

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

You'll be especially delighted with the charming fragrance and flavor of the young leaf ORANGE PEKOE QUALITY.

Steamer "Jan"

From Charlottetown to St. John's, Nfld.

This steamer will arrive at Charlottetown about November 22nd where she will load a cargo of Produce for St. John's, Nfld. She also has good accommodation for cattle. For space and rates apply

CARVELL BROS., Agents

Final Sailings S. S. Canadian Sapper From Charlottetown this Season

The following sailings have been arranged namely—
FROM CHARLOTTETOWN
About October 20th
About October 24th
About November 5th
This steamer will return here from St. John's, Newfoundland about December 5th to load live stock and general cargo for St. John's, Newfoundland direct. As she will have no freight on board when arriving here on this trip, her full capacity will be available for cargo from Charlottetown.
Parties here requesting space on steamer sailing from Montreal or above dates are requested to book space before steamer sails from Montreal, in order that management can arrange space for Charlottetown before steamer sails from Montreal.
The whole capacity space on steamer will be available from Charlottetown last trip, December 5th.
For further particulars apply to

SUNTAIN BELL & CO. Agents

1067-10 125th St.

AUCTION SALE

Of Crop, Stock, Farming Implements, Household Furniture on the premises of Cyril Fitzsimmons, Glenfanning, Carleton Place, Nov. 26, 12 o'clock sharp. No reserve. Farm is sold. See hand-bills.

J. W. SCRIMGEOUR, Auctioneer

440-11-22-31.

Wiltshire Dairying Co.

A Public Meeting of the patrons of the Wiltshire Dairying Co., will be held in the Hall at North Wiltshire on Monday, November 26th at 7 p. m. All who are interested in the re-opening of the factory are invited to be present.

By Order of the Directors,
E. CAMPBELL, Secretary

437-11-22-31.

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 first presented, truly stating the case at the peril of the suitors for such Bill and such petition 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 proceeding 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 if 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. E. DAWSON,

The Middle Ground

By Marion Rubincam.

THE CHILDREN'S GREETING

Chapter 32

"Why, it's Dick!" Mrs. Talbot exclaimed in amazement as she recognized the figure by the suitcase.

Dick turned and smiled and walked across to meet her. "I'm going too," he announced. "Ma said I'd better go the same time you were, so you wouldn't feel so nervous traveling alone."

"You're going to the city?" She did not seem to understand. Dick nodded, looking to see whether anyone was within hearing. They were alone, and he added—

"I couldn't stay around here if Amy isn't coming back. I think she needs looking after."

The woman's heart warmed to the boy. "That's nice of you, Dick. And I'm glad to have you alone. I am awful nervous."

Dick saw about her ticket. And she settled herself in the train with a feeling of great relief. She hated the idea of going so far alone; she had never traveled in her life, except short distances to nearby towns.

It was a long trip, with several changes of cars, and a lunch snatched in a junction station. Though in actual miles they were not so very far from the city, the trip took the entire day. But every bit was a delight to these two inexperienced travelers. Dick had never been to the city either.

"But everyone was going and I couldn't stand it," he said. Dick had a perfect frankness that was a joy to his friends. "It was bad enough when Amy was away and I could count off the weeks until she got back. But when she wrote she just wasn't coming—well, if she isn't coming back to the country, I have to go to the city, that's all."

It was perfectly simple. Dick was in love. He had no more feeling about telling it, than he would have had about mentioning that he was thirsty. He would not have talked romantically about her; that, somehow, was different.

But he was in love—and why not admit it? Something in his simplicity and sincerity forbade that, or teasing from the boys and girls he knew at home. Mrs. Talbot was very much touched.

"You know I'm on your side, don't you?" she said. Dick nodded, grinning a little, and suddenly shy. And the woman felt that she had one warm friend, at least, in this adventurous journey to the city.

Eventually, carrying their heavy suitcases, they emerged with the crowd upon the great station platform—arrived at last, tired and dirty and hungry, in New York. Mrs. Talbot never dreamed so many people could be in one place, she was crowded into the station, she walked close to Dick, wondering what she would ever have done, and she arrived alone.

Then out of the sea of strange faces, each one peering intently for someone on the train, there came the welcome sight of Luther. Amy dropped her suitcase and slung to his arm, terrified by all the strange people around her.

"You did give us a surprise, mother," he said, as he kissed her. "Do you know, you only allowed two days for your letter—it came this morning. Suppose we had been away over the week-end?"

"Hello, here's Dick!" "I'm going to my cousin Jim's. I'm staying there until I get a job. Loo, how do I reach this place?" He held out an address, and Luther gave him directions for sending it.

"It's not so far from our place, so you can come around and see Amy a lot," Luther said, grinning a little at the boy.

"That's what I came to New York for," Dick said calmly. "Guess I'll take these things up to Jim's, and come over tonight."

"Amy's busy tonight. That is, she'll be home late, about 12," Luther said.

"Well, I'll only stay five minutes, but I want to see her."

There was no putting him off. Luther smiled and gave him still more directions as to how to reach his place. And then he took Mrs. Talbot's arm, and piloted her through the crowd and through a long journey in a noisy car, until her head swam and she wished herself home and away from this din of sound and these scurrying people.

When they got off the car, they were on a dark, quiet street with



"I tried to, but it's an apartment house and there was no one down stairs to make the connection. For late. So I footed it." She yawned prodigiously. "I'm ready at last for my little bunk. Hope you've enjoyed this more than I have. You'd be a scream at a petting party."

Clavering paid his small account and they issued into the storm once more. It was impossible to talk in the taxi she went to sleep. Thank Heaven! He had had enough of her. Odious brat. More than once he had had a sudden vision of Mary Zattiany during the counter. The "past" she had suggested to his tormented mind was almost literary by contrast. She, herself, a queen granting favors, beside this little fashionable near-strumpet. They didn't breathe the same air, nor walk on the same plane. Who, even if this little fool were merely demi-veirge, would hesitate between them? One played the game in the grand manner, the other like a glorified sutter-snipe. But he was thankful for the diversion, and when he reached his own bed he fell asleep immediately and did not turn over for seven hours.

XXI

He had informed Madame Zattiany's butler over the telephone that he would call that evening at half-past nine, but he returned to

buildings on each side that seemed to touch the sky. "You'll find a lot of changes, mother," Luther said, as he hunted for his latchkey.

They walked up great flights of stairs. Amy had to rest after the third flight to get her breath. At last they reached a door—Luther opened it.

"Jane and Amy had to go out. They'll be home soon," he said. "I'll get you something to eat in the kitchen."

"Do you live here too?" "Yes," he said, throwing his coat on a bench.

"And Claire—this isn't the sort of place Amy wrote about."

"It isn't my old home—Claire has that."

"I don't understand," the mother said, afraid to understand what Luther seemed to mean.

Tomorrow—New Conditions

Ouch! Aching Joints, Rub Rheumatic Pain

St. Jacobs Oil stops any pain, and rheumatism is pain only. Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging! Rub soothing, penetrating St. Jacobs Oil right into your sore, stiff aching joints, and relief comes instantly. St. Jacobs Oil is a harmless rheumatism liniment, which never disappoints, and cannot burn the skin.

Linger up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest St. Jacobs Oil at any drug store, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness and stiffness. Don't suffer! Relief awaits you. St. Jacobs Oil is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains. 20¢

HEAVILY FINED FOR BUYING ROTTEN EGGS FOR RESALE

OTTAWA, Nov. 17.—Convicted on a charge of unlawfully buying for resale eggs which were unfit, or human food, Max Singer, of Winnipeg, was found guilty and fined twenty-five dollars and costs of one month in jail, the magistrate stating that a second offence would be dealt with more severely.

The prosecution was made by the Dominion Live Stock Branch, Department of Agriculture under the provisions of the Live Stock and Live Stock Products Act, 1923. The defendant in the case is a peddler, who has made a practice of buying low grade eggs, and peddling them around Winnipeg. In one case taken from his rig a Dominion Egg Inspector found three dozen bad eggs. The Regulations under the Act respecting "The Grading and Marking of Eggs" provide that no person shall buy for sale, or resale, or expose, offer for sale, or sell eggs which are unfit for human food.

These regulations became effective last July, and they are now being rigidly enforced. In cases where infractions are found due to lack of knowledge of the provisions of the regulations every chance will be given to make good, but in cases such as the one reported above where peddlers and others persist in disregarding the law, after repeated warnings, action will be taken by the Department. The above is the first prosecution under the Act of 1923. The Act provides for a penalty of five hundred dollars or three months in jail or both.

GLENFANNING SCHOOL.

The following is the standing of the pupils of Glenfanning school for the month of October: Grade IX.—1, Margaret Casey; 2, Roy McGillivray. Grade VII.—1, Regina McMaster. Grade IV.—1, Mary E. McGillivray; 2, Freddie McMaster; 3, Aeneas McGillivray. Grade III.—1, Hazel McMaster; 2, Hilda McGillivray and James Shephard (equal); 3, Maurice McGillivray and Willie Shephard (equal). Grade II.—1, Mary Fogarty; 2, Cassie McGillivray. Grade I.—1, Maurice Fitzsimmons; 2, Margaret McCaulay; 3, Joseph McCaulay. Perfect attendance—Margaret Casey, James Shephard, Margaret McCaulay, Joseph McCaulay, Hilda McGillivray, Mary Fogarty, Freddie McMaster, and Hazel McMaster. Kathleen M.

CHEEKS COVERED WITH PIMPLES

Also Chin, Large and Red. Cuticura Healed.

"About a year ago a few small pimples broke out on my face. A month later my cheeks and chin were entirely covered with large, red pimples that festered and scaled over, and frequently caused irritation. I tried different remedies without success. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using it I could see an improvement so purchased more, and after using two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, together with the Cuticura Soap, I was healed." (Signed) G. Marcoux, Laval Hospital, Ste. Foye, Quebec.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for all toilet purposes.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura, Laval Hospital, Ste. Foye, Quebec." Sold everywhere. For full particulars see the Talcum Soap.

is rooms after a day at the office with lagging steps. He dreaded another evening in that library by the fire. It was beyond his imagination to foresee how she would treat him, what role she would choose to play, and although he was grimly determined to play whatever role she assigned to him (for the present!), he hated the prospect. He was in no mood for a "game." This wooing was like nothing his imagination had ever pictured. To be put on trial— to sit with the woman in the great solitude of the house and the very air vibrating between them, conscious as a schoolboy up for inspection—afraid of making a false move. What in God's name would they talk about? Politics? Books Art? Banalities! he'd half a mind to go to Florida after all.

John Jim Ogilthorpe in South Carolina; he had a standing invitation to return by the next train; he'd felt as if existing in a vacuum all day.

When he reached his rooms he found his problem solved for the moment—possibly. A telephone slip informed him that Madame Zattiany would be at home, and a note from Mrs. Ogilthorpe enclosed tickets for her box at the opera that night.

If she would only go!

He called the house. The butler answered and retired to summon Madame Zattiany. Her voice came clear and cool over the telephone. He invited her to go to Sherry's for dinner and to hear Farrar in "Butterfly" afterwards. "I must tell you that we shall sit in a box," he added. "Mrs. Ogilthorpe's."

"Oh! There was a pause that seemed eternal. Then she laughed suddenly, a laugh of intense amusement that ended on a note of recklessness. "Well! Why not? Yes, I will go. Very many thanks."

"Good. It means an early dinner. I'll call for you at a quarter to seven."

"I'm promptness itself. An 'voir.' So that was that! One night's respite. He'd leave her at her door. He wondered if his voice had been as impersonal as her own: he had almost barked into the telephone and had probably overdone it. Put was any man ever in such a ghastly position before? Well, he'd lose the game before he'd make a fool of himself again.

"Ass. . . he'd had the game in his own hands last night. . . could have switched off any moment. He'd go and delivered himself into her hands."

He took a cold shower, and made a meticulous toilet.

When he arrived at the house he was shown into the drawing-room. He had never seen it before and he glanced about him with some curiosity. It was a period room: Louis Quinze. The furniture looked as if made of solid gold and Madame De Barry herself might have sat on the dainty brocades. The general effect was airy and graceful, gay, frivolous, and subtly vicious. (An emanation to which the chaste Victorian had been impervious.) He understood why Madame Zattiany did not use it. She might be subtly anything, but assuredly she was neither airy nor frivolous.

Then he realized that there was a painting of a girl over the mantel and that the girl was Mary Ogden. He stepped forward eagerly, almost holding his breath. The portrait ended at the tiny waist, and the stiff satin of the cuirasse-like bodice was softened with tulle which seemed to float about the sloping shoulders. The soft ashen hair, growing in a deep point on the broad, full brow, was brushed softly back and coiled low on the long, white neck. The mouth was soft



When visitors are expected—

NATURALLY your mind leaps to the question of preparing meals and setting the table. Perhaps selecting menus is comparatively simple. But how often have you been annoyed to find that your silverware—scheme as you might—was not sufficient for your guests!

Yet this annoyance is unnecessary! For in "1847 Rogers Bros." you can add to your tableware most reasonably, and in small quantities should you desire. Six salad forks, for instance, in the dignified Ambassador, or any other 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern, cost only \$7.25. Other pieces—table knives and forks and tea spoons—are priced as moderately.

And you may add to your table service of "1847 Rogers Bros." on later occasions, for leading dealers always have the newer patterns in stock. Remember that "1847 Rogers Bros." will give service for a lifetime. It has been tested and not found wanting for more than three-quarters of a century. Its beautiful design and durability will give you lasting satisfaction.

Send for "How Much Silverware," a new booklet which is a faithful guide to reasonable silverware purchases for families large and small.

Meriden Britannia Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

1847 ROGERS BROS. SILVER PLATE

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. LIMITED

and pointing, with a humorous quirk of the corners, and the large, dark gray eyes were full of a mocking light that seemed directed straight into the depths of his puzzled brain.

Barry herself might have sat on the dainty brocades. The general effect was airy and graceful, gay, frivolous, and subtly vicious. (An emanation to which the chaste Victorian had been impervious.) He understood why Madame Zattiany did not use it. She might be subtly anything, but assuredly she was neither airy nor frivolous.

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monds. She carried a large fan of green feathers.

He had believed he had measured the extent of her beauty, but the crown gave her a new radiance—and she looked as attainable as a queen on her throne.

He went for ward and raised her hand to his lips. "I insist," he said gallantly. "Anything else would be out of the picture. I need not tell you how wonderful you look—hardly that after tonight you will hardly remain obscure!"

"Why do things halfway? It has never been my method. And Mary told me once that Nile-green had been her favorite color until she lost her complexion. So—as I am to exhibit myself in a box—enfi! Besides, I wanted to go."

She smiled charmingly. "It was most kind of you to think of me."

"Would that all 'kind' acts were as graciously rewarded. I shall be insufferably conceited for the rest of my life—only it is doubtful if I shall be seen at all. Shall we go?"

When they arrived at Sherry's

they found the large restaurant almost deserted. It was barely seven After he had ordered the dinner—and he thanked his stars that he knew how to order—she said casually:

"I had a call from your friend, Miss Dwight, today."

"Yes? You did not see her, I suppose?"

"Oh, but I did. We talked for two hours. It was almost comical—the sheer delight in talking to a woman once more. I have never been what is called a woman's friend, but I suddenly realized that I had missed my own sex."

"I shouldn't fancy that you two would have much in common."

"You forget that we were both nurses. We compared experiences; methods of nursing, operations, doctors, surgeons, shellshock, plastic surgery, the various characteristics of wounded men—all the rest of it."

To Be Continued

The Children's Favorite

Because it is sweet and pleasant to take and quickly relieves Coughs, Croup and Bronchitis

You do not have to coax, bribe or threaten children when you want them to use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It is the children's favorite medicine for more reasons than one—pleasant to take—quickly effective in relieving coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and whooping cough.

This well-known treatment is found in the great majority of homes as the surest protection against cold weather ills.

BAD COLD

Mrs. A. Harvey, 231 James St., Port Arthur, Ont., writes:—"My children were all suffering from bad colds and coughs that used to keep them awake at night. After using two bottles of Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine they were entirely relieved. I am now never without a bottle of this medicine in the house."

CROUP

Mr. Cleveland Roberts, Winsloe, P.E.I., writes:—"Our little girl, three years old, is subject to croup, and we now use only Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I think it is one of the best croup medicines on the market. We are never without a bottle in the house."



Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

35c a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 75c. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.