

for
**TIRED
ACHING
FEET**

Soothing
Cooling



After the dance, or hike, or game, rub your tired aching feet with Absorbine Jr. This famous liniment relieves the congestion, stimulates circulation, relaxes the over-worked muscles and takes out the ache and sting. A small quantity in the bath, or a vigorous rub-down after the bath with Absorbine Jr., produces a restful, soothing effect on the entire system which is conducive to sound sleep. It is not greasy and does not stain. \$1.25—at your druggist's.

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CLEARANCE SALE

On Monday, April 14th, 12.30 P. M., two prime farms 180 acres and 76 acres (175 acres cleared) level, two brooks, two pumps (and well), large house, barns and cellars, much heavy timber, within 1/4 mile Milton Station, and seven miles from city.

STOCK—16 head cattle (7 to freshen this Spring) 2 heavy horses, 25 hens, 3 pigs, sow in place.

CROP—400 bushel black oats, 16 bushels wheat, hay, straw, potatoes.

IMPLEMENTS—Blader, sprayer, mower, scales, randa and spike harrows, McCormick drill (all ready new) gang, scuffer, rake, hay fork and rope, express, light and truck wagon, cart, 2 box and 1 wood sleigh, driving sleigh, light and heavy harness, card saddle, washer, separator, churn, lamp, stove, sink, lumber, etc.

If very stormy, sale on following day.

Owner's illness necessitates sale.

WALTER CURTIS, Owner
ALEX. McRAE, Auctioneer.
2720-3-29-2-5-9-12.

NOTICE

There will be no trespassing on my premises after April 1st, 1930.

Signed
CHARLES McMAHON,
Smmerfield.

2795-4-2-31.

FOR SALE

A valuable business stand consisting of store, warehouse, dwelling house and barn, all in good repair; also 38 acres of land. Situated at Brookfield. Will sell separately or in block. Will consider quick sale on account of health.

EVERETT JOHNSTON,
2780-4-2-4-7-31.

For Sale

My farm at South Melville, one hundred (100) 85 clear, well located, handy shipping, schools, churches, mills, and well watered.

Further particulars apply to
SYLVESTER McMAHON,
South Melville.

2783-4-2-21.

Farm For Sale

Farm for sale at Brookfield seventy five acres of land all clear in good state of cultivation, well watered, dwelling house and barn. Apply to Hannas MacPherson. For full particulars apply to
HAMMOND YONKES,
North River.

2793-4-2-41.

Auction Sale

AT MERMAID, Thursday, April 3rd at 10 P. M., of valuable dairy farm, containing 185 acres and in high state of fertility and excellent timber. Ploughed, 9 acres mowed. Farm is extra well fenced and square fields. Spring water flowing through front and rear. Excellent dwelling and roomy outbuildings in first class condition. Pump and sewerage in house, also pump in barn. Telephone in house, 7 miles from Charlottetown, near Churches, Schools, Cheese Factory and Railway. 12 tons ice stored, also a quantity of fire wood sawed, split and hauled. Everything fully sustained.

Should day prove stormy, will be held on first fine day following.

A sale of stock, crop, implements and household furniture will be announced early in April.

JOSEPH POWER, Mermaid.
J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.
3-29-27-29-31-April-1.

SMILES
GABBY GERTIE



"Brewster's Millions" as a birth-day gift might be called a novel presentation."

A FINE OPPORTUNITY

The cold in my head is a thing that allures All my friends to expound On their favorite cures.



Miss DeStyler: I have traced my family tree back two hundred years - Collier Down: Must be kind of getting dead at the roots.



Hostess: Will you have some fresh mushrooms?
Guest: Yes, if you're quite sure they're mushrooms and not toad stools.
Hostess: Oh, I'm quite sure. I opened the can myself.



The Merchant: No, sir, my father never gave me \$10,000 a year to squander.
His Son: Well, your father wasn't an aristocrat as my father.

Producers in European countries are sending experts to enter their motorcycles in races in Czechoslovakia.

FOR SALE

An excellent potato farm containing 200 acres, 120 clear, balance covered with hard and soft wood. Well fenced, and watered, large new dwelling house, frost proof cellar, good barn and out buildings. Convenient to churches, school and railway.

For particulars apply to owner.
NEIL CAMERON,
Stanchel.
Via New Wiltshire.
2664-2-22-25-27-29-31-April-2.

Farm for Sale At Bradalbane

Farm of the late William McKinley, 100 acres of choice land, 90 acres under cultivation, balance covered with hardwood. Situated in one of the best potato growing sections of the province. There is a good dwelling house and large barn and other buildings all in good repair one mile from Bradalbane Station. This farm is 12 chains wide, runs along the road to within a 1/4 of a mile from Emerald Station and cheese factory.

For further particulars apply to
ADAM McKENZIE,
Bradalbane.

FOR SALE

The house and lot of the late Capt. John Steele at St. Peter's in King's County. This is a conveniently situated property and comprises one-half acre of land with bungalow recently erected thereon.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned.
MacDONALD & MacPHEE,
Solicitors,
Riley Building, Charlottetown.
2719-3-29-1week.

The Third Warning
A Mystery Love Story
By Augustus Malt

(Continued)

I was by no means loath, and the claret performed its beneficent task as a provoker of cheerfulness in a manner quite worthy of its vintage. "Hunting man," said George rummagingly, puffing a cigarette after-ward, while I shaved and dressed, "is much better fun than hunting game."

"But more dangerous," I remarked. "That's what I mean," said George. "The point is, you don't know who's your friend and who's not. For example, I'd say this about Seymore, that he's either your best friend or your worst enemy. The girl—"

"The girl," I cut in, "can be ruled out as far as the enemy business goes. I don't think she'd let us down, not in the tightest corner. In fact, I know it. What she may do under compulsion is another matter, but I bet it takes a thundering lot of compulsion if there's any dirty work. You may take it that Marget's as true as steel."

"But she must know more than she says," insisted George.

"I doubt it. But you can judge for yourself. We're certain to meet her often. And now I'm ready for the fray. You'll like to see the Hall first of all, I suppose?"

George threw away the stump of his cigarette, lit a pipe, and we set out along the path to the back avenue. The sun was at full noon, and in spite of the ragged flower-beds with their tumbled blooms, the place looked almost cheerful. If the windows had only been open to the sunshine, and smoke curling up from a chimney, it would have looked nearly habitable. We entered by the back door, and made our way up a passage to the main hall.

"Just as the old beggar left it," murmured George. "Even to his sticks. Poor old fellow. Here, this looks like the family cudge!" He pulled a stout stick from the stand, and handed it over to me. "A useful knobberie in a scuffle, old thing—you collar it."

"I feel like a ghoul, looting the old man's stuff already," I laughed, tucking it under my arm. "There isn't much to see downstairs. Let's hurry through it and get up to the library."

"So this is the place where we caught them," mused George as we entered, his eye running slowly over the vast book-lined spaces. "It was here the old man spent most of his time, you said?"

I nodded. "He came to the Hall about fifty years ago with a permanent frown against creation. Seems to have sniffed over books all the time and done little else."

"Must have meant to do a good bit of walking in his spare time, judging by the cudge he bought," said George glancing at the article under my arm. "Hullo! there's the bureau that Seymore was so interested in when we interrupted their little powwow."

"Thoroughly upset they were too, considering the force with which that chair wobbled at me. Look, here's a mark it made on the bureau when he swung it back to swipe out."

"Where?" said George, leaning forward.

A DISCOVERY

"Hold on a second," I said, running my fingers over the panel. "I saw it yesterday when Marget was showing

me round, plain as a pie—all it was a little dent just there."

"Queer," said George; "the mark's gone now."

"It has gone!" I exclaimed, straightening myself up, and looking at George nonplused. "What do you make of it? That mark was as clear as—" I paused. "George!" I cried suddenly, gripping his arm and pointing at the piece of furniture.

"Well, what are you driving at?"

"This is not the cabinet that was here yesterday!"

George looked at me with a puzzled frown. "Are you quite certain you haven't made a mistake?" he said incredulously. "The thing seems impossible."

There are times when one's brain, keyed up and working rapidly, jumps gaps of logic, like an electric spark, and arrives at a conclusion from which no amount of reasoning will shift it. My mind did that now. To me the thing presented no difficulty. I had seen the little mark on the panel; I had noticed it particularly for I clearly remembered the effort it had been to hold myself from calling to Marget, and explaining to her how it had come there. Whether or not my theory that it had been made by the swinging chair was correct, it mattered not. The point was that the mark was gone now!

"It's not impossible; I tell you, it is not!" I was excited over the conclusion I had come to, an was impatient because George was slow to agree. "Look at the cabinet! It's deucedly like the other, I'll admit. But it's not the same. Here, I'll prove it!"

I dug into my pocket and produced a bunch of keys, going quickly over them till I came to a smaller ring with a white ivory tab marked "Library." On it three keys hung together.

"One of these is the right one," I commented briefly, inserting them one after another in the keyhole. There was no result. The lock would not budge. "There you are! One of these three keys fits the cabinet that should stand there. We'll soon find out which one it is." I looked around me. There was a looked press built in to the wall at the side by the fireplace. A little stumpy key swung round the lock, and a recess containing a few wine bottles and glasses stood revealed. "That's the one," I said.

George nodded, peering inside. "He had a human side after all, the old lad."

But I was already on my knees beside a row of low cupboards, about three feet high, that ran around the entire room below the rows of shelves. After a little trial the one in front of me swung open to another key, and let out clouds of dust, disclosing a tightly packed array of books and manuscripts and bundles of papers tied with faded tape.

"Look," I said, pushing shut the doors and pointing to the last—a long thin key—on the ring, "this is the fellow that should fit the cabinet. We've disposed of the other two."

"But where could this article come from?" said George doubtfully, tapping the cabinet.

I shrugged my shoulders. "How do you know? There are plenty of antique shops in Edinburgh. I should say it wouldn't be difficult getting a duplicate of it—they're fairly common, these heavy old writing bureaus."

"If you hadn't noticed the dent," persisted George, "would you have spotted the difference? I mean, would the fact of the key not fitting have made you suspicious?"

I pondered. "No, I don't think it would. I'd have said I had got hold of the wrong key or something—I shouldn't have worried. But I tell you, I noticed that mark yesterday plainly. There's no doubt about it. Some time during the night this must have been moved in, and the old bureau moved out."

"I'm coming round to your way of thinking," said George slowly, "I simply can't break down your evidence at all over that dent in the panel. The problem remains: where has the other cabinet gone?"

"Seymore," I said promptly. "I don't think we need look further."

"Seymore's in Edinburgh—been there since yesterday."

"So we imagine! At any rate, I'd give a lot to see through his rooms at the farm," I declared.

"I wonder—if it's there," murmured George.

"Can you remember what Seymore was saying that night we found him in the library?" I inquired.

George shook his head. "I can remember he was sitting there tapping it with his fingers. He seemed to be getting something important off his chest."

"Yes, he was saying to the other man that he could swear it was in the cabinet. It." What was the "It" I'd give anything to know what he was referring to. And then he was cursing himself about something. I remembered it vividly. He was saying they were fools not to collar the old man's keys before Blair took them away. It seems to me we'll never be able to make head or tail of it till we find out what it is he wanted from the cabinet."

"And why shouldn't we?" demanded George bluntly, at last converted, and beginning to warm up. "Why not carry the war into the enemy's country?"

I looked at him quickly. "The man said he didn't return till Monday—that's tomorrow. Are you game?"

"On it like a bird. Tonight as ever was, my friend. If other people do a bit of night prowling, why shouldn't we? We'll have a good look at Seymore's quarters tonight. By gad, I wonder what we'll find!"

(To be Continued)

N. B., March 25, 1930

Dear Sirs:--

I am pleased with the drop made in Red Rose Tea.

About 9 out of 10 ask for Red Rose now. I think the sale of it will be very surprising this year.

Yours truly,

This is one of scores of similar letters we have received from grocers since the drop in price of Red Rose to 60c lb.

T. H. ESTABROOKS CO. LIMITED SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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(To be Continued)



"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 Pens, Staples, Lacing Wire, Nails, Hinges, Fox Tonge, etc.

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The Manager of one of the foremost Upper Canadian ranches writes us as follows:

"We would not think of using any other biscuit but IMPERIAL as we consider it the BEST AND MOST OUTSTANDING biscuit on the market today."

This is the consensus of opinion of our leading Canadian Fox Ranchers and accounts for the National use of IMPERIALS as an all-the-year-round Fox Food.

The cost of feed is so small compared with the value of the Silver Foxes that ranchers consider it only a matter of good business common sense to feed the best which is always the most economical.

Do not experiment with cheaper foods. Feed IMPERIALS and get the best results in healthy foxes with highest quality pelts.

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