



Have you ever held a One-in-the-morning Conference with yourself?

If, like many other men, you have held many a one-in-the-morning conference with yourself, you know that it takes a lot of time, capital and "luck" to make money "easily".

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Department of Public Works and Highways PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND Tenders for Bridge Construction

- SEALED TENDERS will be received at this office until noon on Saturday, June 11th, 1932, from any person or persons willing to contract for the construction of any of the following concrete bridges and culverts: (1) Morris Bridge, Granville, Lot 21, span 200ft. I-Beams on piles.

Parties tendering shall tender separately for each bridge, tenders to be marked "Tender for Concrete Bridge Construction." Parties tendering on Bridges Nos. 1 to 5 shall submit a Lump Sum price as per specification.

L. B. MacMILLAN, Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways. Charlottetown, P. E. Island, May 31, 1932.

The Plains Of Abraham

By James Oliver Curwood Illustrations by Edwin Magee Copyright by Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc.

It was the testimony of the late James Oliver Curwood that there was more fact than fiction in this novel: that the heroine, Marie Antoinette Tonteur, and her fiercer old father lived and loved as described in the story; that Catherine Bulain and her valiant son were flesh and blood of their day; that Thiaoga, Shindas, Silver Heels and several other of the more important characters were not creatures of fancy; that "The Plains of Abraham," like his other tale, "The Black Hunter," to which it is closely related, is largely a romance of life as it was lived and not as it might have been lived.

The author also asserted that the gathering of the material had been the most thrilling adventure of his life: the travelling foot by foot over the hallowed ground, the reading of his letters written by hands dead a hundred and fifty years or more, the dreaming over yellow manuscripts written by priests and martyrs and, lastly, the unweaving of loves and hates and tragedies and happiness of the almost forgotten period embracing the every birth of both the American and Canadian peoples, and weighed with happenings that shook the foremost nations of the earth and largely made them what they are today.

The story passes through romances, adventures and other stirring phases of life in the Champlain and Richelieu regions and reaches its finale on the Plains of Abraham at Quebec, in that historic struggle which curbed the ambitions of the French, established the ascendancy of the English and drew the first crude boundaries of the future United States and Canada.

CHAPTER I On a sunny afternoon in May, 1749, a dog, a boy, a man, and a woman had crossed the oak open of Tonteur's hill and were trailing toward the deeper wilderness of the French frontier westward of the Richelieu and Lake Champlain—the dog first, the boy following, the man next, and the woman last.

It was a reversal of proper form, Tonteur had growled as he watched them go. A fool's way of facing a savage-infested country that had no end. The man should have marched at the head of his precious column with his long gun ready and his questioning eyes alert; the woman next, to watch and guard with him; then the boy and the dog, if such nuisances were to be tolerated in travel of this kind, with evening coming on.

Tonteur was the one-legged warrior seigneur from whose gristmill down in the valley the four were going home. His eyes had followed the woman with a subdued and appraising hunger in them. Henri Bulain was a strange man, he had thought. He might be a little crazy, might even be a fool. But he was also a very lucky husband to possess a woman with the sweet face and form and the divinely chaste heart of Catherine, his wife.

Jeems was a fortunate boy to have her for a mother. Even the dog was a scoundrel for luck. An Indian dog at that. A sneaking, good-for-nothing dog. A wreck of a dog without a soul, to be fed by her, petted by her, smiled at by her—as he had seen her smile. Tonteur was first of the long string of heroic fighting heroes

settled by France along the Richelieu to hold the English and their red barbarians back. He was Doorkeeper to the waterway that led straight to the heart of New France. If the English came with their scalping fiends, the Mohawks and the Senecas, they would have to pass over him first of all. No general could be given greater distinction than that. Honor. Wealth. A wide domain over which he was king. And yet— He envied Henri Bulain. It was mid-afternoon. Maytime shadows were growing longer toward the east. It was the hour when birds were singing softly. Morning had heard their defiance, a glorious and fearless challenge of feathered minstrelsy to all the spirits of darkness; but with late afternoon, sunset, evening, these same slim-throated songsters found a note of gratitude and of prayer in their chastened voices. Flowers crushed underfoot. In the open spaces they carpeted the earth with white and pink and blue. Flowers and birds and peace—a world filled with a declining sun—a smiling heaven of blue over the treetops—and with them a dog, a boy, a man and a woman advancing westward.

Three of these, even the dog, Tonteur envied. This dog had a name which fitted him, Tonteur had thought. For he was a wreck of a dog—even more a wreck than the splendid seigneur himself, with his stub of a shot-off leg and a breast that bore sword marks which would have killed an ordinary man. The dog, first of all, was a homely dog, so hopelessly homely that one could not help loving him at sight. His hair was bristly and unkempt. His paws huge. His tail was half gone which left him only a stub to wag. He walked with a limp that seemed to shake his long body from end to end, for his left fore paw—like Tonteur's foot—was missing. A crooked, cherry, inartistic, lovable dog to whom the woman—in a moment's visioning of the fitness of things—had given the name of Odds-and-Ends.

ward, he seemed to be the only one who watched and listened for danger to come out of that beauty and stillness of the world about them. Now and then he glanced up at his master. Trouble lay in the boy's face and eyes, and the dog sensed it after a little and whined in a questioning way in his throat. Daniel James Bulain was the boy's name, but from babyhood his mother had called him Jeems. He was twelve and weighed twenty pounds more than his dog. Odds-and-Ends, called Odd for short, weighed sixty, if the scales in Tonteur's gristmill were right. One would have known the dog and the boy belonged together even had they been in a crowd, for if Odd was a battered old warrior, the boy, on the other hand, gave every evidence of an ambition to achieve a similar physical condition.

"Why, he's dressed up like a bold bad pirate come to abduct my little girl and hold her for ransom," Tonteur had roared down in the valley, and Jeems's father had joined the baron in his laughter; then, to make the thing worse, Tonteur had turned him round and round, slowly and appraisingly, with lovely little Marie Antoinette looking on, her dainty nose upturned in patrician disdain—and with Paul Tache, her detestable cousin from the great city of Quebec, openly tearing and grimacing at him from behind her back. An this after he had prepared himself with painstaking care for Marie Antoinette's eyes should she happen to see him! That was the tragedy of it. He had put on his new doekin suit. He carried a gun which was two inches longer than himself. A big powderhorn swung at his waist, in his belt was a knife, and over his shoulder hung the most treasured of his possessions a slim ash bow and a quiver filled with arrows. He had worn his coonskin cap of fur in spite of the warmth of the day, because it looked better than the lighter one, which was striped, and in this cap was a long turkey feather. Odd, the dog, was proud of his martial-looking master, but he could not understand the change that had come over the boy or why he was going home with such a strangely set and solemn face.

(To Be Continued) No Comment On Thos. Statement (By George Hambleton, Canadian Press Staff Writer) DUBLIN, June 2—President Eamon De Valera of the Irish Free State declines for the time being to comment on the statement of J. H. Thomas, Dominions' Secretary, in the House of Commons in London, this afternoon to the effect Britain would not discuss trade with the Free State either before or at the Ottawa Imperial Economic Conference as the Free State had repudiated the Anglo-Irish Treaty.

"I have not yet seen Mr. Thomas's statement although I have heard of it," Mr. De Valera informed the Canadian Press. "I don't think I shall have any comment to make on it tonight." President De Valera spent the whole afternoon in the Senate again following the continued debate on second reading of his bill to abolish the parliamentary oath of allegiance to the Crown.

"A foolish and futile mockery and delusion" was the description of the bill given by Senator McLaughlin of the opposition. Senator Richard Wilson, farmer and supporter of the bill, said he did not agree with the Secretary for the Dominions, but was anxious to preserve the rectitude of the Free State in its dealings with other nations.

The country's real charter of liberty was the treaty, and the Free State should be guided by the spirit of it rather than by the spirit of the statute of Westminster, Senator Wilson counselled. If necessary amendments could be obtained in agreement with Britain then so much the better.

Read The Tag On The Bag The Fertilizer Division of the Dominion Seed Branch sounds a timely note in its caution to farmers as to the importance to them of reading the tag which must be affixed to each bag of fertilizer sold in the Dominion. It is important that the farmer make sure, before accepting delivery of fertilizer in bags, that it is labelled properly, and that the analysis shown on the tag is what he has ordered and wants. It is this guaranteed analysis which represents actually the real worth of the fertilizer. The label may appear on the bag itself, or on a tag attached. Should a fertilizer be delivered without such a label the matter should be brought at once to the

attention of the nearest office of the Dominion Seed Branch, responsible for the proper enforcement of the Act. Sunday School Teacher: "Now does anyone have any questions on the lesson?" Chester: "I'd like to know what's the difference between those Republicans and sinners you were talking about?" NOTICE! Notice is hereby given that on and after June 1st my terms will be strictly cash and all past due accounts must be paid by June 15th, 1932, or otherwise collected. (Signed) J. EMMETT MOYNAGH, Emerald Jct., P. E. I. 3810-6-2-31. Professional Cards Stewart & Lowther J. D. STEWART, K. C. N. W. LOWTHER BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. 84 Great George Street MONEY TO LOAN Prohibition Commission Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown. Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peter. John Simpson, Hamilton. Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to E. J. Haywood.

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