



On keeping a clean desk!

"He sat behind a shining, clean-topped desk."

That's your big business executive!

The secret of efficiency? Here's part of it:

No old-time litter of pencils and pens in the office any more.

Instead, a couple of EVERS HARPS and a brace of WAHL Gold or Silver Pens in the vest pocket.

Give your business man an

EVSERSHARP

and
WAHL PEN
Everywhere

TENDERS

Tenders will be received by Cove Head Shipping Club up to December 10th for 3 tons or more, dressed, crate fattened chickens, fowl, geese and ducks.

FRANK HUGHES,
Secretary,
West Cove Head

6388-12-2M31.

FURNITURE SALE

We will sell at our Sale Rooms, Great George St., on Friday, commencing at one o'clock, a large lot of choice furniture, parlor, dining room, bedrooms and kitchen, made in oak, walnut and other good woods. Piano, range, carpets, dishes and lots of good things. Come and see on Friday. Inspection at any time.

BENJ. CARTER,
Auctioneer,
6420-3-21

FOR SALE

Farm at Long Creek, consisting of 40 acres of good land. Handy school, church and shipping.

LEONARD GARDNER,
Long Creek

5992-11-11wfm121

AUCTION SALE OF FURNITURE AT HAMPSHIRE

At the residence of Frank Tremere on Wednesday, December 16th commencing at 12 o'clock noon.

The Household Furniture of the late Maria Tremere consisting of Parlor, Dining-room, Bedroom and Kitchen Furniture, Organ, Pictures, Kitchen Utensils &c. will be sold by Frank Tremere, Administrator of the personal estate and effects of the said Maria Tremere, to wind up the Estate.

J. A. MacDONALD,
Auctioneer.

6393-12-2wfm51

Canada Steamship Line Ltd

S. S. HITHERWOOD AND S. S. CEUTA
Montreal Charlottetown St. John's

Leave Montreal
S. S. "Hitherwood" November 17th
S. S. "Peveril" November 21st
S. S. "Ceuta" November 28th

For space and rates apply

CARVELL BROS., Agents

Regular sailings of the famous "O" steamers FROM HALIFAX, N.S. TO **CHERBOURG AND SOUTHAMPTON**

ROYAL MAIL
"The Comfort Route" TO EUROPE

S. S. "ORDUNA" Jan. 1, 1926
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY HALIFAX, N.S.

Dec. 2, 4, 9, 11, 16, 18, 23, 26, 30.

Children's Colds

Are best treated externally. Check them overnight without "dosing" by rubbing Vicks over throat and chest at bedtime.

VICKS VAPORUB

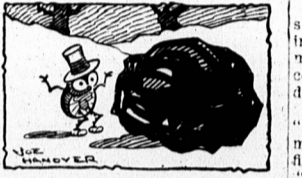
SMILES



She: You used to say you loved the very ground I stood on.
He: I didn't know then that it was heavily mortgaged.



S' RONG MAN
"Strongest man in the world, eh?"
"Yep—held up a train."



AWFUL!
Bug: My! some folks are careless with their valuables. Here's someone left a big lump of coal lying right in the road!



WHERE THERE'S A WILL
She: How can you be so subservient and obedient to your ussy, ill-natured old grandmother?
He: Where there's a will there's a way.



CLOTHES LACKING
1st College Girl: We're not going to have class pins this year.
2nd Ditto: No. Why?
1st Ditto: Well, you've got to have clothes to pin 'em on, haven't you?

The Iron Horse

BY EDWIN C. HILL

(Continued)

"What do you want with me?" he asked quietly.
"I want you to keep your damned, meddling nose out of my affairs," said Deroux. "Do you get that?"
"I have no intention, Mr. Deroux, of interfering in your business," said Davy, rigidly controlling his anger.

He turned away, presenting his back to the pair. Pat Casey, who had worked free from the crowd, edged near, standing with his hand slipping the back of a chair. Jesson, quickly swerving from the table, sprang to his feet. Pat saw him lean the heel of his hand against the butt of his gun, tipping the holster forward toward the back of the young man, slowly withdrawing a few feet from the table. Casey swung the chair like a pick. The gun roared, but the bullet went into the floor. Jesson swore as he wrung a bruised hand from Davy, whirling, leaped at Jesson eyes blazing, with only one thought to kill the man who had twice tried to murder him. Casey blocked him until Slattery could aid in holding back the infuriated youth. One of Haller's shotgun men commanded the group, preventing Deroux from drawing. The place was in an uproar.

"Hold 'em, boys," shouted Haller. "We'll make this a fair fight. I'll be the word. Now shut up, everybody!"

Ruby Kenny slipped from the room while Davy was stripping off his heavy buckskin shirt. She saw Deroux at Jesson's ear, nervously the man, encouraging him. From the saloon she ran all the way to the railroad yards and hammered at the door of Marsh's car. When Uncle Toby admitted her she pushed past him like a wild thing, screaming for Miriam. When the girl came out of her room, startled, frightened, Ruby seized her by the shoulder.

"They're fighting at Haller's!" she cried, her bosom rising and falling. "Jesson and Brandon. It must be stopped! You've got to come! Those men won't interfere, damn their souls!"

"It can't be so," cried Miriam. "Mr. Brandon promised me, gave me his word of honor, he wouldn't fight. He wouldn't break his word!"

"What do you know about men?" Ruby screamed back. "They care nothing for promises if a promise stands in the way. Any damned one of them will break a promise to a woman. Don't stand there like a fool!"

Miriam's heart was like a stone in her breast. She had humbled herself to appeal to Davy. She had thrown herself at him, confessing her love. She had told him how horrible it would be to her, any meeting between him and Jesson. He had pledged his honor deliberately. And now, at a word, a look, perhaps, he had broken his promise, at the first provocation, careless of her faith and love. She ran with Ruby, the dance-hall girl, tugging at her hand. Never again could she give him her trust. He had shown himself weak at the first test.

Breathless when they reached the saloon the girls paused a moment, terrified at the savage chorus of shrieks and howls, the curses, the hammering of booted feet upon the plank floor and the unmistakable thud of heavy blows.

"This way," hissed Ruby. "No use trying to go in by the door. They'd block us."

She led the way down the side street, jerked a knife from her stocking and with a ripping stroke slashed through the canvas of the side-wall. She leaped in, dragging Miriam after her. In the centre of the swaying, shifting ring, Brandon and Jesson were driving at each other, back and forth, their arms flailing, striking like sledge hammers. With her hand to her pounding heart, scarcely able to catch her breath, Miriam saw that Davy's face was smeared with blood from a cut and that one of Jesson's eyes was closed and that his mouth was puffed and dripping red. The thud-thud of heavy blows could be heard over the wild yelling of the crowd as the two fought silently, blind and deaf to all except each other, murder in their eyes. Miriam saw Brandon reel against the wall as Jesson landed a terrific blow against his jaw, then recover and leap forward, his arms flying like pistons.

The girls tried to break through the ring, but men blocked them with heavy shoulders, thrusting them back. Ruby snatched out her knife and pricked a big miner in the ribs. He gave way with a curse, flinching from the menace of her flaming eyes. As they pushed through, Brandon broke inside Jesson's guard and got both hands around the engineer's throat. He took blow after blow in the face, but held on like a bulldog. Miriam screaming louder than Ruby, calling to Davy, saw him tighten his hold until Jesson went black in the face, saw him bend Jesson backward, throw him, fall upon him and grind him down as he tightened the terrible strangling clutch. Miriam darted forward and threw herself upon the floor, her face close to Davy's blazing eyes, eyes from which the light of reason had flown.

"Davy! Davy! Stop it! For God's sake, stop it! It's Miriam!" She saw the mad glare die out of his eyes. He relaxed his grip, then released the bruised throat. Jesson, badly hurt, lay without movement except the quick lift and drop of his chest as he struggled for the breath that had nearly left him forever. Davy got up and stood looking down at Jesson. The tumult stilled. Nobody moved. Brandon turned to Miriam, despair wiping out the rage that had convulsed his face.
"Miriam! I am sorry! I couldn't

King Cole TEA
FULL OF QUALITY
"Just like the flavor"

The Golden Fleece

COLOR CUT-OUTS



LOSES ONE SANDAL.

This is the end of the first week of the picture-story of "The Golden Fleece." Children who cut out the pictures every day will soon have a whole set of Golden Fleece dolls. Watch for more of this story next week.

"The passage seems to me very unsafe," said Jason. "But as your business is so very urgent I shall try to carry you safely across. If the river sweeps you away I shall take me, too."

So saying, he lifted her in his arms and, stepping boldly into the raging and foaming current, began to stagger away from the shore. He had not gone far when his foot was caught in a crevice between two rocks and stuck so fast that in his effort to get it free, he lost one of his golden sandals. At this accident Jason could not help uttering a cry of vexation. He would have to go to lochos with one bare foot!

(Make the old woman's cloak black, with the skirt of her dress a very dark red. Next time King Pellus will appear.)

CANADA'S FRUIT INDUSTRY.

Canada's fruit industry is worth fifty-seven million dollars in annual production. This year on the whole the yield has been generally satisfactory. Small fruits have done well in every province except in British Columbia, where the unusually low temperature had a bad effect on strawberries and raspberries. Prices have also been helpful to the growers, strawberries running from 8 to 14 cents per quart compared with 4 to 8 cents in 1924. Apples, however, owing to their exportability and the possibility of storage are our main crop and of them in the total there has been a yield rather above the average, thanks to the abundance in Ontario, where an increase of half a million barrels for the year is reported. In Nova Scotia unfortunately there appears to have been a decrease of half the quantity. Such in brief is the testimony given by The Dominion Fruit Commissioner, Mr. G. E. McIntosh before the Pomological Society of Quebec.

Why is a tight shoe like a fine summer?
Because it makes the corn.

Women's Danger

Of offending under the oldest hygienic handicap is ended this way

WITH the old-time "sanitary pad" women realize their constant danger of offense. And thus spend unhappy days.

"KOTEX," a new and remarkable way, is now used by 8 in 10 better class women.

It's five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads!

You dine, dance, motor for hours in sheerest frocks without a second's doubt or fear.

It deodorizes, too. And thus stops ALL danger of offending.

Discards as easily as a piece of tissue. No laundry. No embarrassment.

You ask for it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "KOTEX."

Do as millions are doing. End old, insecure ways. Enjoy life every day. Package of twelve costs only a few cents.

KOTEX
No laundry—discard like tissue

FARM FOR SALE

AT DUNSTAFFNAGE

The subscriber offers for sale her farm of 114 acres at Dunstaffnage with good dwelling house and out-buildings; 90 acres clear and in high state of cultivation balance covered with hay and soft wood. This farm is well watered and is an excellent dairy farm near Butter Factory.

For further particulars apply to **MRS. ALEXANDER McLEOD,** Dunstaffnage

Or **MacKINNON & McNEILL,** Solicitors, Charlottetown. 6432-12-4fmw41.

POULTRY NOTICE

Ship your live and dressed poultry to the Harris Abattoir Co., and receive highest market prices. If you reside West of Summerside send your poultry to our Branch at O'Leary, thereby saving freight and shrinkage.

Be sure and write for our quotations before disposing of your stock.

The Harris Abattoir Co., Limited. CHARLOTTETOWN

When the little children come home

From one end of Canada to the other children come trudging home from school each day. Some come across wind-swept prairies—some through damp and blustery streets.

It is then they need real food.

Mothers—buy a bottle of Bovril to-day. When the children come home dissolve a spoonful in a cup of boiling water. See how they relish it. See how it helps their growth and adds to their strength. Bovril is a splendid drink for children—and puts beef into them.

BOVRIL
"PUTS BEEF INTO YOU"

Only Sold in Bottles

Sales Representatives for Canada:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. LIMITED,
10-18 McCaul Street, Toronto

VELLS WOULD PREVENT SPREAD OF COLDS
LONDON, Dec. 2.—Sir James Dundas Grant, the famous surgeon, in a lecture at the city of London Young Men's Christian Association, suggested vells as a guard against the spread of colds by sneezing and coughing. "It would be well," he said, "if patients suffering from colds would wear a small veil of white muslin over their face, think it will eventually come to that, and that people will gradually get accustomed to it. The wearing of a velle as a guard against the spread of colds will prevent the spread of colds as well as come into common use."

WHAT IS HOME Without a New Dictionary

And unless your home has this new dictionary, it might as well be without one. The publishers realized that fact many months ago, so they discarded their old printing plates and made an entirely new dictionary from start to finish. Here it is, all ready for readers of

The Charlottetown Guardian

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