

When you think of Christmas giving think of giving Photographs

BY BAYER ALSO Passport Photos

163 GREAT GEORGE STREET

FOXES FOR SALE

The balance of the Foxes in the Mass Fur Farm ranch, Mount Edward Road, will be sold by private sale from now until peltting time. Any Foxes not sold by private sale within the next ten days, will be pelted.

For full particulars to parties interested will see Mr. J. E. Newsom, care Peter Newsom, Brighton, Charlottetown.

6042-11-14-12L

NOTICE

A Meeting of the Sutherland Silver Black Fox Co., will be held at Montague, on 2nd day of December at 4 o'clock. Shareholders are requested to attend as business of importance is to come before the meeting.

E. PARKMAN, Secretary.

6225-11-24tl.

CHOICE FARM FOR SALE

50 acres highly cultivated land, buildings in first class repair, 3 Dec. 9th, will be set up and sold miles from Rocky Point. For full particulars apply "A" to Guardian.

6128-11-19M6L

POULTRY NOTICE

My Canning Plant is now in operation and I need large quantities Fowl and Chicken. All shipments remitted for daily. Special prices paid for crate fed chicken and fowl. All stock to be undrawn.

J. D. JENKINS CHARLOTTETOWN

6083-11-17M7L

FOR SALE

I will sell by Auction on the premises November 28th, 1925 at 1 o'clock p.m., what is known as the Rattenbury Property at Rusticville consisting of a good dwelling house, coachhouse, barn, store, warehouse, and coal shed, with about one half acre land also large building on wharf. If not sold "on bloc" would sell certain buildings (to be removed) separately, same day. If not sold the sale will be on Monday the 30th.

JOHN CUDMORE Winslow

6196-11-23-2L

FOR SALE

Farm consisting of 275 acres of freehold land. All clear but ten acres, which is covered with hard and soft wood. Six miles from Charlottetown. Two sets of buildings, all in good repair. If not sold by private sale by buildings in first class repair, 3 Dec. 9th, will be set up and sold miles from Rocky Point. For full particulars apply "A" to Guardian.

HORNE BROS., Winslow, Owners.

Auction Sale OF FURNITURE

I Will Sell for MR. R. E. WHITE, at his Residence, 103 North River Road On Tuesday, November 24th, 1925 At 1 P. M. Sharp

All his Household Furniture and Effects comprising Parlor, Dining Room, Bedroom and Kitchen Furniture all in good repair. Including new Willis Piano, Edison Phonograph, Modern Alaska Range, some very fine Bearskin Rugs, Wilton Square (extra large) Sectional Book Cases and Books, Mahogany Dressers, large Mirror, Pictures, Dishes etc. etc.

Inspection Monday afternoon.

J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.

6111-11-18wfsmtL

Farquhar Steamship Line

S. S. "HETHPOOL" Leaves Boston for Halifax Oct. 20th, Nov. 3rd, Nov. 17th, Dec. 1st, Dec. 15th.

Connecting With

S. S. "SABLE I" Leaving Halifax for Charlottetown, Oct. 22nd, Nov. 5th, Nov. 19th, Dec. 3rd, Dec. 17th Leaving Charlottetown for Sydney, North Sydney, Curling, Cornerbrook and other West Coast Newfoundland Ports, Oct. 23rd, Nov. 6th, Nov. 20th, Dec. 4th, Dec. 18th.

CARVELL BROS. AGENTS

NEW YORK FISH ADS.

SMELT AND EEL SHIPPERS ATTENTION

For Top Prices, Prompt Returns and General Satisfaction

Ship Your Production to

CHESEBRO BROTHERS & ROBBINS INC.

Established 1898. Shipping Stencils Sent on Request

1, 2 and 3 Fulton Fish Market, New York N. Y.

The Iron Horse

BY EDWIN C. HILL

"Miriam! Do you see? The Black Hawk medal that Lincoln gave us. I've always kept it. It's been around my neck ever since I was a kid."

He kept her hands, drinking the pleasure of her face. Miriam with a swift movement reached upward and kissed him.

"There! I am, Davy! I can't believe it's true. And yet the very moment you dashed into the car I felt, somehow, as if I had seen you before—the queerest feeling!"

Jesson and Deroux had withdrawn a little to one side, Jesson with a scowl, Deroux with a smile of detached amusement. Yet his eyes were unsmiling. One watching him might have supposed that he had formed an immediate dislike for the newcomer who had fairly exploded into their little group. As for Jesson, distaste was written plainly upon his countenance. Fresh from love making with Ruby Kenny, aware of a passion for the dance-hall girl which now filled his thoughts, perfectly conscious that he was not in love with Miriam, it angered him, nevertheless, to see another man, especially a young and obviously attractive man, play the hero in her sight. And he had not missed the look in her eyes as they stood close together when he entered the car, or the kiss she had so impulsively offered.

"Well, well, Davy," said Thomas Marsh. "This is quite the most remarkable meeting of old friends I ever heard about. Think of it! We lose sight of you for fifteen years and then you pop out of nowhere one jump ahead of Indians and leap squarely among us. You can't beat that in the novels."

"It was magnificent!" cried the Frenchman. "I could not believe my eyes as I saw this young man actually out-speeding Sioux horse men. I congratulate you!"

"Mr. Deroux," said Marsh, "this is Davy Brandon, a very old friend from my home town in Illinois. Mr. Jesson, my chief engineer, Davy."

Davy shook hands. Jesson gave him a limp greeting, and turned a shoulder. Deroux, extending his

For Colds Grip, Influenza and as a Preventive

Take **Bromo Quinine** tablets

Serious illness and complications often follow an ordinary cold. Check it; use the old Reliable, Safe and Proven Remedy, "Laxative Bromo Quinine." The First and Original Cold and Grip Tablet. Proven Safe for more than a quarter of a Century.

The box bears this signature

E. W. Snow

Price 30c. Made in Canada.

Desirable Residence FOR SALE

That excellent property, which has been all newly and thoroughly renovated is for sale at 88 Hillsboro Street.

This property consists of a ten-roomed house with modern conveniences, barn and large lot, situated in one of the most desirable locations in Charlottetown. Inspection at any time. Apply to

MRS. MACKINNON, 88 Hillsboro St. City.

6218-11-24M3L

FOR 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 Crop.

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 sows, six summer pigs, five fall pigs. Also nine pure bred Cheviot sheep and one ram, three mixed 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.

6220-11-24tlsm7L

FRIENDS SAY SHE IS PICTURE OF HEALTH

"I cannot give Tanlac too many thanks for it brought back my health and strength after everything else failed, and nearly all hope of getting well had left me." is the grateful statement of Mrs. Sarah Dyckert. "Stomach trouble and rheumatism had been gradually weakening me down for 20 years. At times I ached all over, could not walk without limping, and felt too weak to get out of my chair. Sleep was almost out of the question and I was nervous, discouraged and despondent."

"When I began taking Tanlac I was down to 120 lbs. but I now weigh 160 and haven't an ailment in the world. This is what Tanlac did for me four years ago and since then I have never been without it in the house. I take a bottle now and then and everyone says I am the picture of health."

What Tanlac has done for others, it can also do for you. For sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation, made and recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.

TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH

left hand, gripped hard, black eyes staring into Davy's blue. Something far back in the young man's mind stirred uneasily, then settled again into the obscurity of the forgotten. Yet Davy was conscious of a strange thrill as he met Deroux's bold gaze, something which sent a cold chill up his back. It puzzled him. He continued to stare. Marsh noticed it.

"Perhaps you and Deroux have run across each other somewhere in this country, Davy," he suggested.

"No," said Davy, slowly. "I don't think so."

"No," said Deroux in his positive way. "I never forget a man."

"Where is your father, Davy?" Marsh asked.

"Dead," said Davy. "Dead these fifteen years. Mr. Marsh, killed on the trail out here—murdered by a renegade white man who led a band of Cheyennes. Dad hid me behind a log and they missed me in their haste. Spence, the scout, came along and found me. Then I went to school in Sacramento and grew up there until I landed Spence. He was past few years. I have been with him all through the mountain country, trapping and scouting, with the Ogallass most of the time. That about covers my history."

Miriam, who was standing where she could not help seeing Deroux's face, was puzzled by its expression. As Davy talked it seemed to her that a mask dropped, the mask of that amiable ability that Deroux customarily showed. He had turned aside, toward the window, through which he gazed with savage eyes. She had never seen such a look of utter ferocity. It frightened her. She thought to herself, "this man does not like David Brandon. Why?" Her perception was all the keener, perhaps, because of Jesson's coyness toward Davy. That annoyed her, but she put it down to characteristic jealousy. But this other thing was different. Jesson's face expressed dislike, the dislike that one man often feels instantly, unaccountably, toward another man. Deroux's face revealed hatred and something else she could not quite fathom. Had it been any other than this bold Frenchman of famous courage, she would have said that he had peered from those black eyes. But that was impossible. As a matter of fact, why should Deroux either hate or fear this young man who amounted to nothing in his life? She compelled herself to think that she was too imaginative, overwrought, and turned toward her father and her girlhood playmate.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PRICE OF A GENTLEMAN

Rolling back to North Platte in the late evening, Miriam and Davy talked of the old days in Springfield, the days when they had been like brother and sister. Both were oddly conscious of change. Miriam said that she missed the feeling, but her woman's instinct told her that the emotion which stirred her heart as she knelt in the strong protection of Davy Brandon's encircling arm was something Jesson had never been able to arouse.

It was disturbing. Being a natural human girl, she was not at all averse to the admiration of good-looking young men, and, though by no means a coquette, was not unskilled in the gentle art of coarseness flirtation. But this was something which made her heart throb, which filled her with a soft, warm glow, which, curiously, both excited and puzzled her. As she looked at Davy she was conscious of her flushed cheeks. It was difficult not to look at him. She felt a curious pride, as though she had acquired a possessive right to this fine figure of a man.

"He is absolutely the most attractive man I have ever seen," she thought. "If he weren't so strong and self-reliant, he would be almost too good-looking."

At twenty-five Davy Brandon challenged the glance of any man and the gaze of any woman. Planted in his Ogallass moccasins, he stood six feet one inch, straight as the sons of Mata-Funko. Thick brown hair, curling a little, covered his well-shaped head with its thinker's forehead. His eyes were deep blue and very serious, though they could smile as intriguingly as his lips. His nose was straight and regular, not too slender for the strong mouth beneath. It was the mouth which somehow captured the glance. It was large but well modeled, and there was a delightfully whimsical twist to the corners whenever Davy was amused. When it shaped for laughter it was even more attractive with its flash of the straight, white teeth. There was strength in that face, strength and determination, as well as the reflection of a clean heart and unswerving mind. There was good humor in it. Miriam was an observ-

ing little person.

"He could be very stern," she thought.

Against her will she found herself comparing Davy and Jesson. They were both big men, with Davy a shade the taller. Jesson a little heavier. They were both good-looking, but Davy's was the lank and tempered beauty of the open, while Jesson's was the softer comeliness of the settled places. Jesson, the older by half a dozen years, displayed the cool poise of his class and breeding, while Davy with his quick, enthusiastic speech, his flashing smile, his lightning-like movements, was like a fresh breeze from distant mountains. Again and again, of herself, yet perfectly conscious of a secret elation, Miriam decided that Davy was the better looking.

Then she tried to put all such thoughts behind her, tried again to resume the sisterly attitude of the old days. She told herself that she had no right to cherish any other emotion. She had promised herself to Peter Jesson, loyal to her through all the years of waiting. It simply would not do to think much of this splendid-looking young man who had leaped into her life at a bound after the separation of fifteen years. She caught Jesson's look across the table and smiled at him, trying to make it affectionate, wondering if she had done so. For some strange reason she was less sure of herself than ever before.

Marsh and Deroux, over their cigars and wine, were talking of the railroad, and Davy, despite his burning interest in the girl at his side, listened intently. Already he had heard the story of the road, from the very first days, the dramatic tale of its trials and struggles as it dauntlessly drove westward. He had made up his mind to ask Marsh for a job—anything at which Marsh thought he might be useful—to give him a part in the work as his father would have wanted. His father's face came back to him, eyes illuminated with that mystic belief in the future which held him to the hour of his death. Davy was silent, almost forgetting Miriam, falling into a reverie. Marsh was talking about his vital problem. Presently Davy caught a few words that broke the spell of the past.

"I think I shall ask Mr. Jesson to start tomorrow for the Black Hills," he was saying. "A week's survey should settle the matter one way or the other."

"As you will, my friend," Davy heard Deroux reply in his heavy, resonant voice. "I shall gladly wait. Mr. Jesson is sure to be disappointed, unfortunately. The only straight line over the Black Hills is the one the eagles take."

"It may be so," returned Marsh, "but we will have one last try at it." He leaned across the table to Davy.

"Brandon, how well do you know this country, the Black Hills region just east of Laramie?"

"Pretty well," said Davy, with quick interest. "I have hunted through it for years with my Ogallass friends."

"Do you think we can build through the hills? Do you know of any practical line, any pass? You used to play at being a surveyor, Davy."

Brandon sat gazing at the opposite wall, his face stern-set, his eyes cloudy with recollection. Presently, he replied, very quietly:

"Something has come back to me, Mr. Marsh."

He stopped, collecting his thoughts. Miriam noticed Deroux was watching Davy like a great cat, with unblinking intensity.

"It was in the Black Hills, near Lodge Pole Creek, that dad was killed," he went on. "It was the night of the very day that dad's dream came true. He had been following a ridge, a broad 'hogback' which led us, without a break, for many miles up from the plains. In the late afternoon it began to descend gradually, and we saw the mountains ahead of us cutting across our trail like a wall. Dad thought for awhile that we were blocked. Then we saw that the mountain wall was cut straight through by a ravine, the gorge into which our ridge trail was slowly descending. I shall never forget dad! I thought he would go crazy from joy. You know how he felt about the road, his belief in it. Well, there was the pass he'd dreamed about!"

(To be continued.)

TIGNISH GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Honour Roll Tignish Grammar School.

Grade X.—1, Oswald Murphy; 2, Albert MacIntyre; 3, Hector Baute.

Grade VIII.—1, Gregory McInnis; 2, Alden Shea; 3, Boniface Bernard.

Grade VII.—1, Elton Gavin; 2, Monte Murphy; 3, Clifton Conroy.

Grade VI.—1, Joseph Shefferson; 2, Willie Bernard; 3, Willie Perry.

Grade V.—1, Ignatius Shea; 2, Nelson McRae; 3, Sylvester Argenta and Chas. Perry.

Grade IV.—1, John Fitzpatrick; Ask for Minard's and take no other.

SMILES

He: Man wants but little here below.
She: Their baggy pants don't show it.

THE TRUTH

"Are you going to Estelle's dance?"
"No, I'll be out of town that day."
"I wasn't invited either."

OH, SHUCKS

Dining-room Boss: Hurry up and get them oysters opened up, will ya.
Assistant: Aw, shucks—don't bother me!

HOW IT COULD BE DONE

Reggie: Algy and I are going to construct a fancy case for our trinkets, you know, and we're thinking of making it of wood.
Miss Sharpe: Well, you and Algy will have to put your heads together to do that.

NOT A NUT

"He's mean, but I doubt that he's a nut, as you say."
"Why?"
"You can't make him shell out."

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. CYRUS PINEAU

The death occurred in Gaytown at home, on Friday, November 13th, 1925, of The pall bearers at the funeral were: Messrs. Albert Gallant, John age of 86 years. Her Pastor, Rev. Monroe, Abraham Gallant, John Father Walsh was with her and Burke, Anthony Burke, James Gal-administered the last Sacraments. Lant.

She had many friends and was May her soul rest in peace.

The ideal food for youngsters

SHREDDED WHEAT

A food to study on-to play on

Come to the Carleton!

It offers you the friendliest service, the finest food, the cosiest rooms in Halifax. The most modern, the most fire-proof hotel in the City. 50 steps from the centre of the business district, within 5 minutes walk of the main points of interest and importance, but free from the uproar of trams and cars. 90 rooms, single and en suite, with and without baths.

WRITE FOR RESERVATIONS.

THE CARLETON HOTEL

HEADQUARTERS IN HALIFAX.

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LACQ

HOUSEHOLD LACQUEROID

Easy to Apply—Beautiful

Watch it Dry—Durable

FURNITURE AND WOODWORK COLORS

LACQ, Household Lacqueroid, is a beautiful, durable finish that gives a solid color coating to floors, furniture and woodwork. It is not a paint. It is not a varnish. It is a newly perfected lacquer that dries in less than one-half hour. Chairs, tables, woodwork, floors, or almost any surface about the home may be finished with Lacq and ready for use again almost immediately.

LACQ is especially well suited as a finish for porch floors and interior wood floors. It can be used with equal success on cement floors that are thoroughly dry. And, Lacq is easy to apply—by carefully reading the directions anyone can apply Lacq with success. Continuous washing and scrubbing or wiping with a dry rag will actually improve the finish and cannot harm it. It will not turn white and even the strongest soaps or hot water will not affect a surface where Lack has been used.

Made by the Makers of Jap-a-Lac

ALL COLORS

Quarts \$2.35
Pints \$1.30
Half Pints65

The Rogers Hardware Company Ltd.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

6219-11-24tl.

No Risks Taken, No Guesses Trusted in the Milling of "REGAL" FLOUR

NO EXPENSE is spared that "REGAL" Flour may be just the finest in the world. As the wheat is ground, specimens of the flour are taken for trial, and none that is not up to the high standard set for "REGAL" is allowed to pass. One of the most revealing tests is the actual baking in the Mill laboratory. By this practical trial, the miller identifies the flour that will make perfect bread.

The St. Lawrence Flour Mills Company, Limited, Montreal