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Youth Rides West
By Will Irwin

(Continued)
I was reading one night by the student lamp in the library and mother was writing letters at the desk in the corner, when I looked up to find her eyes fixed on me with an expression hard yet quizzical. I retain yet a picture of her as she looked that night. She was forty-five. In that era, a woman of her years had long anticipated the inevitable, given up bright colors and such youthful fripperies. I thought of her, from the viewpoint of twenty-two, as incredibly aged. Yet, as she sat there facing me, her chestnut-brown hair, dressed in the innumerable waves and small curls of current fashion, showed no thread of white. The old lace of her Sunday finery foamed about her throat amidst a foam of lace, one of her plump but shapely forearms supported a tapered hand which was tapping a penholder against her lips. Her other hand lay stretched out on the desk toward me in an attitude which merely hinted at affection. Mother's affections are so deeply that she expressed them with difficulty. We New Englanders are still very near in spirit to Old England; and we show it in nothing so much as in our shy repression of our deepest emotions.

"Rob," said mother, "what do you propose to do next?"
"Enter law school in the fall," I replied. Not until I expressed it in that bald manner did I realize how little the law really interested me. "And then?" pursued my mother, continuing to tap her penholder against her tightened lips.
"Oh, practice, I suppose. Somewhere."
"Somewhere," repeated my mother dryly. "And somehow, Rob, does that vague prospect allure you?"
"No," said I, jerked suddenly into frankness with her and with myself. "No, it doesn't."
Mother nodded. "I thought so!" And suddenly my lazy young mind stirred and began to function with realities. I knew why life in Cohasset had seemed so flat, and why my mind—not through fear but through boredom—had been refusing to picture the future. Tilden, during that all-night talk in Harrison's room, had planked in me a seed more vital than either of us knew. It had been germinating all this time. Now, suddenly, it sprouted to the surface. And—
"Mother, I think I want to go West," I said.

She kept her eyes on mine, but there was a break in her voice as she replied:
"Not for good?"
"Oh, no!" said I. "Just for a year or so." Then I walked to the window, lest she see what might be in my face; stood looking out at the heights of Cohasset harbor. Mother spoke very gently from behind me.
"I had thought of every possibility but that. I was about to suggest that you go to sea for a while—my tribe, away back, were seafaring people. It's far from genteel, the West."

Her inference that the forecastle of a deep-sea vessel stood notable for an atmosphere of gentility amused me, so that I dared turn back from the window and show my face.
"But there's steel in you," said mother—now she was looking down into the pigeonholes of her old mahogany desk—"though it's never been tempered yet—and some generations of gentlemen. No, Rob, you'll come through that. Of course, there's danger. Dreadful things happen out there." Mother had never in her life travelled west of Albany, and had formed her picture from the newspapers.
"I'll risk that!" said I with youthful pride in my own courage slightly piqued.
"That's true," replied mother, I said you had steel in you. Perhaps for me it isn't so easy."
Then mother did what she had not done since I was a little boy. She had always kissed me perfunctorily at meetings and partings. But now she held out her arms to me. I came to her; and she patted and petted me silently. I looked up presently, to see that she was crying without sobs or sniffles—just the big tears coursing down her cheeks. I wiped her eyes and—
"I won't go if you feel that way about it," I said. Whereupon she became at once her old, peppy self. She snatched the handkerchief away from me, finished the drying process, and jerked out:
"Don't be a fool, Robert."

All we sat down and planned it all out practically. I remembered that conversation in Howorthy Hall—"You don't get that sort of thing in California any more. We're growing civilized. Nowadays, the real wild life lies in the Rockies. People are just beginning to break into them." Offhand and without further thought, I chose the Rockies. Then came the matter of funds. And there my mother became staid and adamant. If my wander years were going to do me any good, she said, I must pay my own way. She would get me out there. She would get me out there. She And, in any event, I must not stay more than two years. I was at first both hurt and piqued; I had pictured myself leading from adventure to adventure, without thought of the morrow and always with plenty in my pockets. The cold hard reality of making a living had not entered into my dreams of the West. But by the time I had slept on the matter, I perceived dimly that the true adventure must be sweetened with practical effort; otherwise it is all plums and no suit. And I accepted mother's conditions.
Of course, I missed the deeper realities of her decision, as youth always does. I had to let maturity and experience ripen my own understanding before I could appreciate the fullness of her sacrifice to the development of my character. It took a woman of her breed and time to do it. Others would merely have thought of it, or would have

pulled back at the last moment. Mother played the game through. Only when I reached Denver did she seem to repent a little of her bargain with herself and me. From her first letter dropped a money order for three hundred dollars.
"I am sending this so," she wrote, "because I am not sure there are banks out there. You are not to spend it now. I know, of course, that you will follow my wishes. It is just a reserve in case you are in trouble or for any other unexpected contingency."
But I did not at first follow the trail of adventure clear through. Denver was the railroad terminus; last thrust of the civilization I knew. Then, as now, it stands gateway to the Rockies. Established in a cheap hotel down by the Union station, with fifty dollars in my pocket and the world before me, I spent two days acclimating my jungs to the rarefied atmosphere and my spirit to these entertaining new surroundings before I counted my money and thought of my material situation.
The Rocky Mountain News displayed columns of advertisements under the heading "Help Wanted." I ran them over—"teamsters"—"railroad construction gangs"—"shovel gangs"—"miners" My eye grasped at this item. I took the matter to the clerk at our hotel, my bureau of information on all things western. I found that "miner" meant not a romantic prospector, following the trail of fortune, but virtually a common laborer in the dark bowels of the earth.
My face must have shown my spurt of dismay, for the clerk suddenly asked:
"You're educated, ain't you?"
"Yes," said I; and inhibited myself from saying how much I was educated. College breeding, I had found already, did not recommend a young man in the far West.

(To Be Continued)

ST. ELEANORS SCHOOL FAIR

St. Eleanors and surrounding districts held their annual school fair on Friday last. The schools exhibiting were St. Eleanors, North St. Eleanors, Sherbrooke and Linkletter. The teachers for each school in order named were, Mr. Gordon Bennett and Miss Edith Creswell, Miss A. McKay, Miss Edith McDonald, Miss Audrey Harvey. The exhibits were away ahead of any previous year both in quantity and quality and in keeping with the high record St. Eleanors has always maintained. The fruit, vegetables, grain and live stock were judged by Professor Read, of Bedouque. He was agreeably surprised to see such remarkable exhibits for such a season as the present one. There was an excellent exhibit of calves, of Holstein and Guernsey breeds, which would hold their own in any of the major fairs on the Island.
The chickens, barred rocks, were also of a high order. For such an uncertain season, the garden products were very marked in quality and uniform. The potatoes were a good size and clear of disease.
He congratulated the pupils on their exhibits and encouraged them to greater efforts next year. He advised raising pure black and white ducks, instead of mixed breeds, as they were more pleasure to raise and gave better results.
Mr. Auld, School Inspector for the district, was the judge of the school work and was most enthusiastic over the class of work exhibited. Every class showed a steady improvement from one year to the other and this year was marked with much greater improvement.
Worthy of special mention was the exhibit of samples of wood. This was in a class by itself. Ten varieties of Island wood were shown. The samples were arranged on trays with the name of the wood underneath. The first prize for this exhibit was won by Fendall Rogers, of Linkletter Road School and showed most painstaking effort on the part of the youthful exhibitor, the samples being artistically arranged on a polished wooden tray, decorated with maple leaves. The other boys had arranged theirs in somewhat the same manner.
Mr. Auld was especially pleased with the showing of writing, which ranked in the highest class. He stressed the importance of letting the pupils do the work themselves for the exhibition.
Miss Sybil Tanton, of Summerside, judged the domestic science exhibits and expressed much pleasure in having the opportunity of judging such high class work. Some tating was exceptionally fine. Every branch of handicraft deserved commendation.
The exhibits of potted plants and flowers were larger and better than ever and were very beautiful. Another exhibit which must not go unnoticed was the woodcraft, showing the skill of the boys with hammer and chisel.
Some excellent ears of wheat and

ROCKY POINT FERRY SERVICE

On and after Monday, September 14th, the 6.30 trip of the Rocky Point Ferry will be discontinued, and the time table for the balance of the month of September will be as follows:—

Leave	Leave
Charlottetown	Rocky Point
7.30 A. M.	8.00 A. M.
8.30 A. M.	9.00 A. M.
9.30 A. M.	10.00 A. M.
11.00 A. M.	11.30 A. M.
1.00 P. M.	1.30 P. M.
2.00 P. M.	2.30 P. M.
3.30 P. M.	4.00 P. M.
4.30 P. M.	5.00 P. M.
5.30 P. M.	6.00 P. M.

SUNDAY

9.30 A. M.	10.00 A. M.
12.45 P. M.	1.30 P. M.
2.00 P. M.	2.30 P. M.
3.00 P. M.	3.30 P. M.
4.30 P. M.	5.00 P. M.

8657-9-12-31.

SMILES



Bessie: A fortune teller said I'd be rich some day.
Bertie: One told me I'd marry a rich girl some day.

ILLUSION

I lightly kissed her rosy lips. I held her in my arms—oh, well, 'Twas but a dream; I wake and find I'm clutching my alarm clock bellie.



"Don't you think it possible for a couple to get along well on a salary of \$25.00 per week?"
"From what I can learn, it's not possible for a couple to get along well anyhow."



"Did the doctor call, William?"
"Yes, he says I've got to take the rest cure."
"Was he looking at your tongue when he told you that?"
"No, he was looking at your picture."



Wife: Did you bet on the election, Henry?
Hubby: Oh, a little bet on our friend, and lost.
Wife: He let you lose your money. Well, then, I'm glad the mean thing didn't get the office he was after. It serves him right.

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AUCTION SALE

Carload of Western Horses will be sold at Hunter River on Friday, September 18th.
Terms at sale, cash.
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8694-9-15-31.

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SEALED TENDERS

addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Wharf Enlargement, Victoria, P. E. I." will be received until 12 o'clock noon (daylight saving), Monday, September 21, 1931, for the construction of an addition on the East side, enlarging approach of the wharf, at Victoria, Queen's County, P. E. I.
Plans and form of contract can be seen and specification and forms of tender obtained at this Department, at the offices of the District Engineer, Post Office Building, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Building Trades Association Limited, 402 George Street, Sydney, N. S., and at the Post Office, Victoria, P. E. I.
Tenders will not be considered unless made on printed forms supplied by the Department and in accordance with conditions contained therein.
Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 per cent of the amount of the tender. Bonds of the Dominion of Canada or bonds of the Canadian National Railway Company will also be accepted as security, or bonds and a cheque if required to make up an odd amount.
NOTE—Blue prints can be obtained at this Department by depositing an accepted cheque for the sum of \$10.00, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, which will be returned if the intending bidder submit a regular bid.
By order,
N. DESJARDINS, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, September 8, 1931. Sept. 14-31

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Charlottetown

extra large pumpkins were on show. Owing to the rain, the sports program could not be carried out. There was a singing contest, in which pupils from three schools took part. Linkletter School won first place, St. Eleanors second, and North St. Eleanors third.
There were two entries for a public speaking contest, Miss Lilia Perry, of St. Eleanors, winning the prize of \$1. Miss Muriel Yeo, of North St. Eleanors was the other contestant. Their subject was the "School Fair." Some excellent remarks were made by both pupils in favour of the school fair, which included such points as co-operation, competition with other schools, self reliance and the linking of the home with the school.
The judges, in awarding the prize, said the contest was very close, both pupils showing marked ability. Miss Perry speaking a little more distinctly and with less monotony.
A donation of money collected by Mrs. George Pickering, formerly of Sherbrooke, and now living in Summerside, and an ardent supporter of the school fair, was placed in the hands of the secretary for special prizes. The donors were Messrs. Sinclair and Stewart, Mr. L. R. Allen, Mr. A. S. McKay, and Mr. A. E. McLean. A list of the prize winners will be published later.—S.

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