

Don't Telephone

Read the Rules of The Guardian "Famous Canadians" Puzzle Contest. They will answer every question.

Rules Governing Guardian "Famous Canadians" Contest

Everyone who is a paid in advance subscriber excepting employees of The Guardian and their families may take part. As many members of one family of a paid in advance subscriber may compete as desire and any subscriber may send in as many sets of answers as he or she wishes, but each set must be complete and will be judged individually.

The successful competitors whose subscriptions are paid farthest into 1932 will have the preference.

Clip the picture and coupon underneath it every day and write the answer on the blank line. Save all your clippings until the end of the contest and then send them to the "Famous Canadians" Contest Editor of The Guardian in one batch. Name and address should be included, clearly written or printed, and securely attached to your solutions. It will facilitate handling if you bind your solutions by sewing along the top, or using paper fasteners.

In sending more than one solution, each solution must be enclosed in a separate envelope.

Please attach sufficient postage as, otherwise, it may be necessary to refuse acceptance of the mail.

In case of a tie The Guardian reserves the right to publish one or more tie-breaking puzzles.

The judges' decision will be final in all matters, and The Guardian will not undertake to enter into correspondence with any individual regarding the decision of the judges.

Start Today to Win a Cash Prize



This is my answer to the above puzzle "FAMOUS CANADIAN" CONTEST.

Put Surname of Famous Canadian only.

My subscription is paid in advance to

Name of subscriber

Address

Each puzzle represents the name of a famous Canadian, past or present. Forty of the fifty correct solutions appeared on the printed list published from Oct. 10 to 17. Read the rules. If the same name admits of variations in spelling, spelling on the printed list only will be accepted. Spelling however, will not disqualify any contestant if the correct solution is a name not appearing on the printed list.

The Charlottetown Guardian

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LOOK

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Missing Letter Contest Page

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(Continued)

We were campeu on the narrow neck of water between Lindeman and Bennett, and as hay was two hundred and fifty dollars a ton, the first thing we did was to butcher the ox. The next was to see about building a boat. We thought of whip sawing our own boards, but the timber near us was poor or thinned out, so that in the end we bought lumber, paying for it twenty cents a foot. We were all very expert carpenters; however, by watching others, we managed to make a decent looking boat.

The ice was going fast. Strangers were still coming in over the trail with awful tales of its horrors. Bennett was all excitement and seething with life. Thousands of ungainly boats, rafts and scows were waiting to be launched. Already crafts were beginning to come through from Lindeman, rushing down the fierce torrent between the two lakes.

The ice was loose and broken. We were all ready to start in a few days. The nightly camp was in a ferment of excitement. Every one seemed elated beyond words. On, once more, to Eldorado! A great exultation welled up in me, the voice of youth and ambition, the lust to conquer. I would succeed I would wrest from the vast, lonely, mysterious North some of its treasure. Silent and abstracted, I looked into the brooding 'dsk of sheeny sky, my eyes dream-troubled.

Then I felt a ghostly hand touch my arm, and with a great start of surprise, I turned. "Berna!" The girl was wearing a thin black shawl around her shoulders, but in the icy wind blowing from the lake she trembled like a wand. Her face was pale, waxen, almost spiritual in its expression, and she looked at me with just the most pitifully sweet smile in the world.

"I'm sorry I startled you; but I wanted to thank you for your letter and for your sympathy. You see, I'm all alone now. The voice faltered, but went on bravely. "I've got no one that cares about me any more, and I've been sick, so sick I wonder I lived. I knew you'd forgotten me, and I don't blame you. But I've never forgotten you, and I wanted to see you just once more."

She was speaking quite calmly and unemotionally. "Berna!" I cried; "don't say that, your reproach hurts me so. Indeed I did try to find you, but it's such a vast camp. There are so many thousands of people here. Time and time again I inquired, but no one seemed to know. No, Berna, I didn't."

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Then I felt her bosom heaving, and I knew she was crying. For a little I let her cry, but presently I lifted up the white face that lay on my shoulder. It was wet with tears. Again and again I kissed her. She lay passively in my arms. Never did she try to escape nor hide her face, but seemed to give herself up to me. Her tears were salt upon my lips, yet her own lips were cold and she did not answer to my kisses. At last she spoke. Her voice was like a little sigh. "Oh, if it could only be."

"What Berna? Tell me what?"

"This is terrible, Berna. What have you been doing all the time?" "Oh I've been working, working for them. They've been running a little restaurant and I've waited on table. But we're going down the lake tomorrow, so I thought I would just slip away and say good-bye."

Her tone was measured, her eyes closed almost. "Yes, I'm afraid I must say it. When we get down there, it's good-bye, good-bye. The less you have to do with me, the better."

"What do you mean?" "Well, I mean this. These people are not decent. They're vile. I must go with them; I cannot get away. Go your way and leave me to whatever fate is in store for me."

"Never!" I said harshly. "What do you take me for, Berna?" "My friend . . . you know, after his death, when I was so sick, I wanted to die. Then I got your letter, and I felt, I must see you again for—I thought a lot of you. No man's ever been so kind to me as you have. They've all been—the other sort. I used to think of you a good deal, and I wanted to do some little thing to show you I was really grateful."

forget. Many and many's a night I've lain longing to see you again. What a little white whisp you are! You look as if a breeze would blow you away. You shouldn't be out this night, girl. Put my cat around you, come now." I wrapped her in it and saw with gladness her shivering cease. In the opal light of the luminous sky her great gray eyes were lustrous. "Berna," I said again, "why did you come in here, why? You should have gone back." "Gone back," she repeated, "indeed I would have, oh, so gladly. But you don't understand—they wouldn't let me. After they got all his money—and they did get it, though they swear he had nothing—they made me come on with them. They said I owed them for his burial, and for the care and attention they gave me when I was sick. They said I must come on with them and work for them. I protested, I struggled. But what's the use? I can't do anything against them any more. I'm weak and I'm terribly afraid of her."

She shuddered, then a look of fear came into her eyes. I put my hand on her arm and drew her close to me. "This is terrible, Berna. What have you been doing all the time?" "Oh I've been working, working for them. They've been running a little restaurant and I've waited on table. But we're going down the lake tomorrow, so I thought I would just slip away and say good-bye."

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"Oh, come, Berna, never mind that."

"Yes I mean it. I just wanted to tell you the things a poor girl thought of you. We've neither of us got to think of each other any more . . . and I just wanted to give you this—to remind you sometimes of Berna."

It was a locket and contained a lock of her silken hair. "It's worth nothing, I know, but just keep it for me."

"Indeed I will, Berna, keep it all ways, and wear it for you. But I can't let you go like this. See here, girl, is there nothing I can do? Berna, Berna, look at me, listen to me. Is there? What can I do? Tell me, tell me, my girl."

She seemed to sway to me gently. Indeed I didn't intend it, but somehow she was in my arms. She felt so light and frail a thing, I feared to hurt her.

Then I felt her bosom heaving, and I knew she was crying. For a little I let her cry, but presently I lifted up the white face that lay on my shoulder. It was wet with tears. Again and again I kissed her. She lay passively in my arms. Never did she try to escape nor hide her face, but seemed to give herself up to me. Her tears were salt upon my lips, yet her own lips were cold and she did not answer to my kisses. At last she spoke. Her voice was like a little sigh. "Oh, if it could only be."

"What Berna? Tell me what?"

"If you could only take me away from them, protect me, care for me. Oh, if you could only marry me, make me your wife. I would be the best wife in the world to you; I would work my fingers to the bone for you; and walk the world bare-foot for your sake. Oh, my dear, my dear, pity me!"

It seemed as if a sudden light had flashed upon my brain, stunning me, bewildering me. I thought of the princess of my dreams. I thought of Garry and mother. Could I take her to them? "Berna," I said sternly "look at me."

She obeyed. "Berna, tell me, by all you regard as pure and holy, do you love me?" She was silent and averted her eyes.

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MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown in Prince Edward Island on Tuesday, the 17th day of November A. D., 1931, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL that tract piece and parcel of land situate lying and being on Township number 61 in King's County in said Island, bounded and described as follows, that is to say:—On the east by land in the possession of James Gormley, on the north by land now or formerly in the possession of George Sorrey, on the west by the Commercial Road and on the south by a tract of land in the possession of Peter Cassidy, containing 25 acres of land a little more or less, being the northern half of 50 acres of land, formerly in the possession of John McKearney and being divided from Peter Cassidy's land by a brook or stream running across said land from east to west, ALSO ALL that other tract piece and parcel of land situate lying and being on said Township number 61 bounded and described as follows, that is to say: On the east by the Commercial Road on the west by land now or formerly in the possession of James McGuigan and on the north by land now or formerly in the possession of William Compton and Peter Martin, and on the south by land now or formerly in the possession of McCarthy, containing 27 1/2 acres of land a little more or less.

The above sale of land is made in pursuance to a power of sale contained in a mortgage dated the 31st day of July A. D. 1922 and made by James McKearney of St. Mary's Road in King's County, Farmer, and Catherine McKearney his wife, of the one part, and The St. Andrews Society a body corporate, incorporated under the laws of Prince Edward Island, of the other part, default having been made in the payment of principal and interest secured by said mortgage.

For further particulars apply to MacDonald & MacPhee, Solicitors, Riley Building, Charlottetown. Dated this 15th day of October, A. D., 1931.

St. Andrews Society, MORTGAGEE.

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Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received by the Hazelbrook Dairying Co., Ltd., until November 10th for the building of an ice house. Company to find material! The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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