

# Delicious! "SALADA" TEA

Always sealed in air-tight flavor-preserving aluminum packets. Rich, pure & fragrant. Try it.

### NOTICE TO MY CUSTOMERS OF P. E. I.

I am not responsible for the extra charge on the orders I have taken for Hosiery. I was unaware of any extra charges at the time I took the orders. I will not take any more orders till I have found out where the trouble lies.  
JAMES ERNEST COUSINS,  
Bradalbane  
1241-5-27M31.

### CONNOLLY ESTATE SCHOLARSHIPS

Applications will be received by the undersigned until June 12th, 1925 from all students desirous of competing in a written examination for one of the Connolly Estate Scholarships offered annually by the Trustees Estate of Owen Connolly. This examination to be held in the third week of July, in Charlottetown and Summerside, will be open to all deserving students, who upon investigation shall have been found eligible to compete in accordance with the provisions of the Will of the late Owen Connolly. Each applicant must state (1) His name in full. (2) Age. (3) Names of both parents. (4) Post Office Address, and (5) The nature and extent of his studies during the past year.  
M. J. SMITH,  
Kinkora, P. E. I., May 22, 1925.  
Secretary "Trustees Estate of Owen Connolly."  
1220 May 25-27.30, June 2, 5, 8.

### CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS Change in Present Schedule.

Effective June 1st our patrons will please note the following change in train service between Charlottetown and Summerside.  
Train No. 314 now leaving Summerside at 1.45 p.m. will leave at 1.20 p.m. and arrive at Charlottetown at 4.50 p.m. instead of 5.09, and train No. 213 now leaving Charlottetown at 4.20 p.m. will not leave until 5.50 p.m., arriving at Emerald at 8.25 and Summerside at 10.35 p.m., daily except Sunday.  
District Passenger Agent's Office, Charlottetown, P.E.I.,  
May 23rd, 1925.  
1257-5-28-41

### TENDERS

Tenders will be received by the undersigned, until 12 o'clock noon Monday, June 1st, 1925, for the painting of Bonshaw Presbyterian Church. Specifications to be seen at undersigned place.  
JOHN J. MacLEOD,  
Secretary  
1191-5-23stuf31.

### Auction Sale of Valuable Property

There will be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday the 4th day of June 1925 at 12 o'clock noon, three tenement house on Elm Avenue, also store and dwelling house, on the north side of Euston Street, property of the late John Leslie Shaw.  
For particulars apply to Donald McKinnon, Executor of Estate, Royal Bank Building, or to the undersigned.  
BENJAMIN CARTER  
Auctioneer  
1210-22-5-9f.

### TENDERS FOR COAL

Charlottetown, Summerside and Georgetown also Hospital for the Insane and S. S. "Hillsboro."

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this office until noon on Tuesday, June 2nd, 1925 from any person or persons willing to contract to supply the Provincial Building, Law Courts, Prince of Wales College, Hospital for the Insane and Provincial Infirmary, Queens County Jail, Georgetown Court House and Jail, Summerside Court House and Jail, and the Steamer "Hillsboro."

Tender for coal for Hospital for the Insane should quote price per ton delivered at Falconwood Hospital.

Coal for other buildings to be delivered in their respective vaults at the cost of the Contractor, by the first of September next. Coal for S. S. "Hillsboro" to be delivered at Prince Street Wharf. Weigh scales to be approved by the Department. Full particulars as to the quantity and quality for each building may be had at this office.

The names of two responsible persons willing to become bound for the faithful performance of the contract must accompany each tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tenders for Coal."  
L. B. McMILLAN,  
Secretary of Public Works.  
Department of Public Works,  
Charlottetown, P. E. I., May, 20 1925  
1171-5-22-fmw 6f

## NOTICE

### TO ALL USERS OF NATIONAL CASH REGISTERS

The authorized Service-Man of the National Cash Register Co., will be in Prince Edward Island during the first week in June. Anyone requiring his services for repair, overhaul or adjustment of their register will please communicate with W. E. Jack c/o Victoria Hotel, Charlottetown.  
1245-5-27M10f.

### THE RED VULTURE BY FREDERICK SLEATH Author of "Salper Jackson,"

(Continued)  
He dodged back into the cab. "There is fog," he said. "Another way," he exclaimed. "And such fog!"  
It was on them as he spoke. Past each side window drifted advance masses of white vapour. Wreaths of it swirled into the cab. One of them broke in the arm-holers' face. He started to cough violently.  
"Cod!" he gasped, grabbing at the window strap nearest him and pulling up the panel with a bang. "Shut your window, man!" he yelled to the constable. "Hurry up! We'll be suffocated."  
But another wraith had burst into the constable's face and started him coughing. He was too overcome to obey. The sergeant leaned over and shut the window himself, just as the main mass poured by. All lights immediately disappeared, blotted out by the dense vapour. The darkness caused him to stumble. Catching his foot in the floor rung, he went plunging into his corner, coughing and coughing, as helpless as his companion. Easily John Henry could have taken advantage of their confusion to break clear and escape from them, handcuffed though he was. But he sat still. Nor was he coughing. The moment he had felt the bite of the air he had covered his mouth and nostrils with his handkerchief, and the fog did not trouble him. He knew what it was, and how to deal with it—no honest mist. Several times he had charged through it towards the German trenches. It was a smoke screen—a smoke screen laid down in Oxford Street. He was waiting for those who had laid it to come. His rescuers were at hand.  
A light shone dimly on the window-pane. The door was opened. Expectantly he glanced at the newcomer. But it was only the driver come with one of the cab lamps which he set down on the floor. Over his mouth and nostrils was wound his muffler. He also seemed to know.  
"It's all right," he growled in response to the sergeant's wild gesture for the door to be closed. "Breathe through your hanky and you'll find it don't choke. It's only F-type Admiralty smoke, like what Old Brock used to make down at Stratford. I've handled it many times. Looks as if some fool has gone and ignited a tenderful up the street. It'll blow away presently."  
He stepped down from the door and disappeared—rather abruptly. John Henry thought it seemed to him rather as if the man had been jerked backwards, as if an instant later, out of the fog, had come a half-stifled exclamation of alarm and Handkerchief round his mouth, the sergeant began to mumble something to him; but he did not listen. He was straining his ears to catch sound of what was happening outside. Men were gathering there. He was tense with expectation. Then the other door was suddenly wrenched open. In each doorway a man appeared.  
"Cod!" gasped the sergeant at the sight of the levelled revolvers. His rescuers had come.  
At the sharp order of the man nearest him, he followed the example of his companions and put up his hands.  
"That's all right," he was gruffly assured, and he lowered them. He recognized the speaker by his voice. It was the second City gentleman, the individual whom Clara had called Smeaton—a dangerous man, a well-chosen leader for so dangerous an undertaking. Get the cops, up he ordered. "You fool! How can they get out if you keep in the way."  
"His chidge," his assistant exclaimed, "piped down from the doorway. Hands still above his head, the constable dumbled gingerly out after him. The sight seemed to rouse the sergeant from the astonishment that had held him helpless. One of his hands came swiftly down towards his pocket. John Henry sat between him and Smeaton. Well for the sergeant that he sat where he did, for he was able to knock Smeaton's revolver up as it was fired.  
"Don't be a fool, sergeant," he said, pinning down with his elbow the Highlander's pistol arm. "Put your hands up."  
"He has better," Smeaton said grimly. "Go on! Get out, you great ass."  
The Highlander glowered at him, but put up his hands and slowly made his exit. In the doorway he turned and nodded to John Henry.  
"Thanks, ma mannie," he said. Then the fog had bit him. Smeaton hastily pocketed his revolver, produced a key, and unfastened the handcuffs.  
"You got Madame Carse's letter?" he enquired.  
"I did," said John Henry.  
"Good. Come along."  
John Henry followed him. The game had begun. The first hidden card was disclosed. In the power of the Vulture's brood he might be, but his fate was not to be instant assassination. So much he had bargained for. Perhaps, even, his rescuers were friends. He would see.

### WETHEY'S Condensed Mince Meat 15c PER PACKAGE 15c MAKES TWO PIES SOLD EVERYWHERE

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### CHAPTER VII A HOUSE BY THE RIVER

Outside, the smoke screen filled the street with the blackness of the pit, and the cab ceased to be as soon as he took a pace away from the darkness, and the power being blotted out, so dense had the screen become. He stood alone. Smeaton had disappeared and all the men with him, the sergeant, the constable, the driver. Again he could have broken away, his chance of escape far better. Again he waited. Whether Smeaton were a friend or not, the fellow would lead him to Clara. For that he was playing, willingly facing all hazards. That achieved, it was for him to call the game.  
Only for a few seconds was he left alone, however, and then Smeaton's hand closed on his arm; he let himself be led away through the darkness, through the confusion that was all around. Horses were plunging and kicking, and neighing, people calling out and yelling in torment and fear. Yet swiftly they went their course not checked for a moment. Clear of all obstacles he was led by his guide, as though the latter could see.  
There were many such in the way, buses, vans, cars, fallen horses and men—and policemen—already scores had been rushed to the scene. From every quarter their whistles were blowing. Out of confusion they were bringing order, collecting people around them and explaining how they should breathe. Large though some of the refugees crowdlets were, they were as easily avoided as any of the other obstacles. But on one of them, one of the largest, which stretched well across the thoroughfare, caused the secret to be disclosed how so surely both pace and direction were maintained. Other hands touched John Henry and passed instructions. With extraordinary thoroughness and resource the rescue had been planned. All along Oxford Street, as well as the smoke barrage, a line of points had been laid down for the purpose of guiding the fugitives clear.  
Scouts were out on all sides, moreover; means had been provided for communicating their intelligence. Immediately after making a sharp turn to the left, into what John Henry rightly guessed to be Orchard Street, his guide checked and halted; some one whispered sharply close beside them; when the course was resumed it was at a run. A warning had been given, an alarm, the purpose of which became manifest fifty yards or so farther on. There the smoke screen thinned sufficiently to allow objects to be dimly visible. Here a line of policemen were drawn across the road.  
"It's that revolver shot," Smeaton whispered. "Damn that fool sergeant!"  
Nevertheless he boldly approached the cordon, and it was passed without challenge.  
"The trouble's ahead," he muttered. "They are stopping everybody. I don't think they quite

### Hansel and Gretel COLOR CUT-OUTS



GRETEL WINS

This is the next to the last chapter of the story of "Hansel and Gretel." Tomorrow you will have the whole story completed.  
The old witch locked Hansel up in a little stable. Then she built a roaring fire in her big oven and ordered Gretel to get in. But I don't know how to do it," said Gretel. "How shall I get in?"  
"Stupid goose!" said the old woman. "The opening is big enough. I could get in myself!" and she stooped down and put her head in the oven's mouth to show Gretel. Immediately Gretel gave her a push and shoved her into the horrible trap the witch had made for Gretel.  
Then Gretel ran straight to Hansel and opened the stable door. "Hansel, we are free," she cried. "The old witch is dead."  
(Here is the wicked old witch. Color her dress green, her apron, can and scarf dark blue. Her crutches should be brown.)  
(Copyright, 1925, Associated Editors, Inc.)

### Military Display Lacked Something

LONDON, May 27. —Many of those present at the Empire thanksgiving service at Wembley Stadium attended by Their Majesties the King and Queen, were surprised to discover that members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, now doing duty at the Canadian pavilion of the British Empire Exhibition, found no place in the military procession.  
The only thing that Canadian officials at the exhibition would say today was that last year members of the Canadian force were invited to participate in the ceremony, but that this year no invitation was forthcoming. The Wembley authorities stated that they were not responsible for the arrangements in connection with the service, which rostered with the Department of Overseas Trade.  
The Canadians most certainly furnished an additional and significant feature to last year's ceremony. Some newspapers were then kind enough to speak of the Dominion police as being superbly mounted, and the writers obviously being ignorant of the fact that the Canadians know what has happened yet, however. There's a chance we'll get clear without any more bother. Here's the car. In you go."  
(To Be Continued.)

### Are Women 100 Per Cent Efficient

How many women do you know who are one hundred per cent efficient? That means every nerve and sinew of the body pulsating with life and health as nature intended. Do you not know more who are half dead and half alive, with aches, pains, nervous, irritable and despondent, making themselves miserable and every one around them? Women in this condition should let Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound rebuild and restore them to a normal healthy condition which will make them one hundred per cent efficient and fit for worth living. There are women in every section of this country who testify to its merits.

### MORE HUMOURS OF HISTORY By ARTHUR MORELAND



### IN MEMORIAM MRS. GEORGE SHERREN

A familiar face that will be fondly and long remembered in the West River district has passed away in the death of Mrs. George Sherren, which took place at St. Catherine's, on the 4th of May, 1925, in the 76th year of her age. It is pleasing to review even in brief words a life spent in humble kindness and consistent Christian witnessing. In the neighborhood the unpretending influence of her peaceful converse and cheerful ways was felt by old and young; in the church her steady loyalty strengthened our membership. But especially in the home she was the light and life of the family circle. To say this is but to say what many friends felt as they watched through their tears the procession that solemnized her last departure from the home. The sympathy of the whole community goes out to the sorely bereaved husband and children.  
After a brief service at the house a large congregation assembled in Canoe Cove Church, where the funeral service was conducted by her pastor, Rev. D. M. Lamont.

Dr. Caldwell used this great Laxative in his own private practice for over forty years!  
For Constipation Take  
**Dr. Caldwell's Laxative SYRUP PEPSIN**

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June 1925  
Midnight Waltz  
International Novelty Orch.  
In Shadowland - Waltz  
The Troubadours  
19612  
75c.

## June Supplement

The June Supplement contains another splendid list, which as usual gives "His Master's Voice" customers the cream of popular song issues, the very latest dance hits and most wonderful selections by famous Red Seal artists.  
Ask your nearest "His Master's Voice" dealer to put you on his mailing list if you have not received the June Supplement of Victor records.

- Some recent releases—
- | DANCE RECORDS  | VOCAL RECORDS   |
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| Double-sided, 75c.   | Double-sided, 75c.  |
| 19634 The Love Song You Will Forget - Waltz<br>Take Me Back to Your Heart - Waltz          | 19604 A Mama Like You and a Papa Like Me<br>Somebody Like You<br>Yearning (Just for You)<br>No Wonder (That I Love You)                     |
| 19638 The Flapper Wife - Fox Trot<br>Who Takes Care of the Caretaker's Daughter - Fox Trot | 19625   |
| 216491 Yearning (Just for You) - Fox Trot<br>Ghetto - Fox Trot                             | INSTRUMENTAL RECORD<br>Double-sided, 75c.<br>19614 La Paloma (The Dove) (Vradler)<br>Serenade (Toselli) Victor Salon Orchestra              |
| 19579 On the Way to Monterey - Fox Trot<br>Moonlight and Roses - Fox Trot                  | RED SEAL RECORDS<br>10-inch double-sided, \$1.75<br>1059 Thanks Be to God<br>Dream Once Again<br>1075 Dance Orientale<br>Molly On the Shore |

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**"His Master's Voice" Victor**

No. 113. France and England Separated.