

Fox Ranch for Sale

Tenders will be received up to the 14th day of October next, by the undersigned, for the purchase of the Model Fox Ranch property, containing 16 acres of land, fox pens and buildings thereon, situate on the Brackley Point Road, Lot 33, Queens County. Possession given on or before the 15th day of December next.

MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold at Public Auction on the steps of the Court House, at Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, on the nineteenth day of October, A. D. 1931, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon.

All that tract of land in Township twenty-three, in Queen's County, bounded and described as follows:—On the north by land in possession of Adam Brown, on the east by land of R. E. Bagnall, on the south by land of Peter and Adrian Doucette, on the west by land of Adam Brown, containing ten acres a little more or less.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the twenty-sixth day of December, A. D. 1919, and made between Preston L. Campbell of New Glasgow, in Prince Edward Island, and Lila Viola Campbell his wife, and Estier N. Campbell of the same place, of the one part, and Catherine Bruce now Catherine Todd, Mortgagee, of the second part, default having been made in payment of the principal and interest secured by the said Mortgage.

For further particulars apply to the office of T. L. Compton, Barrister, &c., Summerside.

Dated this nineteenth day of September, A. D. 1931.

CATHERINE TODD, Mortgagee.

920-9-21-Mon31.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In Chancery Before the Vice Chancellor

Norman Nicholson and Norman Nicholson administrators of the Estate and effects of Frederick Nicholson, deceased, Intestate and John Nicholson, Complainants, and Christy Slosser, Sarah Lincoln, Eudemia Douglas, Daniel Nicholson, Angus Nicholson, John B. MacIntosh, Catherine M. Prevar, Essie P. MacIntosh, Harry Douglas Harding, Elizabeth Forsyth, Catherine Cox, Mabel Blaker, Margaret Rennie, George Buchanan, Angus Buchanan, Caroline Ridgen, Ivy and Helen Mabel Ridgen, Defendants.

Pursuant to and by virtue of a Decree made in the above cause on the 18th day of September, A. D. 1931, by the Honourable the Vice Chancellor, I will sell and sell by public auction on the premises in Kensington, on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1931, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, the lands and premises whereof the late Frederick Nicholson died seized, being all that tract, piece and parcel of land situate being and being in the Township of Kensington, in Prince County, in the said Island, bounded and described as follows:—That is to say: Commencing at a point in the south side of North Street in the northwest angle of a plot of land sold by the said Frederick Nicholson on the 19th May 1914 thence west along the south side of North Street one hundred and sixty one feet to West Street, thence south along the east side of West Street one hundred and twenty-eight feet to land sold by said Frederick Nicholson to one Edith Kelly low fenced, staked and defined thence east along said Kelly's northern boundary two hundred and thirty-one feet to Kensington school land, thence north along the western side of said Kensington school land seventy-eight feet to the said Frederick W. Jardine's land thence west along said Frederick W. Jardine's southern boundary seventy feet thence north by a line parallel with Kensington School land one hundred feet to the point or place of commencement.

The above mentioned lands will be sold free of and discharged of all taxes and all encumbrances.

The purchaser will be required to pay twenty per cent of the purchase money at the time of the sale and the balance within thirty days of the date of the sale.

Any of the persons interested in the said lands are to attend at the office of the undersigned at the time of the sale and to sign a receipt therefor without payment of any stamp duty or other charges.

FREDERICK W. JARDINE, Vice-Chancellor, Meers, McLean, McKinnon, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

VURNES RED CROSS LINE

S. S. "Rosalind"

Freight and Passengers. Lv. Montreal Ar. Ch'town and Lv. for St. John's Oct. 5 Oct. 16 Oct. 30 Nov. 13 Nov. 27

CARVELL BROS. LTD

Charlottetown Agents

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 R. T. Holman Ltd., Summerside, P. E. I.

Represented by Alfred Fraser, Inc. 212 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Wherever you go get Gurd's RARE OLD GINGER ALE World famous for 60 years!



Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

(Continued) "Proved that somebody is town informs when they is money shipments," it read. "Regular system. . . . May have interesting facts tomorrow."

I folded the note quickly, put it back into my pocket. When Marcus arrived half an hour later I gave it to him, wondering if the honorable and discreet thing was to admit my mistake or to keep silence.

I decided on silence. Of course, I would keep his secret; and to let him know that I knew would only disturb him. A little guiltily, however, I watched him read it. He whistled, caught up his hat and hurried through the door to be gone for another half-hour. The loose ends of this affair began to knot themselves together in my mind. Mike, of course was a detective, admirably placed in the Silver Dollar, admirably concealed by the device of giving him desultory employment on the Courier. But was Marcus Handy's man alone—or whose?

The next day brought another tiny significant incident—like a jet of steam from a verdant and blossoming earth, which indicates the volcano awakening to eruption underneath. But, whereas my deductions from Mike's notes revealed to me part at last of the hidden truth the meaning at this time escaped me.

Through a still summer afternoon with the great mountain above seeming very near, I had ridden out to Hayden hill. Ostensibly, I made this journey in order to report progress on our development work to Marcus; in reality I went to gloat. That piece of earth was mine—not a gift or inheritance, like the fruits of life I had enjoyed hitherto, but already discounting my stroke of luck, attributing my good fortune to my native acumen.

Across the site of our placer diggings stretched now a bridge of unseasoned logs, the needles still green on their roughly trimmed stumps of branches. The rather large cabin on the next claim downstream had passed from a private residence to a public institution. A shrewd saloon-keeper, newly arrived, had seen his chance for business with the owners, the prospectors and the mere sightseers crowding to Hayden hill, had rented the cabin at rates which returned its owners much greater revenue than their dwindling placer claim, had opened the Big Bonanza saloon.

At the door of the Big Bonanza saloon stood hitched a team of matched coal-black Morgan horses, the silver mountings of their harness reflected in the glossy polish of their hides. The carriage behind them seemed, from the glint of its varnish the upspotted newness of its yellow trimmings, to be out on its maiden journey. As I pulled up to admire this equipage, its owner strode from the Big Bonanza, chewing an unlighted cigar. He unhitched and mounted to the seat. He wore checked trousers as new as the paint of his carriage, as tight as the hides of his team, a black "diagonal" coat with binding an inch wide, a low, loud waistcoat revealing a white, hard and glossy shirt-front, wherein gleamed two diamond studs. Above that were a round felt hat, a set of whiskers evidently but that morning trimmed by a too expert barber, and the countenance of—Buck! I was forced to look twice before I

made sure of that and halted him. "Hello!" he cried as I approached and then, somewhat sheepishly: "What think of the new shell?"

"It's great. It's swell," I said, suppressing my smiles. "You must be cashing in!"

"Nope!" replied Buck. "Not till next week. First shipment started to Denver yesterday. Don't have to pay. Everybody gives me tick." Then, reverting a little shyly to the fascinating subject of his clothes: "Since the boys elected me president of the Hayden Hill Owner's association I kinder feel I ought to dog up a little!" He withdrew the unlighted cigar from his mouth, spat a loose piece of wrapper from his lips. "Tryin' to break myself of chawin'!" he remarked. "Jim Huffer said a dry cigar was the best way. But it ain't very satisfyin'."

We drifted into the gossip of the day. Buck's claim was developing beyond all expectations. Still the ore body seemed to widen out; and still it grew richer. One sack which had gone down to Denver assayed eight hundred dollars to the ton. Shortly had been shirking his share of the work. "Drunk a heap," said Buck. "And then there's that girl from Red Nell's house. . . ." Two of the other claims had already reached "signs." "You'll break into it yourself any day, now," pronounced Buck. Hadn't been any symptoms of claim-jumping yet. Probably because the crooks in town knew what kind of men had located on Hayden hill. "That was just blind luck," he commented. "The right kind of men got locations here. Had a mine owners' association before they'd scratched ground. And we'll stand together, too. Anybody that tries anything funny up here is monkeyin' with a buzzsaw. I guess the camp's next in order." He paused a moment.

"Sacramento diggings," he added in a low, even tone. "What?" I asked Buck was seldom cryptic. "Guess you ain't a member of our lodge," laughed Buck; and at once changed the subject to the shortage of mining hardware.

If I thought at all of this curious phrase, it was to reflect with amusement that Buck had probably joined by now every secret order represented in Cottonwood. I looked up to realize that if I kept straight on, I must pass around the county jail. I had taken that course from the suburbs, where I had gone to look for a freighter with a bear story, in pure absentmindedness born of a troubled mind. The dazzling interest of my dual job as reporter for the Courier and owner of the Upper Case mine had saved me, all this time, from that sickness of the spirit which afflicts unhappy lovers. But sometimes when I was alone—as tonight—the hopeless misery of my situation and the uncertainty of the path I was following came over me in a wave of black, tormenting misery.

I hesitated just a moment. Not since the day when he beat up Marcus Handy had I encountered Marshal McGrath face to face. Subconsciously, I had been dreading the meeting. Of course, I should look through him, as though he were not there. Then, probably, the marshal would taunt me—or Marjorie, which would come to the same thing. If I answered him in kind, he probably shoot. I had no illusions as to my chance in a pistol

match with the marshal. Moreover, Marcus had again and again implored me not to hunt trouble in that quarter. On the other hand, if I failed to answer in kind I should lose all standing; should be known simply as a tenderfoot that backed down. And by now my growing position in camp had become sweet, so young was I.

In the shadow of a cabin which blocked the approaches from the hillside to the jail. I hesitated, my pride disputing with my prudence. I glanced at the jail. Brilliant light flooded through its front window illuminated Marshal McGrath's rocking chair. I noted, on the hazy edge of the belt of light, two male figures standing close together as though in conversation, and the outlines of a horse. But neither was the marshal. All this in the mere pause of an interrupted step.

I was about to advance, certain that the chance of meeting my enemy was remote, when the two men stepped out into the belt of light. One, though his face lay in shadow, I recognized as the talkative Charlie Meek. The light shone full on the face of the other. It was a comely countenance; my first, photographic glimpse recorded a brow running almost without break into a straight regular nose; from beneath his black slouch hat, now pushed back on his head, emerged a tuft of curling blond hair. Then he turned from profile to full face, and smiled at some remark of Charlie Meek. And I saw that a loose mouth marred his comeliness.

(To Be Continued)

Secretary Adams, said:—Sir Thomas "was a good old friend and I liked him."

PAY TRIBUTES TO SPORTSMAN

NEW YORK, N. Y. Oct. 3.—Informed of the death of Sir Thomas Lipton, Alfred E. Smith, Former Governor, said: "I heard with great regret of the death of Sir Thomas Lipton, an internationally beloved figure having many warm friends in our country. His loss will be mourned by all."

WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 3.—President Hoover and a cabinet member to whom Sir Thomas Lipton was "A good friend today received with regret the notice of his death.

Secretary Adams, said:—Sir Thomas "was a good old friend and I liked him."

HUNTER RIVER AND VICINITY

Potato digging is well under way with a considerable portion of the potatoes rotten. Practically every farmer reports some rot in their potatoes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McLeod, Hunter River, motored to Charlottetown Saturday where they were the guests of friends

Mrs. Robert Sellar, Wheatley River, has returned to her home after a pleasant week spent with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Crozier, Malpeque.

Mrs. Bernsley Wonnacott, Greenvale accompanied by Miss Edle McLennan was the guest of the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ling, Wheatley River, recently.

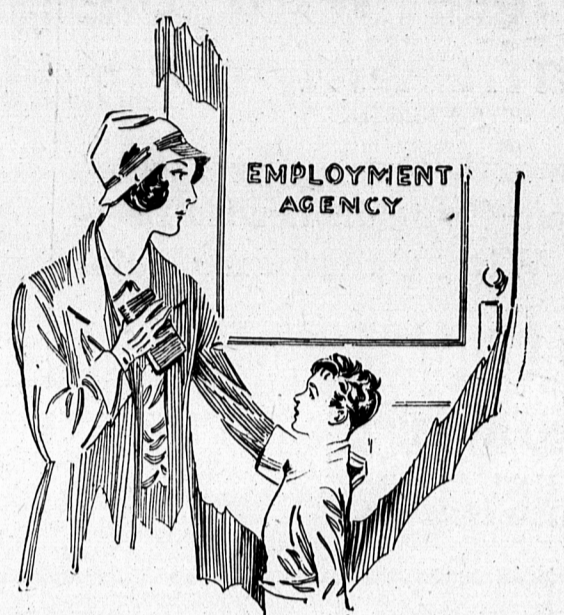
Mr. Robert Arbing, Cornwall, motored to Wheatley River recently where he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Ling.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCormack, Charlottetown motored to Wheatley River recently where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alexandre Ross. L.

MACHINE WASHED

Washing machines for apples are among the latest improvements to the horticulturists' equipment, according to a despatch from Vermont University. The salability of apples is increased when they are washed and polished. Prof.

Could Your Wife Get a Job?



YOU hope your wife will never need to seek employment.

But many other men have had similar hopes - - and their widows know the heartaches of job-hunting.

Fortunately you can make certain that your wife and children will never want for food, clothing and shelter. You can make them forever independent of charity.

Simply invest in Life Insurance and arrange for a permanent monthly income which will be payable either to your family or to yourself. Then, whether or not you live to old age, the future is safeguarded.

Tomorrow may be too late. See a Life Insurance representative today and make sure your wife will never be forced to look for employment.

Life Insurance Service

One of a series of messages sponsored by Life Insurance Companies.



"The Love That Never Dies"

L-1931

SMILES



He: I don't believe that one marriage in ten is a happy one. She: Really, I'm not competent to say. I've only been married four times.



"They tell me Smith's wife is a perfect tyrant." "The poor fellow actually goes around they say without a nickel in his pockets." "Worse than that—she has cut off his supply of pockets."

A COSTLY DEPENDENT

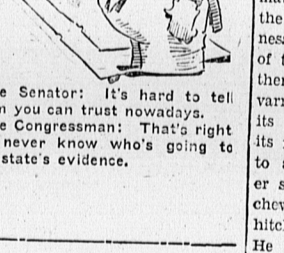
Judge: Well, Madam? Divorcee: The allowance my husband makes me isn't enough. Judge: But Madam we decided it was ample for your support and the support of the children. Divorcee: Yes, I know, Judge, but I'll need as much more for the support of the auto.



"When do you expect to go on your vacation, Old Man?" "In about five more pay days."



The Senator: It's hard to tell whom you can trust nowadays. The Congressman: That's right you never know who's going to turn state's evidence.



VALUABLE PROPERTY IN CHARLOTTETOWN

The Executor of the Estate of the late Malcolm McLeod will sell at Public Auction on Thursday the 15th day of October at 12 o'clock noon all that property in Charlottetown situated on the west side of Queen Street, having a front there on of 40 feet and extending back 126 feet, one of the best locations in Charlottetown now bringing \$780.00 rent annually. This is a rare opportunity to secure a good business stand.

GEORGE W. MacLEOD, Executor. J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer. 9122-19-2-eod-61

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED

E. W. TAYLOR, J. S. TAYLOR, Optometrists. 112 Richmond Street

MR. AND MRS. In Married Life, Soft Words and Hard Scraps go Together

Comic strip panels with dialogue: BUT, MY LOVE - BUT, MY DEAR - BUT DON'T YOU SEE, HONEY? YOU'RE THE BLIND ONE, PRECIOUS - NOW, LISTEN, PET! SWEETHEART, YOU LISTEN! - DAR-LING, I'M MERELY TRYING TO SAY - YES, I KNOW YOU ARE, DEAREST!