

PRINCE EDWARD--DOUBLE FEATURE--3 DAYS
SHE'S GOING TO BLAZES TODAY FRI. SAT.
 ... and so is the town!
 Even the G-man of the firefighters burns up when a blonde baby shows she knows more about arson than love!




EDMUND LOWE
ANN SOTHERN
Grand Exit
 MATINEE: --- 16c - 26c EVENING: 26c - 32c - 37c

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS at 8.10
 TONE HEARD BEHIND STONE WALLS IN A REFORM SCHOOL!
 SIDNEY FOX PAUL KELLY LOIS WILSON EUGENIE LA VIEUX DOROTHY LEE ANNE SHIRLEY
DARING DRAMA OF GIRLS CONDEMNED TO SPEND THEIR YOUTH IN A UNIFORM!

UNUSUAL and COLORFUL ADVENTURE!
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 WITH FERREST TAYLOR PEGGY CAMPBELL JOHN ELLIOTT GEORGIA O'DELL
 ADDED SERIAL BUCK JONES NO. 3 BUSTER KEATON Comedy
TODAY - FRIDAY - SATURDAY
 DAILY 3.15 - 7.00 - 8.45 P. M.
CAPITOL - MATINEE 11-26c. EVENING 26c-32c.

GIANTS and JESTERS
 In Public Life
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"GENERAL OFFICERS COM-MANDING"
 Since Confederation eight imperial officers have held the position of Major General commanding the Militia of Canada. Coming to the Dominion with high hopes of achieving success in the duties assigned by them by statute and the King's Regulations, it is unfortunately true that several could not adopt themselves to Canadian conditions, with the result that their periods of service ended prematurely. It is not easy for an English officer, trained in the rigid disciplinary school of the British army, to fit himself readily into colonial conditions, and this was the reason why some of the G.O.C.'s failed. They ran up against political conditions with which they were unfamiliar, distinguished officers, who in their day commanded the forces, found themselves in trouble with the authorities.

For a few years after Confederation the command of the Canadian forces devolved upon a British officer known as "the Adjutant General of Militia," but in 1875 the Militia Act was amended and the following section was incorporated in the statute:

"There shall be appointed to command the Militia of the Dominion of Canada, an officer holding the rank of colonel, or superior rank thereof, in Her Majesty's regular army, who shall be charged, under the orders of Her Majesty, with the military command and discipline of the Militia, and who, while holding such appointment, shall have the rank of Major General in the Militia of Canada, and shall be paid at the rate of four thousand dollars per annum in full of all pay and allowances."

Major General Sir Selby Smyth had been appointed Adjutant General from the first of October, 1874, but when the change was made in the status he was promoted to be the first G.O.C. as from the 20th April, 1875, and held the office until the spring of 1887. The officers who succeeded him, and their periods of command, were as follows:

Major General R. A. Luard 1880 to 1884
 Major General Sir Fred Middleton 1884 to 1890
 Major General Sir Ivor Herbert (later Lord Treowen) 1890 to 1895
 Major General W. J. Gascoigne 1895 to 1898
 Major General Sir Edward Hutton 1898 to 1900
 Major General R. H. O'Grady 1900 to 1902
 Major General Lord Dundonald 1902 to 1904

The command of the Canadian forces was in the hands of General Luard when I first came to Ottawa, and I had many opportunities of studying his methods. He was a brilliant officer, undoubtedly, but too much of a martinet to be a success. During his tenure of command two or three incidents occurred which were delicious morsels for the newspapers. One of these happened in Ottawa in September, 1882.

The annual prize meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association was held as usual on the 10th of September, one of the competitors being a military match, the different teams competing being obliged to shoot in military order, position, dress, and with the minimum amount of kit which would be carried in the field. Amongst the teams entered was one from the 8th Battalion, Quebec, under the command of Major Erskine Scott. After the firing was completed, but before the kits had been inspected, one of the team of the 8th found that he was minus a towel, as required by the regulations. Major Scott thereupon requested Major Mudge to go to a tent and bring a towel to complete the kit. On his way back toward the tent, Major Mudge was met by Major General Luard, who angrily snatched the towel away and sharply reprimanded him. Major Scott coming up at the moment, accepted the responsibility of sending for the article, whereupon the general ordered him under arrest, and disqualified the team.

The incident created great excitement in military circles, it being claimed that General Luard was not in uniform, and not in command of the D.R.A. meeting, and that as Major Scott was not on military duty, although in uniform, the general was absolutely wrong in ordering his arrest. A court-martial was asked for but not held, and on the 22nd of December Major Scott was released from arrest by a general order. The episode did not end there. General Luard's popularity, and for a long time lives over the towel incident were flung at him in the newspapers.

During the following summer an unpleasant incident occurred at the Cobourg camp which again brought the G.O.C. into the spotlight. It so happened that the camp was commanded by Lieut.-Colonel A.T.H. Williams, who was a prominent member of the House of Commons in my early days at Ottawa. At the luncheon given to the G.O.C.

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AMERICAN TOURIST TOOK MOST SALMON
 SYDNEY, N.S., Feb. 5.—Dr. Parks, of Baltimore, Maryland, had the distinction of landing the largest number of fish from Cape Breton waters during the past season, according to a report issued by Inspector Murphy of the Margaree Area. Dr. Parks took 37 at an average weight of 10 pounds. Dr. Kempf of New York landed 28 salmon with a total weight of 280 pounds.

Duncan MacKenzie, an Island angler, caught the heaviest salmon, weighing 35 pounds. H. E. Finch, Ridgefield, Conn., landed a 30 pounder; David I. Reid New Rochelle, N. Y., 22 1-2; F. Edwards, Lower Mill Stream, Nova Scotia, 17.

Other tourist-anglers who had good luck on home streams were Dr. W. Powers, Malden, Mass.; Charles Burdick, Danielson, Conn.; Meyer D. Rothschild, New York; L. L. Parrott, Grenfell, N. S.; T. H. Anderson, Halifax.

The Four Musicians
 (Sir Andrew Macphail in Saturday Night)

(Continued from page 4)

An old goal had been pulled down—quite recently—and yielded from the waistcoat fir wood that had been in place for a hundred years. From this wood he made a fiddle for me at a cost of three dollars.

This same Pat Bolger in earlier years envied many a slow railway journey. He would play the fiddle, and anyone who liked might dance in the aisle. In passing the stations of Highland settlements he would play derisive tunes. It often happened that there was a Highlander on the train, who had brought with him his bagpipes to console himself on the slow journey, and he would remember tunes equally irritating as he passed through an Irish settlement. There was some interest in music in those days.

This Pat Bolger was the protagonist of the classical school. Tradition was his guide; but the tradition did not extend much further back than his own experience. The protagonist of the romantic school in music, and poetry too, was Donald beag, a little man. His canon was that the distinguishing mark of poetry was tune; he denied that movement alone was the test of music. Indeed, he would not admit a divorce between the two modes. If the poet could not confine his thoughts within the bounds of meter and rhythm, then he had "better take to the pulpit." He was quite ready to put any verse to the test of his own singing voice. If it would sing, it obeyed the inherent law of poetry; if not, it might be a sermon; he was not sure; he was no judge of sermons. He was deaf to that form of expression; his ear was for poetry and music alone.

He called the birds to be his witness and authority.

This Donald beag was a wee man from the day he left "the tail of the Greenock bank." He was reputed to have, or to have had, seven wives, and at various times to have owned three well-stocked farms. But now he was "not troubled w' weemen, not troubled w' fairies, not troubled w' horses, not troubled w' aething." His only tools were an ax and a heavy hoe. His trade was clearing land of stumps. He would build a pile as if it were a cathedral, and then set it on fire. He worked for us many summers. His wage was a dollar a day. He was allowed twenty-five cents for subsistence, and he made for himself a casual sleeping shelter in the woods. In the morning he stripped himself to the waist, worked all day, and in the evening stripped himself completely and plunged into the cold stream.

He was never overpaid, although he spent much of the time in musical criticism of Pat Bolger. And yet the violinist could not keep away. He would bring his fiddle to the woods, and play traditional airs and compositions of his own, which had been well received "at a theatre in Boston."

These two were at eternal enmity. They were always talking Council on the accession of George III. It was this quaint one: "That a sermon be preached next Sunday in the Parish Church of St. Paul's in Halifax, and that all public diversions shall cease for one month from that day and that all persons be required to pay obedience to this order as they will answer the contrary at their peril."

Through the passing years George IV became sovereign, then William IV, the proclamations being read in different places throughout the city. The cleric told all loyal citizens the new King was "Our own lawful and rightful Liege Lord George III, by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Supreme Lord of the Province of Nova Scotia, of Acadia, and all other His Majesty's territories and dominions of America."

The royal warrant was belted forth in five places, at the Court House door, at the north gate of the town, before the Governor's House at the South Gate of the town, and upon the Parade, "where the whole troops of our army were drawn up under arms." Then George was officially the new ruler in the new land.

Among the orders issued by the

The musician fell back for argument to his fiddle. He played a tune which always won him favor at a "tea-party." He saw again the booth of leaves with the sunlight filtering through upon the white boards; he heard the feet of the dancers, and possibly the coppers each partner paid jingling in his pocket as he himself swayed to the tune.

"There is music you can dance to," he declared in triumph. "With my feet, yes. Does it make the heart dance in my breast, or the tears sparkle in my eyes? Can you make music that goes upon its own legs? Give me that machine," he cried in sudden passion.

Donald beag took the fiddle and stood up. He played eight bars, then the same eight bars at a higher pitch; and yet again in the original key in the next octave above. By four bar passages he descended gently into the opening quietness, drawing the bow across the strings half way down towards the fingerboard with a light quivering sound:

"There now; there is music and movement for you; and yet the Woman is dead."

He in turn was now the musician. He paused for a moment whilst he fingered the keys and brought the tune of the strings to a rest. Then drawing the bow across the strings he made the fiddle scream out a tormenting dance of wild oratures. Half naked, grimy with smut, with his bare feet, while the fire blazed, he kept the time, first with heavy gambols like the pig in the children's book, then with the slow strummings of some lascivious bird, and then like a little gnome at a speed that was nothing short of ecstasy. He was not himself; he was another person. In Pat's jealous was a sudden flame of jealous wonder. He leaped up, but barely caught his beloved fiddle before it was flung in the fire. With a passionate imprecation he turned and disappeared in the woods.

"A fool—damned fool; not yet," Donald said in lament and thankfulness. He put out his hand for the fiddle, but it was gone.

"But Pat is right, half right. Like Michel, Saul's daughter, he despised me in his heart; and well he might. I despise myself, I am no better than that poor German man."

He put out his hand again for the fiddle, but it was gone. In default, he uttered clear, coherent sounds that were none other than the cries and calls to Tannhauser to come to the mountains of fleshly delight.

"Where did you learn to make music?" I asked him to ask.

I played second for the Orchestra Society in St. Andrew's Hall in Grenville Street. It was the Manns himself who once led me.

"Why did you stop playing?"

"I was saying things on the fiddle for which they would put me in gaol if only they understood what I was saying. But there is one who understands, the searcher of hearts, as he is his prison. When I was converted, I sold the fiddle and bought liquor. From that day until this I have touched neither the one nor the other." He held out his hand with a gesture that was final and defiant.

"I shall be leaving you," he said. "The few shillings coming to me you will give to Janet who begs me. They say she killed her man; but she is not immoral whatever. It is myself should know."

"Have I not been kind to you?" I asked in fear lest I may have failed in my duty to one of these little ones.

"Kind—yes. We are friends. It is not that." He lowered his voice to a whisper. "Last night I heard the Woman calling me. I am one of the goals." With this dark saying he, too, turned and was lost to me in the woods forever.

The fire had died down; I made my way up the stream. In the summer air sound carries far. The Master's wife, then near the end of her days, had been attracted to the spot. I encountered her in an open space with an air of detachment, as if she were merely picking a few raspberries for the flavor or considering a brood of young partridges.

"I think Julia is coming too," was all she said.

This was the Singer with the soprano voice from the Metropolitan Opera. She had arrived the previous day to spend the remainder of this, the third summer. Down the ravine, and filling the evening heavens, came her voice. It was from Solvieg's song, the Woman singing as she sits in the sunshine before her cottage door, yearning for Peer Gynt, and breaking the melody to call her goats from the hills. In such a voice this cry of at

least thirty notes in the major mode and triple time, also carries far. This was really the call to the goats Donald beag had heard the evening before; but he was determined that he should save his soul alive. He had long since renounced all. We rested on a newly cut log, the three of us.

"Pat Bolger would do better to keep out of the woods with his wild fiddling," the elder woman said; "he will give the place a bad name."

"He played The Death of Aase very well," the Singer protested mildly, but with professional respect. She repeated the tune.

"There is no harm in that," the other replied.

"And Anitra's Dance was well done."

"He might better be at his work; he does little enough for what he is paid."

"But where did he learn to sing my own Tannhauser?"—and she repeated the swift and broken passage.

"He says he played in the Glasgow Orchestra under Manns," I ventured.

"That would be Augustus Manns; he was a good musician; my own father played for him at the Crystal Palace."

"Donald beag seems to have had experience before he came to Orwell," I said to complete the incident.

"I would not put it past him. The Master's wife concluded. "They say he had seven wives, and some of them yet living." But she always affected to believe it was Pat Bolger who had been making the music.

Money and People Centered in Ottawa
 OTTAWA, Feb. 5.—(C.P.)—When the Parliamentary session opens Thursday the population of the capital will be increased by more than 500 and buying power during the session will be increased by approximately \$2,000,000 it is estimated.

Of the 245 members of the House of Commons, and 96 members of the Senate most of them bring their wives to Ottawa for the session.

Sessional indemnities paid to members of the House of Commons amounts to about \$900,000 and the payroll for the Cabinet and leader of the opposition totals approximately \$175,000. The Speaker of the Commons receives \$6,000 annually in addition to his indemnity, and the Deputy Speaker \$4,000. The Speaker of the Senate receives \$6,000 in addition to his indemnity. About \$550,000 is needed for maintenance of the House of Commons. Salaries for employees comes to \$120,000, committees \$150,000, clerical assistance \$100,000, publishing of debates \$62,000 and nearly \$200,000 is needed by the sergeant-at-arms for maintenance including chauff. messengers and pages.

Ordinary expenses of the Senate for the session will amount to about \$162,000.

FIRM TO DEVELOP ALBERTA SALT AREA
 EDMONTON, Feb. 5.—A new industry, developing salt deposits at McMurray, 300 miles north of Edmonton, got under way in Alberta yesterday, brought here through the efforts of Hon. C. C. Ross, Alberta Minister of Lands and Mines.

An Order-in-Council to govern large explorations was signed and it was announced that a new company to be known as Industrial Minerals Limited, will begin work immediately on the project.

The company is still to be incorporated. Headed by F. I. Batchelor of Cornwall, Ont., it is receiving permission to "explore" 6,800 acres of land.

Mr. Batchelor's company expects to produce 100 tons a day and provide employment for at least 40 men as soon as actual work starts, it is stated.

SPOKANE JAPANESE BOUGHT IN TRUNK MURDER
 SPOKANE, Wash., Feb. 3.—Discovery of the partially clad body of a pretty young waitress crammed into a hotel room trunk sent police today on the trail of a Japanese acquaintance of the woman.

The partly decomposed body of the woman was identified by an aunt as that of Mrs. Dolores Nacarato, 24. The aunt, Mrs. Kate Murphy, said she had not heard from her niece for six weeks.

The hunt for Eitaro Higashi, the Japanese, was intensified by Coroner T. S. Collins announcement after the body was found.

"Unmistakably a death by violence," he said.

following the inspection, the conversation turned to some remarks of Colonel Gzowski in disparagement of the value of the opinion of the House of Commons upon military matters. General Luard, forgetting for a moment the gentleman who annually furnished the funds to keep the militia services going, in a somewhat offensive manner approved of Colonel Gzowski's views.

Colonel Williams, who was present at the luncheon, would not stand for criticism of this kind even from a general officer commanding, and as a member of Parliament he warmly resented Luard's observations. This episode created a sensation at the time, but it did not end there. Colonel Williams felt his duty to enter a formal complaint against the G.O.C., not as a military man to the Minister of Militia, but as an M.P. to the Secretary of State. When this action became public property a debate naturally followed in the House of Commons. Some members warmly endorsed Luard and condemned Williams, while others took the opposite view. However, nothing came of it. By this time General Luard had had enough of Canada, and left for England, home and beauty; that summer, and the incident was soon forgotten.

Of General Sir Fred Middleton, whom I knew well, I have nothing but the kindest recollections. He was a born soldier, and before he came to Canada had had a wonderful military career—against the Mafeking in India, including the relief of Lucknow. In the latter service he was recommended for the V.C., but being on the personal staff was not considered eligible by Lord Clyde.

Coming to Canada in 1884, in the following year he was tasked one of the most responsible jobs that ever befell a G.O.C. in the Dominion, namely, the suppression of the second Red Rebellion. At that time I heard some criticism of the general's supposed timidity; it was said that he was not sufficiently aggressive. But there are still living officers who served under him, who do not share that view. The alleged tardiness in flinging civilian troops into battle was due to a natural desire on the part of Sir Frederick not to sacrifice human lives unnecessarily. He accomplished the task entrusted to him with splendid recognition by a special vote of twenty thousand dollars.

Major General Sir Ivor Herbert (later Lord Treowen), who succeeded General Middleton, was a "safe man." Warned by the experiences of Luard, he adopted a diplomatic line, and his duty thoroughly, and possessed the good qualities of a quarreller with his minister. Herbert had joined the Grenadier Guards in 1870, an became Colonel of the regiment in 1889. During these years he had served in Egypt, including the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir in 1882 and later with the Nile expedition of 1884-1885. His knowledge of diplomacy was acquired at St. Petersburg, where he was military attaché at the British embassy for some months.

While endeavoring to improve the Canadian forces in training and discipline, Sir Ivor was not a favorite with the militia. His cold aristocratic bearing would not permit him to unbend in the slightest degree to the officers, with the result that his regime as G.O.C. could hardly be called a popular one. One good thing he did was when he secured the transfer of Lord Alymer to headquarters at Ottawa, as Adjutant General. The contrast in disposition of the two men was remarkable. Lord Alymer by his pleasant manner made friends with everyone, and did much to minimize the feeling of antagonism which was steadily growing against General Herbert. Sir Ivor was created Baron Treowen in June, 1917. In the September following his only son was killed in Palestine. Lord Treowen died in October, 1933, and having no surviving male issue the title became extinct.

General O'Grady Haly was a dear old chap, and his last years in Canada after less than three years' service it was amid a chorus of commendation and regrets from press and people—a striking contrast to the farewells given to some of his predecessors and successors. Possibly he did not quite follow the etiquette of the service on certain occasions, but what did it matter so long as he did his work faithfully and well, by endeavoring to improve the morale and discipline of the Canadian forces.

I remember on one occasion a rather amusing incident at an inspection and review which the general held at one of the annual training camps. Instead of arriving at the saluting base on horseback he appeared in a hired carriage—a plebeian cab, to wit. The members of the waiting staff were a little surprised, but remembering that the general was not a particularly good horseman they were agreed that he had adopted a safer method of travelling. A bright newspaper man spotted the innovation, and describing the general's arrival on the review ground said he promptly "unhacked" himself. Had he been on horseback the word of course would have been "dismounted."

Major General Sir Edward Hutton preceded General O'Grady Haly, and Lord Dundonald followed him. Of these two I shall speak in separate articles.

BRITISH FURNITURE EXPORTS INCREASE
 LONDON, Feb. 5.—Scientific efforts on the part of British manufacturers to cater for overseas markets have always been a feature of the post-war British industry. Fair Advances information from exhibitors in the 1935

REGAL FLOUR
 BEST FOR ALL KINDS OF BREAD

HOLMAN'S
 BOTH STORES
 Ch'town S'Side

Fair shows that the tendency has been greatly developed in the last twelve months.

There is, for example, an increasing export trade in British furniture which was formerly almost entirely made for the home market and the section of the Fair devoted to it will be the largest and most representative of the industry in the whole history of the Fair. Many of the makers, mention in their catalogues that their products will be built on what they term the "K.D." principle, meaning that these can be "knocked down" for packing into small compass and easily assembled by the importer, thereby obviating heavy freights for bulky consignments.

250 TO BOOKSELLER
 Many people like to look round a bookshop—and often walk out without buying anything.

Mr. Horace Crane, of Kenilworth-road, Ealing, in his will published recently, remembered his bookseller friend, Mr. Arthur Sager, and left him 50 pounds "in memory of many pleasant times spent among the books in his shop."

Mr. Crane whose estate is valued at 15,308 pounds, also left 50 pounds to Dr. William Oxley in memory of hours spent at chess together.

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