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## GOOD YEAR

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### WHITLOCK TIRE SERVICE

## Ring Reminiscences

Continued from page 6

the law caught up with them within a year. They were fat-headed enough to get the idea that they could fool detectives and law officers, but a thirty years' sentence in "durance vile" gives ample time to reflect that "crime does not pay." If the perpetrators had used their planning ability and daring in some legitimate enterprise, they would have been duly honored and respected.

Our friend (Pat) Patterson had spent the previous summer (1905) in the Klondike. He had come outside in the fall and had the winter at home in Missouri or some of the mid-western states. Pat disclosed to us the information that he was notoriously low in financial funds—in fact that the sum total of his worldly wealth was three dollars—for the ordinary person it would be a bleak and overpowering outlook, considering the high cost of living and transportation from Skagway to Dawson. White Pass Railway fare to Whitehorse \$20.00; stage fare White Horse-Dawson \$150.00; meals at road houses \$1.50; bed \$1.00.

It looked as if we were morally obliged to go in "caboats" with him and carry him along. Our supply of "simoleons" wasn't too bounteous either—we had to "save" and economize in order to get through. The situation didn't appear to worry Pat. He was smiling and self-assured. A few hours after we arrived in Skagway, a boat from Frisco arrived with a number of tycoon mine operators from the lower river (Fairbanks) aboard.

I was standing with Pat when Charlie Lamb, one of the former Klondike "lucky" mining moguls spoke to him and shook hands. Pat whispered in his ear confidentially like that he was "up against it." Mr. Lamb took out a "roll" and passed a twenty dollar bill to him. It was the easiest and quickest "touch" I had ever seen. I remarked to Pat about the free and graceful manner in which it was given.



"Stumper," five-week-old dachshund puppy who lost a leg at birth, shows his master, Larry Lewandowski, of Milwaukee, how nicely he gets along with the aid of his artificial leg.

He said "he knows I'll pay him back." It's the unwritten law in "here." It was the "code of the Yukon," immortalized by Robert Service a year or two later in "Songs of a Sourdough". Those miners who struck it rich in the Klondike were of the simplest and most sympathetic of nature's noblemen. It was against their Christian principles to give the cold shoulder to a friend or acquaintance in need. They belonged to the poorer, hard working, but adventurous class of humans. When they struck it rich beyond their most glamorous dreams, it was astounding the way they gave money to public institutions and to their friends. They were living examples of the truth that it is "More Blessed to give than to receive." In fact many of them went to extremes and some died even in poverty.

We had made the acquaintance of another elongated youth with whom we marched into a saloon and down the long bar—Indian file—I heard the snide remark of a lounge: "Gosh! This must be the 'big four'." The "big four" was a common expression at the time in reference to some political or international organization.

I was regaled with a vivid description of the imbroglio between the mayor of Skagway, "Soapy" Smith and the citizens in 1898, which culminated in the death of the famous crook "Soapy" and also of Reid, the champion of the citizens rights and law and order. No doubt most readers are familiar with the tragic saga, but a repetition of the salient facts will give little distress.

Smith, (if that was his real name), was a graduate of the "patent medicine" high pressure selling days in the middle western states. The modus operandi was to drive up to a crowded square in a country village in a covered wagon, and open up shop instantly. The vendors were generally the fastest and slickest talkers, also the crookedest in the country. They always had some special bait to throw to the unwary in order to catch bigger fish.

A cake of scented soap was the lure that the so called Smith passed out. Imagine the beautiful sensation on the olfactory nerves of the majority of those people whose sole lubricating and cleansing agent was a soap made of grease with a modicum of lye or wood ashes. Due to his mesmerizing talk and gener-

ally with soap, the sobriquet "Soapy" seemed quite apt and applicable.

St. Paul says in one of his epistles, "He that contemmeth small things shall fall by little and little." In Soapy's case the advancement in crime, and subornation of crime was fast. He was biased and bland in address, affable and urbane when the occasion required it. In his heart he was a devil incarnate, with outer garments of angelic grandeur. His wearing apparel was the acme of sartorial perfection. He was a patent manipulator also. He had political pull and prestige enough to get himself elected mayor, and some of his henchmen elected aldermen.

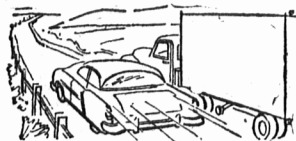
He had the police and judiciary under his thumb too. Robbery and murder were rampant. Soapy was getting the major portion of the spoils. Men returning over the Chilkoot and White Passes with pokes of gold dust would be waylaid and murdered on that portion of the trail through the part of Alaska known as the "panhandle," which extends for nearly 200 miles down the coast and 30 miles inland—over the boundary in Canada the Mount-Edwards Police had jurisdiction and life was safe.

Pseudo trials and investigations would take place in Skagway, and each robbery and murder was "brushed off" on some pretext. Most of this criminality took place before the Skagway citizens became aware of the deep dyed plot, but when it became general know-

ledge, they got together quickly, formed a "vigilantes" committee. It was one of those tense moments when mass psychology directed that in order to relieve the public mind of a state of impending disaster, something drastic must be done quickly. With one accord they converged on Soapy's citadel.

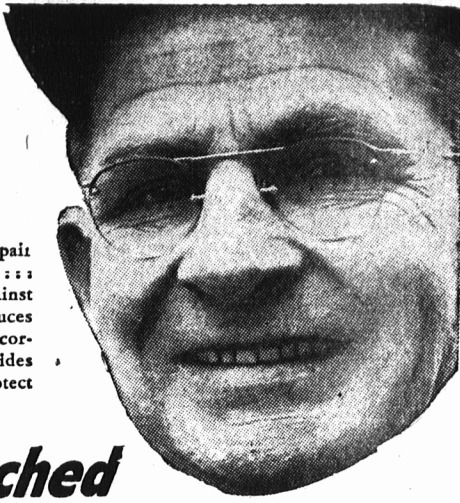
Many of them were armed with rifles, shotguns and revolvers. It was expected there would be a riot and mass murder. The citizens had become desperate and were willing to go through to the bitter end. Reid was leader of the vigilantes and was in the forefront. The consensus was to "beard the lion in his den". Soapy was wise enough to see that his number was up. It was the end of the line for him. With the courage born of desperation, he stepped out of his emporium, rifle in hand ahead of his henchmen. When Reid saw Soapy raise his rifle, he fired. They both fired at the same instant, and both died almost immediately.

The narrator didn't tell of any more firing or mob violence. No doubt the tragic death of the two leaders overawed the crowd. The henchmen who could be rounded up were put in prison. The others departed in small boats or overland trails under cover of darkness to parts unknown. So ended Soapy's brief reign of organized crime. Pat and I viewed the graves of both Reid and "Soapy" in the cemetery on the hillside above Skagway—along the course of the White Pass Railway.



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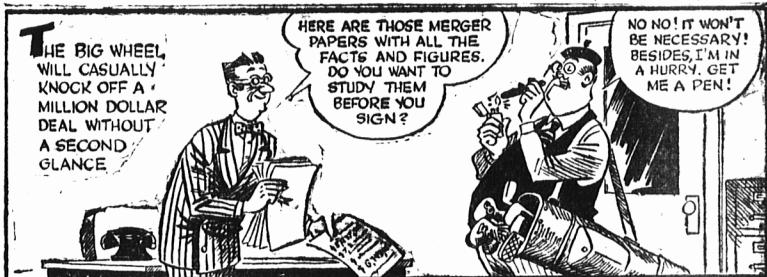


# "Glad I switched to Marvelube"



There Ought To Be A Law

By Fagaly And Shorten



6-20

Thanks to LEWIS M. OLDFSON, 51 CHARLOTTE ST., DORCHESTER, MASS.

# NOTICE OF ELECTION

### FOR TWO MEMBERS ON THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND POTATO MARKETING BOARD.

1. A member to represent for three years the registered dealers of the Province who are not operating under the Co-operative Associations Act. All such dealers who register at the meeting are eligible to vote.

This election will take place on June 27th at 2 p.m. in Room 13, Prince of Wales College.

2. A member to represent the producers of Queen's County for a period of three years. Bona Fide farmers living in Queen's County who grow an annual average of at least five acres of potatoes are eligible for election and all such growers who register at the meeting are eligible to vote. The election will take place on Friday, June 27th at 8:00 p.m. in Prince of Wales College Hall.

The Prince Edward Island Marketing Board

J. O. C. CAMPBELL, Chairman.  
J. L. DEWAR, Secretary.

Our Boarding House

Major Hoople



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