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## Kills Moths

FLY-TOX has no equal for killing flies, moths, roaches, mosquitoes or other insect pests.

Simply spray FLY-TOX in the air; it is harmless to human or animal pets, non-poisonous, stainless, has an agreeable odor. A trial spray with every 8 oz. bottle. Sold only in bottles. Ask your dealer for FLY-TOX.

8-oz. Bottle, 50c.

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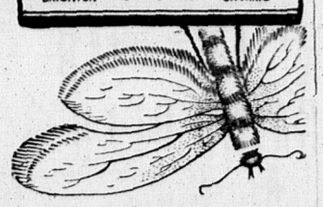


## NOTICE

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.

## 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.

## 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

## Professional Cards

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## SMILES

"What did George say when you accused him of wanting you for your money?"

"He said he could stand on his own feet."

"Well, he can't—when he's dancing."

YOU CAN'T TELL 'EM NOW

"There's Jones ahead of us with a swell dame. Pretty nifty girl, eh?"

"Girl nothing—that's his grandmother, man!"

AIN'T IT SO?

Some wives have a brain with a crack,
For when nubby is low on the jack,
And affords her few clothes
She raves and she loathes
But when rich she wears naught on her back.

LUCKY IN HOLDING HANDS

She (anxious to play): Do you indulge in games, Mr. Chance?

He (hintingly): Well, not often; but when I do I'm usually lucky enough to get a pretty nice hand to hold.

APT TO ROLL

"Your mail keeps rolling in?"
"Yes—circulars, of course."

## FARM FOR SALE

Property of the late J. J. Hemphill, situated Buriet Point near Georgetown, and containing 28½ acres. If not disposed of, in the meantime, will be sold by public auction on the premises on Tuesday, October 7th at 2 P. M. Enquire Manager, Royal Bank of Canada, Charlottetown.

5141-9-25ttusat.

## THE UNHOLY THREE

Published by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Syndicate

INSTALLMENT 8

Mr. Arlington had finished his breakfast. Taking up the morning paper, he went into ambush behind it—darting out from time to time to catch some unlucky member of his household in a natural word or gesture, and quelling them with a stony stare. When he was about, his thin, anaemic wife and widowed, elder daughter were as wax dolls; only Dorothy now and then asserted herself.

And because of this, the girl was the idol of the old man's heart. He loved to bully her to the point where she would flare up into righteous anger—the point beyond which even he dared not go. The others were spiritless. He had quelled them so easily because they had never had the true Arlington blood in them—the fighting blood that had placed him where he was.

Suddenly, at some guarded word of Dorothy's, the old man's attentive ears caught the pretext they had been waiting for. The paper was lowered from his face—like the unveiling of a statue—revealing the massive jaw, the broad forehead, the two indentations between the eyes.

"What did you say, Dot? Who was here yesterday?"

The girl hesitated for a moment. "Why, Mr. McDonald," she said at last.

"Hector McDonald?" repeated Mr. Arlington, darting suspicious glances at his younger daughter. "Hector McDonald? That's the young man I don't like, isn't it?"

"Yes, you never did like him," said Dorothy with spirit. "But that doesn't say I don't."

"You must like whom I like," said Arlington drawing his bushy eyebrows together over his nose. "This Hector McDonald is a fool. Why, I know his uncle; and he told me about him. Wants to write poetry, or something of the sort!"

"Well, what of it?" cried Dorothy, turning red. "What if he does write poetry?"

"Only this," continued the old man, pounding the table with his fist, to add emphasis to his words. "only this, Dorothy: I'll have no poets snivelling around this house. There are enough petticoats here without him. A girl of your spirit—an Arlington!— having such a weak-kneed whipper-snapper hanging around! I'm ashamed of you, Dorothy! Why, I offered him a position in my office! Wanted to see what kind of stuff he had in him. Work? Not he! He'd rather sit on a bench in the park and write verses to the nursemaids. He—"

But Dorothy was on her feet—her face flaming—her hands tightly clenched. Glancing at her, Arlington realized that he had finally overstepped the invisible line. For the first time he felt a flicker of fear.

"Father!" cried the girl. "Father! I won't—"

At that moment the butler appeared in the doorway, holding at arm's length a large, round object tied up in white tissue paper. The family scene between father and daughter was for the time being averted.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the servant with a face as expressionless as the face of a snow-man, "but this 'ere is left for Master Tom."

"For Master Tom, William?" asked Arlington. "What is it. Who left it?"

"I don't know, sir, h'exactly, but I thinks there's some kind of h'animal in this, Mr. Arlington. Leastways I can 'ear it move now and then, sir."

"But who brought it, William?"

"I don't know the man, sir. I never seen 'im before. But I'd know him fast enough, if h'ever I lays eyes on 'im again. It was the size of 'im that struck me. When I opens the door I says to meself: 'Good Lord! this ain't a man!' says I; 'it's a bloomin' giant h'out of a story-book!'"

"That will do, William," said Mr. Arlington, sternly. "Put it down on the chair there."

The butler obeyed his master in silence, only shaking his head slowly from side to side in dumb testimony of the astonishing size of the man who had delivered the bundle. "It's most h'amazin'!"

Mr. Arlington fixed his grandson with a look, freezing that squirming, curious infant into dumb immobility; then, rising slowly to his feet, he approached the bundle and surveyed it suspiciously. All watched with breathless interest; and Tommy, as soon as his ferocious grandfather's back was turned, began to wiggle plaintively, like a fish out of water. Unwrapping the covering he disclosed to their view a large, shining bird cage.

"Oh!" cried the child, quite carried away by wonder and delight. "Oh, it's the parrot Uncle Hector said he'd bring me!"

For a moment all eyes were fixed on the cage and its restless inmate.

"A parrot!" said Arlington at last, in a disgusted tone. "Who did you say gave it to you, Tommy?"

"Uncle Hector," answered the child, promptly quite oblivious to the warning frowns of both mother and aunt.

"Uncle Hector," answered the man, glowering at Dorothy. "Who told you to call that puppy 'Uncle Hector?'"

"I did," said his younger daughter in no uncertain tone of voice. Again danger signals flamed in her cheeks.

"And I suppose you'll be teaching the child to call the butler 'Uncle Will' and the washwoman 'Aunt Susie'! 'Uncle Hector!'—I'll Hector him!"

"That seems to be one of your traits, father. But with some people it isn't possible or profitable." Rising from the table, Dorothy turned and walked out of the room, leaving Arlington, as usual, in a state of jubilant satisfaction.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "that's one she scored off the old man! Called me a bully right to my face! There's spirit for you! But aloud he called after her: 'Where would he get the money to buy parrots? He's a pauper since his uncle turned him out—a miserable pauper!'"

Dorothy did not answer. She hurried up the stairs, biting her lips to hold the tears in check until she should reach the privacy of her own room. But Tommy, with a strange solemnity on his round face, began to defend his friend and benefactor.

"I know where Uncle Hector got the parrot, Grandpa," said the child; "he went to Africa and grabbed it by the tail."

"He told you that?" said the old man, approaching his grandson and standing over him truculently. "He told you that because he's a liar."

"Oh, John!" cried Mrs. Arlington in a voice like an echo, "the child is only a child, you know."

"I didn't think he was a gorilla, Mrs. Arlington," retorted her energetic spouse. "But because he is a child, that's no reason why he should be lied to. I'm tired of having children lied to in this house; and I won't put up with it any longer. No, this practice of lying to children has got to be stopped. Why, I shouldn't be surprised if one of you has told this poor, misguided boy that there is a Santa Claus. Has anybody told you that there is a Santa Claus, Tommy?"

"Oh, yes, Grandpa! Mother and Aunty and Granma says they is a Santa Claus what comes to good little boys with toys and—"

"Ah!—I knew it!" cried Mr. Arlington in triumph, enjoying himself immensely—"I knew it! In spite of my orders, you've been lying to this child. You've founded his life on lies. When he goes to bed he's afraid of the dark, because you've lied to him about goblines and fairies. When he does anything he shouldn't he's afraid Santa Claus won't visit him. Tell me, Tommy, what are you afraid of most? Some lie that your fond mother, aunt, or grandmother has told you, my little man—what are you afraid of most?"

"I's afraid of you most, Granpa," said the child.

The old man started; and it seemed to him that he was standing over the Dorothy of other days. As a child she would have answered thus. "Well, I was wrong," he muttered, "for I'm fact and not a fancy Some people might call me a brutal fact."

"Are you, Granpa?" asked the child.

Again Arlington started. "Certainly, Tommy—certainly," he answered; and yet through his brain a flock of strange thoughts were flying about on restless wings. Perhaps the lie about Santa Claus, Tommy could believe—the lies about the parrot, the goblins and the fairies—yes; but the lie that seemed the most real, the most overwhelming, the most terrible, was the lie that he, the grandfather, had lived all his life. And then it seemed absurd to the old man to lecture his wife and daughters—as laughably absurd as a housebreaker judging pickpockets. He was ordering them not to do something that he did every day—was doing at that very moment. For every time he shook his finger at the child—every time he frowned at him—he was lying to his grandson; for these gestures — these frowns—were the reflection of nothing but lies. Arlington was too good an actor not to enjoy his part; and so, shaking himself mentally, he began to act again.

"Now, Tommy," he continued. "Santa Claus is a lie; so don't believe in him. Uncle Hector is a lie, for he's no relation of yours—and I'll take good care he never is. Nearly everything that anybody tells you is a lie. However, I will tell you the absolute truth. That parrot—and it's the most ordinary looking parrot I ever saw— came from some bird-store in the city. Now I will give you a truthful prophecy. Some morning that bird will begin to scream and—"

On he went, telling of the horrible fate that awaited the parrot when it would begin to scream and chatter disturbing his early morning rest, much to the dismay of little Tommy who ran off to his Aunt Dorothy to have her intercede in Polly's behalf.

But the parrot, all this time, seems very ill at ease—climbing up and down the gilded bars, turning twisting, now upside down, now right side up, always restless, nervous, as though filled with great anxiety. He is like the prisoner who has heard his sentence read and who knows that execution awaits him on the morrow; for no matter how daring this prisoner may be, fear now looks through his eyes and drives him about his cell, increasing the store of nervous energy that leaves with passing life. So it is with the piratical parrot—he has heard his death sentence from Mr. Arlington's lips, and is now a pitiful object to behold.

What has become of that sea-faring voice, those hearty curses those bloodthirsty songs? Why the poor bird is stricken speechless from fear—not a single word escapes that trembling, lowered beak. In vain do they gather around him—in vain do they seek to dispel his gloom with "Pretty Poll" and crackers. It is true that he eats, though in other respects he is but the grey ghost of a parrot—a forlorn feathered ghost that has left its voice behind it in the grave.

(To be Continued.)

## Little Miss Muffet

COLOR CUT-OUTS

HERE'S MISS MUFFET

Have you ever met Little Miss Muffet who lived a long, long time ago and about whom you have often heard in the old nursery rhyme? Well, here she is, come to play with you. And if you follow the Color Cut-Outs all this week, at the end of the week you will have a whole wardrobe of pretty hats and dresses for the little lady.

Before cutting Miss Muffet out paste her on a piece of heavy paper such as the cover of a magazine. Her hair should be colored a lovely golden brown and her eyes blue. Make her slip a very pale pink with shoes and stockings to match. Her pantalettes, which little girls of long ago used to wear, should be left white.

Next time, the story of Little Miss Muffet will begin, and there will be a pretty dress and hat for the young lady. You will like them, so watch for them tomorrow.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC NOVELTY.

A photographic novelty consists of a portrait made in the shape of a transparency with a light behind it to illuminate it when desired.

### LONGEST ORE DOCK.

Duluth has an ore dock 2,438 feet long, the longest in the world.

### TWO WISHES.

Mrs. Scrapp—I wish you would try to keep your temper.

Scrapp—I wish you would get rid of yours.

High Blood Pressure is Prevented when Liver & Kidneys are Regulated with

Dr. Chases Kidney & Liver Pills


## AUCTION SALE

I am instructed by George Hughes, Brackley Point Road, Lot 33, to sell by Public Auction

ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3rd, 1925

Commencing at One O'clock Sharp All his Stock, Crop and Farm Implements:—

STOCK—Horses, 1 Cart Horse 7 years old, 1 Mare 6 years old, Steads barrister, 1 Carriage Mare 5 years old, good driver.

STOCK—21 Head of Cattle, 11 Choice Milch Cows, 1 Ayrshire, 6 just freshened, 1 Ayrshire 6 years old, due to freshen October 4th, 1 Gurnsey 5 years old, due to freshen November, 1 Ayrshire 8 years old, freshened 2 months, 1 Ayrshire 4 years old, freshened 6 weeks, 1 Jersey 7 years old, freshened 2 months, 1 Gurnsey, 8 years old, milking good, due to freshen March 1st, 1 Gurnsey 4 years old, milking well, May 15th, 1 Jersey 2 years old, milking, due April 10th, 1 Holstein 2 years old, milking, due April 15th, 1 Gurnsey, 9 years old, farrow, 1 Pure Bred Gurnsey Bull 2 years old, 1 Shorthorn Ox 2 years old, 1 Gurnsey Heifer 2 years old, 1 Ayrshire Heifer 1 year old, 1 Jersey Heifer 1 year old, 5 Calves, Pigs, 1 Brood Sow, 7 Fall Pigs, 30 Hens.

CROP—20 Tons Hay, 907 Stooks White Oats, 300 Stooks Mixed Grain, all saved before rain and would make good seed, 3 acres Decota Red Potatoes, 1 acre Irish Cobblers, 1½ acres Turnips. Potatoes and Turnips to be sold in drills.

IMPLEMENTS—1 Gasoline Engine 4 H. P., nearly new, 1 Thrasher and Cleaner, Hulls, nearly new, 1 Massey Harris Grain Crusher, new; 1 Bain Truck Wagon, complete with Poll Shafts and Box only used 2 seasons, 1 Road Wagon, 1 Road Cart, 1 High Box Sleigh, new last spring, 1 Wood Sleigh, 1 Driving Sleigh, 1 Randle Harrow, 1 Cart, 1 Reliance Range, 1 Churn and other articles not mentioned.

TERMS—All sums $10.00 cash, over that amount 12 months credit on approved joint note. 6 per cent off for cash.

Sale positive as farm is sold and everything must go.

ALEX. MacKAY, Auctioneer.

5203-9-29M4i.

## Large Red Pimples Itched Terribly Cuticura Heals

"My face became full of large, red, scaly pimples and at times they itched terribly. They spread in great patches and formed large, sore eruptions that burned a great deal. I was ashamed to go anywhere on account of them, and the trouble kept getting worse. The trouble lasted about a year.

"I tried various kinds of ointments without success. I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they helped me. I purchased more, and after using three boxes of Cuticura Ointment, together with the Cuticura Soap, I was healed in about two months." (Signed) Miss Mildred M. Breau, Crousetown, Nova Scotia.

Prevent pimples by daily use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by touches of Cuticura Ointment when required. Dust with Cuticura Talcum.

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


# McClary's
# SUNSHINE FURNACE

Sold on a heat guaranteed basis. Installed on principles laid down by McClary's Staff of Heating Engineers.

TAKE NO CHANCES WITH YOUR HOME

26


## Three Dozen Features In New University Dictionary

All kinds of "features" are offered in various ways to the public. The circus attracts crowds by its special features. Motion picture houses offer new features to attract patronage. Merchants bring out special features in their advertising. Newspapers print special feature articles. So the word "feature" must be well understood.

Ordinarily a dictionary consists of a vocabulary, with more or less interesting appendix matter. It remained for the New Universities Dictionary to introduce a wealth of special features that are of intense interest to everybody. In addition to its greatly enlarged vocabulary, it has dozens of educational features—more than thirty-six in all.

Among the exclusive features are contributions from the foremost authorities in leading universities, and an entire section devoted to everyday errors in speaking and writing. Also there are dictionaries of a dozen and more popular sports and pastimes, including radio and aviation. All of these features were carefully prepared and admitted only on account of unusual merit.

Such a complete dictionary of this nature has never before been published and it now is being offered to readers of this newspaper with New or Rewenal Subscriptions and 50 cents. Postage added if ordered by mail. Clip and fill out your coupon today.

We are accustomed to white potato salad, but we rarely make a salad with sweet potatoes. It is richer than the regular potato salad, and an attractive looking novelty. Dice cold boiled sweet potatoes, add sliced celery, chopped nuts, and slivers of green pepper; mix with mayonnaise or French dressing, and serve on a lettuce leaf or garnish with parsley.

## FOR SALE

We offer for Private Sale that valuable Dairy Farm the property of J.J. Storey, situated at Winsloe, best known as the Howard Farm, consisting of 90 acres of choice land all clear and well fenced. All in a high state of cultivation. Every field as rich as a garden. Dwelling house and outbuildings all in first class repair. An ideal farm for dairying and Fox Ranching. Apply

J. J. STOREY at Auld Bros., or
BENJ. CARTER & SON, Auctioneers.

## THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN ELECTION CONTEST

Closes Thursday, October 22nd, 1925 at 8 P. M.

TEN HUNDRED DOLLARS IN PRIZES.

How many votes will be polled in this Province in the coming General Federal Election?

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN is offering Ten Hundred Dollars in cash for the best estimates.

The Contest is not political propaganda, and there can be no juggling of figures as the correct returns will be furnished by the Government Statistician, and will be public property.

Here is the Prize List?

### A TOTAL OF TEN HUNDRED DOLLARS

To THE GUARDIAN subscriber who sends the correct estimate—the sum of Five Hundred Dollars ..... $ 500.00

To THE GUARDIAN subscriber who sends the nearest to correct estimate—the sum of Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars ..... $ 250.00

To THE GUARDIAN subscriber who sends the second nearest to correct estimate—the sum of One Hundred Dollars ..... $ 100.00

To THE GUARDIAN subscriber who sends the third nearest to correct estimate—the sum of Fifty Dollars $ 50.00

To THE GUARDIAN subscriber who sends the fourth nearest to correct estimate—the sum of Twenty Dollars $ 20.00

To the next ten subscribers who send the next nearest correct estimates—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents each $ 25.00

To the next twenty-five who send the next nearest correct estimates—One Dollar each ..... $ 25.00

To the next sixty who send the nearest correct estimates—Fifty Cents each ..... $ 30.00

A Total of ..... $1,000.00

### 100 PRIZES IN ALL

Only one of the five capital prizes may be won by any one person

### ELECTION STATISTICS

Population of P. E. I. ..... 88,615
Number of People Voting, 1921 ..... 52,444

NOTE—The women voted in 1921 They will vote again in the coming election.

### How to Make Estimates

The subscription price of THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN is Five Dollars a Year in the City and $4.00 by mail on the Island.

A full year's subscription paid direct to the Office will entitle the subscriber to make one estimate in the GUARDIAN'S Election Contest.

Two subscriptions or two years' subscriptions will entitle the subscriber to make three estimates. Three subscriptions will entitle him to five estimates. The decision of the Editor is Final. All estimates must accompany the subscription, and no changes will be allowed afterwards.

ELECTION CONTEST

COUPON

Please send the Charlottetown Guardian to the after mentioned for which I enclose $.....

| NAME | ADDRESS | Prov. | New or old | Estimate |
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SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

The Decision of the Editor in the Election Contest Shall be Final


## Farquhar Steamship Line

S. S. "HETHPOOL" Leaves Boston for Halifax Oct. 8th.

Connecting With

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

Leaving Charlottetown, Oct. 9th 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

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Leave St. John Wednesdays at 9 A. M. and Saturdays at 7 P. M.
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Saturday sailings direct to Boston, due Sunday 8 P. M.
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For additional information apply to agents at above ports.