

At Home or Away
SHREDDED WHEAT
 For breakfast, lunch or supper -- on hot days especially -- with fruit and cool milk or cream. **Healthful!**
TRISCUIT - A Health Wafer of Whole Wheat, MADE AT NIAGARA FALLS - VISITORS WELCOME

FARM FOR SALE
AT ROSE VALLEY
 Farm consisting of 100 acres, 80 acres clear, balance under fire-wood, dwelling house and two barns. This property is of a high state of cultivation. Also an ideal Potato Farm, situated two miles from Bradabane Station, near to Church, School and Mills. For further particulars apply to
ADAM MacKENZIE,
 Bradabane, P. E. I.
 (Or Owner)
WALTER MacKENZIE,
 Kimberley, B. C.
 7573-9-5-51.

FOR SALE
RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY
 The beautiful residence of Mrs. Edwin Aitken, situated at 241 Euston Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
 Large House, hardwood floors throughout, hot water heating, all modern conveniences.
 Large lawn and garden.
 Size of Lot 88 ft. frontage by 350 ft. deep.
 Excellent location.
 Apply
THE EASTERN TRUST COMPANY
 154 Richmond Street,
 Charlottetown, P. E. I.
 7507-1-5-7.

AUCTION SALE
VALUABLE CITY PROPERTY
 To be sold by Public Auction at No. 89 Upper Prince Street, City, on Friday, the 14th September, inst., at 12.30 P. M., the valuable residence and premises of the late Major Even MacDougall.
 Property open for inspection daily.
 For particulars apply to
D. EDGAR SHAW,
 Solicitor for Estate.
BENJ. CARTER,
 Auctioneer.
 7592-9-6-1st41.

AUCTION SALE
 I will sell by Public Auction at the home of Hammond Harper, Mount Edward Road, on September 10th at 1.30 p. m., all his household furniture consisting of living room, dining room, bedroom and kitchen furniture, including a Willis Piano, Columbia Graphophone and records, Morris Chair, Kitchen Cabinet, Dishes, Base Burner, Sun Beam Oak Heater, Florence Three Burner Oil Stove with oven, Washing Machine and Wringer, Sewing Machine, Congoleum Rugs and Lhoteum, some Bedding, Carpenter Tools, 10 laying Hens, 23 Cockerals and Pullets, White Wyandottes, Ford Roadster, 1926 Model and other articles. (Too numerous to mention.) Sale positive as Mr. Harper is leaving Province. Terms cash. If not fine on date, sale will be on Wednesday 12th at same hour.
BENJ. CARTER,
 Auctioneer.
 7570-9-5-wfm41.

AUCTION SALE
 There will be sold by Public Auction on the premises on Friday, the seventh day of September at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, that desirable property having a front of eighty feet on King Street and extending from King Street to Dorchester Street with a large residence thereon being the property of the late Archibald McKinnon. This property is in good condition and is especially suitable for a boarding house or an apartment.
 At one o'clock of the same day there will be sold at the same premises all the household furniture of the late Archibald McKinnon consisting of 4 bedroom sets, dining room set, living room and parlour furniture, kitchen range and utensils, dishes, glassware, rugs, oil-cloth, also a large number of other articles too numerous to mention including several pieces of antique furniture.
 Inspection may be held on Thursday the 6th day of September. Terms at sale.
 For further particulars apply on the premises or to
MARK R. McGUIGAN,
 Solicitor
J. A. McDONALD,
 Auctioneer.
 7450-9-30-81.

A SUITOR TOO MANY
MILDRED BARBOUR

CHAPTER 55
 ONE OF THE LAST RESORTS

When Lila told Dorothy of Siddon's demands for more money, the latter, after a moment's troubled silence, said, with a shrug: "Well, there's always your uncle." "Uncle Dan?" said Lila in surprise. "But, worse luck, I haven't his address."

Dorothy laughed. "Darling, I don't mean your real uncle. I mean the one who sits all day under three little golden balls and waits for imprudent flies to blunder in." "A pawnbroker!" gasped Lila horrified. "Well, something has to be done. I'd help you out, if I could, but I can't spare another penny, honestly, Lila. I'm already way ahead of my income until next quarter."

"I know, Dot. You're an angel to have loaned me so much already. But a pawnbroker!" she repeated with a shudder. "And whatever for?" "To pawn your jewels and mine," said Dorothy calmly. "Oh, not yours, Dot."

Dorothy smiled slightly. "We'll need all we can lay our hands on, if we're to round up the amount your precious Siddons demands. You don't realize, Lila, how little you get when you pawn things." Lila sighed. "I suppose I'll have to do it. But how will I explain to Herbert, if he notices that I'm not wearing my jewelry?"

"You can buy a paste necklace that will resemble your pearls, if not too closely inspected. And, for the rest--well, you'll just have to pretend a sudden desire for simplicity. Then, of course, with the first money you get, you can redeem them."

"Dad always gives me a big check on my birthday," murmured Lila, "and that's only a month off. Dot, will you go with me to see this business through. I'd drop dead alone in a pawnshop."

"I'm not very crazy about them myself," shrugged Dorothy, "but--come along." They drove down-town in Dorothy's car, stopping at Lila's for her jewel-case. "I'd like to murder Siddons," declared Lila viciously, as she climbed back into the car, with the precious case tucked under her arm. "He escorted me to the door and smirked. I'll bet the wretch knows what I'm going to do."

Eats Dirt
GILLET'S LYE
CLEAR'S CHOKED DRAINS
CLEANS, DISINFECTS
REMOVES OLD PAINT
MAKES GOOD SOAP
 ETC.
 Always ask for
GILLET'S LYE

real life." Lila reminded her. When she ached home, she rang for Siddons and silently handed him a roll of bills. "And that is positively the last, Siddons," she said icily. He bowed deferentially. "Captain Farquhar is awaiting Madam in the small drawing-room."

Lila started. She had forgotten about tea. Wearily, and with an air of boredom, she went in to greet Jack. He wasn't in the best of moods. He'd been turning over in his mind his grievances against Lila, and he was being treated downright shabbily. Moreover, he'd happened to overhear some men in the lounge of his hotel discussing Herbert Ware, and their opinion seemed to place that gentleman in a most favorable and enviable light as a young financier.

"Herbert's voice came over the wire, after a few moments. It was stern and unfriendly. "I want to talk to you, Lila, on a most important matter. I shall be home in twenty minutes. Please remain in the house and try to get rid of any callers you may happen to have."

Lila hung up the receiver meekly. "That bill of Irene's! Of course, that is the important matter!" She shuddered. Farquhar was standing when she re-entered the drawing-room, his brows drawn together in a black frown.

"Well? And is this Ware chap accustomed to calling you up in his wife's home?" he demanded shortly. "Of course not! Well--that is--" faltered Lila, trying to cling, in some degree, to the truth. "Why shouldn't he give me a message for his wife?"

"Mrs. Ware is not at home?" "You mean D--" Lila caught herself up. "No, no, she's out!" Suddenly she realized the danger she was in. Even now, Herbert was on his way up-town. He would be home in twenty minutes. She must get rid of Farquhar. "I'll be glad enough when you come to redeem them. At any rate, this is enough to stop Siddons's mouth for the present."

The Last Post
 (BY RICARDO STEPHENS)
 A STORY OF EDINBORO CASTLE

This is the story, legend, myth, told in the barracks by Drummer Smith, Told in Auld Reekie, of Bugler Bain, To the patter and drip of the driven rain, While the March wind wailed like a wandering ghost, And just at the end came the long "Last Post."

If you could hear it as told by him 'Twould haunt you till death, Made your eyes grow dim, And if I could tell it as I was told You'd print it on parchment In lettered gold.

Story:-- The castle stood grey in the wan moonlight; Four bugles had sung to the stars, "Goodnight," And they echoed and sang thro' the old brown square, And whispered away on the ice-cold air.

Then up to the wall went Bugler Bain, And blew to the East thro' a port again. He leant and looked out to the frosty North, To the hills of Fife and the hidden Forth:

He turned to the East and he sniffed the sea, And swore: "Here's the pick o' the earth to me!" "I'd die without winking if once a year I knew I might play them the 'Last Post' here."

Or ever the swallows had crossed the East, Or the West wind whispered that Spring should be, An echo of war from the East was sent, And Eastward, far Eastward, the Bugler went.

He scarce had been tanned by the Eastern sun, He hardly had seen how a fight was won, When, straggling a bit on a long hot day, He came where the enemies' outposts lay--

Who caught him and bound him; And Bugler Bain, never again! Answered the roll-call, never again! They played with their knives till his blood ran cold; They promised him freedom and untold gold.

If, when the sound of their hidden tramp The sleepers awoke in the British camp, He'd send them confusion and head-long flight, By sounding "Retire" through the rocky night, A shimmer shone as the cold steel stirred--

The Bugler was daunted and pledged his word. That night, for the sentries the hours went by With never a sound but the wolf's howl down from the hillside, now here, now there, Now Northward, now southward, now everywhere, Wild faces peered down to the fire-lit plain, And death-ringed and frowning came Bugler Bain.

word And every bugler that bugle heard, But his stiff set face and staring eyes Had the haunting look of a man who dies!

The Guard-Bugler, stepping towards the wall, Saw That at his side, but heard no foot-fall; He blew through the port over Castle Hill, But he felt there was That at his elbow still, And he heard for every note he blew Instead of one bugle there sounded two!

Back to the guard-room four buglers went, Pale and dry-throated and ill-content; But Bugler Bain watched the lights of Leth and the Flash and Vanish at far Inch Keth; He went once more all the ramparts round, While the sentries shivered and heard no sound.

He harked to the breeze as it whispere by-- From the Pentland Hills came a curlew's cry-- Then he pointed his bugle to Prince's Street, And he walked thro' the darkness a last "Retreat," And up thro' the grandeur of Heav'n's high arch, Went Bugler Bain on his last long march.

All God's winds, and the wide world's weather, Met that March night and fought together-- Blinding snowstorm, sharp sleet and rain, Beat and battered on Bugler Bain; Now the mad lightning around him flashed, Now he stood stunned while the thunder crashed, A flaming comet rushed flickering by, And left him blinded and choked his cry;

Then up from the earth came a scolding gale, That caught him and carried him, breathless and pale, Where nothing there seemed, behind, before, But blackness and silence for evermore.

He gasped in the stillness and then he laughed, True thro' it all to his well-lov'd craft-- "Oh, this is the end of the world," said he, "The end o' my bugle, the end o' me!" "But give me a chance and I'll blow once more

"Where never a bugle was blown before." He lifted his bugle and raised his wake the dead! The darkness was cleft and the silence rang And back with his bugle the Bugler sprang; For where there was darkness there came a blaze, And trumpets rang out from a million ways.

Up thro' the vastness, pile upon pile, Glittered God's parapets many a mile; And the rush and the roar of the ranks that rose Was the sound of the storm when the West wind blows. Over the rampart a great voice cried: Strong as the sea in a full spring-tide: "Who is the Bugler that blows so late, Rousing the guard at the outer gate? Who is the braggart who comes so far, Startling our silence with sounds of war?"

Then each point answered and called again, Shouting in mockery, "Bugler Bain." The wind as it passed him stayed to jeer, The air grew dark with a nameless fear, Then all unbidden the swift word sprung From his trembling lips and babbling tongue-- "O, I was a sinner and lived in sin, Look to your gates and let me in."

There never had risen a word or thought In the Bugler's life, but returned unsought, And shapes that for years had been



YARDLEY'S
 Old English
LAVENDER SOAP
The Luxury Soap of the World
 Though exuberant youth and dignified age alike have exchanged the garden seat for the swift-travelled automobile, both still find loveliness in the refining purity of Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap. For 168 years Yardley's has brought satin smoothness to hands and faces--and has left the clinging, freshening touch of Lavender's lovable fragrance.
 \$1 per box of 3 large cakes at all best druggists and department stores.
YARDLEY, 8, New Bond Street, LONDON, England.
 Canada: 358-362, Adelaide Street, W., Toronto, 2, Ont.
 U.S.A.: Madison Square, New York.

underground Met him and mocked him and hedged him round. He thought he had shrieked with the damned for aye, Ere ever that laughter had died away-- He bent in the shadow of Hell's own gloom, And waited in silence to hear his doom.

But while he stood waiting, his grim wounds woke, And bled, and the blood as it issued spoke-- "There's many a hundred you scatheless live "To bless the alarm that he did give. "These wounds that bear witness and whence I drip touched his lip. "This Bugler tonight had been hale and whole, "Had he counted the cost to his perjured soul." It ceased, and the thunder rolled out again-- "Ho! Guard of the drawbridge, pass Bugler Bain!"

So Bugler Bain, with his bugle waits, Each night with the guard of the Outer Gates, Till up thro' the darkness he can hear Mounting and murmuring, faint, but clear, From the early spot that he loves the most, The lingering call of the long "Last Post." Then Bugler Bain blows a swift reply, And over the city the echoes fly.

But once a year on a mad March night, The Bugler returns to his old delight. For four men come out to the grey Crown Square, To join in the call of the "Last Post" there-- But five men are seen at the sergeant's word, Five bugles that night in the Square are heard--

FARM FOR SALE
 at Central Royalty, Queen's Co.
 The undersigned offers for sale her farm of 65 acres at Central Royalty 3 1/2 miles from Charlottetown, in high state of cultivation. Large dwelling house with outbuildings in good repair. Also Pigeon Ranch. An excellent farm for growing Seed Potatoes. Near Church and School. Possession given 1st November.
MacKINNON & McNEILL,
 Solicitors.
MRS. CLARA E. GRAY
 124 Water Street.
 7528-9-2-71.

NOTICE
 At a special meeting of the Retail Grocers of Charlottetown, called to discuss the SERIOUSNESS of the present credit system, it was unanimously agreed that some decided improvement in the manner of handling credit accounts must be adopted and adhered to, or else the credit stores will be forced to discontinue as such.
 It was therefore agreed that beginning September first, all accounts must be PAID IN FULL either weekly, fortnightly or monthly. We must pay our wholesalers in thirty days and in order to do this we are forced to adopt the plan as stated above.
 Groceries are sold on a very small margin of profit, and we are forced to give them the best possible service.
 We find that in this period of keen competition and small margins of profit that it is impossible to carry overdue accounts and extend long term credits.
T. L. SMITH,
F. N. KAY,
J. SHAMA,
THOMAS MICHAEL,
P. J. McDONALD,
W. H. JOHNSON,
A. E. NELSON,
W. J. BRAWDERS,
A. R. WISE,
COFFIN & CO.,
W. A. RIX,
MacKIE & CO.,
S. V. ACORN,
P. N. MANUEL,
ROWLAND L. DAY,
L. C. WORTHY,
BURHOE'S GROCERY,
R. T. WHITE,
HARRY D. CRAIG,
A. B. KIGGINS,
E. N. KAYS,
J. J. STOREY,
CUDMORE BROS.,
J. B. FLEMING,
C. C. TOMLINS.

VERY SARCASTIC
 Snail: They say the advent-year locusts are arriving. They're just over the hill.
 Ant: Well, hurry up. You might get there to see them the next time they come!

FOR SALE
 Residence. Modern Conveniences
 Apply 9 King Square
 7607-1f.

Huge Swordfish Is Caught
 BOSTON, Sept. 6 -- The schooner Oliva brought to Boston the largest swordfish seen here in many months. The high fish measured fourteen feet and its rapier was longer than a man's arm. The fish weighed 500 pounds, about double that of most of the big fish brought here.
 The Oliva took the fish on Brown's Bank, not far from the edge of George's shoal, after a furious battle. Numerous nicks in the big fish's rapier indicated many previous successful encounters with other monsters of the deep.

Parker House
 The Parker House is now ready to take permanent and transient boarders. The house has been completely remodelled and beautified. The table speaks for itself. Dinner parties and banquets a specialty. This house is located at 92 Kent Street, almost opposite City Hall.
 Hours for meals: Breakfast from 7:30 to 10:30, Dinner 12 to 2 o'clock, Supper 5:30 to 7 P. M.
 Proprietress,
MRS. M. J. MacKINNON,
 7609-9-7-31.