

BE GAY AGAIN!

DON'T be terrorized by scallines. Forget the peril of gum troubles by doing two simple things: Visiting your dentist regularly—and use Squibb Dental Cream. Squibb's gives the utmost protection a dentifrice can give. It cleans effectively, polishes safely.

Many dentists advise the use of Squibb's ORAL PERRORATE in its dry form in the toothbrush twice during the week in conjunction with Squibb's Dental Cream.



SQUIBB

"A NAME YOU CAN TRUST"

NOTICE

1.—For Sale, Lowden Property, House and Lot No. 163 Water St.
2.—To Let, Flat Lowden Apartment, Haviland St., City.
Apply Gaudet & Haszard.
L-538-9-22-25-28

Spinning and Weaving

Send me your wool to be spun into Yarn and weaved into Blankets. The charges are: single yarn 23 cents, doubled 26 cents per pound. Blankets \$2.00 laundried; and if unlaundried, \$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 40-weight yarn fine, medium, and coarse, also 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.

Professional Cards

NORMAN W. LOWTHER
Barrister & Attorney at Law
86 Great George Street
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
MONEY TO LOAN

Alex. W. Matheson
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
Money to Loan. Collections.
Office: 140 Richmond Street.

Prohibition Commission
Chas. H. Black, Chairman,
Charlottetown.

Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peters.
John Simpson, Hamilton.
Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to Inspector J. Frisps, R. C. M. P., Charlottetown.

McLEOD & BENTLEY
J. A. BENTLEY
W. E. BENTLEY, R. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
MONEY TO LOAN
Office: 180 Richmond Street

Gwynneth F. Coombs
will open a Pianoforte Class
on October 1st. Studio 40
Victory Avenue.
L-278-9-15-21-1 mo.

Harry Gomez F.C.C.M.
VIOLINIST
Stanley, Shaw and Pearson, Bldg.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
INSTRUCTION IN VIOLIN AND THEORY
L-416-9-18-21

Pair of Eyeglasses
When you need them is one of the best investments you could make.
Many who procured satisfactory Glasses from us will back up this statement.
E. W. TAYLOR
J. S. TAYLOR
Optometrists
Charlottetown and Alberton

The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. & A. M. Williamson

BETTY IS DECEIVED

"Yes, go," decided Rose delighted with Paul's criticism. "If you don't, she'll think I'm keeping you away because I'm jealous, and I'm not a bit—never was."
"There was never any cause," said the Prince, while the letters that Betty held over his head as a threat loomed perilous as Damocles' sword. "I'm come back as soon as I can escape from her without being rude."
He was sincerely anxious to get back, for Rose—whom he might lose—had never seemed so attractive, and he actively hated the woman who had the power to ruin him. If a wish could have killed, Paul di Salvano would have shot an invisible arrow straight into Betty Sheridan's heart.

As he threaded his way between tables, until he reached her, Paolo hastily planned his campaign. By the time he had pressed her hand, gazed into her eyes, and sat down beside her, he had seen a way to save himself. It was a terrible way, but he could think of no other, and he would take it. The thought of what must be done made him feel slightly sick. But he had not been through the war for nothing.

At midnight, Betty was sitting on deck, wearing white, so she had told Paolo that she would do. She had chosen a white evening gown of "shadow lace," sewn all over with little sparkling crystals. There was an under-dress of silver tissue, and her slippers were silver, with big buckles of old paste. A band of brilliant streaked her forehead and pale hair with light, and the cloak flung over the chair—back was of silver brocade lined with ermine. As the moon flooded her figure she glittered from head to foot, and it seemed to her that she must be very beautiful.

She compared herself with Rose Callahan, shrugging her shoulders, and watching her dress sparkle as she moved towards the rail to watch for Paolo's boat.

It was coming! Betty saw the Arab rower, and the black form in the distance. The woman whom the world seemed to be moving silently towards her across the still waters. She drew in a deep breath, holding the shiny silver of her cloak across her breast, and felt like a woman on a day engaged in a wonderful love intrigue.

Betty was romantic only on the surface. Such depths as she had were devoted to love of self, and money to make that self happy and beautiful; but all other things—her shallow nature held, had been awakened for the first time by Salvano's yes. She cared more for him than she had ever cared for any man when she had seen him today, she had weakened. She would solve to marry him if he were free—weakened for such an irritating, inadequate little reason that she could almost laugh at it.

Paolo had told her a good deal about Teresa Desmond; and when Betty had heard that the girl came from the Blue Moon Inn on Long Island, she had realized with a shock that Miles' love was the child of the silverwood. She had seen the girl had caused to be discharged. In the furious disgust that her husband should be caught by a brat of the servant class—a little wretch she had slapped, and sent out of the house in disgrace—she felt a fierce impulse to hold Miles.

A thought had run through her brain that she might remain Mrs. Sheridan, live abroad a good deal, and keep her "friendship" with Paolo, married to Rose. This temptation she flung from her, however, with a spasm of virtue. If she could snatch Paolo from Rose, he must be hers by the law, and in that case she couldn't prevent the Desmond brat from taking her place as Mrs. Miles Sheridan. But she could prevent the new Mrs. Sheridan from finding a place in Society.

She would tell everyone that the girl had been a servant; that her sister was not only a maid, but the father kept a disreputable Road House on Long Island. There wouldn't be much of a welcome for the bride in the Inner Circle after the story had gone round. This temptation she turned her mind from Teresa Desmond, as she might have turned off a flickering jet of gas, and focussed upon Paolo. He was close now, almost under the side of the yacht, and she was aware of a sound as though the water Betty bet over the rail with the light sending out a long ray from the diamond hair band, and a thousand flashes from the crystals of her cloak. Above the moon was a greenish silver lamp hung in a sky of luminous mauve. What a night for lovers!

Five minutes later the black figure in a domino was drawing the white vision into the shadow of the awning. Not far away from the

sloping yacht the little boat waited. Nobody had seen or heard the domino come on board.

"Well?" Betty murmured, looking up into a pair of dark eyes, her small nose half crushed in strong hands that were fevered.

"It is well!" Paolo answered. "I have got out of all that tangle of trouble—got out of it for you. Betty I've lived in a nightmare! A woman I trusted told me you didn't care for me any more—you'd been only flirting—you had confided in her that you really meant to keep your husband. I mustn't tell you who she was. I swore I wouldn't. Like me, she knew what I was doing, after that. I felt deadly ill. I thought of killing you and myself as well. But just when I was most desperate, I was thrown with Rose. She liked me. I drifted into an engagement. I was too unhappy about you to care much—even when I heard the reports that Rose and I were married. I hoped they'd reach your ears. Yes! I wanted to hurt you."

"The cat really has my ears. He did hurt me," whispered Betty. "I tell you frankly, Paolo, I would have held Miles in spite of everything, if you'd betrayed me—if you were married. But I had to see you first, before I decided. I'm so thankful now!"

"And I!" said Salvano.

TO PARADISE

Pressing her against his breast, he wished ardently that he could press the life out of her lungs. It would save trouble.

"You oughtn't to have believed things about me, without proof," he reproached her.

"I didn't believe—entirely."
"Let you believe have sent my letters—my love letters in which I poured out my heart to you—sent them to a vulgar old beast like Callahan."

"I had to have something to hold over you."
"Would you really have carried out your threat?"

"Yes, I think I would. I'm sure I would. But we needn't worry about that now. We'll have over an hour together before Estelle gets back from her ball. Let's be happy. I need it!"

"God knows I do," echoed Salvano. "I came to you for that. I've told Rose that our engagement is just broken. I haven't told her father yet. That's for tomorrow! But I'm a nervous wreck—or I would be, except for you. I hope I'm not a coward physically. I did some fairly decent things in the war. But I'm not brave mentally. Help me, Bettina. Help me! Give me back to myself. Give me courage for tomorrow and all the days to come, before you and I can belong to each other."

"What do you want me to do?" Betty wanted to know.

"Can't you guess, darling? Let us have one of the old dream nights—nights of heaven."
"Cocaine?"

"Yes, for us both. Think of it, Betty—think of it! You remember?"

"Oh, I do—I do! I've remembered too well sometimes. But I've dropped the stuff for months, you know. I haven't any here."

"I have some, Bettina, my beautiful one. I brought it in the hope. And the hypodermic. Will you? For love of me?"

She hesitated a few seconds, then said, "Yes, I will! I've my own bottle. I'll take it to my cabin. There's a great divine there, with heaps of cushions. We can dream. Estelle won't knock at my door when she comes on board. I told her not. But your box . . ."

"The man will wait. It doesn't matter to him how long. Time is nothing to Arabs. Bettina—happiness for the first time in all these black weeks, just when I thought it was ended for me—forever!"

"I'll have you next to my cabin. It isn't really safe out here. Someone might pass."
The curtains of the pretty room were drawn. Betty locked the outer door, and the door of her cabin that opened to the corridor. Just after that Estelle might have been bored into returning early, and forget instructions. Salvano kissed the willing lips many times, his own lips curiously cold. Then he took the white left arm between his hands and said, "That a kiss on the arm had always been the preface! The door of heaven was now about to open for them both. Betty flung her gold mesh bag on the table.

"There! I'm ready!" she sighed. "Send me to Paradise, and come with me yourself!"

Paolo did not answer. He kissed her arm once more, then pinched it slightly, in a puny attempt. "Now!" he said. Gathered her up as if she were a child, he held her on the divan. Betty watched, through drooping lashes, as he took from his breast pocket a little gold box. His dark, strong hands were trembling slightly; but she did not notice that. She was looking at the box, with a smile of recognition. She had seen it often before! And she smiled up at Paolo.

He drew from the box a hypodermic syringe and lit a candle on the desk close by, a small candle meant for use in sealing letters. When it was alight, he passed the needle through the flame. Betty held up her white arm, still smiling. But Paolo's face was grave. Under a fall of crystal-beaded lace, his eager eyes found a few tiny lumps so small they could just be seen by the naked eye. Only just, but they could be seen! That he jabbed the needle under the delicate skin.

Betty gave a faint cry. "O—oh!" she scolded. "You hurt me! You never hurt me so much before!" "It's over, carissima," he soothed. "Quite over!"

Deserted Boy Removed From C. N. R. Train

(C. P. By Guardian's Special Wire) QUEBEC, Sept. 26—Police are investigating the story told by a 13-year-old boy who says his home is in New Brunswick and was removed, in a sick condition, from a Canadian National Railway train. The lad after being placed in a Quebec hospital said his father had purchased a railway ticket for him and blessed him on board the train with the parting words: "Go away. I do not want to see you any more."
The boy whose name and address is being withheld by police, will be placed in the Don Bosco home pending an inquiry into his case.

Arctic Ship Home-ward Bound

(C. P. By Guardian's Special Wire) OTTAWA, Sept. 26—The steamer "Nasaspic," carrying the department of interior expedition to the posts in the Canadian Arctic archipelago is now well on the way home and according to present indications will look at Halifax next Thursday.
Wireless despatches received here by Minister of the Interior, Thomas G. Murphy, state that the ship successfully battled ice conditions after leaving the farthest north post of Crag Harbour on Ellesmere Island, and reached Pond Inlet, Baffin Island on Sept. 19.
A cargo was made at Port Burwell at the entrance to Hudson Strait on the 23rd and after a two-day stay while coal was taken aboard, the ship headed down the Labrador Coast. The distance from Port Burwell to Halifax is approximately 1,100 miles and one stop at Cartwright on the Labrador Coast will be made before the ship docks at the home port.

Waited 50 Years For Bridal Party

(By The Canadian Press) TORONTO, Sept. 26—After postponement for 50 years on one reason or another, William Henry Watman, formerly of Orillia and his wife, Eliza Duncan, who was an Orillia girl, celebrated their wedding with a real bridal party.
About the year 1884 when the Canadian Pacific Railway was in its infancy as the "Toronto and Industrial Fair" the youthful William and Eliza came to Toronto to visit the show. Incidentally, they got married. As it was a secret marriage there was no great celebration. But after 50 years of happily wedded life in Toronto they decided to do something about it.
Now about 70 years of age Mr. Watman visited one of the newspaper offices to tell about the belated party.

CAT AND ROBIN ARE PALS

HAMPTON Falls, N. H.—Sept. 27—A tame robin and a cat are the best of friends, according to their owner. Mrs. Ethel F. Virrell, proprietor of an antique shop here. The bird, unable to fly, rides around the house on the cat's back.

REVEAL GERMANY BUYING WAR MATERIAL

LONDON, Sept. 27—Revelation that Germany recently has been importing large quantities of war materials from this country was made here today.
An official inquiry into these purchases, it was indicated, is likely to be made.
The Financial News disclosed this morning that heavy purchases of raw materials for which a penalty Germany would have no use as exports have been made through the Lancashire cotton industry.

HADN'T HEARD THAT ONE

The fair motorist was speeding through the sleepy village when a policeman stepped out on the road in front of her and forced her to stop.
"What have I done?" she asked innocently.
"You were travelling at forty miles an hour," replied the constable, taking out his notebook.
"Forty miles an hour!" echoed the fair motorist.
"Why, I haven't been out for an hour!"
The policeman scratched his head with his pencil before replying, "Carry on, then, that's a new one in me!"



Half a century ago the annual freeze-up was hailed with delight—at least as far as outdoor enjoyment went—and to be able to figure-skate with delicate grace was a social requisite.

They "Bundled-up" for Winter Sports . . . in the days when Surprise Soap was first made

- Until housewives learned, nearly 50 years ago, that Surprise Soap did a quicker wash with less work, the winter flannels were a real wash-day problem.
- Surprise does not waste away in water, but makes rich lasting suds that reach and loosen every speck of dirt without the need of heavy rubbing. Soiled garments of everyday wear are revived into fragrant, gleaming cleanliness.
- Surprise Soap is thorough, but it acts so gently that even delicate garments are never harmed in the least. Its clean, wholesome smell is evidence of its purity and it will always be found a long-lasting, economical soap.



Endeavour Not For Sale Claims Sopwith Re Rumors

(A. F. By Guardian's Special Wire) NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 26—Endeavour, the trim sloop which yesterday completed an unsuccessful but impressive bid against Rainbow for the America's Cup, is not for sale.
Her owner, T. O. M. Sopwith, said emphatically, "I am not selling Endeavour" when he was advised of reports today that a movement was afoot in Nova Scotia for a group of Canadian yachting enthusiasts to purchase the blue-bolt yacht and challenge the United States for the America's Cup.
"She is going to England inside a fortnight," he added. "I am going to race her next summer in England."
While Sopwith has flatly said he will never challenge again, there were many here who held to the opinion a challenge would be forthcoming nevertheless.
The 1924 races, most turbulent in the history of the cup, continued to be the chief topic of conversation in yachting circles and there was an amazing agreement of opinion. The most salient points on which there was more or less accord was that the Endeavour was a faster boat than the Rainbow and that superior seamanship was the factor that enabled the United States boat to overtake and vanquish the Endeavour.
Those who argued Britain would again challenge for the cup held that Britons must have been encouraged by the fine showing of the Sopwith yacht.
Members of the Rainbow camp did not hesitate to admit they were extremely lucky in edging out the big blue invader.
One member of the camp publicly told one of the Endeavour's afterward: "We had a hard time beating you with a slower boat."
Endeavour was taken up by Bristol today to be fitted out with her

ocean rig at the Herreshoff yard. Her hastily recruited amateurs who filled the places of professional sailors after they struck for more money are going home on steamers, anxious to return to their various occupations. The places of some probably will be filled by members of Rainbow's paid crew. So, some of the Scandinavian lads who helped whip the challenger are likely to see her home.
"It was the first night of the new show, and the producer was hurrying from the dressing-rooms to the front of the house. In the wings he found two actors who played the burlesque horse of the production. The one who played the front legs stopped him.
"If my name on the programme?" he asked.
"I don't know. I haven't seen the programme yet," said the producer. "I'll find out later."
"How about your name?" he went on, addressing the man who played the hind legs.
"Don't put my name on the programme," the back legs replied. "I don't want to be known as a type."

BLUE BUS LINE Schedule

Leaves	Arrives	Leaves	Arrives												
Peter's Road 7:45 A.M.	New Perth School 9:05 A.M.	M. H. North 8:00 A.M.	Summersville School 9:15 A.M.	Riley Cr. Gasparreux 8:10 A.M.	St. Peter's 9:25 A.M.	Sturgeon Bridge 8:20 A.M.	Vernon River 9:35 A.M.	Geo. Poole's Store, Lower Montague 8:30 A.M.	Pownall 9:45 A.M.	Montague 8:50 A.M.	St. Peter's 9:55 A.M.	Clanville, Office, Upper Montague 9:00 A.M.	Arrives Charlottetown 10:15 A.M.	Leaves Revere, Hotel 4:00 P. M.	Arrives Peter's Road 6:30 P. M.
Riley Cr. Gasparreux 8:10 A.M.	St. Peter's 9:25 A.M.	Sturgeon Bridge 8:20 A.M.	Vernon River 9:35 A.M.	Geo. Poole's Store, Lower Montague 8:30 A.M.	Pownall 9:45 A.M.	Montague 8:50 A.M.	St. Peter's 9:55 A.M.	Clanville, Office, Upper Montague 9:00 A.M.	Arrives Charlottetown 10:15 A.M.	Leaves Revere, Hotel 4:00 P. M.	Arrives Peter's Road 6:30 P. M.				
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Parcels carried at 25c minimum charge. Bus will stop on signal at any point en route.

CITY BUS SERVICE DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

CHARLOTTETOWN LEAVES	TIME	SOURIS LEAVES	TIME
Elmira	7:15 A.M.	Charlottetown	6:10 P.M.
Souris	8:10 A.M.	Mt. Stewart	5:00 P.M.
St. Peter's	8:55 A.M.	Morell	5:25 P.M.
Morell	9:15 A.M.	St. Peter's	5:45 P.M.
Mt. Stewart	9:40 A.M.	Souris	6:20 P.M.
Arrives Charlottetown	10:30 A.M.	Arrives Elmira	7:15 P.M.

Bus will stop on signal at any point en route. Headquarters in Charlottetown, Old Spain Tea Rooms.

Fardy Bus Service & Taxi Service CHARLOTTETOWN to FORTUNE

Leaving Charlottetown	TIME TABLE	Leaving Fortune	TIME TABLE
4:00 p.m.	4:30 p.m.	5:15 a.m.	5:15 a.m.
4:30 p.m.	4:45 p.m.	5:45 a.m.	5:45 a.m.
5:00 p.m.	5:15 p.m.	6:15 a.m.	6:15 a.m.
5:30 p.m.	5:45 p.m.	6:45 a.m.	6:45 a.m.
6:00 p.m.	6:15 p.m.	7:15 a.m.	7:15 a.m.
6:30 p.m.	6:45 p.m.	7:45 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
7:00 p.m.	7:15 p.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
7:30 p.m.	7:45 p.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
8:00 p.m.	8:15 p.m.	9:15 a.m.	9:15 a.m.
8:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.	9:45 a.m.	9:45 a.m.
9:00 p.m.	9:15 p.m.	10:15 a.m.	10:15 a.m.

Headquarters in Charlottetown—DIANA TEA ROOMS. Headquarters in Fortune—ST. JOHN'S HOTEL.

FOR SALE

Farm property at North River consisting of 125 acres in excellent state of cultivation with brook on premises for watering stock. One hundred acres are clear and the farm is situated near School House. Apply THE EASTERN TRUST CO. L-619-9-25-21

FARM FOR SALE

50 acres of land, well watered and cultivated, with first class buildings. Situated near Church and School. Apply to MRS. ANNIE JANE MURPHY, Burlington, P. E. I. Before October 1st, 1934. L-660-9-25-31.

CLEARANCE AUCTION SALE AT EAST ROYALTY

I am instructed by P. S. Bradley to sell by Public Auction on his premises at East Royalty ON SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1934 AT 1:30 O'clock P. M.

His farm of 51 acres of choice land with buildings thereon, only four miles from Charlottetown, and the following Stock, Crop and Implements:

STOCK—1 Mare 15 years old, 1 Horse (Total) 7 years old, 5 Milk Cows, (3 to freshen in Nov. and Dec.), 2 Heifers, 18 mos. old, 1 Calf, 40 Hens.
CROP—3 acres Turnips, 11 tons Hay.
IMPLEMENTS—1 Team Wagon, (Adams) box and frame, 1 Car, 1 Drill Seeder (Cockshutt), Gang Plow, (M.L.), 1 No. 8 Frost & Wood Plow, 1 Potato Digger, Bruce Stewart, (1932), 2 Row Cultivator, 1 Hiller, 1 Scarifier, 1 Disc, Harrow, 1 Pin Harrow, 1 Spring Tooth harrow, 1 Hay Mower, (McCormack Deering) new, 1 Hay Rake, 1 Wood Sleigh and box, 1 Box Sleigh, De Laval Separator 500 lbs., 1 Set Warren Seales, Gasoline Engine, 1 1/2 H.P. (Fuller Johnson), Farmer's Boiler, (7 bus), Root Pulper, Team Harness, one Base Burner.

TERMS—Of Farm made known at Sale. Of Stock, etc., all sums of \$10 and under cash; over that amount twelve months credit on approved joint notes.
Should weather prove unfavorable Sale will be held Monday, October 1st at same hour.

J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer. L-626-9-25-51.

Eye Strain Causes Tiredness

Strained eyes are a frequent cause of tiredness early in the day. Listlessness and eye strain are a common combination. When the strain is overcome energy is increased—application and concentration stimulated—by which means greater success is attained. This thought should receive careful consideration. Schriftensoway shrdl shrd sw
G. F. HUTCHESON
OPTOMETRIST

WANTED IN EVERY HOME

NO ANIMAL OIL OR FAT IN PURELY VEGETABLE
Fam Buk
Soothing HEALING ANTISEPTIC