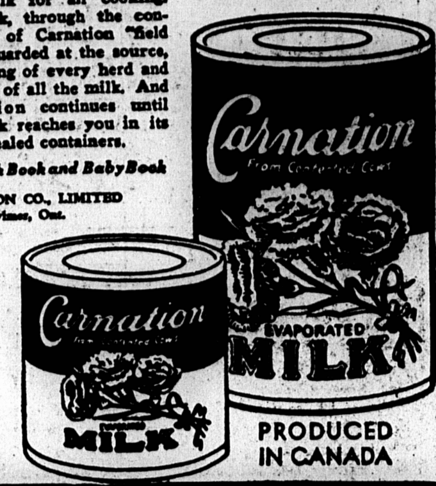
USE THE SAFEGUARDED MILK

Doubly rich in cream, Carnation Milk makes every dish richly delicious. And how it cuts your cream and butter bills! Use this pure, dependable milk for all cooking. Carnation Milk, through the constant activity of Carnation "field men", is safeguarded at the source, by clean housing of every herd and clean handling of all the milk. And this protection continues until Carnation Milk reaches you in its hermetically sealed containers.

Write for Cook Book and Baby Book

CARNATION CO., LIMITED
Aylmer, Ont.

Milk from Canadian cows, packed in Canada in Canadian cans and cases.



PRODUCED IN CANADA

"FROM CONTENTED COWS"

TENDERS

Separate tenders will be received for the following assets of the estate of Leigh P. McWilliams, O'Leary, Bankrupt.

Stock in trade.

Fixtures including chairs and tables, biscuit rack and soft drink containers.

Tenders will close on September 25th. Anyone wishing to inspect the stock in trade or fixtures may make arrangements with the undersigned.

A. R. MCINNIS,
Trustee in Bankruptcy.

8560-9-7-mwt-31

TENDERS

Tenders will be received for the following assets of the estate of Andrew E. Doucette, Rusticoville, Bankrupt.

Stock in trade.

Tenders will close on September 20th. Anyone wishing to inspect the stock in trade may make arrangements with the undersigned.

A. R. MCINNIS,
Trustee in Bankruptcy.

8560-9-7-mwt-31

Professional Cards

DR. J. H. AYERS
DENTIST
Office Queen Street
Over Hughes Drugstore.
Hours:—9 to 12.30. 2 P. M.—5 P. M.
8502-9-4-21.

GEORGE J. ARMSTRONG
ARCHITECT
145 Great George Street
7620-7-22-mwf1mo.

McDONALD & McPHEE
B. A.
B. A. McDONALD. H. F. McPHEE
Barristers, Attorneys, Etc.
MONEY TO LOAN
Riley Building
6724-5-20-1mo-daily

STEWART & LOWTHER
J. D. STEWART, K. C.
N. W. LOWTHER
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
84 Great George Street
MONEY TO LOAN.

MARK R. McGUIGAN
B. A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
MONEY TO LOAN
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

BELL & MATHIESON
R. R. Bell, D. L. Mathieson, LL. B.
Barrister & Solicitors
Money to Loan
Charlottetown and Montague

McLEOD & BENTLEY
J. A. BENTLEY
W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
Office: 186 Richmond Street
MONEY TO LOAN

D. EDGAR SHAW, K. C.
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Barrister & Solicitor
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Dalton Building
Summerside, P. E. I.
5-2-17-tuethurssat1,

--SMILES--

"What did Miss Rich say when you asked her to marry you?"

"Told me to ask again next week, when the man she's engaged to at present will have gone back to work."

"They say that high temperature can be lessened by the use of plants."

"Ice plants?"

Mr. Boreum Gude (at 11.20 P. M.): I was quite a ball player in my youth.

Miss Cutting (wearily): Indeed.

Mr. Boreum Gude: I was considered a fine short stop.

Miss Cutting: Pity you didn't keep it up.

• • • •

DIFFERENT GRADES

Feminine tempers, you may note,
Are like cigars, my child—
Some are medium, some are strong
And some are very mild.

"Papa and Mama both say I can select my own husband and marry anyone I please."

"They have a good opinion of you, haven't they?"

EYES TESTED
AND
GLASSES FITTED
E. W. TAYLOR
J. S. TAYLOR
Optometrists
142 Richmond Street

Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

(CONTINUED)

"Funny to see the way the boys was gettin' rid of gold claims a day or two ago," he said. "Ground that was yielding forty dollars a day to partners, let alone a chance at pockets, was goin' for a song."

"Did you git in on that?" asked Buck indifferently.

"Would 'a' if I'd had anybody to dig," replied the waiter. "This here's a better proposition. Pioneer restaurant of the camp. Was workin' as a waiter in the Palmer house in Denver when I saw the chance."

"Suppose gold claims is goin' up by now?" inquired Buck casually.

"Yep. But they're still to be got. Feller was in here today. Said he'd sell out for a wagon outfit or jacks or anpthin' to git up to the Frozen River country. He's got some sort of notion about that country."

"I know a feller that might do business with him," said Buck. He was looking down at his plate, carving mightily at his steak.

I saw the waiter's eye fix itself upon Buck for a moment before he asked:

"Meanin' an' signifyin' yourself, maybe?"

Buck looked up, met his eye coolly and became utterly frank.

"Meanin' an' signifyin' me an' my partner here," he said. "We come for gold. I dont say I want your claim, an' I don't say I don't. I want to see the dirt first. I suppose you're the party that owns it?"

"You're smarter 'n a whip, old hoss, but you got it wrong this time," replied the proprietor. "I ain't the party that owns it. But I'm his agent, sort of."

The conversation drifted off to a debate about terms; I let my attention wander to the glimpses of the crowd surging past our door, to the muffled roar of a thousand cheerful conversations, to the spurts of distant music. When I returned my attention to business Buck and the waiter had evidently reached some kind of agreement. Our host was donning his canvas coat, was calling to the cook, "Keep her goin' till I git back, Johnnie," and Buck was making his preliminary move toward any positive action—he was biting off the corner from a black piece of plug tobacco. I followed, an unconsidered party to the bargain, out into the mushy crowded road which served Cottonwood for a main street. And as we walked the proprietor of the Golden Eagle expanded, grew confidential about his business. His name was Huffaker, he said—Jim Huffaker.

"She'll be Huffaker's hotel soon's the lumber comes down," he added. "I made the stake last winter. I hear's how a party from Plested's is comin' up with backin' for a new hotel. I ain't losin' any sleep. The camp's goin' to stand two hotels—an' with the start I've got—But I'll have to hustle. Jest this week an old stager of a lady from down below stakes out a miners' boardin' house. Funny thing," he added; "she was in the last stage holdup. Somebody asks me, I'll be answerin' and respondin' that she's the biscuit shooter."

We were now edging through the crowd; progress was too difficult for conversation, and I had a moment with my own thoughts. His mention of Mrs. Barnaby had brought a slight jerk of my nerves which even yet tingled in my cheeks. And when he coupled with this the mention of the unknown a song which had been singing behind my heart for three days seemed to burst suddenly into full tune. Not until that moment, I think, did I even half realize how deeply the episode of the Cottonwood road had touched me, what was really troubling my inmost thoughts during all that hard journey up the trails.

Huffaker had led us into a packed, stuffy little saloon. The object of his search was not there, apparently. We tried another; here Huffaker made inquiries. Yes, Bill Talbot had been seen round camp. Now we entered that two-story establishment, saloon and gambling house combined. The evening rush was on. The fringe of standing spectators about the poker tables had become a crowd. The row by the bar stood two and three deep; men were reaching over each other's shoulders for their drinks.

The room above seemed esually crowded, to judge by the tramping, the shaking of the ceiling. Even through our own babble, I could catch the whirr of the wheel, the call of the dealers.

A series of thumps sounded from above; the footsteps came heavier and with an irregular rhythm. There were shouts too; then, one pistol shot. Through the door at the head of the stairs burst a glimpse of a man taking three steps at a time. Two miners, just starting to ascend, blocked his way. In the flash of an eye, he jumped like a cat over the rail without touching it, landed on the floor in a heap, got his feet, made like a streak for the door.

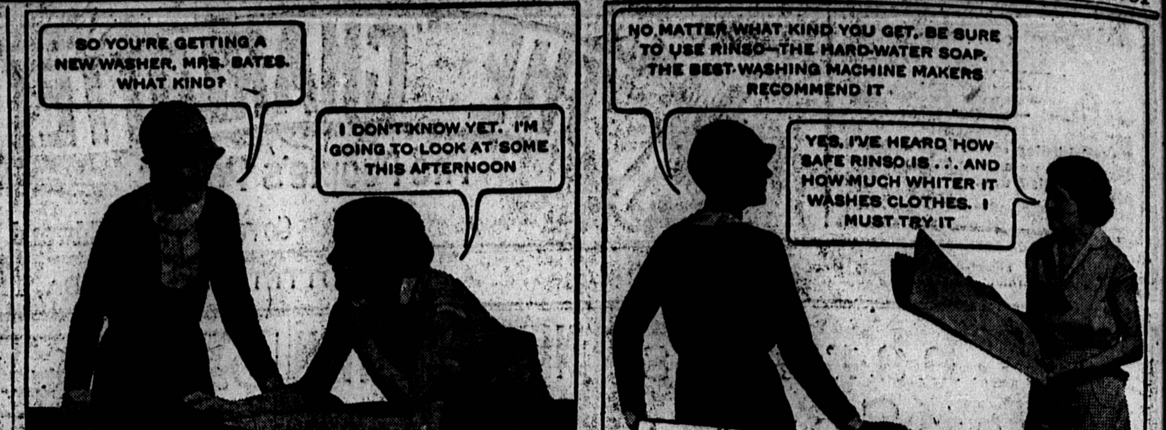
Held to the spot by the suddenness of events, I saw a man jump from the crowd by a poker table, clutch at him. I saw the little man strike out and backward, perceived that as he leaped away he was carrying a knife. He had reached the door when someone thrust out a foot, and he went forward onto his face. One man, then another, fell on him; I lost sight of him in the surging crowd. The babble was cut by the noise of heavy boots and a shout—again from the stairs, down clumped and lumbered a big fellow with a black beard, yelling:

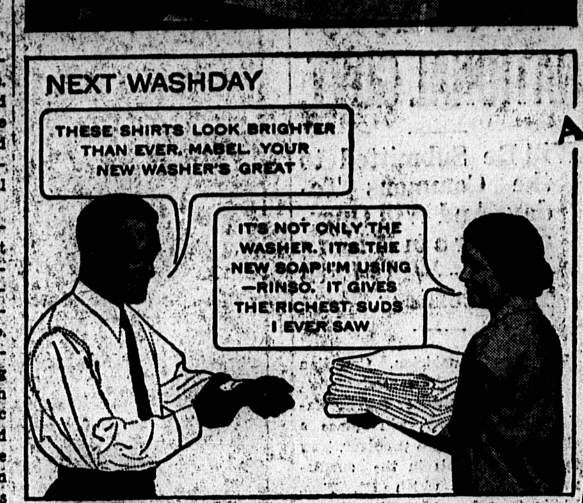
"Don't let him get my roll—grab my roll!"

The man who clutched at the fugitive from the poker table had been stabbed in the forearm. Blood was running down his fingers, spattering onto the floor, someone was twisting a tourniquet. My mind suddenly co-ordinating, I perceived the situation. The little man, now strangled to quietude on the floor, was a pickpocket; he who had just lumbered down the steps had been robbed of his roll of bills. The crowd opened for an instant, giving me a glimpse of the pickpocket's face. It was natively dark, Latin; but now his complexion looked like wax, and the fixed sullen black eyes in his set features held a world of dread.

"Knifed him in a white's man's camp"—"dirty pickpocket"—and then always in a tone that hissed. "Lynch him!" It came again out of the roar: "Lynch him!" It grew until it was a refrain on half the tongues in the room: "Lynch him!" I turned to Buck. His face was hard. Huffaker had stepped back to the wall, regarding proceedings with cold but apprehensive eyes. All the rest, it seemed to me, were bawling: "Lynch him!" I grew faint with what I must see.

(To Be Continued)





AND

(Millions use Rinso. Thousands write us letters like this.)

"I certainly was amazed —such white clothes!" says Mrs. A. Kurth

"They told me about Rinso when I bought my washer. I tried it and I certainly was amazed. What suds! What speed! The clothes come from the washer whiter, brighter than ever. And we have hard water here, too. Yet with Rinso alone—no powders, no softeners—I get the creamiest, soapiest suds you ever saw! I think Rinso is very economical; a little goes so far. I use it for dishes and all cleaning."

MRS. A. KURTH.

For tub washing—*marvellous!*

Rinso *soaks* clothes whiter than they can be *scrubbed*. Saves the clothes; spares the hands. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water. *Safe, lasting* suds. The makers of 38 washers recommend Rinso. Get the BIG package.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

THE GRANULATED HARD-WATER SOAP

Rinso

for whiter washes

Millions use it in tub, washer and dishpan

418

King And Queen Ask Reduction

LONDON, *Sep.*, 9—The King announced tonight in a letter to Premier Ramsay MacDonald, that he wanted a reduction of £50,000 (about $250,000) in his civil list, which is the annual income paid by the government to the Crown.

The Prince of Wales also informed the Prime Minister that he intended to contribute $50,000 to national funds.

The King said all other members of the Royal Family who receive parliamentary grants desired cuts in their incomes. It is their contribution to Great Britain in the nation's time of financial emergency. The King's voluntary reduction is to continue for the duration of the period of stress.

Differences in the wording of the letters to the Prime Minister from the King and the Prince of Wales reflected differences in the manner in which they draw their revenues.

The King has a civil list totalling £470,000 (about $2,350,000) annually. This is theoretically granted by Parliament each year, but in practice the figures has remained the same for many years.

His Majesty has one other source of income and one only—his revenues from the Duchy of Lancaster, which are liable to fluctuate. In 1929 they were $345,000.

"I always cut my own hair with sheep shears," he explained, "and I shave my own neck too. But this tomfoolery is pretty fine, only I don't like the grease they put on my hair."

AUCTION SALE

I will sell by public auction, eight roomed house and barn, No. 20 Euston Street, Saturday, September 12th, noon for Mrs. Emily Callaghan. Excellent location. Modern conveniences.

JOHN P. BRADLEY,
Auctioneer.

8616-9-10-31.

AUCTION

Auction sale at 117 Elm Avenue on Thursday, September 10th at the hour of one o'clock sharp, household furniture, consisting of parlor, dining room, kitchen and bedroom furniture, also one organ. Kitchen range in good repair, one baseburner, also household utensils in good condition. One beautiful Kitchen Cabinet.

J. A. MCDONALD,
Auctioneer.

8591-8-9-21

DOMINION OF CANADA
Province of
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE SURROGATE COURT
22nd George V., A. D., 1931

In Re Estate of Benjamin Shepherd, late of Charlottetown, in Queen's County in the said Province deceased intestate.

By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, &c., &c.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Cyril Shepherd of Charlottetown in Queens County, Prince Edward Island, Painter, the Administrator of the above named Estate of the above named estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Surrogate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Monday, the twenty-first day of September next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Donald McKinnon, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid at or near the City Weigh Scales and at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia both in Charlottetown aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this
(L. S.) 17th day of August, A.D., 1931 and in the 22nd year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER,
Surrogate.

3-20-th41.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa, until noon, on Friday, the 16th October 1931 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for a period not exceeding four years eighteen times per week on the route St. Peter's Bay and Railway Station from the 1st January 1932.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms to Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of St. Peter's Bay and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

JOHN F. WHEAR,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Sept. 2nd, 1931.
8488-9-3-thu-13

Spinning and Weaving

Send me your wool to be spun into yarn and wove into blankets. Single yarn is 25 cents and doubled 28 cents per pound. Blanket $2.25; it takes five lbs. of wool to make a blanket. They will all be laundered unless ordered otherwise. Wool must be well washed and all dirt and burrs picked out. The size of single yarn is medium and double yarn fine, medium and coarse. Put shipper's name on all parcels and owner's name, address and instructions inside; otherwise we will not be responsible for losses. Send by mail or freight. Freight will be paid on 100 lbs.

WM. LANDRIGAN,
65 Queen Street, Charlottetown
4227-5-1-thurssat4 months.

Every packet contains fresh leaf

Enormous sales ensure this

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in the home can be made when you use our high grade tools. Sturdy, well-made planes; hatchet screw drivers that always work; saws that cut free and easy — these are but a few typical suggestions for the handy man in the home. An inspection of our large stock will be well worth your while.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus