

LIMITED TIME ONLY
83¢ Jar NOXZEMA 59¢
 at All Drug and Department Stores.



End these ugly skin faults
**PIMPLES
 LARGE PORES
 BLACKHEADS
 ONLY SKIN
 FLAKINESS**

RED CHAPPED HANDS
 Soothed, softened, whitened—OVERNIGHT

Most people are using Noxzema today for their hands than for any other use. Here's why! Not only is Noxzema wonderfully soothing, greasy, non-sticky—not only does it soften and whiten hands, but it does all this quickly! Apply Noxzema tonight (as much as the skin will absorb) and notice a big improvement in the morning!

Wonderful for Skin Faults, too!
 To gain new beauty—to refine the texture of your skin—to quickly clear away ugly skin blemishes, use Noxzema as a night cream and during the day as a foundation for powder.

For a limited time only you can get a big economical 83¢ jar of Noxzema at a big saving. This week the price is reduced to only 59¢. Get a jar today at your nearest drug or department store.

SAVE 24¢
 Clip this as a reminder to stop in today at the nearest drug or department store and get a big 83¢ jar of Noxzema for only 59¢. Get yours first at

ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

GEORGETOWN BUS SERVICE

Via Cardigan and Newport Ferry Road

Leaves Georgetown 8.30 a. m.
 Cardigan 9.00 a. m.
 Arrives Charlottetown .. 10.00 a. m.
 Leaves Charlottetown .. 4.00 p. m.
 Daily service. Fare collected.
 Bus will stop on signals.
 Nobana Tea Rooms and P. J. Solomon's, Georgetown.


INCREASING KNOWLEDGE

The knowledge of the function of seeing and the detection and correction of errors of vision, is progressive. More is known of this subject from year to year.

Those seeking an eye service today may expect the utmost in diagnosis and aid from accurately prescribed lenses.

G. F. Hutcheson

Personal!



New departures in military uniform of interest to veterans of Canadian army are shown in this photo from Italian warfront. Duce's soldiers don't have puttees, and wear sun helmets and goggles instead of "ironhats." Also, wine is served as part of regular ration, for water is short.

When Poisons Clog KIDNEYS and Irritate Bladder
 JUST DO THIS

Go to your druggist today and get this safe, swift and harmless diuretic stimulant—ask for Gold Medal Harlem Oil Capsules and start at once to flush kidneys of waste matter saturated with acids and poisons. That's the way to bring about healthy kidney activity and stop that bladder irritation which often causes scanty passage with smarting and burning as well as restless night. Remember, the kidneys often need flushing as well as the bowels, and some symptoms of kidney weakness are: Getting up once or twice during the night—putty eyes—stamps in legs—backache and moist palms. But be sure and get GOLD MEDAL Harlem Oil Capsules the original and genuine—right from Harlem in Holland—the price is small (40 cents), the good results will fulfil your expectations.

The Guardian Central Job Printery
 Charlottetown

Charlottetown Fur Receiving Station

CANADIAN NATIONAL SILVER FOX BREEDERS ASSOCIATION

Shippers desiring to place pelts on London, Dec. 10th Sales should have their at depot here, Massey Harris Building, Kent Street, not later than November 18th

The Central Guardian

This column is reserved for news of local interest but advertising of a novel nature may be inserted at a cent a word strictly payable in advance.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE. L-8798-7-12-312.

ENTERTAINED—Among the hostesses last week was Mrs. F. J. MacMillan, who entertained nine tables of bridge at her home, Fitzroy St.

FOXMEN—Feeding Sunglo Rations exclusively, has given superior results wherever fed. The cost is lowest. L-5881.

BEST SILVER FOX FELT. Arch London Sale out of 80,000 skins, was from a 1934 Pup Fed exclusive on Sunglo at central part of Ration, from weaning to pelting, according to owner, E. S. Coffin. Sat-Tues-t.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING.—Our Ranch is always open to Visitors. Come and see for yourself, Fox Pups grown exclusively on Sunglo Feeds. Interesting Experiments being conducted. International Fox & Animal Foods, Ltd. L-3548-7-23-tue-sat.

WEST ROYALTY SCHOOL

Honor Roll for September and October:—

Grade X—1. Irene Curley; 2. Jennie Cudmore.

Grade IX—(sr.)—1. Grace Crosby; 2. Marianne MacKinnon; 3. Maurice Curley.

Grade IX—(jr.)—1. Georgina Trainor; 2. Lois Hurry; 3. Pius Curley.

Grade VIII—1. Paul MacKay; 2. George Crosby; 3. Irene Prizle and Keith Pickard.

Grade VI—1. Ruth MacKinnon; 2. Bertha Hurry; 3. Lloyd Gates.

Grade V—1. Marjorie Long; 2. Billy Long; 3. John MacKinnon.

Grade IV—1. Doris Pickard; 2. Jean Prizle and Loreto Trainor (equal); 3. Velma Burke.

Grade III—1. Joseph Curley; 2. Margaret Gates; 3. Margaret Curley.

Grade I (a)—Harold Gates; 2. Sterling Prizle; 3. Carl Crosby.

Grade I (b)—Billy Rhynes; 2. Alex Rhynes.

Grade I (c)—Jean Rhynes; 2. Francis Gallant.

S. Bruce, K. MacKinnon (Teachers).

DUCE SOLDIER



MORELL SCHOOL

Senior Dept.

Grade X—(Sr.) 1. Mary Kelly; 2. Marion Gallant; 3. Maurice Coffin.

Grade X—(Sr.) 1. Lewis Rossiter; 2. Walter Coffin; 3. Frankie Coffin.

Grade IX—1. Helen Cox; 2. Mary Rossiter; 2. Mildred Jay.

Grade VIII—1. Margaret MacEwen and Ivan MacDonald (equal); 2. Hubert Coffin; 3. Pauline Kelly.

Grade VII—1. Reginald Edershaw; 2. Alphonus Kelly; 3. Maurice Murphy.

Grade VI—1. Alexis Kelly; 2. Lloyd Cox; 3. Evelyn Geldert.

Junior Dept.

Grade V—1. Florrie Hallowell; 2. Catherine Coffin; 3. Bernadine Kelly.

Grade IV—(sr.) 1. Margaret Kelly; 2. Joseph McInnis; 3. Jackie Rossiter.

Grade IV—(jr) 1. Teresa Coffin; 2. Reggie McAdam; 3. Giles Jay.

Grade III—1. Catherine Kelly; 2. Jean McAdam; 3. Grace Robbins.

Grade II—1. Lois Cox; 2. Helena Rossiter; 3. Gerard McInnis; 2. Harry Robbins (equal); 2. Joyce Jay; 3. Helen Coffin.

Grade I (jr.)—Helen MacDonald; 2. Robert Watson; 3. Owen Kelly.

WOMAN ON BOARD FOR FIRST TIME

(By The Canadian Press)

HALIFAX, Nov. 11—The feminine touch soon will be evident in the administration of Halifax's school affairs.

A woman is going to be taken on the school board for the first time in the city's history of almost 200 years. And she says she's going to take her job seriously.

She is Mrs. H. L. Stewart, wife of a professor of Dalhousie University, and mother of two boys and a girl who have had outstanding scholastic careers at the Halifax County Academy.

Though the work is entirely new to her, Mrs. Stewart says she hopes to contribute something toward improving standards in the schools. It is her belief that the appointment of a woman makes the board more representative and that the feminine outlook should be of value to the members on important topics.

Feather In Her Hat

(Continued from Page 2)

watched Lee mounting the steps, head down, fists tightly clenched. "Lee—"

He looked up, his face grim. "Lee—was it—Carl?"

He nodded, vaguely. "He tried to throw the Senator out. We were over the monument and he had his back against the door. . . . He was talking with effort." The Senator broke loose and clung to a chair. Lee— I pulled the ship over and— jerked the door open. She could hear his teeth grinding. "I can't tell you any more now, Ann. My nerves are—pretty well shot."

"Yes, I know," Ann said. "I'll be at the apartment when you want me, Lee."

"They've gone inside to get a shot of whisky," Mollie said as they hurried toward the car with Charlie Briggs, the Globe reporter who had brought them to the airport. "Carl confessed the whole bloody business to the Senator, Ann. Pretended he was drunk all the way from Boston, and when he was getting ready to throw the Senator out, he told him how he had killed his secretary and his son."

As they were leaving, another car slipped by. Charlie Briggs recognized Bill Hudson behind the wheel, but he didn't say anything.

The gruesome incredible story was told fully in The Sunday Globe last morning. Ann was amazed, when she thought about it later, how closely Bill's solution of Fuhrman's murder followed the facts. Only those little details which he got not possibly have known were lacking.

One of these concerned the afternoon the Senator sent for Carl to eject Fuhrman Wells from the Rumbrecker estate. . . . Carl had pretended to be Fuhrman's friend, had told him that he, too, had a score against the Senator and had proposed that together they could square accounts.

After he left Mollie's apartment that night, Carl went to Fuhrman's room to explain his plan, already neatly worked out to the last small detail. . . . He would put a dummy in the reflecting pool. At a given hour the next evening Fuhrman would call the Senator and, talking through a handkerchief, would say the Senator's secretary had been drowned in the reflecting pool and ask the Senator to come down and help the police establish positive identification. Fuhrman was then to hurry to the pool and, when the Senator and Carl arrived, point out the dummy.

From there on Carl would take charge. He would set off the concussion bomb and, when they fell into the water, would strangle the Senator with a piece of copper wire. Fuhrman agreed.

So Carl had suggested to Selma that she play a little trick on a select group of her guests and the only hitch had been that Selma, who knew nothing of Fuhrman's part in it, persuaded Deane to tele- phone from the private wire in his father's study. Deane had tried to dial the other phone in the house but had gotten a busy signal because Fuhrman was then talking from his own rooms.

Carl himself had carried the books and the wire and the fictitious autobiographical sketch to Fuhrman's place when he had gone there the night before. The sketch Carl took from his pocket at an opportune moment and slipped behind a shelf of books—for the police to find. The books and the wire he "forgot."

Carl's story to Senator Rumbrecker showed that he had made his plans just as carefully and well in advance for the murder of Deane. That Boston was the scene of his crime was due to the fact that Lee innocently provided an opportunity to inject a little additional mystery into the brutal business. The telegram asking Lee to pick up data for a Congressional investigation was sent by Carl, of course.

When Bill drove Carl and Deane to Cambridge and Deane went into the Harvard yard, Carl immediately took the subway back to Boston where he arranged for the boxes supposedly containing data for the Congressional inquiry into the munitions, and stumped in the brass shells in a second-hand furniture shop. Before he encountered Deane again—at the hotel—he had personally had his boxes delivered to the basement of the hall where Lee was to lecture and had arranged for their subsequent transfer to the airport.

When Deane reluctantly went down to the smoking room at the lecture hall, the only problem was to get him to the dark back basement hallway where the boxes were stored. Carl managed it by suddenly appearing in the smoking room, and suggesting to Deane that they slip away through a back entrance. . . . In less than ten minutes, Deane was dead in a sealed box and Carl was back in the auditorium.

Lee had, innocently, flown Deane's body to Washington where the two boxes were promptly transferred from the airport to the floor of the House of Representatives. Meanwhile, supposedly searching for Deane, Carl went to the South Boston airport, called Mollie at twelve o'clock and a few minutes later was in a plane headed for Washington. At the Capitol he used one of ten master keys (which the police subsequently learned opened the doors of eighty per cent of the city's public buildings) to let himself in the ground-level door under the House Wing steps, climbed two flights of stairs to the press gallery and slid over the railing and dropped to the floor of the House.

Deane's body in the speaker's chair, he revealed the door, climbed back to the press gallery and retraced his steps.

It was necessary that Carl's body be found while he, Carl, was in Boston. He therefore unlocked the door at the main entrance to the House, wrote on the door with chalk, where to look for Deane's body, and then returned to the apartment on down and out the way he had come in. Half an hour later Carl was aboard a plane returning to Boston.

Nothing was said in the newspapers of Selma's affair with Fuhrman. Selma herself said it had been "a perfectly idiotic infatuation" and that no one would know anything about it if Deane hadn't gone to Fuhrman's apartment one evening and found her there. . . . Until then, Selma said, Deane and Fuhrman had been on the best of terms, but thereafter were "forever at each other's throats."

Whatever feeling Selma had had for Fuhrman was short-lived and ended definitively with Carl's arrival on the scene. But Fuhrman had never quite accepted his abrupt dismissal. On the day that Ann and Rita arrived in Washington, he had threatened to tell Carl a scandalous and wholly false story of what their relations had been. When, therefore, he appeared at Mollie's apartment that night, she was frightened, and gave way to her pent-up feelings. That night she asked her father to discharge him.

Senator Rumbrecker was never able to explain how the voice-muffling telephone device got into his desk drawer, but Carl must have put it there.

For Ann, one interesting question remained to be answered: how much of the autobiographical sketch found in Fuhrman's rooms had been true? True, that is, as Carl's own.

The latter part of it was obviously a utilization of such knowledge as Carl had of Fuhrman's affair with Selma. The first part the police accepted as possibly authentic; but they were not able to check anything more than that the books mentioned had actually been published and that the mysterious Dr. Cheslake was never identified.

Selma's theory, however, was that Carl Balmer had planned to kill her brother and her father and then to marry her and get possession of the Rumbrecker fortune.

The autopsy revealed that Carl's brain was diseased and whether the motive was personal enmity or an aberration involving an experiment in criminology, it was the opinion of the medical examiner that Carl had suffered from a form of insanity for years.

As Ann insisted she could not leave the apartment Sunday until Lee arrived, Mollie invited Mr. and Mrs. Rogers up to the apartment for dinner.

Mrs. Rogers tied on an apron and helped Mollie while Ann, Rita and Mr. Rogers talked about everything but the tragedy.

Rita had cried herself to sleep last night, but today she was calm and unconcerned. "This substantiated Ann's belief that Rita's apparent affection for Carl was, in his essence, her genuine dislike for Selma."

ROY FROM RING; NOW EVANGELIST

(By The Canadian Press)

HALIFAX, Nov. 11—Litho Roy Mitchell, the Halifax negro who looked like a coming Sam Langford a few years back, hopes none of his friends will believe the report that he's been seconding a fighter down Antigonish way.

For Roy has religion now, and the ring to him is something to be shunned. And the energy that once went toward belting over the best in the Maritimes he uses now to spread the gospel through the Annapolis Valley.

Roy was sort of grieved when he wandered into the newspaper office with the news. Someone had said "he was in his boxer's corner lately. I hope you'll correct it," he said. "I wasn't in the corner. I haven't been in the ring since I was converted a couple of years ago."

Roy explained that he had his farm, his wife and daughters, and his preaching, to keep him busy now. "Oh, yes, I preach a little down the Valley too," he told the surprised sports writer.

Did he have a church? "No, no church," Roy said, but he waved that aside. "Churches don't mean everything to the way you live."

"But you'll make that correction," he asked, a little anxiously, as he moved along. "You know, people mightn't understand."

MOOSE DWINDLING IN NOVA SCOTIA

(By The Canadian Press)

HALIFAX, Nov. 11—A closed season on Nova Scotia moose for nine years is advocated by Harold McCreeken, editor of "Field and Stream," who says the herds are faced with extinction.

After a trip through the moose country, Mr. McCreeken reported he had sighted several females but not a single bull moose. There should be a more proportionate ratio between them he held.

Unless a closed season is proclaimed to allow the bulls to gain a foothold, Mr. McCreeken said, the herds would be faced with perhaps irreparable depletion in five years.

Shortly after two o'clock there was a knock on the door, and Rita cried out, "Behold the bridegroom. . . ."

Ann had started to the kitchen with a stack of plates. Mollie opened the door and a deep drawing voice said, "And now, friends of the radio audience, we offer for your entertainment a little skit entitled—"

A deafening crash ended that. Bill Hudson looked at the shattered dishes at Ann's feet.

"You dropped something, Runt," he said.

Ann did not smile, did not move. Rita said, "Bill Hudson clonking again. . . . Where's Lee Monday?"

Bill's eyes were fastened on Ann's curiously pale face now. "I just saw him off," Bill replied. "He's on his way to California." He put his fists on his lips and stared down at the pile of broken china.

"You didn't have to break up Mollie's china, you know."


"Hush. Don't talk, Bill," Ann said. Her voice was barely above a whisper. She put a hand on his sleeve as if to make sure he was really there; then she looked up into his eyes and the tears that had been welling up in her own eyes since she had first heard his voice were suddenly flowing down her cheeks.

"Good heavens!" Bill said. "You're not going to cry!"

Smiling through her tears, Ann took Bill's hand and pulled him into the narrow little kitchen—and closed the door.

THE END.

BRINGING UP FATHER



IM SURE MY HUSBAND IS SOMEWHERE AROUND THE STUDIO

WELL-HAVE LOCATED HIM AS YET?

NO-MAZES-JIGGS-CAN'T FIND HIM-GLAD SHE HAS GONE HOME

ALL RIGHT-MR. JIGGS-SHE'S GONE

ARE YOU SURE?



London Elects New Lord Mayor

Lord mayor of London, England, Sir Percy Vincent, with Sir Stephen Kellik, photographed after the ceremony at Common Hall, in the Guildhall.

TOUGH GOING FOR N. H. L. ROOKIEES

(By The Canadian Press)

HALIFAX, Nov. 8—Jack McGill, blond wingman of Montreal Canadiens, tells us why the amateurs—even the best of them—don't look so good their first season in the National Hockey League.

"Coming to the big time," says the winger, starting his second season out of the simon-pur ranks, "means changing completely your style of play. If you're a regular in an amateur loop, you're likely to play about 40 of the 60 minutes. You don't have to play at top speed all the time. You wait for a break and then try to make the most of it."

"You're baffled when you get into your first N. H. L. game. Being a rookie, you'll probably get 15 minutes on the ice. In that time you have to go at top speed. You can't wait for the breaks; you have to make them."

ENJOYS NOVEMBER DIP AT 65 YEARS

(By The Canadian Press)

WATERLOO, N. S., Nov. 11—Chill November waters of the Caribou River mean little to Mrs. Simon MacKenzie, despite her 65 years.

When Mrs. Harold Tingley of Trenton came here to see her mother, they told her she could be found down by the river. Mrs. Tingley found her enjoying a swim.

BLIND WRITER PLEASED WITH ISLAND BEAUTY

(By The Canadian Press)

KINGSTON, Jamaica, Nov. 11—After visiting Jamaica's beauty-spots, Miss Helen Keller, blind American writer and lecturer had praised the island's scenery, which she said was "so varied in its beauty."

Accompanied by her teacher and old friend, Anne Sullivan Lucy, and her secretary, Miss Polly Thompson, the distinguished author spent one week in Jamaica and visited St. Ann's Bay, Roaring River Falls, Rabbit River and Fern Gully.

The beauty of the contrasting scenery she was able to see through the eyes of Mrs. Macy, the friend who years ago transformed her from a blind, deaf-mute and helpless child into a 10 year old girl so highly intelligent she was hailed as a prodigy.

At Fern Gully, Miss Keller said she touched the wonderful fern growth and at Roaring River had been thrilled when she dipped her hand in the cool water.

Before leaving she said she would do something for Jamaica's blind, particularly the older ones who cannot learn Braille. She promised to send books and gramophone records so they might be able to hear the great works more fortunate persons read.

Asked what book she would send first, Miss Keller replied: "The Bible."

"I will send a novel or perhaps 'Pilgrim's Progress' afterwards," she concluded.

Dr. Wood's NORWAY PINE SYRUP

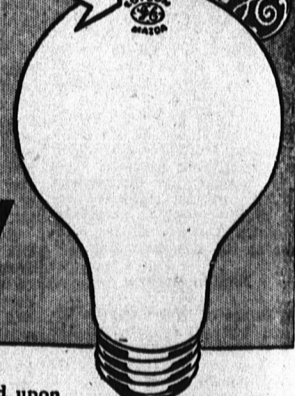
The Cough That Sticks The Cough That Hangs On

This is the cough it is hard to get rid of, the kind that bothers you during the day and keeps you awake at night.

Why not get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and see how quickly it will relieve you of this coughing condition. It acts promptly, going straight to the foundation of the trouble, loosening the plugs, soothing the irritated air passages, strengthening the bronchial organs.

Your druggist will recommend "Dr. Wood's". It has been on the market for the past 44 years.

MOST LIGHT for YOUR MONEY



YOU can depend upon EDISON MAZDA Lamps to give you full value in light for the current consumed. Buy them by the carton at today's low prices and get the most light for your money.

40 WATT 20¢
 60 WATT 30¢
 100 WATT 50¢

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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., Limited

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