

FOR SALE



100 acre farm—80 lined and in good till, balance second growth woodland, 150 apple trees, best varieties. Up to date residence (above), swimming water, etc. 1 1/2 miles to Point du Chêne. Good location for summer tourists' business. Write, A. GOGUEN, Shediac, N. B.

N-583-4-13-15-18.

FOR SALE

Two cars of horses, also some good Island horses. Wellington McNeill's stables, Mainland Bell's Wharf. (Signed) WELLINGTON McNEILL

FOR SALE

I am instructed by L. W. Mullen to sell at public auction on Friday, April 17th, 1936, at twelve o'clock noon, that valuable corner property situated at 22 Cumberland Street. Property has frontage of 42 feet on Cumberland Street and runs back eighty feet. First class 2 1/2 story house in good order with good barn.

Good title. Property can be sold privately until day of sale. Portion of purchase money can remain on mortgage on property. Apply to J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer. L-3686

NOTICE

The starting of flower plants from seeds furnished by patrons will be discontinued in future; it is impossible under my limited conditions to keep track of the many kinds sent and the difficulties connected with them. Time and space are limited; under no condition can any more be accepted. (Sgd.) PERCY BURKE. L-3693

Professional Cards

McLeod & Bentley W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. J. A. BENTLEY, K. C. Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law MONEY TO LOAN Office: 180 Richmond Street.

H. F. McPHEE, B. A., K. C. NOTARY &c. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR Riley Building, Charlottetown.

Bell & Mathieson R. E. Bell D. L. Mathieson, LL.B. Barristers and Solicitors MONEY TO LOAN Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Palmer & Haslam H. J. PALMER, K. C. A. J. HASLAM, K. C., LL. B. BARRISTERS, ETC. Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers Charlottetown, P. E. I. MONEY TO LOAN Phone 85. P. O. Box 127.

MacGuigan & Trainor MARK R. MACGUIGAN, K. C. C. ST. CLAIR TRAINOR, B. A. Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. MONEY TO LOAN Office: Over Provincial Bank, Richmond Street, Charlottetown. L-3695-4-11-17-21.

NEWFOUNDLAND CANADA STEAMSHIPS LIMITED

announce the sailing of the S. S. "MAGNILD" From Charlottetown April 20th for St. Pierre and St. John's, Nfld. Second sailing May 4th thence every two weeks during the season. For freight rates and space Apply to BUNTAIN BELL & CO. Agents. L-3506-4-2-4-7-9-11-14

Georgetown-Charlottetown Bus Service

Table with bus routes and times. Columns include destination, departure time, and arrival time. Routes include Cardigan, 48 Road, Baldwin's Road, St. Theresa's, Pequot, St. Theresa's, Pequot, Baldwin's Road, 48 Road, Cardigan, and Georgetown.

Headquarters at Charlottetown, BUIK 7 PASSENGER CAR. F. J. Solomon. P. E. Island. ALLISON HENSTIS Charlottetown

good bye! Sulphur and Molasses



"Who has forgotten the pills, the physics, and that great Spring purge—sulphur and molasses—that was pushed down our protesting throats in childhood days. Now we take Eno. It is pleasant to take and effective. Youngsters may be more concerned about lovely complexions, sparkling eyes and pep, but we oldsters know that with proper elimination and health these desirable attributes will take care of themselves."



EMBARRASSED BY PIMPLES

"I suffered a great deal from embarrassment caused by unsightly pimples. I took everything, but could think of but the pimples remained. Finally, I tried Eno's 'Fruit Salt' and after taking it awhile all my pimples disappeared. Now I take Eno regularly and I find it an all-round aid in keeping me fit."

Mrs. C. F. (Guanacoque, Ont.) Letter No. 1075. The above photographs show professional models, but the testimonials are voluntary tributes to Eno. Original letters can be inspected at any time.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" First Thing Every Morning

Valuable City Property FOR SALE

I am instructed by L. M. Poole & Co. to sell at PUBLIC AUCTION On TUESDAY, APRIL 21st, 1936 at twelve o'clock noon, that valuable property situated on Kent Street, next to the Canadian National Hotel, known as the John Gill Property. Property has frontage of seventy feet on Kent Street and runs back one hundred and sixty-five feet. First class 2 1/2 Story French Roof House in good order with good barn. Splendid garden with Fruit Trees. Good Title. Property can be sold privately until day of Sale. STYVEN DesROCHES, Solicitor. Portion of purchase money can remain on mortgage on property. Apply to J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer. L-3695-4-11-17-21.

MY LADY MELODY

By ARTHUR HARDY Author of "The Merry Maquerade", "Love Song", etc., etc.

She plucked up little tufts of fine grass thoughtfully. "Howard, I have something to tell you. I left it till to-day."

She heard his sharp intake of breath and glanced up to find him looking startled, a trifle scared. "I have already told you all about the other night at Garner Owen's. You know I met a lot of distinguished people there. Howard, you have heard of Mario Casini?"

"Casini? A violinist, wasn't he?" "A very famous violinist, well, he was there, looking old and bent and crippled, but still very handsome. He is a martyr to rheumatism and cannot play any more. Howard, I am to become his pupil. He is to perfect my playing. He believes he can make me famous and if he succeeds he is to manage my engagements."

Howard's face lengthened. But in a moment his lips parted again and the bright light was back in his eyes once more. "Mario Casini, eh? Do you like him?"

"Yes. There is something pathetic about him. I am excited about it all, Howard. Garner Owen believes that Casini will make me."

"Well, I suppose you must go on with it, Sheila. Mario Casini! H'm it might have been worse. At first I thought you were going to tell me that you had promised to marry Max Maurice."

"Howard!" Sheila cried out indignantly, but the next moment she laughed. Then she sprang to her feet. "Max Maurice, I like him. He is clever." Her eyes mocked him. "But before I chose him there would always be you."

He linked arms and began to walk with her through the spreading leaves. "Now confess all your sins and tell me more about Garner Owen and this Mario Casini," he said. She told him everything as they wandered on like happy children, and it was past five o'clock when they got back to the car and tea, which he had brought already prepared in an extra thermos.

In a blaze of evening sunshine he drove her back to Pleasant P.O. Some friends had dropped in for supper. Howard stayed. Sheila gripped the attention of all, voicing her hopes and her fears, and recounting her recent experiences.

There were some who had never seen her studio, and so they all trooped up to the top of the house to view it. Howard had been there so often that he only stayed for a moment to note again how cosy the room was, and to admire the great view of spreading flowers that filled a corner of the salon. They were flowers he had sent to Sheila, and he was proud of them.

Smiling happily, he turned away. Close by was Sheila's bedroom which she had decorated in the

best taste. Howard always admired this room more than any other in the cosy, silent house because it seemed to be a part of Sheila. He turned the handle and pushed in the door to look at it again, and as his eyes roamed the walls, they came to rest upon a portrait pinned opposite to Sheila's bed.

It was the portrait of a violinist. Jealously he crossed the room and gazed upon it. The man with the violin and the wealth of tumbled hair seemed to mock at him. Howard hated to see a man wear his hair long like that, he did not admire it even in a woman. It was, a printed portrait, and it bore a name.

"Mario Casini," he murmured, and his voice was hard. "So that's the man."

He went out and closed the door.

He remained strangely silent for the rest of the evening and, watching him, Sheila was at a loss to know why. When they said good night she asked him a question. "Did anything happen to upset you, Howard?"

"Why no," he lied, who was usually so truthful. "Jood night, Sheila. Thanks for giving me such a happy day, and good luck when you start with your new music master on Monday."

MITA, THE SUSPICIOUS.

Sheila forgot all about Howard the moment he was out of the house. In the morning, when she got up, she was so excited she scarcely touched her breakfast. She could think of nothing but her visit to Mario Casini's flat in Gloucester Road and dwell upon the possibility of great things arising out of it.

Never had her violin case felt so light. It was no trouble to carry her music portfolio, for she supposed she would need her music. She hurried to a bus stop, took a bus to Golder's Green tube station and was whirled underground, and there, not being sure how far she might have to go, she completed the journey by taxi.

The driver was over in a moment. She mounted a flight of steps which led to a front door of a four-storied house with basement, which was exactly like every other house in the road. It had been converted into flats, and the front door stood open.

"Antonia Carema, 2nd Floor"—it was the name by which Mario was known. Sheila touched a push button and began to mount the stairs. At a door on the second floor a woman stood waiting.

"I am Miss Huntley," said Sheila. "I have an appointment with Signor Casini."

The woman frowned at her and asked her in, then closed the door. Sheila was shown into a small room somewhat dimly furnished, and the woman waited, scowling. Sheila had her back to the window. A shaft of sunlight lit up the woman's head and face.

She was olive-skinned, brown-eyed, with jet black hair, streaked here and there with a thread of grey. Her skin seemed and lined and thin mouth pulled down tightly. She was Italian, of course, and possibly looked older than her years, a common-place with very mature women of Latin races. Sheila knew instinctively that the woman disliked her.

A few seconds later, before Sheila had become completely embarrassed, Mario Casini came in at the door, his eyes alight with joy, his arms extended, his knotted hands held out in greeting. His bent shoulders seemed to have straightened out a little.

"Ah, my dear pupil," he said, taking Sheila's hands. "Welcome. Come into the music room." He took the grim hard-faced woman by the arm. "This is Mita Vascari, my housekeeper, the best servant in the world. She has looked after me for many years. Mita, this is Miss Huntley, who will make a name for herself."

"She called you by your right name Mario Casini," said the woman coldly. "Yes, I know. Perhaps I shall resume it. Who knows? We shall see." He took up Sheila's violin case and her music and carried both into a room with double windows which overlooked a stone-paved garden, in which one or two lime trees and some starved ferns grew. "You must not mind Mita," he said. "She is always like that and is suspicious of strangers. You will like her when you get to know her."

Sheila was not so sure. The hard-faced woman made her shiver. The music room was spacious;

IN MEMORIAM

MR. NEIL STEWART

The death occurred in the Prince Edward Island Hospital on March 17th 1936 of Neil Stewart, Walsloe, in the seventy seventh year of his age. The late Mr. Stewart had been in failing health for some time but was able to be about as usual until two days previous to his death when he was stricken with Pneumonia and passed away on the above date.

He leaves to mourn a widow nee Grace Howard, four daughters and three sons namely Belle, Mrs. Henry Fredericks of Malden Mass., Grace Stewart R. N., Brighton Mass. Irene Mrs. Gordon Elkins Malden Mass. Eunice at home Raymond on the home stead and James and John also one brother William at Walsloe and two sisters Belle Mrs. Samuel Parlee Everett Mass and Mrs. Annie S. Bennet, Chelsea, Mass. Mr. Stewart was well liked by all who knew him and will be greatly missed. The funeral was held from the residence of his niece Mrs. Frank F. Bell Kent Street, March 19th. Reverend Dr. R. Moorhead Legate conducted the service at the house and grave. Interment was in Highfield Cemetery. The pall bearers were: Messrs A. A. McNeill, Charles MacKenzie, Wm. Wright; John Martin; Herb Hall and Russel Bell. (Patriot Please Copy)

parquet flooring with some expensive rugs laid upon it. A fine grand piano. A music stand. Some book-shelves. Stacks of music set about the walls. Standing against one wall a fine Sheraton bookcase with cupboard below. The shelves for the books had been removed and behind the glass could be seen hanging five very fine old violins, which instantly attracted Sheila's attention. Mario Casini's face lit up when he saw the gleam in her eyes.

"They are all mine," he told her. "I used to play on all in turn." He produced a bunch of keys and unlocked the glazed doors, taking out one of the violins, which he handled with care and gave to her. "Four of them are from Cremona," he went on. "And this one was my favourite as well as the oldest of the five. It is a genuine Amati. Notice how the corners hang down. Its tone is sweeter and louder than any other Amati I have ever heard. The one on the left in there is a Stradivarius, but the head is French. The varnish is poor stuff for a Strad, but it has a fine powerful tone. Above it hangs a Steiner tenor, which, too, I liked. On the right at the top there is a Gramincio, but the scrolls are ugly, though the belly and holes are very good. It is a fine violin. The last one is a Joseph Guarnerius which I bought in Paris for £400. It has a fine full tone and plenty of power, though still I prefer the wonderful and unique Amati."

His face was alight with enthusiasm. "I took me a lifetime to collect these," he said. "But the finest Guarnerius I have ever seen or heard is to be found in the violin shop of Willis, in Fond Street, Signorina. Its tone is finer than any of the violins I have here, and what a shape, what finely cut h's, what varnish. They ask \$500 for it, but alas, in these days, when I have to live upon my poor savings and earn nothing, I cannot buy it. If I could, Signorina I might purchase it and give it to you"—words which Sheila was to remember.

He turned over the Amati to show the rich thick unwhorn varnish, bade her notice the light and graceful head and the perfect curved ribbon of the scroll.

"You shall play on it," he said, as he replaced it reverently in the bookcase and locked the door, "but not now, for it would take too long to test and tune it properly, since it has not been used for a long time. And your violin from Birmingham is a splendid instrument."

He became serious and opening her portfolio selected a piece for her to play. He lifted her violin from its case and tightened the bow. He tuned the instrument, managing to move his crippled fingers readily enough. He gave the bow and violin to Sheila and seated himself upon the piano stool, talked to her enthusiastically about the violin and those who played it, dwelling at length upon the faults and failings of the majority of teachers, the stereotyped groove into which most players fell to remain there for ever, more often than not, and the manner in which he had lifted himself out of the rut.

"And you," he said warmly, "you could think ahead of your teachers, you absorbed all they could impart in the way of knowledge. You soon learned to play better than they could, and then—you reached a wall you could not surmount—is it not so?"

With shining eyes Sheila confessed modestly that it was so. Mario Casini turned on the stool and rested his knotted hands upon the keys of the piano. "Now, let me hear you play again 'The Dance of the Goblins,' as you played it the other night," he said.

Without music and with perfection of touch, although he moved his hands quite stiffly, he began to strike music from the instrument. Sheila had set the music stand slightly towards him and pressed open the music sheets. As she played the violin she was able to watch him.

He filled her with amazement. Like many other distinguished musicians he was not only master of one instrument, but of several. (To Be Continued)

COMFORTING LOGIC.

Lady—You'll never get work if you don't search for it. Tramp—Ye're right, lidy—that's one comfort.

END PAIN—Soothe SORE HANDS by Rubbing in MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT



She's listening to CRISPNESS

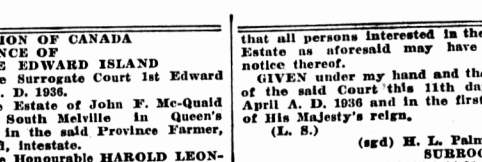
LISTENING, yes, but not for long. While those crunchy Rice Krispies are still crackling in milk or cream, this little girl is going to get busy with her spoon and eat every one of those toasted rice bubbles "all up."

It's a great treat to eat a big bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. And with them, you get the wholesome goodness of milk. Extra delicious with fruits or honey added. Nourishing and easy to digest. Ideal for the nursery supper or bedtime snack because they promote sound sleep.

At grocers everywhere in the Mother Goose story package. The WAXTITE bag inside the package keeps Rice Krispies oven-fresh. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Quality guaranteed.



SO CRISP they actually crackle in milk or cream



snap! crackle! pop!

crackles in cream

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 11th day of April, A. D. 1936 and in the first year of His Majesty's reign. (L. S.) (sgd) H. L. Palmer, SUBROGATE L-3706-4-14-21-23-54

A NEW EXPLANATION

Father—Why is it that you are always at the bottom of the class? Johnny—it doesn't make any difference. Daddy, they teach the same thing; at both ends.

FOR SALE

Three acres of land in a splendid state of cultivation in the Village of Cornwall, formerly the property of Mrs. Emma Crosby. Good house and barn. This property is splendidly located, being near church and school. Can be bought very reasonably. For further particulars, apply to Harry Crosby, Cornwall, Mrs. Myrtle Matthew of West Covehead or S. DesRoches, Solicitor, Canadian Bank of Commerce Bldg., Charlottetown. L-3703-4-14-17-21.

NOTICE

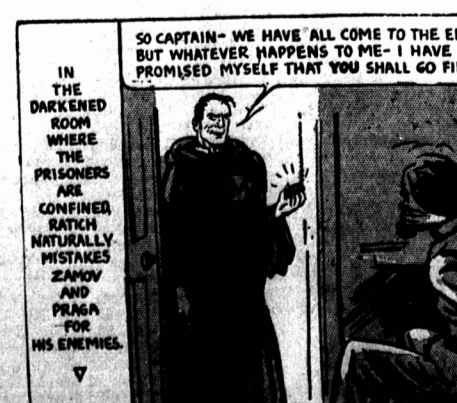
PAVED HIGHWAYS CLOSED TO MOTOR VEHICLES

Commencing on this date, until further notice, all paved highways in this Province are closed for motor vehicle traffic, except in such cases where the total weight of vehicle and load does not exceed 4,000 pounds. Anyone driving on the highway contrary to this order shall be duly prosecuted. Dated the 19th day of March, A. D. 1936.

By order, P. S. FIELDING, Clerk of the Executive Council

L3276-3-21-sti-ff.

GORDON FIFE, Soldier of Fortune



Unintended Victims!



By Bob Moore and John Hales



SO CAPTAIN—WE HAVE 'ALL COME TO THE END—BUT WHATEVER HAPPENS TO ME— I HAVE PROMISED MYSELF THAT YOU SHALL GO FIRST.

AND HURLS A LOADED GRENADE THEIR FEET

A FEW SECONDS LATER AND A SHATTERING BLAST SENDS FOREVER THE MAD AMBITIONS OF THE ARCH-CONSPIRATORS

IN THE DARKENED ROOM WHERE THE PRISONERS ARE CONFINED RATCH NATURALLY MISTAKES ZAMPO AND FRAGA FOR HIS ENEMIES