

# Acid Stomach

Excess acid is the common cause of indigestion. It results in pain and sourness about two hours after eating. The quick corrective is an alkali which neutralizes acid. The best corrective is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It has remained standard with physicians in the 50 years since its invention. One spoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia neutralizes instantly many times its volume in acid. It is harm-

less and tasteless and its action is quick. You will never rely on crude methods, never continue to suffer, when you learn how quickly, how pleasantly this premier quick acts. Please let it show you—now. Be sure to get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years in correcting excess acids. Each bottle contains full directions—any druggist.

## Farm for Sale

A desirable farm containing 100 acres, 80 clear, balance covered with soft wood. Soil in good condition, well fenced and watered. Large new dwelling house equipped with furnace and telephone, large barn and other buildings in excellent condition. Convenient to Churches, School and Railway.

For further particulars apply to owner.  
WILLIAM COADY,  
Millview,  
2483-3-18-21-25.

## FOR SALE

An excellent potato farm containing 200 acres, 120 clear, balance covered with hard and soft wood. Well fenced, and watered, large new dwelling house, frost proof cellar, good barn and out buildings. Convenient to churches, school and railway.

For particulars apply to owner.  
NEIL CAMERON,  
Stanchel,  
Via New Wiltshire,  
2564-3-22-25-27-29-31-April-2.

## FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale my farm of 100 acres of land at French Fort in Queen's County—about 85 acres clear and in excellent state of cultivation; balance covered with good growth of hard and soft wood.

Large and commodious dwelling-house and suitable barns and out-buildings all in good repair.

Conveniently situated, close to school, churches, butter factory and Railway Station.

The farm is conveniently laid off and all well fenced.

Good title free from incumbrances guaranteed.

For further particulars apply to Stewart & Lowther, Barristers, 84 Great George Street, Charlottetown, or to the undersigned on the premises.

WILLIAM REID,  
French Fort, P. E. I.  
February 24, 1930.  
2042-3-24-tues-3WED.

## FOR SALE

An excellent dairy farm in Mermaid, Lot 48, 7 miles from Charlottetown, near churches, schools and railway station, containing 185 acres, 123 under cultivation, balance wood and good timber, extra well fenced and watered, fine buildings. Telephone in house.

Inspection invited. Owing to ill-health, bargain for quick sale.

JOSEPH POWER,  
Mermaid,  
7004-8-1-tufr-11.

## Potatoes AND Turnips

For the balance of the season we will be handling several cars, each week, of P. E. I. Potatoes, "Canada Fancy" grade for our select trade for which we will pay the highest market price.

We will also be buying the best quality Turnips in car lots or half car lots.

We will also handle shipments on consignment.

For full particulars phone our Provincial Representative, F. E. Newsom, Charlottetown, Phone 431.

Private Telegraph and Telephone connections with our Charlottetown, Mass., warehouses.

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AND GLASSES FITTED  
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## The Third Warning

A Mystery Love Story

By Augustus Muir

(Continued)

**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE**

Ronny Drysdale, about to start on a hunting trip with his pal, George Collier, finds his plans changed by his lawyer, who tells him he had fallen heir to an estate, and title in Scotland. The men decided to visit the estate and a series of startling events take place. They visit the apparently empty hall on the estate and find strange visitors.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

The place was quite silent save for the jerky murmur that came from up-stairs and the wind in the trees without.

High in front of us, against the colored glow of a stained-glass window, could be seen the outline of heavy banisters.

"Come on," I whispered at last. We'll go up there and see what's what."



The girl pushed open the gate and stepped out beside us on the road. "I was wondering if you found it all right," she said.

There was a wide stone stair thickly carpeted. We reached the landing without a sound. The voices were now louder; two men, it seemed, were deep in some discussion. Along the passage a beckoning blotch of yellow light glinted on the wall.

I stepped forward and, from behind the door, took a survey.

The room was high, with an old-fashioned air, and heavy elaborate furniture. Great curtains screened the windows, and every portion of wall my eye included in that rapid glance seemed lined with bookshelves heavy with leather tomes. It looked an aged and a comfortable room. Near the immense fireplace a candle stood up on a chair. On another chair sat a man with a squat head, but sandy-haired and genial of countenance. Through large glasses he peered at his companion, who stood beside him, a tall, bronzed roughish fellow.

As I watched them my ears grew accustomed to their voices, so that I could distinguish what they said.

"We must get into this somehow," the sandy-haired one was speaking; it was he who had the jerky incisive tones. "There's something about it in here. I'll swear to that." Then I saw they were in front of a huge oak bureau, and the speaker was tapping the brown shining wood with nervous fing'rs.

"We could break it open," suggested the bearded man. "It's heavy stuff but I dare say—"

"No," snapped the other. The sandy-haired man was clearly the leader in their project. "Not that! That Blair fellow from Edinburgh's got the eyes of a hawk. He mustn't think it's been tampered with. What happened to all the keys?"

"Blair took them yesterday—he

took everything."

"The meddling fool! He may have taken—yes, we've been fools ourselves—we should have got in here before he took them." The fingers tapped again, a nervous incessant tap that thudded softly through the dim room.

I think it was this tapping that woke me to action. By what right were they there? Why were they determined to get into that bureau? My bureau! At any rate, if they were enemies of Mr. Blair's family lawyer, they were no friends of mine.

A sudden flame of hot anger kindled within me. I stepped boldly into the room and, in a loud voice, called out, "What the blazes are you doing?"

A thunderbolt from heaven could not have had a more shattering effect. In a flash the sandy-haired man was on his feet, and at the same in-

stant his hand closed over the candle flame. The room was instantly steeped in a dense and blinding darkness. That action, so slickly and guiltily performed proved to me their was no honest one. There was a moment of sharp crackling silence.

I took charge of the situation. "Come on," I shouted to George, and rushed forward. If two strapping fellows of our muscular capacity weren't the equal of these older men, I'd know the reason why.

"Tackle 'em low," growled George in businesslike tones, and at my side charged across the room. I had marked the position of my man, he of the sandy hair, and jerky voice, and I made for him with teeth clenched and every muscular ready.

**A BLOW ON THE HEAD**

My hands suddenly struck something hard and cold—the fireplace I had missed him. I leaped backward. And at that moment there was a gasp of escaping breath, as of an effort put quickly forth; and I found myself spinning to the hearthrug, dazed from a buffet on the head with a heavy object. A chair toppled over me.

For a moment I lay helpless. The suddenness of the blow rattled me, but I was more stunned than damaged.

**STOMACH CRAMP**  
**INTESTINAL PAINS**

In summer when abundance of green or unripe fruit is eaten, bowel troubles are exceedingly common. Almost as prevalent is winter-dysentery, the cause being congestion due to cold. Physicians say it is not a difficult matter to overcome dysentery and bowel disorders with small doses of NERVILINE repeated every hour or two. If there is pain, relief is immediate—stomach is warmed and comforted. The cause of the distressing condition is removed and the patient quickly feels the benefit of NERVILINE. Those who know say there are few cases or pains that NERVILINE won't assist in overcoming.

**NERVILINE**  
STOPS THE PAIN

"I've got him!" George's voice called out. There was a scuffle and a rattling thud on the floor. "Is there you blither—"

But his words trailed off into a choking gasp. I threw off the chair that lay over me, and staggered to my feet. I was still dazed, but George's grasp of distress brought me to my senses with a jerk. I could hear a jumble of noises on the floor, bumps and blows and muffled exclamations.

I was about to throw myself forward into the melee in the darkness when it occurred to me I could handle the crisis better if I knew what had occurred. So I whipped out a box of matches.

The scratching of my vesta coincided with the sound of quick footsteps on the floor. The leaping flame disclosed George scrambling to his feet his hands tugging at his collar, and his face blazing with wrath.

"I'll kill that swine," he snarled. "I had the big one down and nearly out when that devil with the glasses got me by the gullet. Woow. I was nearly a goner! Come on we'll smash 'em yet!"

The match flickered out as he spoke, and we stood for the door. There was a clatter of retreating footsteps down the stairs and across the ringing tiles of the hall. We plunged after the sounds; but by the time we had descended there was silence in the house again.

We paused. It was impossible to believe, as we stood there in the stillness, that a couple of minutes before we had been in a desperate scuffle with two unknown men. The had disappeared so suddenly and so completely that we might have dreamed the entire episode.

"Are they still in the house, do you think?" I asked George.

"Heaven knows. I shouldn't think so. At any rate, we'd be a couple of mugs if we tried to search for 'em. Whatever their game was, we've scared them off for the present. I vote we get back to the inn."

It was when we were passing the white gate of the Manse that we were pulled up sharp.

"Excuse me," said a voice. I recognized it as that of the girl to whom we had already spoken.

The girl pushed open the gate and stepped out beside us on the road.

"I was wondering if you found it all right." Her tone was casual, but displayed a certain friendly interest.

"Quite all right, thanks," I replied.

"Of course there's not much to see from the road, and you'd find the gates locked. The grounds used to be pretty."

"As a matter of fact we didn't go the length of the gates," I admitted.

"We just strolled along the road a bit and—came back."

"I hope you won't think me inquisitive, but if I can be of any help I'll be glad. Dad was a great friend of poor old Mr. Drysdale, the previous owner, who died last week. If you were thinking of renting the place or anything, I could let you know where to get the key and that sort of thing."

I laughed.

"Thanks very much, but I wasn't thinking of taking it. As a matter of fact, my own name's Drysdale, and the place is apparently mine."

At this I observed the same queer little catch in the girl's breath that I had noticed before. "I thought possibly you might be," she said slowly. There was a pause. "In fact," I meant to ask you straight out! It'll be so jolly having some one next door again—so good for dad to have a neighbor again. He's been dreadfully upset since Mr. Drysdale died. But, oh! I forgot—perhaps you won't come and live here at all. Were you thinking of letting it? You must pardon my neighborly curiosity. But you'll notice I'm quite frank about it!" She laughed again—a laugh that was charming and musical and intimate.

"I had an open mind on the subject," I replied, "until tonight. Now I've quite determined what I'm going to do. I'm coming to live in the hall myself." As I uttered the words, I think no one was more startled than I was. For, indeed, until I said so I had determined on no such course.

"You must come in and see dad," said the girl at once. He'll be delighted to meet you." I began to protest, pleading the lateness of the hour, but she refused to listen. George and I found ourselves wandering in the darkness up the garden path and into the hall where a lamp glimmered. A few moments later we were ushered into the study. A white-haired, clean-shaven clergyman sat at a table, a reading lamp concentrating its beams upon his books, the rest of the room in shadow.

He jumped up nervously as we entered the room. The girl explained who I was and departed.

"Ah, Mr. Drysdale!" he said, shaking hands warmly. "I'm delighted to meet you—and your friend. My name is Shaw. Sit down, please. You have lost no time in coming to look at your—your new place. Quite right, quite right."

"I'm on my way to see Mr. Blair in Edinburgh," I explained. "Mr. Collier and I have put up the night at the inn as we may, as well, stop in Bracken-bridge as anywhere else."

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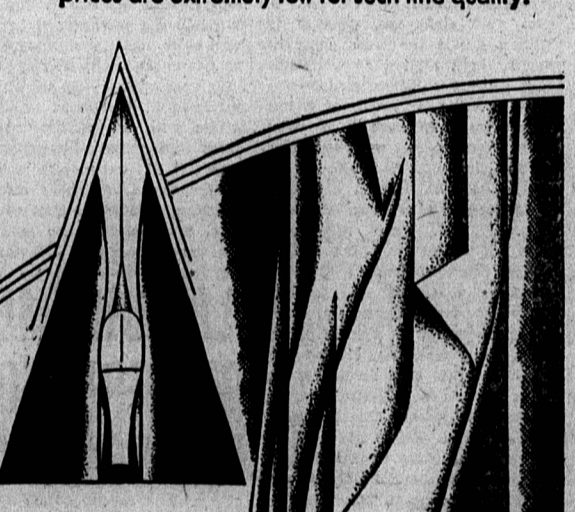
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# KAYSER

## Had Bad Cold Ticking in Throat Coughed All Day

Mrs. N. McAllister, Beaver Lake, B.C., writes:—"Some time ago I had a very bad cold, and the tickling in my throat caused me to cough all day and it seemed to get worse all day and I became quite weak in the evening. I decided to try

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

and the first half bottle gave me relief and when I had finished it my cough was all gone."

Price, 35c. a bottle; large family size 60c. at all druggists and dealers. Put up in a yellow wrapper; the pine trees the trade mark; manufactured only by The T. Millum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



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