Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

FLOWERS

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

—H. W. Longfellow.

COVE

Love despises danger; it tramples on difficulties; it is like the mighty torrent, it carries all before it.

CHEERFULNESS

Cheerfulness is a duty we owe to others. There is an old tradition that a cup of gold is to be found wherever a rainbow touches the earth ,and there are some people whose smile, the sound of whose voice, whose very presence, seems like a ray of sunshine, to turn everything they touch into gold. Men never break down as long as they can keep cheerful. "A merry heart is a continual feast to others besides itself." The shadow of Florence Nightingale cured more than her medicines; and if we share the burdens of others, we lighten our own.—Lord Avebury.

MERIT

Distinguished merit will ever rise to oppression and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapors which gather round the rising sun, and follow him in his course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for his reception, and to invest with variegated tints and with a softened effulgence the luminary which they cannot hide. —Robert Hall.

OUR BUSINESS

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly in the distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand—Carlyle.

WOMEN AND THE LAW

Women attending the funerals of people they don't know are to be fined. This latest attempt to regulate feminine behaviour is being made in Germany.

The Chinese Government recently issued a strict prohibtion against women either bobbing their hair or having it permanently waved. To make the regulations effective, hairdressers were ordered to surrender their waving apparatus, and military officers were forbidden to marry women whose hair was either curled or cut short .But Miss China kept on having "bobs" and "perms" just the same.

WHEN STAMPS STICK

If postage stamps which have stuck together are placed beneath a piece of their white paper and then ironed with a hot iron, they will readily come apart and the gum will be intact.

A DUSTING HINT

Rub a little of any furniture or floor polish into the wrong side of your duster, then fold it in the ordinary way and dust. You will have a perfect polish and not a smear, and your dusting will look twice as well done.

IRONING COLLARS

When ironing collars, start at the centre and iron towards each end, to prevent creases which otherwise form on the front ends.

Feed Nails And Hair

Mineral salts are of first importance. They act as a blood tonic and have special functions. For example sulphur feeds hair, nails and skin, while iron is necessary to prevent anaemia.

Care For Your Teeth

Other salads. —Calcium and phosphates —are needed for bone formation, including, of course, the teeth. Chief sources of these salts are young nettles (which make an excellent vegetable,) cabbage, carrots, spinach, watercress, milk, butter and cheese!

There is no reason why everyone should not have a sufficient amount of salts except that they dissolve easily in water and are usually thrown away when vegetables are cooked.

I have already suggested ways of avoiding this pitfall, but the safest is to eat plenty of salads and fresh fruit, and to drink milk. Calcium can also be bought prepared in tablet form.

* * *

In order that our teeth may benefit from calcium we must also eat foods containing vitamin D. This is closely connected with sunlight, and can actually be built up in the body when the skin is exposed to sun or ultraviolet ray treatment, although it is important that sun baths should be taken in small doses.

This vitamin travels into our food in grass, herbs and seaweed on which animals and fish feed. It is in animal—as opposed to vegetable —fats (except lard), in liver and egg yolk and foods grown in sunny climes have an abundance of this vitamin.

Whenever possible finish a meal by eating crisp fresh fruit, such as apple, to leave the teeth clean and free from sugar and starchy foods, which ferment and cause decay.

Your Hands And Your Feet

Rheumatic swelling so often spoil shapely hands and feet. These are also caused by acidity, which means substituting lactic cheese, nuts and milk for meat, starch and sugar in your diet. Exising stiffness can often be cured and the circulation improved by massage.

Are you tall and lanky? If so, your energy needs are high, and even in hot weather you require plenty of "fuel foods"—sweet things cakes, puddings, butter, cream and other rich foods will never make you fat.

Or are you short and stocky? Then you must beware of putting on weight, and incline towards a slimming diet, for it is much easier to keep your figure than to regain it.

AfterYour Swin

If you feel cold and fagged after bathing or any violent exercise, drink plenty of hot and very sweet chocolate or coca, or just eat some sugar. You may have seen tennis players do this in the middle of a match. Sugar is quickly digested and is a wonderful energy reviver.

STRAINING LIQUIDS

Pin the cloth through which you are straining a liquid to the basin with spring clothes pegs. This simplifies the task considerably.

REMOVING STAINS

To remove flower stains or vinegar stains from cut or ordinary glass vare empty used tea leaves into the receptacle to be cleaned and shake vigorously. In a very short time the marks will have disappeared.

DON'T TRY TO REMOVE SUN TAN TOO QUICKLY

The golden brown suntan of which you've been justly proud all summer simply isn't flattering with dark clothes. A black dress—always a good Autumn choice—loses a good deal of its glamor when skin that shows above it isn't white. Furthermore, this season's dressy, feminine fashions call for rather fragile beauty that has no boisterous outdoor look about it.

Remember, of couse that it is a bad idea to try to remove a coat of suntan too quickly. Use only mild bleaches and have a good deal of patience. The tan will disappear soon enough anyway. You should be concerned mainly with the texture of your skin which, no doubt isn't as attractive as it was in June before you started your campaign for copper tones.

Plan to use a rich nourishing cream each morning as well as at night. When you have cleaner face and throat, smooth on a generous layer of the heavier cream and, with a patter or fingertips, pat upward and outward from base of the throat to hairline until some of the cream has been absorbed.

When you have finished remove the remaining cream with soft tissue, apply a cold skin tonic or plenty of ice water, and put on street makeup. At night take off only the excess, allowing some of the cream to stay on while you sleep.

If you use bleaching cream at night, put it on after nourishing cream has been applied, patted in and removed carefully. In the morning, the bleach takes the place of nourishing cream.

Bleaching lotions often tend to make skin rather dry and, for this reason always should be followed by plenty of tissue cream.

The Murder at Hazelmoor

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

"But why did he hide the boots?"

"I suppose," said Emily, "that he was afraid the police might do exactly what I did—The sight of ski boots might have suggested skis to them. So he stuffed them up the chimney. And that's really, of course, where he made his mistake, because Evans noticed that they'd gone and I got to know of it."

"Did he deliberately mean to fasten the crime on Jim?" demanded Brian Pearson angrily.

"Oh! no That was just Jim's usual idiotic luck. He was an idiot, poor lamb."

"He's all right now," said Charles. "You needn't worry about him. Have you told me everything, Emily, because if so, I want to rush to the telegraph office. You'll excuse me everybody."

He dashed out of the room.

"The live wire," said Emily.

Mr. Duke spoke in his deep voice.

"You've been rather a live wire yourself, Miss Trefusis."

"You have," said Ronnie admiringly.

"Oh! dear," said Emily suddenly and dropped limply on a chair.

"What you need is a pick-me-up" said Ronnie. "A cocktail, eh?"

Emily shook her head.

"A little brandy," suggested Mr. Rycroft solicitously.

"A cup of tea," suggested Violet.

"I'd like a spot of face powder," said Emily wistfully. "I've left my powder puff in the car. And I know I'm simply shining with excitement."

Violet led her upstairs in search of this sedative to the nerves.

"That's much better," said Emily dabbing her nose firmly. "What a nice kind. I feel much better now. Have you got any lipstick? I feel almost human."

"You've been wonderful," said Violet. "So brave."

"Not really," said Emily. "Underneath this camouflage I've been as wobbly as a jelly, with a sort of sick feeling in my middle."

"I know," said Violet. "I've felt much the same myself. I have been so terrified this last few days —about Brian,—you know. They couldn't hang him for murdering Captain Trevelyan, of course, but if once he had said where he was during that time, they would soon have ferreted out that it was he who engineered father's escape."

"What's that?" said Emily, pausing in her facial repairs.

"Father was the convict who escaped. That's why we came here. Mother and I. Poor father, he's always—been queer at times. Then he does these dreadful things. We met Brian on the way over from Australia, and he and I—well—he and I—"

"I see," said Emily helpfully, "of course you did."

"I told him everything and between us we concocted a plan. Brian was wonderful. We had plenty of money fortunately, and Brian made all the plans. It's awfully hard to get away from Princestown, you know, but Brian engineered it. Really it was a kind of miracle. The arrangement was that after father got away he was to go straight across country and hide in the Pixie's Cave and then later he and Brian were to be our two men servants. You see with our arriving so long beforehand we imagined we would be quite free from suspicion. It was Brian who told us about this place, and suggested us offering a big rent to Captain Trevelyan."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Emily—"I mean that it all went wrong."

"It's broken mother up completely," said Violet. "I think Brian's wonderful. It isn't everybody who would want to marry a convict's daughter. But I don't think it's really father's fault; he had an awful kick on the head from a horse about fifteen years ago, and since then he has been a bit queer. Brian says if he had had a good counsel he would have got off. But don't let's talk about me any more."

"Can't anything be done?"

Violet shook her head.

"He's very ill—the exposure, you know. That awful cold. It's pneumonia. I can't help feeling that if he dies—well—it may be the best for him really. It sounds dreadful to say so, but you know what I mean."

"Poor Violet," said Emily. "It is a rotten shame."

The girl shook her head.

"I've got Brian," she said. "And you've got—"

She stopped embarrassed.

"Ye—es," said Emily thoughtfully. "That's just it."

Ten minutes later Emily was hurrying down the lane. Captain Wyatt, leaning over his gate, tried to arrest her progress.

"Hie," he said, "Miss Trefusis. What's all this I hear about Burnaby?'

"It's all true," said Emily hurrying on.

"Yes, but look here. Come in—have a glass of wine or a cup of tea. There's plenty of time. No need to hurry. That's the worst of you civilized people."

"We're awful, I know," said Emily and sped on.

She burst in on Miss Percehouse with the explosive force of a bomb.

"I've come to tell you all about it," said Emily.

And straightway she poured forth the complete story. It was punctuated by various ejaculations of "Bless us," "You don't say so?" "Well, I declare," from Miss Percehouse.

When Emily had finished her narrative, Miss Percehouse raised herself on her elbow and wagged a finger portentously.

"What did I say?" she demanded. "I told you Burnaby was a jealous man. Friends indeed! For more than twenty years Trevelyan has done everything a bit better than Burnaby. He skied better, and he climbed better and he shot better and he did cross word puzzles better. Burnaby wasn't a big enough man to stand it. Trevelyan was rich and he was poor.

"It's been going on a long time. I can tell you it's a difficult thing to go on really liking a man who can do everything just a little better than you can. Burnaby was a narrow-minded, small-natured man. He let it get on his nerves."

"I expect you're right," said Emily. "Well, I had to come and tell you. It seemed so unfair you should be out of everything. By the way, did you know that your nephew knew my Aunt Jennifer? They were having tea together at Deller's on Wednseday."

"She's his godmother," said Miss Percehouse. "So that's the 'fellow' he wanted to see in Exeter. Borrowing money, if I know Ronnie. I'll speak to him."

"I forbid you to bite anyone cn a joyful day like this," said Emily. "Good-by. I must fly. I've got a lot to do."

"What have you got to do, young woman? I should say you'd done your bit."

"Not quite. I must go up to London to see Jim's insurance company people and persuade them not to prosecute him over that little matter of the borrowed money."

"H'm," said Miss Percehouse.

"It's all right," said Emily. "Jim will keep straight enough in future. He's had his lesson."

"Perhaps. And you think you'll be able to persuade them?"

"Yes," said Emily firmly.

"Well," said Miss Percehouse. "Perhaps you will. And after that?"

"After that," said Emily. "I've finished. I'll have done all I can for Jim."

"Then suppose we say — what next?" Miss Percehouse.

"You mean?"

"What next? Or if you want it put clearer: Which of them?"

"Oh!" said Emily.

"Exactly. That's what I want to know. Which of them is to be the unfortunate man?"

Emily laughed. Bending over, she kissed the old lady.

"Don't pretend to be an idiot," she said. "You know perfectly well which it is."

Miss Percehouse chuckled.

Emily ran lightly out of the house and down to the gate just as Charles came racing up the lane.

He caught her by both hands.

"Emily darling!"

"Charles! Isn't everything marvelous."

"I shall kiss you," said Mr. Enderby and did.

"I'm a made man, Emily," he said. "Now, look here, darling, what about it?"

"What about what?"

"Well—I mean—well, of course, it wouldn't have been playing the game with poor old Pearson in prison and all the rest of it. But he's cleared now and—well, he has got to take his medicine just like anybody else."

"What are you talking about?" said Emily.

"You know well enough I am crazy about you," said Mr. Enderby, "and you like me. Pearson was just a mistake. What I mean is—well — you and I, we are made for each other. All this time, we have known it, both of us, haven't we? Do you like a registry office or a church, or what?"

"If you are referring to marriage," said Emily, "there's nothing doing."

"What — but I say —"

"No," said Emily.

"But—Emily—"

"If you will have it," said Emily. "I love Jim. Passionately!"

Charles stared at her in speechless bewilderment. "You can't!"

"I can! And I do! And I always have! And I always shall!"

"You——you made me think——"

"I said," said Emily demurely, "that it was wonderful to have someone one could rely on."

"Yes, but I thought——"

"I can't help what you thought."

"You are an unscrupulous devil, Emily."

"I know, Charles darling. I know. I'm everything you like to call me. But never mind. Think how great you are going to be. You've got your scoop! Exclusive news for the Daily Wire. You're a made man. What's a woman anyway? Less than the dust. No really strong man needs a woman. She only hampers him by clinging to him like the ivy. Every great man is one who is independent of women. A career—there's nothing so fine, so absolutely satisfying to a man, as a great career. You are a strong man, Carles, one who can stand alone——"

"Will you stop talking, Emily? It's like a talk to young men on the radio! You've broken my heart. You don't know how lovely you looked as you came into that room with Narracott. Just like something triumphant and avenging off an arch."

A footstep crunched on the lane, and Mr. Duke appeared.

"Oh! there you are, Mr. Duke," said Emily. "Charles, I want to tell you. This is Ex-Chief Inspector Duke of Scotland Yard."

"What?" cried Charles recognizing the famous name. "Not the Inspector Duke?"

"Yes," said Emily. "When he retired, he came here to live, and being nice and modest he didn't want his renown to get about. I see now why Inspector Narracott twinkled so when I wanted him to tell me what kind of crimes Mr. Duke had committed."

Mr. Duke laughed.

Charles wavered. There was a short tussle between the lover and the journalist. The journalist won.

"I'm delighted to meet you, inspector," he said. "Now, I wonder if we could persuade you to do us a short article, say eight hundred words, on the Trevelyan case."

Emily stepped quickly up the lane and into Mrs. Curtis's cottage. She ran up to her bedroom and pulled out her suitcase. Mrs. Curtis had followed her up.

"You're not going, Miss?"

"I am. I've got a lot to do—London, and my young man."

Mrs. Curtis drew nearer.

"Just tell me, miss, which of 'em is it?' '

Emily was throwing clothes haphazard into the suitcase.

"The one in prison, of course. There's never been any other."

"Ah! You don't think, miss, that maybe you're making a mistake. You're sure the other young gentleman is worth as much as this one?"

"Oh! no," said Emily. "He isn't. This one will get on." She glanced out of the window where Charles was still holding Ex-Chief Inspector Duke in earnest parley. "He's the kind of young man who's simply born to get on—but I don't know what would happen to the other one if I weren't there to look after him. Look where he would be now if it weren't for me!"

"And you can't say more than than, miss," said Mrs. Curtis.

She retreated downstairs to where her lawful spouse was sitting and staring into vacancy.

"The living image of my Great Aunt Sarah's Belinda she is," said Mrs. Curtis. "Threw herself away she did on that miserable George Plunket down at the Three Cows. Mortgaged and all it was. And two years she had the mortgage paid off and the place a going concern."

"Ah!" said Mr. Curtis and shifted his pipe slightly.

"He was a handsome fellow, George Plunket," said Mrs. Curtis reminiscently.

"Ah!" said Mr. Curtis.

"But after he married Belinda he never so much as looked at another woman."

"Ah!" said Mr. Curtis.

"She never gave him the chance," said Mrs. Curtis.

"Ah!" said Mr. Curtis.

THE END.

WHY SUFFER *with Itching and Burning of* **ECZEMA** *when* **CUTICURA** *SOAP and OINTMENT* so quickly and effectively soothe irritations and aid in healing. Bathe freely with the Soap, dry gently, and anoint with the Ointment.

Sample each free.

Attractiveness Acquired by Studying Others

Dorothy Dix

Says Allure Does Not Come in Bottles

Real Charm of Personality Does More Than Any Other One Thing to Attract People to You

A man who possessed a stodgy, commonplace but otherwise perfectly satisfactory wife complained to his family physician that she was deficient in feminine charm and grace, and wanted to know if she could not be given some sort of gland treatment that would make her glamorous and fascinating. The doctor, knowing of no prescription that would turn Mary Ann into Marianne, passed the buck to the American Medical Association, whose experts replied: "There is no glandular extract which can replace the lack of inherited or acquired qualities of womanly charm. A girl must be born with it, or else she must learn it in youth by imitating some older woman who knows this secret or has these manners."

Thus is dissipated woman's fond belief that allure comes in bottles and jars and can be purchased at the drug store or the beauty shop. But it is a salve to her disappointment to learn on the highest authority that if neither surgery nor medicine can change her into a vamp, taking thought will, and that she can acquire the tricks by which women conjure if she will apply herself to the task.

This is true for charm that is mental rather than physical. Often a very beautiful woman will entirely lack it, and when she does all of her perfection of feature and figure and coloring go for naught. We admire her casually and impersonally and pass on. She has none of the magnetism that attracts people to her. Not even men who are said to be drawn to beauty by a single hair, and that is why in every community we find so many good-looking and clever girls who never have a date and who are drifting into old maidenhood.

And, on the other hand, it explains why so many homely girls who are just the ordinary run-of-the-mill femininity are the center of attraction wherever they go, have boys flocking around them like bees around a honey-pot, and as long as they live can marry whenever and as often as they choose. They have charm. And if a woman has charm she doesn't need anything else, not even good looks.

Now it is as advantageous to be born with charm as it is to be born with a golden spoon in your mouth. It saves you a lot of work and worry. But just as you can make a whole set of cutlery for yourself by gumption and industry, if your Fairy Godmother neglected to drop any into your cradle, so you can acquire charm if you are willing to take the trouble to do so.

Observe, then, the charmer. Study her technique. What is it about her that makes every age brighten at her coming and every lip smile a welcome? Isn't it because she is so alive, so vital, so full of pep, so enthusiastic, so interested in everything and everybody? She is human champagne bubbling over with sparkle and joy and there is something about her presence that exhilarates us.

She is not one of the shrieking sirens who always talk at the top of their voices nor one of the tinpot gigglers nor one of the jumping-jacks on a stick that wear you out with their activities. She is just cheerful and soothing and bracing and, somehow, seems to pour out her own abundant spirit upon you and make you feel that all's right in this best-of-all-possible good old worlds.

Then the charmer is never self-centered. She never takes the center of the stage and holds it. On the contrary, she pushes you into the spotlight. She never monologues about herself, her children, her husband and her dogs and cats. She never tells you her troubles, nor boasts to you of her successes.

But before you know it you have told her all about your minor and major operations and the cute thing the baby said and the trouble you have had with the cook and about Mamie's engagement to the Smith boy, and she listens with such understanding and sympathy that you go away feeling that she is the most entertaining woman you have ever met, although all that she has done has been to give you the cue to your favorite topic.

The charmer never says sarcastic things that stab like a dagger thrust. She never holds people up to ridicule. She has a keen sense of humor that enables her to enjoy a good story and the clever things you say and that makes her conversation bright and amusing, but she always laughs with you and never at you. So you don't go away from her feeling that you have left your character behind you and that she is entertaining the company by making fun of all of your little peculiarities and weaknesses.

Above all, the charmer is tactful. She has a sixth sense that enables her to walk safely around people's pet prejudices instead of stepping on them and a divine gift for always saying the right thing to the right people. She remembers our tastes, and if she sends us a 5-cent bunch of posies they are violets because they are our favorite flower. She handles us with gloves so deftly that we never know we are being managed. She never starts arguments. Never gets into fights. Never arouses enmity. In a word, she strokes our fur the right way and we purr under her hand.

And that's charm. And it is something that any woman can acquire who wants it badly enough to sacrifice her ego to get it. But the real secret of charm lies in your heart, not in your glands.

DOROTHY DIX.

SLIPS INTO BOILING DYE VAT

(C.P. By Guardian's Special Wire)

YARMOUTH, N. S., Sept. 27 — Slipping on a stick, Charles Critcher plunged into his boiling dye vat here today. The 42 year old dyer, discovered in an unconscious condition by little Lefty Ross, was rushed to hospital but attending physicians held little hope for his life. His suffering from burns was so intense an anaesthetic had to be administered when Critcher regained consciousness tonight.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

A little tailored dress is so exceedingly smart for fall and winter for casual wear. It's especially smart when carried out in a neat patterned lightweight woolen this season, or in one of the lovely tweed-like silks.

Of course you can, choose other schemes, if you will, silk crepe with new surface interest, for instance, say in rusty-brown, is stunning in this model. Velveteen is very new just now, also.

Style No. 437 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 39-inch material with ⅝ yard of 35-inch contrasting for three quarter sleeve dress.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 437. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City State .....

THE COOK'S CORNER

Drawn Butter

The standard drawn butter sauce is nothing more nor less than ordinary white sauce, made with white stock or water instead of with milk. It is used as a base for caper, parsley and other simple sauces, to go with "boiled" meats (which, incidentally, are never boiled, but are merely simmered until they are tender), with boiled or steamed fish and so on. It calls for:

4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup boiling white stock or water
Pepper
½ teaspoon salt

Melt butter, blend in flour, add water gradually, stirring constantly. Add seasonings.

Hollandaise Sauce

This is considered one of our finest sauces. It requires more care, more strictly accurate procedure, than any of the others in this particular group—but that need not discourage the amateur cook who is willing to follow directions exactly.

You will like a Hollandaise Sauce with fish, and also with green vegetables, such as asparagus, Brussels sprouts, and so forth. And, by the way, if you are a lover of good food, just see what it will do for your simply cooked, well-drained vegetable marrow, one of these days.

½ cup butter
1 tablespoon flour
3 well-beaten egg yolks
½ cup boiling water
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Cream butter well with flour. Add well-beaten egg yolks and cook over boiling water, beating constantly until thickened. Slowly add boiling water and lemon juice—and cook and stir until thickened again. Serve immediately.

BENNETT cannot lose.

A Morning Smile

Dinner was being served in a London boarding house in which an American was lodged. The proprietress, bringing in a dish of soup for the American remarked. "It looks like rain."

"Yes, it does," replied the American, "but it smells a little like soup."

"Is it true, Donald, that ye've got married?"

"Aye, Jock."

"An' what kind o' body is yer wife?"

"Weel, Jock, Ah dinna complain. She's God's handiwork, but Ah'm thinkin' she's nae His masterpiece."

WELL DRILLING

Our new cable drill has arrived, our men are here and we need work. It takes a lot of wells to keep this outfit busy sinking them. If you need a new well or wish to ream out and recase an old one. Give us a call.

All work guaranteed to stand the test of time.

TRASK WELL CO.
VAUGHAN GROOM,
Local Representative
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I.
L-8737-7-31-W-F-M-tf.

TENDERS For Debentures

Tenders will be received at the Town Clerk's office of the Town of Borden, P. E. I. for Four Thousand five hundred Dollars ($4,500.00) 5% debentures, 20 year, to be dated 1st October, 1935 and maturing 1st October, 1955, Principal and interest payable at par at a chartered Bank in Charlottetown or in Summerside.

Denominations $500.00 in bearer form.

Last day for receiving Tenders will be 1st October, 1935 at the hour of 5 o'clock in the afternoon, highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Financial statement of the Town can be seen at the office of the Town Clerk, or will be mailed on request.

Signed

L. EDGAR RICHARD,
Town Clerk.

L-8961-9-16-19-23-26-30-Oct. 1.

Shore Farm FOR SALE

Fifty acres of land in good state of cultivation. Situated at Goose River, Lot 42, Kings County, Prince Edward Island, five miles from St. Peters Station. Close to school. Buildings in fair condition.

For further particulars apply to owner,
MARGARET ELLEN McKINNON.
8 Mount Pleasant Ave.
Roxbury, Mass.

L-9640-9-25-27-30

CATCHING COLD?

At the first warning sneeze — quick — a few drops up each nostril. Its timely use helps prevent many colds.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

FARM FOR SALE

There will be sold by public auction on the premises at North Tryon on Thursday, October 10, 1935, at two o'clock the farm property formerly occupied by William E. Callbeck and consisting of about eighty-five acres, all under cultivation.

This property has two dwelling houses and nice brook running through the property. It is well located, being near churches, schools, etc.

Terms will be announced at the sale.

For further particulars apply to Morley M. Bell, Solicitor, Summerside.

L-1003-9-28-5-2t

AUCTION SALE

—Of—
FURNITURE
the property of
MR. A. G. CAMPBELL
to be sold in warehouse in rear of Revere Hotel
on
TUESDAY, OCT. 1, 1935
At 1.30 O'clock

Consisting of Radio, Chesterfield Suite, Dining Set, Bedroom, Household Equipment and Floor Coverings.

Terms Cash No Reserve

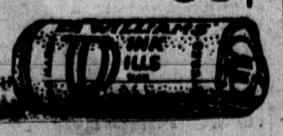
PRESTON FRASER,
Auctioneer.

L-9660-9-27-4t

STRONG NERVES

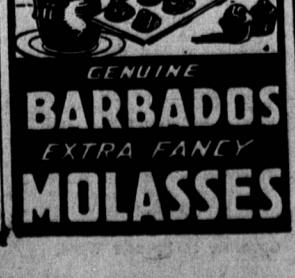
Unless your blood is rich in iron-nutriment and red cells, your nerves will not be strong. If you suffer from irritability, tendency to undue worry, nervous indigestion, sleeplessness and nervous disorders, then nourish and strengthen your nerves by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Blood tests of over 100 people prove that this remedy definitely increases the iron-nutriment and red cells in the blood. And blood enriched this way, not only strengthens your nerves but imparts new energy and vitality to your entire system. Nerves, health and resistance are all greatly improved by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. 50¢

The Tested Remedy 50¢



BEMA

BEST FOR GINGER BISCUITS



GENUINE BARBADOS EXTRA FANCY MOLASSES