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Too Many Beaus By ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY.

"But Zanle," Sugar protested. "This is perfectly all right. He's leaving tomorrow. I can't be wearing all your clothes."

"Dry up, idiot, and mind your business. I'm running this show," Zanle pulled her up. "You'll do just as I say, and everything will be Jake and I."

"Owl!" Sugar hobbled painfully. "These pumps! I should have known better than to walk so far."

"I'll find some sandals for you. While I look for something for you to put on, hop into the tub and take a good bath. That'll help. And you're not going down to your tub in the basement. I'll take too long Use mine."

"But, what would your sister say?" "Will you stop worrying about Jane Lee! It's my tub. I'll take a chance of breaking out with orphans' hives or something. I've got some swell bath salts that'll make you reek like the Sultan's favorite."

Zanle Lou gave orders and Sugar followed them, in a daze. In a little while she was radiant in a long white gown of organdie with a close fitting lace dinner hat on her curls. A fresh pair of chiffon stockings and flimsy little white sandals made her feet feel good as new.

When Lou finally led her to the long mirror in her bathroom she wanted to sob. "Oh! she cried breathlessly. 'This must be a dream.'"

Zanle felt a little like weeping too. "You're—so beautiful you make me feel an angel," she blurted out her head wonderingly. "Oh! Sugar, you could be a movie star if you went to Hollywood!"

"Silly!" Sugar gave her a little shove. "It's just the improvement because you let me wear your clothes. Anyone would look pretty in these lovely things."

"Sex! You'll wait till the boys see you. Your Mister O'Reilly has seen the most beautiful women in the world in New York, and I'll bet he'll want to kidnap you."

"Gott!" While Zanle Lou was putting the finishing touches to Sugar's lips, she stopped short. "Oh!" she pumped excitedly, "he'll come to the front door!"

Sugar's face dropped. "I hadn't thought of that. Servants aren't allowed to have company, are they?" "Only in the kitchen. But you walk little fiver will fix that. Hurry! It's five minutes till six."

"What are you going to do?" "I'm going to let him in myself. I'll dash down and ask Eurasia to let me know if the coast is clear. You wait in the back hall, and I'll call you when he comes."

"Oh, gosh!" Sugar gasped. "He doesn't know my name!" "That won't matter," Zanle Lou assured her. "I'll just tell him Sugar will be ready in a minute, and yodel for you. When you hear my musical tweet-tweet it will be just one minute after six. If—he doesn't stand you up."

"You don't think he will?" Sugar asked breathlessly. "If he does I'll tell Skipper to drag along a blind date and we'll sneak off. But don't worry, baby. Nobody'll ever stand you up. Not with them their hair and eyes."

Sugar sat down on a chest in the back hall and trembled until she was afraid she wouldn't be able to walk to Scoop's car. Then she thought of Johnny. How terrible! How could she have forgotten Johnny and Mother Friddle so completely!

She'd promised Johnny that she would try to get him. And the very first man who asked her for a date got it. Her eyes filled with tears, but she brushed them away determinedly.

Surely, no one would expect her not to go to dinner and the movies the very first time she'd ever had a chance to go on a party. It couldn't be wrong. It just couldn't.

every time. It was going to take a lot of patience to keep from showing her feelings, though. When Scoop and Sugar walked into the dining room of the Baker Hotel, business practically stopped for a few seconds. They found a table for two near the back and sat down.

Scoop was aware of all eyes upon his dinner party and was very much pleased with himself. In the afternoon the little red-head had been pretty. But in dinner clothes she was ravishing. Like a little doll bride in her white gown and lace cap. He drew in his breath sharply when Sugar smiled happily and revealed the hidden dimple in her right cheek.

"Has anyone ever told you you're the most beautiful girl in the world?" he said, leaning toward her. "Never," Sugar's eyes danced with excitement. "On my word of honor. But I like it."

"I've heard of Southern beauties, and seen a few in my time. But you're the top, Lollypop. Ah, I feel a lyric coming on. Let me see." He went into a deep study. Then began singing softly off key: "You're the top, Lollypop. You're the cream of the crop—And thought I'm just a flop, You've got me on the hop."

"Lovely!" Sugar clapped her hands. "Now let me see." She shut a finger in her temple, wrinkled her brow thoughtfully, and broke into poetry: "You're the top, dear Mr. O'Reilly, And I value you most highly. You make me feel so meek, With the pretty words you speak. Oh, you make me feel quite shy."

"Hurrah!" Scoop's brains took Scoop applauded. "You're really too beautiful to be clever, Lollypop." The colored waiter stood at Sugar's elbow, his big eyes rolling curiously.

"They're awful funny people," he told the cook a few minutes later. "Don't talk like they got no sense to me."

Sugar blessed Mother Friddle for having prepared her thoroughly for dining in public. From the time of her infancy she had been taught the proper table manners. Several times in the past years the old maid superintendent had given her books and magazines to aid her in learning how to behave on all occasions.

Dinner passed in a babble of foolishness, led by Scoop, who had a reputation for being the most nonsensical conversationalist on the New York Democrat. Sugar laughed until she was weep. By the time dinner was over she felt as though she had known him all her life. And she was relieved that he hadn't asked any questions about her family.

Fortunately for Sugar, the movie was a big musical show. She'd read the movie magazines feverishly ever since she was a child. But she had really never dreamed anything could be so lovely. The scenes, the dancing, the glorious music were like a dream.

Scoop marvelled at the way the little stranger lost herself in the picture. She didn't seem to know he existed. She wasn't flattered. He watched his lovely companion more than he did the show. He'd been looking for color, and he'd certainly found it, he decided. A grown-up young lady so thrilled over a mere movie! Maybe they weren't quite so blasé in Dixie. Sugar was the most refreshingly alive creature he'd ever seen.

It was over all too soon for Sugar and they were in Scoop's car again. "How about taking a nice ride in the moonlight?" he asked dubiously, feeling certain she would refuse because it was late.

"I love it," Sugar sighed happily, and heaved to enjoy herself. Scoop found the river road and followed it curving beauty for several miles. The girl was lost in the magic of the night, and the thrill of the story she had just seen revealed on the screen. When Scoop stopped his car she snuggled close to his shoulder.

"This has been the most wonderful evening of my life!" she smiled up at him innocently. The man drank in her beauty for a minute. Then before Sugar realized what was happening, his arms were around her and she felt his kiss, warm and violent against her mouth. She was too shocked to protest. Roughly Scoop pulled her to him and held her so close it took her breath.

With all her strength Sugar raised her elbows and pushed at the powerful chest. Finally she loosened a hand and pulled his hair violently. "Oh—don't!" she sobbed childishly when he released her. "Please take me home. Let—me go!"

For a moment Scoop thought it was a game. Then something in the horror of her face as she pressed back against the seat in a little huddle made him realize his mistake. "Say, what's the idea?" he exploded roughly. "You asked for it you know."

"But I didn't understand," Sugar began to cry. "I didn't mean anything like that—really." "Seven—old are you?" Scoop looked skeptical. (To Be Continued.)

During the past summer the Manitoba Soil Survey under the direction of Professor J. H. Ellis of Manitoba University has made a reconnaissance soil survey of approximately 1,774,000 acres in the drought-stricken area of south-western Manitoba.

Rules For Production And Marketing Of Dressed Poultry

Poultrymen throughout the province are losing considerable money yearly due to their neglect in following the proper rules for the production and marketing of poultry. The rules as laid down in this article directly affect the producer's returns, as all dressed poultry shipped from this province is packed and sold according to Government grades. Therefore if poultry is purchased other than according to grade it is only reasonable to believe that someone is the loser.

Dealers know the districts where quality can be procured, and naturally buy accordingly. Poultrymen can increase their returns on medium quality birds by finishing them properly, and at the same time can lower their returns on well fattened birds by careless marketing methods. If it is the desire of poultrymen to increase their revenue this year, we would suggest that they follow the rules of marketing as set forth:

(1) Grade fatten all poultry on a grain ration with addition of milk or meat scrap. (2) Dry pick poultry. (3) All feathers plucked from the bird. In the past a certain amount of feathers have been allowed to be left around the head, wing tips and hocks. This has been changed and the trade now demands that all feathers be removed from the head, wing tips and hocks. This is only right, as we have found a good many instances of mould in storage caused by the dirt on the feathers.

(4) Clean birds of all pin feathers. (5) Remove the blood from the bird's mouth, and dirt from the legs and feet. (6) Market birds as soon as possible after cooling. (7) Do not allow birds to freeze. Hold in a temperature around 40 degrees. (8) Do not hold birds in a pile as they will sweat, losing their bloom; hang birds or place them out in a single tier. (9) When shipping, do not place too many birds in a box, preferably not more than 100 lbs. Make some arrangement for ventilation in the boxes. (10) Sell birds on grade.

The bird that commands the highest price on the market today is described as follows: It must be well fattened and fleshed, having back, hips and pin bones covered with fat. The fat must be white. Pin feathers on the bird must not detract from the appearance, and in no case shall there be more than seven appearing on the breast. No deformities of any kind in conformation are allowable. There must be no evidence of discoloration from improper bleeding, or from rubbing in plucking. There shall be no more than two tears in the skin, none of which shall appear on the breast, which tears shall not exceed one-half inch in length. The above description is of a Milk-fed "A" bird.

pointing people on the point of giving up. Go over the familiar ground again, make another effort.

THE BREWERS BUILDING GREATER

In Holy Writ is found the Christ-story of the man who prospered so greatly that he proposed to pull down his barns and build greater, as he said to himself: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years: take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry."

But God said unto him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these things be, which thou hast provided?"

While it is not to be torn down, it has been announced that a London, Ontario, brewery is to be added to and the extent of addition is to double its capacity of production.

This will not be the experience of many of the "quaffers." As the man who prospered by praying that a cation 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 Queens County in the said Province, on Wednesday the eighteenth day of December next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show 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 W. E. Bentley, 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 each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy be forthwith post-

ed in the following public place respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, and at or near the Royal Bank of Canada in Charlottetown aforesaid, and in front of the schoolhouse in Milton aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 14th day of November, A. D. 1935 and in the 26th year of His Majesty's reign. (sgd.) H. L. PALMER Judge of Probate

WALL FLOWERS TO MULTIPLY The would-be dancing damsel at a ball, many years ago, found herself in the dry columns of the dictionary to be classified. This species, according to a New Jersey state press despatch, is to be multiplied indefinitely, until it may mean that the red paint lipstick factories may be defunct for want of patronage.

The report is that a fraternity of youths have been organized at Wildwood, N. J., U. S. A., to protect themselves from lipstick-sticks. The members of this club do not object to the appearance nor even the taste of this crimson mixture, but they do object to scarlet paint stains on their dressy evening shirt bosoms. This damage to the best garb seems to have become unbearable, so the members of this finishing Omega Tau club have bound themselves not to dance with partners who indulge in lipstick. The club is also seeking for other social organizations to join them for the attainment of this object.

Does this move spell disaster to a modern industry whose product does not appear to be necessary to the progress of the human race? In 1842 I predicted the day would come when there would be neither a slave nor a drunkard in the land.—Abraham Lincoln.

Lumber Interests Interfered With (C. P. By Guardian's Special Wire) SAINT JOHN, N. B., Nov. 22—"Disappointment and regret" were expressed tonight by Charlotte County mayors and business men at the decision of the board of railway commissioners for Canada granting the Canadian Pacific Railway leave to abandon operation of the so-called shore line served an "important lumber district" and they felt that non-operation would result in "serious inconvenience" to that industry.

Protest against the C.P.R.'s proposal to close the line were made at a sitting in St. Stephen several months ago of the board of railway commissioners, when the railway company also presented its case. Mayor D. R. Wilson of St. Andrews and other leaders in the county's affairs and business were one in expressing disapproval of the railway board's decision. "We consider it unfair and unjust to deprive the people of this important farming and lumbering section of railway facilities," they said.

A 23 per cent. increase in the production of hay and clover in 1935 for the whole of Canada is estimated by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The combined yield of these crops was 13,788,000 tons compared with 11,174,000 tons in 1934. Most of the increase is counted for by good harvests in Ontario and the Prairie Provinces.

Don't Guess But Know

Whether the "Pain" Remedy You Use is SAFE

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations.

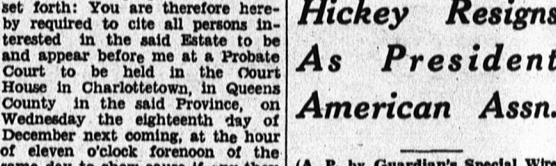
THE person to ask whether the preparation you or your family are taking for the relief of headaches and pains of rheumatism, neuritis and neuralgia is SAFE to use regularly is your family doctor. Ask him particularly in regard to "ASPIRIN."

He will tell you that before the discovery of "Aspirin" most "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as upsetting to the stomach and, often, bad for the heart. Which is food for thought if you seek quick, safe relief.

Scientists rate "Aspirin" among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and the pains of rheumatism, neuritis and neuralgia. And the experience of millions of users has proved it safe for the average person to use regularly. In your own interest remember this.

"Aspirin" Tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited of Canada. Be sure to look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.

Demand and Get "ASPIRIN"



DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND BY THE PROBATE COURT IN THE ESTATE OF ELIZA JANE FOSTER, late of Milton in Queens County in the said Province, Single Woman, deceased, testate: By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County or any Constable or literate person within said county GREETING: WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of William E. Bentley of Charlottetown in Queens County aforesaid, Barrister, 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 Queens County in the said Province, on Wednesday the eighteenth day of December next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show 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 W. E. Bentley, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner.

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Hickey Resigns As President American Assn. (A. P. by Guardian's Special Wire) DAYTON, O., Nov. 21—Thomas Jefferson Hickey, "grand old man" of the American Baseball Association which he founded in 1902, surrendered the presidency today. His action was voluntary, as six of the clubs voted to retain him. The 74-year-old prexy accepted an offer of a life time job as chairman of the association's board of directors—a new position. A new president will be named at the Dec. 10 meeting in Chicago.

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