

Gentlemen!
—it removes dandruff
also grows hair and keeps
it in place.

7 Sutherland Sisters
HAIR GROWER

Ladies!
—it grows hair and
imparts lustre.

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist



Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on packages or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product. Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Earache, Pain, Pain, Neuralgia, Migraine, etc. Bayer Tablets of Aspirin only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark registered in Canada of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic-acidester of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Canadian National Railways

CHANGE IN TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN SUMMERSIDE & TIGNISH.

Effective Monday, Dec. 3rd, No. 4 train shown in Time table as leaving Tignish at 10 a. m. will leave at 7.30 a. m. and arrive at Summerside at 10.40 a. m. instead of 1.10 p. m. Train No. 211 will leave Summerside at 1.00 p. m. instead of 12.30 and arrive at Tignish at 6.40 p. m. instead of 6.10. DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT'S OFFICE. 517-11-27-101.

REWARD!

\$5.00 will be given for the return of 1-200 ft. Oxygen cylinder No. 16768 and 1—Prest-O-Lite Tank No. 23228, these cylinders were last used by Rev. Fred M. Clay for operating a lantern at a lecture some where near Mt. Stewart.

BRUCE STEWART & CO., LTD. 151-12-3-51.

The Rogers - Paton Silver Black Foxes Limited

The Annual Meeting of The Rogers-Paton Silver Black Foxes Limited, will be held in the W. K. Rogers Company, Limited, Office, 94 Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, on Tuesday, December 11th at 2 p. m. W. K. ROGERS, Secretary-Treasurer 556-11-28,30,35,7,1061.

Please Notice

As I am going out of business I request my customers to settle their accounts before January 1st. Positively no credit given after this date. This will benefit all. Everything will be cheaper for cash. L. ANDERSON, St. Peter's Bay 252-11-14-ws61.

LIVE STOCK

Alfred Moreside, O'Leary, 1 Ayrshire Bull 6 years. Earl Ings, Mt. Herbert, 4 Oxford Ram lambs. Earl Ings, Mt. Herbert, 1 Oxford Yearling. Earl Ings, Mt. Herbert, Yearling and aged ewes. John McKinnon, Grandview, 1 Holstein Bull, 3 years. Albert Younker, Winsloe, 1 Shorthorn bull 2 years. Harry G. Reid, Murray Harbor North, 1 Oxford Down ram 4 years. H. E. Coffin, Frenchfort, 1 Do. set Horn ram, 4 years. H. E. Coffin, Frenchfort, 2 Ram lambs. James McPhail, Cornwall, 1 Holstein bull 4 years. Bruce F. Judson, Beaton's Mills, 1 Yorkshire Boar 7 months. J. S. Cairns, Dunstaffnage, 1 Ayrshire Cow 3 years. C. M. Arsenault, Abram's Village, 1 Hampshire Down ram yearling. C. M. Arsenault, Abram's Village, 3 Hampshire Down ram lambs. Fred Godfrey, Suffolk, 1 Berkshire boar 8 months. Edwin Reid, Rollo Bay, 2 Ayrshire bull calves, 2 months. Edwin Reid, Rollo Bay, 2 Ayrshire bull calves 2 months. Edwin Reid, Rollo Bay, 2 Ayrshire heifers 2 months. Clayton Morrison, Tryon, 6 Yorkshire Pigs, 6 weeks. W. G. Darke, Bloomfield, 2 Guernsey Bulls 3 years and 8 months. Peter Holland, Fort Augustus, 1 Ayrshire Bull 5 years.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

The Middle Ground

By Marion Rubinoam.

AMY WRITES JORDAN

Chapter 43

Amy Talbot made her decision. Without knowing it, it was the first really independent action she had taken for many years. Before a problem was solved by precedent—Jordan's mother, her mother, the neighbors, custom, had done the thing so, and Amy did it so! Or Jordan decided for her. And Jordan's word was always law. Somehow it never occurred to Amy that anyone would oppose a contrary will to Jordan's. Young Amy was the first, when she flatly refused to return home at her father's order.

Amy's mother knew now that Jordan could be defied—or, at least, disagreed with. She went over to the desk in the living room—a kitchen-table enamelled black and painted with tiny Chinese figures in blue, gilt and coral by an artist friend of the family. A row of books sat against the wall, on a shelf above was another row—helping disguise the origin of the desk. A blotting pad of coral color with bright lacquered tin edges, given by Claire, completed the disguise. It was a gay and frivolous desk from which to write a serious letter.

And its ultra-modernism was in strange contrast with the quaint, bent old figure which sat before it. Amy picked up the pen, a long, green quill which little Amy used a full two feet long, whose length helped her write the splashing, scrawling handwriting she was adopting.

It was impossible to write a serious letter, or a meek and dutiful letter, with such a pen. It was meant to send out invitations to tea, to write acceptances for theatre parties, and for nothing more sober than that.

Yet Mrs. Talbot wrote a serious letter, surrounded by examples of Amy's frivolity, Jane's modern philosophy and Luther's pipe.

"My dear husband," she began, that seeming a dutiful way of opening a letter. "I am sorry you feel the way you write. I can't go back just yet. Maybe by and by, but not now."

There was a pause, while she read over what she had written. The long quill made writing hard and she was not an experienced writer.

"I know where my duty is, and it's here. Amy is too pretty to leave alone in a city of strange men. A lot come around after her now and I don't like them all. And Jane has more ideas now than when she was home, and Luther ain't happy. I hear from the neighbors that you are well looked after."

"Anyway, you want me to come back to a freezing cold house, after I've been in a comfortable one."

She paused awhile, contrasting the two places. At home in the winter they cooked, washed, ate

OH, SUCH A HEADACHE!

Every now and again don't you get one of those fearful headaches that drive you to do anything to get relief? Remember, though, it's a mistake to just "smother" the pain without removing the cause.

Nearly all headaches have their beginning in the stomach, liver or bowels, and the best remedy is Chamberlain's Tablets, which tone the liver, sweeten the stomach and cleanse the bowels. This not only cures the headache but prevents its return.

At all dealers 25c or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

and sat in the kitchen, where the kitchen stove kept the air more than warm. The other rooms were cold, the bedroom seemed particularly icy when, shivering, she slipped off only part of her clothes and rolled herself into a flannel nightgown, to keep off the freezing touch of the sheets.

Here her room, though scarcely larger than the couch she slept upon, was warm in an instant when she turned on the radiator!

"I've never told you all this, but I'm going to now," the pen scratched on, as Amy grew eloquent under a sudden sense of her wrongs.

"But you've been too mean to pay for enough coal to heat the house with stoves, much less put in a system that would heat from a cellar. You wouldn't even put a boiler on the kitchen stove, so I could have hot water for washing."

"You wouldn't put in a bathroom or any sort of plumbing to make the work easier; you wouldn't even buy me a washing machine. They ran the wires for electricity, as far as the Rowlands and it wouldn't have cost much to carry them on to our place, but you wouldn't spend that."

Amy was writing fast, her mouth set in a tight line, teeth biting her lower lip, as the sense of her wrongs began to come over her!

"You've been so mean and narrow your children have turned against you. They're going to the other extreme just because, like other people, they're contrary. We're all contrary. So am I."

"But I'm doing this for you, as well as for myself. I'm staying here saving your children. I've got to stay, and you've got to see that I'm not asking for money, what you gave me when I came the children made me spend for clothes—the first clothes, Jordan Talbot, you've bought me for many a year. Luther is supporting me, and helping support his sisters too. He's a fine, generous boy, and he doesn't get his generosity from the Talbot's, either."

"I'll come back but I'll wait until Jane settles down a little, and Amy has someone to look after her—and I'll wait until the farmhouse is livable, too."

She read this over, wishing she had put it more strongly. Then she signed herself, with no sense of the incongruity.

"Your dutiful wife."
And she sealed the envelope.

"Hello, mother, said Amy from the doorway. "I'm going to give a party tonight."

Tomorrow—Two Sisters

One step won't take you very far. You've got to keep on walking: One word won't tell folks who you are.

You've got to keep on talking: One inch won't make you very tall. You've got to keep on growing: One little ad won't do it all. You've got to keep them going.

Secret Of His Success

One of the most noted, successful and richest men in this country in a recent article said: "Whatever I am and whatever success I have attained in this world I owe it all to my wife. From the day I first knew her she has been an inspiration and the greatest helpmate of my life."

Health is the first essential of every woman who wants to be a successful wife to hold the love and admiration of her husband. If a woman finds her energies flagging and dark circles appearing under her eyes, she has backache, headache, nervousness and "the blues," she should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the medicine which holds the record of helping 98 out of every 100 women who try it. There is nothing better.

DESIRABLE PROPERTY For Sale or To Let

Property situated at St. Avaris, consisting of dwelling house, barn, and orchard. Must be disposed of at once. No reasonable offer refused. Apply 227 Grafton St. 116-12-6-61.

CLEARANCE SALE

Farm, stock, crop and implements on the premises of H. J. McClure, Brackley Pt. Road on Wednesday, December 12th at 12 o'clock sharp. See handbills. Sale positive. 203-12-15-5wfm31.

BLACK OXEN

Published by arrangement with Associated First National Pictures, Inc. Watch for the screen version produced by Frank Lloyd with Corinne Griffith as Countess Zattiany.

At a first night performance in New York a beautiful young woman attracted attention by rising and leisurely surveying the audience through her glasses. Clavering, a newspaper columnist, and his cousin, Dinwiddie, are particularly interested. Dinwiddie declaring she is the image of Mary Ogen, a belle of thirty years ago, who had married a Count Zattiany. He is convinced that this is Mary's daughter, but all efforts to establish her identity prove futile.

Clavering finally manages to meet her, and she tells him she is the Countess Josef Zattiany, a cousin of Mary Ogen's and had married a relative of Count Zattiany. Mrs. Oglothepe, having offered her box, Clavering invites Mary to attend the opera with him one evening. Her appearance there in the Oglothepe box, regally gowned and the syncope of all eyes, is somewhat in the nature of a challenge to her love of society which she realizes the time has come to question her credentials, and clear up the mystery. She promises Clavering she will reveal her secret to him the following Saturday night.

so far disapproved of the new fashion in girls, however, that she was making an effort to stand erect and she had even banished powder from her clear warm skin. Today she was becomingly dressed in taupe velvet, with stole and muff and turban of sable; but Clavering had fancied that her fine face wore a weary discontented expression until she saw him, when it changed swiftly to a sort of imperious gladness. It made him vaguely uncomfortable. He had never flattered himself that she loved him, but he had believed in the possibility of winning her. He had later chosen to believe that she had grown as indifferent as himself, and he wondered, as he stood plunking about in his mind for an excuse to avoid a tele-a-tete, why she had not married.

"Well—you see—" "Come, now! You don't go to teas, men never call these days, and you surely have done your utmost for tomorrow. Here is the car. You can spare me an hour."

He had always avoided any appearance of rudeness and in his mind at least he had treated her kindly; he followed her without further hesitation, trusting to his agile mind to keep her off the subject of Madame Zattiany. This he would do at the cost of rudeness itself, for he would not permit fiasco at the last moment.

The street was packed with automobiles and taxis, and after a slow progress toward Fifth avenue they arrived in time to see the traffic towers flash on the yellow light and were forced to halt for another three minutes. He had started an immediate discussion of the play she had just witnessed, knowing her love of argument, but she suddenly broke off and laid her hand on his arm.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "The famous Countess Zattiany in that car with mother. Of course you know her; you were with her at the opera on the historic night, weren't you? Tell me! What is she like? Did you ever hear of anything so extraordinary?"

"No, I really know her very slightly. But as I had met her and she had kindly asked me to dinner I was glad to return the compliment when Mrs. Oglothepe sent me her box, as she always does once or twice during the season, you know. But go on. What you said interested me immensely, although I don't agree with you. I have certain fixed standards when it comes to the drama."

She picked him up and the argument lasted until they were seated in Pierre's and had ordered tea.

"I might have taken you home," she said then. "We could have had tea in my den. No doubt Countess Zattiany was returning with mother, who, it seems, has always adored her."

"This is ever so much nicer, for we are far less likely to be interrupted. I haven't had a real talk with you for months." And he gave her a look of boyish pleasure, wholly insincere, but so well done that she flushed slightly.

"Is that my fault? There was a time when you came almost every day. And then you never came in the same way again." It evidently cost her something to say this, for

He had known her as an awkward schoolgirl and then as one of the prettiest and most light-hearted of the season's debutantes, but she had never interested him until after her return from France. Where she had done admirable work in the canteens. Then sitting next to her at a dinner, and later for two hours in the conservatory, he had thought her the finest girl he had ever met. He thought so still; but although she stimulated his mind and they had many tastes

"Was sure I was coming down with the flu," Clavering mumbled. "Of course you know that nothing else—"

"Oh, hostesses are too guilty these days to take offense. All we are still haughty enough to demand is a decent excuse. But you really owe me something, and besides I've been wanting to talk to you. Take me to Pierre's for tea."

She spoke in a light tone of command. There had been a time when issuing commands to Clavering had been her habit and he had responded with a certain palpitation, convinced for nearly a month that Anne Goodrich was the Clavering woman.

He had known her as an awkward schoolgirl and then as one of the prettiest and most light-hearted of the season's debutantes, but she had never interested him until after her return from France. Where she had done admirable work in the canteens. Then sitting next to her at a dinner, and later for two hours in the conservatory, he had thought her the finest girl he had ever met. He thought so still; but although she stimulated his mind and they had many tastes

for we are far less likely to be interrupted. I haven't had a real talk with you for months." And he gave her a look of boyish pleasure, wholly insincere, but so well done that she flushed slightly.

"Is that my fault? There was a time when you came almost every day. And then you never came in the same way again." It evidently cost her something to say this, for

He had known her as an awkward schoolgirl and then as one of the prettiest and most light-hearted of the season's debutantes, but she had never interested him until after her return from France. Where she had done admirable work in the canteens. Then sitting next to her at a dinner, and later for two hours in the conservatory, he had thought her the finest girl he had ever met. He thought so still; but although she stimulated his mind and they had many tastes

"Yes go, Mary," said Mrs. Oglothepe peremptorily. Clear out and let them talk you over."

In common, he had soon realized that when apart he forgot her and that only novelty had inspired his brief desire. She might have everything for another man as exacting as himself, but that unanalyzable something his own peculiar essence demanded no woman had ever possessed until he met Mary Zattiany. He had begun to resent to cease his visits abruptly and, moreover, he still found her more companionable than any woman he knew; he continued to show her a frank and friendly devotion until an attack of influenza sent him to the hospital for a month; when he accepted the friendly intervention of fate and thereafter timed his occasional calls to coincide with the hour of tea, when she was never alone. There was no more long morning walks, no more long rides in her car, no more hastily arranged luncheons at the Bohemian restaurants that interested her, no more "dropping in" and long telephone conversations. He still enjoyed a talk with her at a dinner, and she was always a pleasure to the eye with her calm and regular features softened by a cloud of bright chestnut hair that matched her eyes to a shade, her serene brow and her exquisite clothes. She did not carry herself well according to his standard; "well" when she came out six years ago had meant laxity of shoulders and pride of stomach, and in spite of her devotion to outdoor sports she had fallen a prey to fashion. She

her flush deepened, but she managed a glance of dignified archness.

"Oh, remember I had a villainous attack of the flu, and after that there was arrears of work to make up. Moreover, the dramatic critic came down with an even longer attack and they piled his work on me. I don't know what it is to 'drop in' these days."

(To be Continued)

Corns

Just Say Blue-jay

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

At your druggist



Enjoy out-of-doors in the fiercest Weather



When the snow is falling and the air's "keen as a whistle"—that's when skating, skiing, tobogganing and snowshoeing are really healthful and invigorating.

Be sure however, that the body is well protected against the coldness that follows the reaction from violent exercise. All medical men recommend wool as the surest and only protection against sudden changes of temperature.

Wear Turnbull's pure wool underwear. CEETEE pure wool underwear is made from the finest and purest Merino Wool—

It will not "prickle" or irritate the most sensitive skin. Will not shrink. It is the only underwear made in Canada that is reinforced at wearing parts.

Favoured by Ladies this year are: Vests and bloomers to match in CEETEE No. 225 or TURNBULL'S No. 420.

For Men: CEETEE No. 220 fine pure wool. CEETEE No. 432 a cashmere and wool mixture Underclothing "de luxe"

Sold by the Best Dealers Worn by the Best People



Made only by Turnbull's of Galt, Ont.



The Value of a Guarantee

lies not so much in its protective penalty as in its satisfying assurance. No firm selling goods with a guarantee attached, expects to be called upon to pay the penalty. For it is naturally the intention to so carefully guard the quality that dissatisfaction will be impossible.

Throughout its many years of service "King Cole" Tea has consistently been sold with a guarantee—a guarantee definite and substantial. It is printed on every "King Cole" package.

It carries to the buyer an evidence of good faith—a confidence in ability to serve—a determination to serve well.

"You'll Like the Flavor."



AMERICAN MUSEUM TO GET RARE ANIMAL SPECIMENS

LONDON, Dec. 4.—The American Museum of Natural History will shortly become the possessor of an excellent collection of stuffed animals and zoological specimens from India, the fruits of the recent Vernay-Fauntleroy expedition was undertaken by A. S. Vernay, an Englishman, but for many years a resident of New York, and Colonel J. C. Fauntleroy, with the object of forming a complete collection of animals from the plains of India. Later it was decided to present these to the American institution.

The collection is by far the most complete and varied that has ever been obtained. The hunting of the animals in this case was most exacting as only certain specimens were sought in order to mount the animals in groups in the American fashion. About 90 such groups of rare animals as tiger, spotted deer, rhinoceros, wild elephant, snakes and ants will be included in the presentation.

One of the most remarkable results of the expedition is a motion picture showing many rare pictures of the Indian animals in their native haunts and showing the progress and difficulties made in hunting them. The picture was made by an American photographer for use in connection with zoological classes of the museum.

If you want to succeed in the world you must make your own opportunities as you go on. The man who waits for some seventh wave to toss him in dry land will find that the seventh wave is a long time coming.

Fortune follows the more worthy. Over-feeding has destroyed many the more than hunger.

A NEW FEATURE

(A Saturday Special) Recollections of a Private Secretary

Will be published in The Guardian each consecutive Saturday for several weeks. It is an interesting story of the early days of Confederation written by a newspaper man Mr. J. L. Payne who became Private Secretary for many of the leading Statesmen. The articles will deal with the commercial, political and social life of these stirring times.

It is a history of times with which every reader and student should be familiar. Racially, humorously and intelligently told they combine real history and human interests.

Don't miss a Saturday number. Begins December 8th

Public Auction Sales of Raw Furs 590-11-20-17.