

SPECIAL LOCALS

One half cent per word each in section in this column. Cash must accompany orders and five per cent discount allowed. Minimum charge twenty-five cents.

McLean, Crapaud, is offering all his millinery, boots and shoes, ready-made clothing, men's and boys' overcoats, men's and boys' reeters at cost prices. See ad in another column.

A meeting of the people of the North Side will be held in the Rustico Bank Hall, on Monday, Oct. 21 at 7 o'clock p. m., to press the claim of the people of that section on account of the urgent need of transportation facilities.

The following are the arrangements for missionary service on the Cornwall Methodist circuit: Tuesday, Oct. 22nd Kensington, Wednesday, Oct. 23rd North Wiltshire, Wednesday at these meetings will be the Rev. J. Edward Rendle so well known for his successful mission work among the Indians in British Columbia.

DIED

DOIRON—At North Rustico, on Oct. 10th, 1912, John Doiron, infant son of John D., and Mrs. Doiron, aged four months and twenty days.

(From Yesterday's Evening Guardian)

STEWART—At Glenfinnan on Oct. 15, 1912, Ellen daughter of the late John Stewart. The funeral will take place on Thursday at 11 a. m. to the Cross Roads Cemetery.

CHOOSING A WIFE

BY ELECTRICITY. There seems to be a growing feeling among scientists that we shall shortly see the dawning of the Electricity Age, when electricity will be the principal agent in human life.

In addition to feeding exclusively on electricity, it is probable that our descendants will be brought up in an electrified atmosphere. Some remarkable experiments have recently been tried in Stockholm to test the effect of electrified air on children.

The use of electricity in the rearing of plants has lately been tried with wonderful results. A process has been invented by a Mr. Mies by which wheat can be brought to a state of maturity three weeks sooner than under ordinary conditions.

It is said even stated that in the future men will choose their wives by aid of an electrical machine. Its inventor claimed that this machine can diagnose almost any ailment to which man is heir.

A few days ago a prominent fox rancher took the trouble to call on James Callaghan, tailor, to inform him that the clothes he made for him were the best cut and tailored garments that he had ever purchased on F. B. I. Now gentlemen if Mr. Callaghan can supply such foxy men as the above there is no reason why he cannot give you the best to be had in the city.

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Proper Breathing

The lungs cannot act properly if the nostrils are congested and clogged. For that present Chronic Catarrh of the nose a prolonged medicine is necessary to stimulate the membranes and keep the heating free Nyal's Catarrh Balm, softens the hard discharge permitting it to be easily dislodged. It's soothing antiseptic, at on tones up the nose and makes the breathing a pleasure.

Stuffy breathing certainly does make one feel unfit for anything.

The collapsible tube with long nasal tip is a clean and convenient method of medication—Costs only a half dollar.

E. A. Foster

Central Drugstore Sunnyside

HOTEL ARRIVALS

The following registered at the Victoria Hotel, Charlottetown, between 10.35 last night (after the arrival of the Tignish express) and 10.30 the previous night: Florence Jones, Buffalo, Margaret Riles, New York, Chas Dalton, Tignish, C. Rogers, Summerside, C. H. Speirs, Toronto, J. A. McDonald, Cardigan, A. Patterson, St. John, A. M. Armitage, St. John, J. W. McEllan, Montreal, R. G. Beazley, Halifax, H. A. Russell, Halifax, H. J. Coulier, Toronto, C. G. Brown, Montreal, H. L. Pratt, Toronto, B. McWilliams, Boston, A. E. Scott, St. John, W. A. Soldier, St. John, W. A. M. Martin and wife, St. John, R. P. Forbes, Halifax, F. G. Carter, Halifax.

The following registered at the Revere Hotel, Charlottetown, between 10.35 last night (after the arrival of the Tignish express) and 10.30 the previous night: Lena Mitchell, Village Green, Mammie Acorn, Village Green, Winnie Acorn, Village Green, Wall Johnson, A. Rowland, J. J. Bentley, Miss Ida McColm, Roy Scott and wife, Alfred Pollik, H. E. Dryden, Sussex, N. B., Valter Simpson, Bay View, A. Gallant, St. Timothy, Daniel Dalton, Skinners Point, Bradford Webster, Cornwall, F. Webster, Covehead, W. E. Calbeck, Tryon, M. J. Kelly, Elliottville, From yesterday's evening Guardian, Wm. Mullally, Gowan Brae, M. A. McLeod, Sussex, N. B., Peter Lincoln, Rollo Bay.

The following registered at the Queen Hotel, Charlottetown, between 10.35 last night (after the arrival of the Tignish express) and 10.30 the previous night: J. S. Perry, Summerside, E. Dystant, Ellerslie, B. Canaut, Bloomfield, Wm. Omer, Brockton, F. S. Redding, Sydney, L. Wood, Charlottetown, A. E. Leigh, Charlottetown, J. E. Cousins, Park Corner, D. E. Morris, St. D., Dundas, Mrs. C. McDonald, Montague, Grace E. McEachern, Cardigan, J. A. Felleg, Sussex, R. T. Flardray, Thorndale.

SILK WAISTS.

Nothing perhaps is so useful as the dainty silk waist so much worn. I purpose giving a few hints as to the washing and ironing of silk, and to show that it is very little trouble and very easily done. If two or more waists are to be washed at the same time, sort them into colors, putting the white ones alone.

ECHOES

I heard you speak in the silence, dear, With your voice so silvery low. Nor broken, nor sad with a single tear, As it was long ago— Ago— As it seemed so long ago! And the voices of the birds I heard, My sweet, As we went out through the dawn to meet, That is now so far away— Away— That is gone so far away! Oh, speak in the silence, love again Of the heaven we used to know, Of never a thought of parting or pain, As life seemed, so long ago— Ago— As we were so long ago!

CHARLOTTETOWN AND ELSEWHERE

It pays to buy in this Province. THE TRAINS—The eastern accommodation arrived in Charlottetown yesterday at 5.30 on time, and the Tignish express at 10.15, twenty-five minutes late.

H. M. C. CORNWALL—The news has reached Halifax that H. M. C. Cornwall, which is scheduled to arrive here on October 22nd, will remain but eight days, leaving on the 30th. This will mean but few football games with this ship's fine team. It had been hoped that the Cornwall would make a lengthy stay at Halifax, and that her team would be available for the Rugby League. This, however, will be impossible, and it would appear that we will be forced to be content with seeing this fifteen in action but a couple of times. The Cornwall will arrive here from St. John's, Nfld., and Charlottetown, and will go from here to West Indies. She left Plymouth on Sept. 25th.

Our lady patrons are continually remarking on how bright and clean our store is. We have installed all the latest and most modern fixtures and everything is kept under glass to insure freedom from dust and dirt. We have a large staff of capable clerks who will see that your every want is attended to. Give our store a call the next time you are down town. The McKinnon Drug Co., Corner St. George and Kent Sts. 10-11Mf.

Buntain, Bell & Co. for best coal, lowest prices. 9-23dtf.

"FRANKIE," C.I.D.

The world's most famous detective is about to retire in the person of Superintendent Frank Frost, who for six years has been at the head of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard. Physically, he is unlike the general idea of a detective as could be seen in the chubby face and innocent in expression. His twinkling blue eyes help to give him the appearance of a benevolent uncle. He is not only the most famous, but also the most popular policeman in the world. Even hardened criminals refer to him as "Frankie."

He is tremendously powerful in physique, and is one of the few men who can tear a pack of cards in two. He can bend a sixpence between his fingers, and to his amazing strength he has often owed his life. On one occasion he dragged out of an anarchist den two men whom he badly wanted, gripping the coat-collars of the two in his left hand and keeping off two other men with his right fist. He has had as many narrow escapes from death as any hero in a penny dreadful. On one occasion an armed criminal, whom Frost had been tracking down, told him that when he had seen, some days before, the great detective behind him in the street, he had stopped in a doorway determined to blow the detective's brains out, and then his own. But the detective managed to turn up a side street.

As an example of Superintendent Frost's shrewdness, the story is told of how he went to clear up the mystery of the death of a man who was found head downwards in a water butt. Murder was suspected but Frost declared at once there had been no murder, and that the man had merely overbalanced. "Impossible!" a colleague exclaimed, and got up beside the butt and leant over. In a flash his boots were pointing towards the sky. If he had been alone the butt would have had its second victim.

RING TRUE.

Say, boys! can you tell me when a counterfeit coin Of course you can tell, for you know It is tossed on the counter to you? Of course you can tell, for you know every time That it strikes it doesn't ring true.

And boys! do you know what a counterfeit life (That's a regular sham through and through) Is a simply detected in every day strife As the coin? For it doesn't ring true.

Oh boys! if you want to be manly men, To be honored in all that you do, Just make up your minds that ten times out of ten You will always be found to ring true.

And boys! if you knew how our country respects A genuine man, then, you, too, Would endeavor to live a life that reflects God's image—and always ring true.

Ring true in your contests and games on the field, In your homes, with a crowd or a few, Though others may try their short-comings to shield, Yet, boys, just remember—ring true!

ECHOES

I heard you speak in the silence, dear, With your voice so silvery low. Nor broken, nor sad with a single tear, As it was long ago— Ago— As it seemed so long ago! And the voices of the birds I heard, My sweet, As we went out through the dawn to meet, That is now so far away— Away— That is gone so far away! Oh, speak in the silence, love again Of the heaven we used to know, Of never a thought of parting or pain, As life seemed, so long ago— Ago— As we were so long ago!

known to English readers. Eckermann lived in Weimar through the last ten years of Goethe's life; scarcely a day passed in which he did not visit the poet, then a retired state's minister, living quietly and absenting himself from court and theatre alike, so that Eckermann's work is a careful daily gathering of the intellectual crumbs that fell from the feast of Goethe's alert and active brain, arranged somewhat in the form of a diary. Thus he reports the conversation which took place Feb. 21, 1827, Goethe, on this day, says Eckermann, spoke with admiration of Alexander von Humboldt, whose work on Cuba and Columbia he had begun reading and whose opinion of the project of cutting through the isthmus seemed to have a special appeal for him.

"Humboldt," said Goethe, "has pointed out, with an accurate understanding of the subject, several places, where, by the utilization of a number of streams flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, the object might be more readily attained. The solution of this problem is left to the enterprising spirit of a future generation. Yet this much is certain, if a canal, capable of transporting vessels of every size and tonnage from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, were constructed, it would produce incalculable advantages for civilized and be greatly surprised if the United States missed their opportunity to accomplish such an enterprise.

CANAL FORETOLD BY GOETHE.

(New York Evening Post.) It is interesting, just at this time, when the world's diplomacy is so agitated over the action of Congress and the President, in adopting legislation discriminating against foreign ships in the matter of tolls through the Panama Canal, when England's protest and claim of treaty violation are an incident of yesterday, and there is such general speculation regarding Germany's designs in South America, to find a prophetic utterance of Goethe, Germany's greatest poet and philosopher, bearing intimately upon the canal and its parts in the development of civilization.

Nearly every philosopher who has left the legacy of his genius to succeeding generations has found a certain comfort in the autumn of his life by turning prophet. Voltaire and Rousseau and many of the later Germans were notable examples. Among these last mentioned, Goethe assumed the role most entertainingly and most spontaneously, but with entire disregard for the preservation of his prophetic thoughts.

What we know of Goethe as prophet is chiefly owing to the restless and indefatigable Johann Peter Eckermann—a person fully as persistent, if not so verbose, as James Boswell whose "Gesprache mit Goethe" has a place of honor in every German library, although untranslated and little

undertaking, too, is so gigantic that I doubt its accomplishment, especially when I consider our German financial limitations. Finally, I should like to see the English in possession of a Suez Canal. These three great things I should like to see accomplished. It would be well worth while on their account to bear with life for several half-centuries to come.

Goethe died in 1832, just thirty-seven years before the Suez Canal was opened for navigation and forty-three years before England gained control of it by purchase of the Khedive's shares; also eighty-three years before the date set for the opening of the Panama Canal.

MY SWEETHEART.

Oh, I'm deeply in love with a maiden, And I'm sure that the lady loves me; At least every sign would show her design, Is never to let me go free.

In my eyes she is almost perfection, This dear little girlie of mine; She's as sweet as the rose, from her head to her toes; Her smile and her laugh are divine.

Oh, her hair is a wondrous golden, Her eyes are as blue as the sea; There's nothing more neat than her two dainty feet, And her lips are as red as can be!

But I never shall wed her, my sweetheart, Though I'm sure I could love no one more, I'm just waiting the day I must give her away, For I'm forty, while she's turned—four.

PLAIN COMMON-SENSE.

But—and it is a "but" to be taken into consideration by every couple in love—trouble could be largely avoided if men and women would only bring to their love-making a little of the common-sense they exercise with regard to other daily matters. Not, of course, that sweethearts should never quarrel. That would be too awful, for, as every engaged pair knows, "makings up" are always nice and thrilly, after a big tussle, when both promise to amend their ways.

No, what really want the searchlight of ordinary common-sense thrown upon them are those silly little haggings and sulks.

And they're so dangerous, too. They have a fatal habit of growing in frequency, if not nipped in the bud. Nothing wears out love so fast as this self-same stupid sensitiveness, which sees, because two people happen to adore one another, a deadly insult in the most innocent word or action.

CHOICE FRIENDSHIPS.

A good heart's worth gold.—Shakespeare. A noble nature can only attract the noble.—Goethe. Do you have evil-doers for friends—take as your friends the best of men.—Buddha.

We are to dignify to each other the daily need and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom, and unity.—Emerson. As our hearts, our way is one, And cannot be divided, Strong affection Contends with all things, and o'ercometh all things.—Joanna Baillie.

Judge before friendship, then confide till death.—Buddha. A friend is worth all hazards we can run!—The world! A world in purchase for a friend is gain!—Young.

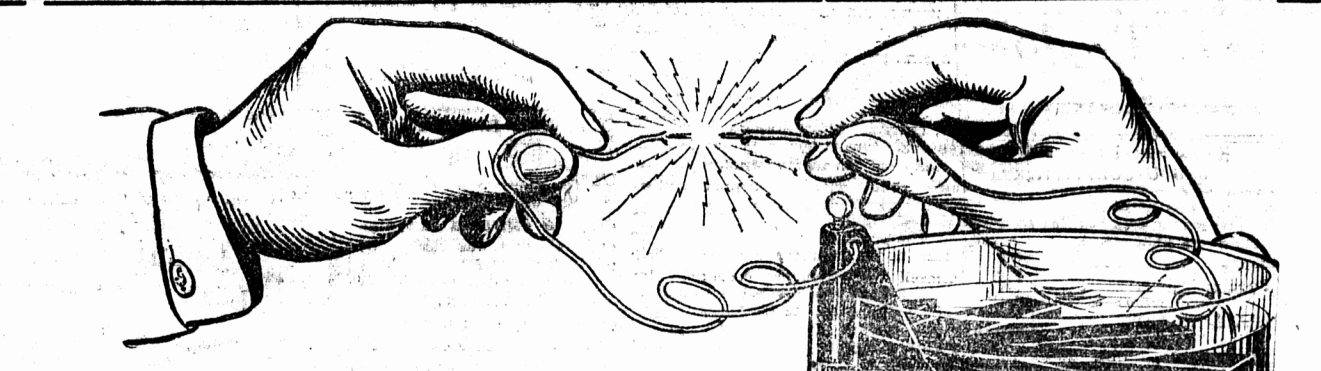
WHEN LOVE IS LOST.

When love is lost the day sets towards the night, Albeit the morning sun may still be bright, And not one cloud slip sails across the sky, Yet from the place where it used to lie,

Gone is the lustrous glory of the light, No splendor rests on any mountain height, No scene spreads fair and beautiful to the sight; All, all seems dull and dreary to the eye

When love is lost.

Love lends to live its grandeur, and its might, Love goes, and leaves behind it gloom and blight, Like shorts of time the pallid hours drag by, Time seems so long we think 'twill ne'er go by



Your Brain Is a Battery Its thoughts are the sparks that set Success in motion. The simplest form of battery requires three factors to make the electric spark—(zinc, copper and an acid) The human brain also requires three vital elements to put forth thought—water, albumen and Phosphate of Potash.

In the Brain as in the Battery, let a single element become weakened from yesterday's use and lessened activity follows. Therefore, in order to keep a good working brain or add to its power, one absolutely must use food which contains albumen and Phosphate of Potash.

Why not do a bit of thinking now? Water and albumen exist plentifully in every-day food, but Phosphate of Potash is often lacking. That missing element exists freely in the outer coating of wheat and barley, but the miller of white bread flour throws it out because it makes his flour brown instead of white.

GRAPE-NUTS FOOD

Made of choice wheat and malted barley, retains the rich brain-building Phosphate of Potash required by Nature for supporting bright brains and active minds. Pure! Wholesome! Appetizing! This food is partly pre-digested and quickly absorbed. A morning dish with cream provides force for accomplishment that many a man has come to know and appreciate. Common Sense goes a long way toward making Success. To eat right often means to be right.

"There's a Reason" Made by CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., PURE FOOD FACTORIES, WINDSOR, ONT.