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Desirable Farm and Mill property, Brackley Point, Mill consisting of Rotary, Shingle and Lath Saw and Grain Crusher...

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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 2 o'clock P. M. Full attendance of Members is requested.

W. R. SHAW, Secretary. 3497-5-3-6-9-13.

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SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



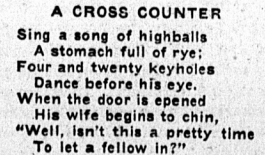
"A strong breath after a night out has ruined many a home."



The Suburbanite: What will be the outcome of the simple life? The City Man: A simple death.



Salmon: Mr. Whale has always been strong for women's welfare, I hear. Perch: Oh, I suppose he has helped keep her in shape.



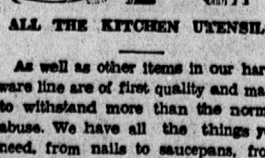
A CROSS COUNTER Sing a song of highballs A stomach full of rye; Four and twenty keyholes Dance before his eye. When the door is opened His wife begins to chide, "Well, isn't this a pretty time To let a fellow in?"



Ruth: Even if you can't enjoy best sellers, there are books in the running brooks, you know. Jack: Yes, but even the brooks are getting dryer every year.



Many airports are being opened in Chile, which had none a year ago.



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 saws, 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 Mink

(Continued)

This time I did not lie down. Putting the quilt round my knees, I sat alert. I could not have been more than ten minutes in this position before I heard the sound again. There was no doubt about it. The noise was clearly discernible, and came from a distant part of the house.

In a trice I was at the door, my hand in my jacket pocket closed over the butt of my automatic. It was comforting to grip the thick grooved steel, warm from my body. And I needed all the comfort I could get, for my heart was thudding in erratic pulsations, and the very air around me felt cold and damp. Then a footstep broke the silence.

I had been about to go down the corridor, but now I paused. The footsteps, faint and all but inaudible, were coming toward me. Now they would stop, and then come on a few more paces. The corridor was in dense darkness. To scratch a match meant giving the advantage to the other man. I decided to wait.

I held the whip-hand; for I knew of his presence, while he was ignorant of mine.

If he were going into the bedroom, I could either let crash with my fists as he passed, or shove my pistol into the small of his back and make, no bones about telling him my intention.

The footsteps approached nearer and nearer. Then I heard the feet go softly on a wooden floor and knew he had entered the library. In my stockinged feet, I made for the door and listened.

In the room I could hear nothing. Except for the strip of polished wood round the edges, the library carpet was thick and dulled one's steps. I put out my hand, felt the edge of the open door and stepped into the room.

It was darker than when I had seen it last. Only a gray glimmer came from the two windows; and of the rest of the room there was nothing to be seen. A figure was slowly crossing the floor. It paused at the windows, and I stemmed a cry in time. The figure was that of a girl.

I stepped forward unable to believe my eyes. Was it a figment of my overstimulated brain, or did I really see a girl, tall and slender, in that faint gray glow at the window?

"Marget!" I whispered. "Marget!" With a quick movement, the girl disappeared into the darkness beyond. At a bound I followed her. She was now close against the bookshelves. I could just discern her white face.

"Marget," I repeated, and stepped forward, hand outstretched, and found myself gripping her arm.

With a jerk she was free, and half-way across the room before I realized it. And at the same moment there were other footsteps in the room, and I heard a sudden soft explosive sound. It was a sound I knew in a sort of instinctive way to be the discharge of a powerful air-pistol. For it was muffled and quiet, unlike the sharp crack of a revolver. There was simultaneously a thud in the book-shelves an inch above my head. I swerved and ducked, and felt my foot slipping on the polished floor. I made an effort to recover my balance, failed, and went down with a ringing smash. My head seemed cleft in two, there was a burst of sparks before my eyes, for a flickering instant of time I felt deadly hot, and I knew no more.

CONSCIOUSNESS

Dawn was gray in the windows when I opened my eyes. My head was aching so badly I could hardly see, and it was a few minutes before I could collect my scattered wits and take in my surroundings. I put up my hand and found a beautiful cut on the back of my head, my hair clogged stiff with blood, and a corner of the heavy fender showing clear traces of how my senses had been knocked off, me, I must have lain there for a few hours, and now I was cold and miserable. I had not lost much blood, but when I got to my feet I found I was unsteady and had to drop into the armchair at my side, with the room spinning hazily.

Marget in the library last night! That memory brought me up with a jerk, I had been positive at the moment of seeing her that it was Marget; no doubt of it had crossed my mind; yet now, looking back, I knew for certain I was wrong. She was not so tall as Marget, though at the first glance she had seemed to be; the arm I had gripped was slither than Marget's. And now I come to think of it, I had felt rings on that hand; and Marget's hands, I had noticed often were beautiful in their ringless simplicity. If that girl were not Marget—and I was now quite definite on that point—who in the name of creation was she?

Ad she was not alone. Just before the firing of that pistol I had heard other steps in the room, but had seen nothing because my back was to the door. And in any case the room had been too dark for me to have made out the features of any one, unless they had been close to the pale glimmering light at a window. I got to my feet and examined the bookshelves above the level of my head. There was a neat hole drilled in the wood. Well, it had not missed me by much. Say a foot lower and my light would have assuredly been out.

Then it dawned on me that they had probably left me for dead. It was the instant after he had fired that I swerved to avoid a possible second shot, and came a purler on the polished wooden floor. Undoubtedly they thought the bullet had got me through the head, and they had probably bolted from the place. For the room seemed to be untouched. I went through all the house, pulling myself wearily along the passages in the gathering light and found everything normal. My presence last night must have come as a horrid shock to them, and in the heat of the moment one of them had fired in anger or in terror lest I should discover their identity. I saw the situation clearly, and it amused me to think that the laugh was still on my side.

(To be continued)

Sunday Services

A very large congregation at the Baptist Church Sunday morning heard the sermon of Rev. A. C. Vincent on "The More Blessed Way." His address was based on the words of Acts 20:35, "Remember the Words of the Lord Jesus, that he himself said, it is more blessed to give than receive."

As St. John in his gospel remarks few of the sayings of Jesus have been recorded. This very rich one expressed in an address of St. Paul is not referred to by any of the four gospel writers, although St. Paul mentions it as a well known saying. It is interesting to think of its possible source. It may be that St. Paul received it in a conversation with St. Peter. Perhaps he may have visited the happy abode of friendship in Bethany and heard it from the lips of Mary or Martha, possibly he may have conversed with the Mother of our Lord and has had the words from her.

Whatever the source, there is no doubt that this saying expressed a principle fully exemplified in the life of Jesus. His life was a life of giving, of love, of sacrifice. He was one who came "not to be ministered unto but minister. He came that He might give to his followers life more abundantly, that he might give peace in the world.

Through his life we find his giving. To the deaf he gave hearing, sight to the blind, splendid activity to the crippled, sanity to the mental and spiritually stricken. To the weary woman at the wayside well he gave the water of life. On the cross of Calvary he gave himself for our salvation, in his glorious resurrection he gave us the assurance of life forevermore.

His followers through all the ages exemplified the same spirit. "Silver and Gold have I none," said the early apostle, but "such as I have I give," and the weak was restored to health. Love and sacrifice so dominated the lives of his followers that their days were filled with gracious giving to the needy. The saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, who followed in His train had learned of Him that it is more blessed to give than to receive. And the great army of humble quiet followers throughout the ages have kept the same great principle alive.

Perhaps above all His followers, those who have as missionaries carried his message to the utmost parts of the earth have most truly and fully lived the very spirit expressed in the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Are we, of His Church today keeping always before us the same principle? Are we giving our time, our efforts, our material wealth freely, gladly, generously. Or shall our missionaries on their occasional return from the far lands where they tell, in sorrow, toll and pain, the message of the cross, finding us living in finer houses, driving more luxurious cars spending more largely for our own comfort and forgetting the great commission of our Lord?

If these things are true let us join this morning in asking God to forgive us and show us that it is truly better to give than to receive.

The attendance at the evening service as usual was very large. On this occasion Rev. A. C. Vincent delivered a powerful sermon on "Midnight in the Jail at Philippi." The music of all services was deeply impressive including the anthems "More Love to Thee," "Fairest Lord Jesus," and "Praise the Lord." Notable indeed was Mrs. Arthur Roper's beautiful solo at the morning service. The solos from "Praise the Lord" were excellently taken by Mrs. Roper and Mr. Quigley.

The Sunday School reports another day of record attendance, showing an advance of ten per cent over the large attendance of the same Sunday last May.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

The morning service was broadcast by CHOK. Rev. Mr. Brown preached, selecting two texts, namely, Psalm 138-5 and Phil. 1-6. "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." Being confident of this very thing that he, which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." It was a sermon of great comfort and hope. Some of the thoughts expressed were as follows: God is sharing our life with us, bearing part of the burden. We venture forth not alone, but with God, he will see us through. Why are you afraid, look back. Has God ever failed you. I am with you always, every step of the way. We hesitate as the path seems impossible, but each day God gives us the grace and strength for each day. Who has not had disappointment yet, through these very experiences. God is lifting us into his way. There is in the text the pledge and token of immortality.

The attendance at Sunday School was considerably below that of the corresponding Sunday last year, but the collection, which was for Missions, was fully 80% greater, being \$44.35.

In the evening Rev. Dr. Ramsay gave a splendid address on The Holy Spirit in view of the nineteenth hundred Anniversary of the descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, which will be celebrated this year. The text was Gal. 4-6, "God has sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts." The Holy Spirit was at creation, and all down through the ages manifested itself in various ways. All through the life of Christ, we find a large place for the Spirit. When it descended at Pentecost, the Church on earth was born. The Church is the human Society, the receptacle of the Holy Spirit of God. What is that mysterious power. It may be like ether. It is an energy and more than energy, it is a personality. The Holy Spirit filled the personality of Jesus and God has promised that same Holy Spirit, I will send unto you. That is what the text means. One can live in another, can take their lives and enlarge and develop them; if we become his sons, if we be in line with Jesus Christ, of his type.

The music, both morning and evening, was appropriate to the messages delivered and added greatly to the worth of the communion.

Tasty Cheese Straws advertisement featuring a large illustration of a hand holding a straw, a recipe for cheese straws, and a can of Magic Baking Powder.

Advertisement for Standard Brands Limited Gillett Products, featuring a large illustration of a house and text about stolen property and support for the Y.M.C.A.

HEADACHES advertisement for Aspirin, featuring an illustration of a man holding his head and text describing the benefits of Aspirin for various pains.

ASPIRIN For Sale advertisement, featuring the Aspirin logo and text about the availability of Aspirin for sale.