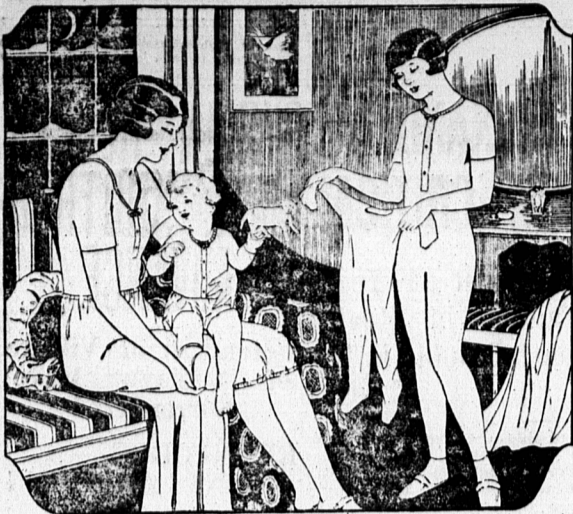


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No. 5181—Vests (Sizes 34-42), at \$1.75. No. 1100—Bloomers (Sizes 31-35), \$1.25, 40-44, \$1.50. No. 2800—Infants' Vests (Sizes 1-9), 50c up. No. 2251—Misses' Combinations at \$3.00 and \$2.50. Infants' Adjustable Sleepers at \$1.50 to \$2.00.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS TO MONTREAL TORONTO DETROIT CHICAGO INTERNATIONAL LIMITED Leaves Bonaventure Station, Montreal, 10.00 A. M. Daily. Ar. Toronto 5.40 P. M. Ar. Detroit 11.30 P. M. Ar. Chicago 8.00 A. M. OCEAN LIMITED Makes Connection Daily from all Maritime Province Ports. For Fares, Reservations, Etc., Apply to W. K. ROGERS City Ticket Agent 6023-11-13781. L. P. RITCHIE Ticket Agent, Station

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The Iron Horse BY EDWIN C. HILL

He paused, black eyes agleam. "All right, Joe. Let us admit that he is my meat. What then? Where does that get us?" "To our destination, ma pettit! There is an affair between you—now serious, I leave to you. The man becomes the slave of one of the prettiest of her sex."

He bowed. Ruby laughed, self-consciously. Mr. Smith of Zion drew down the corners of his thin lips, a manifestation which did not escape Deroux's roving eye. "The follower of the great Prophet of Mormom, does not approve of this particular form of slavery," he cried gaily. "They do not do things so in the new Jerusalem. You would not be happy in our Mr. Smith's city."

"That may be," said Miss Kenny quietly, "but I would thin out the saints some before they tamed me, and I would begin with this specimen here."

"You must not be too hard on Mr. Smith," laughed Deroux. "He is a valuable man. There is not a close tie between us, is there not?" There was contempt in his laugh. Smith chewed his beard, averting his gaze to the window. Ruby, amazed at Deroux's frankness before a stranger, flashed a glance of inquiry.

"Do not be concerned, Mr. Smith is a very faithful gentleman—to Joe Deroux, Mr. Smith, like most of us, is eager for fortune, but he is especially desirous of maintaining in the flesh his honorable estate among the followers of the Prophet. Therefore, Mr. Smith keeps me very accurately informed."



pering with a Government job, Joe. The Government is as much interested in this road as if the Army was building it. "Nothing can go wrong," said Deroux, confidently. "Win Jesson for me and the game is won."

"Ordinarily I would turn you down," said Ruby. "I'm no angel, but I haven't much use for crooks. There's a chance this isn't as crooked as it looks. Hell! I don't care, anyway. I'll tell you straight, Joe. I want money and want it bad. I'm sick of this hell hole of Haller's. I'd commit murder to get enough money to get out of it. I want to get back east and lead a decent life, get married, maybe, and have children. I wouldn't make a bad mother, Joe. I've seen enough and ones to know what a good one should be."

"Then again, I like this man Jesson. I like the way he holds himself above these pigs out here. He has class. His being engaged doesn't count. I've watched him and I've watched the girl. I know my own sex, Joe, and I know a thing about yours. They aren't in love with each other. They are just in the habit of being engaged. She has never felt love—doesn't know any more about it than a baby—that girl, and as for him, I don't know, playing a game, I reckon. Joe, you're on. You have always been straight with me and I'll play your game for you, to the limit!"

CHAPTER XVI. THE TEMPTING OF MR. PETER JESSON. The strident night song of North Platte had died away to a murmur when Jesson finished working over his maps. The bursts of wild music from the Arabian Nights had long since quieted. The night birds had gone to roost. The main street of the town was in darkness, relieved only by the flickering oil lanterns, hung upon widely-separated poles.

Jesson went to the window and peered into the blackness. There had been a flurry of snow and the wind had left patches upon the rutted street and the plank sidewalks. It was cold, with a chill which crept into the big bare room. He turned back to the stove and fed the fire. He was in no mood to sleep. Restlessness plucked at his nerves. Things were in a devil of a mess. He despised the place and the people. A population of hoors in a wilderness, utterly devoid of the ordinary decencies of life. He thought of the months he had compelled himself to endure the society of men he would not have tolerated in New York. And these damned toughs held themselves to be as good or better than he! He yearned for New York as he had never yearned for anything in his life, for its orderly existence, its regulated scheme of life, its comforts and luxuries. He thought of his clubs, comparing the wretched street of this wretched hamlet with the majestic march of Fifth Avenue.

What was the good of it, this miserable exile among savages? What was he getting out of it all? Was it worth while to submit to such daily discomfort of mind and body merely for the sake of winning a possible fortune? He was beginning to think himself a complete fool. Much better to have remained in New York and taken his chance along pleasanter avenues of ambition. Something would have turned up. There were girls with money, more money than Miriam was likely to have, the way things were going. His mind evaded the conclusion but he was beginning to suspect that the girl's attraction for him had palled.

Now, that girl he had seen talking to Deroux and later that he had observed in Haller's—there was a slip of femininity to rouse a fellow's blood. What a fiery little devil she was, this Ruby! Sinuous, provocative, eyes that lured and dared in the same slow glance! And a beauty if he was a judge! Thoroughbred in the girl, somewhere, however she derived the strain. Small head like a race-horse, skin like pink flushed marble, a figure for a sculptor. He wondered who she was, where she came from. Could it be possible for such a girl, a dance hall girl, to keep straight? Was Deroux telling the truth?

"What possible difference could it make to me, one way or the other?" he asked himself in irritation. Nevertheless his thoughts kept returning to Ruby. Pictures of the girl passed through his mind—her catlike grace as she boxed the ears of the laughing Deroux; her fierce eyes, darting sparks of rage as she leaped back from the ugly brute in Haller's and shot to kill; her red, scornful mouth; the whole fascinating figure of her. Yes, he would take the trouble to make the acquaintance of this girl! He had yet to see the woman he could not in-

SNOW WHITE COLOR CUT-OUTS



THE UGLY DWARF

This is the end of the first week of the story of "Snow-White and the Ugly Dwarf." If you have been saving these paper dolls, at the end of next week you will have a whole set with which to act out the story.

Not long after the bear's departure, Snow White and Rose Red were walking together in the wood. Across their path lay a fallen tree and beside the tree, tugging and pulling at his long white beard which had caught in a crack, was an ugly dwarf. When the sisters came near the little man suddenly screamed at them rudely: "Why are you standing there, you foolish girls? Why don't you come and help me?"

Both Snow White and Rose Red endeavored to get the little dwarf's beard free, but he screamed and scolded with every move they made. Finally Snow White, in desperation, took her little scissors out of her pocket and snipped off the tiniest end of the white beard. "Scatter-brained servant girl!" he cried, almost choking with rage. "You've cut off the end of my beautiful beard!" With that he snatched up a bag of gold which had lain concealed beneath the tree, and scampered off, muttering curses on the girls who had helped him escape.

(This is the ugly dwarf. His clothes are all of green so that he can hide easily in the woods.)

rest when he set about the task. Then his eyes fell upon an open letter from his father's old friend and legal adviser, Charles Carter, and he cursed softly. He picked it up from the table and read the paragraph which had spoiled the day for him: "And I tell you frankly, Mr. Jesson, there is no other way. Dempsey threatens to make the whole thing public unless you pay him the ten thousand for which he holds your note of hand. He is a shrewd fellow but very vindictive. If he can't get his money he will not hesitate to ruin you. He will brand you, he tells me, as a welshe in every club in New York. I do not need to point out what that would mean. I do not like to remind you of advice ignored, but you will remember that I cautioned you against your inclination to gamble far beyond your means."

"Dempsey's ultimatum is that you must pay the note within three months from this date or suffer the consequences. I have no other recourse than to advise you to find the money. For your father's sake I would aid you if it were possible. Unfortunately, it is not possible. All of my resources are engaged for a long time to come. You must find the money yourself. Surely, with your present connections, you should be able to raise \$10,000 within the next quarter." (To be continued.)



HAMILTONS Fig Bars The Fig Bars that stay soft till the last delicious crumb is eaten!

The Operation I Avoided—



MRS. IDA M. COFFMAN

If there is one thing more than another a woman dreads, it is a surgical operation, and to be told that one is necessary is very disheartening. Hospitals are grand institutions, and undoubtedly many operations are necessary. However, we have received hundreds of letters from women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after an operation had been deemed advisable. Every woman who suffers as Mrs. Coffman did naturally wishes to avoid an operation if possible, and the remarkable statements which she makes in her letter will be read with interest by women everywhere.

Mrs. Coffman's Letter Follows: Sidell, Illinois.—"I was suffering from a pain in my left side which was noticeable at all times, but sometimes it was almost unbearable and I could not even let the bed clothing rest on my body at night. I had been sick for seven years, but not so badly until the last eighteen months, and had become so run-down that I cared for nobody and would rather have died than live. I couldn't do my work without help and the doctor told me that an operation was all there was left for me. I would not consent to that so my husband brought me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begged me to take it. I have taken fourteen bottles of it and I feel ten years younger. Life is full of hope. I do all my housework and had a large garden this year. I never will be without the Vegetable Compound in the house and when my two little girls reach womanhood I shall advise them to take it."—Mrs. IDA M. COFFMAN, R. R. No. 2, Sidell, Illinois.

Alberta Woman Avoids an Operation. Provost, Alberta.—"I was in a bad condition and would suffer awful pains at times and could not do anything. The doctor said I should have an operation. I read testimonials of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the papers and a friend recommended me to take it. After taking three bottles I became much better and now I have a bonny baby girl four months old. I do my housework and help a little with the chores. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and am willing for you to use this testimonial letter."—Mrs. A. A. ADAMS, Box 54, Provost, Alberta.

Before Submitting to an operation Women should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

TENDERS

Bourke - Windsor Service Station Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to Thursday, November 26th, 1925, for the purchase of the total assets, or any part thereof, of F. A. Bourke and L. V. Windsor, authorized assignors, doing business under the firm name of Bourke-Windsor Service Station and Bourke & Windsor. Particulars to be had from the undersigned. Inspection by appointment. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. ROBERT L. COTTON, Trustee.

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, Charlottetown 6031-11-137m.w.1.

AUCTION SALE

HOUSES, WAGONS, SLEIGHS AND HARNESS We will sell at Large's Livery Stable Queen Street on FRIDAY, THE 20th INST. AT 12 O'CLOCK The well known pacer John R. Record 2:21. Eleven years old. Sound and will work anywhere. Weight 1200 lbs. This horse is a splendid driver and if put in training would race to his record. Was hauled on ice last winter in 1:05. One black draft mare 7 years old. Weight 1500 lbs. One of the finest draft horses in the Province. One top buggy, one speed sleigh, one box sleigh, sets track harness new, new, set harness, boots and other racing harness. Can be seen at Large's Livery Stables at any time till sale. J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer. 6113-11-15M.31.

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. 6128-11-19M.61.

FOR SALE

Farm at Long Creek, consisting of 40 acres of good land. Handy school, churches and shipping. LEONARD GARDINER, Long Creek 5992-11-11wfm.121.

POULTRY NOTICE

My Canning Plant is now in operation and I need large quantities Fowl and Chicken. All shipments remitted for daily. Special prices paid for crate fed chicken and fowl. All stock to be undrawn. J. D. JENKINS CHARLOTTETOWN 6083-11-17M.71.

FARM FOR SALE

I offer at private sale my farm known as the Homestead Farm, situated at Murray Harbor, consisting of forty-five acres of land, in an excellent farming locality, near church, school and station, with buildings in good repair. C. WALDO HAWKINS, Murray Harbor, 41 Wed & Fri

FARM FOR SALE

Farm consisting of 275 acres of freehold land. All clear but ten acres, which is covered with hard and soft wood. Six miles from Charlottetown. Two sets of buildings, all in good repair. If not sold by private sale by Dec. 9th, will be set up and sold by public auction. Also stock, crop and implements. Apply to HORNE BROS., Winsloe, Owners. 6042-11-14-121.

FOXES FOR SALE

The balance of the Foxes in the Mass Fur Farm ranch, Mount Edward Road, will be sold by private sale from now until peltting time. Any Foxes not sold by private sale within the next ten days, will be sold. For full particulars to parties interested will see Mr. J. E. Newsom, care Peter Newsom, Brighton Charlottetown. 6042-11-14-121.

Auction Sale OF FURNITURE

I Will Sell for MR. R. E. WHITE, at his Residence, 103 North River Road On Tuesday, November 24th, 1925 At 1 P. M. Sharp All his Household Furniture and Effects comprising Parlor, Dining Room, Bedroom and Kitchen Furniture all in good repair. Including new Willis Piano, Edison Phonograph, Modern Alaska Range, some very fine Bearskin Rugs, Wilton Square (extra large) Sectional Book Cases and Books, Mahogany Dressers, large Mirror, Pictures, Dishes etc. etc. Inspection Monday afternoon. J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer. 6111-11-18wfm.tu.