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RED ROSE TEA

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Fox Ranch for Sale

Tenders will be received up to the 14th day of October next, by the undersigned, for the purchase of the Model Fox Ranch property, containing 16 acres of land, fox pens and buildings thereon, situate on the Brackley Point Road, Lot 33, Queens County. Possession given on or before the 15th day of December next.

JOHN ANDERSON, Liquidator.

Charlottetown, 22nd Sept., 1931.
(P. O. Box 13)
245-9-22-26-10-3-10.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

TIMETABLE CHANGES

Important changes in train schedules will be made on Sunday, September 27th. For further particulars apply to Ticket Agents.

EYES TESTED

GLASSES FITTED
E. W. TAYLOR
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Optometrists
142 Richmond Street

An Annual Examination of Your Eyes will Safeguard Your Vision and Comfort

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Remodelled & Repaired
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SAFE protection for all documents.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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Over: Hughes Drugstore.
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J. A. McDONALD, B. F. MCPHEE
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N. W. LUTHER
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
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MARK R. MCGUIGAN
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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
MONEY TO LOAN
Ameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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Barristers & Solicitors
Money to Loan
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W. E. BENTLEY K. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
Office: 130 Richmond Street
MONEY TO LOAN



Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

(Continued)

"Tell him he better not do anything rash or sudden," said Si Conway. And his voice lost nothing of its affability. Re-entering the Courier office, I found Marcus at his case setting type. He looked up; I had never seen him so still and grave. Normally, he was a somewhat dramatic person, as all journalists tend to be. Day by day in the past fortnight I had watched him grow more subdued. I reported accurately, sparing him nothing. At my recital of the marshal's closing remark, he started slightly. I came into the "ee" box. He froze like a statue—all but his right hand, which fumbled over the types, picking them up and dropping them with nervous fingers. At last he turned on me; and I saw that he had gone pale.

"Kid," he said, "you're a good sort. I guess you've got sand. I'm crossing the Rubicon. Will you go with me?" "Of course!" I said. Nothing draws youth like a challenge to its courage. Nor did I understand, at that moment, all that my decision implied. "Then sit down and write the story—straight off—just as it happened—no editorial." I was finishing my task when Marcus laid before me the proof of his leader, remarking with what seemed to me the like forced joviality: "Think this'll make us enough trouble?"

I read and I realized that Marcus had outdone himself. His literary faults and merits alike were as a usual thing, those of the old-time mining-camp editor. He over-loaded his thought with words and figures of speech; he wrote in stock phrases. But this editorial was simple, explicit, as forcible as a pistol shot. It recited, with the Curtis affair as a text, the present state of Cottonwood camp—holdups, robberies, brace fero games and all. "Where are our schools?" it inquired. "Where is our fire protection? Does any sensible man doubt that a single fire in the heart of town would sweep Cottonwood off the map? Where is our provision for public health? The back alley of our Main street smells as loud as our municipal morals. Where, a-bove eve'ning, is our protection against crime? Do the present authorities really want to suppress our epidemic of holdups and highway robberies? Have we here the greatest camp in the Rocky mountains—the editorial trailed off into the glories and possibilities of Cottonwood, and ended with a demand for municipal government—"to replace the existing regime of weak, inefficient bluff."

I looked up from my reading, and my eyes must have told Marcus what I thought. "It's the Rubicon, I guess," said Marcus; "may get killed in the next twenty-four hours." And here, as though the weight had begun to lift from his spirits, he became his normal, dramatic self. "Don't give a d—n if I do die," he chuckled. "By G—d, the sooner we'll clean up Cottonwood!" I no longer concealed from myself that I loved Constance Deane, loved her with every kind of warm emotion that a man can hold toward a woman, but mostly —so young was I—as a devotee loves his saint. Like one who sinks

by imperceptible degrees under a narcotic, I passed gradually into this torturing yet agreeable madness. And, like a bad patient, I fought the ether. According to the ethics upon which I had been reared to love a married woman was a thing no genteel person so much as contemplated. When it happened—I had heard rumors of cases—one whispered the news to his intimates in the shocked tone which one mentions hideous vices. For all our repressed exterior, we were a romantic lot in the circles of my origin, resolutely shutting our minds to such facts of life and lessons of experience as did not fit the picture we found in our sugary fiction. Somewhere there waited for you the One Being. Destiny would bring her down a flowery path to you. Of course, she would be unmarried; it was always arranged that way. There were soft passages of youth grew sweetly faint. Then you were married. And afterward—but imagination halted there. Marriage did not come within the scheme of romance.

I first looked at the facts of this sentimental entanglement—shyly, as round the edge of a door—when I had been for less than a week a boarder at Mrs. Barnaby's. The presence of Mrs. Deane at that board had worked according to the shrewd Jim Huffaker's prophecy. Herself unconscious, she was bait to Mrs. Barnaby's fishing. Within two days after she consented to receive me, Mrs. Barnaby took no more transients. At twelve dollars a week—rubbish rates for those days—she filled her table with permanent guests. Even could she boast that she shared with Jim Huffaker "the best patronage in camp." As Jim drew the kind of man who in settled community goes in for clubs, so we gathered up those with inhibited desires for the comfort and society of decent women. Hutchins, a dapper clerk at the bank, Michelson chief owner in one of the most promising galena claims, Selden the assayer, Barton, the mining broker, old Pop Eldridge, agent for the stage company—these, probably because they gave me most reason for incipient jealousy, remain most vivid in my memory. Mrs. Barnaby, it appeared sternly erased from her waiting list all other women than Mrs. Deane. Though, indeed, women of the class which any respectable boarding house would receive applied

So all threads of conversation at the table ran together, knotted themselves, in the person of Mrs. Deane. She had the gift of drawing confidences; her very reserve, backed as it was by a sense of vivid sympathy seemed to spur the confessor on. When I think of her as she was that rosy dawn of a stormy morning, I see her always as she sat at the head of Mrs. Barnaby's table, the lamplight drawing flecks of gold from the curl of golden-brown hair which tumbled across her shoulders, throwing from her brows shadows that could not veil the blue glint of her eyes, blurring to mystery the quick whimsical expressions of her mouth. I hear her laughter running its gamut like a flute; the delicious pause and drip of her voice when she hesitated between syllables. And then over that vision rises always the vulgar, invidious glitter of Sam Barton.

My dawning jealousy could find in the conduct of the rest no flaw to criticize. Never had queen more respect, never saint more reverence than she from this tiny court of hers—all except Barton. He glistened did Sam Barton—his diamond watch chain even his too perfect teeth. Most of his profession and kind took meals at Jim Huffaker's where passed all the gossip of the camp. In his presence at Mrs. Barnaby's I read a sinister meaning. When he looked at Mrs. Deane's expression, as I defined it to myself, became sinister, oily, insinuating. Of course, I exaggerated. Still, reviewing Sam Barton after the inter-vening years, I cannot say that it was all imagination. He alone plied Mrs. Deane with open compliment; he alone sometimes introduced ideas considered in that time wholly inappropriate to the hearing of a lady. Which always caused a moment of embarrassed chill about Mrs. Barnaby's dinner table; a silence broken only when

-SMILES-



Tommy: Say, Ma, gimme a dime. Ma: Your words are abrupt and even coarse, my son. You should say, "Mother, will you oblige me with ten cents?" That sounds very much better.

Tommy: Well do I get it?



"You go hunting every year?" "Yes." "What kind of game do you prefer?" "Oh, I never shoot anything! But it's kind of pleasant to come home and have the family make a fuss over me because I get back alive."

HIT IT RIGHT

"What does baby cry about? I cannot fathom quite." "Then her husband with a shout says: 'About all night.'"



"How romantic it is out here! Do you ever sit and build castles in the air, Mr. Grouch?" "Hi-hum! I never build anything I can't rent."



Wearry Willie: Nobody can say we have a suburban face. Tattered Tom: How's dat? Wearry Willie: It's never under

for CORNS & WARTS
Remove dry skin, dab on Minard's 3 times daily. Let it dry on. After a while Corns and Warts lift right off

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
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Shipping bags will be furnished without charge by applying to H. I. Holman Ltd., Summerside, P. E. I.
Represented by Alfred Fraser Inc. 212 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

CORNS
LIFT RIGHT OUT
Quick as a wink PAIN ENDS
Acts in a few seconds and causes no pain. The corn shrivels up and loosens. Another application or two and the corn drops out. Wonderful—yes it is—but that is just now Putnam's Corn Extractor works. You can buy Putnam's Corn Extractor from any druggist for 35c.

ENLARGEMENTS FREE!

To introduce to you our "New Process" of finishing Kodak pictures, we will give one 5 x 7 Enlargement free, with each roll of film mailed to us for developing and printing. Enclose Postal Note for 45c. with any size (six exposure) film and receive six 5 x 7 size free. Mail us a trial order and be convinced of the quality we put in the work. Twenty-four hour service.

THE REID STUDIO
Dept. C. Moncton, N. B.

Mrs. Deane adroitly turned the subject. "There's going to be an assembly ball," I announced one evening as, having got the floor, I retailed camp news. "Guess I'll have to put on a clean collar and take Mrs. Deane! There boys, got my bid in first!" said Pop Eldridge hastily. "Aw, no fair—if you tried to dance at your age, you'd look plumb unseemly!" put in Selden. (To Be Continued)

WALES WANTS GOLF GATE TO GO TO ASSOCIATION

SANDWICH, Kent, Sept. 25 (U. P.)—The Prince of Wales has directed that entrance fees for the competition for his own golf cup, to be played over 36 holes on the Prince's links, on Sept. 26, shall be given to the Kent County Playing Fields Association. Last year there was a large entry of amateurs with a handicap of 6 or less. An increased list is expected this year. The competition will be played from the same tees which will be used next summer by competitors in the British Open.

DOMINION OF CANADA

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
In the Probate Court, 22nd George V., A. D. 1931.
In Re Estate of John C. McDonald Mount Stewart in Queen's County in the said Province deceased testate. By the Honourable HAROLD LEONARD PALMER, Surrogate Judge of Probate, &c. &c.

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Philip Noonan of Charlottetown in Queen's County aforesaid, Bank manager, one of the Executors of the above named estate, praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You the said Surrogate Judge of Probate, do hereby certify that all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province on Monday the 19th day of October next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the said 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 motion of J. Augustine McDonald, 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 each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid or near the School in Mount Stewart aforesaid and at or near the Hall in Mount Stewart aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate be aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

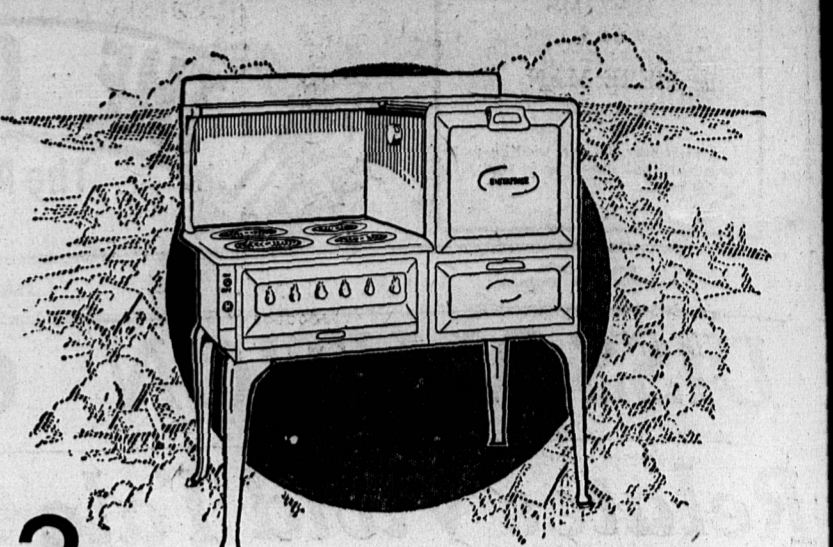
Spinning and Weaving

Send me your wool to be spun into yarn and wove into blankets. Single yarn is 25 cents and doubled 25 cents per pound. Blanket \$2.25; it takes five lbs. of wool to make a blanket. They will all be laundered unless ordered otherwise. Wool must be well washed and all dirt and burrs picked out. The size of single yarn is medium and double yarn fine, medium and coarse. Put shipper's name on all parcels and owner's name, address and instructions inside; otherwise we will not be responsible for losses. Send by mail or freight. Freight will be paid on 100 lbs.

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All corners are smoothly rounded... Hinges and bolts are concealed... Racks and shelves are removable... Ovens are seamless and all porcelain... Heating elements are detachable.

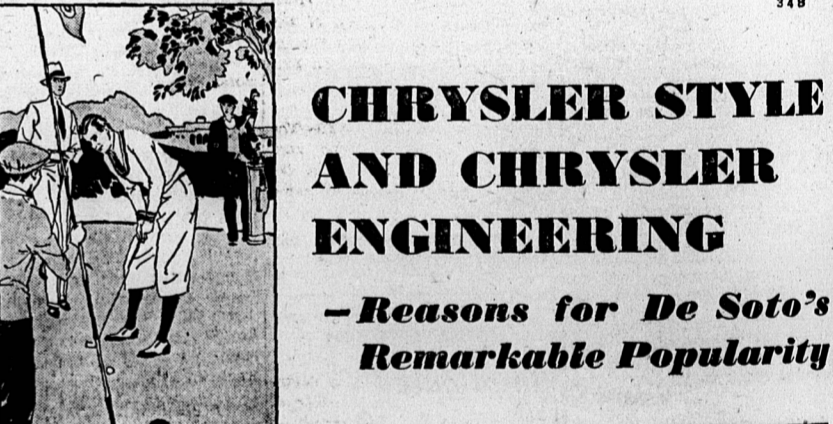
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Mud Baths for Star's Throat
Herr Richard Tauber, famous light opera star of Germany, has gone mud-bathing at Piestany, Czechoslovakia. The mud is said to well up from great depths and to be good for a variety of ailments. Relaxation is part of the treatment and patients must ride to their digs in sedan chairs carried by Slovaks, although the place is crowded with automobiles.



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The prestige of Chrysler leadership in design, style and engineering—this is why hundreds of keen buyers are selecting De Soto Sixes and Eights as outstanding "buys" today. There's a smartness and chic about the De Soto which could come only from Chrysler styling. There's a snap and zip and zest of performance which could come only from Chrysler engineering. See the car for yourself. Drive it. You'll quickly see why De Soto Sixes and Eights are recognized as the premier values in their price-class.

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