

Auction Sale

I will sell by public auction at East Royalty on Saturday, Oct. 13 at 1 o'clock sharp, the following: 2 registered Ayrshire cows, coming 4 years; 2 choice Ayrshire grade cows, one to freshen in November and one in December; 1 extra choice Guernsey grade cow, 6 yrs; 1 choice milk cow, newly freshened; 1 Jersey grade cow; 2 Holstein grade cows; 2 farrow cow. Terms at sale, 12 months credit. CHAS. ROBERTS, East Royalty.

Farm For Sale At Fredericton

Consisting of 108 acres good land, 80 clear, balance hard and soil wood, well watered, conveniently situated to church, school, stores, hall and station. Good house with pump in porch, outbuildings in good repair, underground stable, good concrete floors, root cellar in barn. Will sell with or without crop. Harry Weeks, Fredericton, P. E. I. 1009-10-11-31

Foxes And Ranch For Sale By Tenders

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to October 25, 1923 for the purchase of ranch and foxes of the North Shore Silver Black Fox Co., Ltd., Baltic, Prince County. Tenders may be made for foxes and ranch separately. Highest or any tenders not necessarily accepted.

North Shore Silver Black Fox Co., Ltd.

Per C. E. McNUTT, Sec. 860-10-6-81.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE IN CH'TOWN

We are authorized by Mr. John Rooney to sell on Saturday, Oct. 13 commencing at 12 o'clock noon. His new double tenement house with store, No. 232, adjoining Coffin & Co., Grocery Store, Grafton Street. This property is new with all modern improvements, frost proof cellar and every thing first class. Inspection at any time. BENJ. CARTER & SON Auctioneer 911-10-8-5i.

AUCTION SALE OF PURE BRED HOLSTEIN CATTLE

There will be an auction sale of pure bred registered cattle, at the farm of Milligan and Morrison, Northam, Lot 13, October 17th at 1 o'clock p. m., consisting of high grade calves, heifers due to freshen this winter, cows in milk to freshen in March and April. Included in this sale are two daughters, Island Rose, with an official 10 months record of 14,850 lbs. milk and 571 lbs. of butter, freshening inside the year. One of these daughters freshen in November also two daughters of Black Rose Beauty, the second with official 10 months record of 11,350 lbs. milk and 467 lbs. butter 10 months. The grand daughter of the above mentioned calves and heifers have an official seven day record of 24 3-4 lbs. of butter.

I also offer two daughters of Mary Tinsen Rooker, official 10 months record 13,728 lbs. milk, 552 lbs. butter. The sire of those calves were imported from Ontario and carries the blood lines of the best milking strains of Canada. This is an opportunity to start right. Reason for selling—overstocked. Sale without fail. Terms at sale. Six and twelve months on approved notes. (Sgd.) MILLIGAN & MORRISON 10-10-71.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC. INTERNATIONAL LINE

Freight and Passenger Service Between St. John and Boston ST. JOHN AND BOSTON S. S. GOVERNOR DINGLEY will leave St. John every Wednesday 8 a. m. and every Saturday at 6 p. m. (Atlantic Time) for Boston. Wednesday trips are via Eastport and Lubec, due Boston about 10 a. m. Thursday. Saturday trips are to Boston direct, due Sundays about 2 p. m. RETURN: Leave Boston Mondays and Fridays at 10 a. m. for Eastport, Lubec and St. John. FARE \$10.00. STATEROOMS \$5.00. At Boston connection is made via the Metropolitan Line express freight and passenger steamers for New York and points South and West. For staterooms, rates and additional information apply to G. GUERIN, Agent St. John N. B.

KING OF SALTS REGAL FREE RUNNING Table Salt THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED MURRAY HARBOR SCHOOL.

Standing of Murray Harbor Nth. school for September: Grade X, 1. Florence McLerron; 2. Mae Johnston; 3. Dolly Condon. Grade IX—1. Lizzie Condon; 2. Ada Condon; 3. Annie Clow. Grade VIII—1. Eileen McLure; 2. Edward Clow; 3. Lorne Kennedy. Grade VII—1. Irene Kennedy; 2. Rae Kennedy and Floyd Johnston (equal); 3. George Millar. Grade VI—1. Preston McLure; 2. Ruth Condon; 3. Dan Condon. Grade V—1. Adolph Porter; 2. Florence Llewellyn; 3. Lexy Henderson and Jessie Porter (equal). Grade IV—1. Gladys W. Reid; 2. Gladys W. Reid; 3. Marvyn Johnston; 4. Ralph Condon. Grade III—1. Lawrence Irving; 2. Katie Henderson; 3. Letty Henderson and Milton Llewellyn (equal). 4. Charlie Clow. Mary E. McLeod, teacher.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received at the Office of the City Clerk, up to noon, Saturday Oct. 13th, 1923 for repairs to Market House Building. Specifications to be seen at the Office of the City Engineer, City Hall. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. G. P. Nicholson, City Clerk.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Three Rivers Silver Black Fox Co. will be held in the office of McGregor & McMillan, Montague, on Monday, October 15th at 7 o'clock p. m. D. J. STEWART, Sec'y. Treas. 991-10-11-31.

FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale my farm of 93 acres at Suffolk, well watered, 65 acres clear, balance covered with lumber, will sell with or without crop to suit purchaser. DAVID F. DOVER, Suffolk. 874-10-6-81.

FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale my beautiful farm of 100 acres, situated at Scotchfort, near Station and Boat. This farm is in high state of cultivation, abundance of mud and shell mud near. Anyone looking for a farm would do well by looking this over. RONALD CURRIE, Scotchfort. 884-10-6-81.

THE LOVE PENDULUM BY MARION RUBINCAM

A LONG TALK Chapter 100

So once again I saw Winthrop framed in a doorway. And once again I was left speechless. It was Win who spoke first. "How did you get here?" The simple question gave its own cue for an answer, so I found my voice without any trouble. For an instant it had seemed to stick in my throat. "I drove down." "Oh, so that's your car. It's—it's a new one, isn't it?" Plainly, Winthrop was as much at a loss as I was. And this hesitation on his part promptly restored my own poise. I was master of the situation from then on. "Yes, new last fall. Your mother thought I was coming by train. Had you gone to meet me?" He nodded. He was in the hall now, standing near, looking down at me. Unconsciously I moved away. "Sorry I hadn't wired I was driving." He moved a step nearer. "Are you glad to see me? I've been here a week—took a month off from the office to rest up. Mother showed me your wire. I thought you might like to see me." I turned with relief to pick up Connie who appeared and saved the need of an answer. She was bathed and freshly dressed, and was coming downstairs one step at a time, holding the rails, and looking shyly at this new man who stood between her and the door in the garden. "If you don't want me around, I'll go away," Win went on. This new note, this meekness and submission and waitfulness quite disarmed me. Whatever hard feelings I had been holding against him began to melt like snow before the sun. But I was wise enough not to give in too easily. "Of course, I'm glad to see you," I answered lightly. "Connie, will you shake hands with this gentleman and call him Uncle Win?" The child gave him a long look from her serious blue eyes. She had a trick of drooping her head and looking up. Her eyes, veiled with extraordinarily long silky lashes, made her most bewitching when she did it. Win felt her charm at once, and held out his arms for her. But she clung to me. "I dressed for dinner that evening—or supper, as Mother Taylor called it. I selected a filmy, lace frock that I knew Win would like, but that was not too out of place in the simple house. After dinner, Win said he wanted to talk to me. And knowing the prying curiosity of everyone in Wallville, and the tongues that would wag over this new situation, I threw a dark coat on over my dress, and we drove slowly through the town in my car. I turned past the little house we had when we were first married, wondering whether Win would remember it, and out the road that led to the top of the high hill near the town. My heart was fairly pounding, it beat so hard and fast. This was the new Win, this was the Win of the old days. Had the quiet atmosphere of the town he was brought up in, changed him back again to the lovable man I once knew? Was it the city that had changed him into the man I found impossible to live with? I stopped the car where the road topped the hill. "Do you remember when we drove here once before?" Win throp asked. Then I knew the change was complete. Indeed I remembered the drive and the setting sun, and the town in the valley that was bathed in the twilight, and shadow while we, on the hill, sat in the sunlight. That was in the first days of our love. The country was silver and black in the moonlight, no shadowy, illusive, mystic as all things seem when the moon is on them. "I remember," I answered. Win was looking at me, and I held tight to the wheel to keep my hands steady. "I wanted to tell you—that I've been wrong all along. Win began hesitating, but full of earnestness. "I wanted to tell you that evening when you came to my place—to our place, I mean. It was just some funny stubbornness in me that made me quarrel. I burnt up all those silly pictures after you left." Weeks, months, had passed since then! "Why didn't you come to me, or write me, or phone?" "I tried to, but I was afraid. I thought you might cut me—you would have been quite right, but I was afraid of being cut. And I thought I did want my old freedom and that you would take it away from me—that you would take it up. . . . But don't think I like being free!" he added, with a sudden return of his old-time boyish manner. "I like being free," I answered. Win started at me. I started the engine and began backing into the road, to head the car homewards.

Never say 'ink' Call for CARTER'S Fountain Pen Ink MADE IN CANADA

Tomorrow—Compromise

Maritime Religious Educational Council

Bright and successful sessions marked the Third Annual Convention of the Charlotte County Religious Education Council. The Convention assembled in the Oak Hill, N. B. Methodist Church on Tuesday evening, August 28th under the chairmanship of the County Rev. H. S. Strothard, Methodist Field Secretary and representative of the Maritime Religious Education Council, on the subject "Objectives in Religious Education." On Wednesday morning reports of County Officers were heard and a Round Table was conducted on County work. One of the interesting items reported among many successful efforts made in the County was a picnic for all the Sunday Schools in the Deer Island District, held at Lord's Cove under the leadership of the District President, Miss Addie Calder. The speakers at the picnic contributing both educational profit and entertainment to a rather uncommon occasion included seven ministers from widely scattered points in the County, such as Milltown, St. Andrew, Milson's Beach, as well as from Eastport in Wallville, and the tongues that would wag over this new situation, I threw a dark coat on over my dress, and we drove slowly through the town in my car. I turned past the little house we had when we were first married, wondering whether Win would remember it, and out the road that led to the top of the high hill near the town. My heart was fairly pounding, it beat so hard and fast. This was the new Win, this was the Win of the old days. Had the quiet atmosphere of the town he was brought up in, changed him back again to the lovable man I once knew? Was it the city that had changed him into the man I found impossible to live with? I stopped the car where the road topped the hill. "Do you remember when we drove here once before?" Win throp asked. Then I knew the change was complete. Indeed I remembered the drive and the setting sun, and the town in the valley that was bathed in the twilight, and shadow while we, on the hill, sat in the sunlight. That was in the first days of our love. The country was silver and black in the moonlight, no shadowy, illusive, mystic as all things seem when the moon is on them. "I remember," I answered. Win was looking at me, and I held tight to the wheel to keep my hands steady. "I wanted to tell you—that I've been wrong all along. Win began hesitating, but full of earnestness. "I wanted to tell you that evening when you came to my place—to our place, I mean. It was just some funny stubbornness in me that made me quarrel. I burnt up all those silly pictures after you left." Weeks, months, had passed since then! "Why didn't you come to me, or write me, or phone?" "I tried to, but I was afraid. I thought you might cut me—you would have been quite right, but I was afraid of being cut. And I

"Black Oxen" Will Amaze With Its Daring Theme—To Be Run Serially

Once more the Guardian shows its leadership. Gertrude Atherton's world-famous novel, "Black Oxen," is being published serially, one newspaper in each Province being given exclusive publication rights. In this province this was accorded to the Guardian as a further proof of its prestige and its ability to command the greatest number of readers, adding to the immense popularity that the book has already had. The first instalment will be printed October 13. Advance indications point to an unusually heavy demand for the issues in which this story will appear, as it has never been offered before except in book form. Every effort is being made to accommodate the Guardian's readers who will want to take advantage of this unusual feature; but to be sure of obtaining copies they are urged to order their papers in advance. "Black Oxen" has received so much publicity during the five months it has been on the bookstands that little need be said regarding it. It has consistently been the best seller of modern fiction. It has created international discussion by its unusual theme of physical and facial rejuvenation through the arts of science. The central figure is Madame Zittiani, a woman of advanced years, once a world-famous beauty. After the war she returns to America, completely re-made. Her beauty has been rewon by science. How youthful love enters into her life again and how she meets the inevitable attendant problem is the subject that this entralling novel discusses. To followers of the book there is an added interest in the announcement that "Black Oxen" is being filmed as a Frank Lloyd production by First National Pictures, with Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle in the featured roles. It is by arrangement with First National Pictures that the Guardian is able to present this novel to its readers.



GERTRUDE ATHERTON author of the year's best seller—"Black Oxen"

IN MEMORIAM EDWARD D. LEARD.

The people of North Tryon and adjoining communities were deeply grieved to learn of the sudden death of little Edward Dawson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Leard, North Tryon, on the morning of Oct. 1, 1923. He was in the best of health until three days before his death, when he took diphtheria, and despite the best medical attention and kind nursing he passed away on the above date at the age of eleven months and a half. He was a very bright child, and was the joy of the home and will be missed so much. He leaves to mourn his heart-broken father and mother and four little sisters, who have the deep sympathy of their many friends in their sad bereavement. What made it seem all the more sad, his father and sisters were all sick with the diphtheria, too, but their friends are glad to know that they are now all getting better.

HARTSVILLE SCHOOL.

Honor roll of Hartsville school for the month of September. Grade IX.—1. Ethel McLeod; 2. Lloyd McLeod. Grade VIII.—1. Agnes Murray; 2. Ruth McKenzie; 3. Janet Nicholson. Grade VI.—1. Eugene Murray; 2. Bessie McKenzie; 3. Donald Nicholson. Grade V.—1. Peter Nicholson; 2. Lorne McLennan; 3. Annie Nicholson. Grade IV.—1. Evelyn McKenzie; 2. Katie McLeod. Grade III.—1. Russell Murray; 2. Julia McLeod and Elmer McLeod (equal); 3. Roy Nicholson. Grade II.—1. Mamie Nicholson; 2. Alex McKenzie. Grade I, Jr.—1. Mary McLeod; 2. Dorothy McKenzie; 3. Borden McLeod. Perfect attendance, Bessie McKenzie and Ethel McLeod. Teacher.—Grace E. Ackland.

NORTH MILTON SCHOOL

September Honor Roll—Grade 7. 1. Margaret Coles; 2. Addie Andrews. Grade 5.—1. Helen Matheson; 2. Verne Coles. Grade 4. 1. Beth Coles; 2. Sara Neill. Grade 3. 1. Florence Matheson; 2. Russell Coles. Grade 2.—1. Joyee Hooper; 2. Ferne Coles; Grade 1.—1. Doris Rodd; 2. Vernon Gillespie. Perfect attendance—Margaret Coles.

PURITY "SALADA" Is the Essence of all That is Best in Tea "To Taste is to Believe"

BLANCHE BATES says "Black Oxen" is a glorious book to have written.



Twas Said:- Sounded Natural

"Did you give this man the third degree?" asked the police officer. "Yes. We browbeat and badgered him with every question we could think of." "What did he do?" "De dozed off and merely murmured now and then, 'Yes, my dear. You're perfectly right.'" And it is mighty important to know when what you buy is also "perfectly right." It is our custom to find out all there is to know about everything we have. That is why you can depend on what we tell you about anything we sell you. If you get it at this store you can be sure it is "perfectly right" in price, in wear, and in service for the purpose you want it.

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No Corns



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