

# Get a hot quick breakfast with SHREDDED WHEAT

Pour hot milk over it-Delicious!

## Canadian Pacific Mount Compartment Sleepers

The greatest of satisfaction has been expressed by those who have travelled between Saint John and Montreal in the Compartment sleepers, which have been in operation since August last on Canadian Pacific.

The train is leaving Saint John at four o'clock in the afternoon, and train 16 leaving Montreal at seven o'clock in the evening.

This class of sleeper has always been operated on the more important lines of the Canadian Pacific, and its adoption lately on the Montreal route has proved very successful, and growing more popular all the time.

## TENDERS

Sealed Tenders will be received at the Office of the undersigned 158 Prince Street up to Tuesday, November 10th, 1925 for the purchase of property situated at St. Herbert, bounded and described as follows:

Bounded on the West by Fuller's Creek, on the North by Christopher McLean's Land (now in possession of Orphanage), on the East by land in possession of George Jenkins, formerly Albert Mutch's Land, on the South by land in possession of Ernest Mutch, formerly James Mutch's land—containing 130 acres of land a little more or less.

This property is but a short distance from Charlottetown, quite near School, Railway and Butter Factory; land is in good heart, house and buildings in excellent condition and extra well equipped.

May be viewed at any time. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. **H. M. BROWN,** Sec'y. Treas.

P. E. I. Protestant Orphanage, 5584-10-24st60.

## The Iron Horse

BY EDWIN C. HILL

(Continued)

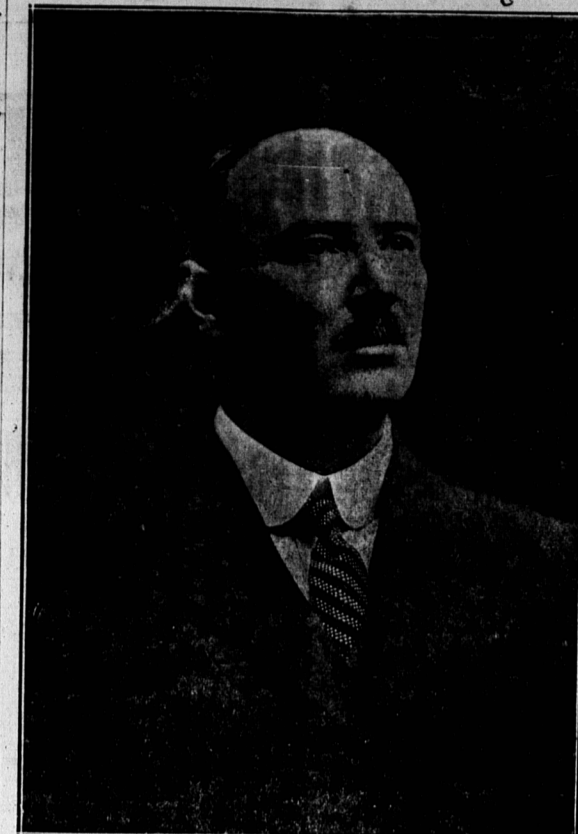
### CHAPTER IV. THE RIVER ROAD

River travel, a few days up the Mississippi, then into the turbulent Missouri, was a vivid delight to little Davy. The "little feller," as Stevens's men called him—he was the only child in the party of two hundred—was petted and pampered by every one from the governor down to the mule-skinner and the half-breed interpreters. He had the run of the boat, from the captain's cabin to the lower deck where the roustabouts worked, gambled and slept. To Davy they were all good friends. From them he learned something of the great new country beyond the bend of the river. His manliness and bright, cheerful spirit had no little influence upon the men. With Davy around, they worked more willingly and softened their oaths, although Brandon occasionally wined at some of the language which fell upon the ears of his small son.

Steambotting up the Missouri River in the Spring of the year was of toilsome and dangerous business. Bankful in early Spring flood, the great river drove southward with savage force, fighting the puny boat every fathom of the way, and launching an endless succession of snags, inanimate monsters of destruction. Any one of these half-submerged trees, wreathed from forests a thousand miles distant, would have rimmed the bottom out of the craft if her crew had not been incessantly vigilant. With spars and long pike-poles they fended off the lunging snags, working at night in the light of whale-oil flares, mysterious shadows struggling with invisible monsters. More than once Davy heard the cry, "Man overboard!" and was carried to the rail in a surge of men to see the hobbling head and waving arms being swiftly dragged down-river by the racing current.

At night he liked to sit just forward of the "texas" where the boat's officers slept, and to gaze into a starless night. To the boy's ears would come the hoarse, but melodious chant of the quarter-master and leadmen calling the channel depth to the pilot, a kind of sorrowful strain which took his thoughts back to Springfield and Miriam. But not for long. It was all too thrilling, this wonderful river-road journey, for the melancholy of homesickness to find an abiding place in the swift thoughts of the boy. Davy was living for himself a book of travel, more fascinating than any he had ever read.

The Oregon "laid up" at the old trading post of Bellevue, one pitch-



HON. J. E. SINCLAIR  
Liberal Candidate for Queens County

black night, and Davy accompanied his father and half the boat's company to the tavern. It was kept by Colonel Sarpy, an early-comer in the country, and now the trader at Bellevue for the American Fur Company. He was under-sized, dark of complexion, quick in his movements, polished in his manners. "Fire-eater," said Bill Haddon in Brandon's ear. "Little as he is, the Omahas call him 'Big Chief,'—Ne-Ka-Yah-He," in their lingo. Stands on his dignity. There's a fool who'll get a lesson!"

A big mule-whacker, thirsty for liquor, had shoved through the twisted bars, unceremoniously elbowing Sarpy out of his way. The little Colonel followed the teamster to the bar and faced him, eyes blazing. The teamster looked down at the bantam, grinned and spat in contempt. Sarpy spoke, every word crackling like a whip: "Do you know who I am, sir? I am Peter A. Sarpy, sir! If you want to fight, I am your man, sir! I can whip the devil, sir! Choose your weapons, sir! Bowie knife, shotgun or revolver, I am your man, sir!"

With a lightning movement he whipped out his long-barreled Colt's forty-five, and snuffed a candle down the bar, ten paces distant. The mule-whacker's jaw dropped and fear crept into his eyes. With great haste he edged away from the little man of wrath and slipped around the wall to the door, through which he vanished into the night. A roar of laughter went up. Colonel Sarpy calmly replaced his pistol and resumed walking up and down, with an occasional word to an acquaintance.

Almost every day the boat made long stops at a wood-yard where corded fuel was waiting, ready stacked; or paused at one of the courageous settlements which struggled for a foothold between river and forest. Davy had unforgettable glimpses of the doughty pioneers who were steadily crowding the frontier toward the Pacific, and frequently, along the uplands, he saw bands of Omahas following the craft of buffalo or slowly riding their ponies, grim silhouettes upon the horizon. Captain Terry told him tales of the old steam-boating days when Indians were a deadly menace. There had been steamboats on the Missouri since as far back as 1819, the Captain said, and for many years afterward the Indians fought desperately to close the river-road against the dreaded invasion of white men.

"You see, Davy," said Captain Terry, "they were smart enough to understand that their hunting grounds were in danger, and they did their best to drive the boats off the river. They seldom attacked in the daytime, but raids at night were common, especially when the craft of those days had to tie up along the banks for fear of snags, or because the old-time pilots didn't know enough about the channel changes in this crazy river to navigate in the dark. The Indians would ride along the bank, whooping like fiends and shooting clouds of arrows, fire arrows, usually. Their game was to burn the boats. They killed a lot of good men that way and burned more than one boat."

"Then a fellow came along with an idea that scared 'em off. He knew that Indians are a superstitious lot, believing in all sorts of devils, so he rigged up a special devil for 'em. He made a big serpent's head, like a giant kite, out of lath and oil paper, and lit up the contraption with whale-oil lamps. He set this snake devil up in the lookout, and a man was posted up there to turn the wicks of the lamps up and down, so as to make the scary head sort of glare and disappear, and glare and disappear. It worked fine. It was too much for the reds. It never failed to send them to the right about with whoops of fear. The result was that the Indians let up a whole lot on the night attack business, and steamboating got to be a good bit safer."

Some days, the whistle of the Oregon, the American Fur Company boat upon which the Stevens expedition was travelling, would blast a salute to a company

keelboats, heavily loaded, rude, strongly built crafts, sixty to seventy feet long, tugged up-stream by a cordelle, a heavy rope three hundred feet or more in length, one end of which was attached to a mast, and the other hauled by two-score stalwart men marching along shore. When the wind was right, the labor of dragging these heavy boats up-stream was eased by sails. Often Davy saw them using poles and long oars in their laborious struggle against the raging river.

An occasional mackinaw, with four oarsmen, shot down-stream, piled high with pelts, and now and then tusty, brown-armed French-Canadian half-breeds flashed past the laboring steamboat with shrill cries. Davy had his first sight of the bull boats, the queer craft built from a frame of willow saplings covered with the hides of bull buffaloes.

These sights and sounds and the thrill of deer feeding in the bottomlands in the early morning never grew stale. One day Bill Haddon pointed out a great, lumbering, brown shape on the edge of the wooded Nebraska shore: (To be continued.)

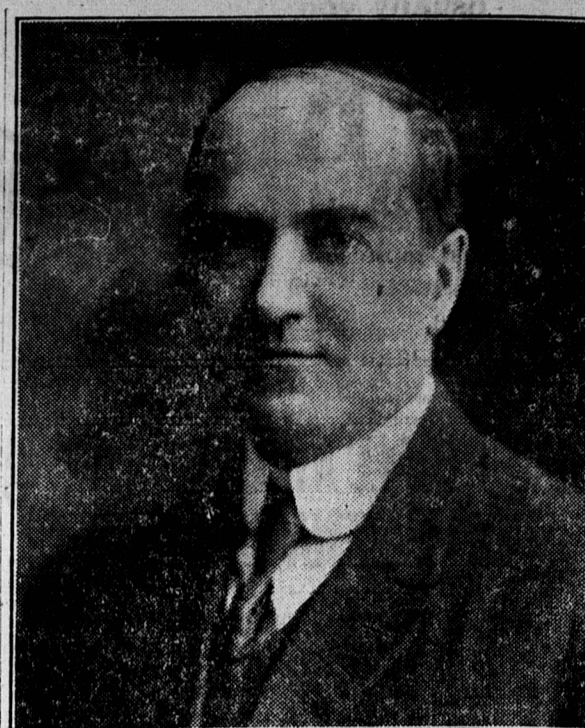
## Aged Resident of Oxford Junction Killed Instantly

(Canadian Press.)

OXFORD, N. S. Oct. 25.—H. A. Amos sixty two a prominent citizen of this town a former town councillor was instantly killed yesterday when inspecting an excavation on his property. He was entombed by a cave-in. Workmen were also caught by the slide of earth but were rescued. Mr. Amos was dead when extricated. The deceased came to Nova Scotia from New Brunswick 30 years ago. He was Maritime representative of the J. B. Armstrong Company of Guelph Ont.

## U. S. Planes Break From Moorings

BALTIMORE, M. D. Oct. 25.—Twenty two United States navy seaplanes moored with the U. S. S.



R. HAROLD JENKINS  
Liberal Candidate for Queens County

Shawmut in Baltimore Harbor broke away in a gale late today. Another plane moored at Bayshore Park had dragged free of its anchor and disappeared in the Chesapeake before a strong northwesterly wind. None of the planes had been located. All were unoccupied and had been at anchor in preparation for a naval pageant to precede the Scheuler cup race at Bay Shore Park tomorrow.

## YOU WIN.

The man who is riding sixty miles per hour in a big machine is no happier than the man who is riding thirty miles per hour in a flier, because the man in the flier thinks he is going sixty.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DUMAS PHENOMENAL WRITER. The elder Dumas, in one phenomenal year, actually turned out volumes at the rate of one a week.

## FARM FOR SALE

I offer my farm of 50 acres all clear and in first class condition, situated at Wintoo. If not sold by November 4th will on that day be offered by public auction with stock, crop and implements. Apply Neil McFadden, on premises or

**BENJ. CARTER,**  
Auctioneer.  
Sale positive. 5736-10-27st41.

## How to Mark Your Ballot

If you want to bring Prosperity back to Canada and keep your boys at home put your X opposite the names of McKinnon and Messervy as below—

1	<b>ROBERT HAROLD JENKINS</b> of the City of Charlottetown, Merchant.	
2	<b>DONALD MCKINNON</b> of the City of Charlottetown, Barrister	X
3	<b>JOHN ALBERT MESSERVY</b> of the City of Charlottetown, Merchant	X
4	<b>JOHN EWEN SINCLAIR</b> of Summerfield, Farmer	

Do your part in saving Canada from Agricultural and Industrial ruin by marking an X opposite the names of McKinnon and Messervy on your Ballot, as above.

Published by the Conservative Campaign Committee, Charlottetown.

### Farquhar Steamship Line

S. S. "HETHPOOL" Leaves Boston for Halifax Oct. 20th, Nov. 3rd, Nov. 17th, Dec. 1st, Dec. 15th.  
Connecting With

S. S. "SABLE I" Leaving, Halifax for Charlottetown, Oct. 22nd, Nov. 5th, Nov. 19th, Dec. 3rd, Dec. 17th  
Leaving Charlottetown for Sydney, North Sydney, Curling, Cornerbrook and other West Coast Newfoundland Ports, Oct. 23rd, Nov. 6th, Nov. 20th, Dec. 4th, Dec. 18th.

**CARVELL BROS.**  
AGENTS

### EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.

BOSTON-ST. JOHN, N. B.—(International) LINE  
Fare St. John to Boston \$10.00; Eastport or Lubec to Boston \$9.00  
Staterooms \$3.50

S. S. GOV. DINGLEY  
Atlantic Time

Leave St. John Wednesdays at 9 A. M. and Saturdays at 7 P. M.  
Wednesday sailings leave Eastport 1.30 P. M., Standard Time  
Lubec 2.30 P. M. Standard Time due Boston Thursday 9 A. M.  
Saturday sailings direct to Boston, due Sunday 1 P. M.  
On Saturdays passengers may leave Eastport for Boston via St. John.

For additional information apply to agents at above ports.

## Instant Beauty

Gleamy, Thick, Wavy Hair in a Moment



Girls! Try this! When combing and brushing your hair, just moisten your hair brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can dress your hair immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy, an abundance of gleamy, wavy hair, sparkling with life, incomparably soft, fresh, youthful.

Besides beautifying the hair, a 35-cent bottle of refreshing, fragrant "Danderine" from any drug or toilet counter will do wonders, particularly if the hair is dry, thin, brittle, faded or streaked with gray from constant curling and waving which burn the color, lustre and very life from any woman's hair.

"Danderine" acts on the hair like fresh showers of rain and makes it act on vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates, nourishes and strengthens them, stopping falling hair and helping the hair to grow thick, healthy and luxuriant.

## FOR SALE

Shore farm of 100 acres of land situated at Tracadie Cross, 55 acres cleared and the balance covered with good lumber and fire-wood. This farm is well watered and is near church, schools and shipping, and has a fox-ranch erected thereon. Buildings are in good repair. Also 50 acres of cleared land with in one-half mile of above farm. Will sell at a bargain for quick sale. Also seven registered foxes for immediate sale. Apply to Henry Powell, Tracadie Cross, or MacDonald & MacPhee, Solicitors, Riley Building, Charlottetown. 5583-20-tt31.

**GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE**  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK  
PERMANENT COLOR WITH DAMP CLOTH

Look for this Gold Seal. It identifies the genuine, guaranteed Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs.

Pattern No. 562 is shown on the floor. It is a beautiful Oriental design.

## Don't Fail to See the New Congoleum Rug Patterns—

Again—Congoleum Canada Limited makes a real contribution to the art of interior decoration.

In the newest designs of Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs, distinctive motifs have been combined with harmonious colorings to produce effects that have been found until now only in the most expensive woven rugs and carpets.

Pattern No. 562, the rug shown above, contains more than a hint of the Orient. It is a floral design, the flowers are in light blue, magenta and old rose. The buff background is relieved by a coffee-colored cross-patch design. The border is old blue and lends a finishing touch to this exceptionally pretty pattern. The colors are admirably adapted to either light or rich-toned draperies.

**Your Dealer has the New Designs**

Of course, a newspaper illustration can convey only the merest suggestion of the wonderful artistry of the new Congoleum Rug designs. To appreciate them you must see how decorative they really are. Your dealer will be glad to show them to you; also other patterns of Congoleum Rugs suitable for all parts of the house.

Congoleum Rugs have many other qualities besides beauty to recommend them to modern women. They are sunproof, waterproof and sanitary. They lie flat without fastening.

**Popular Sizes at Low Prices**

Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs are made in seventeen sizes; ranging from the handy 18 x 36 inch mats to the 9 x 15 foot room-size rugs. Their amazing durability and very low prices make them the most economical floor-covering you can buy.

**Congoleum-By-the-Yard**

Ask your dealer to show you the four new patterns in this popular floor-covering. It is made of the same durable material as Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs, for use to cover the entire floor.

**CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED**  
1270 St. Patrick Street, Montreal, Quebec

At right is Pattern No. 560, one of the new designs. Below is Pattern No. 552, a Chinese design.

**CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS**

Made in Canada—by Canadians—for Canadians

**ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL ON THE GOODS YOU BUY**