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G. P. NICHOLSON,
City Clerk.

5365-9-21-22-23-24-26-51.

The Crippled Lady of Peribonka

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(Copyright, 1923, by Doubleday, Doran, and Co. Inc.)

Three days after her arrival Claire was mistress of the bungalow which her husband had prepared for her visit. Thereafter Paul could look from the window of his office to the physical realization of the second of his dreams. Claire was at last one of the wives who lived in the row of cottages on the hill. While this dream, like the friendly but dispassionate greeting of his wife in Quebec, missed something in its fulfillment, it had opened doors through which he was looking to still greater things for himself, and the woman who was making this fight against prejudice and environment for him.

"This time I am going to stay until you become tired of me and send me home," she told him. The change in her was inexplicable, unless he accepted it as one of sheer sportsmanship. This he did, and was warmed by the thought of what he was bound to give in return for it. Behind her effort it was not difficult for him to see the truth—her struggle against instincts and impulses as deeply inborn as was his own and a blood in himself. The desire to please him, his sunny cheer and friendliness, was an inspiration to him and strengthened his resolution to twist and bend his life, so that it would fit in with hers. He did not tell her this. The thought of explaining to her that he was about to make a mighty endeavor to cross the gulf which lay between them was embarrassing to him. Claire had said nothing about her own effort. Her actions had shown him the way. This lack of intimacy between them at times made him feel scarcely closer to her than some of the many friends she had. It was a thing which he could not tear down even in moments when some impulse or situation seemed to draw them very close together. He knew that Claire felt it as well as himself. Facing it, smiling at each other, waiting for some force greater than themselves to break the way for them, they said nothing about it. Each was hoping, and struggling, that this thing between them might be triumphed over. But it persisted in spite of them.

Each day he found something new and unexpected in Claire to increase his admiration for her. She became acquainted with the pit. She put on rubber boots and explored its muddy depths with him. She made no discrimination among his friends, and nodded and smiled as pleasantly as she did at the others on the hill. More puzzling to him than these things was her intimacy with Carla Haldan. After her first few days on the Mistassini they were together much of the time when Carla was not at her work. Even in this Claire joined her now and then, and talked to the children in Carla's classes about the boys and girls in other lands, and she began to fill a little of Carla's place among them.

Carla came to his office again, but always with Claire. She was unlike the Carla who had brought him flowers, so different from her that he was left with a dull painful sense of loss when he was alone and thinking about her, as if some one very dear to him had died, leaving only memories behind. The paradoxical reason for this emotion in him was that Carla appeared to be strangely and forgetfully happy. She was lively and gay, and joined freely in the small social affairs of the camp from which she had always held herself more or less apart. She talked only a little of Peribonka, and the forests, and of the places which he knew she loved, but seemed to hold her heart when listening to Claire's colorful descriptions of interesting places his wife had visited. The two had a real affection for each other. No matter how uncertainty might cloud his judgment in other ways, there could be no doubt about this sentiment of mutual regard which had grown up quickly between them.

One evening Claire said to him: "It is strange how deeply I care for Carla. There is something about her which draws me out of myself, to her. Yet I am finding it more and more impossible to paint her as I want her, she is so completely changed. Where is the real Carla, Paul? What has happened to her? Do you know?" Her head was bowed over a bit of lace working in her lap, and she did not look at Paul. "I have noticed the change in her," he said. "It has happened since you came. I think you have helped to bring her out of the terrible grief which oppressed her after her mother's death."

Claire smiled gently at her husband. For a few moments a contemplative light lay in her eyes, as if she were looking—not at him—but at a child. "You think she is happier—since I came?" "There is no doubt of it," he declared. "But I cannot paint her. And it is because—there is so much unhappiness behind what she is trying to make us see in her face." In his puzzled silence, she added: "I am wondering why she tries so hard to make me believe she is happy, Paul." Before he could answer she began to tell him about her talk to the children in Carla's school that day. CHAPTER VII Claire came to the Mistassini on the first of June. It was the fifteenth when they went to what Paul called the Big Gorge, ten miles back in the rocky forests. This is the date which will remain a long time on the calendars of the simple-hearted folk north of Lac St. Jean, because of the miracle which happened on it. It is a date almost to be canonized. Priests speak of it, and people point it out as a day of infallible proof of the omnipotence of God. Lucy-Belle is not remembered, though it was she who planned the expedition to the gorge. In it, besides herself, were her husband and Paul, Claire and Carla. For two days preceding the journey Paul had men on the rough and narrow trail clearing it of obstructions and overhanging limbs and brush so that they might travel over it on horse-back. Paul had seen Claire turn white and tremble at the foaming unrest of the Mistassini beating eternally against its rocks, just as he had felt her shiver, one evening, in a deep and gloomy place in the forest, where the wind was whistling through the pine tops over their heads. He had taken her hand, and her fingers had clung tightly to his, as if these things which he loved sent a horror through her. On the morning of this eventful fifteenth of June, with sunshine and birds about them, he and Derwent rode a little behind their wives and Carla, and never had Claire looked so lovely to him. Her beautiful body seemed vibrant with the thrill of the day, her voice was sweet to hear, her eyes were filled with laughter, until he could almost make himself believe she loved the things which she was facing, and which had so completely conquered her until now. Her unshaded golden head, and Carla's dark one rode side by side, one a shining radiance in the sun, the other richly lustrous, with gleamy pools and seas of darker shadow in it. For half a mile they followed a trail so close to the river that its roaring tumult drowned their voices and cowboys drifts of spray came to wet their faces. Through this Paul rode close to the side of his wife, and saw her smile and fight to hide its effect upon her. Then they struck Indian fire into the narrow, rocky, deeply rooted trail that gorge, with Paul at the head of the little procession and Derwent following last. Occasionally the trail widened so that Paul could drop back and ride beside Claire, and each time he noted a little more in her face and eyes the thing she was fighting against, her dislike of the black forests and the earthy smelling swamps and the rock fragments of hills they were traveling through. Toward mid-afternoon they came to the Big Gorge. Those who have seen it can never forget the spectacle of its thundering water tearing itself out of a finger of the cavernous Laurentians, crashing through the open for a space in whirling maelstroms, then narrowing into a sullen, oily-looking avalanche of irresistible force as it descends into a chasm whose rock walls become higher and closer, until at last, its fury and voice disappear again into the bowels of the Laurentians, making the earth tremble with its subterranean rumble and roar. (To Be Continued)

Babe's Death Is A Mystery

CANTON, Ohio, Sept. 22.—A strange malady today caused the death of 11-year-old William M. Johns. His two sisters and a brother are in a critical condition.

After an autopsy and examination of his vital organs by six physicians and Coroner T. C. McQuate, they said nothing was discovered to reveal the cause of death. Further examinations will be conducted.

The boy was stricken several days ago, his temperature mounted to 105 degrees and he became unconscious. A short time later other members of his family became ill and developed high temperatures. They too, lost consciousness. All except William recovered consciousness early today, but remained in a critical state.

THAT THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW

(A column of interest to all recording accepted facts and worthy opinions regarding the place of alcoholic beverages in modern life; as well as news of the progress of the campaign for a "dry" world.)

(Sponsored by the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance P. E. L.)

THE CIGARETTE EVIL

President Hoover writing on the subject of the welfare of the boys and girls, has said: "There is no agency in the world that is so seriously affecting the health, efficiency, education and character of boys and girls as the cigarette habit, yet very little attention is paid to it. Cigarettes are a source of crime."

It is high time to wake up about the cigarette habit, which is becoming so prevalent.

Thomas A. Edison has said: "I would rather see a boy with a revolver than a cigarette."

Young girls, sad to say, are falling into this habit—a sign of moral degeneracy. If women contract the habit, the whole nation will suffer. The physical and moral tone of the nation will be lowered. The habit harms the woman more than it does a man.

The Act to restrain the use of tobacco by young persons, passed by the Dominion Parliament in 1908 and in force in all the Provinces, is not generally known. It reads as follows:

"Everyone is guilty of an offence, and liable on summary conviction, in the case of a first offence to a penalty not exceeding \$10.00, and in the case of a second offence to a penalty not exceeding \$25.00, and in the case of a third or subsequent offence to a penalty not exceeding \$100.00, who, directly or indirectly, sells or gives or furnishes to a person under the age of sixteen years, any cigarettes or cigarette papers whether for his own use or not, or sells or gives or furnishes to such a person tobacco in any form other than cigarettes, which tobacco he knows or has reason to believe is for the use of that person."

Let that law be proclaimed and enforced for the benefit of the rising generation.

The country is waiting for a great reform movement which will educate the young people to see the evils of the cigarette habit.

Across the Continent On "Floating Power"

Brother V. Andrew, F.S.C., in writing to the Oakland Maple Leaf, Calif., about his recent trip, tells of meeting quite a few P. E. Islanders. The following clippings will prove interesting.

"At 272nd street and Broadway we visited Manhattan College, also conducted by the Christian Brothers. The President of the College is the Rev. Brother Cornelius, M.A. He holds the distinction of being the first Catholic elected President of the Association of Colleges and Universities of New York State. Last year the enrollment of students numbered over 1200. Driving down Broadway we soon entered the Riverside Drive, where a splendid view of the Hudson is obtained and also of the city. Turning left and entering the city proper at 79th street the congestion along 5th avenue is terrific. One has to travel by auto at a snail's pace and it seems to take hours to get to the end of Manhattan Island.

After attending to some business affairs in the lower part of the city we returned to the New York Catholic Protectorate on Tremont avenue, in the northeastern part of the City, or the Bronx. This magnificent Institution, founded in 1863, to take care of the destitute, neglected and delinquent boys of New York State and surrounding counties, is in charge of the Christian Brothers. The present Rector is the Rev. Brother Alban, with a large faculty to take care of around 2,000 boys. There are four distinct departments with a director of each in charge. Besides the ordinary school studies the boys are taught the art of printing, designing, plumbing, electric wiring, carpentry and cabinet making, tailoring, shoemaking, laundry work, etc.

I found that one of the directors in charge was Brother Camillus (James Walsh) from Elmstead, Alberton Parish, P. E. Island. He is also in charge of all the shops. Another Rev. Edward Islander I found is Rev. Brother Ambrose Jerome (M. Cunningham) from Kinkora, P. E. Island. He has been perfecting for years in this immense institution but still has a warm spot in his heart for the "Garden of the Gulf".

W. C. T. U. Notes

THE Y'S AT CONVENTION

Mrs. Boole spoke to the young people, saying that it was a greater thing to establish a young man or woman in temperance principles than to save a drunkard from the bondage of the drink habit.

The advice of Wendell Phillips to the young was: "Attach yourself to some vital, even unpopular reform, and then fight for it."

"No" is the word most frequently used in the English language, and it is a good word to say in the hour of temptation.

Lindbergh was offered wine when he arrived in Paris after the first trans-Atlantic flight, but he said "No."

Mrs. Putnam arrived in England after the first solo flight of a woman across the Atlantic, and she drank the health of the King in water, saying "No" to whiskey and water. In Paris she drank the health of the guest of honor at a banquet in cold water—and that too in the great wine producing country of the world. It is a wonderful thing when a young woman can say "No" to the social glass.

It takes some courage to stand for a moral principle. The harm does not come from the abuse of alcohol alone, but the harm begins in the use, even the moderate use of intoxicants.

The women working against Prohibition held a Repeal Week lately, and set up demonstration desks at stations. One engineer in Chicago stopped at one of these desks and said: "Are you the Booze ladies? Would any of you like to ride on my train after I had been drinking booze?"

CITIZENSHIP

1—Promote programs of education for citizenship and work for political equality where women have not yet the ballot.

2—Work quietly to have women placed on School Boards, Commissions, also on Municipal Councils.

3—Stress the educational work, especially concentrating on the young people.

4—Emphasize the importance and responsibility of the franchise and see that every woman's name is on the voter's list.

5—Make a study of laws concerning women and children.

6—Be active in promoting and maintaining World Peace.

7—In our prayers, public and private, give a prominent place to asking that our young people and children may become ideal citizens.

8—From Citizenship Report.

MONEY, THE SUPREME TEST

Money talks—what does it say about you? Does it tell that you love the temperance cause or not? It is not what you do with the millions you have not got, but what you do with the dollar you have got.

How much do you believe in this work? What is the measure of your faith in yourself, in this work in God?

Dr. Mary Harris Amour with such eloquent pleading as this raised pledges of over \$2,000 towards the National Endowment Fund for Canadian Temperance work within the next two years.

Prince Edward Island has no Canadianization Department but they have the interests of Canada as a whole at heart. We are proud of Prince Edward Island, the one continuing prohibition province, also of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, who through their co-operation

In company with Brother Camillus I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. James Daily of 2417 Frisby Avenue, Westchester Co., N. Y., not far from the Protectorate. She has a beautiful home and is proud of her two children, a boy and a girl, and also of her "little" husband weighing around 250 pounds. She was formerly a McDonald and lives near Peake's Station, P. E. Island, and is also a sister of Brother Paul, Principal of Providence Academy, Rhode Island, and former Rector of the Catholic Protectorate.

We also visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walsh of 3030 Fish avenue, the Bronx. Mr. Walsh is a prosperous contractor and hails from Morrell, P. E. Island. He must be a very religious family for his youngest brother has been ordained a priest for the Canadian N. W. and three of his sisters belong to the order of St. Martha in Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Mrs. Walsh was a Miss Duffy from Fort Augustus. Her home was across the road from the church. God has blessed the union of this couple so far with four lovely children, two girls and two boys. There are several other former P. E. Islanders in New York as well as in Boston, but time would not permit a visit. This afternoon we cross the George Washington Bridge into New Jersey, for our southern return trip via Harrisburg, Virginia Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Santa Fe, Los Angeles, etc."

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

"SALADA TEA"

"Fresh from the Gardens"

IN MEMORIA

MR. HECTOR BUCHANAN

It was deep sorrow the city of Brookfield and surrounding districts and friends in parts of the Province learned the death of Hector Buchanan which occurred in the Brookfield Hospital on July 19th in his 75th year. He had been somewhat poor condition of for some time, but able to discharge his duties until a few weeks before the coming of the end. He was not thought to be particularly serious. He was the son of late Lawrence Buchanan and McMillan, and spent the part of his life in Brookfield. He was favourably and known being a constant member of the Church of Scotland and member of the Orange Lodge. He filled many offices during his long membership. His wife deceased him five years. He four daughters, Mrs. J. W. Rosindale, Mass., Mrs. Geo. Hunter, River, Mrs. Younker, Brookfield, and Mrs. G. Toombs, Greenville, also sisters, Mrs. Isaac Smith, Newshire, Mrs. D. Macleod, Canadian West, Mrs. E. S. St. Peters, Cape Breton, Catherine Livingstone and Geo. Chandler of Westley to mourn the loss of a kind and loving brother, also a relative and friend who with his kind words and geniality. The funeral service on July 21st was very largely attended and was conducted by the Rev. McDougall, Charlottetown. Hymns were favorites of the departed, "When I Survey the Wreath of Cross," "The Lord is My Shepherd." A few more shall roll, and a duet: "My Friends" rendered very impressively by Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Carew. Pallbearers were: Anthony B. Wood, Chas. E. McDuff, A. Stewart (Orangeman) and W. Carew, intimate friend. Interment in Portage Cemetery.

DRY CATHOLICS ORGANIZE IN TEXAS

Dry Catholics have organized in Texas to fight in close co-operation with the Anti-Saloon League of Texas against the return of legalized liquor. The Rev. Patrick J. Murphy, priest of the Catholic church at Ennis, is a leading spirit in the movement. John Tarleton, of Fort Worth, and Mrs. Ada Goetz and Miss Elizabeth Baker, of Dallas, are officials in the organization. Reverend Patrick Murphy, in announcing the organizations, says:

"We must stand side by side, Catholic and Protestant alike, beneath the shadow of the Cross of Christ, for God and home and native land. We do not need whiskey; we do need bread. We do not need Al Capone or Cut Cardozzi; we need Christ. We do not need alcohol; we need our senses when half the world has gone crooked or mad."

Father Murphy has long been a militant dry. Far back during the saloon days his blood stained the streets of Henrietta when he was assaulted by a saloonkeeper for taking part in a local option campaign. He took the storekeeper's gun from him, arrested him and marched him to jail. The others associated with him have stood true to the cause of temperance for years.

In a letter to Superintendent Webb, of the Anti-Saloon League, recently, Father Murphy said:

"The Catholic people have long felt the need of a closer co-operation with other Christian workers in defense of the Eighteenth Amendment. A blind politician staggering down the middle of a fast motor road, is not the leader that this nation needs right now. The party that we need to bring this people out of the house of bondage is not a party at all. It is a crusade. And listen to me. It is the Anti-Saloon League and the W. C. T. U. that started this successful drive for freedom in America. And we are with you unto the end of the road. God bless you, and Christ Eternal lead us on!"

THE PROGRESS OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM ON EARTH

There is frequently an inclination for public opinion to become discouraged or really cynical in regard to overcoming many of the social ills with which humanity is plagued.

Recently a Tidings subscriber sent in a cartoon pictured the achievements of a Christian civilization, and also what remains to be overcome. Civilization, a beautiful female figure, carries in her hand the appalling chains with which the ugly dead giants of slavery, cannibalism and private duelling are manacled.

But she is still faced with the War Goliath of Gath, ten and a half feet in height. His travelling companions are the miserable personages of Disease and Poverty.

for BITES

Insert, snake, or animal... the best treatment is plenty of Minard's at once. It soothes, heals and cleanses. Draws out the poison!



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5811-9-19-mws-31.

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