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DOMINION OF CANADA
Province of
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
In the Probate Court, 22nd George V.
A. D. 1931.

In Re Estate of Daniel Sutherland
late of Stanley Bridge in Queen's
County in the said Province deceased
testate. By the Honorable HAROLD LEONARD
PALMER, Surrogate Judge of Probate,
Esq., etc., etc.

GREETING:
WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Joseph McEwen and Margaretta E. Sutherland, both of Stanley Bridge aforesaid, and Hugh R. McKay of Clifton in Queen's County aforesaid, the Executors 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, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Friday the sixth day of November 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., Proctor for said Petitioner, and I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once 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 aforesaid, at the Post Office in Stanley Bridge aforesaid, and at the Post Office in Clifton 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 aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 1st day of October A. D. 1931 in the 22nd year of His Majesty's reign.
(Sd.) H. T. PALMER
Judge of Probate
9119-10-2-Pr-41

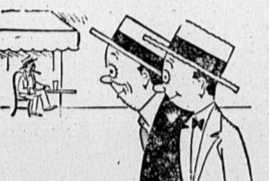
REGULATIONS PROVINCIAL BOARD OF HEALTH of the Province of Prince Edward Island Respecting the Disposal of Carcasses of Foxes

Made this 30th day of September, 1931.
The following regulations approved by the Provincial Board of Health under authority of Section 6, subsections 2, 6 and 29, and Section 11, sub-sections 1 (a) and (b), of the Public Health Act, 1927, are published for the information of all concerned:
1. No carcasses of foxes dying from any disease shall be removed from the premises on which they were ratched. Such carcasses shall be buried or cremated immediately following pelting.
2. All carcasses shall be disposed of by burial to the depth of four feet or cremation within twelve hours after pelting.
3. All carcasses of foxes must be kept in a suitable container with a close fitting cover, until disposed of, either by burial or cremation.
4. The carcasses from all fox pelting stations shall be removed to a sufficient distance beyond the city, town or village limits before being disposed of by burial or cremation, so as not to cause a nuisance.
5. It shall be unlawful to feed the bodies of foxes to hogs, fowl or any domestic animals and any person or persons committing such an offence shall be liable to have their premises placed under quarantine and not be permitted to remove food, animals or other products until such time as the Provincial Department of Public Health shall decide when the said quarantine may be released.
6. Any person committing an offence against these regulations shall on summary conviction be liable to a penalty not exceeding twenty dollars (\$20.00).
P. A. CREELMAN, M. D.,
Chief Health Officer.
9351-10-14-wedfrim31.

SMILES



"More tough luck."
"Well, what now?"
"You know Green never sings without his music."
"Yes."
"Well, he's brought his music."



"Jack is one of those fellows who reads up on things and then insists on talking about them."
"Well that beats the fellow who insists on talking about things without reading up on them."



"Do you know what I like most about golf?"
"I don't know, I am sure, unless it is bragging about your score afterward."

"A man isn't necessarily worthless because his neighbor is worth more."



"Has Harriet decided which college to go to?"
"Not yet, she is considering which college she would look best in."

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Three River Silver Black Fox Company, will be held in the Odd Fellows Hall, Montague, on Monday, October 19th at 8 o'clock P. M.
D. J. STEWART,
Secretary.

Farm for Sale

86 acres with buildings about one mile from Cardigan on the Launching Road. Pleasant situation on Cardigan River; formerly the property of Alex Campbell.
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Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

(Continued)
And then—a figure emerged slowly, cautiously, from the tangle of bushes beyond the dump. He stood a moment. Yes—there was life in the cabin. A hand, waving a white cloth, had been thrust from the window. The solitary figure stepped back into the bushes. A moment more, and four men emerged, walking in pairs, each pair carrying between it a box.
And then—far off to my right sounded a light shot as of a pistol, a heavier one as of a rifle—and there was a distant crashing of branches. I had jumped involuntarily at this sound; but my eyes never left the four men by the dump. I saw the leading pair straighten up, saw the nearest flash a hand toward his hip, saw the trailing pair drop the box, turn—
And the bowl below reverberated with explosion. From the cabin, from some place near the dump, from the woodpile, streaks of red flame laced the dawn. One of the leading pair went down with the slow motion of a toppling building; he fell across the box as limply as a bag of old clothes. The other dropped his handle and spun half way round before he pitched onto his face. Behind him, a man was flopping on the ground. A scattering burst of fire from the ridge to my right, where my fellows of the posse lay concealed, and he was still; I could even hear between reverberations the hollow sound of the bullets striking his flesh. . . . It was over, and I had not acted, only stood aside, an inert spectator. . . . Or was it over? Only three bodies lay down there by the stream. And the posse was charging. They came scrambling down the ridge, weapons at ready. Two or three stopped by the fallen men, turned them over. The rest crashed uphill through the bushes. One of the trailing pair must have acted more quickly than the other—leaped away into the bushes at the sound of the first shot, got away. . . .
And still I crouched under the spruce tree, shame and self-pity added to my inner hell. With all the rest, she had sapped my manhood from me. . . . The moment of action had come and I had not even drawn my pistol to fire. . . . Others had taken my revenge.
Footsteps—quick, stealthily—were coming along the trail to my left. As by reflex motion, I leaped suddenly through the branches; leaped face to face with—the man I had come for, the young, spruce man whom I had shadowed to my misery last night. It was still the dusky dawn there among the trees, but I knew him. His wide black hat shaded his face, but I knew him. Recognition and action came together in the instant while his hand was starting toward his hip. Only, I acted not according to my plan, but on instinct. I never thought of my gun. I fought as I had been taught to fight—on the field at Harvard, in the rough, primitive football of those days. I dove at him in a high tackle, into which I put all my desires of violence engendered by that night. My embrace caught him about the arms, pinned them; my rush carried us to the ground with him underneath. He was smaller than I by thirty pounds; yet the moment I touched him, I had a sense that he was electric with nervous strength. An instant, so, we struggled in desperate silence. Then I felt him writ in my grasp, go limp. I raised my head, looked into his

face. He was my man—but I knew that already. His eyes had closed. I began to relax my hold, and his hand whipped like a striking snake at my belt. He had my gun—with the quickness of fear, of excitement of hate, I got his wrist, threw my body across him to hold him down, twisted his hand backward until he dropped it. But he was struggling like a tied cat now, and what with the timberline altitude, the sleepless night, my hours of emotion the false energy that had electrified my first attack was going fast. I managed, however, to grip his left hand as it began struggling toward his own belt; and so, with him spread eagled under me, I put all the breath I had left into a yell for help. Welcome footsteps pattered struggling and:
"Murder! He's killing me!" he—grab him!" I panted.
"He lies—don't let him get away from both directions. He's quit cried.
That member of the posse who came first up the trail I did not know, and to this day I have never identified him. But whoever he was, he had discretion and experience. He kicked away the fallen revolver, drew his weapon from its holster, stood covering us both. Gasping, as I gave ground, a demand that they secure my adversary also, I was hauled upright. A dizzy rush of blood blinded and deafened me for a moment. When my faculties cleared, I heard the voice of Shorty exploding in tones of admiration:
"Bully for you, kid. You sure got him!" I was aware that I stood supported on either side, that I was facing my captive.
The nostrils of his fine, firm nose were distending as he fought for breath, his complexion was changing momentarily from a flush of exertion to a pallor; yet his carriage was debonaire, his green-gray eyes even challenging, insolent. Then he spoke; and though the breath puffed between words, his voice gave an effect of poise, of calm.
"What is this all about?" he asked. "Haven't you gentlemen made a mistake?"
There came a growl of indignation muttering from the posse. Shorty was first to find consecutive speech.
"Two d—n bad mistakes," he said. "It was necessary to do a little shootin' just when you fellows come out in front of the cabin or we'd have got you all alive. And somebody missed you."
"You've captured the wrong man, gentlemen," replied my unknown enemy. "I was coming down the road when I heard the shooting and—"
"You can tell all that to the judge!" snapped Shorty.
"Ah, these proceedings are legal, then!" exclaimed the stranger, with what appeared to be an air of genuine relief. "In that case—"
"Miner's law. Best law that is. But you'll get a trial," cut in Shorty; and the captive's eyelid flickered. "That will be all from you just now. Tie his arms, boys, and bring him along." Back toward the clearing we started, led by the group conveying the captive. He had an easy athletic walk. Everything about him, in fact—the accent, the precise speech, the cool, formal manner—suggested the gentleman. Perhaps almost too much the gentleman.
We were well out in the clearing before I looked ahead; so much did this man whom I had captured for death hold my insane attention. Out of the woods came the cowboy, leading that little black

horse on which the posse had mounted the gaged and helpless Charlie Meek. The saddle was empty. I saw then that a figure had peddled beside it. The whole frame of will, into a pose of easy nonchalance. I hurried forward.
(To Be Continued)

BRINGING UP FATHER
BY GOLLY!
NOW AIN'T THAT SAD?
MAGGIE- ME DARLIN'- TELL ME- WHAT IS LUMBAGO?
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW- PEOPLE GET IT FROM SMOKING AND DRINKING-
IS THAT SO?
YES- IT'S SO! IT'S FROM STAYING OUT NIGHTS AND GAMBLING AND HANGING OUT IN CHEAP BILLIARD HALLS AND LOAFING WITH ROWDIES- YOU HAD BETTER SEE A DOCTOR-
OH! I HAVEN'T GOT IT- I JUST GOT A LETTER FROM YOUR BROTHER AN' HE SAYS HE'S GOT IT?

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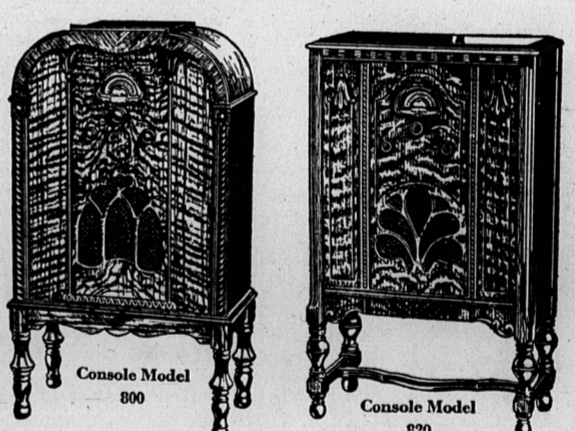
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empty. I saw then that a figure had peddled beside it. The whole frame of will, into a pose of easy nonchalance. I hurried forward.
(To Be Continued)



By George McManus