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The World's Richest Men

Austria's Richest Man, 78-Year-Old Blueblood, Whose Fortune Combined with Wife's, Makes Them Wealthiest Pair in New Republic

By ROBERT H. BEST
United Press Staff Correspondent
VIENNA, April 16.—Although Austria, once an empire, is today a republic, one of its richest men is a 78-year-old blueblood, whose first title of nobility dates back 100 years before even the parents of Columbus were born.

He is Franz II, Sovereign Prince and Ruler of the House von und zu Liechtenstein, Duke of Troppau and Jaegerndorf Count zu Riedberg; and, as such, is the ruler of the little independent and sovereign state between Switzerland and Austria known as the Principality of Liechtenstein.

Prince in Own Right

In his own right Prince von und zu Liechtenstein is one of Austria's richest inhabitants, and if to this inherited wealth is added that of Franz's wife, his fortune is easily the largest in the country. He is not an Austrian citizen, but considers himself at home in Austria, and before the war was a member of the Austrian House of Lords.

He succeeded to the family title and wealth in 1929 upon the death of his 89-year-old brother, Johann, who died after establishing a European record reign of 71 years. Franz's chief wealth is in land; that of his wife is in industrial and banking shares.

The Liechtensteins obtained their fortune with the sword and through royal and imperial grants given them in return for valourous services rendered to the Emperors of the Old German Empire of the 16th and 17th centuries; the Gutmanns got their wealth through business.

Forefather Troubadour

The first of Franz's family to become prominent and rich was a Styrian troubadour, or wandering minstrel who later became Ulrich von Liechtenstein; the first of his wife's family to achieve power and recognition was David (later "Ritter von" or Knight) Gutmann, the son of a Vienna coal and scrap iron dealer.

Franz's ancestors concentrated their energies on the amassing and exploitation of huge estates; his wife's grandfather, David, though his activities are little known because he worked without publicity, built up what might be described as Europe's first vertical trust.

The first estate obtained by a Liechtenstein is one near Moeding, Austrian, on which now stands many ruins of the castles which Ulrich built and one reconstructed castle which, in addition to its intrinsic worth, is the most highly prized ancestral inheritance of the Liechtensteins today. Other estates in Austria are those of Jaegerndorf, Troppau and Felsberg—all centering around beautiful old castles and ruins of other castles.

No Taxes

The Liechtenstein principality is owned by the ruling family as no king owns his kingdom. Land, castles, and factories are the Liechtensteins' private possessions. Practically every citizen is in the service of the Prince; and no one pays any taxes.

Yes other estates of the Liechtensteins which together cover many square miles, are situated in Czechoslovakia. Large blocs of these estates, however, have been confiscated as a land reform measure. Litigation concerning them is still in progress.

From London To Paris By Air

(British United Press)
LONDON, April 16.—What is it like to make a journey high through the air along that famous air-route between London and Paris in one of the latest-type multi-engined flying liners of Imperial Airways. Free from the dust of earth traffic, you wing your aerial way, and the panorama spread below you keeps you engrossed from the moment you ascend until—very reluctantly—you step down from your snug saloon at the journey's end.

Assembling with other passengers at Airways House, London, you are escorted to waiting cars and driven out to the London air-station at Croydon. Here stands the air express in which you are to embark, while dominating the air station building you will observe the tower from which the airway traffic is controlled.

Now you embark in your winged express. The aerodrome buildings appear to slide away below. You catch a glimpse of the word "Croydon" written in white letters on the aerodrome, while behind—outlined as a rule mistily beneath its pall of smoke—lies the great city of London.

The pilot, setting his machine on a steady climb, heads towards the Channel. Below there is a wonderful vista of Kent, "Garden of England," with its magnificent expanses of pastures, hops, grain, orchards, woods, and park-land. Winding roads look like little white ribbons, and the cars on them like tiny mechanical toys.

Soon Lympne, coastal air-port, appears ahead with its big hangars, while away to the right lies Dungeness with its lighthouse and wireless station. Now you pass out above the Channel, and the pilot gives Croydon a routine call on his wireless phone, informing the control tower of his exact point of departure from the English coast and of the spot for which he is steering on the French side.

On its passage above the Channel your plane passes over the Varne lighthouse, which has its name clearly painted on its side. Tiny black specks, recognized as ships only by the smoke from their funnels and the wake they leave behind, pass far beneath like toy boats on a pond. Then Grisez, on the French coast, is seen a trifle to the left, and your winged express approaches Boulogne, with its black breakwater stretching seaward, and its busy docks. After passing Boulogne, you fly parallel with the coast above wonderful stretches of sand. Then the machine turns inland. On the left, now, lies the famous forest of Grez—a great dark patch on the landscape and a well-known airman's landmark. Onward from Etaples to Abbeville the air express follows the main railway. Then, from Abbeville the air-line follows the main road, with its typical rows of trees.

Now a belt of forest lies below, and soon afterwards, approaching Paris, the Eiffel Tower, pointing its skeleton finger to the sky, can be picked out ahead and a trifle to the right. Then, quickly, the air-port of Le Bourget, with its hangars, appears below. The roar of the engine dies away. There is a smooth, wonderful glide earthward, followed by a passing through Customs and another motor car drive into the heart of Paris.

ROBERT M. MCKINNON

By the passing away of Robt. M. McKinnon, Earncliffe, on Jan. 8, 1931, whose death has already been referred to in the press the community and the province have lost an estimable friend and citizen.

The late Mr. McKinnon by his genial and kindly disposition endeared himself to all who knew him. He was a man of wonderful physique and his gentle many qualities made him a friend of all. He always lived on the old homestead and was a painstaking and pendent farmer—having at the time of his demise one of the finest properties in that section of the community. In his home he was the essence of hospitality, and in the relation of husband and father he was ideal. He leaves his son as uttermost bequest a stainless record that all men may read. His death at the early age of 47 leaves a sad vacancy in Earncliffe.

CHILD DIES AS PARENTS SPEND NIGHT IN BARN

CONTRADICTORY STATEMENTS START INVESTIGATION BY AMHERST AUTHORITIES

AMHERST, April 14.—Death of an infant child, brought to the attention of local authorities today, resulted in an inquest before Coroner Dr. James Robertson. Contradictory statements by the alleged parents of the tiny youngster, started Crown Prosecutor Milner upon an investigation and in the interim the parents of the baby are being held under arrest, while a third party is being detained as a material witness.

While his wife, accompanied by a girl named Edna Auld of Charlottetown, was at the C. M. R. Depot, carrying her dead baby in her arms, Jerome E. Wilson was applying to the town authorities for assistance this morning. The assistance was granted, but as the infant had died during the night while the party had found shelter in a barn, Dr. James Robertson determined that an inquest should be held.

Contradictory stories were told upon the witness stand this afternoon by Jerome Wilson, who was not positive about the child's name or its age. At different times during the day he told different stories as to how he had arrived in Amherst, while at the inquest he declared that he and his wife had walked from Sackville. This phase of his evidence was later contradicted by Edna Auld, who remarked that she had come from Charlottetown to Sackville and met Wilson and his wife on the train. Arriving in Amherst, they found shelter for the night in a barn on Church Street

and were quite comfortable. Wilson stated that he awoke during the night and found that the child had died.

His wife declared that the child's name was Maxwell Frederick Wilson, but a document found in a bag, by Constable Chandler indicated that the baby was born on March 20 and the name had been given as Louis Maxwell Farrow. Mrs. Wilson admitted that she formerly lived in Amherst.

She declared that the baby was only four weeks old, while the husband was uncertain over this point. Wilson himself said he was a native of Cardigan, P. E. I. and although he gave his age as 24, he said he had fought overseas and enlisted in the 105th Battalion. He wore a veteran's button.

Confronted by such a skein of conflicting and contradictory evidence, Crown Prosecutor Milner ordered the detention of the entire party.

While the body of the infant was of healthy appearance, the coroner's jury returned a verdict that death had been due to improper care and negligence on the part of the parents in company with a young girl named Edna Auld.

THE TASK WORTH WHILE

Go labor on, though hard thy task may seem,
Strive for the heights which great men have attained,
No goal is reached by men who sit and dream;
Only by work can greatness ere be gained.

No noble deed was ever wrought in vain,
Patience and toil, brings future bliss and wealth;
And, when the Victory's won—how rich the gain—
Should not we strive in years of youth and health?

Go labor on, while yet the day is new,
For soon the gloomy night will hide the sun;
Pass bravely on, resume the fight anew,
Is it not thus that heights of fame are won?

Dame Fortune, smiles upon the honest son,
Who toils amid the knaves of low renown;
And, as a last reward for deeds well done,
Places upon his head Fame's Golden Crown.

F. H. M.

NUMBER 13 UNLUCKY IN WRECK
Thirteen was an unlucky number in the adventures of Hull, England, fishermen who were wrecked recently in Iceland, and it played a prominent part in the voyage. The men left port in the trawler Fish-brother on January 13, and 13 days later commenced fishing operations. Thirteen hours after the homeward voyage was started the ship ran ashore, the crew reached the mainland. There were 13 steps inside and outside the hotel at which they were accommodated and the second engineer fell down one flight. The fishermen were picked up by the mail boat on Friday the 13th and were transferred to an Iceland steamer which already had 13 shipwrecked German fishermen on board.

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"She's a Gorgeous Thing"
"Dreamy Rocky Mountain Moon"
"If You Haven't Got a Girl"
"Lonesome Lover"

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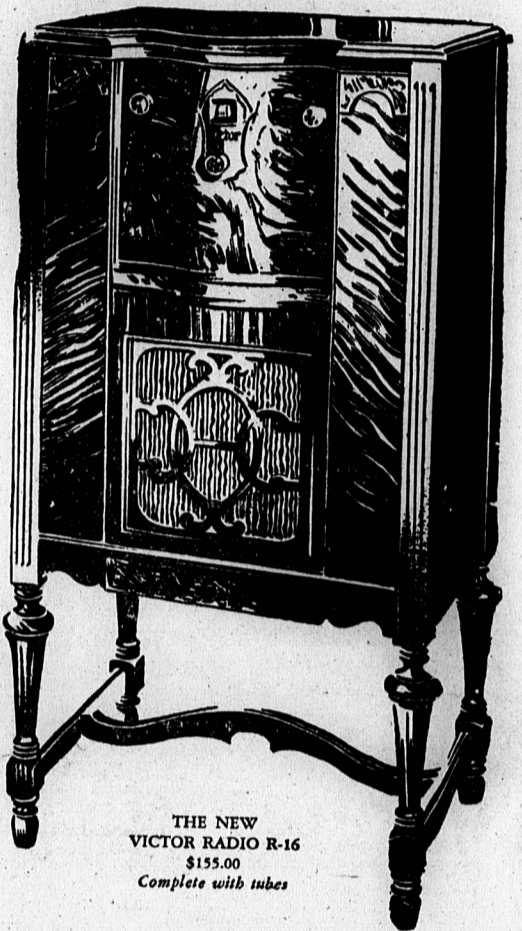
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On June 11, 1924 he married Miss Celia Sherran, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Sherran, Grapaud, P. E. I. who for three years previous had been on the staff of the Y. W. C. A. Moncton N. B.

The funeral was conducted at the Church by Rev. E. McDougall. After which all that was mortal of the late Robert McKinnon was tenderly laid to rest in the beautiful hillside cemetery of Birch Hill. The pall bearers were Messrs. Ray Mutch, Bernard Doyle, J. J. McInnis, Ambrose Doyle, Harry Tweedy and W. W. Mutch.

In May 1930 on the advice of his physician Mr. McKinnon entered the P. E. I. Hospital for a month's treatment. He returned home and went about his duties as usual. He often spoke of the courtesy and kindness he had received from both Doctors and Nurses there. He had to re-enter the Hospital in November and although everything possible was done he failed to regain strength. He returned home Dec. 24th, and spent a Happy Christmas surrounded by those he loved most dearly. After that he failed rapidly until on Jan. 8th his spirit took its flight into the Great Beyond.

He leaves to mourn their loss besides his wife his three small sons Douglas, Leslie and Bobbie. His mother, Mrs. Isabelle McKinnon, his two sisters, Mrs. Elsie Drowne and Mrs. Truman Jenkins.—His three brothers Hugh, John W. and Neil W. also a large number of more distant relatives and friends.

national newspapers, movies, radio broadcasting and the growing interest in athletics are weening Germans away from the reading habit.

HOUSE CAT FURS LISTED
When "Cat House" appeared as one of the items in the British Public Sales Report recently all who had lost feline pets in the last year began to ask questions. A prominent fur dealer came forward with the announcement that the skins of ordinary domestic cats were used, but they came from Holland, where cat farms breed house pussies solely for their fur. The dealer had just sold a large quantity of cat skins to a European silk manufacturer, who used them in some way in making silk.

PREHISTORIC FIND AT NAIRN
Workmen constructing a road in the grounds of Carneah, Nairn, Scotland, the residence of the Hon Douglas Cairns, found a prehistoric coffin in a perfect state of preservation. It contained the skeleton of a man. The coffin was composed of four stone slabs. The corpse had been buried in a sitting posture.

Dr. Wood's Terrible, Tickling Cough Could Not Sleep For It

Mrs. Gordon J. Roy, 8. W. Port Mouton, N.B. writes:—"I had a terrible, tickling cough, and at night could not get to sleep for hours for it. I read about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and decided to get a bottle of it, and I can truly say it did me a wonderful lot of good. "I have three children and I give them the Syrup just as soon as I see them getting a cold or cough, as I always keep it on hand both for the children and myself." Price 35c a bottle; large family size 65c; at all druggists or dealers; put up only by The T. J. Wood Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Norway Pine Syrup