

**Stationary Engine Operators**

If you operate a cement-mixer, a compressor, or any type of stationary engine driven equipment just install a set of Champions if you want the dependability, the efficiency and economy that makes Champion the better spark plug.

Champion is the better spark plug because of its double-ribbed silt-resistant core—its two-piece construction and its special analysis electrodes.

Champion X—for Fords 80¢  
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**CHAMPION Spark Plugs**

WINDSOR, ONT.  
A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT

**Canadian National Railways**

EXHIBITION-PICTOU SERVICE

To accommodate passengers from New Glasgow, Sydney and intermediate stations attending our Exhibition and Races, the connecting train will be held at Pictou until the arrival of the "Hochelega" which is being held at Charlottetown until 5.00 p. m. on Wednesday September 28th, Thursday the 29th and Friday the 30th.

District Passenger Agent's Office 9412-9-28-41.

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One Cleveland Tractor, New Engine, and in excellent condition. Most suitable tractor for potato digging. Apply to Allison McLeod, Central Garage. 9342-9-27-61.

**FARM FOR SALE**

Farm of 70 acres, 1/2 mile from St. Peter's Village. Well suited for raising seed potatoes. Good buildings. Will sell with or without crop. Will sell reasonable. Apply to G. H. WALKER, St. Peter's. 9260-9-21-wsm91.

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**Professional Cards**

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J. A. McDONALD, H. F. MCPHEE, B. A. Barristers, Attorneys, Etc. Money to Loan.

Apply a few drops for prompt relief

**cuts bruises and bumps**

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**Absorbine J!**  
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all Druggists \$1.25

**SMILES**

Arrest is more certain if you are in hard language than in a soft word.



**HAD OTHER INGREDIENTS**

Waiter: It looks like rain, sir. Diner (sipping lemonade): Yes; but I think there are small quantities of lemon and sugar in it as well.



**HE KNEW WHEN**

Friend: When it comes to fishing you don't seem to know where to draw the fisherman. Amateur Fisherman: Oh, yes, I do—as soon as I feel a bite.



**ONLY THE DRUMS**

"I have a terrible beating in my ears."  
"Oh, that's only the drums."



**ONLY THE DRUMS**

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they helped me. I continued the treatment in about two weeks I was healed." (Signed) E. M. Bradley, 185 Queen St., Charlottetown, P. E. I., Aug. 11, 1926.

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Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Distributor, Montreal, P. Q. Price, Soap 25¢, Ointment 35¢ and 50¢, Talcum 25¢. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25¢.



**THAT 15TH AMENDMENT AGAIN**

"Gertie, have you gotten every thing packed for your return to 'Canada'?"  
"I should say not. I haven't started my packing yet."



**CURSE O' LOVE**

A Story of Love and its Test  
by MILDRED BARBOUR

CHAPTER 34.

**THE THREAT OF THE OPAL.**

The midnight prowler who had stuck a revolver into the pit of Sydney Stokes's stomach in front of Collins's garage, when he was about to step into his car, was probably the most surprised and frightened man in the state that night.

He was known among his kind as "Slippery Sam," and he was a thin, wiry little man, with the features of a rodent. He went about his business quietly and that combined with his elusiveness, had earned him the cognomen of "Slippery." There was nothing of the daring, dashing bandit about him. Always he avoided the spectacular. His "jobs" consisted mainly of relieving gentlemen of their wallets, and watches and chains, preferably in some remote spot where police intervention was unlikely. He also made a practice of lifting houses that obviously were closed and without caretakers. He carried a gun only as an effective means of threat or persuasion. He had no desire to end his career at the end of a rope, or in the chair.

The closed bungalows at the deserted beach seemed designed expressly for his purpose. He had once over the ground carefully in daylight, for he knew that the owners of these houses often left many articles of value in them, even during the winter. He decided that there ought to be good pickings among the lot of them and that the job, moreover, was safe and easy—two things essential to "Slippery Sam." He had only to choose a dark night, force an easy entry through a shuttered window, select his booty at his leisure, and departing, restore the wooden shutters so that there would be no traces of his entry to attract attention in daylight. It might be months before the owner returned to his bungalow and reported the burglar's work to the police. By that time, the goods would all have been safely disposed of, and "Slippery Sam" and his wife, Fanny, would be far away.

On the night he chose for his prowlings—a conveniently dark night—the night that Norma fled from her home to the bungalow at the beach, and was followed so closely by Sydney Stokes and her husband—"Slippery Sam"—Fortune favoring him so befittingly, that, being more superstitious even than the common run of thieves, he was distinctly uneasy. He knew smiles before she turns her back. The closed cottage yielded up a splendid booty. Millions are careless of their possessions; or, perhaps, their servants are. At that rate, "Slippery Sam" found silken robes of every description; precious objects of art; dainty dressings of every kind; that could be turned into cash—even an exquisite lace mantilla that evidently had been used at a masquerade and forgotten when the family returned to town. It was quite evident that the occupants of these luxurious summer places kept in constant readiness against the whim that might seize them for a swim or an impromptu party.

When "Slippery Sam" was prowling down the beach in search of further plunder, he was startled by the glimpse of a light. It was the light at Collins's garage, but the uttering cliffs at that point prevented him from seeing that the bungalow itself was lighted.

"Slippery Sam," keeping to the dark shadows of the cliff, watched for a time and saw a man walk in to the lighted area and approach a car that was parked there. He was alone and gave evidence of the fact that he intended to enter the car and drive away. "Slippery Sam" saw a chance for an extra haul—probably a well-filled wallet and a watch and chain. Fate was certainly working with him that night.

He slipped cautiously up to the man, who seemed to be examining something he had taken from his vest pocket. "Slippery Sam," not expecting resistance to his peremptory demand to "Put 'em up," was thrown into a panic by his victim's silent refusal. Stokes was a tall man and extremely strong, despite his thinness. The fight was quick and short. In the midst of it, while "Slippery Sam," considering by taking an aback and panicky, was anxiously to get away from the human wild cat he had encountered, he was deafened by the sound of a shot. In the struggle, as he writhed under Stokes's grip, the gun had gone off.

In terror, the thief made off across the cliff. As he ducked and dodged, keeping to the deepest shadows, he was aware that there were voices and the sound of running feet from the direction of the beach below. The man evidently had left companions in one of the cottages!

The realization gave wings to "Slippery Sam." He didn't stop running until he'd put a good mile between him and the man he had intended to rob. Then sheer exhaustion made him halt. He sat down behind a boulder, panting, and wiped his streaming face.

As he did so, a small object fell from his right hand to the ground. Evidently, he had taken something from his victim after all. But his struggle had been so desperate that he had not noticed, until this moment, that he had been holding something in his hand.

He fingered the tiny bag in amazement. It contained an object that was large and hard and round. "Slippery Sam" knew that feel. In great excitement, he produced his pocket flashlight, shielded it carefully, and opened the tiny bag to examine his find.

At the sight of it, blazing up at him, his jaw dropped.

"God," he muttered, half-aloud. He stared at it and then, with a gasp, dropped it as though it had burned him.

"An opal!" he gasped. "Talk superstition gripped him. A realization that he probably had killed a man swept over him. He hadn't done it intentionally, of course, but he had wanted no foe with the police, and he had taken a life! Here was this infernal jewel worth a fortune, to put the noose round his neck!

He picked up the lovely thing, gleaming beautifully in the glare of his flashlight, and, being more greedy than superstitious, stowed it away in his pocket. He thought it away, when he was in trouble, and needed comfort and counsel, he hid himself home to his wife.

His lodgings were cheap and inconspicuous in a quiet, but respectable part of town. Fanny was waiting for him, reading a paper-backed novel under a paper lamp in their bedroom. She was a plump, pretty woman. Her red hair was so carefully marcelled that it fitted her like a cap. She wore a cheap, gaudy Japanese kimono.

When "Slippery Sam" entered, she looked up from her book and gave him a fond smile.

"You was a long time, Sammy. I was starting to get scared about you."

"Fanny!" he whispered hoarsely, wiping his forehead and swallowing hard. "I've killed a man. At least I'm pretty sure I have!"

"Sammy!" She sat up, horrified.

In a few brief words he told her what had happened, and she listened, her plump face growing more and more troubled.

"Maybe you didn't kill him," she said, when he had finished. "But we daseen't wait to find that out. I guess we better be on our way, Sammy. Let's be quick about it."

"But we ain't got money enough to go far away," he protested.

"You didn't get anything to-night?"

He shook his head.

"I left it all there—after the shooting. I had to run for it, I tell you. There's only this," He fumbled in his pocket. "The guy I froned must have had it in his hand, and I caught hold of it in the fight!"

He drew out the black opal and laid it in his wife's palm.


She uttered a sharp cry and recoiled.

"An opal! Sammy, we're done for!"

(To Be Continued)

**Morning Noon and Night Refreshing KING COLE TEA**

At all Grocers



**Augustine Cove Notes**

(By "NAIA")

Visitors to Summerside on Saturday from Augustine Cove were as follows: The Messrs Milton Carr, Archie Robinson, Fred Leard, John Carr, Edward Wadman, Vernon Webster, Brenton Clarke, Lorne Carruthers, and Earle Clark. Some of which attended the Mae Edward's play and reported a grand scene.

Miss Etta Cann, Clyde River, is visiting in Augustine Cove, the guest of her niece, Miss Beulah Robinson.

Mrs. George Leard and three children, Misses Winnie, Vera and Reta Leard, left Saturday for a week's visit at Freetown, while there, they will be the guests to Mrs. Leard's daughter, Mrs. Fred Reeves.

Mr. Edward McFadyen is at present engaged at threshing his large crop of grain, which proves to be very satisfactory.

Potato digging seems to be the special attention in Augustine Cove at present. Some of which have partly completed their crop, report quite a lot of rot, but clear of that, they seem to be of an average crop.

Mr. Peter Peters, is busy engaged hauling with a truck, Mr. Donald McFadyen's potato's to Augustine Cove from Craup.

Mr. Wilfred Cann is at present a visitor in Augustine Cove.

Friends in Augustine Cove of Mr. Gordon Dawson, Cape Traverse, are sorry to learn of the very severe accident, he has had the misfortune of having, and hope he may be enjoying full strength soon again.

Mr. Edward McFadyen's barn is becoming completed under the skillful management of Mr. Norman Allen, Augustine Cove Corner.

**Address And Presentation**

Mr. G. Lloyd Fulford was recently presented with a very complimentary address, and purse of \$100 as a token of appreciation by the congregation of St. John's Presbyterian Church in the District of the St. John's.

Mr. Fulford is a student at the Presbyterian College in Montreal and has now returned there to resume his studies. For the past season he has been preaching in the southern section of the Province, and his sermons and services in this regard have won for him the veneration and best wishes of all.

The presentation and following address are strong evidence of this:

To Mr. G. Lloyd Fulford,  
Dear Mr. Fulford:

You are giving up your work here to resume your studies. Your stay has been so pleasant, and so profitable to us that we cannot allow you to leave without a word of appreciation. You came here an utter stranger, now after four months association with you, you have so won your way into our hearts, that we have come to look upon you as a dear, and loved friend. Your gifts with our young people, all the various ways in which you have worked amongst us, have stamped you as a young man who is ever conscious that God is counting on you. We can never forget our pleasant association with you, nor the conscientious, faithful service you have given us. As you take up studies to further fit yourself for your high calling, as one of Christ's Ambassadors, we pray that with Christ as your heavenly ideal you may pass through the world as even one of God's hardest knights, and you are called to climb the shoulder of the hill, we are sure that you will receive God's smile of approval for true and beautiful service.

We the congregation of St. John's

**One Charging lasts twice as long with the NEW UX-201-B Westinghouse RADIOTRON**

Your dealer can change over your set to use these improved radio tubes

MADE IN CANADA BY Westinghouse PIONEERS IN RADIO

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We the congregation of St. John's

**DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**

**In the Surrogate Court**  
18th George V., A. D., 1927

In Re-Estate of Henrietta Shaw, late of Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, deceased, intestate.

By the Honourable Alexander Bannerman Warburton, Surrogate Judge of Probate, &c., &c.

To the Sheriff of the County, of Queen's County, or any Constable or literate person within said County,

GREETING:—

WHEAREAS upon reading the petition on file of Margaret Hooper of Charlottetown aforesaid, widow, the Administratrix of the above named estate, praying that a Citation may be issued for the purpose hereafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Surrogate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province on Monday the seventeenth 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 Donald McKinnon, Esq., Proctor for the said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith 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 City Weigh Scales and at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia both in Charlottetown aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

(L. S.)

Given under my Hand and the Seal of the said Court, this seventh day of September, A. D., 1927 in the eighteenth year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) A. B. WARBURTON, Surrogate.

9063-9-10-541.

**The "New" Sharples "Marvel" Cream Separator**

No. 12	275 lbs.	\$43.50
No. 13	375 lbs.	\$47.75
No. 27	700 lbs.	\$70.25
No. 46	1,200 lbs.	\$94.00

F. O. B. CHARLOTTETOWN Extra Parts for all Sharples Machines

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WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM



**Colman's Uncommon Recipes for OCTOBER**

Try these uncommon recipes, now that Jack Frost is putting a chill in the air that sharpens appetites for more substantial meals.

Here are several appetizing and satisfying dishes—full of the savour only Colman's Mustard can give. Clip these recipes for future reference.

**HAM PIQUANT**  
1 lb. thinly sliced cooked ham; 1 tablespoon Colman's Mustard; 1/4 teaspoon black pepper; dash of cayenne; 3/4 cup grated Parmesan or American cheese.  
Mix the mustard and seasonings with enough milk to form a thick paste. Spread this on the slices of ham and sprinkle each slice with cheese. Stack the ham in the shape of a brick and tie with a string. Bake for 30 minutes in a moderate oven basting occasionally with the ham fat as it runs out into the pan. When cold remove the string and cut in slices downward through the layers.

**SMOTHERED BEEF**  
3 lbs. beef suitable for pot roast; 2 tablespoons flour mixed with 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper; 3 large onions sliced; 3 tablespoons oil or dripping; 1 tablespoon Colman's Mustard; 1 teaspoon celery seed; 1 cup strained tomatoes; 2 teaspoons salt; 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce.  
Dredge the meat with the flour and brown it in a heavy iron pan. Fry the onions in the oil and add the other ingredients. Pour this sauce over the meat and simmer 3 hours or more.  
Cold roast meat, fowl or chicken giblets may be very attractively prepared in a similar manner.

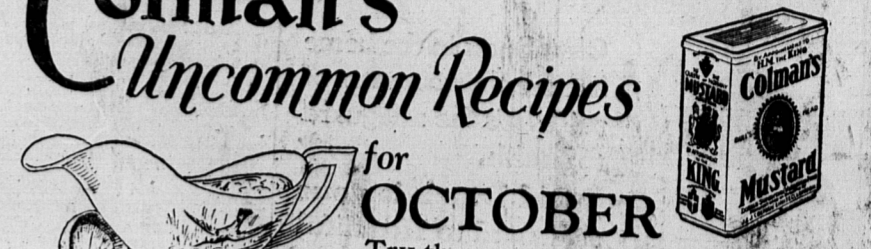
**BAKED EGGS AU GRATIN**  
6 hard cooked eggs; 2 cups milk; 3 tablespoons butter; 3 tablespoons flour; 1 teaspoon Colman's Mustard; 1/2 teaspoon salt; 1/16 teaspoon pepper; 1/2 cup grated cheese; 1 cup buttered bread crumbs.  
Make a white sauce of the milk, butter, flour and seasonings. Cut eggs in half and place on shallow baking dish and cover with sauce. Sprinkle with cheese and buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven until the crumbs brown.

**WELSH RAREBIT**  
1 tablespoon butter; 1 tablespoon flour; 1 cup milk; 1/2 teaspoon salt; few grains pepper; 1 teaspoon Colman's Mustard; 1/2 to 1 lb. cheese; 6 slices buttered toast.  
Heat the milk over hot water. Blend together the butter, flour and seasonings, drop them into the hot milk and cook, stirring constantly until thick. Add the cheese. Beat until melted and serve very hot on toast.

**DEVILLED SCALLOPS**  
3 cups scallops—parboil 5 minutes; 1 tablespoon tomato catsup or chili sauce; 1/2 teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon Colman's Mustard; 1/2 lemon (juice); few grains pepper.  
Mix the seasonings together and add to scallops, chopped fine. Serve on round pieces of toast.

For FREE Recipe Book write: COLMAN-KEEN (Canada) Limited, Dept. 9, 1000 Amherst Street, Montreal

**Colman's Mustard aids digestion**



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**Colman's Mustard aids digestion**

