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SHERIFF'S SALE!

The Town of Montague, Plaintiff and William Roberts, Defendant.

By virtue of a Writ of F. Fa. Execution to me directed out of the Magistrate's Court of the Town of Montague, in King's County, in the above suits, I have taken and seized as the Property of the above named Defendant William Roberts the following articles, viz:—

One Lot of Land at the rear of Daniel Reillys, commencing at a point 100 feet from Sackville Street; thence running East along land owned by Frank Murphy; thence South 50 feet to land in possession of John Poole; thence West along the said John Poole's land 100 feet to rear of Daniel Reillys, thence North along Daniel Reillys' land 50 feet to the place of commencement.

And I do hereby give public notice that I will on Wednesday the fifth day of April A. D., 1933 at Twelve o'clock noon, in front of the Bank of Nova Scotia building at Montague in the said County set up and sell by Public Auction the said Lot of Land or as much thereof as will satisfy the levy marked on said Writ of Execution, being \$36.00 and in excess, besides Sheriff's Fees and all legal incidental expenses.

DONALD F. KEAYS, Sheriff.

NEIL McDONALD, Town Clerk. Sheriff's Office. Souris, P. E. I., Feb. 5th, A.D. 1933. 9057-2-11-Sat-41.

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The Double Act
A Romance of the Theatre
BY MARION TOMLINSON

"I should think he has made a good thing out of it," said Anthony bluntly, "whatever he has done for you. Look here, why can't I see you properly? There's such a lot I want to tell you. Isn't there some way . . . ?"

He was interrupted by an elderly woman in black who came hastily down the path towards the two.

"Ro—Madame Marigold," she cried, "whatever are you thinking of? Come back into the house!"

Rosemary threw a rebellious look over her shoulder at the agitated Nell Forrest, and, as she turned back to Anthony her face had become sad and pale.

"I mustn't talk to you any more," she murmured hastily. "Mr. Grenoble would be furious. But please, please let him produce your play! It would be something to know I am doing a play that you have written. At least he might allow me that!"

Anthony caught at the hand between the iron bars of the fence, but she drew it away from him quickly and without another glance in his direction went slowly back to meet the woman in black. Anthony watched them, perplexed. The woman seemed to be scolding the girl, who answered nothing, but with drooping head, went back into the house.

"There's some mystery here," said Anthony to himself, "and I don't like it. She mustn't see me again. Grenoble would be furious. What right has he to keep her prisoner this way! Nevertheless, she shall put on my play, if he will. It's the only way I can hope to see her again. I'll be at all the rehearsals, and surely Grenoble will have to be exceedingly watchful if he is to keep me from having a word with her and discovering, if she will tell me, why she is sad."

Alas for Anthony's plans. That very evening the long awaited letter arrived from his agent telling him that his earlier play "Kinship" had been bought for production in America and urging him to go at once to New York to see to the details.

Anthony, the letter in his hand considered for a long while what he should do. He feared to leave Rosemary, yet, so long as "Shower of Gold" should run it seemed improbable that another meeting could be managed. His hope was in the production by Grenoble of his play "Berenice". That, he judged, would not happen for some time yet, for "Shower of Gold" was playing to packed houses.

Anthony went to see his agent. "I'm taking the first boat I can get to New York. The sooner I go the sooner, with luck, I can be back," he said. "I've urgent personal affairs that make me unwilling to be away from London for long. Meanwhile, here is a copy of a second play, "Berenice". Grenoble is reading it now. If he makes an offer for it, accept. I'll be back in plenty of time to arrange the details, I should think."

Anthony reckoned without the astute showmanship of Grenoble. Much of his success was due to a sixth sense which told him the right moment to launch a new production. "Shower of Gold" was, indeed, playing to crowded houses, but the notices for it went up the week Anthony sailed for America. Grenoble had decided to launch his new star again without delay. Anthony's agent sold the play "Berenice" for him and wired him in mid-Atlantic it was too late to turn back. In New York the plans for the production of "Kinship" delayed and delayed, and Anthony, fuming, dared not leave till the affair was settled. He wrote "Marigold" care of the theatre, but received no reply. Such epistles, which were numerous, were attended to by Grenoble's press agent.

Meanwhile, although her leisure hours were filled with thoughts of Anthony, Rosemary was working hard. Dolores had severed her connection with Grenoble in a stormy scene and had departed for parts unknown. Rosemary had been sent, not to the South of France, as Grenoble had intended, but to an English seaside resort to which the producer could come each week-end to train her for the part she was to play in the next production.

"It seems I'm to do the same sort of thing in "Berenice" that I did in "Shower of Gold" she said sadly to Nell Forrest after one of these hard-working week-ends. "I almost quarrelled with Mr. Grenoble this time about it. He said it is the sort of thing the public expects of me. I never see the text of the play, but I'm rehearsing for scenes I can't remember reading in it. The author must have written them in, but they don't sound like him. Grenoble tells me not to worry my head about such things, that plays always have to be re-written during rehearsals. I wish I knew what Mr. Carson thinks."

Nell looked at her compassionately.

"You're too much alone," said Nell decidedly. "I must speak to Grenoble about it. His plan to keep you untouched was all very well—very romantic, I daresay. But I can't have you pining away to a shadow."

"I'm not pining away to a shadow," said Rosemary staunchly. "And why should I miss what I've never had? I suppose it is excitement I miss. Moving about from place to place when we were on tour, the constant changing from one character to another—even poverty and worry was an excitement. I feel stifled in all this ease and luxury, don't you, Nell?"

"No, I can't say I do," said Nell Forrest. "I've had all the excitement of moving about and poverty I want in my life. But then," she added, "I'm not young. Suppose we go for a walk along the beach. Put on your most attractive frock, and we'll take Hafiz for a run."

Hafiz was an Afghan hound that Grenoble had presented to Rosemary, knowing that the strange exotic beast would make a pleasing contrast to the girl holding him in leash.

But Rosemary on this occasion unfastened the gay leather strap from about the dog's neck.

"You shan't be restrained, old fellow," she promised him, and the two, free for the moment, raced each other down the beach. Nell watched them with satisfaction, hoping that the run would clear Rosemary of her rebellious mood.

But Rosemary that night, no less than usual, drifted into sleep with the image before her eyes of a young man in a grey coat and hat beyond the gold tipped iron palings of a fence.

About the same time the young man in question was thinking about Rosemary, but in a different way. At a dinner party in New York, given to celebrate the successful opening night of his play "Kinship," he had found himself seated next to Dolores Monclair. This was not as odd a coincidence as it might seem. It had been carefully engineered by Dolores herself, past mistress in the art of getting what she wanted.

The famous actress, having severed her connection with Grenoble, had gone to the South of France, and thence to New York, where she had many acquaintances in the theatrical world, and where she intended to find a new engagement. Dolores, though adroit at deceiving others, seldom deceived herself. She knew that the days were passing when she could hope for success on the score of beauty alone. After a long session with her mirror, she had determined to leave revue and take up acting in straight parts.

"I saw your play last night, of course," she said to the coolly polite Carson, who had been not too well pleased when his hostess, a friend of Dolores, had told him that he was to take that actress in to dinner. "I think, if I may be allowed to say so, there is no doubt that you are one of the great coming playwrights. Has the play been arranged for in England?"

"Only provisionally," answered Anthony. "A man has been found to back the production, and I am to have a large part in the direction and selection of the cast. My agent let my play, 'Berenice,' go on rather unsatisfactory terms from the standpoint of direction, leaving me helpless as far as the production is concerned. I am determined to keep the right to see 'Kinship' through myself."

"That is always more satisfactory," murmured Dolores sympathetically. "Berenice is the new Grenoble show, isn't it? I have just left Grenoble, you know. I can tell you from experience he can't be trusted."

"What do you mean?" said Anthony, abruptly.

Dolores shrugged her shoulders.

(To be Continued.)

NOTICE

I will not be responsible for any bills contracted by any person without my written order.

B. I. RAYNER.
8043-2-10-31.

W. C. T. U. Notes

EGYPT'S AWAKENING

In the great station square of Cairo there stands a new sculpture placed there by the Egyptian Parliament. It shows the figure of a sphinx, not recumbent, as are the sphinxes of ancient Egypt, but rising on its forefeet, stretching itself. Close by, with her hand upon its head, shrouded as always in black, stands a woman with head upraised and veil thrown back, looking above and beyond. The name of that sculptured group is "Egypt Awakening."

As you stand with me before it your hearts, too, will go out in prayer to God that, as she awakens Egypt, may reach the highest and best.

I love to think of the work of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union as responding to the call of the prophet Isaiah (62: 10)—"Prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up an ensign for the peoples"; and also to this call of his (62: 6)—"I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem. . . ye that are Jehovah's remembrancers take ye no rest."

It is an old problem there, this liquor question, for in the tombs of the kings we find this, "His earthly abode was rent and shattered by wine and beer, and his spirit escaped before it was called for."

Old pictures portray men carried home from a drinking party and women overcome with wine at feasts.

Priests worked against the evil, and on a papyrus written by Amenaman, 2000 B. C., we read: "My son, hast thou forgotten thine oath? Didst thou not take an oath concerning strong drink that thou wouldst not put such into thee? God regards not the breakers of pledges. Those who go to the taverns are degraded like the beasts. I, thy superior, forbid thee to go to the taverns."

As we stand in the midst of that city of a million people and look beyond those granite forms we see on building and billboard advertisements of foreign liquors. Last summer, in the suburbs of Alexandria, I tried to make for you a list of the drinks of all nations shown on the billboards, but there were too many. The use of local wines, especially date wine, with its very high alcohol content, is alarmingly prevalent. Much beer is manufactured from grain, and even from bread. These stones must be gathered out of the way of the people.

But there is in Egypt today a stumbling stone even worse than liquor, bad as that is. It is the spread of the "white drugs." Down through the years Egypt has used raw opium, but in May, 1926, a law forbade further cultivation. The miles of the lovely flowers of the opium poppy that had cursed the Nile Valley disappeared. I have not seen one since that time.

After the war a merchant introduced cocaine, and its use quickly spread to all classes. Now heroin, that worst of all drugs, has largely taken its place.

I wish to pay a tribute to the work of Russell Pasha, an Englishman, for many years head of police in Cairo, and now also in charge of the new government bureau for combating drugs. His fearless energy in tracing drug rings to their haunts and in inducing nations to prevent manufacture and export by reform of their laws is making the whole world a little safer.

He estimated that of Egypt's fourteen million people one half million might be addicts, and the daily expenditure reach fifty thousand pounds. This is from a land where the daily wage of a laborer has fallen to fifteen cents or a little more.

In a recent report Russell Pasha wrote: "Police work alone is not sufficient. Public opinion must be aroused. There is scarcely a family in Egypt that has not among its members or friends someone who has lost all through drugs." Then follows a sentence that might well become a slogan for this convention. "This family grief and family shame must be welded into a national determination to cure the country of this evil."

We of Egypt wish to thank the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for her gifts to us. By them millions of pages of literature and thousands of posters have been sent on their mission of warning and teaching, "lifting up an ensign for the peoples."

Two beautiful queens of the East left me to mind as we close. Vasilii left her throne and was lost to the public eye because she refused to share the debauchery of a royal feast. Esther said, "I will go," when there came to her the message, "If thou at this time hidest the ease, then will relief be done to the Jews from another place . . . and who knoweth whether thou art not

come to mid as we close. Vasilii time as this?"

Christian women of the world, "Take ye no rest." "Gather out the stones from the way of the people, lift up an ensign for the peoples," for "Who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

(This address was given at the opening session of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held in Toronto, Canada, in June, 1931.)

LORETTA M. HOYMAN.

THE TOBACCO HABIT

Dealing with this habit from a purely physical standpoint and that is the least serious one, D. H. Kress, M. D., Neurologist, Washington Sanatorium and Hospital, writing on "Tobacco Industry Destructive to our National Life," out of a wonderful practical experience on the subject affirms:

"Nervous and mental diseases have tremendously increased with the increase in the use of cigarettes. Much of this can be attributed to the prevalent use of cigarettes. So common are mental diseases at the present time that every other bed in the hospitals of America is now being occupied by a mental case. Aside from this there are a great many suffering from nervous diseases that may be termed border line cases."

P. E. I. IN FAVORABLE LIGHT

In these modern days divorce is such a common occurrence that its

absence is remarked. Thus it has happened that Prince Edward Island received some publicity because within its provincial borders since confederation—some sixty-eight years ago—it has a record of only two divorces.

Prince Edward Island is having a history all its own in strong contrast with the eight other wet provinces comprising the Dominion of Canada. In proof of this statement the Island voted dry some thirty-three years ago and in spite of the testing of the years knew its own mind enough to stay dry. It has been recently remarked by a prominent Government minister that the other provinces are so dependent on liquor sale profits it would be difficult to do the provincial financing minus this sale. But it appears as if were going to be difficult to avoid a deficit in these treasuries enriched, as they claim to be, with a wet tax. It is stated that Prince Edward Island financially is as good as any of the provinces, and it is surmised that its financial prospects may be better.

MRS. JOHN BELL, SHEDIAC CAPE, DEAD, AGED 92

SHEDIAC, Feb. 3.—Mrs. Thomson Bell, widow of John Bell and the oldest resident of Shediac Cape, died at her home there last night after a short illness. Mrs. Bell was born at Shediac Cape 92 years ago last June, a daughter of John Harshman, who came from Halifax over a century ago and settled at the Cape. He was one of those who built the Anglican Church of St. Martins-in-the-Wood over a 100 years ago. Mrs. Bell's mother was a daughter of John Welling, a United Empire Loyalist, who went to Prince Edward Island from Newburg-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., and afterwards removed to Shediac Cape.

Surviving are a daughter, Miss Fanny C. Bell, R. N., and a sister, Miss Julia Harshman, both of Shediac Cape.

MRS. WILHELMINA GODDOR

At Milwaukee, Wis., on the 27th day of January, passed away Mrs. Wilhelmina Goddor at the age of 27 years. After an illness of four months she had been preceded in the grave in time of her sickness by her children, Anthony at 8 days and Mary Jane at 2 years old.

She was born at Rutco, Prince Edward Island, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Gallant, formerly of that place.

She is mourned besides her husband, by her parents, she is a sister to Father Arthur C. J. M., missionary priest at River St. John.

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HIGHLIGHTS OF ANNUAL STATEMENT

Assets	\$ 25,850,520
Policy and Annuity Reserves	21,085,822
Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries over	3,300,000
Insurance in Force over	147,700,000

ABSTRACT OF 44th ANNUAL STATEMENT

Insurance Issued and Revived \$	21,630,781
Insurance in Force	147,721,473
Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries	3,373,152
Premium Income	4,533,600
Total Income	6,097,395
Total Assets	25,850,520
Policy and Annuity Reserves	21,085,822

HOW ASSETS ARE DISTRIBUTED

	Percentage of Total Assets
First Mortgages—	
City Properties	39.79
Farm Properties	8.71
Bonds and Debentures	20.86
Preferred and Common Stocks	3.06
Real Estate	3.26
Policy Loans	17.33
Cash and Other Assets	6.99
	100.00

COMPARATIVE FIGURES

	Insurance in Force	Insurance Issued and Revived
1892	\$ 1,120,896	\$ 517,000
1912	13,936,355	2,957,135
1932	147,721,473	21,630,781

Copy of Complete Report Mailed on Request.

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