



To you who love your canary

You have a little feathered friend who will cheer your home with his song and his sprightly antics. Will you be thoughtful—will you feed him right?

Do you know that for nearly 40 years, we have been specializing on Bird Seed—searching the world and sending thousands of miles away to bring to cage birds in Canada the very best of seed. Then we clean it of every particle of dust or chaff—and blend it just right for a balanced diet to keep your bird in health and plumage and song.

If you love your bird, don't experiment on him. Don't give him any old seed "supposed to be" good for birds. Don't give him so-called diets. (You wouldn't give your own healthy children medicine and strong tonics every day!)

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Dick has no teeth so he picks up gravel to help grind his food—also gravel keeps his feet and claws in good condition. Brocks is the finest, cleanest, silver, sea-washed quartz. Say "Brocks, please!"

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Modern staterooms for as little as \$1.50 will accommodate two persons

Round-trip Excursion Fare from

CHARLOTTETOWN	\$16.90
SUMMERSIDE	16.90
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Quotely Low Fares from Other Points

Sailings Wednesdays and Saturdays from Reeds' Point Wharf, St. John at 7:30 P. M. (A. T.) Returning leave

Boston Tuesdays and Fridays at 5 P. M. (D. S. T.)

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

For information and reservations apply any Canadian National Railway coupon ticket office or ticket office, Reeds' Point Wharf, Saint John.

BLUE BUS LINE

Schedule

Leaves	Arrives	Leaves	Arrives
Peter's Road	7:45 A.M.	New Perth School	8:05 A.M.
M. H. North	8:00 A.M.	Newville School	8:15 A.M.
Riley Cr. Gaspareaux	8:10 A.M.	Vernon River	8:25 A.M.
Sturgeon Bridge	8:20 A.M.	Cherry Valley	8:35 A.M.
Geo. Poole's Store, Lower	8:30 A.M.	Pownal	8:45 A.M.
Montague Office, Upper	8:30 A.M.		
Montague	8:50 A.M.	Arrives Charlottetown	10:15 A.M.
Leaves Revere Hotel 4:00 P. M.		Arrives Peter's Road 6:30 P. M.	

Parcels carried at 25c minimum charge. Buses will stop on signal at any point on route.

CITY BUS SERVICE

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

CHARLOTTETOWN	LEAVES	ELMIRA	TIME
Leaves		Leaves	
Elmira	7:15 A.M.	Charlottetown	4:10 P.M.
Souris	8:10 A.M.	St. Peter's	5:00 P.M.
St. Peter's	8:55 A.M.	Morell	5:25 P.M.
Morell	9:15 A.M.	St. Peter's	5:45 P.M.
Mt. Stewart	9:40 A.M.	Souris	6:30 P.M.
Arrives Charlottetown	10:30 A.M.	Arrives Elmira	7:15 P.M.

Buses will stop on signal at any point on route. Headquarters in Charlottetown, Old Spain Tea Rooms.

Fardy Bus Service & Taxi Service CHARLOTTETOWN to FORTUNE

TIME TABLE

Leaving Charlottetown	4:00 p. m.	Leaving Fortune	8:15 a. m.
Hazelbrook	4:20 p. m.	Dingwell's	8:25 a. m.
Keefe's Lake	4:35 p. m.	Dundas	8:45 a. m.
48 Road	4:45 p. m.	Bridgetown	8:50 a. m.
Cardigan	5:00 p. m.	Cardigan	9:05 a. m.
Bridgetown	5:15 p. m.	48 Station	9:20 a. m.
Dundas	5:20 p. m.	Keefe's Lake	9:30 a. m.
Dingwell's	5:40 p. m.	Hazelbrook	9:45 a. m.
Arrive Fortune	5:50 p. m.	Arrive Charlottetown	10:05 a. m.

Headquarters in Charlottetown—DIANA TEA ROOMS, Phone 1374. Headquarters in Souris—LENNOX HOTEL

The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. & A. M. Williamson

"I've heard you had a wife."

"I had. She's dead."

Nazio did not add the date of his bereavement.

"I'm free," he went on. "You're not, and can't be while your wife's on earth—where she's likely to stay as long as you do. Now you know why I'm following Miss Desmond, and why I'm going to her today."

"You shall not go!" Miles exclaimed.

Nazio laughed. "Why not?"

"She doesn't want to see you."

"She can say so, after I've arrived, and written her a note. When she understands, I think she'll look on me as the big chance to—as the French say—'changer' herself. Anyhow you're not right to decide for the girl, and deny her what you can't give."

Strange how many thoughts can rush through a man's brain when another might count One—Two—Three.

Miles would not admit that he was caught in a net which couldn't be broken, or torn, or cut. Yet he knew that, if Nazio had spoken the truth about Betty, and about the girl, he was hopelessly bound. Because he'd haunted Juliet Divine in the face of the world to free Betty the girl would forbid him to free himself from her, unless she sued for divorce.

Even the breaking of his promise to Mrs. Farmale wouldn't help him as things were—according to Nazio. The girl he loved could never be his wife, and he loved her too well for any other arrangement though she might love him enough to consent.

"You have the right to go to Bousaada," he admitted harshly. "But I have the right to get there before you, if I can. I'll see my wife later, if she's in Algiers. You shall not find Miss Desmond alone—alone if I can help it."

As he spoke he turned on his heel, and walked with long strides to his automobile. The chauffeur had finished work some minutes ago and strolled over to the small red car with his mate from the Algiers garage.

Nazio wheeled round at the same instant. "Race me for Bousaada, then!" he yelled.

Again his was the advantage. He was within a dozen yards of his own car. Sheridan had three times the distance to cover. Nazio's car was headed for Bousaada, Sheridan's for Algiers, and the road wasn't made for the quick turn of an automobile, especially a large one. Nazio's chauffeur was close to his motor, and had not stopped his engine. Sheridan's car had to be started as well as turned, and by a man who would take more than thirty seconds to reach it.

A shout of "Partons—vite!" from his employer sent the driver of the red auto with a bound to his place. Nazio sprang up beside him, and the little car darted away over sand, ruts, stones, and hummocks of the grass, with spasmodic leaps. There was no speed limit here in the desert except that set by the roughness of the wild way, or the sudden mixing up with a string of loaded camels!

By the time Sheridan's motor had started, refused, started again, backed, manoeuvred, backed once more, and successfully turned, the small red car had half a mile's start. "There was no room in Miles' thoughts for fear of what might happen because of his delay in seeing Betty. If things concerning her were as bad as they could be, at least they couldn't be worse! And he must get back to the girl."

He must tell his side of the story before Nazio had thrown the wrong light on it all. He must know why Juliet Divine had sent her cruising with him—why she'd consented to run, above all the most humongous get her forgiveness, even if he couldn't beg for it with words.

If he had not turned back to Bousaada then—if he had gone on instead to Algiers, the whole future might have been different for him, for Terry Desmond, and for others. But Fate rules these decisions, not idle chance.

STANGE NEWS

When Nazio, sallow with blown sand, strolled out of the car at the hotel in Bousaada, he enquired discreetly for Monsieur Sheridan.

Monsieur had departed en automobile, some hours ago, and Mademoiselle accompanied by Madame had gone down to the river a short time since. Monsieur expected to be absent for the night, but ces dames would return after sunset and moonrise, for dinner.

"I'll go and find them. You can send a boy part way to show me the shortest road," Nazio said. "I want two rooms in the hotel, for myself and chauffeur for a night or two; maybe more. The best you have; but I won't stop to look at them, thanks."

"The shortest road" was important to him! Unless the big motor suffered a providential panne Sheridan might arrive within the next quarter hour.

Nazio thought he could count upon fifteen minutes start of the heavier car despite its high power, for his chauffeur had earned a big bribe by seating alone in the vile road as a large automobile couldn't do without the risk of a smash. And many backward looks had shown Nazio only empty desert.

Sheridan must come to the hotel when he arrived, as he Nazio—had come, there to learn that the girl wasn't in the house, he would even have an extra delay, because he would first seek her in her room, discover her absence, and waste more time in enquiries.

Altogether, it looked as if Nazio might get twenty minutes with Terry before he was disturbed. A good deal could be done in twenty minutes!

The joy of the desert had gone for the girl. She was in the darkest mood of her life, the black gloom of which which can never, it seems, be lighted.

Her sister Julia was a woman whom any man was free to insult! She herself, thought her one sin had been against the conventions, wasn't the right wife for Miles Sheridan.

She ought not to love her. She ought not to let him love her. It would be better for him if he never saw her again. She couldn't desert him, when his back was turned, but she wished that she might die—a quick death without too much pain, lest she shouldn't be brave—die before Miles came back.

Then at the thought of losing him, of being gone out of his world while she was so young, tears filled her eyes. But she would not let them fall.

Mrs. Harkness mustn't see that she was crying, and ask questions! The kind old woman was sure to knock at the door sooner, and it would be worse to keep her out than to let her in.

Harkness imagined however that the girl might be resting in the heat of the day, and accordingly left her in peace. It was late in the afternoon when she tapped, and then Terry was glad to go out. They walked under big sunshades to the river, and sat in the purple shadow of a little sandy hillock, watching the sun play—singing almost naked, others dressed like grown women in bizarre draperies, bright tinted as poppies. Terry had brought a letter-pad, to write to Julia, and ask permission to tell Sheridan who she was, though she mustn't marry him, she longed to let him know that she was the child he had named "Cinderella." Harkness had brought a book about Ireland, but neither could concentrate, for he was easier to gaze at the children.

As the sun went down the sky became a vast canopy of roses that gave colour to the sand, and even the air seemed pink. The brown babies laughed and cowered to each other with the same laughter, the same accents that white babies have all over the world, no matter what their complexion, and the girl and the old woman did not know that footsteps hurrying toward them from behind, meant anything special for them, till Nazio's voice spoke.

"Miss Desmond!"

Terry turned sharply, recognizing the voice. It seemed the limit of everything she could go through, and even beyond, that Nazio should be at Bousaada—today.

Mrs. Harkness turned too, and remembered the face of the kind gentleman with the nice motor car as Monaco Port. She thought he had told her then that he knew Mr. Sheridan, and that he has some acquaintance with Miss Divine. But it was queer he should call her "Miss Desmond" now.

Maybe he'd made a mistake, yet it seemed impossible to mistake this beautiful girl for someone else.

"Forgive me if I've frightened you, but I was coming to Bousaada to see Mr. Sheridan on a matter of importance to him; and I met him on the way. We had a conversation—a sort of heart to heart talk, because I'd been sent to him by his wife. You know she's in Algiers?—on board the yacht!"

THE ONLY WAY OUT

Mrs. Miles on board "Silverwood" gasped Harkness. "Oh, sir, this is strange news! Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. I've seen and talked with her," replied Nazio, addressing himself now to Mrs. Harkness, though he knew that Terry listened.

You must excuse me for being abrupt, but I have to hurry and say what I've got to say. I know Mr. Sheridan's been expecting his wife to divorce him and he thought she was in New York. But I'm surprised he didn't tell you what called him suddenly back to Algiers. But he didn't know what brought Mrs. Sheridan, until I gave him a message—by her request. You see, I've known her for years. She's decided not to divorce her husband, and nothing will induce her to change her mind.

I don't doubt Mr. Sheridan will try to bribe her, but he won't succeed. And owing to circumstances which we needn't go into just now, the law wouldn't allow him to divorce his wife, even if he tried. Naturally this is a blow to him, as he wants—no, he is able to do that while Mrs. Sheridan lives; which means—"he turned—did it the girl—dear Miss Desmond—did it you wait for him you'll

grow old waiting."

Terry had told herself that she must not marry Miles, but suddenly she knew that she would have married him in spite of everything, if he had been free. Perhaps it was well that he was not to be free—well for his own good, because he was saved from her.

"Oh, my poor child!" gasped Mrs. Harkness.

The old woman had been divided in mind between her strong wish for the girl's happiness as well as "Mr. Miles" and her equally strong disapproval of such an unattractive match. But now she forgot all scruples. She hated that wicked little cat "My poor child!" she moaned. "What will you do? Everything is upset."

"I don't know what I shall do," said Terry. "I'll have to wait till he—Mr. Sheridan—come back, and I can talk to him. I can't decide now." (To Be Continued.)

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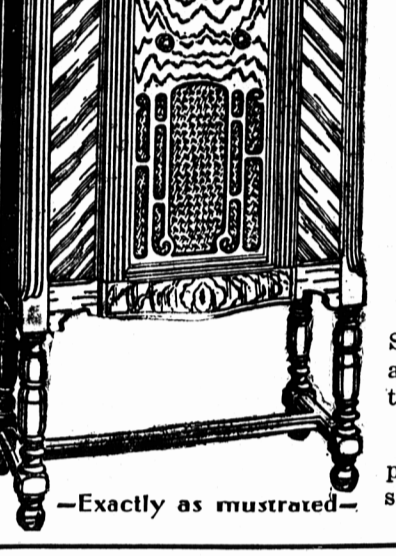
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SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

THE SIMPSON EASTERN LIMITED

Mortgage Sale

To be sold by public auction on Thursday the Twenty-seventh day of September A. D. 1934 at the hour of Three o'clock A. M. AND SINGULARLY THAT CERTAIN PLOT or parcel of land more or less, bounded as follows, that is to say Commencing at the South side of the Western Tarentum Road in the Western part of the Township of St. Lawrence, thence West Seven chains and Fifty feet to the City Surveyor, or the place of Commencement, containing five acres of land a little more or less.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of and pursuant to a Power of Sale contained in a certain indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Eight day of July A. D. 1932 made between Edward Peter Lavery of Glenfinnan in Queens County, Prince Edward Island, Trustee for Francis Lavery of the same place, Farmer, and Margaret Lavery, wife of the said Francis Lavery, of the one part, and Charles Isaac Hensley, Walter Ferdinand Hensley and Walter Hensley of the other part, the said Mortgage having been assigned in turn to Francis Lavery of Charlottetown in Queens County, Prince Edward Island, Trustee for Lucy Jane Reberon, on the 26th day of June A. D. 1934, and default having been made in the payment of principal money and interest thereon, thereby secured.

For further particulars apply at the office of A. James Haslam, Solicitor, Block Block, Charlottetown.

Dated this Twenty-ninth day of August A. D. 1934.

LUCY JANE REBERON, Assignee.

MORTGAGE SALE

These will be sold by public auction in front of the Court House at Charlottetown in Queens County, Prince Edward Island on Monday the 22nd day of October 1934 at the hour of 12 o'clock noon all that tract of land situate on township number 33 in Queens County aforesaid bounded as follows: Bounded on the south by the St. Peter's Road for the distance of thirty feet chains on the east by the land formerly of Angus J. McInally formerly, now in possession of Bernard McInally containing one hundred acres of land a little more or less, being the land described in a Government deed to James Smith bearing date the 17th March 1880. This sale is made in pursuance of a Power of Sale contained in two indentures of Mortgage one dated the 20th day of July 1927 and the other the 29th day of November 1927 both made by Hugh John Smith of Ten Mile House in Queens County aforesaid, farmer, of the one part and the undersigned of the second part default having been made in payment of the principal and interest secured thereby.

For further particulars apply to McLean and McKinnon, Solicitors etc., Royal Bank Building, Charlottetown.

Dated this 17th day of September 1934.

W. MORTIMAN

1519-9-20-27-10-5-12

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L-480-9-19-41

FOR SALE

We have listed with us for sale a certain farm property at North River consisting of 125 acres in an excellent state of cultivation. One hundred acres are clear and the farm is situated near School House.

Apply

THE EASTERN TRUST CO.

JUDGE OF PROBATE

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Fish and Game Protection Association will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown, on Friday September 21st, at 8.00 P. M.

J. M. MacFADYEN, Secretary.

L-424-9-19-31

TENDERS

In unit prices will be received as the office of the City Clerk up to noon on Friday, September 21st, for the laying of permanent streets in the City of Charlottetown. Specifications may be seen at the office of the City Surveyor, or the office of the City Clerk. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. NICHOLSON, City Clerk.

L-472-9-19-31

AUCTION SALE

OF VALUABLE HORSES, CATTLE AND ETC.

I am instructed by Captain E. Dicks to sell by public auction on the premises at Daivey, Grand Tracable, on Wednesday, September 26th, the following: Viz:

- 4 Milk Cows, pure bred Ayrshire.
- 1 Heifer—with calf—(2 years old).
- 3 Heifer Calves, Pure Breeds.
- 1 New Self Binder, New.
- 1 Horse Turnip Seeder.
- 1 Hay Rake.
- 1 Set Wheel Harrows.
- 1 Set Spring Tooth Harrows.
- 1 Set Spike Harrows.
- 1 Wood Sleigh.
- 1 Driving Wagon.
- 1 Heavy Truck Wagon.
- 1 Light Truck Wagon.
- 1 Manure Spreader.
- 1 Gasoline Engine (10 horse-power).

Large quantity of English Fox Wire.

Several Sets Double Harness.

Several Sets Driving Harness.
- 1 Cream Separator.
- 1 Auto Truck (2 tons).
- 1 Hay Fork and Rope.
- 1 Gang Plow.
- 1 Single Plow.
- 1 Fox Boiler and Fox Fans (new).
- 1 Hoisting Winch (Gasoline).
- 1 Cart.
- 1 Schooner Propeller.

Other Articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS AT SALE.

J. A. MACDONALD, Auctioneer

L-472-9-19-31

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The Bishop of Portsmouth spent two days in camp this summer visiting Boy Scouts in camps on the East of Wight