Order from your grocer his best tea and he'll usually send "Red Rose."

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

The same good tea for 30 years. *Try it!* 55

Big Auction Sale OF First Class Furniture

At the residence of the late Mrs. Susanna Carter, Kent Street (King's Square), Wednesday, October 11th, at 1.30 o'clock.

A splendid opportunity to secure high class Kitchen, Dining Room, Bed Room and Parlor Furniture, Grand Square Piano, Beautiful Lomoges China Dinner Set, Cut Glass, Silver, Cutlery, Electric Sweeper, etc. Each room contains many useful and ornamental articles. Everything must be sold.

At 12 o'clock, the residence will be sold. The house is almost new, heated by hot water, and has all modern conveniences. Built by one of the best contracting firms in the City, beautifully located facing the square with ground at the rear suitable for a garden, and large warehouse suitable for Garage.

Terms: Cash before delivery on all household effects.

Terms of Residence made known at sale.

J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer.

5365-10-8st31.

TENDERS CALLED

Butter and Cheese Maker Wanted for New Glasgow Dairying Co.

Butter season starts about October 15th. State price per cwt. for manufacturing butter finding your own supplies and help. Tenders close October 10th.

MRS. JAS. STEVENSON, Secretary. Rustico.

5242-10-1tst41.

MEETING

A special meeting of the Shareholders of THE MASCOT SILVER BLACK FOX COMPANY, LTD., will be held in the office of G. R. McQuarrie, Summerside, on Thursday the 15th day of October instant A. D., 1925 at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of giving foxes of the Company in exchange for paid up shares of the Capital Stock of the Company, at a valuation to be agreed on at said meeting.

D. J. McMURDO, Secretary.

5260-10-1-8-13.

MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building, Charlottetown in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, on Monday the second day of November A. D. 1925, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL THAT TRACT PIECE AND PARCEL OF LAND situate lying and being on Township number twenty-one in Queen's County aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: —Commencing on the west side of the Settlement Road called Smith's Road, at the northeast angle of a farm in possession of William McLure, thence according to the Magnetic Meridian of the year 1764 following the course of the rear boundary of farms fronting on the Princetown or Malpeque Road north 62 degrees west 50 chains to the south boundary of a farm in possession of Donald McLennan, thence east 43 chains and 25 links to the said Road, thence following the course of the said road south 23 chains to the place of commencement containing 50 acres of land a little more or less as the same is described in a Deed from the Commissioner of Public Lands to Samuel Smith and dated the 10th day of November, A. D. 1869.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 27th day of November A. D. 1891 and made between, Parmenas Smith of Bradalbane in Queen's County aforesaid, Farmer and Millicent Smith his wife of the one part and Lemuel M. Poole of Charlottetown aforesaid, Lumber Merchant of the other part. And the said mortgage has by assignment become vested in the undersigned, because of default having been made in payment of principal secured thereby. For further particuulars apply at the office of MacDonald & MacPhee, Solicitors, Riley Building, Charlottetown.

Dated this 28th. day of September, A. D. 1925.

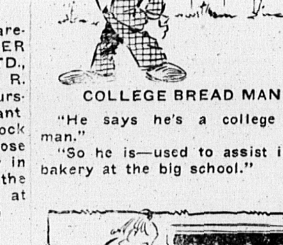
J. Augustine MacDonald,
H. Francis MacPhee,
Assignees of Mortgage.

SMILES

A PERMANENT JOB

He: The girl I loved made a fool of me.

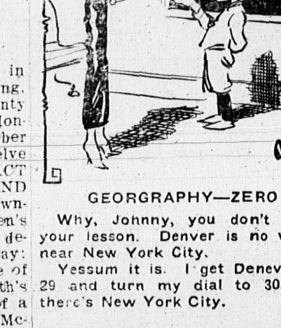
She: And made a permanent job of it, I'd say.



COLLEGE BREAD MAN

"He says he's a college bred man."

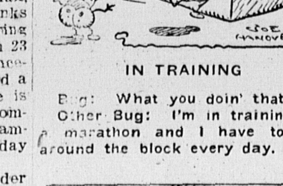
"So he is—used to assist in the bakery at the big school."



GEORGRAPHY—ZERO

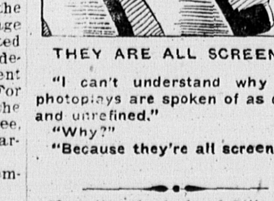
Why, Johnny, you don't know your lesson. Denver is no where near New York City.

Yessum it is. I get Denever on 29 and turn my dial to 30, and there's New York City.



IN TRAINING

Bug: What you doin' that for?
Other Bug: I'm in training for a marathon and I have to run around the block every day.



THEY ARE ALL SCREENED

"I can't understand why some photoplays are spoken of as coarse and unrefined."
"Why?"
"Because they're all screened."

Here lies the body of Ollie Pidd;
He thought he wouldn't skid,
But he did!

Live Poultry Wanted

We require a large quantity of LIVE FOWL immediately and will pay highest market prices. Thin, small fowl not wanted.

Special prices for crate fattened CHICKENS and FOWL over five pounds.

Conrad & Company,
68 Queen Street

THE UNHOLY THREE

Published by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Syndicate

INSTALLMENT 16

"You lied to me always, Tweedledee."

It was Mrs. O'Grady who spoke. She was seated in her accustomed place beside the window. "Yes, Tweedledee," she cried, "you have lied to me—always you have lied! Once you told me that we would go out into the world as to a dance; that we would take 'Adventure by the hand'; that I would be free—free like the wind. But has it come to pass? Ah no! I am forced to sit here day after day, an old woman, knitting: I did not leave the circus for this. There I had more liberty; there I had the kind wooden demon who told me what to do."

"Cousin Harry" rose to his full height. "Echo," he said menacingly, "do not speak so to Tweedledee."

But Mrs. O'Grady rising, continued unheedingly. "Yes, you have lied to me.

"You have taken advantage of poor Echo, who has never wished you any harm. At night you have shown him drops of blood; before the morning they have crystalized into precious stones. Blood is precious—precious! That is why Nature hides it so carefully beneath our skins. Each drop will turn into a garnet, or a ruby, if it is rich enough. When Hector McDonald's uncle left this morning, you whispered in my ear: 'That man has great rubies flowing through his veins.' How could you know that Tweedledee?"

The child frowned impatiently. "Be silent, Echo!"

"No, I will not be silent! I am the voice and I shall speak! You have stolen my kind little wooden demon, and you will not give him back to me. Without him, I cannot understand you, Tweedledee. Why did you ask me to find out what size shoes McDonald wears? I am afraid for him, Tweedledee! I would not have you take a single drop of his blood—no, not if it turned to the most sparkling ruby in our treasure chest. Why is Hercules making stilts? Ah, you will not answer me! I smell blood! It is coming—coming in a torrent of precious stones. I am tired of precious stones. Because of them, I will no longer obey you, Tweedledee."

"What you will no longer obey our master!" cried the giant. He strode over to Mrs. O'Grady. One of his huge hairy hands gripped her throat. "I will wring your neck, so!" he growled, tightening his grasp. "Say the word, Tweedledee, and this voice shall be silent forever."

But the child shook his small round head. "No, no, Hercules. Echo still has work to do. Not yet —not yet!"

One bright spring day in the latter part of April, Hector McDonald left the dingy little room on Thirty-fourth street for the last time. That morning the rent had come due, and the young man had found himself in an embarrassing, penniless condition.

Nothing remained to take to the pawnshop—nothing, with the exception of the gold-headed cane that had belonged to his father. This McDonald had reserved as a last resource hoping to raise enough money on it to pay his way out of the city. Finding himself at the end of his rope, he had determined on this course of action after careful deliberation. Surely in a suburban town he could find work more easily than in this overcrowded money market. Besides, if he had to buckle down to commercialism, it was better to go to some place where he was unknown; where his literary ambitions and failures could not be ridiculed, and he himself be exposed to the cutting, embittering phrase, "I told you so."

McDonald had not eaten for forty eight hours, and, feeling very dizzy, he leaned on his cane as he walked along. Everything seemed strange and distorted to the young man.

"Come," he said to himself, "this will never do! I must pull myself together. I've felt this way before after dining too well, but, when I haven't dined at all, it's ridiculous. Why does a poor man drink, when to starve is so much less expensive? Ah, there's the parrot-shop at last. Don't elude me, friendly door-knob . . . Ah! I have you—"

When Hector entered the birdstore, he heard the old lady's voice issuing from the room in the rear. Approaching, he found the door ajar, and saw a sight through the aperture which quite convinced him that his faculties were not to be relied upon.

There in the middle of this tiny room, with drooping head to escape the rafters, stood "Cousin Harry," grown at least a foot taller—or so thought Hector — while Mrs. O'Grady sat in one corner, an interested spectator, clapping her hands together and crying out in a shrill voice, "Well done, Hercules!"

As McDonald stood there, wild-eyed from astonishment, the giant started walking about the room; and every time he made a step forward, the young man heard a wooden thud. Finally he glanced at "Cousin Harry's" feet, and realized the truth with a sigh of relief. What he saw was not beyond the scope of reason after all.

The giant had not grown a foot taller in a single night. No, he was merely standing on stilts—peculiar stilts that ended in little wooden feet which resembled boot-trees.

"For heaven's sake!" cried Hector, "what's this, Mrs. O'Grady?"

The old lady started violently and turned towards the open door; while "Cousin Harry" wheeled about so suddenly that he almost lost his balance.

"Why these stilts?" continued McDonald. "Isn't he tall enough without them?"

"Oh, it's you," said the old lady. "What a start you gave me! It's only 'Cousin Harry' practicing."

"Practicing for what?"

"Practicing? Why, practicing to walk on stilts, of course."

"Well, you see it's this way," said "Cousin Harry," slowly and laboriously, like a stupid child repeating a lesson. "I've got a chance to join a circus and be the giant in the side-show. They want me to be eight feet tall. I'm not quite big enough to suit some of them, so I'm learning to walk on these things. They won't know the difference when I get shoes on."

"Oh, I see," said Hector. And then turning to the old lady, "Where is 'The Silent One,' Is he going to join the circus, too?"

"Who? Willie? Oh no, sir. He's been adopted. The old gentleman sent for him this morning. What a fine new home he's got. I took him over myself. What a beautiful garden your uncle has under his library window. Willie is sleeping in the library until a nursery is fixed up for him. He can smell the flowers when the window's open. It's beautiful beautiful!'

"Who adopted him?" cried Hector. "Not Uncle Tobias?"

"The very same, sir. He called on me the other day, and was so kind and pleasant-spoken. 'I like that baby, Mrs. O'Grady,' he said. 'Let me have him, and I'll guarantee to provide for him all his life. I'll bring him up like a gentleman, Mrs. O'Grady.' What could I do then? I couldn't stand in little Willie's way, even if I do love the child and hate to have him leave me."

Hector remembered the day when the old lady had stared so intently through the shop window at the flying piece of paper and had expressed such a different attitude towards little Willie; but now he very wisely held his tongue. Anything she said at any time, he reasoned was merely the mad impulse of the moment.

"You look sick and worn out, sir" she continued in a motherly fashion. "Won't you have some tea and toast? I was just going to make some when you came in."

"I haven't had anything to eat in two days," said Hector, sinking down on the lounge. "I'm kind of dizzy, Mrs. O'Grady."

"Good heavens! Take off those stilts, Harry, and make a fire in the stove. Why haven't you eaten anything, Mr. McDonald?"

"All my money's gone," Hector answered simply. "The last of it went Tuesday. I was on my way to the pawnshop with this cane; but I felt too weak and so I thought I'd drop in here and rest for a moment."

"And rest you shall, sir. Take off those shoes and lie down on the sofa. You'll be more comfortable there. That's the way. Take those shoes and clean them, Harry. They're not in very good shape, sir. Why did you put these nails in the sole of this one? They make a cross, don't they? That's strange!"

"Yes," said Hector, drowsily. "You see, the sole was coming off—was deserting me in my time of need—so I tacked it on with a cross of nails for luck.

By this time "Cousin Harry" had taken off his stilts, and, rolling up his trousers about his enormous ankles he proceeded to make himself useful. First he took Hector's shoes out of the room, and then coming back immediately busied himself over the stove. Soon the kettle was steaming, and a small sirloin steak was in process of cooking.

Finally everything was in readiness. "Cousin Harry" pulled a small table in front of the lounge; the old lady placed on it a napkin, knife and fork, and, last of all, the steaming steak itself.

"Now, sir," said she, "you can begin." But her invitation was unnecessary, for McDonald quite changed from his old fastidious self, literally pounced on the meat and devoured it like a hungry wolf.

"This is awfully kind of you, Mrs. O'Grady," he said at last, looking up from the plate on which nothing remained but a few bone and red splashes of gravy. "That steak was wonderful. You must excuse me if I acted like a cannibal."

"Poor boy," said the kind old lady—and there was genuine solicitude in her eyes—"poor boy, you were hungry. Now you must have your tea and toast. See, they're all ready for you."

Hector, nothing loath, drank the warming beverage as though it were a nectar, and devoured at least a dozen pieces of toast. Then, feeling drowsy, he let himself fall back on the lounge and closed his eyes.

"That's right," said the old lady, "try to get a little sleep if you can. I'll tell 'Cousin Harry' not to wake you when he comes in with your shoes." With her finger to her lips, she tiptoed out of the room.

And then McDonald felt himself carried away in the swift, silent river of sleep. It came suddenly and swept him off, bearing him away to the drowsy sea of dreams. Even in a half conscious condition, he realized that this sleep was unnatural. He struggled against it weakly, but found the tide too strong for him and the shore of wakefulness too far away. It was as though a heavy black curtain had fallen before his eyes; as though he were lying beneath a mountain of soft, downy feathers. He could neither struggle nor cry out. He was helpless. Once the black curtain lifted a trifle; and it was then that he had the strange dream, which perhaps was no dream.

He seemed to be looking at the objects in the room through half-closed eyes. There were the empty dishes on the table, the kettle on the stove, and the old clock ticking out the seconds. "Cousin Harry" was gone, but the kind old lady was here. What was she doing? Ah, she was rummaging in a box beside the window. Now she was drawing out of it a little figure—a little figure of wood. Now she was placing it on the mantlepiece. What could it be? Why, it had legs like a goat and the head of an old man! Now she was on her knees before it with outstretched arms. But why was her voice so filled with joy?

"Oh, I've found you! I've found you!" cried the old lady. "I've found my brain."

And then a strange thing happened—even for a dream. The little figure sitting on the mantlepiece—the little wooden figure with legs like a goat and the face of an old man—spoke.

"I have your brain," it squeaked, "and you have me. Ask and I must answer. Tweedledee has led you into strange paths since last we met, my master."

"Strange paths," echoed the old lady in a voice like a sob.

Dr. Carver: "How old are you, uncle; 60 years?"

Uncle Amos: "I is oveh 90 years old. Why, Lawsey me, doc, I was 60 when I got de wife I ain't got now; an' I was married fo' time befo' dat."

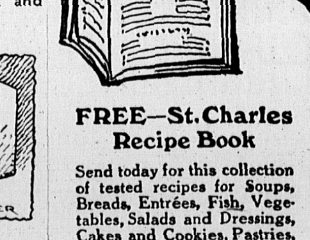
Dr. Carver: "Well, uncle, what became of all your wives?"

Uncle Amos: "Well, de fust one, she ded. An' den de secon' one vorced me. An' de nex' one warn't no 'count nohow, so I vorced her. A' de fo'th wife, well, I nevah did know wot came o' dat woman."

A Splendid First Aid Remedy for Colds, Cuts, Burns, Wounds, Etc.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., CONS'D.
1880 Chabot Ave., Montreal

Vaseline
Trade Mark
PETROLEUM JELLY



FREE—St. Charles Recipe Book

Send today for this collection of tested recipes for Soups, Breads, Entrées, Fish, Vegetables, Salads and Dressings, Cakes and Cookies, Pastries, Desserts, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Candies and Beverages. It will be sent to you free.

The Borden Co. Limited
MONTREAL

ST. C. 13-24

"Let the Maritime Provinces Flourish by Their Industries."
BORDEN FACTORY-TRURO, N.S.

NOTICE

Having leased shooting rights on the farms of William Myers, Mrs. George Myers, Boyd McQuarrie, and the McGaughey adjoining, any person shooting thereon will be prosecuted.

Ivan McKennam, Crapaud.

5339-10-7-21

POULTRY NOTICE

We will be paying highest market prices for Live Fowl and Chickens throughout the season.

Be sure and get our quotations when you have any to offer.

McLEOD and McGREGOR
Montague

5330-6-31

PIMPLES ITCHED AND BURNED

On Neck, Spread in Little Red Spots. Cuticura Healed.

"A few little pimples appeared on the back of my neck. They itched and burned so badly that I scratched them, and the more I scratched the worse they itched. The trouble began to spread in little red spots and I could hardly stand it. It lasted about a year.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using it a few days I could see an improvement so purchased more, and in less than three weeks I was healed." (Signed) Miss Annie Tyess, Delburne, Alberta, Dec. 16, 1924.

Keep your skin clear and your pores active by daily use of Cuticura Soap. Heal irritations and rashes with Cuticura Ointment.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Stenhouse, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

Dick Whittington

COLOR CUT-OUTS

THE SHIP'S RETURN

This is one day's chapter of the famous story of "Dick Whittington and His Cat." Have you been saving the pictures? If you have you will have a complete set of Dick Whittington dolls at the end of the week.

When the ship returned to England the captain went to Mr. Fitzwarren and told him of Dick's good fortune. He showed him the chests of gold and jewels belonging to the boy.

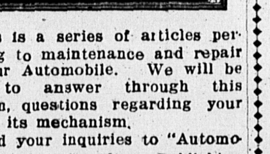
"Here are too great riches for such a lad," he said. "If you would give him but half it would be more than the boy would know what to do with."

But Mr. Fitzwarren insisted that all the riches be given to Dick. "They all belong to the boy," he replied, "and it is not right for us to keep any from him."

(Make this gown of the queen's blue with a blue head-dress to match. Tomorrow a new Dick Whittington will appear.)

THAT CAR OF YOURS

BY HARRY E. PORTER



This is a series of articles pertaining to maintenance and repair of your Automobile. We will be glad to answer through this column, questions regarding your car or its mechanism.

Send your inquiries to "Automobiles," The Guardian Publishing Co., Ltd., Charlottetown.

AUTUMN DRIVING

The steering gear is, at this time, subjected to terrific strain and it is a very wise plan to know that it is in shape to respond.

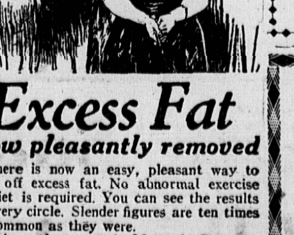
Loose spindle body bolts are death traps, as are loose tie rod bolts. Moreover, excessive clearance allows mud to get between the bolt and bushing and when this happens the bolts and bushings are ruined very quickly.

It is necessary at this time to see that all bolts and nuts pertaining to the steering gear are tight and close fitting. They should be frequently lubricated, preferably with grease instead of oil, as the consistency of grease prevents mud from getting between the bolt and bushing. See also that cotter pins are in their respective places.

Next, attend to the ball and socket joints connecting from the steering column to the tie rod. See that the adjusting screw plug is holding the ball fairly tight. Grease these thoroughly and be sure that the cotter pins are again installed.

QUES.—How tight should a connecting rod be fitted in a ——— Car.—M. S., Charlottetown.

ANS.—.002 of an inch between babbit and crankshaft.



Excess Fat
Now pleasantly removed

There is now an easy, pleasant way to take off excess fat. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. You can see the results in every circle. Slender figures are ten times as common as they were.

This modern way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. It has been used for 18 years. Users have told others, and the use has spread. People now are taking a million boxes of Marmola yearly.

Marmola is not secret. Our book states every ingredient and explains the action. You will know exactly how reduction comes. Your own druggist signs our guarantee.

Reduction is gradual, rarely exceeding a pound a day. So the body adjusts itself to the new condition.

Investigate Marmola. Ask your friends about it. Beauty, health and fitness call for normal weight. Excess fat is a blight to any man or woman, and today there is no excuse.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-ct. sample free, and our guarantee. Clip it now.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA
2-235 General Motors Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

Mail for 25c Sample Free

131 D

Half-Pounder

You've bought Kraft Cheese by the slice, pound and 5-lb. box. Now—the Half Pounder — at your grocers!

20-25

ST. JAMES CHURCH MANSE PROPERTY FOR SALE

Tenders will be received by the Trustees up to October 15th for this property, situated on Brighton Road. This house is fully modern, heated with hot water and contains eleven bedrooms. Would be particularly suited for hotel or boarding house. Open for inspection at any time by application to the Sexton.

5364-10-8-10-12-14.

Poultry Notice

We are paying the following prices for good quality fowl, f. o. b. your station.

Over 5 lbs	14c
From 4 lbs to 5 lbs.	11c
Under 4 lbs.	08

We have not yet issued a price list on chickens but if you have any stock ready for market we will be pleased to quote.

If you wish to receive the top market prices for your poultry you will be well advised to crate fatten your chickens for three weeks before offering them for sale.

If you require any instructions along these lines write us for full particulars on crate fattening.

THE HARRIS ABATTOIR CO., LTD
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Slogan Contest

$10.00 FOR THE BEST SLOGAN

The Economic Committee appointed by the Associated Boards of Trade to inquire into how trade conditions may be improved in our Home Province, desire to adopt a popular slogan that can be generally used by Islanders.

The slogan must be short and to the point and express the ideas contained in the following statement:—"Buy Island Products—Patronize Home Stores. Money spent abroad gives employment abroad. Money spent at Home gives employment at Home."

The Contest closes on November 30th, 1925, when the slogan will be judged by three well known Islanders representing both Town and Country interests.

The Contest is open to any one and there is no restriction as to the number of slogans which may be sent in by any one person.

One good slogan is required and $10.00 will be paid for the slogan winning the Contest.

Please address—
PRESIDENT,
Associated Boards of Trade of P. E. I.,
Box 249 Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Mark on Envelope
"Slogan Contest."

Farquhar Steamship Line

S. S. "HETHPOOL" Leaves Boston for Halifax Oct. 8th. Connecting With

S. S. "SABLE I" Leaving Halifax for Charlottetown, Sept. 24th.

Leaving Charlottetown, Oct. 9th for Sydney, North Sydney, Curling, Cornerbrook and other West Coast Newfoundland Ports.

Regular fortnightly service thereafter until close of navigation.

CARVELL BROS.
AGENTS

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.

BOSTON—ST. JOHN, N. B.—(International) LINE
Fare St. John to Boston $10.00; Eastport or Lubec to Boston $9.00
Staterooms $3.50
S. S. GOV. DINGLEY
Atlantic Time
Leave St. John Wednesdays at 9 A. M. and Saturdays at 7 P. M.
Wednesday sailings leave Eastport 1.30 P. M., Standard Time
Lubec 2.30 P. M. Standard Time due Boston Thursday 9 A. M.
Saturday sailings direct to Boston, due Sunday 3 P. M.
On Saturdays passengers may leave Eastport for Boston via St. John.
For additional information apply to agents at above ports.