

PUZZLE
\$12,000
GIVEN FREE

The above amount of money has been given away by us in CASH PRIZES. \$500.00 more will be given away as follows:-

1st prize	\$100.	5th prize	\$40.
2nd "	75.	6th "	30.
3rd "	60.	7th "	25.
4th "	50.	8th "	20.

5 prize of \$10, each in cash
10 prize of \$5, each in cash



Solve this puzzle and win a CASH PRIZE Above is a picture of Father Time. Conceal his name in the picture. If you find him? If so mark each one with an X, cut out the picture, and write on a separate piece of paper these words: "I have found all the faces and marked them and each name to suit with your name and address. In case of ties handwriting and neatness will be considered factors. If correct we will advise you by return mail of a simple condition to fulfill. Don't send any money. You can be a prize winner without spending one cent of your money. Send your reply to: GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING CO., 65 Craig Street West, MONTREAL, Canada.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"Men believe that the girl who does not pet, drink nor smoke doesn't exist. She does—she just exists."



"Yes, indeed, in London I was presented at court."
"What did they charge you with?"



"I'm so sleepy I can hardly hold my eyes open."
"Here's my dressmaker's bill, I guess that will open them."



"Do you think your father would consent to our marriage if I had more money?"
"I feel sure he would."
"I'll see if I can't borrow some."

The 7 DIALS MYSTERY

By Agatha Christie

CONTINUED

BATTLES DISGUISE

"But don't you think—" began Bundle, and stopped. She hardly liked to suggest to the superintendent that his disguise was not a particularly efficient one. He seemed to have 'police officer' written all over him, and Bundle could hardly imagine the most unsuspecting criminal failing to be put on his guard.

"You think," said the superintendent stolidly, "that I might be recognized?"
He gave the final word a distinct capital letter.
"I did think so—yes—" admitted Bundle.

Something that might conceivably have been intended for a smile crossed the woodenness of Superintendent Battle's features.
"Put them on their guard, eh? Well, Lady Eileen, why not?"
"Why not?" echoed Bundle, rather stupidly, she felt.

Superintendent Battle was nodding his head slowly.
"We don't want any unpleasantness, do we?" he said. "Don't want to be too clever—just show any light-fingered gentry that may be about—well, just show them that there's somebody on the spot, so to speak."
Bundle gazed at him in some admiration. She could imagine that the sudden appearance of so renowned a personage as Superintendent Battle might have a depressing effect on any scheme and the hatches of it.

"It's a great mistake to be too clever," Superintendent Battle was repeating. "The great thing is not to have any unpleasantness this week-end."
Bundle passed on, wondering how many of her fellow guests had recognized or would recognize the Scotland Yard detective. In the drawing room George was standing with a puckered brow and an orange envelope in his hand.

"Most vexatious," he said. "A telegram from Mrs. Macatta to say she will be unable to be with us. Her children are suffering from mumps."
Bundle's heart gave a throb of relief.

"I especially feel this on your account, Eileen," said George kindly. "I know how anxious you were to meet her. The Countess, too, will be sadly disappointed."
"Oh, never mind," said Bundle. "I should hate it if she'd come and given me mumps."

"A very distressing complaint," agreed George. "But I do not think that infection could be carried that way. Indeed, I am sure that Mrs. Macatta would have run no risk of

HELPS YOUR CHILDREN GROW GOOD TEETH GIVE THEM DAILY SCOTT'S EMULSION

that kind. She is a most highly principled woman, with a very real sense of her responsibilities to the community. In these days of national stress, we must all take into account—

A WOMAN OF WEALTH

On the brink of embarking on a speech, George pulled himself up short.
"But it must be for another time," he said. "Fortunately there is no hurry in your case. But the Countess, alas, is only a visitor to our shores."
"She's a Hungarian, isn't she?" said Bundle, who was curious about the Countess.

"Yes, you have heard, no doubt, of the Young Hungarian party? The Countess is a leader in that party. A woman of great wealth, left a widow at an early age, she has devoted her money and her talents to the public service. She has especially devoted herself to the problem of infant mortality—a terrible one under present conditions in Hungary. I—Ah! here is Herr Eberhard."
The German inventor was younger than Bundle had imagined him. He was probably not more than thirty-three or four. He was boorish and ill at ease, and yet his personality was not an unpleasing one. His blue eyes were more shy than furtive, and his more unpleasant mannerisms, such as the one that Bill had described of gnawing his finger nails, arose, she thought, more from nervousness than from any other cause. He was thin and weedy in appearance and looked anemic and delicate.

He conversed rather awkwardly with Bundle in stilted English and they both welcomed the interruption of the joyous Mr. O'Rourke. Presently Bill blurted in—there is no other word for it. In the same such way does a favored Newfoundland make his entrance, and at once came over to Bundle. He was looking perplexed and harassed.

"Hullo, Bundle. Heard you'd got here. Been kept with my nose to the gindstone all the blessed afternoon or I'd have seen you before."
"Care of State heavy tonight?" suggested O'Rourke sympathetically. Bill groaned.

"I don't know what your fellow's like," he complained. "Looks a good-natured, tubby little chap. But Codders is absolutely impossible. Drive, drive, drive, from morning to night. Everything you do is wrong, and everything you haven't done you ought to have done."
"Quite like a quotation from the prayer book," remarked Jimmy, who had just rolled up.

Bill glanced at them reproachfully.
"Nobody nows," he said pathetically, "what I have to put up with."
"Entertaining the Countess, eh?" suggested Jimmy. "Poor Bill, that must have been a sad strain—to a woman hater like yourself."
"What's this?" asked Bundle.

FEMALE CHARMS

"After tea," said Jimmy with a grin, "the Countess asked Bill to show her round the interesting old place."

"Well, I couldn't refuse, could I?" said Bill, his countenance assuming a brick-red tint.
Bundle felt faintly uneasy. She knew, only too well, the susceptibility of Mr. William Eversleigh to female charms. In the hands of a woman like the Countess, Bill would be as wax.

She wondered once more whether Jimmy Thesiger had been wise to take Bill into their confidence.
"The Countess," said Bill, "is a very charming woman. And no end intelligent. You should have seen her going round the house. All sorts of questions she asks."
"What kind of questions?" asked Bundle suddenly.
Bill was vague.

"Oh! I don't know. About the history of it. And old furniture. And—oh! all sorts of things."

At that moment the Countess swept into the room. She seemed a shade breathless. She was looking magnificent in a close-fitting black velvet gown. Bundle noticed how Bill gravitated at once into her immediate neighborhood. The serious, spectacled young man joined him.
"Bill and Pongo have both got it badly," observed Jimmy Thesiger with a laugh.
Bundle was by no means so sure that it was a laughing matter.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

Ten large banks in Harbin, China, failed recently.
Many new motion picture theatres are being built in England.
A direct railway line connecting Florence and Bologna, Italy, will be built.

Fire Burial

(Edgar McInnes in Toronto Saturday Night)

She never could sleep in the earth, in the cold dark grave— She who was proud and free, She of the burnished hair, She who was one with the sun and the sunlit sea And the shining air; She could never be laid in the lonely deep

Where no light stirs And the sullen mould and the slow worm creep Over the mouth that once was hers, Shut now forever from song, and the eyes from laughter, Out of the sight of the sun and the sunlit wave— Oh, never prison her heart in the sombre grave, In the dark of the long hereafter.

Build her last altar here On the broad open shore— Here where the long seas thunder And swing to the lift of the tide. This was her heart's own song, but now no more— Her dancing feet will follow the dancing foam, Nor sunset shadow her eyes with a deep, still wonder— O dreams that fade while they are fair!

No more will the wind etch clear The cleanly strength of her body breasting the wind, Nor fling her laughter into the sun, Nor scatter her hair, Spun bronze with the shadows intertwined; Earth and the seas abide, But this was her heart's own song, and her heart went home Before her song had died. She will not find it under the mouldering earth;

She will not hear in the grave The laughing call of the wind, the surge of the wave. Build her last altar here— Here where the echoes of song and the shreds of mirth Still hover about the pyre, Blown by the flames that flicker and soar and fade Over the husk her soul has left behind, Over the cold still form on its glowing bier;

So may she find again Beauty she loved, and the old delight and pain; So let her loveliness pass from us, arrayed In glory and gold of fire.

She was a crystal that held a flame Burning clear in its inmost heart; She was a chalice far too frail For the flame that shattered its walls apart. Life that called to her, love that came Deep as the tide of the moonlight sea Woke her soul to a singing splendour Beyond the strength of her heart to hold, And flesh was a robe as of iron mail Prisoning wings till the wings burst free And the body lay in its last surrender.

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Radiant Girlhood

Comes Through Rich, Red Health-Giving Blood.

A girl with a full-blooded body and vital nerves has the foundation of an active, healthy life. Allow her to grow wan and delicate and prolonged ill-health and general weakness may be the result. Many women who ought to be in the very prime of life are too frequently sufferers of headaches, back and side aches, easily tired and breathless, because of anaemia which stealthily attacked them in girlhood.

But fortunately there is a remedy within easy reach. Thousands of tired, worn-out women and delicate girls who have sought the self-help of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are grateful for the way in which these pills have restored them to robust fitness. This effective tonic and nerve restorer always helps to make plenty of rich, red blood that speedily puts an end to anaemia. A wan, delicate girl, or tired, weary woman soon becomes brighter when this new blood courses through the system. Color comes to her cheeks and lips; her appetite increases; her nerves are steadied, and she becomes vital and active again.

The following is an example, from among thousands, of what these pills have done and can do; Miss C.J. Martin, Kitchener, Ont., says: "For several years I was greatly distressed with pains in the back and sick headaches. I felt tired all the time, did not sleep well and had a poor appetite. I had been doctoring, but did not get much relief. My sister advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking six boxes I felt like a new person, and will not be without the pills again."

You can get the pills from your druggist, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co.,

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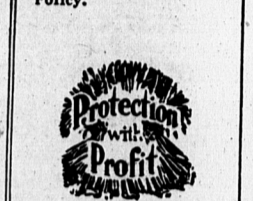
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Singin' in the Rain
from the motion picture "Hollywood Revue of 1929"
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I Lift Up My Finger and Say "Tweet! Tweet!"
(England's comedy-dance sensation)

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AUCTION SALE AT HIGHFIELD

I am instructed to sell by Public Auction on the premises at Highfield in Queen's County on Saturday the 23rd day of November A. D. 1929 at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m. 9 acres of land with grove suitable for Fox Ranch, also 2 acres with buildings, formerly owned by Mrs. John Wyatt, the property of the late Samuel C. Pierce.
MACKINNON & McNEILL, Solicitors.
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"I tried all kinds of remedies but in vain. I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and purchased more and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and part of a box of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) Eileen N. Hunka, Andrew, Alberta, July 12, '28.
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NOTICE

The undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of S. R. Jenkins, late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, Physician deceased testate, hereby notify all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment to them at the office of Dr. J. S. Jenkins, Grafton Street, Charlottetown.
Dated this 20th day of October, A. D., 1929.
DR. J. S. JENKINS,
H. F. MACPHEE,
Executors.