

Red Rose Tea
BROWN LABEL, 20 1/2 lb.
Red Label, 25 1/2 lb.
Orange Pekoe, 38 1/2 lb.

NEW GASOLINE REACHES MARKET

SYDNEY, Australia, June 15.—Hailed as an epoch-making development, the first consignment of Australian gasoline from shale-oil fields at Newman, in Western New South Wales, has arrived here and is for sale at about 44 cents a gallon.

The initial output of the Newman shale oil fields is 25,000 gallons weekly, with 200,000 gallons reserve potential production.

The federal government, which has developed the deposits, soon will retire from the enterprise, which will be handed over to a company.

Boston Transcript: "Do you know anything about motoring?"
 "Sure! I know it's expensive."

Fox Feed Price List

SPECIAL CASH PRICES

BEEF CHEEKS Per lb. 41c
 BEEF HEARTS Per lb. 41c
 BEEF TRIPE Per lb. 31c
 BEEF TRIMMINGS Per lb. 31c
 BEEF LIVER Per lb. 31c
 ROSE MEAT Per lb. 31c
 FORK LIVER Per lb. 31c
 TONGUE TRIMMINGS Per lb. 31c
 WEASAND MEAT Per lb. 31c

CREDIT REGULAR PRICES.

Prices f.o.b. Charlottetown effective June 9th.

Island Cold Storage Company, Limited

370-5-9-17.

Professional Cards

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Turnip Seed

CARTER'S "HAZARD'S IMPROVED"
 and
CARTER'S "MILLPOND"
 Purple Top

The two best SWEDISH Turnips are becoming more popular in the AMERICAN MARKETS.

"MILLPOND" for early fall shipping.

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P. E. ISLAND GROWN TURNIPS are becoming more popular in the Boston and other American Cities for table use. Buy the Seed from our SEED STORE and our Agents

Carter & Co. LIMITED

The Plains Of Abraham

By **James Oliver Curwood**

Illustrations By **Erwin Meyer**

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(Continued)

Joems had seen the tragedy of the misdirected mud, and he knew that Toinette's hands and not Paul's were pulling viciously at his hair. There is a hurt which bears with it a sting of satisfaction, and this emotion pressed upon Joems as he fought desperately in front and felt himself attacked treacherously from behind. For Paul was accountable for that mishap to Toinette. Had the other not dodged in a cowardly fashion, allowing the stuff to pass on to her, the thing would not have happened. It did not take more than a few seconds for the inspiration of this thought with its apparent justice and truth to fire him with a determination beside which his former resolution sank to insignificance. He was no longer fighting for Toinette's approval, but against all the world. Toinette, pulling at his hair, beating at his back, heights, the strength of martyrdom filled his lean arms and body, and he fought with a renewed fierceness that made his heavier but softer antagonist give way before the punishment, and both went down to earth again. Toinette fell with them, her long skirt impeding the activity of their legs, her big hat hanging like a sunshade over her face, her beautifully made curls tangled and spotted with mud, her hands beating angrily at whichever of the two chanced to come in her way.

Joems was aware of her presence and physically sensible of her combativeness, but in the complexity of action which surged over and about him he could afford no discrimination in the manner of using his arms, legs, teeth, and head, and at last, finding herself disentangled, Toinette scrambled to her feet considerably bruised and in such disorder that no one would have recognized her as the splendid little lady of the seigneurie who had come so proudly to Lussan's place a short time before. Her handsome hat was a crumpled wreck in the mud. Her dress was twisted and bedraggled, her hands and face were drenched

with soil, and her hair was so tangled about her that she was almost smothered in it. Despite this physical condition, her mental self was more than ever inflamed with the desire to fight, and seizing upon the hard and woody stalk of a last year's sunflower which lay in the dirt, she succeeded in bringing it down with such force that, missing Joems, it caught Paul on the side of the head and laid him sprawling flat on his face. This terminated the conflict for Toinette, who gave a cry of apprehension when she saw what she had done.

Paul had recovered from Toinette's blow before Joems could take advantage of it, and what happened during the final round of contention remained largely a matter of speculation in Joems's mind. He was sitting up, after a little, and there was no one to strike at. Paul and Toinette were out of his reach, yet he heard their voices, oddly indistinct, moving in the direction of Lussan's house. He tried to call out, thinking that Tache was escap'g like a coward, but something in his throat choked him until it was impossible for him to get breath enough to make a sound. He made an effort to rise that he might pursue his beaten enemy. The earth about him swam dizzily. He was gasping, sick at his stomach, and blood was dripping from his nose.

A horrifying thought leapt upon him, and so sudden was the shock of it that he sat staring straight ahead, barely conscious of two figures emerging from the concealment of a thick growth of brushwood twenty paces away. The thought became conviction. He had not whipped Paul Tache! Paul had whipped him!—and his enemy's accomplishment had been so thorough that he could still feel the instability of the world about him as he drew himself to his feet.

His eyes and head cleared as the realization of defeat swept over him. Then he recognized the two who had appeared in the edge of the open. One was his Uncle Hepsibah, the other Toinette's father. Both were grinning broadly at the spec-

face which he made, and as they drew nearer he heard Toinette's voice in what was meant to be a confidential whisper.

"Is it really your petit-neveu, friend Adams, or one of Lussan's pigs come out of its wallow? Hold me, or what I have seen will make me split!"

But Joems heard no response from Hepsibah, for the trader's face suddenly lost its humor, and in place of it came a look which had no hint of smile or laughter in it.

CHAPTER IV

Next Sunday morning Joems set out for Toinette's manor with the thought deeply imbranded in his mind that he would not fight Paul Tache that day no matter what temptation might be placed in his path. He had told his mother where he was going and what he was planning to do, and with her encouragement to spur him on he felt eager and hopeful as he made his way toward the seigneurie.

This feeling was unlike the one with which he had set out to fight Paul Tache, and what he had to do loomed even more important than any physical vanquishment which he might bring upon his rival. To soften Toinette's heart, now so bitterly against him, to bring back the friendliness of her smile, and to see her eyes alight with the sweetness which she had been on the point of yielding to him at Lussan's place were foremost in his mind. He was anxious to see Toinette and to offer her all that his small world held, if thereby he could make amends for the ruin and humiliation he had brought upon her. A spirit of chivalry in him, older than his years, rose above the lowly consideration of rights and wrongs. He was sure he was right. Yet he wanted to say he was wrong. Though he did not know it, years had passed since two days ago, and he was a new Joems going to a new Toinette. His fear of her had vanished. He was no longer borne down by a feeling of littleness and unimportance, and for the first time he was visiting Toinette manor without the thought of inferiority sending its misgivings through his soul. In some mysterious way which he did not understand, but which he strongly felt, he had passed away from yesterday forever.

Soon his feet were in the path which led to the manor. It was so still he could have believed that every one was asleep as he courageously mounted the steps to the door of Toinette's home. On this door was a great black knocker of battered iron. The face of the knocker was a grinning ogre, a gargoylish head which, from his earliest memory of it, had fixed itself upon him as a symbol of the grim and unapproachable spirit that

guarded the rooms within. His hand reached out to awaken the dull thunder of its voice. His fingers touched the cold iron. He hesitated in the moment he was lifting it, for he observed that the door was open by a space of a few inches. Through this aperture a voice came to him clearly. It was a high, biting, angry voice, and he recognized it as Madam Toinette's. He raised the weight from its metal panel and would have knocked when he heard a name which made him pause in rigid silence. It was his own.

He heard Toinette's mother say "Henri Bulain was a fool for marrying this good-for-nothing English woman, and Edmond is a greater fool for not driving her from the country when he bred his murderer. The woman was made for a spy, despite the pretty face which has softened Edmond's silly heart, and that boy of hers is no less English

than she. The two should not be allowed to live so near to us, yet Toinette maintains they are his friends. The place they have built should be burned and the English woman and her boy sent where they belong. Let Henri Bulain go with them if he chooses to be a renegade instead of a Frenchman!"

"Ee upon you for such thoughts, Henriette," chided the milder voice of Madame Tache. "I depise the English as much as you or Toinette, but it is unfair to voice such inactive against these two, even though the woman is proud of her pretty face and her boy is a murdering little wretch. Edmond is a big-souled man and simply befriends them out of pity! Are you angry because of that Henriette?"

(To Be Continued)

JOHN WESLEY'S CANDLE-STICKS

AUCKLAND, N. Z., June 15—A

Drink 100% FULL-FLAVOURED COFFEE

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