



If you have a large family that likes good tea and drinks a lot of it, MORSE'S is the best tea for you to buy, for it is not only rich, very rich, in flavor, but it makes 240 cups to the pound

China now has 52 radio stations. Germany now has rocket bicycles.

Steamer Ashore

Tenders will be received at Burgeo for purchase of S. S. "TERRA NOVA" gross 378.2, depth 13.5, built France 1896 for Govt. Now owned Portugal. Driven ashore sheltered Cove Burgeo, Nfld. For particulars apply Joseph Salter's Sons, Ltd., Norris Sydney, N. S. Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. (Signed) BURGOE & LAPOLE EXPORT CO. LIMITED. Burgeo, Newfoundland.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received by the undersigned, until May 1st, 1930 for the repairing and remodeling of Brackley Hall. Plans and specifications may be seen at the home of Hammond Pierce, B. F. Road. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. ARTHUR JACKSON, Secretary. R. R. 6, Charlottetown, P. E. I. 3102-4-15-31.

Clearance Auction Sale

AT CHERRY VALLEY On Thursday April 17th. At One O'clock sharp of stock, crop, farm implements, household effects as follows:

3 horses, 5 beautiful young milk cows, seven young cattle, all good grade Shorthorn, 60 hens, also all farm machinery, household furniture and everything in and about the property. If stormy sale will be first fine day following. Terms, eight months on all sums over \$10.00, 6% off for cash. Sale positive farms are sold. Estate Late Philip D. Irving, Cherry Valley J. A. MacDonald, Auctioneer. 3043-4-14-41

AUCTION At Norboro

Having sold my farm, I will sell by Auction on Wednesday, 23rd, all my stock, crop and implements, consisting of 3 horses, Island bred, 15 head of cattle, and a large lay out of farm equipment all in good shape. Terms:—7 months on approved notes. If day is not fine sale next day. ROBERT BOWNESS, Norboro. HUGH F. MORRISON, Auctioneer. 2290-4-16-21-21.

Auction Choice Dairy Cattle

I will offer for sale by public auction on my premises Wednesday, April 23rd at 1 o'clock the following dairy cattle of Holstein, Guernsey and Ayrshire grade, 5 milk cows, 3 lately freshened, 3 to freshen in May, 2 heifers, 3 years old to freshen in May, 1 pure bred Guernsey bull, 2 years old, and 1 one year old heifer. Terms made known at sale. If weather unfavorable will be held first fine day following. A. CAMPBELL & SON, Brookfield. ALEX MacRAE, Auctioneer. 3106-4-16-19-21-22.

Auction Sale

I am instructed to sell by Public Auction on the premises lately occupied by Colmellus Costlow at Green Bay, Lot 30, on Wednesday, April 23rd, 2 o'clock p. m. farm consisting of 80 acres of land in good state of cultivation with good house and out building and well watered, also the following movables: 1 Adams truck wagon, (nearly new), 1 Driving Wagon, 1 Mower, 1 Hay Rake, 1 Seeder, 1 Plow, 1 Spring Harrow, 1 Spike Harrow, 1 Potato Hiller, 1 Scuffer, also lot of hay and straw. Terms at sale. JOHN F. BRADLEY, Auctioneer. 3040-31, Mon, Wed, Sat.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



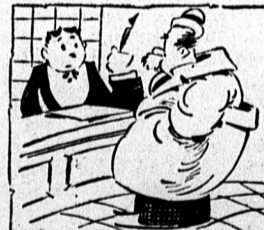
"A girl doesn't mind being maltreated if the treat is chocolate malted."



"What's ailing Mr. Trout." "He had a sunstroke." "Go on! Who ever heard of a fish with a sunstroke?" "Well, you see, a sunfish bumped into him."

AN INSURGENT

"If ever I get married again," said Mr. Peck, "I'll smoke where'er I please. And that goes, too, by Heck!"



Green Clerk: What business are you in, sir? New Guest: I'm a skipper. Green Clerk: Well, don't practice your profession here till you settle your bill.



"Big men are the better lovers." "How do you figure that?" "Why, they're so demonstrative in their love making." "Never judge a lover by his signs."

Farm For Sale

54 acres of land at Appin Road, Lot 20, well fenced and in high state of cultivation, 50 acres clear, balance young growth of hardwood; buildings in good repair; conveniently situated near church and school; about three miles from shipping at Bonshaw.

For further particulars apply to Bell & Matheson, Solicitors, Charlottetown, or to the undersigned on the premises. S. A. LOCKE, Appin Road, P. E. I. 2906-4-10-12-16-19.

EFFICIENT OPTICAL SERVICE

EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES SUPPLIED AND FITTED. CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIR WORK. J. W. JOHNSTON, Registered Optician, 187 Kent Street, Charlottetown, Phone 709.

The Third Warning

By AUGUSTUS MUIR

(Continued)

ESCAPE

This time there was no thought of climbing. To get down into the shelter of the glen was my only hope of salvation. At any instant the evil zip of a bullet might sing in my ear. And blindly I took my first leap in that wild heiter-skeller descent. Sometimes slipping on my back, sometimes face downward, often jumping for bushes and trees beneath me, taking furious risks when the slightest error of direction would send me into space, I steered my furious course. Always the tail of my eye was on the green pool lipping the sleek rocks far below, and my ear was held by the malevolent hint of death humming in the waterfall. With a grasp I shot safely down the last twenty feet, and sat up on a tiny shelf of shingle. Floating a few feet away at the edge of the pool was my fishing-rod. I lost no time in snatching it up and making for the kindly shelter of the bushes.

I must have gone a good mile up that water. When I arrived back at the grassy patch by the burnside, tea was already started.

"By jove, look at Ronny!" These were the first words that greeted me, and George gazed at me blankly from his comfortable position on the ground.

"What's wrong with me?" I demanded.

"You're so white about the gills—you look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Nonsense," I laughed, observing Seymour eyeing me. "What rot!" George pointed a finger at me. "And look at your toes!" he exclaimed. "Have you been through a pulp machine or what?"

I glanced down. Sure enough there was a triangular rent in my jacket; two buttons were missing; there was a large rip down my knee; and on the soft, frayed edges of the cloth an ominous red stain was showing. I heard Marget give a little cry, and in a trice she was dipping my handkerchief in the stream. I was imperiously commanded to sit down while she bathed the bruised knee; and I realized it was with difficulty she seemed to be holding herself in restraint. Her fingers were trembling and her lips were pale.

"Have you been having a mill with somebody, old man?" demanded George. "Did you bump into a poacher or by any chance? I suppose you promptly made a noise like a Scotch laird and pitched into him. If so, he seems to have done a bit of pitching, too."

"Nothing of the sort," I scoffed. "I was simply scrambling up a bank when my hand slipped, that's all. I came a bit of a purler. It's easy to cut yourself about a bit somersaulting down a bank." It may have been imagination, but I thought I saw a look of quick relief in Marget's eyes.

I had been watching Seymour carefully, but he did not turn a hair.

"Have a cross sandwich," he cried with a chuckle. "I guarantee that after two applications you'll feel a new man. But tell me—what do you think of my new water-color? Another afternoon with a light like this and I'll have it finished."

Marget had made my handkerchief into a neat bandage, and while she was pouring out my tea, I stepped over to his easel with interest. I know little about art, but it seems to me, as I looked at his half-finished sketch, that the man who made it was no fool at the game. There seemed to be a sickness and sureness in his handling, and some rocks in the foreground that he had worked up really excellent.

I had half suspected that his sketching had been purely imaginary—a mere blind—but here was tangible evidence that he could paint!

"Sit down with that leg," commanded Marget. "Your knee will stiffen if you're not careful. Remember you're an invalid for the rest of this picnic."

A MAN TO WATCH

Nor was I allowed to help in the subsequent washing up. Marget insisted that I should not hurry on the way home and while George and Seymour disappeared from view, Marget and I dawdled slowly downward over the quiet fields. It was only at

ter an inward battle that I refrained from relating to her my experience in the glen. But I realized that prudence was imperative until I knew the precise position of her father in the scheme of tangled events, and I chimed in with her friendly chatter. At the Home Farm we parted, Marget declaring that she would send along old Kirsty, the manse maid, that evening with lint for my knee, and I beat a tattoo on Jessie's door with my fishing rod.

The little creature came out, all smiles as usual. "He's waiting for you, sir," she nodded. "Come right into the office."

It was my first meeting with my factor, and I was eager to meet the man and to estimate whether we should get on well together. Forsyth, who was busy writing, jumped up from his desk when I entered. He was a tall, powerful man, stout, with a heavy, deeply lined, rather yellowish face, and small rather unpleasant black eyes. His hair was gray and thinning on the temples.

"The books are all here," said Forsyth. "Ye can look at them any time ye like, sir. If I'm not here at any time, ye'll kindly ask my sister Jessie to show ye in."

I was of course, a complete novice as far as the business side of an estate was concerned, and I said so frankly.

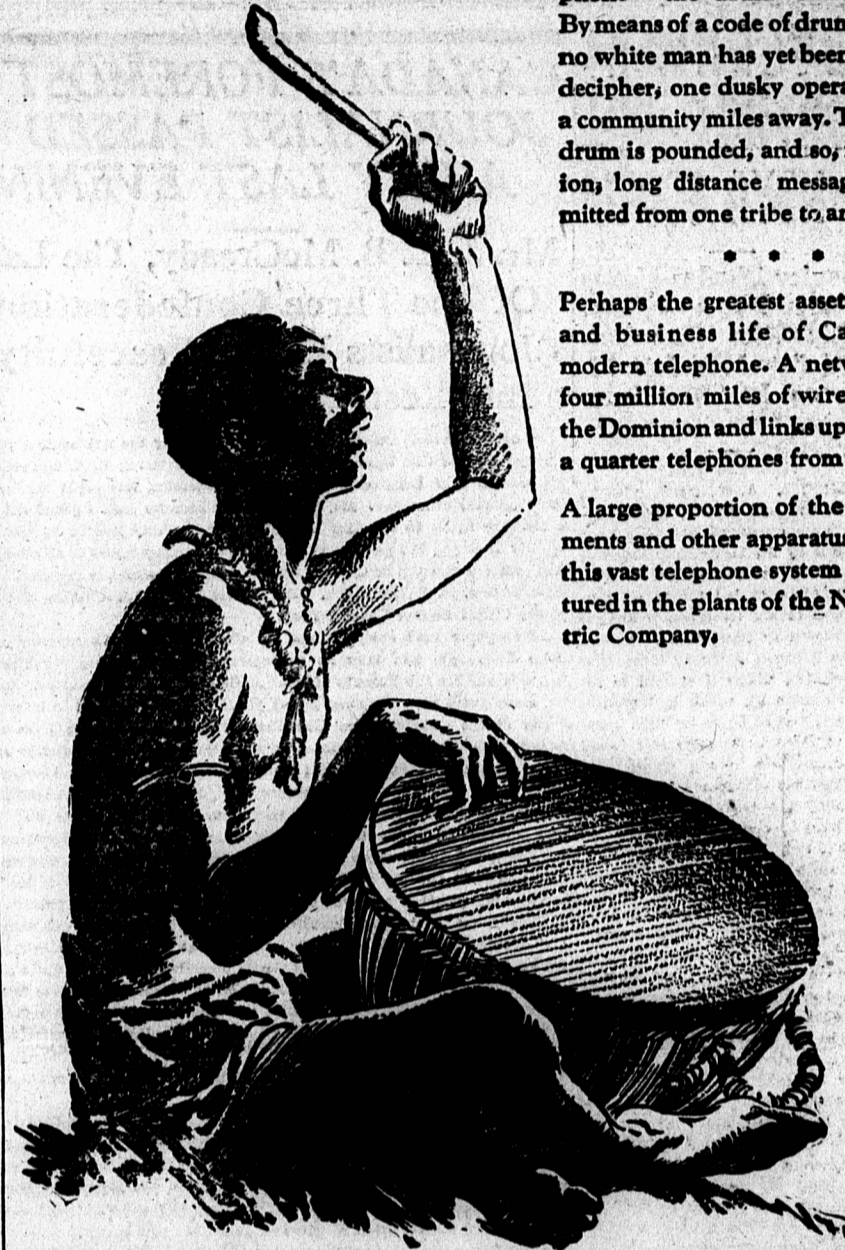
"That's right, sir," said Forsyth, "but ye'll easy get the hang of the books. If they're kept up to date, they'll no' go far wrong. Most of the revenue, of course, is free feudalties in the village. See, here's the map of your estate, sir." He turned to a large

COMMUNICATION

THROUGH the jungles of darkest Africa the voice of the primitive "telephone"—the drum—still reverberates. By means of a code of drum-beats which no white man has yet been able fully to decipher, one dusky operator speaks to a community miles away. There another drum is pounded, and so, in relay fashion, long distance messages are transmitted from one tribe to another.

Perhaps the greatest asset to the social and business life of Canada is the modern telephone. A network of some four million miles of wire spreads over the Dominion and links up a million and a quarter telephones from coast to coast.

A large proportion of the wires, instruments and other apparatus involved in this vast telephone system was manufactured in the plants of the Northern Electric Company.



INFORMATION

The Northern Electric Company also manufactures electrical equipment for industrial purposes, and distributes many electrical appliances indispensable to modern housekeeping.

Northern Electric COMPANY LIMITED A National Electrical Service

86 HOLLIS STREET HALIFAX, N.S.

FOR RENT

3rd floor, completely renovated. Central in business section. \$10.00 a month. Apply Box 116M. 3024-4-12-17week.

FOR SALE

80 acre farm, near York Station, acres hardwood. Barns rebuilt, watered. Wire fenced. 16 per cent new. Also 4 Island horses. F. McGRATH, Coreham.

Minard's Will Stop That Toothache. 2965-4-10-12-15-17-19

FOR SALE

One of Charlottetown Royalty's richest and best 50 acre farms. Good buildings. Choice, large, young orchard and fox ranch. Will sell with or without ranch.

P. A. FARQUHARSON, 99 Upper Prince Street. Telephone 882.

FOR SALE

One Second hand 10-20 Titan Tractor. One second hand Fordson Tractor. One second hand Model-s. I. H. C. Truck. One second hand Republic Truck.

Samuel Kennedy, Kent Street, Charlottetown.

(To be continued)



ALL THE KITCHEN UTENSILS

WHY SUFFER FROM YOUR LIVER?

Why be handicapped with unsightly blotches on the face, eyes with yellow tinge and that tired and languid feeling? This indicates a torpid liver. Headache, Dizziness and Biliousness surely follow. You must stimulate your lazy liver, start the bile flowing with Carter's Little Liver Pills. They also act as a mild laxative, purely vegetable, free from calomel and poisonous drugs, small, easy to swallow, and not habit forming. They are not a purgative that cramps or pains, unpleasant after effect following, on the contrary a good tonic. All Druggists 25c and 75c red package.

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