5¢

Something New

Ganong's
CHOCOLATES

"The maker's mark on every piece"

France's only petroleum deposit now being exploited is in Alsace, producing only about 70,000 tons of oil annually.

DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Surrogate Court, 18th George V., A. D. 1928

IN RE: Estate of George Stewart late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province, deceased intestate.

BY THE: Honourable A. Bannerman Warburton, Surrogate Judg eof 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 Peter Stewart of Marshfield, in Queen's County aforesaid, Farmer, the administrator 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 Surrogate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province, on Saturday the thirty-first day of March next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day, to show cause if any they can why the accounts 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, 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 thee date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following places respectfully, namely in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the public hall in Marshfield aforesaid, and at C. R. Pratt's store in St. Peter's Bay in King's County in said Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

(L. S.)

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 28th day of February, A. D. 1928, and in the eighteenth year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) A. B. WARBURTON
Surrogate

FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale my farm of 150 acres. About 115 clear. Situated 2 miles from Hunter River Station. 12 room house. Under ground stables, 60 x 40 feet. Good well in stables. Also one near house. Machine house garage and other outbuildings. Never failing brook runs through centre of farm. Apply

FRANK BAGNALL,
Hazel Grove.

3248-3-19-4i.

AUCTION SALE

At North River on Saturday, March 24th, at 12.30 sharp of all stock, crop, implements and household furniture.

Registered Clydesdale mare, six years old (winner of eight first prizes); registered Clydesdale stallion, 3 years old, sired by Ballaratt, (winner of two first prizes and championship in 1926); 9 choice dairy cows, 7 due to freshen before June 1st, 2 farrow, 1 pure bred Jersey bull calf, brood sow with brood of nine, six weeks old, 1 pig, 3 months old, sixty hens.

Binder, new (M.H.) hay cutter, rake, 2 wire cable hay lifts, with blocks and carrier, 1 truck wagon, 1 cart, 1 driving wagon, 1 wood sleigh 1 box sleigh, 1 driving sleigh, 2 single ploughs, and gang plough, Simplex separator, Fuller and Johnson pumping engine, 1 platform scales, work-harness, (double and single), driving harness, fanners, (Hall), spring and spike harrows, wheel barrow, post hole digger, 25-foot rubber hose, double blocks and rope, numerous other small implements, Ford car, (run about 5000 miles) fur sleigh robe, milk cans, churn.

Crop—250 bushels seed oats, quantity of hay, straw, sheaf grain and turnips.

Piano, radio and other household effects, all furniture and stoves.

No reserve, as farm is sold.

Terms of sale, 9 months credit on approved joint notes for all sums over ten dollars. Discount of 6 per cent per annum for cash.

GARFIELD WARREN
J. A. MacDonald, Auctioneer.

3283-3-20-5i

SMILES

"A nutty remark is one that refers to a girl's hazel eyes."

SHOULDN'T INVOLVE ANY CASH

"I'm thinking about getting married, but dread the amount of money it takes."

"That shouldn't involve any cash at all."

"What, getting married shouldn't?"

"No—thinking about it."

"There are always hints of scandals floating about in these boarding houses."

"Yes; those places are full of roomers."

He: I hope to become a king some day.

She: For pity's sake, how?

He: Well, if you'll marry me—you're a queen.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Old Parrot: Great Scott, to think the ladies used to be shocked when a parrot said a cuss word!

The use of electric household appliances in Belgium is increasing rapidly.

PILE REMEDY Guaranteed

Every 75c tube with pile pipe and every 60c box of PAZO OINTMENT is sold by all Druggists with the understanding that money will be refunded if it fails to stop any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Why not *try* it.

MISS BROWN OF X. Y. O.

By E. Phillipps Oppenheim
(Copyright 1927 by E. Phillipps Oppenheim)

Captain Marsh looked into the muzzle of the pistol held as firmly as a rock. With his left hand he prevented the others from any movement.

"You've a right to your opinions, of course, Thornton," he admitted, "but you've no right to come here and shove treason down the throats of the men who were fighting with you a few years ago. You'll only make it worse for yourself if you don't put that thing away."

"I'm going to use it," Thornton declared in a voice scarcely raised above a whisper, but full of menace.

In a corner of the kitchen the maid was sobbing. One of the soldiers in the rear was handling his rifle nervously; the other three had obeyed their officer's gesture. There was a breathless moment.

"I don't think you will, Thornton," the threatened man said calmly. "I remember you; you remember me, too, I expect, although I was only a second lieutenant. We were at Loos together. You're not going to tell me that you're the sort of a man to kill a fellow soldier in the execution of his duty. I don't believe it. Sergeant, arrest him."

For a single second Thornton hesitated. Then he stepped back. There were two loud reports, two bullets one after the other crashing into his brain. For a moment afterward he seemed to remain upright, staring. Then he slowly collapsed.

At the sound of the firing, Miss Brown had turned away from the window, made a movement toward the door, hesitated and sat down on the edge of the bed. She felt a sudden sickness. Some one had been killed—she knew that. There was death there within a few yards of her. Again she found herself in touch with tragedy, and a deadly faintness stole over her. She pulled herself together at the sound of a knock at the door. Captain Marsh presented himself.

"Miss Brown?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"The department want you out of this," he announced. "They don't want your name in the paper, you understand, and they don't want the other people in the house to have any idea—well, you understand. There's a car waiting downstairs which will drive you straight back to London. If you'll allow me, I'm going to take you out the back way. The message is that you report tomorrow morning to XYO."

Miss Brown fastened her mackintosh, arranged her hat and picked up her handbag, which, in view of recent happenings she had just packed. The officer escorted her down the back stairs, through the strip of kitchen garden, to the back gate, where a car was waiting.

"What about Lady Hannerton's visitors?" Miss Brown asked.

"We've taken their names and addresses," the officer replied. "That's all we need from them at present."

"And Thornton?"

"He shot himself," Captain Marsh told her gravely. "It was the best thing—by far the best thing."

MISS BROWN was probably made of sterner stuff than was suggested by her mild and, in its way, kindly demeanor—sterner stuff, perhaps, than she herself realized. She slept well that night in her little room at Shepherd's Market, prepared her breakfast as usual the next morning and made her punctual appearance in Whitehall. Her return to duties was marked by nothing in the way of enthusiastic greetings or congratulations. Dessiter simply looked up from his desk, waved her to her place, and smiled. The smile itself, however, was a very rare occurrence.

"Well done, Miss Brown," he said, turning back to his letters. "You managed that excellently."

Miss Brown divested herself of her coat and hat, arranged her hair by guess work and walked on air to her seat. She felt as though one of the great ones of the world had stooped down from some high place to pat her on the back and overwhelm her with congratulations.

She knew that her intructions had been carried out faithfully and intelligently, and that one laconic sentence of appreciation had set all her blood tingling and filled her with a great and holy satisfaction with life and things in general. Dessiter finished his letter and turned round in his place.

"Plenty of more work ahead of us, Miss Brown," he remarked.

"I'm very glad to hear it," she replied. "May I ask a question?"

He nodded.

"So long as it isn't an indiscreet one."

"About Lady Hannerton?"

Dessiter stretched out his hand toward the box of cigarettes, which was never far from his elbow, selected one and lit it.

"She ought to be shot," he said. "We're the sort of country though that doesn't go in for that sort of thing. Our new establishment depends virtually upon an understanding with the authorities that we are not to press for the more rigorous penalties. That's why I worked so hard to get the reservists back under military discipline. It's a soppy business, anyhow. Lady Hannerton will be playing trente et quarente at Monte Carlo tomorrow night. She is on her way now."

Miss Brown breathed a little sigh of relief.

"She was quite kind to me in her way," she explained, "and I felt—well, it was the first time, you know, that I had done that sort of work—I felt rather a sneak."

Dessiter looked at her for a moment curiously through the wreaths of cigarette smoke.

"Yes, I suppose you would," he remarked. "That's what makes you such a perfect agent for certain odd enterprises. But it makes me doubt very much whether you would succeed in the profession generally."

"How soon do you think anything will happen?" Miss Brown asked.

"Not for a week or a fortnight, at any rate," Dessiter replied. "By the bye, during that time I may be here or I may not. Come and go at your usual time and you will find upon your desk all the work you can get through. For instance, there's a day's work there now. The lists that are to be copied must be sealed and handed over by you to a representative from X. Y. O., Scotland Yard, who will come when you telephone for him."

"What am I to say if there are any callers?"

"There will be none. You must remember that this block of Government Buildings finishes on the seventh floor. These rooms have no recognized existence. Our telephone is a separate line, and you won't find the name of 'Mr. John Glyde' in the book. There are two commissionaires on duty night and day on the seventh floor, where the elevator and staircase end, and no one is allowed to ascend higher unless they have a pass from X. Y. O., Scotland Yard, or the War Office. You have your key of the door?"

Miss Brown showed it to him, attached to a chain which went round her neck.

"Mergen and his wife live up here. That is all. They'll keep the rooms tidy and Mrs. Mergen would cook a meal if you wanted one. Deal with any emergency that may occur according to your discretion."

"You talk as though you were going away for some time," Miss Brown remarked.

"My movements are uncertain," Dessiter answered. "I am going out now. I may be back later in the day—perhaps not for two or three days. I shall leave no address—not even for you."

He made his way through the door which communicated with his private apartment and Miss Brown began upon her pile of letters. When he reappeared in about half an hour, she noticed with interest the changes in his appearance. They were slight in their way, and yet significant. All the variations which had transformed Colonel Dessiter into John Glyde were slightly emphasized. With extraordinarily little help from artificial means, no one in the world would have recognized Colonel Dessiter in the old man of languid appearance who walked with a slight shuffle.

"Your verdict, Miss Brown?" he asked.

"I think you're quite wonderful," she assured him. "You haven't a wig, you're not made up, there isn't anything about you to attract any attention whatever, yet I don't believe a soul in the world would believe that you are the man I found lying upon the couch in Lombertson Square. I shouldn't have recognized you."

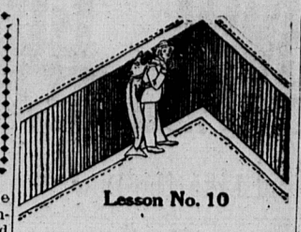
"My youthful experience in theatricals helps," he remarked. "I was taught then to make up psychologically rather than with the aid of Clarkson. However, I'm going out by the back way and step into a closed motorcar."

"I wonder where you're going?" she murmured, a little wistfully.

"As a matter of fact, Miss Brown, I don't mind telling you," he continued—"it isn't a dead secret anyhow—I'm going to meet the two representatives of XYO from Scotland Yard and the War Office across at Downing street and we're going to have a little friendly chat with the Prime Minister. There are just one or two little things I've kept back until the right moment. Queer fellows, these politicians. Spring your information upon them all at once and they think you've got a bee in your bonnet. Give it to them piecemeal and hesitatingly, and they believe you. Au revoir, Miss Brown."

"Au revoir, Mr. John Glyde."

(To Be Continued.)



Lesson No. 10

Question: **How can our kiddies keep well and strong?**

Answer: **By building up a resistance against sickness, and that's easy and pleasant if they take**

SCOTT'S EMULSION

L. O. C. Bowling

Last night on the L. O. C. Alleys a very good game was rolled between the Ramblers and Stars, which resulted in a win for the Stars by a margin of 85 pins. The game was exciting from start to finish, and some splendid scores were made by both teams. In last night's game E. Caswell had high single score of 301, while P. Prunty had high total of 699 pins.

Following are scores:

Ramblers			
W. McDonald	116	172	180
W. Burke	180	197	158
C. McDonald	151	143	211
P. Prunty	247	222	230
		Total—	2207

Stars			
E. Caswell	301	165	172
R. Harley	162	230	250
I. McCabe	132	164	158
J. A. Bentley	181	145	232
		Total—	2292

Next game takes place tonight when the Victorias roll the Invincibles and a good game is expected. (Game starts at 8 o'clock sharp).

Y. BOWLING

CHURCH LEAGUE

The Dumb Doras easily defeated the Hoo Doos by the large majority of 242 pins. M. Hutcheson rolled the exceptionally high single of 200 and three of 492.

Dumb Doras:			
I. Lafferty	124	104	137
M. Adams	150	146	119
M. Hutcheson	128	164	200
J. MacDonald	53	155	131
B. Stewart	149	109	79
	624	678	666

Total—1968.

Hoo Doos:			
B. Love	108	164	110
H. Harper	168	120	124
S. Brown	131	148	125
M. Wilson	92	78	192
	73	104	79
	572	614	540

Total—1726.

BOWLING TONIGHT

Oddfellows League

7—Down vs. MacEwen.

8.30—Leitch vs. Rodd.

In the second game the Adamacs defeated the P. K.'s by 147 pins. M. Chandler rolled the high single of 229 and high three of 498.

Adamacs:			
E. Harris	135	153	127
F. MacDonald	153	145	133
K. MacNair	99	159	117
H. Finlayson	131	139	201
E. MacLeod	116	98	95
	634	694	703

Total—2031.

Powerful Katnnkas:			
M. Chandler	168	101	229
O. Lowther	137	174	149
M. Lamont	84	132	98
M. Ling	150	106	139
N. Henry	69	68	80
	608	581	695

Total—1884.

COBBLER BECOMES ARTIST.

Since women's shoes have ceased to be merely necessaries and have joined the luxury class, the cobbler must constantly be on the alert to keep ahead of increasing demands.

Nowadays he dyes supple kid skin to match any tone or half-tone, works it together like a mosaic, combines colors and strange, rare leathers with it, according to a constantly varying stream of original designs; and turns out lovely, exotic shoes which deserve to be called works of art.

"Women demand color-harmony in dress these days," one of these skilled artisans explained, as he cut out the sections of a pair of specially designed, custom-made shoes, the skins for which had been dyed to match the customer's sample—and the bill for which came to more than $50. "They are becoming more color-conscious. And kidskin will take the dye as well as any woven fabric."

It is the mind that makes the body rich.

It isn't necessary to make a fool of yourself every time you have an opportunity.

Fortify Yourself Against Colds!

Toronto, Ont.—"I would have a spell of sore throat a couple of times every year, especially in the winter, and it would be a couple of months each time before I would fully recover and get my voice back. I doctored and took medicine with little relief until I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it has so completely relieved me of this trouble that I scarcely ever have a sore throat or suffer in any way from my former trouble. It has been worth its weight in gold to me."—Mrs. A. McDonald, 28 McMurrich St.

All dealers. Fluid or tablets.

Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N.Y., for free medical advice.

Shore Farm For Sale

½ mile from the town of Souris, containing 90 acres, 20 acres plowed for seed potatoes and with first class buildings, ideal farm for seed potatoes. Reason for selling, I am retiring. For further particulars write or call

P. A. ROONEY,
Souris.

3140-3-14-wfm10.

HORSES TO ARRIVE

I expect to arrive on the Island around March 31st, with three carloads of horses. These horses are all personally selected by myself. All young, sound and well-broken. In the lot there are some good saddle, express and driving horses. Those horses will be for sale at the Agricultural Hall, Charlottetown. Intending purchasers will do well to look this lot carefully over as they will arrive in plenty of time for seeding.

(Signed) PARKER A. HORNE,
Owner.

3246-3-19-3i.

OPERATION LEFT HER VERY WEAK

Letter Tells of Wonderful Relief After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Coniston, Ontario.—"After a severe operation and a three weeks' stay in a hospital I returned home so weak that I was unable to move a chair. For four months I was almost frantic with pains and suffering until I thought sure there could not be any help for me. I had very severe pains in my left side and suffered agony every month. One day when I was not able to get up my mother begged me to try your medicine. My husband got me a bottle of Vegetable Compound at once and I took it. I started a second bottle, and to my surprise and joy the pains in my side left me completely and I am able to do all my work without help. I am a farmer's wife, so you see I can't be idle long. In all, I have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, five boxes of the Compound Tablets, two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine, and have also used the Sanative Wash."—Mrs. L. LAJEUNESSE, Box 103, Coniston, Ontario.

Professional Cards

Dr. C. C. Archibald
Graduate to N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital
Practice limited to Eye, Ear Nose and Throat
Testing Eyes and supplying Glasses
Office, Bayer Building
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Office Hours—9 to 12.30. 1.30 to 5.00

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Money to Loan.
Reilly Building, Charlottetown

For healthful hot cereal, try

SHREDDED WHEAT PORRIDGE

Cover the bottom of a saucepan with water, add the biscuits, broken up. Boil and stir until the mixture thickens. Salt and serve with milk or cream. Ready in two minutes.

MADE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

EYES TESTED AND Glasses Fitted
Competent service with latest equipment.
E. W. TAYLOR
J. S. TAYLOR
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142 Richmond St.

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Leaves Montreal
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Daily at 10.15 p.m.
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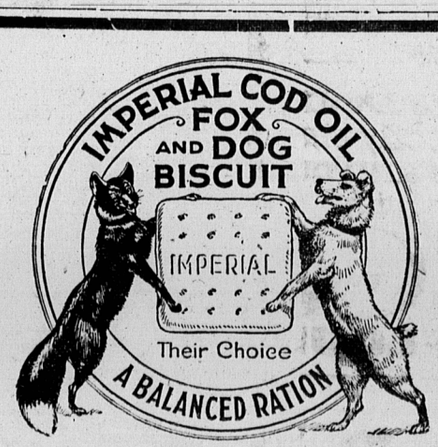

Reg. Trade Mark

Successful Winter Feeding Requires Imperials

The "Power Foods," which supply energy and strength, are a necessity for your breeding foxes at this time. All the energy and strength must come from food and chiefly from one class of foods called "carbohydrates." From one-third to one-half of the foxes' diet should be made up of them. IMPERIAL COD LIVER OIL BISCUIT ranks very high in carbohydrates and it's the correct cereal to feed at this season. IMPERIALS are also rich in vitamines and mineral salts, both absolutely necessary for healthy, vigorous foxes.

Best Results in Reproduction

are obtained from the regular feeding of IMPERIALS during the gestation period, as they are laxative and have a cooling effect on the blood. Feed the morning meal of dry IMPERIALS.

IMPERIALS are sold by leading distributors or direct from the factory.

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