

FLY-TOX
KILLS MOSQUITOES
MORTGAGE SALE

MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown in Queen's County, in Prince Edward Island, on Tuesday, the 15th day of October, A. D. 1929, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL THAT TRACT piece and parcel of land situated lying and being on Lot or Township number 67 in Queen's County aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing at a point on the north side of the Millvale Road at the southwest corner of a tract of land in possession of Mrs. Brown, hence along said Mrs. Brown's western line until it meets land in possession of Robert Biggar, thence southwesterly along said Biggar's southeastern boundary until it meets said Millvale Road and thence along said road southeasterly and eastwardly to the place of commencement said tract of land being enclosed between three boundaries, namely, the Millvale Road, Mrs. Brown's land, and Robert Biggar's land, containing Fifteen (15) acres of land a little more or less as described in a Deed from Benjamin Hearta and wife to John A. Brown, dated November 9th, A. D. 1886, and registered in Liber 25, folio 517.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the fifth day of May, A. D. 1922, and made between Elizabeth Pearl McKenzie of Bradalbane, in Queen's County aforesaid, wife of John D. McKenzie, and the said John D. McKenzie (of the one part) and the undersigned (of the other part), because of default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest due thereby.

For further particulars apply at Macdonald & MacPhee, Solicitors, Riley Building, Charlottetown.

Dated this 7th day of September, A. D. 1929.

Thomas McNally,
MORTGAGEE

Queen's County aforesaid, wife of John D. McKenzie, and the said John D. McKenzie (of the one part) and the undersigned (of the other part), because of default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest due thereby.

For further particulars apply at Macdonald & MacPhee, Solicitors, Riley Building, Charlottetown.

Dated this 7th day of September, A. D. 1929.

Thomas McNally,
MORTGAGEE

POTATOES AND TURNIPS

We will be buying every day at our warehouse Hogan's Wharf, highest prices for good stock. Accommodation for Boat loads.

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W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
Office: 180 Richmond Street
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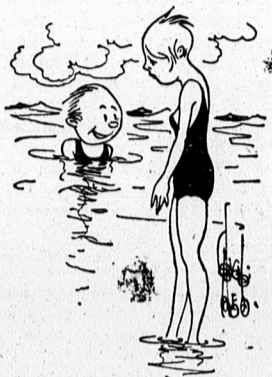
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SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"A girl always knows the car has come to a dead stop when her escort talks about the moon with both hands on the wheel."



She: You don't like her because you think she's an osteopath?
He: Yes, she must be—tries to pull your leg every time she gets a chance.



"Do you have much noise in the rear of your car?"
"No: my wife always sits up front with me."



"That old soldier said that during the siege of Paris in 1870 he lived entirely on mule meat."
"And the old cuss has been kicking ever since."

Building Lots

For Sale at Auction
I am authorized by Mrs. Margaret J. Mitchell to offer for sale at auction on the premises
On Wednesday, September 25th, 1929, at 12:30 o'clock

Two choice vacant lots on Cumberland St. between Grafton and Kent Streets, and directly opposite the large open grounds of the Prince of Wales College. These lots have each a frontage of 42 1/2 feet on Cumberland Street and run back from said street 84 feet. Lots join, making a square block 85 x 84 feet. The purchaser of the first lot knocked down may secure the whole block by claiming same at once and paying double amount of his bid. Mrs. Mitchell wishes to dispose of this property as she is leaving the province. These lots will NOT be sold at private sale previous to date of sale. Terms at sale.

J. A. McDONALD,
Auctioneer.
MacKINNON & McNEILL,
Solicitors.
7742-9-19-23-25.

ATTENTION FARMERS

We require large quantities of
HAY, OATS, POTATOES
at our warehouse Pownal Wharf. Highest market prices paid.

J. A. McDONALD,
Auctioneer.
MacKINNON & McNEILL,
Solicitors.
7741-9-19-23-25.

Carvell Bros Ltd.

BROKEN WINGS

by Barbara Webb

CONTINUED
SUSPENSE

There was an evil smell about the empty hut that Katherine and Bill occupied. Pigs had lived in it occasionally, and it had not been cleaned for a long time. At first Bill raged from side to side, seeking a way of exit. When none could be found he came to Katherine's side and took her in his arms.

"I'm a fool, a rotten, ignorant fool, to get you into this," he mourned, his lips against her hair.

"No. No. It will be all right. I know it will. I've a feeling about it. I'm sure it will be all right."

"Then why are we shut up like this?"
"I don't know dear, but here we are—remember that at least we are together."

And in the tortured hour that followed that was their one comfort. Very solemnly they promised each other that they would die before they would be separated. Nothing could tear them from each other's side. At last, weary and hungry they sank down to the floor of the hut, close against the door which admitted a little air through chinks in the wood and waited in a kind of patient despair for what was to happen.

By gluing their eyes to these chinks they could see that the men had finished their meal and returned to their dwellings. The women had their turn around the fire then, and the cries of young children were borne through the night to the prisoners. Presently Katherine said in some excitement, "There's some one coming."

Surely enough, a figure had detached itself from the firelight and was crossing the open space to their hut. It appeared to be a woman and she carried something in her hand. When she reached the door of the prison hut she opened it a mere crack and said something in a guttural tone.

Bill sprang to his feet and attempted to push the door open.

"Wait. Don't," Katherine commanded sharply. "She's bringing us something to eat. I can smell it. Let's not make any trouble until we know why they are keeping us here."

Bill subsided, realizing that common sense of her words. Very cautiously the woman thrust a wooden bowl through the opening, then pulled the door shut again and dropped the fastening. Without another word she turned and hurried back to the fire.

There was a savory smelling mixture of some kind in the bowl.

"I'm going to taste it first," Bill declared. "Then if it is eatable you can try it."

"No," said Katherine firmly, "we'll do this like we're going to do everything else, together. It isn't at all likely that they are trying to poison us."

"All right," Bill agreed, and two fingers searched the bowl for food. The mess was surprisingly good. There were large chunks of meat, some vegetables, and what they supposed was rice. Even eaten with their fingers it put new life and hope into them, for they were very hungry.

"I feel better," Katherine said when they had finished.

"So do I," Bill answered. "Now I'm going to strike one of our precious matches and see what this place looks like inside. We may have to spend the night here."

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And All Urinary Ills
TAKE OUR HERBAL
REMEDIES
Descriptive pamphlet, also one on Loss of Manhood and Disorders of Men, and booklet on Ills of Women, in plain envelope free by mail. Remedies by mail cut speciality.
THE ENGLISH HERBAL DISPENSARY, Ltd.
1399 Davis St., Vancouver, B. C.
Canada's Only Qualified Herbalist

Double Dwelling House

For Sale at Auction
On Wednesday, September 25th, 1929, at 12 o'clock, noon

I am authorized by Mrs. Margaret J. Mitchell to offer for sale at auction on the premises, on the above date, her desirable double dwelling house and lot with a frontage of 39 feet 6 inches on Edward Street and running back 86 feet, being Nos. 65 and 67 on said street. Mrs. Mitchell wishes to dispose of this property as she is leaving the Province. This property will NOT be sold at private sale previous to date of sale. Terms at sale.

J. A. McDONALD,
Auctioneer.
MacKINNON & McNEILL,
Solicitors.
7741-9-19-23-25.

By the flickering light of one of the remaining matches Bill inspected the hut. In one corner was a pile of dry grass, evidently intended for a bed.

"There's where we sleep," he announced to Katherine. "Will you accept my strong right arm for a pillow?"

"With great pleasure, Mr. Dady," she replied, and they laughed at their nonsense and marveled that food could raise their spirits so much.

They had one more visit that night from their captors. The door was opened slightly and a woman groped around for their wooden bowl. Katherine pushed it toward her and received in turn a clay jug filled with water.

"Three cheers," Bill exclaimed when she told him what it was "all the comforts of home now. And service!"

They drank some of the water and poured a portion of it over their hands, sticky from the dinner they had eaten with their fingers. They wore out from the day's trials, they lay down on the straw and fell asleep. In the night Bill was awakened by the steady beat of the tom-tom again. He did not disturb Katherine, who was sleeping deeply, but crept alone to the doorway where he could peer out to see what was happening.

The central campfire had been replenished and was leaping high into the night. Around it sat or stood fifty or more native men, brave in feathers and strings of beads, and wearing only loin cloths. Some of them were smoking long pipes, and at the side of the fire away from Bill was the figure they all seemed to be addressing.

"Probably the chief," Bill decided. "They must be having some kind of powwow about us."

One by one the members of the tribe rose to their feet and made respectful addresses to the chief hidden from Bill by the fire. He could not tell whether they were friendly speeches or not, but there were no war-like gestures to alarm him. After watching for a long time he crept back to Katherine's side, and for the first time since he was a small boy he prayed. It was a wordless kind of prayer, but it was deep and heartfelt, and there was nothing of self in it. He asked for protection for the girl beside him and prayed for strength to guard her from all evil. Then, comforted by his thoughts, he fell asleep.

They woke early in the morning, stifling in the heat of the sun. Peering out they could see that the doorways of all the other huts were wide open. Women hurried to and fro, carrying water, laden with fruit and vegetables, or driving pigs into the forest. Children, naked as the day they were born, rolled and tumbled in the space before the women's huts and older boys and girls seemed to be helping their mothers with the primitive housework.

Katherine and Bill moistened their mouths with what remained of the water and washed their hands and eyes with the dribble that was left. The air in the hut was close and they longed for the freedom of the natives who moved so unconcernedly about the camp.

Shortly after they woke one of the women who had brought them in the canoe the day before came to the hut. She carried another jug of water and a bowl filled with fruit. These she gave to Bill averting her face as she did so. There were oranges, bananas, a large ripe pineapple and some small fruits they did not recognize. The oranges were sweet and juicy and they made a hearty breakfast of the fruit.

"At any rate they don't intend to starve us," Bill remarked when the meal was finished.

"No, and unless I am mistaken we are going to know our fate very soon," Katherine answered. Bill joined her at the largest chink in the door. There was great activity around the campfire. Women were shooting children back into the forest or the huts. A huge bamboo chair was carried to the side of the fire. The women disappeared into their huts, the drums sounded again and in a few minutes the men of the tribe began to assemble before the bamboo throne.

"They aren't a bad looking lot," Bill said, trying to be cheerful.

No. They're not. I'm anxious to get a look at the King or chief or whatever he is."

There was a stir among the assembled men. All eyes were turned toward the large dwelling. Katherine and Bill could not see well from their position, but they knew when the men rose and made a low bow toward the chief's house, that he must have appeared. They saw only his back. He was wearing a beautiful robe, apparently made of the feathers of many birds. They could hear the jingling of his beads as he walked. On his head was a carved wooden ornament, representing the figure of the



Richest in Tea Essence

AS YOU know, all King Cole Tea is good; but King Cole Orange Pekoe is supremely choice. It is blended for fullness, flavor and strength as is the ordinary King Cole, but the Orange Pekoe is made solely from the fresh, young, tender bud leaves that have just unfolded, full of succulent flavor.

Not only that—more expensive teas are blended in King Cole Orange Pekoe: aromatic Darjeelings from high up in the Himalayas, vigorous Travancorees from monsoon swept hills of Southern India, costly delicacies that give character and distinctiveness to the finest tea we can blend.



You will enjoy King Cole Coffee too

ugly household god they had seen before his dwelling the previous day.

With dignified steps he approached the bamboo chair and seated himself in it. From what they could see of his face he was well past middle age, of firm and pleasing features. The messenger of the day before now approached their prison. With something of a flourish he opened the door and invited them to step forth.

They obeyed, walking hand in hand toward the chief. When they were within a few feet of him he raised his hand and, to their astonishment, said in English clearly understandable though with a strong accent, "You are welcome, white man and white woman. We will make talk now that the sun is smiling."

To Be Continued Tomorrow

The Speed King

(By F. Hout Fisher)
LONDON, Sept. 21.—Imagine a Red Indian, not of the modern kind, but a Hiawatha—sitting in a small streamlined aeroplane, helmeted and strapped in, only a keen aquiline nose, smooth sunken cheeks, glittering eyes and a determined chin showing.

And there you have Squadron-Leader Orlebar, commander of the "High Speed Flight" at Calshot Spit, which has the task of retaining the Schneider Trophy for Britain on September 7—by flying at a speed of 350 miles an hour or more.

For Orlebar is "the noble Red Man" of the old romances to the life. Keen eyes, immobile tanned face, a veritable hatchet of a profile. Put him in war paint in a western reservation and all the tourists would at once exclaim: "Isn't he the cutest Indian?"

Instead of which he is Britain's typification of speed at the present time—for Britain has gone speed-crazy. The culmination will come when Orlebar and his companions whiz round the Schneider Trophy course at incredible speeds—speeds that would take them from Montreal to New York, for example, in a few minutes over one hour.

There are five British officers in the "High Speed Flight." Besides Orlebar, there are Flight-Lieutenant D'Arcy Greig, who has officially travelled at 315 miles an hour—faster than anybody in the world; Flying Officer Atcherley, Flying Officer Waghorn and Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth.

They are Britain's heroes of the air.

The machine that the three chosen pilots will fly will be selected from two super-marine SE seaplanes, and two Gloster seaplanes, all of the monoplane type.

The pilots will travel with death at their elbow, for whoever steers a "flying bullet" that covers a mile in ten seconds, 176 yards in one second, takes a risk that makes Blondin's tight rope crossing of Niagara a picnic.

To those who were privileged to visit the "High Speed Flight" station at Calshot Spit, it is difficult to know which are most interesting—the machines or the men. The planes are the last word in speed. All the finest brains in the aeronautical world in Britain have worked on their development.

Imagine a flying engine, with two small wings to carry it through the

(Continued on Page 5)

Chew and Grow Thin

You know that certain foods furnish body energy without adding uncomfortable fat.

Sugar is one of these foods, supplying needed energy in concentrated form.

WRIGLEY'S chewing sweets give you sugar and flavor. These ingredients dissolve in your mouth.

What pleasanter way of taking sugar?

WRIGLEY'S
Finish the meal with WRIGLEY'S and stay thin.

EFFICIENT OPTICAL SERVICE
EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES SUPPLIED AND FITTED.
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FARM FOR SALE

The property of Miss Minnie Walker consisting of a Farm of 7 1/2 acres of land, practically all cleared; in good state of cultivation with good buildings, comprising dwelling house, barns, granary, etc., also 100 acres adjoining, 20 acres clear, balance well covered with hard and soft wood. Farm sold separately or in one lot to suit purchaser.

MacDONALD & MacPHEE,
Solicitors.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
7720-9-18,20,23,25,27,30.

Farm For Sale

Within 1/2 mile of Grand View Station, containing 50 acres in good state of cultivation, good buildings, near schools, Churches, Stores. Never falling stream of water. Also 35 acres hard and soft wood, large quantity lumber. For particulars apply to
JAMES LOWE,
Grand View, P. E. I.
If not sold before 26th will be sold on that date by Public Auction.
7738-9-19-41.

Insidious Eye Strain

WHERE WOMAN REIGNS the question of kitchen hardware and equipment is one that must be decided. If your problem is the replacement of only one piece, or the equipment of a kitchen for the first time we shall be glad to see you and to help you in your selection.

THE ROGERS HARDWARE CO. LTD.

AUCTION SALE AT KELLY'S CROSS

By Public Auction at Kelly's Cross on Wednesday, September 25th, at 1 P. M., at the Parochial House, certain personal property of the late James L. MacMahon, comprising Household Furniture, Books, etc., one B.A. Milk Cow, two Pigs, forty-five Hens and a quantity of Hay.

(Signed)
J. F. BRADLEY,
Auctioneer.
7721-9-18,21,23,24.

ECONOMY FOX PEN
PRINCE EDWARD FOX NETTING

A Safe, Sturdy Pen at a Low Price

This completely enclosed fox pen is one of the sturdiest, safest and most durable pens built. It is used by hundreds of the most successful ranchers in the country. It is covered top, bottom and sides with PRINCE EDWARD FOX NETTING, which is 6 times stronger than other, specially made to our specifications for use in the salt-laden air of the Maritime Provinces. Every twist of PRINCE EDWARD Netting is solder-locked. It stands the strain of storm and hard use.

Prince Edward Fox Netting for the Economy Pen

NO. 1 ECONOMY PEN
1 roll 150 ft. x 36 x 1 1/4 x 15.
1 roll 150 ft. x 36 x 2 x 16.
Complete with staples and lacing wire. Price Freight Paid \$23.20

NO. 2 ECONOMY PEN
1 roll 150 ft. x 36 x 1 1/4 x 15.
1 roll 150 ft. x 36 x 2 x 15.
Complete with staples and lacing wire. Price Freight Paid \$24.90

NO. 3 ECONOMY PEN
1 roll 150 ft. x 72 x 1 1/4 x 15.
Complete with staples and lacing wire. Price Freight Paid \$26.45

Prince Edward Fox Netting is Sold by

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