



**"PEERLESS"
Brand Fox Netting**

Foxes are valuable, and in order to insure their proper protection you should have the best therefore you should have "PEERLESS," the best English Fox Netting on the market.

Heavily galvanized before and after being woven, it will not rust. If any roll does not open up to your satisfaction, RETURN THE ROLL, we will gladly replace it or refund your money.

We also carry a complete line of Fox Pans, Staples, Lacing Wire, Nails, Hinges, Fox Tools, etc.

The Rogers Hardware Company Limited

C. M. Lamson & Co., LIMITED.
64 Queen Street
London, E. C. 4, England
Public Auction Sales OF RAW FURS
Shipping bags will be furnished without charge by applying to R. T. Holman, Ltd., Summerside, P. E. I.
Represented by
Alfred Fraser, Inc.
212 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

WANTED

POTATOES TURNIPS
CABBAGE BEETS
CARROTS PARSNIPS

Highest price paid for good stock.

J. LESTER DOUGLAS
39 Queen St.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Professional Cards

AUDITORS

Accounts Audited, Income Tax Returns Prepared.
A. E. MacNeill & Co.
127 Grafton Street
3134-4-17-1mo.

Prohibition Commission

Chairman, Mr. GEORGE E. BROWN
Margate, P. E. I.
Send all information regarding infractions of Prohibition Act to the above

Chief Inspector R. J. Hayward
75 Dorchester Street, Charlottetown

Mark R. McGuigan, B.A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
MONEY TO LOAN
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

McLeod & Bentley
W. A. BENTLEY, R. G. BENTLEY, R. G.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
Office: 180 Richmond Street
MONEY TO LOAN
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

McDonald & McPhee, B.A.
F. A. McDONALD, H. F. MCPHEE
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, ETC.
MONEY TO LOAN

Stewart & Lowther
J. D. STEWART, R. G. N. W. LOWTHER
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
84 Great George Street
MONEY TO LOAN

Dr. D. T. Waye
DENTAL SURGEON
130 Richmond Street
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Office Hours Phone 543
P. M. to 1 P. M.
1 P. M. to 5 P. M.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"What a spectacle the old-fashioned heroine must have been when her 'eyes popped out' and her 'lashes fell'."



George: I suppose your sister has forgotten me, hasn't she?
Johnny: I guess not.
George: Why, does she ever speak of me?
Johnny: Sure. Only this mornin' she spoke of how lucky it was she shook you when she did.

SERIOUS

When sunny spring so softly smiles I feel inclined to shirk, it seem to be impelled to play. And loaf about the place all day Then die of overwork.



He: They can say what they want, I'm a self-made man.
She: For heavens sake, George, do you mean to say you have the job finished?



"I'm sorry now I didn't marry Jack instead of you."
"If you love him so much it ought to console you to think you've at least made him happy."

EFFICIENT OPTICAL SERVICE

EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES SUPPLIED AND FITTED. CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIR WORK.

J. W. JOHNSTON

Registered Optometrist
157 Kent Street Phone 752-L
Charlottetown Phone 709



ALL THE KITCHEN UTENSILS
As well as other items in our hardware line are of first quality and made to withstand more than the normal abuse. We have all the things you need, from nails to sawpans, from hammers to curtain rods. Think of us when you think of hardware.

The Rogers Hardware Co., Limited

The Third Warning

A Mystery Love Story

By Augustus Mab

(Continued)

My automatic was safe in my pocket. That was the main point I ascertained before shinning over the wall not many yards from the spot where George and I made our first entrance to the Hall. But my progress toward the house was slower tonight; for though I knew the lie of the land, I was also more cautious, dire experience having made me wise.

I stuck to the trees and shrubbery. In their shelter, I worked my way around to the back of the Hall, crossing the front drive at one quick leap. The back avenue, beyond which lay the gardener's cottage, was bordered by a deep belt of evergreens. Among these I wriggled forward and took a survey. There was no sound except the leaves and a branch tapping stupidly on the wall, and nothing moved save the soft pulse of the wind. Another jump, and I was across the back avenue. Tangled bushes barred my way, and I was tempted to step on the path and walk boldly in the open. But I had gained too good an advantage that night already to throw it all away by mere discomfort. So I clapped down of my face and went round the roots of these bushes like a rat.

Thank goodness, the doorway of the cottage was in a shadow, and I was inside, breathing hard in the pitch dark, passages as quietly as though I had come through the keyhole. The key belonging to the back door of the Hall was in the locked cupboard; and I found myself back in the bushes, so far well satisfied with the progress of my plan of operations.

Faint moonlight etched the gables of the Hall against the stars and bustling clouds. The outhouses around the courtyard at the back edge were cloaked in shadowed gloom.

I crept to the edge of the shrubbery, and then at a crouching run crossed the path. Close to the wall was a sanctuary of darkness; and my elbow brushing the stones as I passed, I reached the back door and listened intently once more. If there was another sound in these grounds beside myself he had kept mighty silent.

It was the same inside the Hall. When I had shut and locked the door behind me—the lock swung smoothly back—I stood, shoes in hand and held my breath. There was a stillness like the vast quietude of a church. Tip-toeing down the passage, I entered the hall. The smell of the house enveloped me, the quaint smell of a big house in the country, but with a moldy old-bookish tang to it, the smell of a hundred years ago. It fancied that my straining ears caught the faint stir of insects and the pattering scurry of mice barely audible against the nerve-assailing background of deadly silence. It must have been the blood rushing through my head, but I seemed to hear that silence roaring to the roof and through distant empty passages, like the roaring of a sea-shell in your ear. But these fancies were unsettling. I shook myself and, keeping close to the wall, I reached the foot of the stairs and mounted.

I shut my eyes and conjured up a picture of a warm sleeping compartment, rocking slightly as it rushed through the night air toward London, and for a moment I cursed myself for having put through the trunk call that stopped me in time. Then I pictured a slim figure in a black silk dressing gown, with bronze braids over her shoulder, and eyes weary with anxiety, and I knew it was well that I was in Brackenbridge. More than that, I had scored a point against my enemies, and, unless I was far mistaken was on the threshold of discoveries that would lay bare the very thews and news of their mysterious operations.

I must have dozed, if I didn't actually sleep, but for how long I could not estimate. At any rate, I found myself suddenly sitting upright with a jerk, and broad awake. I had heard a noise somewhere in the house, and I slipped aside the elderdown and got to my feet. The bedroom door I had left open, so that the slightest sound would attract my attention, and I crept into the passage and waited. I could hear nothing further, and I ventured to approach the library, inside all was still. I stepped in to the room, and could discern no movement. It was the same in the hall when I looked down over the banisters. Had I fallen asleep on the couch and dreamed the sound that had stirred me? I went back to the bedroom determined that my imagination should not repeat the trick. A few false alarms like this and I should be a mere bundle of leaping nerves.

(To be Continued)

G. BLONDIN THOMAS
Trainer of Race Horses
Pupil of the late E. F. Geers, U.S.A.
At North Tryon Race Track about May 10th.
Address
G. B. THOMAS
Cape Traverse,
Care Gordon Dawson.

LADY FANE SCHOOL

The following is the standing of pupils of Lady Fane School for the month of April:—

Grade IX—1, Amy Oakes; Grade VII—1, Wanda Gamble; 2, Robert Oakes; 3, Aletha Rogerson. Grade VI—1, Myra Gamble; 2, John Gamble; 3, Lindell Gamble. Grade IV—1, Irving Rogerson; 2, Olga Gamble; 3, Lydia Cairns; Grade III—1, Norma Gamble. Grade II—1, Thomas Rogerson; 2, Lewis Francis. Grade I (a)—1, Keith Francis; 2, James Cairns. Grade I (b)—1, Elsie Francis and Cecil Oakes (equal); 2, John Francis. Marita Malone—Teacher.

Blondes are less susceptible to sea-sickness than brunettes, declares Dr. J. C. H. Beaumont, senior surgeon on an Atlantic liner.

Bolivia plans to give its match monopoly, which was awarded to the Soviet, Yushantorn and later annulled, to a Swedish corporation.

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

MINARD'S LINIMENT
"KING OF PAIN"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There is nothing so wearing as to keep one faculty concentrated to its utmost without a break. Creeping up step by step, I was all the while listening with every ounce of strength, and by the time I reached the top I was quite limp with the strain. My ears were now attuned to the stillness. I could separate the sounds I heard the rubbing of leaves on the big colored window that lit the staircase by day, the wind in the trees and a dim rhythmic creak which I took to be a loose cowl on a chimney. But of other sounds there was none. I was so certain I was alone in the house that for two pins I'd have strolled along the corridor humming aloud.

But I was running no risks of that sort. Though I could have taken my oath I had entered the Hall unknown to any one, there was the hundredth chance that I was wrong. The library seemed light after the pitch blackness of the corridor, for the curtains were furled back blinds were up.

If I had expected to find any swift silent activities afoot, I was disappointed. Leaving the door ajar, I went into the next room and prepared to make myself as comfortable as possible for my vigil.

It was a great gloomy room. Even with a midday sun belching in, that room must have been the old lady's bedroom, and the outlines of a huge four-poster bed glimmered in the corner. The furniture was in proportion to the room, bulky, towering stuff reared against the walls. I pulled the quilt from the bed and lay down on the couch that stood at the foot of it. And again that awful silence got me by the throat. It beat against my ears till I thought my head would burst.

I shut my eyes and conjured up a picture of a warm sleeping compartment, rocking slightly as it rushed through the night air toward London, and for a moment I cursed myself for having put through the trunk call that stopped me in time. Then I pictured a slim figure in a black silk dressing gown, with bronze braids over her shoulder, and eyes weary with anxiety, and I knew it was well that I was in Brackenbridge. More than that, I had scored a point against my enemies, and, unless I was far mistaken was on the threshold of discoveries that would lay bare the very thews and news of their mysterious operations.

I must have dozed, if I didn't actually sleep, but for how long I could not estimate. At any rate, I found myself suddenly sitting upright with a jerk, and broad awake. I had heard a noise somewhere in the house, and I slipped aside the elderdown and got to my feet. The bedroom door I had left open, so that the slightest sound would attract my attention, and I crept into the passage and waited. I could hear nothing further, and I ventured to approach the library, inside all was still. I stepped in to the room, and could discern no movement. It was the same in the hall when I looked down over the banisters. Had I fallen asleep on the couch and dreamed the sound that had stirred me? I went back to the bedroom determined that my imagination should not repeat the trick. A few false alarms like this and I should be a mere bundle of leaping nerves.

(To be Continued)

LADY FANE SCHOOL

The following is the standing of pupils of Lady Fane School for the month of April:—

Grade IX—1, Amy Oakes; Grade VII—1, Wanda Gamble; 2, Robert Oakes; 3, Aletha Rogerson. Grade VI—1, Myra Gamble; 2, John Gamble; 3, Lindell Gamble. Grade IV—1, Irving Rogerson; 2, Olga Gamble; 3, Lydia Cairns; Grade III—1, Norma Gamble. Grade II—1, Thomas Rogerson; 2, Lewis Francis. Grade I (a)—1, Keith Francis; 2, James Cairns. Grade I (b)—1, Elsie Francis and Cecil Oakes (equal); 2, John Francis. Marita Malone—Teacher.

Blondes are less susceptible to sea-sickness than brunettes, declares Dr. J. C. H. Beaumont, senior surgeon on an Atlantic liner.

Bolivia plans to give its match monopoly, which was awarded to the Soviet, Yushantorn and later annulled, to a Swedish corporation.

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

MINARD'S LINIMENT
"KING OF PAIN"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALBANY AND VICINITY

The diamond ring which was lost about a year ago, which was valued at five hundred dollars, belonging to Mr. Max Cope, was found the other day by Miss Edith Crossman, who returned it to the owner and received the reward of fifty dollars.

Mr. Wm. E. Noonan, Borden, was a visitor to Summerside recently.

Mrs. Boyd Lowther and little daughter, and Miss Reta Murtart Carleton Siding, were recent visitors to Summerside.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. MacLeod and little daughter Fannie, motored to Summerside on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Cameron and family were visitors to Springton on Sunday.

Mrs. John Murray and daughter Myrtle, were visitors to Summerside last week.

Our school is progressing favorably under the careful management of Mr. Wilfred Keefe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Howatt, Augustine Cove, were visitors to Bedouque on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Bell, recently motored to Summerside.

The sympathy of the whole community goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Jed Noonan in the death of their infant son Jeremiah Louis.

Mr. Lorne McKenna, who has been absent from this province for some months, has re-opened his barber shop.

Mrs. Wright Leard and little son Robert, and Mrs. Harry Green, Central Bedouque, recently motored to Albany.—H.

FAREWELL GATHERING

A most auspicious event was celebrated at the United Church Parsonage, in Kensington, on the evening of Monday, April 28th, the occasion being in the nature of a surprise and farewell gathering of a large number of friends from Margate and Kensington, to do honor to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Slackford and daughter, Miss Mildred.

Mr. H. R. Baker, in his most pleasing and capable manner, acted as chairman, and called on the Rev. Geo. Ayers to read an address, after which Mr. John Walker, Mrs. Harry Brown and Mrs. Patterson Walker, on behalf of those present, gave to Mr. and Mrs. Slackford, a beautiful floor lamp, and to Miss Mildred, a bedroom table and amethyst pendant.

Mr. Slackford, though taken completely by surprise, fittingly replied, and expressed the feelings of goodwill and harmony that had always existed between himself and fellow workers in every department of church activity. The following is the address:—

To Mr. and Mrs. Slackford and Miss Slackford.
Dear Friends:—
Having learned of your intended removal from our town, we, your friends from Kensington and Margate gathered here, cannot allow the occasion to pass without expressing our deep appreciation of your worth and friendship.

As a public officer, Mr. Slackford, we have always found you most courteous and obliging, discharging your duties in such a painstaking and thorough way as to win the respect and confidence of those who had business relations with you. In the church we have found you wise in council, ever ready to assist in the church, or any good work, and largely endowed with the graces of liberality and humility.

And to you, Mrs. Slackford, we owe a large debt of gratitude for the quiet, sincere and unostentatious way in which you have helped to forward the work of the church. Your presence and your support in the W. M. S. (Woman's Missionary Society), was greatly appreciated and will be very much missed.

And Miss Slackford, we wish to express to you our sincere gratitude for, and high appreciation of the valued services which you have so cheerfully and faithfully rendered as assistant organist, and for your vocal talent, which has added materially to the service of song. We cannot fail to recognize the help which your labor of love has afforded in the service and worship of God.

Will you kindly accept these gifts as a slight token of the affection and esteem in which you are held by us?

As you leave our midst, and take up your residence in Summerside, we assure you that you will not be forgotten by us, and that we will be still deeply interested in your welfare. We wish you health and true happiness through life and at last the reward of the faithful—in that life which is eternal.

God grant you many and happy years.
Till when the last has crowned you,
The dawn of endless day appears,
And Heaven is shining round you.

DUTY OFF BRITISH GROWN TEA

"SALADA"

REDUCES PRICES

15c A POUND

BROWN LABEL (Black and Green) NOW 60c lb.

JAPAN GREEN TEA, Price unchanged.

ALL OTHER LABELS Reduced 5c lb.

To the Public THESE PRICES ARE EFFECTIVE NOW. DO NOT PAY MORE

DUE TO THE ACTION OF THE GOVERNMENT IN ABOLISHING THE DUTY ON BRITISH GROWN TEA AND TO THE LOWER COSTS OF CERTAIN GRADES AT THE TEA GARDENS, WE ARE ABLE TO GIVE THE PUBLIC THE BENEFIT OF THESE SUBSTANTIAL SAVINGS

Unfortunately the market for finest teas has been advancing for sometime so that we are only able to reduce our higher grades by 5c lb.

To the Retail Grocer

As always, we protect you against any loss on SALADA TEA by making good to you the difference in the invoice value of your stock on hand. Please reduce prices at once at our expense. Claim form is being mailed to you at once.

'Salada' Tea Company of Canada Limited

POWNAW NEWS

At the end of almost three score years and ten Henry Jones, of Hazelbrook is sleeping his last sleep in the Baptist Cemetery where he was reverently laid to rest on Wednesday afternoon April 31st. After a short service at the house the remains were conveyed to the church where a large concourse of people gathered to say their last farewell to Mr. Jones, who was a man of sterling qualities, respected for his honesty and integrity, and all the splendid ideals of the best and highest things of life and loved for his universal loyalty to his country, and for his duty to God. He was a lifelong member of the Hazelbrook Baptist Church where he was as a pillar of strength. It was the privilege of the writer to have been a member of this Sunday School for several years of which he was the capable and faithful superintendent, also of the choir where his melodious bass voice blended harmoniously in the praise of God. Such beautiful thoughts will always linger with me. But he has shuffled off this mortal coil. He has made his entrance and his exit. He will no more appear upon the stage of life. This earthly drama is ended.

During the service at the church Rev. H. E. Campbell, of Pownal United Church read the Scripture and offered prayer. The hymns sung were: "The Lord is My Shepherd," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and "Nearer My God to Thee." A quartette "God Will Take Care of You," was beautifully rendered by Mrs. Lincoln Wood, Mrs. Ernest Ings, Islet Richards and J. A. Moore.

Rev. Mr. Vincent, of Charlottetown gave the address, basing his thoughts on the words of Isaiah chapter six, verses one, "In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw the Lord." The speaker threw out the challenge to others to take up the torch and carry to completion the work so well begun by our departed brother. The following are left to mourn: the widow, two daughters, Mrs. Earl

Jenkins, Cross Roads and Mrs. W. Wood, Mt. Mellick; three sons, William, in the U. S. A., Roy, Harold, and Kent on the homestead. One sister Miss Lydia, of Hazelbrook survives, she being doubly bereft at this time, a sister Mrs. MacLeod, of California having passed away recently. The pall bearers were Samuel Seely, Boswell Jenkins, Wesley Wood, M. W. Wood, Layton McCole and Boswell Carver.

The floral tributes were beautiful speaking a silent message of love to the sorrowing ones the writer tends sincere sympathy.

Although 87 years old, Henry B. Finch England's oldest rider, braved snow, hail and rain in a recent visit near his home in Oakham

Heal the Sprain with Minard's

FOR SALE

One of Charlottetown Royalty's richest and best 50 acre farms. Good buildings. Choice, large, young orchard and fox ranch. Will sell with or without ranch.

P. A. FARQUHARSON

Telephone 882. 99 Upper Prince Street. 2832-4-5-11.

6 hours
MONTREAL TO TORONTO
18 HOURS
CANADIAN NATIONAL

The famous International Limited now bridges the space between Montreal and Toronto in 6 hours and brings Chicago 3 hours, 45 minutes nearer Montreal.

By the new and faster Canadian National schedules three crack trains—the International Limited, the New Inter-City Limited and the Maple Leaf leave Montreal at 3 p.m., 11 p.m. and 9.30 a.m. More convenient departure and arrival hours. Improved Detroit and Buffalo connections.

Return to Montreal from Toronto in 6 hours by the Inter-City Limited, leaving Toronto at 4 p.m., arriving Montreal 10 p.m.—fastest train in the world for a like distance.

ALL STANDARD TIMES.
Double Track all the Way
Inquire W. K. Rogers, City Ticket Agent, L.P. Ritchie, Ticket Agt. Station, F. W. Clarkin, Dist. Pass. Agt.