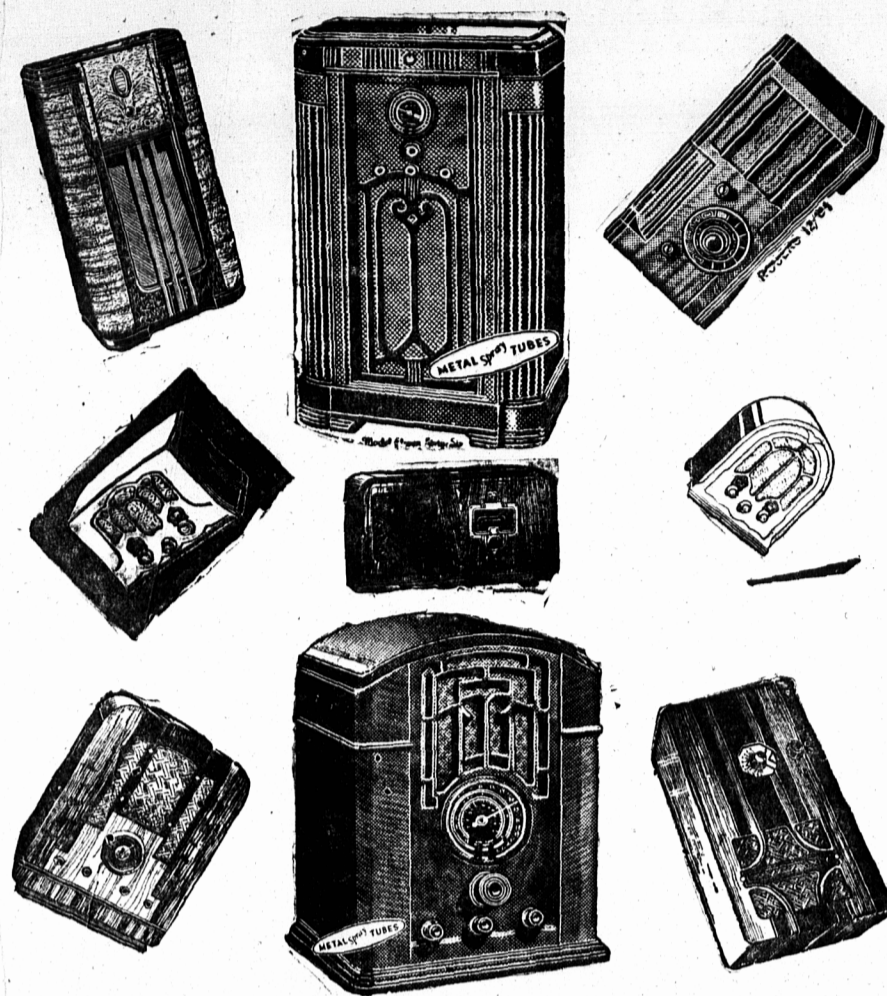


Used Radios Slashed to Clear!

Sensational Bargain Opportunity for FRIDAY & SATURDAY Only



1.00
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Balance \$1.00 Weekly
NO INTEREST

HOLMAN'S
CHARLOTTETOWN STORE

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---------|
| 1 Marconi Console, 6 tube | \$6.50 | 2 DeForest Crosley, 7 tube Consoles | \$9.50 |
| 1 General Electric Mantel, 7 tubes | \$14.50 | 1 Westinghouse 8 tube, with clock | \$19.50 |
| 2 Rogers Mantel Radios, 5 tubes | | 2 Victor 8 tube Combinations | |
| 1 Viking Mantel Radio | | 1 Victor 8 tube Console | |
| 1 Silvertone 5 tubes, Mantel | | 1 Northern Electric 7 tube Console | |
| 2 Marconi Consoles | | 2 Majestic 7 tube Consoles | |
| 1 Victor 5 tube Console | 1 Phonola 10 tube Console | \$49.00 | |
| 1 Zenith 7 tube Console | 1 Serenader 6 tube Console | | |
| 1 Majestic 7 tube Console | 1 Rogers 7 tube Mantel | | |
| 1 General Electric 8 tube Console | 1 Victor 5 tube Mantel | \$69.00 | |
| 1 Majestic 8 tube Console | 1 Victor Console all wave 6 tube, Globe Trotter | | |
| 1 Rogers 10 tube Console, short and long wave | \$29.50 | 1 Victor Console 10 tube Globe Trotter, reg. \$189.00 for | |
| 1 Majestic Console, short and long wave | | | |
| 1 DeForest Crosley 9 tube Console | | | |
| 1 Victor 12 tube Console | | | |

BATTERY SETS

- | | | | |
|--|---------|--|---------|
| 2 7-tube DeForest Crosley Battery Radios | \$5.50 | 2 7-tube Marconis, all wave Battery Consoles | \$24.50 |
| 1 7-tube Marconi Battery Set | \$19.50 | 2 8-tube Victor Consoles | |
| 2 7-tube Silvertone Battery Sets | | 1 6-tube Serenader Console | |
| 1 5-tube Victor Battery Set | | 1 8-tube Victor Mantel | |

EVERY SET RECONDITIONED IN A-1. WORKING ORDER— 2 DAYS APPROVAL— 35 SETS TO CHOOSE FROM

Also We Will Allow You The Same Purchase Price as a Trade-in Allowance on any New Model Within the Next 12 Months!

Certified Seed Potato Exhibit At Royal Fair

Certified seed potato growers have a high quality product to market. To promote sales, advantage should be taken of every opportunity to display samples and this help to create a desire on the part of the potato industry to use more certified seed. There is a prospective market in Canada for several hundred thousand bushels annually and obviously it should be good business for the producers to co-operate in displaying and advertising their product wherever and whenever possible. One excellent way of doing this at small cost is to make entries and exhibit samples at all fall and winter fairs.

The Royal Agricultural Winter Fair, Toronto has this year materially increased the amount for prizes for certified seed potatoes, and has reduced the quantity required for each entry from a half bushel to twelve potatoes. Twelve 6-8 ounce seed potatoes may be mailed at small cost from any seed producing area in the Dominion. All entries will be attractively displayed in trays together with the grower's certification tag, in the seed section of the show. A certification tag for each entry will be supplied to all growers having fields which passed field inspections, on application to the local District Inspector.

There are four sections for certified seed as follows:
Class 703—Potatoes
Official Government tags must accompany all entries of seed potatoes.

Potatoes are best shown with the surface in a natural condition, the dirt having been removed by means of a short brush or soft woollen cloth. Potatoes which have been washed or that have been treated with any substance will be disqualified.

It is a condition of entry for potatoes in competition that no potatoes will be shipped back to exhibitors, and that all potatoes will be donated to a charitable institution.

Sec. 15.—Green Mountain—1st, \$15; 2nd, \$12; 3rd, \$9; 4th, \$6; 5th-10th, \$3; 11th-15th, \$2; 16th-20th, \$1.

Sec. 16.—Irish Cobler—1st, \$15; 2nd, \$12; 3rd, \$9; 4th, \$6; 5th-10th, \$3; 11th-15th, \$2; 16th-20th, \$1.

Sec. 17.—Rural New Yorker—1st, \$15; 2nd, \$12; 3rd, \$9; 4th, \$6; 5th-10th, \$3; 11th-15th, \$2; 16th-20th, \$1.

Sec. 18.—Any Other Variety—1st, \$15; 2nd, \$12; 3rd, \$9; 4th, \$6; 5th-10th, \$3; 11th-15th, \$2; 16th-20th, \$1.

Varieties in Green Mountain Group: Carmen No. 1, Delaware, Gold Coin, Green Mountain McGregor.

Varieties in Irish Cobler Group: Early Eureka, Irish Cobler.

Varieties in Rural New Yorker Group: Rural New Yorker, Dooley, (Katabdin is tentatively included in this Group.)

Entries close on October 23rd, and all desirous of making entry should forward same to the Royal Fair, 217 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., before October 23rd with entrance fees of \$1.00 for each entry attached.

National Temperance Study Course For Sunday Schools

THE POISONED ARROW

By REV. JOHN COBURN, D. D.

Many hundreds of years ago, before the invention of gunpowder, warfare was more a matter of hand-to-hand fighting than it is today. The soldiers of those times used swords and spears. Another weapon was the bow and arrow. Now, the wounds caused by arrows, while painful, were fatal only in a small number of cases. The Greeks, a very clever people, were in the habit of smearing the tips of their arrows with a deadly poison. They did this to make sure that their wounded enemy would die and thus trouble them no more. They called this poison "Toxicos." From this word we get our word "toxic" (poisonous), also our word "intoxicating." We are all familiar with the term, "intoxicating liquor." Literally, this means poisonous liquor. If asked to name a number of these liquors the following might be mentioned: whiskey, brandy, rum, gin, stout, ale, beer, wine. These are all "intoxicating" liquors. What is it that makes them such? In all of them is found in large or smaller proportions a substance called alcohol. It is because of the presence of this alcohol that people like to drink these liquors, and it is this alcohol that makes them intoxicating or poisonous. Alcohol itself is a deadly poison. Of course we should remember that it would be necessary to drink a very large quantity of any of these liquors to cause death. But, whatever the amount consumed, we should never forget that it contains a portion of alcohol, which is in itself a poison.

For a long time men believed that this alcohol was a stimulant. They thought it gave strength and vigour to their bodies, and clearness to their minds. It was believed by many that if some special- ized medicine containing deadly poisons were to be undertaken, a drink of liquor would be helpful. We know now that this is all wrong. In recent years modern science has discovered that alcohol is not a stimulant at all. It is a narcotic. Now a narcotic depresses or puts to sleep. Careful experiments have shown that men who have partaken of even a small portion of alcohol will do less work in a given time, and a poorer quality than, the same men can accomplish in the same time when they have no liquor in their system. For instance, tests have been made with

groups of typesetters, on certain days giving them small quantities of alcohol, and on other days giving them none. It was found that on the days during which they drank the liquor they were not able to set as many words, and that they made more mistakes than on the days in which they drank nothing but water. Many other experiments have been made, and all tell the same story. So the excuse which many people have given for drinking liquors—that they stimulate and enable one to do better work—does not hold.

Is it ever right or wise to take a poison drug? We know that in most of the foods we eat, there are very small quantities of various poisons. But, apart from that, is it wise or right deliberate to take into our system any substance that has a fairly large percentage of deadly poison? A great many will be ready at once to say, "No, never under any circumstances should a person drink poison." Well, let us see. Suppose you are taken sick. The doctor comes and prescribes some medicine for you. He writes a prescription for you. You cannot read it, but it is sent to the drug store and back comes a bottle. You are given say, a teaspoonful at a time. The probabilities are that in that bottle of medicine there is poison. Very often, for instance, physicians prescribe strychnine as a stimulant for the heart. For some other purposes they give arsenic, and other poisons give arsenic, and other poisons give arsenic. Should we then refuse to take the medicine that our doctor prescribes? Surely not. He is trained to know how to deal with sickness, and so we take our medicine, trusting him completely. But, we will all admit, that it would be very foolish indeed for any one without this training, to take himself, or give to others, medicine containing deadly poisons. Does not all this tell us exactly what to do about alcohol, and those liquors of which it forms a part? The wise person will simply decide. That never will he drink any alcoholic liquor unless instructed to do so by his physician.

QUESTIONS

1. What do we mean when we say alcohol is a narcotic drug? (Value 10.)
2. Why do doctors and druggists have to take years of training to be qualified to furnish drugs for medicinal use? (Value 10.)

JUNIOR STUDY 1. OCTOBER 3RD

THE PHAGOCYTE INTRODUCES HIMSELF

By MISS MARGARET BAKER

There was once a boy called Richard Albert Stanley Jones, but you do not need to remember all that—you can just call him Dick. Dick went to school and learnt history and arithmetic and all the other things. Some lessons he liked, and some lessons he thought rather stupid but there were one he hated more than a wet Saturday, and that was phyiology. "There are such awful names in it," sighed Dick, "arteries and aures and p a g o c y t e s and p o t o p l a s m — I'll never be able to learn what they mean. And it's jolly awkward to understand what the inside of your body looks like when you only see the outside. I wish I could get inside myself and walk around for a bit; I'd soon know all about phyiology then," said Richard Stanley Jones.

It is no use asking me how it happened for I have not the least idea; I only know that it did, for Dick told me so. Without any wearing he found himself about the size of a speck of dust, walking about inside his body and feeling very interested and excited, just as you do when you have passed through the turnstile at the zoo.

"Want a guide?" asked some one at his elbow. The some one was very round, and looked more like a bubble filled with white of egg than anything of which Dick could think at the moment.

"I'm a white corpuscle," he said; "Phagocyte is another name for me. We corpuscles are able to move about in the body almost as we please, so I can take you everywhere, and show you all there is to be seen."

"So you are a Phagocyte!" exclaimed Dick. "I've been wondering whatever they could be."

"And now you know, eh? Look at me carefully; I am made, as you will observe entirely of protoplasm."

"Why, I was wondering about that, too!"

"You can't get very far in learning phyiology without wondering about protoplasm," said the Phagocyte. "Some people call it 'Life-Jelly'—not a bad name for it, you know, because it looks like jelly, and it is alive."

"It's a much more sensible name than protoplasm," said Dick.

"That's because you don't know what the word protoplasm means. It comes from two Greek words. 'I've never learnt any Greek,' said Dick.

"And so it's a Greek to you eh?" said the Phagocyte and if he had an eye, he would have winked. "Well, protoplasm is made up from two words, the one meaning

"first" or "original, and the other meaning something which can be shaped or moulded; it means, in short, the original material from which all living things are made."

"Why, it's quite a sensible name!" cried Dick.

"Of course it is! Well, as I was just saying, I am made entirely of protoplasm, and so are most other parts of your body."

"Do you mean, I'm just a lump of stuff?"

"That's something like it," said the Phagocyte; "only instead of being a single lump, your body, and every other person's body, is made up of millions of very tiny lumps, more or less like me; and each of these very tiny separate lumps is a living cell. Look around you, we are in your skin at present and there are cells on every side above and below—nothing but cells."

"How awfully funny!" exclaimed Dick.

"I'm not sure that I should call it 'funny,'" said the Phagocyte; "it doesn't make me want to laugh."

"I didn't mean that, exactly," Dick explained; "I meant, it seemed awfully queer to think of my body being made of millions of my separate, living things."

"I'll let you call it 'queer,' if you like," said the Phagocyte; "no doubt it does seem queer till you get used to the idea. Your body is really a sort of nation, and the cells are the population. Now, don't you see, if your body is built almost entirely of cells, and your cells are made of protoplasm, you must take great care not to put anything inside yourself that is harmful to protoplasm."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Dick. "If you'll tell me the kind of things you mean, I'll take jolly good care to keep them outside!"

"That's a sensible boy!" said the Phagocyte. "The kind of things I mean are poisons."

"But I'd never be so stupid as to take poisons!" cried Dick.

"Don't you be too sure," said the Phagocyte. "All poisons don't go about with a nice clear label round their necks. There's a poison called alcohol that you'll find in beer and wine and cider, and all other intoxicating drinks; thousands of people put that poison into themselves, and a fine lot of trouble they give their protoplasm."

"Why, what does alcohol do to it?" asked Dick.

"Suffocates it, my boy, suffocates it! Protoplasm can't get on without oxygen—it's using oxygen all the time. You provide your protoplasm with oxygen by breathing for air is a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen—with a little dust and water—vapour and carbon-dioxide; and that sort of thing thrown in. Now, suppose you fell in the river; if you sank you would be drowned—in other words, as you could not get any oxygen to breathe, your body would suf-

ocate for want of it. Or suppose you shut yourself into a box where no fresh air could enter, you would quickly breathe up all the oxygen, and you would begin to feel faint, and mild—that's another way of suffocating. Alcohol, and poisons of that sort, don't stop you breathing oxygen into your body but they stop your protoplasm making use of the oxygen you have provided for it! So drinking intoxicants is a third way of suffocating. A lot of alcohol will suffocate you just as dead as drowning; but if you only take a little at a time—just a glass a beer or wine or cider so often your protoplasm will only be a little bit suffocated and will recover."

"But it must be jolly uncomfortable for it to be suffocated even that much," said Dick.

"It's uncomfortable, all right, but I don't see where the 'jolly comes in,'" said the Phagocyte. "And when your protoplasm is not feeling very well then your whole body is unwell, and you can't possibly be as happy and efficient as you should be."

"Then I suppose I ought to be a teetotaler," said Dick.

"You ought to be one," said the Phagocyte, "and if you've any sense, you will be one. If I haven't convinced you of that already, I'm sure I shall before I've finished showing you through your body. Come along, let's get into the blood stream, and start our trip."

QUESTIONS

1. Explain how it can be said, "Your body is really a sort of nation, and the cells are the population." (Value 10.)
2. Explain the meaning of suffocation, and state three ways in which it may be caused. (Value 10.)

Tommy Holmes Racing Man

To those who don't visit the race track and who aren't familiar with the horses and the men who drive them, Thomas "Tommy" Holmes may be an unknown figure says the Halifax Chronicle. But to those who know the track he's a well known veteran in the sport of kings.

At 75 this genial colored gentleman has been driving race horses for 55 years. And that's a mark to shoot at.

Tommy, who is a resident of Charlottetown, is still driving horses and this week he'll be holding the reins behind Mont Chenev, Doris Mercury and Roseworthy. In the past he has held the track record on the half-mile Halifax course with Terrace Queen. Wearing a panama hat and with the proverbial stop-watch in hand to clock yesterday's runners, Tommy took time out to talk of his past in the greatest sport in

the world.

"There's nothing in the world like horse racing," he said. "Occasionally I go to the finish. But 'hoss-racing' has them all beaten."

Tommy Holmes has raced over tracks all over the Maritimes and in the United States. He's a native of Long Branch, New Jersey, and since those days away back when he drove Col. Booth, stage coach over a 26-mile route out of Washington, D. C. the fever of the race track has run in his veins.

He has driven in sulkes and rode running horses in New Jersey, New York, Boston, Providence and a great many familiar track centres. In a steppechase a Providence while riding on Dia the horse fell under him and Tommy lay insensible on the track after the fall. "But the next day I rode him again," he said with a grin.

Reviewing some of the horses he has ridden, Tommy likes to recall a thoroughbred gelding called Tippy Canee formerly Brown Bannister, which he rode at the Boston Country Club. "He was never beaten while I had him although they handicapped him up to 170 pounds." This, he said, was 25 years ago.

Names of practically every race horse in the Maritimes are on the tip of Tommy's tongue. He knows champions of the past like a right fan knows Dempsey, Benny Leonard, Firpo, Fitzsimmons, and the rest. He can reel off what horse won what race and in what time. At the track Tommy always has around his neck a bit of black tape, to which he attaches his trusty stop-watch. When he rides or when he watches he has it with him. Without his watch Tommy would feel lost and without Tommy, Maritime track fans would feel that way, too. He's a fixture in Maritime racing, and a likeable one.

EXASPERATED MAN THROWS CHAIR AT HITLER'S PICTURE

MONTREAL, Sept. 30.—(CP)—Joseph Puentes, Alberta-born Montrealer who shattered a picture of Hitler with a chair when he stormed into the German Consulate here the day after a German warship bombed his native town in Spain, was acquitted in King's bench court today of a charge of wilful damage.

Chief Justice R. A. E. Green-shields advised the jury the case was "a tempest in a very small teapot." He told them if they found the damage Puentes caused was less than \$20 they must free him.

"It was lucky Hitler was not present," Judge Green-shields said, "or else he might have got it."

Puentes admitted he smashed the picture but said he had done so only after consulate officials offered no explanation for the bombing.

Mr. Jimmy Gillis left yesterday morning for Dartmouth, R. I., accompanied by his sister Dolly.