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## Notice to Fox Ranchers & Fur Buyers

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I am now located above Palmer Watson Electric Co., and am now open for pelting. My new Fur Cleaner will be in operation in a few days time.

All Pelts left in our care on and after November 1st will be protected by Fire Insurance.

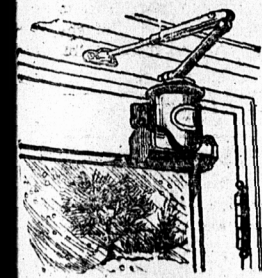
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usually the time when forgetful folks forget to close doors. Their forgetfulness can ruffle your temper because you much discomfort—but if your door is equipped with a dependable check that will close automatically even in the face of a strong wind. You have the door we have the check—let's get together.

## The Rogers Hardware Co., Limited

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We have in stock a fair supply of FEEDS including:

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- CRUSHED GRAIN
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- FRESH GRAHAM OR WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR
- ETC., ETC.

A large fresh stock of POULTRY FEEDS always in stock. All of the above we are selling at lowest prices WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

## Carter & Co. Limited

CHARLOTTETOWN

## An Attic.... Salt-Shaker

CHATTY WEEKLY BUDGET OF STORIES ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE

—BY— W. ORTON TEWSON

Ben Jonson—"O rare Ben Jonson!"—was on the occasion holding forth at the Cheshire Cheese—"O rare Cheshire Cheese!"—when a dispute arose with another poet, Sylvester, as to which of them could make the best couplets in the shortest time. Sylvester began first:

"I Sylvester, Kiss'd your sister."

Jonson's effort was:

"I Ben Jonson, Kiss'd your wife."

"But that isn't rhyme," protested Sylvester.

"No," said Jonson grimly, "but it's true."

Speaking of the Cheshire Cheese, Oscar Wilde, with a coterie of friends, was once lunching at that famous inn. He was in prime form. Humor, tales, epigrams, flowed from his lips, and his listeners sat spellbound under his influence. Suddenly, in the midst of one of his entertaining stories—his audience with wide open eyes and parted mouths, their food untasted—his wife broke in:

"Oh, Oscar, did you remember to call for Cyril's boots?"

In 1851, at the age of seventeen, Whistler entered West Point, where his record proved something of a parallel to that established twenty years earlier by Cadet Edgar Allan Poe. Young Whistler slid rapidly down the academic stairs and touched ground one day in the chemistry class.

"What is silicon?" he was asked.

"Silicon," he replied, "is a gas."

His military career terminated as soon thereafter (chuckles John T. Winterich, in "Books and the Man") as the necessary orders could be dispatched through the regular channels.

"It silicon had been a gas," he remarked in later years, "I might have been a general in the United States Army."

Instead Whistler took up painting and went to Paris to pursue his studies. There he met George Du Maurier and they became friends. Then both went to London and for a time shared the same lodgings. Four years later, Du Maurier sold his first "Punch" drawing. It depicted himself and Whistler, the former with lighted cigar in hand, entering a photographer's. The photographer protests, remarking:

"Please to remember, gentlemen, that this is not a common artist's studio."

And then Du Maurier wrote "Tribby." It first appeared serially in a magazine, and in one instalment was introduced Joe Silby, "an idle apprentice, the king of bohemia," etc. The identity of Joe Silby may not have been transparent to one in ten thousand "Tribby" readers (thinks Mr. Winterich), but it was transparent to Whistler, and that was enough. He raised Cain over it and two drawings that offended him, and when the book appeared, Joe Silby and the drawings were so disguised that even Whistler was mollified.

Another famous story that first saw the light of day as a serial was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The opening instalment appeared in the "National Era," of Washington in its issue of June 5, 1851. For the serial rights Harriet Beecher Stowe received \$300. Then on March 20, 1852, it was published in book form, in two volumes. The first edition was 5,000 copies and 3,000 were sold the first day. Before the book was a year old more than 300,000 copies had been sold in America alone.

Mrs. Stowe's agreement with her publisher was on a ten per cent royalty basis. Even so, she made a fortune out of it. But—and here's the rub—the publisher wanted her to split fifty-fifty with him on the costs of publication and the receipts. She declined, through her husband Dr. Stowe, as she objected to be saddled with any such obligation, says Mr. Winterich.

By the way, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been rejected by another publisher to whom it was submitted. On my, oh my!

When the Prince of Wales was a cadet at Osborne Naval College, King Edward, Queen Alexandra, the Czar and Czarina of Russia paid a visit to the College. It devolved on the Prince to show the royal party over the institution. The job over, young Edward managed to get the Czar away from the rest of the party and led him to a "tuck-shop" patronized by the cadets—when in funds.

Here the Czar was introduced to all the particular friends of Edward of Wales who had tipped them off beforehand to be there as he surmised that his Imperial kinsman would most certainly "stand treat." In this he was not disappointed, record W. and L. Townsend (in their biography of the Prince), and an hour later some half a dozen cadets, including Edward, strolled back to the College with satisfied grins on their faces, while the Czar returned to the Czarina complaining bitterly of indigestion!

It was while he was at the Osborne Naval College that the Prince of Wales got a black eye, which he carried for some days, as a memento of a fight with another cadet. The Prince put up a good show and it is difficult to say who would have taken the "count," because the officer on duty, hearing of the affair, promptly put a stop to it.

The fight—it lasted nearly half an hour and was staged in the dormitory in which the Prince slept—arose from the fact that the Prince during a conversation referred to "my grandfather, the King," and because it was considered a violation of the point of honor connected with the Prince's presence at the school, one boy took exception. High words followed, and Edward, losing his temper, invited his opponent to fight.

Ibsen—like Barrie—preserved absolute secrecy about his plays until he had finished them. Not even his wife and son Sigurd, were let into the secret. Naturally, they were curious. Once when all were on a train journey, Ibsen left the carriage for a few moments. As he did so he dropped a scrap of paper. His wife picked it up and read on it only the words:

"The doctor says—"

Nothing more.

Mrs. Ibsen showed it laughingly to Sigurd and said:

"Now we will tease your father a bit when he comes back. He will be horrified to find that we know anything of his play."

When Ibsen entered the carriage his wife said, regally:

"What sort of a doctor is it that figures in your new play?"

Ibsen was speechless with surprise and rage. When at last he was able to recover his speech it was to utter a torrent of reproaches. Mrs. Ibsen, who had listened with a quiet smile to the rising tempest of his wrath, at last handed him the scrap of paper:

"We know nothing more of your play than is written on this slip which you let fall. Allow me to return it to you."

There stood Ibsen (relates A. E. Zucker in his biography of the great poet and playwright) crestfallen. All his suspicions had vanished into thin air!

At a big dinner at Stockholm all the guests rushed forward to be introduced to Ibsen as he entered the room—all except one Finnish scholar, distinguished in his branch but oblivious of everything else in the world. Finally the host brought the two together.

"May I introduce my Finnish friend Dr. X?—And this is Henrik Ibsen."

## Used by Doctors

Many Doctors recommend Minard's as the best Liniment made. They use it for many ills.



"Ah, I am delighted to make the acquaintance of Professor Ibsen!" (There was a scientist by that name in the same branch as the Finnish professor.)

"No, no!" replied the host, "this is not Professor Ibsen, this is Dr. Henrik Ibsen!"

Then a light of understanding gleamed in the professor's eye.

"Ah, the painter!"

"No, no; the poet, Henrik Ibsen!"

"Hm! Is that so?"

It had been the first time for many years (says Mr. Zucker) that the famous poet entered a circle where he met someone who had never heard of him. He looked outwardly calm, but none too pleased.

In the golden days of Mississippi Steamboatin' the young folks paired-off to talk, look at the moon and gaze at the foamy water much as they do today. Probably there was not as much blatant and open petting as there is now, thinks Garnett Laidlaw Eskew (in "The Pageant of the Packets"), yet there must have been plenty of hand-holding. For the negro deckhands, walking about to sweep up the decks and seeing couples seated there with locked hands, would sing:

"Comin' down de river  
Settin' in de stern;  
She had her hand on his'n  
And he had his'n on her'n."

Then there is Mr. Eskew's story of the dimmed old lady who didn't like the boat to go fast because she was afraid the boilers might burst—it sometimes happened. On one occasion she boarded a big sidewheeler with twelve kegs of fine lard for the market, accosting the captain she said:

"Now, Captain, I'm going to the city with my produce. I don't want you to do any racing while I'm on your boat. I'm afraid of these fast boats."

The captain assured her that he had no intention whatever of racing.

But towards afternoon a rival steamboat caught up with them and gradually drew abreast. The passengers and crew crowded along the rail to watch the other stamboat pulling ahead. The old lady, finally catching the racing fever, walked up to the captain and said:

"It'll be all right with me if you go a little faster. I hate to see that other boat get ahead of us."

"We are going as fast as we can on the fuel we have, madam," responded the captain.

The old lady walked away over to the railing. The rival was just drawing a little ahead, while her crew was jeering and waving. The dear old soul exploded. Rushing up once more to the captain, she cried:

"There's ten barrels of lard on the main deck! Take 'em, Captain, and use 'em for fuel. But don't you dare let that other boat beat us!"

## Sour Stomach Leads to Permanent Ill Health

If fermentation of food in the stomach can be prevented, you go a long way towards stopping the most frequent ailment of the day. After once using Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the stomach is cleared of the sour, fermenting matter that causes gas, heartburn, indigestion and headaches. You will be pleasantly surprised at the smooth, easy way in which Dr. Hamilton's Pills tone up the liver, kidneys and stomach. To secure the aid your stomach needs, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Sold by all dealers.

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## "... BUT THEY DID NOT GET VITAKALK IN THE WILDS!"

This argument is often encountered after our representatives explained all about the functions of calcium, phosphorus and the various vitamins, their effect on abortions, lactation, etc., etc. You may not have put it in the same words, but still the same idea may be in the back of your mind. Won't you therefore do us the favor of answering these questions: Do the living conditions of your foxes equal exactly those in the wilds? Are you able to provide for your foxes the same feed which they get in the wilds, as, for instance, live animals with fresh, warm blood and all its health building ingredients? Don't you give them certain food, such as milk, which they also do not get in the wilds?

Why do wild foxes run for miles and miles per day? Do they do it to keep trim and slender just like human beings do their daily dozen, or do they have to hunt for their food and perhaps go hungry for a day if their chase is unsuccessful? What incentive to run have your foxes then as long as their meals are presented to them without an effort? Do you think this lack of exercise has no effect on the condition of your foxes—their vitality—their pelt—and their breeding ability? Do you still think it unnecessary to feed Vitakalk even if they did not get it in the wilds?

Prices: 2 lb. can \$2.25, 10 lb. can \$9.50, 25 lb. can \$22.50, 100 lb. drum \$83.00.

**Rogers & Arnett Summerside**  
McKie & Co. Charlottetown  
Poole & Thompson, Ltd. Montague

## GRAND DIVISION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

2: That we extend our thanks to our retiring G. W. P. Rev. W. S. Loring for the good work he has done during the past year and that we extend him sympathy because of the illness in his family, which prevented him from attending our annual session this afternoon and evening.

3: That we take this opportunity at this our first meeting of the grand division since the plebiscite campaign of saying that we are indeed grateful to God, and to all who helped bring about this splendid victory.

4: That we express our gratitude to our Grand Scribe, Emerson Huestis, and to other members of the grand division associated with him,

who during the past six months, without any financial remuneration, have been carrying on the work of re-organization.

5: That we, as a grand division, through our Grand Scribe, send heartfelt greetings, and best wishes for success in the coming election Oct. 31st., to the members of the grand division of Nova Scotia, and to all others who are working hard to keep in force the Nova Scotia Temperance Act.

6: That, while we note with pleasure, quite a number of the officers of our prohibition law are evidently doing all in their power to enforce the said law, we cannot but feel that there are others, again who have not been as active as they should have been.

Therefore resolved that we as members and officers of the grand

division do all in our power to assist the prohibition commission to secure the best possible men to act as our officers. Committee on resolutions.

Rev. R. H. Stavert, Ira McKay, Emerson Huestis.

## WEAK MEN

AND ALL DISEASES OF MEN TAKE OUR HERBAL REMEDIES

Pamphlet on Loss of Manhood and Disorders of Men and Booklet on Ills of Women with advice in plain envelope, free by mail. Remedies by Mail our speciality.

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