

The Red Rose Tea guarantee means what it says. If not satisfied return the unused part in the package and the grocer will refund your money.

# RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea"  
RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE is extra good

### TENDERS

Tenders will be received at the office of the City Clerk up to noon Thursday, September 19th, 1929, for supplying the city with 225 tons coal (150 tons for market and 75 tons for City Buildings. Coal to be stored in said buildings and weighed on City scales. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. F. NICHOLSON  
City Clerk  
13th-14th-16th-17th-18th

### IN MEMORIAM

MRS. JAMES TAYLOR.

There passed away on August 9, at the home of her son, Daniel N. Mrs. James Taylor, (nee Lily McRae), St. Peter's Island, at the age of 86 years. Although in failing health for some time, she was able to be up until a few weeks of her death. She was of a quiet, unretiring disposition, a true Christian, a kind friend and a loving wife and mother. She will be sadly missed in the home.

The funeral service was held on Sunday and friends and relatives from far and near gathered to pay a parting tribute. The service was conducted by her pastor, Rev. E. M. Aitken and was very impressive. The hymns "The Lord is My Shepherd," "The Sweet By and By," and "Forever With the Lord," were sweetly rendered by the United Church choir. Her remains were laid to rest beside her husband in the cemetery at West River United Church, of which she was a member for a number of years.

There are left to mourn two sons, James J., St. Peter's Island, and Daniel N., Nine Mile Creek, and one daughter, Mrs. Aitken Pierce, Boston.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. Neil McKenzie, Augustus Doull, Josiah Garnett, J. Archibald McDonald, Peter Currie and Daniel McPhee.

Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family.

### MRS. GERTRUDE MacLEAN.

Mrs. Gertrude MacLean, who had resided in Philadelphia since her son's marriage in June of this year, to the daughter of a Nova Scotian, the Rev. J. I. Manthorne, D.D., died at her home, 4033 Baltimore Ave., on Monday. She was the widow of Duncan MacLean, of this city, and was born here June 30, 1868. She was the daughter of the late Frank and Mrs. Chandler.

Mrs. MacLean resided at Holyoke, Mass., for many years, later moving to Somerville, Mass. Her husband was a brother of Senator John MacLean, of Souris, P.E.I.

Two daughters, Blanche and Mabel, the latter a graduate of Holyoke City Hospital, both of Brooklyn, and three sons, Frank of North Weymouth, Mass., Ray of Linden, Mass., and MacMillan, of 4630 Sansom St., survive. A fourth son, Lorne, died in 1926.

Funeral service took place in Holyoke Wednesday, with interment in the family plot at the Holyoke Cemetery.

Total weight of air mails in England last year was about five tons, compared with 230 tons a month in the United States.

## Fletcher's CASTORIA

FOR QUICK, HARMLESS COMFORT  
Children Cry for It

### FOR SALE

An excellent dairy farm in Mermald, Lot 48, 7 miles from Charlottetown, near churches, schools and railway station, containing 135 acres, 125 under cultivation, business wood and good timber, extra well fenced and water, fine buildings.

# BROKEN WINGS

by Barbara Webb

CONTINUED

A bare nod of the head answered her. "I must go back to camp," she said firmly. "I will be gone an hour. Stay here and lie quietly."

He nodded again. "There is an orange here if you are thirsty," she told him. "I must take the water-bowl. I'll be back soon."

He did not nod this time. He was asleep again. She must try to make camp and back before he woke. It seemed a shame to empty the precious water from the bowl, but she had to do it. She needed the bowl. As she turned to pour it on the sand she saw the fish. She picked it up, fastened the canvas through its gills and took it to the water, laying it where it was covered by the sea and anchoring it by a stone.

Then she trudged back to camp. This time she raked coals from the fire and placed them in the bowl picking them up with a forked stick. The bowl did not crack. Then she wrapped the bottom of the bowl in the sheepskin, threw the flying suit over her shoulder, tucked a breadfruit under her arm and trudged back to the coconut tree. When she arrived she hastily gathered branches from the nearby woods and built a fire, lighting it from the coals. One more trip must be made for water, and then she could stay with Bill for the night anyway.

It was past mid-afternoon when she returned wearily from her third trip to the camp. This time she carried the precious bowl full of water, scooped out a hollow in the sand to store it in and paused to suck one of the bitter oranges. Bill was muttering as he slept. His head was hot and feverish and he asked constantly for water. For hours, until the night fell, bringing coolness, Katherine dropped water onto his lips. Then she covered him warmly and went to retrieve her fish. This she laid on the coals as she had seen Bill do. She was famished. The baked fish was good.

Finally she lay down beside Bill, resolving to keep awake all night, even while she rested. But her weary body refused, and the stars that night looked down on a sleeping woman, a delicious man, smoldering campfire and the restless figure of Peanuts, who had followed Katherine on her last trip from the camp and was sorely divided between love for his old home, the coconut tree, and love for those two who had adopted him.

### KITTY FALLS IN LOVE

Dawn was just breaking when Katherine was roused by Bill's muttering. She rose quickly and bent over him. He was tossing his arms and his teeth were chattering in a chill. In great haste she threw some wood on the fire, covered him as warmly as she could with the sheepskin coat and the old flying suit, and she spoke gently to him.

All trace of the spoiled, selfish girl who had been dragged from the Falcon three weeks previously was gone. In her place stood a woman with anxious eyes and disheveled hair, a woman who gave no thought to the fact that she herself was shaking with cold in the chill tropical dawn, who thought only of the suffering of this man who had saved her life. Katherine the woman bent over him. She called his name softly. "Bill, Bill, wake up. Tell me what I can do for you."

The man opened his eyes and stared dully at her.

"Water," he said weakly.

With a skill born of desperation Katherine bent a leaf into a cup and poured some water into his mouth. He swallowed it greedily. It seemed to restore some of his reason. "Brandy, get brandy," he said.

Katherine had forgotten the brandy they had saved. It was back at the camp. For only a moment she looked at the menacing shadows that stretched between her and the wrecked Falcon. Then, "I'll get it," she said firmly. "Sleep again, I'll be back shortly."

The man closed his eyes contented with her promise. Swiftly Katherine tied on the crude bark sandals. Shivering with fear and cold she started across the sand to the camp. Of all the things she had done since Bill's fall, this was the hardest.

There was barely enough light to guide her to the huts. Night insects shrilled their farewell to the darkness. Little crabs that had crept up from the sea russeted away from her footsteps. Twice she stumbled and fell. She was filled with terror at the vague shadows of the two huts, lonely and deserted. Suppose there was something hiding there.

She forced herself to go into Bill's hut, groped around for the flask, found it, clasped it frantically to her breast and stumbled out again. Unreasoning fear gripped her. She ran blindly back toward the coconut tree toward the friendly fire, toward Bill whose presence, sick and helpless as he was, seemed to promise safety and protection.

Light dawned on her journey back. The sun was just peeping over the rim of the ocean when she stooped over the half-conscious man. Her breath came in gasps, "Bill, Bill, I'm back!" a long sobbing breath of relief escaped her. I seemed to waken him and he opened his eyes to recognise her and smile at her in gratitude for her effort.

"Open your mouth," she commanded. With trembling fingers she poured a little of the brandy down his throat. He struggled to swallow grimaced over the fiery stuff, shook his head when she urged more on him.

"No now—later," he articulated. Katherine screwed the top back on the flask. The fire needed feeding again. The raising run gave her courage. She placed the bowl near the fire, hoping to heat the water slightly to give Bill a comfortable wash. She was hungry and knew that she must eat to keep up her strength. There was some fish left over from her supper, so she ate that and sucked a sour orange. When she turned she found Bill studying her understanding in his eyes.

"Feeling fine now," he managed. "Gave you a scare, didn't I?"

"You surely did, are you really better?"

"Much better. I'll be up and around pretty soon."

But it was several days before Bill was able to stagger to his feet, days in which Katherine lost all track of time. There was water to be brought several times a day from the old camp. There were eggs to gather, oranges to collect, breadfruit to bury in the ashes, wood to be brought for the ever-hungry fire, the sick man to care for, a hundred small duties that took her through hourless days and sank her into the deep sleep of weariness at night.

Bill did not talk much. Mostly he was content to lie quietly, letting his injury heal, watching the girl who ministered to him. She often felt his eyes following her, and she found comfort and courage in his dependence upon her. Never before in her life had another human being lain helpless in her care. Here to gather the food; here to prepare it; here to nurse him back to health. In spite of the hard work she blossomed into something lovelier than mere beauty in those four days. Bill watched the birth of this new woman and rejoiced in it.

On the fourth day he sat up after his breakfast and announced: "I need a bath. I think it will set me up considerably. Suppose you help me over to the little pool and give me a chance to swab off."

"Are you sure you can make it there and back?" Katherine asked.

"Quite sure; with you to lean on. I haven't had any fever for the last twenty-four hours, I'm sure."

A little later they went across the sand, Bill stumbling from weakness, Katherine staggering under the weight of his arm across her shoulders. She left him to his bath, waiting patiently within call. Presently he appeared, clothed again, over the rim of the pool.

"It's a fiddle," he said. "Suppose we try the trek back to the old camp instead of to Point Coconut. It will be easier for you there; there's plenty of fresh water nearby, and we can use the huts again."

It was an arduous trip for Bill. He was weaker than he had realized, and finished the last fifty yards to the huts in a blue haze of pain and fever. Katherine got him into the hut and ran for water when he collapsed.

### Unable to Swim Young Lad Drowns

TRURO, Sept. 12.—A tragedy occurred today at Princeport when Chester Frame, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Frame, of Princeport lost his life by drowning in the Shubenacadie river. At ten o'clock tonight about twenty cars of searchers are still working dragging the river in frantic but futile effort to recover the body that is thought to have been washed out with the tide. On his way back to school at noon today Chester, with two other lads, went down to the shore for a few minutes bathing before returning to school. The tide was out and about an hour from coming in again when the lads went down to the water.

A short time later Percy MacKenzie, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. MacKenzie, who lived near the spot where the lad was drowned, heard the cries of the three boys in distress. He immediately rushed out on the mud flats and helped two of the boys out of the water. When he returned to rescue the third lad he had disappeared and could not be found. It is thought that the lad had gone out too far on the mud flats to a dangerous reef in the middle of the river that drops into a depth of several feet of water and had slid off into the water. Chester was unable to swim and could not keep himself afloat until help came. At 10 o'clock tonight the united efforts of the neighbors had failed to recover the body. Mrs. Frame, mother of the boy drowned, is a daughter of Mr. Frank Hickox, Springfield.

lapsed on its branch-strewn floor. He fell asleep almost immediately, and while he slept she tolled back and forth between Cocoonut Point and the old camp. On the last trip Peanuts followed her.

He had scampered down the trunk of the tree to scold at her as she carried away the last of the things she had taken over for Bill. At first Katherine had decided to leave him there where he could forage for himself, but when she thought of the amusement he would furnish Bill during his convalescence she coaxed the little creature to follow her. With much scolding and chattering and many backward glances at his old home the little monkey obeyed. When they came in sight of the camp he raced ahead of Katherine and dashed into Bill's hut shrieking with joy.

Katherine found Bill cradling the little beast in his arms. "Glad to see you," he said cheerfully. "Feel a lot better after my bath and my nap, but I don't think I'll try to get up again today."

"Don't. I can manage everything now; it will be much easier than it was back at the point. I'm going to get us some lunch now. I'll bring it in here and we can eat it together."

For another two days Bill lay quietly resting, feeling his strength come back. His head was clear now and he had time to marvel at the work Katherine accomplished. She was a thoroughbred all right. Spoiled and selfish and vain she might be, but when the time came for rising to an emergency, she was all there. Perhaps the old self-centered Katherine was gone for good. Perhaps his heart leaped at the idea of sharing this glorious adventure with a real comrade. He lay musing, thinking of the things they could do together on their island. Why they had never even explored it thoroughly.

That evening he crept out of the hut to watch the sun set. When he had finished his supper Katherine left him alone for a moment and returned with her cigarette case.

"Wouldn't you like one?" she asked. "Just to celebrate your being able to get out again?"

"If you'll smoke with me," he answered.

She ran to the fire and came back with a blazing twig to furnish them with a light. The cigarettes were going now, lazy, contented curls of smoke swinging upward. In the half light of the setting sun Bill leaned forward and asked suddenly, "Why do you do all these things for me, Kitty?"

She hesitated for a moment and turned her head away before she answered in a low voice, "Why—why, just because it seems the thing to do."

Bill was satisfied. He relaxed and lay on his back staring up at the sky. And in the departing light he did not notice the color that surged up over Katherine's throat and stained the tan in her cheeks with red. When her blush died away, unnoticed by Bill, Katherine stared for a long time at the fire. She heard herself saying again to Jackson 3d, "I promise to marry you the instant the trip is over. And a boy never breaks a promise."

To Be Continued Tomorrow

Maldstone, England, has banned Sunday movies.

Paris claims to have the world's largest library in the Bibliotheque Nationale, which contains more than 1,000,000 volumes.

# KAYSER

GREAT VALUE!  
An Internationally Famous Number  
88x  
SLIPPER HEEL  
HOSIERY  
\$1.50

Equally as popular in England, the United States, France, Australia, and other countries, as in Canada.

Unsurpassed for style and wear. Service sheer weight... fine, firm textured silk... full fashioned.



THE SEASON'S NEW SHADES  
Plaza Piccadilly Avenue Riverside Regent Park Lane

# KAYSER

The Original Pointed Heel—Made in Canada

### Special Dinner on Sunday's at the PARKER HOUSE

- MENU—  
Consomme a la Royal.  
Lettuce and Celery.  
Queen of Fritters.  
Sliced Tomatoes.  
Roast Dressed Chicken.  
Brown gravy, apple jelly, peas, asparagus tips, cream of potatoes, prime sirloin roast beef, fish gravy, sliced beets, mashed turnips, mashed and boiled potatoes, English plum pudding, hard sauce, apple and lemon pie, french pastry, vanilla ice cream, chocolate sauce, sponge cake, tea, coffee, Vi Tone, cocoa.

### Mount Allison University

DEPARTMENT OF EXTENSION  
Instruction given in matriculation work and many subjects of the Arts and Science courses.  
Write for descriptive bulletin to Director, Department of Extension BOX 208, SACKVILLE, N. B.

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED  
E. W. TAYLOR  
J. H. TAYLOR  
Optometrists  
142 Richmond Street

### SMILES

GABBY GERT...



"No modern flapper pinos over being jilted—she knows that's old-fashioned pineapple sauce."



"Oh, you've got a head like the planet Mars."  
"Why is my head like the planet Mars?"  
"It can't be proved that intelligence has ever been developed by either sphere."



Dolly: Clare seems able to maintain her beauty without effort.  
Dot: Yes, dear, but not without expense.



Mont: How'd you get a job as letter-carrier?  
Pelican: They didn't want to buy me a mail sack!

### S. S. ROSOLIND

Montreal Ar. Ch'Town  
Leave for St. John's August 9th  
August 23rd  
September 6th  
September 20th

### CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

CHANGES IN TRAIN SCHEDULES  
Effective Sept. 29, 1929  
For Further Particulars Apply Ticket Agent  
9-14-5-11.

### Professional Cards

Mark R. McGuigan, B.A.  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

### BELL & MATHIESON

R. R. BELL  
D. L. MATHIESON, LL.B.  
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.  
Money to Loan.  
Offices—Charlottetown and Montague

### Prohibition Commission

Chairman, Mr. GEORGE K. BROWN, Margate, P. E. I.  
Send all information regarding infractions of Prohibition Act to the above  
Or To  
Chief Inspector B. J. Haywood  
75 Dorchester Street, Charlottetown.  
Phone 709  
9101-11-16-17r.

### McLeod & Bentley

J. A. BENTLEY  
W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.  
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law  
Office: 189 Richmond Street  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

### McDonald & McPhee

B. A.  
J. A. McDONALD, H. F. MCPHEE  
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, ETC.  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Riley Building Charlottetown

### Stewart & Lowther

J. D. STEWART, K. C.  
N. W. LOWTHER  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.  
84 Great George Street  
MONEY TO LOAN

### Dr. D. T. Wayne

DENTAL SURGEON  
130 Richmond Street  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
Office Hours Phone 543  
P. A. M. to 1 P. M.  
1 P. M. to 5 P. M.

### AUCTION SALE

The residence of the late Mrs. Eliza J. Hodgson, No. 153 King Street. Eight rooms including bath, in excellent state of repair, with lot at rear 57' x 41 feet.  
If not sold privately will be offered at auction 12 o'clock noon, Thursday, September 19th.  
For further particulars apply to the undersigned.  
J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.  
C. E. HODGSON, J. L. HODGSON, Administrators.

# Nonsuch

Liquid and Paste  
As good as Nonsuch Silver Polish  
Made in Canada  
Resnick Limited, Toronto

# Stove Polish

Gives a quick shining finish to all stoves and ranges.