



No one ever tasted a cup of this Tea but wanted to have it again. The unusual flavor is what makes the strong appeal

Tenders For Railway Construction CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS ATLANTIC REGION

Tenders will be received at the office of the Regional Chief Engineer, C. N. R., Moncton, until 12.00 o'clock, noon, of Thursday, September 19, 1929, for the construction (excluding tracklaying, ballasting, telegraph line and building) of a branch railway on Prince Edward Island approximately ten (10) miles in length from Lake Verde Jct. on the Murray Harbour Sub-division to a junction with the Georgetown Sub-division at a point about one and one-quarter (1 1/4) miles west of Pisiquid. Plans, Specifications and form of Contract may be seen, and form of Tender and Information for Bidders obtained at the Office of the Regional Chief Engineer, C. N. R., Moncton, N. B. Superintendent, C. N. R., Campbellton, N. B. Superintendent, C. N. R., Edmundston, N. B. Superintendent, C. N. R., New Glasgow, N. S. Superintendent, C. N. R., Halifax, N. S. Terminal Agent, C. N. R., Saint John, N. B. Or, copies may be obtained from the Regional Chief Engineer, Moncton on request accompanied by a certified cheque on a Chartered Bank of Canada for \$25.00, payable to the Treasurer, Canadian National Railways, which will be refunded if the plans, etc., are returned in good condition within thirty days after the contract has been let. W. U. APPLETON, General Manager, Atlantic Region, Moncton N. B., Sept. 5, 1929. 6-6-7-9-14.

Professional Cards

McLURE & MacKINNON SILVER FOXES AND FURS Representing HUDSON'S BAY CO. OF LONDON, ENGLAND, Office, 112 Kent St. Phone 398.

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GASOLINE - KEROSENE - OILS We Believe in Prince Edward Island Office, 29 Queen St. Phone 404. Tanks, Spr. Fk. R. Crossing Phone 54.

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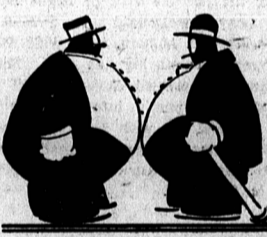


Those who do right shall be rewarded openly, as proven by the man who does writes and gets publicity in a breach-of-promise suit.

BAREFOOT BOY For the barefoot boy there is some ally In his season when joy is prime; It is not for joy that the barefoot boy Keeps dancing at switching time.



"I hear your boy friend has a house of his own and wants you to share it." "Maybe he has—I know he has part of one, anyway, for I gave him the gate yesterday."



"Did she have rooster feathers in her hat when you saw her?" "No; she had several cocktails under her hat, I think."



1st Caveman: You say they put him out of a club? 2nd Ditto: No—put him out with a club.

CHANGES IN TRAIN SCHEDULES Effective Sept. 29, 1929 For Further Particulars Apply Ticket Agent 9-14-5-11.

BROKEN WINGS by Barbara Webb

CONTINUED ACCIDENT!

It came, this catastrophe that was to have its profound effect on their future, at the end of a day when they had come closer to friendship than ever before in their weeks of companionship. The friendly atmosphere had begun over their breakfast.

"You've never told me," Katherine began, "what these things that look like melons are. Do you know?" "I'm pretty sure that they are breadfruit," Bill responded, fishing a baked one out of the ashes. "For a long time after I found the tree I tried to remember, and I went over in my mind what we learned about fruits in Southern countries when I was in school. Suddenly I thought, 'breadfruit,' and while I couldn't be absolutely sure, from the way they taste and the fact that they are very plentiful, I think that is what they are."

"Breadfruit," Katherine mused. "Goodness, we were lucky to land on an island where they grow. I guess Broken Wings isn't such a bad place after all."

"Too bad the oranges are so bitter. But with clams, eggs, sour oranges, breadfruit and cocoanut we'll hardly starve."

"No, and I've thought of a way we might catch some fish."

"How's that?" "We could tear some strips of canvas for lines, and bend some safety pins on them for hooks. Then we could catch some of these crabs that run around the beach for bait. When the tide is high we could fish from that big rock about a quarter of a mile out; you know, near the cocoanut tree hill. We'd have to wade out to it, but that wouldn't hurt us."

"Good girl!" Bill's approval was instant. "We'll try it today. Which would you rather do, help fix the lines or work some more over this clay? If we could only get one dish baked hard enough to hold water we could have hot water to wash in and maybe some kind of stew now and then."

"I'll try my hand at a bowl first," Katherine suggested. "I have an idea the canvas will be pretty hard to tear."

Bill assented and within half an hour the sun beat down on two human beings hard at work. They were not the same pallid people he had shone on three weeks earlier. The girl was brown as a berry, her hair had grown an unalloyed fringe behind her ears and at the nape of her neck. Her skin had lost its finely cared-for look, but it was a good healthy brown. Her feet were bare. She had torn the sleeves from her blouse and her arms were bare and brown to the shoulder. Her legs were bare from the knee and she had fastened pieces of bark to the soles of her feet in a kind of rude sandal to protect her from the stones on the beach. Her nails were broken and dirty and the deep V of her blouse showed a throat brown and tanned. But she sang under her breath as she worked and more contentment looked out of her blue eyes than any one who knew her had ever seen there before.

It mean looked even less civilized. His beard had covered his face with a thick down. He wore only his flying knickers, rolled above his knees. His chest and back were a deep mahogany and his powerful arms were an even deeper tan. On his

feet were the same kind of sandals the girl wore. His hair, too, showed need of cutting and his eyes, hazel in the bright light, were turned in deep interest on the fashioning of the fishing line. Now and then he whistled softly to himself or tossed a word to Peanuts, who had squatted nearby to watch him.

Katherine was painstakingly fashioning a bowl from clay Bill had discovered at the other end of the island. They had tried mixing it with sea water, with fresh water, even at Bill's humorous suggestion with cocoanut milk, before they hollowed it into crudely shaped bowls. Each time it had cracked when they put it on the fire, and now Katherine was experimenting with a mixture of the clay water and bird's eggs, hoping that in some way she could get a mixture that would stand heat.

When the vessel was finished she looked at it with pride. It was quite symmetrical, the best looking bowl she had ever made.

"If I let it dry in the sun until I can pick it up without having it lose its shape, and then baked it over some hot ashes and then cooled it very slowly, maybe it would hold together." She set it on a flat rock where the sun's rays shone directly on it. Then she picked up two hats, woven from leaves and plainly not acquired in Paris. One she stuck carelessly on her own head and the other she carried to Bill.

"Sun's getting pretty hot," she observed, clapping the ungainly covering over his head. "No catchum stin stroke now."

"How'd the sculpturing go this morning?" he asked.

"I made a prize one for looks, but whether it will crack like the others did I can't tell yet."

Bill held up two long strips of canvas. "Here's the fishing tackle. Ought to be strong enough to hold a whale. The canvas is tough stuff you know. Now for the pins and the crayfish. I'll catch the bait if you'll catch the hooks."

Katherine dove into her hut and came out with the vanity case. While Bill waded in to get some of the darting little shellfish that filled the water near the shore Katherine carefully bent the pins and attached them to the canvas. He joined her presently and displayed a dozen shellfish which, for want of a better container, he carried in his hat.

Grinning he held up two fingers. "That used to mean, 'Let's go fishing' when I was a kid in school," he said. "Shall we have our lunch first or get right at the fishing?"

"Oh, let's fish. Lunch can wait. We can take some oranges to suck if we get so I almost like the taste of those sour things?"

"So do I," Bill confessed. "But they do play the devil with the skin around your mouth, don't they?"

Katherine touched her lips with an experimental finger. "They do that. I ate one of the things before I went to sleep last night and my lips still hurt."

They gathered up some oranges then, wound the canvas lines around two long sticks, and started for the big rock. It stood, bleak and threatening, a good mile by land and water from their camp. The tide was rolling in, bringing, they hoped, a variety of fish hungry enough to take their bait.

They waded out to the rock, climbed its slippery side and unwound their canvas tackle.

Then, heads protected by the flopping, unshapely sun hats, they dropped the lines into the water. The tide bore the canvas gently back toward shore and at first they feared the lines would continue to float. But as the water penetrated the cloth it sank of its own weight and presently they saw with relief that the bait was well under water.

Katherine got the first bite. She pulled in so rapidly and lost whatever it was that had nibbled at the crayfish. Cautious by her experience, Bill played his line-out when it began to jerk and was rewarded by being nearly jerked off the rock. "Golly, I've got a wopper," he shouted. "For cryin' out aloud, the damn thing bit my line in two," and he pulled the shortened length of canvas out of the water. It had parted nearly at one of the knots and Bill was forced to use another safety-pin and rig out a new line.

Katherine was watching her line breathlessly. It bobbed gently, then there was a steady pull as the fish swam seaward with the bait. She gave him his head the full length of the canvas, then very slowly and evenly she pulled in. With a final jerk she flipped the line onto the rock and joined Bill's cry of delight at the sight of a two-pound fish much like a Northern sea bass.

They shook hands very solemnly over their fish. Diamonds and rubies could not have delighted them so much.

"Let's go back now and cook it."



and Peace at Eventide

THE happy days of their early love... the vows they took and the plans they laid... are still realities, though the turmoil and the struggles now are over.

For, out of their plenty they built up a competence for their declining years. A Life Insurance policy opened the way towards independence... with sure and constant protection against want, should either be taken before their plans matured. And now they enjoy

together the fruits of their forethought.

All we who now are young, should we be spared, will one day grow old. Our hands and hearts will grow tired and we shall long for rest and relaxation.

Life Insurance offers the only certain safeguard against the fear of privation. It will guarantee such simple luxuries

as age may crave. It will bring us happiness and contentment through the later years, and peace at eventide.

Life Insurance Service



IN MEMORIAM

MRS. JOHN YEO

At the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wallace Pursey, North Rustico, on Saturday, August 24th, there passed peacefully away, Catherine Yeo, wife of John Yeo of Kingston, at the age of sixty-seven years.

Deceased who had gone to visit her daughter was taken ill and her death came as a shock to her numerous relatives and friends.

The late Mrs. Yeo was a lady of fine character and exemplary qualities, a true and industrious wife, a genial companion, a devoted and loving mother and a kind friend to all with whom she came into contact.

The funeral services which were held at her home at Kingston on Monday, August 28th, were largely attended. They were conducted by Rev. Mr. Aitken, who spoke appropriately of the deceased and comfortingly to the bereaved. Rev. W. R. McWalker read the Scripture and offered prayer. The hymns sung were: Asleep in Jesus, Lead Kindly Light and A Few More Years Shall Roll.

The floral tributes were indeed beautiful, including the following: Pillow, her husband; Crescent, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Pursey; Spray, Mr. Harry Holmes and Miss Edna Holmes; Spray, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Holmes; Bouquet, Mrs. John Pursey.

Interment was in the United Church Cemetery at Kingston, the pall-bearers being: Frederick You-

ker, Robert Willis, George Cruwys, William Green, Reuben Barrett, and Duncan Marshall.

The late Mrs. Yeo leaves to mourn besides a sorrowing husband, one daughter, Mrs. Wallace Pursey, North Rustico, two sons, Harry in Alberta and Whitfield in Kingston. Two daughters, Eva and Beatie (wife of Harry Holmes) predeceased her.

The bereaved will have the sincerest sympathy of a large circle of relatives and friends.

THE KENNEDY COMPANY, LTD. and THE VOLUNTARY WINDING-UP ACT

Notice is hereby given that a general meeting of the shareholders of The Kennedy Company, Limited, will be held in the office of the said Company at O'Leary in Prince County on Monday, the 16th day of September, A. D. 1929, at the hour of seven o'clock P. M. for the purpose of considering and passing upon the financial statements, accounts and reports

of the Directors and Officers, and for the purpose of passing a resolution requiring that the Company be wound up under the provisions of "The Voluntary Winding-up Act" and for the appointment of liquidators for such winding-up and the giving of consequential directions.

Dated this thirtieth day of August A. D. 1929. By order of the Directors, J. A. NOONAN, Secretary.

7698-9-2-3wks.

SALE OF CROP AT KELLY'S CROSS

For Sale by Public Auction at the Parochial Farm, Kelly's Cross, on Monday, September 16th, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, a quantity of Oats in stock and four acres of growing Potatoes. (Certified). Terms at Sale. REV. R. J. McDONALD, Executor Est. Rev. F. L. MacMahon 7617-9-13-21.

Child's Broadcloth Slip 68c

This is a notably fine value, finished with hemstitched top, made in white, pink, peach, Nile and sand. The best thing in Charlottetown at the price... 68c

Moore & McLeod Ltd

For Sale at Kensington

Hotel containing twenty rooms, all recently renovated, large lot of land, livery stable and sample rooms in connection. Excellent opportunity to secure good business stand at reasonable price and on easy terms.

Write or phone, Mrs Lynds, 166 King St., Charlottetown



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