It was not just chance that made these Teas a Success

Auction Sale

AT MERMAID, LOT 48

Thursday, April 3rd at two o'clock P. M., of valuable dairy and potato farm, containing 185 acres, 125 clear and in high state of fertility, balance wood and excellent timber, 36 acres ploughed, 9 acres manured last Fall. Farm is extra well fenced into large square fields. Spring water flowing through front and rear. Splendid dwelling and roomy outbuildings, in first class condition. Pump and sewerage in house, also pump in barn. Telephone in house, 7 miles from Charlottetown, near Churches, Schools, Cheese Factory and Railway, 12 tons ice stored, also a quantity of fire wood sawed, split and housed. Everything fully sustained.

Should day prove stormy, will be held on first fine day following.

A sale of stock, crop, implements and household furniture will be announced early in April.

JOSEPH POWER, Mermaid.
J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.
3-26-27-29-31-April-2i.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

TENDERS FOR NEW HOTEL AT Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Sealed Tenders, marked on the outside "Tenders for New Hotel at Charlottetown, P. E. I." and addressed to W. U. Appleton, General Manager, Moncton, N. B., will be received up to 12 o'clock noon, Thursday, April 10th, 1930

Plans, Specifications, Instructions for tendering, Form of Contract and Form of Tender may be obtained at the Office of the Architect, Room 703, Canadian National Express Building, 355 McGill Street, Montreal, and also at the Offices of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., Building Engineer, Halifax, N. S., Building Engineer, Charlottetown, P. E. I., on depositing a certified cheque made payable to the Treasurer, Canadian National Railway Company, for an amount of $150.00, which amount will be refunded on deposit of Tender and return of Plans, and Specifications, etc., in good condition.

Tenders must be accompanied by a certified cheque on a chartered bank of Canada, payable to the Treasurer, Canadian National Railway Company, for an amount equal to five per cent. (5%) of Tender price.

Tenders will not be considered unless submitted on forms supplied by the Railway and in accordance with the conditions set forth in "Instructions for Tendering."

The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

W. U. APPLETON,
General Manager.

Moncton, N. B.
March 22nd, 1930.
3-26-28.

EYES TESTED
AND
GLASSES FITTED
E. W. TAYLOR
J. S. TAYLOR
Optometrists
142 Richmond Street

Professional Cards

ELECTRIC NEEDLE EXPERT

Electric needle to remove superfluous hair, moles and warts, also marcel waving.

MISS E. M. LEBLANC,
29 King Square
Phone 1209.
2503-3-18-mwftf.

Prohibition Commission
Chairman, Mr. GEORGE E. BROWN
Margate, P. E. I.
Send all information regarding infractions of Prohibition Act to the above
Or To
Chief Inspector B. J. Haywood
75 Dorchester Street, Charlottetown
Phone 709

Mark R. McGuigan, B. A.
BARRSTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
MONEY TO LOAN
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

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.
J. A. McDONALD. H. F. McPHEE
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, ETC
MONEY TO LOAN
Riley Building Charlottetown

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

Dr. D. T. Waye
DENTAL SURGEON
130 Richmond Street
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Office Hours Phone 843
9 A. M. to 1 P. M.
2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE

"The 'grumble seat' was invented to give back-seat drivers the air."

"I am engaged to a struggling young lawyer."

"Dear me! Is he trying that hard to get away?"

"Nibble quietly and you can steal their bait."

"But there are a man a girl up there holding the line."

"Oh, they'll never bother you. I just heard him say for the twentieth time, 'Do you love your tootsie-wootsie?' And she said, 'Yum-yum!'"

"Here is a pie you may have between you. Do you want me to divide it?"

"Did you bake it yourself, lady?"

"Yes."

"I ain't hungry, mam—give it all to him. I've been here before."

AUCTION SALE

March 31st, at 11 a. m., at Dundas, of the farm and implements of the late Peter McLeod, also the house furniture.

CHARLES B. CLAY,
Auctioneer.

2611-3-25-5i.

Farm for Sale

Farm at Ebenezer, Lot 24, consisting of 50 acres of choice land, in high state of cultivation; well watered with springs. 4½ miles from Milton Station, near Churches and School. Good buildings.

MRS. ELIZABETH McCALLUM,
Ebenezer, P. E. I.
2621-3-25-3i.

HAVE YOUR EYES
EXAMINED AND
GLASSES FITTED BY
E. E. PARKMAN
Registered Optometrist
Montague, P. E. I.

The Third Warning

A Mystery Love Story

By Augustus Muir

(Continued)

"Exactly," he nodded "And how did my little girl come to find you out? Marget has a wonderful knack of making friends."

"We asked her the way." I fumbled with my cap.

He nodded again. "I'm glad you did I'll admit I'm sorry for my little girl Marget. This place is too quiet for her though she tries to keep bright, I know, for my sake. It will be much too dull of course, for you here— you'll be leasing the hall, I presume?"

"I'm not," I said. I'm coming to live here as soon as I can fix it."

He started; he was visibly surprised, and took no pains to conceal it. His eyes fell, and he said nothing. He looked at me uncertainly once or twice then leaned suddenly forward as if he had made up his mind. When he spoke his voice was deep and earnest.

"Don't do it my young friend don't do it!"

Then he dropped back into his chair as if it had been an effort to speak. Clearly, he was highly wrought, and I noticed him cast an occasional glance over his shoulder as if to reassure himself we were alone in the room. One of the windows was open and with a quick movement he crossed and closed it, though the night was warm. His hands in the lamplight, were thin and nervous.

"Why is there anything wrong with the place?" I inquired.

"I can't tell you," he replied slowly. "I know very little, and the little that I do know I wish I could forget. Dear old Mr. Drysdale was my greatest friend and to him I was under a seal of secrecy. Now—he is dead; and I am under a double seal."

"Jolly interestin,'" said George "Sounds almost spooky."

Mr. Shaw's hands tightened nervously on the arms of his chair. "I don't know why I tell you this. "It's just that—well, it's my duty, I suppose My duty to warn you. You are a pleasant young fellow, Mr. Drysdale and I don't want—I don't want harm to come to you." He again cast a quick glance over his shoulder, and leaned forward to me. His voice dropped to a whisper. "I have a suspicion—forgive me: I know it sounds melodramatic—a suspicion that my old friend Drysdale did not die of natural causess. I tell you my thoughts, in strictest confidence, because you are his only relative. You must pardon my putting it all so bluntly."

I half rose from my chair. "Murdered, you mean?"

He shook his head. "I don't know! How can I tell? It's only a surmise. But I feel it's the truth—the dreadful truth. Of course I dare not say so. I have nothing to go on. It would only make things worse. The thing's done. I couldn't bear to have it all raked up."

"But who—who is responsible?" I insisted.

He shook his head again. "I don't know. If I did, what could I do?"

"But," I declared, "don't you see that what you've said only makes me the keener to come and live at the hall—to get to the bottom of things?"

He covered his face with his hands. "Then would that I had held my peace!' It was obvious to me that the man's nerves were at the point of collapsing; that he needed a long rest.

"On the contrary, I greatly appreciate your confidences," I said. "You can trust my friend and me. I can only say how glad I am your daughter brought us in to see you. I felt a little awkward about it, as I know it was my relative's intention that his property should come to you as his best—perhaps his only—friend."

Mr. Shaw's face clouded. "I am very sorry you knew of that. I hope it will not cause you any feelings of constraint. Before he died, I had no idea he had left everything to me, and I cannot tell you my relief when I heard there was an heir who would inherit. Money and possessions are nothing to me, my friend. I am delighted—delighted some one else will take over Brackenbridge. I am doubly delighted it is you."

RONNY WORRIED

As we shook hands on leaving, he looked into my eyes. "You won't forget what I have said? Think it over deeply."

I thanked him again, and we departed.

Next morning was bright with sunshine.

"Cheer up, you owl," said George, as we packed into the car. "Are you brooding on what the parson told you?"

"The whole thing worries me," I said. "Not worries exactly. That's not the right word. But I'm hanged if I can make it out."

"You're right. It's rummy. But you take my tip. While you see your lawyer wallah, I'll buzz along to the shops We meet at lunch-time — 1 o'clock, Caledonia grill. You'll find the place easily."

The forty miles over the brown hills and down through Midlothian, to the gray old city of Edinburgh, was soon accomplished. We parted on the wide boulevard of Prince street, with its glowing gardens sweeping up to the castle rock on one side, and that dignified avenue of clubs and hotels and the glittering plateglass of lordly shops on the other; and I made my way to Castle street and the offices of Blair & Ballantyne, solicitors, in an eager and expectant frame of mind.

"So you're young Mr. Drysdale?" he said, his fleet glances traveling over me in a frank assize. "Sit down."

"Ye haven't been long in coming," was his remark. "I only got the letter from Mr. Monks this morning."

I acknowledged the remark. There was a pause.

"What's your hurry, Mr. Drysdale?" he added, almost as an afterthought.

I explained that my only hurry was mere interest in my new estate.

"Aye," said Mr. Blair. "Ye'll want to see it?"

"As a matter of fact," I began, and then stopped. I was about to say that we had broken our journey at Brackenbridge the night before, and I had had as good an inspection as the darkness would allow. But looking into his suspicious gray eyes, and in face of his reticent manner, I decided to hold my peace meantime on that point. "As a matter of fact," I said, "I'd like to see it very much, as soon as you can arrange for me."

"Very well," said Mr. Blair.

"But before that," I continued, "I wish you'd give me some of the particulars."

"We're coming to that," said Mr. Blair. "We're coming to that! If ye've any idea that ye're a rich man, brush it from your mind. That is, Mr. Drysdale, unless ye're a rich man already."

"I'm not," I assured him. "I have three hundred a year private income, that's all."

"Ye're lucky," said Mr. Blair dryly. "There's a thousand odd acres all told of farm and moorland, which includes a few hundred acres up the hills, with some tumble-down buildings I believe. When the interest on a small mortgage is covered, there's barely seven hundred pounds a year. And it's likely to be less in the near future. Also, there's the taxation which is a bonny penny."

"Still," I said, "it's better than nothing."

Mr. Blair assented. But there's that great barracks of a house on your hands. Ye'll never keep it up. The house and grounds, I believe, are going to rack and ruin, and there's only one solution for ye. Mr. Drysdale. I have here an offfer from a party to rent it. Two hundred a year is the rent he offers. In my opinion he's a fool. You should take it."

"Two hundred a year isn't to be sneezed at," I agreed.

"Aye," cried Mr. Blair, "and your feet are clear! Rent the Hall, and ye've nine hundred a year in your hands to go where ye like with, and do what ye like with."

"How did he live? I mean servants and all that."

"There were none," replied Mr. Blair. "A farmer's wife came in and gave him his meals, I understand, and cleaned the house once in a while. No I'm wrong; it was the farmer's sister. Forsyth's bachelor, and nearly as surly a character as the laird.

"As well as farming the Home Farm this Forsyth is the factor, or agent as ye'd call it, of the estate. Factor, after factor Andrew Drysdale had—none of them would stay with him, till he got this Forsyth fellow, who just went his own gait and paid no attention which I suppose was the only sensible thing to do. And now, Mr. Drysdale touching this matter of renting the hall, I strongly advise you to accept the offer. What are your views?"

"Who's the man making the offer?" inquired.

Mr. Blair looked through some letters in a wire basket. "A Mr. Seymore. S. Seymore is his name. He writes from the North British Hotel. He has been in business in the East, he says and has been getting his affairs wound up. He wants to settle down, and thinks Brackenbridge Hall would suit him.

"He says he lived near Brackenbridge for a year or so and likes the climate. He seems to be a man of substances and it's a firm offer."

"I'm in two minds about it," I commented. "I had half a notion of going and living in the Hall myself'.'

At this Mr. Blair dropped back in his chair and looked at the ceiling with half-closed eyes. What his thoughts were I could not guess, and my gaze wandered round the room till I found he was staring at me with a cynical smile.

"I'm thinking ye've got the Drysdale blood in you." he remarked. "I have never heard a dafter suggestion in my life. Live in Brackenbridge Hall on your income! Why every year that place is allowed to go on as it's doing knocks its value down by hundreds—and it's low enough already, I'll warrant. Man, can't you see—" Mr. Blair's eyes snapped angrily. He shoved a letter across his desk. "That's the letter. Go and see the man yourself! Go and make up your own mind whether he's a fit tenant for ye!"

"He's a tough nut if ever there was one." was my inward comment as I made my way along Princes street to the North British Hotel.

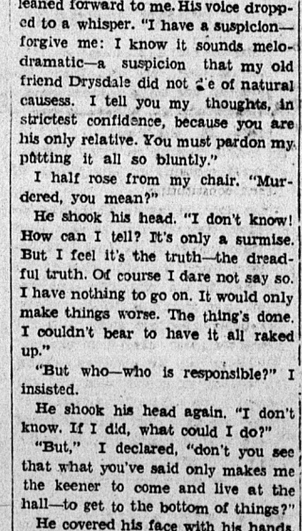
At the office in the front hall the girl on duty informed me that she thought Mr. Seymore was in; would I kindly take a seat in the lounge while she sent upstairs to his private sitting room?. Private sittingroom sounded opulent. I gave the messenger my card, on which was the address of my London rooms, and I scribbled beside it, wth a sudden sensation of pride "Brackenbridge Hall."

I had not long to wait. Almost immediately the messenger returned with the news that Mr. Seymour was upstairs and would see me at once. His sitting room was on the first floor, and the messenger ushered me in. It was a pleasant room looking along Princes Street. I glanced around to select a seat.

"Good morning," said a voice behind me.

I turned. At an open door leading to an adjoining bedroom stood a man of about 45. He was short, sandy-haired with spectacles and a genial chubby countenance. He was the man I had seen in the library at Brackenbridge Hall the night before.

(To be Continued)



If the periodic discomfort that many women experience is to be avoided, strict attention must be paid to the most fundamental of all health rules. In other words, AVOID CONSTIPATION. If the bowels are clogged with unhealthy wastes there is sure to be headache, back-pains, depression, faintness and nervousness.

Every anxious woman will find in Dr. Hamilton's Pills a medicine of remarkable value. These tiny, sugar-coated pills never gripe or upset the system. They regulate, tone and assist certain functions to perform as nature intends.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills will prove your greatest stand-by in times of sickness, and if used regularly promote health, vitality and vigor. Sold everywhere.

DR HAMILTONS PILLS for WOMENS ILLS

GLENWOOD AND VICINITY

Mr. Wm. Morrison, of Hebron, was a recent visitor to Summerside.

Mrs. Amos Gorrill recently spent a few days in Alberton, where she was a guest of her mother, Mrs. Dunbar and her sister, Mrs. A. Haywood.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. John McDonald of Milo, upon the arrival of a baby girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oulton, of Brae, was a visitor to Glenwood on Thursday.

Mrs. Thomas Oulton and her son Mr. Robert Oulton, were visitors to Glenwood on Thursday, having been called to the home of the former's son, Mr. Humphrey Oulton, who had sustained an accident, particulars of which appear elsewhere in these columns.

Mrs. John Currie, of Glenwood, has been spending the past week in Milo, the guest of her sister, Mrs. John McDonald.

Do Your Feet Ache?

Quick, safe relief comes from using Putnam's Corn Extractor. If afflicted with corns, calluses or sore foot lumps, use "Putnam's"—it's reliable and sure to shrivel up the corns so they drop right off. No pain, no soreness, but quick relief from sore corns comes to all who use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. At all dealers.

Mr. H. B. Dunbar, of Alma, was recently a guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. Amos Gorrill.

The stork called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, West Point, on Tuesday leaving a bonnie baby boy. Congratulations.—O.

IONA SCHOOL

The following is the honor roll of Iona School for February.

Grade X. 1 Dorothy Flynn.

Grade IX. 1 Katie McPharson, 2 Florrie McPherson.

Grade VIII. 1 Agnes McLeod, 2 Margaret McLeod, 3 Norman McLeod 4 Reta Flynn.

Grade V. 1 Richard Quinn, 2 Margaret McEachern.

Grade IV. 1 Agnes Quinn, 2 Warren McInnis. 3 Tena McLeod.

Grade II Sr. 1 Danny McEachern, 2 Rose Quinn.

Grade II. Jr. 1 Alex McLeod, 2 Rose Ann Quinn, 3 Francis McDearmid.

Grade 1 (a) 1 John Quinn, 2 Lee Quin.

Grade I. (b) 1 Raymond McDearmid, 2 Arthur McEachern.

Perfect Attendance. Katie McPherson, and Warren McInnis. Mary Larthard, teacher.

ALL THE KITCHEN UTENSILS

As well as other items in our hardware line are of first quality and made to withstand more than the normal abuse. We have all the things you need, from nails to saucepans, from hammers to curtain rods. Think of us when you think of hardware.

The Rogers Hardware Co., Limited

AUCTION SALE

of beautiful property at 313 Euston Street on Friday, March 28th at 12.30 o'clock sharp. Beautiful residence in the nicest residential part of the City. An extra large lot, 126 feet frontage on Euston Street and 80 foot on Pleasant Street. Large garage with concrete basement. House almost new. Beautifully appointed, hardwood floors, hot water heating, large and sunny rooms, one of the nicest residences in the town. Inspection any time. Apply to C. M. Cox, Pure Milk Co. Will be sold privately up to day of sale. Terms at sale. J. A. MacDonald, Auctioneer.

McLEOD & BENTLEY, Solicitors.

2601-3-24-3i