

How to Mark Your Ballot

If you want to bring Prosperity back to Canada and keep your boys at home put your X opposite the names of McKinnon and Messervy as below—

1 ROBERT HAROLD JENKINS

of the City of Charlottetown, Merchant.

2 DONALD MCKINNON

of the City of Charlottetown, Barrister

3 JOHN ALBERT MESSERVY

of the City of Charlottetown, Merchant

4 JOHN EWEN SINCLAIR

of Summerfield, Farmer

Do your part in saving Canada from Agricultural and Industrial ruin by marking an X opposite the names of McKinnon and Messervy on your Ballot, as above.

Published by the Conservative Campaign Committee, Charlottetown.

Poultry Price List

Effective Monday, October 26th and until further advised, we will pay the following prices, delivered Charlottetown, for number one quality crate fattened poultry:

	Alive	Dressed
Spring Chickens, over 6 lbs.	20c	24c
" " from 5 1/2 to 6 lbs.	18c	22c
" " from 5 to 5 1/2 lbs.	16c	20c
" " from 4 1/2 to 5 lbs.	15c	19c
" " from 4 to 4 1/2 lbs.	13c	17c
" " from 3 1/2 to 4 lbs.	11c	15c
" " from 3 to 3 1/2 lbs.	10c	14c
" " under 3 lbs.	8c	12c
Fowl over 5 lbs.	13c	16c
" " from 4 1/2 to 5 lbs.	10c	13c
" " from 4 to 4 1/2 lbs.	8c	11c
" " under 4 lbs.	6c	9c

Number two quality birds, two cents less. Number 3 quality birds, four cents less. Birds in moult will only grade Number 2 or 3 quality, according to conditions. Please note that these prices are delivered Charlottetown, not f. o. b. your station.

The Harris Abattoir Company, Ltd.
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

RIVER VIEW SCHOOL

Honor Roll for River View school for the month of September.
Grade IX—1 Sylvia Robertson, 2 Leta Banks.
Grade VII—1 Nellie Banks, 2 James Robertson, 3 Erna Banks.
Grade V—1 Florence Robertson, 2 James Morrison, 3 Fletcher Robertson.
Grade IV—1 Floretta Robertson, 2 Andrew Banks, 3 Victor Morrison.
Grade II—1 Daniel Banks, 2 Chester Banks.
Grade I—1 Ruth Robertson and Francis Morrison, 2 Matilda Robertson.
Mary F. MacDonald, Teacher.

compartment contains one lower and one upper berth, and all toilet facilities, etc., much the same as the regular drawing-rooms; they are what might be termed Private Staterooms, and are considerably less in price than the ordinary drawing-rooms. Patrons desiring strict privacy with all the comforts and accommodations offered in drawing-rooms, or those who heretofore have been unable to secure a drawing-room will find the compartment of the greatest benefit. 492-10-15tst1.

Farquhar Steamship Line

S. S. "HETHPOOL" Leaves Boston for Halifax Oct. 20th, Nov. 3rd, Nov. 17th, Dec. 1st, Dec. 15th.

Connecting With

S. S. "SABLE I" Leaving Halifax for Charlottetown, Oct. 22nd, Nov. 5th, Nov. 19th, Dec. 3rd, Dec. 17th. Leaving Charlottetown for Sydney, North Sydney, Curling, Cornerbrook and other West Coast Newfoundland Ports, Oct. 23rd, Nov. 6th, Nov. 20th, Dec. 4th, Dec. 18th.

CARVELL BROS.
AGENTS

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.

BOSTON—ST. JOHN, N. B.—(International) LINE
Leave St. John to Boston \$16.00; Eastport or Lunenburg to Boston \$9.00
Staterooms \$3.50

S. S. GOV. DINGLEY

Atlantic Time

Leave St. John Wednesdays at 9 A. M. and Saturdays at 7 P. M.
Wednesday sailings leave Eastport 1.30 P. M., Standard Time
Lunenburg 2.30 P. M., Standard Time due Boston Thursdays 9 A. M.
Saturday sailings direct to Boston, due Sunday 3 P. M.
On Saturday passengers may leave Eastport for Boston via St. John.

For additional information apply to agents at above ports.

The Iron Horse

BY EDWIN C. HILL

With the practiced eye of a surveyor—and Brandon was a first-rate engineer in spite of the fact that he had never "amounted to anything"—he studied the topsy-turvy terrain into which an Indian trail was leading them from the Laramie Plains. It was a very narrow path, barely two feet wide, yet so worn down by the countless unshod hooves of Indian ponies and that its sinuous, hard-beaten surface was half a foot below the level of the sod.

"What we've got to locate, son, is a reasonably straight line through these hills, one that a railroad can follow through from the plains on the east to the plains on the west, a series of easy ridges connecting up with each other at low grade, or with gaps that can be bridged or filled in," he told Davy, as day after day he took his bearings and made observations from the crests of sawtoothed ranges. They were days of disappointment. Ridges that at first seemed promising ended against impassable buttes or in ravines that led nowhere.

"I doubt if the Lord ever made another such country," he said to Davy. "Begins to look as if only birds could get over it in a straight line."

"Bless your heart, son," said Big Dave, as he gave his comforter a hug that made the boy wince. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

From the headwaters of Lodge Pole Creek, they turned southward through the ranges so savagely gashed and twisted by earth quakes of a million years before their day. It was hard, dangerous traveling, but Brandon persevered, conviction growing upon him, though there was nothing to feed it, that, somewhere in this mad, weird jumble of red sandstone buttes and mountain-rimmed ravines, lay the road the Iron Horse must follow.

"Guess it's the land God forgot," said Davy, as their wondering gaze took in the fantastic shapes into which erosion had sculptured the sandstone. Relics of an incredibly ancient inland sea, the greater buttes reared up like battlements of medieval castles, while among the lesser freaks of the, warm sandstone were grotesquely and mill-like mushrooms, umbrellas and hour glasses.

These strange monuments raised to the childhood of mankind by that whimsical architect, Nature, were arresting, even beautiful, in the brilliant sunshine of June, but at night the wizardry of the setting sun made them unbelievably lovely. Falling light and deepening shadow painted them orange, mauve and purple, and deep, deep blue. They seemed monsters ready to stir to action.

Forests of pine loomed among the stark buttes, while battalions of slim birch marched in silvery beauty along the borders of the swift mountain streams. The land was astir with game, White-tailed deer were past counting along the brooks at early morning or late evening. Lordly moose snorted in the beaver bogs. Black and brown bear roamed and grunted over decayed logs, prying and pawing for the grubs and ants they found so sweet to the taste. "Old Ephraim," the grizzly, ranged the hills, undisturbed monarch. There was no lack of meat for the larder and Davy went wild with joy over the wonderful brook trout that swarmed to his hook.

When night came on and their camp was hemmed in by the whispering, stirring dark and its stealthy prowlers, they sat close by the hearth, fire needed for comfort as well as for protection in the sharp air of the high altitude. When mountain lion or lynx shrieked or scalded in the timber, Davy nestled against his daddy. He heard the call of the gray wolf packs hunting deer through the valleys, and the trembling, mournful night song of the coyotes which, jackal-like, followed the wolves for leavings, or sneaked in a far circle around the camp of the Brandons, magnetized by the fire-glow and the maddening smell of food. Often the coyote concert ended with a shrill, sobbing cry, like the shuddering scream of a woman in agony, a shriek which ran up and down the scale of musical thirds. In the daytime, forest and plain vibrated with the melody of birds, and overhead Davy watched migrations of wild ducks and Canada geese, flights so vast that they



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clouded the sun. They had met no white men, nor had they expected to find any. A long way off they had twice sighted Indian hunting parties, Brandon guessed, for the red-ponies seemed to be burdened with game. One party passed along a parallel ridge as father and son made their way south. Several times Big Dave had marked smoke signals from distant ridges, and had explained to Davy how the red men telegraphed to each other, with puffs of smoke, spreading a fire out and controlling the smoke columns which rose from a fire of green stuff. He believed, however, that he had managed to keep out of the sight of even chance parties, but he never relaxed vigilance, and some thought of Silent Spence's warning of the renegade chief of the Cheyennes kept pricking at the back of his mind.

Late in June, as they forded a tributary of Crow Creek, Brandon got a shock of alarm. Less than a quarter of a mile distant, an Indian, sitting a galloping pony, was visible upon the spur of a half-wooded ridge. Brandon had only a glimpse. The Indian swiftly backed his pony over the ridge and out of sight. But Big Dave knew he had been seen by this red sentinel.

Saying nothing to Davy, he led the way into the stunted pine which climbed the ridge they had been following. Ascending, they made the crest of the ridge and found that it stretched away to the south unbroken, so far as eye could see. Brandon put on quick feet. He had already made sure of its unbroken progress from the north. The ominous picture of the Indian scout faded from his mind as he led the way along the backbone of the curving range. They rode steadily from midday until late in the afternoon, the path stretching ahead of them, untroubled by gorge or declivity, a broad path upon which no white man probably had ever set foot. As the shadows lengthened, Brandon's intent gaze finally marked what he had dreaded. The ridge was now descending. The timber was thinning and opening out. He could see farther ahead and more clearly. The ridge was dropping toward the rock wall of a mountain range towering east and west, at right angles to their path. There was no outlet that he could detect. But he kept going, following a twisting trail, peering ahead. The horses rounded a low butte. At once he had a view of the dark mountain range which blocked the course. Big Dave's glance fell at once upon a break in the tremendous barrier, a gap through which the sun was shining, the purple plains beyond faintly visible. He stared until his eyes ached. Now that it loomed squarely in front of him, this titanic slash in the mountain wall, toward which the gently descending ridge was trending as straight as road could travel, he found it hard to accept its existence.

His heart pounded. He wanted to sing, to shout. It was the pass! No finer natural gateway through the hills could have been hoped for than that tremendous rift at the very foot of the ridge he had traveled for many miles. His mind swirled with plans. With a week's work he could map the region, preparing field notes to convince the skeptical. He would have the proof for them, in black and white, in cold figures!—proof that a railroad from the Missouri, easily making its way over the plains along the old Oregon Trail and the Platte, could be laid straight through the Laramie Mountains instead of making the long detour. Here was the pass which Providence itself must have heaved in that mad labyrinth of criss-crossing ranges. The future shaped itself. He would return to Springfield with his notes and figures. Lincoln would get him a hearing. How Tom Marsh would stare! Brandon grinned at the thought. Then for New York and the big men waiting to be shown. This pass was no dream. It was real. It would mean fortune for many men. The road builders, uniting East and West, would be richer than old Astor. Davy! What would it mean for Davy! Everything he had missed in his old life

Little Two Eyes

COLOR CUT-OUTS



TWO LITTLE EYES

You have often heard the queer old fairy tale about the woman who had three daughters, one of whom had only one eye and for this reason was called One Eye. The second had two eyes just like other people and she was called Two Eyes. The third, however, had three eyes and so she was called Three Eyes.

Now because Little Two Eyes looked no different from other people her mother and sisters could not bear her. All day long they treated her most cruelly; they gave her very shabby clothes to wear and all the food that she had was what was left from their own meals.

But Two Eyes, as you can see, was a very attractive little girl, in spite of all this harsh treatment. Her curls were a bright and shining gold and her eyes were big and brown. Color the slip that she is wearing a pale pink, her stockings should be pink and her slippers black. If you follow the COLOR CUT-OUTS for the next two weeks you will have a whole set of paper dolls with which to act out this famous old fairy tale.

New Zealanders In N. S. Probe Credits

HALIFAX, N. S., Oct. 27.—W. J. Polson, president of the New Zealand Farmers' Union, and Percy H. Cox, former vice-president of the Australian Bank, members of the Royal Commission appointed by the New Zealand government to investigate and report on the rural credits systems of Canada and the United States, have arrived in Halifax, completing their trip across Canada from Vancouver, visiting en route the larger Canadian cities, with the exception of Toronto. After remaining here two or three days, they will proceed to the United States, planning to visit Toronto on their way west.

Bees cannot digest starch, but can assimilate glucose, which is made from starch.

of struggle and toil. He caught Davy to him.
"Son, I've found it!"

Hair Secrets

Gleamy, Thick, Wavy

Hair in a Moment



A delightful surprise awaits those who try this. When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! Your hair will appear twice as thick and heavy—sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance, and just delicately perfumed.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, heavy and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. Get a 35-cent bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

MALPEQUE

The homestead of Mr. John R. Morrison, Darley, was offered for sale by auction on Saturday, Oct. 25th. As the day was cold there was not as large an attendance as was hoped for, but nevertheless there was a fair number present. The popular auctioneer, Mr. Hugh A. Morrison, Kensington, conducted the sale in his usual efficient manner. The stock, machinery, etc., were disposed of at a very reasonable price. The house and the farm, consisting of ninety-six acres, realized \$3,500. General regret is expressed at Mr. and Mrs. Morrison's departure from Darley and the good wishes of the whole community follow them to their new home. They purpose residing with their daughter, Mrs. Brown, Boston.

Mr. Neil McLeod, Summerside, was in attendance at the sale in Darley on Saturday, Oct. 24.

Miss Clara Donald, Baltic, returned on Thursday after a month's visit with her brother, Mr. Stanley Donald, Moncton.

Mrs. D. P. McNutt is visiting her sister, Miss Annie F. Keir, Alberton.

The marriage of Miss Ida May Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson, Summerside, and Mr. A. Mott Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stewart, Malpeque, was solemnized at the Parsonage, by Rev. F. E. Boothroyd, of Trinity United Church, Summerside, on Wednesday, Oct. 21, at four o'clock. The bride and groom were attended by Miss Hill Ramsay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ramsay, Hamilton, and Mr. Arthur McKay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McKay, Darley. The wedding party drove to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Preston Bairato, Malpeque, where a delicious supper was served. The serenaders waited on the young couple and expressed their good wishes in the usual way. Later in the evening the bride and groom drove to the home of the groom's father. Prior to the marriage a miscellaneous shower was tendered the bride, at which about fifty of her young friends were present. On this occasion she was made the recipient of many useful presents. Misses Hazel Hoggood and Gertrude Crozier presented the gifts to the bride to be. The music which was supplied by our talented violinists, Messrs. Charles Woodside and Elmer Phillips.

Miss Lilla McEwen, of Stanley, is the guest of Mrs. Sinclair McGregor, Malpeque.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crozier and family of Calgary, who spent two months at Mr. Lee Montgomery's cottage, at Hamilton, left on Saturday for Kensington, where they spent a few days, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Davison. From thence they returned to their home after a pleasant summer's outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay and son, and Miss Lena Donald, of Charlottetown, were visitors to Sea View on Sunday.

The regular daily day service, which was postponed from Sept. 27th, was held in Malpeque church, Sunday morning, Oct. 25. Rev. A. N. Gillis conducted the service and the International Sunday School program was well carried out. In the address entitled "Loyal to Jesus" Mr. Gillis dealt with our duty in the home, the community and the church. A pleasing feature of the program was the presentation

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont.
We have had varied interpretations of the scarf made in the past few seasons, but none more effective than the present vogue. According to the French openings, the smart way to wear with your evening frock, before the evenings become too cool is the square of gorgeous material. The scarf above is of black and gold brocade, framed in a deep border in which the two colors are repeated.

Other longer scarves are simply fifty-four-inch squares of lovely material, folded to make a long plain wrap, and held in to the figure.

tion of a number of Bibles, New Testaments, Gospels, Diplomas and Certificates to deserving pupils. These awards will prove a means of encouragement and will doubtless lead others to take up this study.

Held For Death Of Taxi Driver

(Canadian Press)
WINNIPEG, Man., Oct. 28.—Arrested on the trivial charge of stealing an overcoat, Steve Nazoar, 21, is today held for investigation in connection with the death of Louis Landy, 50, a local taxi cab driver, whose body was found in an automobile on a suburban road Monday morning. A watch found in the possession of Nazoar, police state, has been identified by Landy's wife as the property of her husband.

SMILES



He: Do you believe couples should marry before they know each other thoroughly?
She: Most certainly. It's know or the divorce when they know each other thoroughly.



HE SCRUB MOTHER KNEW

Mother: I made the scrub team school, anyway.
"Well, I'm certainly glad to hear that I always had a hard time making you wash your neck."



WOULD BE SURE TO BE THERE

Dentist: Your appointment, Mrs. Bargainhunter, is two-thirty tomorrow.
Mrs. B.: Oh, doctor, make it two-thirty-eight and I'll be sure to be here!



ON SOFT GROUNDS

On what grounds did he pitch you out of the house?
"Fortunately on a soft, springy 'out lawn.'"



THE CHOICE OF TWO EVILS

Potato: Well, Mr. Pumpkin, what will you be, a pie or a Jack-o-Lantern?

NOTICE

All bills and notes at hand due the undersigned must be paid no later than Nov. 15. After that date will be given to an attorney for collection.

Signed
NEIL FERGUSON
Bonshaw 5773-28-30-31

NOTICE

SUSPENSION OF SERVICE
The S. S. "Hochelega" will cease running on the Charlottetown-Pictou Route on Saturday the 31st inst, leaving Bruce Stewart & Co., Limited, Wharf at 8.15 Saturday morning on her last trip from this Port for this season, 5762-10-26M31.

A Splendid First Aid Remedy for Colds, Cuts, Burns, Wounds, Etc.
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Christmas in the Holy Land
New Year in festive Cairo
EMPEROR OF SCOTLAND 25,000 tons
famed for comfort
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guidance of the world's greatest travel system
Further information from local seamaning agents or
GIBRICE BURPEE, Dist. Passenger Agent
Saint John, N. B.
Canadian Pacific

Tenders For Silver Foxes

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to Friday, the 6th of November, 1925, for the Silver Foxes owned by the Upton Black Fox Co.
The lot comprises 14 pairs of breeders, and 19 pups (9 males and 10 females). Particulars of same can be had at the office of E. R. Brown, Charlottetown.
All these foxes are registered in the Canadian National and are tattooed.
Tenders may be for the breeders, or pups, or both.
The undersigned do not bind themselves to accept the highest, or any tender.
C. H. BLACK,
E. R. BROWN,
Liquidators.
Charlottetown, Oct. 26th, 1925.
5739-10-27tst51.

TENDERS

Sealed Tenders will be received at the Office of the undersigned 153 Prince Street up to Tuesday, November 10th, 1925 for the purchase of property situated at Mt. Herbert, bounded and described as follows:
Bounded on the West by Fullerston's Creek, on the North by Christopher McLean's Land (now in possession of Orphanage), on the East by Lane in possession of George Jenkins, formerly Albert Mutch's Land, on the South by land in possession of Ernest Mutch, formerly James Mutch's land—containing 130 acres of land a little more or less.
This property is but a short distance from Charlottetown, quite near School, Railway and Butter Factory; land is in good heart, house and buildings in excellent condition and extra well equipped.
May be viewed at any time. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
IRA M. BROWN,
Secy.-Treas.
P. E. I. Protestant Orphanage

AUCTION SALE

Auction Sale at 20 North River Road, residence of the late Mrs. M. P. Hogan, on Friday, October 30th at 1.30 o'clock sharp, a lot of choice household furniture.
Sale positive, no reserve. Terms cash.
J. A. McDONALD,
5757-10-28M31, Auctioneer.

FARM FOR SALE

I offer my farm of 50 acres all clear and in first class condition, situated at Winsloe. If not sold by November 5th will on that day be offered by public auction with stock, crop and implements. Apply Neil McFayden, on premises or
BENJ. CARTER,
Auctioneer.
5739-10-27tst41.