

**For Men WHO APPRECIATE COMFORT**



**\$5.75 SHOES WHOSE FINE DESIGN MAKE THEM THE CHOICE OF MEN WHO KNOW QUALITY, AND INSIST ON COMFORT**

Richmond Oxfords made in Kid, Calf, and Scotch Grain Leathers.

**SPECIAL: Men's Black Side Oxfords, Genuine Goodyear Welt, all sizes .... \$3.25**

**\$6.00 Men's Black Calf POLICE BOOT**  
Waterproof, leather lined, made with Barbour welt. Very Comfortable.  
Size 5 1/2 to 12.

Men's Fine Black Boots, on roomy comfortable lasts ..... \$2.75 \$3.95 \$5.75

**WE GUARANTEE COMFORTABLE FITTING**

**BRADY Footwear Company**

2515

**Tells Why Denmark**

(Continued from page 10)

**What Canada Can Learn**

Many lessons may be learned from this wonderful example of scientifically organized production and expert marketing. The first essential is organization, namely, the linking up of farmers into associations and friendly co-operation between curers and farmers. Every effort should be made to assist farmers in breeding the lean type of pig true to type and the right weight. The British are now accustomed to the highest standards of quality and uniformity as applying to all their food products. The Englishman is a gourmet at his table and only the best will satisfy him. Consequently, our production must be based on the requirements of the British market, and not on what we think the Englishman ought to eat.

Envisaging a development of the Empire bacon trade, some thought has been given to the development of Empire standards, and the adoption of the name "Empire Bacon." Falling this, every effort should be made to set a standard and advertise our products as "Canadian bacon." In this connection, attention should be given to the standard adopted for the "National Mark" grade in the United Kingdom.

**Commercial and Show Merit**

Emphasis should be laid upon the commercial merits of stock submitted at agricultural shows. The Hon. Robt. Weir made a point in this connection when he criticized the manuring and massage methods used to prepare pigs for prize shows, where the standards of judgment were not entirely com-

**Spinning and Weaving**

Send me in your wool to be spun into Yarn and wove into Blankets. The charges are: single yarn 23 cents doubled 26 cents per pound. Blankets \$2.00, and if unlaundered \$1.85; it takes five lbs. of wool per blanket. Wool must be well washed and all dirt and burrs picked out. The size of single yarn is medium, and doubled yarn fine, medium, coarse and hooking yarn. Put shipper's name on all parcels and owner's name, address and instructions inside. Send by mail or freight. Freight will be paid on 100 lb. lots.

WM. LANDRIGAN, 65 Queen Street, Charlottetown.

**SUMMERSIDE GUARDIAN and Prince County Chronicle**

—This column is reserved for news of local interest but advertising of a new nature may be inserted at 2 cents a word strictly payable in advance.

—SHEER STEEL butcher knives, Diston meat saws, in stock at Brace's. 2685.

—MOTORS start easy when filled with Mobiloil Arctic light motor oil. Sold by Brace's. 2585.

—SEE THE LADIES' and Misses Hats selling for \$1.00 and \$1.50. New styles. Sinclairs' Millinery Department. 2572.

—BUY AUTO TIRES, chains and blow-out patches at Brace's. 2685.

—GET YOUR LADIES' COAT at Sinclair & Stewart Limited, Ready to Wear Department, where you see the best assortment in the Province. 2572.

—MISSION CIRCLE ENTERTAINED—Miss Effie McKay entertained the members of the Mission Circle of Trinity United Church at her home on Central Street, Summerside, this week. S.

—SUCCESSFUL TEA—The Flora Toombs Mission Circle held a very successful supper in Wilmot Valley hall on Wednesday evening. The tables were prettily decorated and well patronized. Mr. George Bowness, Mr. W. E. Forbes and Mr. Erel Schurman entertained the guests with old time favourite songs. Miss Besje Smallman accompanied them on the piano and also assisted in the singing. At the close of the supper several cakes were auctioned off by Mr. Large. The proceeds were for missions. S.

—W. M. S. MEETING—The monthly meeting of the W. M. S. of Trinity United Church was held in Epworth Hall on Wednesday, the president, Mrs. Lucas R. Allen, presided, assisted by Mrs. Benjamin Godkin. The meeting was opened with the hymn, "Peace Perfect Peace." The call to worship was answered by "Glorious God in the Highest." "Peace" was the general theme of the meeting. Mrs. Geo. M. Mutart gave a very interesting account of the last monthly meeting. Mrs. Geo. Sheen, the treasurer, submitted her report which was most encouraging showing that the donations had already reached that paid in for the whole of last year. Interesting articles regarding work in foreign missions were submitted by different members. Mrs. A. S. McKay rendered very acceptably "Come Holy Spirit." S.

—LECTURE ON LONDON BY REV. C. J. ST. CLAIR JEANS—A very interesting lantern lecture was given on Thursday evening in the hall of the Presbyterian Church by Rev. C. J. St. Clair Jeans on London, the greatest city in the world. In his lecture Rev. Mr. Jeans emphasized the fact that London is the most modern city in the world, besides being a city whose ancient buildings stand intact today and not in ruins as so many old cities are. Pictures of Lombard Street, the Royal Exchange and the Mansion House and a glimpse of the Bank of England, where the finances of the world are controlled were interesting. The Thames, where ships from all parts of the world bring the products of every country to London's doors; St. Paul's Cathedral in the heart of the city was shown; the exterior and the interior with the magnificent altar. Some other interesting scenes of London life were depicted and the lecturer gave a very graphic description of every aspect of life in London, where rich and poor mingle together and citizens of every nation dwell in peace and security. London is the only real cosmopolitan city and that for reason has a charm all its own, which is acknowledged by visitors from every country, who have been there. The lecture was under the auspices of the Girl's Club. S.

—DR. A. S. Mc Kay and his daughter, Miss Effie, accompanied by Mrs. (Dr.) Gale left this morning for Boston. Mrs. Gale will go on to Marblehead, Mass., for the winter months. Mr. McKay and Miss Effie will visit Mr. McKay's son, Mr. Albert T. McKay and his family, in Boston. Mr. McKay will address the members of the Men's Club of Rosindale, Mass., on November 15th. The club includes members of the Congregational, Baptist, Methodist and Unitarian Churches. S.

—FRIENDS will be pleased to learn that Master Peter Miller is making a good recovery from his serious accident last Friday when the wheels of a heavy truck passed over his body. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Miller of Eilerslie. S.

—Miss Jennie Bowness was the hostess this week for the Ladies Social Club of Trinity United Church. S.

—The Study Group of the W. M. S. of Trinity United Church met at the home of Mrs. L. R. Allen on Thursday evening and a very profitable hour was spent. S.

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**Jack Miner**

(Continued from page 10)

others strung around our necks, and with each a pair of those old-fashioned cow-hide boots on. We started by hand over those soft, sticky, newly-built clay roads, a great percentage of it running through the unfenced forest; and by the time we got there I can assure you those twelve decoys were heavier than they were when we started. It was a beautiful night; the moon which was only a few days old, lay on its back in the southwest, those two little, sharp, bright horns almost outlining the picture of a full moon. To think of it, even now calls to my memory a sweet little song my older sister sang to me when I was but a lad:

"Oh, Mama, how pretty the moon is tonight;  
'Twas never so lovely before,  
With its two little horns, so sharp and so bright—  
I hope they don't grow any more!  
If I were up with you and my friends  
We'd rock in its nicely, you see;  
We'd sit in the middle and hang on to both ends,  
And what a nice cradle 'twould be!

We'd call to the stars to get out of our way  
Or else we would rock on their toes,  
And there we would sit till the dawn of the day  
And see where the pretty moon goes.

Oh, there we would rock, in the beautiful skies,  
And through the bright clouds we would roam;  
We'd see the sunset, and see the sun rise,  
And on the next rainbow come home."

Soon we made our way into the cedars and found our boat just as we had left it. Then we carried the decoys back to the lake shore again, and as we put them down on the sand, Ted suggested we carry old driftwood and build our "blind" ready for the morning's sport. Even with this we weren't satisfied, but we also waded out in the shallow water, threw out our decoys, and had the pleasure of seeing the sinking moon glitter over the rippling waves of beautiful Lake Erie on to the sides of our newly-painted decoys. Then we started back into the cedars.

In those days there were about twenty acres of this red-cedar jungle and in some places one could not see a man over twenty-five feet away. The camping place we selected was about twenty feet in diameter, partly surrounded on three sides with a bank of sand fully six feet high, heavily capped with cedars. Here we gathered dry twigs and built a fire. Then we dragged the boat over and turned it on its side, thus filling the gap and making almost a complete circle around our fire. After gathering armful after armful of wood for our night's fuel and cutting lots of cedar boughs for our bed, we sat down to rest. The sand was dry, and as the night was still, a very little fire kept us quite comfortable. Then we pulled off our cowhide boots and set them back on the opposite side of our fire. They made great reflectors, mine especially; for although I was only sixteen years old, most of my growth had gone into foundation.

Ted allowed his boots were French kip; I said mine were cowhide. This sprouted moustache as he remarked, "Jack, to look at them from here, one would think they were cows' fathers' hides."

As I got up and dropped another stick or two on our fire, Ted spoke up quite cheerfully, "Jack, let me tell you just what this made me think of. You know the other night when I was down at that country dance, I ran across one of the sweetest French dolls it has ever been my pleasure to meet. She was a real little bird of life, and the more I danced with her the more I wanted to, and really I began to think I held a hand bigger than a foot. Finally as we were standing on the corner, awaiting our turn

**Keep Your Motor Young**  
Use **WINTER GRADE Marvelube**  
Sold at Imperial Oil Dealers' and Service Stations. Drive in today!

Sold at Imperial Oil Dealers' and Service Stations. Drive in today!

to swing, she nudged me and as I leaned over she whispered in my ear, 'Mr. Miner, don't you think if you were to trade your cowhide boots off for a pair of light shoes it would be easier on this man's white ash floor?'

About the next suggestion was to eat our lunch so as not to be bothered with it in the morning. This piece of work was eagerly accomplished, only the programme was, as together too short at the one end, as I could almost feel the pieces of dead hog and hunks of bread strike the log I was sitting on. However we were compelled to be satisfied.

As we sat there watching the sparks disappear into the darkness we could hear the lonely hoot of the owl in the distance; and the swish-sh, swish-sh-sh-sh, of the small waves on the lake a few rods to the south of us; and from the slow to the north came the faint creak-k, creak-k-k-k, of the little spring frogs, as much as to say, "Go to sleep. Go to sleep." All at once Ted's voice rang out, "Wake up, Jack!" and really our surroundings were so completely covered with Nature she had closed my eyes and I did not know it. Shortly the wind started moaning through the cedars, and we imagined we could feel a change in the atmosphere, and brother suggested we crawl in under our boat and have a sleep. So we straightened the soft cedar boughs around as best we could on the dry sand, crawled in, letting the boat down over each other very closely. The next I knew I was lying on my side with brother's warm arms around me, but my eyes were open, and I imagined I could see light under the boat; so I raised it up. Ted spoke first, "Jack, look at the snow!" And really the sight almost caused me to doubt his own eyes, for everything was hanging with snow; the only bare spot was the small pile of smouldering ashes; those cowhide boots were simply snowed full. To make bad matters worse the wind was in the north and it was still snowing.

Well, we knocked it out of our boots the best we could and put them on. While I was fixing and blowing smoke in my eyes out of the fire, trying to get it started, Ted knocked the snow off his gun and went to see if the decoys were all right, and before I got the blaze going I heard "Bang!" I only thought he was trying to dry his gun out, but presently I heard "Bang!" again. Then I knocked the snow off my shooting outfit and made fresh tracks toward him. I found him quite excited. "Jack, hurry! The ducks are coming by the thousands!" There were about fifty or more in the decoys when I came. "Look! Here they come again! Get in the 'blind' and keep your red head down!" and he continued pricking dry powder in the tube of his gun with a pin. As about twenty-five ducks hovered to alight we rose up and lit into them. That he did, and down came three; but my old gun just went "Snap! Snap!"

Ted sprang to his feet and said, "Prick some dry powder in the tubes of your gun while I go and get the boat," and just as I was in the middle of this operation brother shouted from the edge of the cedars, "Jack, get ready; here they come again." So I slipped a cap on each tube, but none too quickly, for the ducks were upon me, "Snap! Bang!" and down came

a big red-headed drake. Brother fairly ran with the boat on his shoulders, a paddle in one hand; and then the real fun began, for it wasn't a case of looking for ducks, but how fast could we load those old soft-coal burners and get the fuse started. Although some of the decoys were half covered with snow, yet the ducks would alight right among them while we were standing up loading our guns; really the snowy air seemed full of them, and we had the pleasure of seeing five tumble out of one flock. Soon our empty powder horns compelled us to stop shooting; but this did not stop the sport by any means, for there we lay low in our "blind" and watched and studied these migrating birds, as flock after flock settled down among our decoys, until I firmly believe there were over two hundred blue-bills, canvas-backs, red-heads, golden-eyes, ruddies and so forth, within gunshot of our hiding place.

But like lots of other good times, it had to come to a close and about eight o'clock the storm ceased, it cleared off and the ducks got wise and scarce.

So we picked up the decoys and hid them in the dry sand, carried our boat to its hiding place, and about 10 a.m. we shouldered our thirty-seven ducks and started for home.

The snow was now nearly all melted on the road, leaving the clay so sticky that we decided to go home through the woods and fields. But our heavy load of ducks and the spongy fields made our travelling real hard work, and our progress was of the very slowest character. The farther we went, the slower our gait, for our steam was gradually running down. And how we thought of the basket of grub dear mother wanted us to take! Finally we crossed the last road and the next house to become visible was ours: How high some of those old rain fences did seem, and how my stomach did gnaw for just one bit of food! Talk about Esau selling his birthright for a plate of porridge! really there was such an aching void in me I would willingly have given my birthright, or birthwrong, for just one handful of corn-mush and pork-grease.

As we neared the house mother came to meet us. Glancing over her glasses, she said, "Are you hungry boys? Let me carry some of your ducks. How many did you get? Aren't they beauties! Now sit down boys, and I will have your lunch ready in a few minutes." Just then the old clock said "Three." Here we had been nearly five hours coming that many miles.

But just the same, this was a real outing for your life, and as I went to bed I can remember mother and my younger sisters starting to pick ducks. When I descended the old-fashioned stairway again it was Sunday.

**for BURNS**  
This equal parts of Minard's and sweet oil, cover all, or cream. Spread on burn or scald. Apply to burn or scald. Before using the is painful smarting stage.

**MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT**

**EASTERN GUARDIAN**

—This column is reserved for news of local interest but advertising of a new nature may be inserted at 2 cents a word strictly payable in advance.

..\*SUBSCRIPTIONS to The Charlottetown Guardian may be handed to their Rept. Archie Hume, or left at H. J. Mabon's Drug Store, Montague.

..\*SOURIS SUB-DIVISION CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE—The October meeting of the Souris Sub-Division of the C. W. L. was held on Sunday, October 22nd with an attendance of 21 members. Meeting was presided over by Mrs. F. A. Rooney, the President, who gave a most interesting report of the Convention held in Charlottetown. The Treasurer's report being read showed a neat sum in the bank after the payment of various bills. An interesting feature of this meeting was the presence of Rev. I. R. A. McDonald, who spoke of the wonderful good which is being done by the C. W. L. and congratulated the Souris Sub-Division on their success during the past year. On behalf of the Souris Sub-Division of the C. W. L., the President extended sincere sympathy to Father Murray, Mrs. Daniel Mooney and Mrs. Walter Cheverie on their recent sad bereavements. The meeting closed with the singing of a hymn. The regular monthly meeting was held on November 5th at which 15 members were present, with Mrs. P. A. Rooney, President, presiding. The meeting proceeded in the usual manner and many business matters were discussed. The Delegates expenses were voted paid, and it was also decided that in future the delegates expenses be paid on presentation of bill for same. Several ladies in the rural parts of the Parish were appointed Councilors, in order that new members be procured. The Entertainment Committee were authorized to proceed to any entertainment they deemed advisable for raising funds. Meeting was then adjourned.

**Winnipeg Hockeyists Visit Maritimes**

(Special to The Guardian) MONCTON, N. B., Nov 9—The Canadian National hockey team of Winnipeg arrived in Moncton on the Ocean Limited this afternoon to play a series of four games in the Maritimes. The first game will be against the Moncton Hawks holders of the Allan Cup, tomorrow (Friday) night. Following this the Winnipeg puck chasers will play the Halifax Wolverines at Halifax on Monday, November 13th, following which they will play the Abegweit at Charlottetown on Wednesday, November 15th, winding up with a game against the Beavers in Saint John on November 17th. In charge of the team is Mr. W. G. Monson, Sr., and the players include Harold McQuade, goal, Gordon McLean, Tono McDonald and Hob Wilson, defence, Walter Monson and Harry Neil, centre, Duke Campbell, Joe Cross, left wing, Norman Molloy, Fred Carter and Alex Shibeck, right wing. Some good games should be witnessed as the Westerners are a very strong working outfit. Both Walter Monson and Norman Molloy played on the famous Winnipeg team which won the last Olympic hockey championship at Lake Placid.

**Bringing Up Father**

THROUGH YOUR STUPIDITY, OUR SON HAS BEEN LEFT OUT OF THE WILL. YOU WIRE THE DEAN AND TELL HIM SO?

I DID, DARLIN'.

TELEGRAM FOR YOU, SIR, AND IT'S COLLECT.

MUST BE FROM ONE OF MAGGIE'S RELATIONS.

NO, IT'S AN ANSWER TO ME TELEGRAM TO THE DEAN OF THE UNIVERSITY TELLING HIM THAT ME SON WOULD'N'T ARRIVE FER ANOTHER WEEK.

MAGGIE, THE DEAN SAYS HE RECEIVED TELEGRAM AN. THANKS ME FER THE GOOD NEWS.

By George McManus

**COAL**  
Best grade Welsh Hard Coal—Nut or Cobble  
Very special price **\$13.90** spot cash.  
VICTORIA . . . SYDNEY . . . BRADORE  
Screened **\$7.75**  
Slack coal for blowers **\$5.00**  
**H. R. LARGE & CO.**  
58 Queen Street Tel. 1000