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Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to J. J. Trimmer, Commissioner, Provincial Police, Charlottetown, or to C. A. Miller, Inspector, Summerside, or to W. E. Haywood, Inspector for Queens, Charlottetown, or J. W. Platts, Inspector for Kings, Montague.



Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

(Continued)

Suddenly the group in the moonlight broke. She had darted back inside the tent. The man stood still a moment as though hesitant; then turned, disappeared round the boarding-tent, emerged a moment later into the moonlight, retracing his course. I followed no longer. When he was gone out of sight, I lay there, my eyes on the dim blob of light which was the tent, the brilliant slash which was the opening of the flap—lay and dug my fingers into the ground and panted. Suddenly the light in the tent went out. I rose and stumbled blindly down the hill to Main street.

CHAPTER X

When I came back to a semblance of reason and sanity I was looking down, from a dump of Liverpool hill, on the streaks of bloated light which marked Cottonwood camp. Since I saw my betrayal I had been wandering through camp, aimlessly and insanely. I had kindled in my heart and soul every vindictive emotion. My conviction, formed so hastily as I watched that couple in the moonlight, had set, frozen. There was no hope, no faintest doubt. Stern, dramatic plans of action had floated into my imagination to be blown away by others just as violent and fanciful. I would go and accuse her to her face—tell her what she was and what she had done to me. No, I could not do that. My pride had been seared enough already; besides, what would she care? I would leave the camp tonight and never again see her or the spot where she had tormented me, used me. But even while I imagined this, I knew that I could not abandon the game half played. I would follow him, her accomplice and lover, to the ends of the earth; and when I found him I would kill him as a man should. I would kill myself—I had the weapon there on my hip. Even was there a terrible vision of Constance Deane's tender throat gurgling to a flabby quiet in my clenched hands. . . . It was this sudden, primeval lust for murder which, imparting an unnatural energy to all my members, finally drove me on the run up Liverpool hill. Altitude and the limitations of the body had their way with me at last; my breath gave out; I dropped on the rough prisms of the dump, exhausted.

Oddy, I kept one tiny impulse of responsibility. I had no sooner settled into my state of relative calm that I remembered the Cottonwood Courier, struggling on toward press-hour without me. Marcus Handy at least had done me no wrong. I owed him the courtesy of decent resignation. I rose started down Liverpool hill in a leaden mood of profound but inactive melancholy. Through the clear, carrying night air came the sound of a pistol-shot—two shots—a crackling fusillade. These sounds blew into a blaze the embers of my violent mood. The sense of dynamic powder in the explosions, the imagination of the bullets with their terrific, satisfying punch into flesh or into wood, gave me some devilish satisfaction to me nerves. Then the world of practical realities again flowed in upon me. This was no joy-fusillade of drunken miners or prospectors. The tempo was that of a general fight. Again I broke into a run.

As I passed the straggling row of cabins which fringed the road

"Did they kill anyone—how much did they get?" I asked.

"No one hurt—but Handy will tell you what to say about all that!" replied Mr. Taylor enigmatically, and closed the window.

As I threaded among the dark cabins, sheds, rude warehouses which made a maze of the alley behind the bank, I saw that the crowd was thinning out. Just then; a hand down the street gave its preliminary roll, struck up a march tune; Cottonwood, the fires of excitement already dying out, had resumed its normal night life. But not quite, I reflected as I came up the side street toward the Courier. Considering that if offered no lures of pleasure, that was singularly crowded for that time of night. Men were standing in knots; only they did not gesticulate, and if they spoke at all it was in low whispers. The excitement had abated only on the surface, I felt. Deep below ran a sense of tension . . . I was hardly surprised when from the doorway of the

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Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

Courier a stranger stepped forward, laid his hand on a scabbard swung forward from his hip, and said:

"You can't come in here!"

"But I work here!" said I.

"Wait a minute," he replied, and disappeared. An instant later the keenly lined silhouette of Marcus became visible against the light.

"It's all right—come along!" he shot out in his executive voice.

I entered. Marcus, his sleeves rolled up, his store clothes protected by the ink-spattered apron of his trade, his mallet in hand, stood at the stone. I had never seen his eye so bright.

"Where the—I have you been?" he inquired. I answered nothing. The blackness of the past two days the search for an excuse brought up the blackness of the past two hours which excitement had momentarily dissipated; if I had tried to speak, I would have choked. Marcus, indeed, gave me no time to answer.

(To Be Continued)

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MY WISH

Let me work in a shop by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
Those who are footsore, and lame,
and tired.

But still have the will to try,
Let me work in my shop by the side of the road,
Repairing their well-worn shoes—
The painter's, the plumber's, the millwright's—
What does it matter whose?

The pioneer seeking a land of hope,
Adventurers seeking wealth,
Those who are searching for loved ones lost,
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Let me work in a shop by the side of the road,
Plying my chosen trade,
For on many a shoe that is well repaired,
The climb to success is made.

HAVE YOUR SHOES REBUILT BY

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9130-10-3-7-1044.

NOTICE OF MEETING

The annual meeting of the R. J. McNeill Black & Silver Fox Co., Ltd., will be held in the Office of the Secretary at Northam, on Thursday, October 15th, 1931, at two o'clock P. M.

J. E. S. WART,
Secretary.

9135-10-3-7-12-31.

DOMINION OF CANADA
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Probate Court, 22nd George V., A. D. 1931.

In Re Estate of Margaret Ware late of Wheatley River in Queen's County in the said Province deceased testate. By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County. GREETING:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of William A. Simpson of Bayview in Queen's County aforesaid, farmer, the Administrator cum testamento annexo of the above named estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, Queen's County, in the said Province, on Tuesday the twentieth day of October next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Malcolm McKinnon, Esq., Executor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown in the said Province, in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely in the Hall of the Court House in Charlottetown, in front of the Hall in the said Province, in front of the school-house in Bayview aforesaid, and I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 12th day of September, A. D. 1931 (L.S.) and in the 22nd year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER
Surrogate & Judge of Probate,
8229-9-16-Wed-41

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By George McManus

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OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT WE GIVE MUSICAL COMEDY

I THOUGHT THERE WUZ AN OPERA PLAYIN' HERE?

OH, THE OPERA CLOSED LAST NIGHT—A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY IS NOW PLAYING.

WELL, I'M IN THE OPERA HOUSE JUST AS MAGGIE ORDERED.

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