

FOX FEEDS

- Beef Tripe 4 1/2c
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7:30 A.M.	8:00 A.M.
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1:30 P.M.	2:00 P.M.
2:30 P.M.	3:00 P.M.
3:30 P.M.	4:00 P.M.
5:00 P.M.	5:30 P.M.

SUNDAY

9:30 A.M.	10:00 A.M.
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2:00 P.M.	2:30 P.M.
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Send all information regarding
infractions of PROHIBITION ACT
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Money to Loan
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FIRST AID must be quick



QUICK treatment for minor cuts and burns and bumps is the secret of avoiding dangerous consequences. That's why it pays to keep "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly handy all the time. Its application keeps the sore spot clean, promotes the growth of healthy new tissues. Tends to prevent scars, too.

Keep your medicine chest well stocked with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. You can buy it anywhere in jars and tubes. Don't wait for trouble. Be prepared. That's what first aid means.

And remember, when you buy, that the trade-mark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd, 5520 Chabot Ave., Montreal, Canada.

The University of the Philippines is to add a school of fine arts, a conservatory of music, and a school of hygiene and public health.

SMILES



"It may be so, but I don't see how it can ever be."
"What is it?"
"My nephew says that the reason was flitting with someone else."
"No—it was when he discovered that it had been the same thing."

YE TRUE FISH STORY
She bought a fifty-dollar hat. The price had little weight. He was a million-dollar fish. And she used the hat for bait.



"Was your saddest hour the time you discovered that your husband was flitting with someone else?"
"No—it was when he discovered that it had been the same thing."



"We live in a hotel on the European plan."
"Pooh, that's nothing; we live in a real house on the installment plan."



Hiriam Hayrick: Not all did yer do in New York?
Silas Corns: I don't get it.



Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

(Continued) CHAPTER XII

The sun had fully risen over the westward slopes, when from a grove of dwarf pine our shoddily solemn procession emerged into the straggling litter of cabins bordering Cottonwood. Horsemen were swinging now round the line of shacks which marked the rear approaches of Main street. Behind them ran pedestrians. One man had recognized Charlie Meek, was shaking his fist at the dead bandits. . . . he would know better presently. . . . Before and behind, riders of the posse were slipping bits of news from the corners of their mouths to friends in our fringe of jump-followers. . . . own name. . . . Men were pointing me out. . . . "And never, even went to his gun." I heard. . . . My captive ahead rode with his back straight, his head up. . . . if he would only sag or droop. . . . his spirit defied mine. . . . This was Main street. How the vigilance committee had grown! A cordon of armed guards stretched on both sides of the way. . . . A woman looked from a cabin door, raised a hand to a pale forehead, crossed herself. . . . I must not look at the crowds again. . . . I might see—what matter if I did see. . . . ?

Men crowding about me. . . . congratulations on my nerve. . . . Marcus repeating: "It's great, boy!" . . . Dick reassuring me that he always said I ought to have been in the game from the first. . . . Ah, now the committee had gone into conference. . . . flashes of light on their intentions. . . . "He won't take long," I heard from Shorty. . . . Mayor Brown was to be judge. . . . "Well, come on! Let's get it over with!" Marcus commanded. Then his sharp, strained countenance turned my way and he seemed again aware of me.

"Coming along to the proceedings, boy?" And that inquiry jerked me out of the haze into the light. I would not, I could not attend the trial because of what I knew and would not tell, but mostly because that softening picture rose again—the blue eyes of Constance Deane. Guilty she might be—guilty of course she was; nevertheless, I could not face her reproach. And Marcus, peering into my face, must have guessed something of this; for his expression softened and:

"All right!" he said. Then, as though finding for me a logical way out, he added:

"Spose you stay here on guard." Others were listening now; and for their benefit he went on with a jocularity I knew to be assumed:

"You brought him in, and you keep him. Hey, McNeill, Bowles! You're to stay here on guard. Mr. Gilson's in command." The door had opened again. The Killer emerged between two guards, his hands now unbound. There was a well above his wrist where the rope had cut. . . . But he walked straight.

Some one had given me the key. Some one had commanded that I was to open the door only on signed order—or personal demand of the central committee. Down the street walked the captive and his guards. The beelike swarm about the courthouse became active, moved, shifted. Heretofore it had been silent or nearly so; merely buzzing with subdued conversation. Now, its members broke into audible speech, even into vociferation. A large squad of guards had detached itself, marched away, it disappeared into that alley which led to the Pioneer corral. Ten minutes later it emerged—augmented. Between the ranks I discerned the tall form of Chris McGrath, framed by an unranked crowd. Ah, there were the prisoners of the Pioneer corral, they who were held for deportation. There was Oliver; there was Red Nell. The squad aligned itself and its captives before the log, assay office beside the courthouse. From the peak of its gable extended a new timber. It had not been there before. . . .

A horse was being led into the crowd—a barebacked bay horse. The guards were beating men away from him; and the babbled had stopped. The only sound was the shuffle or thump of feet on the board sidewalks. Men had come through the courthouse door. Above them

emerged a form, bareheaded, blindfolded, hatless—they were lifting him on to the horse. They were leading the horse toward the beam. The Killer's head was wagging as though he was talking.

There seemed no benefit of clergy—and Marcus had summoned a clergyman for the gambler who lost his nerve. I knew then that his speech was but blasphemy; that the Killer, on whose departing soul lay the blood of twenty men, was dying as he had lived. There was a man on the beam. . . . tying a rope. . . . Some one standing on a chair had dropped the loop over the Killer's neck. His head, wagged; was still. The horse gave a violent leap out from under him. . . . A murmur that was a wall from the crowd. . . . A man on the outskirts pitched over on his face. . . . The heaving shoulders, the blinded head, visible above the spectators, were spinning. . . .

And a voice wailed and choked in my ear:

"Oh, G—d—Oh, G—d!"

The prisoner stood at the window. His hands clutched the bars. His eyes stared. His loose mouth had fallen open. His head was wobbling on his shoulders. And his despairing glance clutched at mine.

"Let me go!" he pleaded. "Let me go!" I shook my head. "Then send for my wife!"—the words came out of him in spurts, in jerks. "She'll—she—might get me out of this. For G-d's sake, send for my wife!"

"Who is your wife?" It was as though some one else spoke.

"Mrs. Deane—Mrs. Constance Deane—Mrs. Barnaby's place"—he was sagging from the bars now. "She came to get me out of this. All the way to make me stop this. My God, if I'd listened to her, I'd have been a decent man—" and then, as though the sense back of his emotion warned him that he was making a fatal admission his mouth snapped shut, something like intelligence returned to his eyes, and he finished weakly: "Send for my wife."

"Mechanically I repeated, I do not know why:

"Get back from the window!" For I was Robert Gilson again; like a naked soul at the judgment seat I saw what insane jealousy had made of me, what I had done to the woman I loved, what a thing I had been. . . .

And I turned, as though the motion would relieve me of my thoughts, and saw her; and thought for an instant I was seeing a vision. She stood at the jail door. One hand rested on the latch. The other clasped round her head a black shawl. Her blue eyes swimming in anxiety while I took for reproach, seized mine, clutched them.

"You!" she said. "You!"

"Is this your husband?" I asked. "Yes. Quick! Have you the key?"

"Yes."

"Then give it to me!" Her hand, her eyes pleaded. "You say you love me—"

"No," I said, "I will do it myself." And while I was saying that—so quick is thought—I had formed both a determination and a plan. AM save us stood watching that drama of a passing soul, their eyes captives of horror. My fellow guards were not watching. My roan, with his trick of speed, stood at the door. I moved forward to act. She raised her hand as though to protest, dropped it as though realizing that she would waste time. I threw the reins over my saddle horn, I turned the key in the lock. It grated. I glanced involuntarily over my shoulder. McNeill and Bowles had not heard the sound. My captive was crouched on the floor, half collapsed. As I entered his eyes went wild.

(To Be Continued)

German Doctor Finds Stomach Gas Remedy

Dr. Carl discovered that the cause of stomach gas was, in most cases, in the UPPER bowel. So he perfected a simple remedy to wash out the stomach and BOTH upper and lower bowels. He named this prescription, Adierika.

Adierika washes out poisons which cause gas, nervousness and bad sleep. It is harmless. Get Adierika today; by tomorrow you'll feel the wonderful effects. Hughes Drug Co., Ltd.

For free sample send for FREE

ADIERIKA CO., Dept. TT, St. Paul, Minn.

ROBOT PILOTS BEING TESTED

NEW YORK, N. Y., Oct. 17.—Robot pilots guiding air liners from city to city in the near future is the vision of aeronautics wizards. And the vision is based on the reality of actual tests.

Engineers here announce they are conducting tests of a robot pilot on an 18-passenger plane between Newark, N. J. and Jacksonville, Fla. As soon as the governmental permission is obtained the mechanical pilots will be made part of the equipment of Eastern Airways planes.

The mechanical aviator will not rob human pilots of jobs. It will only be an aid and an auxiliary. The robot will make his home in a small box under the pilot's seat. He can take over the controls from the human pilot in a fraction of a second and hand them back as fast.

Unfalling in precision and accuracy, the pilot can fly a plane with greater skill than a man, the engineers said. The human pilot tires after a long flight but the robot never. When a wing dips the robot begins correction of the variation instantly, whereas the dip is well under way before a man can act.

The engineers said human hands are needed only on the takeoff and landing.

Mr. Ralph Lyman of Charlottetown spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lyman of Tryon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Sturdy, and son Leith, Mrs. Thomas Sturdy and Miss Cora Bell of Tryon Branch Roads made a flying motor trip to Victoria on Sunday.

Miss Isabel MacFadyen of Tryon spent Sunday at her home in Rivendale.

Mr. and Mrs. Jensen and family, Danish immigrants, have again returned to Tryon, where Mr. Jensen is employed with Mr. H. A. MacPhee of Tryon in doing repair work, blacksmithing and wood working, etc.

Yeo's movies "The Mysterious Vagabond" were held in Tryon Hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 13th and were quite largely attended.

Mr. Lloyd Sturdy of Tryon Branch Roads recently had the misfortune of losing a valuable horse.

Mr. Stanley Stewart of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Charlottetown, spent the week end and Thanksgiving in Victoria.

The schools are closed now for the fall vacation, which gives the children a chance to assist at home in harvesting the potato crop. Miss MacLean, Principal of Tryon Consolidated School returned to her home in Norham until school commences again.

Rev. and Mrs. F. Crossman arrived a week ago in Tryon, where the Rev. Mr. Crossman has taken over the duties of pastor of the Tryon Baptist Church. During the summer months Rev. Z. L. Fash, has been acting pastor, the former pastor, Rev. M. O. Brinton having accepted a call to New Brunswick. Tryon welcomes the new Minister and his wife and hope that their stay in Tryon will be a pleasant one.—D.

HANGS HIMSELF IN CELL

TORONTO, Oct. 16—Hanging himself to the door of his cell, Rusell Pratt, 18, inmate of the Toronto jail, was found dead on Saturday night. Pratt's body was found suspended by his trouser belt from an iron cross bar of the door. Pratt was convicted of auto-mobile theft. He was sentenced to six months definite and twelve months intermediate.

DOMINION OF CANADA

Province of PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Surrogate Court, 22nd George V. A. D. 1931.

In Re Estate of Hedley V. Palmer, late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province, deceased intestate.

By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any four consecutive literate persons within said County.

GREETING:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of H. James Palmer of Charlottetown aforesaid, Barrister, the Administrator de bonis non of the above named estate, praying that citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore required by the Court to appear before me at a Surrogate Court to be held at the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Friday the 29th day of November next, commencing at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on meeting of J. O. Clair Campbell, Esq. Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once in every week from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith placed in the following public places, to-wit: in the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the City Weigh Scales and at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia both in Charlottetown aforesaid, and I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have the notice thereof.

Witness my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 17th day of October, A. D. 1931, and in the 22nd year of His Majesty's said Majesty King George V. Sgd. H. L. PALMER, Surrogate.

9525-10-19-Mon-4

Kidney Acidity Kills Energy

If you feel old and run-down from Neuritis, Lumbago, Leg Pains, Dis-eases, Bladder or Kidney (Sis-tex). Often stops trouble in 24 hours. Guaranteed to work satisfactorily or return empty box and get money back. Only 50c at druggists.

Tryon And Vicinity

The weather has gone very fall-like recently, cold with high prevailing winds making one think that winter is not so far distant. Some fortunate persons have finished picking their "spuds" but methinks many with a large number of acres yet to do will have cold fingers before finishing, if the cold weather continues, as it has started.

Mrs. Richard Lord of Tryon has returned home after spending a few days in Bedouque the guest of Mrs. Ephraim Lead.

Master Kenneth Dawson of Augustine Cove has been spending a few days visiting relatives in Tryon.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Canfield and little daughter of Saranac Lake, N. Y., accompanied by Mrs. Brenton Canfield and son, MacKenzie arrived on the Island Monday by car and will remain for a short visit before returning again to their duties.

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REGULATIONS

of the PROVINCIAL BOARD OF HEALTH of the Province of Prince Edward Island Respecting the Disposal of Carcasses of Foxes

Made this 30th day of September, 1931

The following regulations approved by the Provincial Board of Health under authority of Section 6, subsections 2, 6 and 29, and Section 11, sub-sections 1 (a) and (b), of the Public Health Act 1927, are published for the information of all concerned:

1. No carcasses of foxes dying from any disease shall be removed from the premises on which they were ranched. Such carcasses shall be buried or cremated immediately following pelting.
2. All carcasses shall be disposed of by burial to the depth of four feet or cremation within twelve hours after pelting.
3. All carcasses of foxes must be kept in a suitable container, with a close fitting cover, until disposed of, either by burial or cremation.
4. The carcasses from all fox pelting stations shall be removed to a sufficient distance beyond the city, town or village limits before being disposed of by burial or cremation, so as not to cause a nuisance.

5. It shall be unlawful to feed the bodies of foxes to hogs, fowl or any domestic animals and any person or persons committing such an offence shall be liable to have their premises placed under quarantine and not be permitted to remove food, animals or other products until such time as the Provincial Department of Public Health shall decide when the said quarantine may be released.

6. Any person committing an offence against these regulations shall on summary conviction be liable to a penalty not exceeding twenty dollars (\$20.00).

P. A. CREELMAN, M. D., Chief Health Officer.

9351-10-14-wedfrimon3.

Don't Telephone

Read the Rules of The Guardian "Famous Canadians" Puzzle Contest. They will answer every question.

Rules Governing Guardian "Famous Canadians" Contest

Everyone who is a paid in advance subscriber excepting employees of The Guardian and their families may take part. As many members of one family of a paid in advance subscriber may compete as desire and any subscriber may send in as many sets of answers as he or she wishes, but each set must be complete and will be judged individually.

The successful competitors whose subscriptions are paid farthest into 1932 will have the preference.

Clip the picture and coupon underneath it every day and write the answer on the blank line. Save all your clippings until the end of the contest and then send them to the "Famous Canadians" Contest Editor of The Guardian in one batch. Name and address should be included, clearly written or printed, and securely attached to your solutions. It will facilitate handling if you bind your solutions by sewing along the top, or using paper fasteners.

In sending more than one solution, each solution must be enclosed in a separate envelope.

Please attach sufficient postage as, otherwise, it may be necessary to refuse acceptance of the mail.

In case of a tie The Guardian reserves the right to publish one or more tie-breaking puzzles.

The judges' decision will be final in all matters, and The Guardian will not undertake to enter into correspondence with any individual regarding the decision of the judges.

Start Today to Win a Cash Prize



This is my answer to the above puzzle "FAMOUS CANADIAN" CONTEST. Put Surname of Famous Canadian only.

My subscription is paid in advance to

Name of subscriber

Address

Each puzzle represents the name of a famous Canadian, past or present. Forty of the fifty correct solutions appeared on the printed list published from Oct. 10 to 17. Read the rules. If the same name admits of variations in spelling, spelling on the printed list only will be accepted. Spelling however, will not disqualify any contestant if the correct solution is a name not appearing on the printed list.

The Charlottetown Guardian

AUCTION

Furniture sale by auction on Monday, Oct. 19th at 1:30 o'clock sharp at 20 Bishop St., consisting of parlor, dining room, bedroom, kitchen furniture, oil cloths, carpets, dishes, stoves, bedding, mats, nice old set black Walnut furniture, very old curtain shades, etc. Nothing reserved. Sale positive. Terms cash.

PATRICK HUGHES, 20 Bishop St. J. A. MacDonald, Auctioneer. 9394-10-15-am-3

ANNUAL EXAMINATION

of Your Eyes will Safeguard Your Vision and Comfort

J. W. JOHNSTON, Optometrist, 157 Kent Street, Charlottetown.

ANNUAL EXAMINATION

will be held at Albert McDougall's Farm, Canoe Cove, October 21st. Sale Opens at 2 O'clock. Terms Cash. J. A. MacDonald, Auctioneer. 9410-10-17-31.