

SPRING

Clearance Sale!

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
APRIL 29th and 30th



Ladies' Coats, Suits and Dresses

Table listing clothing items and prices: 12 Crepe Suits, dark shades, worth up to \$12.95, clearing for \$4.95; Summer Wash Dresses, slightly soiled, \$1.59; 3 Ladies' Swagger Suits, clearing \$7.95; 6 Ladies' Coats, sizes 16 and 18, special value \$7.95; Children's Coats and Suits \$4.95; Rain Capes, Ladies' and Misses 59c; 2 Piece Wool Suits, soiled, clearing \$3.98; Crepe Dresses, dark shades, sizes 14 to 51 \$1.98; 12 Skirts, special \$1.69; Crepe Dresses, clearing \$2.49; Ladies' House Dresses 69c; Ladies' Short Sleeve Sweaters 59c; Slightly Soiled Blouses worth up to \$2.98 \$1.00; A few Nurses Uniforms, discontinued lines, clearing \$1.00.

Bargain Basement

Table listing men's clothing items: Men's Overalls, heavy weight, all sizes Pair \$1.19; Men's Overall Pants, clearing, pair 98c; Men's Work Shirts, special, each 69c; Men's Work Shirts, special, each 49c; Men's Dress Shirts, clearing, each 59c; Men's Hose, 5 pairs for 90c; Men's Shirts and Shorts, clearing per suit 59c; Men's Combination Underwear, special 49c; Boys' Overalls, extra special, pair 59c; Boys' Overall Pants, clearing, pair 89c; Ladies' Cotton Hose, all sizes, pair 19c; Ladies' Silk Hose, assorted shades and sizes, pair 29c; Ladies' Slips, clearing, each 69c; Ladies' Cotton Dresses, extra special each 59c; Turkish Towels, clearing, each 9c.

Accessories

Table listing accessories: Ladies' Chiffon & Crepe Chiffon Hose, reg. \$1.50 clearing for, pair 79c; Sub-standard Hose, latest shades, Chiffon & Semi-Service, pair 59c; An odd lot of Ladies' Kid Gloves, Black, Brown and Navy, pair \$1.39; A clearing line of Ladies' Spring Gloves, all colors, pair 39c; Ladies' Handbags, all colors, special Each \$1.59; Kiddies Knee Length Hose, special, pr 29c; A clearing line of collars, each 39c; Additional Bargains Not Listed COME AND SEE!

Lingerie Department



Table listing lingerie items: Crepe de Chene Dance Sets \$1.50, clearing for 79c; Plain Satin Panties \$1.35 clearing for 98c; Harvey Woods Panties, reg. \$1.00 clearing for 69c; Clearing line of Bloomers and Panties, Special 39c; Rayon Slips, lace trimmed, clearing 98c; Broken lines in Satin, Crepe and Silk Knit Slips, ranging from \$2.00 to \$3.25 clearing at \$1.29; Crepe de chene Pyjamas, reg. \$3.25, clearing for \$1.98; Rayon Nightgowns, Tea Rose and Blue 89c.

Men's Department

Table listing men's clothing items: Juvenile Spring Coats, sizes 2 to 6 years, clearing at \$2.50 & \$3.50; Boys' Ensemble Suits, Coat, Pants and Cap to match, tweed effects, sizes 5 to 10 years, special \$5.00; Boys & Youths Rain Coats, Trench Model, colors Blue, Black and Fawn shades, sizes 28 to 36, clearing \$3.75 & \$4.75; To Clear—25 Boys' Tweed Suits, light shade, bloomer pants, sizes 32 to 36, special value \$3.98; 25 Youths Tweed Suits, light shades, long pants, sizes 32 to 36 only, special \$5.98; Men's Sport Back and Plain Back Suits, fancy Tweeds, with two pair pants, special \$15.00; Men's Fancy Tweed Top Coats, clearing \$13.50 to \$19.50; Men's Blue, Fawn, Grey and Brown Check Rain Coats, Trench Model \$6.00; 25 Fancy Tweed Top Coats, plain and sport back models, clearing \$5.00; 300 pairs men's pants, tweed and worsted \$2.00 to \$6.00; Men's Dress Shirts, regular \$1.35 for \$1.00; Men's Dress Shirts, regular \$1.95 for \$1.25; Men's Fancy Hose, 25c pair or 5 pairs for \$1.00; Men's Balbriggan Underwear, clearing, per suit 75c; Men's Fur Felt Hats, regular \$3.00 clearing for \$2.00; Men's Work Shirts, full cut, all sizes 89c; Men's Overalls, extra special, pair \$1.39.



PHONE 808

S. A. MACDONALD'S

PHONE 809

TO BALK EXPLOSIONS (By The Canadian Press) LONDON—Menace of explosions in movie theatres has been checked by a trailing ground wire device perfected by the National Physical Laboratory.

Professional Cards

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DAUGHTER OF EXILE By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

CHAPTER X MITCHELL INVESTIGATES Halford stared out of the church window at the green clad figure of General Mitchell like a rabbit fascinated by a stout, Mitchell, apparently unconscious of the eyes fixed upon him, continued to regard the ancient stone cross with benign interest. The warm sunshine lit up his round face beneath the red hair, a face which was placid with sleepy good humour. An impatient hand was laid on Halford's sleeve. Recalled to his surroundings, he drew back hurriedly from the window. Wolff had grown tired of the imaginary conversation which he had been maintaining for the benefit of the unknown outside the church. He whispered: "Who is it?" Halford drew him still further back from the window. He hissed in Wolff's ear. "It's Mitchell. You said he was after you, and here he is!" Wolff frowned. His delicate features betrayed a slight annoyance, but no more. "An awkward contrempe," he murmured. "I don't know if General Mitchell knows me by sight. He might not recognize me. Still, I suppose it's better not to take chances." Still perfectly cool, Wolff glanced swiftly round him. The yawning hole in the wall which gave access to the old chamber that had been used by the lepers beckoned him like a finger, and he smiled ruefully, showing his white, sharp pointed teeth. "Some of my enemies might say it was singularly appropriate. However, he who fights and runs away—"

der, and he was suddenly peering up at Halford, like a pecky sparrow, his blue eyes full of sharp inquiry. Halford began to regret his enthusiasm for the Bible. "No," he replied haltingly. "I'm afraid not. I wish I did. Do you?" Mitchell did not answer him directly. "You ought to learn it," he said warmly. "It's a fine tongue." He crooned over the Bible once more, tenderly turning the leaves. Then his blue eyes began to dart round the church, and Halford shivered as they fell on the lepers' chamber. But the general's gaze travelled on. "A very fine building," he observed, and putting his hands behind him, began to stroll round. Halford felt his eyes being drawn irresistibly to the hole in the wall. Wolff was presumably crouching in the semi-darkness of his hiding place, but there was no sound from the chamber. To prevent being detected looking at the fatal spot he tore his eyes away and began to follow the general on his tour of inspection. Mitchell chatted happily, commenting on the architecture and the history of the church, which he seemed to have picked up from the guide book. Halford answered him with commonplace. The general seemed determined to see everything. Sooner or later he would come back to the hole in the wall, ask what lay beyond, pose his head through. Halford wondered if he should make some excuse to get out of the church, pretend to be feeling faint, perhaps. He coughed and put a hand to his throat as a prelude to this manoeuvre, when Mitchell suddenly left his side and darted away. Halford's heart leaped, but the general had gone, not to the hole in the wall, but to the small chamber on the other side of the church. Halford followed him. He stood stupidly beside his companion in the little chamber, wondering if Wolff would seize the opportunity to emerge from his hiding place and make a getaway. The general left the chamber and stroled back to the front of the altar. He said pleasantly: "It's an extraordinary thing, Mr. Halford." "Halford" supplied the other hastily. "Well, well, it's a small world! Only yesterday—but what I was going to say was, I could have sworn, when I was standing outside the church, that I heard somebody talking inside." "I don't suppose you're in the habit of talking to yourself, Mr. Halford?" "Er? Why, no! Of course not!" said Halford. "You must have been mistaken." "I doubt my hearing isn't what it was," said Mitchell sadly. "Without warning he straightened up and made direct for the hole in the wall. Halford gasped, and put out a hand to restrain him. He was too late. The general had poked his head through the hole, and in an agony Halford watched his motionless bent back. He seemed to crouch there for an eternity. Then he turned his head and peered smilingly at Halford. "A very interesting little chamber!" He wriggled his short figure through the opening. His mind in a whirl, Halford wriggled through after him. The general stood pensively in the centre of a small, bare stone chamber. The chamber was empty. A massive wooden door, a smaller edition of the one at the main entrance to the church, stood ajar. Through the opening Halford glimpsed the green fields and the main road. In a flash he remembered that Wolff had been in possession of the key to the church, and heaved a sigh of relief. His fears had been all for nothing. "Well, we've seen all there is to see," said Mitchell brightly. "We may as well go out this way. On you go, Mr. Halford." Too dazed to refuse, Halford stepped into the open. He noticed that Wolff had left the key in the door, and swiftly pocketed it before the general followed him out. "I'd better lock up," said Halford, and boldly brandished the key. Mitchell blandly agreed. Halford locked the little door, and marched round to the front entrance to lock the big door too. As they strolled through the field to the road Halford summoned up enough courage to ask a question. "When I told you my name," he said casually, "you said something about it being a small world. Why?" "Because I'd heard of you before I met you," said Mitchell, with a broad chuckle which sent cold shivers running down Halford's spine. "Yesterday I was talking to a young fellow called Shane, who's lodging in a place called the Light-house, near the village of Carnaugh." "Shane?" cried Halford in simulated astonishment. "Why, he's my fellow boarder. How did you come to meet him?" He listened patiently to a recital of facts which he already knew by heart. The story of the mixed up suitcases tumbled with Shane's, but it did not rid his mind of the suspicion that Shane and Mitchell might be working together. If they were, they would naturally tell the same story. They came to the road's edge. A dusty blue saloon car was drawn up in a space before one of the cottages. Mitchell waved a hand towards it. "Can I give you a lift anywhere? My driver's gone off to see a friend of his. I hired him and the car for the afternoon. I'm going back to Stornoway." Halford declined hastily. The last thing on earth he wanted was more of the general's company. He had had enough of skating on thin ice for one afternoon. "No thanks," he said. "I'll return the key, then I think I'll potter about here for a bit. I'll be walking back over the moor, in any case." "Then I'll not say good-bye," beamed Mitchell. "I promised Shane I might call on him one day, and I hope you'll be there, too." Halford watched him climb placidly into the blue saloon car before turning hurriedly away. He returned the key of the church to the cottage, and made his way across the moor. The job Wolff had given him was to get hold of the message which Heinrich Professor Pelmann's servant had brought back from Stornoway to the House of the Birds on the day Shane had met Mitchell for the first time. Thinking it over, Halford could see no way to accomplish it. Martha had rejected all his advances—and he had put more warmth into that part of his task than any other. Any attempt to break forcibly into the House of the Birds would be extremely hazardous in view of Halford's complete lack of experience in this branch of the crim-

inal art. Besides, there was the grim Heinrich to consider—an ugly customer to run into in the course of a burglary expedition. Halford need not have been a pessimistic. He did not know it, but events far once were playing on his hands. (To be Continued.)

TRAPPED AND BURNED (By The Canadian Press) HULL, England—George A. Shepherdson, 61, was burned to death when trapped in his car, passenger being unable to extricate him.

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