

FOR SALE

Valuable shore farm 70 acres at Mermaid, Lot 48, property of John and Emily Mutch, 60 acres clear, balance valuable woods.

Desirable Property FOR SALE

The undersigned offer for sale 99 acres of choice land at North Rustico with a good dwelling house and outbuildings, property of the late Ada Louisa Williams.

Executor's Notice

The undersigned executors of the last will and testament of Ada Louisa Williams, late of Oyster Bed Bridge in Queens County in Prince Edward Island, formerly of North Rustico in Queens County aforesaid, widow, deceased, testate, hereby notify all persons indebted to the said estate to make payment to them at the office of A. J. Haslam, Solicitor, Prince Edward Island, within six months from this date.

FARM FOR SALE

Containing 112 acres of land nearly all clear, excellent state and located 3 1/2 miles from Rocky Point Ferry. Splendid dwelling house, front facing West River. Well watered and farmed. Churches and Schools at door. Write or phone ANGUS BUCHANAN, New Dominion.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Messrs. Johnston & Stewart, meat dealers, of Montague, wish to announce that the partnership of "Johnston & Stewart" has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

Professional Cards

- McLEOD & BENTLEY, W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law. Money to LOAN. Office: 180 Richmond Street.

Temperance Notes

(A column of undoubted fact and worthy opinion re the Temperance Situation. Under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance.)

CANADA'S DESTINY

Dr. Courtenay C. Weeks states in his book, "Alcohol and Human Life," "There is no other single factor which is militating against the realization of a progressive civilization and worthy citizenship like the effect of alcoholic indulgence. Alcohol constitutes a scourge which ravages the health of the nation."

"I know no higher privilege than to be a British citizen. It is not only a matter of British traditions, because of what the past; but because every Canadian knows that it is only a matter of time before Canada becomes the most populous and the most wealthy and, if they live the right life, the most important portion of the British Empire."

"Provided Canada keeps her judicial pure, her politics clean, and her administration honest, nothing can prevent her one day becoming the controlling factor in the Empire of self-governing nations."

"What Canadian is there who will shrink from such a destiny as that? I do not believe that any exists. These noble words point to the duty of Prince Edward Island in this crisis in our national life."

"We will maintain the flag which spells freedom from that which mars and spoils human life. We will maintain the flag which spells freedom from that spurious liberty which undermines true liberty. And we will dauntlessly maintain an unrelenting warfare against those corroding influences to the development of our provincial and national life which are embodied in the and the progeny of that greatest single enemy of human progress, Alcohol.—W. E. Bentley, K.C."

W. C. T. U. Notes

THE BUILDERS

An old man going a lone highway, Came at the evening cold and gray, To a chasm vast and deep and wide.

"Old Man," said a fellow pilgrim near, "You are wasting your strength building here, Your journey will end with the closing day, You never again shall pass this way, You've crossed the chasm deep and wide."

"Why build you this bridge at ev'n tide?" he said, "But he doesn't know any language except his own, so I came to see if I could help you."

"Thank you very much, sir," she replied with her sister brogue, "I thought the car couldn't be a taxi, but never mind! I'm not too old to walk up the hill, and get a taxi there."

ESAU, AMERICA'S PATRON SAINT

By W. G. Fletcher, Pastor Hardy Memorial Methodist Church, Texarkana, Texas

Like a disc of burnished brass the sun is slipping down behind the mountains of Palestine. In the centre of the sun's glowing disk is the black goat-hair tent of Shek-saac, son of the late patriarch, Abraham of Ur of the Chaldees.

Ahead of the darkness that will soon settle down, herdsmen and shepherds are leading toward the tent-city herds of camels, goats, sheep and horses.

An empty quiver dangling at his side and a mighty bow slung across his broad shoulder, a big, robust man, empty handed, is plodding wearily in from a day's hunting.

"Give you to eat?" sneeringly replies the scheming Jacob. "Off and on I have been at that for years. Were I minded to shun work and spend my time in the woods, I would have done it in the strong venison with you tonight."

"If," answers the wily Jacob, tasting a sample of his rich potato. "It happens that we are not dealing with 'it' nor shall we consider the fat of the flesh of the deer, skipping and playing in the woods. What you might have done 'if' is one thing and a vessel of the best potato that a hungry Hebrew ever tasted is quite another matter."

"Give me food, else I die," bellows the suffering Esau.

Business is Business

"Business is business," replies the designing Jacob, dragging the crock to a new position, where the shifting evening breeze would carry the stinging odors more directly to the dilating nostrils of his desperate brother. "Here," he points, "let's come directly to it—I have what you want—a pot of savory beans, and you have what I would not mind possessing—the birthright of the first-born Jacob, with a 'No, no,' comment in our family's threatening look. 'Keep your hands out of that food.' Though tortured by the gastric juices flowing at, ash into his empty stomach, Esau gives ear to the further words of his crafty brother."

"Now," to the point, proposes the schemer. "Just say to me that for the favor you ask I may have such benefit as may be yours from the fact of your having been born a few minutes ahead of me. In other words," concludes the intriguing brother, "this big, delicious mess of potato for your birthright. What do you say?"

"Sold," snaps out Esau, reaching for the wooden spoon Jacob was offering him, at the same time moving up to the vessel of rich food. Immediately he began to eat in the pot begins to fall; at the same time it rises in another quarter.

In behalf of his oppressed brethren Ghandi, a frail hundred-pound Hindu, imposes upon himself, the dangerous agony of a three weeks' strength reserve, refuses to deny his physical cravings one short hour. For the sake of one bear, supper he forfeited family standing, lost his self-respect and finally became a moral bankrupt.

THE CIGARETTE A NATIONAL MENACE

The cigarette evil has become a national menace to morals and property. The pictures of its vicarious effects in rendering its victims financially careless are reflected in every daily paper.

The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. & A. M. Williamson

STILL THE CONVENT CHILD

When Mrs. Harkness landed she looked about for the taxi which, she understood, had been ordered for her. Only an important car stood in the place where the taxi ought to have been, and "Harky" hesitated.

"I suppose you're not a taxi, are you?" she enquired of the chauffeur. He, not understanding English, shrugged, and answered volubly in French. It was then that Nazlo turned from his inspection of boats, and hurried to the rescue. He took off his hat to the old servant as politely as if she had been a duchess.

"I saw you trying to ask the chauffeur some questions, Madam," he said. "But he doesn't know any language except his own, so I came to see if I could help you."

"Thank you very much, sir," she replied with her sister brogue, "I thought the car couldn't be a taxi, but never mind! I'm not too old to walk up the hill, and get a taxi there."

"Please don't do that," Nazlo urged. "I shall be glad to take you up. I'm just ready to start. And we may be going the same way, further on, if so—"

"You're more than kind, I'm sure sir!" she thanked him. "But I'm for Mentone, and that's not likely to you way—"

"As it happens, it is my way!" Nazlo answered, "Delighted to be of service."

"Well, sir, if that's so, I won't refuse," said Harky. "If you'll let me ride with you, I'll be glad to."

"Certainly not. You'll ride with me," insisted Nazlo.

"But I must tell you, I'm a servant, sir," explained the old woman. "I'm sure you're a faithful one."

No complimented her. Being tired and loosing every day of her age, Mrs. Harkness had no fear of a "kidnapping" plot. She accepted the pressing invitation, and was not astonished to hear, after the start, the Mr. Cozzens (so he introduced himself) was slightly acquainted with the owner of "Silverwood."

"I was surprised to see Mr. Sheridan on the terrace this morning," he went on. "I suppose the young lady with him is your daughter?"

"Mrs. Harkness was ordinarily a dour woman to 'pump' with questions about her master's affairs, or her own. The kindness of Mr. Cozzens, as Nazlo called himself, however, and the pleasing tone which seemed to say "I hope you can't abuse my mind of a painful impression!" tempted her to speak.

"The young lady is a guest, sir," she admitted. "No doubt you've heard that, and you'll hear more. What Miss Divine may be at home, I don't know. It's not my business. But it is my business on Mr. Sheridan's yacht, where I look after her when her own mother would. Not that I have to protect her from anything or anybody, sir! If she was one of them Russian Princesses being 'as of' them to the Bolshies, no greater respect would be shown her on board, beginnin' with my master, down to the sailors."

"And a nicer behaved young lady I never met with. She keeps herself to herself, but she's sweet and considerate!" And I shouldn't like to hear a word spoken against her!"

"Nazlo said he'd hear one from me!" Nazlo said coarsely, under the name of Cozzens, (there was a Cozzens at Monte Carlo who had laughed with him over the 'Divine Comedy' in the Sporting Club bar) the Shoe King contrived to coax a little more information from Mrs. Harkness. He did this so gently that the old woman hardly knew what she let drop.

If he had not feared an encounter with Sheridan, who might have tired of gambling by this time, he would have offered hospitality for the run home; but he dared not do that, and the two parted at the gate of Miss Caroline Sheridan's villa in Montone.

AN UNPLEASANT ENCOUNTER

That night Nazlo saw again the Hotel de Paris, the supposed Juliet Divine very beautiful, very young, very much stared at. Nazlo began to want Terry more than he had known he could want anything, and he wondered if he could further his acquaintance by appealing to the police. If he could swear that, to his own knowledge, the girl on board "Silverwood" was not Juliet Divine and that she was under age, he might somehow tear her from Sheridan.

But he could not prove his statements without a long delay, and even if he could this wasn't America; the police might laugh at him for his pains. At last, the only thing he could think of which might help him was to write to Mrs. Miles Sheridan a very carefully thought out letter.

Nazlo had met Betty once, just after the end of the war, before the return of her husband from France. He was in California, where he had gone on business. She had run out to Los Angeles with a woman friend, older than herself, to rest from her Cross work and to "see what the Movie people were like."

He remembered hearing it said that Mrs. Sheridan had really come because Prince di Salvano was at Hollywood acting in a special film for which, though his was a small part, a special price had been offered him.

Betty and the Shoe King had been introduced to each other at the Hotel de Paris, rather fast man, half Greek, who had built a marvellous house (a copy of Pliny's at Laurentum) outside Los Angeles. Nazlo had sat next her at table, but Salvano had taken her into dinner, and she—absorbed in the Italian half of her neighbor only a few words. Probably she had forgotten him, but she must know the name of Eustace Nazlo, the Shoe King, who could remind her of the Italian party at Los Angeles.

Late that night he wrote the letter, after tearing up several sheets and went out with it himself to the post office, so that it could not fall to go by the first train to Paris.

After that there was a slump in excitement for he was compelled to "wait and see." All he could do was to watch from a distance; to transfer himself from the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo, to the Hotel Royal, Nice when "Silverwood" weighed anchor in Monaco harbour, and

dropped anchor at the port of Nice. The yacht had spent five days at Monaco. She gave the same length of time to Nice, and one day less to Cannes, where Nazlo followed also without getting within speaking distance of Terry.

He might have forced an interview, but he knew that he would lose not gain, by active interference and he felt that, in one way or other, his moment would come.

After a fortnight of dawdling along the Azure Coast, Sheridan thought that he had given the French Riviera enough free food for gossip. "Silverwood" steamed for the Italian Riviera, and Miss Juliet Divine was displayed (as if she had been a "Snow girl" again) at San Remo, at Genoa, and Santa Margherita. The next stage was Naples, and there in the bay the yacht lay for a week.

Sheridan had planned, in New York, to visit only places in which friends from home and abroad were likely to be sunning themselves, for no others were worth his while. But things had changed since then. He was wanted to take his companion to Pompeii, Amalfi, and Ravello, because he felt that she would thrill to their beauty and history. He wished her to see them with him. And Terry forgot all that she had suffered of shame and humiliation when, with few staring eyes to watch, she went with her "Princess" into this wonderland beyond her dreams.

(To be Continued.)

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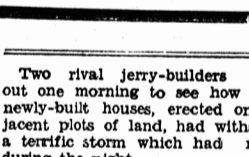
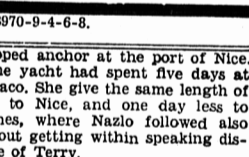
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Two rival jerry-builders went out one morning to see how their newly-built houses, erected on adjacent plots of land, had withstood a terrific storm which had raged during the night.

One block of houses stood unharmed, the other lay in a heap of ruins.

The more unfortunate jerry-builder scratched his head sorrowfully.

"However can that have happened?" he asked. "My houses have collapsed but yours are still standing."

"Simple," said the other with pride. "I'd put the wallpaper on the rooms in mine."

FOR SALE

New substantial frame building at French Village. Building is 28 x 32 feet, suitable for store or dwelling. If not sold by private sale, will be offered at public auction on October first at 12 o'clock noon on premises. Apply to BELL & MATHIESON, Solicitors.

FOR SALE

On easy terms, farms of 100 to 200 acres of clear level land with buildings. Apply BELL & MATHIESON, Solicitors.

FOR SALE

See Well To Drive Your Car

Are you as well equipped to see to drive your car as it is to carry you safely? It is the conviction of those competent to judge that the number of accidents would be greatly reduced if drivers were as careful of their vision as of the condition of their cars. A thorough examination of the eyes should PRECEDE the issuing of a driver's license.

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