ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

FOR RESTFUL SLEEP—Eno relieves indigestion

FOR SALE

"A nice new bungalow with all modern conveniences, situated in nice residential section. Apply 163 Kent St.

L-480-9-19-4i

TENDERS

In unit prices will be received at the office of the City Clerk up to noon on Friday, September 21st, for the laying of permanent streets in the City of Charlottetown. Specifications may be seen at the office of the City Surveyor, or the office of the City Clerk. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. NICHOLSON,
City Clerk.

L-472-9-19-3i

Professional Cards

McLEOD & BENTLEY
J. A. BENTLEY
W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
MONEY TO LOAN
Office: 130 Richmond Street

Gwynneth F. Coombs
will open a Pianoforte Class on October 1st. Studio 40 Victory Avenue.

L-278-9-15-stt-1 mo.

Harry Gomez F.C.C.M.
VIOLINIST
Stanley, Shaw and Peardon, Bldg.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
INSTRUCTION IN VIOLIN AND THEORY

L-416-9-18-tf.

NORMAN W. LOWTHER
Barrister & Attorney At Law
86 Great George Street
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
MONEY TO LOAN

Alex. W. Matheson
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
Money to Loan Collections
Office: 140 Richmond Street.

Prohibition Commission
Chas. H. Black, Chairman,
Charlottetoyn.
Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peters.
John Simpson, Hamilton.
Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to Inspector J. Fripps, R. C. M. P., Charlottetown.

NOTICE

THE ANNUAL MEETING
of the P. E. I.
TEMPERANCE FEDERATION
will be held on
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th
At 11 A. M.
in the Y. M. C. A. Rooms,
Charlottetown.
CORDIAL INVITATION
to all.

J. M. MacLEOD,
President.
R. HENSLEY STAVERT,
Secretary.

L-434-9-18-21-2i.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Fish and Game Protection Association will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown, on Friday September 21st, at 8.00 P. M.

J. M. MacFADYEN,
Secretary.

L-424-9-19-3i

AUCTION SALE

OF VALUABLE HORSES, CATTLE AND ETC.

I am instructed by Captain E. Dicks to sell by public auction on the premises at Dalvey, Grand Tracadie, on Wednesday, September 26th, the following. Viz:

3 Horses.
4 Milk Cows, pure bred Ayrshire.
1 Heifer—with calf—(2 years old.)
3 Heifer Calves. Pure Bred.
1 New Self Binder, New.
1 Hay Mower.
1 Horse Turnip Seeder.
1 Hay Rake.
1 Set Wheel Harrows.
1 Set Spring Tooth Harrows.
1 Set Spike Harrows.
2 Box Sleighs.
1 Wood Sleigh.
1 Driving Waggon.
1 Heavy Truck Waggon.
1 Light Truck Waggon.
1 Manure Spreader.
1 Gasoline Engine (10 horse-power).
Large quantity of English Fox Wire.
Several Sets Double Harness.
Several Sets Driving Harness.
1 Cream Separator.
Milk Cans.
1 Auto Truck (2 tons).
Hay Fork and Rope.
1 Gang Plow.
1 Single Plow.
1 Fox Boiler and Fox Pans (new).
1 Hoisting Winch (Gasoline).
1 Cart.
1 Schooner Propeller.
Other Articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS AT SALE.

J. A. MACDONALD,
Auctioneer

L-432-9-18-6i

BLUE BUS LINE
Schedule

Leaves		Leaves	
Peter's Road	7.45 A.M.	New Perth School	9.05 A.M.
M. H. North	8.00 A.M.	Summerville School	9.15 A.M.
Riley Cr. Gaspereaux	8.10 A.M.	Vernon River	9.25 A.M.
Sturgeon Bridge	8.20 A.M.	Cherry Valley	9.35 A.M.
Geo. Poole's Store, Lower Montague	8.30 A.M.	Pownal	9.45 A.M.
Clements Office, Upper Montague	8.50 A.M.	Arrives Charlottetown	10.15 A.M.
Leaves Revere Hotel 4.00 P. M.		Arrives Peters Road 6.30 P. M.	

Parcels carried at 25c minimum charge.
Bus will stop on signal at any point en route.

CITY BUS SERVICE
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

CHARLOTTETOWN LEAVES	TIME	SOURIS LEAVES	TIME	ELMIRA TIME
Elmira	7.15 A. M.	Charlottetown	4.10 P. M.	
Souris	8.10 A. M.	Mt. Stewart	5.00 P. M.	
St. Peter's	8.55 A. M.	Morell	5.25 P. M.	
Morell	9.15 A. M.	St. Peter's	5.45 P. M.	
Mt. Stewart	9.40 A. M.	Souris	6.30 P. M.	
Arrives Charlottetown	10.30 A. M.	Arrives Elmira	7.15 P. M.	

Bus will stop on signal at any point on route.
Headquarters in Charlottetown, Old Spain Tea Rooms.

Fardy Bus Service & Taxi Service
CHARLOTTETOWN to FORTUNE
TIME TABLE

Leaving	Charlottetown	4.00 p. m.	Leaving	Fortune	8.15 a. m.
"	Hazelbrook	4.20 p. m.	"	Dingwell's	8.35 a. m.
"	Keefe's Lake	4.35 p. m.	"	Dundas	8.45 a. m.
"	48 Road	4.45 p. m.	"	Bridgetown	8.50 a. m.
"	Cardigan	5.00 p. m.	"	Cardigan	9.05 a. m.
"	Bridgetown	5.15 p. m.	"	48 Station	9.20 a. m.
"	Dundas	5.30 p. m.	"	Keefe's Lake	9.30 a. m.
"	Dingwell's	5.40 p. m.	"	Hazelbrook	9.45 a. m.
Arrive	Fortune	5.50 p. m.	Arrive	Charlottetown	10.05 a. m.

Headquarters in Charlottetown — DIANA TEA ROOMS.
Headquarters in Souris—LENNOX HOTEL

The Million Dollar Doll

BY C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

"But he and I agreed that you'd better decide," Nazlo urged. "He can do nothing for you, Miss Desmond—less than nothing! My poor girl you're in a bad position. It won't do! Mrs. Hankness—that is the name—isn't it?—can tell you that. All the raison d'etre for being on the yacht is gone. Mr. Sheridan can't offer you anything except money—that is, if he's an honourable man he can't, now he knows who you are—"

"He knows who I am?" the girl broke in.

"He said he hadn't known. But he knows now—' '

"You told him!" she caught the man up. And a giddiness came over her as she thought what the words meant—more far more than Nazlo could guess. Miles knew! At this very moment, the thing she had longed to tell and dared not, was in his mind. What would he think—what would he say when he came back—her Prince?

"Yes, I told him," Nazlo admitted. "I must confess I did Sheridan an injustice. I thought he'd known all along—who you are, and everything else which is still a mystery to me; why you came with him on this trip and all that. My child I was never the wicked wolf you believed me, when you ran away. I lost my head that night, and you didn't give me time to explain. I've been looking for you half across the world. It almost bowled me over to see you at least, or I wouldn't have gone. And not to have a chance for a word! You made me suffer all right. If I deserved punishment, I got mine! But I didn't deserve it, I swear!—Oh, Mrs. Harkness, I want you to hear all this. In a way, you're this child's guardian—the only one she's got. I want to take the job over. I want to protect her. Maybe Sheridan meant well—in the end. But he's down and out now. He'll never be free, Teresa, I ask you to marry me. Never a word shall be said against you, never a finger pointed. Everything I have shall be yours—and I tell you my name's a protection.

"You'll be Mrs. Eustace Nazlo. That means you'll be out of this mess the same as if you'd never been in it. You'll be saved! You don't care for me. But I hope I can make you. And you do care for your good name—Now, Mrs. Harkness, you've heard me out. You're a wise woman, with experience of this world and—I guess—respect for the next one. What do you advise for Miss Desmond?"

He had half sat, half knelt, on the sand near the girl and the old woman. Now it was to the latter he turned, knowing that Terry's answer, if it came quickly, would not be what he wished and meant in the end to have.

Harky stared, almost dazed by the burst of eloquence which she understood only in part. Her heavy brows drew together in an anxious frown, her long-lipped mouth hung slightly open. She had not consciousness of self. She felt overwhelmed with the news about "Mr. Miles", and its consequences for her adored nurseling, her master. Only secondary was her interest in the girl, but even so, it was strong.

Prayerfully she wished well for her charge, yet far more she wished "Mr. Miles" to be happy, not only happy but honorable and right-living. If it were true that he wasn't to be free, even in the repulsive half-freedom which divorce meant to her mind, then it was clear, for both their sakes, that he and this love of his must part.

"Miss Desmond—Miss Desmond!" she echoel, mechanically, "Miss Divine, you're talking about. And I—"

"Miss Desmond's her real name," Nazlo cut in quickly. "But we won't stop to discuss that part of the story now. What I want in a hurry is your advice to her. What's it to be, Mrs. Harkness? Isn't the best way out for her, to marry me?"

"With God's help, I—I say it is!" the old woman stammered. "It does look like the best—it looks like the only way out, for Mr. Miles' good, as well as for hers!"

THE PRINCE RETURNS

There was silence for a moment. The sun had gone, all but a crown of reddish gold with a tuft of crimson clouds like the spreading plumes of an Ouled Nail queen.

The chill of night had suddenly fallen, and it seemed to Terry that there were tiny prickles of ice in her veins. She wished that the dusk which poured over the low river bed in a violet flood were a wave that would drown her, and sweep her body away.

"Well?" asked Nazlo at last. "Aren't you going to answer, my little girl? You can't say, now you know everything, that I don't deserve an answer, can you?"

"Perhaps you deserve one," Terry answered heavily. "But I can't give it tonight. Or if I do, it will be no—no! I'd rather go back to the convent, and take the veil, and stay there forever, than to marry a man I don't love—when I do love someone else."

"But loving that Someone will make you more wretched than you are," Nazlo said, kindly. "And he'd be better off by far, if you were married, because then he'd have to stop thinking of you and trying to see you. It least, he would if he's made of the strong stuff I think he is. Am I right about him Mrs. Harkness?"

"Ye—es," the old woman admitted. "I'm bound to say I believe you are. Oh it's all round a sad business!"

"We must make the best of it—and make it for the best," went on Nazlo. "If you care more for Sheridan than yourself, my child, your answer to me will——"

"I do care more for him than myself, of course. But I won't give you any answer now," Terry persisted with her mother's quiet obstinacy. "I'll have to think first."

"You mean you want to talk things over with Sheridan?"

This decision was a blow to Nazlo, for he had tried to "rush" the girl, with his generosity and his arguments falling on top of the sensational news. He had thrown his vitality into the battle, hoping to win before the other man came to fight on her side.

Then, if she had already been persuaded by his—Nazlo's—eloquence and the old woman's scruples, to promise, Sheridan would have been up against a fait accompli.

"Yes, I must talk things over with Mr. Sheridan," Terry answered: and as she rose, to walk away, Nazlo muttered: "Damn!" beneath his breath. His one consolation was that, even if he didn't get her, she was pretty certain now not to give herself to Sheridan.

Mrs. Harkness stumbled up too, with a creaking of her joints, to return with Terry to the Hotel; and Nazlo was prepared to go with them. But the girl stopped, looking back at him.

"Please don't come," she said. "Maybe I've thought Bad things about you. I oughtn't to have thought, Mr. Nazlo. If I have, I'm sorry. But I—I can't think at all, if you're with me! I'll have to be alone for awhile!

She hurried on ahead of Mrs. Harkness, who ceased the effort to keep pace when she heard the last words. The old woman was rheumatic, and sitting there on the sand had reminded her forcibly that her legs were not as supple as they had been.

Also her feet had "gone to sleep", and as the girl almost ran to the hotel the two left behind joined forces, Harky hobbling along to get rid of the "pins and needles" Nazlo tactfully taking step for step, though he yearned to be at the side of the flying form ahead.

He was glad however, to find how thoroughly Mrs. Harkness was his advocate, in what she called the "sad circumstances" and he was relieved not to see Sheridan's big car drawn up in front of the hotel door, as they came in sight of it.

"The fellow must have had another breakdown," he assured himself. "If not, by this time he'd have come."

But Sheridan had come.

The car had brought him to the hotel and left him there before Nazlo and Mrs. Harkness had reached a spot where they could see the entrance, even before Terry, walking fast and far ahead, had got within sight of it.

(Continued

Radical new faster washing soap discovery that cost a million dollars to perfect is greeted by a storm of controversy among housewives. How disastrous experiences with old-type fast-washing soaps have made women wary. How they are amazed to find that this new soap not only does in *15 minutes' soaking* what other soaps take *hours of scrubbing and boiling* to do, *but also works with utter safety to colors, fabrics, hands.* And—gets clothes 4 to 5 shades *whiter* without one bit of washboard wear and tear.

"WHAT! Soak out dirt from clothes in 15 minutes—safely?"

Perhaps never before in history has science caused such heated controversy among women. And all because of a new and amazing laundry soap invention that cuts washing time in half.

"It's ridiculous," say the disbelievers. "We're using a fast-washing soap already. And even *it* is too harsh on colored things. Now you ask us to believe this NEW much faster washing soap discovery will get clothes clean in 15 minutes' soaking—and *do it with utter safety to colors, fabrics, hands.*"

Yet other thousands who have actually tried this new soap say that its action is positively miraculous, and that it not only works with utter safety, but also gets clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter *without one bit of the back-breaking scrubbing and boiling* that has sapped women's energy for years.

Procter & Gamble, who spent one million dollars to perfect this new soap, were quick to make this statement. "We know it's hard to believe," they said, "*but it's true!* And every week thousands more women are finding that *it is true.*"

An Utterly New-Type Soap

The result of some 4 years' experimentation and the expenditure of over one million dollars, the new, improved OXYDOL is utterly different from anything you have tried before.

It is new in principle. (Process patented.) It is new in action. It is new in results.

It does these 3 things that other soaps cannot do now or have ever succeeded in doing:

Loosens dirt out of clothes in 15 minutes' soaking. Thus, banishes all the back-breaking rubbing and scrubbing. And cuts washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine—gives you afternoons free!

Gets clothes 4 to 5 shades WHITER than other soaps, by scientific whiteness-measuring Tintometer test. Whiter in ONE washing than other granulated soaps can do in TWO washings!

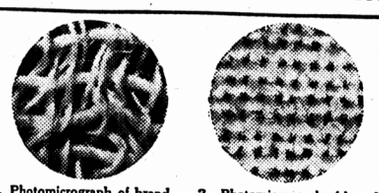
Yet, due to the protection of its *new* and *improved* formula, colors won't fade; fabrics won't suffer! Even cotton prints and children's dainty frocks are safe. And, despite its amazing cleaning power, it leaves hands soft and smooth.

OXYDOL foams up *instantly* and *completely*—even in hardest water—into thick 3-inch suds, which go to work on grease, dirt, and stains 2 to 3 times faster than suds from less modern soaps. And, by their unique "soak and flush" washing action, first loosen, then flush dirt out *in 15 minutes' soaking.*

Yet *absolutely safe!* Due to its special formula—its special protective combination of mild soap ingredients—OXYDOL can't hurt hands, fabrics, or colors.

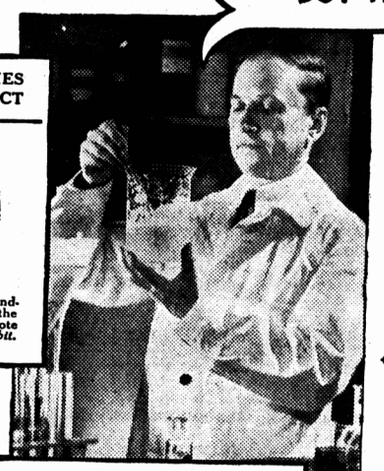
Millions of women are quitting old-fashioned soaps in favor of the new and improved OXYDOL. Whatever your present favorite, try OXYDOL next time you wash. Buy a package today. You'll never go back to slower soaps or harsher soaps again. The Procter & Gamble Company of Canada, Ltd.

TESTS SHOW HOW OXYDOL GETS CLOTHES CLEAN WITHOUT USUAL "HARSH" EFFECT



1. Photomicrograph of brand-new sheet washed 84 times with ordinary soap. Note fraying in weave due to scrubbing, boiling and "harsh" action.

2. Photomicrograph of brand-new sheet washed 84 times the scrubless way in *Oxydol.* Note that weave is *not* frayed *one bit.*



YOUR MONEY BACK
If This Test Fails In Your Home

● Into 2 pans, filled with equal amounts of water, put equal amounts of (1) your favorite soap and (2) the New and Improved OXYDOL. Then soak a dirty towel in each for 15 minutes by the clock. Then rinse.

● IF IN YOUR OPINION the towel that soaked in OXYDOL doesn't wash out *whiter,* smell *sweeter,* take the unused portion of the package of OXYDOL back to your grocer with this ad and get your money back.

Oxydol is the result of some four years of experimentation by the famous Procter & Gamble research experts.

MADE IN CANADA

Reg. Trade Mark

REGULAR SIZE NOT OVER 10¢

BIG, ECONOMICAL HOUSEHOLD SIZE NOT OVER 25¢

MULTIPLIES 500 TIMES IN SUDS

Pupils Strike In Montreal

(C. P. By Guardian's Special Wire)

MONTREAL, Sept. 19.—The old game of hookey was played on the grand scale here today when about 1,500 pupils from two schools controlled by the Board of Protestant School Commissioners banged their desks shut and staged a walkout as a protest against an increase in fees which went into effect at the opening of the present school term a few weeks ago.

Striking pupils are those of the Baron Byng and Commercial high schools.

Officials of the board were not perturbed at the turn of events. Their attitude was if the pupils did not want to learn it was their misfortune. No action would be taken, they said, to have the strikers return to their studies.

The increase in fees objected to ranges between 50 cents and 75 cents per pupil depending on the grade. School board authorities when they approved the increase, declared it to be necessary due to decrease of revenues.

Most of the students are said to be members of an organization known as the "Students' League of Montreal." They claimed they objected not only to the increase in students' fees, but also to the cut made in the salaries of their teachers.

Press Radio Bureau Criticised

CINCINNTAI, Sept. 19.—Asserting "the press-radio bureau is a failure," Senator C. C. Dill, of Washington, co-author of federal radio legislation, today said press associations must supply radio stations with more and up-to-the-minute news, or the stations will form a news-gathering agency of their own.

press-radio bureau, through the co-operation of three news services and the newspapers, supplies news reports for broadcasting at stated intervals.

Dill asserted its operation had brought "chaotic" results, satisfactory neither to listeners, the newspapers, nor the broadcasters.

"Either," he told the National Association of Broadcasters meeting here, "the press associations must change the terms of the agreement so radio stations can give their listeners up-to-the-minute news and for longer periods of time, or radio stations will find or create means and methods of securing news entirely independent of the press associations.

"This press-radio agreement had one virtue," he continued. "By surrendering their birth-right of broadcasting news before it was printed, and limiting the broadcasts to two five-minute periods each 24 hours, the radio chains proved their willingness to do everything possible to avoid a fight. Now that this plan had proved a failure, the press associations should be willing to sell uncensored news to radio stations, let them broadcast that news with sponsors or without sponsors, whenever the station desires. Newspapers and radio stations should co-operate fully and freely and radio stations be just as free to broadcast any and all news as newspapers are to print any and all news."

FOUR-YEAR-OLD GETS MEDAL FOR BRAVERY —AND HOLIDAY, TOO

LANCASTER, Eng., Sept 19.—(CP)—"James Kelly, aged four years, for pluck in trying to overtake a train from which he had fallen on to the line, having injured his head and leg."

This inscription is on a silver medal which Lt.-Col. A. J. Mitchell, of Tunbridge Wells, has had specially struck for a small boy hero. Travelling to Morocambe with his mother and other children to spend a holiday at the Bradford unemployed camp, the boy, who lives at Bradford, fell from the train. Several teeth were knocked out and his leg and face were injured. Picking himself up, he ran after the train, which was stopped. He was taken to the infirmary, where he remained till next day.

The medal is about the size of a half-a crown and on the reverse is a laurel wreath. Col Mitchell wrote that he did not know James Kelly, nor had he been approached but he thought that the fact of a poor little baby of four trying to catch up to a train from which he had fallen, rather than miss a holiday by the sea—and with his head and leg injured —was very pathetic.

QUIET MERRIE ENGLAND BANS ALL MOTOR HORNS AT NIGHT AFTER 11 30

LONDON, Sept 19.—(CP-Havas)—If you blow your horn in England between 11.30 at night and 7 in the morning you are liable to be arrested. This begins September 16.

Recently London authorities reached the decision that there was too much noise in the metropolis, and the ban on motar horns was first aimed to affect London only. Now provincial cities are up in arms because they weren't included, so the order has been extended, and after Sunday night England will be quieter than ever before.

ALL BRITAIN ADOPTS "SILENCE ZONE" IDEA

LONDON, Sept. 21—Motorists generally showed perfect willingness to comply as London's "zone of silence" for motorcars during the night hours was extended to every "built-up" area in the Kingdom. This applies to every road on which there are street lamps not more than 200 yards apart.

Extension of the silence zone, during which honking of horns and unnecessary noise in driving cars is banned from 11.30 p. m. to 7 in the morning, followed a demand from practically every other populous area in the country.

In a few towns police refrained from insisting on strict obedience as no direct instructions for enforcement of the order have yet been issued from the Ministry of Transport.

THAT "LIKE THE DICKENS" FEELING IS LIVER

Wake Up Your Liver Bile. Feel Fit. You Needn't use Calomel To Do It.

It's your liver, failing to pour out the vital two pounds of bile, daily, into your bowels, that makes you feel so off-colour.

Lack of bile means poor digestion. Food stays too long in your bowels and decays. Your system is poisoned. You go through the misery of gas, bloating, pain, heartburn. You have a dark brown abominable taste in your mouth and bad breath. Your skin's unhealthy and often your head aches. Your whole system seems out of kilter.

How can you reasonably expect to clear up a condition like this by merely taking salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum, or roughage? These only move the bowels, and that's not enough. You must wake up your liver bile.

Avoid calomel (mercury). Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They're purely vegetable, gentle, sure and safe. They'll make you feel a hundred per cent better in a very short time.

Don't waste your money on substitutes. Be definite. Ask for Carter's by name—and get them! Look for the name, Carter's, on the red label. 25c. at all druggists. 40