RIVER VIEW FARM FOR SALE

Four miles from Charlottetown, excellent land with good buildings. Also beautiful site for fox ranch.

P. BYRNE,
North River

1071 3-23mwf6i.

NOTICE

Sale of valuable property on Corner of Euston and Hillsborough Streets

One double tenement house and shop on Euston Street.

One single tenement house on Hillsborough Street.

Also one double tenement house on Sydney Street.

All of those properties are in good repair and insured and bringing in good rents.

Those properties will be sold by Tender, the highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

The Tenders will be opened on the first of May, 1925.

H. CRASWELL, or R. K. BRACE
186 King Street

1165-3-27fi.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until 12 o'clock noon April 16th, 1925 for repairs to Bonshaw Presb. Church. Plans and specifications to be seen at Mr. J. J. McLeod's.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted by Committee.

JOHN J. McLEOD, Secy.
Bonshaw, March 28th, 1925.

166-4-1wfn4i.

FOR SALE

Property at St. Avard's, consisting of dwelling house and barn ½ acre of land, apple and plum trees, gooseberry and black currant bushes and a good well of water. Apply to the owner at St. Avards.

JOHN JORDAINE

118-4-3-tfmw.

FOR SALE

Standard Bred Stallion Baroncas 215¼. For terms and particulars apply

W. R. KEENAN,
Murray River

1195-3-28M7i.

FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale my farm of 50 acres on the Brackley Point Road, 47 acres under high state of cultivation 3 acres of maple grove around buildings which would be an ideal spot for a fox ranch. Good buildings and good orchard and farm all fenced with cedar posts and wire. About nine miles from Charlottetown.

For further particulars apply to
EDGAR BRYENTON,
Kensington

109-4-1M41.

FARM FOR SALE

AT

NORTH TRYON

Consisting of 120 acres. Dwelling and out buildings. Convenient to Churches, Stores, Mills and School, also Creamery. All buildings electris lighted.

For particulars apply to

WILBUR TRAINOR,
Elgin, Alb. Co.
N. B.

774-3-5tf

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J. A. McDONALD H. F. McPHEE
B. A.
Barristers, Attorney, Etc.
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Dr. C. C. Archibald
Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital
Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Office Bayer Building
Great George Street
Office Hours—9 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5
Telephone 850-J.

Mark R. McGuigan
B. A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC
Money to Loan
Cameron Block
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

OXLEY & JOHNSON
Halifax
F. Beresford Oxley
T. Harold Johnson, C. A.,
Frank E. Smith, C. A.
Public Accountants and Auditors
Membership in Institutes of Chartered Accountants of P. E. Island and Nova Scotia

315-2-7att3mos

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THE EASIEST TO TURN

GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS

EASY PAYMENTS
WE PAY THE FREIGHT

SWEDISH SEPARATOR COMPANY, LIMITED
364 NOTRE DAME STREET WEST
MONTREAL, CANADA

Reliable Agents Wanted in territory where we are not represented

24

Unique Parentage Case In Suit

NEW YORK, April 1.—Blood tests to determine whether her four-year-old son, Agnew, has negro blood, will be offered by Miss Florence Reddington, a nurse in her $150,000 breach of promise suit against Col. Isaac N. Ullman, Republican leader and corset manufacturer of New Haven, Conn., which goes on trial tomorrow before Supreme Court Justice Charles L. Guy and a jury.

Colonel Ullman, in denying parentage of the child, charged that Andrew Peters, a negro, was the father. It is said to be the first time New York courts will be called upon to decide the validity of blood tests in establishing parentage.

The case was called today and a jury selected, but the trial was put over until tomorrow upon the plea of attorney for Miss Reddington that one of her counsel had withdrawn and a substitute had not been found.

FOR SALE

AT HERMITAGE, LOT 49, P. E. I.

80 acres good land, 60 acres clear, balance covered with hard and soft wood. Good dwellings, and good buildings near churches, schools and mills and ¼ mile from Railway Station. For further particulars apply to

EMERSON SHEIDOW,
Millview

158-4-3fmw9i.

MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by Public Auction on Tuesday,, the seventh day of April, A. D., 1925, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, in front of the Law Courts Building at Charlottetown in Queen's County, ALL THAT TRACT PIECE AND PARCEL OF LAND situate lying and being on Township Number thirty-five in Queen's County aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, that is to say:—Bounded on the north by the Main Road leading from Fort Augustus to Charlottetown, on the west and south by Johnston's River Creek, and on the east by the rear line of the Donagh Settlement farms, containing by estimation One Hundred and Twenty acres of land a little more or less.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a mortgage bearing date the 18th day of January, A.D., 1918, and made between Charles Cummiskey of Mount Ryan, Township Number thirty-five in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, Farmer, of the one part, and the undersigned of the other part, because of default having been made in payment of the interest secured thereby.

For further particulars apply at the office of MacDONALD & MacPHEE Solicitors, Riley Building, Charlottetown.

Dated this sixth day of March A. D., 1925.

LEONARD WOOD,
Mortgagee

154-4-3M1i.

For Fire Insurance
consult
H. M. SIMPSON
156 Richmond Street
Phone 362

WILD HORSES

By Henry Herbert Knibbs

CHAPTER VI

"My dam was a mustang white and proud;
My sire was as black as a thunder-cloud;
I was foaled on the mesas cold and high,
Where the strong ones live and the weak ones die,
And the mountain lion steals!

"I know no foe and I knew no fear,
With a milk-white mustang grazing near;
When the grass grew green in the summer sun,
I learned to dodge and I learned to run,
And I learned to use my heels!"

SUDDENLY the young Mexican turned toward the canon trail. Below, the tiny figures of horsemen moved about, as though undecided as to what course to take. Felipe surmised that they would ask him why he had let the gray stallion escape—and Felipe would have to admit that Johnny Trent had tricked him.

Meanwhile, Johnny was riding swiftly south along the rim-rock. The gray had headed toward the Turkey Springs country. Cutting diagonally through the timberland, Johnny arrived at Turkey Springs about an hour later, where he found fresh tracks in the mud round the water-hole. The stallion had paused to drink, circled the water-hole, and swung off toward the desert. Realizing that he could never overtake the stallion this side of the western hills, Johnny filled his canteen and examined his equipment. Chico, trotting up, drank at the springs, keeping close to the blue roan as though he intended to see the game through.

With careful deliberation Johnny took up the task of tracking the gray stallion. He rode west through the dwindling junipers and into the pine timber, swung to the left and dropped down into Red Rock Canon, and in the dry, sandy river-bed traced the course of the fugitive. He could not help but admire the persistence and courage of the gray stallion in his battle for freedom. Johnny wondered if Lopez and his kin would take up the trail of the stallion again. If they did, there was the possibility of further argument, out there on the desert. Johnny recalled the old cattleman's advice: "But the next time he comes at you—use that gun you pack under your arm." Johnny hoped there would be no necessity for that kind of argument. Moreover, Lopez would be sober, which meant that he would hesitate to crowd a handy gun too close.

Far ahead of his tracker the wild horse fled down the widening floor of the canon and out on to the greasewood flats edging the actual desert. Visible on an occasional rise then disappearing to blend with the color of the desert itself, the stallion swung on as though winged with light. A piece of the broken reata dangled from his neck. Occasionally his knee would strike the reata, when it would whip forward and flick him on the nose. Then the stallion would jump sideways, shake his head, and roll his upper lip back. But he never faltered in his stride, boring straight on toward the upheaval of shattered rock and somber black crater cones that marked the edge of the bad-lands. As yet, Johnny had not seen him. The wild horse had disappeared within the maze of shimmering spires, squat buttes and malpai ridges, long before Johnny rode out of the narrow, winding canon at an easy trot, followed by the bay pony Chico, a self-elected member of the enterprise. Somewhere in the bad-lands was a spring of clear cold water. Johnny had heard old-timers talk about it, describing with slow emphasis the peculiarities of the volcanic cone in which it was hidden. The crater itself, so he had been told, was lined with loose cinders clear to the bottom, which was flat, covered with fine sand, and some three hundred yards in circumference. The spring seeped from a crevice in the western side of the crater, dripping into a smooth shallow basin of rock shielded from the sun by a freakish arch of red lava. It was said the spring had been discovered by an old prospector, who, perishing of thirst, had climbed the cone to look for some landmark of hope, and had blindly stumbled upon the hidden water. Searchers had finally trailed him, found the skeleton of a burro near the outside edge of the cone, and with the precaution of strung reatas had descended into the crater where they discovered the bones of the prospector near the spring. He had apparently been unable to climb the steep cinder-covered sides of the crater. In fact, the searchers, even with the help of reatas, had found it difficult to gain the top on account of the shifting, loose cinders that slid down upon them at each step. Johnny recalled the story as he jogged along, keeping an eye on the tracks of the stallion. He had heard many such tales which he had discounted liberally, aware of the fondness of many old-timers for creating romance out of materials that, if exposed to the actual light of investigation, would fade swiftly. Several natives of Solano had told of the hidden spring, but, when questioned, admitted that they did not know in which of the extinct volcano craters it was to be found.

Waves of heat buffeted horse and rider as they left the greasewood flats and struck into the actual desert. Toward noon the sun hammered hard, but the refraction of heat and light from the glaring sand was even worse. Johnny allowed himself a taste of water from his canteen. Now at a walk, now at a trot, he followed the evenly spaced tracks of the gray stallion. And because the horse might cinally circle back to the mesas Johnny kept a vigilant eye on the open reaches toward the north. Four after hour he slippel along, riding with his shadow; followed persistently by the bay pony to which he now paid no attention whatever. Grudingly the sun rounded toward the horizon. At about four o'clock the heat seemed to concentrate, sweeping across the rustling sand in billows that seared like the blast from an open furnace. Before he realized it, Johnny was among the scattered buttes and pinnacles that dotted the great, hill-girdled basin of the desert. He counter seven cones so similar in contour and size that they seemed as though made from the same gigantic mould. The stallion's tracks bore on toward the west.

Johnny passed the first black, mountainous cone, which, owing to its steepness and symmetry, seemed much higher than it really was. He possed the second. Here the tracks of the stallion swerved toward the north.

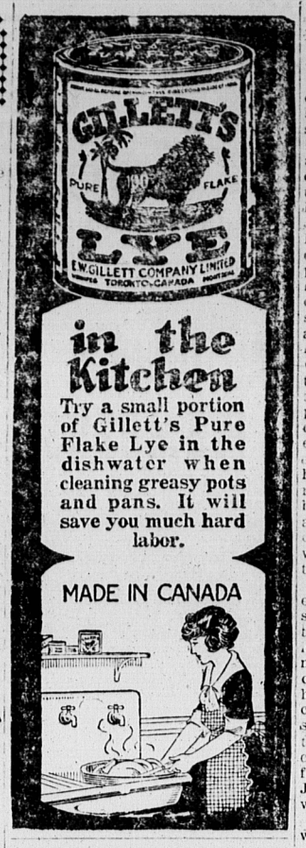
Rounding the base of the third cone, Johnny paused in the scant shade of its northern side. The stallion's tracks held close to the base of the crater, finally disappearing on a slant of smooth, caked lava which spread in black undulations toward the outlying level of sand. Intent on the tracks, Johnny did not at first relaize why Pronto and the bay pony had stopped and were both looking at the peak above. He glanced up. On the rim of the crater, outlined like a cameo against the turquoise sky, stood the gray stallion, his neck arched, his muscular body poised in challenging surprise. Johnny was lost in sheer admiration for the intrepid animal. The sides of the volcanic cone were steep—in places treacherously smooth, in other equally treacherous in broken and jagged tufa. That any horse should attempt to climb that height! And why had the horse made that mighty effort, instead of bearing on, off toward the north and the mesas? Johnny was puzzled. He could not believe that the wild horse had deliberately chosen the peak as a refuge from pursuit.

Pronto and Chico, with pricked ears and heads lifted, gazed at the silhouette above them, immobile as the black hill itself, the gray stallion stood with nostrils belled, his muscles tense, poised as though carven from dull silver. Johnny's heart thumped heavily. His throat constricted. If the wild horse should start down the outside of the cone, Johnny knew that he could head him and rope him before he got out on to the sand. As Johnny gazed, the gray stallion whirled and lunged from sight.

"His grave was waiting for him," whispered Johnny.

He led Pronto to a ragged chunk of rock and slowly climbed the dangerous steep of the great cone. On the rim he paused to get his breath. He glanced into the crater, whistled his surprise, and then sat down, rolled a cigarett and smoked. The gray stallion was circling the level, sand-strewn floor of the crater as though searching for a way out. Across from where Johnny sat and some sixty feet below, a freakish red arch sprang from the western wall near its base. "Did he know there was water down there?" murmured Johnny, almost willing to believe anything possible.

Yet he soon turned to the practical, estimating the distance from the rim to the bottom, the steepness of the funnel-like sides, the circumference of the sandy bottom itself, and the possibility of getting out again, should he decide to venture into the trap and make a last desperate effort to capture the stallion. He concluded that there was one slim chance in a hundred that the stallion could be saved; for the problem was not one of getting down into the trap, but of getting out again. The funnel of the cone was lined with fine cinders that rustled down at the slightest touch. Even now the tracks where the stallion had lunged down into the trap were disappearing as the cinders whispered in slow movement. If the wild horse were left in the pit he would starve. "And it was me drove you into this," said Johnny. "It's up to me to save you, even if you give me the slip in the wind-up." And Johnny thought of Grace Percival and his promise to her—but that was insignificant, now. For Johnny was fundamentally unselfish and appreciated a fine animal for the thing it was rather than for its usefulness to man. Primarily he had intended capturing the stallion, breaking him, and presenting him to Grace Percival to please her, to gain her favor. He was through with that idea.



"Let the Maritime Provinces Flourish by Their Industries."
BORDEN FACTORY-TRURO, N.S.

COLOR CUT-OUTS

Queen of Hearts

THE VILLAIN

This is one day's chapter of the story that goes with the rhyme "The Queen of Hearts." Children who save the cut-outs each day will have a whole set of "Queen of Hearts" paper dolls at the end of the week.

* * *

Just as the Queen was taking a peep at the tarts in the oven along came the Knave of Hearts.

"Good morning, Queen," he said politely. "It is a fine summer's day. What are you doing in this kitchen?"

"I am making some tarts for the King," said the Queen shortly. She didn't like the Knave and knew he was hinting for one of her tarts. So she went back to the oven and the Knave passed on, the odor of the wonderful tarts still tempting him.

(Color the Knave's hair light brown and his suit bright red, leaving the hearts white.)

(Copyright 1925.)

Speaker presiding.

D. F. Kellner, East Edmonton, moved that when the private Bills have been disposed of on Tuesday and Friday evenings, the balance of the hour shall be devoted to the public bills and orders. The House divided 93 to 93 on the motion. The Speaker voted in the negative and the motion was lost.

WGY Program

SATURDAY, APRIL 4

WGY (Schenectady, N. Y.)
General Electric Company
790 Kilocycles (379.5 Meters)
Eastern Standard Time

11.55 a. m.—Time signals.
12.30 p. m.—Stock market report.
12.40 p. m—Produce market report.
9:30 p. m.—Dance music by Phil Romano's Orchestra from New Kenmore Hotel, Albany, N. Y., and songs.

Bank Manager Pleads Guilty

MONTREAL, April 1.—J. A. Boyer pleaded guilty this afternoon before Chief Justice Decarie to the charge of embezzling $2,498 and of being short in his accounts of $1,100 at the branch of the Bank of Hochelaga, at St. Anne De Bellvue of which he was the manager. He will be sentenced later.

About two monts ago, Boyer staged a fake holdup of the bank. Boyer pretended that he had been hit on the head by two bandits who escaped in an automobile. Police at first believed his story but later they became suspicious and his arrest followed.

House Breaks Even On Vote

(Canadian Press)

OTTAWA, Mar. 31.—For the first time in its history—so far as available records indicate—the House of Commons today divided evenly and the Speaker was called upon to give his casting vote. There have been occasions before of even division in committee, but not in the House itself with the

Father of forty devils—Constipation! Get sure relief with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Face and body pay a terrific penalty to this tyrant disease.

The face tells of constipation's ravages. Rid yourself of the poisons that constipation sends seeping through your body—poisons that lead to over forty serious diseases—poisons that cause spots before the eyes, headaches, pimply skin, circles under the eyes, unpleasant breath, blotchy, sallow skin, etc.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN brings relief even in the most chronic cases of constipation. If eaten regularly, it is guaranteed to bring *permanent* relief or your grocer returns the purchase price.

Only ALL BRAN can be wholly effective. That is why doctors recommend Kellogg's. That is why Kellogg's ALL-BRAN has brought health to thousands when all else has failed. Try it!

Eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily—in chronic cases, with every meal. You will like its nut-like flavor. Ready-to-eat with milk or cream. Try it in the recipes given on every package. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is made in London, Canada, and served by leading hotels and restaurants everywhere. Your grocer sells it. Buy a package today.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

AUCTION SALE

Saturday, April 4th.

Afternoon and Evening

Ladies', Childern's and Men's Shoes and Rubbers, odd lines of Groceries and Paints. All new goods including twelve cases canned pineapple. Fish, Sardines, Lobsters, Salmon and Salt Turbot.

Store always open, private selling.

A. AYLWARD & CO.

93 Queen Street

J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.

135-4-2M21.

EGG STORAGE SPACE

Application for cold storage space for eggs for the season, April 15th to December 15th next, will be received by this Company up to and including Friday, April 10th prox.

Space will be allotted proportionately should applications total more than space available.

All space reserved must be paid for whether used or not.

Applications should be in sealed envelopes, marked plainly on outside, "Application Egg Storage."

THE ISLAND COLD STORAGE CO., LTD.

142 2-4-7-3i

50 Germans Drowned During Manoeuvres

(Canadian Press)

DETMOLD, Germany, March 31.—Fifty members of German Reichswehr were drowned in the River Weser this morning when a bridge being constructed by pioneers in connection with Reichswehr manoeuvres collapsed. The victims were part of a column marching in full field equipment which attempted to use the temporary structure. More than one hundred soldiers were precipitated into the river when a pontoon bridge gave away and a first estimate of the fifty drowned may be exceeded.

One Dead, Result Of Shooting

REXTON, N.B., March 31.—David Mitchell, 25, carpenter by trade, of West Galloway is dead following a shooting at a shack at St. Nicholas River occupied by three Grant brothers, William, John and Charles. Coroner J. T. Bourque and Louis Robichaud, Clerk of Peace left today for the scene of the shooting to hold an inquest.

Home-baking—Home ties

Home-baking makes children healthy and happy. It gives them pleasant memories of home in after years.

With Quaker Flour, home-baking is easy. It is good for pies and cakes, as well as bread. Because every sack is of the same high quality, you can rely on perfect results every time.

Quaker Flour

Always the Same-Always the Best

Deal with the dealer who sells Quaker Flour. If you do not know his name, write us and we will direct you.

A Product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon 265

MORE HUMOURS OF HISTORY

By ARTHUR MORELAND

No. 59. Ralph Flambard

Archbishop Lafranc died in 1089. He was a moderate man whose counsels often checked the Conqueror's excesses. Rufus, relieved of this powerful influence, found a minister more to his liking in Ralph, a Norman clerk. Under his guidance, Bishoprics as they became vacant were kept so and their revenues diverted to the Royal Treasury. These depredations earned for Ralph the name of Flambard, or "the torch."

CROSS WORD PUZZLE COUPON

From the Charlottetown Guardian

Please find enclosed 50 cents for your Cross Word Puzzle Game.

Name _____

Address _____