

SHE FAINTED AFTER FOOD

Over-acidity and Flatulence

Nurse's Acute Suffering Corrected by Kruschen

"A nurse's life does not leave much time to spare, but having derived much benefit from taking Kruschen, it's only fair to you and others to pass the facts on."

"I was suffering from over-acidity and flatulence to such an extent that I was completely ill. I couldn't take food. The very thought of it nauseated me. When I actually forced myself to take something, I would be writhed with ill, and faint afterwards. I really began to feel life was not worth while."

"The most important thing about a holiday is change." Notes are even more useful.

S. S. "SILVIA"

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Leave Montreal 10 A.M.
Arrive Ch'town and St. John's
Sept. 5
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Fortnightly thereafter.

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Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

(Continued)

The view burst all at once, without preliminary glimpses. I had come out at the top of a cliff, which fell away for a hundred yards below my feet. Across lay the white mother of ranges. It seemed an immeasurable distance away; yet it seemed also to fill a third of the heavens. Far to the right the range which we were now traversing curved to meet the divide beyond. In that quarter the witness was broken by the composite tints of cliffs and rocky walls too steep for the clinging snow; and over their bases trailed a smoke cloud.

"That's it!"—A voice by my side brought my soaring thoughts back to earth. A freighter, his legs bound like puttees with gunny sacking against the cold and snow, was pointing; and the less experienced argonauts grouped about him were straining their eyes. I followed the direction of his finger. That cloud, a day's journey away, rose from the fires of the camp, the El Dorado in which some of us were to find fortune and some to leave our bones. All along the edge of the cliff men and women stood talking in excited exclamations, broken suddenly with a catch of the breath. Buck, having taken one long look, rode back to round up the pack. I shirked and stayed, fascinated.

A lone traveler stood, gazing. He was a small man, clad in an enveloping frieze ulster and a battered black hat. He turned on me, as I approached, a bright gray eye. The nose under it was strong at the root, and yet sharp. A long, thick mustache drooped between spare cheeks shaven only that morning—a detail worthy of comment in those surroundings, where most men wore beards varying in age from four days to thirty years.

"Hello!" he remarked. "Well, what do you think of our West?" At which I bristled within. I had been nearly a year in the man's country; I had just brought a jack train, alive and in good order, up Ludlow's pass; I wondered how much longer I was to suffer the reproach of tender feet. But I managed to answer with what good nature I could summon: "Considerable country." He laughed pleasantly. "College-bred, too, I'm betting!" he commented. Somehow his friendly manner seemed to strip the offense from this dreadful insinuation.

"How did you penetrate behind my mask of ignorance and vulgarity?" I asked, falling into the spirit of the occasion. "It's my business," said the stranger, "piercing and penetrating the masks and disguises of the human soul."

"Sounds to me like gambling," said I, matching his impudence with impertinence of my own. "What's your line? Three-card monte or the little pea under the little shell?" "I almost hate to tell you," said the stranger, "lest you shrink from me. It's the greatest gamble of all. And the most squalid and soul-destroying. That peaceful village yonder—and he waved his hand to the smoke stain amid the whiteness to the north—"has hitherto proceeded on its simple, rustic way, hiding and concealing from prying eyes its microscopic peccadilloes such as murder, highway robbery, brace faro boxes and claim jumping. In you lumbering wain repose the sinister tools of my craft—two fronts of nonpareil and seven boxes of assorted type. Casting your eyes farther to the eastward, you perceive an individual bearing all the marks and characteristics of a tramp printer, temporarily sober. He's conveying a second-hand flat-bed press, warranted not to register in any climate. What you behold, young but sapient sir, is the embryo of that great light-bearer, the Cotton-wood Courier." As suddenly as he had begun it he dropped our old western game of chaff and rhetoric held out his hand. "My name's Marcus Handy," he said. "I've pulled up my newspaper by the roots from Quaker Creek, which is played out as a camp, and I'm locating in Cottonwood—if I get there!"

I introduced myself. "You're mining, I suppose?" asked Marcus Handy this ceremony over. "Didn't know," he added hastily, "but you were starting some kind of a business, and might want to advertise. I've picked up a few ads along our primrose-dotted wayside." As we talked we had turned our backs to a shrill, new wind blowing up from the immense depths below and were facing the picturesque confusion at the summit of the pass. The crowd was growing—none so unimaginative as to grudge ten minutes for a look at the Valley of Fortune. But the earlier arrivals were now reaching, giving the last trim to loads of packs, and disappearing downward around a shoulder of rock. And as they passed from view Marcus Handy, who had been busily gathering items for his first number, described them all with a short phrase or two. It seemed to me that he knew our impermanent caravan as one knows the town where he has dwelt all his life.

Now outfits which we have passed even before we reached the stage station had attained the summit. Always the passengers dismounted and labored forward for a view of the promised land. Then came Buck's voice, calling. I knew that he had arranged the pack to his own minute satisfaction and that the final dash to Cotton-

wood had begun. Spring time only to wolf two sandwiches of camp bread and frizzled bacon, we rounded the neck. Below us the road zigzagged with many a hairpin turn down the mountain side. As we rounded the shoulder of the rock the view burst on us again. I turned in my saddle toward that distant, gray mist which was Cottonwood camp. And my imagination flashed a picture of the town. Ridiculously at variance with Cottonwood as it was, it long persisted, even after I saw the reality. In the foreground, regarding the sights of that rough mining camp with superior but understanding eyes, walked—Mrs. Dean, the lady of the holdup episode. Then, my mind shifting from imagination to speculation, I wondered what she really was doing. She had joined a husband, waiting for her in Cottonwood, doubtless.

(To be Continued)

PLEASANT CIRCLE INSTITUTE
The August meeting of "Pleasant Circle Institute" met at the home of Mrs. Hugh Walker on the 13th. Seven members and two visitors were present. The president being absent, the meeting was presided over by Mrs. John Walker. Meeting opened with reading "Club

W. F. TIDMARSH
Executive Chairman
Hospital Campaign Fund.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
September 1st, 1931.
8493-9-1-61.

-SMILES-



Bessie: Tell me about Switzerland.
Bert: Well, there are few bad places as you come down the mountains, but in the main the roads are pretty good.



"Say Snaky, I'm going into the shoe shining business."
Snake: More monkey shine, eh?



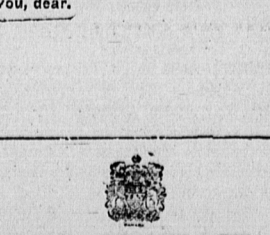
"Why can't Jones and his wife agree?"
"He married an automobile girl on a wheelbarrow salary."

.....

SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER
First Thermometer: I have always heard that there was room at the top.
Second Thermometer: Sure. All you have to do is to keep on going ahead and you're bound to rise.



Mr. Knagg: Don't you know that? Any fool could tell you.
Mrs. Knagg: That's why I asked you, dear.



MAIL CONTRACT
SEALD TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa, until noon, on Friday, the 2nd October 1931 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for a period not exceeding four years six times per week on the route: St. Mary's Road Rural Route No. 3 from the 1st January 1932. Post Office Inspector JOHN E. WILMAN, Post Office Inspector, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Aug. 21st, 1931.

Suffered Stroke

Glad Now They Insisted upon Her Taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills (tonic).

"A few years ago," writes Mrs. W. J. Workman, South Mountain, Ontario, "I suffered a slight paralytic stroke which laid me up for several months. It left me in a terribly run down condition. I was advised by a friend to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was discouraged, but my friend insisted upon my trying them, which I did. I may say that I am not now sorry, for I feel like a new person."

The iron and other elements in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills increase the amount of haemoglobin in the blood. It is the haemoglobin which carries oxygen to the tissues—producing a sense of well-being. Decide now to be well. Get a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from your druggist and see if they don't give you your much needed start toward health. 50 cents a package at any druggist's. Be sure to say "Dr. Williams'."

Notice to Subscribers To the Hospital Campaign Fund 1930
Subscribers to this fund will please take notice that the Building Committee intend commencing the construction of the New Hospital in a few weeks. It is the intention of the Building Committee, if funds are available, to finish the basement this fall, and make preparations for continuing the work in the early spring. Anticipating that all the pledges will be fully paid in the fall of 1932, as agreed, the Committee hope to have the Hospital completed and in operation at that date. Subscribers are hereby notified that one half the amount pledged is due and payable on Sept. 1st. inst. and the Committee respectfully request and urge subscribers to pay in full the installments due on that date, so the work of building may proceed according to plan.

W. F. TIDMARSH
Executive Chairman
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for NEURALGIA
A good application of Minard's, according to directions, just "hits the spot." You'll find that you got wonderful relief!
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Brown Electric Company

Woman's Creed" in union. Roll followed and was answered with the "name of some noted woman nationally or locally." Minutes were read and adopted. Sick committee reported visiting sick and taking fruit. A bill of \$5.13 was paid to Mrs. Henry Cameron. \$400.00 was voted towards the health school. Sixteen individual seats were bought for primary class and placed in school. \$1.23 was paid for fruit. Business part of the meeting being concluded, a social hour was spent during which the hostess served lunch. Next meeting to be held at the home of

market again and it becomes more necessary than ever for Canadian shippers to make sure that quality is maintained.

MUST MAINTAIN QUALITY
The British market has proved a real opportunity for Canadian cattle during the last year, particularly during the current shipping season. Canadian cattle sent over have been of an especially attractive quality but local shipments are now coming onto the British

DOMINION OF CANADA
Province of PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
In the Probate Court 22nd George V., A. D. 1931.
In the Estate of Susanna Marguerita Carter, late of Charlottetown in Queens County in the said Province, deceased (testate).
By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.
To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County or any Constable or literate person within said County, GREETING:
WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of James Paton of Charlottetown aforesaid, Retired Merchant, and Samuel Albert McDonald of the same place, Lumber Manufacturer, the Executors of the above-named Estate, praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose therein 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 tenth day of September next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day, to show cause if any they can why certain accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and orders made herein as prayed for in said petition and on motion of W. E. Bentley, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioners. 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, and in each of the City of St. John's and at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia, both in Charlottetown aforesaid. And I do hereby further 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 25th day of July A. D. 1931 and in the 22nd year of His Majesty's reign.
L. S. H. L. PALMER
Judge of Probate.

S. S. "HA-LAND"
EXCURSIONS
Orwell every Tuesday 3 P. M.
Victoria every Thursday 7 A. M.
East River every Friday 3 P. M.
West River every Saturday 3 P. M.
For further information Phone 773.

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