

Every package of Red Rose Tea is prepared with the same care—as if our reputation were to stand or fall upon that single package.

# RED ROSE TEA

“is good tea”  
RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE is extra good

## 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 30th. 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. MacKINNON,  
Liquidators

2674-3-27-31thentstf.

## AUCTION SALE At Black Pond

I am instructed by Mr. Frank Warren to sell by Public Auction on his premises at Black Pond on Tuesday, May 20th, A. D., 1930, at one o'clock p. m. sharp, his mill property consisting of grist and saw mills; also his farm of 20 acres with good house and other outbuildings. His stock, crop, implements and household furniture.

For further particulars see Hand-bills.  
JOHN P. BRADLEY,  
Auctioneer.

## Professional Cards

### AUDITORS

Accounts Audited, Income Tax Returns Prepared.  
A. E. MacNeill & Co.  
127 Grafton Street  
3134-4-17-1mo.

Eugene Permanent Waving and FINGER WAVING  
All branches of Beauty Culture at the  
ELITE BEAUTY SHOPPE  
Summerside  
3033-5-6-1151mo.

Mark R. McGuigan,  
B. A.  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

McLeod & Bentley  
J. A. BENTLEY  
W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.  
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law  
Office: 180 Richmond Street  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

McDonald & McPhee  
B. A.  
J. A. McDONALD, H. F. McPHEE  
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, ETC.  
MONEY TO LOAN

Stewart & Lowther  
J. D. STEWART, K. C.  
N. W. LOWTHER  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.  
84 Great George Street  
MONEY TO LOAN

### Dr. D. T. Waye

DENTAL SURGEON  
130 Richmond Street  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
Office Hours P. A. M. to 1 P. M.  
2 P. M. to 5 P. M. Phone 543

## “FARMERS”

WOOL IS VERY LOW

Ship us all your washed wool to be manufactured into yarn, selling the finished article and thereby increase your profits.

Our charges are as follows: Carding, 8 cents per pound, carding and spinning single yarn 25 cents per pound, doubling and twisting 3 cents extra, coloring 10 cents per pound extra. We pay freight both ways on shipments of 100 lbs. or over, and guarantee satisfaction. Will be pleased to forward sample card and shipping tags on request.

F. H. COPP WOOLEN MILL,  
Port Elgin, N. B.  
3-15-31.

## NOTICE

No trespassing on my property in Newton, Lot 26.

ALICE TRAINOR,  
3765-5-15-thursat3wks.

## 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.

## Prince Edward Island Hospital Annual Meeting

A public meeting of all contributors to the Prince Edward Island Hospital will be held in Saint Paul's Parish Hall on Thursday, May 22nd, 1930, at 8 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing trustees and any other business that may be brought for the government of the institution in accordance with the by-laws and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before it.

ADA E. HARRIS,  
Secretary.  
3645-5-8-tst2wks.

## FOR SALE

SEED POTATOES  
Spaulding Rose  
Irish Cobblers  
Green Mountains

At our Warehouse, Hogan's Wharf.  
Phone 1179

J. LESTER DOUGLAS  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

## SPINNING AND WEAVING

Send me your wool to be spun into yarn or wove into blankets; the charge for spinning single yarn is 25 cents per pound and doubled 28 cents. Spinning and weaving a blanket \$2.25. Blankets are (white only) and all wool 72 x 90 inches unwashed wool must be washed clean and all burs and dirt picked out. Send by mail or freight. Freight will be paid on shipments of 100 lbs. Put shippers name on all parcels and owners name, address and instructions inside, otherwise I will not be responsible for losses. The size of single yarn is medium and doubled yarn, fine, medium and coarse.

WM. LANDRIGAN  
SOUTH, P. E. I.

## “THE THIRD WARNING”

a thrilling tale of love and mystery  
By AUGUSTUS MUIR

Continued

Cautiously I looked over the gunwale. A lantern hung above me on the mast, but that was the only sign of life. Should I send up a brisk halloo, and bluff the man on watch that I was an accredited messenger come for Shaw? Or should I try sterner measures? I listened for some sound of the man on watch, but could hear nothing save the waves round the hull. I pulled myself up and stepped gingerly on deck.

“HANDS UP!”

Nothing stirred. A heavy iron pin which my hand encountered on the gunwale, I pulled out and slipped in my pocket. It wasn't much of a weapon in a tussle, but it was better than nothing. There must be somebody on board, I reflected, yet the silence was uncanny. I went aft, picking my way over ropes and around hatchways. A companionway led downward. I stepped forward and took a survey. There was a door at the side of it, and one or two portholes bearing on the deck. Then I noticed what I hadn't observed before. Through these portholes there was a dim glimmer of light. I peered through, but could make out nothing. Tiny curtains were drawn inside.

Then a solution of the stillness occurred to me—here possibly was the man who should be on his watch having a quick cup of coffee over a stove. I had to get a move on of some kind, for to do nothing was to court disaster.

So prepared either to bluff like the devil or make a fight of it, I slowly pushed open the door.

The place I entered was a little saloon, with a door between into a cabin. But the saloon was empty. A lamp tured low, stood on the table. Was Shaw a trussed-up heap in the cabin? I stepped forward. And suddenly with a clang the door slammed behind me. At the same moment, something hard was stuck against my back and a sharp voice rang out:

“Hands up!”  
I turned with a gasp.  
And I looked into the smiling face of George.

“By jove, old thing, you did put the wind up me for a minute!”

“What about me?” I gasped. “Talk about wind! But what the deuce does it all mean? What in heaven's name are you doing here?”

“And what are you doing?”  
“I came to find Shaw. These two wrong 'uns, Seymour and Smith, coaxed me, and I was dumped into a fisherman's cottage ashore. By a bit of luck I got clear and came out here to get Shaw away. He must have been lugged out a couple of hours ago.”

“You've drawn blank,” said George. “I've been aboard for three hours. Not a soul has shown up except yourself, and I've kept a stiff look-out. As a matter of fact, I came in here to see if this fellow has come round yet.” He stooped down and pulled the burly body of a seaman from below the broad seat-boards. He was tied up and helpless, and there was a gag in his mouth.

“Sorry, old fellow,” said George, stooping down. “That was a nasty swipe you got. Feeling better now?”

The seaman glared viciously. George pulled a flask from his pocket and untied the handkerchief that held the gag in place. A string of foreign oaths flowed from his mouth like a spring tide.

“Have a gargle of this,” said George holding the flask to his lips. “You'll feel better.” The man drank greedily. George slipped back the gag and whipped round the handkerchief. “I'm expecting company in a little while,” he remarked, “and it wouldn't do for you to be singing when they come aboard.”

Then he turned to me. “Come outside, Ronny. We've been long enough in here. We're running a nice little risk of being knocked over the head, which would happen in a twinkling if the crew got aboard without our spotting 'em. Up on the bridge with you! We can talk there, and for heaven's sake keep your eyes skinned. This darkness is the very blazes.”

“You haven't told me what you're doing here,” I ejaculated; “when did

# NO-MAR FURNITURE

### Spilled Perfume or medicine, won't hurt the fine finish of this furniture.

That's because it is NO-MAR—a finish that is not only more beautiful, more lustrous in appearance and more lasting, but one that is proof against nearly all minor household mishaps. There is only one NO-MAR and that is Malcolm & Hill NO-MAR, sold by leading furniture stores everywhere. Look for the guarantee tag that identifies the genuine.

If your dealer hasn't NO-MAR write for our folder showing distinctive suites and pieces. We will tell you where you can buy NO-MAR. Malcolm & Hill Limited, Kitchener, Ontario

IF IT'S NOT MALCOLM & HILL—IT'S NOT NO-MAR



## FURNITURE IS ONLY AS GOOD AS ITS FINISH

you come from London?”

“I got to Berwick yesterday morning. But on duty, my friend. On duty. You remember my Home Office pal I spoke of in Edinburgh? He's been messing about for some weeks on a special mission, and he got me roped in for it as well. That's why I had to go to London. As soon as the fellow's report came in I was budied north on the same job.”

“What job?”

A LEAKAGE

“For over a year,” said George “there's been a leakage into Germany from this country of airplane parts and machine gun parts and Lord knows what else of the same sort. A regular trade of it! Yes, you may well gasp. They've suspected the stuff has been going from Leith camouflaged. I was to go and join my pal in Edinburgh. But in the train I began to put two and two together. One rather important fact occurred to me, namely, that the Coast Guard had been abo-

lished for about a year. And by jove, Ronny, I hopped out at Berwick instead of going on to Edinburgh and chartered a motor launch. At least I tried to. Shut up for a second and I'll tell you. Yes; this was yesterday morning. There was only one motor launch in the place and that belonged to a young lunatic called Jerry Millerton. The natives think him half-baked—if he isn't trying to kill himself in his motorcar he's trying to drown himself in his motorboat. Just

the man I wanted! Well, he isn't a man; he's a youth of 19. I interrupted him at breakfast, and he swore the launch was at my disposal for a trip to the North Pole, if I liked, only he must come too. Been eating his head off, has Jerry, for a bit of excitement, and, by thunder, he's got it. We trailed that coast yesterday to Dunbar and back, and jotted down six likely coves on my map and decided to watch 'em

## Auction Sale

I am instructed to sell at Public Auction on the premises at Fort Augustus, on Thursday, the 15th day of May, 3.30 P. M., property of the late Christopher Bradley, consisting of fifty acres of land with dwelling house and outbuildings in excellent locality on the Fort Augustus Road near Church and school.

J. A. McDONALD,  
Auctioneer.

Continued from Page 7

—By George McManus



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