

For  
**Anemia  
Fatigue  
Nervousness  
Malnutrition  
Loss of Appetite  
Bronchial Trouble  
Retarded Convalescence**  
Take  
**FELLOWS'  
SYRUP**



Prescribed by physicians in 53 countries for over half a century.

### Associated Shippers Inc.

The Associated Shippers Incorporated have leased the upper floor of the premises formerly occupied by the Telegraph Company, corner of Queen and Water Streets. The offices are being completely remodelled and will be ready for occupation about May 1. In the meantime the Company has obtained temporary office space in the Riley Building, which will be open for business today.

The Company's phone number is 1362; post office box number 372.

### Farm For Sale Three Boys Are Burned To Death

Farm of 75 acres at Burnt Point about one mile from Georgetown, on shore front. Practically all clear and in good state of cultivation. Dwelling-house and farm buildings in good repair. Farm well fenced and fully cultivated for Spring crop.

Apply to Joseph Bouchard, Georgetown, or H. F. MacPhee, Solicitor, Riley Building, Charlottetown.

2060-mwf-2 wks.

### FARM FOR SALE AT MARSHFIELD

On account of ill health, I am compelled to give up farming and am offering farm for sale, consisting of 106 acres, 45 acres clear, balance under wood. Six and one-half miles from Charlottetown. This property has a complete set of up-to-date buildings. Soil is very adaptable to growing clover and oats and is one and one-half miles from Suffolk Station. A never failing stream combined with fertile fields, makes for ideal stock raising. Fronting as it does on the Hillsboro River, it has one of the best frontages for sea weed, marsh and mussel mud and for scenic beauty, hard to surpass. Price moderate. Terms easy. Will meet anyone coming by train. Phone or write for full particulars.

H. C. MURFAT,  
Marshfield  
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AND  
GLASSES FITTED**  
E. W. TAYLOR  
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Optometrists  
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**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 B. J. Hayward.

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64 Queen Street  
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Public Auction Sales

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.

### The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Fedler

(Continued.)

"Do you remember—" he began involuntarily, then checked himself. "M-m—" she queried. The little interrogative murmur was tantalizing in its soft note of intimacy.

The Jean of the last few days—the days immediately following their quarrel—had temporarily vanished. The beauty of the Moor had taken hold of her, and all the mockery and bitter-sweetness which she had latterly reserved for Tommarin's benefit was absent from her manner. She was just her natural sweet and wholesome self.

"M-m? Do I remember—what?"

"I was thinking what a pagan little beauty-lover you are! You worshipped the Alps. Now you are worshipping Dartmoor."

She nodded.

"I don't see why you should call it 'pagan,' though. I should say it was equally Christian. I think we were meant to love beauty. Otherwise there wouldn't have been such a lot of it about. God didn't put it around just by accident."

"Quite probably you're right," agreed Blaise. "In which case you must be"—he smiled—"an excellent Christian."

"Positively I believe they're talking theology!"

Claire's voice, girlishly gay and free from nervous restraint which normally dulled its cadence of youth, broke suddenly on their ears, as she and Nick, rounding the corner of a big granite boulder, discovered the two recumbent forms.

"You disgustingly lazy people!" she pursued indignantly. "Everybody's dashing wildly to and fro unpacking the lunch baskets, while you two are just lounging here in blissful idleness!"

"It's chronic with me," murmured Tommarin lazily. "And anyway, Claire, neither you nor Nick appear to be precisely overtaxing yourselves bearing nectar and ambrosia."

"I carried some of the drinks up this confounded hill," submitted Nick. "And damned heavy they were, too! I can't think—placitively—why people should be so thirsty at a picnic. I'm sure Baines has shoved in enough liquid refreshment to float a ship."

"Praise be!" interpolated Blaise plausibly.

"Oh, we've done our share," supplemented Blaise. "And now we're going to the gipsy who lives here to have our fortunes told."

"Before lunch," rejoined Nick, "so that in case they're depressing you had you can stay up with flags afterwards."

Jean sat up suddenly, her face alight with interest.

"Do you mean that there is a real gipsy who tells real fortunes?" she demanded.

"Yes—quite real. She's supposed to be extraordinarily good," replied Nick. "She is a lady of property, too, since she has acquired a few square yards of the Moor from the Duchy and built herself a little shanty there. She rejoices in the name of Keturah Stanley."

"I should like to have my fortune told," murmured Jean meditatively.

"I'll take you," volunteered Blaise.

There was a sudden alert look in his face, as though he, too, would like to hear Jean's fortune told.

"We'll all go, then," said Claire. "You must let Keturah tell yours as well, Blaise."

He shook his head.

"Thanks, no," he answered briefly. "I know my fortune quite as well as I have any wish to."

Tommarin's curt refusal somewhat quenched the gaiety of the moment, and rather soberly they all four made their way down the slope to where, in a little sheltered hollow at the foot of the tor, the sunlight glinted on the corrugated iron roofing of a tiny two-roomed hut, built of wood.

Outside, sitting on an inverted pail and comically puffing away at a clay pipe, they discovered a small, shrivelled old woman, sunning herself, like a cat, in the midday warmth.

She lifted her head as they approached, revealing an immensely old, delicately-featured face which might have been carved out of yellow ivory. It was a network

of wrinkles, colorless save for the piercing black eyes that sparkled beneath arched black brows, while the fine-cut nostrils and beautifully moulded mouth spoke unmistakably of race—the old untainted blood which in some gipsy families has run clear, unmixed and undiluted, through countless generations.

There was an odd dignity about the shrunken, still upright figure as she rose from her seat—the freedom of one whose neck has never bowed to the yoke of established custom, whose kingdom is the sun and sea and earth and air as God gave them to Adam—and when the visitors had explained their errand, and she proceeded to answer them in the soft, slurred accents of the Devon dialect, the illiterate speech seemed to convey a strange sense of unfitness.

Claire and Nick were the first to dare the oracle. The old woman beckoned to them to follow her into the cottage, while Tommarin and Jean waited outside, and when they emerged once more, both were laughing, their faces eager and half excited like the faces of children promised some indefinite treat.

"She's given you luck, then?" asked Jean, smiling in sympathy.

The gipsy interposed quickly.

"Tem't for me to give nor take away the luck. But I know that, back o' they gert black clouds the young lady's so mortal feared of, the sun's shinin' but, vil. I tell 'ee, me dear"—nodding encouragingly to Claire, while her keen old eyes narrowed to mere pin-points of light—"you'll see it, yourself—and afore another year's crop' by. 'Eess, fay! You'll know then as I tell 'ee true."

Then, with a gesture that summoned Jean to follow her, she disappeared once more into the interior of the hut.

Jean hesitated nervously in the doorway. For a moment she was conscious of an acute feeling of distaste for the impending interview—a dread of what this woman, whose eyes seemed the only live thing in her old, old face, might have to tell her.

"Come with me," she appealed to Blaise. And he nodded and followed her across the threshold.

The scent of peat fire came warm and fragrant to her nostrils as she stepped out of the sunlight into the comparative dusk of the little shanty, mingling curiously with an aroma of savoury stew which issued from a black pot hung above the fire, bubbling and chucking as it simmered.

The gipsy, as though by force of habit, gave a stir to its contents and then, settling herself on a three-legged stool, she took Jean's hand in her wrinkled, claw-like fingers and peered at its palm in silence.

"Your way baint so plain tu zee as t'other young lady's," she muttered at last, in an odd, sing-song tone. "There's life an' death an' fire an' flame afore yu zee the sun shinin' clear. . . . And if so be yu take the wrong turnin', yu'll never see it. And there'll be no posts to guide 'ee. Tes, yu own saw! must tell 'ee how to walk through the darkness. For there's darkness comin'. . . . black darkness."

She paused, and the liquid in the black pot over the fire seethed up suddenly and filled the silence with its chuckling and gurgling, so that to Jean it seemed like the sound of some hidden malice chortling defiance at her.

The old woman clutched her hand a little tighter, turning the palm so that the light from the

### You, too, can have a Beautiful Skin

By Margaret Fedler



Mr. and Mrs. George Gallant of Mayfield, were recent visitors in Hope River, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Myers.

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Mr. Austin Walsh of Stanley Bridge, visited the city recently.

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### Fruit-a-tives MAKE AND KEEP YOU WELL

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She released Jean's hand slowly, and her curiously bright eyes fastened upon Tommarin.

"Shall I tell the gentleman's hand?" she asked, stretching out her withered claw to take it.

But he drew it away hurriedly.

"No, no," he said, attempting to speak lightly. "This lady's fortune isn't sufficiently encouraging for me to venture."

The gipsy's eyes never left his face. She nodded slowly.

"That's as may be. For t'ez the zaim luck and zaim ill-luck will come to yu as comes to th'ickle maid. There's no ring given or taken, but yu'm bound together so fast and firm as wedding-ring could bind 'ee."

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The many friends of Dr. James E. Fleming, who has been confined to the house with a very severe cold will be pleased to know he has recovered and is about his duties as usual.

Mr. Fred McGuigan was a visitor to the city during the week.

**Bedeque**

Miss Aletha Smith has returned to her home in Central Bedeque after a very pleasant holiday in Norboro, the guest of Mrs. James B. Croken.

An all star, picked hockey team from Bedeque and vicinity wended their way to Victoria to play a heart to heart game with an all-star team from the vicinity of Victoria, leaving on Monday and returning on Wednesday. On Tuesday evening the boys waged their battle on the Victoria rink and after a closely contested game, it ended in a score of 3-3. The all-stars from here were: Shorty Leard, Neil Bradshaw, Ivan Bradshaw, Gilbert Bell, Austin Curtis, Austin MacDonald. Under some unfortunate circumstances the goalie was unable to go and another lad was secured to fill his place.

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**Her Heart Was So Bad Couldn't Do Housework**

Mrs. S. Dragoman, R.R. 2, Midland, Ont., writes:—"I had been troubled with heart trouble for many years. My heart would beat so fast I could hardly breathe, and I had headaches, and dizziness and fainting spells. I couldn't get my housework done I was so weak. I took three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and felt much better, and now I would not be without them in the house."

Price 50c a box

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**KILL MOTHS NOW!**

Kill the moths now before they start on their path of destruction eating away at your clothing and furnishings. The safe and sure way to kill moths is to spray FLY-TOX. Spray directly on clothing, furs, chesters and rugs. FLY-TOX will not stain and is guaranteed to kill moths. 21-4-M

**FLY-TOX**

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### AUCTION SALE AT MILL VALLEY

Having been appointed Liquidator for Edwards & Company Limited I will sell by Public Auction on Saturday, May 7th, beginning at 12 o'clock Noon, the following Land, high class Stock, Implements and Furniture consisting of—

- 128 acres, (known as the John Stafford Farm)
- 160 acres, (McDonald Farm)
- 165 acres, (James Lawless Farm)
- 130 acres (Mayne Stewart Farm)
- Grade III Jr-1 Allison Deacon, 2 Health Reeves.
- Grade II Sr-1 Ivan Curley, 2 Lea Taylor.
- Grade II Jr-1 Walter Simmons.
- Grade I-1 Morris Smith, 2 Jack Campbell.
- Percentage of attendance, 95.
- Principal—Mr. J. B. Lewis.
- Assistant—Miss Margaret Curley.
- Mr. Henry S. Callbeck of Central Bedeque, was a recent visitor to Souris.
- Mr. George Grant of Summerside, spent a few days last week with relatives in Freetown—B.

**BBB FRONTS OF KNITTED FABRIC**

The bid front that achieved quite some prominence in dresses last fall is again conspicuous. Stressed primarily as an item that has only a draped neck bodice front, with sash ends that tie at back and a bracelet strap that slips over the head, it was featured in contrasting colors from the dress over which it was worn. From the recent Paris openings several other bbb fronts, more tailored and attached to the skirt, have come along. As separate

features developed of lightweight decorative items to be worn over knitted fabrics and tied or buttoned the plain white tennis dress at the back, these bibs are colorfast taking the place of scarfs.

### SKUNK BOUNTY

The Provincial Department of Agriculture will pay a bounty of 50c. for every skunk killed on Prince Edward Island if identification of same is left at the office of J. D. Jenkins, 119 Grafton Street, Charlottetown. The part necessary for identification is the snout with white strip running over forehead.

Provincial Department of Agriculture

2102-4-20-wfm-31

**Mentholatum**  
The healing cream for Colds, Catarrh, Sore throat, etc.



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**ROCKNE SIX**

SPONSORED AND BUILT IN CANADA BY STUDEBAKER

FREE WHEELING IN ALL FORWARD SPEEDS

FULL SYNCHRONIZED SHIFT

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4-POINT CUSHIONED POWER

**It's first in dollar value**

You won't get the utmost in a low-priced car this year, unless you get all that you get in the Rockne. It has everything new in the way of features—plus styling no other car at any price surpasses. And Studebaker's 80 years of experience are behind it as your guarantee of quality.

Vital Specifications	Model '65"	Model '73"
Extra Long Wheelbase	110"	114"
Large Motors—cubic displacement	190"	205"
Very Powerful Motors—brake h. p.	66	72
Extra Large Brakes—braking surface	143 sq. in.	155 sq. in.

Models and Bodies	Prices f.o.b. factory	Prices f.o.b. factory
Coupe, 2 passenger	\$795	\$975
Coach, 2 passenger	810	
Coupe, with rumble seat, 4 passenger	845	1025
Sedan, four door, 5 passenger	865	1045
Convertible Roadster, 4 passenger	920	1105
Convertible Sedan, 4 passenger	950	1130

Prices at the factory, Walthamville, Ont. Bumpers, spare tires and gas' tanks extra.

AERODYNAMIC BODY DESIGN . . . ONE-PIECE FENDERS . . . SLOPING RADIATORS AND WINDSHIELDS . . . NEW CONVERTIBLE BODY STYLES . . . EXTRA LONG WHEELBASES . . . EXTRA LARGE SIX-CYLINDER POWER PLANTS . . . QUADRUPLY COUNTERWEIGHTED CRANKSHAFTS . . . GLASS-SMOOTH ELECTRO-PLATED PISTONS . . . SILENT CARBURETION . . . EXTRA LARGE BRAKES . . . HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS . . . SELF-ADJUSTING SPRING SHACKLES . . . LANCHESTER VIBRATION DAMPER . . . FINGER-TIP STEERING . . . HIGH-VELOCITY COOLING . . . OWNER SERVICE POLICY.

**MOORE BROS.**  
Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.