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FELLOWS' SYRUP

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND IN THE PROBATE COURT

20th George V., A. D., 1929 In Re Estate of Guy Cameron, Charlottetown, in Queen's County in the said Province deceased testate. By the Honorable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

GREETING:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Mary Louise Cameron of Charlottetown aforesaid, widow of the deceased, named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Thursday, the thirty-first day of October next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of James D. Stewart, Esq., Executor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia both in Charlottetown aforesaid and I do hereby also order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney General of this Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this thirtieth day of September A. D., 1929, and in the 20th year of His Majesty's reign. (Sgd.) H. L. PALMER, Judge of Probate. 6018-10-41, Oct. 1-8-15-22.

Professional Cards

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Prohibition Commission Chairman, Mr. GEORGE K. BROWN, Margate, P. E. I. Send all information regarding infractions of Prohibition Act to the above

Chief Inspector B. J. Haywood 75 Dorchester Street, Charlottetown. Phone 799 9101-11-16-17.

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IN MEMORIAM

MR. ALEXANDER MCPHERSON

On Saturday, the twenty-ninth day of June, Alexander McPherson, a very highly esteemed resident of Flat River, passed peacefully away at the age of sixty years.

The deceased had been in failing health for several years, so that the coming of the end was not unexpected.

In fact all who knew Mr. McPherson and the apparent condition of his health often wondered that his strength held out so long. But he was naturally of a strong and rugged constitution and had a large supply of reserve energy to fall back upon, yet little by little that reserve supply grew less and less until on the above mentioned date his spirit winged its heavenward flight.

Besides a sorrowing widow, Mr. McPherson leaves to mourn the loss of a kind and loving father, five sons and four daughters, the sons are: Albert McPherson, Dorchester, Mass.; Malcolm McPherson, Bellevue; Daniel McPherson, Eldon, and Hugh McPherson and Callum McPherson, Flat River, and the daughters are: Mrs. Christina Babbitt, Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. Donald McPherson, Bellevue; Mrs. John McPherson, Brooklyn, and Miss Annie McPherson at home. Another son, Alexander McPherson, and another daughter, Catherine McPherson, passed away some years ago. Mr. McPherson was a man who was well and favourably known throughout the whole countryside, and was always admired for his strength and nobility of character. He was one of those rare souls whom to know was always to admire and to love. For quite a number of years he was elder in the Presbyterian church in Wood Islands and as an elder he was ever found at his post.

"Where duty called or danger He was never wanting there."

In the home he was a much loved husband and father and his presence there was always a benediction. And now come what will, it is felt that his place in the home, in the church and in the community will never be completely filled. Although during the greater part of the time for several years, he was confined to his home and at times suffered a great deal of pain, he did not murmur nor complain. His sufferings were all born in a spirit of meekness and Christian fortitude. When the end came he remained calm and unmoved. "He knew in whom he had believed and he was persuaded that he was able to keep what he had committed to His trust against that day."

Death had no terrors for him. There was no dark valley. He was ever waiting for our Master's loving call: "Weary one, come home." His passing was one of sweet peace.

The funeral, which was one of the largest ever seen in this section of the Island, was held on the afternoon of July 2nd. The service was conducted by Rev. Thomas Rodger, assisted by Rev. R. Hensley Stavert, and Rev. Quincy A. McDowell. The pall bearers were: Angus McLean, Donald McLean, John Cameron, Hugh McPherson, Johnathan Morrison and Thomas W. Morrison.

The floral tributes were: Wreath, Y. P. S. C. E., Wood Islands; Bouquet, Mr. William Buchanan, Eldon. Interment was in the Presbyterian Cemetery, Wood Islands.

Liberal-Conservative Convention

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Queens County Liberal-Conservative Association will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms in Charlottetown on Tuesday the 22nd day of October A. D., 1929 commencing at 1.30 P. M. sharp. Each Poll in the County is entitled to send five Delegates to attend the Annual Meeting. NOTICE is also given that a Convention of the Liberal-Conservative Electors of Queens County will be held on the same day in the Strand Theatre in Charlottetown commencing at 2.30 P. M., to select two candidates to represent the Liberal-Conservative party in Queens County at the next forthcoming Federal Election and each Poll in the County is entitled to be represented by five delegates. Dated this 7th day of October A. D., 1929. W. A. STEWART, President. N. W. LOWTHER, Secretary. 9066-10-8-15thOct.

BROKEN WINGS

"DOES A MAN DESERT HIS BROTHER?"

"Ahiways, Ahiways," the voices of the tribe called angrily.

"Ummata, Ummata," the women shrieked.

Bill and Katherine leaned forward, tense with interest in this new development. They saw Aruman issue a command and then they saw the tall, straight figure of Ahiways stand full in the glow of the fire.

"They say," said Aruman, speaking in an even tone that showed neither sympathy nor rancor, "they say, these brothers of yours, that you gave the white man the knife that freed his hands and that your betrothed, the girl Ummata, woke the white woman from her sleep and gave her food. Speak now and tell us, is this true?"

Ahiways spoke haughtily, "Does a man desert his brother in blood?"

An angry murmur ran through the listeners.

"Does a woman disobey the words of her lord? Yes, I gave that knife to my brother. With my own hands I cut his bonds and guided him into the forest. In the evening I told my betrothed to warn the white woman and to give her food. We, even as the white people, broke the tabu. And now my blood brother is safely hidden where not even I can find him."

"He lies," a man sprang to his feet. "He lies. He knows where the white man is. Let him tell us, let us put an end to this now. The gods grow angry. They have sent the rain clouds twice and taken them away. Speak, Ahiways, and tell us the hiding place of the white man."

"I do not know, and if I did know you could cut the tongue from my mouth, but I would not tell."

Men and women looked at each other in wild astonishment to hear one of their young men speak so boldly when he knew the gods were angry. Some of them admired his courage, others felt that he only increased the disfavor of the tribe with the gods. They buzzed with talk while Aruman sat with his head sunk in his hands, Ahiways stood erect with the bright defiance of youth. Ummata crouched at the edge of the forest with the other women, and the hidden white watchers strained their eyes and ears for what would happen next.

Aruman was deeply discouraged. He was too wise to believe very strongly in the superstitions of his people. But even his scepticism was shaken by the twice repeated appearance and disappearance of the rain clouds. And that the sky remained clear the third day of the reckoning of the time the rains were due seemed an ominous sign to him. He had, of course, been taught the causes of the rainfall and he had been told that they operated without regard to the favor or disfavor of the gods. Part of this he believed and part of the religion of his people he believed. But this was the first time he had been called on to do anything more active in support of his tribal religion than mutter prayers and sacrifice the yearly pig to the god of the mountain.

Aruman believed in devils, and he decided now that some devil must have taken possession of his island. He lifted his head and saw the angry faces all about him. Something must be done and done quickly. "You tell us, Ahiways, that you freed your blood brother from his bonds; that you broke the tabu by speaking with your betrothed before the rains arrived. Let the tribe pass judgment on your sin."

The old man spoke, sadly, for he was Ahiways' uncle. "There is but one punishment for him who breaks the tabu, who frees a man condemned by our tribe to die. That punishment is death."

"I have spoken," he said. "I do not know where the white man hides. I would not tell you if I did."

Sitaways spoke more gently than ever. "Does my brother forget that if he dies his betrothed, Ummata, dies with him?"

A spasm of pain passed over Ahiways' face.

ECZEMA GOES

New Ointment Quickly Relieves Itching, Burning, Inflammation

No matter what else you have used, just try "Sootha Salva." This prescription of a famous physician has brought such quick relief to thousands of sufferers that you can count on it soothing the itching and burning, healing the raw surfaces, and completely clearing your skin of torturing Eczema. 50c at all Druggists.

It costs you nothing if you do not benefit. After using two boxes of "Sootha Salva," if you are not satisfied just return the empty tin to Frailites Limited, Ottawa, Ont., and we will refund your money.

A woman shrieked, but it was not Ummata. The girl was sitting erect, watching her lover and keeping herself in readiness to obey any order he might give her. The woman who shrieked was joined by others who wailed and mourned that one of the young men should be cut down in the flower of his youth. Ahiways' mother looked her arms around her knees and rocked herself back and forth. Others, with tears streaming down their faces, heaped sand on their heads or buried their faces in their hands.

The young men who had grown up with Ahiways, hunted and fished with him, looked forward to dancing the marriage dance with him, exchanged uncertain glances with each other. They understood the impulse that had led him to free his brother in blood and they knew the sorrow that must rack him at the thought of Ummata's grief.

The strongest of them, one who had not spoken in council before, rose and asked respectful permission of Aruman to speak.

"Speak, my son, may Paloola guide your words," the chief said quietly.

With a graceful modesty that quite apparently impressed his elders favorably, the youth began, "I do not presume to speak before those who are older and wiser than I am because I feel that I am wise. I presume to speak because of my love for my comrade Ahiways. It may be that an evil spirit possesses him, or it may be that he is very brave. If he is possessed of an evil spirit it is a dreadful thing for him to die, and to wander in the outer world in the company of devils. If he is very brave, then it is also dreadful for him to die, for our tribe will lose a mighty hunter and the father of many noble sons. It is true that he has broken the tabu, but these last days have been days unlike any our tribe has ever known. There is no law handed down from the memories of our fathers to tell us what to do. It may be that the gods, angry over the sin of the white man, will not see the sin of Ahiways. If—"

The youth looked away from Aruman and straight into the eyes of Ahiways. "If you, my brother, will tell us where the white man hides, I and the other young men, your comrades, will implore our fathers to pardon your sin in breaking the tabu and in aiding the white man to escape. Do I speak the truth, my brothers?"

The young men cried with one voice. "You speak the truth, oh, Sitaways."

The old men nodded. They were pleased. None of them wanted to see Ahiways die. And they did wish to discover the white man and dispatch him to his sins. But Ahiways shook his head.

"I have spoken," he said. "I do not know where the white man hides. I would not tell you if I did."

Sitaways spoke more gently than ever. "Does my brother forget that if he dies his betrothed, Ummata, dies with him?"

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ways' face. Then he said proudly, "Are we less brave, my betrothed and I, than the white man and woman who would die together?"

"Not less brave, my brother," answered Sitaways, still persuasively, "but far more foolish."

Ahiways faced his friend. "Hear me, Sitaways, and those of you who have ears heed my words. The rains will come. It does not matter whether we sacrifice to this stone god or not. Many of our laws are old and foolish. Paloola is only a stick of wood, with an ugly face carved upon its top. The god of the mountain is only a heap of stone. The sun will shine, the clouds will come, the rain will fall whether we sacrifice or not. So much the white man has told me. He is wise and strong. He can sail in a ship of the air. He does not fear the devils you tell us are all about. I do not believe in our old and foolish laws. Now do with me as you will."

A stunned silence followed the words. A leaf fluttered to the ground and it seemed to Aruman that he could hear it touch the earth. It was time for him to speak.

"Our brother is possessed of an evil spirit, my fathers. The white man has bewitched him. He does not know what he says. I will call upon the white man to come forth from his hiding place. Let the wind carry my words to him. If he comes not, then Ahiways must die and Ummata with him."

Very slowly, in profound silence he stepped forward until he faced the god of the mountain. Then in English he called out, "Come forth from the cave in the mountain, oh, white man. My people will sentence to death your blood brother Ahiways unless you come. They will kill the maiden Ummata with him. I have tried to save you, but I can fight no longer against the gods. Come forth and save my people from committing a great sin."

He paused, his hands upraised toward the mountain, his eyes fixed upon the rocks that formed the foot of the god of the mountain. In tense expectancy his people followed his gaze. And then before their amazed and unbelieving eyes, the white man and the white woman appeared before them, rising from the midst of the terrible mountain, coming slowly down the hill to the campfire.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

Subjects British Premier May Discuss In Ottawa

(By Ray Brown, Canadian Press Staff Correspondent)

NEW YORK, Oct. 11—There is some conjecture respecting the nature of the discussions which will take place between Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald and Prime Minister Mackenzie King, when they meet in Ottawa. When Mr. MacDonald went to Washington to meet President Hoover, the President took him away to his retreat in the Blue Ridge Mountains for their peace and disarmament discussions. Like President Hoover the Prime Minister of Canada has a mountain home, "Kingsmere," in the Gattineau Hills. It is now definitely known that Mr. MacDonald will be a visitor at the Canadian Premier's country home and it is more than possible they will utilize their stay there for heart to heart conversations.

The demilitarization of the port of Halifax has been mentioned as a subject which Mr. MacDonald may feel like talking about. British unemployment, the proposed Imperial economic conference and British immigration are subjects which may find their place in the Ottawa conversations. It is anticipated that Mr. MacDonald will refer to some of them in the speech which he will make in the Dominion capital.

Places Wreath On The Tomb Of Unknown Soldier

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10—To the tomb of the "Unknown Soldier" in Arlington National Cemetery, Premier Ramsay MacDonald today brought his tribute—a wreath of red and white flowers, standing out against a background of rich green leaves. While khaki clad soldiers stood at present arms, their bayonets shining in the afternoon sunlight, Great Britain's Prime Minister approached the simple, white marble tomb, over looking the woods and hills of the quiet Potomac Valley, and placed before it his wreath. Then he stood for a moment in the centre of the space which had been roped off for the ceremony, his head bared and his eyes on the marble, before returning to the car which bore him, his daughter Isabel, and members of the party back to the Capital.

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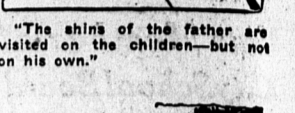
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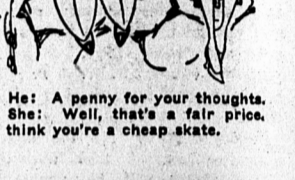
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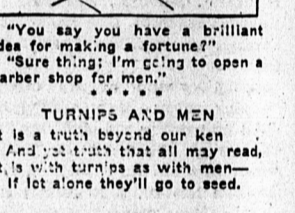
"The shins of the father are visited on the children—but not on his own."



He: A penny for your thoughts. She: Well, that's a fair price. I think you're a cheap skate.



TURNIPS AND MEN It is a truth beyond our ken And just truth that all may read, It is with turnips as with men— If let alone they'll go to seed.



"I understand he was half-seas over." "No, only twelve miles out."



WORK IS SCARCE, OLD JOHN BULL BECOMES THIRTY

LONDON, Oct. 11—Mr. Hon. Philip Snowden, chancellor of the exchequer, before the international thrift congress here today pointed out that despite the unemployment in Britain, more than \$7,500,000,000 was invested in thrift organizations and the amount was steadily increasing.

His explanation was that although industry was depressed, the rest of the population was enjoying a fair measure of prosperity.

FOR SALE

An excellent dairy farm in Mermaid, Lot 48, 7 miles from Charlottetown, near churches, schools and railway station, containing 188 acres, 121 under cultivation, balance wood and good timber, extra well fenced and water, fine buildings. Inspection invited. Owing to ill-health, bargain for quick sale with or without crop. JOSEPH POWER, Mermaid. 7004-8-1-turf-14.

S. S. Rosolend

Leave Montreal Arrive Charlottetown and Leave for St. John's. October 4, October 18, November 1, November 15. October 7, October 21, November 4, November 18. CARVELL BROS