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Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to J. J. Trainor, Commissioner, Provincial Police, Charlottetown, or to C. A. Miller, Inspector, Summerside, or to W. E. Haywood, Inspector for Queens, Charlottetown, or J. W. Platts, Inspector for Kings, Montague.

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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.
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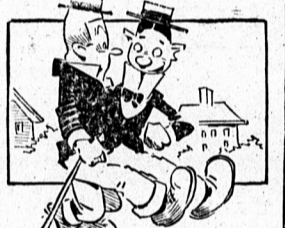
-SMILES-



"It isn't equitable."
"What's the trouble?"
"A divorce costs a great deal more than a marriage license."

THE KISS

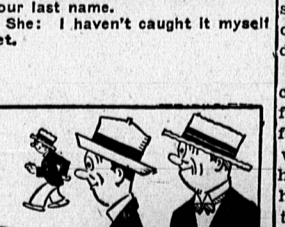
A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two.
The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it.
The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask.
For a young girl, faith—to a married woman, hope—and to an old maid, charity.



"How about the storm your wife raised at that society meeting?"
"Oh, it all blew over."



He: Pardon me, I didn't catch your last name.
She: I haven't caught it myself yet.



WELL, DAUGHTER—DID YOU HAVE A NICE TIME AT THE SEA-SHORE OVER THE WEEK-END?
OH, A WONDERFUL TIME—DADDY—I MET SEVERAL FINE MEN—THEY WERE SURE REAL GENTLEMEN.AH! HOW I ENJOY KNOWING MY DAUGHTER IS HAPPY—
DAUGHTER JUST TOLD ME SHE MET SEVERAL FINE GENTLEMEN AT THE SEA-SHORE—
HUH! THERE AREN'T THAT MANY IN THE WORLD—
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, MAGGIE—THERE'S ONLY A FEW OF US LEFT—

JUDICIARY UMPIRES BALL GAME

RAYMOND, Wash., Sept 10 (U. P.)—Both baseball teams were satisfied when supreme court justices Millard and Beler umpired.

EYES TESTED

AND GLASSES FITTED
E. W. TAYLOR
1 S. ST. R.
Optometrists
112 Richmond Street



Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

A mob, they say, needs only a leader to turn it from a herd of purposeless men to a legion of purposeful devils. In that instant the leader appeared. He was short, thick-necked, wrestler-built. He wore a great red beard from above which gleamed an eye as red, and now wicked with whiskey and animal hate.

"Well, has anybody got a rope?" he asked. This positive suggestion seemed to hush the babble as a muted stop on an organ; for an instant there was almost silence; out of which a voice came:

"There's plenty of lariats in the corral."
"Two of you go and fetch one," said the leader. "Any of you got a couple of belts to spare? All right, strap his arms and legs."

As men shot through the back door, as men began stripping off their belts, the babble rose again; but not before I heard from the thick crowd by the door a kind of low, choking wail, which made me if possible, even more sick of soul. It flashed upon me that I might make some countermove in the interest of real justice and of mercy. I looked about; no eye but showed fury save only Buck's and the blue, impassive orb of Jim Huffaker. The back door flew open; a man entered with a coiled rope. And then—

"Drop that rope!" came a voice, a voice with ring and carry, which seemed to dominate all the noise. He who spoke stood in the door. Silence fell again—silence and quiet. It seemed that everyone froze in the midst of whatever he was doing—all except the newcomer. He was a tall man with a heavy brown mustache and imperial. He wore a black slouch hat of the G. A. R. pattern; and for all his height he moved with quick, flowing certainty. He did not wait for that mood of frozen hesitation to break; in two strides he had crossed to one of the empty chairs pushed against the wall when the players dropped their game. He stepped into it, stepped just as lightly to the table, his feet crunching on chips and the spilled stacks of twenty-dollar gold pieces. As the silence began to break into sinister mutterings, he spoke again: "Bring that rope here—and that prisoner, too!"

Momentary silence again. He stood, his feet planted apart, a drawn revolver in his left hand—which I thought odd. It rested so close to his body, its muzzle a little lowered. His eyes seemed to take us all in.

The leader of the mob stood alone in the middle of the floor. He spoke suddenly: "We'll hang a city marshal as quick as a pickpocket," he said. "Boys bring on your rope. It's long enough for two."

"Drop that rope!" came from the man on the table, shifting his eyes, shifting slightly the muzzle of his gun. There the leader made his mistake. The muzzle was turned away from him; he had an instant to act. His hand went to his hip. In the same instant I had a glimpse of a dozen forms beginning a prudent drop toward the floor.

I never saw the man on the table change the direction of his muzzle from the back to the center of the floor. The motion was too quick. I was only aware that his right hand, held flat, had brushed across his gun. The "bang" sent the crowd to the floor as a strike in bowling drops the tenpins. The leader had

his gun out, and no more. It dropped clattering to the floor. His left hand went to his right hip; and he sank slowly onto one knee.

A tall, rangy man with a hat like a marshal's pushed through the door. "Charlie," said the marshal, with the rope, come here. The man with the rope, walking unsteadily, jerkily, crossed the floor. The audience was now beginning to get up; and the marshal spoke again, and again seemed to freeze everyone into a grotesque statue.

"Is there anybody else wants to shoot?" he inquired. No one responded. "All right," he continued. "There's been no lynching in this camp yet, and there won't be. Get that? Somebody fix up the man I just shot. He's only winged in the arm." He cast his eye about again. "Your blood was up, boys. Nothing like a little blood to cool blood." His face had been as blank as a stone wall except for the steady blaze of his eyes. But now he smiled, and I liked the way his eyes crinkled. He leaped down from the table, turned his back deliberately on the crowd, began to strip the belt from the prisoner's arms, to snap on handcuffs. The babble broke out again. Three minutes before, it had an animal note. Now it sparkled with laughter. Before the marshal, the deputy and their voluble prisoner passed out of the door, the poker-players were sorting out chips and piles of gold pieces at the tables, the bartenders were taking orders, the stairs were black with an ascending crowd.

"He is sure a shootin' man," remarked Buck in a tone of deep admiration. "Who might it be?" "Town marshal," replied Jim Huffaker briefly. "Name, Chris McGrath. You're right, he shoots." "Who's mayor of this camp, anyhow?" inquired Buck.

"Ain't none," replied Huffaker. "A town marshal like that is all the mayor we need—There! There's our man!" he suddenly broke off, darting past the poker tables and laying hands on an individual who had just entered.

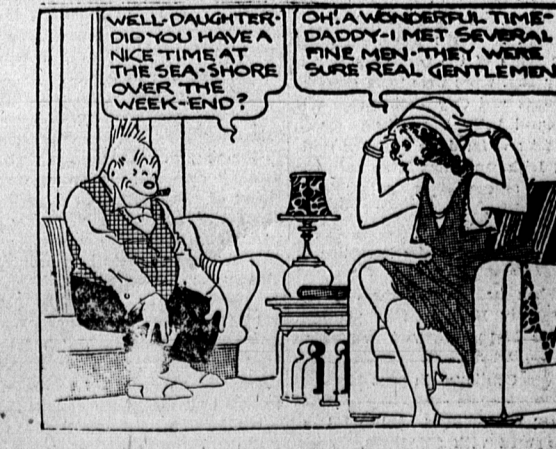
After all this space of years, the figure of Bill Talbot, who wanted to sell his claim, has grown a little dim in mind; he was to float into my life for a day only, and float out again never to reappear. Nor do I remember many details of the long dicker which he, Buck and Jim Huffaker conducted in a comparatively quiet corner of the Black Jack.

"I suppose your title is O. K.?" inquired Buck. "Good as the gold you'll dig," said Talbot. "That's got to be proved," said Buck. "S'pose we kin look into that after I've seen the claim?"

Now watching this transaction idly from the outside, I had perceived that Talbot was eager to be gone. I was not surprised, therefore, when he said, and I felt, with sincerity:

"TO GET RID OF CONSTIPATION
Use Dr. Carter's famous Little Liver Pills. Entirely Vegetable. Gentle but effective. No bad after effects. For 60 years they have given quick relief from Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Indigestion, Acidity, Bad Complexions.
25c & 75c red packages
Ask your druggist for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

BRINGING UP FATHER



"I wanted to be travelin' tomorrow mornin'. That's why I'm sellin' so cheap."
"Nolhin' goes until I see your title's right," said Buck stubbornly. Here Huffaker came in with a solution.
"Well, if Chris McGrath says it's right and sound, you'll believe him, won't you?"
"What's he got to do with it?" asked Buck.
"The whole works," said Huffaker. "He registers minlin' claims, too."
"Mebbe," allowed Buck.
So forth we went under the burning stars and through the thinning crowd, to find Town Marshal McGrath. We ran him to earth in the tiny Comstock Lode saloon, his foot on the bar rail, his hand on a glass of water.
In two minutes the marshal had certified unofficially but with certainty that No. 32 placer, held by William Talbot was a bona fide claim without encumbrance. As we left, Huffaker asked us about lodging for the night. That question had been dimly troubling me all the evening. Our blankets were with our packs in the public corral. Sleeping there, on the wet, trampled ground, seemed out of the question.
"I sleep people in my shack," said Huffaker, "keep up the fire all night so you don't need blankets." We found indeed, a dozen men already snoring under the table of the restaurant.
"Won't cost you nothin', seein's we done so much business—good night," whispered our host as he departed to his quarters in the rear.
I threw myself down by the stove of the Golden Eagle, and, with one side roasting and the other freezing, slept until the cook woke me by stirring the fire for an early breakfast. In spite of youth, mountain air and fatigue, I was a little time in falling asleep—these had been the most crowded and excited days of my life.
Cramped in every joint by one night on the hard floor, Buck, Talbot and I rolled out and breakfasted by candlelight. When we started forth the sun had risen for the world below, but for us it shone as yet only on the white-rimmed peaks above. From the snows of the peaks the breeze came in puffs. A little shrill and piercing at first touch, once you had filled your lungs it whipped your blood like wine.
(To be continued)

LEHIGH BOASTS ALL AROUND GRID CAPTAIN

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Sept. 9—Allen T. Ware, of Glassboro, N. J., captain of the Lehigh University football eleven this year, will also lead the basketball and baseball teams.

Ware has already won six varying titles. In football he plays a backfield post and does most of the punting and passing. In base-

ball he is an outfielder with a batting average close to .400 for two seasons. In basketball he is a guard.

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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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Agent at Summerside, Lloyd Lewis

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At Very Moderate Cost
Now, you can add old-world charm to your home with colourful floors of Made-in-Canada embossed linoleum.
Rich red tiles of Colonial days; flat stone effects in a wide range of colourings; broken tile and mosaic patterns . . . beautiful to look at, easy to clean, comfortable to walk on . . . are now available at a lower cost than you ever imagined possible, far lower than you have been accustomed to pay for imported goods.
For entrance halls, passages, sun porches, and all rooms . . . in homes where the new and unusual are appreciated . . . as the sole floor or as a background for scatter woven coverings.
Your floor covering dealer will show you the full range of designs, all with the famous soft-lustre Domolac Finish.

DOMINION EMBOSSED Inlaid LINOLEUM

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY LIMITED - MONTREAL

IRRIGATION CANAL TAKES TOLL
KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., Sept 10 (U. P.)—Eleven persons were drowned in the same irrigation canal near this city during the past five years.

Imperial Biscuit Co., Ltd.

Highest Class Foxes with Superior Pelts
Result from regular feeding of "Imperials"
Manufactured by IMPERIAL BISCUIT CO., LTD.
Box 446, Charlottetown, P. E. I.



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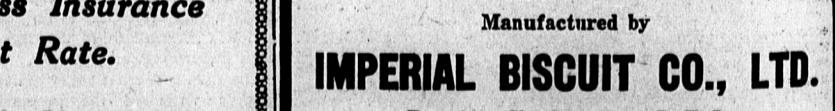
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