

Famous for 60 Years

MORSE'S TEA

Don't Telephone

Read the Rules of The Guardian "Famous Canadians" Puzzle Contest. They will answer every question.

Rules Governing Guardian "Famous Canadians" Contest

Everyone who is a paid in advance subscriber excepting employees of The Guardian and their families may take part. As many members of one family of a paid in advance subscriber may compete as desired and any subscriber may send in as many sets of answers as he or she wishes, but each set must be complete and will be judged individually.

The successful competitors whose subscriptions are paid farthest into 1932 will have the preference.

Clip the picture and coupon underneath it every day and write the answer on the blank line. Save all your clippings until the end of the contest and then send them to the "Famous Canadians" Contest Editor of The Guardian in one batch. Name and address should be included, clearly written or printed, and securely attached to your solutions. It will facilitate handling if you bind your solutions by sewing along the top, or using paper fasteners.

In sending more than one solution, each solution must be enclosed in a separate envelope.

Please attach sufficient postage as, otherwise, it may be necessary to refuse acceptance of the mail.

In case of a tie The Guardian reserves the right to publish one or more tie-breaking puzzles.

The judges' decision will be final in all matters, and The Guardian will not undertake to enter into correspondence with any individual regarding the decision of the judges.

Start Today to Win a Cash Prize



This is my answer to the above puzzle "FAMOUS CANADIAN" CONTEST.

Put Surname of Famous Canadian only.

My subscription is paid in advance to

Name of subscriber

Address

Each puzzle represents the name of a famous Canadian, past or present. Forty of the fifty correct solutions appeared on the printed list published from Oct. 10 to 17. Read the rules. If the same name admits of variations in spelling, spelling on the printed list only will be accepted. Spelling however, will not disqualify any contestant if the correct solution is a name not appearing on the printed list.

The Charlottetown Guardian

While excavating at St. Mary's font is well preserved and will be Church, at Nevin, Wales, Rev. V. reinstated in the church. St. Mary's Emrys Jones discovered a Celtic has been closed for several years, baptismal font, about 1,000 years old, but will be reopened. Hidden under the church tower. The

E. R. BROW

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The TRAIL OF 98

A Northland Romance

by Robert W. Service

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

(Continued)

After a session of debate, he decided to reserve our rights to stake till a good chance offered. It was a bitter awakening. Like all the rest we had expected to get ground that was gold from the grass-roots. Eagerly I looked in. All but Lo-down. But there was work to be done, and we would not let ourselves be dshheartened.

The Jam-wagon had already deserted us. He was off up on Eldorado somewhere, shoveling dirt into a sluice-box for ten dollars a day. I made up my mind I would follow him. Jim also would go to work while the Prodigal, we agreed would look after our interests, and stake or buy a good claim.

The country was at the mercy of a gang of corrupt officials who were using the public offices for their own enrichment. Franchises were being given to the favorites of those in power, concessions sold, liquor permits granted, and abuses of every kind practiced on the free miner. All was venality, injustice and exaction.

"Say, boys, I guess I've done a slick piece of work," said the Prodigal with some satisfaction, as he entered our tent. "I've bought three whole outfits on the beach. Got them for 25 per cent less than the cost price in Seattle. I'll pull out 100 per cent on the deal. Now's the time to get in and buy from the quitters."

"It's too bad to take advantage of them," I suggested. "Too bad nothing. That's business; your necessity, my opportunity. Oh, you'd never make a money getter, my boy, this side of the millennium—and you Scotch, too."

I roamed the long streets with an anxious restlessness in my heart. Where was Berna, my girl, so precious now it seemed I had lost her? I visioned evils befalling her; I pierced my heart with dagger-thrusts of fear for her and well! If I could only find her! The land was a great symphony; she the haunting theme of it.

I bought a copy of the Nugget and went into the Sourdough restaurant to read it. As I lingered there sipping my coffee and perusing the paper indifferently, a paragraph caught my eye and made my heart glow with sudden hope.

Here was the item: "One of the largest gambling plays that ever occurred in Dawson came off last night in the Mala mute saloon. Jack Locasto of Eldorado, well known as one of Klondike's wealthiest claim-owners, Claude Terry and Charlie Haw were the chief factors in the game which cost the first-named the sum of \$19,000."

"Locasto came to Dawson from his claim yesterday. It is said that before leaving the Forks he lost a sum ranging in the neighborhood of \$5,000. Last night he began playing in the Malamute with Haw and Terry in an effort, it is supposed, to recoup his losses at the Forks. The play continued nearly all night, and at the wind-up Locasto, as stated above was the loser to the amount of \$19,000."

Jack Locasto! Why had I not thought of him before? Surely if anyone knew of the girl's whereabouts, it would be he. I determined I would ask him at once.

So I hastily finished my coffee and inquired of the waiter where I might find the Klondike king. "Oh, Black Jack," he said; "well at the Green Bay Tree, on the Tivoli, or the Monte Carlo. But there's a big poker game on and he's liable to be in it."

Once more I paraded the seething street. Women were everywhere, smoking cigarettes, laughing, chaffing, strolling in and out of the wide-open saloons. A liberating spirit was in the air, a madcap freedom, an effluence of disdainful sin.

I found myself by the stockade that surrounded the police reservation. One of the constables, a tall, slim Englishman with a refined manner, proved to me a friend in need.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my query, "I think I can find your man. He's downtown somewhere with some of the big sporting guns. Come on, we'll run him to earth."

After a short walk he pushed his way through a crowded doorway and I followed. It was the ordinary type of combination gambling joint. In a corner, presiding over a stud poker game, I was surprised to see Mosher.

My companion pointed to an inner room with a closed door.

"The Klondike kings are in there hard at it. There's Black Jack and the Stillwater Wille and Claude Terry and Charlie Haw."

Eagerly I looked in. All but Locasto were medium-sized men. Still water Wille was in evening dress. Haw was a sandy-haired man with shifty, uneasy eyes; Terry was a bulldog type, stocky and powerful. But it was Locasto who gripped and riveted my attention.

He was a massive man, heavy of limb and brutal in strength. There was a great spread of his shoulders and a conscious power in his every movement. He had a square heavy chin, a grim, sneering mouth, a falcon nose, black eyes that were as cold as the waters in a deserted shaft. His hair was raven dark, and his skin betrayed the Mexican strain in his blood. Above the others he towered strikingly



"On I Don't Care What the Devil Your Name is," He Broke in Petulantly.

masterful and I felt somehow the power that emanated from the man, the brute force, the remorseless purpose.

Then the waiter returned with a tray of drinks and the door was closed.

"Well, you've seen him now," said my friend. "Your only plan, if you want to speak to him, is to wait till the game breaks up. By-

"Oh, the weariness of that waiting! It was in the young morn when the game broke up. The inner door opened and black Jack appeared.

In a moment I had followed and overtaken him. "Mr. Locasto." He turned and gave me a stare from his brooding eyes. "Jack Locasto's my name," he answered carelessly. I walked alongside him. "Well, sir," I said, "my name's Meldrum, Athol Meldrum."

"Oh, I don't care what the devil your name is," he broke in petulantly. "Don't bother me just now. I'm tired. What do you want, work?" "No," I said, "I just want a scrap of information. I came into the country with some Jews by the name of Winklestein. I've lost track of them and I think you may be able to tell me where they are."

He was all attention now. He turned half around and scrutinized me with deliberate intensity. Then, like a flash his rough manner changed. His eyes were bland, his voice smooth as cream. "Winklestein," he echoed reflectively. "Winklestein; seems to me I do remember the name, but for the life of me I can't remember where. Was there a girl with them?"

"Yes," I said eagerly, "a young girl." "A young girl, ah." He seemed to reflect hard again. "Well, my friend, I'm afraid I can't help you. I remember noticing the party on the way in, but what became of them I can't think. Well, good-night, or good-morning rather. This is my hotel."

He had half entered when he paused and turned to me. His face was urbane, his voice suave to sweetness; but it seemed to me there was a subtle mockery in his tone.

(To Be Continued)

ARMISTICE

An army is marching onward today, Unseen by human eyes. Triumphant marching on their way,

To mansions in the skies. I see along the vision of years, This army conquering come, Their sins all washed by a nation's tears,

And still remembered as the years pass onward one by one Their faces illumed by the hopes of youth,

Their eyes uplifted by love, We gave them all to the cause of truth, As a sacrifice from above.

And shall that sacrifice be in vain, Ere men have learned the truth Shall we be asked to give again The sacrifice of youth.

How long, O Lord till nations learn The ways of peace that stands, Shall not be by inventors brought, But by following Thy commands.

—K. C. W.

So Short Of Breath Would Have To Sit Down

Mr. C. M. Stroeder, Hanover, Ont., writes—"I could hardly do my work, and after going up or down stairs I had to sit or lie down for a while as I would be all out of breath."

I could hardly go down town for if I walked two or three blocks I was ready to fall over.

I took several boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and am glad to say I have been totally relieved of my trouble."

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

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Sold at all drug and general stores, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Public Notice As To Applications For Oyster Farming Leases

Applications for leases of Prince Edward Island areas for oyster farming purposes will now be received by the Department of Fisheries, Ottawa.

Leases will be granted in Malpeque Bay and its tributary rivers and in such other areas as are not now public commercial oyster beds and are approved by the Department as suitable for oyster farming. A plan showing the lots available for leasing in the Malpeque Bay area may be consulted, without charge, at the office of the Supervisor of Fisheries, Charlottetown, or at the Biological Station at Ellerslie or the office of any Inspector of Fisheries in the province.

Summary of Major Leasing Conditions

Before a lease is granted, the area applied for is to be examined by the Department's oyster expert.

Each lease will be for a term of 20 years and will be renewable for a further like period.

Rentals on the following basis will be payable under each lease: \$1.00 per annum during the first three years for each acre or fraction of an acre leased, \$3.00 per acre during the next two years, and from that time onward a reasonable royalty per barrel will also be charged on production.

Information as to the most effective methods of oyster farming, obtained by the Department through the investigation which it has been conducting in the Malpeque Bay area, will be made available to applicants for leases, or intending applicants, upon request.

W. M. A. FOUND, Deputy Minister of Fisheries. Oct. 21-W-S-81.

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Teachers Stop Games

In protest against against salary cuts teachers at London County Council schools at Tooting and Streatham have stopped sports and games outside of school hours, and 7,000 children must forego their recreations. This decision was announced by the Tooting Bee Schools Sports Association, which controls games at more than 30 schools.

NOTICE of MEETING

Notice is hereby given that a special general meeting of the Three Rivers Silver Black Fox Company Ltd. will be held in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Montague, on Monday, November 16th, 1931, at 7.30 P. M. for the purpose of passing the following resolution:—That the necessary step be taken to wind up the business of the Three Rivers Silver Black Fox Company Ltd., under the provisions of the Voluntary Winding Up Act, and that the business of the said Company be wound up accordingly, and for the purpose of appointing a liquidator or liquidators for such winding up.

Dated October 21st, 1931.

GEO. A. POOLE, President.
D. J. STEWART, Secretary-Treasurer.

PUBLIC AUCTION

At Montague, Tuesday, December 1st, at 1 o'clock P. M., House and Lot, formerly occupied by Miss Rose McCarron.

WILLIAM MCCARRON.
9985-11-10-31.

AUCTION SALE

Of the model Fox Company's Fox Ranch and sixteen acres of land will be held on the premises Sherwood on Wednesday, the 18th day of November instant at two o'clock in the afternoon. Terms at sale.

J. A. ANDERSON, Liquidator.

FOX FEED

Beef Hearts	6c per lb.
Beef Tripe	5c per lb.
Beef Cheeks	6c per lb.
Beef Liver	10c per lb.
Beef Trimmings	6c per lb.
Beef Lips	5c per lb.
Horse Meats	5 1/2c per lb.
Lamb Hearts	5 1/2c per lb.
Lamb Plucks	5c per lb.
Lamb Tripe	3 1/2c per lb.
Hog Plucks	4c per lb.
Hog Livers	5c per lb.
Weasand Meat	5c per lb.
Assorted Meat	6c per lb.

Poultry Notice

Our cannery plant is now in operation and we require large quantities of fowl and chicken dressed. Ship by freight or bring your poultry direct to plant.

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