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OLAJEN is especially recommended in all cases of malnutrition, anemia, bronchial affections, loss of weight, or incipient tuberculosis. **Get a jar to-day. AT YOUR DRUGGISTS**

A portable vacuum cleaner, operated by an electric motor plugged into a lighting circuit, has been designed for removing dirt from residence heater flues.

Shore Farm For Sale

1/4 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.

FARM FOR SALE

AT NEWTON CROSS, LOT 57

I offer my farm of about 100 acres 90 clear, remainder under hard and soft wood, land in high state of cultivation, desirable for seed potatoes, buildings in good condition. Apply to

J. F. MORRISSEY, Owner on Premises.

3383-3-24-71.

Farm and Machinery For Sale

I offer by Private Sale my farm at Lower Newtown, until April 16th. If not sold by that date other arrangements will be made. The land and buildings are in A-1 condition. Also a full line of potato machinery, truck wagon and other articles. Anybody desiring a good farm of 50 acres or more. All newly fenced with woven wire and cedar posts would do well to communicate with or call on me before date mentioned.

ARTHUR H. MACDOUGALL, 195 Grafton Street, Ch'town, P. E. I.

3342-3-23-1mw.

FARM FOR SALE AT ALBANY

I offer for sale my farm of 108 acres situated 1 1/4 miles from Albany on Tryon Road. 100 acres clear in good state of cultivation, balance in wood and lumber. Brook running across farm. Out buildings new, comfortable. Jewelling, school on farm. Easy connection for electric lights and telephone. Apply

WILMOT LARGE, Albany, P. E. I.

3-24-21.

FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale my Farm containing 96 acres of land, with 7 good buildings situated at Tryon, five miles from Carleton Siding, and six miles from Albany, is one of the best farming sections of P. E. Island. Land has not been mussel-mudded and is ideal for growing potatoes.

S. E. HOLLAND, Tryon.

3-22-41.

FARM FOR SALE

Situated at Brackley Beach consisting of 120 acres of land in good state of cultivation, especially adapted for growing Seed Potatoes. Buildings all in good repair, large 12 room dwelling equipped with modern water system.

Suitable for accommodating summer Tourists. This property will be sold cheap, as the owner is away.

C. A. SEAMAN, Brackley Beach

3-23-1mw31.

FARM FOR SALE

I am instructed to sell by public auction on premises of L. P. McIsaac, Albery Plains, on Tuesday, March 27th, 1928, his farm, consisting of 40 acres of land, 25 clear and in high state of cultivation and balance covered with a good growth of hard and soft wood, with good house and out-buildings. This farm is centrally located and in a good farming district, only half-mile from school, mill and store; within 2 miles of Railway Station and Churches and will be sold on easy terms, together with stock, crop and implements.

One horse, 3 years old, "Kalof"; one cow, 4 years old (to freshen in May); 30 hens; one cart, one wheel, truck wagon, express wagon, one truck, one driving sled, 1 seeder, 1 plow, 1 spring tooth harrow, drag harrow, robes, work and driving harness, 1 farmers boiler, 1 turning lathe, 3 ladders, wire stretcher, hoes, picks, shovels and household furniture. Everything must go as owner is leaving the district.

Terms of farm made known at sale. All sums of \$5.00 cash; over that amount 9 months credit on approved joint notes. J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer. P. S.—Kindly notice this sale is Tuesday and not Wednesday as advertised before.

SMILES



"A girl skips the dancing stage when she leaps into the limelight"



BRIMFUL OF FOOLISHNESS

Hubby: Why do you think this hat looks silly on my head?
Wife: Because on your head it hat's brimful of foolishness.



RIGHT

1st Bird: I'll be glad spring will be here soon, so we can get some worms.
2nd Bird: So will the fishermen!



SHOULD HIDE IT

"Say, don't walk around all day with such a rye look on your face. You look just like an undertaker."
"Well, confound it! That's just what I am."



"My doctor told me it was only my strong constitution that pulled me through."
"He shouldn't send you a bill then."

According to unofficial estimates \$1,19,000 barrels of petroleum were produced in Mexico last year, a 29 per cent decrease from the 1928 production.

MISS BROWN OF X. Y. O.

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

"SO YOU frequent night clubs, do you, Miss Brown?" Dessiter inquired suddenly, turning around from his desk after a somewhat curt good-morning.
"I've never visited one before," was the apologetic reply.
"Hope you enjoyed it," he granted. "I see your name was taken—address, Shepherd's Market."
"Ought I to have given a wrong address? I'm sorry, I've had no experience."
"It's just as well that while you're engaged upon this sort of work your name is out of the newspapers as much as possible. However, you were with my dear young friends, I see, which counts for something."

"He had an engagement there, as dancer," Miss Brown confided. "It was he who invited my friend and me."

"The matter of your presence there is of no particular consequence," Dessiter said, aware of a suspicious dimness in Miss Brown's blue eyes. "The nuisance is that I could have given you a tip to stay away if I had known about it."
"I wonder," Miss Brown mused. "how you got Bretskopf there?"

Dessiter finished the letter which he had been writing, rose to his feet and strolled across the room. He sat on the corner of Miss Brown's table—an attitude which was becoming a habit of his.
"Are you insinuating that XYO had anything to do with this raid?"

"I think that you planned it," Miss Brown replied. "You see, I sent that telephone message to Scotland Yard."

"I had forgotten that," he admitted. "As for getting Bretskopf there, it was a chance, of course. We sent cards of invitation in the manager's name, and Mademoiselle Lolo earned fifty pounds by insisting upon wine. We scarcely dared hope for the brawl, though. That was an amazing stroke of luck. By the bye, wasn't there some trouble between Bretskopf and Paul?"

Miss Brown nodded.
"Bretskopf tried to engage Mr. Paul to dance with his young lady friend," she confided. "I think he did it with the idea of humiliating him. Mr. Paul refused and the manager dismissed him."

Dessiter frowned.
"Quite right, too," he pronounced. "The most difficult lad in the world, that, Miss Brown. I was indebted before the war to his people for a great deal of hospitality and kindness, but do you think that they will accept help from me now? Not one penny. I've offered it in the most delicate manner I can think of times after time. All that I can get out of your friend is that he'll come to me if he's really hard up against it. Does he want to marry either of you two?"

Miss Brown was surprised at the sudden searching gaze he bent upon her. She felt her eyes caught and held, realized, as she had done before, the impossibility of telling a lie to this man.
"My friend and he get on very well," she said. "I believe Mr. Paul is very fond of her. I think she is fond of him, but then they haven't seen a great deal of one another yet."

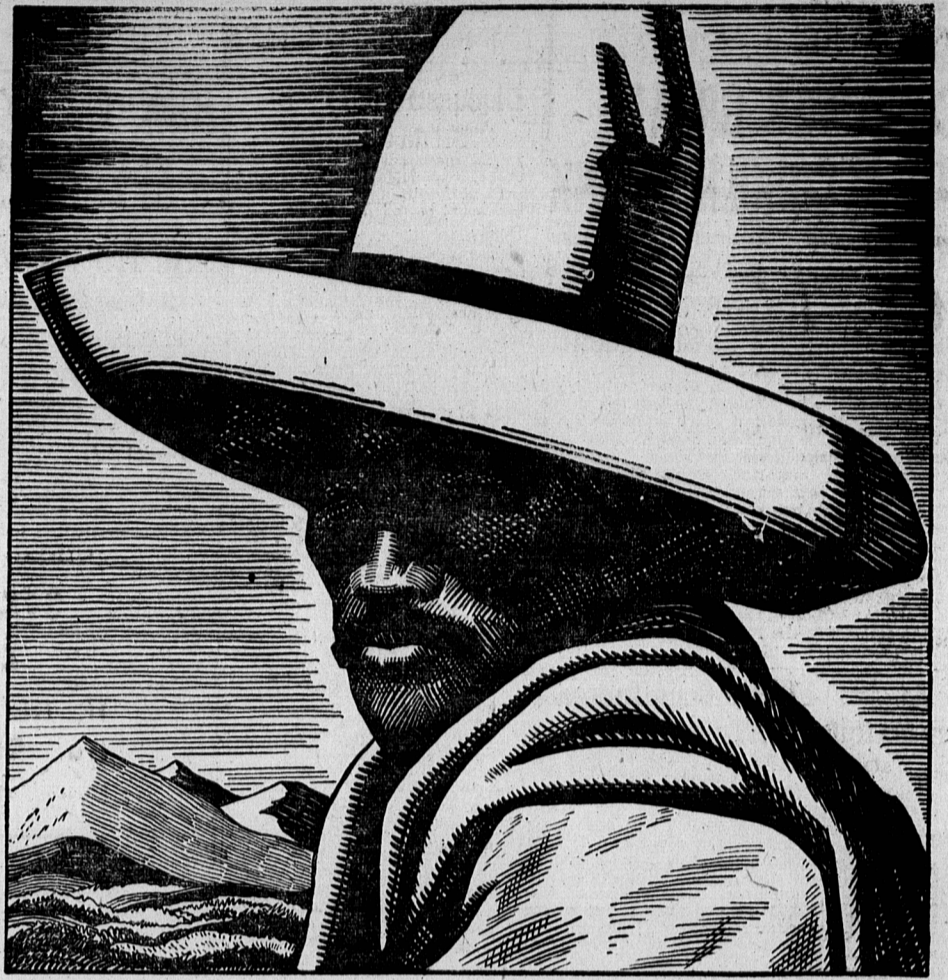
Dessiter had the air of a man who had discovered all that he wanted to know. He went back to his desk, lit a cigarette and began a lazy perambulation of the room. A messenger arrived with some reports—two from the War Office and one from Scotland Yard. He glanced them through, initiated them and handed them to Miss Brown to file.

"A vein of weakness in this, I suppose," he began slowly, "of advancing age and ineptitude. Lately, Miss Brown, for the first time in my life, I have felt, I will not say the need of, but the desire of a confidante. Accidentally you have created me this, my only one of the intimate affairs here, except for our XYO friend at Scotland Yard and Nicholson at the War Office. Some of these affairs we are engaged upon may seem to you a little trivial. I will tell you the great object of all our work now and for the last week. We want to detach the rapacious as far as possible from foreign influence."
"Last night's incident was only one of several. At every opportunity we are doing our best to discredit these fellows. There is nothing puts up the back of the workman man than to have it proved to him that those who are supposed to be his leaders and advisers are playing him in serious times. Like Bretskopf's last night, I hear, by the bye, that Bretskopf, or the leader of what they call the Action Committee, for distribution among the press has offered secretly 10,000 pounds to make as light as possible of last night's business."

"That won't make any difference," Miss Brown asked anxiously.
Dessiter smiled.
"What do you think? There's no influence in the world can change the tone of a single paragraph in any paper. Tonight Bretskopf's episode will appear in great headlines."

"Supposing you succeed," Miss Brown asked—"supposing these fellows are discredited—do you think that the trouble will pass over?"
"I do," Dessiter assured her. "I have come to the conclusion—and today I think I know more about it than any other man alive—that with all the blood and thunder talk in the parks, and these meetings throughout the whole country, dealing these frothy-mouthed 'leaders,' there is no revolutionary spirit

from old Peru



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LET THIS CHART BE YOUR GUIDE
There is a grade of Marvelube exactly suited to your motor's requirements. If your car is not listed on this abbreviated Chart, see the complete Marvelube Chart at any Marvelube dealer's

MAKE OF AUTOMOBILE	GRADE FOR SUMMER	GRADE FOR WINTER	MAKE OF AUTOMOBILE	GRADE FOR SUMMER	GRADE FOR WINTER	MAKE OF AUTOMOBILE	GRADE FOR SUMMER	GRADE FOR WINTER
Buick	Heavy	Medium	Hudson	Heavy	Medium	Pierce-Arrow	Heavy	Heavy
Cadillac	Sp. Heavy	Medium	Hupmobile (6 and 8 cylinder)	Heavy	Medium	Pontiac	Heavy	Medium
Chandler (Sp. 6)	Heavy	Medium	Jordan (6 and 8 cylinder)	Sp. Heavy	Medium	Reo	Heavy	Medium
Chrysler (all other models)	Heavy	Medium	La Salle	Sp. Heavy	Medium	Rickenbacker	Heavy	Medium
Chevrolet	Heavy	Medium	Lincoln	Sp. Heavy	Medium	Rolls Royce	Heavy	Medium
Chrysler (Imperial Eighty)	Sp. Heavy	Medium	Marmion (8 cylinder)	Sp. Heavy	Medium	Star	Heavy	Medium
Chrysler (all other models)	Heavy	Medium	Marmion (all other models)	Sp. Heavy	Medium	Studebaker	Heavy	Medium
Dodge (all models)	Heavy	Medium	Nash	Heavy	Medium	Stutz	Sp. Heavy	Heavy
Durant	Heavy	Medium	Oakland	Heavy	Medium	Vauxhall	Sp. Heavy	Medium
Erskine	Heavy	Medium	Oldsmobile	Heavy	Medium	Whippet	Heavy	Medium
Essex	Heavy	Medium	Overland	Heavy	Medium	Willys-Knight (4 cylinders)	Ex. Heavy	Medium
Ford (model "T")	"T"	"T"	Packard	Heavy	Medium	Willys-Knight (6 cylinders)	Sp. Heavy	Medium
Ford (New)	Heavy	Medium	Paige	Sp. Heavy	Medium	Wolverine	Heavy	Medium
Franklin	Sp. Heavy	Medium	Peerless (90, 70, 72)	Sp. Heavy	Medium			
Graham-Page	Heavy	Medium	Peerless (all other models)	Heavy	Medium			

in this country."
The private telephone rang. Miss Brown received a cryptic message and passed the receiver to her child.
"From Downing Street," she announced.
Dessiter listened for a moment and spoke almost in monosyllables. "Miss Brown," he said, "you understand. I know, after our conversation, that I have every confidence and a great deal of interest."
"I am very proud to think so, Colonel Dessiter," Miss Brown admitted.
"I want you now, therefore," he went on kindly, "not to be hurt but to put on your hat and coat—very nice new hat and coat by the bye—and hurry out. Go anywhere you like for an hour, and if you meet any one whom you recognize on your way here, forget them."
Miss Brown struggled into her coat after a regretful glance toward her typewriter.
"There's a great deal of work to be done," she observed.
"Plenty of time later on," Dessiter assured her. "One hour, mind, not go for a walk? You look a little pale."
Miss Brown took her leave and

descended the stairs toward the lift, very demure, very quiet and unobtrusive. As she reached it, she felt her finger upon the bell, it swung up into its place and she was conscious of three men stepping out. She stood on one side, dropping her eyes at once as she noticed their curious glances. She recognized all three and went on her way with a little smile of reflected glory.
"Miss Brown walked upon the Embankment, watched the sea gulls hovering over the gray water and scavenging in the gutters by her side for food. No rain was falling, but the air was damp and cold and there were signs of fog over the city. After a brief progress eastward she turned her back and walked the other way, passed Scotland Yard, looked up toward Downing Street and paused for some time to gaze at the House of Parliament.
"The inner forces of life to which one pays no attention in one's day-by-day existence, and which Miss Brown studiously ignored, seemed suddenly wonderful things. There was a branch of XYO in one of the rooms of that great building of her right. She envisaged it all—she herself was developing a min-

ature replica; files of reports from every one of the great industrial centers, the names of the possible strike leaders, cuttings of speeches from the local papers, an account of the men themselves, their real aims and character. There was a list on the other side, too—a blacklist of employers, a growing compendium of information which no one had ever troubled to collect before. Then there was the foreign branch with its phantasmagoria of unending detail punctuated by blood-curdling, coldly dramatic records of unbelievable happenings. With a human little thrill, so strangely out of accord with the gray mistiness of her surroundings, she remembered those passionate hours when she had sat at the table and taken down into quaint and secret symbols the story of what might have been Dessiter's dying revelations. There was the sketch of Malakoff—how well she remembered it—Malakoff, stripped naked, the man his cunning viciousness, his sinister malignity. There was the analysis of Bretskopf too—not pleasant reading. Some of it had been broadcast within the last few days—far-seeing preparation for what was to come.

There was the story of China—a bought in different capitals, shipped in different manners, to different warehouses, cases of inflammatory pamphlets to be translated, copied and duplicated until they lay like poisonous but phantom fungi upon the land.
(To Be Continued.)

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