

Increased Relief Grants Were For Winter Months Only

(C. F. By Guardian's Special Wire)
 OTTAWA, April 7.—Increased relief grants made by the federal government last Fall were for the winter months only, Hon. Norman Rogers, Minister of Labor, told the House of Commons today in reply to a question from H. Wilton (Cons. Hamilton East). If any municipalities framed their budgets on the basis of continuance of the winter scale of grants they did so without any assistance from the federal government. The recent 15 per cent cut in grants applied to April only. There was no decision yet as to the restoration of the cut, its continuance or a further reduction.

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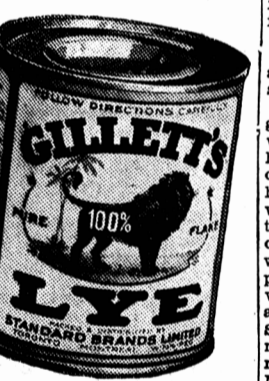
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LONDON—Women riders beat a team of the Royal Horse Artillery in jumping competitions at the Islington Horse Show, as the result—the soldiers say—of the mechanization of the army.

MY LADY, MELODY

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

The other guests began to go. Nella Fieks, statuesque and very queenly with her masses of diamonds and, in her big way, very handsome. She hugged Sheila and kissed her warmly.
 "Just fancy such a young and slender little body making a violin like that," she said graciously. "But then you are the granddaughter of Nicolo Piatto, and that makes such a very big difference. I shall tell them wherever I go about the English schoolgirl who plays as brilliantly as many of the great masters."

One by one the guests departed until at last only three remained in the drawing room.
 The three were Sheila, Garner Owen himself and the pale-faced man with the bent shoulders and fingers knotted with rheumatism.
 This man was smiling at her, Sheila saw, and the smile was very winning. It transformed his face, making him almost handsome. Rising he shook out his wealth of long hair a little nervously, and Garner Owen at last introduced him.
 "Miss Huntley," he said, "I want you to meet Mario Casini."

MARIO CASINI

Sheila gazed upon Mario Casini, a pale-faced and very sad looking little man with eyes that shone like stars.
 "Oh," she ejaculated impulsively, "And I did not know."
 Mario Casini took her hand in his knotted fingers and pressed it gently.

"You played very well, Signorina," he said. "If there was roughness here and there and sometimes over exuberance it was the impetuosity of youth revealing itself in your playing. Experience will tone that down. But in the main it was an unusually promising performance."
 Mario Casini! When Sheila was very young, ten or eleven years of age, and when she was first seized with an overwhelming urge to play the instrument she adored, his name had appeared in huge letters on the big boardings outside the Albert Hall.
 Once her father and mother had taken her to Queen's Hall where he was appearing as soloist at an orchestral concert and his playing had made a deep and lasting impression upon her.

A wistful smile played about her lips as she remembered whispering his name as she crept into bed that night and switching off the light, for she had, as girl as well as boy hero-worshippers do, fallen deeply in love for the first time with a figure of dreams.
 She realised now why he had attracted and held her attention at dinner and why she had wondered where she had seen him before.
 "It is kind of you to say so," she found herself murmuring, her heart fluttering strangely.

"Oh, I mean it," he assured her. "Mario does not often praise," added Garner Owen, with a happy smile.
 Sheila had some of Casini's gramophone records at home. They were old and worn and of course had not been electrically recorded, old fashioned records that had cost half a guinea each, in which the violin stood out prominently, while the accompaniment was relegated obscurely into the background, the whole lacking balance. She had played the records until the grooves were worn and the disc scratched as it turned on the noiseless table. She believed they had taught her much and even today when so many new stars held the concert stage Mario Casini was not submerged.
 Oddly enough, Sheila had believed him to be dead.
 Why was that?
 She began to tell him about her records and to pay compliments. He held up a hand deprecatingly and smiled.
 "It is so long ago I have almost forgotten," he told her.
 He looked very sad and his eyes

gleamed wistfully, looking past her into those dead and gone days when he had been somebody.
 The floodgates of Sheila's memory opened and she remembered now. He had been holiday-making in Venice and the season had been very cold and wet. There had actually been snow in late June, an unheard of thing, and Mario Casini had contracted a chill which had developed into rheumatic fever. Bulletins had been published in the newspapers and it had been rumoured that he was dead.
 Sheila found her lips trembling and tears welled into her eyes as she remembered him as he had been when she had heard him play, at the age of eleven. Of medium height, with fine erect figure and long black hair reaching almost to the shoulders, enhancing the pallor of his face.
 His features were sensitive and his eyes expressive. He had been very handsome then, and he was handsome still, though his hair was less luxuriant and streaked with grey and the distinguished face was marked with suffering.

"LOOK AT THESE HANDS"
 Now the once upright figure stooped, the back was bent, the fingers were knotted, the lips pulled down as if in pain. He had made his last appearance in Vienna nine years ago.
 His searching eyes noticed in hers the suffusion of tears and he sensed her sympathy.

"Do you never play the violin now?" she asked, for want of something to say, then held her breath at the blunder.
 He stretched out his gnarled hands for her inspection.

"No, Signorina. Look at these hands. I could not play. It is over a year since I last handled a violin. I can manage a passage here and there, if I want to." He shrugged. "But it only makes me sad."
 "Do you live in London?" she asked.
 "Since a year ago, yes. Until then at various times I had dwelt in Mentone, in the summer at Baveno, Lago di Maggiori, then at Lucerne and in Paris, for I am fond of life, you see. Now I have come to live in London. I have a flat in the Gloucester Road, and I creep into concerts and go to the opera in the cheaper seats, where nobody knows me. I call myself Antonio Carema. My second name and my mother's name."

She remembered now hearing someone refer to Carema at dinner. That was why she had failed to place him. Poor Mario, like a wild animal stricken with age and infirmity, he wanted to sink away from the herd and hide. He seemed to read her thoughts and hastened to correct her.
 "No, it is not so," he said with a vigorous shake of leonine head, and he smiled, showing his teeth. "Only if they knew me for Mario Casini they would bore me with their sympathy. That I should hate. I am incurably crippled, and it would not help."

(To Be Continued)

BRISTOL SCHOOL

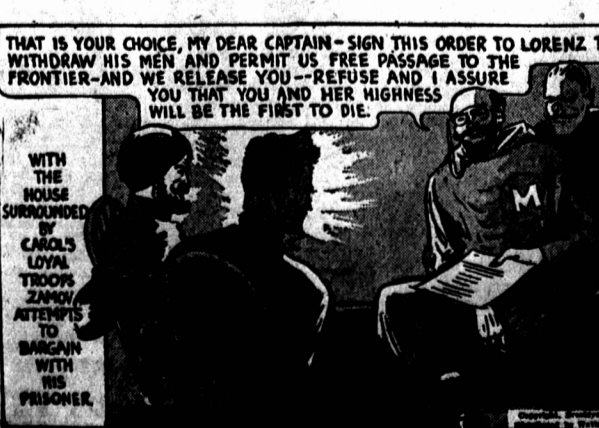
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IN MEMORIAM

MR. JAMES L. ROSE

At North Lake, on March 16th, Mr. James L. Rose passed away after an illness of four days, aged 75 years. Mr. Rose had been suffering from a severe cold, but his friends and relatives did not consider his condition serious until it developed into pneumonia and from which he passed away.
 Mr. Rose was of a retiring disposition, and industrious citizen, and held in high esteem amongst his friends and relatives. Those surviving him are his wife, formerly Miss Ada Ching, Red Point, P. E. I., two daughters, Edith, Roxbury, Mass., Mable at home and three sons, Ceel, Lloyd and Clarence also at home. Two sisters, Mrs. Frank Morrow, North Lake, and Mrs. Fred Stillman, U. S. A.
 His brother, Dr. William Rose, Nelson, B. C. predeceased him eleven days before his demise. The service at the home was conducted by Messrs. J. E. Dingwell, and Fred

CAPT. PATRICK JAMES LEDWELL

There passed away at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Campbell River, B. C., on March 17, 1936, Captain Patrick James Ledwell, aged 81 years.
 Born in Placentia, Newfoundland, June 15, 1854, Captain Ledwell came to Vancouver in 1897.
 He leaves to mourn his passing one son, Lawrence George Ledwell, Pender Harbor, B. C., and one daughter, Mrs. Milton H. Adams, Campbell River, B. C.

(A British Columbia paper contained the following notice of his funeral and brief sketch of his career):
 The memory of Cape. Patrick James Ledwell, aged 82, veteran master mariner of Atlantic and Pacific coasts, who died on Tuesday at Campbell River was honored at 10 a.m. Friday when Requiem Mass was held in Holy Rosary Cathedral. Rev. Father T. M. Nichol was celebrant and interment took place in the family plot, Mountain View.
 Captain Ledwell moved with his parents to Prince Edward Island while very young. Answering the call of the sea, he sailed out of Charlottetown and Liverpool in the Atlantic trade until 1897, when, lured by the quest for gold, he removed to Vancouver. He was in the Klondike rush of '97, and the Al-kin gold rush, but made little fortune in either.
 Following this, Captain Ledwell entered the fishery protection service in the days of the old Kestrel, and remained in this post until shortly after the beginning of the Great War.

Two brothers William Ledwell of Souris, P.E.I., and Thomas Ledwell of Lynn, Mass., predeceased him.
 The Ledwells were all seafaring people who moved from Placentia Bay District to Cardigan, P. E. I. when the second generation were quite young. As they grew up they followed the ancestral calling, studied navigation, and captained some of the great sailing craft of which there were thousands built on the Island in the '70's and '80's, to all parts of the Seven Seas. Capt. John Ledwell, Dr. R. J. Ledwell's father (1st cousin of Capt. Patrick) was drowned at sea with all hands aboard when the doctor was a year old.
 Capt. Pat sailed the Erema, from Charlottetown to British ports for a number of years. He also sailed to South American ports in vessels owned by Peakes Bros.

AN OFFER AND A REPLY!

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UHU!

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AYE, SAHIB, JACKALS IN THE SKINS OF LIONS

BELIEVING FIFE AND ALI SECURELY BOUND THE CAPTORS GROW CARELESS—BUT—

NOTICE

Commencing April 7th, our representative will be at Victoria wharf warehouse buying Potatoes at highest market prices at the time of delivery. Settlement made through the following merchants:
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 H. V. NORTON, CRAPAUD.
 MORRISON & CO., HAMPTON.
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L3517-4-3-6L

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 12th day of March, A. D. 1936.
 By order,
 F. S. FIELDING,
 Clerk of the Executive Council

WITH THE HOUSE SURROUNDED BY CARLOS LOYAL TROOPS ZANON ATTEMPTS TO BARGAIN WITH HIS PRISONER.

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