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The Rogers Hardware Co., Limited

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Are vitally important, whether one's eyes are good or otherwise.

Don't wear your glasses for five or ten years, as some do, without re-examination, for in that time serious changes may take place, which if not discovered, may work permanent injury to the most precious sense you possess.

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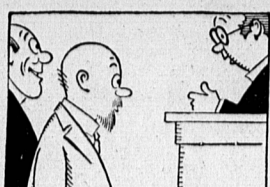
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Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to E. J. Haywood.

## SMILES



Lawyer for the Defense: You honor, my client wishes a little time.  
Judge Knox: All right — ab years.



"Her friends are not at all inclined to approve her actions as to her divorce."  
"How's that?"  
"She went and got it quietly while they were all away for the summer."

SOON BE HERE  
Quite soon the Christmas poet will With cunning, knowing grin, Pick up his fountain pen and draw The yule long poem in.



"My boy has had bad luck all through college."  
"How's that?"  
"He never gets over his baseball injuries soon enough to make the football team."



"I understand you went through in operation, Mae?"  
"Well,—I had my alimony cut off —if that is what you mean."

"Rub it in for Lame Back—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will relieve lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in, the pain comes out and there are ample grounds for saying that it is an excellent article.

"America and Slam are the only countries outside the international copyright union"—Inez Haynes Irwin.

Mother: "Oh, don't you think we had better send for the doctor? Johnny says he feels so bad."  
Father: "Oh, he's felt bad before this, and got over it."  
Mother: "Yes, dear, but never on vacation week."

for RHEUMATISM  
Pour Minard's into a warm dish. Rub liniment gently in; then apply it according to directions and soon you'll get relief!  
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

## John Gresham's Girl

By Concordia Merrel

(Continued)

"Yes, I do see that," she answered. "And it may seem odd that I should—" She paused. "Play into the hands of the enemy?" he suggested with an abrupt laugh. "A shade of pain passed over her face. "If you are my enemy, Jim," she said in a low voice, "You made yourself so."

"I have not suggested anything else," he retorted. "But remember that I am the enemy of all your blood."

"I am not likely to forget. Why should you be so insistent?"

"Because you might as well realize what you are up against before you take on something bigger than you can manage."

"Perhaps your revengeful schemes will prove bigger than you can manage," she said quietly.

"They won't," he said sharply. "I've thought too carefully."

"I have thought, too. There was a touch of stubbornness in that; gave him the impulse to sting her.

He looked past her for a moment, out through the big window into the sunlit garden beyond. Then brought his eyes back to her face.

"You can't win," he said bluntly. "There is too big a weakness on your side."

"And that is . . ." she asked, her eyes meeting his.

"Love." His look challenged her. She drew a breath, but met the look unflinchingly.

"The love I have had for you?" she said slowly.

He nodded. She was silent a moment; then:

"Is your hate, then, strength?" she asked.

"If you could see how strong it is, you would not need to ask," he told her roughly, and flung round to the door, but paused, one hand on the knob, and turned back. It was a moment still before he said:

"You say the love you have had . . . You don't love me still, then?"

She colored hotly.

"Do you think love could outlive last night, Jim?" she asked quietly.

"No; I suppose not. Well, what do you feel for me?" The question came doggedly, as if he intended that she should answer it. She looked at him steadily.

"I don't quite know," she said slowly. "The man I knew and loved is gone. You are strange to me, Jim. And rather—awful."

She caught a sharp breath.

"You said last night that you were not afraid of me," he said roughly.

"I'm not. Not in the least. What more have I to fear from you, Jim? I don't believe you would hurt me, physically; and you have hurt me, all that is possible in every other way. . . . What more can you do?"

He came towards her quickly, an odd light in his eyes, and stretched out a hand towards her; but she stepped back from it, her face suddenly white; eyes wide.

"Don't touch me, Jim!" she said in a tone of almost fierce command.

He fell back from her, amazed again by the totally unexpected spirit of her.

"Yet you say you are going to stay with me," he cried after a moment.

"Because to go would be to confess my failure," she answered at once. "And I am not ready to confess it yet. I'm all in the dark; can't see my way. But there is a faith deep within me that no matter how dark things seem, there is a light ahead; always, inevitably; and somehow, sometime, I am going to find it. Meantime, I shall pretend to my father and to the world generally, that our marriage is a success. And, Jim. . . ."

"This very slowly—"I shall expect you to keep up that pretence, too. You married me to suit your own convenience. Now you will please

do this," she raised her blue eyes very straightly to his—"to submit. That's why I am not going to leave you, Jim; I'm going to stay with you, here until the three weeks of our . . . honeymoon . . ."—she said the word bravely—"are through. After that, it will all depend. One cannot plan too far ahead. It is useless to do so. Especially when one is very much alone and very much in the dark." She stopped for a moment longer, then finished her roses and carried the silver bowl to a wide window-sill, where the pink blooms caught the mid-day sun.

### INSTALLMENT XIV

Lee listened in astonishment. That this little, childish thing should show so much spirit; so much determination; should be so definite and decided. Whatever he had expected as a result of his revelation to her last night, it certainly had not been this. She turned and spoke from the window.

"Perhaps it is pride; vanity; something utterly weak and small that makes me do this, but those are my terms, Jim, and I shall expect you to help me to carry them out. . . ."

"Very well," he said, after a moment of thought. "I am perfectly willing that the world shall think our marriage a success. As I have already pointed out, it suits my purpose better that way. If you choose to play right into my hands why should I stop you. As far as I am capable of giving such an impression, the world shall be given the impression that we are a blissfully happy couple. . . ."

He swung round, strode back to the door and went out. And as he went her voice followed him, saying quietly:

"Thank you, Jim."

Evidently she was going to hold him rigidly to that bargain, for the very next morning, as he was starting out for a ride she stopped him.

"Got anything for me to ride, Jim?" she asked.

"Do you want to ride?" he countered.

"It will scarcely look . . . blissfully happy . . . if you ride every day by yourself," she answered smoothly.

"All right; go and get into your kit," he said briefly.

She hurried, and in less than ten minutes was dressed and round at the stables where Cayley, the head groom, had a very fine bay mare ready for her. Lee was waiting, and was just stooping to make a "step" of his hands in order to hold her to mount, when she called to the groom and asked him to perform that little service for her, exactly as if she had not noticed that Lee had been on the point of doing it.

After that, he observed that she resolutely avoided his touch, no matter how slight it might be. He had no right to mind and no reason to mind, except that, perhaps nothing insults a man so deeply as to be told, either in words or tacitly, that his touch is obnoxious. Every time she avoided his hands something blazed resentfully within him. He endured it for several days, and then, one morning just before they started for their ride, he deliberately brought her a tiny posy of rose-buds from the garden.

He stood before her in the living room and held them to her in silence, but with a world of challenge in his eyes.

"For me?" she said contentedly. "Thank you, Jim. Put them on the table, will you?"

Her tone was clear and cold, and she tucked her riding-crop under her arm and began to pull on her loose, gauntleted gloves.

"They're for your buttonhole," he said abruptly.

"Oh, they scarcely suit a habit, I think."

He thrust them nearer to her. "Take them," he commanded.

"I've asked you to put them on the table," she countered.

(To Be Continued)

## Address And Presentation

On the evening of Dec. 31st, the employees of the Georgetown Sub-division waited on Mr. J. Ernest Doyle, Engineer, who retired on Superannuation after a service of 45 years and presented him with an address and travelling bag.

The address was read by Conductor J. Frank McDonald and the presentation made by Mr. B. H. Stewart.

Mr. Doyle made a suitable reply, expressing his appreciation of this evidence of good will of those with whom he has been associated for many years and regret at severing such happy relations.

The address was as follows: Mr. J. Ernest Doyle, C. N. R. Engineer, Georgetown Sub Division, Georgetown, P. E. I.

Dear Mr. Doyle:—

We, the undersigned fellow employees of the Canadian National Railway, having learned of your intention to voluntarily list to be placed on the superannuation list of our railway, and we understand your request has been granted by the board and effective Jan. 1st, 1932, you will no longer be our respected engineer on this Sub Division, but will be numbered amongst the vast army of Canadian National Railway veterans.

We cannot allow this opportunity to pass without showing to you in some measure at least our respect for you. Your service with this railway is a record that any railway man might well try to emulate.

When an employee has completed the maximum number of forty five years in this service without a black mark, so to speak from The Powers That Be and commands the unanimous respect of officials and fellow employees alike, it speaks volumes.

During your tenor of office, you have seen a wonderful transformation in our great system, from the days of the old link and pin and the wood burner until the present time with our modern equipment and it's safeguards to human life, coupled with work saving devices. We younger men in the service possibly do not enjoy and under what adverse conditions our older employees worked. However, the wheels of progress are not stopped and those of us who are privileged to continue in the service will see equally as great progress taking place within the next twenty five years.

At this time, we would ask you to accept this hand bag as a small token of our respect on this the evening of your last run. May it be a daily reminder to you for many years to come of your co-workers on the Georgetown Sub Division.

In conclusion, we wish you and Mrs. Doyle, the season's greetings, and may you long be spared to enjoy your well merited rest, and when the time shall have arrived that your last run is to be made into the Great Union Depot, may you be greeted upon arrival by our Celestial Superintendent with the words "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of our Lord."

Signed, J. Frank MacDonald, L. H. Douglas, A. C. McKay, H. M. Brothers, R. H. Stewart, Albert Dalziel, John Walker, Norman MacDonald, Wesley Buchanan, John McKearney, Lloyd Jay, William Doyle, H. W. McKay.

## FAREWELL PARTY

On Wednesday evening Nov. 25th 1931 Mr. and Mrs. James R. Greenan, Newton, entertained Mrs. Patrick Farmer of Kinkora (sister of Mr. Greenan) and a large number of her neighbors ere her departure to Hyde Park, Mass., where she intends to reside with her daughter Mrs. E. Powers. Mr. and Mrs. Greenan long noted for their geniality and hospitality seemed to excel on this occasion. Their comfortable furnished rooms gayly festooned, tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted seemed to breathe welcome as you entered. This coupled with their cordial greeting thrilled each one with happiness.

"Progressive Auction" in which all took part and played with enthusiasm (as there was a prize to be won) occupied the first hours of the evening.

At 10.30 o'clock a beautiful lunch was served, which, if we may determine the quality by the quantity consumed, was truly superlative and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Afterwards the game was resumed for a short while and finished, awarding the prize to Mr. Greenan (the host) while the consolation prize was cheerfully received by Mr. John Shreenan.

During the game several treats of choice candy were passed around by the hostess assisted by Master Allison Farmer.

About 11.30 o'clock Mr. John Farmer, Manager of Kinkora Bank in a few brief sentences told the object of the meeting, then Mrs. T. L. Shreenan stepped forth and read very distinctly a beautifully worded address to Mrs. Farmer and at the opportune moment Mrs. J. H. Trainor presented her with a very serviceable club bag. Mrs. Farmer although endeavoring to elude all formalities ere her get away, was highly pleased and warmly thanked and praised her Kinkora neighbors, spoke feelingly of the goodwill and friendship which ever existed during her sojourn of thirty-six years in Kinkora and though she was now leaving, she surely hoped to return to Kinkora some more. A hearty vote of thanks was then tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Farmer bon voyage and exchanging fond farewells, all dispersed to their various homes feeling that they had a genuine good time.

The following is the address:— To Mrs. Catherine Farmer.

Dear Friend: On learning that you are about to leave our midst to live elsewhere, we feel that it would be an injustice to all of us to allow you to depart without expressing in some small way the feelings of those assembled here tonight. Although you are about to leave us, it is pleasing to know that you are making your home with your daughter as we may expect to meet you sometime and share the fellowship we have so long enjoyed.

We wish to convey to you our appreciation of your sterling worth as a member of our community where you have always been willing to help along any worthy cause, and trust that you may be spared many years to enjoy the "fruits of your labors."

We will miss you in your hospitable home where you were always a charitable neighbor and a kind friend and we hope that you will often revisit your old friends who will always "end to you a cordial welcome."

Kindly accept this club bag as a small token of our respect and friendship. We assure you that this gift is not given for its value but only to remind you of the high esteem in which you are held by your friends and neighbours of Kinkora who now say "Farewell."

## Asthma and Bronchitis are "distressing"

Yet they are diseases in which Fellows' Syrup has proved its effectiveness.

The most obstinate cases are helped by Fellows' Syrup. By reaching the causes, it diminishes asthmatic spasms, clears up the congestion and relieves the breathing.

Whenever bronchial symptoms appear, take Fellows' Syrup at once. It is highly efficacious and usually clears up the condition when taken regularly.

# FELLOWS' SYRUP

Prescribed by physicians in 53 countries for over half a century for Bronchial Troubles, Fatigue, Nervousness, Malnutrition, Loss of Appetite, Anemia, Retarded Convalescence

seventy-five years ago, and came to Hamilton at the age of eighteen years. He engaged in farming and made a success of it. He was a lover of horses and knew how to care for them. In politics he was a staunch Liberal, being one of the foremost leaders of his party in the community.

He was passionately fond of music; he possessed a great gift and he used it faithfully and well. For many years he served as choir leader in the Princeton Church and his services were much appreciated. Mr. Phillips will be missed by his many friends; he always greeted one in a cheery whole hearted way.

He was married, first to Miss Eliza Ann Ramsay and later to Miss Priscilla Taylor and as the result of the later union two sons and three daughters were born. The son are, Mr. Farinas Phillips of Kensington and Mr. Elmer Phillips at home. Three daughters, Mrs. William Hamilton (Beatrice) of Hamilton, Mrs. George Ramsay (Harriet), New Annan and Miss Annie Phillips at home. There are also left to mourn two brothers, Messrs Ephraim and Hubert of Tyne Valley and one sister, Mrs. Bannerman MacDougall of Bideford. To the widow in her great loneliness and to each of the immediate relatives, sincere sympathy is extended.

The funeral was held at his late residence on Thursday afternoon and was largely attended. The service was conducted by the

Rev. Mr. Rhodes of Kensington, assisted by the Rev. Mr. MacMillan of Malpeque. Interment took place in Princeton cemetery. The pall bearers were as follows:—Messrs George Taylor, Mayor Taylor, William Taylor, Bannerman MacDougall, Frank Simpson and Thomas Ramsay.

"If I never see you again," said the minister to a Sunday School pupil who was moving to another state. "I hope you will remember to be an honest, upright, manly, truthful and brave." "Thank you," said the lad, "and I hope you'll be the same!"

The Professor: "Ladies, I beg you to lend me your close attention during the remarks which I have to address to you on the subject of the rhinoceros. In fact, it is quite impossible for you to form a clear conception of this unsightly animal unless you concentrate your attention upon me."

Persian Balm—alluring, provocative and charming. Fragrant and refreshing as a cool breeze in summer. Delightful to use. Creates complexions of surpassing loveliness. Makes the skin velvety soft in texture. Soothes and dispels all irritations caused by weather conditions. Softens and whitens the hands. Persian Balm is a peerless toilet requisite for women who care for charm and distinction. Use it for hands and face

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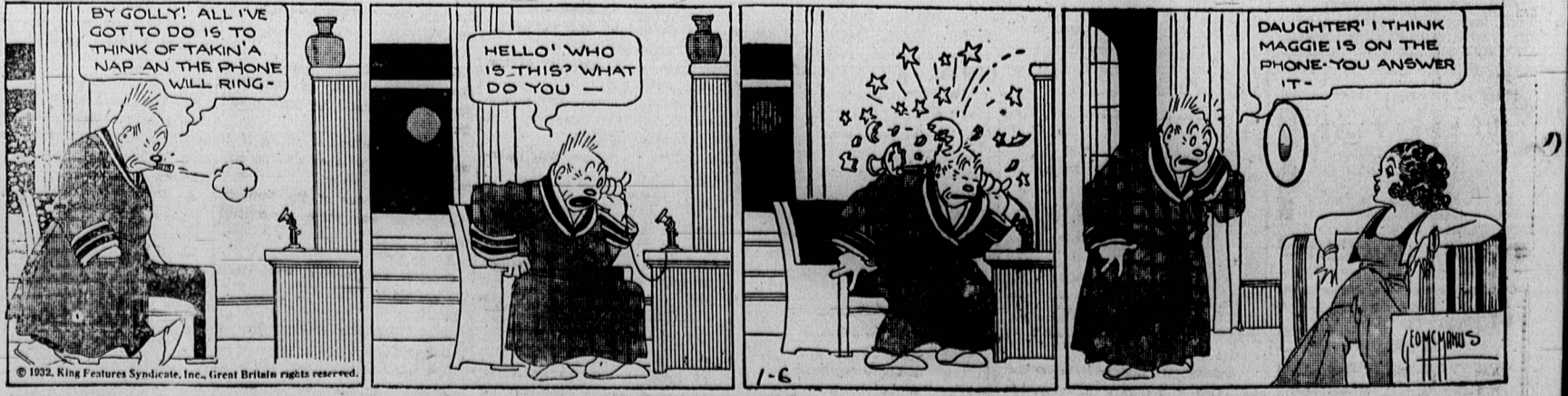
Each high spot market is covered by powerful newspapers, equipped to carry your advertising story straight to buyers without wasting an hour or a dollar.

No guesswork or delay about where to start or how much to spend. Start where the markets are waiting and spend what your story is worth.

Do it in newspapers and you will have a direct, waste-free, progressive campaign, with fast returns to foot the bill.

"Thar's gold in them high spots", sure enough, and with the newspaper ready to start digging you can stake as many claims as you need and get action almost over night!

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus