

# FOR SALE

## Tried And True RACE HORSES

OWNERS have authorized me to sell the following horses. For additional information write W. H. Keys, St. Stephen, New Brunswick.

**J. D. Direct**, record 2:04 1/2, foaled 1928, chestnut gelding, eligible 2:22 pace, sire Napoleon Direct, dam Broncho Queen 2:04 1/2, by Empire Direct. He is sound with the best of manners, goes free legged and will pace in 2:06 in 1932.

**King Spruce**, record 2:11, foaled 1927, chestnut horse, eligible to 2:28 pace, sire by Hedgewood Bay, dam Pet Mosey by As-land Castle, making him a full brother to Jenny H. 2:03 1/2, Hedgewood K. 2:07 1/2, Hedgewood McKay 2:07 1/2. This horse is clever, is sound, has perfect manners will pace next season in 2:07 or 2:08 over a 1/4 mile track.

**Edna Kiso**, record 2:10, foaled 1922, B.M., eligible to 2:14 trot, sire by Peter McKivo, dam Edna Ringen by Gold Ringen. She is sound, has the best of manners, raced in 2:03 1/2 at Rochester season, and what a mare to breed to Great Britain 2:02 1/2, after she is through racing.

**Jesse Napoleon**, record 2:12, foaled 1927, chestnut mare, sire by Napoleon Direct, dam Jessie Gentry by John R. Gentry, sound and absolutely reliable in every way, eligible to 2:19 pace. Will pace in 2:06 next year.

Any of the horses in my stable are for sale. In case of a sale I could winter and train any of the above horses if buyers desire.

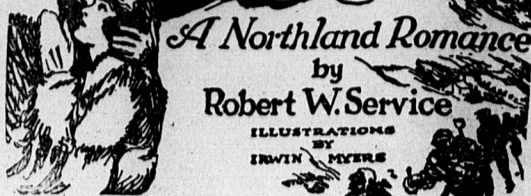
W. H. KEYS,  
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

### THIS NOTED ARCHAEOLOGIST STARTS ON FIFTH SECOND TRIP TO EXPLORE THE HOLY LAND

LONDON, Nov. 23.—Sir Flinders Petrie, one of the most noted arch-

aeologists and Egyptologists in the world, has left here for Palestine on his fifty-second archaeological expedition. Fourteen assistants also from the British School of Archaeology in Egypt, accompanied him.

# The TRAIL OF '98



A Northland Romance  
by Robert W. Service  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN WATERS

(Continued)  
So I rose and proceeded to gather together my few belongings. In the early morning I would start out.

Jim came in and sat down quietly. The old man had been very silent of late. Back in Dawson there was a man whom he hated with the hat that only death can end, but for the peace of his soul he strove to conquer it.

"I've been a-thinkin' out a scheme," said Jim suddenly, "an' I'm a-goin' to put all that twenty-five thousand of mine back into the ground. I can't quit this minin' business."

"What's your scheme, Jim?"  
"It's just this: I'm goin' to install a hydraulic plant on my Ophir creek claim. I'm goin' to begin a new era in Klondike minin'."

"What are you going to do?"  
"Well, I've written out for pipin' an' a monitor, an' next spring I hope I'll have the plant in workin' order. The stuff's on the way now. Hullo! Come in!"

The visitors were Mervin and Hewson on their way to Dawson. These two men had been successful beyond their dreams. They were offensively prosperous; they reeked success.

As I went on with my packing I paid little attention to their talk. What mattered it to me now, this babble of dumps and dust, of claims and clean-ups? I was going to thrust it all behind me, blot it clean out of my memory, begin my life anew.

Then all at once I picked up my ears. They were talking of the town, of the men and women who were making it famous (or rather infamous), when suddenly they spoke the name Locasto.

"He's gone off," Mervin was saying; "gone off on a big stampede. He got pretty thick with some of the Peel River Indians, and found they knew of a ledge of high-grade free-milling quartz somewhere out there in the Land Back of Beyond. So he's off with an Indian and one companion, that little Irish scalliwag of his, Pat Doogan. They'll be away all winter."

"What'll become of that girl of his?" asked Hewson, "the last one he's been living with? You remember she came in on the boat with us. Poor little kid! That was a good girl before he got after her."

Hewson growled like a wrathful bear, but Mervin smiled his cynical smile.

"Oh, you mean the Madonna," he said; "why she's gone on the dance halls."

They continued to talk of other things, but I did not hear them any more. I was in a trance, and I only aroused when they rose to go.

"Better say good-by to the kid here," said the Prodigal; "he's going to the old country tomorrow."

"No, I'm not," I answered suddenly; "I'm going as far as Dawson."

He stared and expostulated, but my mind was made up. I would fight, fight to the last.

Berna on the dance halls—words cannot convey all that this simple phrase meant to me. For two months I had been living in a dull apathy of pain, but this news galvanized me into immediate action.

For although there were many degrees of dance-hall depravity, at the best it meant a brand of infernal shame. She had lived with Locasto, had been recognized as his mistress—that was bad enough; but the other—to be at the mercy of all, to be classed with the harpies that preyed on the Man with the Poke, the vampires of the

gold camp. Berna—Oh, it was unspeakable! The thought maddened me.

Bidding good-by to the big cabin with my two partners looking ruefully after me, I struck off down Bonanza. All I thought of was Dawson and Berna.

I would make Berna marry me. I cared nothing for what happened to her I might be a pariah an' outcast for the rest of my days; at least I would save her, shield her, cherish her. The thought uplifted me, exalted me. What did it matter if physically they had wronged her? Was not the pure, virgin soul of her beyond their reach?

I was just in time to see the last boat go out.

As I strolled the streets I saw many a familiar face. I went into the Parisian restaurant, and there was Madam, harder looking, and more vulturish, a creature of repacity and sordid lust. I marched up to her and asked abruptly: "Where's Berna?"

She gave a violent start. There was a quality of fear in her bold eyes. Then she laughed, a hard, jarring laugh.

"In the Tivoli," she said. "Strange again! Now that the worst had come to pass, and I had suffered all that it was in my power to suffer, a new sense of strength and mastery had come to me. The greatest evil had befallen me. Life could do no more to harm me. I had everything to gain and nothing to lose. I cared for no man. I despised them, and, to back me in my bitterness I had twenty-five thousand in the bank.

I was still weak from my illness and my long mope had wearied me, so I went into a saloon and called for drinks. I felt the raw whiskey burn my throat. I tingled from head to foot with a strange, pleased warmth. Where was that bitter feeling now? As I drank it all seemed to pass away. Magical changed. What a fool I was! What was there to make such a fuss about? It was all a farce anyway. What would it matter a hundred years from now? Again I drank.

How wonderfully strong I felt! I smashed my clenched fist against the bar. My knuckles were bruised

and bleeding, but I felt no pain. I ached to fight some one. Then all at once came the thought of Berna. It came with tragical suddenness, with poignant force. Intensely it smote me as never before.

I was drunk, deplorably drunk, and I was bound for the Tivoli.

To the right as I entered the place was a palatial bar set off with burnished brass, beveled mirrors and glittering, vari-colored pyramids of costly liquors. Up to the bar men were bellowing and the bartenders in white jackets were mixing drinks with mastery dexterity. To the left I had a view of the gambling room, a glimpse of green tables, of spinning balls, of cool men, with shades over their eyes, impressively dealing. There were huge wheels of fortune, keno tables, crap outfits, faro layouts, and above all, the dainty, fascinating roulette. Everything was in full swing. In front of me was a double swing-door painted in white and gold and, pushing through this, for the first time I found myself in a Dawson dance hall.

### Try Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound



Don't Speak to Me Again  
Distracted by pain! Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound would relieve those female troubles that are ruining this woman's life. Buy the new tablets.

I sat down on a seat at the very back of the audience. Before me were row after row of heads, mostly rough, rugged and unwashed. Their faces were eager, rapt as those of children. They were enjoying, with the deep satisfaction of men who for many years a weary months had been breathing the free unbranded air of the Wild. The sight of a woman was thrillingly sweet; the sound of a song was revivifying. Looking at many of those toll-grooved faces one could see that there was no harm in their hearts. They were honest, uncouth, simple; they were just like children, the children of the Wild.

A little girl was singing, a little winsome girl with a sweet childish voice and an innocent face. How terribly out of place she looked in that place of sin. She sang a simple old-world song full of homely pathos and gentle feeling. As she sang she looked down on those furrowed faces, and I saw that many eyes were dimmed with tears.

(To Be Continued)

### NORTH RIVER INSTITUTE

The November meeting of the North River Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. A. H. Lader, Wednesday evening, Nov. 4th.

The meeting opened with singing the Institute Ode, followed by the reading of Creed. Roll call was responded to by nine members. Five visitors were present. A letter from Mrs. Bruce MacKinley was read, thanking the Institute for fruit sent to her. \$10 was paid for the hall insurance. The President, Mrs. Will MacKinley, gave a splendid report of the year's work. The Secretary, Mrs. Fulton Moreside, gave a report of the financial statement. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Harry Scott; Vice-president, Mrs. Will MacKinley; Secretary treasurer, Mrs. Bruce MacKinley. The following program was then enjoyed: A mouth organ selection, by Hilda Stevenson; a reading, by Beth Lader entitled Mrs. Arris at the Telephone; a reading by Mrs. Ernest Warren.

Next meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. Robert MacKinley, roll call to be answered by payment of membership fees. Luncheon committee, Mrs. Ray MacKinnon, Mrs. A. H. Lader, Mrs. Gordon Thompson, Mrs. Ernest Warren. The meeting closed by singing the National Anthem.

### HE WAS IT

J. Percival McJunk  
Smoked cigars that smelled like stale punk.  
But he had money to bank  
And a swell auto to crank;  
So the girls thought J. Percy all hunk.

Barber: Have a tonic, sir?  
Customer: No thanks, I'm on the water wagon.

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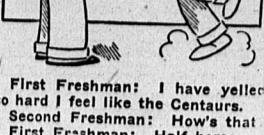
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# SMILES



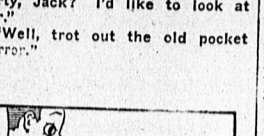
First Freshman: I have yelled so hard I feel like the Centaurs.  
Second Freshman: How's that?  
First Freshman: Half horse.



"Who is the prettiest girl at the party, Jack? I'd like to look at her."  
"Well, trot out the old pocket mirror."



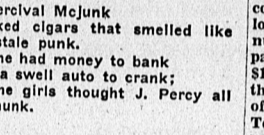
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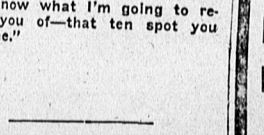
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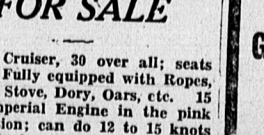
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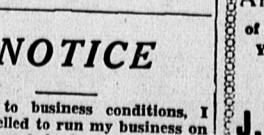
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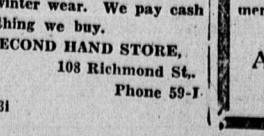
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## For Sleepless Nights

Restless, sleepless nights—followed by dull and draggy days—are often caused by unsuspected constipation.

A dash of ENO'S in a glass of water every morning assists Nature to function normally—insures sound, restful sleep every night.

# ENO'S FRUIT SALT

### ANNUAL MEETING

The Children's Aid Society of Charlottetown will hold its Annual Meeting Thursday night, the 26th November, at 8 o'clock in the City Council Chambers, Miss Margaret Anstey, Director of the St. John, N. B., Society, will address the meeting. The public are invited.

107-11-24-21

### FARM FOR SALE BY PUBLIC TENDER

One hundred and twenty acres Red House, Kings Co., P. E. I., forty acres under cultivation—balance in woodland and pasture.

Buildings consist of—house 20x30 with ell, barn 20x45, granary 15x20, hen house 12x20, woodhouse 14x22. Nearest rail point St. Charles, six miles—school half mile.

Terms of sale are 10% of the purchase price in cash, minimum amount to be \$100.00, the balance in 5 to 25 equal annual instalments according to the amount remaining on loan, with interest at 6% per annum. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque for \$100.00. Tenders will be opened at the office of the Soldier Settlement of Canada on December 9th, 1931. Tenders should be marked on envelope "Tenders for the purchase of Peter Black Farm and addressed to the Soldier Settlement of Canada, P. O. Box 1418, Saint John, N. B. Nov. 24-21.

Nov. 24-21

## Builders Hardware

FIT FOR FINE HOMES  
Hardware provides a chief outward manifestation of the inward character of your building. Our modern Hardware—some of which is designed along old period lines, is made to meet the needs of builders of homes of fine character, and buildings generally of architectural excellence. See our displays. Get our prices.

The Rogers Hardware Co., Limited

## CHRISTMAS IS COMING

and will soon be with us again

### GREETING CARDS

It is not too early to select GREETING CARDS to send to friends far away. Our splendid NEW STOCK is now open for inspection, the largest and best line we have ever shown. Selected from the best Canadian and American makers of GREETING CARDS.

We have wonderful values to show you, two Xmas Cards with coloured envelopes for 5 cents. Then we have great values for 5 cents and 10 cents, beautiful designs with coloured lined envelopes. Then of course we have finer still at over 10 cents each up to 25 cents (real beauties).

BOXED CHRISTMAS CARDS for school gifts, 12 cards for 30 cents, 20 cards 50 cents and up. Come in and see our big display.

# CARTER & CO.

Limited

### Professional Cards

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

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

McDONALD & McPHEE  
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J. A. McDONALD, B. F. McPHEE  
Barristers, Attorneys, Etc.  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Riley Building  
4734-5-20-1mo-daily

BELL & MATHIESON  
R. R. Bell, D. L. Mathieson, LL. B.  
Barrister & Solicitors  
Money to Loan  
Charlottetown and Montague

MARK R. McGUIGAN  
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Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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 B. J. Haywood, Chief Inspector, Charlottetown.

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## Don't Telephone

Read the Rules of The Guardian "Famous Canadians" Puzzle Contest. They will answer every question.

### Rules Governing Guardian "Famous Canadians" Contest

Everyone who is a paid in advance subscriber excepting employees of The Guardian and their families may take part. As many members of one family of a paid in advance subscriber may compete as desire and any subscriber may send in as many sets of answers as he or she wishes, but each set must be complete and will be judged individually.

The successful competitors whose subscriptions are paid farthest into 1932 will have the preference.

Clip the picture and coupon underneath it every day and write the answer on the blank line. Save all your clippings until the end of the contest and then send them to the "Famous Canadians" Contest Editor of The Guardian in one batch. Name and address should be included, clearly written or printed, and securely attached to your solutions. It will facilitate handling if you bind your solutions by sewing along the top, or using paper fasteners.

In sending more than one solution, each solution must be enclosed in a separate envelope.

Please attach sufficient postage as, otherwise, it may be necessary to refuse acceptance of the mail.

In case of a tie The Guardian reserves the right to publish one or more tie-breaking puzzles.

The judges' decision will be final in all matters, and The Guardian will not undertake to enter into correspondence with any individual regarding the decision of the judges.

## Start Today to Win a Cash Prize



This is my answer to the above puzzle "FAMOUS CANADIAN" CONTEST.

Put Surname of Famous Canadian only.

My subscription is paid in advance to

Name of subscriber

Address

Each puzzle represents the name of a famous Canadian, past or present. Forty of the fifty correct solutions appeared on the printed list published from Oct. 10 to 17. Read the rules. If the same name admits of variations in spelling, spelling on the printed list only will be accepted. Spelling however, will not disqualify any contestant if the correct solution is a name not appearing on the printed list.

## The Charlottetown Guardian

## Tired Nerves Sleeplessness

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

By forming new, rich blood Dr. Chase's Nerve Food restores the exhausted nerves and removes the cause of Sleeplessness, Irritability, Headaches and Nervous Indigestion.

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

## MINARD'S LINIMENT

"KING OF PAIN"

FOR SCIATICA  
Wash the painful part well with warm water, then rub in plenty of Minard's and you'll feel better!

FOR SALE  
Cabin Cruiser, 30 over all; seats twenty. Fully equipped with Ropes, Anchors, Sloop, Dory, Oars, etc. 15 H. P. Imperial Engine in the pink of condition; can do 12 to 15 knots and ready for the surf at the first trick of the wheel. May be inspected at Capt. Fitzgerald's factory, Georgetown. 10424-11-25-Wed-Fri-Mon-31.

## COAL ARE YOU READY?

Old man winter looks like a disagreeable old soul, but, if you have a good supply of our high-grade Coal in your cellar you will find him an agreeable companion.

W. D. GILLIS & COMPANY  
COAL  
PHONE 176.

## NOT EASILY ROUSED

He was a furniture remover's man, and his memory, as he cheerfully admitted, was "very convenient."

"No," he said to the debt collector, "I can't remember where Mr. Pitt has taken his family and furniture."

"Come, now," said the debt collector, "he hasn't been gone a week, and you drove the van."

"Did I?"

"You know you did."

"Less than a week ago?"

"Funny how easily a fellow forgets."

The collector offered him a ten shilling note.

"That ought to rouse your memory," he remarked.

"It ought to do so," admitted the other, "but mine's no ordinary memory, and it takes a lot of rousing. Why, it cost a pound to put it to sleep."

## NOTICE

Owing to business conditions, I am compelled to run my business on a strictly cash basis on and after December 1st, 1931. All past due accounts must be settled before that date or I shall have to hand them in for collection.

F. E. MURPHY,  
General Merchant,  
Emerald.

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