

Blending Red Rose Tea is an art. To obtain the fine flavor and full-bodied richness required years of experience. Every package guaranteed.

# RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea"

## RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE is extra good

C. M. LAMPSON & CO., Ltd, 64 Queen Street, London, E. C. 4.

ALFRED C. LAMPSON,  
HERTS W. LAMPSON, C. B. E.  
A. V. FRASER,  
M. W. FRASER, U. S. A.

SEPTEMBER ..... 1927

### SILVER FOX SKINS

DEAR SIR,

Owing to the large number of SILVER FOX SKINS now coming forward from Canada and the United States of America for inclusion in our Public Fur Sales, we have found it necessary to make certain rules under which only we are willing to accept consignments.

We have found by experience that (except in the case of the very finest specimens) higher prices are as a rule realized for lots containing a considerable number of skins: this is especially noticeable in the case of the cheaper grades.

The buyers attending the Sales have only a limited time at their disposal, and it is obvious that they are better able to examine a large offering of the number of lots catalogued is kept within reasonable bounds.

It is also clear that to enable us to make large lots we must be permitted to put the skins belonging to different owners together, and, further, that skins so lotted cannot be offered subject to a reserve price.

We therefore wish to give you notice that we are only willing to accept our shipments on the following conditions:—

- (1) We are to be at liberty to offer your skins, or any part of them, lotted with similar skins belonging to other owners.
- (2) We cannot include in our Sales skins on which a reserve price has been placed.
- (3) Unless we hear to the contrary, we will assume that you desire to offer and sell all skins consigned to us at the next Public Sale after their arrival in London: if, however, you should wish any of your skins held for a later sale, it will be necessary for you to inform us of this fact at the time of shipment.
- (4) It is understood that any skins consigned to us by you, after the receipt of this circular, are subject to the above conditions, and that, in making your shipments to us, you agree to them.

We need hardly say that in lotting together skins belonging to different owners the greatest care is taken to ensure that only those of exactly similar character, quality and value are offered in the same lot.

C. M. LAMPSON & CO., LTD.

### DIRECTIONS AS TO SHIPMENT

**PARCEL POST.**—Under the Post Office Regulations, packages to be sent by Parcel Post must not exceed 11 lbs. in weight.

**PACKING.**—Skins should be carefully packed in parcels, the outer covering of which should be of canvas, unbleached muslin, cheese cloth, or some similar fabric.

**SHIPPING.**—Each package must be clearly addressed to:—

C. M. LAMPSON & CO., LTD.  
64 Queen Street,  
London, E. C. 4,  
England.

It is essential for the identification of shipments on arrival in London that each parcel should be distinctly marked on the OUTSIDE with the name and address of the Shipper.

It will also be found convenient to mark the first parcel No. 1, the second No. 2 and so continue with each succeeding parcel until the end of the season.

These two points are of great importance, as large numbers of parcels are frequently delivered together, and without the name of the Shipper and number on the wrapping it is extremely difficult for us to trace the ownership of the parcels.

**INVOICE.**—At the time that the shipment is despatched an invoice MUST ALWAYS BE MAILED UNDER SEPARATE COVER to us at this address.

This invoice should state:—

- (1) The number of parcels sent forward.
- (2) The number marked on each parcel.
- (3) The quantity of skins in each parcel.
- (4) Amount of Marine Insurance required.

On the last page of this circular we give an example of how the invoice should be made out by you.

**MARINE INSURANCE.**—UNLESS ADVISED TO THE CONTRARY, we will insure all shipments whilst in transit under our Open Policies, for invoice value plus 10 per cent. These policies give full protection from the time that the goods leave your possession until delivered to us in London, and the rate of premium is most reasonable.

As stated above, we should in every case be advised at the time the shipment goes forward of the amount of insurance required. If it is not desired that we should arrange Marine Insurance, this fact should be clearly stated on the invoice referred to above.

**SHIPMENT BY EXPRESS.**—Skins may also be forwarded to London through any of the Express Companies.

Shipments by Express should be made in exactly the same way as by Parcel Post, except that there is no limit to the weight of packages and wooden cases may be used.

It is not necessary so far as the Marine Insurance is concerned to declare a value of more than \$50 per package to the Express Companies, as if full value is declared the Express Company will charge their rate based on the valuation.

**NEW YORK.**—Information as to shipments of furs to London can be obtained from our New York Representative:—

Mr. ALFRED FRASER,  
212 Fifth Avenue,  
New York City.

**PAYMENT.**—It is, however, unnecessary for you to advise Mr. Fraser of shipments made direct to us in London. Payment will, as a rule, be made by Dollar Cheque from our New York Office.

Should you prefer to be paid by Sterling Draft on London you should inform us of the fact when forwarding your invoice.

(Date) .....

C. M. LAMPSON & CO., LTD.  
64, Queen Street,  
London, E. C. 4,  
England.

Dear Sirs,  
I have to-day made to you a consignment of FUR SKINS, particulars of which are as follows:

Forwarded per .....	The Shipper should write here the mode of conveyance, i. e., PARCEL POST, EXPRESS, etc.
Number of Packages sent forward .....	
Parcel No. .... contains .....	
Parcel No. .... contains .....	
Parcel No. .... contains .....	
Amount of Marine Insurance required .....	

Yours truly,

(Signed) ..... The full name of the Shipper should be given.

Address ..... The full address to which C. M. LAMPSON & CO., are to acknowledge receipt of shipments and send proceeds of sale, etc.



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### THE STORY

Suddenly there was a sound, a voice behind the curtain right at her hand. "Let's have a look."

Gay had barely time to flatten herself against the wall, white face lowered into her dark collar, when the curtain at the other end moved and parted. No light emanated from behind it, but Gay felt that two men came out, carefully pausing to replace the heavy folds behind them, and crossed to the curtained door through which she had entered.

One drew back the black folds of curtain, and pushed the door wide. "No sign of them." The voice was Ronald Ingram's. "They are late."

"He'll give you the devil for taking that fellow on board," said the other voice, one strange to Gay.

"There's nothing else to do with him," Ronald defended quickly. "I'm d—d if I'll creak him. Garman knows I won't. I told him when I signed on."

"If you let him get away—"

"I can't let him get away; I don't dare. He had been spying on us—God knows how long. Knows everything we're up to, of course. He'd have them after us in no time. No, we'll take him along, Garman can do as he likes. He sticks at nothing, God knows. But they're nothing on me so far. Look there's the light, they're coming!"

The men went back carefully through the heavy curtain, drawing the folds back behind them. The blackness was like pitch. A prisoner—a spy—who knew everything! They were taking him to Garman who stood at nothing. Dear Rand! All Gay's fears fell from her, dead courage lay cold upon her hands. Her thoughts were quiet and consistent.

"A boat is coming for them. They have taken him prisoner. Perhaps I will have a chance to rescue him—"

Eric's hand she tiptoed to the edge of the curtain, drew it back. Still blackness within. Her fingers guided her. There was a door now, on the right side, open but thickly curtained. Her fingers touched it. Yes, a light. They were in that room. Rand was in that room. Perhaps he had wedged her face up to the curtain where but the slightest fraction of one eye touched the aperture her fingers formed in the folds of cloth. A dozen men in the room, all dressed for cold weather, out-of-doors, heavy coats, heavy hats, gloves on their hands. They were not smoking. There was no fire in the room, but one pale lantern giving light. She saw Ronald Ingram. He was dressed as the others were, with a revolver in his hand. Others had revolvers, too. The Chinaman was there. And there was one other, hands bound behind his back, a man who she had seen in the prison. "Oh, my dear," Gay thought tenderly. Tears came to her eyes. She could not see the face, she had no need. Every line of Rand's face was clear to her heart.

Ronald Ingram looked at his watch. "Be ready now," he said, in a low voice. "Go one at a time. Follow me. Walk slowly, feel your way. You can't show a light. Don't talk out at sea. Hodge, you take the prisoner with you, and go first after May Sen. The rest fall in after Hodge. I'll bring up the rear. Not a sound when we go out." Then he crossed swiftly to the deserted figure of the prisoner. "Now mind what I told you," he said. His voice was low, inclusive. "If you make the slightest sound, the least effort to get away," he turned his revolver in his hands suggestively—"that for your pains!"

Continued

You know this place, you know this cove—you haven't a chance in the world to escape. Be ready now, fellows."

The men stood up, drew on their gloves. Gay slipped away from the curtain, back to the second one, beyond it.

"A boat is coming—they are taking Rand with them—they are all armed, and he is bound." How her thoughts raced!

Outside in the night again, she stood flat against the wall and waited. It was in her heart to touch Rand as he passed, to draw him out of the line as they walked, perhaps escaping notice in the darkness. Motionless she waited, cool, alert, holding her breath.

There was sudden sound on the shore of the cove, the low plash of waves, a low whistle, the scraping and grinding of a boat on the sand, and again the low whistle.

Then, without a sound from within, the curtain at her hand was drawn aside. The little Chinaman came out and padded softly down toward the shore, his head lowered, looking neither to right nor left. After him came the tall man, Hodge, of course, a revolver in hand, the other thrust through bound one of the prisoner. Gay's fingers ached about her pistol, but she knew any use of it at that moment would mean only death to Rand, and to herself as well. Perhaps later she might have a chance—she was a strong swimmer—if she could only manage to release the hands that held him.

Still from behind the curtain came the silent, closely cloaked figures, one after another, silently, and at last no more. But there was a sound within the drawing curtains, the click of a latch, the slide of a wooden frame.

Gay did not hesitate. Stumbling a little, she moved out swiftly into the line of silently marching men. Blindly, automatically unhesitatingly, she followed them, but in her blindness she fell full length on the rocky path.

Ronald Ingram came upon her from behind. She felt the touch of his boot at her shoulder.

"Get up, d—n it, and be careful!" His voice was low, less than a whisper.

Gay scrambled to her feet and hurried after the others. A hand was laid on her back to assist her, and she was swung up in her turn, with Ronald Ingram behind her, the last man on.

"O. K.?" breathed a voice from the boat.

"Yeh. Let's go."

The boat runched on the sand again, swept into the water. The oars dipped the waves. A fine exaltation came over Gay. She was daring death with Rand. If she could not contrive to save him, then she, who had selfishly refused to share his life, would gloriously share his death.

The boat nosed swiftly out to sea, and the fine salt spray touched her face.

### Continued

### In Memoriam

THOMAS PHILLIPS RICHARDS

There passed peacefully away to his eternal rest on January 12th his 79th birthday, after a week's illness from pneumonia, Thomas Phillips Richards, a life long resident of Alberry Plains, P. E. I. In his youth he worked with his father who was a master shipbuilder, building large vessels for the carrying trade between this Island and Great Britain.

Later he took up farming which he continued ever since, though for the last eighteen years he had not done much active work on account of rheumatism which settled in his limbs, but by his wise councils and knowledge of farming and business ability he had acquired one of the best farms in the vicinity.

The community have lost a good kind and generous neighbor and a helping hand to those in need and always had a pleasant word and joke for those who called at his door or visited at his home which was always open to the holding of religious services for the neighbourhood. For about 20 years prior to 1890 he taught in a singing school in 10 different settlements, and there are still a few left who have pleasant memories of those classes.

His grandfather, Dr. James Richards immigrated from the Island of Guernsey in 1808 and settled in Murray Harbour.

He leaves to mourn their loss, a loving wife, formerly Priscilla (Tillie) E. Poole of Rosemeath, and six sons, Charles and Clinton in Saskatoon, Howard and Arthur at home, Edward of Vernon River, Earle of Montreal, who arrived home shortly before his father's death, and one daughter, Annie, Mrs. Robert S. Brewster of Tyndale, besides two sisters, Mrs. Thomas Davy of Murray Harbour and Miss Pheobe Richards of Vernon River, also two brothers John and Frederick.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust, Calmly now the words we say, Left behind, we wait in trust. 'Till the Resurrection day, Father, in Thy gracious keeping Leave me now Thy servant sleeping.

The Mammoth lignite field of North Dakota has been estimated by the United States Geological Survey to contain a reserve fuel supply of more than 15,000,000,000.

### London Letter

BY TEMPLE CHAMBERS  
(British United Press)

LONDON.—(By Mail)—Now that the Law Courts in the Strand, "the Palace of Justice" will shortly be opening for the Hilary Term, one more form of entertainment for Londoners will again be available. In the course of a year thousands of people spend their leisure in the High Court. Many of them listen, hour after hour, with rapt attention—not to sensational causes celebres but to dry-as-dust Chancery cases in which they have no personal interest whatsoever.

What attracts these folk? Probably it is the spectacular and curiously morose aspect of the Court. The staff-gowned juniors, the silk-robed K. C.'s, and, in ascending order, the ermine and scarlet and puce raiment of the King's Judges, these all make up a scene and an atmosphere remote indeed from the ordinary course of life.

That "the law is a huss" is a truth so well established in the lay mind that it has become axiomatic, even though that axiom be founded in ignorance: on the other hand the men of the black robe, or more often, as they are convinced that the perfection of common law is as it may be. Still, they are always renegees in every community, and now one of His Majesty's Counsel learned in the law has traitorously suggested in a public print that our legal procedure is not perfect. He may be right, quite probably he is, but what is not commonly recognized is that the complexity of life in such a country as this involves complexity of law: complexity of law means that ordinary people have not the time nor the specialized educational equipment to understand it. Hence the lawyer in our midst, and ultimately that crown trouble the "Bill of Costs."

This is not a place for a dissertation on the oddities of English law, but it may well be remembered that England is the only country in the world whose legal system of today has an unbroken history of a thousand years behind it and yet, whatever its defects in detail may be, still works on the whole for the greatest good of the greatest number.

Many men, and more particularly their lives, who walk in social twilight throughout the year, console themselves with the reflection that with the coming of the New Year Honours List they will see a great light. This year, however, many a plain "Mr." will spend exasperated hours in explaining to a climbing wife just why she must, for the present, remain "Mrs."

The awful fact is that there will be no Honours List this year, and gloom impenetrable has descended upon the world-be's.

In this present instance, of course, the lamentable sickness of the King is the explanation, but, quite apart from that unhappy fact, the tendency of late years has been to restrict the granting of honours, and, at that, to render honour only where honour is due. The titled personage whose honour rooted in dishonour stands is not common now-a-days.

There are, however, the more persistent of friend at Court, combined with persistence and the hide of a pachyderm, sufficed in time to secure at least a baronetcy, but that day has passed. The honoured one who was exalted simply because he had inherited a name which stands greater than any other had at least done something or somebody. Merit, or at any rate the appearance of merit, is the only "Open Sesame" now. And for that happy circumstance we owe something to the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin. "Let him bear the palm who deserves it."

Rudyard Lake in Staffordshire is beautiful but it is doubtful whether its name would have been known to the world had it not been that 63 years ago, in December 1865, a certain Mr. Arthur Kipling of Bomford was inspired to name their infant son after the neighbourhood in the Old Country from which the Kipling family originally sprang.

Mr. Kipling, nowadays hides himself from the curious in a little Sussex village which is spelt Burwash, a name pronounced the other way. Truth to tell, he has been forced to drop the portcullis against the horde of intruders upon his privacy. Now and again, in spite of all precautions, a hide-bound lion-hunter gets under his guard. Thus, on one occasion some time ago, the room of Bomford was visited from a far land, which need not be specified, accompanied by two young compatriots. "Say," said the Unknown, "you Rudyard Kipling?" Mr. Kipling pleaded guilty. "Boys," said the visitor, pointing to the exhibit, "this is Rudyard Kipling." Then he returned to the charge. "This where you work?" he demanded. Again Mr. Kipling conceded the point. "Boys!" went on the interlocutor "this here's where he works." Whereupon he and his charges departed as they came. And Mr. Kipling presumably returned to the guard on the battlements and electrified the garden railings.

Time bears all its literary sons away. To use an old gag—though the

Childhood Ailments

Can be Quickly Banished With Baby's Own Tablets.

The ailments of childhood are many but nine-tenths of them are due to one cause and one cause only—a disordered condition of the stomach and bowels to quickly banish any of the minor ailments of babyhood and childhood the bowels must be made to work regular and the stomach must be sweetened.

No other medicine for little ones has had such success as has Baby's Own Tablets. They banish constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers; correct diarrhoea and colic and promote healthful sleep by regulating the functions of the stomach and bowels. Concerning them, Mrs. L. M. Brown, Walton, N. S., writes:—"I cannot speak too highly of Baby's Own Tablets as I have found them excellent for childhood ailments."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### PAVE THE WAY FOR HEALTHY LITTERS—NOW!

In a few months, you will know whether or not your ranch will be a success in 1929. Instead of waiting and hoping—take steps to assure success. This month, start feeding vixens Vitakalk. The winter diet often lacks vitamins and minerals thus increasing the danger of misses, abortion, premature birth and poor litters. Vitakalk will assure you results because its calcium and vitamins will give vixens strength to produce big litters and enable them to pass on health to their pups so they can grow to maturity.

Vitakalk contains calcium chloride in a starch form to make it most digestible—yeast dried at an especially low temperature and treated with ultra-violet rays to give it D-Vitamins. These with other constituents give Vitakalk the essential nutritive ingredients in the most concentrated form which does not overburden the digestive organs. Vitakalk is mixed with the food in small quantities. Where the food is not ground, meat strips should be cut lengthwise and Vitakalk spread into the grooves. Vitakalk does not deteriorate. Write for a can today.

### Th. Goldschmidt Corporation

68 Beaver St., New York, N. Y.

Branch Offices in Chicago—Hamilton—Montreal

SEND COUPON NOW

Rogers & Arnett, Summer St., Summerside, P. E. I. Dept. 345

I am sending you cash ( ) check ( ) (or send C. O. D. ( ) following amount of Vitakalk. ( ) 2 lb.—\$2.25 ( ) 25 lb.—\$22.50 ( ) 10 lb.—\$9.50 ( ) 100 lb.—\$83.00

Name .....

Address .....



Haggards ride no more, the world will think that the day is far distant when the Rudyard shall cease from Kipling.

It is a commonplace in England for the man who is at the foot of the ladder of fortune to look up enviously at those whose feet are upon the higher rungs and complain that because of the accident of birth, or because he was just unlucky, or what not, he had had no chance in life. Now and again that's true, but much more often it is not.

England, monarchical and aristocratic in form, democratic in fact, undoubtedly provides as great a degree of equality of opportunity to the man of brains as does any other country in the world.

An instance of this is in the public eye just now. Two great financiers and men of affairs are jointly—and equally—engaged on a committee dealing with War Reparations. They are Lord Revelstoke and Sir Josiah Stamp.

Lord Revelstoke, a member of the famous moneyed family of Baring, was born not with a mere silver spoon in his mouth but with a whole service of gold plate. He and his forbears for long past have talked and talked with kings and, in some sense, have lost the common touch. Now, take my Lord's colleague, Sir Josiah Stamp, and be it with every possible deference and respect, his progenitor should be proud. All republican examples to the contrary notwithstanding, England still proves in every day life that though rank may be the guinea stamp, a man's a man for a' that.

During this coming year of 1929 something like 5,000,000 (five million) beings shaped in the contrary form divine (or otherwise) will for the first time in the history of these isles be permitted to vote. So we are face to face with a new phase of politics.

Inasmuch as women voters will in future in most constituencies outnumber mere males, England will be a gynocracy—a state ruled by women rather than by men.

Now comes the question: will Eve cast her vote for the Adams of the stage-hero type, with the straight nose, the wavy hair and the honest, imaginative, unpretentious "John Smith." Or, as an alternative, for the green-eyed spatulate-fingered, strong and silent he-man of certain sorts of fiction?

There is indeed another course open to her. It is to vote for the every day, plain and decent, but imaginative, unpretentious "John Smith." On reflection, she'll vote for him. That's one bet. She won't vote for her sister; that's another.

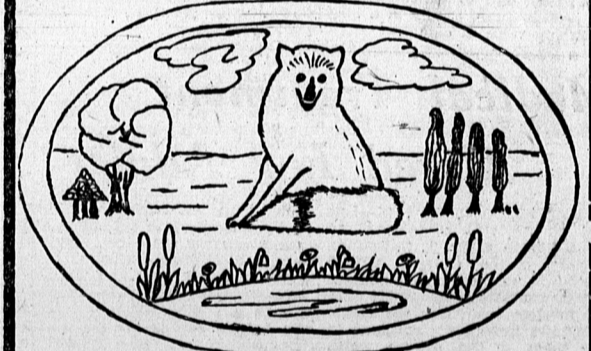
BY TEMPLE CHAMBERS  
(British United Press)

LONDON.—(By Mail)—The venerable saying—"like father, like son," in common with many another tabloid example of our ancestors' wisdom, is not entirely accurate if it means that son as a matter of course inherits the mental powers of his father.

Everyday experience quite commonly shows that a genius is the son of a commonplace sire, while he, who in his life takes all knowledge to be his province, not seldom begets a robot. All which signifies, reflections are born of the fact that Lord Birkhead's eldest son Lord Furneaux and the heir to the House of Chamberlain have now reached years of discretion and show signs of supporting the saying.

Lord Furneaux's recent coming-of-age speech, made before a most critical audience (including, no doubt, in the son's mind first and last, and all the time his fluent-tongued father) was not the usual mixture of banefulness and boasting character-

### PRIZE RUG



No. 15. Size 32x54 ins., price \$50.  
A rug made from the above pattern was awarded first prize at the Provincial Exhibition held in Charlottetown this year.

Why not make one like it for your own home, or for sale. Order by number.  
No. 28, size 36x63, with two foxes on it may be had for \$110. Send all orders to

JOE R. SMITH, Kensington, P. E. I.  
These patterns are on sale at the Handicraft Exchange, in Charlottetown



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