

**CONGOLEUM**  
GOLD SEAL  
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**TENDERS**

Tenders will be received by Cove Head Shipping Club up to December 10th for 3 tons or more, dressed, crate fattened chickens, fowl, geese and ducks.

**FRANK HUGHES**  
Secretary  
West Cove Head  
6358-12-2M31.

**Fox Ranch For Sale**

Tenders are called for the purchase of the fox ranch of Mount Edward Silver Black Foxes, Limited, on Mount Edward Road near Charlottetown, adjoining the ranch of the Charlottetown Silver Black Fox Co., Ltd.

The ranch is comparatively new and in good condition and includes 19 breeding pens, 6 dog pens, 6 temporary pens, good fence, and 6 acres of land, with driveway from Mount Edward Road. Tenders to be sent to the undersigned at P. O. Box 280, Charlottetown on or before 10th December, 1925.

**H. R. HILLSON,  
W. E. BENTLEY,**  
Liquidators.  
6109-12-3-5-7-9.

**Tenders For Plank**

Sealed Tenders will be received at this office until noon on Saturday, December 12th next, from any person or persons willing to contract to supply and deliver at Charlottetown, the following plank:

- 13,500' B.M. of 4"x8" hardwood plank in lengths of 9', 12' or 15'.
- 30,500' B.M. of 3"x8" hardwood plank in lengths of 9', 12' or 15'.
- 40,500' B.M. of 3"x8" Hemlock or Black Spruce of 9', 12' or 15'.
- 6,500' B.M. of 3"x5" Spruce in random lengths.

Hardwood plank to be of yellow Birch or Maple (Beech not accepted). All plank to be sound, free from wanes or shakes, square, edged and accurately sawn in dimensions specified.

The Department is not bound to accept the lowest or any tender. Plank to be delivered F. O. B. Charlottetown, on or before February 1, 1926.

For further particulars apply to this Department.

**L. B. MacMILLAN,**  
Secretary of Public Works.  
6382-12-11ts61.

**FARM FOR SALE**

I am authorized to sell the farm of the late Donald McPhee consisting of 80 acres at Long Creek, 65 acres in high state of cultivation with stream of water running through the centre and a spring in the shore field, balance covered with soft and hard wood. Buildings in good repair. Near churches, school and store.

Also the following personal property:—1 mare with foal, 1 horse, 1 driving wagon, a quantity of hay, straw, oats and wheat.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned.

**PRESTON J. SENTNER,**  
Administrator,  
34 Orlebar St.,  
Charlottetown.  
MacKinnon & McNeill,  
Solicitors.  
6280-21-e.o.d. 41

**Valuable Property FOR SALE**

I offer for sale my valuable property consisting of 130 acres of choice land with buildings, situated on Robinson's Island. 50 acres clear, the balance covered with a general growth of lumber. Convenient to manure of all kinds. If not sold by private sale will be offered by Public Auction of which due notice will be given. Apply William W. Robinson on the premises or

**BENJ. CARTER,**  
Auctioneer.  
6411-12-3th81.

**Falconwood Live Stock for Sale**

One horse, 3 years old, Percheron grade; one horse 4 years old and one horse 7 years old, Clyde grades.

3 Registered Holstein Cows, 3 and 5 years old; 2 yearling heifers, 2 bulls 15 months old; 1 bull 1 year old and some calves. All choicely bred. Our average production in 1925 was over 16,000 lbs. milk 8 cows averaging over 20,000 lbs. Order your herd sire from this splendid herd.

Also a number Yorkshire Sows, registered and bred. A number of choice strains and crosses. Also young boars and females. For particulars apply

**DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE**  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

**The Golden Fleece**  
COLOR CUT-OUTS



**JASON HELPS THE OLD LADY**

This is one day's chapter of the story of "The Golden Fleece." Children who save the paper dolls every day can act out the story with the dolls.

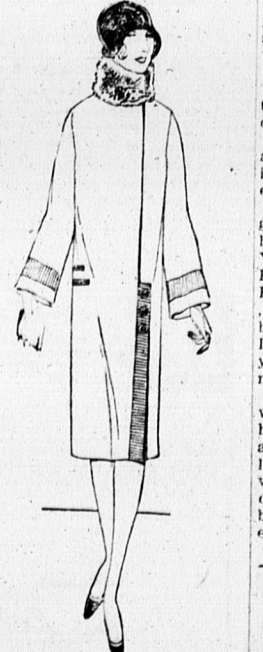
When the old woman heard that Jason was going to Iolchos to regain his father's throne she begged him to take her on his back and carry her across the turbulent river.

"But, good mother," Jason cried, "the river is exceedingly boisterous. I would gladly help you if I could, but I doubt if I am strong enough. We should both be swept away."

"Then," said she very scornfully, "neither are you strong enough to pull King Pelias off his throne!" And the old woman took up her staff and started to enter the raging torrent by herself. But Jason caught her just in time to save her.

(Color the old woman's dress a deep lavender. The ragged shawl over her head and shoulders should be dark grey.)

**Fashion Fancies**



By Marie Belmont

Any young girl in her teens will delight in such a coat as this, with its small fur collar finished with an animal hair.

The material is tan velour. The coat is made on tailored, fairly fitted lines, and trimmed with bands of the velour finely striped in brown. The fur is kolinsky dyed here.

**The Iron Horse**  
BY EDWIN C. HILL

(Continued)

Casey waved a cheerful hand and drifted to the street. Once clear of the saloon he put on speed in the bunkhouse and laid the problem before the board of strategy. It was old Schultz who found the solution which seemed best.

"Idt iss th' young letty, Gasey, dot ve moost ind," he counseled. "Vit a young man in anger the advice of mens iss useless. Only the young letty can stop him."

"Right!" said Slattery. "Th' gurri must be told."

They set off hot foot for Marsh's car. From her window Miriam saw them coming and hastened to greet them, suspecting from their obvious haste and excitement that something unusual had occurred.

"Sure we would not be intruding upon ye, Miss Miriam," said Casey. "If the bye was not in bad trouble, his wrongs are wringin' the heart as him and 'tis not he who can see where the feet of him are leadin'." Ye've a brave heart, Miss, an' there's no good in kappin' the truth from ye. 'Tis a killin' and we must stand in the way av. He will not heed the likes av us; but to ye, it may be, he'll turn his stubborn ear."

"Oh, what is it, what is it?" cried Miriam.

"Davy and Jisson," said Pat. "The bye is wold with anger, Miss Miriam, and wid' more than anger, with sorrow and disappointment. He feels that his sweatheart had turned her back upon him fer a time and a murderin'! I must stand ye, plain, Miss Miriam. 'Tis twenzy you and Peter would kill me. The shame of it—mayhap a murder, in one of those awful dens! You can't know, dear, how a woman feels about such things. I am pleading for Peter, now. I am pleading for you, my dear, for us both, Davy. Can't you guess why, my dear, can't you guess why?"

"The glory of her love was over her pleading face. Davy could not speak. He dropped to his knees, pressing her hand to his cheek. Sullen anger passed from him like the recession of an evil dream.

"Promise me, Davy."

"I cannot, Miriam. I struck him when he was unarmed. If I avoid him now men will say I'm afraid. It will shame me, Miriam."

"Let them say it," said Miriam, proudly. "Those who know Davy Brandon would not even think it. He arose and drew his revolver from his holster, laying it upon the table. Miriam's face was transfigured by happiness.

"Promise me, Davy," she breathed, her lips close to his. "It means so much to me."

"I promise," said Brandon. "I give you my word, I won't fight Jesson. You have made it hard, Miriam, but you can depend upon me."

She gave him her lips and for a long time they remained clasped in each other's arms.

"You must go," said Miriam presently. "Father wants me. But come to me in the morning, Davy mine."

**CHAPTER XXIII.**  
**A BROKEN PLEDGE**

Before nightfall the news of the escape of the pass and of Brandon's finding and his return to accuse Jesson spread through the town, the main topic in a score of saloons. Ordinarily Julesburg could not have been stirred by rumors of trouble between any two men. Gun play and knife battles were of hourly occurrence, commonplace of a hair-triggered community. But practically everybody knew that Deroux was mixed up in the quarrel; that young Brandon had interfered in the plans of this powerful person. The talk was that the road would not be built through Deroux's country after all, and that it was Brandon who had wrecked the Frenchman's ambitious schemes.

Men speculated over their liquor as to what Deroux would do; as to how Jesson would square the blow that had felled him in the afternoon. Half-a-dozen men in the railroad yards had seen Brandon knock Jesson down, and someone had mentioned the gossip with a spicy account of the fight, adding that Miss Marsh had caused it. Sensing a connection between Deroux and Jesson, and assuming that the latter would have to fight it out with Brandon, all Julesburg looked for trouble to come to a head before the night passed.

Haller's was unusually crowded when Deroux entered, alone and found an unoccupied table near the door. Many of the habitués of the rival saloons and gambling houses had been attracted to The Arabian Nights in the hope of witnessing the inevitable climax. Men were three deep along the bar, and the press around the gambling tables was so thick that newcomers eager to buck the tiger had to stand back, peering over the heads of the absorbed players. The air was electric with the tingling expectation of excitement. Old Haller, perched on his high stool at the middle of the bar, his monumental plug hat pushed to the back of his head, a sure sign of mental stress, chewed an unlighted cigar as his shrewd eyes followed over the close-packed throng. All of the rumors had come to him and they fitted together like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. The answer was trouble.

He saw Jesson enter, stop to speak to Ruby, who had been waiting, obviously, for the engineer's appearance; saw them talk a little while, Ruby seeming to plead with Jesson as she held his arm, and saw Jesson finally weave a way through the crowd and drop into a seat at Deroux's table. From under his shaggy eyebrows the Judge studied both men. He observed that Deroux was tense, strung like

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her injustice, her instant preference for the man he knew to be a scoundrel, fought with the love that struggled to soften him. Pride imprisoned his straining desire to sweep her into his arms and plead for forgiveness. A devil cried out in him to hurt her, to punish her with looks and words.

"What a fool have been," he said in a low voice. "What a fool, to think you could believe anything against one of your own sort. I might have guessed that this afternoon."

Pride flamed in Miriam, but it flamed vainly against her new knowledge of the truth, against the love and understanding that filled her heart. Her eyes were wet as she took his hand, very gently, and came even closer to him.

"Davy, listen to me, dear. I was afraid of you this afternoon. You frightened me. You were so different from the Davy I thought I knew. I was disappointed. I did not know that you had been led to me. Davy, I could not believe that a man I had known so long would be capable of such a thing. But I know now. Father told me all this evening. Pat told me. I understand how you feel, how terribly angry you are. But, Davy, Davy, you must put it aside. A fight between you and Peter would kill me. The shame of it—mayhap a murder, in one of those awful dens! You can't know, dear, how a woman feels about such things. I am pleading for Peter, now. I am pleading for you, my dear, for us both, Davy. Can't you guess why, my dear, can't you guess why?"

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quently to the door, and that Jesson's face was pale and drawn. His gaze roamed over the crowd. Heidgeted in his chair. "He's desprit," mused old Haller, watching Jesson. "Like a rat in a corner. Doesn't want to fight but knows he may have to. Them kind is the most dangerous."

The Nueces Kid sauntered in, threw a swift glance at Deroux and stroked to the bar, unceremoniously pushing his way to the rail. He slouched upon it, his right side turned to the room, thumb of his right hand tucked into the armpole of his vest, squarely above the low swinging gun whose holster was strapped to his thigh. That was enough for the Judge. He could see through a grindstone when somebody made a hole for him. Turning to the nearest bartender he quietly gave an order. The drink dispenser immediately sidled out from behind the bar and walked over to the gambling tables. He stopped there as he got the ear of one after another of these impassive but always alert gentlemen of chance. Each nodded quick understanding, presently turned his game over to an assistant and waded out of the press about his immediate table.

Again the door opened, this time to admit Henry Thornton, known throughout the territory as Deroux's fastest gun fighter, a short heavyset killer with a record of homicide which stretched from Mexico to Canada, a cold-eyed master of skillful murder. Thornton's bleak eyes found Deroux, glinted at his master's nod. He went to the wall and from this post of observation near the door, surveyed the crowd as he stood with folded arms. Texas Jack came in a few minutes later and stood at the edge of the crowd of players at the monte table.

"All here but that flashy greaser," thought Haller. "Ah, here he is!"

Don Filipe Gonzales glided into the saloon, white teeth showing as he saluted a greeting to acquaintances. He furnished a bow to a group of Haller's girls, sweetening a half-eerie with his wide-brimmed sombrero which jingled silver bells as he bent. He began to weave through the crowd, graceful as a serpent.

Old Haller caught the eye of Kentucky Jack, leading a brood of drunks, a square gambler and a dead shot of indomitable nerve. The Kentuckian went to the bar, followed by two other gamblers and Easterner named Polk and a tall Louisiana, a New Orleans ersole, Jules Lamar. The Judge shoved the box of cigars at them; they were about drinking men—and as each selected a perfect one, spoke quickly in a low voice:

"Boys, I want you to do me a favor. I don't know what the play is, but Deroux has got his gang here. They've drifted in one by one, under orders, in course. Looks like they don't mean to give that game kid, Brandon, a chance for his life. This ain't no time to call on my shotgun deppities, fer these fellows of Deroux's are scattered all over the room on purpose. This thing has got to be handled quiet like."

"Here's the program, as I've been fignerin' it out. Each of you pick out his man and git close to him. Drift alongside, easy like, but stick by where you can git action in a hurry. They won't suspicion you're up to anything special if you pull it off natural like. Then, if they start anything avin young Brandon well be fixed to give him a fair show."

Secretly the gamblers drifted away from the bar. The Kentuckian, stopping here and there, edged toward the Nueces Kid and came to a halt at the Kid's right shoulder. He drew a quick dart of suspicion from the snaky eyes as he greeted the gunman and rapped for the bartender.

"Join me," said Kentucky Jack, as the bartender slid a bottle along the polished mahogany.

"I'm not drinkin'," said the Kid.

"S'it yourself," said Jack and poured the first drink of whiskey he had emptied into a glass for years. The Nueces Kid edged away slightly. After a while, the Kentuckian, shifting his elbow, imperceptibly closed the gap, measuring the distance with a glance as the Kid's eyes switched to the door.

Haller, watching closely, saw Lamar post himself near Thornton and nodded in satisfaction as the saturnine Polk edged toward Texas Jack. So far so good. There remained the Mexican. He himself would keep an eye on Gonzales. He dropped a hand underneath the bar, assured himself that his Colt was handy and called to Gonzales across the room.

"Howdy, Don Filipe! How about your little aquardiente?"

"Delighted, Senor Haller," said Gonzales.

After all, the Mexican reflected, one post was as good as another for the work that was expected of him. He was raising his glass to his lips when the door opened. Every man in the room except the groups in feverish play at the tables, straightened. But the tension broke when Corporal Casey, with his friends, Slattery, Easterner named Polk and a tall Louisiana, a New Orleans ersole, Jules Lamar. The Judge shoved the box of cigars at them; they were about drinking men—and as each selected a perfect one, spoke quickly in a low voice:

"Boys, I want you to do me a

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darted unerringly, snatching the Nueces Kid's gun from his holster. Simultaneously Lamar had his Bowie knife at Thornton's throat while he swiftly disarmed the killer. Texas Jack was looking straight into the muzzle of Polk's derringer which had appeared from nowhere. And Haller, ready prepared, rested upon the bar a six-shooter which pointed straight at the breast of Don Filipe Gonzales. Deroux, seeing in a flash how his men had been trapped sprang to his feet, cursing savagely.

Haller's booming voice overrode the clamor:

"As she is, boys! If there's any fightin' in here, it's goin' to be firin'! This is a law and order place!"

Hesitating, puzzled over the swift drama whose significance escaped him Brandon came forward to Haller who had relieved Don Filipe of his knife but who kept the big gun still trained on the enraged Mexican.

"Is General Casement here?" Davy asked.

"Not been here," said Haller. "Heard he went west this afternoon."

"That's queer," Brandon said. "I got a note from Mr. Marsh half an hour ago, saying General Casement wanted to see me here at about half past nine about a job."

"Well, he's been tricked," said the Judge. "Somebody wanted to make sartin' you would be here when wanted. But ye needn't worry about that now, boy. You can linger as long as ye please."

"Thanks, but I'd better hunt up the General," said Davy. "I am much obliged to you, Judge, anyway."

As he passed the table where Deroux and Jesson were, Deroux, on his feet, called to him.

"One moment, Mr. Brandon!"

Davy hesitated, then approached the table. Stopping, Deroux hissed the breast of Don Filipe Gonzales. Deroux, seeing in a flash how his men had been trapped sprang to his feet, cursing savagely.

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(To be continued.)

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**J. A. MacDONALD,**  
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