MRS. B. H. HART SICK FOR YEARS

Wants Women to Know How She Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Cornwall, Ontario.—"I am now giving your medicine a fair trial and it surely is doing me good and I am going to keep on taking it. I used to feel so tired in the morning that I didn't want to get up, but that feeling is leaving me now. I also sleep better and feel more like working. For seven or eight years I have had headaches, tired feelings, pains in my back and across my body. I read letters in the newspapers saying what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done others. My husband says I quit too soon, but I am not going to stop taking the Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine until I am better and haven't an ache or a pain. Isn't that the right way? I have great faith in your medicines. They must be good when those who take them speak so highly of them. I am recommending them to my friends and I will gladly answer letters from women asking about them."—Mrs. BURT H. HART, Box 1081, Cornwall, Ontario.

Mrs. Hart wants to help other women and is willing to answer letters from sick women asking about the Vegetable Compound. C

HOUSE FOR SALE

The three-tenement house on Richmond Street owned by Mrs. John A. MacLaren, being Nos. 308, 310, and 312. Property rents very readily and is a splendid investment.

For particulars apply to MacDonald & MacPhee, Solicitors, Riley Building.

5077-9-22tts6i.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Spring Park Black Fox Company will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Rooms on Thursday, October 1st at 8 p.m. All interested please attend.

R. E. SPILLETT,
Secretary.

AUCTION SALE

I will sell by Public Auction on my premises at Freeland on

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th
at 12.30 o'clock

The following Stock, Farm Implements, Crop, Household Utensils &c. Driving Horse, Milch Cow (newly freshened), 25 Hens, Double and Single Truckwagon (Bain), Double Bob Sleds, Wood Sleigh and Box Cart, Rubber-tired Driving Wagon, Speed Sulky, McLaughlin 5 passenger touring Car in good condition, a quantity of Hay, Oats, Potatoes, Turnips, large quantity of Firewood ready for use, 3 H. P. Fairbanks Morse Engine, type Z; 5 H. P. Bruce Stewart Marine Engine, Furniture—Parlor Suite, Morris Chair, Wicker Rockers, Organ (Karn) Victrola and 64 Records, Brussels Carpet, Dining Room Suite, Congoleum Square, 3 Couches, 3 Bedroom Suits, 2 Sewing Machines, Range, all Cooking Utensils, Cream Separator, Churn with hand or motor power, Washing Machine, Wringer, a quantity of good Harness, set Double Work Harness, Riding Saddle, 2 Cart Saddles, Collar and Hames, Hay Fork, Rope and Blocks complete, 2 Robes, Forks, Shovels and other articles too numerous to mention.

Also my Property (as previously advertised) if not sold privately will be offered by public auction on above date. Terms and conditions for property made known at sale.

Terms for Movable—All sums up to $10.00, cash; over that amount November 1st, 1926, on approved joint notes.

This will be a genuine sale as I am leaving the Island.

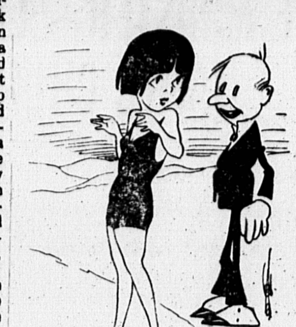
R. H. PALMER,
A. A. RAMSAY, Auctioneer.
5108-9-24-26.

SMILES

NOT ENOUGH TO REMEMBER

Wifie: And you can't remember what she had on?

Hubby: How can you expect me to remember such trifling things?



He: Now that vacation is over will you marry me?

She: What! And never get another vacation? Never!

ON THE JOB

His Secretary: One of your patients is on the phone asking about your condition.

The Sick Doctor: Tell him I'm making a slow but steady recovery. And enter the usual charge against him for a consultation.

SOMETHING WITH FOAM

"Brown says he had a big drink of something with foam on it today."

"Yes—he took a swig of liquid soap by mistake."

HOT AND COLD

"By George, but she was hot when he spoke that way!"

"What did she do?"

"Knocked him cold."

NOTICE

I am now ready to receive orders for Chinchilla Rabbits. Pure bred, old English stock as a shipment is expected. All orders should be booked at once to,

JOHN A. COULSON,
Sea View, P. E. I.

5002-9-18M11i.

THE UNHOLY THREE

Published by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Syndicate

INSTALLMENT 4.

Three gilded balls above the door of Izzy Cohen's pawn shop swung restlessly in the morning breeze as if predicting brewing trouble. Upstairs over the shop, Izzy was completing his morning's toilet anticipating a hearty breakfast which his sister Rachel was preparing in the kitchen adjoining his shop. If one could have heard him humming a merry Yiddish tune, for the time he would have been judged most happy. His contentment was destined to be short-lived.

Suddenly the sound of hurrying footsteps could be heard, the door burst open and Miss Cohen rushed in. For the moment she stood on the theshold gasping, her throat contracting and expanding from the emotions it contained, her face was as white as the pillow slip upon the bed. Her nervous voice cried out: "Issy, some one's gone and busted our front door in."

"What?—what you say, Rachel?" Cohen blinked his eyes and regarded his sister with the stupid expression of a man who is groping for his wits. "What you say?" he repeated.

"Fool will you come and see then?"

Miss Cohen seized her brother by the wrist, and pulling him from his room, hustled him downstairs into the shop. There he found his worst fears realized. A great splinter had been torn out of the framework of the door, which now stood ajar, its steel catch protruding like the useless tongue of a dead man. Nothing was to be done here.

"Quick! Quick! To the safe!" cried Cohen. Darting into the store, he was soon down on his knees, turning the shining knob to the well-remembered numbers. His sister stood over him, white-faced and expectant. Click—click—click. Ah! Now it was open; and there, safe and sound, lay the snug little piles of banknotes.

"God be praised! We are not robbed—unless some of the clothes are taken." He leaped to his feet. He examined the shelves, the hooks, the corners. "No, everything is here," he muttered—"everything is here."

"Maybe you broke the door yourself, Issy," said Miss Cohen, walking to the window.

"I break a valuable lock? Me? Not exactly! But what is that you see in the street, Rachel?"

"It's a crowd, Issy; and they're lookin' at our show-window. All the school children have stopped. Why, now they're pointin'!"

Cohen hurried out into the street. The crowd was growing fast. Now it numbered fully fifty. Men, women and children pressed their noses against the Jew's window, jostled each other with their elbows, and pushed forward at all costs to see what was within.

What were they staring at so intently, so eagerly, so expectantly? No crowd had ever gathered here before. Cohen knew what should be there—the wax figure in that stylish evening suit he had bought for six dollars. He had remembered what a bargain it was as he had clothed the dummy only yesterday. What a classy figure that dummy made in a dress suit, he recalled as he had hung it on one of the iron hooks that fitted into little rings of steel—the iron hooks that made his waxen images stand so naturally. What were the people in the street saying to one another? He would go out and see.

As Isidor Cohen pushed forward, a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. "Do you own this store?" a stern voice asked. He looked up into a policeman's heavily lined face.

"Yes, yes, I own it all right," he gasped. "Have I been robbed? Have they taken my dummies? Have they taken my clothes?"

"Come this way," said the policeman; and without another word he pushed through the crowd with Cohen at his heels. Now they were standing before his show-window, and the old money-lender could see everything.

There was the figure in evening clothes — but no! My God; this wasn't possible! It was the same coat, the same hat, and yet the figure was different, somehow. His waxen man stood upright, held its head high, looked you in the eyes; but this thing that he saw — this listless thing with downcast head and dragging feet, this broken creature, bending at the waist and grinning horribly at the ground, this new and terrifying dummy—he had never seen before.

And, as he stared at it, as he stood there motionless, horror stole over him and breathed her icy breath down into his heart. God of Israel! if it would only stop its grinning! Ah, what was that trickling down the coat sleeve?— what was that creeping down the cloth like some kind of crimson bug?—what was that splashing into a little puddle on the floor? It was blood, that's what it was —falling blood. His waxen man had come to life—had died —and now was bleeding.

And then, as is so often the case, the over-strained mind of Isidor Cohen was mastered by a trifle. One fact loomed up like a black cloud on his mental horizon. The Jew of him spoke, as it has spoken through all the centuries.

"I must take that coat off him!" he cried. "Right away I must take it off! The blood will stain it! It will be good for nothing!"

"I will go with you," said the policeman quietly, "and help you take it off."

The crowd gave way before them, and the policeman, followed by Cohen, entered the little store.

There they found it —the body of the Human Skeleton—that long, lizard-like figure hanging from the hook driven in its neck, that bag of bones which dripped its meager life-blood on the floor, that West Indian who once had grinned at the tiny dwarf as now he grinned at death. Yes, it was indeed he. But the faces of the people, staring in, were white—ghastly white.

"Where were you last night?" asked the officer, fixing Cohen with his eyes. "Where were you when this happened?"

"I was out late last night."

"Where were you?"

"I—I," stammered Cohen, glancing at his sister.

"Oh, you come along with me." The policeman laid his hand on Cohen's shoulder.

"Look, look, Izzy!" cried Miss Cohen suddenly. "See what's on the button there!" She pointed to the corpse.

The officer approached the dangling body and, lifting the card which hung on its breast, scrutinized it intently. There, on the tiny piece of pasteboard, in a small but legible hand, was written:

"Marked down
And hung up,
By Tweedledee."

Mr. Tobias Graham sat in the Drive. It was a beautiful afternoon in early spring. Through the half open window a breeze, fragrant with the scent of flowers, stole into the room like a child bent on mischief.

Suddenly the sound of light footsteps could be heard in the hallway; the door swung open and a young man entered. "Well, I'm here, Uncle Toby," he said, advancing.

Mr. Graham, before speaking, looked at his nephew attentively. Like a noisy frivolous April wind Hector McDonald invariably had a disconcerting effect on the old gentleman. Those bright hazel eyes, that clear-cut, smiling face, lacked conventional standards—or so at least he thought. Even his nephew's fashionably cut tweeds and highly polished boots were an offense to the old gentleman's sensibilities. They conjured to his mind a flippant tendency to neglect the serious affairs of life. He saw in this young man a butterfly, with outstretched wings. And, with the inconsistency of age judging youth, peering out through the barred window of time, light laughter and ready smiles were to him unpardonable.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" asked McDonald.

"Yes," said Mr. Graham, pursing his lips, and then drawing them into two straight lines. "I think the time has come when you should have reached a decision. Six months ago I suggested that you enter Arlington's office. Then you seemed determined on another course of action—a course of action directly opposite to my wishes and judgment. Well?"

McDonald flushed. His uncle's tone was so icy, those grey eyes were so cold and unfeeling, that figure sitting in the armchair was so stiff and unapproachable, that he felt any plea for his own viewpoint would be absolutely lost and thrown away. "I can only say now what I said then," he answered.

"And you still wish to write for a living?"

"Yes."

Mr. Graham's beard trembled slightly. "And you know what I think of your ambition?"

"Yes."

"Very well." The old gentleman rose to his feet and bowed stiffly. "I wish you a very good afternoon," he said.

"Oh, I say, Uncle Toby!" cried McDonald in surprise. "What are you doing? Turning me out?"

"Such an inference does your imagination credit," said the old man grimly. "I don't intend to be a crutch for decrepit genius. Follow my wishes and you may remain; disobey my commands and you shall go. You are no longer a child. You are of age and should be self-supporting. When your mother died I had you educated to the best of my ability. I tried to make a man of you. If I have failed—well—" He shrugged his shoulders.

"But don't you think you're hard on me, Uncle Toby?" asked the young man, with a smile which was half a grimace of dismay. "We all have our idiosyncrasies. I am an artist; so why make a business man out of me? You have a love for the beautiful yourself, Uncle Toby, if you'd only let it grow. Now, there's that collection of rubies you have—the best in the country I've been told. Surely they show that you have some latent spark of poetic fire. You don't love them just because they're worth a lot of money, do you?"

"Good afternoon, sir," said the uncle sternly.

"Of course," the young man continued, "rubies are only rubies after all. At the best they are cold crystalized thoughts. And they are dangerous to have about. They might make a criminal of one. They might make a thief of you, Uncle Toby."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"But you don't get my meaning!" What a stick his uncle was! So formal and stiff in every gesture, so much like a dressed-up poker, so absolutely devoid of all nonsense that McDonald often felt like rumpling the old gentleman's hair. "No, you don't get my meaning," he repeated. "I was not speaking at random when I said you might rob some one. And what a theft that would be! You'd not rob them of mere money! You'd rob them of a priceless possession—something that you would never be able to give back again. You would rob them of their honesty by the temptation of those rubies. What do you think of that, Uncle Toby?"

"Good afternoon, sir," said Graham in a louder tone than he had used hitherto.

McDonald laughed and then suddenly stopped. The muscles about his firm set jaw twitched slightly. "All right," he said. "I'm off. And don't think for a minute that I'm coming back here in a few days to eat out of your hand! If you do you are greatly mistaken. Win or lose, I'm through, Uncle Toby. I'll send for my things tomorrow."

"Good afternoon," said Mr. Graham.

"Good afternoon!" cried McDonald hotly. He strode to the door and, throwing it open, slammed it behind him. Soon the sound of his footsteps died away.

(To be continued.)

BROUGHT RELIEF AFTER 2 YEARS SUFFERING

"The makers of Tanlac will always have my warmest thanks, for I don't consider it any exaggeration to say I owe my life and present good health to Tanlac," is the striking statement of Andrew Groeschner, fireman.

"Words simply can't express the misery I endured for 2 years from indigestion. At times gas pains would catch me around the heart and almost cut off my breath. These awful pains would last two and three hours. My nerves were all unstrung. I slept poorly and got in such a bad way that my days seemed to be shortening rapidly.

"I tried everything, but disappointment was my only reward until I began taking Tanlac. I have been taking Tanlac off and on for a year now and feel so different that there's no room for comparison. I eat good and sleep good and feel that Tanlac has given me a new lease on life."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.

TANLAC
FOR YOUR HEALTH

AUCTION SALE

I am instructed by Gordon Dingwell, Esq., to sell at public auction on October 3rd, at the hour of 2 o'clock p.m. sharp, his farm, consisting of 38 acres, lying and being at Bay Fortune, Lot 43, and commonly known as the Maple Hill Farm. This farm has thereon a heavy growth of Juniper and hardwood, a large quantity of black alder mud; part of it being good pasture land, with a never-failing spring of water. It is ideally situated for fox-ranching, and will be sold en bloc or in lots, to suit purchaser.

Terms of sale: Cash on delivery of deed.

If Saturday should be stormy, sale will be held on Monday following, at the same time and place.

For further particulars apply to Gordon Dingwell, c.o Robert Shaw, Brackley Beach, P. E. I., or to the undersigned.

H. H. ACORN,
Auctioneer.
5116-8-thu-sat-tue-3i

BOTHERED WITH ECZEMA IN RASH

Face Was Disfigured. Healed by Cuticura.

"Some time ago I was bothered with eczema which broke out on my face in a rash. I took no notice of it at first until the trouble began to spread and the irritation caused me to scratch. My face was disfigured and the trouble lasted about three months.

"I tried different remedies but none seemed to do any good. I heard about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and purchased some, and after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Gladys Pahl, 353-31st St., N. Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 29, 1924.

Use Cuticura to clear your skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Stenhouse, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

Presentation to Mrs. Wm. O. Mulligan

The Ladies Aid of St. James Presbyterian church had a pleasant gathering in the church parlors on Tuesday afternoon as a farewell to Mrs. Mulligan. After a short musical program of solos by Mrs. Roome, Mrs. Burnett, and Miss Ethel Stewart, Mrs. Artemas Lord, one of the oldest members of the Ladies Aid read the following address, which she also wrote, and presented Mrs. Mulligan with a valuable silver teapot on behalf of the society. Afternoon tea was then served and the social hour ended with singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Dear Mrs. Mulligan,

We have met this afternoon to tell you how greatly we have appreciated your ever ready kindly sympathy and practical help in all our work. We remember how always willing you have been and we grieve to think we are soon to part but when we "link our destinies to God" nothing can separate us, neither life nor death, nor things present or things to come through Jesus Christ our Lord. These separations are only for this plane. We ask you to accept the accompanying little gift as a small souvenir of appreciation from your old friends in St. James Ladies Aid.

May God use you and Mr. Mulligan and the dear boys and give you much happiness in your new surroundings.

Islanders Make Stir In Winnipeg

A recent issue of the Winnipeg Free Press contains the following article, which appears beneath a three column photograph of the flivver in question, and its adventursome passengers:

From Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, to Winnipeg in a 1919 Ford car, is the record of four boys from that far eastern island province of the Dominion. The car which they term the "galloping ash can," was seen in many parts of Winnipeg Tuesday, and attracted considerable attention. It is a real relic, with the steering wheel at the right hand side of the car, and must have been one of the last automobiles of this type made by the well-known firm.

In the party which made the extended tour are G. H. McLeod, Frederick McLeod, Robert Weeks and Gordon Wheatley, all of Charlottetown, P. E. I., and with them is their mascot, a cute little fox terrier puppy, which answers to the name of Oscar. They left the Island Aug. 3 and, with the exception of a three weks' stay at Warren, Minn., have been travelling ever since.

Their route took them through New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, and then down through Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and covered approximately 3,000 miles.

The "old bus" pulled out Tuesday night for Saskatoon, where the party intends staying a few days, but prior to leaving the members had not decided whether they would continue through to Vancouver or not.

This is the first time a Prince Edward Island car has come through to Winnipeg, according to official records. The car bears the license plate P. E. I. 6,338. At the time the Free Press cameraman caught this interesting car and its occupants, only three members of the party were present.

Before the quartet left the Island they secured a large quantity of literature from the Tourist Association, and to all indications they are leaving no stone unturned to advertise to the utmost their native province. In the illustration in the Free Press their trusty flivver is seen to be decorated with lettered signs and also the provincial coat of arms. (The Guardian is indebted to Mr. Gilbert West, son of Mr. Jonathan West of this city, and now a resident of Winnipeg, for the clipping from the Winnipeg paper.)

All children like to play with sand, and it is made much more attractive by being colored. Beet juice will make a beautiful shade of red or pink; a drop of bluing will produce light blue or navy blue. Try it.

Goodness receives appreciation

The thousands of satisfied daily users of

KING COLE TEA

testify to its unfailing goodness.

For the enjoyment of old friends and new, Tea will be served FREE in restful "King Cole" Tea Rooms at the Exhibitions

—AT—

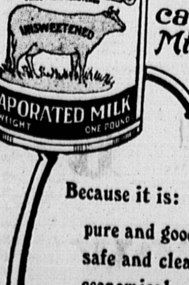
Sherbrooke,	P. Q.	Fredericton,	N. B
Quebec,	P. Q.	Sydney,	N. S
St. Stephen,	N. B.	Bridgewater,	N. S
Woodstock,	N. B.	Yarmouth,	N. S.
Chatham,	N. B.	Charlottetown,	P. E. I.

Saint John, N. B.

C-it [See it] the LIQUID Glass Cleaner

Used by Universities, Hotels, Schools, Steamships for cleaning windows, mirrors, etc.

25c A necessity in every home ASK YOUR GROCER



Use it Wherever the Recipe calls for Milk

Because it is:
pure and good
safe and clean
economical
easy to keep
easy to order

St. Charles Recipe Book Free—Write

The Borden Co. Limited MONTREAL

ST. C.-15-24

"Let the Maritime Provinces Flourish by Their Industries."

BORDEN FACTORY-TRURO, N.S.

Supreme PIPELESS FURNACE

This illustration will explain the interior construction of the Supreme Pipeless Furnace, two panels having been removed to show the inside.

The casing is the simplest thing in the world. There are no bolts, rivets or hooks. Anyone without mechanical skill can install it easily, in less than two hours, thus saving time and money by not having to wait and pay for services of experts. Why experiment?

The Supreme Pipeless gives full value for every dollar invested, and has the largest sale of any Pipeless in Canada.

SEE IT AT EXHIBITION BUILDING.

The Rogers Hardware Company Ltd.
WHOLSALE & RETAIL

5058-9-22M3i.

Farquhar Steamship Line

S. S. "HETHPOOL" Leaves Boston for Halifax, Sept. 22nd.

Connecting With

S. S. "SABLE I" Leaving Halifax for Charlottetown, Sept. 24th.

Leaving Charlottetown, Sept. 25th for Sydney, North Sydney, Curling, Cornerbrook and other West Coast Newfoundland Ports.

Regular fortnightly service thereafter until close of navigation.

CARVELL BROS.
AGENTS

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.

BOSTON—ST. JOHN, N. B.—(International) LINE

Fare St. John to Boston $10.00; Eastport or Lubec 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
Lubec 2.30 P. M. Standard Time due Boston Thursday 9 A. M.
Saturday sailings direct to Boston, due Sunday 3 P. M.
On Saturdays passengers may leave Eastport for Boston via St. John.

For additional information apply to agents at above ports.

IMPORTANT

To All Men and Women Voters

All former voters lists have been disregarded and no one can vote unless he or she registers again. Registration offices will open at 9 a.m. on Thursday 24th and will remain open (Lunch hours excepted) till 9 at night. They will be open for six days only. Conservative voters are requested to be sure and register themselves and take their friends with them. Wards, 1, 2 and 3 will register at the Riley Building (Opposite Prowse Bros.) Queen St.; Ward 4 at W. P. Doull's store, Cor. Queen and Kent Streets; Ward 5 West at the Bourke-Windsor Gargage and Ward 5 East at the Arena Rink.

5090-9-23,tf.