

# TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS

### Letter from Mrs. Ayars Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Spring Valley, Sask.—"I took the Vegetable Compound before my last confinement, when I got to feeling so badly that I could not sleep nights, my back ached so across my hips, and I could hardly do my work during the day. I never had such an easy confinement and this is my sixth baby. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the 'Farmer's Telegram' and wrote you for one of your books. We have no druggist in our town, but I saw your medicine in T. Eaton's catalogue. I am a farmer's wife, so have all kinds of work to do inside and outside the house. My baby is a nice healthy girl, who weighed nine pounds at birth. I am feeling fine after putting in a large garden since baby came. (She is as good as she can be.) Yours is the best medicine for women, and I have told about it and even written to my friends about it."—Mrs. ANNIE E. AYARS, Spring Valley, Sask.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine for expectant mothers, and should be taken during the entire period. It has a general effect to strengthen and tone up the entire system so that it may work in every respect as nature intends. All druggists sell this dependable medicine. Give it a trial.

## SNOW WHITE

COLOR CUT-OUTS



### SNOW WHITE MARRIES

This is the next to the last chapter of "Snow-White and Rose-Red." Have you been saving all the paper dolls? If so, you will have a complete set tomorrow.

"Yes," said the prince, "the dwarf has been punished for all his wickedness. And now I wish to send you another three jewels in order to show my gratitude to her and her daughters, for their great kindness to me during the bitter cold of the winter."

Then he chose from the heap of precious stones ten of the most beautiful rubies, ten gleaming sapphires, six lustrous pearls, six amethysts and a great sparkling diamond.

"Take these," he said, "and give them to her, and tomorrow I will call at your house to see if they have pleased her."

The prince came the next day, and the next, and soon it was given out that he was to marry Snow-White. They had a magnificent wedding in the castle of the prince, at which the whole countryside was present, and pronounced it a finer affair than they had ever before seen. But poor Rose-Red longed for her sister.

Here is Snow-White's beautiful wedding dress. It is pale pink with darker pink roses and a white veil. She has pink roses on her forehead.

### FOR SALE

My farm at Greenvale, consisting of 72 acres of good land, all cleared, with 2 acres. House and out buildings are all in best repair.

ROBERT WAYE, Hunter River, R. R. No. 3.

6274-11-26M31.

## 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.

6225-11-24115.

## 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 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 sows, six summer pigs, five fall 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.

6220-11-24115M51.

**MONTREAL TORONTO DETROIT CHICAGO**

### INTERNATIONAL LIMITED

Leaves Bonaventure Station, Montreal, 10.00 A. M. Daily.

Ar. Toronto 5.40 P. M.  
Ar. Detroit 11.30 P. M.  
Ar. Chicago 8.00 A. M.

### OCEAN LIMITED

Makes Connection Daily from all Maritime Province Points.

For Fares, Reservations, Etc., Apply to

L. P. RITCHIE, Ticket Agent, Station

W. K. ROGERS, City Ticket Agent

6028-11-13131.

## The Iron Horse

BY EDWIN C. HILL

### CHAPTER XIX. MR. JESSON RETURNS

Davy brought the horses around to the private car as the sun was rising next morning. He had been up long before daylight, packing for a two weeks' trip, making sure that supplies and equipment were ready for their expedition.

He hailed the car with a gay whoop, as he sat his broncho, holding the reins of Jesson's horse looped over his left arm. The pack-horse drowsed behind. Miriam opened the door of the car and ran toward him, her face bright with greeting. Davy swung off and took her hand.

"It won't be gone long, Miriam," he said, naively. "We can make Cheyenne easily in four days. Two more days will take us to the pass. I can go to it like a bird! Then back here!"

"Splendid, Davy!" cried Miriam. "I know you will succeed. It means everything to father, to the road." "I know it," said Davy. "Why, Miriam, it's my big chance. I never dreamed that I could do so much for the road. It seems like something planned by Providence!"

"Perhaps it was, Davy," said Miriam. "They were holding each other with eyes that expressed more than they imagined when Jesson came out of the car followed by Marsh. The tall engineer scowled. Marsh started the echoes with a booming 'Morning, Brandon!' All ready, I see."

"All ready, Mr. Marsh," Deroux appeared from the car and hailed the travelers from the platform.

"Behold, the great expedition is about to start," he cried, all affably. "I wish you luck, my friends."

Jesson put his arm around Miriam and kissed her. Deroux's eyes sparkled with amusement. Davy, who had remembered his horse, turned away to hide the pain in his face. Deroux saw it all. Little escaped him.

"Look out for the Indians," he counselled. "It is a dangerous trail you are taking."

"Not much danger," said Marsh. "Major North's Pawnees have scouted the country nearly to the sea. North reports that no hostiles have been seen."

"We'll move fast," said Davy. "The end of the day found them trail-wary, forty miles of hard riding behind them. There was little talk around the campfire. Each was aware of dislike for the other. Jesson taking little trouble to conceal his feelings. After a few efforts toward conversation, Davy accepted Jesson's attitude. It was the same next day and on the days that succeeded. They addressed each other only when absolutely necessary. Voluntarily, Davy did most of the camp work, cooking their meals, saddling and packing the horses. He realized that Jesson had had no experience of that sort. He didn't need help. What angered him was his companion's superior air, his habit of speaking as if to a hired guide. Frequently Davy was on the point of flashing out a barbed reply, for his temper, ordinarily even, was set on a hair-spring with such talk as Jesson's. But he curbed himself, realizing it would not do to let his resentment flare into an open quarrel.

They trotted into the stage station of Julesburg on the morning of the third day. Already forehanded souls, aware of the intention to make the place railroad headquarters, were putting up shacks and sod dugouts, preparing to reap a share of the golden harvest spread by the road. The territorial population greeted the advance guard with noisy hilarity. Men crowded around them, bombarding them with questions, proffering alcoholic hospitality.

"No time to stop even, boys," said Brandon. "We're riding on. Headquarters will be here in two or three weeks. Get ready for the big boom."

Cheers followed them as they spurred their horses. One of the straggling village and pressed forward to the foothills, looming straight ahead. Four nights later they camped on Lodge Pole Creek. Davy yearned to find his father's grave, but with Jesson present he choked down the desire. His memory of his father was too intimate to be expressed before any one he disliked. The next morning he said curtly:

"We are now following the ridge I told you about. You didn't notice how we approached it. Nobody would look for it here in this cut-in region of buttes and gorges. But wait. You'll see how true it runs."

A few hours later, Davy swung from his horse and mounted Jesson's. He rode as if he had come to the bend in the ridge that he remembered. Dropping the reins over the heads of the horses, they walked forward along the rough crest falling away ahead of them.

"Now wait here," said Davy. "He ran forward, turned the out-jutting cliff and saw what he knew was in the distance—the great cliff in the mountain all. He stood in thought. His father's voice came back to him, ringing with joy: 'Son, I've found it!'"

His eyes dimmed. Poor old daddy! He shook emotion from him and walked back to the engineer.

"Come along, Mr. Jesson. I'll show you a gate ready for the road. You engineers couldn't want a better one!"

Jesson's gaze traveled down the descending ridge to the tremendous rift in the distance. There was no doubting his eyes. Straight ahead, less than two miles away, the great pass invited. He had not of the character of the ridge, its easy ascent, its broadness, its gradual descent, its especially good trail. A pretty problem with the solution absolutely guaranteed.

Then anger gripped him. This meant ruin; Deroux's scheme blown to the skies, his own hopes wrecked, a fortune snatched from his outstretched hand. It meant going back to worry, humiliation, wretchedness. He averted heads at the club, No, by God! It would be mendurable! Deroux's remark returned to him:

"Who knows what you would do, my friend, if the impulse were strong enough!"

"We will have to investigate this," he said to Brandon. "It looks all right, but I must know more about the character of that gorge. We'll have to get down to the bottom."

"They rode on down the ridge and into the mouth of the mountain gateway. Two hundred feet above their heads the walls towered on either side. Jesson's mind worked rapidly.

"There is a way to the top of this cliff, I wonder," he said aloud. "We can try to find one," said Davy. "Why?"

"When I go back," said Jesson. "I want to know all there is to know. One of us should be left down that cliff to the left. We must know the exact character of the rock wall. It may be rotten, it may be solid. It is our business to find out which."

"Why, that's solid rock," said Davy in surprise. "An earthquake couldn't loosen it."

"An engineer can take nothing for granted, Mr. Brandon," returned Jesson, coldly. "Suppose we neglected this important detail and later on a train was buried because of our neglect?"

"Why, I suppose you are right," said Davy. "It pays to make sure." Jesson hid a smile of contempt. Any engineer would have laughed at the notion of danger from such a formation but this fellow could not be expected to know. The road through the gorge, for more than a mile, and turned south into a region broken by gullies. Leaving the horses, they struggled ahead on foot, slowly climbing upward. After hours of exhausting toil they made the top. Stretching themselves flat on the ground, they gazed down into the pass. Deroux sprang with such talk as Jesson's. He arranged the rope in smooth loops, then proffered the other end to Jesson. "All ready," he said. Jesson drew back. "I'm not used to this sort of thing," he said. "My hands are too soft from office work. That rope would tear them to pieces."

Davy shot him a look of undisguised contempt, a smile curling his mouth. He said nothing but snatched the rope end from Jesson and quickly knotted it around his own waist. Then getting a firm grip a few feet from where the larriat was secured to the tree, he let himself easily over the edge of the cliff, bracing his feet against the rock and taking up the slack inch by inch as he lowered himself into the gulf. He saw that he would need every ounce of his strength. The strain was terrific. He had been too hard on Jesson. The man was out of training. He couldn't be expected to achieve such a venture. He called up cheerily:

"Going fine! Just keep your eye on the loops. See! They don't snarl in the brush!"

His voice grew fainter. Jesson peered forward. Brandon was al-

## It's Pretty Tough

It's pretty tough, after a man has spent his money, time and energy in building up a business in Prince Edward Island . . . to have a lot of business he could take care of go out of the Province.

It's kinda discouraging to give your all to a community and not get any consideration in return.

These advertisements are run to draw your attention to the fact that Prince Edward Island concerns deserve your business, price and quality being equal . . . and they are in many instances. At least give them a chance, and thus co-operate for the community welfare.

## ECONOMIC COMMITTEE ASSOCIATED BOARDS OF TRADE

Box 249, Charlottetown

## RADIO PROGRAMS

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27 International Radio Program

### EVENING CONCERTS

7.30 P. M. WAHG (316) Richmond Hill, Musical.

8.45 P. M. WGY (380) Schenectady, Play—"The Better Understanding."

8.00 P. M. WNYC (256) N. Y. Songs. WENF (266) Shenandoah, Sunday school.

WCAJ (469) Wash. Organ. WGAZ (275) So. Bend, Ind. Vocal. WCX (517) Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

WEAF (492) New York, Happiness Boys. KSD (516) St. Louis, Recital.

9.20 P. M. WLS (345) Chicago, "WLS"

8.20 P. M. WSMB (319) New Orleans, Musical.

WHA (436) Madison, Musical. WHAS (400) Louisville, Concert.

WPAJ (266) Nashville, Hawaiian Music. KFNF (256) Shenandoah, Concert.

WCAE (462) Pittsburgh, Concert. WTIC (476) Hartford, Studio program.

WBZ (238) Springfield, Pizzito's Strummers. WJHO (526) Des Moines, Boone Mixed Quartette.

9.00 P. M. WPG (300) Atlantic City, Concert. WMCA (341) N. Y. Hardman hour.

CKY (384) Winnipeg, Musical. WCAE (462) P.M. Toronto, Program.

WCCO (417) St. Paul-Minneapolis, Musical. WBAV (294) Columbus, Musical.

WBMM (226) Chicago, Studio. KPAU (275) Boise, Recital.

KPKA (309) E. Pittsburgh, Tea-berry. WDAF (356) Kansas City, Star Radio Orchestra.

CNRA (291) Moncton, L'Assomption Band. WOC (484) Davenport, "WOC" Minstrels.

9.15 P. M. WCAP (469) Wash. Wardman Park Hotel.

WGN (370) Chicago, String trio. WOAJ (395) San Antonio, Trio.

KFAB (341) Lincoln, Musicals. KPO (420) San Francisco, Concert.

9.45 P. M. CFCF (411) Montreal, Concord entertainers.

WBBA (236) Madison, Varied. WNYC (526) N. Y. Vocal.

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## Fashion Fancies

Many smart dressmakers realize the possibilities of black and brown as a color combination and show us smart outfits which stress these two colors.

The youthful suit above is made of fine black kasha. It retains the youthful note by its collar of brown ermine and its smart little over-blouse.

This is of black crepe de chine, with brown metal buttons in groups of four placed down the front of the frock.

## FAREWELL ADDRESS

On the evening of November 26th the members of the Young Peoples' Society, York, assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Crockett to bid farewell to their daughter Pearl, prior to her departure for Boston, Mass. The assemblage was called to order by the president, Mr. I. C. Brown and an address read by Miss Ruby Stewart and a beautiful 3 piece Toilet set presented by Mrs. Frank Watta. Although taken by surprise Miss Crockett thanked the donors for their gift in a few well chosen words.

The remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent in music, games and social intercourse.

After the serving of lunch by the ladies the party was brought to a close by singing "She's a Jolly Good Fellow" and the National Anthem. Then all dispersed to their homes wishing Miss Crockett "bon voyage" and hoping ere long to welcome her back again to their midst.

Following is the address: Dear Pearl, We, your fellow members of the York Young Peoples' Society, have gathered here this evening to bid farewell for a time to one, who has been from its commencement a joyous and faithful member of the society. One who has cheerfully done her part to make the society a success by doing what she was asked to do.

We are going to miss you from our midst Pearl, but that you may not forget us we would ask you to accept this small gift and let it remind you of your York friends when you use it.

May the best success attend you where ever you may be and may the time be not far distant when you will return to P. E. I. where the sincere wishes of us all.

Signed on behalf of the Society: LEITH BROWN, President. ARTHUR VESSEY, Sec'y.

WANT TO DANCE? (Name of orchestra is given) 8.00 P. M.

WLIT (395) Phila. Welch's Minstrels.

WWJ (353) Detroit, News.

WJR (517) Pontiac, Serenaders, 8.30 P. M.

CFCF (411) Montreal, Mt. Royal.

WMBB (250) Chicago, Trianon.

WEAR (390) Cleveland, Dance, 8.45 P. M.

WLIT (395) Phila. Welch's Minstrels.

WOO (509) Phila. WOO.

WTAS (303) Elgin, Ill. Purple Grackle.

WBZ (333) Springfield, Dance.

WTC (476) Hartford, Nigold Pres. entators.

WGR (31) Buffalo, Musical.

9.30 P. M.

WLIT (395) Phila. Harmony Kings.

WCAO (275) Baltimore, Belvidere.

WRR (273) Torrington, Dance.

WMC (500) Memphis, Britling's.

10.00 P. M.

WNEW (263) Newark, Dally's.

WCAJ (469) Wash. Dance, back, shuddering, hands and feet.

WCAJ (469) Wash. Dance, like ice. His impulse was to run.

WCAJ (469) Wash. Dance, to get away from the place as swiftly as possible. But first he looked at the severed rope end.