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What beverage could be more fittingly used on the champion schooner "BLUENOSE" during her cruise to the Chicago "Century of Progress" exposition than MORSE'S BLUENOSE TEA? None! Not only in name but in quality MORSE'S BLUENOSE TEA is well fitted to accompany the meals of Bluenose sailormen aboard.



MORSE'S BLUENOSE TEA has delicious flavor, superior strength, constant uniformity, rich amber color, thick liquoring consistency in the cup—the qualities that Bluenose Tea consumers like.

35 cents per pound package.

Farm For Sale By Auction

I will sell by Public Auction on the premises at Searletown in Prince County, on Monday, May 8th, at one p. m., my farm of one hundred acres of choice land, with good buildings and two large barns. Farm has four wells with spring at back end. 83 acres of clear land, balance wood. Terms can be arranged.

At the same time I will sell by auction the farm stock, implements and machinery. Quantity of hay and oats.

Terms made known at sale. Watch for posters.

WALTER BARTLETT, Searletown, P. E. I.

6247-5-4-31

AUCTION SALE

OF FARM AND IMPLEMENTS AT NORTH MILTON

I will sell for the Executors of the late Samuel Moreside at Public Auction on Wednesday, May 10th, 1933, his farm of 8 acres, with good house and out buildings, also at 2 o'clock I will sell his implements, harness and household furniture, and etc. Terms of Sale, Cash.

R. MORESIDE, B. COLES, Executors.

9202-5-3-5-6-9-41.

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Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
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Kensington

SWEET VANITY

By RICHARD GOYNE

"How long has the taking of life been so terrible to you?" he demanded. "But that is not all I have to say. You will not take the Englishwoman. She is innocent, I tell you. Go your way and believe the truth. Madame Cavendish brought death upon herself."

"Nay, father, you are mistaken. If it be so, prove it—prove the impossible, and we will go our way."

Cynthia listened for what, to her, seemed hours. The priest argued eloquently. He reasoned calmly. He denounced them for their base suspicions, for their hypocrisy, for their haste to condemn an innocent woman.

"You would have us believe Sacha fell, then, Father? That it was an accident?" someone asked, and the priest answered.

"I have told what I have to protect the innocent. Go, now, unless you would doubt my word."

The holder of them argued, but they could not move this holy man who was standing in defence of the innocent. So they went away. Minutes later the door opened, the gloomy room became flooded with blazing sunlight and the priest, smiling faintly, came in.

Cynthia was standing when he entered. She looked up at him with eyes worshipping, adoring. Indeed she had seen no such brilliance, no such beauty upon any face as she saw upon Father Denou's, in this moment. She went to him, knelt at his feet, tried to speak to him, and could only burst into sobbing. It was he who calmed her.

"Be at peace, my child," he murmured. "Your accusers have gone." She looked up wonderingly.

"And you saved me, Father." He smiled, wistfully.

"I wonder." He looked towards the door of the bedroom. "There is the man you love, too, one whom I regard as a son. Only death could help him and you, my child. It was a kindly way, if we look upon it aright. It were kinder to a woman like Sacha that she should die than go on living her sinful life. It was just to you and your lover, my child, who have suffered that you might be prepared for happiness."

He lifted her gently to her feet. "We will pray for Sacha, and we will look forward to the years ahead, of happiness and peace for you and Peter. God bless you, my child. Come with me, and I will show you whence came the knowledge of this, to me, many days ago."

He led the wondering woman out into the sunlight, and pointed to the hills—blue hills, capped with gold. Great hills, towering her above a sinful island people, lifting their heads in magnificent confidence and dignity to the skies. Hills at whose feet the mists gathered in homage. Hills with a secret inspiration only a saint could catch.

Father Denou did not speak, and Cynthia understood. She looked away to where the fishermen, still chattering, were stumbling down the harbour path. She looked up at Father Denou, and could say nothing herself. Her lips quivered, that was all. While in her eyes dawned a new light, a new radiance.

Perhaps those hills had given her a message, too, that the priest alone could interpret. Somehow, at length, she found her voice.

"Was it for this, Father, you asked me to stay when I—I could have gone, perhaps?"

"I do see a ship, Father. It—but it is a vision. It is a white ship, a yacht, it is like—like—"

"It is the Sweet Vanity, I think, my child," he said, calmly. "Perhaps it has returned before you expected?"

It was his turn for astonishment when, hysterical and stupefied, she stared up at him and shook her head.

"No, no, we are imagining things, Father," she cried. "The Sweet Vanity went down many days ago and everyone was lost. I know. They told me down there at the hotel yesterday. Monsieur Ceau and a sailor who had just come in with his ship. They—"

She laughed, hysterically, and continued to shake her head as she turned and gazed out to sea again. "O heaven, why should we see such things!" she cried. "It is impossible. They could not be mistaken. The sailor was certain." In her emotion she forgot her decision to veil the truth from the priest.

"Monsieur Ceau was there and heard it. He brought the sailor to tell me. I was left without money, and he wanted his bill paid, he wanted to force me to go to Peter for help. We needed money, so, Peter and I—I—no, no," as she saw more clearly across the waters, "we are dreaming, Father Denou. That is no ship. It is only the ghost of a ship, come here to mock me, to make me suffer again. Oh, it is cruel, cruel. The ghost of a ship that is lost, with all its crew and my friends who were coming to me. To mock—mock—"

"My child, you are talking nonsense."

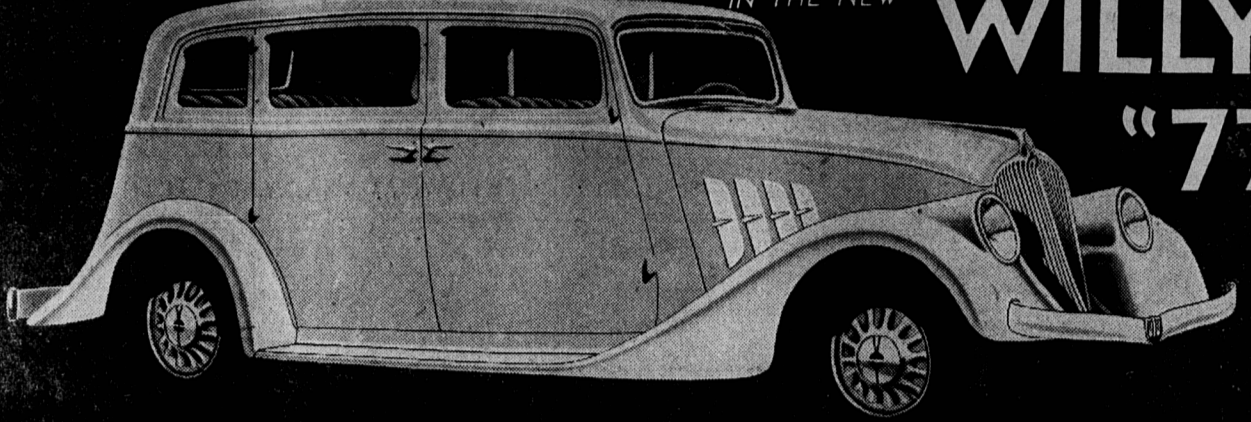
Sternly the priest spoke, and drew her round to face him. She stopped, gasping. He pointed out to sea again.

"I tell you that that is a ship, my child. I do not mistake a craft and my eyes are accustomed to the sea. No two ships were ever built so alike as to deceive a man used

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WILLYS "77"



THE CAR of TO-MORROW . . . HERE TO-DAY!

Patented Floating Power at Canada's Lowest Prices . . . Ultra-Modern Streamlining . . . 70 Miles per Hour . . . New All-Steel Body . . . 500 Pounds Less Weight.

Lowest first cost—lowest operating cost—lowest monthly payments—lowest license and insurance charges! The Willys 77 is indeed priced to fit present-day budgets. There's a demonstrator waiting at your nearest dealer's—try it out—over

smooth roads, rutty roads, crowded traffic or open highway—you'll find it's entirely different from anything you've ever experienced. No obligation of course. Prices range from \$545 upwards, f.o.b. Factory, Toronto.

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F. R. McLAINE

Upon his saintly face was no embarrassment. "I know that Providence," he said, confidently, "does not blight, but fosters true love. It is only our human errors that hinder the path of Providence."

Her head bowed. "You are right, Father. I can see that, now."

With a sigh he turned away, towards the bungalow. "I will go in to Peter, now," he said, "and if he is awake, I will tell him. You will wait here, child. I—"

Suddenly he stopped, staring out to sea now wrapped in the blazing sunlight. Cynthia looked up, quickly, and a puzzled frown puckered her brow.

"What is it, Father?" she asked, going towards him. "You have remembered something?"

He did not answer in words, but pointed out to a spot to the East of the harbour. She turned that way, to follow the direction with her gaze. But the sun was dazzling to her tear inflamed eyes.

"I can see nothing, Father."

"You cannot?" he asked in astonishment, and passed a hand over his brow. "But I cannot be mistaken. There is a ship there, approaching the island. Look again. Shade your eyes, so. Look."

She did so, and uttered a cry of incredulity.

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"I tell you that that is a ship, my child. I do not mistake a craft and my eyes are accustomed to the sea. No two ships were ever built so alike as to deceive a man used

to the craft of the great waters. That boat is the Sweet Vanity. See her masts, my child, and the lines of her bows. See the bridge, built like no other. She is coming nearer, swiftly. Wait here for me."

She stood stunned and helpless, like a woman in a dream, while he went in and spoke to the woman, found that Peter still slept, and returned to the waiting Cynthia.

He paused, pity in his eyes, as he saw the look on her face. She was still shaking her head, like one demented. She still kept saying: "There is no ship. It is the ghost of a ship. Else why did they tell me that, down at the hotel?"

He led her, for now she was no better than a hysterical, helpless child. They went down the path to the harbour, their eyes ever turned seawards so that they stumbled over the uneven ground. The woman was weeping, still protesting that there was no ship but the ghost of a ship.

The priest was praying, perhaps, for he was very calm.

At length they came to the harbour, where little groups of curious fishermen and sailors had gathered to stare at the incoming craft. Strange ships were there in Noumea. That was why there was not one but recognized the returning yacht.

"It is the English people's palace ship," they cried excitedly. "It means more money for Noumea, and much wine will be drunk again tonight for these people are generous. They come to take off the woman they left here, the friend of Monsieur Cavendish whose boats were burned."

Cynthia, clasping the priest's hand, stared dumbly from one to the other, and then out to sea. Presently a giant fisherman came up to them. It was Karati, and he bowed to the stupefied woman.

"The yacht, she return, ma'am-selle," he announced happily. "Maybe Karati take Ma'am-selle to greet her friends?"

He pointed to Peter's sole remaining craft along the quay. Cynthia stared at the boat and then at the half caste. Her face was deadly white, her eyes were wide and brilliant. But still she shook her head. The priest and the fishermen exchanged glances and then a near-by, rough voice spoke. Not to them, but to a male standing near. It was the pseudo-Irishman who spoke, cursing, ignorant of Cynthia's presence.

(To Be Continued)

The common knowledge that hill land is the best for sheep is partly explained by the fact that the lower moist lands offer more favourable conditions for the incubation of the eggs of the various worms that are parasitic on sheep.

The usual prevalence of June beetles and white grubs last year in many parts of the Maritime Provinces gave warning of possible serious crop injury in 1933. The growers of crops liable to severe injury—potatoes, oats and strawberries—should heed the warning and in planning their crop areas this year try to avoid planting susceptible crops on fields known to be, or liable to be, heavily infested with the insects. Cultural methods afford the only practical means for prevention of injury and should be

Rearing Chicks

(Continued from page 10)

As soon as the chicks are placed in the brooder, slightly soured skim milk or buttermilk is given as drink and chick grit is given on boards. After the first day in the brooder the chicks are given their first feed, which is an all mash ration. This is fed on clean boards for the first couple of days allowing enough boards to assure all chicks getting something to eat.

After this the feed is given in low troughs until the chicks are big enough to feed out of the regular mash hopper. Until the chicks get out doors they are fed five times daily leaving the mash in front of them fifteen minutes at each feeding. When out of doors the mash is left before the chicks all the time. The mash is composed as follows:

80lb table cornmeal.
20 lb. white middlings.
5 lb. pearl grits.
5 lb. bone meal (fine).
1 lb. salt.

1 to 2 per cent. by weight cod liver oil.

These ingredients are used until the chicks are about eight weeks old when oatmeal is substituted for some of the cornmeal and ordinary cornmeal is used, a gradual change is made in the mash using crushed oats for oatmeal, so that when the birds are three months old the mash is composed as follows, for birds in closed yards:

4 parts ground oats.
3 parts bran.
2 parts shorts.
1 part cornmeal.
10 lb. salt to 1000 lb. mash.

This feed is used until the birds are nearly ready to go into the laying houses.

The following mash may be used for chicks eight weeks old when on free range:

100 lb. shorts.
100 lbs. bran.
200 lb. ground oats.
100 lb. cornmeal or ground barley.
50 lb. bonemeal.

To make a successful chick mash the oats and barley must be of a good quality and ground very fine. Milk is given as drink.

White Grubs

White grubs may be expected to do considerable injury this season and again in 1936 in Prince Edward Island. Dr. J. A. Clark has secured the following recommendations from R. P. Gorham, Assistant Entomologist, Division of Field Crops and Garden Insects, Fredericton, N. B.

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MOTOR SERVICE

A new garage service operated by the White Brothers, formerly with A. Horne & Co., is opened for business at 53 Grafton Street, to the rear of Simpsons.

Bring your troubles to us. Prices very reasonable.

WHITE BROS.

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BUSINESS STAND FOR SALE

Very desirable store and warehouse with frost-proof cellar in splendid business location. Rail and water shipping facilities at door. Apply H. F. MacPhee, Solicitor, Charlottetown, P. E. I. 9185-5-2-tws-61.

AUCTION SALE

I am instructed by R. P. Rogerson, Victoria, to sell at "The Beacon" Thursday, May 11th, at 1 o'clock—household furniture comprising eleven bed room suites complete, dining room table, small tables, chairs, organ and pictures. Some of the above articles are one hundred years old, also bedding, linen, towels, napkins, linoleum and a quantity of silverware, stainless knives, Mallet Cream Separator (new) and Ice Cream Freezer.

I will also sell on the above date the following stock, and implements. One Holstein Grade cow 4 years old, freshened, one Holstein Heifer 2 years old, one Shorthorn Cow 3 years old, very large, one Holstein Heifer 2 years old freshened, one Hardy Sprayer Power, 2 row scuffer, hay rake, hay mower, disc narrow plough, cart, double and single truck wagon, one driving wagon, 2 wood sleighs, driving sleigh, 2 sets driving harness, 3 sets of leather work traces, one set double harness complete, collars and hames and a lot of other articles too numerous to mention. All sums up to \$5.00 cash. Over that amount 6 months credit on approved joint notes. If not fine following day.

HUGH MORRISON, Auctioneer.

9194-5-3-6-8-10-41.

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These tablets of Aspirin cannot hurt you. They do not depress the heart. And they have been proven twice as effective as salicylates in relief of rheumatic pain at any stage.

Don't go through another season of suffering from rheumatism, or any neuritic pain. Don't suffer needlessly from neuralgia, neuritis, or other conditions which Aspirin will relieve so surely and so swiftly.

ASPIRIN

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tion for at least two years with a hood crop.

Write to the Entomological Branch, Ottawa, for a copy of the special illustrated circular on white grub control.

A CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

CHICAGO, May 4.—(C.P.)—Five tenants have set up their own co-operative system of running a 45-year-old orphan flat building here that can't find anyone to adopt it and they declare they live in blissful freedom.

Since 1929, when the building was valued at \$75,000, its existence has been bound up in litigation that has not yet ended. The original owner was Balbino Abdisho and in 1929 a bond issue of \$20,000 was underwritten against it by a local investment firm.

In 1931 when interest was defaulted the property was foreclosed and Raymond H. Droegge was named receiver. Recently he was dismissed and since then unsuccessful attempts have been made by a court to find another. But no one seems to want the job.

"We're all chipping in a dollar or two a week to buy coal," said Mrs. Hughes H. Lee, one of the tenants. "A tenant who formerly had an arrangement to get his rent free for looking after the boiler, still keeps us warm."

For frost-bite—Minard's Liniment.



YOU CAN STAY AT THE King Edward Hotel Toronto AS CHEAPLY AS ANYWHERE

for high-class service, and get accommodation as fine as any hotel can offer.

In keeping with the times, rates have been revised, but that spirit of hospitality and friendliness which has been a tradition with this famous hotel for more than thirty years is just as active as ever. The food always appeals to the exacting—and Luigi Romanelli's Orchestra is conceded to be one of America's finest.

Rooms from \$2.50 with bath

P. KIRBY HUNT Manager.

