

**A GOOD SPRING TONIC**

**NYALS BEEF, IRON WINE**

A palatable Tonic in which are combined the nutritive of beef, the tonic power of iron and ammonium citrate with the mild stimulating properties of wine.

For those who are weak and run down and require a bracing tonic.

**J. ERNEST H. WORTH**  
142 Prince St. Phone 82.

**The Central Guardian**

This column is covered for news of local interest but advertising of a new nature may be inserted at 4 cents a word strictly payable in advance.

**CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE.** L-6788-7-12-312

**CRASWELL FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.** L-3494-3-28-47.

**L. O. B. A. AT HOME**—The members of Memorial Lodge L. O. B. A. were at home to their friends at the pretty new home of Mrs. Harold Hall on School St. for Thursday afternoon. The guests were received by the hostess, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. George Bell, W. M. of Memorial Lodge. The rooms looked very attractive, the flowers used were snapdragons and daffodils. Mrs. Mary McLean, P.R.W.M., poured tea. Other members assisting were: Mrs. Louise Bonnell, R.W.M., Mrs. Burt, Mrs. A. K. McPhee, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Chas. Roberts, Mrs. Geo. Wheatley, Mrs. Albert McDougall, Mrs. J. Warren, Mrs. W. H. McLeod, Mrs. J. Howatt, Mrs. J. Dickie, Mrs. S. Campbell, Mrs. S. French.

Mr. Peter MacDonald of Thistle and Shamrock, paid a business trip to the City yesterday.

**ONE DIVORCE FOR SEVEN WEDDINGS**

(Canadian Press)

**VICTORIA, B. C., April 24**—British Columbia divorce courts during March, 1936, granted 49 decrees, ten more than in February this year, a survey reveals.

During the first three months of 1936, 129 divorces have been granted for the province, approximately one divorce for every seven marriages. During 1935 the divorce rate established a new high mark.

Marriages in February, 1936, number 279, a drop of 15 from the corresponding month of last year.

**INCORPORATIONS**

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

**OTTAWA, April 24**—Notice of the following incorporations is given in the current issue of the Canada Gazette: Sherwin Investments, Ltd., \$50,250 and Yolanda Company, Ltd., \$6,000, both of Charlottetown.

her own tiny model home, a gift from the Welsh people, on her sixth birthday.

Elizabeth herself made the tea for this party and buttered the toast.

Daffodils from the small garden in front of the model home decorated the table.

No school bells rang for the Princess. In stead she opened presents, and watched the ceremony of changing the guards in the quadrangle at Windsor Castle.

Special arrangements had to be made by the court postoffice to handle the rush of telegrams, letters, parcels and cards from all parts of the world.

Many of the gifts were stamps, for the princess has followed her grandfather, the late King George V. as a philatelist.

Many gifts had to be returned, for she may accept none from strangers or business firms.

Like most other children the fair-haired blue-eyed princess finds in every birthday the thrill of being brought another step toward the "grown-up" stage of life. One of her ambitions of the moment is to be permitted to operate the elevator in the Piccadilly home of her parents, the Duke and Duchess of York.

Her first live pet, a Cairn terrier, given her by "Uncle David," now King Edward, she treasures more than any toy. She takes the terrier everywhere with her in a collapsible travelling kennel.

When but four years old the curly-haired princess commenced riding lessons. Her grandfather, the King George, had presented her with a pony. Music lessons, too, were started when the Princess was four.

On her sixth birthday she discarded her tricycle for a bicycle which had been made especially for her in black and gold. What made her exclaim with delight, however, was the gift of a little model house, a present from the people of Wales.

"Of course, I'm really grown up already," exclaimed the princess and she went to work to experiment with cooking. To make it all the more realistic she was permitted to open a charge account so that she could do her own shopping.

**RESEMBLES KING MARY**

At 10, Princess Elizabeth is getting tall. Her golden hair, blue eyes, and features are definitely taking on a close resemblance to King Mary. She is beginning to emphasize her own taste in dress when allowed, and prefers tailored clothes. Her favorite shade seems to be yellow.

The close comradeship between "Lilibet" and her grandfather, the late King George, now bids fair to be replaced by growing affection between her and "Uncle David," who loves to listen to her ingenious chatter.

Though she is an up-to-date little miss, Princess Elizabeth is quite unspoiled for her Scottish mother adheres to the old Scottish rules of implicit obedience, diligence in studies, and personal neatness.

As an unprecedented treat Tuesday, the Princess had breakfast with her parents, the Duke and Duchess of York, and their guests, who included the Queen.

After breakfast the Princess and her five year old sister Princess Margaret Rose had a treasure hunt for birthday presents.

Queen Mary enjoyed the hunt, and chided the little Princesses with laughing cries of "hot" or "cold."

The Duke and Duchess of York gave Princess Elizabeth a tiny electric car which healy worked. Princess Mary, her aunt, sent a bicycle, and Princess Margaret Rose's present was a big doll. The King's gift was kept a secret, for later in the day.

After the treasure hunt Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose rode their ponies in Windsor Park. In the afternoon Princess Elizabeth gave a piano recital and sang and recited in French.

A despatch from London, Tuesday said: One of Great Britain's most important hostesses welcomed a select group of guests and served them adequate slices of cake with all the dignity of her 10 years.

The guests invited included her "Uncle David," now King Edward VIII, Queen Mary, her parents, the Duke and Duchess of York, and her uncles and aunts, the Dukes and Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester.

Exceedingly personal were the invitations, too—written by the little Princess herself on mauve-edged stationery stamped with the initials "E" and a Royal Crown.

The cake she cut herself from her place of honor at the head of the table, and none other than the King's own chef made this piece de resistance of any birthday party.

This formal affair was at the Royal Lodge at Windsor, and bells of Windsor Castle, St. George's Chapel and Windsor Parish Church were rung in her honor.

Later little Princess Elizabeth entertained a group more nearly acquainted with her own age at a tea in

**What is the Meaning? Of Isa. 65:20**

Hear about it when Evangelist F. W. Johnston speaks

**SUNDAY 8 P. M. BRIGHTON CLUB**

Corner Foster's Grocery and Brighton Road.

Also Wednesday 8 P. M. "Did Christ die for the sin of Adam or the second death of the sinner?"

ALSO RADIO LECTURE SUNDAY 1 P. M. C. H. C. K. and on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY 7.15-7.45.

Be sure to hear him on the "Fundamentals of the true Christian Church."

L-4032-4-25-11.

**J. O. F. Natal Day Committee**

presents the Pageant "THE ROMANCE OF THE YEAR"

J. O. F. HALL April 27th and 28th 8.00 P. M.

The public may secure tickets from the committee.

TICKETS—50c EACH.

L-3936-4-23-31

**LOW IN PRICE High QUALITY**

- ORANGE MARMALADE, 32 oz. — 25c
- JAM, Strawberry and Raspberry, 32 oz. — 29c
- ORANGES, (medium size) per dozen — 25c
- Chris Brown Sodas — 12c
- CLASSIC CLEANSER, per tin — 5c
- TOILET PAPER, 7 rolls — 25c
- MUSTARD (Prepared) 6 oz. jar — 10c
- CAKES, 2 lbs. — 15c
- SUPER SUDS, large size, 2 packages — 29c
- OXYDOL, large with 1 small package, 2 for — 29c
- BAKING POWDER, 1 lb., cup, saucer, for — 29c

**PRINCE GROCERY**

**The Draegermen**

(A Draegerman is a member of a colliery rescue crew, highly trained and certified, after rigid examination, as content to enter coal mines following explosions, masked and carrying oxygen tanks.)

The work of rescuing the entombed victims of the Moose River gold mine cave-in is thus graphically told by a staff writer of the Toronto Mail and Empire:

Forty men, fearless, gaunt, gray Draegermen from the black mines of Acadia, are tearing and mocking death, defying her threats and fighting, fighting for the lives of two men who are clinging on so hopefully to life, and spurred in their efforts with the words: "The water is higher but we feel fresher air."

Forty men who have faced and sought death for years, are far down like grimy miles. Tonight (April 20) they are still down, a little farther down. And death is brushing a clammy hand across their necks, across their heavy, dripping, in their sweating, gasping, aces, as they dig, dig, dig down and down.

Perhaps I should say as they peck and peck down. For that is the horrible monotony of the self-chosen task. They have been ordered out of their slimy hole. Other men have refused to go down and those other men are brave men.

Through a narrow tunnel, so small that only the head and shoulders of the men, above them, is the landside rock and earth through which they are burrowing their way. It isn't shored up by timbers. They are far too deep to ever be rescued. But they are digging.

Ten feet, twenty feet, separate the Draegermen from their quarry. No one knows just what that distance is. The tall, haggard fighters are voiceless. They don't talk. They just fight and dig like moles. Forty of them, joined by the Timmins hard rock men, pickaxe and shovel, and passing it back and drilling and hammering.

Grown men walk around aimlessly at the surface and wring their hands. They look at each other and open their mouths to speak, and then shut them without saying anything. Grizzled men, they crowd and sleep for days stand like tired pickaxe men, shoulders sagging. Few seem to pray in literal, understandable words. But if prayer means the incarnation of spirits to a great power, prayer is soaring heavenward from the sag hill near Moose River tonight.

Let me describe the scene, first from the air as we circled above it today and then from the surface.

The whole district was crowded with ladders, little ladders, tiny poles in countless numbers. Sixty miles east from Halifax there lies the little village of Moose River. It is a handful of play toys, cardboard things, tossed casually into a dark wilderness of dwarf pine and stunted cedars. It is bleak, drab, lonely.

At the end of this hamlet the tobacco brown of a twisting road leads south-eastward to a strange looking clearing. At first glance it is a gray anti-hill, with tiny black ants creeping sluggishly through its misshapen hills and hummocks. But between the hillocks are the yellow of new timber. Dark forest closes in on all sides. It is a curious place for a young Toronto financier, a famous Toronto surgeon and a middle-aged Toronto unemployed man to meet in a rendezvous with death.

Then you walk along the brown road, a wholly unsurpassed road for its pitch holes and rocks. Previously you have struggled along miles of roads paved with the slag blasted from mines. Its value for such purposes is realized when you know motorists sometimes get five thousand miles from a set of tires and your own car has a puncture in a two mile run.

At the end of this road is a hodge-podge of mckellany. First glance catches a building smashed like paper. It lies on its side. It is a relic of a cave-in which you suddenly see in the centre of the whole scene. It is a repellent scene in the earth, as if the gash on this peaceful country had suddenly sucked in a cheek through its ancient, hideous toothless gums.

Square Hat Box

Stand looking eastwards at this men and to the right is a group of people. They are listening for noises from the drill hole. At the left a lone man sits at what looks like the end of a square hat box lying sideways on the earth. This box is

**READS LIKE A FAIRY STORY BUT IT'S TRUE**

The story of The Brown-Holder Biscuits Limited, of Moncton reads almost like a tale from Arabian Nights or from a Fairy book. For a company to start in the dead centre of the Depression—and in the Maritime Provinces at that—for that company, cramped by insufficient working capital and meeting all sorts of difficulties, to be able to weather the gale seems almost a miracle. It is even more of a miracle that, starting from nothing three short years ago, this company has a record of sales increases that are almost incredible. In December, 1932, 15 on the payroll; in December, 1935, 97 or nearly seven times as many. In 1932, practically no business; in 1935 a turnover which would look good to any biscuit company in Canada.

And the sales are still climbing. In January, February and March of 1936, the output of Brown-Holder products was more than double what it was in the corresponding three months of 1935. Mail orders are being received from the Pacific to the Atlantic. A night crew has been a necessity for many months and the problem of more room, more plant and equipment is becoming more pressing with each passing day.

Not long ago there was added to the staff one of the most expert biscuit mixers in Canada. Learning his trade with the late Joseph A. Marven, of worthy memory, this gentleman returns to Moncton after ten years experience in the leading biscuit factories of Canada. The high quality of Maritime Maid biscuits is being maintained and where possible improved.

Eleven new lines have just been placed on the market. These include Milk Chocolate Bar, Duplex Milk Chocolate Bar, Milk Chocolate Bar assorted, Petit Buerre, Richmond, Fluted Sugars, Marigold Cream Filled, Duplex Marigold, Chocolate, Lemon Cookie and Coconut Taffy Bar.

This does a Maritime industry go steadily forward in spite of the indifference of many Maritimers themselves and notwithstanding difficulties which at times seemed almost insurmountable.

**Telephone Link**

At the top of the box sits a thin young man with a telephone in his hands. He talks to the men below. The front end wears a linesman's hand get strapped to his neck. When they want milk or coffee that man asks for it and it is passed down the line. Also into that box feeds an electric light line. The men drag the end with them. Light bulbs are dotted along the line at intervals.

Topping an escalator stopped when it was jammed with dirt. So you start down it on your hands and knees, groping a tunnel. When you reach the next floor, you find fairly open travelling (the 80-foot shaft and gallery). So you run along it and come to another clogged elevator. Down on your hands and knees you go and dig and burrow again.

That's what those men are doing. They dig down the Reynolds shaft. They hit the gallery. They went along it. They came to the main end of the shaft and they pick and pick through it and then go to another shaft. So down they go and dig and burrow again. They are burrowing their way down, down to the 141-foot level.

Their methods of working is what has caused the whole cry: "For hours they have been just to them." How far as those draegermen down anyway?"

Here's how far they were down when all those broadcasts were made and newspaper reports published. These men are groping. No mining gallery or shaft travels exactly on the level. These men go up and down, and right and left. It isn't a straight line like a drill hole. So, when they estimate they are within 10 feet or 20 feet of their quarry, they may be out another 10 or 20 feet. There is no way of computing the losses of distances in ups and downs.

At dawn today they were "two hours" from them. At noon they were "a couple of hours" away. At dusk tonight they were only an hour or so. And as midnight crept nearer there was no real indication that they were really close except their own enthusiasm and optimism and hopes, that wouldn't be dulled by cold and dust and dark.

Some of those men at dusk tonight have not yet seen today's daylight.

They were down there before dawn. There are 40 of them. While I stood there, a tall gaunt man crawled out of the hole. His breath frosted as yours and mine does in winter. He wore a steel helmet and a light on his chest. He spat blood a few times and staggered in a queer creak. Then he lay down. Ten minutes later he got up, crawled to the hole and vanished.

**Prune Bush Fruit**

Black currants make their best fruit crop on wood grown the previous season, that is on one-year-old wood. The thing to bear in mind in pruning black currants is to have a good supply of growth of this age each season. So, for black currants, the old wood is cut back to strong buds that will develop vigorous new shoots in the present season. Skill of the pruner is directed to shaping the bush to spread its growth in well-balanced fashion from the start and to maintain the balance between the current fruit bearing wood and the new growth. Watching the habit of growth for a few seasons soon teaches how to direct growth for the gardener's purposes. Eight to 12 new branches is considered about right, though judgment of the grower may vary that number according to the conditions under which he grows and the behavior of the black currant varieties being grown.

Red currants make their fruits on spurs carried on wood that is two and three years old. To maintain the balance for the required amount of fruiting wood, three to four branches that have passed their third year are removed each year, cutting to strong buds from which new growth may start in the desired directions. When pruning is done each red currant bush should have from three to four one-year-old shoots, and the same number of two and of three-year-old wood.

Neglect in doing the necessary cutting to keep up a renewal of the wood is the source of most of the poor results with these fruits. Pruning of the right type, complete stripping of the fruits and cultivation round the bushes in the fall, will also assist in cutting down losses through current worms. Pruning should be done first thing in the spring, so the vigor of growth may be directed where it will give fruit.

Gooseberries are only headed back for the first two to three years. This consists of cutting a few inches from the ends of the strong shoots to get fruiting all down the branches. If the end buds are left they may start so vigorously that the remainder of the buds remain dormant, and the weight of the fruit will bend or break down the branches, through being poorly balanced on the branches which should carry fruit spurs.

Weak and broken branches and those which interfere with their neighbors or spoil the shape of the bush should be removed. Most authorities recommend replacing gooseberry bushes every five years. This is readily done by doing some layering and by starting some cuttings year by year, to have a few new bushes always coming along. Taking charge of the small fruit plot is a form of gardening well suited to the teen age by or girl who likes to use head and hands, and see lasting results of work done.

**123 SPRING COATS and SUITS OFFERED SATURDAY**

- Three piece Suits
- Short Tailored Suits
- Fishtail
- Loose back Swaggers
- Belted Styles.

\$9.95 to \$37.50

60 DRESSES Sizes 14 to 44 SPECIAL—\$2.95

**R. P. SIMPSON**  
Queen St. Charlottetown  
Better Dresses and Coats for less

**Quiet Birthday Shows Simplicity Of Training**

**Princess Elizabeth, Ten Years Old, is Being Carefully Reared for High Position.**

Invitations to a birthday party went out the other day, written by hand on blue note-paper, in all the solemn gravity of their 10-year-old author.

Not very many people received them. The blue note-paper carried the initial "E" under a coronet at the top. One of them was addressed to "Uncle David."

Which is to say that the Princess Elizabeth was to observe Tuesday at a quiet family party, much as thousands of other children do, for 10th birthday. And despite the fact public observation has been discouraged, a great empire watched with deep and sympathetic interest this little birthday party.

That is because the 10-year-old princess may one day be queen and Empress. If her "Uncle David," whom we know as King Edward VIII, should never marry and have heirs, Elizabeth's father, the Duke of York, would become king. And then, if he should die without a son, the Princess Elizabeth would succeed to the throne.

The birthday of the little princess designed to be as quiet, and unostentatious as possible, for her mother, the former Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, has insisted that her childhood be free and happy as long as possible.

So for the birthday, a 10-candle cake was baked by the royal chef at Windsor, a brief view of the simple presents, and royal thanks as she cuts the cake and hands the first slices to her uncle, who is King of England, and her grandmother, who is Queen Mary.

This simplicity at her birthday was quite in line with the equally simple Easter observance just completed, when like tens of thousands of Canadian children the little princess came down to a breakfast table adorned with Easter eggs and simple little gifts.

Afterward she went to private Easter services in the Windsor Castle chapel, walking hand-in-hand with her uncles, the King and Queen.

The grownups of the family are still in deep mourning for "grandfather," the late King George V. Elizabeth and her young sister, Margaret Rose, were simply dressed in gray.

But this happy simplicity of childhood must disappear. Very soon little Elizabeth Alexandra Mary must begin to prepare herself for the responsibility that may some day be hers.

The death of King George made little change in the educational routine of the little princess. It consists of the "three R's," dancing, piano, history, French, German.

Despite gossip that she might be sent to some famous girls' school, it has been definitely decided that all Princess Elizabeth's training and education shall be by private tutors.

Many recall that this was the course chosen for Queen Victoria when she was a little girl destined to the throne.

Though only two lives stand between Elizabeth and the throne, her parents have purposely held her back from participation in great public events. The few exceptions have been when she as a bridesmaid at the wedding of the Duke and Kent and Gloucester, and the jubilee celebration of King George and his recent funeral at Windsor Castle.

During the celebration of the jubilee last summer, Elizabeth saw her first Punch and Judy show, and was taken to the London Zoo for the first time, enjoying special

**St. Paul's Church**  
2nd SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

8.30 A. M.—Holy Communion.

10.00 A. M.—The Sunday School.

11.00 A. M.—Morning Prayer and Sermon "God's Word at Work."

Offertory Anthem—"O Saviour of the World" .... Goss

6.30 P. M.—Organ Music.

7.00 P. M.—Evening Prayer and Sermon "The Question of Questions."

Anthem—"Rejoice in the Lord" .... Sir George Martin

All Are Welcome.

R. R. SHEPHERD, Organist and Choirmaster. REV. H. D. RAYMOND, M. A. Rector.

**The Baptist Church** Cor. Prince & Fitzroy Sts.

Minister: REV. F. E. BISHOP

MORNING WORSHIP 11 O'CLOCK

Sermon—"Worship and Service" .... Rev. F. E. Bishop  
Anthem—"O Ye That Love the Lord" .... Colveridge-Taylor

SUNDAY SCHOOL 2.30 P. M.

You are urged to be present at this Bible study service of the Church.

EVENING WORSHIP 7 O'CLOCK

Sermon—"A Christian Creed" .... Rev. F. E. Bishop  
Anthem—"My Soul Doth Magnify the Lord" .... Sarals  
Morning and Evening Services Broadcast by Station C. H. C. K.  
Miss Helen Callbeck, Organist.

You are cordially invited to all Services of THE BAPTIST CHURCH

**St. Peter's Cathedral**

Priest-in-charge: REV. CANON E. M. MALONE.  
Locum tenens: REV. CANON A. P. BANKS.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER; 26th APRIL 1936

8.00 A. M.—Holy Communion.

8.40 A. M.—Matins.

11.00 A. M.—Choral Eucharist and Sermon.

2.00 P. M.—Children's Service. Band of Hope pledges and presentation of Mission Boxes.

7.00 P. M.—Choral Evensong and Sermon.  
Holy Eucharist daily at 7.45 a. m. except Friday (St. Philip and St. James' Day) 8.15; Evensong daily at 5, except Thursday (this week) and Friday at 7.30 p. m.

**Central Christian Church**  
MRS. V. L. DINGWELL, ORGANIST

MORNING SERVICE 11.00 A. M.  
Speaker—Mr. Glendon Partridge.  
Anthem—"Still, Still With Thee" ..... Fletcher  
Soloist, Mr. Preston Beck.

BIBLE SCHOOL 2.30 P. M.  
EVENING SERVICE 7.00 P. M.  
Speaker—Mr. Glendon Partridge.  
Anthem—"The Splendor of Thy Glory" .... Woodward

**Trinity United Church**

Ministers:  
REV. HUGH MILLER, M. A., B. D.  
REV. J. W. BARBOUR, B. A., B. D.

Organist—A. ROY KENDALL, L. R. A. M., A. A. G. O.

11.00 A. M.—Public Worship.  
Sermon—"THE UPWARD LOOK"  
Anthem—"Hear Them, In Love" ..... Woller  
Soprano Solo: Miss Doris Tait

2.30 P. M.—Sunday School and Bible Classes.

7.00 P. M.—Public Worship.  
Sermon—"THE SOUL'S RESPONSE"  
(The Gospel in Song and Story, illustrated by old favorites of the Church—Choruses, Solos etc., by Choir and soloists and interpreted by the Minister.)  
Short Organ Recital before Evening Service; Sketch in F. Minor—Schumann; "When Dusk Gathers Deep"—Stiebbins.

(Morning Service Broadcast by C. F. C. Y.)  
(Morning Service Broadcast by C. F. C. Y.)

**Zion Presbyterian Church**  
REV. G. CARLYLE WEBSTER—MINISTER.  
PROF. LOUIS D. THOMPSON—Organist and Choirmaster

MORNING WORSHIP

11.00 A. M.—Theme: "The Church at Antioch"  
Anthem—"Hear Our Prayer" ..... Bydes

2.30 P. M.—Sabbath School and Bible Classes.

EVENING WORSHIP

7.00 P. M.—Theme: "Thomas, the Devoted Disciple"  
Introducing another of Christ's Companions.

Anthem—"Soldiers of Christ Arise" ..... Miller  
"O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee; My soul thirsteth for Thee." Psa. 63:1.

**The Presbyterian Church in Canada**  
**ST. JAMES CHURCH**

Minister:  
REV. R. MOORHEAD LEGATE, D. D.

Public Worship:  
Morning at Eleven O'clock, and Evening at Seven O'clock.

Sunday School at Two-thirty.  
THE ODDFELLOWS AND REBEKAHS WILL ATTEND THE MORNING SERVICE.  
Morning Music:  
Evening Music:  
STRANGERS AND VISITORS CORDIALLY INVITED.