



No lustre lost— as new as ever

How pretty those beige silk stockings were when you first saw them. It seems a shame that they must be washed, risking their lovely sheen.

You can safely trust them to Lux. The instant soapy Lux suds gently pass through and through the delicate silken weave, dissolving all dirt, dust or perspiration that might possibly harm the threads, and restoring the stockings to their original charm.

After a Lux bath, the finest hosiery will have its original loveliness, to lend charm to dainty ankles.

Lux is sold only in sealed packets—dustproof!



LUX

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO

Mortgage Sale

To be sold by public auction in front of the Court House, in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, on Tuesday, the 29th day of April, A.D. 1924, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, all that tract of land, situate at Clyde River, on Township Number Thirty-one, in Queen's County aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing at a stake fixed in the rear line of twenty-four and one-third acres of land laid off and surveyed by John Ball, Esquire, for Michael Murphy, according to the report made by the late Commissioners appointed in the matter of the application of James Murphy for partition of a farm of land on Lot Thirty-one aforesaid, and which report is registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the said Island, at the distance of nine chains, thirty-three links from the east boundary of William Murphy's land, and in the west boundary of twelve acres of land recently conveyed by the said James Murphy to William Murphy, and thence running south one degree, forty-five minutes east sixty-five chains, forty-five links to the rear line of farms fronting on the West River, thence westwardly along said rear line nine chains thirty-one links to a farm in possession of Charles Fisher, and thence north one degree forty-five minutes west sixty-five chains forty-five links to the said rear line of Michael Murphy's land, and thence along said last mentioned rear line eastwardly to the place of commencement, containing sixty-one acres of land a little more or less. The above sale is made pursuant to a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 2nd day of April, A. D. 1897, and made between John McLean, of Clyde River, Township Number Thirty-one, in Queen's County aforesaid, farmer, of the one part, and Charles Patterson, in Queen's County aforesaid, blacksmith, of the other part, default having been made in payment of principal and interest due under said mortgage. For further particulars apply to McLean & McKinnon, Solicitors, Royal Bank Building, Charlottetown.

Dated this 29th day of March, A. D. 1924. MARY PATTERSON, Executrix Estate Charles Patterson.

Genuine Old English Mammoth

LATE RED PERENNIAL CLOVER SEED. We have just received a shipment of this best of all CLOVER SEED direct from ENGLAND. Farmers will remember that large quantities of OLD ENGLISH MAMMOTH used to be grown some years ago, but it has been impossible to get a good reliable grade of this Seed for years. NOW WE HAVE IT, but only a limited quantity. A heavy cropper. Stands our winters well and with heavy foliage and roots enriches the soil as no other variety can do. The Price is 32 cents per pound. Buy now. Only a limited quantity to offer and cannot get further supplies this year.

Professional Cards. Palmer & Palmer, H. J. PALMER, K. C. Barrister, Etc. Money to Loan. Bank of Nova Scotia Building Charlottetown, P. E. I. MacDonald & McPhee, B. A., H. F. McPHEE, B. A. Barristers, Attorney, Etc. Money to Loan. Ribley Building Charlottetown. Mark R. McGuigan, B. A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Money to Loan. Cameron Block Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Dr. C. C. Archibald, Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital. Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Office Beyer Building, Gt. George Street. Telephone 350-J. Office Hours—9 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5



There's been two men here seeking you, sir. Holles started in eagerness, his mind leading instantly to the Duke of Buckingham. Observing this the landlord grave-faced shook his head. "They was messengers from Bow Street," he said. "They didn't say so. But I know them. They asked a mort' o' questions. How long you had been in my house, and whence you came and what you did. And they ordered me at parting to say nothing about this to you. But..." The landlord shrugged his great shoulders, and curled his lip in contempt of that injunction. Holles collected himself. "Mister Banks," he said, "ye're a good friend, and I thank you, I have done nothing. Of that I can assure you. But appearances may be made to damn me. The unfortunate Mr. Tucker was an old friend of mine."

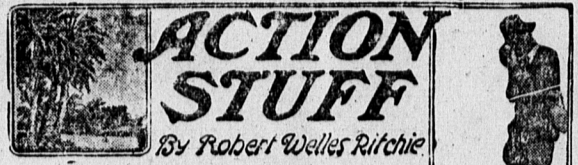
The landlord's sigh interrupted him. "Aye, sir, I thought it might be that, from something they let fall. That's why I take the risk of telling you. In God's name, sir, be off, whiles ye may." The Colonel took the man's advice, paid his score—which absorbed most of the proceeds of the Jewel—and, without so much as waiting to collect what gear he possessed, he set out at once from quarters grown suddenly so very dangerous. He was not a moment too soon. Even as he stepped to the gloom of the street two shadowy forms stopped abruptly before him to bar his way, a lantern was suddenly uncovered, and thrust into his face. "Stand, sir, in the King's name!" a gruff voice commanded him. He could not see whether they had weapons in their hands or not, nor did he wait to ascertain. At a blow he sent the lantern flying, at another he felled the man who had advanced it. The arms of the second messenger wound themselves about his body, and the fellow staided himself to throw him. But before that could happen Holles had knocked the breath out of the man's body by a jolt of his elbow, and, as the catch-poll's arms slackened in their grip, he was flung off and violently hurled against the wall. The pursuit was not long maintained, and presently the Colonel was able with safety to resume a more leisurely and dignified progress. Before dawn he had reached the conclusion that there was but one thing for a sane man in his position to do, and that was to quit this England, where he found nothing but bitterness and disappointment. Now that the Dutch were back in the Texel and the seas open once more, there stood a chance, not even his need of funds should prove an obstacle. He would ship as one of the hands aboard some vessel bound for France. With this intention he made his way to Wapping betimes next morning.

Vessels there were, and hands were needed, but no master would ship him until he had procured himself a certificate of health. "So the Colonel trudged wearily to the Guildhall, going by sparsely tenanted, darksome city streets, where he saw more than one door marked with a cross and guarded by a watchman who warned all wayfarers to keep their distance. The extent of the panic he realized when he came at last to the Guildhall, and found it besieged by coaches, sedan-chairs, and a vast mob on foot. All here were come upon the same errand as himself, to procure the Lord Mayor's certificate of health that should enable them to escape from this stricken city. Most of the day he waited in that throng, enduring the stifling heat and the pangs of hunger and thirst. For the only hawkers moving in the crowd were vendors of preventive medicines and amulets against the plague. Instead of the cry of "Sweet oranges," which in normal times would have been heard in such a gathering, and which he would now have welcomed, here the only cries were: "Infallible Preservative Against Infection," "The Royal Antidote," "Sovereign Cordial Against the Corruption of the Air," and the like. He could ill afford to purchase the favor of the ushers and bribe them in according him some preference. He must wait and take his turn with the humblest there, and, as he had arrived late, his turn did not seem likely to come that day at all. Toward evening he departed empty-handed and disgruntled. Yet within the hour he was to realize

BARGAINS. Yorkshire pigs six weeks old, April 21st, for \$8.00, 9 registered from grand champion sow 1922, also litter for May delivery and 5 young registered sows ready to breed \$15.00 each, 2 brood sows, S. C. STEWART, Dunstaffnage, 2436-4-12-41

For Sale At North Rustico. The undersigned offers for sale, his farm at North Rustico, comprising forty-seven acres of land in a high state of cultivation all shell mudded. Good buildings, convenient to school, stores and churches. For further particulars apply to B. C. Woolner, 2427-4-12-21

eaten nor drunk since early morning—he overheard some scraps of conversation between two citizens at a neighboring table. They were discussing an arrest that had been made that day, and in the course of this they let fall the words which gave pause to Colonel Holles. "But how was he taken? How discovered?" one of them asked. "Why, at the Guildhall, when he sought a certificate of health that should enable him to leave Town. I tell you it's none so easy to leave London nowadays, as evil-doers are finding when they attempt it. Soon or later they'll get Danvers for this way. They're on the watch for him, aye, and for others, too."



O'RIELLY GIVES A CIRCUS

Call him Skipper Terrence O'Reilly, A mad Irishman was he, ready always for a frolic but more than ready for a fight. The gingeriest man for his inches ever out of County Mayo. It was in Japan that O'Reilly and I got together. He was being held in Yokohama by orders of his owners because he'd had the bad luck to get caught trying to run the Japanese blockade into Vladivostok the war with Russia. He was on then—and his ship, the Montara, out of San Francisco, was being held to await decision by a Japanese prize court. The interminable delays of that court's sitting irked the Skipper sorely. It was summer, the period of the nyubai when the heat is unbearable and the dampness puts a rind of mold on your shoes overnight. O'Reilly first courted trouble with the authorities when he gave his silk hat to his rickisha boy and insisted he wear it in place of his regular inverted diskpan head covering. A pretty sight was this coolie with nothing on him but a breech clout and a silk hat, lopping between the shafts down Benten-dori in Yokohama. The police arrested the rickisha boy because they thought he had stolen the hat and when O'Reilly intervened they insisted he must have his ideographed license number in white paint on the shiny side of the title. "So be it!" chortled O'Reilly; and it was so.

Steaming day after steaming day the fiery little Irishman lolled around the Danish hotel, adding each day something to the black curse of Rosecommon he had upon the entire Japanese nation. It was inevitable he should get into mischief. Really the provocation was too great. It came about this explosion of Celtic spirits, in a fashion most unexpected. O'Reilly had asked me to take him somewhere where he could see some geisha—"Not that the hussies are worth a swipe of me hand; but 'tis done, 'tis geisha viewing here in this nest of little brown spiders they call Japan."

To no purpose did I expostulate that a geisha was not a hussy, but a highly trained entertainer comparable to the show girls in a musical piece back home—and maybe superior to some show girls. They were "hussies" and he would view them. So I arranged a geisha dinner at a place once well known to visitors in Japan but now swept away in the vast destruction of the earthquake and fire. Dinner was served a la Japonnaise; on the floor, that is, with raw fish, beans steeped in sugar and all the other typical dishes of the land. Three geisha danced their prettiest and played their shly little games with much prattle of artless language. Terrence O'Reilly was bored to extinction. Give him Billy Van's Beef Trust for entertainment, he loudly demanded. Take away these doll babies. "Finally," to my own considerable mortification, I had to break the news to "mama-san," who in Japan is the lady manager of the geisha, that my friend had his money's worth; would she call her young misses off? "Mama-san" did so in a towering rage, and we were left alone with the remnants of a feast to talk of this and that and why life was so cruel. Perhaps our conversation was punctuated now and then by reference to two justly famous Scotch brothers known to be judges of the humanities. "Along about the shank of the evening my seafaring friend began to bemean the hard life of a master mariner. 'Twas a dog's existence at best and at its worst, it was something he'd not wish on a Chinaman even. "D'ye know, me bhoy, I missed me vacation quite early in life. O'Reilly with the twinkle of a suddenly born inspiration behind the blue in his eye, "I've always envied them circus performers who do nawthin' but shand on the broad ramp ave a horse an' pump through paper hoops. Sorra the chance I've had to do that until this present." Whereupon he rose to his stockinged feet, balanced himself and took a running dive through the paper wall of our banqueting room. Nor did he stay when he landed in the room beyond. Shrieks, sound of reading and splitting walls, blowing of police whistles—these marked his passage through the paper walls of ten rooms. Only the wooden exterior wall at the far end of the establishment stopped O'Reilly.

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Table with school names and student lists. Includes York School and Honour Roll of York School for March.

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