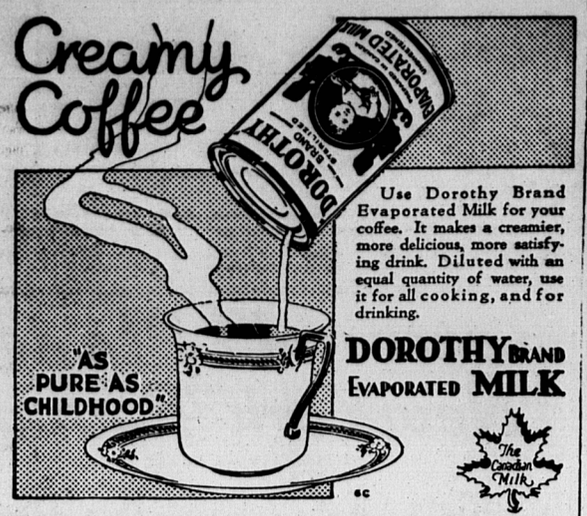

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--SMILES--

"Don't you think life is more interesting than fiction?"
"Hardly. You have to begin your romance with Chap. 1."

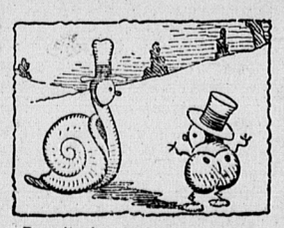
"Automobiles are now within the reach of everybody."
"I know it, hang 'em. Half a dozen of them nearly reached me this morning."

"Cholly seems to have a pull with Miss Cash, doesn't he?"
"Yes, but he hasn't push enough to ask her to marry him."

* * * *

LATE STAYER AGAIN

"Virginia, er-what does that young man do.."
"What young man, papa?"
"Why, the one that calls three nights a week and never notices the clock."
"Oh, papa, he has political aspirations. He really expects to be elected a legislator."
"H'm. Well, tell him not to practice any all-night sessions around here."



Bug (trying to be smart): Say, Mr. Snail, were you ever arrested for speeding?

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Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

(Cont'nued)

"Well rustle!" he growled. "Did you get anything on that bank robbery?"

"Not much. Taylor told me to see you."

"Just as well," replied Marcus. "You take this story exactly as I lay it out for you." With news to write, I was no longer his partner; he had become the boss, executive and exacting. "Don't touch it up too much. Make it straight and cold. All ready? Go! The Bank of Cottonwood was robbed last night"—as morning newspaper men must, he was dating the event one day behind. "Let yourself out a little in the introduction. Call it an insolent performance or something like that. Oh, yes, and say: "due to the inefficiency of the administration which has made this camp a paradise for crooks, road-agents and sure-thing men.' Or words to that effect. Then the straight stuff. At ten-forty-five a fusillade of shots from the alley back of Main street announced the daring crime. A few minutes before that time four horsemen rode quietly up to the entrance of the alley behind the bank, and left their horses. One horse it was noticed by the spectators, was a buckskin"—here Marcus hesitated in his steady flow of language, then went on more slowly: "a buckskin with a peculiar spot on his flank had been noticed about camp all evening. It is perhaps more than a coincidence that a few minutes before the crime occurred a prominent citizen passing down the Liverpool hill trail, saw a group of men treating the hind quarters of a buckskin horse with something suspiciously resembling yellow whitewash"—it was well that Marcus here paused again in his narrative for the rush of blood through tense channels deafened and blinded me. But my ears and eyes cleared; and Marcus was proceeding: "No, I guess you'd better leave that out. Not a word of that—or the color of any horse.

"Owing to the danger of highway robbery ever present in this camp, the Bank of Cottonwood has been taking unusual precautions in moving its out-going shipments of bullion and its in-coming shipments of coined gold and currency. The transfer to and from the vaults of the bank took place usually after dark. Last night a consignment of"—a pause again—"what is reported to be gold coin was due to arrive at about ten-thirty, an hour when most of the revelers in camp would be in the dance-hall and varieties, or wooing the elusive goddess of chance. The bank was all ready for the shipment. The police department had been notified." Another pause. "Unfortunately, our efficient guardians of life and property—get in some sarcastic shot like that—were waiting at the wrong entrance to the alley, and did not participate in subsequent events. H. A. Taylor, president of the bank, and Horace Hutchins, his teller, themselves acting as guards, waited at the back door. At the appointed hour the shipment arrived in a democrat wagon, driven by John F. Cruder with—what the blazes are his initials?—oh, yes, Pete Hannan—as guard. Drawing up the wagon and dismounting, they prepared to unload the money, which was inclosed in two locked strong-boxes. Having reached the bank safely, the guardians of the treasure relaxed their vigialnce—put in something like that. Anyhow, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Hutchins, instead of remaining on guard, started to help. At the moment when they had their hands full four men sprang from a doorway in a cabin which faces the back door of the bank. Before either the guards or the bank officials could get to their guns each felt a muzzle poked into his ribs To resist would have been to invite certain death. With muttered words of command, the road-agents backed their victims against the door, took away the guns. Then, while two of the bandits kept them covered, the others rapidly removed the treasure-boxes to the entrance of the alley, loaded them on to their horses. So well had the crim nals apparently informed themselves of the bank's habits that a spectator who noticed this act without comprehanding its significance said that the saddles of their animals were fitted with rope slings. The operation took but a minute. When this was done the pair who had been covering the bank officials backed away to the entrance of the alley, still covering their victims. With a final warning that they would shoot the first man who emerged, they swung into their saddles and rode away in the darkness.

"Pluckily disregarding the warnings of the bandits, the banker and his assistants hurried to recover their guns, which had been tossed into the dark space between two cabins. Mr. Taylor was the first to succeed. He ran to the entrance of the alley and turned loose at the bandits as they disappeared in moonlight. They returned the fire at long range, fortunately with no effect.

"The police were at once notified. The crime, as before stated, accurred at about ten-forty-five, At eleven-thirty the posse which Marshal McGrath immediately started to form was still engaged in interesting conversation at the jail. Cinching a saddle is an operation which takes time—or something sarcastic, better than that. Rub it into them. And end like this—take it down as I say it:

"'The aftermath of this affair will doubtless be known to all before this issue of the Courier reaches its readers.'"

I could endure it no longer. That side of me which had been buried all night in the dark flames of my own inner hell burst to the surface. It manifested itself in violent physical action as I stuck the point of my pencil into the table and cried:

"Why are you keeping me in the dark? Why am I on the outside of all this?" A dozen circumstances had come together in my mind—the mysterious absences of Marcus, the hints of secret events underlying that bank robbery, the operations of Mike the Bartender, the guard at the door of the Courier, this last, cryptic sentence. Under it all flamed a deeper, fouler, more tormenting misery. Some one had informed the bandits as to the very hour when the treasure would be delivered at the bank. Some one had informed them as to the very character of its packing. Some one . . . numbly I could feel the nails digging into my clenched palms.

And the face of Marcus Handy took on a curious expression. Almost, he looked ashamed. He dropped his eyes to the stone.

"Sorry, I can't tell you now, kid," he said hesitantly. "Right sorry I can't. You've always played square with me. But wait until we've gone to press. Then I'll tell you, if you sure want to know. Now get to work. Shove over your takes to the printers as fast as you write them."

Had Marcus replied to my outburst with his accustomed energy and authority. I do not know what I might have done. But this touch of sentiment served to cool and steady me. My working side took hold again. Furiously I ripped through the story, the printers taking away the uncorrected copy as I wrote. However, I noticed dimly certain irregularities in the night routine of our office. I heard parleys at the door; evidently the guard was still turning visitors away. One man, however, was permitted to pass—Cohen the jeweler. He held a whispered conference with Marcus over the stone, nodded departed hastily. Marcus was keeping the front page open for my story of the robbery. I had scarcely finished when he set the last take into place, inserted a filler, locked the form. And now my hot, black impatience surged again.

"You said you'd tell me—"I cried from my desk.

(To Be Continued)

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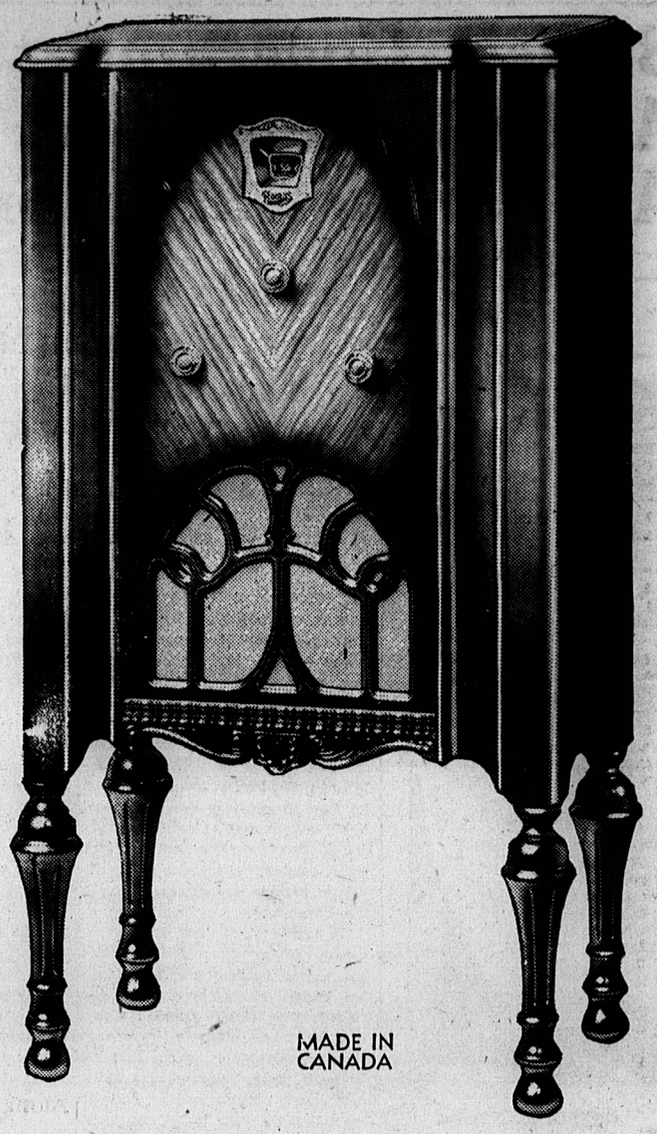

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Now on Sale at these Rogers Dealers:

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MORTGAGE SALE

There will be sold by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown, on Tuesday the twenty-seventh day of October A. D. 1931 at the hour of twelve o'clock noon ALL THAT tract piece or parcel of land situate lying and being at Southport on Lot Forty-eight in Queens County bounded and described as follows: that is to say: Commencing at a stake fixed in the west side of Hillsboro Street known as the Main Road from Southport Ferry to Georgetown in the south side of Wellington Street running thence along Wellington Street south fifty-five degrees west two hundred feet to the west side of Bannerman Street thence along the same northwestwardly one hundred feet to land sold to Patrick Grimes thence along the same south fifty-five degrees west to the bank or shore of Hillsboro River thence along the said river and the northern side of the north branch of Stewart Cove southerly, southeasterly and easterly to a stake in the west side of Hillsboro Street aforesaid and thence along the same northwest eight hundred and sixty-seven feet to the place of commencement being marked and distinguished on the plan of part of Southport made by Thomas W. May L. S. dated September 1903 as plots 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21 containing eleven acres and seventy hundredths of an acre a little more or less ALSO all that tract of land in said Township bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing on the east side of Hillsboro Street in the northwest angle of a plot of land formerly owned by the late John Ball now or formerly the property of Ignatius Roach and running thence along the said street northwest ninety-nine feet to a fence on the south boundary of land formerly owned or occupied by John Stewart thence along the same northeast two hundred feet or to the west boundary of the Aylward farm thence along the same southeast ninety-nine feet to the north boundary line of land of the late Ignatius Roach and thence along the same southwest to the place of commencement and being marked and distinguished on the said plan as plot number twenty-four and containing 46-100 (forty-six hundredths) acres more or less ALSO all that tract piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in said lot or Township Number forty-eight in Queens County bounded as follows: Commencing at a stake fixed in the west boundary line of the Aylward Farm in the southeast of the said plot of land formerly owned by the late John Ball formerly the property of the late Ignatius Roach and running thence along the said west boundary of the Aylward farm southeast one hundred and eighteen feet two inches or to the north boundary of land owned and occupied by Lemuel C. Owen thence along the same southwestwardly one hundred and two feet three inches to the east side of John Street thence along the same northwestwardly one hundred and twenty-seven feet nine inches to the south boundary line of property formerly owned by th late Ignatius Roach as aforesaid thence along the same northeastwardly one hundred and one feet three inches to the place of commencement being marked and distinguished on the said plan as Plot number 23 containing twnty-eight hundredths of an acre of land a little more or less the whole above described containing twelve acres and forty-four hundredths of an acre of land a little more or less and more particularly delineated and described on a plan annexed to a deed of conveyance made between James Brodgen and Mary Carolin Brogden and said Ignatius Roach ALSO all that tract piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number Forty-eight aforesaid bounded and described as follows, that is to say: All the right, title and interest Annie Irene Genge may have to the marsh lying along the northern side of the [illegible] thern branch of Stewarts Cove [illegible] mentioned ALSO all that other [illegible] piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot forty-eight aforesaid bounded as follows: that is to say: Commencing at the angle of the road leading from southport to Georgetown and of Beete's land on the northeast side of the said road thence northeastwardly for the distance of two hundred feet or to the property of John Aylward thence along the same southeastwardly for the distance of sixty feet thence southwestwardly for the distance of two hundred feet or to the road aforesaid leading from Southport and thence along the same northwestwardly sixty feet to the place of commencement.

This sale is made under and in pursuance of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage dated the 27th July 1927 made between Annie Irene Genge of Southport in Queens County Prince Edward Island of the one part and Alexander McIsaac of Southport aforesaid of the other part, default having been made in payment of interest. For particulars apply to Messrs. McLean and McKinnon, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

Dated this 23rd day of September A. D. 1931.

CATHERINE McISAAC,
Administratrix of the estate and effects of Alexander McIsaac deceased, the Mortgagee.

8903-24-31-Thur.

CASH BUSINESS

After giving the matter serious consideration I have decided it is impossible to continue doing business under the present Credit System. Therefore on and after Oct. 15th my books will be closed and no further credit given.

J. W. McEWEN,
Bristol, P. E. I.

9212-10-7-21.

FOR SALE

Farm 90 acres at Malpeque Road, Pleasant Valley, in high state cultivation. Dwelling and good outbuildings. Well watered. Mile and half from Bradalbane Station. Sell with or without crop. Apply owner

JOHN A. MacDONALD,
Box 163, Breadalbane.

9198-10-7-31.

"Seven towns, I believe, claimed Homes."

"Some of our citizens are wanted by more than that."

TENDERS FOR LAMBS

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked (Tender) will be received up to Thursday, October 15th at 8 P. M. for the lambs, fat sheep and canners of the Bloomfield Farmers Institute to be taken at Bloomfield the week beginning October 19th.

A certified cheque must accompany each tender to be returned in case of non-acceptance.

Not bound to accept the highest or any tender.

JAMES A. MacDONALD,
Secretary.

9226-10-8-21.

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