

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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MONDAY, MAY 13, 1929

THE TARIFF DILEMMA

The draft of the new tariff bill now being framed by the United States government is still under consideration. The outstanding changes of interest to Canadians were published in The Guardian a few days ago. A glance at the list will convince the most sceptical that the purpose of the new bill is to exclude all foreign products that are likely to enter into competition with American products. This, it is believed, will affect Canada more than any other country. If the United States do not want Canadian products, it is of course their own business, and they have framed their tariff accordingly.

Our Ottawa despatches of Saturday forecast important announcements within the next few days as a result of several caucuses held by the King Government in connection with the tariff question. Whatever action Ottawa may now take, however, will be a belated one. It has been known since the King Government came into power that the tariff relations between Canada and the United States were all in favor of the latter. The Canadian Government was urged repeatedly to make such changes in tariff as would give our producers an equal chance in their own market with foreigners.

WE HAVE THE APPLES

Recent visitors to the West Indies have learned from conversation with the inhabitants of those islands that there is a strong demand for Canadian apples, particularly at the Christmas season. Now that we have direct communication with the West Indies, this should be a hint to Maritime farmers and orchardists. It has been demonstrated for many years that the Maritime Provinces can produce as fine a quality of apples as can be grown anywhere on the continent. This Province of ours is right in the fruit belt, and the quality of its apples when properly cultivated has not been excelled everywhere.

The late Conservative Government had made preparations for a revival of the fruit industry. A fruit expert was appointed and the work of development had actually begun under his direction, but his public service came to an end when the present administration came in power. Nothing has since been heard of the development of the fruit industry. With a live man at its head, this industry could be greatly enlarged and a very profitable trade in apples could be worked up with the West Indies and even with Great Britain. This is a matter that now demands attention, and if the Saunders Government can be moved to do anything useful it should at least make a beginning along this line.

CONSERVATIVES IN QUEBEC

There is a notable revival in Conservative circles in the old Province

of Quebec. A Conservative convention is to be held next Wednesday in Montreal at which the six-year constituencies of the Province will be represented. There have been misunderstandings and jealousies in the old Province for some years past. The leaders of the party in some measure and for reasons that are not very obvious, lost the confidence of the people and, as a result, although the Conservative policy is still strong in the minds of the people, they have failed to elect Conservative members to the Federal Parliament. At the last election the Conservative electors numbered 35 per cent of the whole electorate, but succeeded in electing only four Conservative representatives, while the Liberals, with 65 per cent of the electorate, returned sixty members.

The people of Quebec and their political leaders are protectionists to an extent not equalled in any other province in Canada. Yet with the divisions existing heretofore their representation has been largely in the Liberal column. The provincial government, led by the Hon. Mr. Taschereau, has more than once declared in favor of protection to industry and agriculture. It is confidently expected that under a more popular leadership and with the old little jealousies wiped out, there will be a much stronger line-up of Conservatives in the Federal Parliament after next election. The Hon. R. B. Bennett has made himself very popular in the sections of Quebec which he has visited. He is regarded as an able and honest statesman, and it will not be surprising if this fact shows itself very distinctly in the returns of the next election. The Province of Quebec, with its industrial and agricultural development, and its knowledge of the need of protection along these lines cannot consistently remain Liberal.

THE PATHFINDERS

With the wide world between them, two men chatted together over the radio the other night, as naturally as if they were talking across a dinner table. From the Byrd expedition camp in the far Antarctic to the meteorological station at Mount Evans, Greenland, the winged words flew, annihilating time and space. Twelve thousand miles of continent and ocean girdled with the speed of thought! The language spoken was Danish, and the speakers, one likes to imagine, were descendants of those old Vikings, reputed first voyagers across the Atlantic, whose sagas thrill us yet with the sense of man's indomitable spirit at grips with the blind forces of nature—those "whose trails were the first furrows, and whose lives the first harvest." Today we are reminded, in the miracles that modern science is bringing to pass, of our debt to the pathfinders of every age and clime, whose accumulated labors have brought us thus far along a road of every amazing adventure, of ever broadening vistas. "They are hushed who dared Levathan and the dragons of Hesperia. The frontiers of wonder are dissolved. The purple kingdoms of the old mirage. Lelf Ericson sleeps, and the fire that was Columbus. But Time has new Atlantics. The stars they followed still go over. Their voices are on the wind from the North-east. And their flags in the sunset."

EDITORIAL NOTES

A mechanical device, known as the "business brain" which will simultaneously do the work of half a dozen departmental officials, is being placed on the market. One of these machines might serve a good purpose in the Provincial building here.

To a Gael, six pipers in a drawing room playing "McNymusk" is the nearest approach to celestial art ever attained by man, but the non-elect have other opinions on the subject. The latter are to be pitied, no doubt, but surely not condemned. It is just their misfortune, not their fault.

Notes By The Way

The Scotia is a poor substitute for the Prince Edward Island on our ferry service between Bolden and Tommentine as has been repeatedly proved in past years. It serves very well on the narrow and closely land locked Strait of Canso where there are no heavy seas to encounter, but is quite unfit for the wider open waters of Northumberland Straits, and several times in past years serious accidents were narrowly escaped from this cause.

We all realize that our ferry steamer must be sent away for overhauling and repairs after her hard winter's work here at home. This time more extensive repairs must be made owing to the accident which happened to her early in the winter. The winter work in freight carrying was unusually heavy owing to increased potato shipments and it was agreeably surprising that it was performed so well. Also it was creditable to Captain Read and his hard-working mates and crew.

How long the Prince Edward will be off the route is always a matter of uncertainty and no one appears to know anything as to when the promised second ferry will be forthcoming. In the meantime newspaper readers have been entertained with revived advocacy of the tunnel, and new projects for a causeway and all-rail connection by a new route. These were generally set down by thoughtful persons as mere excuses for delaying action in regard to the promised second ferry.

At the present time we hear nothing from Ottawa to indicate whether there is anything decided, or doing in regard to getting on with the second ferry scheme. People are asking, are the plans and specifications yet prepared? When will the contract be let? How long will it take to build the million dollar vessel after the Ottawa authorities make up their minds to get on with the job?

Our three Liberal members at Ottawa, who have the ear of the Government and of Sir Henry Thornton, ought to be able to throw some light on the situation if they would and their own supporters want to know as well as others the cause of the long delay and uncertainty. Are Messrs. Sinclair, Jenkins and Maclean or either of them consenting parties to the delay? We certainly hope they are not, but who knows?

A sudden drastic break in the price of wheat has caused alarm on the prairies. All the way from Port Arthur to the sea the elevators are full of grain, and the canals and water outlets are choked with grain laden vessels whose cargoes are yet unsold. Officials claim that the peak of the transport blockade has been reached, but it seems that the world harvest of last year has produced an over supply of food stuffs. Grain trader in Chicago and western U. S. farmers are said to be as hard hit as those of Winnipeg and the Canadian prairies.

Locally in Charlottetown there are loud complaints among householders regarding the absurdly high prices they are obliged to pay for fresh fish, especially herring, of which the catch has been abundant. One is led to wonder whether the middlemen's profits are not larger than what the fisherman actually receive for their arduous toil.

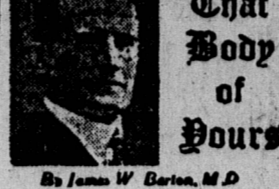
Ottawa despatches tell that while Canadian exports to the United States have been decreasing and must decrease more largely when the new U. S. tariff goes into effect. Our imports from across the border are steadily growing from month to month. Last year our total imports from that quarter were \$918,155,906 against exports of \$468,929,157. But Liberal optimists in Ottawa express the hope that if our exports are this year cut down by 50 millions "we shall still survive!" A pitiful plea.

More and more ocean steamers are finding their way to Toronto. A few days ago four arrived from England, three of them loaded with Welsh coal and another with a cargo of oil. It would seem from this that the waterway up the St. Lawrence and the Lakes is practicable to an extent not generally realized and may be developed into a great highway of water-borne commerce in the not very distant future.

Hon. R. B. Bennett intends to spend his vacation in touring different parts of the country, consulting with local Conservative leaders and delivering addresses on public affairs. His efforts will not doubt prove to be informing and productive of benefit as well as productive of more intimate acquaintances with many of his supporters and admirers.

Are we Islanders desirous to become Nova Scotians? In the grab game that is going on Nova Scotia gets what is stripped from the Island. Premier King has expressed his personal opinion that the three

That Body of Yours



By James W. Barton, M.D.

YOUR BODY LIKE A HOUSE

Some years ago I compared that body of yours to a house. Your foundation is the frame work of bones that carries your organs inside and your muscles on the outside. To be more nearly correct of course the foundations of your body are the "kind" of a body your parents gave you as to heart, lungs, stature, and everything else.

Your foundation is the frame work, the food you eat which is the coal or fuel. These various processes going on inside you, particularly the work of the huge muscles which cover the body, manufacture heat, and the warm blood coursing throughout the body carries heat to all parts. This is like hot water heating.

The ashes are the wastes from the body which are thrown out by the kidneys, intestine, skin and lungs. Your mouth is like the vestibule of the house. Just as you can admit anybody to your house from the vestibule when you are satisfied that it is all right to admit him, so also can you do your own choosing of the food or liquid that enters your mouth.

In your mouth also is the saliva that prepares the food to enter the stomach or house proper.

Now your stomach is like the kitchen of the house. In the kitchen all the food you eat is prepared. There is the cutting up, grating, peeling, baking, boiling, and roasting, before it is brought to the dining room. And so your food is prepared in the stomach for the digestive processes.

From the kitchen or stomach the food goes to the dining room, or small intestine.

Your small intestine calls to its aid a couple of juices that throw themselves upon the food immediately it leaves the stomach. These juices make an immediate change in the food, and this change enables the blood to draw the materials out of the food, that it needs for building the body.

The ventilation of the body is the lungs, and it is like a perfect type of ventilation because the lungs draw in oxygen with respiration, and throw out waste, carbon dioxide, with each expiration.

The library in the house is the brain. Your brain stores away knowledge that you can use at any time, just as you consult your library for time to time.

The storeroom of the house is where you keep an extra supply of things. That body of yours can store up things also. Your lungs carry an extra hundred cubic inches of air for emergencies; your liver stores sugar; your gall bladder a little extra bile; your muscles surplus power so that they can work even without air for a short time.

The bedroom of your body is the hours of rest you give it.



THE COURTS OF OLD ATLANTIS

(From "Fragments") In some green island of the sea, Where now the shadow coral grows, In pride and pomp and empery, The courts of old Atlantis rose. In many a glittering house of glass The Atlantians wandered there; The paleness of their faces was Like ivory, so pale they were. And hushed they were, no noise or words

In those bright cities ever rang; Only their thoughts, like golden birds About their chambers thrived and sang. They knew all wisdom, for they knew

The souls of those Egyptian Kings Who learned, in ancient Baou, The beauty of immortal things. They knew all beauty—when they thought. The air chimed like a stricken lyre. The elemental birds were wrought. The golden birds became a fire. And men in desert places, men

Abandoned, broken, sick with fears, Rose singing, swung their swords again, And laughed and died among the spears. The green and greedy seas have drowned

Maritimes should be united under one Government. That done, our Governor, Legislature, Supreme Court and capital city would all go to the mainland, following the Militia Camp and Nova Scotia would have full control of all the Maritimes. Every Islander whose blood is warm within him should set his face as a flint against the further degradation of his Province.

Dog Sense

Condensed from Good Housekeeping—Scotty Allen, Famous Alaskan Hunter

"I want you to chloroform this dog. He's dangerous."

"How?" "Oh, a lot of ways. Tore the clothing of the last man who tried to handle him. Bit the fellow who cleans the kennel. Wants to fight every other dog. Howls and barks if he feels like it. Mess all around."

This conversation went on outside my place in Nome, Alaska, a few years ago. As I'd done a good deal of dog racing I suppose I was looked upon as a good person to put away undesirable dogs. However, I can't remember ever having killed a dog.

While the man talked I studied the dog, standing there with hanging head, muzzled and leached. His eyes were keen, his chest wide and his haunches rippling with muscles. And I made up my mind. "No," I said. "I won't kill him."

The fellow seemed a little taken aback. The I guess he caught the way I was admiring the build of his dog.

"Would you care to take him?" I said. "Sure I'll take him." For three days I kept the dog—Jack was his name—chained to the big kennel. I wanted him to get used to me and to the spirit of my other dogs. I knew by experience he'd absorb these things whether he wanted to or not.

Jack was a bad actor, all right. When I fed the gang, he'd rear up and make a racket as if he'd tear me to pieces if I'd give him a chance. I guess my own dogs wondered how the newcomer got away with such behavior. My old leader specially kept his eye cocked on me, no doubt looking forward to the pleasure of seeing this noisy hoodlum get what was coming to him.

On the fourth morning the test came. I went right up to him in a business like way and put the harness on him. He took it without a hostile move. I mated him with a strong, sensible dog on the tow line about midway between the sledge and the leader. I counted on my old leader's keeping the team strung out so they wouldn't "gang" Jack, as dogs sometimes will when a new dog won't behave. That would have been the end of him.

Jack now began to jump up and down like a crazy creature. The minute he was hitched he wanted to take charge and be off. If he didn't like the way things went he'd attack the driver or start a fight among the whole team.

On purpose I didn't have a whip in my hand. I spoke to Jack. I went around to the other dogs and adjusted their harness.

"Shut up!" I called to him as he got more and more excited. When I passed him, I struck him lightly on the nose with my mitten to show him I wasn't worrying about his threats.

At this he flew at me like a mad wolf. But I had gauged the distance correctly. His tow line and neck strap stopped him just before he reached my throat. As he was yanked down, I sprang forward and seized him by the jaws. With the full strength of my shoulders I jammed his whole head into the snow. By throwing my weight into my elbows, I managed to hold him down till he relaxed, I had won the first round.

Now the big moment had come. I knew, and I knew that Jack knew, that I hadn't beaten him in fair fight. If I had stopped now, he'd always remember this. Quickly I unsnapped his neck and towlines and stepped back unwinding my tow line from the sledge.

Pretty soon Jack rolled over on his stomach. His black eyes, sharp with fury, were fixed on me. I called him to come to me and swung my whip, but not to hit him. I had no idea of beating him that way. I just wanted him to see the gesture before it was too late.

Almost at the same instance he let drive. You never realize how far a big dog can jump until he comes at you in anger. He literally shot through the air. But I knew what to expect. I ducked. As he sailed by my shoulder, I grabbed his belly band. It took quick work. But before

That city's glittering walls and towers, Her sunken minarets are crowned With red and russet water-flowers. In towers and rooms and golden courts

The shadow coral lifts her sprays; The scrawl hath gorged her broken orts, The shark doth haunt her hidden ways.

But at the turning of the tide, The golden birds still sing and gleam; The Atlantians never did die, Immortal things still give us dream. The dream that fires men's hearts to make.

To build, to do, to sing or say A beauty death can never take, An Adam from the crumbled clay.

—John Macfield

he caught his balance, I swung him over and down. Again I seized his jaws with all the strength I had, and crammed one knee into his ribs.

We had it out to a finish. I wasn't really hurting him. But I was infuriating him beyond control. So long as I held his jaws and kept some of my weight on him he couldn't bite me. But if my grip had slipped, nothing could have saved me. My wife, who was watching, nearly lost her mind as we rolled wildly around in the snow.

Finally I got Jack's nose into soft snow. With all my strength I pushed it down and down. I was thankful when at last he went limp. For a few moments I didn't get up. I was tuckered out.

Then I stood back and waited for Jack to come to. When he opened his eyes, he rolled them at me. I talked to him gently.

"Come here, Jack, old boy. Come on old man. We don't want to fight, do we?" He began to whine. Slowly he crawled over to me. I held the whip in my hand so he could see it. I wanted him to feel that I could thrash him if I chose. When he was at my feet, I leaned over and patted him. Slowly he stood up, looking into my eyes as if he couldn't believe that he wasn't being whipped. His tail began to wag. All the time I was talking to him:

"Your friends now, old fellow. You're going to be a great dog with my team. Let's hitch up and go. What do you say?"

His tail was wagging harder than ever. I hitched him up. "All right!" I called. Jack jumped into his place and trotted, tail up, pulling as hard as any dog I had. I'd won.

From that day on Jack got better and better. Later he was one of the great racing dogs of Alaska.

Now I'll tell you what was the matter with Jack: He hadn't had a proper bringing up.

When Jack was a young dog, he had not been made to mind. When he was an older dog, he was still undisciplined. As a result, when he was strong and well fed and every nerve jumping for the word "Mush" he hadn't learned enough self control to stand the strain. He was so high-strung he'd buffalo his driver into letting him do what he wanted. And when the driver tried to handle him, he'd fly at the man.

When I tell this yarn to people whose dogs haven't any manners or are completely out of control, they usually say:

"That doesn't apply to our dog. Your Jack was a big, fierce Alaskan animal. We couldn't bear to have a fight with our Fido."

But they're wrong. True, I've had most to do with manesutes, those powerful animals we drive in the Arctic, dogs that can sleep out in 80 degrees below zero and live on frozen fish for months; dogs that nuzzle snow for water and gnaw rawhide for grub; that can tear of a hundred miles of trail between dawn and dark and come up for another day of it; hard dogs, half wolf and altogether primitive. But I've had a lot to do with other dogs, too. And I've yet to find the dog that doesn't need bringing up to make it a good dog, just as a child needs proper bringing up to make it a decent man or woman.

THE LAND WE LOVE

BY FRANK YEIGH

FLOUR-MILLING IN CANADA

Q. What is the extent of flour-milling in Canada? A. The flour-milling industry in Canada maintains its importance. The latest figures for the calendar year 1927 reported 1315 flour and grist mills; capital \$62,062,013; 6384 employees received \$7,372,670. Value of products \$191,741,477. 86 million bushels of wheat were milled, in 18,787,312 barrels of flour, with selling value at mill of \$125,110,853.

FORT AUGUSTUS SCHOOL

The following is the standing of Fort Augustus School for the month of April.

- Grade VIII—1 Agnes Lawlor, 2 Mary Kelly. Grade VII—1 Florence Croken. Grade VI—1 Joseph Hegarty, 2 Leonard Curley, 3 Raymond Kelly. Grade IV—1 Robert Hegarty. Grade II—1 Marguerite Kelly. Grade I—Sr.—1 Mildred Hughes. Grade I—Jr.—1 Margaret Kelly, 2 Vernon Hughes, 3 Winnifred Hegarty. Perfect attendance—Mary Kelly, Agnes Lawlor, Florence Croken, Robert Hegarty, Mildred Hughes, Vernon Hughes, Margaret Kelly, and Winnifred Hegarty.

Severe Jones Law

Proves A Boomerang

(J. V. McAree in The Toronto Mail and Empire)

When the history of the human race in the third decade of the 20th century is being compiled we believe that more than a paragraph will be devoted to a couple of incidents that occurred in New York city the other day. They will be given more prominence, we suspect, than the notable speech of President Hoover upon law enforcement which was being delivered about the same time that Texas Guinn and Helen Morgan were being declared not guilty of having violated the liquor laws. Much more than the ringing platitudes of the president's speech they will reveal the attitude of the average urban dweller to that particular law which is being most discussed, namely the prohibition law. These young women, as probably all newspaper readers are aware, are hostesses of fashionable night clubs where the so-called big butter-and-egg men visiting the city can spend a couple of hundred dollars in liquor in the course of the evening and be greeted by Texas with the words "Hello, sucker." Tex. Kisses Jurymen.

The evidence presented in a federal court that these young women sold liquor and consumed it was so conclusive as it could be. Their performances on the witness stand were at least as reprehensible as the performances of Ananias and Sapphira. The prosecuting attorney said that if Texas was acquitted she would be given a license that she could hang up in her club, the Salon Royale. But she was acquitted. The verdict was hailed by everybody present, except the judge and the prosecuting attorney, giving the "little girl a big hand." Responding in kind Texas called them "suckers" and said that the word so used was to be understood as a term of endearment. She said the prosecutor was a darling and promised that she would give him a job as her personal counsel should he be discharged by the department of justice. She kissed the jurymen, waved her hand to the reporters as the cameras clicked and went back to the business of stimulating the sale of liquor in her club. The Morgan trial was practically a repetition of the Guinn case.

Nullification the Way Out Now Mr. Hoover has said that the best way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it. New York jurists have taken the opposite view. They believe the best way to get rid of a bad law is to nullify it. That is what happened in England a century or so ago. In those days the death penalty could be imposed for a hundred offenses, among them, for example, sheep stealing. Men were actually hanged for this crime at a time when the laws of England were made almost exclusively by those who had sheep that might be stolen. But the humane feeling of the public revolted against this tyranny long before the objectionable law was repealed. It was reflected in the refusal of juries to convict a man for sheep stealing. No matter what the evidence might be the jury, being the sole judge of facts, refused to find the prisoner guilty. The jurymen, no doubt committed the sin of perjury, but they chose that rather than the greater sin of complicity in judicial murder. So the law fell into disuse. Its repeal was brought about not because it was recognized as inhuman, but because the sheep owners found that no matter who stole their sheep nobody could be convicted. So they advocated a less severe penalty, one that the average man thought reasonable, and sheep stealers began to be convicted again.

Pleading Guilty in Patches Hitherto, in the matter of liquor prohibition in the large American cities, the police or the federal agents have laid their charges and the accused persons in batches of a score or even a hundred, have been lined up and pleaded guilty. This they did on the understanding that they would be given light punishment. After paying their fines they would return to their unlawful practices. However unsatisfactory this case may have been for both the prohibitionists and those who were alarmed

at the growing disrespect for all law, the bootleggers knew that each was entitled to trial by jury, and that if each pleaded not guilty and demanded a jury trial it would be a physical impossibility for the courts to cope with the congestion. Emory Buckner, one of the best federal prosecutors in New York for a generation, said that, adequately to deal with the liquor cases in that city 85 extra courts and an annual appropriation of \$70,000,000 would be required. Jones Law a Boomerang.

But the passage of the new Jones law, the so-called "five and ten" act, which permits a judge to impose a penalty of five years imprisonment and a fine of \$10,000 for persistent violation of the liquor law, has changed the whole situation. Offenders do not dare plead guilty and risk this extreme penalty, and juries refuse to convict and thus expose bootleggers like Texas Guinn and Helen Morgan to a punishment that seems to be more fitting for a gunman or a bank wrecker. So the prohibitionists are now beginning to agitate to have the right of jury taken away from those accused of offenses against the liquor laws of the country. In this they are hardly likely to succeed, powerful as Washington though the Anti-Saloon League is. The law that was supposed to solve the liquor problem has succeeded only in making it more insoluble.

LONDON'S WONDERFUL RECORD

Within the London city limits are more than 400 agricultural workers who are tilling 13 acres under wheat, 48 under oats, and 147 under potatoes, and caring for 1,359 cattle, 1,810 sheep and 1,704 pigs.

Makes Good Appearance

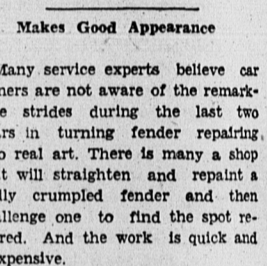
Many service experts believe car owners are not aware of the remarkable strides during the last two years in turning fender repairing into real art. There is many a shop that will straighten and repaint a badly crumpled fender and then challenge one to find the spot repaired. And the work is quick and inexpensive.

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Medicine Chests

Are not complete without Minard's. Used for cuts, bruises and pains of all descriptions.



LOST

Since the coming of Spring I feel very languid, lost all vigor, or "Pep" so to speak. Well friends don't be alarmed; this is only the Spring Fever and we have the remedy that cannot be too strongly recommended—

Beef, Iron and Wine

A valuable combination of the nutritive properties of prime lean BEEF, the tonic and blood purifying properties of IRON and the stimulating tonic qualities of good WINE. This is a splendid nutritive Tonic, increases the appetite, aids digestion and is especially valuable for exhausted conditions due to impoverished blood. We advise start taking it immediately.

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