...chest COLDS
Best treated by stimulation and inhalation
rub on VICKS VAPORUB
ACTS TWO WAYS AT ONCE

For The Cook

CHOCOLATE DELIGHT

½ pound cake sweet chocolate.
2 tablespoons powdered sugar.
¼ cup water.
3 dozen lady fingers.
4 eggs.
1 cup whipping cream.

Melt the chocolate in a double boiler, add the water and stir constantly. Remove from the fire and add the unbeaten egg yolks, one at a time, beating all the while; add the sugar and beaten egg whites. Line a loaf pan with waxed paper, arrange a layer of lady fingers on the bottom, as close together as possible. Pour in a layer of the chocolate mixture, pack in another layer of lady fingers, then more chocolate and so on until filled. Put in the ice box to set. Turn out on a platter and garnish with sweetened and flavored whipped cream. Serve by cutting in slices.

PURITY FLOUR
BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING

A Morning Smile

The new Presbyterian minister was greeted by an unctuous elder of his congregation after the first Sunday morning service. The elder, in addition to being unctuous, was huge and unwieldy in form.

"Minister, that was a fair sermon you gave us this morning — a little too much science, but fair. Remember, you must feed the sheep, feed the sheep."

The little minister looked his colossal adviser over carefully from head to foot and replied: "Man, it's exercise you need; not food."

Full Cargo For West Indies Ports

(Special to the Guardian)

MONTREAL, Que., Dec. 3.—Carrying a cargo twenty-five per cent greater than has ever left Canada before for the ports of the Caribbean, the Canadian National freighter Colborne has sailed from Montreal bound for Bermuda, Puerto Rico in the French West Indies, the Eastern group of the British West Indies and British Guiana in South America. The Colborne was the last rgular ocean going ship to leave the St. Lawrence this season on regular schedule. In addition she carried a full list of vagabond cruise passengers on a month long visit to the picturesque islands of West Indies. When next the Colborne sails from Canada, Halifax will be her departure port until the season again opens on the St. Lawrence.

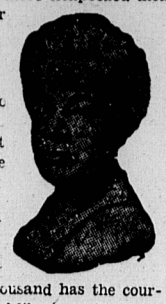
Another spectacular cargo, the greatest ever taken by water from Montreal to Vancouver left in the C. N. S. freighter Canadian Winner. It consisted of varied manufactured articles from Eastern Canadian cities. The voyage will be direct to Vancouver without any intermediate calls. This will be the last voyage in the intercoastal service operated by the Canadian National until further announcement.

Minard's relieves Stomach Cramp.

Pity the Henpecked Husband! — Dorothy Dix — Finds Women Use Cowards' Weapons

"Not One Man in Ten Thousand has the Courage to Fight His Wife to a Finish for Either His Personal Liberty or His Principles," Declares Dorothy Dix—"And the Balance are so Cowed They Give up Without Even Striking a Blow"

Men are much more afraid of women than women are afraid of men. There are far more husbands afraid of their wives than there are wives who are afraid of their husbands. There are far more henpecked men than there are women who are enslaved to their husbands.



Probably both husbands and wives will den these allegations. Possibly no man will confe. that the little two-by-four bit of femininity to which he is united in the holy bonds of wedlock has him terrorized, nor will any wife admit that she bosses her husband so completely that he doesn't know that even his soul is his own.

Nevertheless it is true that when the sexes come in conflict with each other it is men who are the sacred cats. It is men who run up the white flag and meekly surrender. Not one man in ten thousand has the courage to fight his wife to a finish for either his personal liberty or his principles. The balance are so cowed they give up without even striking a blow.

Everywhere we see women the real heads of the house. Everywhere we see women imposing their tastes, their habits, their preferences on their husbands. Everywhere we see wise men dominated by silly little geese of women. Everywhere we see strong men dominated by weak women. Everywhere we see men who rule thousands of other men obeying their wives as if they were children. Everywhere we see high-heeled satin slippers trampling over the prostrate forms of fathers and husbands who hadn't the nerve to stand up to the females in their homes.

Of course, men raise a smoke screen of gallantry behind which they hide their cowardice and pretend that the reason that they let their wives run roughshod over them is because they are so tender of the poor dears, that they can't bear to thwart them in any way, but this is merely subterfuge. It is not that they are so afraid of hurting Maria's feelings. It is the thought of what Maria will do to them that makes their knees smite together and their bones turn to water. And it causes them to yes-yes her and let her tell them where they get off.

Consider: Virtually all men love their mothers and if their mothers are poor they desire to help them financially, yet how many men do you know who would dare invite their mothers to make them a visit without asking their wives' permission, or who would have the hardihood to send mother a dollar if wife wanted the money to spend herself? I get plenty of letters from men who write me that they have to visit their mothers on the sly and send them money without their wives knowing it and that they live in dread of having their duplicity discovered.

How many men are far more afraid of being late in punching the home time-clock of an evening than they are of being tardy at their work in the morning! How few men are ever reckless and foolhardy enough to ask a friend to go home with them to dinner.

How few men who know that their wives are wrecking them with their extravagance and their insane ambition to live beyond their means ever have the courage to stop them. They know that they are headed for certain disaster, but they would rather face ruin than their wives. Many men are actually less afraid of death than they are of their wives and commit suicide rather than tell their wives that they can no longer give them the money they are accustomed to having.

It is because men are afraid of their wives that they lie to them about out-of-town customers and being in conference when they want to stay downtown and play poker with the boys or take an old woman friend out to lunch. They simply haven't the hardihood to tell the truth and take the consequences.

The reason that men who face battle, murder and sudden death without turning a hair cower before their wives is because women never fight them on their own ground and they use strange and inhuman weapons, which men seem incapable of understanding and against which they cannot defend themselves. The most powerful of these is tears. More men have had their courage sapped by tears until the last ounce of resistance in them was gone than in any other way. If the woman had stood up and fought for what she wanted, the man could have fought back and perhaps have won out.

But what can you do with a crybaby except give it what it is howling for and shut its mouth? Hydraulic pressure is one of the most potent forces in the world, and many a wife uses it to gratify her every desire and make her husband comply with her every whim. He is so afraid of her turning on the water works that he jumps to do her commands.

Then there is ill health, which is the lazy and selfish woman's ever available alibi for everything she wants to do and doesn't want to do. "My poor heart" and "my wretched nerves" are the rod that keeps many a trembling husband on his toptoes for fear of doing something that will bring on an "attack." He can't be brute enough to tell a woman who says she is sick and suffering that anybody who is able to play golf is able to cook dinner.

And finally there is nagging, which is the easiest, quickest and surest way to break down a man's morale and reduce him to a state of trembling subjection. After a long, hard, twelve-hour conflict in business, when every man's hand was against him, a man comes home spent. All of the fight is out of him. He has no fresh reserves to bring up, no energy left with which to launch a counterattack when his wife opens fire on him, so he surrenders and lets her dictate the terms of submission.

It is because women never fight in the open and because they use cowards' weapons that men are afraid of them. And not without reason.

DOROTHY DIX.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern
By Annabelle Worthington

Smart and in the newest feeling is this simple all-day type.

And you can't find anything easier or quicker to fashion.

It has the one-sided rever and the modish sleeve insets to give it smart contrast.

The skirt, you will note has the bias seaming, so entirely slimming lending the figure graceful height and youthfulness.

The original, carried out the chic idea of black and white in a rough crepe silk.

Wine-red crinkly crepe satin with the dull crepy silk reverse side used for contrast, is very exclusive.

Style No. 842 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with ⅝ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 842. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Rheumatism Kept Her In Bed

Mrs. W. H. Pushee, Lorenzo, Ask., writes:—"For about two years I suffered with rheumatism which kept me in bed for weeks. A friend advised me to take Burdock Blood Bitters, so I took two bottles, and they gave me new life. I am thankful to say that I feel fine now, and have not been bothered with rheumatism since taking B.B.B."

For sale at all drug and general stores; manufactured for the past 53 years, only by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO, Dec. 3.—Mayor William Stewart who refused to attend a luncheon of the Empire Club at which count Von Luncknor, German war-time commerce raider, spoke today found his "fan mail" pouring in from points as far west as Nanaimo, B. C., and as far east as Marblehead, Mass.

A flood of letters addressing the Mayor in terms varying from the conventional "Your Worship" to "Keeper of Toronto's Gate" expressed admiration of the attitude he took when he said "we desire to live in peace with all nations but there are so many of our citizens suffering as to give us cause to still remember the war."

DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
In the Probate Court, 23rd George V., A. D. 1932

In Re Estate of Arthur W. Weeks late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in said Province deceased testate.

By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

Greeting:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of the Eastern Trust Company a body duly incorporated by Special Act of the Parliament of Canada and authorized to conduct business in the Province of Prince Edward Island, and Carrie S. Weeks of Charlottetown aforesaid, Widow, praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Thursday the fifteenth day of December next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to shew cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Norman W. Lowther, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Royal Bank of Canada, and at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia both in Charlottetown aforesaid. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

Given under my hand and Seal of the said Court this 12th., day of November A. D., 1932 and in the 23rd year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd) H. L. PALMER
Judge of Probate
(L. S.)

6470-11-14-Mon-4i.

DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
In the Probate Court 23rd., George V., A. D. 1932

In Re. Estate of Arthur A. Alley late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province deceased testate.

By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

Greeting:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of The Eastern Trust Company, a body corporate, duly incorporated by Special Act of the Parliament of Canada and authorized to conduct business in the Province of Prince Edward Island the Executor of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Thursday the fifteenth day of December next, coming, at the hour of three o'clock in the after-noon of the same day to shew cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Norman W. Lowther, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Royal Bank of Canada and at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia both in Charlottetown aforesaid. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid have due notice thereof.

Given under my hand and Seal of the said Court this 12th day of November A. D., 1932 and in the 23rd year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd) H. L. PALMER
Judge of Probate.
(L. S.)

6471-11-14-Mon-4i.

ASHES of ROSES
A Romance of Today
By Joanna Cannan

CHAPTER II

GEOFFREY GOES TO THE CITY

"Your shortest way, Geoffrey," explained John Gilmour, "will be to come from British Museum to the Bank and then walk."

"I see. This is Eastcheap, isn't it? Here we are."

"Yes, here we are. It's not really worth taking the lift to the first floor. I always use the stairs."

The offices of Gilmour and Legate Limited were so constructed that the principals could enter their private rooms either by passing through the main office or directly from a small vestibule. Usually Mr. Gilmour went straight to his own room, and the sound of his bell ringing for his stenographer, invaluable Miss Harrison, was the first intimation of his arrival that the clerks in the main office received. To-day, however, he passed through the swing door labelled Enquiries which Geoffrey held open for him.

A very small office boy, who was addressing envelopes with his tongue out, scrambled off his high stool, hurried forward and lifted up the flap of the mahogany counter. The chairman and managing director of Gilmour and Legate spoke.

"Tell Mr. Mossop I am here."

The boy scurried away and Geoffrey followed his father into the office. John Gilmour picked up a paper which was lying on the counte and studied it, frowning. Geoffrey looked about him.

The main office was a very large room divided into bays by tall mahogany filing cabinets. In the first bay a middle-aged man wearing gold-rimmed spectacles and an anaemic youth, sitting at a table, were employed, one in opening letters and the other in entering particulars of them on broad sheets of paper made up like a blotting-pad. In the second bay at a massive row of desks, two girls were checking figures in a monotonous undertone, a boy of fifteen or sixteen was sharpening a pencil, and a young man was peering anxiously into one of the filing cabinets. Beyond the second bay, Geoffrey could not see. Each bay was lit by a window, the lower half of which was of frosted glass. Thin flies droned at the panes and lay dead upon the dingy sills. Just now the sun was shining, making square patterns on the floor, and pathways for the dust to dance in. Through the open windows came the sound of hammering.

A door at the end of the office opened and shut very quietly. Mr. Mossop, discreetly followed by the office boy, came down the room. Geoffrey recognized him, for when he had waited at the office—generally in his school holidays to meet his father for a pantomime or a visit to the dentist—Mr. Mossop had always done the honours, darting from his little glass office in the ledger department with a trade journal or a picture paper to wile away the time. He was a tall man with the pronounced stoop and parchment skin of a sedentary life. His hair had been red, but it had long ago receded from a high forehead and temples intersected by greenish veins, and he was now almost completely bald. His very pale blue eyes and pointed nose still gave, however, the impression of a certain red-haired type. To an experienced observer, the expression of his face proclaimed him for what he was, a man ruled by such a passion of meanness that he grudged to everyone what he had missed in life himself. And he had missed much: young and foolish persons, underrating the advantages of an adequate salary and a respectable position, might have said everything. But Geoffrey Gilmour did not attempt to read the face of Mr. Mossop. He only repeated, this time to himself, that old Mossop was a nasty piece of work.

Mr. Mossop hurried down the office. The two girls who were checking figures looked up as he passed them, and Geoffrey caught a glimpse of a merry dark face and a serious fair one: then they resumed their work. The young man drew a file from the cabinet and shut the drawer briskly with a snap. The boy who was sharpening a pencil shut up his pen-knife placed the pencil behind his ear, and sat down at a desk facing the two girls.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Gilmour, sir, good morning, Mr. Geoffrey," said Mr. Mossop, who liked old-fashioned manners. "If I may take the liberty of saying so, sir, this is a great occasion. Yes, yes, yes."

"Good morning, Mr. Mossop," said John Gilmour. "I should be glad if you would show Mr. Geoffrey round in the usual way. Then perhaps you would get Mr. Errans to find him something to do. Has there been a cable from Australia?"

"Five minutes ago, sir. Miss Harrison has taken it to your room. Mr. Geoffrey, this department might be described as the gateway to the business. Every letter that goes in or out passes through here. Every order is dealt with here—we type invoice, despatch note and factory memo at one operation and afterwards analyze and post to our own card indexes. An admirable system, I can assure you without undue boasting, for this is not my department. In the absence of Mr. Wilde, our sales manager, Mr. Errans is in charge here. You see him and Turner dealing with the eleven o'clock post. We will come back here presently, and he will find you something to do."

Geoffrey grinned sheepishly at Mr. Errans, who smiled under his bristly moustache, and nodded. Behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, his short-sighted brown eyes beamed. He was a stout man with a red face and short red hands. He looked nervous, unsuccessful and kind.

"Step this way, Mr. Geoffrey, please," said Mr. Mossop, walking on. "This is Miss Carter, and this Miss Evers. Also Bain and Pollard. We pass on."

In the next bay was a large table on which stood two typewriters. "Miss Bennett is with Miss Harrison," commented Mr. Mossop. "Miss Evers also types there." He opened the door, and Geoffrey followed him into a narrow corridor. "The ledger department is quite shut off," he continued. "Very convenient for the sake of quiet." He opened a door in the wall of the corridor Geoffrey looked into a room very nearly as large as the main office. Mr. Mossop indicated a glass cubicle built into one of the corners. "That is my private office. If you want anything, you will always find me there."

(To be Continued.)

NOVA SCOTIA EGG LAYING CONTEST, NAPPAN, N. S.

At the close of the first four-weekly period of the fourteenth Nova Scotia contest conducted by the Experimental Farm, Nappan, the total egg production was 2,916 eggs and 2421.4 points.

The leading pen was that of Mr. A. T. Reed, Rollingdam Station, Barred Rocks from the Experimental Station, Fredericton, N. B. was second, with 185 eggs and 177.2 points. The pen of Barred Rocks from the Experimental Station, Fredericton, N. B., were second with 185 eggs and 165.0 points, while pen of Barred Rocks from the Experimental Station, Kentville, was in third place with 196 eggs and 155.6 points, while pen of Barred Rocks from the Experimental Station, Kentville, was in third place with 196 eggs and 155.6 points.

The leading bird at the end of the first four weeks was Barred Rock No. 304 owned by the Experimental Station, Fredericton, with 22 eggs and 25.3 points. Barred Rock No. 324 from the Nappan Experimental Farm pen was second, with 20 eggs and 24.0 points. Barred Rock No. 85, owned by Miss Ella Lindsay, Moore's Mills, N. B., came third, with 21 eggs, 21.7 points.

EYES TESTED
AND
GLASSES FITTED
J. S. TAYLOR
E. W. TAYLOR
Optometrists
142 Richmond Street

FARM FOR SALE BY PUBLIC TENDER

Twenty-two acres Lower Rollo Bay, Kings Co., P. E. I., seventeen acres under cultivation, balance woodland.

Buildings consist of house 16 x 20, ell 12 x 15, barn 20 x 36, lean to 10 x 36, granary 20 x 24, henhouse 10 x 15.

Watered by well.

Nearest railpoint Souris 3 miles—school ½ mile.

Terms of sale are 10% of purchase price in cash, minimum amount to be $100.00, the balance in 5 to 25 equal annual instalments according to amount remaining on loan with interest at 6% per annum. When the outstanding balance of sale price is less than $1000 payment must be complete within a correspondingly shorter period and an initial deposit of $100.00 is required. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque for $100.00. Tenders will be opened at the office of the Soldier Settlement of Canada on December 19th, 1932. Tenders should be marked on envelope "Tenders for the purchase of Melvin Deagle Farm and addressed to the Soldier Settlement of Canada, Box 1418, Saint John, N. B. Dec. 5-21.

Administrators Notice

The undersigned administrators of the personal estate and effects of Eustace Heath Haviland late of Charlottetown in Queens County in Prince Edward Island, Barrister-at-Law, deceased, intestate, hereby notify all persons indebted to the said estate to make immediate payment to them at the office of Palmer & Farmer, Solicitors, Charlottetown, and all persons having any claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same, duly attested, at the office aforesaid, within twelve months from this date.

Dated this 15th day of November, A. D., 1932.

GEORGE D. DeBLOIS,
H. JAMES PALMER,
Administrators.

6745-11-25-fmw-1 month.

Mortgage Sale

To be sold by Public Auction in front of the Court House at Charlottetown in Queens County on the 28th day of December A. D. 1932 at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Royalty of Charlottetown Queens County aforesaid and being part of Lot number Three therein bounded and described as follows:—By a line commencing on the west side of Upper Queen Street in the southern boundary line of land formerly in possession of Owen Connolly and running thence along the said southern boudary line westwardly four hundred and thirty-two feet thence at right angles thereto southwardly two hundred and ten feet thence eastwardly four hundred and fifty five feet two inches or to the street aforesaid and thence along the same northwardly two hundred and eleven feet four inches to the place of commencement containing two acres and twenty-two poles of land a little more or less.

The above sale is made pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage dated the fourth day of July A. D. 1928 and made between Samuel Craig of Charlottetown aforesaid, and Annie May Craig, his wife, in favor of Maynie Matthews, late of Alberton in Prince County, deceased, default having been made in payment of the principal and interest secured by the said mortgage.

For further particulars apply to George M. Matthews Solicitor, O'Leary, Prince Edward Island.

Dated this 26th day of November A. D. 1932.

EDWARD L. THOMSON
HOWARD CLARK
ALLAN MATTHEWS
Executors of the last will and testament of Maynie Matthews, deceased.

6783-11-28-Mon-3

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 to the above or to
Inspector J. Fripps, R. C. M. P.

AUCTION SALE
AT TRYON

I will sell by Public Auction on my premises at Tryon on Tuesday, December 6th, at 1.30 p.m. farm stock consisting of 2 horses, 2 cows, 1 steer, 2 calves, etc. Also farm implements consisting of threshing outfit and engine, hay cutter, manure spreader, riding plough, hoe drill, grain cracker, double and single woodsleighs, truck waggon, cart, and a number of other articles too numerous to mention. Also several tons of hay and a quantity of oats and straw.

Terms made known at sale.

If day proves stormy sale following day.

If not sold in the meantime, the farm consisting of about 160 acres, will be offered for sale at the same time.

FENTON H. HOWATT.

HUGH F. MORRISON,
Auctioneer.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus