

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION BUT KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN

# No one can afford to pay this price of NEGLECT



False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40

COUNTLESS people wear false teeth today because of neglect and resulting pyorrhea.

An insidious disease of the gums, pyorrhea, comes to four people out of five past the age of forty. Hence, it's 4 to 1 you'll lose if you gamble with this infection.

Start, in time, the use of Forhan's Watch out for those first danger warnings of pyorrhea, tender or bleeding gums. At their first intimations see your dentist at once, and start the daily use of Forhan's. And, even if pyorrhea has not claimed you for a victim, it is a wise precaution to use Forhan's regularly.

Make no mistake in your choice of a dentifrice

Your teeth deserve the protection which only a dentifrice as fine as Forhan's can give. Forhan's cleans with amazing efficiency, yet it contains no harmful abrasives to damage the enamel. It restores the natural beauty and whiteness of your teeth as well as protecting your health by keeping dangerous infections from your mouth. It keeps the tissues in vigorous condition, reduces, or prevents, inflammation—tones up the health of your entire mouth. Also it causes loose teeth to tighten by its astringent action on spongy tissue.

Start using Forhan's today, morning and night. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for 26 years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Astringent, an ethical preparation widely used by dentists in the treatment of this dread disease. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.



## Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

**C. M. Lampton & Co. LIMITED.**  
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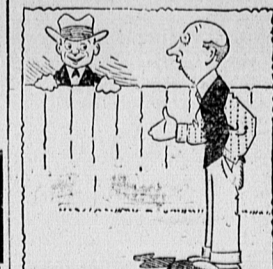
### SMILES



Mrs. Fly: Henry, I need a new pair of shoes very badly.  
Mr. Fly: All right, my dear; I'll take you to the shoe-fly's tomorrow.

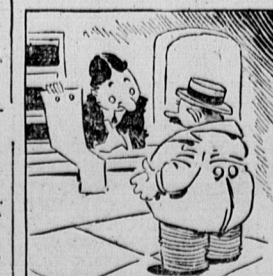


Wife: This morning's paper had an article about a man with eighteen wives.  
Hubby: Well, he could organize them into two baseball teams and then if they played games enough, they would be able to support him nicely.



"How much better Dickerson's lawn looks than yours."  
"I don't know why it should. He borrows my lawn mower and I borrow his hose, and we both use Bronson's roller."

**MUSTN'T TELL**  
She held her sweet mouth up to him  
And then remarked, to wit:  
"You may print a kiss on my lips, dear Jim,  
But you must not publish it."



"These you see, are trousers that you can't wear out."  
"I believe you. I'd scarcely dare wear them at home."



## Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

(Continued)

"Listen," I said, "and get yourself together if you want to live! There's a horse at the door. Here is my hat. It's a different color from yours. Follow me out. Get on to the horse as quietly and quickly as you can—"

Instantly control came to his face, his limbs. But I staggered the six steps to the door.

"Wait a moment!" I said. I placed myself by the saddle, on the side toward the crowd. A tiny practical consideration troubled my mind for an instant and was as instantly dispelled. I was tall, he short—but I rode still with the short eastern leather—he could reach my stirrups. He mounted so suddenly that his foot, crossing the saddle, struck my back. The beat of a trot, a lope—he was gone.

I looked back toward the crowd. McNeill had turned his head. . . . but this phenomenon of a galloping horse appeared neither to warn nor interest him. His gaze turned back toward that suspended torso, again moving and swaying toward those bound, convulsed arms. No one else had seen.

I was facing Constance now. "Oh, you must go, too!" she cried.

"And you?" said I.

"I am responsible for this—I will face the responsibility!" she said simply. And her eyes were superb.

"No I am responsible," I said. It was I who caught him. It is you who must go. I will face it.

"And I will not go!" she replied simply firmly. I saw I could never move her.

"Then we will both stay." Looking into my eyes, she must have read a determination equal to her own. Her look lighted a little. "Perhaps I can find a way out," she said.

For her, I knew there was a way out. They were not hanging women. Marcus had elected only to deport Red Nell, and had withheld even that punishment from Constance herself, suspect though he held her. For me—the vigilance committee had only one punishment for such as me. It was immunity or death.

The Killer was gone at last. He had been a long time dying. Some one, probably one of the doctors had announced this, I felt. For the crowd buzzed again in talk. Now the guards were carving a way between the court-room and the jail; and I filled my lungs and squared my shoulders for my ordeal. If I died—I must carry one thing across with me. And as a slow-moving body of me emerged from the courthouse, moved between the lines, spoke it like a last request.

"Constance, you love me, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes," she said simply, and pressed my hand before she released her hold. "But I have tried to do my duty. And how I have blundered—"

Her voice, her delicious voice, broke here. But she controlled herself and smiled reassurance into my eyes. So we stood until the central committee reached us, and Shorty, marching with two guards, said:

"Give me the key!" And as he said this, he cast at Constance a frown of surprise and disapproval.

I had been forming my plan. I had not dared confide it to Constance. I would give the refuge more time—all or nothing for me now! I saw that Taylor was not with the central committee. And swallowing my sickening fears, I lied.

"The key?" I said, affecting surprise as well as I could. "Why, the door's not locked. No one's in there. Mr. Taylor came and took him away—with a guard!"

"Sounds to me like a d—n lie!" said Shorty, his eyes traveling from me to Constance. "What—" but Marcus cut him off.

"Taylor was in the courtroom last time I saw him. One of you guards—you, Robertson—go look for him." The face of Marcus seemed ten years older. His bright eyes had gone dim; the dark bristles on his unshaven cheeks emphasized the waxy yellow of his complexion. And though my anxiety, my mounting terror, my battle for resolution, I spared energy for regret that I was deceiving him, my partner, Buck, too. . . .

Between the file of guards Taylor came running. The crowd, sensing some hitch in the proceedings, was pushing toward the jail. The guards were forcing them back. Taylor had reached our group.

"What's this?" he panted

"What's this about taking away the prisoner? I haven't even seen him!"

The voice of Constance, rich, level, even.

"No, gentlemen, I let him go."

"That isn't so!" I cried. "I had the key. I unlocked the door and released him."

A confusion of voices. Men jostling and pushing all about me. Shorty's face shoved close to mine; Shorty asking:

"Which way did he go?"

"I'll never tell!" I replied.

More confusion. Some one had struck me on the side of the head. They were forcing back my struggling arms, tying my hands. Some one yelling that my horse was gone. Shorty ordering the cavalry to saddle and start. A voice was crying: "String him up!"

Constance speaking, her tones cutting sharply through the babble: "Don't—ch, don't! I did it, I tell you; I did it!" My own voice gasping: "Steady! It will be all right!"

Marcus and Buck by very authority clearing a space about me. Marcus crying: "No lynching without a trial in this camp!" Constance, her voice controlled now, saying: "It is not necessary to touch me, gentlemen. I will go with you." A hollow square of guards forcing us on; I, remembering how the Killer walked to his death, trying to hold my head high, to move my legs as firmly.

Through an agitated, hysterical crowd we popped into the door of the courthouse.

In my picture of life, Major Brown had been another dim, suggested bit of background. I knew his as our most reliable assayer, as the first locator in the rush to Hayden hill, as a substantial personage about camp.

As they unbound me and led me up to the table at which he sat in judgment, I studied his face. I saw determination there, but no mercy. And my soul within me cried for mercy rather than for such justice as this court was administering.

They had seated Constance in a chair beside the judge's table—odd that I had not looked at her before! That hysterical moment of hers when they laid hands on me by the jail door had changed to a great stillness. I never saw a face and form of the living so quiet and so beautiful. Her hands lay clasped in her lap, but loosely; they did not clutch or move. I had that morning imagined her eyes looking across a courtroom with unutterable reproach. They looked on me, indeed; but with no more emotion than is in the blue petal of a flower. Above all, they were not afraid. My little terrors of the flesh vanished.

"Shall we try these prisoners one at a time—the man first?" asked Major Brown. This was a miners' court, and democratic in its forms. I perceived. The judge merely presided.

Constance stirred and spoke. At the major's words, a buzz of debate had started in the rear of the room. But her rich voice with the dropping syllables muted that:

## LOST 30 lbs. FAT IN 3 MONTHS

AT THE AGE OF 40

"I was very stout, and I have taken Kruschen Salts for 3 months, and have reduced from 212 lbs. to 182 lbs. (age 40). I am a hearty eater, and have never felt any ill effects whilst I have been taking Kruschen salts."—T. H.

That is an instance of Kruschen succeeding without assistance. But if any fat person will be satisfied with a moderate diet, and will take one half teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning—they can lose fat in just the same way.

This is what Kruschen Salts does—it cleans out the impurities in your blood by keeping the bowels, kidneys and liver in splendid working shape, and fills you with a vigor and tireless energy you almost forgotten had existed—you get the needed exercise.

As a result, instead of planting yourself in an easy chair every free moment and letting fatty fat accumulate, you are urged for activity that keeps you moving around doing the things you've always wanted to do and needed to do to keep you in good condition.

One of the doctor's first cases, he said, was to treat a man with sunstroke, contracted in the fierce heat of the Antarctic summer. The heat of the Antarctic air was 50 per cent greater than that in the Australian desert—owing to the absence of dust.

The textbook maxim "No germs in the polar regions" was shattered by Dr. Ingram. Whaling hands who received cuts got just as bad as septic poisoning as in the tropics.

As to the desolation of the sub-polar regions, he declared that the place teems with life. Gulls and penguins were everywhere.

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## Sunstroke In South Pole

(British United Press)

SYDNEY, Australia, October 19—The belief that it is always cold in sub-polar regions has been upset by Dr. W. W. Ingram, who has just returned from an Antarctic expedition.

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## LOOK

For Our New

### Missing Letter Contest Page

Educational and Interesting.  
Free Merchandise Prizes Each Week

Mrs. Maurice Howeleit, seventy-year-old widow of the hovelist and believed to be the world's first woman air pilot, having learned to fly in 1908, has just flown from England to Java.

## 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.

## BEMA BRAND

Genuine BARBADOS Molasses  
Extra Fancy

Use it on the table and in cooking—every time molasses is called for. Give plenty to the children.

your grocer sells it

322

## 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

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TOOLS FOR EVERY TRADE

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## Killed By Yacht Sinks

QUEBEC, Que., Oct. 19.—Euphemie Belanger, 30, of Edmunston, N. B. was found dead today from gas escaping from her stove. A fellow-boarder in the house where Miss Belanger was residing made the discovery when the odor of gas was noticed. The woman was employed in a local restaurant.

## TENDERS

Tenders will be received at the office of the City Clerk up to and including October 29th for painting and cleaning the main entrance and hallway of the City Hall. Specifications to be seen at the City Clerk's office.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.  
G. P. NICHOLSON,  
City Clerk  
9476-10-20-41.

## TENDERS

Tenders will be received at the office of the City Clerk up to and including October 29th for supplying the City with 300 tons screened coal for Market House and City Building. Coal to be placed and trimmed in basement of both buildings and all coal to be weighed on the City weigh scales, weighing to be paid for by Contractor. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. NICHOLSON,  
City Clerk.  
9476-10-20-41.

## NOTICE

We will be loading lambs and hogs at St. Peters, Friday, October 23rd, paying highest prices.  
C. E. PRATT & SON,  
St. Peters.  
9480-10-20-11.

## AUCTION SALE

I am instructed by the Administratrix of the Estate of the late Austin J. MacNeill of Stanley Bridge, P. E. I., to sell by Public Auction on Wednesday, the 27th day of October, 1931, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following stock, implements, etc