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### Building Lots For Sale at Brighton

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Large desirable lots on Brighton Road, on York Street and on new Street being opened between Brighton Road and York Street. Larger lots have a frontage of 72 1/2 feet and a depth of 110 feet. Very desirable location. Prices moderate. Persons planning to build under the Housing Scheme or otherwise, should inspect these lots and see plans and prices before locating. For full information regarding location, size and price of lots, apply to:

H. F. MACPHEE OR: IVAN Y. REDDIN, Solicitor, Brighton Apartments, Riley Building.  
L-3976-4-23-24-25-28-30-5-2.

An editor received from a fair contributor some poetic effusions entitled "I Wonder if He'll Miss Me?" After reading them and recovering sufficiently from a severe attack of nervous prostration, the editor returned the verses with the following note: "Dear Madam, if he does he ought never to be trusted with firearms again."

### MARSHALL JOFFRE Reg. No. 13186

Black Percheron Stallion will stand for the season of 1936 as follows:

Leave owner's stable Hazel Grove, Thursday morning, May 5 to Millar Orr's, New Glasgow noon. Via North Rustico to Ira MacCoubrey's, Cavendish, over night. To Frank Bell's, Stanley, noon, Wednesday May 6 to Wilfred Pickering's, Clinton over night. To George MacNeil's, Kensington noon. Thursday May 7 at or near Ernest Millar's, Kelvin over night. To George Jardine, Free town, noon, Friday May 8 at or near Norman Mathieson's, Emerald over night. Thence home to owner's stables Saturday noon, Tuesday, May 12. To John Leo MacGulgan's, Hope River, noon, Wednesday, May 13 to Granville (noon) near Kells Cross, thence home of owner's stables remaining until Tuesday, May 19. This route will be continued fortnightly, health and weather permitting. Mares at owners risk.

HAROLD BAGNALL, Owner.  
L-4138-4-27-31.

### Suitable Eyewear Improves Appearance

You will occasionally hear a person complain that she objects to wearing a correction because of the effect on her "looks." That argument no longer applies. The modern eye service considers appearance, which can now be correctly chosen eyewear be enhanced.

G. F. Hutcheson

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Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Riley Building, Charlottetown.

## MY LADY MELODY

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

Had Garner Owen wanted to shackles himself with a wife he would have done so long ago. And so there seemed to be nobody in the running with the sole exception of the staid, clear limbed handsome Howard Ashley, and Sheila's violin and her career had set up a barrier between them. With a sigh Maria resigned herself to the inevitable. "Then we carry the just the same as usual," he said brightly. "Forget that I have ever asked you, Sheila, but I know always that I love you."

He sat back in his chair and smiled ruefully. "All the same, we will have no music today. I shall be at the dinner party; the old Mario, eh? And you forgive me?"

"Of course I forgive you, Mario. I am fond of you. There is nothing to forgive."

"And we know where we stand," he said as he arose, humming a snatch of a tune.

A quarter of an hour later Sheila left him.

Maria Vascardi showed her to the door. She crossed the sour-looking woman devoured Sheila with eyes that smouldered with jealousy. She caught Sheila's arms as in a vice.

"I have sharp ears," she said in a low whisper. "I was listening at the door. I heard. If you had married Mario I think I should have killed you. Marriage is not for him. He would have been dead long ago if I had not looked after him like a mother. He is a sick man, whatever he may think. I believed you had fallen in love with him and I hated you. But as things are I am satisfied."

Sheila drew her arm away from the vicious clutch with a laugh, choosing to ignore the woman's threat.

"It was a mean trick to listen, Maria," she said as she turned away. "And don't be melodramatically absurd."

Still she felt cold and shivered as she hurried down the stairs.

### CELEBRATION

The celebration dinner was an immense success. Number 7, Pleasant Place, had never presented such a bright appearance or echoed to such lively chatter or so much happy laughter.

Howard sat next to Sheila, but hadn't much chance to speak to her. She was too busy talking to Garner Owen on her left and Mario Casini and Max Maurice across the table.

Speeches were made and toasts were drunk. Garner Owen talked for twenty minutes, keeping the table in a roar of laughter with his witticisms.

Later on, in the drawing room, to which the piano had been transferred from Sheila's studio, Maritza sang and Forsetti played, and finally Sheila delighted the company with her violin.

Howard watched her in silent admiration. Sheila had changed beyond belief. He noticed a difference in her carriage, the very poise of her head, her smile. Her eyes were like diamonds shot with rays of happiness.

Sheila's guests, making them feel completely at home.

As Howard watched her and listened to her talking animatedly to her musical friends his heart grew sad, for he realized that this was Sheila's world, her life, her abiding joy.

He realized grimly that he did not fit into the picture. His future was committed definitely to business, interesting enough in its way, but void of excitement. A journey to the City every morning and a return home when the day's work was done. A holiday once every year. Amusements certainly, the entertaining of friends, motoring, golf, a little bridge, the theatre, dining out, dancing. But would all these make up for what Sheila would have to sacrifice?

She was in her element among her musicians and music lovers. From one to another she went, laughing, chatting, joking, her face eager and alive. Howard thought, oddly, of the salmon he had caught in the river above Christchurch. Might not Sheila be as much out of her element if withdrawn from the environment she loved as the poor fish he had hooked and gaffed?

She came to him with shining eyes, tender, full of solicitude, and nearer to him than she had been for a long while, in sympathy at least.

"Isn't it marvellous, Howard," she whispered. "I feel happier now. I think, than I have ever been before."

He smiled at her and then and there made a firm resolve that he would only see as much of Sheila as she desired. And if, later on, he discovered that she was unalterably fixed upon pursuing her career he would release her from the bargain they had entered into.

It would be a wrench and hurt, but it seemed the right thing for him to do.

The weeks were racing by. Soon Sheila would be twenty-one, of age, her own mistress completely. He must endure in patience until then and leave it to fate to decide.

They were talking together when the maid approached. She had that odd puzzled look Howard had seen before when Eddie Hales had called, and in a flash Howard guessed the truth.

Although invited Eddie had not attended the celebration dinner, but had wired an excuse. His band was playing at a big cinema at Stratfordham. But—

"It's Mr. Hales, Miss," whispered Mario. "I've shown him into the library."

Which meant no doubt that Eddie Hales was not exactly in a condition to mix with the other guests, Sheila excused herself to Howard. In the library she found Eddie standing with his back to the mantelpiece. His eyes brightened as she came to him.

"Sorry about the dinner, Sheila," he said, "but I couldn't make it. There's been trouble in the band and I had to stand by. I don't want to spoil the party, but I just had to come and congratulate you again, sort of pay my respects, you know."

There was whiskey on the table. Eddie helped himself liberally and gave her a toast.

"Here's good luck to the career," he said. "I've had enough, really, but one more drink won't hurt. So long, old girl. I've said my piece and now I'll go."

She was glad he had come, if only for a moment, and at the same time walked. Eddie swayed a little as he walked. He moved to the door of the drawing room, pushed it open and peeped in.

"Some party," he said, "all the nuts."

He waved a hand to Howard, grinning mickingly, then wished Sheila good night, and Maria showed him to the front door.

At two o'clock in the morning the party broke up and the guests departed, the cars which were waiting in a long line picking up their owners and moving briskly off down the slope to the brightly illuminated main road.

Howard left the house at the same time as Garner Owen.

"Ashy," said the amateur musician, "I shall have my usual musical evening next Thursday, dinner at seven-thirty. Sheila will be there. Come and join us."

Howard glanced at Sheila. Did she seem to disapprove of the invitation or was she tricked by a too lively imagination? Howard wondered.

"I'm afraid not," he answered. "Another time, Mario. Owen I shall be delighted. It happens that I have a prior engagement."

(To Be Continued.)

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Canada, Limited  
PARIS, ONTARIO, CANADA

### White—Stewart Nuptials

A very pretty wedding took place at 5 p.m. March 31, 1936, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh White, Sturgeon, when their daughter, Miss Alice Beatrice, became the bride of Mr. Harry L. Stewart, Kilmuir, P. E. I. The room was beautifully decorated for the occasion with an arch of flowers and streamers of pink and white crepe paper. The bride party entered the room to the strains of the Wedding March sweetly played by the bride's aunt, Mrs. Albert Griffin. Mr. Archibald White, brother of the bride, acted as groomsmen and Mrs. Cecil Hicken, cousin of the bride, as bridesmaid. The bride looked very charming dressed in blue crepe de chene and carried a beautiful bouquet of pink roses with streamers having many sweet peas attached. The bridesmaid was dressed in blue crepe de chene and carried a bouquet of columbine roses. Rev. Mr. Flannigan performed the wedding ceremony, after which they all sat down to a sumptuous tea prepared by the hostess, Mrs. Leigh White, who was dressed in brown crepe de chene. The wedding cake was cut by Miss Lilly Creed, cousin of the bride. Immediate relatives and friends of the happy couple were the only guests at the wedding. There were about 30 guests present.

An exceptional feature was the fact that there were four generations present, namely, Mrs. Ernest Griffin, grandmother of the bride, Mrs. Leigh White, with her daughter, Mrs. John Dan Solrie and her daughter, little Catherine Solrie. A most enjoyable evening was spent with music, songs, readings and games and everybody present had a jolly time. A bunch of charivariers also added to the fun.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart received many and lovely beautiful gifts which testified to the popularity of the young couple. A host of relatives and friends join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Stewart a long and happy wedded life. Just as the clergyman performed the benediction the sun came from behind a cloud and shone beautifully on the bride and groom and may the old saying be true, "Happy is the bride on whom the sun shines."

The following evening about 100 young people gathered at the bride's home for a shower. Again the happy couple were the recipients of many beautiful and costly gifts. The evening was spent with music and dancing.

(Patriot please copy)

### Halifax Port Arrivals

Daily vessel report for 24 hours ending 12 o'clock noon Friday, April 24, 1936:

Arrivals: Capulin from Boston; Kirsten B. from local harbour; Fernfield from local harbour; Novallite from local harbour; Pentland from local harbour.

Departures: Lady Hawkins to Demerara; Cavalier to Jamaica; Kirsten B. to Jamaica; Novallite to local harbour; Pentland to local harbour.

Chartered: Fernfield discharging; Can. Britisher loading; Lady Hawkins loading; Cavalier loading; Barge No. 2 berth; Kirsten B. loading; Novallite discharging; Fernfield loading.

### Spring Chapeau Product of Farm

Whether "pillbox, beret, peach basket, ensign sailor, martinique turban," or any other exciting design, fashioned out of wools, straws, velvets, crepes, nainsook, felt, canvas, wadded, linen, or lace, my lady's spring hat gives no evidence of its humble origin. Certainly few persons associate the natty spring creation with the farm, nevertheless millady's hat is the "butterfly" of agriculture. It emerged from the chrysalis of the farm, or, in other words, the original material was produced on the farm. And once more, the farm is insisting on less equivocal recognition the ordinary straws are coming into fashion again.

The many wondrous materials, with still more wondrous names, are the manufactured products of agricultural origin, flax, wool, cotton, wood pulp, and represent considerable wealth the world over. The latest available statistics show that in Canada, alone the retail sales of women's and children's apparel, including hats, amounted to \$197,000,000 in one year.

Flax is one of the oldest and one of the principal agricultural products from which wearing and decorative apparel is manufactured. Its native country is unknown, but linen, fabrics, thread, and linseed oil which are the best known products of flax, have been found in the excavations of the Stone Age, so that these old forefathers of the human race knew a great deal more than is sometimes attributed to them. For one thing, the best method of harvesting flax has not advanced one iota since the Stone Age. The best fibre is obtained by hand-pulling and the best threshing results arise from the use of the old flail, after the seed heads have been crushed out with a roller.

No substitute has been found to replace flax satisfactorily in the manufacture of fine linen and damask. The use of flax extends from oakum for caulking boats to millady's lace handkerchief and hat, but what mere man, unless he were a statistician, would ejaculate "agricultural product" when suddenly confronted with a spring hat creation!

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### Export Cattle and Warble Fly

In order to comply with an order of the British Government all cattle exported from Canada to England, Wales, and Scotland between March 15th to 22nd and June 30th in each year must be treated with a preparation, which will reduce the hazard of introducing the Warble Fly.

Canadian cattle for export to the British Isles will be treated by officials of the Health of Animals Branch, Dominion Department of Agriculture, or under official supervision, at the expense of the Department. The preparation to be used contains Derris Root, which is effective against the immature warble fly. The treatment will be applied at the time the cattle are tagged at the shipping or export point and an official certificate will be issued, declaring the cattle have been treated in accordance with the requirements of the British Warble Fly (Dressing of Cattle) Order, 1936.

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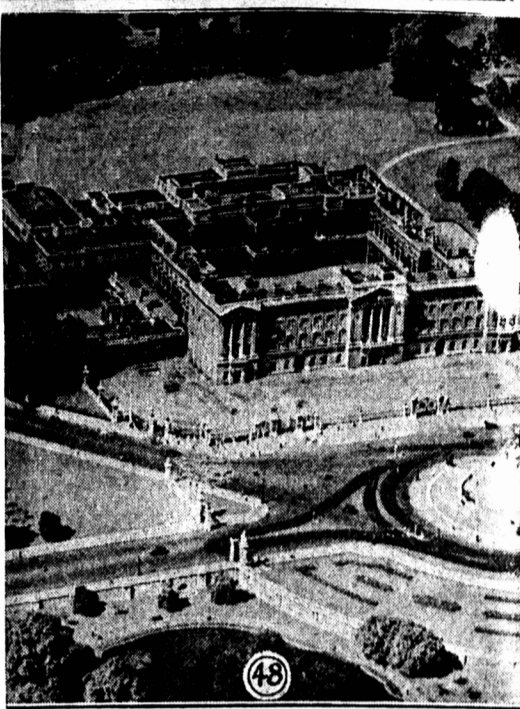
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**ROUND THE WORLD**  
CONTEST



CLUE: Royal dignity is rooted here.

(471) Parliament Buildings, Canberra, Australia. (472) Rouen Cathedral, Rouen, France. (473) Freiburg Castle, Germany. (474) Schloss (Castle) of Heidelberg, Germany. (475) Fogg Museum, Cambridge, Massachusetts. (476) Record Office, London. (477) Palace of the Popes, Avignon, France. (478) Winter Palace, Leningrad. (479) Empire State Building, New York. (480) Royal Palace, Brussels, Belgium.

What and Where is it? Indicate which scene you think the photograph shows, by placing its number in the square to the right.

SAVE YOUR LIST OF POSSIBLE ANSWERS. THE CORRECT SOLUTION TO THE ABOVE IS SOMEWHERE IN THE LIST PUBLISHED UNDER PUZZLE PHOTOGRAPHS APPEARING UP TO AND INCLUDING TO-DAY'S.

In annual services commemorating the second battle of Ypres. Archdeacon Scott, who was to have been a speaker at the memorial service, is recovering from illness in Quebec. His message was read by Rev. J. Dunwell.

The "Padre" recalled the splendid heroism of men of the first Canadian division at St. Julien, and said it stood out more and more as one of the high spots in the record of Canadian Arms.

Individual courage and self-sacrifice of the men shone out today as a beacon light to all young men of Canada in every walk of life, in peace as well as war, the message read.

"May that spirit never die," continued. "It is you, my comrades who have seen the high mark. It is for our young men of Canada to see that in their lives they never fall below it."

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Place your order to-day. Special Price.

**BRUCE STEWART & CO., Limited**  
General Agents  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

**NIGHT SNACK**  
crackle shape pop

Just at bedtime eat a bowlful of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Nourishing. Delicious. Easy to digest. They promote sound sleep. An ideal meal for the daytime too. So crisp you can actually hear them crackle in milk or cream. At grocers everywhere in the Mother Goose story package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Quality guaranteed.

**SO CRISP they actually crackle in milk or cream**

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