

Carter's Feed Store

We have in stock a fair supply of FEEDS including:

- BRAN SHORTS
- OIL CAKE MEAL
- SUGAR BEET PULP
- SCHUMACHER FEED
- CRACKED CORN
- FEED CORN MEAL
- WHEAT GERM MEAL
- TABLE CORN MEAL
- ROLLED OATS
- CRUSHED GRAIN
- FEED OATS
- FEED WHEAT
- FOX BISCUIT
- FRESH BUCKWHEAT FLOUR
- 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

POTATOES WANTED

ann mixed ears Vegetables. Wire collect quantity and price.

J. B. FODEY, Regina, Sask.

POTATOES AND TURNIPS

We will be buying every day at our warehouse "Hogan's Wharf," highest prices for good stock. Accommodation for Boat loads.

J. LESTER DOUGLAS, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Phones 798 and 938. 7727-9-19-1mo.

Professional Cards

Prohibition Commission Chairman, Mr. GEORGE E. BROWN, Margate, P. E. I.

Chief Inspector, B. J. Haywood 75 Dorchester Street, Charlottetown. Phone 709 2101-11-16-1yr.

Mark R. McGuigan, B. A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

McLeod & Bentley W. E. BENTLEY, K. G. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law Office: 180 Richmond Street MONEY TO LOAN Charlottetown, P. E. I.

McDonald & McPhee B. A. J. A. McDONALD, H. F. MCPHEE BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN Ritley Building, Charlottetown

Stewart & Lowther J. D. STEWART, K. G. N. W. LOWTHER BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. 84 Great George Street MONEY TO LOAN

Dr. D. T. Wayne DENTAL SURGEON 130 Richmond Street Charlottetown, P. E. I. Office Hours: Phone 843 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

ALMOST FRANTIC WITH HEADACHE

Kidney Trouble and Weakness Relieved by "Fruit-a-tives"



MRS. TESSIER
"I was very weak because of Kidney Trouble and suffered with terrible Headaches," says Mrs. Tessier, St. Jean de Matha, P. Q. "I was treated for a long time and was just about discouraged when I learned of 'Fruit-a-tives.' Improvement came with the first few doses, and in six months the kidney trouble, weakness and headaches were gone. 'Fruit-a-tives' regulates the bowels, kidneys and skin—purifies the blood—and brings sound, vigorous health. Try this wonderful medicine made of fruit juices combined with the finest medicinal ingredients. 25c. and 50c. a box—at dealers everywhere."

NOTICE

Bids received immediately for moving my dwelling house from Alexandra to ranch, also stumping 2 acres at ranch.

ARTHUR WOOD.

9785-11-16-31.

AUCTION SALE

I am instructed by Oswald P. Kelly to sell by Public Auction on his premises at Kelly's Cross, on Wednesday the 20th day of November, A. D. 1929, at one o'clock P. M. sharp, his Stock, Crop and Implements. For particulars see handbills. Also at the same time and place his farm of 87 acres at Kelly's Cross and 50 acres in South Melville. Will be offered for rent.

JOHN P. BRADLEY, Auctioneer.

9783-11-15-19-19.

AUCTION SALE AT HIGHFIELD

I am instructed to sell by Public Auction on the premises at Highfield in Queen's County on Saturday the 23rd day of November A. D. 1929 at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., 9 acres of land with grove suitable for Fox Ranch, also 2 acres with buildings, formerly owned by Mrs. John Wyatt, the property of the late Samuel C. Pierce.

MACKINNON & McNEILL, Solicitors.

B. CARTER, Auctioneer.

9802-71

PEERLESS FOX NETTING



"WHAT WE HAVE WELL HOLD"
"It's Better to be Sure Than Sorry"

Your Foxes are the most profitable investment that you have. Are you going to lose them, by using any other Netting than Peerless?
"Certainly not."
"Why?"

"Because, you feel at ease knowing that the best 'QUALITY NETTING' is protecting your Foxes.

This netting is GALVANIZED before and after being woven.

Hangs Flat without bagging or sagging and makes a perfect fence.

Can be erected by an "AMATEUR." SPECIALLY MADE FOR US. OUR PRICES ARE THE BEST ON THE ISLAND.

McGOWAN'S LIMITED.

Kilmuir

The Rogers Hardware Company, Ltd.

The 7 DIALS MYSTERY

By Agatha Christie

CONTINUED

A MEETING OF THE SEVEN DIALS

It would be well to pass over the sufferings of the next four hours as quickly as possible. Bundle found her position extremely cramped. She had judged that the meeting, if meeting there was to be, would take place at a time when the club was in full swing—somewhere probably between the hours of midnight and 2 a. m.

She was just deciding that it must be at least 6 o'clock in the morning when a wonderful sound came to her ears, the sound of the unlocking of a door.

In another minute the electric light was switched on. The hum of voices, which had come to her for a minute or two rather like the far-off roar of sea waves, ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and Bundle heard the sound of a bolt shot. Clearly some one had come in from the gaming room next door, and she paid tribute to the thoroughness with which the communicating door had been rendered sound proof.

In another minute the intruder came into her line of vision—a line of vision that was necessarily somewhat incomplete but which yet answered its purpose. A tall man, broad shouldered and powerful looking, with a long black beard. Bundle remembered having seen him sitting at one of the baccarat tables on the preceding night.

This, then, was Alfred's mysterious Russian gentleman, the proprietor of the club, the sinister Mr. Mosgorovsky. Bundle's heart beat faster with excitement. So little did she resemble her father that at this minute she fairly glowered in the extreme discomfort of her position.

HIS FACE MASKED

The Russian remained for some minutes standing by the table, stroking his beard. Then he drew a watch from his pocket and glanced at the time. Nodding his head as though satisfied, he again turned his hand into his pocket, and pulling out something that Bundle could not see, he moved out of her line of vision.

When he reappeared again she could hardly help giving a gasp of surprise.

His face was now covered by a mask, but hardly a mask in the conventional sense. It was not shaped to the fact. It was a mere piece of material hanging in front of the features like a curtain in which two slits were pierced for the eyes. In shape it was round and on it was the representation of a clock face, with the hands pointing to 6 o'clock.

"The Seven Dials!" said Bundle to herself. And at that minute there came a new sound—seven muffled taps. Mosgorovsky strode across to where Bundle knew was the other cupboard door. She heard a sharp click and then the sound of greetings in a foreign tongue.

Presently she had a view of the new comers.

They also wore clock masks, but in their case the hands were in a different position—4 o'clock and 5 o'clock respectively.

Both men were in evening dress—but with a difference. One was an elegant, slender young man wearing evening clothes of exquisite cut. The grace with which he moved was foreign rather than English. The other man could be better described as wiry and lean. His clothes fitted him sufficiently well, but no more, and Bundle guessed at his nationality even before she heard his voice.

"I reckon we're the first to arrive at this little meeting."

A full pleasant voice with a slight American drawl and an inflection of Irish behind it.

The elegant young man said in good, but slightly stilted, English: "I had much difficulty in getting away tonight. These things do not always arrange themselves fortunately. I am not, like No. 4 here, my own master."

Bundle tried to guess at his nationality. Until he spoke she had thought he might be French, but the accent was not a French one. He might possibly, she thought, be an Austrian, or a Hungarian, or even a Russian.

Lord Punctford is one Brown's particular heroes. "He was a tall, heavy man of ruddy complexion, a typical Englishman. When he landed as the first Ambassador in 1893, he immediately impressed the Americans. He was here for 13 years and he died here. It was about five or six o'clock in the morning when he died. The news was carried very soon to the White House—Lord Pauncefoot and the Roosevelts were

own master. Bundle tried to guess at his nationality. Until he spoke she had thought he might be French, but the accent was not a French one. He might possibly, she thought, be an Austrian, or a Hungarian, or even a Russian.

THE PROCEEDINGS BEGIN

The American moved to the other side of the table and Bundle heard a chair being pulled out.

"One o'clock's being a great success," he said. "I congratulate you on taking the risk."

Five o'clock shrugged his shoulders. "Unless one takes risks—" He left the sentence unfinished.

Again seven taps sounded and Mosgorovsky moved across to the secret door.

She failed to catch anything definite for some moments, since the whole company were out of sight, but presently she heard the bearded Russian's voice upstairs.

"Shall we begin proceedings?" He himself came around the table and took the seat next to the armchair at the top. Sitting thus, he was directly facing Bundle's cupboard.

The elegant five o'clock took the place next to him. The third chair that side was out of Bundle's sight, but the American, No. 4 moved into her line of vision for a moment or two before he sat down.

On the near side of the table also only two chairs were visible, and as she watched a hand turned the second—really the middle chair—down and then with a swift movement one of the newcomers brushed past the cupboard and took the chair opposite Mosgorovsky.

Whoever sat there had, of course, their back directly turned to Bundle—and it was at that back that Bundle was staring with a good deal of interest beautiful woman very much décolleté.

It was she who spoke first. Her voice was musical, foreign—with a deep seductive note in it. She was glancing toward the empty chair at the head of the table.

"So we are not to see No. 7 tonight?" she said. "Tell me, my friends, shall we ever see him?"

"That's darned good," said the American. "Darned good! As for 7 o'clock—I'm beginning to believe there is no such person."

"I should not advise you to think that, my friend," said the Russian pleasantly.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

Old Embassy Echoes Famous Ambassadors

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 4 (By Ken Clark, Canadian Press Staff Correspondent) A Canadian, a stranger in Washington, astonished his guide by pointing out the old British Embassy on Connecticut Avenue. "It's the sort of place an Englishman in this city would pick out for his home," he explained, "solid, comfortable, a little imposing in quite way. I knew at once it was the Embassy."

Charles Brown, O. B. E., messenger at the Embassy for 42 years, would have echoed the sentiments. In his dual role as faithful servant and valued acquaintance of a dozen ambassadors Brown has had ample opportunity to observe the characteristics of the British abroad. Of the embassy on Massachusetts Avenue he says: "The British have always preferred residences differing architecturally from the common in whatever place they happened to be. The English houses are very distinctive yet homelike. I think" if this may be said of the Embassy designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, the time-worn building soon to be vacated, certainly merits the compliment. It looks as if Englishmen had lived there and been easy there.

They have done so since 1872. Brown, his dark face lively with memory, talks of the old days, the times of Lord Julian, Pauncefoot, Sir Michael Herbert, Sir Mortimer Durand, Lord Bryce, Sir Cecil Spring Rice, Sir Auckland Geddes. Lord Pauncefoot died at his post here, and his life and death in the old Embassy will be recorded in the book "Forty years in a Diplomatic School" which Brown will shortly publish. The book will also tell how, for his long service, Brown received the Order of the British Empire, and in what manner the Prince of Wales complimented him.

Lord Punctford is one Brown's particular heroes. "He was a tall, heavy man of ruddy complexion, a typical Englishman. When he landed as the first Ambassador in 1893, he immediately impressed the Americans. He was here for 13 years and he died here. It was about five or six o'clock in the morning when he died. The news was carried very soon to the White House—Lord Pauncefoot and the Roosevelts were



"Can't fool me, Mom — it's Clark's Pea Soup!"

MOM is certainly some cook. Been cooking for our family for twenty years (so Pop says). But when it comes to soup... CLARK'S SOUP! ... she says she couldn't make such good soup no matter how she tried (and, if you knew my Mom that's some compliment).

"Miss Crabbe (she's my teacher) says that there is nothing worse than being late for school... well! I wouldn't mind missing school, but gee! I'd hate to miss a plate of this Clark's Pea Soup!" Here is a soup to satisfy a real husky child's appetite. A pure wholesome food... made from big, garden-grown peas... seasoned to a nicety... no adulterants added. Such delicious soup as this could be the only result.



The contents of Clark's Pea Soup have passed Federal Government inspection.

CLARK'S SOUPS

- TOMATO VEGETABLE ONTARIO
- CHEESE PEA GREEN PEA
- MUTTON BROTH SCOTCH BROTH
- MOCK TURTLE JULIENNE CELERY
- MULLIGATAWNY CONSOMME



Made in Canada

W. CLARK LIMITED, Establishments at MONTREAL, P. Q., ST. REMI, P. Q., and HARRISBURG, ONT.

brought from the Crystal Palace in London. On a table in a silver frame is an autographed portrait of Prime Minister, Mackenzie King and a similar study of the Canadian Minister, Hon. Vincent Massey is set atop the grand piano. Showing the immense Walnut staircase in the entrance hall, Brown continues talking rapidly

and familiarity of all the persons and doings in the old Embassy. "It has been a great pleasure for me in my own station to see so many gentlemen come back as Ambassadors after they have been here in other positions," he says. "Sir Esme-Howard who has been Ambassador here for seven years now, was here 20 years ago as Counsellor."

"There was a wedding here too, during his time Sir Robert Bromley married the third daughter of Lord Pauncefoot. It was a very important social event. Lord Pauncefoot entertained splendidly... It made them—the diplomatic—corps—sit up and take notice, as it were."

Brown's knowledge of Embassy affairs is not confined to the personal history of the men who lived there. He has kept strict account in his diary of the treaties and conventions which had their origin in the house or passed through the hands of the ambassadors, and he shows to the favored visitor, the white desk on which the first drafts of international agreements were drawn.

"In those days all the furnishings of the Embassy were Walnut, the desks, the chairs, the closets for linen and clothes presses. It has all been modernized now," he says with a trace of regret in his voice. "Here in the ball room were deep cushioned lounges instead of these gilt chairs and sofas. Brown has no complaint to make of the twentieth century but he is obviously of the elder school."

The ball room is a beautiful chamber, graciously proportioned, hospitable and stately. The chandelier once bright with 100 candles, has been improved with the invention of Thomas Edison: It sheds its light over the great rug of taupe and rose

A chair or a table can make a bright spot of a dull corner and prove a source of interest and beauty.

You can also make very pretty decorations by the use of a little spare time and at small cost, by touching up old shaped bottles and dishes—These are also very pretty for Christmas Gifts.

This is not at all a boring task, you will find it so interesting finding new color schemes and drawing new designs that you will change your decorations oftener and make your home a thing of variety and beauty.



Old English Wax

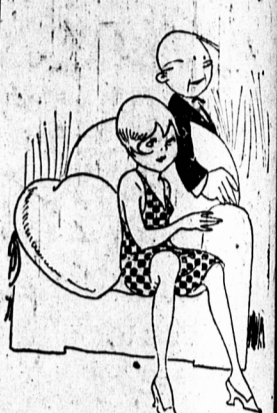
Price—Only 75c 1 lb. can

The Rogers Hardware Company Limited

SMILES



"Garden hose has a run in Summer and chilton hose the year around."



Miss Coed: The girls are to have running races this afternoon. Mr. Gurl: What does the starter start them with—a pistol? Miss Coed: Oh, no; he simply yells "mouse!"



"He's got a remarkable wife." "In what way?" "She always remembers to buy matches before the last box is used."



"You say you are engaged. Then I guess there's no hope for me." "Cheer up, many a favorite has been beaten by a rank outsider."

"Does your husband ever take any hard exercise?" "Well, last week he was out seven nights running."

CLEARANCE Auction Sale

Owing to ill-health I will sell on my premises at Milton, Lot 32, on WEDNESDAY, THE 20th DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1929 AT 1.00 P. M. The following Stock, Crop and Implements:—

- STOCK—1 general purpose mare 8 years old; 1 mare 7 years old, good driver; 1 cow 4 years old, (Guernsey grade) due to freshen May 23; 1 cow 3 years old, (Guernsey grade) due to freshen May 26; 1 cow 8 years old, (Guernsey grade) newly freshened; 1 cow 6 years old to freshen December 1st; 1 heifer 1 1/2 years old due to freshen July 1st; 1 Guernsey grade bull calf; 2 brood sows, 1 to farrow January 27th.
- CROP—300 bushel oats; 5 tons hay and a quantity of straw, 150 bushels turnips, 50 bushels Irish Cobbler seed potatoes.
- IMPLEMENTS—2 driving wagons, 1 truck wagon, 1 cart, 1 box sleigh, 1 wood sleigh, 1 hay mower (McCormick) 1 set disc harrows (M. H.), 1 set 3 horse disc harrows (McCormick) 1 potato scuffer, 1 hiller, 1 potato sprayer, 1 single plow, 1 gang plow, 1 gaso'ine engine (Empire), 7 H. P. Renfrew Scales; also double and single harness.

Twelve months credit on approved joint notes, 6 per cent off for cash. If day proves stormy, sale will be held the following day.

ERNEST CRABBE, Owner.

ALEX MacRAE, Auctioneer

9745-11-14thm1929