Have You Lost That Snap? Feel Yourself Slipping?

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How many thousands drag on through life with weary step and worn and haggard face who might be strong and healthy but for some constitutional weakness.

It should be the aim of everyone to retain the strength, health and vigor of mind and body, and to fortify the system against attacks of disease.

Milburn's H. & N. Pills contain the elements so necessary to create vim, force and energy to run the machinery of the system.

Get a box from your druggist. You won't be disappointed.

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THE MAJESTIC SAGUENAY

VACATION this summer in a world so different — so beautifully, restfully different — know the piety, age and peace of old Québec — Canada's oldest province.

Roadside shrines and crosses bless the miles between the villages, with their treasures of French-Canadian handicraft. See the old Normandy farm houses that stud the smiling countryside. Lose yourself in legend and romance.

Follow the majestic St. Lawrence for a thousand miles from gay Montréal, through Trois Rivières and ancient Québec City to the golden sands of Gaspé's Eastern tip. On the way back see the famous Saguenay and visit Chicoutimi and Lac St. Jean.

Excellent roads, friendly wayside inns, old French customs, the French language on all sides — and the "homiest", most hospitable people in all the world — the simple, unspoiled, peace-loving French-Canadians.

Bienvenue à Québec!

COME by by by but be sure to COME to QUÉBEC

WHERE TO GO — WHAT TO SEE

Montréal, Hull and the Gatineau Valley, the Laurentians, the St. Maurice Valley, Québec City, Laurentide National Park, Lac St. Jean and Chicoutimi, Eastern Townships, Gaspé and lower St. Lawrence, Abitibi and Témiscamingue.

Good Hotels and Inns Everywhere

For maps and descriptive literature, write your home travel agency, Automobile Club, Chamber of Commerce, or Provincial Tourist Bureau, Québec City, Canada.

PROVINCIAL TOURIST BUREAU
ROADS DEPARTMENT
QUÉBEC - CANADA

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of *The 3rd District of Queen's* County Liberal Association is to be held in Webster's Corner Hall on Wednesday, June 10th at 8 p.m. for the purpose of electing District Officers and transacting any other business which may come before the meeting. Each Poll is entitled to send five delegates. All Liberal voters of the District are requested to be present.

T. A. RODD, President.
J. ELLIS LACEY, Secretary.

L5213-6-5-3i

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE

That well-known property of P. Mullins, No. 99 Pownal St., consisting of large house with store. House contains 15 rooms, including bath room, steam heated; large yard; stable to accommodate 15 horses. Central location for store, hotel, rooming house and stabling. Property in good repair.

If not sold by June 19th will be sold by public auction at 2 p.m. on that date.

For particulars apply on the premises or to

J P. BRADLEY & CO.,
Auctioneers.

L-5296

Georgetown-Charlottetown Bus Service

STARTING MONDAY, APRIL 27th.
or as soon after as possible.

Leave Georgetown	8.15 A.M.	Leave Charlottetown	4.00 P.M.
Cardigan	8.35 A.M.	Johnston's River	4.20 P.M.
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
Headquarters at Georgetown — F. J. Soloman

Parcels carried at minimum charge of 25c.

ALLISON MOSSIS Charlottetown P. E. Island

FAITHFUL

By MARGARET GORMAN NICHOLS

CHAPTER 22

There was never a more surprised young man than Clive Leader the next morning when a girl in a yellow dress with a green kerchief tied about her throat and a small pretty little woman in white appeared at the table set for four. Iris's eyes met Barton Boone's in amusement. Clive's shyness was evident by the deep flush that came to his brown face.

But before breakfast was over there was no embarrassment and more genuine ripples of laughter and earnest talk came from their table than from any other. Mary, who had been everywhere except China, questioned Clive Leader eagerly.

Barton smiled at Iris. "Let Mrs. North catch up on her travel talk. We're going for a walk."

On deck the air was brisk and salty. The clouds were low and blue. After a long walk, Barton tucked Iris comfortably in a steamer chair.

The delightful peace of this—having left havoc and uncertainty behind her and going to a destination unknown! Mark had spoken of a yacht and the Mediterranean. Lazy days in the sunshine with Mark, tall and brown in white. Time would cease to exist. Wherever he was, had he forgotten?

Why had not Joel been at the pier when she sailed? To Eaton Forest he would write some vague excuse. It was nothing to worry about. Yet she could think of no reasonable excuse for his having failed to come. She had left Louis in the wreckage of his marriage—gallant to the end about it. There was nothing ahead for Louis except his work.

She saw Mary and Clive looking at the water. Mary was frowning in the wind as she held on to her hat. Her mouth had a childish sweetness. Clive Leader, some of his shyness gone in the company of this understanding woman, looked down on her in wonder as if never in his life in any of the far-off places his career had taken him had he seen anything comparable to her.

"You see what I see?" said Barton.

"If it is what you think you see," said Iris, "will she reject it?"

"Not if she's wise. He's a big person, reserved, quiet, and strong. He's what's left of a man when all the rough edges have been worn off. Life is still tossing me about."

Mary put on her prettiest frock for dinner, a pale green thing, which made her look no older than a girl at high school commencement. Iris wore a severe white dress.

That night while the music played Iris saw something begin with interest and envy. For many hours thereafter while the boat neared Boston she saw Clive falling in love with Mary and Mary obstinately turning her back on it.

The tall Englishman did not love her with a persuasive flow of words. The little things he did for her, his eyes looking at her across the table, his eyes looking down on her short dark curls while they danced spoke more than clumsy words could say.

Mary was studied and silent and, Iris knew, deeply troubled. In their dark room the first night she had said, "I'm not a romantic child. Since Julian's death I have met so many men. Some wanted to marry me but they would have been unworthy to take his place."

Iris did not ask, "Is Clive unworthy?" because she knew, as Mary knew, that he was not.

The next night Iris was in the room when Mary came in. Heavy clouds outside made the room gloomy and cold.

"He asked me to marry him tonight," said Mary, standing at the foot of Iris's bed. "What he said was beautiful because it was so simple and honest. Not a flowery speech. He said, 'I want to take you back to China with me as my wife. If I can't have all your heart, Mary, I shall be content with what you can give me. To be with you for the rest of my life is all I ask'."

"And what was your answer?"

"It was—no. This is such a sudden thing. I'm not an impulsive person, Iris. But I know now for certain that I can't let anyone share what was Julian's."

Iris said kindly, "But Julian is dead, Mary. He wouldn't want your life to be lonely and empty—nothing but parties and pretty clothes to fill in. He was a scientist. He loved a useful life."

"And mine has been such silly forth. I know that, but I can't. It's—it's being unfaithful."

"It was you who told me not to turn away from a great experience. I'm arguing for Clive, Mary. He—he's very much like Mark. You must not turn away from it. Your life will be emptier than ever."

* * * *

Boston was seen through a veil of murky rain the next morning. As had been planned, Barton was to be their host at breakfast in Boston. It was his lively good humor and endless talk that relieved the embarrassing silence as the four of them left the ship and journeyed by cab to a restaurant.

As the rain washed against the windows, breakfast was a polite and solemn ritual. Clive's brown eyes were hurt. Mary's cherry-red mouth trembled a little. Iris could think of nothing except Mary's letting Clive go out of her life, finally and abruptly, when this painful meal was ended.

Barton said, "Well, Iris, I'll send you a wedding present. Perhaps it'll be a miniature ship to remind you of me. Otherwise you'll forget. We had had fun, haven't we?"

"You've been lovely to me," said Iris.

Mary said tightly, "We really must go. We've got to get our bus."

In Iris's eyes was a message. "There's still time to change your mind. I can look after myself and get to Eaton Forest. There's still time for you to admit you love Clive."

But Mary looked away and her bright mouth was firm.

At the door of the restaurant they turned to say gooy-bye. For Iris it was a tense, sad moment. Mary murmured, "Good-bye, Barton. Good-bye, Clive. I'm sorry, so sorry, but I . . ." and when her voice broke she hurried out like a runaway child to the waiting cab.

"I'm sorry, too," Iris said to Clive. "I did my best . . ."

He smiled. "Perhaps if it had not been on shipboard she would have believed me."

"Oh, she does believe you!" Iris felt the grip of his hand. "She loves you. Won't you find her sometime and tell her again? China," said Iris, "isn't such a long way off—for Mary."

In the cab Mary was crying softly. Iris turned around, seeing the figures of Barton and Clive walking up the rain drenched street. "There goes an amusing playmate," she thought, "and the man Mary loves. I don't suppose I'll ever see them again."

It could not have been a more dismal day. The few passengers on the bus huddled down in their seats and either went jerkily to sleep or stared absently at the misty countryside. Delay seemed to met them at every turn. There was a flat tire on a long lonely stretch of road and engine trouble in a quaint little village.

Mary, usually so cheerful, set her blue eyes on the changing landscape thinking of calm brown eyes in the restaurant that had secretly asked her again, and the tall rain-coated figure walking down the street, walking out of her life. Clive would go back to China to a lonely house and a bachelor's life in the fairly gay British colony.

Vainly she tried to find comfort in the thought that she was taking Iris to Mark. Perhaps in the tranquility of Eaton Forest they would find the happiness that Iris had proudly and stubbornly thrown away. That presented problems, too. Iris was innocent of Mark's presence at Eaton and perhaps when she saw him, she'd be angry at the deception. It was too all too much, too complicated for her tired puzgled mind.

She met Iris's eyes briefly. "Stop reproaching me with your silence, Iris. I haven't seen any of the places we've passed. I've been thinking of Clive's loneliness and my empty, useless life."

"He didn't want you to feel sorry for him. He wanted you to love him."

Mary lowered her lashes, tucked her chin in the collar of her sport coat.

"I do love him. I can't live with a memory. Julian told me that—that day." She looked away. "I can go on loving the memory of Julian. Nothing can change or alter that. Iris, I'm tired of being a butterfly. I want to live the kind of life a woman was meant to live. Home and husband and children. Women reach out for other things but they're restless, abnormal women."

"Perhaps he'll come back," said Iris.

"He'll never come back. I told him my answer was final." She smiled at Iris. "This was to be your trip, darling. It turned out to be my heartbreak. But your time is coming later."

"There was a silence, then Mary looked up and said, "You're not still angry with Mark?"

"I'm sorry I lost my temper that day. If only he had not paid that money!"

(To Be Continued)

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Established 1893

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.

CHANDLER and BELL

Showroom and Workshop at Radio Towers,

Malpeque Road

W. C. T. U. Notes

SOWING THE SEED

Do you know that the right or wrong you do
Will come back of a certain some day to you?—
You cannot escape the shadows they cast
Over your future, along your past;
Whatever you do sends echoes back
Or across or forward along your track.

Sure as the sun shines over the earth
Thoughts, ambitions, and love have birth;
And nothing can stay them,—results must come;
Once spoken, a word can never be dumb.
The flower of love,—the deceit of hate,—
The value of purity—falsehood's mate—
Whichever you plant will come back to you,
For you can't get away from the deeds you do.

Farther back in your sin-stained soul,
Or deeper down in your innocence whole,
Farther or deeper, whichever it be,
Intensified character builds, you see.
And your own blackens or glows with life,
According to what you put into the strife.

—Nancy O. Parke.

BIBLE LESSON
Haggai, I Chap, 3-7.

History repeats itself as do the seasons. Today all over this land the thoughts of our people are turning to this seed time whether it be on a city garden plot or on the great farms or ranches. Spring has brought the thought of renewed life. The prophet utters a timely warning to all, "Consider your ways; ye have sown much and brought in little." Why? So far as we are concerned does not Isaiah answer in Chapter 28 : 14-19.

So long as we as a nation stand by and agree to having an agreement with hell we must also have a covenant with death, and the harvest will be small.

It has often been written, "woe to them that shall call evil good and good evil." Iniquity cannot be written into our laws and stand on our statutes and we as a people escape the results, so we are not escaping the consequences of permitting the liquor traffic to plant the sale of beverage alcohol in our midst. We have all been guilty in not crying aloud nor sparing not those who have delivered us into the traps set for our people. We have listened to the platitudes and pleasure revenues, etc. knowing meanwhile that this is a bag with holes and that for every dollar that is gathered in much more must be expended to meet the costs accruing from its sale. But what have we done to counteract such teaching. Here we have brought in little.

If we as women for one year would set before ourselves the task of sowing the seed of personal responsibility and placing this where it belongs on the electors of today, we could rid ourselves of this curse. We have been and are being duped by the cry, "Save the Young." All well and good but he had better save the older people and set their feet in the right way and wipe out the evils that exist and then save and keep our precious childhood and youth. We sow much and bring in little. Why? Because we permit the powers of evil to go their way unmolested, sowing tares and weeds and the weeds spring up and choke the good seed. We need a more militant Christianity, A LIVE FAITH.

The Lord sends forth the call, "Who will go for Me?" May we answer, "Here am I, send me," and then rouse ourselves from our ease and get up ready to GO. If the Fathers have sown sour grapes the children's teeth will be set on edge.

CAN'T HELP SEEING

Christ had much to say about voluntary blindness; having eyes and yet not seeing.

There is bulking on the horizon of everday life a growing obsession, that life is for a never ending round in the indulgence dubbed "A good time," instead of the concept of a great poet who reminds: "Life is real, life is earnest."

Liquor's control, in our Dominion, is lowering the moral tone of our social life more and more every day it is allowed to exist.

In one Ontario city its mayor declared that a campaign should be commenced against dance halls, bootleggers and pool rooms. Truly, this is a great combination for destroying the morals of youth.

In the same city a minister had the courage to advesely comment on the action of the Board of Education for allowing dancing during "open nights" in the Collegiate and Vocational Institute. Such an attitude by educational authorities practically forces many pupils to indulge in a practice which may not commend itself to many parents who send their children to be educated and not to be exposed, to say the least, to the lassitude of body and mind attendant on late hours and excitement.

The city of London has what is termed "The Western Fair," and it was proposed to "pep up" this agricultural gathering by engaging a dance band, but the President took the sensible stand that the fair was primarily an agricultural exhibition and not a dance hall.

Then the Commission, which has charge of the London and Port Stanley Railway, Ontario, when discussing the advisability of hiring a band for the lakeside pavilion during the summer was assured by one of its influential members that "ballroom dancing is just a passing fad. In a short time no one will consider the recreation." Can it be that this optimistic outlook is correct?

"DANGER AHEAD"

A leaflet with the above heading has arrived, outlining in a brief way the call to all thinking Christian people to help in the "Save Canada Crusade." Mrs. V. L. Miller who heads this movement has placed the call in a very appealing form. It is to be hoped that W.C.T.U. people get busy on the petition forms which will be presented late this year—asking to abolish sale and manufacture of beverage alcohol. At the April Convention of Winnipeg district forms were distributed and we are hoping for good results. By this time over 4,000 signatures have been given in Prince Edward Island.

"Since repeal of Prohibition in U. S. A. arrests of women charged with drunkenness in Los Angeles are reported to have increased by 178 per cent."

VICTORY

When you are forgotten, or neglected, or purposely set at nought, and you smile, with your heart at rest—That is Victory.

When your good is evilly spoken of, your wishes are crossed, your task offended, your advice ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence—That is Victory.

When you are firm in difficulties, and superior in adversity—That is Victory.

When you fully realize that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom—That is Victory.

When you lament not the loss of that you cannot retrieve—That is Victory.

When you know that each day is a new life, and that yesterday is one hundred years old—That is Victory.

When you are content with simple raiment, plain food, any solitude, any interruption—That is Victory.

—Author Unknown.

Father—When I was your age, Tom, my parents never had any trouble with me.

Modern Son—Well, I can't say I've had any real trouble with you, either, dad.

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-4651-5-9-16-23-30.

Mortgage Sale

There will be sold by public auction in front of the Law Courts Building at Charlottetown in Queen's County, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, on Tuesday the 7th day of July, A.D. 1936, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL that parcel of land on Lot Twenty-four in Queen's County, in Prince Edward Island bounded and described as follows: Bounded on the West by the Rustico Road, and running on said Road nine chains and sixty-two links, thence East thirty-three chains, thence North nine chains and sixty-two links, thence west thirty-three to the place of commencement bounded on West by Rustico Road, on the South by land in possession of Angus Gallant, on the East by land of James G. McCallum and on North by land of James Henry McInnis containing twenty-nine acres of land, a little more or less. ALSO ALL that other parcel of land on Lot twenty-four aforesaid bounded and described as follows: Commencing on the West side of the Rustico Road in the Southern boundary of twenty-five acres of land owned by one John Neill and acquired by him from the Estate of his late father John Neill, thence along said Road southwardly a sufficient distance to make and include fifty acres of land herein conveyed, thence Westwardly and parallel with the southern boundary of the above named twenty-five acres to the rear line of farms fronting on the New Glasgow Road, thence Northerly all the said rear line to the South boundary of the twenty-five acres above mentioned and thence Eastwardly along said southern boundary to the Rustico Road aforesaid containing fifty acres of land, a little more or less and being the Northern one-half of the farm of one hundred acres owned by the said John Neill adjacent on the South to the above named twenty-five acres.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of and pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of Mortgage bearing date the first day of June, A.D., 1923, and made between Percy Smith of Oyster Bed Bridge in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, Farmer, and Lelia Smith his wife, of the first part, and Daniel Stewart of Charlottetown in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, Gentleman, of the second part, and because of default having been made in the payment of the principal money and interest hereby secured.

For further particulars apply at the Office of The Eastern Trust Company, or to Bell & Mathieson, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

Dated this 5th day of June, A.D., 1936.

DANIEL STEWART,
Mortgagee.

L-5334-6-6-13-20-27

Business and Professional DIRECTORY

WHEN in need of professional or specialized business of any kind, consult this directory and here you will find listed reliable professional and business firms, of P. E. I.

Art

GULLISON'S ELITE BEAUTY Salon, 176 Great George Street. Large competent staff. Prompt, satisfactory service. Phone 1329.

Barbers

THE FASHION BARBER SHOP, 156 Queen Street. Sanitary and most inviting. Expert barbers in attendance at all times. We solicit your patronge. Frank Riggs, Proprietor.

PERCY WALSH, 167 GREAT George Street. We guarantee all our work. Try us.

Battery Service

BATTERY SERVICE IN ALL its branches. Radiator repairing. Exide and Prestolite Batteries. Malletts Battery Service. Phone 980.

Coal

PHONE 583 FOR HIGH GRADE, well. screened. Drummond, or Shore Coal. Hughes & Edmonds.

Clothes Cleaners

SUITS CLEANED, PRESSED, repaired. Suits made to measure. Theo. Sentner, 124 Kent Street.

NEW METHOD CLEANERS. Phone 983 for satisfactory service. We clean all kinds of clothing and any fabric. Also clean and block hats. 130 Longworth Avenue.

Clothiers

KELLY & MacINNIS, MEN'S Wear. Don't guess, buy Society Brand Clothes and be sure.

Electrical

MOTOR SERVICE AND Repairs. Refrigerators, Washers, Vacuum Cleaners, Blowers, Oilburners. All commercial motors. When in trouble phone 1444. Palmer Electric, 155 Great George Street.

Footwear

EVERYTHING IN FOOTWEAR. Correct fit. Latest styles. Best quality. Most reasonable prices. Mail orders promptly attended to. Purdie - Ferguson Shoe Company, Charlottetown.

General Delivery

FRED'S DELIVERY SERVICE, Rapid delivery. Stand at Louie's Service Station. Fred Brown.

Investments

EASTERN SECURITIES CO., Ltd., 146 Richmond Street. W. H. V. Dunbar, Manager. Securities Bought, Sold and Quoted.

Jewelers

G. H. TAYLOR, 121 GRAFTON Street. Watches, Jewelry, Expert Repairs. Phone 353.

Optometrist

E. W. TAYLOR, REGISTERED Optometrist. 142 Richmond Street. Alberton Branch, J. S. Taylor.

Painting

LOUIS HOWATT. PHONE ME. 44 School Street. You'll get service. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Photography

PHOTOGRAPHS, AMATEUR Finishing, Enlargements. Island colored views. Craswell Studio, Great George Street.

Plumbing

FRED H. TRAINOR, PHONE 393-J. Guaranteed plumbing and heating service. Try us. 80 Grafton Street.

Radio

GET YOUR TUBES AND BATteries from Vail's Radio Service. Phone 107. 178 Kent St.

PHONE 1158 FOR EXPERT Repair service. MacLean's Radio Service, 267 Fitzroy Street.

Restaurants

S. F. DUFFY, 204 RICHMOND Street. Quick Lunches, Soft Drinks, Smokes, Fruit, Confectionery, Ice Cream. L

Second Hand Store

USED STOVES AND FURNIture bought and sold. C. A. McLennan, 101 Sydney Street.

Service Station

RED INDIAN STATION, CORner Great George and Fitzroy. Try us once—you'll be back. Phone 1234.

Shoe Shine

TRY LORNE HARPER FOR A real good shine. Smokes, Soft Drinks, Confectionery. Opposite Central Garage, Kent St.

Tailoring

MURDOCK ROSS, CUSTOM Tailoring. Cleaning, Repairing, Pressing. Also representing Lowndes famous 20th Century Brand made-to-measure clothing. 172 Kent Street. Phone 387.

Taxi

PHONE 1161 — MacDONALD'S Taxi. No delays. No reckless driving. Most reasonable rates.

Tire Service

PHONE 909 AND EVERYTHING is fine. Whitlock's Tire Service, 162 Kent Street.

Typewriter Service

PHONE 1116-J — PETER S. Robichaud. Twenty years experience in overhauling, repairing and adjusting all makes of typewriters. Reasonable monthly service rates. 42 Queen Street.

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