

MORSE'S TEA
 Makes Good Tea a Certainty

DOMINION OF CANADA
 Province of
 PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In re Estate of Margaret McNeill late of Miscouche in Prince County, in the said Province, deceased, intestate.

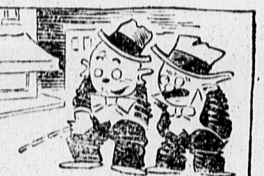
SMILES
 GABBIE GERTIE



"Dramatic action has swept many a man off his feet."

THE SWEETEST GIRL

I love a pretty maiden,
 For her I fondly sigh,
 Her face so sweet I seldom meet;
 Of me she's very shy.



Congressman: Did you buy your present political position?
 Senator: Sure thing, I don't look like a dead head do I.



"I proposed to Miss Nomer and Miss Chance, whose good opinion I value, and I'm a fool."
 "Well, propose to Miss Chance and she will think you have lucid moments."



"Shure an' ivery time I feels in me trousers' pocket fer me knife 'tis always in the ither pocket."
 "This yer ought to look in the ither pocket first."



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 12th December 1930, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for a period not exceeding four years six months per week on the route, ELMIRA RURAL ROUTE NO. 1, from the 1st January 1931.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Elmira and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

JOHN F. WHEAR,
 Post Office Inspector
 Charlottetown, P. E. I., Oct. 31, 1930
 7991-11-1-Sat-31



(Continued)

We lost sight of him, but heard sounds of a struggle he was having with a badly warped door which evidently had not been opened in a long time. He conquered it just as we came up with him, and the next moment, peering out in the misty gray light to see whether we had taken the right direction after all, we made out a dark blurred figure, which was, nevertheless, unmistakable. Still in that crouching attitude, with bowed head swaying from side to side, the girl was working round in widening circles, trying to catch the scent.

Presently she caught what she had been searching for, straightened up a little out of her crouching attitude, and set out, briskly, at a gait which was neither precisely a walk nor a run, but which, if she should keep it up, would tax our powers to follow.

She thrashed her way down a three-foot paved passage, which led out of the court and into a larger one, crossed this and vaulted over a low brick wall into the alley which bisected the block behind the Meredith. She trotted the length of this, with us straggling along behind her as best we could, crossed the boulevard, without a glance to right or left, and went straight off down the alley and through the next block.

"You see," commented the doctor, "I took elaborate precautions against being recognized in the immediate neighborhood of the Meredith. Almost every guest at the hotel, as well as the full force of servants, know him. But his chance of encountering any such person diminishes rapidly as he gets away from the vicinity of the hotel. He'll leave the alley to take to the streets presently."

The prophecy came true. At the very next corner the girl turned to the left, and then held on, straight across two avenues, until she reached a street where the cars ran. She made as if to cross this street, too, for she went straight out to the middle of it; then stopped, obviously at fault, and retraced her steps to the car rail nearest the curb.

"Well that's plain enough," said Ashton in a tone of disappointment. "She's brought us so far, but can't take us any farther, for here is where she took the car."

"Wait a bit," said the doctor. "She was crouched very low again, and quivering around in a circle, just as she had done at the foot of the

standpipe. Presently, to the surprise of all of us, unless it may have been that the doctor guessed, she caught a scent that satisfied her and led her diagonally back to the sidewalk; and once here, without a pause, she set out in the direction of downtown, straight down the middle of the sidewalk, her gait, that seemed unhesitating, unflinching, a sure-footed compromise between a walk and a run.

"It seems to be all right," said Ashton rather breathlessly, as we hurried on after her, "only I don't quite see what she went out into the street for."

"To see if a car was coming, I suppose," said the doctor. "There wasn't one in sight, so, rather than risk waiting, he set out afoot. And I think he did wisely. I haven't seen a car in attention to the condition of the

We had not, and what was still more to the point, followed the girl at the rapid pace she set, for half an hour without seeing one.

When we had set out with her, our curiosity as to what she would do prevented us from paying much attention to the condition of the streets; but when the chase had straightened itself out into this long pursuit down the avenue, we had time to think of our surroundings, and to speculate whether they bettered the chances of the man we were pursuing or improved our own for catching him. The trolley wires were evidently down in every direction and the streets were so glassy with the frozen sleet and so perilous with the snappi-ty, spitting ends of live wires that trailed here and there, that what little wheel traffic there was moved only with the very greatest difficulty. Without the means of tracing him, which the doctor's hypnotic power over the girl had provided us with, he would, after several hours, have been absolutely secure from pursuit. There would have been no other way in the world of hunting for him than by this simple, primitive method of tracking him by his scent.

It was fortunate for us that there were few pedestrians abroad that night for the girl's strange, uncanny gait and our hurried, breathless pursuit of her, in anything like normal conditions, have created a sensation which would have rendered the pursuit itself impossible. As it was, the few people who had ventured out found all they could attend to in the ice-glazed sidewalks, the wind-whipped corners, the fog and electrical peril of the streets. A few curious glances were cast after us as we went hurrying by, but that was about all.

Suddenly the doctor dropped a hand on my arm. I know where she's going," he said. "I ought to have guessed it before we started. Look there." As he spoke, he pointed ahead and upward, through the fog, and, following the direction of his pointing finger, I made out, faintly, a luminous clock face.

"What is it?" said I. "I haven't kept track of where we were going. The fog confuses me."

"It's the Western station," said the doctor, "and Wilkins, my boy," he punctuated the remark with a buffet on my shoulder, "Wilkins has gone to Oak Ridge! I ought to have known him well enough by this time to have foreseen that was what he would do."

"I don't believe he'd be such a fool," said Ashton, "but I hope you're right. If he's gone to Oak Ridge, we've got him. I've got two men out in the Morgan house watching it, for the lookout for anyone who might turn up there and nobody who does turn up will be able to get away until they have accounted to me for their visit."

We have all lagged a little. "Come along," said the doctor. "We mustn't get too far behind."

We were pretty well winded, all of us, but we gathered up our energies for a final sprint, and turned into the great waiting room just behind her.

She went straight to the ticket window, but without a pause there or a glance through, she turned in a sharp "gle, exactly as a dog would do, and padded across the waiting room toward the doors which opened into the train shed.

(To be Continued)

V. C's Mother Writes Rochford School Pupils

The following interesting letter was received by a pupil of Grade VI Rochford Square School from Mrs. A. N. McLeod, mother of Lieutenant Alan Arnett McLeod, V. C. The pupils of this grade after reading the account of the Canadian heroes exploits in this reader, were anxious to know more about him and his brave companion, Arthur Hammond. Accordingly they sent a letter to Stonewall, Manitoba, addressed thus: "To a relative of the late Alan McLeod, V. C." All were delightfully surprised when the following reply came from the mother of the much admired hero.

138 Maryla St.
 Winnipeg

To the pupils of Grade VI, Rochford Square School, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Dear Scholars:—Your letter asking for more information about our son Alan McLeod and his observer Arthur Hammond, was forwarded to us here from Stonewall. My husband joins me in thanking you for your kind letter about Alan. We have had many such letters both from pupils and their teachers in different parts of Canada, but this is the first one from P. E. I. It makes us happy to know that Alan is loved and remembered by boys and girls, as he lived most of his life in the school-room, and I think he was always happier with boys and girls than he was with grown-ups.

I think you would find interesting an article about Alan, written by Col. Geo. Dray in the Feb. 1 issue of MacLean's Magazine. Perhaps if you haven't one your bookseller would procure one from Toronto for you. When we knew that a story about Alan was being written for the school readers, Alan's father and I hoped that more of his observers part in the fight would be told. We knew Alan would like that. We made this request of the Department of Education and gave them the necessary information, but were disappointed when the Reader's were issued to see very little was said.

Arthur Hammond was an English boy, the son of a Commodore in the British Navy. Arthur went in for engineering and was busy on some work in South America at the outbreak of the war. He returned to England immediately and enlisted, serving first with the Engineers, and later in the war transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. He and Alan were in the No. 2 Squadron at Headquarters, and worked together quite a bit. There was quite a strong friendship between them. Alan admired Arthur, the elder boy very much, and was especially very enthusiastic about the fine work he did in the fight, their last fight together. On March 27, 1918 when writing home to us about that day, Alan said: "My observer certainly was a hero. When we were coming down in flames, he both thought to certain death and he was badly wounded, he still kept firing at the Huns, and brought one down. That takes some nerve, believe me!"

After they were taken into the trenches by some South Africans and later under cover of darkness set further back of the lines for medical attention, they got separated and lost trace of each other. As they learned later, Arthur was sent to Recan and was there some weeks. His left leg was amputated very high up, within twelve hours of his being wounded. Alan was sent over to London and from there wrote us that he did not know what had happened to poor "Hammy" as he called him. However, later on, Arthur's sister went to see Alan with the news that he was alive and recovering slowly. Before Alan came back to Canada in September of that year, he was back in London and able to go to see him several times.

Perhaps you will be interested to know that in 1921 Arthur Hammond came out to us from England as he and Alan had planned he should do when the war was over. Two of Alan's observers did this, one in 1919, Reginald Key and later in 1921 Arthur Hammond. These three boys shared a hut together for a time at their aerodrome at Hesdigue in France. At nights in their hut they often talked of home and I feel sure that the Canadian boy painted Canada in glowing colors to the two English boys. They agreed that they should come out here to Alan when the war was over. So though Alan was no longer with us at that time we felt we would like them to carry out their plan. They both did well and are quite settled in Canada. Reginald Keys lives in Toronto now, but Arthur is our neighbor living just around the corner a block or so from us. He married a Winnipeg girl two years ago and took her home to England on their honeymoon to visit his parents. His wife seems to share with Arthur his desire to try and fill a son's place in our lives in any way they can, which we much appreciate.

Arthur found when he came to Canada that he could not continue his profession owing to the loss of his leg. My husband urged him to accept the inevitable and reconcile himself to a life at office work. He



Scout News and Notices

BAPTIST

Thirteen were present and Patrol Leaders Ritchie and Williams started their patrols on first class work judging distances. Next night Judging weights will be taken up.

St. Peter's and St. James Scouts had business elsewhere Halloween night and no meeting were held.

St. Peter's Cules turned out 29 strong and all Cules passed the row and salute in their Tenderpad Tests.

Zion Scouts

Twelve scouts were present, and Second Class Test work was taken up. A Patrol Leaders meeting was held after the regular meeting, and it was decided to form a Court of Honor.

At the annual meeting held Monday, the 27th, the Provincial Secretary reported that good progress had been made in scouting during 1930. Badges passed from Oct. 1929 to 1930:

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 1930 | 1929 |
| First class 1 | King Scout 1 |
| Second Class 29 | First Class 3 |
| Tenderfoot 40 | Second Class 13 |
| Proficiency Badges 40 | Proficiency 28 |

Large increases in Tenderfoot, second class and Proficiency work. But only one First Class Badge issued, namely to Meliland Owen.

If all Second Class Scouts work hard 15 or 20 First Class Scouts should be recorded next year.

Scouts, now is the time to pass your cooking tests. P. L. get your boys out on hikes.

What about Monday, Thanksgiving day for a hike?

Scout E. W. Sampson, St. Catherine's, Ont., writes that it is his father, Scoutmaster A. E. Sampson, who is the editor of the new publication, The Canadian Scout, a magazine devoted to the interests of Boy Scouts, Scouting and Wolf Cubs. Ed was overseas at the Jamboree, and is assisting his Scoutmaster Dad in the publication, but modestly declines the responsibility of being its editor. The day may come, however.

dearly loves out-of-doors work, but as this was impossible he entered the offices of the Great West Life Insurance Co., and has done well there. He has a very good artificial leg and gets about well. He walks home from the office every evening. Very few days go by, but about 5.30 p. m. we hear the "stump-stump" of his leg in the hall. It is Arthur dropping in, in passing to see how we fare.

He is a man that boys find interesting. His father being in the navy he has had some nautical experience and can do all the interesting things sailors do—knot-tying, etc., which small boys love to learn. Just now



Congratulations to this month's BRIDES & GROOMS

We hope you will be very happy. May we invite you to try Red Rose Tea?

RED ROSE RED LABEL TEA
 RED ROSE ORANGE PEACH TEA
RED ROSE TEA
 "is good tea"

CEDAR SHINGLES

We have on hand the following Cedar Shingles viz—

| | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 500 M. EXTRAS. | 700 M. 2nd CLEARS. |
| 500 M. CLEARS. | 400 M. CLEAR WALLS |

200 M. X NO. 1's
PRICES LOW—
L. M. POOLE & CO.
 PAUL'S WHARVES

was given by the members of the club. At the business session plans were discussed for bringing to Charlottetown a well known Canadian concert pianist and it was decided to get in touch with this artist, with the view to the arrangement of a program. This is found to be possible.

After the following program, refreshments were served by the hostess.

1. Paper on the Life and Works of Johannes Brahms—Miss K. Hornby.
2. Vocal—"Sunday"—Mrs. H. & Henderson.
3. Vocal—"The Blacksmith"—Miss B. Huestis.
4. Vocal—"The Sandman"—Mrs. James MacMillan.
5. Piano—"Waltz in A flat"—Miss P. Currie.
6. Vocal—"In Summer Fields"—Mrs. F. M. Nash.
7. Vocal—"Lullaby"—Mrs. Raouf Reymond.
8. Violin—"Waltz in A"—Miss Kathleen Hornby.
9. Vocal—"Minneleid"—Mrs. J. A. Lawson.
10. Piano—"Ballad"—Miss Robert Spencer.
11. Vocal—"Come Soon"—Miss Lillian MacKenzie.

Mrs. Keth Rogers, Miss Robert Spencer and Miss Lillian MacKenzie were the accompanists.

An Evening With Brahms

The Women's Music Club spent an enjoyable and profitable evening on Monday at the home of Miss Kathleen Hornby. An interesting paper on the life and works of the composer, Johannes Brahms, was read by Miss Hornby after which a program consisting of violin, vocal and piano music, all compositions of Brahms,

I am so tired

There comes a time when the nightly sleep and the weekly day of rest are not sufficient to restore energy.

Not only are the voluntary nerves tired—those which control the movements of the body—but the nerves which control the vital organs fail and you know that your condition is serious.

Sleep fails, and with loss of sleep comes further debility, irritable temper and the tendency to fear and worry. Fear of a crowd, fear to be alone, or the more common fear of the future—these make life miserable.

You will not be using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food long before you discover its uplifting effect on the system. Good, restful sleep, improved digestion and a brighter outlook on life will soon convince you that this treatment is bringing back your old-time health and vigor.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

AUCTION SALE

I am instructed by Mrs. Margaret B. MacLean to sell the two tenement houses, Corner Hillsboro and Water Street, on Friday, November 14th at 12 o'clock noon. Could be made into an ideal apartment house. Both sides now occupied. Large yard with barn. Could be made into garage.

J. A. McDONALD,
 Auctioneer.

8995-11-6-31.

AUCTION SALE OF FURNITURE

At 57 Prince Street, on Saturday, November 8th, 1930, at 1.30 o'clock sharp.

PARLOR—1 parlor set of 5 chairs and settee; 1 bed coach, 1 gramophone, 1 large picture cabinet, 1 set of curtains, 1 Wilton square, new.

Bathroom—Linoleum covering.

Bedroom—1 dresser, 2 beds, 3 mattresses, 1 chair.

Dining Room—3 chairs, 1 Singer Machine, 1 Extension Table, (new), 1 Sideboard, 1 Linoleum Square, 2 Blinds.

Kitchen—2 chairs, 1 rocker, 1 kitchen table, 1 range (Enterprise Monarch), 5 months old, 1 coal hod, Cooking Utensils—1 tea pot, 1 kettle (Aluminum) 6 bake pans, 3 pot covers, 4 pots.

Pantry—2 glass jugs, 2 bread plates, 53 plates, 12 cups and saucers, 1 mixing bowl, etc.

Hall—1 hat rack and glass.

J. A. McDONALD,
 Auctioneer.

8886-11-6-41.

Notice—Malpeque Road Closed

Malpeque Road from the cross road at the Waterworks to St. Dunstan's University will be closed until further notice.

By order,
 DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.

Ladies Evening Shoes

Dyed any colour to match your Gown

\$5.75, \$8.00
 \$9.00

(No extra charge for dyeing.)

SILVER and GOLD KID PUMPS
 \$7.00 a pair

Black Satin Pumps AND STRAPS ARE MUCH IN DEMAND FOR EVENING WEAR

\$5.00, \$6.50
 \$10.50

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 Fashionable Footwear

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