent of all school children have caries (decay), and almost 100 per cent of adults have either pyorrhoes, decayed, or dead teeth.

Now your dentist cannot save your teeth any more than your doctor can save your heart or rather protect you from heart disease, if you do not follow the advice he gives you.
To-day we find the dentist not only giving advice as to the brushing of the teeth, removing tartar, treating inflamed gums (pyorrhoes), removing the pulp from "suspicious" teeth, and extracting teeth with infected roots, but he also outlines the kind of foods the patient should eat. The dentist is teaching you how to preserve your teeth just as the physician is teaching you how to preserve your health, yet without this advice, there would be more "work" for dentists and doctors.

And the greatest single factor in preserving teeth as discovered by the Dr. Mellanby and the Dr. Agnew is vitamin D.
Cod liver oil and some other fish oils are the richest known sources of vitamin D. It is present in fat fish and also in animal fats except that of the pig.
However the average individual does not like the idea of cod liver oil although the new methods of preparing it and presenting it to the public make it much easier to take.

There are however natural foods containing the vitamin D.
The natural foods containing vitamin D with which calcium (lime) and vitamin A are often associated include egg yolk, milk, suet, butter, and cheese.
Where cereals are used it is advised that milk or cream be added as cereals are not bone builders.

Mr. Bennett's Way

(Mail and Empire)
It is everywhere conceded that business recovery has proceeded further in Canada than in the United States. The Ottawa Government's policies in safeguarding the national credit and Canadian industries and extending the markets for Canadian products under the British flag and elsewhere have been more effective than the revolutionary Rooseveltian programme. In the Magazine of Wall Street Mr. Charles Bennett remarks that between 8,000,000 and 10,000,000 Americans are still out of work and supported at the expense of the public.

He adds "After more than a year of almost frantic governmental experimentation—much of it hastily improvised—the time has come to pause and reflect. We should remind ourselves that the gold value of the dollar has already been depreciated by 40 per cent. That in itself is a tremendous inflation. Why should further attempts to inflate be made when this bold step has not taken hold? Why, indeed, when we envisage the huge credit inflation that is now possible? Our recently re-valued gold holdings are crumble and supporting a volume of credit far surpassing any amount of credit ever before used."

The difficulty, as continues the writer, that though the United States already has plenty of inflation, it is not being used. The reasons why it is not being used are confusing and contradictory forces and policies which have been released and inaugurated. "On the one hand, we contemplate such inflationary measures as the \$3,300,000 public works programme; the direct loans to industry through the Federal Reserve; the various farm benefit payments and loans; the devalued dollar. On the other hand, to cry for reform has resulted in such deflationary measures as the Stock Exchange Bill with its regulation of financial markets and the free security Act of 1933 with its throttling of new financing, and such measures as the prohibition of consolidated income tax returns which will occasion not only additional taxation but readjustment of holding company organization in the middle of the year. In addition, the 30-Hour Week Bill, the proposed unemployment insurance to be paid for by taxing payrolls 5 per cent, must be classed as deflationary legislation. Finally, the N. R. A. itself in so far as it tends to raise business costs ahead of profits is also deflationary."

The result of these conflicting measures has been to dampen business initiative, to retard long-range planning and normal long-term capital investment. "It is recognized that a 40 per cent. dollar depreciation may in time prove more inflationary than it has thus far, but uncertainty as to further possible depreciation naturally confines long term commitments to things of the most liquid character. In other words, while the administration's programme is frankly one of experiment and opportunism, shift; g from month to month, business will naturally tend to be opportunistic, also. While the Government is loudly denouncing speculation, the very instability of its own programme makes every venture of the business man essentially speculative."
While Canadians continue to admire President Roosevelt's character and his courageous efforts in the presence of very difficult problems, it becomes clearer and clearer as the months pass and the depression lifts that the Ottawa administration has met a prolonged work crisis with policies much better suited to the genius and requirements of the Dominion.

William Carey's Centennial

(Montreal Gazette)

Baptists the world over are celebrating the centennial anniversary of William Carey, the famous missionary to India who died in 1834 after labors for forty years pursued his labors in that country. Of him it has been said that he did more for the people of India than did all other influences which have been brought to bear upon its vast population by the western powers. The name of Carey is held in highest esteem throughout the Christian world. His career affords a salient example of the sort of faith and courage that surmounts all difficulties and wins out against seemingly overwhelming odds. It is no exaggeration to say that there is no more inspiring record of personal endurance and self-denial to be found anywhere in the annals of humanitarian service. It was by his own untiring endeavors and invincible fortitude that William Carey attained for himself a position of great eminence and usefulness, one that will ever cause his honored name to be associated with the history of Christian missions in India, the chosen field of his missionary labors.

William Carey was born in Pantonville, Northamptonshire, in 1761. His education was of the scantiest. From childhood he knew poverty in the severest regimen of the "bad old times." At fourteen, he was apprenticed to the shoemaking trade. Afterwards he became journeyman to a Mr. Omer Kidderminster. In this cobbler's shop he found a small collection of books. He devoured their contents. The bent of his youthful mind was to wards botany and travels. He would have become famous had not he found his chief metier in another way. His love of this subject stayed with him throughout his lifetime. Captain Cook's voyages was a volume that had a tremendous effect upon his imagination. Carey joined the Baptists and for some years was a local preacher. At nineteen, the question came up concerning the ordination of the ministry. He took charge of a congregation at Barton and afterwards at Kettering, his stipend at the latter place being £17 per year. Subsequently he officiated at a Baptist church in Leicester. At no time did he receive a stipend sufficient to release him from the cobbler's stall. For some years he did duty as shoemaker and preacher combined. Twenty dollars a week, even ten dollars, would have seemed to William Carey a liberal emolument. Says Mr. Morris: "Every fortnight Carey might be seen walking ten miles into Northampton with his wallet full of shoes and then returning home with a fresh supply of leather."

Tradition has it that he affixed to the wall of his cobbler's shop a sermonee map of the world. The spaces of heathendom were black-blocked. Carey never ceased to urge upon his ministerial brethren the claims of missionary enterprise. His great opportunity came when at Nottingham in 1792, the Baptist Association met in May with Carey as select preacher. He took for his text, "Enlarge the place of thy tent and stretch forth thy habitations." Then it was he gave the motto which has ever since been a signal for Christian missions: "Expect great things from God. Attempt great things for God." A sermonee map raised at that meeting was slightly in excess of sixty-five dollars. The Baptist church at Birmingham raised \$280 in aid of the fund and some others followed suit with lesser amounts. Carey volunteered to embark for India, but after Carey refused to undertake the voyage, The East India Company placed a ban upon any other vessels save their own and passengers were obliged to get licences from the India House before they could embark. The passage money was put to \$200. Obtaining of a licence seemed hopeless, but in June, 1793, Carey was in London; he had overcome their scruples. The party embarked in the *Princessa Maria* and landed at Calcutta in November of that year.

Affairs all went wrong. Funds gave out. Provision were exhausted. The whole party would have starved had it not been for the generosity of some Hindu pundits who offered them shelter. Later on, a Mr. Undy offered Carey the management of an indigo factory. He gladly took the position, which placed him upon "easy street." He gave notice to the Mission Society that he could support himself and family and would go solely towards the mission work itself. He translated the New Testament into Bengalee. At Serampore he established a church, a school, and bought the materials for and set up a printing press for the publication of the Scriptures and philological works. These included grammars and dictionaries in the Mahraita, Sanscrit, Punjabi, Telinga, Bengalee and Bhotania dialects. Twenty-four different translations of the Scriptures were all edited by Dr. Carey, who kept at work as ardently as ever to the very last, and in some of his latest letters to England requested his friends to send him supply to implements, scythes, sickles, ploughs, flowers seeds, garden plants, etc., that he might carry something of English horticulture into the land of his adoption. My own countryman, Carey called India in this affectionate manner. And no man ever did more to strengthen the ties of friendship between the Hindu peoples and the British Empire than the humble Kettering cobbler whose career and character shine out to this day, and for all future generations, a mark of heroic and gentlemanly service and a signal of indistinguishable light.

The Poet's Corner

LONGING

Come to me in my dream, and then By day I shall be well again. For then the night will more than pay The hopeless longing of the day.
Come, as thou canst a thousand times; A messenger from the radiant climes, And smile on thy new world, and be As kind to all the rest as me.
Or, as thou never canst in sooth, Come now and let me dream it true. And part my hair, and kiss my brow, And say—My love! why sufferest thou?
Come to me in my dreams, and then By day I shall be well again. For then the night will more than pay The hopeless longing of the day.

—Matthew Arnold.

The Red Patch Padre

(Theodore Goodridge Roberts in Saturday Night)

In writing of Frederick George Scott, one has a choice of striking titles; and I am yet in two minds in this matter. "Poet Padre" would look well, too. But one cannot get everything into a title, nor pack a bag with everything on top. My first awareness of the subject of this slight expression of appreciation was the poet; though at our first meeting in the flesh—Valcartier, August, 1914—he was a padre, an embattled parson, one set in spiritual authority over troops. He took his duties very seriously; if cheerfully but his authority lightly. He believed military authority to be a sacred thing, but the authority of his sacred office to be even a better thing; and so, between the two, he went wherever he wanted to go more or less whenever he wanted to go, and there did whatever it was he wanted to do, and that away with it. A general might say, "How did you happen to go over with the first wave this morning, Padre?" And the Padre, smiling artlessly, might reply, "Why Sir, it just happened, as you say. I was there, talking to one of the lads about his sick mother in Owen Sound, when the whistles blew—and there I was over the top with the others!—and I kept on going, of course!"

One moment, please! I don't seem to have said this synchronized. I have said that I was first aware of Frederick George Scott as a poet. That was a long time ago; and we had not a great many poets then; but they were all pretty good: Lampan, Carman, Charles Roberts, and the two Scotts. One of my earliest memories of Canadian poetry is the line—
"I saw God in his workshop, carving faces."

The poet must have been very young, probably a curate, when he wrote that, and did he dream then, I wonder, of what devilish crushing of God's handiwork he was to live to see?

Even at Valcartier, in 1914, the Padre had a red hot war-poem all mumbled over in a whisper. "But perhaps it would be unwise to be captured with this on one's person," he murmured; and he tore that tough poem into harmless fragments. He might as well have saved it, for the Germans did not get through behind their gas. But he never had thought much of it as a poem, a work of art. Had it been better art he would have taken a chance with it, I think. Had it been one of his best poems instead of his

LIVE HOGS

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Davis & Fraser

most violent, he would have read it to the Kaiser himself had the opportunity offered—or I don't know the Padre! But why suffer needlessly for bad art?
For seven months I had the honour of being a mess-mate of Canon Scott in "C" Mess, H.Q. 1st Can. Div. That was no ordinary mess; and without the Padre it would have been less extraordinary. You don't know what I mean, so let it go! "A" Mess was more difficult to crash, and "B" ran more heavily to spurs, but "C" possessed a loose-jointed, dashing style that was all its own; and its outstanding member was the Padre who, even then, was the senior chaplain of the division. So highly was he considered as a chaplain and a soldier by the General and the G.S.O. (1) that he was humored as a poet to the extent of having his verses published occasionally, in Divisional Orders. Can you put your finger on, or even call to mind, any other poet who ever enjoyed a like privilege? But all this did not save him from a run-in with the A.P.M.

The Padre had a yellow mare—yellow and a mare, if my memory serves me; and it was his custom to ride up as far as riding was fairly safe, there hitch the mare in a convenient cellar or shell-smashed house, and continue the advance on his own feet overlaid or up communicating trenches, as the case might be, and so into the fire-trench to pass the time of day with the front-liners of his congregation. Always welcome on fire-steps and in forward dugout, he took his time; and when he had talked to every man and officer he knew (knowing them all), and worked his way back to battalion headquarters and swapped yarns with the O.C., and thence back to brigade, the chances were against his coming out at the

point at which he had gone in. It was always dark by then; and even a yellow mare is a hard horse to find in the dark. But the Padre usually found her. When he didn't somebody else did; and the time came when she was discovered by an M.P. and reported to the A.P.M., and the Padre was officially accused of cruelty to dumb animals. It was a laugh—but the Padre was too deeply shocked to laugh. He had been accused of depriving the mare of food and water—as if of malice aforethought. His yellow mare! Why, bless his heart! he would have given her his shirt, or his own dinner, if she had ever expressed a fancy for either. The laugh was on the A.P.M. Even the yellow mare joined in it.

The Padre was known for his courage to and among brave men. He was one of the bravest. His courage was not due to a belief that he enjoyed divine protection, for he knew that he did not. He had wounds to prove that he was as easy a mark as the next man. And his courage was of the spirit as well as of the strong heart and cool nerves. One of the most pitiful and beautiful legends of those deformed and monstrous days is that of the Padre's search among the dead at night, by the ray of his electric torch, for his own son; the discovery, the identification by means of a finger ring; the donning of canonicals there under fire and the unhurried service. I heard it from one who saw it.

He is an archdeacon now—Colonel the Venerable Frederick George Scott, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.D., F.R.S.C.—something like that. But I cannot think of him as venerable. Venerable? It does not seem to go with the old Red Patch which he wore so long, so honorably, so cheerfully, courageously and tenderly.

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