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--SMILES--

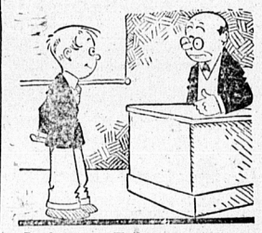
"Did you congratulate Miss Oldgirl on her birthday?"
"No. I condoled with her."

• • • •

THE UMPIRE

With padded breast and nerve that's steeled
He stalks upon the trembling field.
The puny fans before him crawl.
With thundrous roar he cries, Play ball.

Mrs. Naggs: Why are you so indifferent to me since we were married?
Naggs: I'm not indifferent. You're different.



Professor: Tell me what are some of the uses of hot air?
Student (absently): Well, in oratory it is especially useful in warming up an audience to the subject.

"I've begun to read that novel you loaned me."
"The first chapter is peculiar, isn't it?"
"I haven't come to that yet."

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Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

(Continued)

Round the pole corral built heavily to resist the rushes of wild horses in process of breaking, ran a circle of riflemen Hammers sounded; through the slash of light passed two men stringing barbed wire. At one side the remainder of the rifle company kept its column of fours; and as I watched, a squad on some special mission marched away at a quickstep.

Just as I stepped up beside the central group, Shorty and Cohen rose erect, staring. I followed their glance. A company of men were coming round the corner. Some one twisted the reflector behind the lantern. In the circle of light advanced Town Marshal McGrath, handcuffed, a guard holding his arms on either side. Shoulders square, head erect—he was a beautiful figure of defiance.

"Book him, Mr. Cohen," said Marcus in his most matter-of-fact, businesslike tone.

"What charge?" asked Cohen, balancing a pencil above a black notebook.

"I don't know," replied Marcus. "I swear I don't, whether to put you down, McGrath, as an all-round crook or just a d—n fool. Make it 'suspected person' for the present, Mr. Cohen."

But now the marshal had found that splendid singing voice of his. "D—n you, Handy!" he cried. "This is how you are getting even. You ain't man enough to fight me. You can't fight except in your filthy newspaper—" he choked.

"My way of fighting," replied Marcus cheerfully. "I can't shoot for cold beans, Mr. Ex-Marshal. And now I'm forced to give you some advice by the way of saving your life, at least temporarily. This corral is the county jail of the new municipal government. These guards here are armed with rifles containing genuine lead bulets. Their instructions are to shoot anybody who approaches the fence. Chuck him in, boys!" McGrath and his guards became shadows in the darkness beyond the reflector-light; vanished through the latch-gate of the corral.

"May have to hang him anyhow, if he maintains that attitude," remaked Taylor sotto voice.

"Keep the rope dangling over him—he'll be a good boy before we're through," said Marcus Handy.

Another group had come into the light—Conway, guarded by three men. Deeper than ever over his gambler's face lay the mask of inscrutability. And gambler-fashion he bluffed, squaring his shoulders jauntily as he passed these his strange judges. But from stiff lips, which manged nevertheless to achieve a jocular tone, he inquired:

"When does the hangin' commence?"

"You'll have time to think over your sins!" replied Marcus. "Book him as accomplice of thieves and confidence men, Mr. Cohen," and, rattling off the words mechanically, he repeated the warnings and instructions he had given Chris McGrath.

Now the groups were arriving fast, two or three guards to each prisoner. From scattered spurts of conversation, heard then and afterward that night, I learned that the vigilance committee at the first call—issued by runners, within ten minutes after the bank robbers went their way—had raised the curtain on a drama already rehearsed. A squad had dropped into the establishment of every person marked for arrest, loafed on thin excuses until the capture of Marshal McGrath. Then came the signal beating on tin pans in lieu of a bell. Immediately, the committeemen had drawn, held up the place, secured their man—or woman. Not more than a hundred men had done the whole job; claim owners of Hayden hill, members of the "business element," including the squarer of the saloonkeepers, mine owners and managers from Liverpool hill, a few plain miners. Twenty of the most determined had attended to the Black Jack, center of trouble. Si Conway and his working forcewere no sooner removed than the committee closed the bar and games, counted and sealed the money on the tables and opened a recruiting office. Constantly, even at that moment, the squad thrown about the corral was growing as men emerged from the shadows of Main street gave some password, and fell in.

Next after Si Conway arrived three of his dealers. The first in line, whom I had last seen raking in winnings at the roulette wheel with an air of careless authority, walked on sagging knees as they say men go to the scaffold; his mouth was a slobbering chasm in a waxy face.

"What—are you goin' to do—with me?" he asked in jerks.

"As much as you d—n well deserve, probably," replied Marcus the sagging form of the dealer vanished, behind him his two companions, maintaining like Conway their gambler bluff, went the same way of mystery. Among the succeeding arrivals were both strangers and acquaintances—sharp faced batteners on the wages of prostitutes whom I had seen loafing about the entrance to Pearl street, a faro dealer whom "Judge" Colliver, the lawyer had got free of cold-blooded murder, and, behind a knot of shuffling men whom I recognized but dimly as faces seen in saloons and dives. Colliver himself. Evidently he had been dragged out of bed; for a red undershirt showed beneath his open overcoat and his raven-black hair stood up like a mangy hairbrush.

"This illegal proceeding is an outrage, sir," he began. "In the name of the law you are violating —" A dozen angry voices broke in on this; presently Marcus dominated the clamor "What you've needed for a h—l of a time is a gag," he said. "You'll get it, too if you don't shut up. Go on inside, and keep away from that fence or you'll die quick."

Round the corner sounded the high-pitched voice of a woman, pouring a steady flow of talk which quavered and shrilled with expletive. Into the light came Red Nell, keeper of the most expensive and notorious "house" in Cottonwood. As she swung out both arms in a vain effort to rid herself of the guards, there was a flash of many diamonds; and the paint on her lips and cheeks, overlaying a face contorted with uncontrolled anger, gave the effect of some grotesque mask. She got one hand loose, and pointed.

"You!" she began, "You, Shorty Croly—you Izzy Cohen, you—" Her language exploded into filthy epithet. None answered. Even the ready Marcus seemed silenced. But suddenly the brutal and direct Shorty heaved forward his squat frame, laid hands on her, thrust her on. The rest was drowned in the clatter of the latch-gate.

Marcus turned to Taylor.

"That's all, isn't it?"

Taylor consulted the list in his hands.

"Yes, all checked up except—" He broke off there. And, just then, an armed guard in a Union cap emerged from the latchgate into the light.

"That roulette dealer of Si Conway's is beefin' for a preacher," he said.

The group by the wagon wheels exploded into harsh nervous laughter.

"How 'bout it?" inquired Marcus. "What brand of preacher does the gentleman desire?"

"He's askin' for the Methody—this here Mr. Orcutt."

"What say, boys," inquired Marcus, addressing his followers, "if we let Mr. Orcutt into the bullpen on condition he don't interfere with the municipal affairs?" Silence appeared to give consent.

(To Be Continued)

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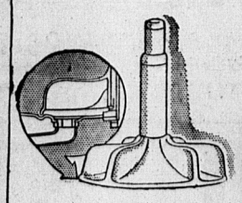

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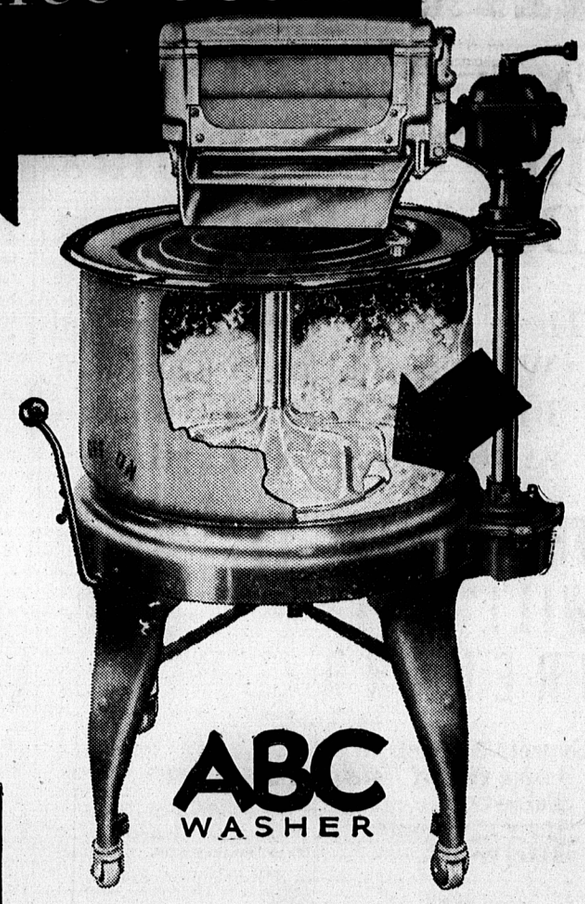

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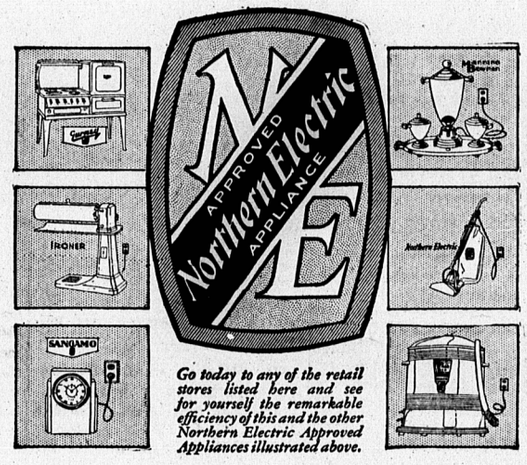

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NOTICE of MEETING

The annual meeting of the R. J. McNeill Black & Silver Fox Co., Ltd., will be held in the Office of the Secretary at Northam, on Thursday, October 15th, 1931, at two o'clock P. M.

J. E. STEWART,
Secretary.

9130-10-3-7-12-31.

AUCTION SALE

VALUABLE PROPERTY IN CHARLOTTETOWN

The Executor of the Estate of the late Malcolm McLeod will sell at Public Auction on Thursday the 15th day of October at 12 o'clock noon all that property in Charlottetown situated on the west side of Queen Street, having a front there on of 40 feet and extending back 126 feet, one of the best locations in Charlottetown now bringing $780.00 rent annually. This is a rare opportunity to secure a good business stand.

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SWINE SHOW AND SALE
The P.E.I. Swine Growers' Association
are holding their
5th Annual Show and Sale
at
The Agricultural Hall, Charlottetown
on
Tuesday, Oct. 13th. (Sale begins 1.00 P.M.)
A choice selection of males and females from the best Island stock will be offered.
Open to all breeders of purebred Yorkshires.
9315-10-12-11.

MILL FOR SALE
Unless disposed of by private sale previous to that date I will sell by public auction at
CARDIGAN
on
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1931
at 2 o'clock p. m.
The Cardigan Milling Company's property, consisting of building and site with complete outfit comprising 50 h.p. steam engine, rotary sawing outfit, 12-inch planer and moulder, heavy band saw, shingle machine, lath machine, etc., with shafting pulleys, belting, etc.
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