

-SMILES-



"Did you say when your husband comes home very late at night he always brings you a novel?" "No, I didn't. I said he always brings home a lot of fiction."



"Do you think a college education pays?" "I hardly know. True, my daughter got engaged after a four year's course, but she might have attained the same result in two weeks at a beach."



"But I cannot live without you." "Yes, you can. Run along. You're paying as much alimony now as you can afford."

ENGAGED

"I have my eye on you." "The young man says, 'Said she you are very slow.' For my other eye has a hand of gold on me."



Lady: Haven't you any trade or profession? Hobo: I was a very fine musician, but I hurted me eyesight looking for de rests in de music."

BOSTON Two Trips Weekly from ST. JOHN via Eastport and Lunenburg every Wednesday, Direct to Boston, Saturdays Canadian National Railway to ST. JOHN S.S. "CALVIN AUSTIN" Sails from Reid's Pt. Wharf, St. John Wednesday at 9 a.m. (A.S.T.), via Eastport and Lunenburg, due Boston 10 a.m. Thursday morning (D.S.T.) Saturday sailing from St. John at 7 p.m. (A.S.T.) direct to Boston, due Boston, Mon., Fri., 10 a.m. (D.S.T.) via Lunenburg and Eastport. FARE TO BOSTON \$10 For reservations apply ticket office, Reid's Pt. Wharf. Low rates for automobiles accompanied by passengers. EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

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Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

(Continued) "Take notes on this, and when you've taken them, sit down there and put them into the English language," he added, never looking up from his work. "And don't stop to get any of your college grammar into it, either. There was a fire this morning up in White Mule gulch. Got two cabins on a claim. Name of claim, Jennie June. Name of owners, John Ferguson and Ad Woolwich. Got that down?" Marcus had now filled out his column and set in the rules. "All right. Two hundred words. Work in something about needing a city government to afford fire protection. Rush 'em both—they're needed to fill out this page—and then I'll give you the big story!"

As I sat down to the table and shoved papers and derringer away to give myself writing room, I had a spurt of amusement at the unconventional nature of the proceedings. I glanced up at Marcus again, and amusement yielded to sympathy and understanding. The early appearance of the Cottonwood Courier had been no miracle, unless a miracle of hard work. In less than a week, Marcus had got his plant set up and his newspaper out; and I conjectured that he was as yet its whole editorial and business staff. Which accounted for his odd, almost drunken appearance. He was working by the light of his blazing nerves.

"Rush it!" he called twice, as I set down my plain tale. Having finished, I handed over the sheets to him, somewhat thrilled at the prospect of seeing myself for the first time in print. He did not even glance at my copy, but yelled to a printer: "Get this out as fast as the Lord'll let you! Now—" he was lifting and arranging type again—"this reading item goes on the front page for a lead. Start it about this way: 'Mysterious holdups for large sums have grown entirely too common in camp of late. We do not refer to picaresque affairs where a tenderfoot parts with his roll. The boys must have their fun. But hard upon two robberies of the stage came the affair at Black canyon, and yesterday the gang, for the same gang it must be, attempted the boldest crime yet perpetrated. —Do you think you can get that down about the way I said it?' "I think so," I faltered.

"Well, take a note or two, can't you?" When I looked up, Marcus was looking his completed page. "All ready?" he proceeded. "Write the rest of it your own way. Here's the facts. Stonewall Jackson mine up on Liverpool sends down a messenger to Cottonwood in a buckboard for the payroll. Probably about five thousand dollars. He don't take any chances of being seen at the bank. Gets a business man on Main street—don't know who—to draw the money for him. Then, at the last minute, something makes him ringy. Just an instinct, I guess. He ends up by sending the money in the saddle-bags of the boss; and he rides alone, with a sawed-off shotgun on the seat for a blind. Sure enough, he's held up. Four men masked. They go through him and see they've been fooled. One of 'em's for torturing him, Indian fashion, to make him tell what's become of the payroll, but the rest lose their sand. So they kick him once or twice for luck and vamoose. Broad daylight proposition. He comes down to notify the police and lets go the facts to me at the Black Jack this afternoon. Make the story of the holdup an interview with him. And get it dramatic. Go strong on the minute when he's facing the prospect of hellish torment. His name's Henry—there, I'll be d—d if I remember what the rest of it is. Call it Smith for the present. Finish up by drawing strong attention to the fact that someone in camp must be systematically peaching."

"Peaching" I interposed; for that verb, now almost forgotten in the progress of our American language, was then new slang. "Informing—watching shipments of money for the gang. Its plain to me as the nose on your face. Some of the gambling element, maybe. And make an appeal for a strong pure, municipal government. That's all—no' wait a minute—" Marcus

lifted his form with a weary grunt, set it down on the floor, leaned it carefully against the wall, and rested his hands on the stone as he meditated. "No, drop that." Don't even hint about confederates in camp. No politics, either. I want to know more before I cut loose. Now get it written!"

Looking up occasionally from the frantic haste of my labors, I noted absently that men were constantly passing and repassing through the canvas door and talking with Marcus as he worked. One, evidently, had brought in an advertisement. Just as evidently, Marcus had told him to write it himself; for he seated himself at the table opposite me and, with protruding tongue-tip following the course of his pencil, set himself to the labor of literary creation. Another must have borne news, for presently Marcus called to me: "You, kid! Name of the messenger's Henry Steward. They took seven dollars off him. He left his gold watch in camp when he started his bluff. Put that in—contrast between what they expected and what they got."

I finished, hesitatingly set the copy on the case before Marcus. He ran rapidly, professionally, through the sheets. "Nine hundred words or thereabouts, he said. "Couldn't have guessed better at space myself. Now I'll show my gratitude and appreciation practically, just for a change. I can use you. I've been wanting a reporter. If you like the job, sit down and go on with it—at twenty a week. What say?"

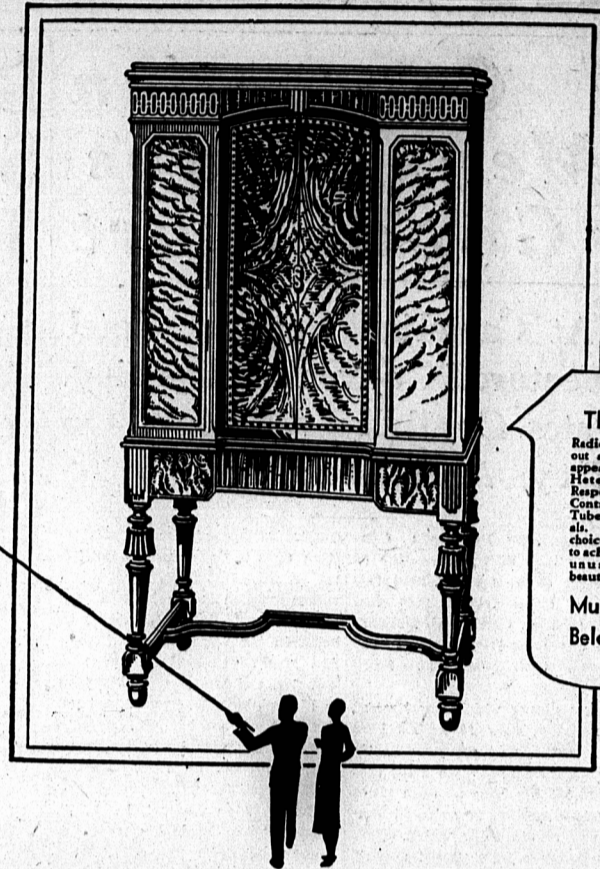
My breath taken away by the dramatic suddenness of his proposal, I realized that here lay my way out. The smell of printer's ink was already purtume to my nostrils. I had enjoyed this little whirl at intellectual work—the thing I was trained to do—as much as I had loathed digging on the claim. If Shorty would only buy me out—With a promptness which squalled that of Marcus, I answered: "Give me an hour, and I'll let you know." "Well, come back anyhow—need you tonight!" exclaimed Marcus as I darted through the door to search for Buck and Shorty. I pushed and jostled my way from Siegel's beer hall to the Black Jack, from the Black Jack to Myer's Variety theatre, where at last I found my two adventurers lolling expansively on a back seat, Buck's arm hooked over Shorty's shoulder. They, in common with the rest of the audience, were listening with heads sentimentally askew to "The Blue Alistian Mountains," as rendered, to the accompaniment of a guitar, a violin and the only piano in camp, by a hawk-faced woman in short and ruffy skirts. I had to wait until she rendered two encores before I could announce to Buck and Shorty that I wanted to see them on important business and drag them to the recess between the Variety and Cheap Jack Eckstein's Dry Goods Emporium. And there I wasted no time with preliminaries, but plunged straight into business. "Shorty," I said—I had never heard any other name for him, "do you want to buy out my share of our claim?"

Painful Piles

Go Quick—No Cutting—No Salves It takes only one bottle of Dr. J.S. Leonard's prescription—HEM-ROID—to end itching, bleeding, protruding piles. This internal remedy acts quickly even in old, stubborn cases. HEM-ROID succeeds because it heals and restores the affected parts and removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. Only an internal medicine can do this. That's why salves and cutting fail. Hughes Drug Co. Ltd. says HEM-ROID Tablets must end your Pile misery or money back.

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TENDERS

Separate tenders will be received for the following property of the National Candy Ltd., Charlottetown. Building in first class repair with up to date steam heating system installed and up to date power, and electric wiring.

Plant and equipment consisting of modern machinery, utensils, and necessary equipment for an up to date Candy Factory. Stock of containers, packages, fillers, waxed cellophane and fancy paper, unlabelled, all new and used daily in the manufacture of chocolates.

Office furniture and equipment, consisting of desks typewriter filing cabinets etc.; also one new time clock and card rack. Inspection of the above property and of inventory may be arranged by applying to either of the undersigned. Tenders will close at 12 o'clock noon Wednesday, September 30, 1931. Dated at Charlottetown, September 12, 1931. A. PICKARD, A. R. McINNIS, Liquidators.

CLEARANCE SALE

I am instructed by the Administratrix of the Estate of the late John Duncan, Sr., of Wheatley River, P. E. I., to sell by Public Auction, on Wednesday, September 23rd, 1931, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following stock, crop and implements.

STOCK—2 work horses, 3 milk cows, 3 dry cows, 3 heifers, 2 year old, 1 steer, 1 pure bred bull 3 years old; 1 pure bred bull, 1 year old; 10 sheep, 1 shrop, ram, 1 brood sow, pure bred; 1 boar, 50 hens, 8 geese, 34 ducks.

IMPLEMENTS—1 binder, 1 hay-mower, hay rake, new; gang plough, 3 sect. spike harrows, single plough, drum, Hall shaker, spring tooth harrows, hiller, seed drill, turnip drill, potato scuffler, grain crusher, cream separator, Laval, new; truck wagon, cart wheels, iron axle, road cart, pulper, hay fork, rope and blocks, cross cut saw, rip saw, crow bars, axes, shovels, forks, sewing machine, cook stove, new, (coal), cook stove (wood), harness, carpenter's tools and other articles too numerous to mention. CROP—125 stalks wheat, 225 stalks mixed grain, potatoes, 2 tons hay, hay stack. Terms of Sale—All sums of \$10.00 and under cash, over \$10.00 12

months credit on approved joint note, 6% off for cash. If day stormy on following fine day. I will offer for sale the farm of the late John Duncan, consisting of 100 acres of land, 85 acres clear, balance covered with a valuable growth of hard and soft wood. Also, I will offer for rental the farm known as the Duncan homestead, consisting of 50 acres of land. Terms made known at sale. ALEX. MacRAE, Auctioneer. 8718-9-16-41.

There are two sides to every—but it makes a big difference to the thing, even to a sheet of flypaper, fly which side he chooses.

SWINE SHOW AND SALE

The P. E. I. Swine Growers' Association are holding their

5th Annual Show and Sale at

THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, CHARLOTTETOWN

on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13th. (Sale begins 1.00 P. M.)

A choice selection of males and females from the best Island stock will be offered. Open to all breeders of pure bred Yorkshires. For particulars—prize list, entry forms, etc.

Apply to The Secretary

Box 200, Charlottetown.

C. M. Lampson & Co. LIMITED. 64 Queen Street London, E. C. 4, England Public Auction Sales OF RAW FURS Shipping bags will be furnished without charge by applying to E. T. Bolman, Ltd., Sumneride, P. E. I. Represented by Alfred Fraser, Inc. 213 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.