

You will like the flavour of both

Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND

COFFEE TEA

SOLD IN 1/2 lb. tins & 2 lb. cartons SOLD IN 1 lb. & 1 1/2 lb. cartons

Annual Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Premier Silver Black Fox Co., Ltd., will be held in the Hall at Bedeque, P. E. I. on Tuesday, December 1st, 1925.

THOMAS, MOYSE, Sec'y. Treas.

6238-11-25M71.

F XES FOR SALE

The balance of the Foxes in the Mass Fur Farm ranch, Mount Ed ward Road, will be sold by private sale from now until putting time. Any Foxes not sold by private sale within the next ten days, will be pelted.

For full particulars to parties interested will see Mr. J. E. Newcom care Peter Newcom, Brighton, Charlottetown.

6042-11-14-121.

AUCTION SALE

On Market Square, Friday, 27th, at 12 o'clock noon. 1 nice driving horse 8 years old, 1 driving wagon (new), 1 set harness (new). Sale positive.

6270-11-26M21.

FOR SALE

My farm at Greenvale, consisting of 72 acres of good land, all clear but 2 acres. House and out buildings are all in best repair.

6274-11-26M31.

FOR SALE

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

5992-11-11wfm121.

POULTRY NOTICE

Ship your live and dressed poultry to the Harris Abattoir Co., and receive the 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. 6247-11-25M1.

When you think of Christmas giving think of giving Photographs

BY BAYER ALSO Passport Photos 163 GREAT GEORGE STREET

Professional Cards McDonald & McPhee B. A. J. A. McDONALD H. F. MCPHEE Barristers, Attorney, Etc. Money to Loan. Riley Building Charlottetown

Dr. C. C. Archibald Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Office Bayer Building Great George Street. Office Hours—9 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m. Telephone 850-J.

Mark R. McGuigan B. A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Money to Loan. Cameron Block Charlottetown, P. E. I. 2220-7-11-71.

W. A. MORRELL CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT AND AUDITOR RHODES STEELE BLOCK AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA 60163-14Mmo.

SMILES



WAS HELPED OUT "Did you find it difficult proposing to your girl?" "Why—er—yes—but her father helped me out!"

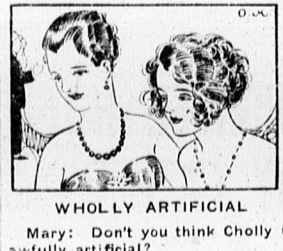
A CREDIT TO THE TOWN "He's a credit to the town, don't you think?" "Judging by the number of people he owes, I do."



THE NARROW WAY "He seems to be keeping to the narrow way very well of late." "Has to—strained circumstances, you know."



WHOLLY ARTIFICIAL "Mary: Don't you think Cholly is awfully artificial?" "May: Even his mind's affected. I think."



MRS. SIPPY NOT KNOWN Teacher: Johnny, what do you know about Mississippi? Tough Kid: We ain't got no Mrs. Sippy 'round here. You mean Mrs. Lippe, I guess.



Tenders for Purchase Farm and Potato House Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon December 1st, 1925, for the purchase of a 135 acre farm, 100 acres in high state of cultivation, balance good growth lumber situated half mile from Kinkora Station.

Also a three quarter interest in a frost proof Potato Warehouse of 40,000 bushel capacity located on railway siding at Kinkora. Tender may state price of both or separately. For particulars apply to W. J. Reid, Middleton or the undersigned. PHOENIX FARMING COMPANY, Charlottetown 6081-11-13fmw81.

The Iron Horse

BY EDWIN C. HILL

He found the horses, mounted and took the back trail. Night caught him on the ridge and he made camp after a fashion. Sleep he could not. All night long he sat by his fire, trying to banish the image of Brandon, young with broken body at the foot of that awful wall. He emptied a pint flask of brandy, responding to its warmth and the optimistic urge of alcohol. Well, it was done! He would be damned fool to let conscience lash him. He was safe. No one could ever prove that he had cut the rope. His reward was sure. He would make Deroux pay high. Thirty thousand wasn't enough for this job. Nor twice thirty thousand. He would make better terms that

Dawn came and stirred him into action. He made coffee which he gulped down scalding hot. But he had little appetite. The desire to get clear of the region scourged him. He drove the horses without mercy. Some he made better time than he and Brandon had made together. He reached Cheyenne the next evening, rested and hurried on to Julesburg. In the bar he gave his version of Brandon's death. Inspired by brandy he told his story convincingly, making Davy a hero, keeping himself in the background, deliberately admitting that he had been afraid to tackle the descent and that Brandon had volunteered for the job. Nobody doubted him. Many sympathized. They expressed it by alcoholic hospitality and rough sympathy.

Four days later Jesson reached the end of track, left his horses to be sent on and took the construction train to North Platte. Entering the town he jogged the horses toward headquarters. Ruby, just leaving the Union Pacific Hotel, saw him as he trotted past. She started forward, then drew back to the doorway. She looked back down the street. Nobody followed. Jesson rode alone. Her throat tightened. She groped for the wall, weak, sick. But she conquered weakness by sheer will, straightened her shoulders and walked into the street.

"It's done, and that's all there is to it," she said. "Brandon was nothing to me, nothing to anybody. He was in the way." Exultation flushed her. The game was won. Her thoughts leaped forward. Deroux would pay. He kept his bargains. She would take Jesson out of this country, back East. They would have enough, with what she had saved, and that was far more than anybody suspected. She would have happiness at last. The happiness she had dreamed of—that she had been in most willing to sell her soul for. Jesson was hers now and she thrilled at the thought. Every drop of blood in her body yearned for him. Her strong mind seized the situation and mastered it. A price had been paid, a terrible price, but the stake was worth it. She passed swiftly down the street and entered the Arabian Nights. As she had guessed, Deroux was there, in a group of his men. She threw him a look and fitted into a back room. He followed presently.

"He's back!" she said laconically. "Alone?" "Alone." Deroux left her abruptly and hastened from the place. He went straight to headquarters and walked in as Jesson was telling his story to Marsh. The superintendent's face was sad.

SCALDS & Other Home Accidents

THE real danger of a burn or scald is that when outer skin is damaged or removed, the sensitive raw flesh is exposed to the inflammatory action of air and poisonous disease germs.

The first thing to do to avert blood-poison and ulceration is to instantly apply Zam-Buk. This ends all swelling and inflammation—

Soothes Pain—Grows New Skin

Zam-Buk is a healing balm scientifically prepared from certain valuable herbal extracts. These endow it with unique, antiseptic, purifying and healing properties.

Also for eczema, salt rheum, poisoned wounds, ulcers, children's scald disease, piles, cuts, cold sores, chapped hands, chilblains, etc. Zam-Buk is a wonderful remedy. Never be without a box!

50c. 3 for \$1.25 at all Drugists and Stores.

Zam-Buk

The Healer To KEEP ALWAYS HANDY!

"Heard you were back," said Deroux. "Where's young Brandon?" "I have just been telling Mr. Marsh," said Jesson. "Brandon is dead. I will tell you all about it later."

"That's bad," said Deroux. "He was a fine young man. And you found no pass, I take it?" "There is no pass," said Jesson. "I made sure of that. It is an impossible region for a railroad."

"Oh, never mind the pass, now," said Marsh. "I can't get that boy's face out of my mind. Years ago he was like my own son. When he joined us here, I felt the same way. I blame myself. If I hadn't sent him out this wouldn't have happened. I don't know how I am going to tell Miriam about this. It will break her all up. Well, it has to be done. I will see you tomorrow. Mr. Deroux. We are moving headquarters at once. The trains will be made up in the morning."

CHAPTER XX. "HELL ON WHEELS."

The next day North Platte began to shrivel. Moving day had come to the doomed capital of the Union Pacific. Its portion was not the utter extinction which fell upon so many of the mad towns that punctuated the progress of the road, but it had played its part in the drama. It was to be abandoned and left, diminished, dark, silent.

That day and for many days, the shrinking town was bedlam. Five thousand human beings were demanding transportation to Julesburg, with their goods and livestock and the very houses they lived in. Fifteen thousand tons of railroad and government freight were piled up ready to be loaded. A thousand teamsters and nearly as many wagons were ready to follow the trains westward. Stricken North Platte seethed with the bustle and excitement, its last convulsion. Everything and everybody were bound westward, a human hurly-burly swirling in the widest confusion. Houses, barns, and tanks to the ground, were banded in sections and canvas rolls and thrown upon the flat cars. Long lines of men, many negroes among them, staggered to the track with their curious and nondescript burdens, household goods, counters, desks, saloon bars, imitation stucco fronts, cases and barrels of liquor, gambling layouts, supplies of every description.

Horse and mule teams toiled through the jumble of men and goods, through the throng of merchant-adventurers, clerks, down-at-the-heel lawyers, doctors, clergymen, jack-of-all-trades, remittance men, tenderfeet, graders, gamblers, soldiers, Mexicans, Indians and scantily-dressed women whose neat rerrings swung from belt ribbons—all driven by the feverish desire to abandon North Platte and get started for Julesburg, eighty-two miles to the west, soon to brag of its title "the Wickedest City in America."

On the rim of this boiling cauldron, from the safe viewpoint of her father's car, Miriam surveyed one of the strangest assemblages of a human community that the world had ever seen or ever would see. Sad as was her heart, this turbulent stream of flossam and jetsam caught her interest. From where she stood, she saw a whole caravan approach, bearing the goods of women, horses and mules, all burdened, driven by Haller's bellowed orders. Flanking them was a line of wagons carrying the heavier paraphernalia in barrels or boxes. A complete train of flat-cars was waiting for Haller and his professional brethren, and Miriam saw it as it was loaded and as it began to lurch to justify its name "Hell on Wheels." A bar was set up to accommodate the ever-thirsty, four bartenders constantly in action. Roulette wheels began to whir, each ringed with intent gamblers. Under an awning, a poker game started. Even the women resumed their professional occupation, mingling with the drinkers and the gamblers.

Miriam turned away at last and went to her room, throwing herself upon her bed. The tears came and she let them flow. She did not try to deceive herself, now that it was too late. She had loved Davy, loved him as a woman loves a strong man. His face, shining with courage and cleanliness of heart, rose before her misty eyes. She felt again the warm, strong clasp of his hand, the grateful refuge of his strong arm. His voice came back to her, with its cheerful uplift, and she saw again his boyish smile with the funny little quirks at the corners of his mouth. For a long time she lay to her pillow, her husband's body shaking. Then she arose, bathed her eyes and went to look for her father.

They were under way toward Julesburg, humming along over the prairie, trains ahead of them, trains behind; one of an almost endless string of trains, all jammed with the migrating horde and the soldier escort. In the far background she saw the laboring teams.

They arrived at Julesburg in the late afternoon, to a new scene of bustling uproar. Another flash town was springing to life. Twenty-four hours ago its population was a handful. Within three weeks it was a city of 4,000. Miriam watched the crazy stampede as the trains pulled in and emptied their passengers into streets ankle deep in dust. She marveled as she saw the buildings going up, sections of frame covered with heavy canvas. Armies of men were climbing and crawling over these mushroom structures, nailing planks, painting ridge signs, spreading canvas. Life again flowed at high tide, as the ex-citizens of North Platte settled to their new home, laughing, cursing, shooting off their revolvers, in sheer exuberance.

Marsh appeared from his room and found Miriam at a window. He went to her and put his arm around her, saying nothing. She looked up, tears welling in her eyes, holding his hand tightly. He held her close for a moment.

"It's an hour until dark. Don't you want to take a walk with me? It might interest you. I'm going to see what kind of a new headquarters they have given me."

Miriam nodded, welcoming the stroll. It would help her to take her mind from her grief. They set out together, Marsh pointing out the streets, trying to amuse her, succeeding now and then.

"The Union Pacific laid out the town," he said, "but if we are not careful the gamblers and gunmen will own it. This place will be worse than North Platte. Every succeeding town on the line becomes a little tougher than the one left behind. Human life is held cheaply. I think we will have to give these gentry a check."

(To be continued.)

Most Housewives Use



It assures Better Baking

close for a moment. "This is the last chapter of "Snow-White and Rose Red." Children who have saved all the paper dolls for the past two weeks will now be able to act out the story. A new story starts Monday.

Even though Rose Red felt badly over losing her dear sister, she knew she was not forgotten, for Snow White and the prince came every day to the house in the woods, bringing the finest game and all sorts of rare and dainty provisions. But best of all Rose Red liked to return with her sister to the castle and there take part in the dances and merry-making of the court. It was here she met and fell in love with the prince's brother, and in the spring of the next year they, too, were married.

Their mother lived very happily for many years with her two children, staying first with Snow White and then with Rose Red. The rose trees which had stood before the door of their cottage in the wood, and from which the girls had derived their names, were planted before the palace and continued every year to produce lovely red and white roses.

(Rose Red's wedding dress is pale blue with headdress. She carries red roses tied with silver ribbon.)

MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL ROONEY

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Truly may it be said that this happy couple died in the Lord, as they were comforting their souls to Him in prayer when they were making that final step from Time to Eternity. During their eighty years and more of life they lived in intimate union with the Master and when His angel summoned them to eternal rest they were found prepared for His Divine call.

Seldom is a happy christian home called upon to sacrifice two of its members within one week yet such was the heavy toll exacted from the household of Francis and Rooney, Orwell Cove, when death claimed his father on November 11th and his mother on the 16th of the same month.

Mr. Rooney was born in the County Fermanagh, Ireland, eighty-three years ago. In 1847 he migrated to this province and settled at Iona with his parents and the other members of the family. At the age of twenty-two, he married Mary McKenna, a native of Iona and only two years his junior.

Together they solved the problems of life, and in the midst of poverty and hardship through prayer and sacrifice they succeeded in caring for and instructing fifteen children entrusted them by Providence. Forty three years of their life drama was enacted at Iona, and the remaining eighteen years were spent at Orwell Cove.

It was in 1907 that they succeeded purchasing from Donald McLeod that beautiful 150 acre farm on which their youngest sons now reside. A few years after this purchase, when the burdens of life were becoming difficult to bear they decided to divide the property equally between their sons, John and Francis—choosing to spend their evening of life with the latter. But this decision to relinquish care and responsibility, did not cause them to cease their labors; on the contrary they remained active, and assisted willingly and generously in all the farm and household occupations until a week prior to their death.

They were a deeply religious couple, very kind neighbors and always very keenly interested in the welfare of the home and the community.

Mr. Rooney was quiet, unassuming, and always the same in adversity as in prosperity. Nothing seemed to worry him. Mrs. Rooney was more active in disposition, and quickly seized upon every opportunity, tending to turn her husband's and her own talents to profit. Well may their friends say that they were a wonderful couple, well matched by Providence to share the burdens of life together.

In their last illness they were attended by their genial friend Dr. J. F. Martin, Belfast; Rev. P. S. Duffy, pastor of Iona and their grandson, Rev. M. J. Rooney attend ed to their spiritual needs.

Despite all that willing hands and loving hearts could do to prolong their earthly sojourn, the dread malady, pneumonia gained the victory over age in each case and death ensued.

Unwards of 100 carriages joined the funeral procession accompanying each of their mortal remains to St. Michael's Church and Cemetery at Iona. Rev. M. J. Rooney assisted by Rev. P. S. Duffy and Rev. P. D. McGuigan, Vernon River, celebrated the funeral service over Mrs. Rooney on Sunday afternoon November 15th.

Another gathering, Rev. William J. McFabe acting pastor at Seven Mile Bay, chanted the solemn high mass of Requiem at the funeral of his grandmother on November 18th. It was assisted by Rev. Joseph Rooney, Morell; as Deacon, Rev. M. J. Rooney as sub-deacon and Rev. P. D. McGuigan as master of ceremonies. Rev. P. S. Duffy assisted the choir. After the mass the de-

SNOW WHITE COLOR CUT-OUTS



ANOTHER HAPPY UNION

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(Rose Red's wedding dress is pale blue with headdress. She carries red roses tied with silver ribbon.)

ceased was laid to rest beside her husband, there to await the union of soul and body on resurrection morn. May they rest in peace.

The pall bearers for each of the funerals were Joseph McCabe, N. G. McPherson, D. J. Nicholson, James Morrissey, William McLeod, and James McKenna.

Besides a host of other relatives and friends the deceased leave to mourn, five sons, four daughters, almost seventy grand-children and thirty great-grand children. The sons are Michael and Joseph, Boston, Mass.; Charles, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; John and Francis at home. The daughters are Mrs. John J. Haggarty, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. Joseph Daugherty, Vernon, P. E. I.; six of their children predeceased them.

Philip Rooney, Cherry Valley, is a brother, while Mrs. Rose Sullivan, Cardigan and Mrs. Thomas Shea, Glenfinnan, are sisters of the late Mr. Rooney. Peter McKenna, Newtown Cross, Patrick McKenna, Vernon, Mrs. Catherine Sullivan, Vernon and Mrs. Philip Rooney, cherry Valley, are brothers and sisters of Mrs. Rooney.

Patriot please copy

Women Secure against lost charm this new way of solving oldest hygienic problem

SHEER gowns and ill-timed social or business demands hold no terror for the modern woman. The insecurity of the old-time "sanitary pad" has been ended. "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.

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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

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ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

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Quebec Election Seen In 12 Months

MONTREAL, Nov. 23.—Speaking on behalf of the candidature of Anaclet Carignan, Conservative candidate in the constituency of Jacques Cartier in the provincial election to be held on Nov. 30, that the popular verdict would be with the Conservative party, hence vindical Opposition, declared today the people were being asked to vote within a year and a half, there would be a general provincial election, and the result was a foregone conclusion.

"I defy Premier Taschereau to hold elections next summer without amending the Roads Act, without accepting in part at least some of the measures which we have advocated," declared Mr. Sauve. When the general elections come, Carier in the provincial by-said Mr. Sauve, he was convinced that the popular verdict would be with the Conservative party, hence vindical Opposition, declared today the people were being asked to vote within a year and a half, there would be a general provincial election, and the result was a foregone conclusion.

Auction Sale OF FURNITURE

I am instructed by Mr. A. J. MacNevin, City, to sell at Public Auction, White's Sales Room, Queen Street, next door to Fennel & Chandler, his household furniture and other effects on Friday, November 27th, starting at one o'clock sharp, consisting of:

Fumed Oak Dining Room Suit, Circassian Walnut Bedroom Suit, Mahogany Bedroom set with Brass Bed, Hand Carved Upholstered Living Room Suit, Kitchen Chairs and Table, Antique Sofa, Player Piano, Victor Victrola, Singer Sewing Machine (new), Roll Top Desk, Small Safe, L. C. Smith Typewriter, Vacuum Cleaner (new), Four Squares 9x12 and a number of smaller rugs and mats, Wilton Square Carpet, Curtains, Pictures, Clocks, Silver-dishes and kitchen utensils, etc.

This furniture is practically all new. Sale positive. No reserve

J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer

6229-24-31—Tues., Wed., Frid.

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Ar. Detroit 11.30 P. M.
Ar. Chicago 8.00 A. M.

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Montreal Charlottetown St. John's

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S. S. "Hitherwood" November 17th November 21st
S. S. "Peveril" November 21st November 25th
S. S. "Ceuta" November 28th December 2nd.

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