

Civic Tax Appeals

The board of Appeals for Civic Taxes has appointed Monday the 6th day of October, 1930, at 10 o'clock A. M. in the City Court Room in the City Building as the time and place for hearing appeals from Civic rates and assessments.

Farm For Sale

I offer by private sale, my nice farm of 48 acres, situated at New Haven, very convenient to church and school, 35 acres clear and in excellent state of cultivation; good buildings, well-watered and fenced.

Furness Red Cross Linc

Lv. Montreal Ar. Ch. Town and Lv. for St. John's Oct. 13th Oct. 24th Nov. 7th Nov. 10th

Carvell Bros Ltd. AGENTS

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Professional Cards

Gwynneth F. Coombs Teacher of Pianoforte and Theory Open for Application Sept. 15th. Phone 683-L. Studio, 40 Victory Ave. Off Longworth Ave.

Prohibition Commission Chairman, GEORGE E. BROWN, Margate, P. E. I. Send all information regarding infractions of Prohibition Act to the above.

Stewart & Lowther J. D. STEWART, K. C. N. W. LOWTHER BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN

Miss Roberta G. Spencer Fellow Trinity College of Music London, England Organist and Choir Director Baptist Church Piano, Organ, Theory Studio, Baptist Church, Fitzroy Street Open for Registration Sept. 17th.

W. H. AITKEN & CO. Importers of high grade GASOLINE - KEROSENE - OILS We Believe in Prince Edward Island Office, 25 Queen St. Phone 404 Tanks, Spr. Pk. R. Crossing Phone 55 7962 9-14-1930.

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

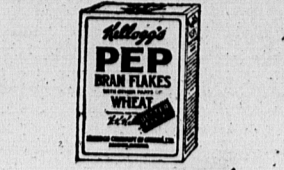
AUDITORS Accounts Audited, Income Tax Returns Prepared. A. E. MacNeill & Co. 127 Grafton Street 5134-4-1-1930.

McLeod & Bentley J. A. BENTLEY W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. 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

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The finest way to start the day. A heaping bowl of Kellogg's Bran Flakes. There's sparkle in the flavor—health in the whole wheat—and the extra bran helps keep you fit and regular.

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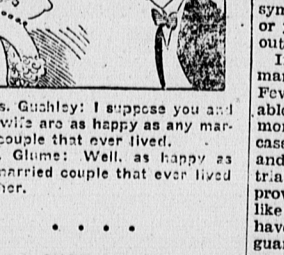
SMILES



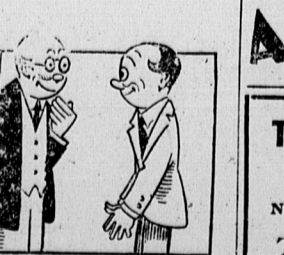
"A King may have a pet subject, but he doesn't talk much about it."



Fat Lady: So you don't work in the sidewalks during the summer months? Whirling Dervish: No, I hire myself out to people to operate an electric fan.



SHOP TALK "Can't" remarked the wheelwright to the wheel, as he hammered away at the tire, "you're a great old rouser, aren't you?" "Oh, go take a vacation," rejoined the wheel. "You make me tired."



"Didn't the mountain air brace you up?" "Wonderful! Wonderful! Why, after I had been there for three weeks, I got so that I could pay my bill without a quiver."

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED E. W. TAYLOR J. S. TAYLOR Optometrists 162 Richmond Street



The Wife-Ship Woman

By Hugh Pendexter AUTHOR OF 'KINGS OF THE MOUNTAIN', 'BY GRAVE', 'A VIRGINIA SCOUTER'

Continued

Our awakening when the girl happened to glance back. She gave a shrill scream. Before she had finished Labrador had her behind a tree and I was under cover on the other side of the trail. I could see nothing to cause alarm.

"What was it, mademoiselle?" I asked, my voice betraying my impatience. I fear. "A painted face close to the ground," she huskily replied, and pointing a trembling finger at a sycamore half way down our field of vision.

"You imagined it," I told her as she walked beside me up the trail with Labrador bringing up the rear. "I tell you I saw it! A horrible face, with white and yellow stripes running up and down—"

With a low exclamation that was more a bark than any spoken word Labrador swept the girl from my side and darted with her into a clump of oak. I did not pause to look back, but followed him. A long arrow slithered against a tree within a few inches of my head as I joined my friends.

"Only a scout," he whispered in my ear. "I'll swing off to the left to stop them from coming through the woods." Away he glided on the south side of the trail and taking a course parallel to it. Until the enemy passed him he controlled the strip between his line of advance and the trail.

For several minutes the forest was quiet except for some droning bees in the open trail; then sounded a whistle. "Why don't you answer him?" asked the girl.

I knew it was none of Labrador's signals, and motioned for her to be still. A musket shattered the silence. Labrador was exultantly shouting: "I got a good one!"

"Mon Dieu!" moaned the girl, pressing both hands to her head. I peeped from behind the tree and beheld a hideously striped face, white and yellow even as the girl had described it. I sent a ball crashing through the fellow's head and he made a greswone business of dying, kicking about and expiring with his two legs showing through the bush. I heard Labrador's musket again, quickly followed by a pistol-shot. Then Damoan's high voice howled: "Now you have him!"

I picked up the girl and tossed her high into the forked branches of the oak and warned her to remain perfectly still and darted after Labrador. I came upon him as he gave ground, his face toward the invisible enemy. "The woman?" he growled as we came together.



The Man I Had Knocked Down With My Pistol Now Slashed at My Legs With My Knife.

had left my post to reinforce my friend. I decided we stood a better chance of escaping if we stood our ground and did not make a running fight of it. Off to my left sounded a whistle and the crack of a gun, followed by another which I took to be Labrador's. Damoan was shouting orders. There was no danger of an attack up the trail so long as the Fox led the fighting against the Canadian.

Repeating my warning to the girl, I ran the second time to help my friend. With a scream of rage Damoan betrayed his hiding-place. The next moment he was urging four savages at us; and I said to Labrador: "Now for some good work."

My musket was empty and my pistol missed fire. I hurled the pistol into a savage's face and grappled with Damoan. Heared Joe's pistol explode, so close it deafened me; and in the first gyration with Damoan I nearly tripped over the beggar Joe had shot. He was now clubbing his musket and two Choctaws were trying to get inside his guard with their knives. The man I had knocked down with my pistol now slashed at my legs with his knife. I sent the heel of my moccasin into his face, but lost my grip on Damoan, who leaped to help his men finish Labrador, thinking to do this and have the help of the two in a last struggle with me.

I jumped after him just as one of the savages received Labrador's iron-shod musket butt between the eyes, his head caving in like an eggshell. But the other lunged in with his knife and left it sticking between poor Joe's ribs. I had raised my ax to do for Damoan, but even as it started to descend I shifted my aim and caught Labrador's slayer fair on the scalplock so that he fell beside his victim. And then Damoan was on my back. The sight of poor Labrador, watch-

ing our struggle with dying gaze, gave me the strength of several men. I must finish with Damoan and receive my friend's last words. My left arm was behind the fellow's neck. He was trying to get at his knife. I gave him a chance for the sake of getting my right wrist under his chin. He grunted with joy as he pulled his blade free, and I gave a pull and push and snapped his neck in a most tidy fashion before he could even send his point through my shirt. Labrador stared to one side and I wheeled in time to behold the savage I had twice knocked down raise on one knee to hurl an ax. I dropped and came up with a dead man's ax and chopped him to the chin. There was a gleam of applause in Labrador's eyes as I gained his side.

"Red rings on a red pole," he muttered referring to the Natchez style of counting coups. "Get the girl away. Don't stop to bury me. There may be more of them."

"You shall be buried if there were a million," I panted. I thought he was gone, but he rallied and whispered: "My wife was a better woman than I was man. She will understand. She was very wise for a red woman. As those Natchez!"

I scalped Damoan, as I had promised him I should do, and stuck his hair to a tree with his own knife. Then I went back and comforted the girl and told her she must remain in the tree for a bit longer; this last that she might not discover the bloody plight I was in. Returning to the scene of the fight I dug a grave with my knife and buried Joe.

Mademoiselle wept bitterly when I rescued her from the tree and told her that Labrador had gone away.

I bandaged my leg and shoulder, hurt in the fight, and we covered a quarter of a mile when we ran into a band of Chickasaws, who had been attracted by the gunfire. I told them of the battle and gave Joe all the credit except for the men in the trail. They hastened on to gather the scalps and to leave a hieroglyphic picture carved on a tree by Joe's grave which would keep his resting-place undisturbed for all the time so far as the red men were concerned. (To be Continued)

DO CLOTHES INFLUENCE WOMEN'S MINDS?

(By The Canadian Press) LONDON, Oct. 2.—It has been discovered in New York that the more feminine fashion in clothes has already caused women to revert to a more delicate femininity in themselves says the "News Chronicle". They have "softer voices" and even smoke less in public. Unfortunately the men, it is said, are as uncouth as ever and have given no sign of developing the "romantic" masculine manners which the new situation demands. There is, however, no need for alarm. It is merely a question of what the economists call "time-lag". But has anybody noticed in London the symptoms that have so deeply impressed social observers in New York?

WANTED SMALLER AMOUNTS OF CANADIAN FRUIT

(By The Canadian Press) TORONTO, Ont., Oct. 2.—In view of the country-wide agitation for the purchase by housewives of Canadian products a Toronto woman expressed herself in print as follows: "Please tell those people who urge us to buy Canadian produce instead of American that we must be able to buy our own fruit as we buy that from the States. I don't buy Canadian peaches because I can't get them by the dozen as I can the American. I have to buy Canadian peaches by the basket or not at all. This is unsatisfactory for small households yet just because our Canadian fruit people insist on sending us nothing but baskets of peaches, so long some of us will have to keep on buying American peaches!"

CHURCH WOMEN PLAN GIFT

(By The Canadian Press) EDMONTON, Alta., Oct. 2.—From Fort Vermillion on the Upper Peace River, over the Grande Prairie and down south as far as Athabaska Anglican women are busy preparing a parting gift for Mrs. Robbins, beloved to all who have come in contact with her during her 30 years residence in the diocese. It is to be a gift involving personal effort, a gift of little worth commercially, but an intimate gift that women alone are privileged to offer. It is to be a hand-wrought leather book, in the diocesan colors of mauve and silver. It is to contain as many autographs of of church women as can be collected and as many views showing their lives, their interests, their homes, their churches and rectories as they can secure.

EXHIBITION OF OLD PRINTS

(By The Canadian Press) LONDON, Eng., Oct. 2.—In connection with the centenary celebration of the opening of the Liverpool and

Before you buy clothes anywhere

Come in and inspect the new Fall TIP TOP styles and fabrics at

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SINCE 1911, over two and a half million Canadian men have found the most satisfactory tailoring service at Tip Top Tailors. Every year the number grows greater—and every year the value in Tip Top one-price

Tip Top Clothes

D. A. BRUCE A. E. Campbell 138 Queen Street, Charlottetown. Montague, P. E. I.

MANCHESTER RAILWAY

An exhibition of prints and books has been on view at the Reference Library in Piccadilly. It gives in pictorial form a fairly comprehensive idea of the progress railways have made in 100 years, and is by no means devoid of instructive humor. A public railway notice dated September 30, 1830, threatens "immediate dismissal" to "any porter guard, engine-man, or other servant of the company who accepts any fee or gratuity."

WANT FEMINIST MOTORISTS

(By The Canadian Press) LONDON, Oct. 2.—Stenson Cooke, Secretary of the Automobile Association, has come out strongly in favor of feminine motorists. "I am all for the woman driver," he says. "Many knowledgeable folk put it that the woman driver, when she is good, is very good; when she is bad, she is the worst possible. We have 430,000 men members of the Automobile Association and 60,000 women drivers and as far as avoidance of mishaps is concerned, I will put the 60,000 women drivers against any 60,000 of the 430,000 men drivers."

THE RISKS OF RADIO

Few greater boons have come to man than the discovery of radio. But our passion for liveliness, unless sober thoughts take possession of us soon, will turn it into a terror and a bane. Some of us are becoming accustomed to having it operating every minute we are home, indiscriminately allowing it to vary out its jazz, its opera and its variety shows, or whatever it has to offer, and while not always actually listening to it and often not sitting in the same room with it have allowed it to become a substitute for real thinking. When with only fleeting intervals we operate our set from morning until night, we gradually create in ourselves an instinctive dread of quiet and stillness, until finally, solitude, even if it be of brief duration, stirs the depths of loneliness. The continuous sound occupies but does not stimulate the mind, and silence—the only silence we endure—falls upon our thoughts. Thus an invention, great in its potentialities to bless and benefit if used with wisdom and in moderation, is in danger of degrading the human intellect and debasing

IN MATTER OF:

"The Voluntary Winding up Act" 15 Geo. V, Cap. 9.

LIQUIDATORS SALE

Of Foxes and Ranch At a special meeting of Silver Tip Black Fox Co., Ltd., held in Crapaud Hall, September 6th, at 8 P. M., J. W. Newsom and Webster Boulter were appointed Liquidators of the winding up of said Co. We now offer for sale the entire lot of Foxes including about thirty proven breeders and the pups raised this year. Also the Ranch 4 1/2 acres of land with about 70 pens. The above will be sold in block or in lots to suit purchasers. Apply to J. W. NEWSOM, WEBSTER BOULTER, Liquidators, Crapaud, P. E. I. 7298-10-1-wfm2wks.

AND The John Agnew Fur Farms Limited Notice is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the shareholders of The John Agnew Fur Farms, Limited, will be held at the Board of Trade Rooms in Charlottetown in Queens County Province of Prince Edward Island, on Wednesday, the 15th day of October, A. D. 1930 at the hour of 8 p. m., for the purpose of considering and passing upon a resolution requiring that the Company be wound up under the provisions of "The Voluntary Winding up Act" and for the appointment of Liquidators for such winding up and for the transaction of business incident thereto. Dated this 11th day of September, A. D. 1930. JOHN O. HYNDMAN, President. G. D. DEBLOIS, Secretary-Treasurer. 6916-9-12-17-19-26-Oct. 3-10-31.

BOSTON from Saint John, N. B.

by the INTERNATIONAL LINE ONE WAY FARES FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.—\$10 FROM EASTPORT, MAINE—\$9 FROM LUBEC, MAINE—\$9

Every Wednesday steamer leaves St. John 9 A. M. Atlantic Time, Eastport 1 P. M., Lubec 2.30 P. M. Eastern Time, arriving in Boston Thursday 9 A. M. Eastern Standard Time. Every Saturday steamer sails direct from St. John to Boston, leaving St. John 7 P. M. Atlantic Time, due Boston Sunday 1 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Connections at Boston with direct steamer to New York Reduced rates for automobiles accompanied by passengers Tickets and information at any Canadian Rys. Ticket Office or apply A. C. Currie, Agent, Reid's Pt. Wharf, St. John, N. B.

EASTERN steamship lines

NO MORE ECZEMA Itching Ends in 1 Minute Itch eczema for months. Single application of "Soothe-Solve" ended itch and burn in 1 minute. 1 box ended disease for good. "Soothe-Solve" ends Eczema quickest time ever known. Itching stops instantly. All druggists.

A Shaving Lotion When mixed with sweet oil, Minard's serves as an after shaving lotion and antiseptic. Soothes and freshens the skin. MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

The Green Cloak BY YORK DAVIS New Serial Story to Start in THE GUARDIAN Next Week

For Asthma Asthmador For Hay Fever SOLD ON A GUARANTEE

Who was the mysterious recluse who lived in the old house? Why was he killed and what strange method was employed to bring about his death? In what manner did he die? In what manner did the Green Cloak figure in the crime? It's a fascinating story. Watch for the first Chapter.