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NEW Brunswick RECORDS On Sale To-day

4222 "OLD KENTUCKY CABIN" "Blue Lagoon" Vocal Duets with Whistling and Orchestra

4275 "BROADWAY MELODY" "You Were Meant for Me" Tenor Solos from "The Broadway Melody"

4281 "HELLO SUNSHINE, HELLO" "You're the Only One for Me" Fox Trott. Theme Songs of "The Flying Fleet"

4269 "MEAN TO ME" "My Troubles are Over" Solos by the "Whispering Serenader", Chester Gaylord

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For Sale at Brighton

I will sell by Private Sale one Lot 58 ft. x 505 ft. with new house containing nine rooms. All modern conveniences. Front porch, Electric light in all rooms as well as in cellar. Sewer and water connections. Also Lot 116 ft. x 375 ft. For price and particulars apply to

JOHN P. BRADLEY, Auctioneer. Phone 860. 194 Grafton St., City. 85011-4-30-41.

Auction Sale Of Valuable Farm Properties Including "Newstead"

ON TUESDAY, MAY 7th, AT 1.30 P. M. SHARP

I have been instructed by the Executors, to sell by auction the following properties on Tuesday, May 7th at 1.30 p. m. sharp, the auction to be held at Newstead Farm:—

- (1) The valuable Farm Property known as "Newstead" consisting of 82 acres of the best soil on the Island, in a high state of cultivation. Buildings consist of an excellent Stone Residence with hot water heating, Wooden Bungalow for hired help, large barns, Cold Storage Plant, Electric Light and Water Plant. All buildings equipped with Electric Light throughout. Exceptionally well suited for Fox Ranching in addition to general farming. Situated five miles from Charlottetown on the Malpeque Road. Winsloe Station within 200 yards of farm. The purchaser of Farm may obtain complete stock of Farm Equipment at reasonable price.
- (2) Farm Property consisting of 110 acres, known as the "Old MacKinnon Farm," situated at Highfield. No buildings.
- (3) Royalty Lot 530 containing 12 acres of good pasture land situated in Charlottetown Royalty. No buildings. Part of purchase price of any of the above properties may remain

THE EASTERN TRUST CO. Executor, J. A. MacDonald, Auctioneer. 4440-4-27-30-May 2-4th.

Desirable Property for Sale

Desirable property for sale by Public Auction, 202 Richmond Street, on Friday, May 3rd at 12.15 sharp, consisting of beautiful dwelling house, large lot, barn and garage. House all modern, hardwood floors, hot water heating. An ideal home in the heart of the City. Beautifully finished. Can be inspected.

DR. R. J. LEDWELL, Auctioneer.

The Golden Girl

CONTINUED

THE FRUIT OF YEARS

With Chloe's help, So-so sorted and dusted the contents of the wooden box and had the plans neatly arranged by the time Jerry and Fred arrived. They came in full of interest in what had happened. So-so told them briefly.

"You should have seen Chloe pushing him out of the door," she concluded. "He was mad enough to commit murder, and I can't say that I blame him. I have an idea he will be back, that is, if he really believes these plans are worth something. Of course that may just have been a dodge to try to get me to pay him for promoting the invention, but it didn't sound that way."

"If he's the same fellow the boys chased off the flying field, So-so, he's an ugly customer. Have you got a gun?"

So-so laughed. "No, and I wouldn't use it if I had one. I'd just let Wolfgang bite him. It was a good thing Wolfgang was shut up in the kitchen. I think he'd have taken a good-sized bite out of our friend."

"I'd let him come in if that fellow Horton come around again," Fred said uncasily. "I don't like the idea of this bird running in here with only you and Chloe here in the house."

So-so laughed again. "You needn't worry about us, Chloe's a regular army."

"Let's go over these plans, So-so," Jerry suggested.

They turned their attention to what had been Mr. Harper's life work. So-so had arranged the papers in order, from the first dates in 1910 up until within a few days of her father's death. Jerry and Fred bent over them.

"I used to wish your father would let me see what he was working on," Fred said. "He was so much in earnest and he really did know a lot about aviation, that I always had an idea he'd get hold of something practical some day."

"He didn't like to be questioned, though," Jerry answered. "I tried to get him to give me an idea of what he was doing once, but he shut me up quickly."

Fred's father, he would never talk anything but generalities to any one about his invention, though I think these papers show he was definite enough in what he was trying to do. And that is another reason why I can't understand his telling this man Horton all about it." So-so studied the plan of an airplane instrument boarded beautifully drawn and scaled.

Presently Jerry struck the table with his fist. "By the Lord Harry, the old man did have an idea, look at this, Fred." He spread out a drawing of an airplane engine and went off into technicalities that bewildered So-so. "And," he concluded, "whether he has worked out the details properly or not, he's got the right principle. I'm inclined to think that with only a little more work this invention could be made into a big thing."

"There isn't any doubt about it—only who's going to do the work?" Fred asked. "If it weren't for this



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flight I'd take a crack at it myself." Jerry frowned. "That's right. We can't do anything about it right now."

"It can wait," So-so said smiling. "There's no hurry about it. I'll turn it over to you boys and we'll go shares on the profits if it ever pays anything."

"I know what I'm going to do," Jerry declared. "I'm going to write to Mr. Terry and tell him about it. He's keen as mustard about aviation and if there's anything to this he will know how to push it."

"I don't like to do that," So-so protested. "Constance has done so much for me already."

"Then here's your chance to do something for her," Jerry answered. "I think Jerry is right, So-so," Fred told her. "If it really is a big thing Mr. Terry deserves at least the refusal of it."

"I'm going to write him tonight," Jerry went on. "Maybe you'll get a trip to Florida out of it So-so. No kidding—I think it's important enough for you to take the papers down there if he's willing to look at them."

"What a hurry you are in!" So-so laughed at his enthusiasm. But in her heart she was pleased and happy, not only at the prospect of the vindication of her father's years of effort, but also at Jerry's warm interest.

When they left she packed the papers back in the box and carried it up to her room. When several days had passed in which she heard nothing further from the man Horton she dismissed him from her mind. She went up several times with Fred studying the effect of the wind, learning to estimate drift and distance, growing more accurate in her reading of the instruments with each trip. Coming home late one afternoon she found a long telegram from Constance.

"Wonderful about your father's invention. Bring the papers and come down here to Miami at once. Father has time to look at them and has a friend here who knows heaps about aviation. Please come right away. The trip will do you good and something wonderful may come of it. I'm terribly bored. Wire me when to expect you. Love, Constance."

She showed the wire to Fred that night when he came in to see her for a few moments.

"Of course you're going," he said. "I suppose I could. Chloe says she can run the Crownsnest. We're not very busy just now. I hate to spend the money for the trip, and yet if it means a big chance for this invention to succeed, I suppose I should go."

"I think you should, So-so. I wouldn't advise it, but Jerry and I have talked it over and we both think there's a big idea there just waiting to be developed. Listen I'll fly you down to Washington and you can take the train from there, how would you like that?"

"Fine, Fred."

"I tried to get Jerry to fly you all the way down to Miami, but he says he can't take the time now. Constance would want him to stay a week at least—what was that?"

There was a low moan from the kitchen. So-so rose and went to the door. "It's Wolfgang. He hasn't been well for two or three days, he sleeps most of the time and every so often gives a terrible groan as though he were in pain. I'm going to have a veterinary see him tomorrow."

"Poor fellow. You ought to take care of him right away. So-so."

They talked a little longer of their plans and So-so decided to leave in two days for Miami, taking the paper's with her. The following day was a flurry of packing, giving Chloe final directions about the Crownsnest and getting everything shipshape for leaving. When night came So-so was almost too tired to drag herself to bed. She had taken Wolfgang to the doctor who had suggested that she leave him there for a few days' observation. Chloe was snoring loudly in her downstairs bedroom and So-so dropped off to sleep almost immediately.

In the night it seemed to her that some one was moving about in her room. She sat up to listen, heard nothing, then sank back to sleep again. In the morning Fred telephoned to say they would take off for Washington just after lunch. "That will get us there in time for dinner, then you can get the night train on down south."

Fred came back from the Crownsnest at noon with her. "I'm already except for packing the plans. Do you think I should take everything?"

"Every scrap."

So-so went up to get them. Presently Fred heard her call his name. Something in her voice took him upstairs on a run.

So-so was standing at the head of the stairway leading to her room. "They're gone, Fred, box and all!"

Frantically they searched the house. The box had vanished. No trace of it to be found.

"It's been stolen." So-so said finally. "You see Wolfgang has been sick and last night, he wasn't here. In the night I thought I heard some one in my room, but when I woke up and listened I didn't hear anything and though I had been dreaming, so I went back to sleep. That man must have come in the night and taken them." She shuddered.

"We were a bunch of idiots to think a man of his ilk would let a thing like that rest," Fred said. "He was just smart enough not to do anything more and let us forget about him. I'm going to call Jerry and see what can be done. Horton can't be very far off. His offices are in New York and that's where he would operate from. I have an idea he counts on your not missing them for a while—he couldn't have known you were going away. Don't worry, So-so, I think we're going to get them back."

Half an hour later Fred and Jerry, very determined, were on their way to New York in search of the thief.

TO BE CONTINUED

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and jazz sum up the young people of the United Kingdom of today," were the reassuring words of Sir Charles Robertson, president and vice-chancellor of the University of Birmingham, England, when he spoke before the University Women's Club and the Faculty of the University here. "In every generation there has been flot-sam and jetsam," he said. "There was plenty when I was young." He was most emphatic in his belief in the youth of today and felt confident it did care and was conscious of its responsibilities.

Nervous and Run Down The Least Noise Would Bother Her

Mrs. R. Burton, Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"Three years ago I was so nervous and run down I could hardly bear to have the children make a noise it would bother me so."

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T. B. ROGERS, Secretary-Treasurer.

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The Charlottetown Fox Breeders Protective Association

is established for the prosecution of any person or persons stealing foxes from the ranches of any of its members and have retained a Detective Agency and Legal Talent of highest repute to accomplish their purpose. Trained Blood-hounds are also owned by the Association and are ready to go to work at one minute's notice.

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AUCTION SALE

To be sold at Public Auction on the premises of the late John Sigworth of St. Peter's Road, Lot 53, King's County, on Friday the third day of May, 1929 at one o'clock P. M., the farm consisting of forty acres and sixty acres of land with dwelling house and barns thereon. Also all Live Stock, Farm Implements, and Household Furniture, together with a quantity of hay, oats, potatoes, &c. Terms make known at sale. If day be stormy sale to take place on following day.

RICHARD QUINN, GEORGE MCKENZIE, Executors.

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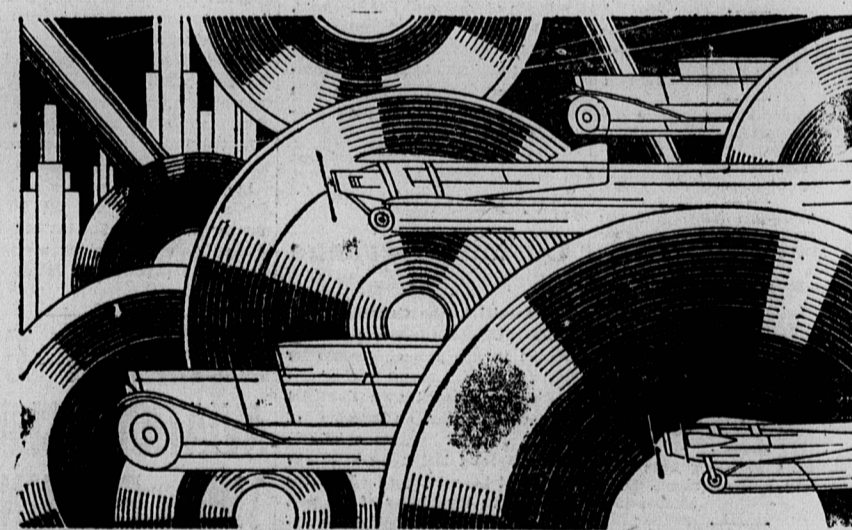
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You expect more from your motor car today than you did ten years ago. An engine that gives you greater speed, smoother power and more responsive performance are common to modern cars as a result of the development of higher speed, higher compression motors.

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Marvelube

From far Peru comes a better crude to make a better motor oil IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED EVERYWHERE IN CANADA