

Silver Leaf BINDER TWINE

Manufactured by THE BRANTFORD TWINE CO., LTD. CANADIAN MADE.

None better, every pound guaranteed.

550 feet to the pound. The price this year is very low, lower than for many years.

For Sale at our SEED and FEED STORE, in any quantity.

Carter & Co. Limited

Clarke Steamship Co. Ltd. S. S. "Gaspesia"

Sept. 14	Sept. 20	Sept. 20
Leave Montreal	Arrive Ch'town	Leave Ch'town
7:30 A. M.	7:00 A. M.	Midnight
Aug. 30	Sept. 5	Sept. 5
Sept. 14	Sept. 20	Sept. 20
Sept. 28	Oct. 4	Oct. 4

CARVELL BROS. LTD.
Charlottetown Agents

Furness Red Cross Line S. S. "SILVIA"

Leave Montreal	Arrive Ch'town	Arrive Ch'town
Aug. 27	Aug. 29	Sept. 5
Sept. 10	Sept. 12	Sept. 19
Sept. 24	Sept. 26	Oct. 3

CARVELL BROS. LTD.
Charlottetown Agents

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED

J. S. TAYLOR
E. W. TAYLOR
Optometrists
142 Richmond Street

TAXIES JIMMIE'S TAXI

Phone 525
173 Queen Street

Allison Huestis Taxi

Phone 440 or 323 L.
The Queen Taxi.

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
MONEY TO LOAN
Office: 180 Richmond Street

J. W. MacNAUGHT

B.A., LL.B.
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Money to Loan
Kensington

BELL & MATHIESON

R. R. Bell, D. L. Mathieson, LL.D.
Barristers & Solicitors
Money to Loan
Charlottetown and Montague

H. F. MacPHEE, B.A.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
NOTARY, &c.
Riley Building, Charlottetown.
775-2-8-1 month.

J. A. MacDonald, K.C.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &c.
Riley Building
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.
Money to Loan and Collections
given the very best attention.
775-2-6-1 month.

MARK R. McGUIGAN

B.A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
MONEY TO LOAN
Dundas Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

HER HAND FELT DEAD
Helpless With Rheumatism

At one time she thought she would lose the use of her right hand. But "a blessing"—in the form of Kruschen Salts—put her right again.

"I was sure in a bad state," she writes. "In fact, I could not do my housework, I was so bad with rheumatism in my arms and hands. I could not sleep at night, and had to get up and heat water to ease my pain and numbness. I took all kinds of medicines, I rubbed it and plastered it—but it was still there. I thought I would lose the use of my right hand. I could not hold anything, nor could I sew a button on. My arm would go dead. I was advised to try Kruschen, and all kinds of three weeks I could such a change. I have kept on taking it, and am so thankful for the blessings I have received in Kruschen. Now I sleep all night—thanks to Kruschen's help and relief."

The six salts in Kruschen stimulate the liver and kidneys to get rid of the excess uric acid which is the cause of all rheumatic sufferings. When poisonous uric acid settles in the joints of the body, it causes the crystals—there's no doubt about those aches and pains going too!

NOTICE!

Students planning to come to Prince of Wales College for Second and Third Year work should forward immediately Notice of intention to Education Department, Prince of Wales College so that arrangements may be made for needed class rooms.

5487-9-1-31.

MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown in Prince Edward Island on Friday the 23rd day of September at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, all that tract piece and parcel of land situated lying and being on Township number 36 in Queen's County bounded and described as follows, that is to say:—Commencing on the division line between Lots number 36 and 37 at the Southeast angle of land conveyed to Daniel McDonald and now or formerly in possession of Angus Gallant, thence West along said Angus Gallant's South boundary to land in the occupation of Allan Joseph McDonald thence Southerly along the East boundary of Allan Joseph McDonald's land to the North boundary of land now or formerly in possession of Angus O'Henley thence East to the aforesaid division line thence North along the same to the place of commencement containing 50 acres of land a little more or less.

The above sale is made pursuant to a power of sale contained in a mortgage dated August 16th, A. D. 1904, and made by John R. Steele, of Afton Road in Queen's County, Farmer, and Mary Steele, his wife, (of the one part) to Patrick Morris of Donaldston in Queen's County in said Island, Farmer, (of the other part) because of default having been made in the payment of principal and interest secured thereby.

For further particulars apply to H. F. MacPhee, Solicitor, Riley Building, Charlottetown.

Dated the 29th day of August, A. D. 1932.

PATRICK F. MORRIS
Administrator C. T. A. of the personal estate and effects of Patrick Morris, Deceased.
5446-8-30-41

FOR SALE AT GEORGETOWN

House and lot the property of the late James P. McEachern, by public auction on the premises on Monday, September 12th, at one o'clock p.m. Terms at sale. For further particulars apply to H. F. MacPhee, Barrister, Riley Building, Charlottetown. 5447-8-30-1-3-5-8-10

AUCTION SALE

Estate Late Hector Buchanan. I will sell on the premises at Brookfield on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd At One O'clock P. M.

THE FOLLOWING—Two Horses, Heifer, Truck Wagon, Spring Tooth Harrow, Randall Harrow, Hay Rake, Plow, a quantity of Hay, 20 acres standing grain.

Also at same time and place I will set up for sale Farm of 70 acres with dwelling house and out buildings thereon, property of the late HECTOR BUCHANAN.

ELIZABETH ALICE KIMBALL, Executrix.

ALEXANDER McRAE, Auctioneer.
5443-8-30-51.

Tennis Player (to partner during pause in tournament): "Just look at these racket strings—as taut as the day I bought it."
Partner (frigidly): "Well, you don't use that part very much, do you?"

THE HANDSOME MAN

by MARGARET TURNBULL
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS
Copyright by Margaret Turnbull
W. H. U. Books.

"But leaving Aggy out of it entirely, sir, as we mus, I'll ask you to think of this and discuss it after dinner. Why did the beggars attack the bank today and why did they come up the towpath? Was it because the bank robbers in New York got word through that I was there after the money? Or, and this I think the more likely, was it because there was a leak somewhere—here?"

Roberta called cheerfully: "Sir George, Aunt Aggy says not to dress but come as you are. None of us are dressing tonight."

"Oh, blast!" ejaculated Sir George as he sprang to his feet, "that means I must get some of the soil from my face and hands." He disappeared.

In the cheap Philadelphia restaurant only two men met at their customary table. The waitress asked the older man, who had come in first: "Where's your friends?"

"Ah—" the sound was like a smothered oath, "that is what I should like to know myself."

Jack entered and approached the table. The older man nodded and let him slip into his chair and give an order before he spoke.

"Well?"

Jack shrugged his shoulders. "Well—is it my fault if Paul bungled it? Check up on me! Everything I got was straight. They had the money in the country bank and he did take it to the works. The New York car was a decoy, as I told you. The man who slipped up is Paul."

"They have Paul?"

"What! Will he squeal?"

The older man was silent. Then he looked up and asked, "The girl? Does she suspect you?"

Jack shook his head. "I told her enough about him to keep her from believing anything he says about me."

The older man looked at him grimly. "Eat and come to the office by the back way. We're not done. Since the payroll's lost to us, you must get the cash through the girl."

Roberta was feeling a little lonely. Here where she used to be first, with her father and those with in the house, Sir George seemed to have taken first place away from her. Even the servants watched for him, and as for her aunt and father, why quite evidently as Aunt Aggy had said, they both looked to him for amusement and excitement. That this was partly her own fault Roberta knew vaguely, but resolutely she insisted to herself that she had been justified, even now when the demands of her newest friend made her feel reluctant and a little fearful.

Jack was growing impatient and insistent. Would she agree or would she not? And how had it come about that Jack held such importance in her life?

She was utterly weary of this island and this life she told herself, and yet at that moment how bright and sparkling the island looked. How lovely the countryside round about!

And where, she thought, would she get two people like her aunt and her father under one roof, ready and willing to do anything for each other and for her? Yes, now that it came to screwing up her courage to take the step that would sever her, maybe forever, from them, with all their faults and errors in their treatment of her, Roberta hesitated. What would it be like to be quite alone in the world with Jack?

"Roberta?" called her aunt's voice from the hall. "Where are you?"

"Here," Roberta answered with a start. "Come to my room, Auntie." She heard her aunt's quick, decided footsteps, then the door opened and she came in.

"Your father's bent on having his young engineers out for the week-end. He wants to talk over his plans with them and have them know Sir George better. He said you would know just what to do, and where to send the invitations. He wants young Browne, and a man called Arlent, another called McAVOY, two cousins of the same name, Tom and Terry Houghton and an older man, McBurney. He said you were to ask Roger Dunham, too, and just for the afternoon and to say a few lines to make it pleasant for the men." Then she hesitated. "Roberta, it would please your father something awful if you would put yourself out a bit for these young men. He takes pride in his daughter, you

Barbour's VANILLA

Good looks like it for its Strength and Flavor

Tomato Juice Ideal Drink

The sudden rise in popularity of tomato juice is one of the phenomena of the age according to records kept by the Dominion Fruit Branch. Still more remarkable is the fact that people took so long to discover the value and outstanding thirst quenching qualities of this pre-eminent health drink.

The reason why tomato juice is so refreshing is the peculiar chemical composition of the fruit. Most fruit juices in their natural state are either too sweet or too acid. In one case the juice must be diluted before it is drunk, with consequent loss of potency; in the other, large quantities of sugar must be added, which tends to add to the thirst rather than quench it. In tomato juice however, as in no similar beverage, there is found just the right balance between sugar and acid, so that no treatment of any kind is necessary for the average taste.

Tomato juice in any form is refreshing and beneficial to the health but it is best and cheapest when made at home from fresh fruit. This is particularly so just now when tomatoes are so reasonably priced and in their prime. Tomatoes put by in the cold pack method keep perfectly and are ideal for making juice during the winter months. For this purpose place the tomatoes solidly in clean cans or wide mouthed jars, add 2 level teaspoons of salt, partly seal the cans or jars and immerse in warm water. Bring the water to the boiling point and keep it boiling briskly for 25 minutes. Remove from the water, completely seal and allow to cool.

know." She looked at the girl a little wistfully.

"He sets a great store by you, my lass."

Roberta turned abruptly away. Somehow she could not face her aunt, but she said pleasantly enough. "Why, of course, Aunt Aggy, I'll do what I can. But after tea on Sunday," she hesitated and then went on, "I have an engagement and you'll have to manage the rest by yourself."

"You couldn't break it, I suppose? It may be fanciful of me, but I have a kind of feeling that he—Rob I mean—will be disappointed if you are not there. You see the young men will be going Sunday night."

"Oh!" exclaimed Roberta. "They generally stay until Monday morning."

"This time they are all going Sunday night and on Monday there's a jaunt to the construction works, with Sir George driving your father. It'll be your father's first try at going out in a car."

Roberta faced about and looked at her aunt. "Do you—Does Sir George think there is any danger— for Father?"

"Well," admitted her aunt, "they say not. I can see, however, that having d'd'd'd the robbers so cleverly, it'll maybe make those black-hearted rogues that are left so angry that they're like to get into any mischief they can. At least that's what I think Sir George is anxious about. For the lad's anxious no matter what they say before me, and he was awful particular that I should tell you."

Roberta's heart contracted with fear and anger combined. Though Aunt Aggy gave her the message in all innocence, Roberta was sure Sir George's intention that she should be told was not so innocent. He was somehow, without any justification as far as she could see, except his fear of what Jack might say against him. Determined to throw some sort of slur or suspicion on Jack, if he possibly could. Probably wanted to influence Dad against him, and so prevent his believing anything Jack said.

Aunt Aggy's sharp blue eyes softened. This girl did have some feeling after all. She did care about her father. "Well, I don't know my dear. I don't really think Rob will do anything for me just now, but" and she eyed the girl eagerly and shrewdly, "there's no telling what he might not do for you, or if not he, there's Sir George."

"Sir George will do nothing for me."

"Well, I'd not be quite so positive of that as you are. You forget, my dear, that you always approach him with a lifted poker, as you might say. Now, if you were to drop the poker and, remembering that he's a poor young man and that you're a rich young woman to whom he cannot exactly be as up and coming as some others—why there's no telling."

"Aunt Aggy," said Roberta, amused in spite of herself and a little exasperated, "are you trying to tell me that I don't know how to interpret Sir George's manner to me? If you are you may save yourself the pains. He's not only looked things, but he's said things."

"Did he so?" her aunt questioned, here eyes screwing up with mirth. "Well, that's hopeful. There's never a lad would go to the trouble of insulting a good looking lass, unless he wanted to attract her attention." She rose briskly. "I must be off to my ordering. Thank you, my dear."

It was not until her aunt's footsteps were far distant down the stairs that Roberta moved. Then she put her modern head down on her desk and cried in a good old-fashioned way.

Lady Sandison passed her stepson coming in with the evening papers. (To Be Continued)

Traffic Cop Does Miracle

MONTREAL, Aug. 31.—(By The Canadian Press)—The scene was laid right at the busy intersection of St. James Street and St. Lawrence boulevard—the time was a recent afternoon—and the characters were a six foot traffic policeman, strictly on duty, a farmer, his wife and four children from St. Victor de Tring, a distant hamlet of Quebec, seated in a stalled automobile of 1919 vintage.

But, as the curtain rises, we find not the traffic supervisor of harsh reputation terrible in his wrath, nor the quivering motorist. And, as might well be expected, it wasn't the calm before the storm.

Holding high his white gloved hand, the traffic officer stopped all activity, walking over to where his prey were taking it easy eating bananas, straightened his jacket and with one swing of the crank started the aged machine.

Back to his position in the centre of the street he went, majestically waving on the waiting and highly amazed motorists.

The farmer moved his car along too, but he slowed down when he reached the side of John Law.

"Come and see us at St. Victor de Tring," the ruralites shouted in unison.

"Sure," accepted the officer.

Roberta was feeling a little lonely. Here where she used to be first, with her father and those with in the house, Sir George seemed to have taken first place away from her. Even the servants watched for him, and as for her aunt and father, why quite evidently as Aunt Aggy had said, they both looked to him for amusement and excitement. That this was partly her own fault Roberta knew vaguely, but resolutely she insisted to herself that she had been justified, even now when the demands of her newest friend made her feel reluctant and a little fearful.

Jack was growing impatient and insistent. Would she agree or would she not? And how had it come about that Jack held such importance in her life?

She was utterly weary of this island and this life she told herself, and yet at that moment how bright and sparkling the island looked. How lovely the countryside round about!

And where, she thought, would she get two people like her aunt and her father under one roof, ready and willing to do anything for each other and for her? Yes, now that it came to screwing up her courage to take the step that would sever her, maybe forever, from them, with all their faults and errors in their treatment of her, Roberta hesitated. What would it be like to be quite alone in the world with Jack?

"Roberta?" called her aunt's voice from the hall. "Where are you?"

"Here," Roberta answered with a start. "Come to my room, Auntie." She heard her aunt's quick, decided footsteps, then the door opened and she came in.

"Your father's bent on having his young engineers out for the week-end. He wants to talk over his plans with them and have them know Sir George better. He said you would know just what to do, and where to send the invitations. He wants young Browne, and a man called Arlent, another called McAVOY, two cousins of the same name, Tom and Terry Houghton and an older man, McBurney. He said you were to ask Roger Dunham, too, and just for the afternoon and to say a few lines to make it pleasant for the men." Then she hesitated. "Roberta, it would please your father something awful if you would put yourself out a bit for these young men. He takes pride in his daughter, you

Romance and Adventure

Read our latest serial, "The Crippled Lady of Peribonka," by the late James Oliver Curwood. It blends the romance of two centuries with modern adventures in the author's beloved northland. It is the story by which he will probably be most affectionately remembered.

First Installment Appears in **The Guardian** Next Week

Farm Notes Centenarians Most Numerous In P. E. Island

OTTAWA, August 31.—The place to head for, if one wants to be as sure as humanly possible of living to the ripe old age of one hundred years, appears to be Prince Edward Island, and for second choice Nova Scotia. At least that is the conclusion reached after examining the census figures.

There are 163 centenarians in all Canada, and 50 of them live in Ontario. More hundred-year-olds live in Ontario than in any other province. But there are 3,431,883 people in Ontario, and Prince Edward Island, with a population of only 88,038, has actually seven who have seen five score birthdays.

Had Prince Edward Island the same population as Ontario, comparative statistics would show that the Island Province would have, on the Ontario basis, no fewer than around 280.

Nova Scotia has a population of 512,846 and boasts 26 centenarians. Compare that with Ontario and there would be, with the same residential strength, some 160 or more who have reached the century mark.

Is it the sea air that is the main cause of the longevity of the people of these ocean girt coasts? There seems to be an argument in that, because somewhat the same thing applies to British Columbia. The population of the Pacific Coast Province is 694,263, and there are 14 centenarians spending the long evening of their days where the sea breezes tone the atmosphere.

Get down to a pro-rata basis with Ontario and British Columbia would have about 70 centenarians, or 20 more than Ontario.

Worked out in the same ratio, New Brunswick would have 55 instead of 7, Saskatchewan 40 instead of 12, Alberta 45 instead of 10, and Quebec about 25 instead of 22.

Manitoba somewhat discounts the argument as applied to British Columbia, for its centenarian population would be 75 instead of 15 beating both New Brunswick and British Columbia, although they are both blessed with that ozone of the health specialist's advocates. But Manitoba has close to four thousand residents who were born and bred in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island and, until the census reveals their birthplaces, that phase of the question will have to rest in statu quo.

The unassailable fact remains that Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia are the two places where their residents appear to have the best chance of living thirty years beyond the allotted span and, if the salt air is not the cause, perhaps it may be found in the theory of one of the Nova Scotians who knew a good deal about the census. This is what he advances:

"The quieter life and the more rural conditions, along with the sea air, have a good deal to do with it, but there are race and constitution to be considered. A very large proportion of our population in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island is composed of that hardy Highland stock that survived the hardships they had to battle in the land of their fathers. These Celts are a long lived race and they gave these provinces of their best. And they eat fish, which may explain their brain power as well.

Of the 163 centenarians in Canada 107 live in the country and 56 in the cities and towns. That may well be the crux of the whole argument.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—(C.P.)—While the United States naval dirigible Akron scanned the Atlantic from the air, and scores of coast-guard vessels scoured the seaboard for the missing 40 foot ketch Curlew, the six young men aboard that craft were riding the waves in perfect control several hundred miles off shore, singing songs and making fudge to pass the time.

The Curlew was the object of a week's search when she failed to turn up after the finish of the New London-Bermuda yacht race, which started June 25. Fourteen days later she was sighted by the coast guard cutter Marion, and on July 11 came into port at Thor's Neck.

"Even a greenhorn could not get in trouble on that boat, if he knew the rudiments of sailing," said Abraham Rosenberg, the navigator. "The cruise of the Curlew was much more thrilling to those on shore than to those aboard her, in his opinion."

"We made good progress the first three days," he said, "but the second and third days were overcast. When the sun came out and we could get bearings, we were about 150 miles east of Bermuda, so we turned southwest."

"About that time the wind started blowing from the southwest. We had to beat against it for three days before we could take bearings again, and then we were 300 miles east of Bermuda, about 800 miles east southeast of New York, and perhaps 500 miles from land. The wind and maybe the Bahama current had just taken us back. Sometimes we would go ahead two feet and bounce back four."

Members of the crew had only two weeks vacation, so they decided they had better be getting back to New York. No sooner had they brought the Curlew about than the wind switched and they were heading into it again.

The crew wanted to get into the steamship lane in order to send home word of their safety, so a northerly course was set. The wind was light and sometimes it was almost dead calm. "I made some fudge, which was good, but the fancy candy we tried our hands at did not turn out so well," said Rosenberg. "And we sang songs."

On the 11th day we saw three tramp steamers. We ran up every bit of canvas we had, trying to make them see us, but it was no use. The next day was foggy and we could hear vessels in the fog. One of them came so close we could hear the churning of the propeller. Finally the Curlew came within sight of the coast. "We never were in danger at all," the navigator said.

"Well, Sandy, Ah hear ye've got yourself married at last!" said Donald.

"Ay," said Sandy. "Ah've taken the big step."

"Ah! what kind o' match did ye make?" asked his friend.

Sandy shrugged his shoulders. "Weel, Donald," he replied pensively, "to tell ye the truth, Ah didna do see well as Ah expected, but then Ah dinna think my wee lassie did, either."

More Gold—

Bring in your old Gold we still can use lots more.

G. H. TAYLOR
JEWELER and ENGRAVER

4790-8-30-81.

IS INHERITED

ITHACA, N. Y., Aug. 31.—Dr. Madge Macklin, London, Ont., today told the Sixth International Congress of Genetics meeting at Cornell University that cancerous diseases are shown by statistical study to be hereditary.

Medical men, Dr. Macklin said, have recognized for some time that cancer was hereditary in some animals but were disinclined to believe the same condition applied to human beings.

Dr. Macklin insisted, however, that she was not attempting to show all children of persons afflicted by cancer would necessarily inherit the disease.

Dumps and Bruises caused by Minard's

Permanent Waves Reduced

Guaranteed permanent waves using both Bonat and Le Mur machines, \$6, \$7 and \$8.

Hair on ladies' faces permanently removed by the electric needle.

P. E. I. BEAUTY SALON
211 Queen St. Phone 1011
4750-8-2-12-31.

No danger Says Naval Officer

WATCH him as he dips lustily into his Rice Krispies and does his part towards building a rugged constitution.

Kellogg's Rice Krispies fascinate children and is one of the best cereals they can eat! Crisp, nourishing rice bubbles that actually crackle in milk or cream.

Serve for breakfast, lunch—the evening meal. Rice Krispies are so easy to digest, they invite restful sleep.

Always oven-fresh in the red-and-green package with the sealed inside waxette bag. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Quality guaranteed.

WHAT A MAN he's going to be!

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

The sprong figure at the side gazed sadly at the accumulation of plates and dishes, pots and pans. Was this all that marriage meant? A heavy sigh. A falling up of sleeves, and the kitchen was soon filled with the clatter of washing and scouring. The toiler paused from time to time to listen to the steady thrash of a typewriter in the next room.

Suddenly the noise ceased, and large, spectacled woman, lofty of brow, appeared in the doorway. "Hercules, darling," she said, addressing the little man. "I never can remember—do you spell 'tax man' with or without a hyphen?"

NOTICE!

All outstanding and past due accounts due the Phillips Men's Wear Stores Ltd., 79 Queen St., Charlottetown, must be settled at once as this business is being closed out. Please remit same to

MR. PHILLIPS
A, 183 or 79 Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.
5485-9-1-31.

ALWAYS DEPENDABLE

The quality and efficiency of Dominion Duco-Finished Shot Shells never varies. They are waterproof, troubleproof and dependable under every conceivable condition.

Purchase your Dominion Shot Shells here—and now! We carry a complete stock of Dominion Ammunition and hunting equipment of all kinds.

Let us serve you.

THE ROGERS HARDWARE CO., Limited