Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

LAW OF LIFE

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my prince faithfully,
To my neighbor honestly
Die, I so die I.
—Sixteenth Century Translations by Longfellow.

TABLOID

Wash well the paraffine wax tops as they come from jams and jellies and drop in an old unused teapot. When you want to use the wax again it can be heated right in the teapot and is so easy to pour onto the preserves.

SEPARATING EGGS.

Many recipes using eggs call for the separation of the white from the yolk. To separate most easily and with least breakage of yolks, the eggs should be cold.

Mark Them at Once

When buying a new make of bed linen it is wise to make it in some way when put into use so you can know whether it wears well or not. Different types of initials will identify it for you nicely.

Rusty Screws

When it is desired to remove a rusty screw which will not budge with an ordinary screw driver, apply a heavy shewer heated red hot to the screw and hold it there until the screw is hot. Then it will turn easily with the screw driver.

The Amateur Nurse

If you are new at nursing and are afraid you will forget the time for medicine for the patient, keep an unwound watch in the room by the medicine and as each dose is administered move the hands of the clock to the hour for the next dose.

Too Small

If the cork in the bottle seems to have shrunk and you are afraid to carry the bottle along with you for fear of spilling its contents, place the cork in a pan of boiling water and let it remain there until the water cools. The cork will expand to its original size and will fit the neck of the bottle exactly.

THE LOST LULLABY

Independence is abundantly encouraged in the child of to-day, and that even at a very early age. How many children of one's own acquaintance have been put to bed in a room by themselves, even when just emerging from real babyhood not to speak of the babies who are put into their cribs and left to go to sleep or stay awake at it pleases themselves? And we have congratulated ourselves because of it.

And now there comes a voice of criticism. Has the practice not sounded the death-knell to a lovely form of music, the lullaby? If so, it is but one more sacrifice of sentiment and romance on the altar of modernism. The aubade and the serenade have already gone: the lullaby is fast following. Madonnas crooning "Sweet and Low" appear to be quite out of fashion.

The Potter

A fashionable voice says that pottery is replacing glass as flower-containers—one rather regrets it, for pottery lacks the ethereal qualities of beautiful glass.

Urns, cornucopias, shells, bowls and copies of pagan water-bowls are being hand-made in pottery by a clever woman artist. Sconce-holders, which can be hooked on and off the wall, are also attractive. One hostess fills these with sweetpeas and hooks them on to her pastel blue, yellow and mauve wall's Lady Diana Duff-Cooper fills hers with lavender and "everlastings."

Pottery is also replacing glass on many fashionable dinner-tables. One decoration takes the form of a pottery "ring," in which only the heads of small flowers will be placed. Another idea is to have a flower-cushion, with massed flower-heads arranged in a shallow bowl of a type in which dairymaids set their cream.

ISLE OF BIRD SKELETONS

The Pulo Tega Islands, in the China seas, are surrounded with spiky reefs of coral and clouds of spray, few boats have ventured to land there, but one or two sea captains have done so out of curiosity and afterward have marked it down on the chart as Bird Island, because the whole island in white with the skeletons of birds. A species of a rare tropical tree grows on the island and this tree at a certain time of the year bears seed vessels which form natural traps for birds or any small animals so unfortune as to come in contract with them. These seed vessels, which cover the branches of the tree, are full of small, sharp, curved hooks which not only have the power of tension after piercing the skin, but are also full of a resinous gum as adhesive as bird lime. The luckless bird alighting on the tree finds first the tips of the feathers fast and, struggling to release them, is gradually drawn closer and closer into the embrace of the vegetable monster until death puts an end to its suffering. Skeletons of sea birds as large as the albatross have been found beneath the trees or in their branches and a dead petrol was discovered in the snare. The tree is a variety of upas

UNLISCOVERED TREASURE

To world adventurers the following hidden treasures may prove a lure: Trinidad is believed to be "a mine of treasures." Much of the wealth of the richest of the South American cities was conveyed to that island by the sea rovers who plundered the mainland. In a great cavern in the cliffs on the Auckland Island lies the General Grant, which was wrecked in 1866, with 50,000 ounces of gold on board. It is known that hulk is still within the cave but expeditions from Australia and New Zealand have been baffled by the undertow and the great combers. Somewhere in the East River, U. S. A., is $2.000,000 in gold. It has lain there since 1780, when the British frigate Huzzar, carrying money for the royal forces engaged in the American war, struck a rock opposite the upper end of Randall Island and sank only a hundred yards from the shore. Lovers of romance, too, will find food for dreams in the thought that on the mainland of Panama is a great store of gold hidden by Sir Francis Drake after he had sacked the city of the same name. The treasure was never retrieved, and as one known where to look for it.

LADY READING ON COOKING

The Kent Summer School for Teachers was opened recently at St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, by Lady Reading. More than 300 teachers attended.

Lord Northbourne, who presided, referring to the inclusion in the syllabus of a course in speech training, and that people talked far too much, and it was for the teachers to see that they did it nicely. But he was rash enough to envisage a course in future in silence training.

Lady Reading said few professions gave such opportunities for national service as that of teaching, and to none was greater responsibility entrusted. They were teaching children not merely lessons, but how to learn. The most simple things were always the most perfect. Cooking was looked upon as a dull occupation until girls began to understand the calorific value of food and the reason why from a nutritive point of view, one thing should be boiled and another braised.

She looked forward to a generation of contented and happy husbands due entirely to the fact that women were beginning to understand that housekeeping could be a thrilling game instead of boring drudgery. There was a time when they all had an ambition to be highbrow, but since she had heard highbrow defined as one who was educated slightly above his intelligence she had realized the value of simplicity in what one learned as much as in what one wore.

BENEFITS OF HEATHER

While the bell heather produces what, in the mass, is a gorgeous colour, and more graceful, too, in its little cluster of hanging bells, one might suppose that it would yield a lot of honey for the bees. But not so. It is the tinier florets of the ling which yield the heather honey, that precious nectar of rarest flavour, so highly prized for the manufacture of confectionery. As a honey for the breakfast or tea table, that obtained from the moors is, however, not relished so much as clover honey. It is of a rather dark wine colour, and is very useful for flavouring clover and other honeys which seem rather inspid.

Heather honey by itself is rather too rank in its flavour to appeal to the average palate. Heather honey, it need scarcely be said, contains clover honey. It is accordingly of more tonic properties and very beneficial for those who appreciate its flavour.

It is the ling, too, which furnishes the grouse with the bulk of their food the whole year round. Besides the ling and bell heather there is the low, creeping cross-leaved heath of a bright shining green, found in little patches, particularly on the hilltops and in the dry parts of the moors. This heather produces berries of a jet black colour and of rather less then half the sig of a grain of barley. These berries are called crowberries, or "knowperts," and are often found where blueberries grow. They taste more exquisitely [illegible] fingers so badly. The creeping stems of berry heather are frequiently several feet in length and in times past were often made into ropes. The finest of brooms were also made from this tough and pliant heath, and it also entered into the scheme of household utility in being used to make home-brewed ale.

The glory of the autumn moors and the heathery hills must be seen to be realised. At other seasons of the year the moors may look bleak and dismal, but under the glow of the August sun the body of colour becomes bright, warm, and entrancing.— J. W. in [illegible]

The Murder at Hazelmoor

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

"Crystal clear," said Charles. "A good thing it wasn't you or me, eh? Well, I must be sending off a few wires. They don't seem very used to telegrams in this place. If you send more than half a crown's worth at one go they seem to think you are an escaped lunatic."

Charles sent his telegrams, bought a packet of cigarettes, and two very aged paper-acked novelettes. He then returned to the cottage, threw himself on his bed and slept peacefully, blissfully unaware that he and his affairs, particularly Miss Emily Trefusis, were being discussed in various places all around him.

It is fairly safe to say that there were only three topics of conversation at present in Sittaford. One was the murder, one was the escape of the convict, and the other was Miss Emily Trefusis and her cousin. Indeed, at a certain moment, four separate conversations were going on with her as their main theme.

Conversation No. 1 was at Sittaford House where Violet Willett and her mother had just washed up their own tea things owing to the domestic retreat.

"It was Mrs. Curtis who told me," said Violet.

She still looked pale and wan.

"It's almost a disease the way that woman talks," said her mother.

"I know. It seems the girl is actually stopping there with a cousin or something. She did mention this morning that she was at Mrs. Curtis's, but I thought that that was simply because Miss Percehouse hadn't room for her. And now it seems that she'd never even seen Miss Perchouse till this morning!"

"I dislike that Percehouse woman intensely," said Mrs. Willett. "That kind of woman is dangerous. They live for what they can find out about other people. Sending that girl along here for a recipe for coffee cake! I'd like to have sent her a poisoned cake. That would have stopped her interfering for good and all!"

"I suppose I ought to have realized——" began Violet. But her mother interrupted her.

"How could you, my dear! And anyway what harm is done?"

"Why do you think she came here?"

"I don't suppose she had anything definite in mind. She was just spying out the land. Is Mrs. Curtis sure about her being engaged to Jim Pearson?"

"The girl told Mr. Rycroft so, I believe. Mrs. Curtis said she suspected it from the first."

"Well, then the whole thing's natural enough. She's just looking about aimlessly for something that might help."

"You didn't see her, mother," said Violet. "She isn't aimless."

"I wish I had seen her," said Mrs. Willett. "But my nerves were all to pieces this morning. Reaction, I suppose, after that interview with the police inspector yesterday."

"You were wonderful, mother. If only I hadn't been such an utter fool — to go and faint! Oh! I'm ashamed of myself for giving the whole show away. And there were you peacefully calm and collected—not turning a hair."

"I'm in pretty good training," said Mrs. Willett in a hard dry voice. "If you'd been through what I've been through—but there, I hope you never will, my child. I trust and believe that you've got a happy, peaceful life ahead of you."

Violet shook her head.

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid—"

"Nonsense—and as for saying you gave the show away by fainting yesterday—nothing of the kind. Don't worry."

"But that inspector—he's bound to think—"

"That it was the mention of Jim Pearson made you faint? Yes—he'll think that all right. He's no fool, that Inspector Narracott. But what if he does? He'll suspect a connection—and he'll look for it—and he won't find it."

"You think not?"

"Of course not! How can he? Trust me, Violet dear. That's cast-iron certainly and, in a way, perhaps that faint of yours was a lucky happening. We'll think so, anyway."

Conversation No. 2 was in Major Burnaby's cottage. It was a somewhat one-sided one, the brunt of it being borne by Mrs. Curtis, who had been poised for departure for the last half hour, having dropped in to collect Major Burnaby's laundry.

"Like my Great Aunt Sarah's Belinda, that's what I said to Curtis this morning" said Mrs. Curtis triumphantly. "A deep one—and one that can twist all the men round her little finger."

A great grunt from Major Burnaby.

"Engaged to one young man and carrying on with another," said Mrs. Curtis. "That's my Great Aunt Sarah's Belinda all over. And not for the fun of it, mark you. It's not just flightiness—she's a deep one. And now young Mr. Garfield—she'll have him roped in before you can say knife. Never have I seen a young gentleman look more like a sheep than he did this morning — and that's a sure sign."

She paused for breath.

"Well, well," said Major Burnaby. "Don't let me keep you, Mrs. Curtis." He hardly dared breathe for fear he might distract her from her purpose. But the door closed behind her.

With a sigh of relief the major drew forth a pipe and began to peruse a prospectus of a certain mine which was couched in terms so blatantly optimistic that it would have aroused suspicion in any heart but that of a widow or a retired soldier.

"Twelve per cent," murmured Major Burnaby. "That sounds pretty good . . . ."

CHAPTER 21

Next door to Major Burnaby, Captain Wyatt was talking to Mr. Rycroft who had dropped in.

"Nice looking girl," he turned the conversation abruptly. "What's she doing here? That's what I want to know. What does she want here? Who's she going to talk to in a place like this? All you old fogies will bore her stiff. I had a word with her this morning. Expect she was surprised to find a man like me in a place like this."

He twisted his mustache.

"She's James Pearson's fiancee," said Mr. Rycroft. "You know——the man who had been arrested for Trevelyan's murder."

Wyatt dropped a glass of whisky he was just raising to his lips with a crash upon the floor. He immediately roared for Apdul and cursed him in no measured terms for not placing a table at a convenient angle to his chair. He then resumed the conversation.

"So that's who she is. Too good for a counter jumper like that. A girl like that wants a real man."

"Young Pearson is very good looking," said Mr. Rycroft.

"Good looking—good looking — a girl doesn't want a collar ad model What does that sort of young man who works in an office every day know of life? What experience has he had of reality? Police sure he did it?"

"They must be fairly sure or they wouldn't have arrested him. Inspector Narracott struck me this morning as an able and efficient man.

"Where did you see him this morning?"

"He called at my house."

"He didn't call at mine," said Captain Wyatt in an injured fashion.

"Well, you weren't a close friend of Trevelyan's or anything like that."

"All the same," the captain growled, "if the police want to know about Trevelyan I'm the man they should have come to. I've knocked about the world, and I've got judgment. I can size a man up for what he's worth. What's the good of going to a lot of dodderers and old women. What they want is a man's judgment."

He banged the table again.

"I'm not afraid of the police. Let 'e mcome here. I'll show them. Do you know I shot a cat at a hundred yards the other night?"

"Did you?" said Mr. Rycroft.

The captain's habit of letting off a revolver at real or imaginary cats was a sore trial to his neighbors.

"What tea do you drink?" asked Wyatt. "I don't know anything about tea. Told Abdul to get some. Thought that girl might like to come in to tea one day. Darned pretty girl. Must do something for her. She must be bored to death in a place like this with no one to talk to."

"There's a young man with her," said Mr. Rycroft.

"The young men of the present day make me sick," said Captain Wyatt. "What's the good of them?"

This being a difficult query to answer suitably, Mr. Rycroft did not attempt it, he took his departure.

In No. 4 The Cottages, Miss Percehouse was speaking to her nephew, Ronald.

"If you like to moon about after a girl who doesn't want you, that is your affair, Ronald," she was saying. "Better stick to the Willett girl. You may have a chance there, though I think it is extremely unlikely."

"Oh, I say," protested Ronnie.

"And now," said Miss Percehouse closing her eyes, "don't argue with me any more. I'm tired."

Ronnie shuffled his feet and looked uncomfortable.

"Well?" said Miss Percehouse sharply.

"Oh! nothing—only—I was wondering if you'd mind if I blew in to Exeter tomorrow?"

"Why?"

"Well, I want to meet a fellow there."

"If a young man wishes to tell lies, he should do so well," said Miss Percehouse.

"Oh! I say—but—it's all right then? I can go?"

"I don't know what you mean by saying, 'I can go?' as though you were a small child. You are over twenty-one."

"Yes, but what I mean is, I don't want——"

Miss Percehouse closed her eyes again.

"I have asked you once before not to argue. I am tired and wish to rest. If the 'fellow' you are meeting in Exeter wears skirts and is called Emily Trefusis, more fool you —— that is all I have to say."

* * * * * * *

Charles Enderby was not looking forward with any relish to the prospect of his night's vigil. He privately considered that it was likely to be a wild goose chase. Emily, he considered, was possessed of a too vivid imagination.

He was convinced that she had read into the few words she had overheard a meaning that had its origin in her own brain. Probably sheer weariness had induced Mrs. Willett to yearn for night to come.

(To Be Continued.)

A Morning Smile

RIDE 'EM COWBOY

A hard-driving taxi-driver ignored a red signal, threatened the traffic policeman's knees, missed the street island by a hair, and lightly grazed a bus, all in one dash.

The policeman hailed him, then strolled over to the taxi, pulling a big handkerchief from his pocket en route.

"Listen cowboy!" he growled. "On yer way back I'll drop this and see if you can piek it up with yer teeth."

The boy was probably mentally deficient, and an examination was indicated.

"How many cars has a cat? queried the psychologist.

"Two," replied the lad, instantly.

"And how many eyes has a cat?"

"Two."

"And how many legs has a cat?"

"Say, Doc," asked the boy, "haven't you ever seen a cat?"

THE COOK'S CORNER

Rhubarb Dish Ruth Favorite

Genial Babe Ruth recently praised the rhubarb marmalade served him in a New York hotel and here is the recipe

1 lemon
2 oranges
4 pounds rhubarb
1 pound seedless raisins
3 pounds sugar

Remove the juice from the lemon and oranges and combine with the rhubarb, the latter cut into small pieces. Chop the rind of the lemon and oranges, and the seedless raisins fine, and add to the rhubarb. Mix all and let stand one-half hour. Add the sugar, bring to a boil, and simmer one hour, stirring very frequently. When the mixture becomes thick, pour into hot, wet, sterilized glasses, and allow to stand until cool. When set, cover with paraffin.

Shortcake With Ambrosia

Here's a shortcake you'll enjoy this recipe is especially delicious made with sweet, large-sized oranges.

2 cups sifted cake or pastry flour
Or 1¾ cups sifted hardwheat flour
¼ teaspoon salt
3½ teasponso baking powder
¼ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 large oranges
1 cup coconut

Sift together flour, salt and baking powder three times. Cream butter or shortening thoroughly, then gradually blend in sugar. Add egg and beat mixture thoroughly. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture, a small amount at a time, alternately with milk. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla.

Bake in two greased and floured layer pans in moderately hot oven. 375 degrees F., about 25 minutes. Cool. Arrange sweetened orange segments from 4 large oranges between layers and over top of cake, sprinkling orange segments with cocoanut. Serve at once, with garnish of whipped cream, if desired.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Loads of smartness is caught up with this stunning little shirtmaker dress.

Almost any of the lightweight woolens of tweed effect or wool jersey type are lovely for this model. The new looking weave effects in silks are also suitable.

Imagine for instance, pottery-rust lightweight novelty woolen, with jade green collar and cuffs, as sketched. And it's so easily made.

Style No. 369 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 39-inch material with ⅝ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

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for DANDRUFF
and Falling Hair, use Minard's exactly as you would any hair tonic. Do this 4 times a week and the result will be a
Clean Head and Glossy Hair
MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

Gloomy Guses Have No Place In This World — Dorothy Dix — Says It is Our Duty to Strive for Happiness

Not Everybody is Born a Pollyanna, But We Can All Do Our Part to Create a Better Feeling

We talk a lot about our right to happiness. We seldom consider our duty to be happy. Yet if one is a privilege, the other is a sacred obligation.

Personally, it has always seemed to me that people who have even a moderate share of the good things of life are not only poor sports but also black ingrates when they go about beating upon their breasts and bedewing the world with their tears. Often they have so much to rejoice over. Good health. Pleasant family relationships. A comfortable living. Yet because they have not reached some impossible standard of bliss in which there will not be a single crumpled rose leaf under their forty mattresses of ease, they are Gloomy Guses and Gustines.

One of the most melancholy women that I know has never had a single real sorrow or hardship in her life. Fate has spared her the grief of ever losing any one she really loved by death. While not rich, she has always lived in modest luxury and never had to worry about where the next meal was coming from. She has had a kind and devoted husband who has never looked at another woman. Her children have not only turned out to be all that any mother's heart could wish, but also are singularly tender and considerate of "poor Mamma," who is always so sad.

Now wouldn't you think a woman circumstanced like that would be cracking her heels together for joy and singing a merry roundelay at the top of her voice? Wouldn't you think she would be patting herself on the back at being Lady Luck's favorite daughter? Wouldn't you think that she would feel that it was her duty to show her gratitude to God for all the good things He had given her by at least looking as if she enjoyed them and liked them?

Well, if you do, you guess wrong. She goes about with the pathetic resigned expression of a martyr on her way to the stake, and if there is a single ray of sunshine in this gloomy old world, she never even glimpses it. "We can't expect happiness here below," she says with a sigh, and totally ignores the fact that when the Creator of the world filled it with beauty and things for us to enjoy; when He hung the sun and the moon in the skies, and made seas and mountains and blooming flowers and put the song in a bird's throat, He meant us to find happiness. We are quitters and cowards if we don't hunt until we do find it.

I often think that the silver lining to the black cloud of depression under which we have lived for the last few years has been the grand opportunity it gave the wailers to do their stuff. They have had the center of the stage on which to do their breast-beating and hair-tearing. Their lamentations have made poor old Jeremiah look like a cheer leader. Half of us have rheumatism in our shoulders from having them wept on by people who were caught in breaking banks, or were on the wrong side of Wall Street, or lost their jobs or something.

Of course, not everybody is born a Pollyanna, and those who have suffered from the hard times have a right to lead the chorus of the blues singers, thought crying over spilt milk doesn't put it back in the bottle. None of us object to listening to their tales of woe. What we do resent is having to lend an ear to the hard-luck stories of those who moan and groan over their losses, but who are still able to ride around in limousines, keep up town houses and country places, take trips and live just exactly as they have been in the habit of living.

We feel that instead of bewailing their bad luck they should be thanking Heaven on their knees for how easily they have got off, and that instead of adding to the prevailing gloom they should try to lighten it by at least contributing a note of personal optimism. One of the reasons the depression has lasted so long is because we have encouraged it by telling each other our troubles. We could have laughed it off long ago if we had remembrd our blessings instead of centering our attention on our misfortunes.

We do not think of being happy as a duty, yet it is one that we owe to the general public and especially one that we owe to our families. All of us know how depressing it is to have to listen for an hour or two to the melancholy croakings of some one who can see no good in anything or anybody, or to have some one come to see us and sob out her sorrows that we are powerless to assuage.

We all know how a letter filled with bad news and whinings and complaints can ruin a day for us. And so it becomes an obligation to us not to commit the crime of disseminating melancholy and adding our troubles to the troubles of others.

And especially it is every woman's duty to be happy for the sake of her husband and children. A happy home always has a cheerful woman at the head of it. Husbands and children never wander away from the home where there is laughter and good cheer.

So let's show that we appreciate the good things we have by being happy over them. It is our duty to be happy.

DOROTHY DIX.

DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Probate Court 26th George V. A. D. 1935.

In Re Estate of Barbara McKenzie late of Charlottetown in Queens County in the said Province widow deceased testate.

By the Honourable HAROLD LEANORD PALMER, Surrogate Judge of Probate, &., &.,

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 Harry McDougal, Merchant and Malcolm McKinnon, Attorney at law both of Charlottetown in Queens County Executors of the above named deceased, 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 Queen's County, in the said Province, on Monday the thirtieth day of September 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 Malcolm McKinnon, 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 for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia corner and at or near the Royal Bank of Canada corner both in Charlottetown 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 26th day of August A. D. 1935 and in the 26th year of His Majesty's reign.

(Seal)

(Sgd) H. L. PALMER
Judge of Probate

L8436-8-28-9-4-11-8

DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Probate Court 26 George V. A. D. 1935.

In Re Estate of Ada Louisa Williams late of Oyster Bed Bridge in Queens County in the said Province widow deceased, testate.

By the Honourable HAROLD LEONARD PALMER, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, &., &.,

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 Hamilton Horne of Milton in Queens County and Amasa Horne of Oyster Bed Bridge in said County, farmers, executors of the estate of the above named deceased praying that 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 Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Wednesday the ninth day of October 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 A. James Haslam, Esquire Proctor for said Petitioner.

And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid on a post at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia in Charlottetown aforesaid and at the store of E. C. LeFage at North Rustico, all in Queens County aforesaid, and that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province 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 31st day of August A. D. 1935 and in the 26th year of Majesty's reign.

(L. S.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER
Judge of Probate

L8683-9-4-11-18-25

Auction Sale

I am instructed by the Administrator of the Estate of the late John F. MacQuaid late of Kelly's Cross, Lot 29, to sell by Public Auction on Wednesday the 2nd day of October A. D., 1935, at one o'clock the following Stock, Crop and Implements.

1 mare, 10 years old, and foal, 1 mare 8 years old and foal, 1 colt 2½ years old, 1 cow 7 years old, 2 cows 5 years old, 2 cows 4 years old, 2 heifers 2 years old, 3 heifers 1 year old, 3 calves, 7 spring's pigs, 1 brood sow, 1 binder M. H., 1 hay mower (M.H. new), 1 hay rake, steel (M.H.) 1 gang plow (M. H.), 1 single plow, 1 spring tooth harrow, 1 spike harrow, 1 sectional seeder, 1 horse hoe, 1 truck wagon, 1 cart, 1 driving wagon, hay fork, rope and block, driving sleigh, 1 double wood sleigh, 1 single wood sleigh, 1 set platform scales, 1 cream separator (Renfrew) 1 share in a power sprayer, 1 Ford Coach, 1 potato digger, 1 set driving harness, a lot of work harness, 12 tons of hay, 2 acres of turnips, 4 acres potatoes, a quantity of boards and shingles, 20 cords of stove wood also other small articles and all household effects.

Terms:—3 months on approved joint notes will be given.

JOHN P. BRADLEY & CO.,
Auctioneers.

L-9617-9-18-21-28-10-1.

A General Meeting

of the Shareholders of THE JOHN R. DINNIS PEDIGREED FOXES LTD., will be held on Thursday, September 19th at 7.30 P. M. in the Y. M. C. A. Charlottetown for the purpose of considering the State of Liquidation of the Company, and to appoint a Liquidator to fill the place of Colonel Charles Leigh deceased.

C. H. BLACK,
MILLER MATHESON,
Directors.

Charlottetown,
September 10, 1935.
L-8842-9-11-16-18.

AUCTION SALE OF FURNITURE

I am instructed by Mrs. Alfred Frizzell to sell by PUBLIC AUCTION at the PARKER HOUSE No. 92 Kent Street

Tuesday the 24th day of September, A.D. 1935.
At 1 o'clock p.m. sharp.
The Following:
1 Parlor Suite.
1 Dining Room Suite.
Hall Furniture.
7 Bedroom Suites.
—with Mattresses and Bed Clothing.
1 Radio.
1 Beatty Electric Washer.
And a lot of other articles.
(Terms Cash).

JOHN P. BRADLEY & CO.
Auctioneer.

L8967-9-16-18-20-23-24

WELL DRILLING

Our new cable drill has arrived, our men are here and we need work. It takes a lot of wells to keep this outfit busy sinking them. If you need a new well or wish to ream out and recase an old one. Give us a call.

All work guaranteed to stand the test of time.

TRASK WELL CO.
VAUGHAN GROOM,
Local Representative
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.

L-8737-7-31-W-F-M-tf.