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The Moncton Civic Election

MONCTON, N. B., Dec. 15.—(By The Canadian Press)—Although the Moncton Trade and Labor Council recently passed a resolution urging the citizens to re-elect the present city council by acclamation on civic election day, less than three weeks distant, several citizens have launched their intention of running for seats, and it is probable the present Council members will re-offer their services. W. E. McMonagle, local barrister who opposed Mayor C. H. Blakney last year, will be a Mayoralty candidate again.

PUBLIC NOTICE

THE VOLUNTARY WINDING UP OF THE EASTERN CANNERS LIMITED, GEORGETOWN.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a Special Meeting of the Shareholders of The Eastern Canners Limited held in the Office of the Company at Georgetown on the Tenth Day of October A. D. 1931 that a resolution was passed requiring that the affairs of the said Company be wound up under the provisions of The Voluntary Winding Up Act, Chapter Nine of The Revised Statutes of The Province of Prince Edward Island A. D. 1925 and amendments thereto, and that said resolution was approved, forthwith, otherwise the proceeds of the said The Eastern Canners Limited, will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the status of which we have notice.

Dated at Georgetown, Prince Edward Island, this Tenth day of December, A. D. 1931. Signed J. W. McPHEE, W. D. McPHEE, Liquidators, Georgetown, Prince Edward Island, December Eleventh, A. D. 1931. 10931-12-16-wed-10931-11-01.

C. M. Lamson & Co. LIMITED. 64 Queen Street London, E. C. & England Public Auction Sales OF RAW FURS Shipping bags will be furnished without charge by applying to R. T. Holman Ltd., Summerside, P. E. I. Represented by Alfred Fraser, Inc. 212 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

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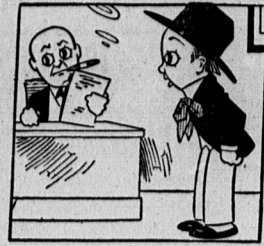
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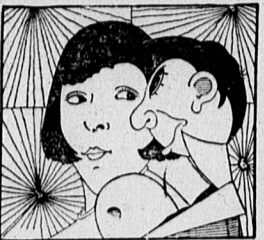
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-SMILES-



Editor: I like this poem, it's capital. Poet: Yes, I hope so, but how much?



"There's going to be plenty of talk at our table this fall. Ma and Sis are moving-picture fans and Pa and Brother Jim are football bugs."

BE PREPARED In every barnyard dar occurs Some fightin' you all know, De rooster what ain't got no spur! Stands mighty little show.



"There goes young Richfield again, scouting around in his auto mobilis. What do you suppose would become of the boy if his father should suddenly lose all his money?"

"Well he might drive a taxi."



Kind-hearted Visitor: Did you have a man that was practicing law to defend you in your case? Prisoner: Sure thing. He was practicing law. An I was de feller he was practicing on.

for NEURITIS One thing that helps is to warm a dish, pour in Minard's. Then rub the liniment gently in. Pain eases off!



AUCTION SALE

Of Stock, Crops, Farm Implements to be held on the farm of Archibald Duffett, Winslow Station, on Wednesday, December 23rd. It stormy on Monday, December 28th. Genuine Clearance Sale, as farm is sold. ALEX. MACRAE Auctioneer 10940-12-16-01.



TOOLS HANDY-MAN HELPS! Our assortment of quality tools comprises a carefully-selected collection of all essential "handy-man" helps. They include bits and braces, hammers and saws, wrenches and planes - everything, in fact, required for making repairs about the home and farm. All are of the kind preferred by skilled workmen.

The Rogers Hardware Co., Limited

John Gresham's Girl

By Concordia Merrel

(Continued)

It was during an interval in the dancing that Ames saw her captured and cornered by three determined young men, who each put forth excellent reasons why he should have the next dance with her. The three were joined by others until the little group had become quite a crowd.

"But I can't dance with all three," Lucy was laughingly protesting, when a tall youth in tight costume of green and white stripes, who frankly admitted that he didn't know what he was supposed to be, a troubadour or a spring onion, suddenly constituted himself master of revels, and from the cleared centre of the ball room floor made this elegant proclamation:

"Oyez! Oyez! Know all ye by these present—and all that sort of jolly old bunk. Balled down, what I mean is this: that if the girls who haven't fixed up the next dance'll pop o'f and hide, we'll give 'em three minutes, and then come and find them, . . . How's that for a brain wave?"

A chorus answered him. "Fine!" "Get on with it!" "Scatter, you girls!" "Three minutes, and not a second more. . . ."

And amid chatter and laughter, the girls scattered, Lucy with them. Most of them did not bother to make their hiding places very obscure, but Lucy left them, and turned towards the back of the house, ran along a corridor that led to the kitchen premises, then pushed through a green baize door into the main corridor on the other side of the staircase and slipped into the library. She half expected to find her father there, as it was his favorite retreat on festive occasions, but there was no one in the room. A single light shaded in deep crimson, cast a sombre glow over her lacy flounces, as she tip-toed across the room, climbed into a deep window-seat and pulled a heavy curtain in front of her. She was glad of the peace and quiet this refuge gave her. . . . She wanted to think. . . . Must think. . . . Must decide. . . . The sounds of jollity came to her faintly. . . . Then a youthful male voice came whooping along the corridor; the library door was flung wide; and the youthful voice said. . . . "Nobody here!" and went whooping on its light-hearted way.

Lucy breathed again. She didn't want to be found yet. But five minutes had not gone by when she heard the door open once more; quietly, this time, and a step sounded soft upon the carpeted floor.

Her father, perhaps, she thought, and she moved, very cautiously along the window-seat, to peep round the curtain, but cautious though her movements had been, it brought the steps straight across the room towards her, and they came to a halt just on the other side of the curtain. . . . Her heart quickened with the thought that it might be Oliver. . . . A hand appeared, and the curtain was flung aside. Her startled eyes, quickly lifted, saw not her father, nor Oliver, nor any of the men concerned in this game of hide-and-seek, but the dark, unsmiling face of the necklace adventure man.

INSTALLMENT IV

And once again her eyes were caught and held by the look in those sullen, stormy eyes that met hers.

A moment of almost uncanny stillness followed, before the spell of it was broken by her sudden little laugh.

"You!" she cried out. "Yes," he answered, "And—you!" She laughed again, ever so slightly; a little tremulously.

"I . . . I'm hiding," she said, kiddishly, a nervous quiver in the words.

"Yes," he said again, his voice very deep against the distant sound of revelry, from beyond the room. "And I'm finding you."

"I . . . didn't know you were in the game," she said.

"It's obvious that I am, though, isn't it?" he replied.

"Yes . . . I suppose it is . . ." She scrambled off the seat and stood before him, looking like a little girl as she shook out her fleecy flounces. . . . "But I'd no idea of seeing you here . . . Who . . . who are you?"

"Let's introduce ourselves," he said. "My name is Lee James Lee." She looked up at him quickly. So this was Perry St. Abb's chief; the strong and silent man . . . The very latest think in millionaires. She held out a quick, girlish hand.

"I'm so glad you were able to come . . . I've heard so much of you from Lady Cordelia. . . ." she

said, with pretty cordiality. "But I hadn't the remotest notion it was you . . . I'm Lucy Gresham you know."

He took her hand in a rather mighty clasp that seemed to swallow it all up, and said slowly: "How d'you do, Lucy Gresham?"

She laughed up at him her hand still in his, and: "How do you do—James Lee?" she answered merrily.

But he didn't share her merriment. His queer dark eyes looked down at her, unlit by any least hint of amusement, until it made her quite nervous, and she twisted away from him, the bright color coming up into her face. For a moment, she thought that he must be offended, but could not imagine why.

"Have you only just arrived?" she went on hurriedly.

"I entered the ballroom with Lady Cordelia and St. Abb, precisely as the young man in green stripes was proclaiming the rules of the game," he told her. She looked back at him quickly. He didn't seem offended after all . . . Perhaps it was just his manner. . . .

"I'm sorry I wasn't there to receive you properly," she said with just a hint of cautious formality in her voice. "Shall I make amends by finding you some partners?"

"Don't you think I'm pretty good at finding partners for myself?" he countered. "I can't dance, but this next dance is obviously mine, if you will sit it out with me?"

"But," said Lucy, determined not to meet him half-way, too impetuously again, "Didn't you come in here for peace?"

"I came in here to find you," he told her bluntly.

She couldn't keep back a little "Oh" of surprise. Then: "Did you see me come in here?"

"No, I played fair. But I found this in the corridor just outside, and thought I'd follow up the clue." He held out a little knot of pink and silver roses, that had fallen from her full skirts.

The cautious formality dropped from her tone as she said: "But how wonderfully noticing of you, to know that it came from my frock . . ."

"Not very wonderful; I stood quite near you in the ballroom while the game was being arranged," he answered.

"Did you How queer that I didn't see you?"

"Why?"

"Oh . . . well, I should think you'd always be . . . noticed" she said, a little hurriedly.

"Am I such a marked man?" The question came rather startlingly, and she glanced up at him quickly.

"Marked?" she said, puzzled. "No, only, well, you aren't exactly . . . commonplace, are you?"

He was silent a moment; then he said abruptly: "Well, how many dances are you going to give me as a reward for my clever detective work?"

She wasn't quite prepared for that; she equivocated.

"But you say you don't dance?"

She was destined to find out then that equivocation didn't go with James Lee. He said: "Do you think you'll find it dull, sitting out a dance or two with me?" and his sullen grey eyes were challenging. She colored.

(To Be Continued)

Stubborn Coughs Ended by Recipe, Mixed at Home

Here is the famous old recipe which millions of housewives have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs due to colds. It takes but a moment to prepare, costs little, and saves money, but it gives relief even for those dreaded coughs that follow severe cold epidemics.

From any drugist, get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex, pour it into a 10 oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup or strained honey. Thus you make 16 ounces of better remedy than you could buy ready-made for three times the cost. It never spoils and tastes so good that even children like it.

Not only does this simple mixture soothe the inflamed throat membranes with surprising ease, but also it is absorbed into the blood, and acts directly upon the bronchial tubes, thus aiding the whole system in throwing off the cough. It loosens the germ-laden phlegm and eases chest soreness in a way that is really astonishing.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway Pine, containing the active agent of creosote, in a refined, palatable form. Nothing known in medicine is more helpful in cases of severe coughs and bronchial irritations. Do not accept a substitute for Pinex. It is guaranteed to give prompt relief or money refunded.

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

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. ARCHIBALD BARRETT

Mrs. Archibald Barrett passed away on Thursday, December 3, at her home at Wheatley River, Mrs. Barrett was born at Cherry Valley, taught school several years and last at Wheatley River where she married. She was an exemplary woman as wife, mother and friend. She was actively interested in the Church. Her last sickness was that of only a month. The funeral was conducted by Rev. W. C. Quigley assisted by Rev. F. E. Boothroyd, on Saturday, December 5. Mrs. Athol Rackham and Mrs. Chester Rackham sang an appropriate duet. The pall bearers were Horace Ling, William Bowen, Robert Sehar, Nelson Stead, Ernest Stead and Chester Rackham. The remaining immediate relatives are the husband, the following sons and daughters, William (returned specially from Montreal) Mrs. John MacLeod, Ray, Mrs. Dr. Barrett, and the following sisters, Mrs. Robert Inman, Pownall, and Mrs. James Music of New Hampshire. Interment was made in the Wheatley River Cemetery.

MRS. KEEPING

Mrs. Keeping, formerly Miss Janet McKay, suddenly passed away in the home in which she was born and spent her whole life, Cape Bear, Murray Harbour, at 5.30 a. m., Sabbath, December 6th, 1931, aged 74 years. Taking a severe paralytic stroke she died in about 48 hours after. Her death came as a great

Rocky Point And Vicinity

Owing to the recent snow-fall rendering motor traffic to cease, the turnip meeting in Elliott Hall on Thursday 11th has been postponed indefinitely. The following have won the prizes in the turnip growing competition: 1. prize won by, William Mutch, Rocky Point; 2nd. Prize won by William McLean, Fairview; 3rd. prize won by Joseph Dolron, Rocky Point; 4th. Ernest Currie, Rocky Point; 5th. Allison McMillan, Fairview; 6th. Jim Smith, Rocky Point; 7th. Urban Alchorn, Fairview; 8th. William King, Rocky Point; 9th. S. T. Currie, Rocky Point; 10th. Eugene McKinnon, Fairview.

The many friends of Mrs. Mary Burdett, regret her continued illness was spent on the 10th inst. at noon, and hope for a speedy return to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dolron convey—R.

DRESSED POULTRY

We will be buying dressed Chicken and Fowl throughout the season. Any quantity. Paying top market prices.

We will also require a quantity Turkey's, Geese and Ducks. These for shipment not later than December 10th.

Islan. Cold Storage Company Ltd. 10651-12-4-11

Large advertisement for Marconi radios. Features a large illustration of a radio console and a smaller illustration of a mantel radio. Text includes 'GREET Christmas WITH MARCONI full-time RELIABILITY' and 'Choose this beautiful Console Model as your family gift this Christmas. It brings a new conception of radio entertainment . . . a fullness, richness and clarity of tone, hitherto unapproached . . . and FULL TIME RELIABILITY, a feature exclusive to Marconi, the World's greatest radio organization. Yet this Console costs no more than any radio of ordinary standards. Make it yours this season.' Price \$119.00 for Model 26C and \$89.50 for Model 26B. Canadian Marconi Company, Montreal.