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Me and Pa'll chuckle when "The Freshman" comes to town.

FOXES FOR SALE

The balance of the Foxes in the Mass Fur Farm ranch, Mount East Road, will be sold by private sale from now until peeling time. Any Foxes not sold by private sale within the next ten days, will be pelted.

For full particulars to parties interested will see Mr. J. E. Newson, care Peter Newson, Brighton, Charlottetown.

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That excellent property, which has been all newly and thoroughly renovated is for sale at 88 Hillsboro Street.

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Tenders for Purchase Farm and Potato House

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon December 1st, 1925, for the purchase of a 135 acre farm, 100 acres in high state of cultivation, balance good growth lumber situated half mile from Kinkora Station.

Also a three quarter interest in a frost proof Potato Warehouse of 40,000 bushel capacity located on railway siding at Kinkora.

Tender may state price of both or separately.

For particulars apply to W. J. Reid, Middleton or the undersigned.
PHOENIX FARMING COMPANY
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621-11-137m51.

The Iron Horse
BY EDWIN C. HILL

If Davy had fired his six-shooter he could not have created more excitement. Marsh pushed his chair back and got to his feet. Deroux's big hands were working and the mask of good nature was slipping from his face. Miriam saw the tiger look creep into it. Jesson, fidgeting in his chair, was smiling scornfully. Marsh broke the throbbing silence.

"Davy," he cried, "Are you sure? Can you find the pass? It's been fifteen years! You were a mere child!"

"Fairly sure," said Brandon, quietly. "I have always had a good sense of location, and with the Ogallala I had a chance to train myself to remember landmarks, especially around the Lodge Pole, and that pass I never could forget! There's a great tree in the old tree or a mile, I think, right in the gorge and up against the west wall of the cut. Oh, it's there, right enough; and if I can't find it my Ogallala friends can. They know about it by the ages. Old Meta Saela, the head medicine man of Bull Bear's band, calls it the Road of the Thunderbird. An Indian was killed by lightning somewhere along the high ridge and they never forget such things."

"Will you locate it for me?" asked Marsh. "Will you guide me, Jesson? Davy, it means everything to me! If you succeed you'll find us grateful."

"Certainly I will go," said Davy, eagerly. "It's what dad would have wanted. It was his pass. It's my great ambition, Mr. Marsh, to do something to help the road. I owe it to my father. If I can be of real help it will be like raising a monument to his memory. Think of it, Mr. Marsh! If the road goes through there, through the pass that dad found, the iron horse will pass within saluting distance of where he lies in the grave that I dug with my own hands."

Miriam impulsively caught his hand in hers. She was conscious of a perfectly wild desire to throw her arms around him and hold him to her. Her cheeks flamed suddenly. Deroux's voice broke in like the snarl of an animal at bay.

"There's no such pass! I know that country well!"

Davy straightened, then leaned toward the Frenchman, eyes frosty.

"Mr. Deroux," he said, in a low voice that leveled menace at the dark face across the table, "I'm not arguing with you, I'm telling you! The pass is just where I said it was!"

Miriam thrilled at the tension. She saw Deroux's face relax in one of those wild changes of mask which he was so adept. Rage was wiped out in a flash. Craft crept into the bold eyes. Easy amiability smoothed out the distorted features. Deroux spoke with more

King Cole Orange Pekoe

THE "EXTRA" IN CHOICE TEA

than a trace of condescension.

"Oh, I am not doubting your word, my impetuous young friend! I am merely intimating that you are mistaken. As Mr. Marsh suggests, you were only a small boy. It is a baffling country—a land of distorted images, mirages. I have hunted through it, very thoroughly. I have never heard of the pass you speak of."

Davy remained silent, mouth set, eyes still fixed on Deroux, holding the man with a strange expression.

"I have something to tell you, Mr. Marsh," said Deroux, "I have something which eluded him, tortured him."

"At all events," said Marsh, "it's worth investigating. Jesson was going, anyway, and Brandon here, can go with him as guide. We have everything to win, nothing to lose after all. I'll have your horse and equipment for a good start. We'll see you off, eh, Miriam?"

Miriam smiled approvingly.

"As you will," agreed Deroux easily.

For the rest of the journey, Marsh, Jesson and Davy studied the topographical map of the region, unable to follow. Davy roughly identifying the location of his father's pass. Deroux again good natured and brimful of joviality, entertained Miriam, his high laugh rising now and then for an invariably louder than any body else at his own jests.

A North Star, after the car had been detached and switched to its siding, Miriam said good night and went to her room, though it was hours before sleep came. There was much to puzzle over. The warmth of heart that had come over her, her engagement to Peter Jesson, her duty—plain enough, but difficult to follow; the obvious antagonism between Davy and Deroux; something more, for sheer hatred had blazed in Deroux's eyes at least twice. And upon Davy's face had been a very curious expression, as if it were desperately trying to recall something.

"Feel like turning in?" asked Deroux of Jesson, as he was about to say good night.

"No," said Jesson. "It's a bit early. My New York habits cling to me out here. It's morning that finds me sleepy."

"Let's stroll up town," suggested Deroux. "We might drop into Haller's and take a little whirl at the wheel. I feel lucky."

"Don't wade in too deep," laughed Marsh. "That wheel of Haller's is too much for me."

Jesson and Deroux made their way slowly up the dim-lighted street and into The Arabian Nights thronged as always at this time of night, with a hundred men, drinking at the long bar under the eye of the fat Judge and the lanky shotgun guards, the tables surrounded with men hot in the fever of gambling, and the dance floor packed with dancers flushed with exercise and drink. Ruby saw them and deserted a big Texan who had succumbed to her charms, a cattleman from the Panhandle who had made a deal with the railroad and was awaiting the arrival of the herds that were being driven toward the line, an eight-hundred-mile journey.

With her unburied, undulating grace, she flowed like a brook in the moonlight through the restless crowd in Haller's, greeting Deroux with the usual air of impudence, then Jesson, shyly. Deroux saw the glance that passed between them and smiled in satisfaction. The three withdrew to a small table, where Deroux, as always when women were with him, ordered champagne.

"You're wasting your money, Joe," said Ruby. "The bottled sunshine is not for little Ruby tonight. One

King Cole Orange Pekoe

THE "EXTRA" IN CHOICE TEA

bubble, and I'd shoot up the place."

She brought her chair close up to Jesson's, and leaned a little toward him, their knees touching. Deroux studied them, laughing a little.

"You are a good-looking pair," he said. "You, my Ruby, and you, my friend, Jesson. I drink to your health."

He threw back his head and drained his glass.

The man from the Panhandle loomed over the table at Ruby's side. He dropped a hand upon her bare shoulder, and the girl flinched, almost falling into Jesson's arms.

"What are you doin', kiddin' me?" shouted the Texan, drunk and reckless with passion. "Strag me along all evening and then cut me for a damned tenderfoot!"

Jesson was starting to his feet when Deroux's voice cut in like a snapping whip.

"I'll settle this. Get out!"

The Texan lurched backward dragging at his heavy gun. All around the table the crowd broke, swaying toward the walls, dropping to the floor. Haller's great voice boomed a threat. Deroux on his feet like a cat, less wide apart, shoulders hunched forward, made one lightning movement, too fast for the eye to follow. The hall roared to the explosion of heavy gunfire. The big Texan staggered backward, the red receding from his blank face, tottered and crashed down like a tree. Deroux, still crouched, waited briefly, then breathed his gun. The hall still rang with the shrieks of the frightened women. Old Haller making his way toward the door, cursing, cursing, cursing.

"They have very bad manners in Texas, my little Ruby," he said, "tipping the bottle toward his glass. 'Do not look so white. The man is not dead. I did not shoot to kill! This time!'"

"I won't have this gun play, Deroux," he belloyed.

"Mister Deroux, Haller, when you take that tone!"

He never moved his chair but he blazed a look at the bulky Judge which cooled the wrath of that individual, and Haller had plenty of nerve.

"Well, Mister Deroux, then, if you feel like bein' so fancy to an old friend. What the hell's the use of sittin' in the place? The two of you could have grabbed that cool!"

"Jed," said Deroux, "you walk right back to the dance stool, and keep keep keepin' your head whiskey to the bun. This is my affair! Do you understand? My affair! That man had bad manners. I will not tolerate bad manners. I could have killed him. I merely broke his right shoulder. Get him out of here!"

The Judge withdrew, grumbling about "law and order." His underlings helped the Texan to his feet and carried him out of the place.

"Now forget it," said Deroux. "There's more important business on hand. This young Brandon has intruded himself into my business. Into the business of Deroux! Into your business. Listen, carefully. If he finds that pass—and I tell you now, the pass is there, I have known it all along—we are beaten. You, Jesson, lose \$30,000 and our little Ruby loses—something that her heart is set upon. Let's face this thing. Take your choice. A life of poverty for both of you, or ease and wealth with each other. It's the luck of the devil that this Brandon has turned up. Jesson, you will have to deal with him. It should be easy. Brandon goes with you, but you come back alone!"

Jesson sat speechless, face very white, hands twitching. Suddenly Ruby bent toward him.

"Peter, listen to me. You must do what Deroux says. I won't let anything stand in the way of our happiness. I won't! I won't! I won't! All my life I have struggled to get something. I have gone straight. Now when the big chance comes, our chance, not even a man's life shall wreck it. What are lives worth in this country? I have seen twenty men killed. Brandon must not come back. Peter!"

(To be continued.)

Customs Conference Progresses At Peking

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23—Reports from Peking that the Committee of the Customs Conference appointed to consolidate the Chinese, American and Japanese proposals for tariff reform and autonomy for China had submitted a unanimous report, were accepted by Administration officials as definitely assuring the success of the conference despite the warlike gestures of certain of the military leaders.

The agreement reached assured China the recovery of her complete sovereignty in customs matters within the next three years, always assuming that the Chinese leaders are able to compose their differences and work for the common good of the republic. Once tariff autonomy becomes an accomplished fact it may be expected that rival military leaders will clash for control of the Government.

Officials today expressed gratification at the progress made in the customs conference and their expectation that it will be completely successful.

IN MEMORIAM

MARY MCPHEE.

There passed to her Heavenly home on Nov. 5th, Mary McPhee, an old and deeply respected resident of Glen William.

The deceased was in her 87th year and was a native of Kilmuir, Co. Sligo, having immigrated to this island with her parents in her childhood.

The late Mrs. McPhee was possessed of many fine intellectual gifts among which was a remarkable memory, which remained with her through her declining years. Robert Edwards departed this life in need but the frail of a Gaelic and English tongue and she was transported to the dear scenes of her and pleasures that are forever lost to the dear scenes of her childhood and the span age of 86 when the call came. Her mortal life grew less, she illness of six months duration was loved more to speak of her Home endured with great patience and

Probe Of Communist Sunday Schools Asked

KINGSTON, Ont., Nov. 23—The executive of the National Council of Women, meeting here yesterday, passed a resolution urging that investigation be made by the Federated Associations, as to what extent Communists were conducting Sunday schools and other educational centres in Canada. The cooperation is asked of the boards of religious education, women's missionary boards, the various Catholic Women's Leagues, Jewish Women's Councils and other similar organizations.

Self-starting Foghorn Is Being Tried Out

LA ROCHELLE, France, Nov. 23—A self-starting foghorn, which will begin its tooting whenever a sufficiently thick mist appears, is being tried out in a lighthouse near here. It has been determined that sea fog appears in the neighborhood of the lighthouse only where humidity reaches a certain degree. The new foghorn apparatus depends upon the moistening of calcium carbide by the damp air. The moist carbide gives off a gas which operates the siren by pressure.

Thinks Women Pacifists Menace To Peace

MUNICH, Nov. 22—Women pacifists are menace to peace, in the opinion of the Bavarian government, which yesterday issued an order forbidding meeting of the International Womens League for Peace and Freedom.

Helpful Advice to Overworked Women



MRS. E. E. CHAPMAN
1820 ELM ST., NEW ALBANY, IND.

DAY in and day out, week in and week out the tired, over-worked housewife and mother toils on, sweeping, dusting, cooking, cleaning and mending. Is it any wonder that after a time a weakness, such as Mrs. Chapman had, develops and the wife and mother pays a toll in physical weakness and pain for her efforts of love, the natural result of overwork?

Women who find themselves afflicted with weakness, pain, headaches, backache, nervousness, irritability and melancholia will be interested in Mrs. Chapman's letter, and should realize that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is especially adapted to overcome such conditions.

Mrs. Chapman's Letter Reads as Follows:

New Albany, Ind.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a weakness which many women have from over work, and from which I suffered for quite a while. I wasn't fit to do my work and my sister advised me to take this medicine. After the first few days the pains were not so severe as they had been and after taking a few bottles I am no longer bothered any more. I am doing my housework every day and highly recommend the Vegetable Compound to any woman suffering from female trouble. Only yesterday a friend called me on the phone and knowing what it did for me wanted to know what to ask for at the drug store, so she meant to give it a trial."—Mrs. C. E. CHAPMAN, 1820 Elm Street, New Albany, Indiana.

Another Case of Nervous Breakdown

Malsouneuve, Montreal.—"I was always feeling tired and heavy, with a weakness of the back and pains in my right side, and I had a nervous breakdown. A friend was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she gave me half a bottle to try. It did me so much good that I have been taking it ever since whenever I feel the need. I often go a month or so without taking it, but when I feel the least headache, or any other bad feeling, I just make for that bottle. I recommend it for any female trouble, and very few of my friends are without it in their homes."—Mrs. J. CARLTON, 351 Third Avenue, Malsouneuve, Montreal, Quebec.

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Do as millions are doing. End old, insecure ways. Enjoy life every day. Package of twelve costs only a few cents.

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If you desire to economize, Third Cabin (round trip \$155) embraces comfortable berths, well-heated and ventilated cabins, delightful public rooms, excellent meals and attentive service.

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CHOICE FARM FOR SALE

50 acres highly cultivated land, buildings in first class repair. 3 miles from Rocky Point. For further particulars apply "A" to Guardian.
6128-11-19M61.

Annual Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Premier Silver Hall Fox Co., Ltd., will be held in the Hall at Bedouque, P. E. I. on Tuesday, December 1st, 1925.
THOMAS, MOYSE,
Sec'y. Treas.

FOR SALE

Farm at Long Creek, consisting of 40 acres of good land. Handy school, churches and shipping.
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Long Creek
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POULTRY NOTICE

Ship your live and dressed poultry to the Harris Abattoir Co., and receive highest market prices. If you reside West of Summerside send your poultry to our Branch at O'Leary, thereby, saving freight and shrinkage.

Be sure and write for our quotations before disposing of your stock.

The Harris Abattoir Co., Limited.
CHARLOTTETOWN
6247-11-25G1.

Mexico Restricts Alien Operations

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23—The new Allen and Bill recently passed by the Mexican Chamber of Deputies, an unofficial translation of which is now being carefully studied by the State Department, is rather vague in certain of its provisions.

Article 1 of the bill prohibits any alien from personally acquiring direct ownership of land and water within a strip of 100 kilometres along the border and 50 kilometres in the seashore. No alien may be a partner in a Mexican corporation which have or acquire such ownership. This is a re-enactment of an old law.

In order to participate in a Mexican corporation that has or acquires ownership of the land, water and its appurtenances on concessions for the operation of mines, alien or fuel in the republic, an alien must sign an agreement

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