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DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Probate Court 1st Edward VIII, A. D. 1936.

In Re Estate of Caroline Yeo, Union Road, in Queens County in the said Province Married Woman, deceased testate.

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

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Bruce H. Yeo of Souris in Kings County in said Province Motion Picture Exhibitor, and J. Wendall Yeo of Union Road aforesaid, Farmer, the Executors 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 Wednesday the tenth day of June next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to shew 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 D. L. Mathieson, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioners. 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, at or near the Royal Bank of Canada in Charlottetown aforesaid and in front of the school-house in Union Road aforesaid, and I do hereby further order 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 6th day of May A. D. 1936 and in the first year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER,
Judge of Probate.
L-4641-5-9-16-23-30.

Desirable Residence For Sale

Property of the late W. E. Hyndman on Fitzroy Street.

This splendid centrally situated property is offered for sale. Exceptionally easy terms may be arranged with interest rate quite as low as under the Dominion Housing loans. Property may be inspected in the forenoon and evenings until June 5th. If property is not sold will be available for rental about September 1st. Apply to Mrs. Hyndman at the premises or to Robert Cotton, Park Terrace.

L-5746-5-28-30-6-2

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JUST A SOFT JOB

Some boys in school were asked to define an editor. Here are some of their definitions: An editor is a man who handle swords; An editor makes his living out of the English language; An editor is somebody who does not do anything himself and when somebody else does, goes and tells other people all about it. Another gave a more thoughtful definition whether or not it was original with him: An editor is a man who has the industry of a beaver and the instincts of a bee.

The life insurance agent called upon a big insurance man at the close of a busy day. When the agent had been admited, the big fellow said:

You ought to feel honored, highly honored, young man. Do you know that today I have refused to see seven insurance agents?

I know, said the agent. I'm them.

BORN WITH TOOTHACHE

ST. STEPHEN, S. C.—A month-old baby, born with a tooth that irritated his gum, had to be carried to a dentist to have it removed.

FARM FOR SALE

At Breadalbane consisting of 100 acres well watered and in high state cultivation with a good quantity of both hard and soft wood will sell cheap for quick buyer.

Apply,
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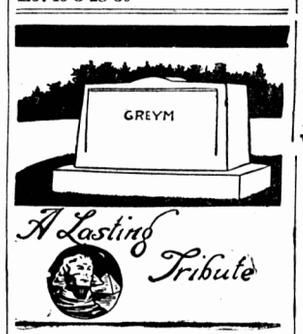

A Lasting Tribute

In every field of endeavor there must be a standard, a goal toward which to strive. Long ago ours was set and our path has led in its direction ever since.

As a step toward maintaining this goal, a buying trip in March resulted in the purchase of the most beautiful assortment of stones ever offered in Prince Edward Island and at present we have 100 stones from which to choose. The entire stock of which is offered at greatly reduced prices. We pride ourselves on perfect workmanship and will comply with your most detailed wishes. We deliver from Tignish to East Point—Murray River to North Side and set monuments up on a good solid concrete foundation.

We have no agents, as intending purchasers cannot tell from a photo the quality, size, etc. of a stone; so we ask you to come to our Monumental Plant and make your selection, thus eliminating agents' commissions. There is no charge or obligation for consultation at any time. In this specialized field such regard for high standards cannot but result in your greater satisfaction.

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STARTING MONDAY, APRIL 27th.
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Leave Georgetown	8.15 A.M.	Leave Charlottetown	4.00 P.M.
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48 Road	8.50 A.M.	Webster's Corner	4.30 P.M.
Baldwin's Road	8.55 A.M.	Fort Augustus	4.40 P.M.
St. Theresa's	9.00 A.M.	Pisquid	4.50 P.M.
Peakes	9.10 A.M.	Peakes	5.00 P.M.
Pisquid	9.20 A.M.	St. Theresa's	5.10 P.M.
Fort Augustus	9.30 A.M.	Baldwin's Road	5.15 P.M.
Webster's Corner	9.40 A.M.	48 Road	5.20 P.M.
Johnston's River	9.50 A.M.	Cardigan	5.35 P.M.
Arrive Charlottetown	10.10 A.M.	Georgetown	5.50 P.M.
Headquarters at Charlottetown		Nobana Tea Rooms.	

BUICK 7 PASSENGER CAR
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Parcels carried at minimum charge of 25c.
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FAITHFUL

By MARGARET GORMAN NICHOLS

CHAPTER 16

Joan Ralston's house was a white structure with green shutters. As Iris walked up the path her mind was divided between her own thoughts and admiration for the pretty house. On a stretch of side lawn a nurse was playing with a curly haired little girl.

When she had called Louis that morning, he'd said, "Don't go. Don't let yourself in for anything like that. She'll humiliate you. Why do you want to go?"

"Because there must be something I can say to her to change her mind."

"A diminuitive maid opened the door and led the way to the drawing-room. Joan looked up from a magazine and drew her dark brows together at the sight of the blue shadows beneath Iris's eyes and her mouth that was firm and determined. Why, she looked as though she had not slept for nights!

"Hello, Iris."

"I have come," said Iris simply.

"It was I who called last night. Camilla insisted. "Joan lowered her voice and continued, "I've been thinking over what you said. Such a marriage would be disastrous for both Mark and Camilla. I wanted her to marry because Gerald can't support her, as well as our family, and Camilla knows nothing of how to support herself. Their marriage wouldn't last — hers and Mark's. I'll have to make up my mind to share what I have with her." She got up. "I'll take you to her room."

In a cheerful room that led out to a sunny balcony Camilla, wearing a lace negligee, rested on a chaise lounge. Her head was swathed in bandages but her eyes that looked at the simplicity of Iris's blue dress and her tall heeled white slippers and white turban were clear and fierce. No melancholy, no despondency in the depths of those brown eyes. They were confident and sure, with the same assurance that had looked at Mark so intimately that night at the bar.

"Come in, Miss Wade."

"Thank you."

"Smoke?"

"No."

And Iris drew up a chair near the chaise lounge and sat in a shaft of sunlight.

Shrinking a little under the intense dark eyes beneath the white turban, Camilla said, "Please don't feel sorry for me. It could have been worse. Pity is one thing I can't tolerate." Lighting a cigaret she went on, "I sent Joan to see you. It's odd that when one needs one's sister she invariably lets one down. Joan has a soft heart. She couldn't tell you what you should know."

"Let us wait for a moment," said Iris, "about that."

"Let's not quibble. You'll not find my heart so soft." Camilla's pale mouth curved scornfully. "I'm going to be frank because polite preliminaries are so futile. I'm going to marry Mark. I expect him when he's well enough to come out. I have no intention of discussing my marriage with you. Men have affairs with their social inferiors. Every one knows that. But I want to make very sure that after I am married to Mark his old affairs will not interfere. You know as well as I that he is a very rich man."

Iris did not flinch under the offensive slum.

Nervously Camilla tapped the ashes from her cigaret.

Iris said, "You mean I might come back and ask for money. I might make a scandal?"

"It has been done."

"Then she comforted—I shall not do it. Is that all you wanted to tell me?"

"No. The other . . . ."

Iris stood up. "Then let me tell you this. He'll marry you because it's the honorable thing to do. Not because he loves you. He loves me. You feel very superior to me, don't you? So superior you sent for me to come to you that I might be humiliated. Very well. I am a nobody. I work for my living. I have no painted ancestors on the walls of my home. But I am superior to you. Mark loves me. And, nobody that I am, I wouldn't marry any man because he felt sorry for me. I'm too proud for that.

"If he hadn't met you, if you hadn't deliberately put yourself in his way, he would have loved me. Everybody knows about you, Iris. Everybody knows you've been dressed for a rich husband by your mother. You can't deny that."

"I don't. It's true, perfectly true. You can say what you want about me, my life, and my family. Your sister didn't spare me much. But this one thing I want you to know—you can marry Mark but he'll never be yours. You can have his name and his money but he'll always be a stranger to you, an outsider. Because he loves me. You can be married to a man and live with him, but if his heart and soul aren't yours, he isn't yours. You may not think I'm right now. But when you're married to a stranger, married to him for the rest of your life, you'll remember this and hate it. I can't think of anything so — so empty!"

Camilla's clear eyes were lowered and her lashes fluttered. Iris saw her slim white hands grasp the sides of the chaise lounge until the whites of the knuckles showed.

When the little maid opened the door and said, "Tea, Miss Winters," Camilla covered her face with her hands and thoughtfully pressed her forehead. The maid, sensing the taut atmosphere of the pretty room, went out quickly.

Iris thought, taking the china cup from Camilla, "They serve you tea and break your heart, these people. I have said all I can say, putting off what I can't bear to hear. My triumph lasted only a minute."

Camilla took a deep breath. Neither she nor Iris was calm now.

"It never occurred to me," said Camilla," that marriage wouldn't give him to me completely. I love Mark. But to be with him every day, every night,and know his mind was far away . . . His kindness would kill me . . . and he would be kind." She looked up. "Joan tells me you're going to be married. Why did you come if you did not want him for yourself?"

"To set him free."

"From me? You have. I couldn't live with a man who only tolerated me. But if I can't have him, you shall not either. Iris, do you know why I sent for you? To tell you it was Mark who paid that contest money your sister won! She didn't win it fairly. It was all arranged. You have a right to know this! Do you think Mark could have any respect for you? He might love you but he never had any idea of marrying you . . . ."

"Mark——Mark did that! It was he who . . . ."

"It is so simple when you put it together, isn't it? And it was so unfair. Your sister is studying with Mark's money. Isn't it natural for one to suppose that all of you are living on it?"

"Don't — don't say any more."

The china cup fell to the floor and shattered in fine pieces. When the door closed after Iris, it was opened again by the maid.

Camilla's voice was husky. "Tina, pick up the pieces."

Tina's eyes were round with astonishment.

Camilla murmured slowly, "Smashed in fine bits. Her faith and my hope."

Suddenly Joan was there with her hands on her shoulders.

"Did you see her when she went out?" Camilla asked.

"I was standing in the door but she didn't see me. How could you hurt her like that?"

"Because I was hurt. What am I going to do, Joan?"

"People start over. Girls who've lost their money open tea shops and model clothes. Poor Iris. She was right, wasn't she? You can't marry him now. You've both lost him."

The bewildered little maid knocked and came in again.

"Mr. Christian is downstairs, Madame."

"Tell him to come up, Tina."

"The lady that was here, Madame . . . your best china . . ."

Joan shook her head. "A cup is not all that was broken."

When she turned, Mark was standing in the doorway. She had never seen him look handsomer.

Camilla's voice was not her own. "Hello, Mark. Come and sit by me."

He took the chair that Iris had sat in only a few minutes ago.

* * * *

Mark's servant admitted her, looked at her curiously, and then discreetly departed, leaving Iris to wait alone. What had Louis said, "Love unfulfilled is a flower that never bloomed?" Now it could never bloom, she thought bitterly, because it had been bruised and crushed. Why had she come? To say to Mark, "You decevied me. The only perfect thing in my life has been made imperfect." And to say good-bye, shutting him away from her forever, yet knowing not even this could shut him out of her thoughts forever.

(To Be Continued.)

OUT-OF-TOWN DWELLING

Workmen were busy throughout Easter at the Coppins, the new home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent at Iver Bucks.

Preparations are being speeded up so that the house shall be ready for the Royal couple when they return to England after their Easter holiday with the Duchess's sister, Princess Olga of Yugoslavia, and Prince Paul at Belgrade.

The Coppins, originally a homely Buckinghamshire farmhouse, was rebuilt several years ago for Princess Victoria, the Duke of Kent's aunt, who used it as a country home. The Duke, to whom the house was left by his aunt, decided recently to modernise it, and to make it a suitable out-of-town dwelling for himself and his wife and their child, Prince Edward of Kent.

SANDRINGHAM'S FUTURE

The favourite recreation of Sir William M'Lintock, the accountant, is shooting, and he has resolved some of the new King's difficulties about the future of Sandringham by taking over some of the outer shoots there on a lease of three years.

The Duke of York, I understand will take the home shoot (says a Star writer).

The new leases are in indication of the considerable changes which are to take place at Sandringham.

I gather that the main use of the mansion in the next few years will be for shooting parties, and more particularly as a holiday home for the Royal children.

Flo-glaze
PAINTS-VARNISHES-ENAMELS
"LEAVE NO BRUSH MARKS"

W. C. T. U. Notes

I planted thorns in my garden
When I might have been planting flowers;
Little I dreamed what a sorrowful crop
I should reap in after hours.
For the unkind thoughts that were cherished
And the creul words that I said
Brought a harvest of pain and bitter remorse
When I learned that my friend was dead.

I scattered weeds in my garden;
How they flourished I little knew;
Till the noisome things covered all the ground
Where once fragrant blossoms grew;
And when I looked for the solace
Of calm, and peace, and content,
I found but the restless regret and pain
With which my life was rent.

If only I had rememebered
In those days so long ago
Life offers to each but one garden
One springtime in which to sow.
We may fill it with fairest flowers
That will gladden all the years;
Or make it a dreary tangle of briars
To be reaped with remorseful tears.
—Author unknown.

ARE WE OUR BROTHER'S KEEPER?

(By Mrs. L. Duern, Hamilton.)

"While men slept, the enemy came and sowed tares." A new menace of the Liquor Traffic in the shape of "Cocktail Infection" has spread alarmingly in the past few years under the glamour of high society and fashion, but beneath the glamour of fashion and high society there is still the menacing curse of alcohol. Surely it seems as if there were influences at work during these pressing days, seeking a semi-barbaric drift against a Christian home influence. Now is the golden time for action. Will it be lost? Much prayer is needed.

In Proverbs 23: 29 to 35, we have the most graphic and vivid description of drunkenness ever given to the world. It has been often called and, with great truth and justice, "The Drunkard's Looking Glass," in which he may see his own face. I ask our young men and women to read this for themselves, and face the future with an extreme dread of this terrible vice. There is ground for alarm. Drunkenness was never so prevalent than it is now. Thousands and thousands sink every year into the drunkard's grave and lower still into the drunkard's hell.

Two-thirds of the pauperism and three-fourths of the crimes of society and more homes are broken from this desolating habit than from any other source. Beware then, of the dreadful appetite for any form of strong drink. Be afraid of it, consider yourselves liable to it, and do not be over-confident in your own will power when faced with it, but avoid everything that leads to drinking, shun bad company, never cross the threshold of a beverage-room for the purpose of being sociable. Practice total abstinence.

All the drunkards that are of ever have been were moderate men once, or moderate drinkers, so I earnestly beg of you to leave all forms of intoxicating drinks absolutely alone. You do not need them for health, and to take them for gratification is the germ of drunkenness. I do not say the result will insure the practice of every virtue and the enjoyment of all prosperity, but I know of no better preparation towards that ideal.

Finally, I should add this: "The person who uses alcohol for no other reason than to be smart, or to show that one is a "good fellow" and can follow the gang, is displaying a weakness of character which does as much harm to the mental development as to the physical growth."

THE VOICE OF CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD

Women's Christian organizations are exercising a mighty influence in regard to the great social issues of our day. These societies not only are laboring and praying for the heathen abroad, but realize there is a duty to perform to a paganized Christianity prevailing all too generally at the home base.

When the Toronto Conference Branch Women's Missionary Society met in the Queen City in its eleventh annual gathering, the cause of World Peace was urgently pressed through the use of personal influence, and by giving this subject not only a place on the local program, but also time for thought and discussion. And last, but not least, intercession at the throne of grace and power.

Another feature of the modern day that is threatening the best in life for youth, physically, mentally and spiritually, brought forth a unanimously endorsed resolution-protest as follows:

"Be it resolved that, in view of the increasing use of tobacco, especially in cigaret form among our young people today, and realizing its ill effects, financially and physically, we, as members of a Christian organization, will use every possible influence to discourage its use."

In dealing with the drink traffic womanhood was reminded that the franchise could be used to forward the work of the Kingdom of God. Would that all professing Christian women realized that it is one of the gifts of Providence for the use or neglect of use, account will have to be given at the final day of reckoning.

These missionary women went on record as being opposed to the present system of beverage rooms and pledged themselves to use prayer and influence to help frame a public consciousness that will exercise itself to bring about a prohibitory measure.

ALCOHOL—AN ENEMY WITHOUT HONOR

(Raymond M. Veh)

Most people are willing to take defeat when bested by a fair opponent. But,it is not possible to admit defeat from an unfair opponent.. An opponent without honor is alcohol. It is the "wolf in sheep's clothing."

It asks admittance to the American scene by returning in the form of 3.2 per cent. beer. Then almost at once it sweeps in with wines, ales, whiskies, and all manner of hard liquors.

It tempts vivacious young women and handsome young men to start, with the cocktail, to be "good sports"; and then kills their dreams and ambitions of being strong athletes, well-educated leaders and beautiful home-makers.

It seizes, like an octupus, capable business men and skilled workers who believe they can "let it alone when they want to," but find one day that the brain and entire nervous system is so affected that they must have their drink regardless of the responsibilities which are theirs.

It enters the happy family, stirring parents to seek, for their alcohol-dulled minds, stronger, and fiercer emotional satisfactions; to forget their problems instead of solving them; to bury their sorrows, instead of resolving to be worthy of the divine impulses God has planted within them.

Alcohol is an enemy without honor. Christians can never expect to have fair battle with it. Only ceaseless vigilence and endless warfare will insure victory over it.

NICOTINE

It is hard to compute how many long years the dictionary has been defining "nicotine" as a poisonous oil contained in the tobacco leaf.

Although its effects on the user are exactly what might be expected from this particular poison, yet millions of men, and now women, are cultivating the appetite as if life, and not premature death, depended on the use of tobacco.

It is on record that ten years ago over seventy-billion cigarettes were consumed during that year in the United States. How many figures would it take to tell the tale for 1935?

There must be numberless tobacco-poisoned brains in the world trying to find their way through life, and many of them in a maze to know what is the matter with them physically and mentally, and the matter is simply that they are nicotine-poisoned.

An American woman, touring Canadian roads, when driving her car, tossed a cigarette from the window in such a way that the car ran into a heavy steel pole and was wrecked. What caused this crazy performance? A befuddled brain action caused by nicotine poison.

And what prompted a man to throw a lighted cigarette into a haystack causing a $6,000 fire? His judgment was slumping on its throne because of nicotine dope.

A New Jersey young man was an addict to the extent of falling alsleep in bed with a lighted cigarette in his fingers—result a charred body and a broken-hearted parent.

It is unaccountable why insurance companies have not dealt negatively with the risk of the smoker. Just last October Ontario's Fire Marshall reported that of the preceeding three months 2817 fires 488 were directly caused by smokers, representing a property loss of $66,591.

DEEPER AND DEEPER

The study of the occult sciences interests me very much, remarked the new boarder. I love to explore the dark depths of the mysterious, to delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were, and to—"

Let me give you a little more of this stew, Mr. Smith, interrupted the landlady.

Three Sentenced In Hold-up Slaying

(C. P. by Guardian's Special Wire)

HULL, Que., May 29—Sentences ranging from six months to one year were imposed today on three men by Judge Philemon Cousineau for their connection in the hold-up slaying last Dec. 4 of Armand Nadeau, young bank clerk. Only the case of George Potvin, 42, Hull, charged with conspiracy, remains to be heard. He will be tried in November.

Julien "Chappie" Chapdelaine, 29, Ottawa, and Armand Venne, 42, Montreal, pleaded guilty yesterday to being accessories after the fact and were today sentenced to one year and six months respectively. Lorenzo Tellier 38, Hull pleaded guilty to conspiracy and was sentenced to nine months.

You Must Relax
To avoid nervous collapse

Many business and professional men are going under these days, as the result of worry, high nervous tension and resulting sleeplessness.

Muscular strength is of no avail when nerve force becomes exhausted. You become nervous, restless and irritable, grouchy at home and overbearing in business. You may have headaches and digestive troubles and because of sleeplessness, the nervous system has no chance to regain strength and vigor.

You must relax and resort to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to replenish nerve force in the body. Nervous troubles do not right themselves. The exhausted, nervous system must be nourished back to health by such restorative treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. You can depend on this food treatment to do for you what it has done for many thousands of others.

For New Pep and Energy use
DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

"Red" Ryan, "Reformed" Prisoner Shot Down by Police

Little less than one year ago Norman "Red" Ryan was paroled from Kingston penitentiary because of the model life he lived there. He was hailed as a new man and he avowed that crime did not pay and adjured all to go straight. Saturday last, Ryan, in company with Harry Checkley, held up and robbed a Sarnia liquor store, shot and killed a policeman and was in turn shot down with his companion, their bodies riddled with bullets after a terrific gunfight. Ryan is shown (LEFT, ABOVE), Checkley is shown (CENTRE) and Constable John Lewis, Sarnia, who in leading the attack was himself murdered. The scene of the crime and dynamite found with Ryan are seen (ABOVE as also is Senator Mullins (CENTRE, RIGHT), one of the instigators of the releasing of Ryan on parole