Poultry Wanted

WE are in the market for an unlimited quantity of Dressed Poultry. Will be buying on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons of each week until the end of December. HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID. We do not guarantee to handle any Turkeys, Geese or Ducks, after December 15th.

HAROLD S. MacLEOD
Vernon River

10742-12-8-5i.

Poultry Wanted

It will pay you to get our prices, before disposing of your Poultry. HIGHEST MARKET PRICES. Immediate Cash Returns.

Turkeys, Geese and Ducks should be marketed before December 15th, in order to allow sufficient time to ship them to outside markets.

THE HARRIS ABBATOIR LIMITED.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

10767-12-9-6i.

Potatoes and Turnips

We can handle a limited supply of Green Mountains, Cobblers and Blue Potatoes, also Turnips at our warehouse Hogans Wharf. Warehouse open every day.

J. LESTER DOUGLAS

10764-12-9-3i.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Rules Relating to Private Bills

36. All petitions for Private Bills must be presented within fourteen days after the commencement of the session exclusive of adjournment.

37. No Private Bill shall be brought into the House, but upon a petition firs tpresented, truly stating the case of the peril of the suitors for such Bill and such petion must be signed by the said parties.

38. A committee shall be appointed at the commencement of every Session consisting of five members of whom three shall be a quorum, to be denominated the Private Bills Committee to whom shall be referred every Private Bill and no proceedings after the first reading shall be had upon such Bill until such Committee has reported thereon to the House.

39. So soon as the Committee has reported any Bill, such Bill together with any amendments that may be suggested by the Committee, shall be printed at the expense of the parties who are suitors for such Bill and printed copies thereof delivered to the members before the second reading is deemed necessary by the Committee.

40. No Bill for the particular interests of any person or persons, Corporation or Corporations or body or bodies of people shall be read a second time until all fees be paid for the same into the hands of the Clerk of the House.

41. No Bill, having for its object the vesting in or conferring upon any person or persons, Municipality or Body corporate the title to any tract of land shall be received or read in the House unless at least four weeks notice containing a full description of the land in question has been published in the Royal Gazette and one other newspaper in this province of the intention of such person or persons, Municipality or Body Corporate to apply for such Bill.

H. EDWIN DAWSON,
Clerk Legislative Assembly.
November 25th, 1931.
10775-12-10-th-f-then wf 4i

Tenders For Ice

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned, marked Tenders for ice, up until noon Saturday, December 12th, 1931, from persons willing to contract for the supplying, hauling and packing of approximately 500 tons of first cut ice. Tenders to state price on the basis of 40 cubic feet per ton. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Central Creameries Limited

10765-12-9-4i.

The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

by Robert W. Service

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

(Continued)

She turned to Garry.

"As for you, you've done me a great wrong. I can never forget it. Will you go now, and leave us in peace?"

His head was bent so that I could not see his face.

"Can you not forgive?" he groaned.

"Can I do nothing to atone?"

She shook her head sadly. "No I am afraid I can never forgive."

"Can I do nothing to atone?"

"No, I'm afraid your punishment must be—that you can do nothing."

He said never a word. She turned to me:

"Come, my husband, we will go."

I was opening the door to leave him forever. Suddenly I heard a step coming up the stairs, a heavy, hurried tread. I looked down a moment, then I pushed her back into the room.

"Be prepared, Berna," I said quietly; "here come Locasto."

There we waited, Garry and I, and beside us Berna. We heard that heavy tread came up, to the creaking stairway, stumble a moment, then pause on the landing. There was something ominious, something pregnant in that pause. The steps halted, wavered a little, then, inflexible as doom, on they came toward us. The next instant the door was thrown open, and Locasto stood in the entrance.

Even i nthat brief moment I was struck by the change in him. He seemed to have aged by twenty years. He limped, and I noticed his left hand was gloved.

From under his bristling brows he glared at us. As he swayed there he minded me of an evil beast, a savage creature, desperate thing. With a malignant laugh, the fleeting laugh of a fiend, he stepped into the room.

"So! Seems as if I'd Lighted on a Pretty Nest of Love-Birds."

"So! Seems as if I'd lighted on a pretty nest of love-birds. Ho! ho! my sweet. You're not satisfied with one lover, you must have two. Well, you are going to be satisfied with one from now on, and that's Jack Locasto. I've stood enough from you, you white-faced jade. You've haunted me, you've put some kind of a spell on me. You've lured me back to this land, and now I'm going to have you or die! Stand out away from these two. Stand out, I say! March out of that door."

She only shrank back the farther.

"You won't come, curse you; you won't come, you milk-faced witch, with you great eyes that bore holes in me, that turn my heart to fire, that make me mad. You won't come. Stand back there, you two, and let the girl come."

We shielded her.

Ha! You won't let me get her. Well, it'll be all the worse for her. I'll make her life a hell. I'll beat her. You won't stand back. You the dark one—don't I know you; haven't I hated you more than the devil hates a saint; hated you worse than bitter poison. There three black years you've balked me, you've kept her from me. Oh, I've itched to kill you times without number, and I've spared you. But now it'll be my call. Stand back there, stand back, I say. Your times come. Here's where I shoot."

His hand leaped up and I saw it gripped a revolver. He had me covered. His face was contorted with devilish triumph, and I knew he meant to kill me. At last, at last my time had come. I saw his fingers twitching on the trigger, I gazed into the hollow horrow of that barrel. My heart turned to ice. I could not breathe. Oh, for a respite, a moment—Ugh! . . . he pulled the trigger, and, at the same instant Garry sprang at him!

What had happened? The shot rang in my ears. I was still standing there. I felt no wound .I felt no pain. Then, as I stared at my enemy, I heard a heavy fall. Oh, God! there at my feet lay Garry, lay in a huddled, quivering heap, lay on his face, and in his fair hair I saw a dark stain start and spread. Then, in a moment, I realized what my brother had done.

I fell on my knees beside him.

"Garry, Garry!" I moaned. I heard Berna scream, and I saw that Locasto was coming for me. He was a man no longer. He had killed. He was a brute, a fury, a devil, mad with the lust of slaughter. With a snarl he dashed at me. Again I thought he was going to shoot, but no! He raised the heavy revolver and brought it crushing down on my head. I felt the blow fall, and with it my strength seemed to shoot out of me. my legs were paralyzed. I could not move. And, as I lay there in a misty daze, he advanced on Berna.

His hand were stretched out to clutch her; a moment more and he would have her in his arms, a moment—ah! With a suddenness that was like a flash she had raised the heavy reading lamp and dashed it in his face.

I heard his shriek of fear; I saw him fall as the thing crashed between his eyes; I saw the flames spurt and leap. High in the air he rose, awful in his agony. He was in a shroud of fire he was in a pool of flame. He howled like a dog and fell on the bed.

Then suddenly the oil-soaked bedding caught. The curtains seemed to leap and change into flame. As he rolled and roared in his agony, the blaze ran up the wall, and caught the roof. Help, help! The room was afire, was burning up. Fire! Fire!

Out in the corridor I heard a great running about, shouting of men, screaming of women. The whole place seemed to be alive, panic-stricken, frenzied with fear. Everything was in flames now, burning fiercely, madly, and there was no stopping them. The hotel was burning, and I, too, must burn. What a horrible end! Oh, if I could only do something! But I could not move. From the waist down I was like a dead man. Where was Berna? Pray God she was safe.

The hotel was ablaze. In the streets below crowds were gathering. People were runing up and down the stair way, fighting to get free, mad with terror, leaping from the windows. Oh, it was awful, to burn, to burn! I seemed to be caged in flames, spitefully. Would nobody save me

Some one was trying to save me was dragging my body across the floor. Consciousness left me and it seemed for ages I lay in a stupor. When I opened my eyes again some one was still tugging at me. We were going down the stairways, and on all sides of us were sheets of flapping flame. I was wrapped in a blanket. How had it got there? Who, was that dark figure pulling at me so desperately, trying to lift me, staggering a few paces with me, stumbling blindly on? Brave one, noble one, whoever you be! Foolhardy one, reckless one, whoever you be! Save yourself while yet there is time. Leave me to my fate. Burn oh, the agony of it, to burn, to burn!

Another desperate effort and we are almost at the door. Oh, my rescuer, a las frenzied effort! We are almost at the door. Then I am lifted up and we both tumble into the street. Not a second too soon, for, like a savage beast foiled of its prey, a blast of flame shoots after us, and in the doorway is a gulf of blazing wrath.

I am lying in the snow on a blanket and some one holds my head.

"Berna, is that you?"

She nods. She does not speak, I shudder as I look at her. Her face is like a great burn, a black mask in which her eyes and teeth gleam whitely. . . .

"Oh, Berna, Berna, and it was you that dragged me out . . .!"

My eyes go to the fiery hell in front. As I look the roof crashes in and we are showered by falling sparks. I see the line of a black girder leap out, and hanging over it a limp, charred shape. A moment it hangs uncertainly, then plunges downward into the roasting heart of he pit. And I knew it was Locasto.

Oh, Berna, Berna. I can't bear to look at her. Why did she do it? It's pitiful. . . .

The fire is spreading. Right and left it swings and leaps in giant strides. All is pandemonium now. Mad with fear and excitement, men and women rave and curse and pray. Water! water! is the cry; but no water comes. Suddenly a mob of terror-goaded men come surging down the street. They bring the long hose-line that connects with the pump-station on the river. Water, water is coming.

The line is laid and a cry goes up to turn on the water. Hurry there! But no water comes. What can be the matter? Then he dread whisper goes round that the man in charge of the pumping station has neglected his duty, and the engine fires are cold. A howl of fury and despair goes up to the lurid heavens. Women wring their hands and moan; men stand by in a stupor of hopeless agony. And the fire, as if it knew of its victory, leaps up in roaring ecstasy of triumph.

There we watched, Berna and I, lying in the snow that melts all around us in the fierce, scorching glare. Through the lurid rift of smoke I can see the friendly stars. Against that curtain of blaze, strangely beautiful in its sinuous strength, I watch the black silhouettes of men running hither and thither like rats, gutting the houses, hearts out of the homes. The fire looting the stores, tearing the seems a great bird, and from its nest of furnace heat it spreads its flapping wing over the city.

There is no hope. The gold-born city is doomed. From where I lie the scene is one long vista of blazing gables, ribs and rafters hugged by twany arms of fire. Squat cabins swirling in mad eddies of flame hotels, dance halls, brothels swathed and smothered in flame-rent blankets of swirling smoke. There is no hope. The fire is a vast avenger, and before its wrath the iniquity of the tenderloin is swept away.

The gold-born city is doomed. Yet as I lay there, it seemed to me like a judgment, and that from its ruins would rise a new city, clean, upright, incorruptible—a great city, proud and prosperous, beloved of homing hearts, and blessed in its purity and peace.

"Beloved," I sighed through a gathering mist of consciousness. I felt some hot tears falling on my face. I felt a kiss seal my lips. I felt a breathing in my ear.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she said. "I've only brought you sorrow and pain, but you've brought me love, that love that is a dazzling light, beside which the sunshine is as darkness."

"Berna!" I raised myself; I put out my arms to clasp her. They clasped the empty air. Wildly I looked around. She was gone!

"Berna!" Again I cried, but there was no reply. I was alone, alone. Then a great weakness came over me. . . .

I never saw her again.

THE LAST

It is finished. I have written here the story of my life, or of that portion of it which means everything to me, for the rest means nothing. Now that it is done, I too have done, so I sit me down and wait. For what am I waiting? A divine miracle perhaps.

Somehow I feel I will see her again, somehow, somewhere. Surely God would not reveal to us the shining light of the Great Reality, only to plunge us again into outer darkness? Love cannot be in vain. I will not believe it. Somehow, somewhere!

So in the glow of the great peat fire I sit me down and wait, and the faith grows in me that she will come to me again; that I will feel the soft caress of her hand upon my pillow, that I will hear her voice all tuned to tenderness, that I will see through my tear-blinded eyes her sweet compassionate face. Somehow, somewhere!

I am waiting, waiting. I close my eyes and wait. I know she will come.

* * * * * *

Ah, Berna, my dear, my dear! I knew you would return; I knew, I knew. Come to me, little one, I'm tired, so tired. Put your arms around me, girl; kiss me, kiss me. I'm weak and ill, but now you've come I'll soon be well again. You won't leave me any more; will you, honey? Oh, it's good to have you once again! It seems like a dream. Kiss me once more sweetheart. It's all so cold and dark. Put your arms around me . . .

Oh, Berna, Berna, light of my life, I knew all would come right at last—beyond the mists, beyond the dreaming, at last, dear, love at last! . . . .

(THE END

POULTRY WANTED

Highest market prices for dressed CHICKENS, FOWL, TURKEYS, GEESE, DUCKS. Buying December 17th and 18th.

W. A. Poole & Co., Ltd

Lower Montague - P. E. I.

10777-12-10-thur-sat-wed-8i

PROVINCIAL TAXES

The period during which discount will be allowed on payments of Income, Personal Property, and Land Taxes, has been extended from November 30th, 1931, to December 31, 1931.

H. R. STEWART,
Deputy Provincial Treasurer.

12-8-31.

DRESSED POULTRY

We will be buying dressed Chicken and Fowl throughout the season. Any quantity. Paying top market prices.

We will also require a quantity Turkey's, Geese and Ducks. These for shipment not later than December 10th.

Island Cold Storage Company Ltd.

10651-12-4-tf.

WE MEET YOUR budget WITH THE "Bantam"

A MARCONI MASTERPIECE

$49.50

no need to wait longer for the good things of the air

The new Marconi Bantam meets the call for radio economy. Meets it without sacrificing Marconi ideals of reception quality.

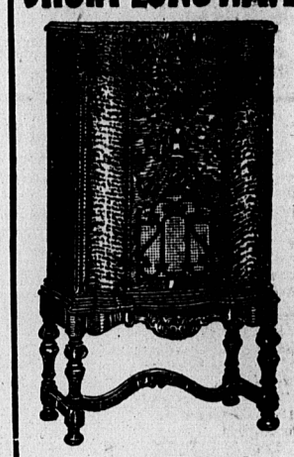
Small; compact; yet a giant in performance: a splendid receiver for any home but particularly adapted to the den or small apartment.

Sold on convenient terms, the Marconi Bantam places all that is finest in radio entertainment within scope of the most modest income. Hear it at your dealer's.

The Marconi Bantam is 14" high; 12" wide and 7¼" deep, equipped with 4 Marconi Radiotrons including the famous Pentode and Super-Control tubes in a handsome burl walnut cabinet. Other Marconi models from $89.50 to $198.50.

CANADIAN MARCONI COMPANY, MONTREAL
Branches: Vancouver, Toronto, Halifax, St. John's, Nfld.

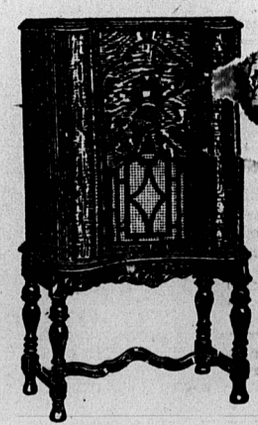
The "INTERNATIONAL" SHORT-LONG WAVE



Height, 42"; Width, 23"; Depth, 13"

New Marconi Super-Heterodyne Circuit. Equipped with 9 Marconi radiotrons including the famous Pentode and Super-Control tubes $164.50

THE CONSOLE
Model 26C



Height, 38"; Width, 20½"; Depth, 12½"

Super-Heterodyne Circuit equipped with Marconi radiotrons including the new Pentode and Super-Control tubes. Complete $119.00

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The GREATEST NAME in RADIO

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Tablestock and Bulk
—TURNIPS—
Each Day at Our Warehouse
In Charlottetown

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