NERVES AND FAINTING SPELLS

Sent Woman to Bed. Great Change After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sarnia, Ontario.—"After my girlie was born I was a wreck. My nerves were too terrible for words and I simply could not stand or walk without pains. I suffered with fainting spells until I was no longer any good for my household duties and had to take to my bed. The doctor said I should have an operation, but I was not in a fit condition at that time. My neighbor said, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? I am sure it will do you good and will save those doctor's bills.' So I was advised by my husband to try it after I told him about it. I am very thankful to say that I was soon able to take a few boarders for a while as rooms were scarce at that time. My baby is 17 months old now and I have not yet had an operation, thanks to your medicine. I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to a few people, I know and have told them the good it has done me. I know I feel and look a different woman these last few months and I certainly would not be without a bottle of your medicine in the house. You can use this letter as you see fit, as I should be only too glad for those suffering as I have to know what it has done for me."—Mrs. ROBERT G. MACGREGOR, R. R. No. 2, Sarnia, Ontario.

A recent canvass of women users of the Vegetable Compound report 98 out of 100 received beneficial results. This is a remarkable proof of its merit. C

AUCTION SALE

AT EMERALD

Owing to ill health I am obliged to sell at my premises Emerald

ON THURSDAY,
OCTOBER 15th, 1925
At Twelve O'clock, Noon

The following Stock, Crop and Implements and Household Furniture:—

STOCK—Horses, 1 Mare 10 years old, 1 Mare 7 years old in foal, Cattle, 6 Milk Cows, 5 Head of Young Cattle.

IMPLEMENTS—1 Binder, Massey Harris, No. 5, nearly new; 1 Deering Mower, 6 foot, new; 1 Sectional Seeder Massey Harris, 1 Disc, Harrow, 1 Gang Plough, 1 Single Plough, 1 set of Light Harris, 1 Roller, 1 Steel Rake, 1 Box Cart, 1 Team Truck Wagon, 1 set of Bob Sleds, 1 Single Wood Sled, 1 set Hall Separators, 1 Drum & Cleaner, Monagban's, 1 Rubber Tire Wagon, 1 Steel Tire Wagon, 1 Cream Separator Melotte, 500 capacity, 1 set Warren Scales, 2 sets Driving Harness, 1 Cart Saddle and Breiching, 1 Pad and Bretching, 1 set Double Harness, 3 set Leather Traces, 1 set Woven Wire Tighteners, 1 Gasoline Engine, 1 Power Jack, 1 Milk Cart, Forks, Shovels Hoes, 2 Factory Cans, 1 Grinding Stone 1 Driving Sleigh.

HOUSE FURNITURE—1 Diningroom Extension Table, 1 Buffet, 8 Diningroom Chairs, 3 Rocking Chairs, 1 Parlor Table, 1 Enterprise Monarch Range Stove, 1 Parlor Stove, 1 Hall Lamp, 2 Iron Beds, 2 Dressers, 2 Commodes, 2 Springs, Oilcloth and Carpets, other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS—12 months credit on approved joint notes, 6 per cent off for cash. All sums under $10.00 cash.

Sale positive no reserve. If day be stormy first fine day.

THOMAS E. DEIGHAN,
Emerald.

H. F. MORRISON, Auctioneer.
5322-10-6inw75i.

TENDERS CALLED

Butter and Cheese Maker Wanted for New Glasgow Dairying Co.

Butter season starts about October 15th. State price per cwt. for manufacturing butter finding your own supplies and help. Tenders close October 10th.

MRS. JAS. STEVENSON,
Secretary,
Rustico.

5242-10-1tst4i.

FOR SALE

Will be sold at Auction on Wednesday, October 7th at the hour of 12 o'clock, the brick building on Queen Street, at present occupied by Russel E. White.

Terms. 25 per cent cash immediately after sale, balance on completion of Deed.

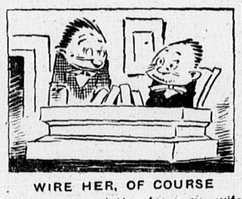
J. A. MacDONALD,
Auctioneer.

SMILES

She: What do you really think about petting?
He: Well, I like it better and better all the time.

RIGHT THING TO DO
1st Fish: They've just joined the carpenters' union.
2nd Fish: Who?
1st Fish: The sawfish and the hammerhead shark!

WHO CAN BE WEARING THE THINGS?
Hubby (reading): Here's a doctor who says we should abolish the corset.
Wifie: Is it possible men have been wearing corsets, John?



WIRE HER, OF COURSE
"Just got a letter from my wife saying she was nervous with me away—all unstrung, you know."
"What are you going to do?"
"Wire her at once."

DRY CELL FOR A WET
"Did they treat that drunken battery-maker decently when they put him in jail?"
"Well, yes—gave him a dry cell."

NOTICE

All parties indebted to me are hereby notified to pay up at my stand at Marshfield before noon on 8th inst. Otherwise accounts will be placed in hands of my Attorney for collection.

L. W. McKINNON,
Blacksmith.
Marshfield.

Farquhar Steamship Line

S. S. "HETHPOOL" Leaves Boston for Halifax Oct. 8th.
Connecting With
S. S. "SABLE I" Leaving Halifax for Charlottetown, Sept. 24th.

Leaving Charlottetown, Oct. 9th for Sydney, North Sydney, Curling, Cornerbrook and other West Coast Newfoundland Ports.

Regular fortnightly service thereafter until close of navigation.

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 3 P. M.
On Saturdays passengers may leave Eastport for Boston via St. John.

For additional information apply to agents at above ports.

THE UNHOLY THREE

Published by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures Syndicate

INSTALLMENT 14

Hector McDonald put his latchkey in the lock, turned it, and pushed the door open. "Welcome to my humble home, Jim," he called back over his shoulder. "Come, step right in."

A tall, thin young man, who had followed Hector like his shadow, now passed him and entered the shabby little room.

"You'll find a safe chair near the window," continued McDonald. "The other may be considered a delusion and a snare."

The thin young man availed himself of the proffered chair suspiciously, prodding it first with his finger and then sinking down cautiously on its faded velvet cushion. "Yes, it's all right," he said at last; and, lolling back, he threw one bony leg over the other and clasped his hands behind his head. The afternoon sunlight streaming in through the window fell full on his long yellow face, accentuating the hollows under his cheek-bones and resting in his eye-glasses which in turn reflected little round patches of light on either cheek.

"Well, Mac," he said, "how's the world been treating you? Why is it that I find the Croesus of the campus living—you'll pardon the frankness—in this rathole? How have the mighty fallen? Tell me; I want to know." And, as he spoke, he changed his position in the chair like lightning. He leaned forward expectantly with an almost feverish intensity. "Tell me," he repeated; "I want to know."

"Uncle Tobias disinherited me."

"Woman, or literature?"

"What do you mean, Jim?"

"The reason of course. Why did Uncle Tobias disinherit you? Are temperate, well behaved young gentlemen disinherited for drunkenness? No. For other bad habits? No. Two things are left: woman and ambition. Which is it? Why waste the English language?"

"Now I see what you are driving at. You're so quick that you take a man's breath away. It was my ambition—my literature — that did it."

"I see. Are you going to quit?"

"My writing? No of course not."

"Are you going to starve?"

"Well, it looks very much that way, Jim. But for heaven's sake take off those eye glasses! You shouldn't wear them. They're not becoming. You didn't have them at college."

"No, I didn't. I'll take them off. Here, have a look at them. Do you see anything peculiar?"

McDonald took the eye-glasses from a hand that shot out like a released spring, and examined them carefully. Finally he put them on his nose, and peered through them at his friend. "Why, they're not at all powerful!" he said.

"No, just plain glass. A dodge, a trick. Gives the intellectual look. Hides the expression in my eyes. Good to wear while examining witnesses."

"That's, so you're a full-fledged lawyer now. Have you had many cases?"

"None that I wanted. Stupid cases! A dog thief; a tipsy sailor for assault and battery. What fun is there in that? No wonder that lawyers lose imagination these days. All the clever criminals stay out of jail, and the trials aren't worth sitting through. Now there was the murder of old Glover in his conservatory. That looked promising. What happened? Nothing. The police bungled it; and we never had any trial. Then there was the case of Arlington's grandson and the disappearing baby. But, hello, what's the matter? You know something about that, eh?"

McDonald had started involuntarily at that familiar name, for it conjured up the memory of the last few months—the memory of what had followed Tommy's sickness. He seemed to see Dorothy, as he had seen her on that day when he learned the news. How pale and sad she had been! Since then he had tried in every way to cheer her, to wipe out of her mind the horror of that night. But all his attempts had failed; and once, finding her in an unguarded moment, he had learned the true reason why they had failed.

It was not a healthy sorrow that had made Dorothy what she was, that had changed her in an instant from a laughing girl into a silent, sombre woman, that had robbed her of the buoyancy of youth—no, it was not a healthy sorrow, for it was mixed with a bitter potion of remorse. Calmly, almost coldly, she had told him that she blamed herself for what had happened; that she felt convinced that, if she had not taken the baby in from the street, all this might never have happened. And although he had tried to persuade her differently, although he had struggled with this fixed idea; still, when he had left her, he knew that he had failed.

"You know something of this, Mac?" continued the young lawyer, bending forward hungrily. "Tell me, now; I want to know."

"I don't know anything more about the robbery than was in the newspapers," said Hector wearily "I happen to know the family, that's all."

"Which one in particular, Mac?"

"You're the damnedest man for seeking information I ever saw. What good could it possibly do you to know? Well, if you must: it's Miss Dorothy Arlington."

"Engaged to her?"

"Yes—in a way."

"Father opposed to match?"

"Very much so, I amagine. Still, his character has changed lately."

"How changed? Since his grandson's sickness."

"Yes, it affected him very much. No one suspected that he cared for the child. Certainly he never went out of his way to prove it. Yet Dorothy tells me he was all broken up. Several times she has found him crying in the library. If you knew him as well as I do, that would sound almost impossible."

"Remorse, regret. Watering his heart with tears. Flowers may grow there. But no clues?—no clues to the robbery? No circumstantial evidence?"

"There's only one piece of circumstantial evidence that I know of," said Hector. "As you are a friend of mine, I'll give it to you. Only one other person knows it; and probably she's forgotten. On the day of the murder I was at Arlington's house. I was alone with Dorothy—talking about writing. Now, listen, Jim. I claimed that the only way to break into the magazines was by first breaking into jail. I said that, if I strangled little Tommy or knocked Uncle Tobias over the head, I could sell every murder story that I had ever written. I suppose you'd call that circumstantial evidence, wouldn't you?"

"Strangled little Tommy!" muttered the lawyer, drawing his cheeks in and then puffing them out. "Strangled little Tommy! Did you say that, Mac?"

"Yes, Jim, those were my exact words."

"Then let me give you a piece of advice. You don't want to be telling everybody you see. Men have been arrested for less than that. It shows that the idea was in your mind."

"It has been for a long time," said McDonald thoughtfully. "I don't mean the idea of murdering anybody; but the idea of being arrested for some crime that I had never committed,—of causing a big stir in the papers, and then at the trial of being proved innocent on an alibi or something. It would be my making. I would be a literary light before I came out of jail."

"You're not the only one who has dreams," said the tall young man. "I've had them myself. There's a hunch coming into my life some day that I'm going to play the limit, even if I have to go it blind. There's a psychological moment in every man's life when, if he sees it, if he realizes it, he's bound to win. It's only a chase of keeping one's nerves turned up to it; and I'm going to be sure that mine are. Common sense will never hold me back."

"The same old gambler you were at college, Jim."

"Yes; only now it's a bigger game. I'm not going in on every pot. I'm sitting tight, waiting for the right cards to come around; and you bet I'll know when they come. But, Mac, I've got to be running along now. I'm mighty glad I ran into you on the street. Here's my card. You might need it. You're just the sort to get into trouble."

"I hope I do, Jim," said Hector, taking the proffered card and slipping it carelessly into his pocket. "I'll call on you then, never fear."

"Do it," said the thin young man, readjusting the eye-glasses on his bony nose and rising to his feet. "I wish you all the luck in the world with Miss Arlington. I haven't got time for the ladies myself. Too many serious things to do. Well, I'm off. Good-bye, Mac."

The two friends shook hands; and the lawyer passed out through the open door. For some time after he had gone, McDonald sat lost in thought. Finally he pulled out the card and looked at it. On the little piece of pastboard,—under the name "James Evans,"—was written in a small but legible hand. "The only attorney in New York who believes in hunches."

"I wonder if he's right," McDonald muttered. "I wonder if every man has that one hunch, that psychological moment when he can't lose? I haven't had mine yet; and it's getting time that I did."

Uncle Tobias was very lonely in his big house. Even his collection of rubies failed to interest him as of old.

Since his last meeting with his nephew, the old man had ruthlessly torn Hector out of his heart—or so he imagined. His pride had been wounded so deeply that the healing scab had formed very slowly, and was in danger of being torn off at the slightest touch of memory.

Yes, he was very lonely in his gloomy house. He missed an intangible something that he had always had. Perhaps it was a bright young face at the dinner table, or a clear voice filled to the brim with joyous youth. Sometimes he caught himself wishing that Hector was home again—of course not the present Hector, who had insulted him on the street; but the Hector of long ago; the little boy with the light brown hair and dark blue eyes. He had enjoyed coming home in the afternoons; he had enjoyed sitting in the library and watching the child play; he had enjoyed the arguments Hector had with his nurse when bedtime came—yes, he had enjoyed all these things.

It was very evident that Uncle Tobias was changing. Once he had been a man who, when he had decided on an action, carried out his decision immediately; but now he put things off from day to day. For instance, there was the drawing up of his will. Like many men of good health, he had never contemplated death seriously. It had always been very distant—very remote from self. Then, there had been no need of a will. Hector had been his only living relative; and what Uncle Tobias had would naturally go to him.

But now all this was changed. His health was not so good as it had been, and he very often felt tired after his walk. And then, coming home from the last meeting with his nephew, he had resolved to disinherit the young man immediately. "I'll have a will drawn up tomorrow, leaving everything to charity," he had told himself; but, like the proverbial tomorrow, this tomorrow never came. From day to day he put it off, until at last the word meant nothing to him. He longed for companionship.

One bright spring afternoon Uncle Tobias, while on his accustomed walk, moved by a sudden spirit of adventure and exploration, turned off the beaten path and made his way into a more obscure part of the city. Returning by a side street toward Fifth Avenue, and looking about him more than was his custom, he noticed a baby carriage standing outside a small bird store.

Perhaps he was moved by curiosity, or some equally alien feeling, but certain it is, that, as he passed the perambulator, he peered under the white canopy straight into two round black eyes. There was something in the owlish solemnity of this little face, something in that steadfast eager gaze, that took the old man's fancy. Looking about him hastily to see if he were observed, he retraced his steps and held out a long bony finger to the child. For some time the baby stared abstractedly; and then, putting up a firm little hand, he seized it and smiled.

Uncle Tobias returned the smile. "What's your name, my little man?" he asked.

"Tweedledee," said the child.

(To be continued)

I find it best for cleanliness

Don't call the plumber when the sink drain gets choked. A little Gillett's Lye will probably clear it in a few minutes. Scores of other uses around the sanitary home.

GILLETT'S
PURE FLAKE
LYE

ADVISE YOUNG MOTHERS

—The Maitland Photo Studio

MRS. CLAYTON HURAS

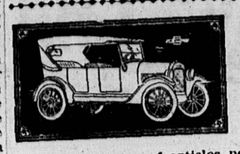
Stratford, Ont.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gives strength and is the greatest help in motherhood of any medicine I know of. I have four very healthy children and during each expectant period I took 'Favorite Prescription' and just got along fine, my strength kept up and I had no distress or suffering to speak of, which most women have to endure at this time. 'Favorite Prescription' keeps a woman in perfect physical condition all thru this trying period."—Mrs. Clayton Huras, 215 Railway Ave.

Just ask your nearest druggist for this Prescription of Dr. Pierce's in tablet or liquid form.

Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., if you want free medical advice.

THAT CAR OF YOURS

BY HARRY E. PORTER



This is a series of articles pertaining to maintenance and repair of your Automobile. We will be glad to answer through this column, questions regarding your car or its mechanism.

Send your inquiries to "Automobiles," The Guardian Publishing Co., Ltd., Charlottetown.

AUTUMN DRIVING

A ship that sails for the tropics from some temperate zone is usually equipped with an ice machine. If it is sailing for the North Pole (or environments) they usually eliminated the ice. The whole thing hinges on "Preparedness."

Are you and your car prepared for the inclement conditions that will prevail in the near future?—also the election period when your car will be constantly in use?

In recent articles I mentioned a few of the things to care for at this time. In this article I will refer again to the condition of the undergear. Let it be free from mud and old grease and oil. Preferably, have it painted with some good "iron paint." It will not take long and you will never know what it means until you have done it.

After it is painted, grease it thoroughly and oil all the little joints that are usually entirely neglected, viz brake clevis pins control shafts adjusting nuts and shaft threads—this latter will facilitate brake adjusting in the bad weather.

When the undergear is clean and greased keep it so with plenty of clean water and grease.

A TEST STRIKE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5.—Officials and mine operators are awaiting with intense interest outcome of the strike in the West Virginia coal mines, which has been called for Saturday. The strike there is a test of the power of President Lewis and the United Mine Workers to block or partially block production of bituminous for anthracite.

BOODLE AND BLISS.

Edith—Has that new novel you just read a happy ending?

Madge—Very. In the closing chapter the heroine is awarded $50,000 allmony.

IGNORANCE IS—

Billy and I are engaged.
You don't mean it!
No, but he thinks I do.—Life.

MEETING

A special meeting of the Shareholders of THE MASCOT SILVER BLACK FOX COMPANY, LTD., will be held in the office of G. R. McQuarrie, Summerside, on Thursday the 15th day of October instant. A. D., 1925 at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of giving foxes of the Company in exchange for paid up shares of the Capital Stock of the Company, at a valuation to be agreed on at said meeting.

D. J. McMURDO,
Secretary.

5260-10-1-8-13.

You have been intending to try "Red Rose." Why not now before you forget.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

The ORANGE PEKOE is extra good. Try it!

DR. J. A. LEFURGEY

OF BRADALBANE, HAS BEEN APPOINTED MEDICAL REPRESENTATIVE, DEPARTMENT OF SOLDIERS' CIVIL RE-ESTABLISHMENT, FOR HUNTER RIVER DISTRICT, P. E. I.

5289-10-3M33.

Poultry Notice

We are paying the following prices for good quality fowl, f. o. b. your station.

Over 5 lbs	14c
From 4 lbs to 5 lbs.	11c
Under 4 lbs.	08

We have not yet issued a price list on chickens but if you have any stock ready for market we will be pleased to quote.

If you wish to receive the top market prices for your poultry you will be well advised to crate fatten your chickens for three weeks before offering them for sale.

If you require any instructions along these lines write us for full particulars on crate fattening.

THE HARRIS ABATTOIR CO., LTD
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

5282-10-2tf.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN ELECTION CONTEST

Closes Thursday, October 22nd, 1925 at 8 P. M.

TEN HUNDRED DOLLARS IN PRIZES

How many votes will be polled in this Province in the coming General Federal Election?

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN is offering Ten Hundred Dollars in cash for the best estimates.

The Contest is not political propaganda, and there can be no juggling of figures as the correct returns will be furnished by the Government Statistician, and will be public property.

Here is the Prize List?

A TOTAL OF TEN HUNDRED DOLLARS

	CASH
To THE GUARDIAN subscriber who sends the correct estimate—the sum of Five Hundred Dollars	$ 500.00
To THE GUARDIAN subscriber who sends the nearest to correct estimate—the sum of Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars	$ 250.00
To THE GUARDIAN subscriber who sends the second nearest to correct estimate—the sum of One Hundred Dollars	$ 100.00
To THE GUARDIAN subscriber who sends the third nearest to correct estimate—the sum of Fifty Dollars	$ 50.00
To THE GUARDIAN subscriber who sends the fourth nearest to correct estimate—the sum of Twenty Dollars	$ 20.00
To the next ten subscribers who send the next nearest correct estimates—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents each	$ 25.00
To the next twenty-five who send the next nearest correct estimates—One Dollar each	$ 25.00
To the next sixty who send the nearest correct estimates—Fifty Cents each	$ 30.00
A Total of	$1,000.00

100 PRIZES IN ALL

Only one of the five capital prizes may be won by any one person

ELECTION STATISTICS

Population of P. E. I.	88,615
Number of People Voting, 1921	52,444

NOTE—The women voted in 1921. They will vote again in the coming election.

How to Make Estimates

The subscription price of THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN is Five Dollars a Year in the City and $4.00 by mail on the Island.

A full year's subscription paid direct to the Office will entitle the subscriber to make one estimate in the GUARDIAN'S Election Contest.

Two subscriptions or two years' subscriptions will entitle the subscriber to make three estimates. Three subscriptions will entitle him to five estimates. The decision of the Editor is Final. All estimates must accompany the subscription, and no changes will be allowed afterwards.

ELECTION CONTEST

COUPON

Please send the Charlottetown Guardian to the after mentioned for which I enclose $.....

NAME	ADDRESS	Prov.	New or old	Estimate

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

The Decision of the Editor in the Election Contest Shall be Final