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THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD.
Niagara Falls, Canada

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

The undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of Henry A. Collins, late of Martinville in King's County, in Prince Edward Island, Farmer, deceased, testate, hereby notify all persons indebted to the estate of the said deceased to make immediate payment to them at the office of Bell & Mathieson, Solicitors, Charlottetown, in Queen's County, and all persons having any claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same duly attested at the office aforesaid within twelve months from this date.

DATED this 21st day of June, A. D. 1933.

GEORGE MATHIESON,
ARCHIBALD McPHERSON,
Executors.

FURNESS

Red Cross Line

Freight and Passengers

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S. S. Dominica	June 17
S. S. Rosalind	June 26
S. S. Rosalind	July 1

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Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT

The Other Man

By RUBY M. AYRES

She cut in harshly. "Mine isn't the kind that breaks—you've only got to look at me to see that." She dared not to look at him as she spoke, but she could have laughed at the contrast between her carelessly spoken words and the stark desolation in her heart. "If he would only speak—only say something," she told herself in despair.

And then she heard him move, and she felt his hands on her shoulders, gently turning her to him, and she raised her eyes slowly, slowly, till they met his. There was a little silence, then Dennis bent and kissed her lips.

"If this is what you call trying to play the game, Barbara, don't try any more. I know you, and I know that you belong to me as much as I belong to you, and that nothing will ever change it even if—as you say—it's got to end. Well?" he queried, as she did not speak.

Barbara's lips moved, but no words came. Then quite suddenly she put her head down on his shoulder.

"Love me, love me! Please love me," she said wildly.

At that moment he was far more to her than just the man she would have married if he had been free: he was all the different loves of life that had never been hers, father, mother, lover, child—everything.

He held her very gently, his face against her hair, speaking words of which he had never believed himself capable. So often had he told Pauline that he could not "talk like a poetry book" and that she must take his love for granted. Poor little Pauline, who, although she was his wife, had never been his love.

And then Barbara gently disengaged herself.

"I'm sorry, it's your fault. I've never been such a weak idiot before." The tears were streaming down her face, and though she tried to brush them away they still fell. "If I'd met you years ago, Dennis, I might have been quite a nice woman," she said sabbily. "And, oh, look at your coat, all wet with tears. Let me wipe them away."

But he held her wrists, preventing her.

"No, let them be, they are mine, anyway," she said; then he kissed her hands, the palm of each, and let her go.

"And all this doesn't help us or tell us what to do," he said ruefully. Barbara laughed shakily. "We don't need to be told—we know already. You're married to one of the sweetest girls in the world, who adores you, and I—thought I've got the reputation of being a husband stealer, somehow I can't steal you, Dennis. Perhaps it's the one decent streak in my nature coming to the top at last, I don't know. I can't understand myself. I'm not given to decent actions. It's not for Pauline either. I'm fond of her, but not fond enough to wear a martyr's crown for her sake."

She was standing by the fire again now, her arm resting on the mantelpiece, her eyes bent on the leaping flames. "It must be because I love you so much," she said after a moment. "You know, the sort of thing you read about in books. She loved him too well to spoil his life sort of thing," she said cynically; then suddenly her head went down on her arm. "Why need this have happened to me—why need it have happened to me! I've never been given any happiness; all my life everything's gone wrong."

Dennis watched her silently; his arms ached with their longing to hold her, but he was afraid.

Barbara spoke suddenly: "You'd better go, Dennis. There's nothing more to say, and it's getting late. You've got to dine with Dr. Stornaway, you know."

"I can put him off."

"Nonsense." She turned and faced him bravely. "I look a sight, don't I? Women always do when they've been crying, and that's why they cry when there's nobody to see—I cry torrential tears at night."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. "Some day—" he said hoarsely, but she would not let him finish, she laid a hand on his lips, silencing him, and at that moment there was a sudden knock at the front door. Barbara gently disengaged herself.

"I expect it's Mellish. I'll let her in." She gave a hurried glance in the mirror. "I look a sight, but she won't notice."

She turned to go, then came back and put her arms round his neck and kissed him, but then, when she would have gone, he held her and

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kissed her many times, and Barbara said breathlessly, "Do you remember the story of the plain princess who only looked beautiful when the man she loved kissed her, and so she always looked beautiful to him? Well, I think that must be me," and then, as the knock was repeated, she went swiftly away, and Dennis mechanically lighted a cigarette and walked over to the window.

As he stood there looking out into the gray afternoon his only emotion was one of passionate gladness that his great love for this other woman had been given to him. He had not lived until he kissed her; she only had brought rapture into the calm serenity of his life.

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

Then he heard Barbara's voice, a little breathless and nervous.

"It's Jerry—I made him come in. Give him a drink, will you, Dennis, while I go and make myself look beautiful."

Dennis turned quickly. Jerry Barnett was already in the room, and Barbara had escaped.

Jerry nodded stiffly. "How do! Didn't expect to find you here." His eyes were more unfriendly than his voice, and Dennis answered calmly, "We've just been to see my wife off at Paddington. Her mother is ill—she was sent for."

"I see."

There was an awkward silence, and Dennis knew that this man must have seen the tears and flushed distress of Barbara's face.

"Have a drink?" he asked with an effort.

"No, thanks."

The silence fell once more and remained unbroken till Barbara returned. "Richard's himself again!" she said lightly. "I've been unbending my soul in a fit of tears," she informed Dennis. "Too many late nights and too much to drink, so Dennis has been telling me." She lighted a cigarette and pushed the box across to him. "Aren't you going to drink, Jerry?"

"No thanks."

She made a little grimace at his moody face. "Well, mix one for me, anyway," she said.

Dennis took up his coat. "I'll be off." He was hating Barnett with all his heart, and yet he knew that for Barbara's sake he must show nothing of what he felt.

"Go and see him out, will you, Jerry?" Barbara said coolly. She nodded to Dennis, "Good-bye—ring me up some time."

When Barnett returned she was sitting calmly on a big humpy stool by the fire, smoking and turning the pages of a magazine.

"We'll have tea when Mellish comes in," she said without looking up. "Does your head ache, Jerry that you won't drink? Mine does, like the very devil."

Barnett made no reply, but he shut the door behind him with a little slam and came forward.

"Have you seen this picture of Evelyn?" Barbara asked. "Not too good, I think—look!"

Barnett took the magazine from her hand and flung it across the room.

"What's that fellow doing here?" he demanded.

For a moment Barbara sat motionless; then she looked up.

"My dear Jerry!"

"What's that fellow doing here?" Barnett demanded again. "I've suspected him all along. That night in the theatre—every time he's been in your company—"

Barbara rose to her feet.

"If you're going to be a cad, Jerry, you'd better go," she said.

"Oh, yes, go to make room for him, I suppose," he almost shouted. He caught her arm roughly, swinging her round to him. "Has he been making love to you?" he demanded.

"How dare you!"

He laughed. "Oh, I dare very well. I know you, Barbara—anything for a new conquest. And you his wife's friend, eh?"

Barbara's eyes blazed in her white face.

"Let go of my arm," she said in a very still voice. "And when you've done that you can walk out of my flat and never come back." There was a tragic silence, broken only by Barnett's heavy breathing; then suddenly his anger fell from him and he began to plead.

"I'm sorry, I was mad. Forgive me. I didn't mean it. I was jealous. You drive me mad, Barbara."

(To be Continued.)

CO-OPERATIVE CANNERIES IN THE MARITIMES

The progress of Co-operative Canneries in the Maritime Provinces is described in the following article from "The U. M. F." official organ of the United Maritime Fishermen:

At Tignish, P. E. I., Havre Boucher, Larry's River, Little Dover and Port Felix in Eastern Nova Scotia, and at Petit-De-Grat, Grand Etang, Alder Point (Little Bras d'Or), and South Ingonish in Capt Breton are located those Fishermen's Co-operative Canneries now in operation. At Barachois and St. Thomas De Kent in New Brunswick two large co-operative canneries will commence operations on August 16th and, as we go to press, word has been received that the Union Fishermen of Little Cape and vicinity have already made extensive preparations for a cannery of their own to be ready for operation during the Fall season.

Tignish Cannery the Oldest

With the exception of the new canneries at Alder Point and South Ingonish, Cape Breton, all the above mentioned have operated with marked success for a number of seasons. At Tignish, P. E. I., is located what is probably the oldest co-operative cannery now operating in the Maritimes. Operated as Tignish Fisheries Limited, under the personal direction and management of Mr. C. P. McCarthy, a prominent Prince Edward Island attorney and a former president of The United Maritime Fishermen, this co-operative venture has been an outstanding success. At Petit-De-Grat, N. S., the co-operative operates as The Richmond Shore Fish Company, Limited, the activities of which are not only confined to the canning of lobsters but include operations in practically every branch of the fishing industry pursued along the Eastern Shore, one of these being the making of a very fancy grade of boneless codfish which has not only found favour in the home market but is in demand in foreign markets. At Little Dover, N. S., the co-operative is operated under the name of Blue Ribbon Cannery, Limited. This group has made remarkable progress and in addition to their cannery they own two very fine lobster collection smacks built especially for them last winter. South Ingonish Packers, Limited and the Little Bras d'Or Lobster Cannery are new plants but the same cannot be said of the management and directors, all of whom have in their favour a wealth of practical experience in the lobster canning industry. At Havre Boucher is located one of the finest and most up-to-date canneries in the Maritimes, which includes two very fine new buildings and a well constructed wharf. The previous successful operation of this cannery reflects in general the practical experience in canning as well as the business ability of those who are responsible for its management. Careful management and a thorough knowledge of the practical end of lobster canning is no doubt accountable for the steady progress which the co-operative groups at Larry's River and Port Felix, N. S., continue to make. The canneries at both of these points are modern and up-to-date in every respect and their general appearance is sufficient evidence of the pride in which they are held by their owners.

Other Enterprises

At Grand Etang the fishermen's group have been carrying on canning operations for a number of years in a conveniently located and well equipped cannery secured under very favorable arrangements from one of the largest fishery concerns in the Maritimes. The success attained by this particular group has been well in keeping with that enjoyed by the other co-operative canneries.

At Barachois, N. B., the cannery of the Barachois Fishermen's Association, Limited is probably the largest co-operative cannery operating in the Maritimes, at least

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with regard to size of pack. This cannery was purchased by the fishermen a number of years ago from one of the largest and oldest established canning companies in the industry and its equipment is complete and modern in every detail. The success so far enjoyed by this group is undoubtedly due in a great measure to efficient management, as well as to the fine spirit of co-operation which has prevailed among the large number of members. The fishermen's cannery at St. Thomas de Kent was built last year and modernly equipped. At the disposal of this group is the knowledge of a number of men who have been actively engaged in the actual canning of lobsters for many years, men who have observed the many changes since the early nineties and in fact the early eighties. Such observations, coupled with the actual ability which they possess to put them to practical use, have already resulted in the turning out of a brand of goods first class in every respect.

BEACH PAJAMAS WORN BY PUNTERS

LONDON, Eng., June 21—Beach pajamas, worn at Oxford by girls punting on the river, which passes through the parks, were the subject of complaints by older women last season—and so the curators have taken action. "We feel," one of the curators said, when interviewed, "that we cannot say what is suitable wear for young women graduates in the summer while on the river, and we have not found ourselves able, as has been suggested, to ban beach pajamas or anything else."

"All we have done is to suggest to women undergraduates that, as curators of the parks, we strongly discourage any clothing which is unseemly. It is entirely a matter for the women members of the university themselves. We do not even know whether the beach pajamas to which exception was taken were worn by undergraduates or not. We feel, however, that to a large extent the women undergraduates set the fashion on the river, and it is up to them to set a good example and not turn out in costumes to which older people can take exception."

Maritimes, picking of cod and mackerel, as well as extensive buying of supplies for all classes of fishing requirements are but a few of the numerous ways in which co-operation has resulted in much benefit to the shore fishermen.

HE-MAN AT 72

CHICAGO, June 15—There lots of things Robert Rose, 72, Angeles, will stand for, but call him "grandpa" makes him see. He was in court accused of punching Police Sergeant Kyran Lan on the chin.

"He called me grandpa," protested. "I was a pretty man in my day and I'm still spry."

"I'll have to fine you \$50 on charge of assault and battery," court held.

"It's a pleasure to pay a fine a he-man charge like that," replied.

LOBSTERS MOVING IN QUANTITIES

SAINT JOHN, N. B. June 21—Increasing demand for Canadian lobster in United States markets reflected in the greatly accelerated movement of this commodity through Saint John. According to Canadian National Express office an increase of twenty-five per cent this season to date has been reported in quantities passing through Saint John over the corresponding period last year. In all over 500 pounds of lobsters have passed through Saint John this season to date for the Boston, New York, other United States markets. Lobster is from waters of the St. Lawrence and off the coast of Northumberland and off Prince Edward Island and was consigned from Point du Chene, N. B. to Pictou, N. S.

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