

"SALADA" TEA

SAME FLAVOUR

NOW

SAME QUALITY

60c

A LB.

BROWN LABEL AT ALL GROCERY STORES

S. S. "Harland" NOTICE

Owing to tide conditions at Victoria the "Harland" will make only one round trip on that service viz. on the following dates May 15th and 29th. Also June 12th and 26th, leaving Charlottetown at 7 A. M. returning will leave Victoria at 1 P. M. During the intervening weeks the two round trips will be made.

This Schedule effective until June 10th. Charlottetown, May 8, 1930.

For Sale

The site of the Victoria Hotel with building thereon, also building lot opposite.

These two properties will be sold separately or en bloc. An attractive price will be given for quick sale. Apply to

W. K. ROGERS, LT. COL. D. A. MACINNON, Liquidators.

1674-3-27-31thentstst.

Professional Cards

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Accounts Audited, Income Tax Returns Prepared. A. E. MacNeill & Co. 127 Grafton Street

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R. R. BELL, D. L. MATHIESON, LL. B. Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. Money to Loan. Offices—Charlottetown and Montagu

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SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



A girl may get on all right riding, but she hopes nobody'll see her getting off.



Jack: See this engagement ring? I call it "the cat." Ferd: Why so? Jack: Because it always comes back.



The Lady: I suppose that your lot is full of hardships? The Hobo: Dat's de proper word for it, ma'am. In de winter w'en de farmers ain't doin' nothin' it's too cold fer me t' do trampin' around, an' in de summer peop'le's alters offerin' me work.

RATHER NUMEROUS, TOO This world is so crowded with things that amuse There is really no reason for woe; And the man that gets sore at a baseball score Is the funniest thing I know.



He: When my ship comes in, we'll get married. She: And take our honeymoon the ship, eh?

BASE BALL

Baseball players use Minard's for stiffness, strained ligaments and bruises. They also recommend it as a rubdown.



The Third Warning

A Mystery Love Story

By Augustus Mub

Continued NO DOUBT

"No doubt at all. I heard him as plain as I hear you. By the sounds I heard, he was being shoved across the yard, and he was putting up a stout resistance and telling 'em what he thought of 'em."

"Then he's still at Black Edge for some reason known only to Smith and Seymore. Smith—Smith—what sort of fellow is Smith? Tall, clean shaven, going gray?"

"Going gray all right, but he's got a small gray pointed beard as well."

"I wonder if it's the man. Oh what a scoop, old son, if it is! My chief says they suspect a man called Geldart to be at the bottom of this affair. A terrific chap, this Geldart. Did spy work for Germany during the war. Mixes with the best people. Gambles like a millionaire at Monte Carlo. A frightful 'blood.' Well, we'll find out sooner than friend Smith thinks!"

"What are you going to do now?"

"As soon as we get into Leith we hand this packet over and I get in touch with my home-office pal. We go in that cottage in the bay, and his right to Black Edge with some plain-clothes men and upset the apple cart. You see, Smith and Seymore think this ship is tooting across the North Sea. All good and snug, with you on board a prisoner. Who's to tell them differently? We've even got down in old light is bumping behind us now, the fo'c'sle the fisherman who lives."

"No, we'll catch friend Smith on the top all right. And now, my lad, you bey Captain Uncle George and have a bit of snooze on the locker while I keep watch. You look dead beat."

"Nothing of the sort! I protested. 'You've had no rest for two nights. You topple over yourself for a few hours. I'll waken you when we're in the Forth, so that you can do the chin-wagging when we get to harbor.'"

In the end I persuaded him, and grudgingly, he lay down, rolling round his shoulders a peajacket that hung behind the door. In a couple of minutes he was like a stone, sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion. I stepped out on the bridge for a sniff of air. It was now nearly 8 o'clock and a bitterly cold morning. The skipper was stamping up and down to keep himself warm.

"Cold?"

He seemed startled at my question. That the physical state of one bound for action should even occur to his jailers appeared to amaze him. He nodded then gave a friendly grin.

"You can come into the deck house, skipper and I sharing it between us, I laughed. He thanked me quite courteously, and we entered. "You can have forty winks on that locker if you like." I indicated the one opposite to George. As a matter of fact, I was not kindheartedness that prompted me to bring him in beside me. With him right under my nose, I felt safer than when he walked on the bridge outside.

"I than you," he said again it is warmer here. If you are hungry you will find food in there." He pointed to a little cupboard on the wall. I swung it back and brought out a loaf and a pot of marmalade. It seemed churlish to have food alone, and I asked him if he would care to join me.

"I'm as hungry as a whale," I declared. "You'd better get this spirit stove going, Skipper. I'm going to make coffee for us."

"Hot water from engine room—that will be quicker," he suggested.

"Right," I said, "Send down the steersman, and take his place. Tell him if he tries to jump for it and swim, I'll pot him with my gun as sure as eggs."

But the chill miles of water that separated us from the coast were not sufficiently tempting for the man returned, and I made the coffee, the skipper and I sharing it between us. George gave only a grunt when I tapped him on the shoulder he needed sleep more than coffee.

It was during that novel breakfast that the skipper, after a little gentle questioning told me his own story. As he delivered this stumbling recitation I observed that his nerve had completely gone. He shook, not from the cold, but from sheer prostration, though he had concealed it well from the crew. He had a decent upbringing, it appeared, and had only gone into this game to save enough to buy a little coasting vessel for himself.

He had a wife and kids in Hamburg and he curled up with grief when he spoke of them.

"You're trying to play on my feelings, my lad, with this sad story," I said to myself and I wondered what was at the back of it or what sort of proposition he was about to make. Then I noticed that his mind was wandering and his voice trailing off absently.

"I've told you you could snooze on that locker," I said, but he was asleep as I spoke, his head on his arms, lying over the table. I heaved him round on the locker and put my revolver on the table. "Now, Mr. Skipper," I muttered, grinning, "if there's going to be any monkey tricks, I'm—I'm"

I stood up and looked round. The glass windows of the deckhouse were spinning queerly. I was giving at the knees; and my back against the wall. I felt myself sinking.

"George!" I gasped. "George!" I stretched out my hand to shake him, but only sank lower against the wall, my arms stretched out impotent. A white face was pressed against the glass, two pale blue eyes bored into my brain. It was the helmsman. The last I remember before sinking into unconsciousness was the door opening and a great brown fist closing over my revolver on the table.

The cabin was dark and foul, and I must have been half awake for an hour before I could pull myself together and sit up in the bunk. I thought at first I was in the library at Brackenbridge Hall and that my head was still bleeding from the blow on the fender. It was the sea's interminable chatter against the tiny porthole that

brought me back to hard facts. I had swallowed some poison either in the food or drink, and the skipper had been my fellow victim. The water heated in the engine room!—the water I had made the coffee with. And the skipper had drunk more than I had. What did it all mean? That the crew should want to bowl me over I understand—but the skipper also! Had there been the seeds of mutiny among them, and had they seized their chance to knock over the skipper along with their captors? The cabin I was in was but a bunk, with floor space enough for a man to dress and the door, as I expected, was locked. Through the porthole I saw that dusk was falling. I must have slept nearly twelve hours! Well, another twelve would surely see us at our destination. (To be Continued)

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Glenwood and Vicinity

Services are now being conducted in the West Point Church each Sunday afternoon by Rv. J. W. Fowler, of Alberton.

Mrs. Fraser Wells, of Alberton, spent a few days in Glenwood recently where she was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Stirling Matthews and Mr. Arthur Matthews, of Elmsdale and Mrs. Elmer McLennan, of O'Leary, were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gilcosh on Sunday.

Mr. Wm. McDonald, of Haliburton spent Sunday as the guest of Mr. James Livingstone.

Dunblane Women's Institute met on Friday, May 9th., at the home of Miss Jennie McPherson. In the absence of the president the chair was occupied by Mrs. Neil Boulter. Roll call was responded to by Sing, say, play or pay, and this caused much merriment. A letter from the supervisor was read asking that members subscribe to Institute News and it was decided to do so. Other communications were read, commented upon and left over for further discussion later. The school committee reported that vitrophane was needed on the window glass and the secretary was instructed to order same. One member of the sick committee was absent and the other member, Mrs. McIsaac reported that



"Now Daddy, you must not forget your Nerve Food"

"No indeed I Sleep Well Now and am Feeling Fine"

SLEEPLESSNESS is a persistent symptom when the nerves get rundown. You are restless, irritable and easily fatigued and cannot sleep well at nights. This trouble increases as the years advance. But there is relief by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It does not produce artificial sleep but restores and builds up the nervous system so that in a few days you find yourself resting and sleeping better. Women everywhere, know and praise Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as the greatest of restoratives for the nerves. But Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is good for men and women alike, from youth to old age. It renews the strength, energy and vitality of the whole human system.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

soothes the tired, excited nerves, restores nervous energy and makes you feel well and look well.

she had visited one member of the community who was ill. The sick committee Mrs. W. A. Gilcosh and Mrs. B. McIsaac were reappointed. School Committee, Mrs. Theo Hart and Mrs. Neil Boulter, refreshment committee, Mrs. Benj. McIsaac, Mrs. Theo Hart and Miss Jennie McPherson. Some discussion took place re the district conventions to be held somewhere in this section in the near future. Next meeting is to be at home of Mrs. Wm. A. Gilcosh. Meeting closed with the National Anthem. Receipts \$2.05.

His friends are pleased to learn that Mr. Howard Livingstone is improving in health after having been

confined to his home with a severe cold.

A young man from Milo, who like most young men, is looking for a suitable partner in life was much charmed by the display of youth and beauty in Glenwood where he frequently attends church. But most any girl can look pretty in church on a Sunday evening after you have taken her home. If the lights are not turned too high. But this youth had heard that the little grains of powder, little drops of paint, make a girl's complexion look like what it ain't. It he could just get a glimpse of these girls at home in the daytime without these aids to beauty, he

would have no trouble in choosing the future Mrs. Mac. Then he had a bright idea. He bought a barrel of fresh herring and started to Glenwood to sell them. To make by thing look plausible he had to call at intervening houses and alas for his plans! Every herring was gone long before he reached Glenwood. Then he tried it again and lowered the price so that people would think there was something wrong with the herring and would not buy, but the sold just as quickly as the others. However, he believes, that the third time is always sure and is starting out again. We understand that the price on this trip will be \$1.13 each per dozen.—Q.

Bud Axworthy

REGISTERED:

U. S. A. No. 66185, CANADIAN 3710

Sired by Guy Axworthy 4 (2.08%), sire of four trotters with records better than two minutes, viz.: Lee Axworthy (1.58%), Guy McKinney (1.58%), Mr. McElwin (1.59%), Arion Guy (1.59%). Guy Axworthy's fee is \$2,000.00. Bud Axworthy is a son of this two-minute sire, and a full brother of Lee Axworthy (1.58%). Dam Gaiety Lee (2.16%), by Bingen (2.06%).

Bud Axworthy has extreme speed, he has been halves in one minute flat, on a clay track, and quarters on ice, in 1929, in 28 1/2 seconds. He is a bright bay, sound and kind.

Guy Axworthy sired a two-year-old that got a mark of 2.07 in 1929, and sold for \$25,000; and Mr. McElwin, a half brother to Bud Axworthy, had a two-year-old that won nine races in 1929, and got a mark of 2.02%, the world's champion two-year-old trotter in a race. Bud Axworthy has two colts on P. E. Island, foaled in 1927, that are showing up good—they are staked for Dominion Day at Summerside.

Bud Axworthy will leave the owner's stable Monday, April 28th, for George McNeill's, Kensington, noon; thence through Margate to Mr. Bulman's, Stanley Bridge, over night, Tuesday, April 29th., through Hope River to New Glasgow to Mr. Lings, Wheatley River, at noon; thence to Farquharson's Livery, Charlottetown, remaining till Thursday, May 1st, to Bonshaw, noon; thence to Mr. Profit's, Victoria, over night, Friday, May 2nd, to Wilfred Inman's, Tryon, noon; thence to Gordon Dawson's, Cape Traverse, over night, Saturday, May 3rd, to John Davison's, Bedeque, noon; thence home to owner's stable, Summerside.

Monday, May 5th, to William McGregor's, Lot 16, noon; thence across Ferry via Port Hill to William McNevin's, Tyne Valley, over night, Tuesday, May 6th, via Lot 11 to Khalil Sharbell's, Portage, at noon; thence to Harry O'Brien's, Alberton, over night, Wednesday, May 7th, via Dock Road to Bloomfield Corner; thence Western Road to Vernon Matthews', O'Leary, Thursday morning, May 8th, to Russell Rogers', Coleman, noon; thence via Western Road to George William Robinson's, Mount Pleasant, over night, Friday, May 9th, to John Small's, Miscouche, noon; thence to Summerside, remaining at owner's stable until Monday, May 12th.

These routes will be continued fortnightly throughout the season, health and weather permitting.

TERMS: \$25.00 for season—\$10.00 at time of service; balance \$15.00; payable November 1st, 1930. Mares at owner's risk.

JAMES T. WAITE, Owner. Summerside, April 30th, 1930. 3505-5-3-10-17.

NOTICE TO HORSEMEN

The Charlottetown Driving Park track is now ready for training purposes. Tickets good up to August 10th, also permitting use of a stall should be obtained from the Secretary's Office. A fee of \$5 will be charged to partially cover cost of keeping track in condition.

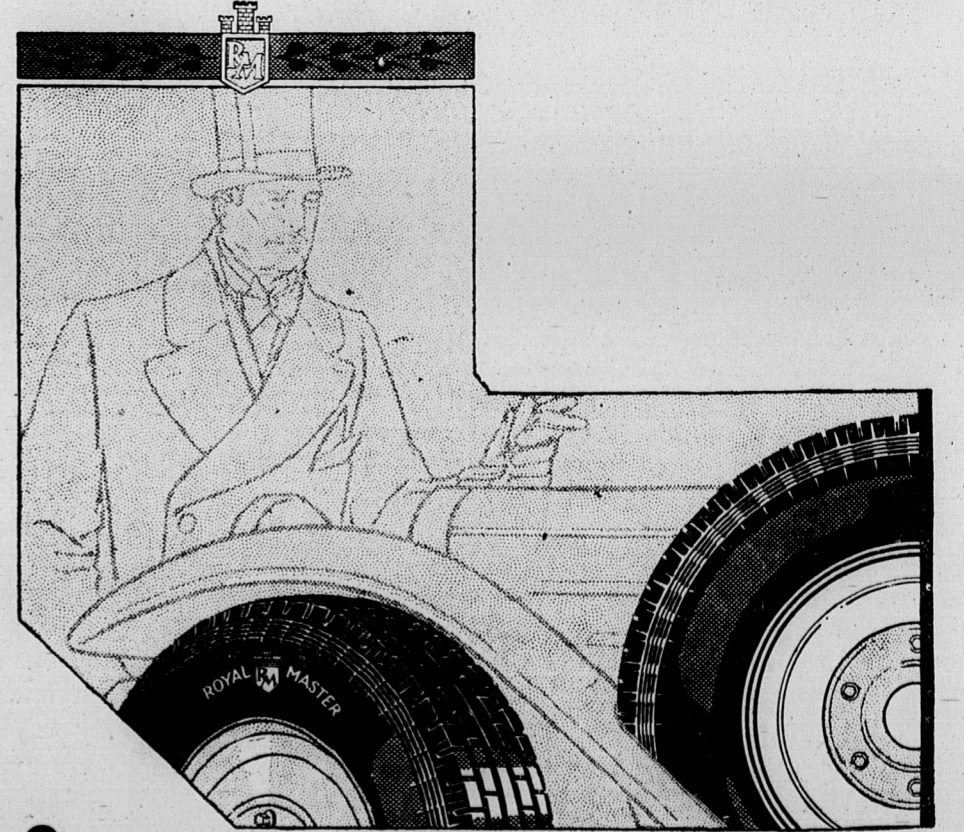
J. W. BOULTER, Secretary.

Charlottetown Driving Park and Provincial Exhibition Association. 3584-5-6-1f.

NOTICE

No trespassing on my property in Newton, Lot 25. ALICE TRAINOR. 3765-5-15-thursat3wks.

DOMINION ROYAL MASTERS



Sweeping to Newer and Greater Achievements

Royal Master is the greatest tire the world has ever known. A tire responsible for almost incredible records.

A tire for surer traction, surer braking, easier steering, safety.

Not one Royal Master in a thousand will ever puncture. Not one in five thousand will blow out under two years of service.

Royal Masters, Dominion Royals, Endurance for light cars and Royal Heavy Service Tires are sold by Dominion Tire Dealers conveniently located and equipped to give added mileage through tire service of the highest quality.

DOMINION TIRE DEALERS

Everywhere