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NEW HAVEN W. I.

The monthly meeting of the New Haven Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Alton Newman on Wednesday, Sept. 11th. The meeting opened in the usual way, with the President, Mrs. Duncan Gas presiding.

Roll call was answered with a dime, which amounted to \$1.40. There was a donation from Mrs. MacDonald of \$1.00. Minutes were read and approved. Bills were presented and paid. There was a letter read pertaining to the orphanage collection, it was decided to give the same to each orphanage as other years. Mrs. Duncan Gas was appointed to get yarn to knit for both orphanages. "Thanks" was received from Mrs. Richard MacFie, Mrs. Duncan Gas and Mr. S. W. Colwill for fruit received.

New committees are as follows: Programme, Mrs. Clarence Prizzell and Miss Ella Boyle; Refreshments, Mrs. Michael Murphy, Mrs. Gus Tierney and Mrs. Lloyd MacKinnon. Next place of meeting at the home of Mrs. Leonard Willis. Roll call to be answered with 20 cents.

Collection for the evening amounted to 85 cents. Meeting closed with the "King" and a dainty lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by the committee in charge.

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## The Girl From The Double R

By **BETTY BLOCKINGER**

### CHAPTER II

He held her away for a moment. "Let this be a lesson to you," he chuckled. "Don't pick up chance strangers on a lonely prairie." His arms closed about her again, but not for long.

"Let this," said Rusty grimly, "be a lesson to you. The arms, Stranger Herb, are supposed to reach for the stars. There, that's more like it."

How thought Rusty wildly, could you keep a revolver in a man's midriff when it heaved with such convulsive laughter.

On a morning a few weeks later, Rusty stood on the ranch house veranda and watched the sun's approach over the Nopocos.

"Uncle Jed ambled out after her. 'What's for today?' he asked her.

"That southern slope must be spaded," Rusty began earnestly. "We have got to get our next vegetable crop in without—"

"Of all the daggummed foolish nonsense!" burst from the old man. "This thing o' turning a respectable cow ranch into a truck garden is the daggummed bimmedest—"

"Hold it," suggested Rusty, "and remember you're the fattest man on this spread. If we can't get the gasoline to get into town to buy the vegetables that aren't on the market any longer, just what are you going to use for food?"

"I'll eat Mexican beans, afore I'll lower myself to spading for spuds."

As Rusty rode on over the range, she told herself that he should not blame two men for leaving. How could they be expected to withstand the lure of high wages in war plants? And the Double R could not afford to pay such wages.

She could she blame Uncle Jed for wanting to sell the young stock for high prices. It was a temptation. But Ralph had said they must remain in their country—and they would do much more toward relieving the meat shortage if they sent their stock to the feeders before selling. Those young steers out there would triple in size, would mean three times the meat for consumption, after they'd been built up for the packers.

Yet this meant very little additional profit for the ranch.

"Get thee behind me, Uncle Jed," Rusty murmured, digging her heels into her pony's sides.

A tortuous path led up the sharp rise of the first Nopoco. The pinto, Babe, took it carefully, kicking rolling rocks from under her hoofs. She came out on a shelf.

And then her attention was diverted to the far north, where a smudge of smoke showed the location of the distant city. This turning of her thoughts to the red-headed stranger, Herb, of course, he might have come from some other city.

Suddenly Rusty stiffened. There to the north, near the road—those turkey hawks and buzzards wheeling. A cloud of them. Too many for a dead prairie dog or rabbit. And the stock—the stock huddled far from that spot. They were milling about in a tightly packed mass against the line fence.

Babe picked her way down the first rise carefully. Then, finding the soil beneath her, she stretched her legs and flew over the short green, her mistress straining forward as though she might have been carried away.

Rusty called out as she neared the milling mass of stock, and they lifted their white faces, only their ceaseless milling. "The last gate open, she rode in, circled them and drove them ahead to the gate. They poured through and, once through went lumbering on—south, she noticed.

Babe snorted, danced and turned her head. She backed and pranced, she cavorted and objected, and finally knowing it was useless to change the mind of her mistress, she proceeded with mincing steps toward the gate.

"Ah—Rusty breathed the word in shocked surprise.

"The herd was out on the feeders' trucks. Some of them would still be run up the tramway. But those there—"

"Why, that's queer. Why, I've never seen anything like this. Someone—someone has killed those and taken them."

Someone had come in, slaughtered the cattle and taken only the prime cuts. The rest lay there spilling under the sun.

Uncle Jed wouldn't believe it. He stomped around and defied Rusty. "Can't be," he rumbled. "Cattle don't get themself killed. Cattle Man wouldn't do a thing like that—no man."

"Uncle," Rusty said, "haven't you heard of black marketing? It's the same as bootlegging—run by gangsters. Gangsters use high-powered rifles and machine guns, don't they?"

"Bah!" snorted the old man. "This is the range, girl. Gangsters don't come outside city limits 'less they're run out. You hearn 'listen' to too many of them radio

dramas. Going out to take a look-see for myself."

He went to the door to bellow, "Manny!"

"Want me, Unc?" inquired a voice from behind the nearest divan, and a shock of dark hair followed by two dark eyes appeared over the back. "Say, Sis, honest, were they wanted in the movies? Say, can I go with you, Unc?"

"Ask your sister; she's boss around here," grumbled Jed Rowland. "Then get yourself out and whistle up Sudan."

"Let the boy go," Mrs. Rowland, coming in, sank heavily into a chair. "Now, Rosalynn, tell me everything from the beginning. I do wish your father were here," she sighed as her brother-in-law went out. "We need a man to handle this. I think we'd better telephone Decker and see what he says."

Rusty would have preferred to call the sheriff. All the ranches should be warned, and he was the one to do it. But her mother insisted that she phone Ladue Decker.

She went to the hall phone, three short and one long turn of the handle. As she picked up the receiver she could hear other voices being lifted all along the line. If she wanted to warn her neighbors, all she had to do was to tell Ladue what had occurred.

"Tell Ladue to come over," ordered her mother from the other room. "Don't go telling him things over the phone; have the whole county in on us for dinner. And with rationing—and Conchita acting the way she is—I couldn't face it."

"Hello, hello," came the sharp voice of Ladue's mother.

"This is Rusty, Mrs. Decker; is Ladue there?"

"He's about somewhere. What are



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**TOOL SHORTAGES PLAGUE INDUSTRY**

LONDON, Sept. 24 — (CP)—Shortages of skilled labor, iron castings, electric motors and various components is causing a reduction in output of the machine tools industry, vital to reconstruction and modernization of industry.

Production in the second quarter of this year was at an annual rate of £16,500,000 compared with £18,250,000 in the first quarter and £21,500,000 last year.

Orders are coming in faster than deliveries are leaving the plants and some manufacturers do not promise delivery within a year.

**GULLIBLE AMERICANS FETE VILLAGE YOUTHS**

LAGOS, Nigeria, Sept. 24 — (CP)—Imaginative African village boys, capitalizing on American regard for exotic titles, are living the life of Riley in the United States on the strength of nothing more than an assumed princely rank, a convincing tale of fabulous wealth and a European-made suit.

West African villages have heard with amusement and delight of the educated village youths who attended banquets in Washington, kept notable citizens waiting and wore stove-pipe hats at the table like crowns.

An enterprising young Nigerian who recently visited America, coaxed himself the title of "Prince," claimed to be ruler of the "Kingdom of Nnewi," and gave an interview to Afro-American magazine.

In the interview the "Prince" said his family had ruled for 600 years, during which time they had produced 13 kings. Both his father and grandfather were said to have had nearly 500 wives, and the daily cost of supporting the household was in the region of £1,000 (\$4,000). The father's fortune was estimated at £125,000,000.

This may have been news in America, but it was a well-known fact to those who knew the prince's father as the headman in a small Ebo village in the Onitsha Province, paying less than £3 per annum tax, and living in a mud hut, the report caused either mirth or indignation.

For the Onitsha Province is intensely democratic, and with very few exceptions, no chief exists. A headman is a village councillor, and elected by vote.

His duties consist of petty village administration which is discussed with the district officer, and limited powers in cases of native law and custom.

The possessions of the average headman are a handful of goats

**VEGETABLE GROWERS FINED**

For violating the Farm Products Grades and Sales Act, L. Bellomo, Bradford; S. Derhack, Bradford; B. Kolodziejczyk, Bradford; and John Holowach, R. R. 2, Newmarket, all in Ontario, were recently found guilty in Police Court at Bradford and Newmarket, Ont., and fined from \$15 to \$40 each with costs.

The charges were for overcharging or misrepresenting the contents of the container by placing better quality produce on the top. An additional charge of breaking detention was laid against S. Derhack.

The charges were laid by inspectors of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, acting for the Ontario Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

**POISON ANTIDOTES**

Regarding the labelling of poisons and their antidotes in pest control, the regulations under the Pest Control Products Act prescribe that products containing a poisonous amount of any substance must be labelled legibly and indelibly with the name of the poisonous substance together with the skull and crossbones symbol, and the words in capital letters "Call a Doctor in Case of Accident," and also the antidote for the poison as approved by the Department of Penitents and National Health.

Details are given as to what to do in the case of poisoning. A copy of the regulations may be obtained by writing to the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

**U. K. NOW IMPORTS CANADIAN HONEY**

Canadian honey, to the extent of 500,000 pounds may be exported to the United Kingdom, the import having been approved by the British Ministry of Food. Of this quantity, 250,000 pounds should be shipped in one-pound consumer containers and 250,000 pounds in bulk imports into the United Kingdom are authorized under licence confined to the members of the Honey Importers and Packers Association having previous experience in the Canadian honey trade. The members are expected to communicate with firms that supplied this market before the war. Export permits from Canada, issued by the Export Permit Branch, Department of Trade and Commerce, are required.

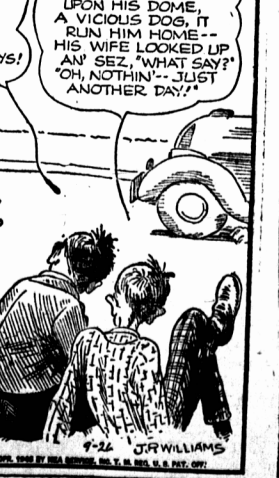
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