

SHE LOST 18 lbs.

Here is a lady who writes: "I am most thankful I saw your announcement 'Lose Ugly Fat.' The recipe she read about was such a simple one—just that almost magical morning dose of Kruschen Salts.

IN THE STUD

Kalmuck, 2.15 1/2

Sired by Peter the Great, 2.07 1/4; Dam, Ester Bella, 2.08 1/4. By Month's Second Dam Expressive, (3) 2.12. Dam of Atlantic Express, 2.07 1/4, one of today's leading sires.

FARM FOR SALE AT MARSHFIELD

On account of ill health, I am compelled to give up farming and am offering farm for sale, consisting of 100 acres, 65 acres clear, half-acre under wood, six and one-half miles from Charlottetown.

Furness Red Cross Line S. S. "SILVIA"

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The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Fedler

(Continued)

"The skunk!" muttered Nick wrathfully. "What's that?" Claire drew suddenly closer to him, her face blanching.

"Nick! Did you hear?" she breathed. A look of keen anxiety overspread his face. For himself he did not care; Adrian Latimer could not hurt him.

"You're sure he hasn't?" asked Claire nervously. "He is so cunning—so stealthy."

"Everything I do is wrong—in his eyes," returned Claire bitterly. "That's what makes the misery of it. If I were really wicked, really unfaithful, I should feel I deserved anything I go.

"She flung out her arms in a piteous gesture of abandonment. There was something infinitely touching and forlorn about her as she stood there, as though appealing against the hideous injustice of it all.

Nick had turned aside abruptly, his face rather white, his mouth working. His powerlessness to help the woman he loved half maddened him.

Meanwhile Jean was crooning little, inarticulate, caressing sounds above Claire's bowed head, until at last the latter raised a rather white face from her shoulder and smiled the small, plucky smile with which she usually managed to confront outrageous fortune.

"Thank you so much," she said with a glint of humour in her tones. "You've been dears, both of you. It's awfully nice—to let go, sometimes. But I'm quite all right again, now."

"Then, if you are," replied Jean cheerfully, "perhaps you can bear up against the shock of too much joy. We want you to have a day out."

"A day out?" repeated Claire. "What do you mean?" "I mean we're organizing a picnic to Dartmoor, and we want to fix it so that you can come too. Didn't you tell me that Sir Adrian was going to be away one day this week? Going away, and not returning till the next day?"

Claire nodded her eyes dancing with excitement. "Yes—oh, yes! He has to go up to London on business."

"Then that's the day we'll choose. Heaven send it be fine!"—piously. "Oh, how I'd love it!" exclaimed Claire.

"You seem very gay to-day." The cold, sneering tones fell suddenly across the gay exchange of jokes and laughter that ensued, and the trio looked up to see the tall, lean, black-clad figure of Sir Adrian standing at the end of the path, awaiting their approach.

To Jean, as to Claire, occurred the analogy of a malevolent spider on the watch. Even the man's physical appearance seemed in some way to convey an unpleasant suggestion of resemblance—his long thin, sharply-jointed arms and legs, his putty-coloured face, a livid mask lit only by a pair of snapping venomous black eyes, half hidden between pouched lids that were hardly more than hanging folds of skin.

"I should like to see him happy," answered Claire with tight lips. "Just so—just so," agreed her husband in a queer cackling tone as though inwardly amused.



WILLYS-OVERLAND Sixes and Eights

With the SILVER-STREAK Motors

MODEL 6-90 Practically the Largest car in its price class—65 h.p. Silver-Streak Motor—well over 70 miles per hour—50 in second.

Table with columns: ROADSTER (2 Pass.), COUPE (2 Pass.), VICTORIA COUPE, COACH, SEDAN. Rows: WAS, RED., NOV.

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A 12 straight eight at a remarkably low price—80 h.p. Silver-Streak Motor—over 80 miles per hour—50 in second.

Table with columns: ROADSTER (4 Pass. Deluxe), COUPE (4 Pass.), VICTORIA COUPE, SEDAN. Rows: WAS, RED., NOV.

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With the TWIN-SLEEVE Motors

MODEL 95 Six cylinder Twin-Sleeve Motor, rubber insulated. No valves to grind, no carbon trouble.

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87 h.p. six cylinder Twin-Sleeve Motor, four point suspension, rubber insulated, full force feed lubrication—over 80 miles an hour.

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Claire. "I haven't been on the Moor for such a long time." "And I've never been there at all," supplemented Jean.

"Nick! Nick!" Claire turned to him excitedly. "Did you know of this plan? And why didn't you tell me about it before?"

"Why, I never thought of it," he admitted. "You see—explanatorily—when I'm with you, I can't think of anything else."

"Nick, I won't have you making barefaced love to a married woman under my very nose," protested Jean equably. And the shadow of tragedy that had lowered above them a few minutes earlier broke into a spray of cheery fun and banter.

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wrinkled skin, his long-lipped, predatory mouth with its slow, malicious smile. Jean suppressed a little shudder of disgust as she responded to his sneering comeliness.

"We are—quite gay, Sir Adrian. It's a fine day, for one thing, and the sun's shining, and we're young. What more do we want?"

"What more, indeed? Except"—bowing mockingly—"the beauty with which a good Providence has already endowed you. You are a lucky woman, Miss Peterson; your cup is full. My wife is not, perhaps—regarding her appraisingly—quite so beneficently dowered by Providence, so it remains for me to fill her cup up to the brim."

He paused, and as the black, pinpoint eyes beneath the flabby lids detected the slightest stiffening of Claire's slender figure, his long, thin lips widened into a sardonic smile.

"Yes, to the brim," he repeated with satisfaction. "That's a husband's duty, isn't it, Mr. Brennan?"—addressing Nick with startling suddenness.

"You should know better than I, Sir Adrian," retorted Nick, "seeing that you have experience of matrimony, while I have none."

"But you have hopes—aspirations, isn't it?" pursued Latimer suavely. There was an undercurrent of disagreeable suggestion in his tones. Nick was acutely conscious that his keenest aspiration at the moment was to knock the creature down and jump on him.

He nodded and turned to go, gliding away with an odd shuffling gait, and muttering to himself as he went: "Precisely the type—precisely."

As he disappeared from view down one of the branching paths of shrubbery, an odious little laugh, half chuckle, half snigger, came to the ears of the three listeners.

Claire's face set itself in lines that made her look years older than her age. "You'd better go," she whispered unevenly. "We shan't be able to talk any more now that he knows you are here. He'll be hovering round—somewhere."

"Yes, we'd better be going. Come along, Nick. And let us know, Claire"—dropping her voice—"as soon as you have found out for certain what day he goes away. You can telephone down to us, can't you?"

"Yes, I'll ring up when he's out of the house some time," she answered. "Or send a message. Anyway, I manage to let you know somehow. Oh!"—stretching out her arms ecstatically—"imagine a day of utter freedom! A whole day!"

CHAPTER XX THE SHADAW OF THE FUTURE Gold of gorse and purple of heather, a shimmering haze of heat quivering above the undulating green of the Moor, and somewhere, high up in the cloud-flecked blue above, the exultant, piercing sweet carol of a lark.

"Oh! How utterly perfect this is!" sighed Jean. She was lying at full length on the springy turf, her chin cupped in her hands, her elbows denting little cosy hollows of darkness in the close mesh of green moss.

There was a queer little throb in Jean's voice, the low note of almost passionate delight which sheer beauty never failed to draw from her. It plucked at the chords of memory, and Tormar's thoughts leaped back suddenly to that day they had spent together in the mountains, when, as they emerged from the pine-wood's gloom to the revelation of the great white-pinnacled Alps, she had turned to him with the rapt cry: "It's so beautiful that it makes one's heart ache!"

(To Be Continued)

MURRAY HARBOR INSTITUTE

The monthly meeting of the Queen Mary Institute met in the tea room of hall on April 15th at 8 p. m. There were 39 members and two visitors.

The reports of the sick and school committees were brought in at this meeting. The Institute is purchasing a map of P. E. I. for White Sands school and a pencil sharpener for the primary room at Murray Harbor.

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educative. The secy-treas. sent in her resignation at this meeting and same was accepted. Mrs. S. R. Goudge was elected secy-treas. for the remainder of the year.

On Tuesday, 26th of April at 10 o'clock, two excellent Farms of 10 and 92 acres respectively, Estate Austin J. MacNeill, Stanley Bridge THOS. BOLGER, Auctioneer

Associated Shippers Inc.

The Associated Shippers Incorporated have leased the upper floor of the premises formerly occupied by the Telegraph Company, corner of Queen and Water Streets. The offices are being completely remodelled and will be ready for occupation about May 1.

The following scale of fees for registration of motor trucks is now effective:

Trucks up to one ton carrying capacity \$10.00 Trucks of one and one-half tons carrying capacity \$15.00 Trucks of two tons carrying capacity \$20.00 Trucks which weigh, unloaded, more than 5,000 lbs. \$25.00 Trucks which weigh, unloaded, more than 6,500 lbs. \$30.00

Trucks weighing more than five tons, when loaded are not allowed to operate in this Province without a permit from the Department of Highways.

A special registration fee of \$2.50 is also charged for trucks not previously registered in this Province.

OPERATORS' LICENSES. All new applicants for Motor Vehicle Operators' Licenses shall first pass a satisfactory examination before, and obtain, from a Member of the Provincial Police Force, a certificate of competency to operate motor vehicles.

(Sgd.) H. R. STEWART, Deputy Provincial Secretary-Treasurer

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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