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The Weakened System Strengthened By



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**Curious Job Held By Boy**

BANFF, Alta., August 4.—(CP)—"Chic, Bear-Bouncer and Golf Course Looker-Upper," is 16-year-old Ted Martin of this town, who holds one of the queerest jobs in Canada.

Each night he actually locks up the Banff Springs golf course to prevent bears deer and elk from walking off with the greens. After locking the fence gates he sits beside the main entrance all night shooting away the big game as they amble down for a roll in the bunkers.

Occasionally before gates are closed an elk or two find their way through them. Then Ted, with shining lanterns to cover the whole course to get them out.

Bears used to shuffle down from nearby Rundle mountain, pick the green flags off the course and carry them up the mountain side. Officials found it cheaper to build the fence around the course than to continue buying new flags and replacing greens.

**Annual Meeting**

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS  
Friday evening  
at 8 p.m.  
Election of Officers.  
Full attendance requested.  
L-1306-8-3-31

**NOTICE**

Students who have passed the Entrance Examination, and wish to enter St. Dunstan's University on the St. Andrew's Bursar, must make application for Scholarships to the undersigned before August 11th.

Write for application forms.  
T. M. McMILLAN,  
Sec'y-Treas.  
302 Euston St. Charlottetown, P.E.I.  
L-1315-8-4-31

**FOR SALE**

One of the best business stands in the country. Will be sold as a going concern with buildings, good-will, etc., or general store can be purchased separate from produce warehouse. Buildings can be secured on a rental basis if desired, and reasonable terms for payment can be arranged.

Condition of proprietors health reason for sale.  
J. A. MacDONALD & CO., LIMITED  
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**THE GREEN HUSSAR**

By HENRY VON RHAN

(Continued)  
Thank you, he said humbly. Thank you, but it is absolutely out of the question. He opened the door. Desperately she clutched at his coat, drawing him back.

Can't you see it's impossible for me to leave you? At least I can help you find some place to hide. We will go wherever you say. The King hesitated a moment, then taking her hand, bent over and kissed it.

I will try to thank you, he said. Please don't, replied Anne quickly. Just give Tim your orders. The King leaned forward. Take the first dirt road to the left, he said, addressing the chauffeur. It leads to the Eturian foothills. It is about a four hour drive up into the mountains to the village of Birken. We are going to an inn just beyond. It is kept by a dependable man; it is a little place called Zum Lustigen Peter.

XV  
The Palace was aglow with light. Doors which had been opened by liveried footmen were guarded by men in nondescript regalia with red brazzards and red rosettes; some held rifles, and some had revolvers strapped round their waists. The sentries of the new order lounged comfortably, and inspected, with the officiousness of those ill used to authority, the credentials of all who passed before them.

The ballroom was crowded with many small tables on which were commanded typewriters. Scores of impressed stenographers tapped the keys. Armed men guarded the doors. A King had been dethroned. A system had fallen. Expert office workers who had toiled eight hours a day for an inadequate stipend were free. Free—to work twice as hard and twice as long for inadequate food and no pay!

In the crystal chandeliered salon adjoining the ballroom stood a long table around which were grouped high, formal chairs of Flemish oak. Their tapestried backs had been emblazoned with the royal arms of Zagau. These had been ripped off, and over the back of each chair hung a cloth of flaming red.

At the head of the table, with tired, lacklustre eyes, sat Zuppke. At his right, keyed by fatigue and overwork to an even higher pitch than was his wont, sat Leopold Schwarz; and filling the other chairs round the table were the members of the Central Executive Council.

Doors were opening and closing constantly, messengers were passing to and fro, reports were handed to Zuppke incessantly. Eagerly he snatched at one of them.

Comrades, he said, it has been definitely established that the report from Stueblau was correct. The man seen there this afternoon was the Citizen Alexander; the car containing him passed through the village to the Konigsburg-Roda Arterial, but he and the unidentified woman accompanying him did not take the highway. There are only two country roads that he could have chosen, but both of these have been scoured. Their now remains the dirt road leading into the Eturian foothills. This is now being covered by four comrades of the Black Hundred. Before morning the Citizen Alexander will have most mysteriously and permanently disappeared. I suggest that we adjourn now until eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Let us waive formalities of an adjournment.

One by one the men filed out. As the last one was leaving the room Zuppke called after him. Comrade, I am almost overcome with sleep. I must have some brandy and coffee.

Very good, answered the comrade. Zuppke attacked the papers before him, studying each carefully but rapidly. He was deep in his work when the door opened and closed silently behind him. He was unaware of the presence of another in the room until, looking up suddenly, his eyes beheld the calm and dignified figure of Jonas. He held a tray at the prescribed height with his elbows adjusted to perfect angle.

Jonas sniffed. Coffee? he murmured detachedly. Yes, said Zuppke impatiently, put it down, and pour some brandy in it.

Jonas deftly placed the tray upon the table and he was about to fill the large heavy cup when Zuppke's hand shot out. Bring me, he snapped tersely, the King's cup and the King's goblet! In the flicker of an eyelash Jonas withdrew as silently as he had come.

Zuppke sank back into his chair. He relaxed for a moment, allowing his head to loll forward. With a sudden gesture he straightened up and reached for the bottle of liqueur brandy, drew the cork and let a rather long pull trickle down his throat. He waited an instant, then clapping the bottle to his lips again, took another hard swallow. He banged the bottle down on the table and waited for the stimulant to take effect. His brain did not clear; the haze still hovered around, but now the mist of sleep were no longer opaque and black, but rosy-hued and transparent, like some pink precious stone. The important documents before him now seemed mere bits of paper.

He signed them automatically with smooth, bold strokes of his pen, hardly noticing the time that passed until Jonas stood beside him again, pouring coffee into a filmy Sevres cup.

He looked up at the old servant. That brandy did me good, he said complacently. I have been so tired; now I feel better. Jonas stared silently into space. I very seldom drink, continued Zuppke for the benefit of his inattentive audience, but tonight I deserve a bottle of champagne.

Get me one.

Can't, said Jonas shortly. Why? demanded Zuppke. Because, answered Jonas haughtily, the ragamuffins that are guarding the door broke into the pantry and drank it all.

Do you mean to tell me that there isn't a single bottle of champagne in the whole Palace? A cunning light came into Jonas' eyes.

I know where there is at least one bottle, but you will have to give me an order to get past the guards. I shall have to get over to the guardhouse. You see, at the time of this morning's unseemly disturbance Captain von der Lanz was the officer of the guard, and he is sure to have at least one bottle hidden in the orderly room.

Zuppke hesitated a moment, then scribbling a line on a pad of paper and signing it with a flourish, handed it to Jonas.

Mutely Jonas picked up the pass, glided from the council chamber and pausing a moment in a deserted writing room, stalked down the corridors. A Red guard stopped him officiously, but stood aside after a glance at the impressive signature. Calmly Jonas sauntered across the courtyard to the outer gate. Here he flourished his pass again, halting a breathless instant while the drunken guard pretended to decipher the message. As soon as the portent of the signature became clear he swung the gate open with a great show of importance. Serenely Jonas passed through and turning up his coat collar, walked down the street.

Zuppke slumped in his chair comfortably, then sweeping together the papers before him, pressed a button. A messenger entered. The Communist leader handed the sheaf of papers to him. Give these, he said, to the proper persons for distribution.

He sat back with a sigh. Languidly he reached for the bottle and ignoring the crystal goblet which stood before him, gulped thirstily. A pleasant detachment took possession of him.

It has been accomplished, he murmured, it has all been accomplished through me. Thank God the fools have gone. Schwartz has gone home to hug himself with delight, thinking his dream has come true. I shall stay! I know that what the man wants is—power, power!

His short, heavy hands grasped the arms of his chair; he drew himself up, glaring down the table as if waiting for the empty chairs to defy him.

Power, he muttered, power! Slowly he crossed to the far end of the room and pushed back two high sliding doors. His hands searched the walls until they found an electric switch. He pressed the button and instantly as if by a magic hand, the stately room was flooded with soft light. Great crystal chandeliers glittering with electric light illuminated the gracious Hall of State. With firm tread he marched along the waxed parquet floor pausing before a raised platform on which stood the ancient throne chair of Zagau. He pointed a stubby forefinger at the high majestic chair.

The mountebank who sat on you is gone. The flag which was draped over your head will be replaced by the sickle and the hammer. The system is changed, but man remains the same. Let the people have their wrangling deputies! Let them think they govern themselves! Let the monkeys chatter until they are hoarse. I'll flatter them, and feed them when it is necessary, and keep their claws well clipped! I'll give them the glory and keep the power!

Slowly as if with a ceremonial tread, he stepped upon the raised dais and with a feeling of beatitude seated himself upon the throne. His coarse, short hands resting where had lain the jeweled hands of kings.

It will always be the same, he muttered, the survival of the fittest. The shrewd will rule. The driver cracks the whip and the oxen pull the cart. Gentle white hands held the reins—now they rest in my strong grasp. The driver's name is changed, that's all. Call him what you will, commissar or king, it doesn't matter much.

I wonder, he almost whispered to himself, I wonder how it would feel to be a king.

(To Be Continued)

**First Archbishop of Michigan Enthroned**

DETROIT, Aug. 3.—(AP)—Detroit became the seat of the 17th Roman Catholic Archdiocese in the United States and the Most Rev. Edward Mooney was enthroned as Michigan's first Archbishop today.

The history-making jurisdictional changes will continue tomorrow, when Archbishop Mooney installs the Most Rev. Joseph H. Albens, now Auxiliary Bishop of Cincinnati, as Bishop of the New Lansing (Mich.) diocese.

Five of the 10 Archbishops and 41 of the 58 Bishops who participated in today's ceremony will be in Lansing tomorrow for the installation, first official act of Michigan's Archbishop.

**Men Complete Long Journey On Wood Raft**

EDMONTON, August 4.—(CP)—Three Albertans conquered the Saskatchewan river's corkscrew currents after a week's battle and brought to dock here a 10,000-foot lumber raft from Buck Creek, 100 miles from here. After selling the lumber they will return for another consignment.

Mud-caked Nick Pekete, Elmer Bakos, his son-in-law and D. Comos spent 12 hours daily on the raft, going ashore to eat and sleep, and the journey required one week.

The first day they made 40 miles, but after that they had to man ashore sweeps to keep the craft clear of sand-bars and could make only 15 miles daily.

One day they swerved the raft to escape hitting a jagged rock and ploughed into a sand-bar. They strained all day backing it 100 yards up-stream when they turned in for the night. In the morning they found the raft in ebb water, high and dry.

There was nothing to be done but take it apart, dry the lumber and rebuild it. Three times that work had to be done in three days, and then their food ran out. "I began to look for someone to help us," said Bakos, "when Nick suddenly spotted a man fishing off-shore and we yelled to him to bring us food, which he did."

Bakos and Pekete had cut the spruce themselves at Buck Creek with an additional 170,000 feet which they had to leave behind until next trip. It took them four months to have the massive trees cut, sawed and trimmed.

**Fish Left High And Dry By Tide**

LISMORE, N. S. Aug. 1.—(CP)—More than 300 blackfish, tropical cousins of the porpoise, were left stranded on the shore of Northumberland Strait, near here, when, it is believed, they chased a school of herring too near land and were caught by a receding tide.

The big fish were caught in a high tide on July 23, and since then have been unable to free themselves. They ground their tails on the sand, and wriggled about without success. Many of them died in a short time, but almost three-quarters of them were alive three days later.

Just what can be done to remove them is not known. The odor of their putrefying bodies, from 10 to 17 feet in length, is quite easily detected far from the shore, and their dying gurgles can be heard for hundreds of feet.

**Queen's County Conservative Association ANNUAL MEETING**

On Thursday, the 12th day of August, 1937 at the hour of 7:30 p. m. in the Strand Theatre, Charlottetown.  
Each poll is entitled to send five delegates. Election of officers, election of delegates for Provincial Convention and other business to be taken up.  
R. R. BELL, Secretary.  
SAMUEL KENNEDY, President

**Island Police Force Modelled On "Mounties"**

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Aug. 1.—(CP)—Newfoundland's new Ranger Force, modelled on the lines of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, has passed its second year of existence with every indication the venture will prove an outstanding success. It is the confident hope of Newfoundlanders that their Rangers will build up a reputation similar to that of Canada's world-famous Mounties.

The Force now totals 65 men, 10 more than at the end of 1936. Already it has stirred the imaginations of the people with its reputation for reliability and service since its establishment in 1935. About \$104,000 has been allotted for the service in the 1937-38 budget, an increase of \$13,000 over last year.

Duties of the Ranger, like those of the Canadian Mountie, are varied and comprehensive. Sometimes he is acting as a Relieving Officer or as a Relief Inspector, sometimes as a Customs Collector or an Inspector of Weights and Measures. At other times he is a wreck and Salvage Commissioner, a Game Inspector or a Sawmill Inspector.

Besides these things, the Rangers have their regular police duties covering 70,000 square miles of territory so far taken over from the Newfoundland and Constabulary; duties that send the hardy constables over vast stretches of country, through every conceivable kind of territory to administer justice and to bring guidance to many a lonely Outport settlement where the Ranger has become the symbol of security and fair play.

One way in which the Rangers differ from their big brothers, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, is in the department with which they are affiliated. The Rangers, so far at least, have been under the control of the Department of Natural Resources in Newfoundland's Commission of Government, rather than under the Department of Justice.

Statistics show why this is so. During 1936, 46 per cent of the Ranger's duties had to do with the Department of Natural Resources, 35 per cent were on behalf of the Department of Public Health and Welfare, while only 17 per cent on their undertakings had to do with the Department of Justice.

The Rangers are seldom seen in St. John's. Theirs is the uniform of the densely-wooded sections of the interior, of the great inland rivers, or of the little fishing Outposts snuggled along the coastline where ordinary visitors seldom go.

High educational and physical standards have been set for those who wish to join the Rangers. This year, the training syllabus has been enlarged by a course in surveying to further increase the efficiency of the new Force.

"It is felt that, considering the short time in which the Force has been operating, the degree of efficiency attained has been very satisfactory," comments the annual report of the Commission of Government. "With the progress of time and the acquisition of practical field experience, this standard of efficiency will be increased. The versatility of the Ranger force is contributing to the improvement of social conditions in the Outports."

**Seven Fugitives Reach Trinidad**

PORT-OF-SPAIN, Trinidad, Aug. 3.—(AP)—Seven fugitives from the French penal colony at Cayenne here today after 18 days at sea in an open boat.

They were without food and water for the last four days of their more than 600 mile flight, they said.

The men escaped from the Cayenne prison on July 14, while the French colony celebrated Bastille Day—French national holiday.

One said he was Maurice Dekerkove, sentenced for a shooting affair. Two others were Italian Anti-Fascists who were sentenced for ignoring orders expelling them from France. The others said they were sentenced for counterfeiting or for theft.

**TELLS OF SNOW STORM IN JULY**

VICTORIA, B. C., August 4.—(CP)—A heavy snowstorm early in July which almost grounded an aviator in northern British Columbia was described by Clifford J. Rogers, official of the White Pass and Yukon Railway Route, visiting here.

Mr. Rogers said Pilot J. Mrow had told him he encountered a fierce snow storm while flying over northern British Columbia en route from Nome, Alaska, to Seattle, Wash., and a forced landing was narrowly averted. The storm struck him when he was between Hazelton and Atlin, but he managed to ride it out.

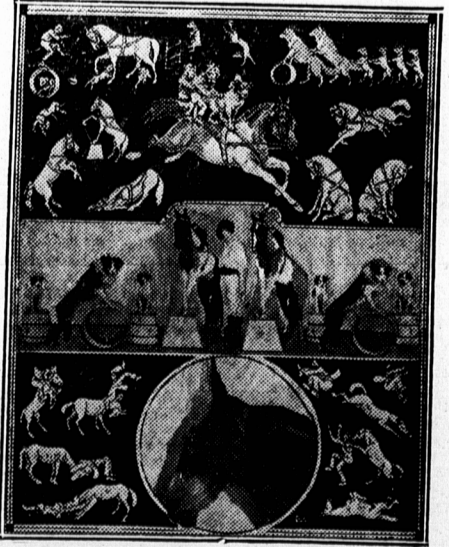
practical field experience, this standard of efficiency will be increased. The versatility of the Ranger force is contributing to the improvement of social conditions in the Outports."

**THE REXOLA TROUP**



Each member is a polished artist. As a sextet they engage in pyramid building and tumbling work. As a quintet they perform one of the speediest and most glittering skating acts known to the world of rollers. Few if any, troupes can parallel them for diversity—acrobatics and skating. Their perch act, which is the third performance they offer, is something that will surely interest you. It is balancing par excellence.

**Roberta's Circus**



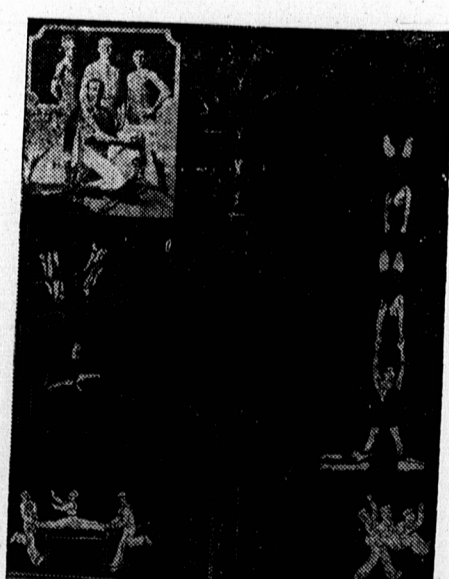
Miss Roberta is known as one of the great animal trainers of the world. Her name and fame is known over two continents. This Animal Circus which she will bring to Charlottetown is a creation of her own especially suited for Exhibitions. It has a galaxy of dogs, ponies and monkeys. These are dressed in gay and clever fashion. The star feature of the Roberta Animal Circus is a comedy mule of highly stubborn variety whose antics and death-dealing qualities of his hoofs provide a provoking finish and barrels of laughter.

**Young Ladell and Company**



Comedy gone wild. Comedy in every action of the circus artists known as Young Ladell and Company. These laugh-bringing clowns of the big tops have regaled audiences from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They have been with the biggest shows of all, both in Europe and America, and millions have rocked with laughter at their funny antics. You will be pleased with this feature.

**The Kings of the Air**



Four super-acrobats, coming all the way from sunny California to perform their daring acts 110 feet in the air for our Prince Edward Island audiences. Many of their aerial thrills you have probably witnessed in motion pictures and wondered how it was possible for human beings to execute them. In addition to their high acts they also perform on the spring board. Their volcanic act and balancing feats are unexcelled by any circus artists in the world. Their comedy act is a mixture of abandon and gaiety that invariably brings volleys of laughter from spectators. Three men and one lady. A lively one of the greatest acts ever brought to Canada. This will be its first appearance before a Canadian audience.