

CLASSIFIED ADS

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The best class of people read "The Guardian" and from this group of 50,000 people you will receive many inquiries to your classified advertisement.

The Charlottetown Guardian

RESULTS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

RATES—10c per line per day, 5c per line per day for 3 days or over.

Agents Wanted

For Sale

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN, make up to \$80 weekly, selling really our popular ladies' coats and dresses, direct to consumer.

BUY WHITE ROSE Gas and En- Arco Motor Oils, Automobiles, supplies Gas and Oil Engines at Rayner's.

Male Help Wanted

FOR SALE—CHEAP, LIGHT DE-

AGENTS WANTED—Two or three reliable men to canvass in Kings and Queens County for widely known concern.

FOR SALE—A 4 CYLINDER Studebaker Car. As good as new—overhauled this Spring. Will be sold at a bargain.

Female Help Wanted

FOR SALE—OAK TYPEWRITER.

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. Apply Mrs. F. S.andler, 75 Euston St.

FOR SALE—A SILVER MOON stove No. 12 in good order. Apply at 12 o'clock noon, 31 Elm Avenue.

Wanted

TO LET

WANTED—A COMPETENT maid-references required. Apply 168 Fitzroy St.

TO LET—SMALL FURNISHED house on 290 Grafton St. Apply 244 Kent St.

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. Country girl preferred. Apply at Guardian Office.

TO LET—FURNISHED SEVEN room house with furnace. Apply 112 Elm Ave.

WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL housework. Apply Mrs. F. Sandler, 75 Euston St.

TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSE, modern conveniences, good location, rent reasonable. Apply 11 Spring St.

WANTED—A THOROUGHbred Oxford Down Ram from 2 to 4 years old preferred.

WANTED—HARDWOOD PLANK one to two inches thick seasoned. Apply Proud and Moreside, 223 Great George St.

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Central Guardian

SHOP from Holman's Catalog

DICTIONARIES.—Parties sending in orders to this office for our new Universities Dictionary will please add fifteen cents for postage.

A DISCOUNT OF TWO and one-half per cent on Civic Real Estate and Personal Property Tax will be allowed if paid on or before October 5th, 1923.

CURRIE & MURNAGHAN, 71 Queen St., are the agents for the Enterprise Pipeless Furnaces. call and see them at the above address or their booth at the Exhibition.

DURING EXHIBITION days take your meals at League of Cross Hall, Ladies of St. Dunstan's Cathedral, are serving delicious hot dinners and suppers price 50 cts.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—Rev. Ewen MacDougall will preach Saturday, 29th, at Point Prim at 7 p.m., and Sabbath, 30th, at Belle River, at 10.30; Murray River at 2.30, and Kinross at 6.30 p. m.

WOULD YOU GO TO A BLACK SMITH to have your watch repaired? No. When you want that pipeless furnace get it from Currie & Murnaghan, heating engineers, 71 Queen St., agents for the Enterprise Pipeless Furnace.

WEDDING BELLS.—A pretty wedding took place at seven o'clock on Saturday, in the Little River church, when Rev. R. T. McKim united in marriage Miss Elizabeth Helena Johnston, of Loch Lomond, and S. Ernest Graham of Lake Wood. The groom was supported by R. M. Morrison, and Miss Mary A. Morrison acted as bridesmaid.

DROWNS HIMSELF ON EVE OF VOYAGE.—On the eve of a long-planned trip with his wife to Prince Edward Island, Donald Martin, 25, of No. 145 Park avenue, Chelsea, committed suicide by drowning in the Charles River. Martin, after arranging the details of the trip, told his wife last Monday that he was going to Cambridge to draw his money from a Cambridge bank. He was not seen again. His body was found yesterday. Medical Examiner Dow pronounced death due to suicide.—Boston Advertiser.

HENRY MACKIE WEDDING.—On the 19th Sept., a very interesting event took place at the Parsonage, Hazelbrook, when the marriage of Mr. Stewart Henry, of Keppoch, and Miss Dorothy May Mackie of the same place, was quietly solemnized by the Rev. R. W. Lindsay, in the presence of immediate relatives only. The bride was charmingly attired in a dress of navy blue silk, tastefully trimmed with lace, and the Parsonage was prettily decorated with flowers of various hues for the occasion.

STOCK QUOTATIONS

Table with columns for stock names and prices. Includes items like Bell Telephone, St. Lawrence Flour, Cuba Cane Sugar, etc.

MONTREAL EXCHANGE

BANKS

Table with columns for bank names and interest rates. Includes Bank Commerce, Bank Royal, Bank Montreal, etc.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS OF KINGS

Ever since the days of "Old King Cole," who "called for his fiddlers three," the monarchs of the world have sought relief from the cares of state in simple pastimes.

Even King George has his hobby—the collecting of postage stamps—and one may imagine His Majesty turning aside from weighty matters to open his stamp album with a little fush of pleasure, conning over his rare specimens just as though he were a plain citizen.

The King began to collect stamps some years ago and has risen to the rank of an authority. Doubtless he follows all the news about stamps in that singularly absorbed way which marks the true stamps collector.

Monarchs in many lands and ages have ridden their hobbies. Few Kings have had more power or a stranger hobby than Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain in the sixteenth century, and the greatest potentate of his time. He fought France to a standstill and extended his sway over Flanders and Italy. He aspired to rule all Europe, but failed at the job and handed over the throne to his brother Ferdinand in 1556.

By that time the King business had palled on him to such a degree that he determined to give up the world and retire to a monastery. But he had not been long in his new abode before he found the time hung heavily on his hands and day by day fretted for something to do. Then, according to the story, a clock in his cell—or perhaps it was a big chamber—fell of its proper time. This annoyed the potentate and with his own hands he set himself to make the clock keep time.

A document of the day states that he did a very good job on the clock. It kept such time afterward that he could find nothing about the clock that needed tinkering. Then he looked around the monastery and laid hold of another timepiece that was out of tune. The world's greatest monarch of a few months before was finding himself, had struck a vocation at which he succeeded after muddling the fortunes of half a dozen countries. He succeeded in his second attack, after which he devoted the remainder of his life to the repairing of clocks sent to the monastery.

A Kingly Carpenter

The passion of handicraft has possessed many a King. When the throne of the Bourbons rocked beneath Louis XVI. in those epochal days that ended in 1793 the Citizen King used to slip away and hide himself in a little workshop of the palace where he had a bench and many tools. He was a very good sort of a carpenter and cabinet-maker, but it was his special pride that he could make almost any kind of lock for us by contemporary examining every lock he found one that required his skill. It was a sure way to his favor for some courtier to present him with an old and intricate lock, a bit of craftsmanship from the middle ages.

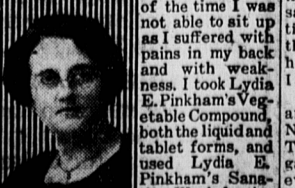
When these offered special and peculiar difficulties Louis was ready to let Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau put their hands together for the sake of the State while he worked out the puzzle of his lock. As the days grew steadily darker and it became evident that the throne teetered in the balance, Louis stole away more often to his locks and his tools. Often matters of the first moment were delayed for hours until the King could be summoned. He would not trust valets about the palace halls to ward off those who sought him at his labors.

It is not difficult to call up the ardent, domineering Mirabeau, scornful of this prosaic King walking an audience chamber in wrath while he strove to save a monarch whom he may have thought hardly worth the trouble. But what a Queen that monarch had. And the Queen had smiled upon this lion of a statesman.

TODAY I AM REAL WELL

So Writes Woman After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Jamestown, N.Y.—"I was nervous, easily excited and discouraged and had no ambition. Part of the time I was not able to sit up as I suffered with pains in my back and with weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, both the liquid and tablet forms, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash for relief.



Today I am real well and run a rooming house and do the work. I recommend your medicine to every woman who complains, and you may use my letter to help any one else. I am passing through the Change of Life now and I keep the Vegetable Compound in the house, ready to take when I feel the need of it. Mrs. ALICE D. NAY, 203 W. Second St., Jamestown, N.Y.

Advertisement for A. E. AMES & CO. featuring the headline 'THREE GREAT MARKETS' and text about Canada's Finance Ministers and bond issues. Includes a signature and list of cities: Toronto, Victoria, Montreal, New York, Chicago.

enjoy his tools and tinkering for long. Perhaps he might even have picked the lock of his prison door. But just as certainly he would have seemed liberty that way. The Bourbons died better than they lived.

Catherine de Medici's Son

The annals of France yield many an anecdote of the hobbies of her Kings. There was young Charles IX., son of the gloomy Catherine de Medici. He ruled but a little while, and he made that while gay enough. His favorite pastime was to go roistering about Paris at night, clambering across the flat roofs of the old city, peering into burglar's windows, sometimes even invading their homes and sitting down to their dinners with kingly nonchalance.

Roamed Around Paris Streets

Louis XI. was another of the French line who had a great curiosity to go poking about Paris at night. But this Louis was of a different stuff from the merry-making Charles. He was of a suspicious bent, a hunchbacked, twisted-nosed yellow-faced pigmy King, who knew that his subjects hated him, and feared their hate.

After these escapades Charles would return to his palace, filled with wine and joy, an hold long sessions among his boon fellows once that stern de Medici mother of his would venture to interrupt him and inquire if her royal son would not like to converse with his mother for Charles was a very young son and a most youthful King, even at his death, poisoned by Marie, some said.

After dark he would go out in the bye-ways, usually accompanied by a single retainer, and listen in the wine shops to what those same subjects said about him. Justin McCarthy took this hobby of the King and used it to set off his story of Francois Villon, in "I Were King."

Still another French sovereign, and perhaps the greatest of all, Napoleon himself, had a hobby. This was no less than the noble game of solitaire. When great events impended he would spend hours matching the cards, according to some of those who were privy to his councils. There is a story that on the night before the crossing of the Beresina he sat up till dawn in a futile effort to win the fifty-six points. When he could not prevail over the bits of paste-board, he tore them up, and then ordered the advance.

Nero's Hobby for Poetry

If we turn to antiquity we find that the Kings of the older times also had their hobbies. Perhaps that of Nero is the most famous. His took an odd bent for a King, toward poetry. It would seem that this Caesar really believed himself a great poet. He wrote long odes and dramatic pieces which he loved to recite whenever opportunity offered.

A Royal Schoolmaster

Dionysius The Younger, famous dictator of Syracuse, had another sort of hobby. He delighted to impart instruction and presided over classes for the children of his court. What a schoolmaster he must have been. It was something in that class for a student to miss his lesson, a prospect one hardly cares to consider.

When the wheel of fortune turned and threw Dionysius off his throne he retired to a village and set himself up as a schoolmaster in fact. And the old historians say that he made a very good one, indeed.

Assuredly all of these inclinations and occupations show that divinity which doth hedge a King may leave the King himself like the rest of us—very ordinary mortals. In every age Kings have gambled, hunted, made love and lightly run away as a recreation from the serious side of their lives.

We have in our own time the example of that stern William who once ruled Germany, bustled feeling trees in Holland, like any yokel of the countryside.

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Nova Scotia Interior as Moose Pasture



Although large numbers of moose are shot each year, many with magnificent "sprades," the annual increase is said to equal the kill. Such guides as Louie Harlow, half-breed Micmac and Sam Globe, full-blooded Indian, are expert moose callers and stalkers and rarely disappoint the hunter. The cleverness with which they simulate the calls and the cow moose with a simple roll of birch bark fashioned into a horn, is sure to fool the wisest old bull in the wilderness. When the calling season is past, the moose no longer comes to the hunter and the hunter must go to him. Neither canoes, nor automobile figures much in the phase of moose hunting except to take one, or both, may help the hunter near the place where the quarry is supposed to be and carry him when the hunt is over.