



Since 1864

For three score years, Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee has been renowned for its superior quality and rich flavour.

Of equal goodness is Seal Brand Tea—which fully maintains in every respect the reputation created by Seal Brand Coffee.

Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND Coffee and Tea

NOTICE

No trespassing or fishing allowed on Moore stream at Milton. (Signed) JAMES COLES, DANIEL CUMMINS, WM. MOORE

NOTICE

Owing to the weather the Auction Sale of B. S. McKinley's Farm, Stock and Implements to be held at Frenchport on the 24th is postponed until Saturday the 27th at 1 o'clock p. m. when the entire lot will be disposed of including 500 bushels of turnips and mangels and a quantity of Banner seed oats and white flint wheat.

NOTICE

There will be a meeting at Morell on Monday, March 29th at 7 p. m. of all persons interested in getting a Creamery started at Morell, in time for this spring's business. Everybody come and decide whether you do, or do not, want a creamery here.

FARM FOR SALE

One of the best farms in the vicinity of Cape Tormentine, N. B., containing 150 acres with No. 1 buildings thereon. Price \$3000.

FARM FOR SALE

195 acres of excellent land situated on the North side of St. Peter's Bay, in King's County, near churches, school and shipping centre, and with buildings in good repair.

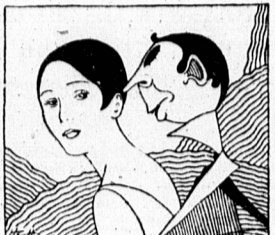
Large Clearing Auction Sale

We are authorized by Mr. J. J. Storey to sell his farm Winslow Road, ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7th, 1926. COMMENCING AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M. ALL HIS CHOICE STOCK, CROP AND IMPLEMENTS COMPRISING: STOCK—1 Mare, 4 years old, 2 Mares, 10 years old, 1 Horse, 5 years old, one Pure Bred Ayshire Cow, one Pure Bred Heifer three years old, one Pure Bred Bull 1 year old, 2 Pure Bred Heifers, 1 Ayshire Grade Cow, 3 years old, 1 Ayshire Grade Cow 2 years old, 2 Ayshire Grade Young Cattle, 2 Ayshire Grade Calves, 1 Shorthorn Grade Cow 9 years old, 1 Shorthorn Grade Cow 2 years old, 1 Shorthorn Grade Cow 2 years old, 1 Jersey Grade Cow 3 years old, 1 Jersey Grade Cow 10 years old, 2 Pure Bred Yorkshire Brood Sows in pig, 15 Pure Bred Young Pigs, 5 Geese, 1 Gander, Pure Bred, 100 Choice Hens.

SMILES



"Do you think the day of the upper is past?" "Yes. She does her deadliest work nights now."

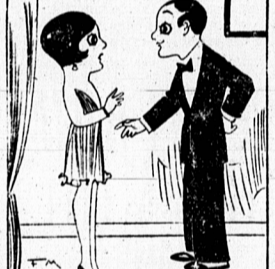


AND IT WOULD NOT COST ANY MORE

Hubby: I'm all for buying a silver dear. Wife: No—no—I insist on orchestra seats for the show. It's the only high class one that's been here all season.



SOME SPEAKER TOO "Bill, I went to a swell lecture after I left you last night." "Lecture! Why you told me you were going straight home." "Well, that's what I did."



AND STILL ANOTHER She: What do you hope to gain by kissing me? He: Another kiss.



STICKING TO HIS SLOGAN "When he was married, he said that his motto was 'wife and work.'" "It still is, I guess; he makes his wife work."

The Yellow Stub

CHAPTER XLVI

Jimmy, a gloom-shrouded figure in the fog, his pulses racing madly—whether from fear or excitement he did not know—slowly approached the house where he had seen Kid Divis disappear. He stood now just in front of it. A short flight of steps led up to the front door, another short flight down to the basement entrance. It was the basement entrance which Divis had used and Jimmy made his cautious way down the steps. He stood just outside the door, his ear pressed against a pane. But he heard nothing and for just a brief second he debated whether to try the door and see if he could slip in unheard and unseen.

But he had a change of mind. "Better look around first," and his voice, a low whisper, was eerie-like in the fog. Again he was suddenly cold, his blood running chill. An involuntary shiver took him as he stood in the basement entrance trying to decide on some plan of action that would enable him to see inside the house without himself being discovered. Fleeting memories came of boyhood nights before the fireside with thrilling detective fiction. Surely, he thought, none of it was more hair-raising or perilous than this—and this, strangely, was real life. It was impossible and yet it was true.

He knew, instinctively, that inside this house was the secret to those mysterious warnings he had received; to Olga Maynard's fate; to Jensen's whereabouts; even to his father's murder. "If only this place wasn't so far from nowhere," he complained. "Foolish to try anything alone. Even more foolish to take the time to get police out here. They might clear out."

He thought of running to the nearest house and asking for help. But the nearest house was a good quarter of a mile away and, because how was he to know whether it would be a friend or foe living there? He climbed the stairs again and found himself at the front basement window. He peered at the darkness within, but saw nothing, and the silence was oppressive and fearful. Slowly he made his way around to the side—the side whence he had seen the light shining down the road. The light was still there, casting a dull glow through drawn shades. Jimmy bent down and looked.

He thought: "If anyone comes between the light and the window, I'll see his shadow." He could detect a low murmur of voices, but they seemed far away. And no one moved between the light and the window. There was just that dim, unfriendly glow through the shade. He strained forward, listening, and suddenly he thought he heard a voice rising on a note of anger. And while he listened, the voice ceased. There was a brief silence, and then from the room came the sound of a woman's scream. . . . He checked the cry that came to his own lips. The voice was Olga Maynard's. He turned around helplessly. Should he run for assistance, or should he try to enter the house alone? Would it do any good? It seemed so fool hardy, and yet—God!—Olga had cried for help. She needed him.

SOMETHING FUNNY— SOMETHING NEW



Watch for our latest feature, "GRIN'S FAIRY TALES" an ultra-modern version of stories once familiar. You'll be left in the soup like a cracker if you don't read the first one, which will appear ON MARCH 27TH

Just ahead of him and to his right, was a flight of stairs with thin carpet nearly worn through. And a little farther down the hall, and to his left, a door stood ajar, letting a broken beam of light sift through the darkness. He judged it was the room through whose window he had first seen the light and outside which he had been listening. He heard voices—a man's heavy bass, another man's voice higher pitched.

He had heard the first one it was Jensen. And he heard the labored, catchy breathing of a woman trying to suppress her sobs. Then carefully, his hand supported him against the wall, he tiptoed down the hall and peered into the room, taking pains to keep clear of the beam of light. There, sitting in a chair his back to the door was Kid Divis. He had taken off his coat but his hat still perched on the back of his head. Directly opposite Divis was Olga, likewise sitting on a chair. Her head was down on her breast. Jimmy could not be sure, but he thought her position indicated that she was held in the chair, possibly by a rope around her arms.

And Jensen was standing. He held in his hand a heavy glass tumbler, half filled with whiskey, or what Jimmy took for whiskey. He drained it and set it down. He turned to Olga, his face brutal with drunkenness. "Stop your sniffing," he growled. "He raised a heavy paw threateningly. Jimmy stiffened. If he should strike her he would cast everything to the winds and rush blindly in. It was more than he could bear.

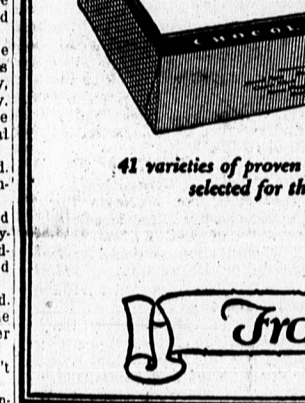
But Jensen changed his mind. His hand fell to his side and he shrugged, poured himself another drink. "Go easy, Ike," said Divis. "Ain't ya had enough yet?" "Aw shut up!" came from Jensen, thickly. "Ya make me sick." Jimmy retreated slowly along the wall. He picked himself again before the door that opened on the living room. His foot—luckily, it made no noise—came in contact with a hard object on the floor. He reached down for it half grooping, for he could not distinguish it in the darkness. Then he picked it up, and to his touch it felt like a heavy, round metal handle. Holding it up toward the knob, with a crudely fashioned knob that fitted from the other room, he beheld what apparently was the broken-off end of a heavy brass andiron.



Poetic words—how sweet they were to maiden's ear in days gone by! But more appealing for today a box of Moirs superior Chocolates.

In the "Acadia" Package you will find the greatest value in quality candy yet produced. Nothing finer is made anywhere. Only Moirs can produce such superior chocolates. And wherever the name "Moirs" appears—as it does on each package and each chocolate—it promises that same standard of quality.

Don't let another day go by without giving your family and your friends this treat.



41 varieties of proven popularity have been selected for this assortment

CHOCOLATES by Moirs From ACADIA—Land of ROMANCE

MORTGAGE SALE

There will be sold by Public Auction, in front of the Law Courts Building, in Charlottetown, in Queens County, in Prince Edward Island, on Saturday, the 10th day of April, 1926, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL THAT tract of land, situate on Lot 50, in Queens County aforesaid, bounded and described as follows:— Commencing on Dundee Road and having a front thereon of ten chains and extending back therefrom one hundred chains, and being bounded on the north by land of John Trainor, on the east by land of Malcolm Lamont, on the west by land of John McPherson and heirs of Neil McPherson, and containing one hundred acres of land, a little more or less.

Professional Cards

DR. I. E. CROKEN VETERINARY SURGEON Graduate of Toronto University. Fifteen years' experience treating diseases of foxes. Post Mortem and Laboratory Examination for lungworm, hookworm and other diseases of foxes. Office and residence in Great George Street, Next Customs House. Phone 804. 857-3-261mo.

McDonald & McPhee B. A.

J. A. McDONALD H. F. MCPHEE B. A. Barristers, Attorney, Etc. Money to Loan Riley Building Charlottetown

Mark R. McGuigan B. A.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Money to Loan Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I. 2220-1-11-11.

Dr. C. C. Archibald

Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Testing Eyes and supplying Glasses Office, Bayer Building Great George Street Office Hours—9 to 12.30, 1.30 to 5.7923-3-5F41.

made between Ewen Hume, of Dundee, Lot No. 50, aforesaid, farmer, and Prudence Hume, his wife, of the one part and the undersigned, interest and principal secured thereby. For further particulars apply to McLean & McKinnon, Royal Bank Building, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Dated this 10th day of March, 1926.

Dairy Farm For Sale

100 acres choice land, situated at Brookfield, in high state of cultivation, 12 miles from Charlottetown, on main highway to Summerside, 3 miles from Hunter River Station. Near school, churches and hall. An ideal Dairy Farm. Well watered, well fenced. Several acres of lumber and hardwood. Telephone in house. Apply to MISS MARGARET McENNIS, Brookfield. Or W. G. DRAKE, Executors. 8275-3-23-1F31.

FOR SALE

SMALL FARM AND RANCH PROPERTY IN SUMMERSIDE. About 25 acres of land, 18 of which are under cultivation, balance in pasture and ranch, cut 20 tons hay last year, besides other crops. Ranch contains 30 pens with new 5 room ranch house all enclosed in guard fence. Large 7 room house, barn, garage and hen house, all in first class condition with all modern improvements. This property is only five minutes walk from High School and most of it will be valuable as house lots. Will be sold in lots to suit purchasers and is offered at a bargain as I am leaving the Province. DR. W. G. CHURCH, Summerside, P. E. I.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

MONTREAL TO TORONTO DETROIT CHICAGO INTERNATIONAL LIMITED Leaves Bonaventure Station, Montreal, 10.00 A. M. Daily. Arr. Toronto 5.40 P. M. Arr. Detroit 11.50 P. M. Arr. Chicago 8.00 A. M. OCEAN LIMITED Makes Connection Daily from all Maritime Province Ports. For Fares, Reservations, Etc., Apply to W. K. ROGERS, City Ticket Agent L. P. RITCHIE, Ticket Agent, Station



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