

Air exposure ruins tea



In sealed metal packets - never sold in bulk 'Fresh from the gardens'

Auction Sale

Auction sale at Earncliffe of farm stock, crop and implements on Saturday, March 14th, at 1.30 o'clock.

Office To Let

Double front office in new Ryley Building formerly occupied by Dr. Geo. Green. Apply to T. B. and D. J. RILEY

TENDERS

Tenders will be received at the Office of the City Clerk up to noon on Monday, March 16th, for alterations to the Market House as per plans and specifications to be seen at the Office of James E. Harris, architect.

G. P. NICHOLSON, City Clerk. 3835-3-11-41.

Professional Cards

D. EDGAR SHAW, L.L.C. Law Offices - 27 Broad Street, 127 Grafton Street, Charlottetown.

W. E. Darby, L.L.B.

Barrister & Solicitor Dalton Bldg. Summerside, P.E.I. 3395-2-17-tue-thurs-sat.

Fancy Work, Passpartouted Pictures, etc., suitable for Gifts or Prizes, on sale, also orders taken by MRS JEAN CROCKETT

193 Hillsboro Street Picture displayed at R. T. Holman Limited. 3635-2-28-3-5-7-sat-tue-thurs-sat.

DR. M. A. McGUIGAN

DENTIST Tweel Building, Charlottetown Office Hours-9-1, 2-5. Evenings by appointment Residence phone 558. Office phone, 1003.

BELL & MATHIESON

R. R. Bell D. L. Mathieson, L.L.B. Barristers & Solicitors Money to Loan CHARLOTTETOWN & MONTAGUE

McLEOD & BENTLEY

J. A. BENTLEY W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law Office: 180 Richmond Street MONEY TO LOAN Charlottetown, P. E. I.

McDONALD & McPHEE

B. A. I. A. McDONALD H. F. McPHEE BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN

Stewart & Lowther

J. D. STEWART, K. C. N. W. LOWTHER BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. 84 Great George Street MONEY TO LOAN.

MARK R. McGUIGAN

B. A. BARRISTER SOLICITOR, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN. 27 Broad Street, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The day will come when people will point at the man who once walked a mile.

SMILES

GABBIE GERTIE



"The girl who values her beauty will not nurse a grudge."



"The time to save is when you're young."

"That's all right; but a fellow doesn't earn anything till he gets well along and then it costs more to live."

LIMERICK LESSON

Sour-visaged maidens I preach to Hang to the straps as the leech "do."



"Jack is a bird." "It's heredity; his grandfather was once tarred and feathered."



"Has your dress suit been used much?" "No. It has only been to three balls this season."

C. M. Lampson & Co. LIMITED. 64 Queen Street London, E. C. 4, England Public Auction Sales

The DOOM TRAIL

by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.

WINDY SERVICE COPYRIGHT BY BRENTANO'S

(Continued)

I stared so long that I attracted the attention of Murray, who broke off his conversation with the group surrounding him, and with a pale smile pointed me out to his buckskin retainer. The man scowled at me, and one hand went to his knife hilt.

I spoke to the citizen nearest me. "Pray, sir, who is that tall fellow in buckskin on the steps?" The man edged away from me suspiciously. "I am a stranger in your town," I added.

"Tis a frontiersman," he replied reluctantly; "one called 'Red Jack' Bolling."

"An ugly knave," I commented. But the citizen only eyed me askance, and I walked on. I was passing through Bridge street, with the leafing tree-boughs overhead and the walls of Fort George before me, when another and smaller crowd rounded the corner from the Broad-Way a street which formed the principal thoroughfare of the town and took its name from the wide space between the house-walls.

In the lead came an Indian. He was the first of his race I chanced to see, and sure 'tis strange that we were destined to be friends-aye, more than friends, brethren of the same clan. He was a large man, six feet in his moccasins, and of about the same age as myself. He stalked along, arms swinging easily at his side, wholly impervious to the rabble of small boys who tagged behind, yelling and shrieking at him.

He was naked from the waist up, and on his massive chest was painted in yellow and red pigments the head of a wolf. He wore no other paint, and he was weaponless except for the tomahawk and knife which hung at his belt.

The children danced around him like so many little animals. They never touched him but some of the more venturesome hurled pebbles from the walk at his brawny shoulders. I cannot repeat the catch-calls and rhymes which they employed, some of them too disgusting for print.

I looked to see some citizen intervene, but several who sat on their doorsteps or lounged in front of shops, smoking the inevitable pipe, viewed the spectacle with indifference or open amusement.

My wrath boiled over, and I charged down upon his tormentors. "Be off," I shouted. "Have you no proper play to occupy your time?"

They fled hilariously, pleased rather than outraged by the attack, after the perverse habit of children who prefer always to be noticed instead of ignored, and I was proceeding on my way when I was dumfounded by hearing the Indian address me.

"Hold, brother," he said in perfect English, but with a certain thick guttural accent. "Ta-wan-nears would thank you."

"You speak English!" I exclaimed. A light of amusement gleamed in his eyes, although his face remained expressionless as a mask.

"You do not think of the Indian as these ignorant little ones do?" he asked curiously.

"I know nothing of your people," I stammered. "I am but this day landed here."

"My brother is an Englishman?" he questioned, not idly, but with the courteous interest of a gentleman.

"I am."

"Ta-wan-ne-ars thanks you, Englishman." He extended his hand.

"Your kindness was the greater because you obeyed it by instinct."

I regarded him with increasing amazement. Who was this savage who talked like a London courtier?

"I helped you," I said, "because you were a stranger in a strange city, and by the laws of hospitality your comfort should be assured."

"That is the law of the Indian Englishman," he answered pleasantly; "but it is not the law of the white man."

"It is the law our religion teaches," I remonstrated. "I go now to Governor Burnet. I shall ask him to make a law that Indians shall be as safe from mockery as from violence in New York."

"Governor Burnet is a good man. My brother will speak to friendly ears."

"You call me brother," I said. "I have no friend in this land. May I call you brother?"

That wonderful expression of burning intelligence lighted his face again.

"My brother has befriended Ta-wan-ne-ars. Ta-wan-ne-ars is his friend and brother. Ta-wan-ne-ars will not forget."

He raised his right hand arm high in the gesture of greeting or farewell, and we separated.



"YOU SPEAK ENGLISH!" HE EXCLAIMED.

CHAPTER V

The Governor in Council Where Garden street crosses the Broad-Way I met the town bell-ringer brandishing his bell. I approached him with a request for the location of Captain Van Horne's house.

Do you but follow your nose straight before you," he directed me, "until you come to the red-brick mansion with the yellow-brick walk this side of the Green lane. That is his."

The negro servant who answered my knock admitted that the governor was within.

"But Massa Burnet done hab de gen'lmen ob de council wid him jus' now, sah," he added doubtfully.

"I am this minute landed with letters for the governor from London," I said.

"Oh, berry well, sah. Dat be a diffrunt matter. Massa Burnet be plumb glad to see yo'. Dis way, please."

He ushered me into the wide hallway and knocked on the door of the first room to the right.

"Enter," roared a jovial bass voice. The negro threw open a leaf of the door and stood aside.

"Dis gen'lman done jos' lan' f'om London wif letters fo' yo' excellency," he announced.

I saw before me a group of eight men gathered around a dinner-table, which was spread with maps and papers in place of eatables. At the head sat the man of the bass voice, ruddy-faced, comfortable in girth, with the high forehead of the thinker and the square jaw of the man of action.

(To be Continued)

BOSTON READERS May get Copies of The Golden Future from the Old South News Stand, Washington Street, near Milk St., Only few Copies now left.

Advertisement for OXO Cubes. Text: 'for ECONOMY use OXO CUBES Tins of 4 13c 2 for 25c Tins of 10 30c - 25c The Goodness and nourishment of Prime Beef'

IN MEMORIAM DORIS ISABEL WOOD. Text: 'It was with feelings of deepest regret that the many friends of Doris Isabel Wood, age 12 years, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wood, Mt. Herbert, learned of her rather sudden death in the Prince Edward Island Hospital on February 17th. Doris had been ill for a few weeks but her condition was not considered serious until a few days before her death.'

Advertisement for Rinso soap. Includes cartoon panels with dialogue: 'WOULD YOU BELIEVE I'VE HAD THESE SHEETS FOR EIGHT YEARS?', 'NONE OF MY THINGS ARE EVER SCRUBBED - NOT WHEN THERE'S A SOAP LIKE RINSO TO SOAK OUT THE DIRT -', 'FINE FOR DISHES, TOO, says Mrs. M. Mangels'. Text: 'Rinso is safe. And economical, because it's granulated, compact. One cupful gives twice as much suds as one cupful of lightweight, puffed-up soap.'

WHEAT GERM MEAL. Text: 'Is the best part of the WHEAT rich in protein, one of the best and most nutritious feeds for Foxes Young Pigs, Cows that are MILKING and other live stock. WHEAT GERM MEAL is a very popular feed and we have not been able to get a supply of it for a long time, but a shipment has just come in to us. Done up in 100 pound bags and selling at the low price of \$2.25 per bag. Only a limited quantity for sale. Fox owners should get a supply of it. Sold at our SEED and FEED STORE. Carter & Co. LIMITED'