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WORK ALL OR PART TIME—AT HOME OR TRAVEL

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MANAGER, CHRISTMAS CARDS, Dept. O, 601 Keefer Bldg. MONTREAL.

AUCTION SALE

Auction Sale of choice furniture at 83, Cumberland St., on Friday, October 7th, at 1.30 o'clock sharp at residence of the late Mrs. F. A. Holl, all her furniture as follows:

TABLES—1 extension dining room table, 1 card table, 1 round mahogany table and several other good tables.

CHAIRS—1-2 dozen mahogany dining room chairs, 2 easy chairs (mahogany), 3 old fashioned mahogany hall chairs and several other chairs.

Lounge, old fashioned sideboard and hall rack, 1 large Wilton square, pictures 1 large mirror 41-2 ft. by 31-2 ft., bedroom furniture, kitchen utensils, etc.

Terms cash. J. A. MacDONALD Auctioneer

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AND Glasses fitted by scientific methods.

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Fare from St. John \$10, from Eastport or Lubec, Me., \$9.

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Atlantic Time, Eastport 1.30 P.M., Lubec 2.30 P.M. Eastern Time, arriving Boston

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Reduced rates for automobiles accompanied by passengers

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CURSE O' LOVE

A Story of Love and its Test BY MILDRED BARBOUR

CHAPTER 39 ORIENT-BOUND

Philip Kendall descended from a taxi at the entrance to a steamship pier at San Francisco. It was a gray, misty day. A fine rain was falling, and the buildings along the harbor looked gloomy and forbidding. The water that washed the pier was slate-colored. The shining Golden Gate was completely obscured by the mist.

Kendall, gloomily watching the m'loading of his luggage, felt that he day was like his mood—grim, unhappy, without hope.

Until the last, he had cherished the thought that he might run across King Carson. But apparently, that insouciant and debonaire gentleman was already on his way east. Kendall was forced to accept the dictum of Fate. He must all from the Orient alone, with one to bid him Godspeed when he left behind him all that he had made life worth while.

A porter from the pier came to collect his bags. He passed through the narrow gateway and into the dark, gloomy shed of the Japanese liner pier. Uniformed officials took his ticket, examined his passport, made a cursory survey of his luggage.

He could see the steamer on which he was to sail, lying peacefully at her slip—a small white boat with two red smokestacks that sent up clouds of black smoke to mingle with the heavy fog. There was much bustling and activity along the pier, trucks bearing baggage rumbled up behind him; treat cranes were lifting cargo and swinging it into the ship's hold; passengers scurried distractedly here and there, searching for some last-minute articles; already the friends of the voyagers were lining up behind the gates at the end of the pier to wave farewell when the ship put to sea.

Kendall went directly to his cabin and remained there until he felt the shudder of the ship as she went on the dock. Then he went on deck, but the waving, surging mass on the pier, the fluttering handkerchiefs, and the cries of "Bon Voyage" that drifted across the widening expanse of water had to appeal for him.

He went forward and, leaning on the rail, stared into the ominous, lowering fog that hid the Golden Gate. Beyond lay the Orient, where so many go to forget what they have left behind them of life, of love, and hope! The Orient, where one who lures those who are distressed in body or spirit, lulling them into forgetfulness—more often, leading them to destruction!

Kendall longed poignantly for Norma, the woman he loved above all else in the world. He was leaving her to find his happiness that he was thoroughly, and earnestly, convinced she desired. The night at the bungalow, together with his chance glimpse of her and Stokes in her car by the wayside, and her curious, reserved attitude later on, had made him feel that it was Stokes whom she loved. Why she had married him, when she still cared for Stokes, he couldn't guess—unless, he told himself, it was her father who had arranged matters with her, just as he had arranged them with Kendall himself.

Anyhow, her words, as he left the bungalow to get medical assistance for Stokes, had convinced him that she loved the wounded man. She had not wanted her husband involved in the matter, not for his own sake, but for her own and Sydney Stokes's. Kendall smiled bitterly at the thought. Well, he had spared her the scandal, he reflected. He had not appeared in the affair at all. Though there would be some gossip and a great deal of speculation, no one was in possession of a single fact from which to weave a tale of scandal, unless it was Dr. Merrivale, and he had proven his trustworthiness.

(To Be Continued)



Sunday School Lesson

Fourth Lesson: Lesson II 1 Kings XIX 9-18: October 9, 1927. Golden Text: Wait for Jehovah: Be strong and let thy heart take courage. Psalm XXVII 14.

ELIJAH HEARS GOD'S VOICE

(The Story)

Elijah the fugitive gave himself over to the mystery of the desert. On he sped until the thunder-smit-ten pile, Mount Sinai towered before him. There he had reached the goal of his solitary journey. That mountain with its stirring memories was the fit environment for the prophet's vigil. He reviewed the past. His task was the recovery of a back-slidden nation. To accomplish this he had denied his countrymen that great boon of rain and had then restored it. He had presided at the duel between Jehovah and Baal and had put the false priests to death. No prophet had done greater works.

Pitiful must have been the prophet's strivings in that mountain cave. He had lost his clew to Providence. All his calculations were at fault. He had expected to lead a penitent nation to Jehovah's altar, but at that very moment he must himself become a fugitive and the bitter cup of defeat was pressed to his lips. But even so he must needs know he had come to the very Mountain of the Burning Bush.

On this spot God had once before spoken to one who under trying circumstances had stood forth as the representative of Israel. On such a spot Elijah might also expect to hear the Divine voice. The harp of the human soul was strung for the breath of heaven. As ever prepared the message came to prepared ear. Jehovah's challenge came first. It was not a rebuke as if God had said: "What are you a prophet of Samaria doing here in Arabia?" It is intended to awaken him and lead him to express the thoughts of his heart. The reply is human and natural. It is a protest of jealousy for Jehovah. In a single dash he paints the dolorous nocturn of his time—covenant forsaken, altars thrown down, prophets slain and now his own life sought by a cunning murderer.

In response to all this the prophet is called to the door of his retreat to witness a parable of nature. First came the hurricane, a synonym of irresistible might. Certainly this must be God! Yet the prophet knows that this awful scene is not the best revelation of Jehovah. It is as if comparatively God was not in the wind at all. Next comes earthquake. Stable old earth sways! Certainly He who laid the foundations of the earth only could re-move them. But even the earthquake is not an adequate revelation. Next came fire. At the mountain was a living flame. But even this purest element of nature is not the ultimate revelation. So every force which could indicate the Divine presence had passed before the prophet and "God was not in them." Following these convulsions of nature came a period of "stillness." The very still silence seemed vocalized. In comparison to the noisy demonstrations the gentle stilling was like an articulate utterance.

Monday—By teaching. Deut. 6:6-7. Tuesday—By companionship. Prov. 13:30. Wednesday—By example. Matt. 5:13-16. Thursday—By our experience. 1 Sam. 3:1-10. Friday—Bad big brothers. Gen. 37:1-4:18-20. Saturday—By loving care. Matt. 19:13-15.

TO THINK ABOUT

How can we reach children in the community that the church does not reach?

How can we help fresh air work for the children?

Mr. Billyuns—So you are giving my wife painting lessons? What sort of a pupil is she? Artist—I find her very apt to say the least.

Mr. Billyuns—That's queer! I always find her very apt to say the most.

Just as God was not comparatively in wind, earthquake or fire so relatively He was in that "sound of soft silencing" . . . Elijah's difficulties are cleared up. He has caught again the clew to Providence. He will never drop that thread until it leads him to the chariot of fire. The parable has a meaning for him personally. He is to be like that in his own course. Year is to subside into whisper. There is to be a period of blissful communion, a deepening experience of the Divine within himself. The culmination of his career was reached. In the cave or Horeb the old Elijah was buried. . . . Again the parable has its meaning as related to the national life. Storm, earthquake and fire were necessary as initial means of reformation. But they were initial only. Comparatively speaking God was not in them at all. They were only the means of making the nation more susceptible to the "whisper" which was to follow. That was the "still small voice" of justice and truth which was to breath through the prophets who were to follow Elijah. God was so much more in their beneficent influence that in comparison he seemed to be not at all in the terrific and sanguinary methods that preceded.

UNDER THE STUDY LAMP

Alone! Alone! Alone! The loneliness of Jesus has been discoursed upon. The solitariness of Elijah should not be forgotten. But after all the plaint of the prophet has been that of many a gifted mind in every age. Genius must needs be solitary. It is its fate to be misunderstood by stupidity. . . . The prophet painted his times in nocturnal tints. When will men learn that the cause of God has never yet been left to perish anywhere? In the final analysis the gates of hell never prevail against the kingdom of heaven in any form that kingdom assumes. . . . The ardent reformer may think that earthquake, tempest and fire are indispensable. If these are not raging he feels that nothing is doing. But the divinest Teacher has said that the kingdom comes unobserved and is as the leaven hid in the meal. He said ironically "Two swords are enough" indicating that no sword at all is necessary. The "stillness" of education is the mightiest force in the social evolution. . . . The humanness of Elijah has marked illustration. Wonder is he was ever taken for an angel. As St. James says he was a man of our nature. His reply to the Divine challenge indicates despair over existing conditions and a carnal zeal which would call down fire upon opposers. He tacitly reproves Jehovah as if he had been looking on too long without intervention.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

October 9, 1927. John XXI 15-17. Motto: A child is a man in small letter. Bishop Erle.

HOW CAN WE HELP YOUNG BOYS AND GIRLS?

Current social life shows the most intelligent and scientific helpfulness toward youth. It takes the form of Boy Scout and Campfire Girl and the Summer Camp for both. But this is in large measure a mass movement and should never be allowed to take 2—SUNDAY SCHOOL . . .

lowed to take the place of personal attention and effort for the individual. Nothing makes so quick and large return as this.

DAILY READING

Monday—By teaching. Deut. 6:6-7. Tuesday—By companionship. Prov. 13:30. Wednesday—By example. Matt. 5:13-16. Thursday—By our experience. 1 Sam. 3:1-10. Friday—Bad big brothers. Gen. 37:1-4:18-20. Saturday—By loving care. Matt. 19:13-15.

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Having had a successful stock reducing sale and completed our alterations, this store presents an up-to-date appearance. The floor space is greatly increased and the seating capacity doubled, the stock being arranged in the most modern manner and fashioned after successful shoe stores in the larger centres, each pair of shoes has its own position on the shelves and are there for a definite purpose, to fit some feet, and we ask to be allowed the opportunity of fitting and aiding you in a proper selection, which should not only give you the right shoe for the occasion, but a comfortable fit and one that will not only wear well better and keep it's shape.

REGARDING APPROBATION

The service mentioned above cannot be successfully carried out while a large proportion of our stock is off the shelves and scattered about the country on any price. It is not done by the modern retailer. We have therefore decided to discontinue this practice, not for our own good alone but for better service to the public.

ABOUT NEW FALL GOODS

Since the great sale we have received many desirable lines in all kinds of footwear that are meeting with great favour. A new line comprising eight styles, week to week to \$5.00 per pair for practice, not for our own good alone but for better service to the public.

ALLEY & CO., LIMITED. FITTED FOOTWEAR

Is It Worth 50 Cents?

"Money can't buy anything else like this wonderful herbal Zam-Buk. It's simply priceless!" says one enthusiastic mother. For injuries, Zam-Buk is the indispensable ever-ready healer. Where there is any skin or scalp disease, Zam-Buk is magical in extracting germs and poisonous impurities and growing new healthy skin. Being prepared exclusively from pure refined herbal essences, all highly concentrated, Zam-Buk retains its medicinal virtues indefinitely. It never goes rancid and useless like fatty salves and ointments do. Yet, whilst so much more safer, purer and reliable, herbal Zam-Buk costs no more to buy.

From Stadacona St., Montreal, Mrs. Villiers, writes:—"For healing, give me Zam-Buk! It is the finest thing I know. I saved me from a poisoned hand, rid my three children of scalp sores, and healed my husband's badly crushed finger. We wouldn't be without it at any price." Get a 50c. box to-day, or for FREE SAMPLE mention paper and enclose 1c. stamp to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

Zam-Buk ENDS SKIN TROUBLE



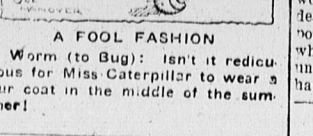
"The modern mama's boy is associated with purse strings rather than with apron strings."



AN UNNECESSARY EXERTION
1st Burglar: Gee, but dis is a rich haul, bo. Don't tink I kin calculate de value of all dese diamonds and gems.
2nd Burglar: Yer don't hafta, Bill. De mornin' papers 'll give yer de exact amount.



She: I've reduced twenty pounds since I've been here.
He: How much is that in American money?



A FOOL FASHION
Worm (to Bug): Isn't it ridiculous for Miss Caterpillar to wear a fur coat in the middle of the summer!

OPERATION LEFT HER VERY WEAK

Letter Tells of Wonderful Relief After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Coniston, Ontario.—"After a severe operation and a three weeks stay in a hospital I returned home so weak that I was unable to move a chair. For four months I was almost frantic with pains and suffering until I thought sure there could not be any help for me. I had very severe pains in my left side and suffered agony every month. One day when I was not able to get up my mother begged me to try your medicine. My husband got me a bottle of Vegetable Compound at once and I took it. I started a second bottle, and to my surprise and joy the pains in my side left me completely and I am able to do all my work without help. I am a farmer's wife, so you see I can't be idle long. In all, I have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, five boxes of the Compound Tablets, two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, and have also used the Sarsaparilla Wash."—Mrs. L. LAKEUNESS.