

# A WOMAN'S SUFFERING

### Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

F. Verdun, Montreal, Quebec. — "I am one of thousands who have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have great faith in it. I can safely say it has relieved my troubles and I shall never be without a bottle of it in my house. Since my little baby was born I suffered from pains and backache and would feel so tired I could not do anything in my home. Since I have been taking the Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine I feel so different. I recommend it to all my friends and hope it will cure other women who are suffering from the troubles I had." — Mrs. THOS. H. GARDNER, 821 Evelyn Street, Verdun, Montreal, Quebec.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a dependable medicine for the new mother. It is prepared from roots and herbs, contains no harmful drugs and can be taken by the nursing mother.

Its worth in restoring the mother to normal health and strength is told again and again in just such letters as "Mrs. Gardner writes."

## FOXES FOR SALE

The balance of the Foxes in the Mass Fur Farm ranch, Mount Edward Road, will be sold by private sale from now until pelting time. Any Foxes not sold by private sale within the next ten days, will be pelted.

For full particulars to parties interested will see Mr. J. E. Newsom, care Peter Newsom, Brighton, Charlottetown.

6042-11-14-121.

When you think of Christmas giving think of giving Photographs

BY BAYER ALSO Passport Photos 163 GREAT GEORGE STREET

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## Dr. C. C. Archibald

Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Office Bayers Building Great George Street Office Hours—9 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m. Telephone 450-3.

## Mark R. McGuigan B. A.

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## POULTRY NOTICE

My Canning Plant is now in operation and I need large quantities Fowl and Chicken. All shipments remitted for daily. Special prices paid for crate fed chicken and fowl. All stock to be undrawn. J. D. JENKINS CHARLOTTETOWN 6083-11-17M71.

### Farquhar Steamship Line

S. S. "HETHPOOL" Leaves Boston for Halifax Oct. 20th, Nov. 3rd, Nov. 17th, Dec. 1st, Dec. 15th.

Connecting With S. S. "SABLE I" Leaving Halifax for Charlottetown, Oct. 22nd, Nov. 5th, Nov. 19th, Dec. 3rd, Dec. 17th

Leaving Charlottetown for Sydney, North Sydney, Curling, Cornerbrook and other West Coast Newfoundland Ports, Oct. 23rd, Nov. 6th, Nov. 20th, Dec. 4th, Dec. 18th.

CARVELL BROS. AGENTS

## SMILES



REASONABLE "Now I also want to select a more expensive hat." "Oh-h-h! So Madame wants to buy two hats I ze!" "No! No! I have to pick out a terribly expensive one for my husband to refuse to buy in order to compromise on the one I want."



A NECESSARY CHANGE She: Every man has the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Her: For the woman just change that to "the pursuit of man."



"Now don't breathe this to a soul." "I can't. I've been eating garlic."



FRESH BAD EGG "Charley's fresh!" "But a bad egg nevertheless."



PROBLEM OF KNOTS "Those old captains have been wrangling over the speed of ships for an hour." "Knotty problem, I'd say."

## Canadian National Railways

All trains will please note that trains Nos. 9 and 10 between Souris and Elmira, which for some time past have been operated daily Sundays excepted, will after Monday 16th instant, be operated as shown on our current folder, namely Monday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday from Souris, and Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday from Elmira. DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT, Charlottetown, P. E. I. November 13th, 1925. 6053-14-31

## The Iron Horse

BY EDWIN C. HILL

(Continued) "Oh, yes," said Marsh. "That reminds me. You two don't know each other. This is Mr. Jesson, my engineer, and this is Mr. Deroux, of whom I was speaking, Jesson." Jesson offered his hand and Deroux quickly gripped it, his right hand in his overcoat pocket. Involuntarily, the engineer glanced toward the hidden hand, but catching a glint in Deroux's black eyes, quick annoyance, almost anger, he looked away. The two men stood for a moment, face to face, appraising each other. What Deroux saw may have helped him to recover his good humor, for when he spoke again, it was with riotous amiability.

"I am patience itself, my good friends, when I serve the people I like best, always including Deroux." Again the big white teeth gleamed.

"I asked you," said Marsh, "because General Dodge will be here in a day or two and we will then settle the question of whether we must abandon the old line and accept your proposition. It may be you are right. It begins to look that way."

"Of course I am right," laughed Deroux. "I am always right. In this country it is dangerous to be wrong. I am like Davy Crockett. I first make sure the game is straight, then I bet the limit. Surveyors have been searching the Black Hills for twenty years trying to find a pass that the good God neglected to put there, not knowing, of course, that you gentlemen would ever need it."

"Shouts, scattered, then merging into a heavy chorus, interrupted him. The street was in new tumult. Deroux, lithe as a panther for all of his bulk, reached the window at a bound.

"Hah! It is a revolution, my friend. Your subjects are marching upon us. It seems this is the Bastille which they would conquer and throw down. They do not look pretty, these dogs. Shall I go out and whip them down the street? I will teach them to know me, Joe Deroux!"

"No, for God's sake, nothing of that sort!" said Marsh. "Let me handle them. I think I know what's happened. They have repudiated the truce agreement. Too many tangletot!" I will talk to them."

The door opened. Miriam flew in like a bird seeking refuge from the storm. Her eyes were big with excitement, but there was no fear in them.

"Oh, Daddy, they're coming!" she cried. "Casey and Slattery tried to stop them, but it was no use."

She paused, seeing Deroux, whose bright, black eyes were darting admiration.

"My daughter, Mr. Deroux," said Marsh. "A la bonne heure!" cried Deroux. "Now I know that my visit to the capital of the great Union Pacific will be fortunate! Here is good fortune flying in at the very door to gladden the heart of Joe Deroux!"

"There speaks the Frenchman!" said Miriam. "Am I not right?" "Absolutely, Miss Marsh," said Deroux. "It is true that my people have been Americans, on both sides of the line, for more than two hundred years, but French we remain, Americans though we are."

The door burst open and the Musketeers arrived in a heap, Casey stumbling, the others sprawling over him. As they disentangled themselves it was Sergeant Slattery who explained how they had charged through the mob. The strikers had tried to prevent them from reaching headquarters, but the Musketeers' teamwork had been irresistible.

"They are demandin' speech with yez," said Casey. "By yer leave, sor, we'll give 'em hell if ye say the word!"

"No, I'll talk to them," said Marsh. He put on his hat and went outside. Miriam and the Musketeers followed them. Deroux hesitated, then went to the window where Jesson joined him. They could see and hear.

Marsh raised his hand, attempting to still the tumult. For a moment they listened, then the roar

"By God! There's a woman worth fighting for!" exclaimed Deroux, black eyes snapping.

Peter Jesson made no reply, but he flashed a quick look at the Frenchman.

Outside the mob hesitated, uneasy, shifting from foot to foot as the men looked at each other doubtfully. Somebody laughed in the back of the crowd. In a moment all were laughing. Like a fresh breeze, good humor ran through the mob. Bill Williams pulled off his battered hat and made Miriam the caricature of a bow.

"Anything to oblige a lady," he said, and a roar of laughter went up.

Latin, and a born actor, Tony Figallo swept the ground with his hat.

"For the beautiful signorina," he said, "Tony, he build the beeg railroad himself, alone!"

"Thank you, Bill. Thank you, Tony. You will not regret it. I will give you my promise."

The crowd broke and scattered, cheering Miriam as they went. The gang bosses rounded up their men and herded them to the waiting construction trains. Mr. Casey stuck out his chest.

"Sure," he said, "it was me Irish hoquence that did it."

"Yes it was"—said Slattery—"not!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."

After supper that evening in the Union Pacific Hotel, a meal which he consumed in exclusive dignity at a table especially set for him, Joe Deroux lighted his cigar and strolled through the jammed street until he came to a big tent whose signboard, swung above the doorway, announced in letters two feet high:

Judge Haller's Saloon and Bar."

As he smiled at the familiar sign, his ear caught the jumble of sounds from within, hoarse voices at the bar, calling for drinks or bellowing jests; the shrill soprano of Haller's dance hall girls, the click of chips rattling good or evil fortune upon the tables of the gamblers, the quick strains of the orchestra and low cries of the caller inviting couples to a quadrille.

"The fat old fox is doing well," he said to himself.

He pushed open the door, blinking in the thick atmosphere of tobacco smoke, liquor, sweat and perfume. He was recognized and wild shouts went up as always, when this baron of the outlands deigned to show himself. Deroux waved a casual greeting, made his way through the press of men and women to the long bar and shook hands with Haller, the proprietor.

Jed Haller, who claimed and was ready to defend at the point of a six-shooter the title of "Judge" he had conferred upon himself, was a ponderous chevalier of fortune, rising fifty years, who had prospered through a useful combination

## ALL RUN DOWN, NOW HEALTHY

"Honestly, in all my 15 years of experience as a nurse I have never known of a medicine that compares with Tanlac. It is the glowing tribute of Nurse M. E. Chambliss."

"Time and again I have recommended Tanlac and always with surprising results. Some time ago my Mother complained of being generally run down and on the verge of a nervous breakdown. She had no appetite, her stomach was disordered, digestion weakened and her bowels were more irritable than usual."

"Tanlac came to her aid at once, brought on a vigorous appetite so that she began to eat with her greatest relish, and made the digestive organs function properly once more. In a short time she was well, happy and strong, and although over 50 years of age she is now vigorous enough to look after her household duties and to go out quite a little. This is why I praise Tanlac and consider it the best tonic and health builder ever discovered."

What Tanlac has done for others it can also do for you. Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 million bottles sold.

Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation. It is recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.

## TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH

broke out again, drowning his plea. Again he tried, with the same result. Casey leaped forward, face working with rage, but Miriam caught his arm.

"Keep back, Pat. You'll only make matters worse. Father! Let me try. The men like me, I think. Perhaps they will listen to me."

Marsh nodded, reluctantly. Miriam stepped forward, a little figure of grace and daintiness. She faced them in unharmed silence, smiling confidently, picking out familiar faces in the front ranks and recognizing them with their nods of pleasure. By degrees the ugly chorus died. The men became quiet, all looking directly at her, expectant, curious.

"Men," she began in her clear voice, bell-like in the stillness, "I want you to believe that I am your friend. That I want to see you get justice; all that is yours. Will you believe me when I tell you that the men will treat you as they will by you? You will all get your money just as soon as the payroll can be made up again in Omaha and rushed here. I know that to be true."

"That's no way to talk to 'em, Miss! Ye got to swear at 'em," Casey complained at her back.

"They don't understand what ye mean."

She silenced him with a backward jab of her elbow.

"You will get your pay and a bonus. Father will see to that. And any other real grievance you have will be righted. Men, my heart is in the road. You are all good Americans. Won't you do the right thing for your country, the big thing? Won't you go back to work for another week until this trouble, which is not the road's fault, is straightened out? You, Bill! And you, Tony! I ask you only to do what is right and manly, what any woman would expect."

She waited with the same calm, confident smile.

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of shrewdness and elastic conscience, the whole flavored with joviality. He had originated some-where in the South, and laid claim to kinship with the old slave-holding class, but belied the boast by the utter lack of education and polish. His antecedents were foggy, but at that time and country nobody cared two bits about such trifles as antecedents and there was no one to venture embarrassing questions. Drifting from Heaven knows where, Haller had seen his great chance with the railroad. The end of the war found him flush. He organized a business of following the road with his movable saloon, dance hall and gambling house. Simultaneously, and for business reasons strictly, he established a court of law in whatever new town he opened his bar. His motto was "Let 'em first," and to give him his due he was usually able to discourage or check the violence his powerful whiskey provoked.

It was his custom to sit behind the middle of the long bar, and from a high stool, his tall hat pushed to the back of his head, keep an eagle eye upon the motley throng which nightly jammed his place. Nothing escaped him, though he frequently pretended to be absorbed in a law book, the only book he possessed. This was a copy of the Revised Statutes of the State of Illinois for the year of 1850. In this important tome he groped for such legal terms as he needed to garnish his decisions. At times he was always busy, and at each end of the bar a man with a sawed off shotgun stood ready to enforce the judicial decrees.

(To be continued.)

## IN MEMORIAM

MRS. MARY McLEOD

On Tuesday, October 13, Mrs. Mary McLeod, widow of the late Norman Hartsville, and a very highly esteemed lady, passed away at the ripe old age of 86 years. The deceased had been in failing health for over a year, so that the coming of the end was not unexpected. At times she suffered considerably and often longed to go to her "long home."

On the above mentioned date her spirit winged its homeward flight. Mrs. McLeod leaves to mourn the loss of a kind and loving mother, three sons and one daughter. The sons now left are Alexander, Saskatchewan; Roderick, Brewer, Me. and Neil Dan, Hartsville, and the daughter is Mrs. Alexander McLennan, Hartsville.

They are feeling keenly their loss. It was rather a striking fact that Mr. McLeod's mother was buried the day before he died and he himself was so ill that the fact was never made known to him.

It is also quite striking that the younger of the two of Mr. McLeod's children, Katherine Elizabeth, aged two and one-half months, passed

away some seventeen days after its father.

Mr. McLeod was a young man who was widely and favorably known. He will be much missed, not only in his own home, where he was always the source of good cheer, but also in all of the different spheres of life.

He took a deep interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the community. He was one of the managers of the Presbyterian church at Hartsville, and to the tasks assigned him by the Board he was ever faithful, as he was in all other spheres.

Because of his kindly manner and his genial disposition he was a favorite with all. It mattered little when or where any came in contact with Mr. McLeod they always found in him a great deal of real true genuine manhood.

At the time of the outbreak of the Great World War he heard the call of his country and with the spirit of the hero he went out to give his best—in the end even his own life.

His last illness was borne in the spirit of true Christian fortitude. When the end drew near his faith was unshaken. He knew in Whom he had believed and he was persuaded that he was able to keep what he had committed to his trust against that day.

The funeral, which was a large one, was held on the afternoon of Sunday, October 18. The service was conducted by Rev. R. H. Stavert. The pallbearers were Messrs. Malcolm McLeod, John Cummings,

and other members of the community.

Interment was in the Hartsville cemetery.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

a lady who was well-known throughout the hole country-side. Quite a number of years ago she was bereft of her husband, and alone had to take charge of a large family of young children. Through all the years she carried on bravely and was held in high esteem by all who knew her. She took a deep interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the community, and will be much missed in the different spheres of life.

To her home all worthy comers found a hearty welcome and no one needing aid ever called on her in vain. Her last illness was borne in a spirit of meekness and resignation. When the end came she was found ready—ready for the Master's welcome call: "Weary one, come home." Her passing was one of deep peace.

The funeral was held on the afternoon of Thursday, October 15. The service was conducted by Rev. R. H. Baxter and Rev. R. H. Stavert. The pallbearers were Messrs. Neil Nicholson, Alex. McDonald, Duacan Ross, Murdoch McLean, Roderick McLeod and D. M. McDonald.

Interment was in Hartsville cemetery.

MR. JOHN McLEOD

In the early forenoon of Friday, Oct. 16th, Mr. John McLeod, a very highly esteemed resident of Hartsville, passed peacefully away at the comparatively early age of 46 years. The deceased had not been in a good condition of health since his return from overseas. While in France "doing his bit" he had been passed several times. From this he never fully recovered.

During the early summer months he took treatment in the P. E. I. Hospital, and for a while was somewhat improved. For a number of weeks before his death he was very much distressed. At times he suffered intense agony.

The coming of the end on the above mentioned date was to him a great relief from suffering, and his spirit returned to the God who gave it.

Besides a sorrowing widow and two young children, Mr. McLeod leaves to mourn their loss four brothers and one sister. The brothers are Alexander, Saskatchewan; Roderick, Brewer, Me.; Norman, Halifax, and Neil Dan, Hartsville, and the sister is Mrs. Alexander McLennan, Hartsville.

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## CHILDREN CRY FOR CASTORIA



CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrup, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *W. D. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

FOREWARNED

As the commercial traveller took the menu card he looked up pleasantly and quite respectfully at the pretty waitress.

"Warm day, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Yes, it is," she answered, stiffly and so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a peach and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while and like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working in a restaurant; if I did I'd leave my job. My wages are satisfactory, and I don't know if there is a show or dance in town tonight and if there is I shall not go with you, and I'm from the country, and my brother is cook in this restaurant, and he weighs two hundred pounds, and last week he nearly killed a customer who tried to make love to me. Now, what will you have?"

The man dropped back limply in his chair.

"I'm not very hungry," he said. "A cup of coffee and a sandwich will do."

Dan Archie McLean, Donald McDonald, John A. McLeod and Daniel McInnis.

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# WHAT IS HOME Without a New Dictionary

And unless your home has this new dictionary, it might as well be without one. The publishers realized that fact many months ago, so they discarded their old printing plates and made an entirely new dictionary from start to finish. Here it is, all ready for readers of

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