

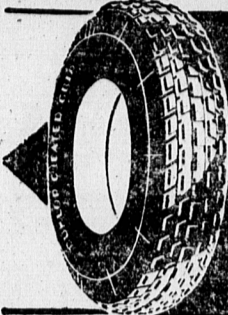
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Dizzy Headaches and Fainting Spells

Mrs. Lloyd Babcock, Hartington, Ont., writes: "Some time ago I was all run down in health. I had dizzy headaches, and suffered a great deal with fainting spells. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters and after taking two bottles I felt like a new person. My husband was troubled with indigestion, after meals, and could get nothing to do him any good until he took B.B.B."

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Cut winter driving hazards by fitting a set of DUNLOP Cleated-Grip Cable Cord Tires. Their road-holding power astonished thousands last winter. They grip where any other tire spins helplessly. And the Cleats give extra miles.

DUNLOP CLEATED GRIP Tires

"Grips like a Cleated Shoe"

Notice—Malpeque Road Closed

Malpeque Road from the cross road at the Waterworks to St. Dunstan's University will be closed until further notice. By order,

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.

LIVE HOGS

We are receiving truck and team hogs Tuesdays and Fridays each week until 12 o'clock noon. By bringing hogs to plant the freight and other expenses are saved. At the same time the current market price is received.

DRESSED HOGS

For those who wish to market their hogs, dressed, we are also buying, but recommend bringing in hogs alive.

DAVIS & FRASER

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

9393-11-25-1f.

DEPENDABLE USED CARS

From \$35.00 to \$600.00

Overland, 1923, No. 91 Touring; Ford, 1926, Touring; Ford, 1927, Coach; Ford, 1924, Coupe; Dodge, 1926, Sedan; Dodge, 1927, Sedan; Vic. '6', 1928, Sedan; Dodge, 1929, Sedan; Whippet, 1929, Sedan; Graham Paige, 1929, Sedan; Pontiac, 1927, Sedan; Pontiac, 1927, Coach; Studebaker, 1926, Coach. Also Ford, one ton, 1924, Truck; Graham Bros., one ton, 1926 Truck; Graham Bros., 1 1/2 ton, 1928, Truck; Chev. one ton, 1927, Truck; Buick Converted, one ton, Truck.

Any reasonable offer will be accepted on any of those cars as they must be sold for what we can get for them.

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Fire, Life, Accident, Sickness and Plate Glass Insurance at Lowest Rate.

Agent at Summerside, Lloyd Lewis

The Old Order Changes

By DAVID LYALL

(Continued)

In Mary's case, permission was being withheld to remain in the old paths which had grown dear to her. Why were they so dear? She had carried on her work under various quite palpable disabilities and had suffered a good many small indignities at the hands of Mrs. Manning. But her nature was big and generous enough to be able to estimate these at their true value. Cecilia Manning indeed would have been profoundly amazed had she been made aware exactly how she stood in the estimation of the little schoolmistress.

There are after all few things more satisfying in life than congenial occupation. Mary Freeland had found it at Mardocks and in a small way had achieved a conspicuous success. Everyone had told her so, and the Canon had been frequently quite embarrassingly warm in his commendation. She knew she would not be such a success at Gorham Lacy in playing the role as a member of the leisure class. Her whole being shrank from it.

A timely diversion was created by the appearance of Deborah bearing a tray of light refreshments for the motoring party. Over the cocoa and cloves end biscuits and the talk about Gorham Lacy went merrily on. No-body perhaps, excepting Mary, observed that it was a duet between Bee and her mother. Tom seemed moody, and took very little part in the discussion. A little later Mary encountered him on the upstairs landing as she was going to bed.

"Aren't you well, Tom?"

"Yes, of course, quite well," he answered almost savagely. "Why do you ask?"

"You seem out of sorts. Don't you like Gorham Lacy either?"

He looked at her with a queer something at the back of his eyes.

"I neither like nor dislike it. I'm simply not interested. It can't affect me. It's mother's little thing, isn't it? Mother's and Bee's. If they can get any good out of that sort of thing for God's sake let 'em have it."

The extreme passion with which her brother spoke gave Mary a very uncomfortable shock. There was something more here than mere distaste of civilian life after the racket of active service.

She would have questioned him, but he sheered off, entered his own room, and shut the door with the suggestion of a bang.

As Mary leisurely prepared for bed she had the curious but very insistent feeling that as a family they were on the verge of big happenings.

She did not greatly fear them, her natural poise prepared her for emergencies, but she felt distinctly worried about Tom.

He had a very good record in the Army, though he had gone to active service as a conscript—and minus his brother's enthusiasm.

But he had worked faithfully and well, a certain doggedness of character pushing him forward where more brilliant motors failed.

He had never talked of his army experiences, and had returned morose and unsociable. They all supposed it was the unrest observable in many young soldiers when they had to exchange the clasp of arms for the everyday drudgery of getting a living. But now, Mary felt sure that there was something deeper.

She wished she could help him; she hoped some day an opportunity might arise where she could offer at

(Continued on Page 5)

Farm for Sale

At Fairview, three miles from Rocky Point Ferry, in good locality and well watered. If not sold privately before December 6th will be sold by auction on that date with stock, crop and implements. Apply

J. A. McFADYEN,

On Premises.

9324-11-29-DEC. 1-3-31.

Farm for Sale

AT NORTH RIVER

I offer for sale my farm consisting of 106 acres all clear except 3 acres of woods conveniently situated near mills and school and 2 1/2 miles from Milton Station and 6 miles from Charlottetown. Brook runs across farm. The land is all in good state of cultivation. It is an ideal pasture or potato farm with comfortable buildings and good pump at door.

GORDON THOMPSON,

North River.

9437-11-26-6L.

On Indian Trails

The First of a Series of Articles Specially Written for The Guardian

By LUCY GERTRUDE CLARKIN

Between Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Prince Edward Island there are, approximately, three thousand miles, and perhaps it is asking too much of Guardian readers to be interested in a place so remote from them. I do not intend, however, to make this a news column in the generally accepted meaning of that term. I shall relate any unusual or outstanding occurrence,—any event that might be considered of human interest anywhere,—but my chief appeal will be to the romantic "streak" hidden in the most prosaic of us.

That New Mexico offers more than a delightful climate is proven by the number of writers and artists who make this state their home. If you've read Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop" you will have some idea of the gripping "atmosphere" of the place. This author uses New Mexico as the setting for many of her novels, and her reverent attitude towards it is revealed in her writings.

The librarian of the Public Library here told me that Miss Cather spent some months in Albuquerque while gathering material for "Death Comes for the Archbishop." Santa Fe was, of course, the logical place for such material and most of her research was made there.

Santa Fe is the capital of New Mexico and the oldest capital in the United States, but it is not as commercially important as Albuquerque; the former has a population of 7,236, the latter claims 35,000 and the bulk of that population is made up of people who came, and continue to come here, to escape the rigorous winters of other countries.

Until five or six years ago no attempt had been made to capitalize this climate. By word-of-mouth advertising only Albuquerque's fame went abroad; the city was crowded and at its "wit's end" to accommodate all who came. It was nearly impossible, a few years ago, to find a vacant apartment or rent a room. Notwithstanding all that the city, like many other American cities at the time, suffered business depression. A few "public spirited citizens,"—they have them here too,—seeing that something had to be done, got together and organized the Civic Council.

This council works along the same lines as our own Tourist Association. The organizers give time and service free; business interests contribute to the upkeep.

Mr. Currier, (to whom I am indebted for much valuable information), is the efficient manager, and when I say efficient I mean just that. Visitors who have been in touch with his office before coming are given every possible help and shown every courtesy.

True Courtesy

Speaking of courtesy I would like to say that, in this place, they exemplify the true meaning of the word. In stores and offices you meet the same pleasant service. I asked in a shop one day, when I came here first, the location of the Public Library; the manager, himself, came to the door of his shop to direct me. It was a busy hour of the day too, and his place was crowded.

Even the paper-boys, at the rage between thirteen and fifteen, are courteous. Yesterday I was returning from one of the Cash-and-Carry stores with my arms full; a paper-boy stopped his wheel beside me and offered his services. When I wanted to pay for his help he refused pleasantly. "No, thank you, Mam; I'm a Scout." Little incidents like that mean a lot to strangers.

Since the inauguration of the Civic Council, and some well-placed advertising, inquiries have been coming to that office at the rate of 150 to 200 a month. Building, too, has been given a boost and now there is no lack of accommodation for visitors or prospective residents.

There is a stimulation—a buoyancy in the air of Albuquerque; it may be the altitude,—it is 4,934 feet above sea level,—or the continued sunlight, but in the open one has a winged feeling, if you get my meaning.

It has a charm, too, that I cannot define. Architecturally speaking it might not be considered a beautiful city although there are a great many fine buildings, well-kept lawns, parks, and lovely shade trees; it is, perhaps more picturesque than beautiful. There are more than a few architectural achievements here that are especially worthy of mention; the Franciscan, and the Alvarado hotels comes first.

The former is unique as well as beautiful. I would not attempt to classify its type but they say it is regional architecture modeled after the Taos Pueblo, an Indian ruin that stands now as it stood "When the Conquistadors first saw it housing the entire village of 900 on its star-shaped terraces." (I'll tell you about this ruin later.)

The Alvarado, at the Santa Fe Station, is to my mind, the most beautiful building in Albuquerque. It is Spanish Mission style and spreads over two entire blocks. It is a two story building and has a setting that is almost perfect for its type. (My personal opinion; I have no authority for this statement.) The lobby of the hotel is very impressive with its black stained wood and red leather furnishings. Both hotels are modern in equipment and give excellent service.

The Public Library is modified Pueblo style and has an old world approach of irregularly set flagstones; this, also has a fine setting on a generous sloping lawn.

The Kino theatre is another unique building in its exterior finish. It is of white (or grey) stone with a bas-relief in color surrounding the upper part of the entire building. This must be a modernized example of the ancient Mayan decorations described by Radin in "The Story of the American Indian."

Pueblo Architecture

Wright's Trading Post is supposed to be a perfect type of Pueblo architecture. It is of adobe, of course, and has ladders on the outside leading from one story to the other. I'll tell you more about this place at another writing; the interior and stock deserve more space than I can give here.

There are other stores that specialize in Indian crafts, baskets, of artistic design and fine weaving, blankets, jewelry, and vases; they are the most interesting places in the city and you'll want to hear about them.

The streets of Albuquerque are a never-failing source of interest to me; especially Central, the avenue dividing the city north and south, and its real business thoroughfare. Along this avenue vivid, colorful crowds pass continually, and on my shopping trips I often find more worthwhile things than merchandise. There's such a medley of type and nations here; Spaniards, Mexicans, Negroes, Indians, and English-speaking people from everywhere. Real honest-to-goodness Cowboys, too, with high-heeled boots, rattle-skirt belts, outspoken neck-ties, and the inevitable sombrero. They like their sombreros in light colors; cream seems to find favor with them all. It is very funny sometimes to see one of these huge hats on a little bit of a bow-legged chap who seems to have all he can do to carry himself along.

There are all sorts of ranches in New Mexico and near Albuquerque there are a number of Dude Ranches. These are country hotels or sanatoriums and the male guests, when they visit the city, are glorified Cowboys. They dress along the same lines but there's no mistaking the "tailored touch."

The majority of the Negro population are in comfortable circumstances even prosperous,—judging by the clothes they wear and the cars they drive. New Mexico must be more "West" than "South" in sentiment; there is no "color line" here.

A Genuine Type

I saw a Southern Mammy one day, the type that you read about or see on the stage, but never, never meet in the Maritimes. She was built on generous lines with the "ample hips" so frequently mentioned in Negro stories, and her skirt, a gathered print cotton of brilliant coloring, emphasized her "lines" to perfection. Her square-cut jacket was of different colored print, and her carpet slippers didn't match any of the ensemble unless the bandana handkerchief that was wound around her head. I wondered about the carpet slippers; hadn't seen anything in that line for years. I think she must have been saving them for special occasions.

The old and middle-aged Mexican women wear black shawls over their heads, and long black dresses. The younger women, who are not entirely modernized, wear bright colored shawls and very short dresses; sort of an ancient and modern mix-up. Others are frankly 1930 models.

Meeting a sombre-garbed Mexican mother with her flapper daughter one is inclined to doubt if this age of paint, powder, and "permanents" has improved women. Perhaps the Mexican girls, (and all girls here excepting the Squaws,) overdo in the matter of rouge, but to my way of thinking the older generation of Mexican women have a dignity that one misses in their daughters.

Next time I'll tell you some of the interesting things I've learned about New Mexico Indians.

EYES TESTED

AND GLASSES FITTED

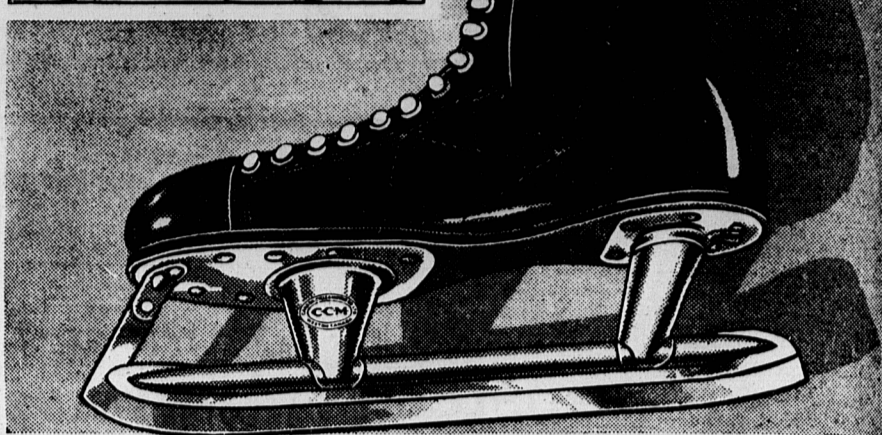
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