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Passport Photos

163 GREAT GEORGE STREET

**Legislative Assembly**  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Rules. Relating to Private Bills

36. All petitions for Private Bills must be presented within fourteen days after the commencement of the session exclusive of adjournment.

37. No Private Bill shall be brought into the House, but upon a petition first presented, truly stating the case at the peril of the suitors for such Bill and such petition must be signed by the said parties.

38. A committee shall be appointed at the commencement of every Session consisting of five members of whom three shall be a quorum, to be denominated The Private Bills Committee to whom shall be referred every Private Bill and no proceedings after the first reading shall be had upon such Bill until such Committee has reported thereon to the House.

39. So soon as the Committee has reported any Bill, such Bill together with any amendments that may be suggested by the Committee, shall be printed at the expense of the parties who are suitors for such Bill and printed copies thereof delivered to the members before the second reading if deemed necessary by the Committee.

40. No Bill for the particular interests of any person or persons Corporation or Corporations or body or bodies of people shall be read a second time and all fees be paid for the same into the hands of the Clerk of the House.

41. No bill having for its object the vesting in or conferring upon any person or persons Municipality or Body corporate the title to any tract of land shall be received or read in the House unless at least four weeks notice containing a full description of the land in question has been published in the Royal Gazette and one other newspaper in this province of the intention of such person or persons Municipality or body Corporate to apply for such Bill.

H. E. DAWSON,  
Clerk Legislative Assembly  
November 16th, 1925.  
6191-11-23 Mon 4.

**FOXES FOR SALE**

The balance of the Foxes in the Mass Ford Farm ranch, Mount Edward Road will be sold by private sale from next morning. Any Foxes not sold by private sale within the next ten days, will be killed.

For full particulars to parties interested will see Mr. J. E. Newsom, care Peter Newsom, Brighton, Charlottetown.  
6042-11-14-121.

**FOR SALE**

Farm at Long Creek, consisting of 40 acres of good land. Handy school, churches and shipping.  
LEONARD GARDINER,  
Long Creek  
5992-11-11 wfm 121.

**Tenders for Purchase Farm and Potato House**

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon December 1st, 1925, for the purchase of a 135 acre farm, 100 acres in high state of cultivation, balance good growth timber situated half mile from Kinkora Station. Also a three quarter interest in a frost proof Potato Warehouse of 40,000 bushel capacity located on railway siding at Kinkora. Tender may state price of both or separately. For particulars apply to W. J. Reid, Middleton or the undersigned.  
PHOENIX FARMING COMPANY,  
Charlottetown  
6031-11-13 wfm 81.

**Canada Steamship Line Ltd**

S. S. HITHERWOOD AND S. S. CEUTA  
Montreal Charlottetown St. John's

Leave Montreal	Arrive Charlottetown and leave for St. John's
S. S. "Hitherwood" November 17th	November 21st
S. S. "Peveril" November 21st	November 25th
S. S. "Ceuta" November 28th	December 2nd.

For space and rates apply

CARVELL BROS., Agents

**The Iron Horse**  
BY EDWIN C. HILL

(Continued)

While the major decision was forming at headquarters, the depleted crews, only skeletons of the big gangs that should have been strung out for half a mile along the prairie, kept the rails moving. The loyal ones were the pick of the force, ex-soldiers of the Blue or Gray, practically a man; men with pride in their labor and an American enthusiasm to win against odds. Such men were Pat Casey, late corporal; Slattery, the big sergeant; old Herman Schmitz, typical of the competent, industrious and true-hearted Germans who came to America in large numbers in the late forties to escape the persecution and intolerance of the iron-handed Hohenzollerns. They and their kind, hardly half of the full crew, toiled doubly to keep the road advancing, while the majority milled in the streets of Julesburg, crowding around loud-mouthed agitators who shrieked about the rights of the honest working man and the tyranny of capital, when not soaking themselves with fiery whiskey of the innumerable gin mills.

"Sure an' I would like to drive this wild man company of the old Forty-fourth," said Casey. "I would be no murder at all. Dogs they are, and as dogs they should be treated. If the matter were left to me, I would charge them with the bayonet," he concluded blood-thirstily.

"They're dirty scents," said the sergeant, "but there's nawthin' to be done with the loikes av thim." He shook his grizzled head disgustedly and walked back to his gang. Pat climbed upon a freight car and sat dangling his legs over the side. He started to light his old clay pipe, gazing off into space as he applied the fire. Such persons as might have been refreshing their eyes with the sight of Mr. Casey would have seen him stiffen, drop the pipe and swiftly dot his breast with trembling fingers. To any such the impression would have been conveyed that a ghost had risen within the range of his bulging eyes. His lips moved in ancient incantation.

Toward the railroad, striding briskly, came a tall figure, head thrown back, face alert. A loud "Hello!" across the wind, lifted the shovellers and the spikers from their work. Casey slid to the ground and raced forward. And the expression of Mr. Casey was that of one who had had to see a miracle. Twice he opened his mouth to call out but the speech jammed in his working throat. Finally he got it out words tumbling wild, Celtic whoops of joy.

"Be the glory of God, 'tis the bye! Davy! It's kilt ye were, entirely!" He pounded Brandon ecstatically.

**AUCTION SALE**

I will sell for Ashford Andrews at his premises, North Milton, on Wednesday, December 2nd at One P. M. Sharp the following Stock and Crops:

Sixteen head of cattle comprising two cows to freshen soon, one to freshen in January, six to freshen next Spring, one farrow cow, two two year old steers, one year old heifer, one year old steer, two calves, three pure bred Yorkshire cows, six summer pigs, five fat pigs. Also nine pure bred Cheviot sheep and one ram, three Grade sheep, two hundred bushels mixed grain, one hundred bushels red potatoes, three hundred bushels turnips.

Terms—All sums of \$10.00 or under cash, over that amount twelve months credit on approved joint notes, 6 per cent off for cash Sale positive. No reserve.

ALEXANDER McRAE,  
Auctioneer.  
6220-11-24 tsm 51.

**Annual Meeting**

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Premier Silver Black Fox Co., Ltd. will be held in the Hall at Beedee, P. E. I on Tuesday, December 1st, 1925.  
THOMAS, MOYSE,  
Sec'y. Treas.  
6238-11-25 M 71.

**POULTRY NOTICE**

Ship your live and dressed poultry to the Harris Abattoir Co., and receive highest market prices. If you reside West of Summerside send your poultry to our Branch at O'Leary, thereby, saving freight and shrinkage. Be sure and write for our quotations before disposing of your stock.

The Harris Abattoir Co., Limited,  
CHARLOTTETOWN  
6247-11-25 M 71.

**King Cole TEA**  
FULL OF QUALITY  
"You'll like the flavor"

holding him off at arm's length studying him.

"It's me, all right, Pat," said Davy. "I fell half way to China, but my good angel slipped a tree under me. So here I am. I'll tell you all about it later on. But I can't wait now, Pat. I bring big news."

He threw a glance around, amazement in his blue eyes.

"What's this mean, you're building south—of the old line?"

"We are headin' for Smoky River," said Pat. "Th' superintendent gave the orders this mornin'."

"Sublimic to change, Mr. Casey," he says. "Th' deal has not been closed intirely," he says, "but we must waste no time," he says. "Ginral Dodge is certain to approve. I have it to ye, Mr. Casey."

"But I don't understand," said Brandon. "Mr. Jesson returned, of course."

"He did," said Pat. "Bad cess to him! I could never stand the airs and graces of that man. Back he comes, with word that there's no pass in the hills. Th' superintendent, with a face like he'd lost his bist friend, sees there's nawthin' to do but turn south."

Brandon's face hardened. The observant Casey saw his eyes go frosty with anger, saw his mouth straighten, saw him tighten like a spring.

"I knew I smelled a rat," said Pat. "What's trouble?"

"Jesson is a liar and worse," Davy shot out. "The pass is there. We climbed to the top of the gorge. As I was going down in a rope to test the rock wall, the rope broke and dropped me a mile or two. If I hadn't landed in a bit tree, I'd have smashed like an egg."

"Broke, did it now?" said Pat. "I hope so," said Brandon. "But Pat, I've got to get to town as quick as I can move. Have you got a handcar here?"

"We have nawthin' but superoior hand cars," said Mr. Casey, eagerly. "Th' messin' and the sargin' will pump ye to the Gomoorah of creation."

They flung eastward with such notable man-power that they rattled into Julesburg within an hour and a half. Brandon leaped from the car and ran toward headquarters. He burst in like a bombshell and no bomb could have created a greater explosion. General Dodge, Marshal Jesson and Deroux were sent over the long table spread with survey maps. They turned, straightening in amazement. The general waited immovably, silent, not quite understanding. Marsh came forward with outstretched hands, gathering Davy to him as he would have embraced a son. Deroux's face was like a madman's working with insensate fury. Jesson stood with every drop of blood seceded from his face.

Always direct, Davy plunged a rauntled hand into the bosom of his buckskin shirt, torn and ripped, withdrew a roll of paper and lay it upon the table.

"There's your pass, Mr. Marsh. There's a rough map, with my field notes."

General Dodge spread out the maps and notes, ran through them swiftly and turned to Marsh.

"Exactly," he burst forth, "just about where I believed it should be. Young man, you have performed a notable service. You will not find us ungrateful. But there's something here that needs clearing up. Mr. Jesson! You were with this young man. You returned with the positive assertion that there was no pass. Does this mean that the discovery was made after you left him, thinking he had been killed?"

"It means," said Brandon, in a low voice that vibrated like humming wires, "that Mr. Jesson is a liar and a scoundrel—traitor to the road!"

Jesson covered the two yards between them at a bound, aiming a swinking blow at Brandon. It went home, jarring Davy. Marsh pinioned Jesson's arms as Davy recovered himself, rigid with anger.

"Explain!" snapped Dodge.

"He's a lying knave," said Jesson. "He knows there is no pass. He wants to discredit me. He has a personal reason, this squaw man!"

"Mr. Jesson is right," cried Deroux. "There's no pass in that country. This fellow's a crook. He's lying to serve his own ends!"

"Silence!" ordered the General. "Or get out of this office!"

"I am speaking the truth," said Davy. "I guided this man to the pass. He was too damned cowardly to examine it himself, and I had to go down into the gorge. The rope broke—maybe it broke. It's a queer looking break, Jesson. I took the trouble to go all the way around and climb back to where that loose end dangled. There isn't a sign of where a rock edge might have weakened it. What's more, I found my hatchet where you must have dropped it. What was my hatchet doing out of the pack where I left it?"

"Go on," said the General.

**The Golden Fleece**  
COLOR CUT-OUTS



**RESOLVES TO GAIN THRONE.**

This is the second day's chapter of the famous story of "The Golden Fleece." Children who follow this story and cut out the paper dolls every day will have a complete set of Golden Fleece dolls.

Now when Jason became a young man he heard for the first time how he was a prince royal and how his father, King Aeson, had been killed by a certain Pelius who stole the throne and would also have killed Jason had he not been hidden in the Centaur's cave. Jason being a brave lad, determined to set all this to rights. To finish the wicked Pelius and to cast him from the throne which was rightfully his own.

So with this intention Jason took a spear in each hand and set out for the kingdom of Iolchos, which you will remember was the kingdom of which his father had been king.

(Color Jason's smock tan and his loak and sandals brown. Tomorrow the costume in which he sets out on his mission will appear.)

"I fell and this hound ran away," Davy went on. "He thought I was smashed. No wonder. One chance in a million saved me. The rope gave way gradually, slowing up the last strands let go I lit in a tree-top. If it was an accident, why didn't he work around into the pass?"

"You are sure about the pass?" asked General Dodge. "You could not be mistaken?"

"No doubt in the world, sir. I had my father's opinion about it, fifteen years ago, and my dad was a good engineer. He knew."

"That settles it," said the General. "Mr. Jesson, the Union Pacific has no further use for you. If Mr. Brandon cares to prosecute you for attempted murder we will stand back of him."

"I don't think it could be proved," said Davy, "but I will take care of this rat."

"As for you, Mr. Deroux," General Dodge resumed, "the evidence of collusion between you and this discredited engineer is sufficiently plain. I tell you now that the Union Pacific will not run within a hundred miles of your lands. There is no necessity for further conference. Good day, sir!"

"Don't be too sure about that!" cried Deroux. "You and your damned railroad will be coming to me yet, whining for help. You'll pay, loo! You're not lording it over slaves in uniform now. I run this country and I'll open hell before you run it!"

"You will leave this office within ten seconds, or I will have you thrown out!" said General Dodge. Deroux staggered out of headquarters, Jesson at his heels.

"I'll see you at Haller's in half an hour," said the engineer.

"I don't give a damn if I never see you again," snarled Deroux. "You've made a sweet mess of it. This country will be too hot to hold you!"

"You're excited," said Jesson. Deroux spat contemptuously and turned down the street. Jesson went straight to the private car, his mind whirling with schemes. What was the best tack to take? The Smoky River plan was done for. Ruby? He wanted her but he wanted no wife without money. Marriage between him and Ruby was impossible. What could he do with Miriam? After what had taken place in headquarters could he hope to make her believe him? Yet she was a loyal little soul. He believed he could work upon her sympathies. It was worth trying. Straight to her he went and fell into a chair. She saw his white, drawn face.

"Peter, what is it?"

"I am in deep trouble, Miriam. I have come to you for help. Brandon is back. Yes, he's alive, quite all right."

(To be continued)

**PA'S EXEGESIS**

Sunday school teacher—I hope, Johnny, that you are prepared with your lesson. What does the passage "Man is as the grass" mean?

"Johnny—I asked pa, and he said he guessed it must refer to ma's folks, 'cause they come up in the spring and stay all summer."

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**EATING WITH BRITISH ROYALTIES**  
BY A LADY OF THE COURT  
(EDITED BY ELIZABETH CRAIG)

These recipes are taken from the old household "Scrap Book" started by Queen Victoria in 1831. To this book various members of the Royal Family have contributed directions for the preparation of their favorite dishes. Contrary to general belief, the meals of the British Royal Family are not elaborate. The recipes can be utilized by any Canadian housewife.

**A SUPPER DISH 210 YEARS OLD**

Half-boil cockscombs, as many as you will, open them with care, using the point of a knife. Take the white flesh of fowl, as much as you can get, and cut it into small pieces, and mix with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg, and mix with yolks of eggs and fill the cockscombs with the mixture, and stew in a little excellent meat juice or gravy for 1/2 hour along with some freshly gathered mushrooms and half as many pickled mushrooms. Beat up the yolks of one or two eggs, add to the gravy, stirring it constantly till thickened.

**SOUFFLE OF CHICKEN.**

(As cooked for Princess Louise) (Duchess of Argyll.) Strip from the bones the whole meat of a chicken and pass it twice through a mincer, then pound in a mortar. Now rub through a sieve in order to separate all gristle and fibres. Add 2 or 3 beaten eggs, and 3 tablespoons fresh thick cream and mix well together. Season all with pepper and salt, and pour gently into a buttered mould and steam for 20 minutes.

**PISH PASH**

A large boiling fowl; 1/2 teacupful of rice; Pepper and salt; A blade of mace. Put half the fowl into spring water, about a quart, boil till the

**FOOLISH**

"Do you smoke tobacco in your pipe?"

"Ever hear of anyone smoking anything but tobacco?"

"Well, I have an uncle who smokes ham."

**WHAT IS HOME**

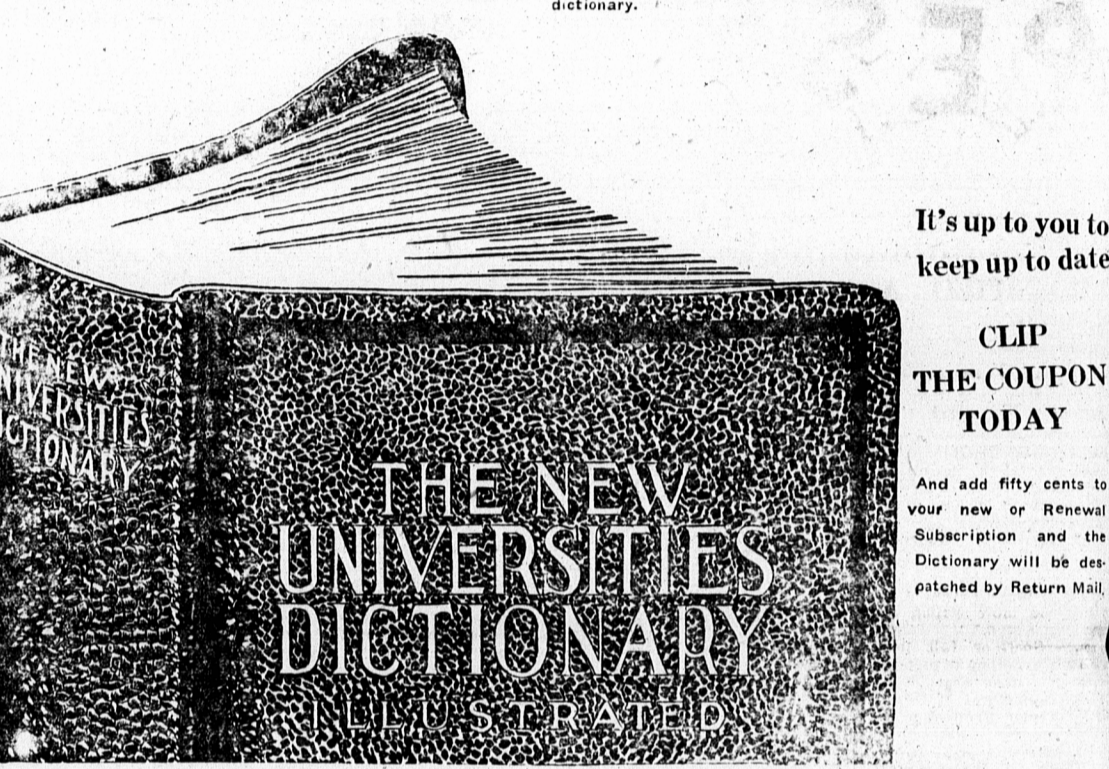
**Without a New Dictionary**

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

**The Charlottetown Guardian**

**This Dictionary of Dictionaries**

is entirely new: Enlarged vocabulary—modern—accurate—authoritative; clear type—self pronouncing; flexible textile leather seal grained binding, soft and pliable, making it easier to handle; stamped in gold, red edges; durable and complete in every detail of modern book making.



**MR. JAMES McKENNA**

The vicinity of Head of Hillsboro was more than shocked on Nov. 7th to hear that one of their best neighbours, James McKenna, had passed to his eternal rest.

The deceased who was seventy-six years of age, was never known to complain of sickness until about six months ago, when he was stricken with an attack of heart trouble and although all medical aid was given him, yet he never seemed to regain his usual health.

Being of a cheerful and witty disposition he was loved by all who had the pleasure of being acquainted with him and he will always be considered as one of the best citizens of the community.

During his illness he was frequently visited by his pastor, Rev. Joseph Rooney, P. P., who also administered to him the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church. He leaves to mourn besides a sorrowing widow, two sons and six daughters.

The funeral which was one of the largest ever seen in Morell Parish took place on Sunday, Nov. 8th at St. Joseph's Church and the body was laid to rest in the adjoining cemetery.

The pallbearers were Messrs. Albert Jardine, Urban Bambrick, George Rattray, James Elworth, Joseph Egan, Frederick Jardine.

May his soul rest in peace.  
(Patriot please copy)

**CHEKYNS IN SAUCE.**

To dight chekyns in sauce take a whole chekyn—if for a common chopped, if for a lord use the whole chekyn—and boll in sweet broth of beef (good stock) with a quantity of wyne, and when the chekyn be cooked enough tak out of ye pot and bette the yolkes of many eggs hard-boiled in a mortar with sage to taste, and parsley and along with good wyne. Drain through a fine hair sieve and put thereto poultice of cloves, sugar, canelles, and a little venizer, and salt to taste, colour it with saffron. Then couche the chekyn on a dish and put the cryup in dyshes and serve it with the chekyn.

Note.—Taken from the old cookery book belonging to the Princess, dated 1550.

**CANADA SPENDS MORE ON COSMETICS, CANDY THAN IN BUYING BOOKS**

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 27.—Canada's rank in the world of books, was the subject with which Dr. O. D. Skelton, under-secretary of state for external affairs, dealt at the monthly meeting of the University Women's Club of Ottawa.

"Although," said the speaker, "there is danger in this continual dragging of the public into the ring a certain slogan for each week of the year, yet I believe it is not altogether a bad idea to have a book week."

"Shameful statistics tell us," continued Dr. Skelton, "how much more money we spend on lipsticks, chewing gum and hockey games than on books."



**BRITISH FASCIS TI IN COURT**

Three of the men charged with raiding a van containing communist literature recently, in London. One wears the regulation black shirt of the Fascist.