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"For about a year I was troubled with pimples and blackheads on my face and could not get rid of them. The pimples were in little blotches and were small and red. When they came to a head they were very sore and my face burned.

"I tried other remedies but could not get rid of them. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they stopped the burning at once, and in about two weeks I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Jessie L. Rudd, Blucher, Saskatchewan.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address Canadian Depot: J. T. Wall Company Limited, Montreal.

Tenders For Cartage

Tenders will be received at the office of the City Clerk up to noon on Saturday, May 3rd, for carting sand, gravel and other materials from Railway cars to City yard at Pownall wharf or other place designated by the City Surveyor. Form of tender to be had at the office of the City Clerk. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. NICHOLSON,
City Clerk.

3417-4-30-41.

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The site of the Victoria Hotel with building thereon, also building lot opposite.

These two properties will be sold separately or en bloc. An attractive price will be given for quick sale. Apply to

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SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"The fellow who draws a gun on you isn't always a desperado."



"Yes, I had five children. They all grew up and married off."
"I suppose it is lonesome now at home?"
"Oh, no. Every once in a while one of them gets a divorce and wanders back."

A DIREFUL THREAT

When little crabs are naughty, and pinch and pull and grab, No doubt their mother threatens "You'll be a deviled crab!"



Day Old Chick: Wha-who-what are you?
"He!" Blamed if I know. I was hatched from an egg the Easter Bunny brought!



He: You certainly are a little goose.
She: Well, I'll admit I've a you a wild-goose chase all right!



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The Rogers Hardware Co., Limited

The Third Warning

A Mystery Love Story

By Augustus Mub

(Continued)

I got the old bus refilled with petrol, and the winding my way out of the little town. I headed toward the Lamermuir, with the wind from the hills fresh on my cheek. As I neared Brackenbridge I turned off sharply and made a detour, so that I could approach it from the opposite direction, and reach the Hall without passing through the village. Three or four hundred yards from home I switched off the lights. Opening a gate, I ran the car into a field. A clump of embowering trees made a shelter and a canopy. I put up the hood against the chance of rain, transferred my little automatic from the suitcase to my pocket, and left the car to a quiet burn to keep it company.

My first destination was the Manse. For Marget to know I was in Brackenbridge, and ready to help her, might ease her mind. In any case all my instincts as her protector were aroused and there was a keen satisfaction in the thought that she had learned to rely on me and trust me. An upstairs window to the front still showed a light. I softly entered the garden and standing on the lawn fung up a handful of small gravel.

A corner of the blind was pulled back. Then the light went out, and I heard the window softly opening.

"Who is there?"

It was Marget's voice, and very strange it sounded. The tone was not at all the tone she had used to me on our last meeting.

"It's I—Ronny!"

There was an exclamation from above, half of surprise, half of joy, which was pleasant to my ears.

"Ronny! You've come back!"

"I'm not going to London," I whispered up to her. "I'll tell you about it tomorrow."

"No, no; I must hear now. I'm coming down."

In a minute or two I heard the key quietly grinding in the front door, and I waited outside the porch. There was a faint glimmer moved; and I gathered that the door was opening.

In the dense black frame of the

hall behind her, Marget appeared, her face a pale oval, with eyes wide and eager, and her lips parted. There was just light enough to see that she was wrapped in a black dressing gown, and that her hair was over her shoulders in two long braids. The door she pulled softly behind her, and she came to me quickly and held out her hand.

"Ronny!"

And she drew me into the porch.

"Ronny, I feel an abandoned wretch coming down to you like this. But I am dying to hear your news. Tell me, what's happened! You gave me such a fright. I thought it was dad come back." Her voice ran on excitedly.

"Why aren't you in the train? Have you put off going till the morning?"

"I'm not going at all, I—"

"But why, but why? Oh, I can guess the reason! Ronny, I'll never forgive you," she whispered desperately.

"You've come back for my sake."

"Listen, Marget," I said calmly. "I can tell it all to you in a second if you'll only listen. At St. Eildon I rang up George in London to see if I could come south tomorrow instead. George hadn't wired me at all! It was a fake. Probably the idea was merely to get me away from Brackenbridge. So I've come back."

"The wire was—?" She caught her breath. "But why? I can see no reason. Why should anybody want you away? Ronny, it's wrong of you to come back—you should have gone all the same. Promise me you'll take the first train in the morning! Anything to get away from—there!" She pointed through the darkness toward Brackenbridge Hall.

"I'll promise no such thing," I said slowly. "I do not leave Brackenbridge till you do. When I see you safely away beside friends, then I'll think about it."

"But how can I go away?" Her voice trembled. "I must wait here and see about dad—he might return home any time and need me. No, Ronny you go—go and leave me. I can look after myself. Don't go back there to-night, I beg of you. Go to the inn instead."

"Nonsense," I said with a laugh which I hoped was careless. "It's sweet of you worrying about me. But I discovered the trick in time to save me a wild-goose chase to London. Now I mean to find out the why and wherefore of it."

"What do you mean to do?" Marget asked.

"Before that wire came, I had made up my mind to sleep in the Hall to-night. I'm going to carry that through although I can't guarantee there will be much sleep."

"There will be no sleep for me," said Marget wearily. "Ronny, for heaven's sake go to the inn."

"Do you want to make me into a white-livered funk?" I asked hotly.

"You're not that," she murmured. "I didn't mean that."

"Then don't ask me to act like one. I returned. Don't ask me to clear out and leave everything like a beastly coward."

She bit her lip, and I saw a tear glittering in each eye. Even in the shadows of the porch I saw these two round tears, and watched them run down her cheek, and I reproached myself. To see her thus upset was too much for frail human flesh to support in silence.

"Sweet memory," I whispered, taking her hands gently. "Marget, I wouldn't vex you for the world. You know I love you, my dear."

She had turned away her face, and now she put her hand over my mouth.

"I'll forgive you for that," she whispered back, and I pressed her hand against my mouth and kissed it hungrily. Then with a quick little gesture she slipped her arms around my neck.

"And you must forgive me for this!" Her voice was so low I could scarcely hear her words, and her moist lips were on mine, and her slim body quivering close within my arms.

The next instant she was gone, and the door softly shut; I was alone before the empty porch with the memory of that moment's sweetness dazzling my dull brain.

(To be continued.)

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Quick relief from Backache comes when you apply Nerviline. Lots of rubbing can't do any harm—it will do lots of good for Nerviline doesn't blister or burn. Every drop of Nerviline penetrates to the sore, aching muscles. Being five times stronger than ordinary liniments it quickly drives out the pain; it is composed of several of the most noted pain-destroying substances known to medical science, and can be relied upon for Sore Back, Strained Muscles, Stiff or Swollen joints, Lumbago, Sciatica, Toothache, or other muscular or joint pain.

Remember—when you rub in Nerviline you rub out the pain.

NERVILINE STOPS THE PAIN

Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Silver Fox Exhibitors' Association of Prince Edward Island will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown, on Wednesday May 14th, at 3 o'clock P. M. Full attendance of Members is requested.

W. R. SHAW,
Secretary.

3497-5-3-5-9-13.

THEY ALL LIKE IT

Jimmie Jingle Says:

mansion large or cottage small
It's bound to please you one and all.

—Stewart's Bread.

AT MORE STEWARTS

Headache

Let Minard's drive it away. Bats the forehead. Also inhale liniment, heated.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

The Christ Of Every Road

A review of Dr. E. Stanley Jones' latest book read before the Ministerial Association by Rev. C. L. Brown.

The Christ of Every Road now follows The Christ of the Indian Road and The Christ of the Round Table, the third great book from the pen and from the heart of Dr. E. Stanley Jones within five years. It bears the marks of the former two, the same vivid style, the same wealth of incident and illustration. Dr. Jones is first a speaker then a writer and his work has the urgency and directness of a preacher and evangelist. The book is a study in Pentecost written in view of the celebration of the nineteenth hundredth anniversary of Pentecost throughout Christendom this year. The request for it came from the publishers, but such a book cannot be produced on request and Dr. Jones states in his preface that "on a recent evangelistic trip to South America, in the quiet hours of meditation on shipboard, the book in outline if not in essence came to him."

It is a book for the moment, it bears directly upon the present need, it breathes the spirit of which it speaks; it is stimulating, heart-searching, convincing. We are taken back to the challenge of Pentecost and are called upon to explore anew the doctrine and the experience of the Holy Spirit. Are those most concerned satisfied with the Church and Christianity? Is our religion giving what we feel we should have? Is it the transforming power that it was in New Testament times? Faced with these questions, Dr. Jones calls us back to Pentecost for the solution.

It is his growing conviction, forced upon him by his observation and study of the facts, that the world ground is being prepared for a spiritual awakening on a very extensive scale. The factors which lead him to this conclusion are these: (a) "The scientific attitude toward life is providing a soil upon which the gospel can come into its own, the demand for fact will lead us to the central fact of our moral and spiritual universe—Christ"; (b) "The demand of this age for experience leads us straight toward the heart of the gospel, for the genesis and genius of that gospel is experience"; (c) "Underneath the agnosticism and materialism of our day runs a note of witnessfulness that will burst into a seeking for God if we can bring to it a gospel that is adequate"; (d) every other way of life is breaking down except Christ's way; (e) religion is becoming more Christ-centric and God can trust us with power to the utmost if it is to be used to make us Christ-like."

In this awakening age, passing through the fundamental change from life based upon tradition to life based upon fact, truth, experience, the world looks to the Church for guidance. Can the Church give the certain word that issues from a radiant experience of God? Dr. Jones' answer is, No. His diagnosis of her spiritual condition is searching. The Church has become a great machine, her energy consumed in turning wheels and not in transmitting life, worshipping organization rather than winning men. By a growing tendency to ornateness of ritual and liturgy, to grandeur and stateliness in houses of worship, the Church is adding to the outer form to cover the emptiness of the inner life. The Church is concerned with the marginal, the irrelevant, the obsolete, dodging the main issues and needs to come to the centre of battle where the real fight is on. The Church has knowledge to dissect life but no spirit to give life.

Easter stands for life wrought out, Pentecost for life appropriated, we are between the two. Like the disciples on that first Easter night we are behind closed doors because of fear. Fear of science, "afraid that the scientist will explain away things that have become precious to us we clasp our faith to our bosoms to protect it, forgetting that our faith does not need protection—it needs proclamation." Fear of wealth, being so dependent upon an acquisitive society in which money is the golden key the church is afraid to challenge the present economic system. For fear of losing white prestige and supremacy the church has not uncommonly taken her stand against race snobbery. For fear of being called unpatriotic the church remains narrow and national instead of leading the way to international brotherhood. For fear of failure, the church is afraid to trust herself to God and loose the Gospel upon the world. We need another Pentecost to lead us forth with the positive message that turns the world upside down. There was a time when the Christian Church celebrated Whitsunday more than Christmas. Now Whitsunday has largely dropped out. "Is it easier to commemorate Christ's coming than to go with His Message? Is it easier to say God with us than God in us? Does it cost less to give our gifts at Christmas than ourselves at Pentecost?"

Pentecost has suffered much in the hands of certain groups. As proclaimed by them it is seen as rant, rampant emotionalism, religion that evaporates in excitement and does not issue in nobler character. But in turning from these the Church has also been turned from Pentecost. The word needs to be redeemed. It is not abnormal but the normal experience of Christianity. Where a few Christians have in the name of Pentecost gone above normal into a fever, the

great body are living below it in a subnormal anemic spiritual condition. Dr. Jones points out that there are four pillars to the full gospel—lived, Jesus died, Jesus arose from the dead, Jesus came in the Spirit. Continued on Page 10

Keeping Baby Lovely And Well

Some babies thrive from the hour of their birth while others make so little progress as to be the cause of much anxiety. As a rule it is the digestion that is at fault with these backward ones and they start to go ahead directly Baby's Own Tablets are made the corrective of their stomach and bowel troubles.

Baby's Own Tablets are specially designed for the use of babies and little children. They are absolutely safe and the mother can feel perfectly secure in giving them to even the most delicate child. They are a mild but thorough laxative which banish constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and allay the pains which accompany the cutting of teeth. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN RE: ESTATE OF KATHERINE A. MACPHEE late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province, deceased testate.

By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate, Judge of Probate &c. &c.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Maurice McDonald of Charlottetown aforesaid, Catholic Clergyman one of the Executors of the above named estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province on Wednesday the fourteenth day of May, next coming at the hour of 11:30 o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accouns of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said Petition and on motion of H. Francis MacPhee, Esq. Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively: namely, in the Hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the City Weigh Scales in Charlottetown aforesaid, and at the store of C. E. Pratt & Co., in St. Peter's in King's County in said Province. And I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province, so that all persons interested in the said estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 10th day of April A. D. 1930 and in the 25th year of His Majesty's Reign.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER,
Judge of Probate.

3018-4-12-19-25-May 2nd.

No other Orange Pekoe is half so skilfully blended

"SATADA"

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

TEA

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GIVE A DINNER PARTY IN MID-ATLANTIC

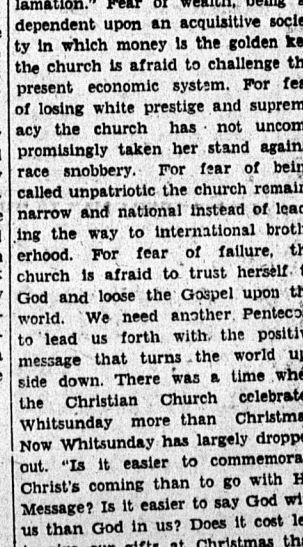
Such a delightful experience—your guests, seasoned travellers with a wealth of adventure to beguile the pleasant dinner-hour—prominent in the social life of England or the Continent. Their talk—your own experiences—European contacts give you a new vocabulary sprinkled with references to Epsom Downs—Monte Carlo—The Riviera—Rue de la Paix—magic names to stir the admiration of all your friends—that give you entrée to conventional circles that are closed to those who have never visited Europe. Follow the example of seasoned travellers—cross by one of the regal Duchesses or the ever popular "Mont" or "M" ships this summer—faultless service—unexcelled cuisine, typical of all Canadian Pacific Cabin-Class ships.

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Child's 5 to 7 1/2	Child's 8 to 10 1/2	Child's 11 to 2	Boy's 2 1/2 to 5
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Patent Leather Oxfords	1.60	1.80	2.00
Brown Elk Blucher Boots	1.65	1.85	2.25

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