

INVESTMENT

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Furniture Sale

By Auction

We are authorized by Mr. M. W. Reardon to sell at his home, 188 Prince Street on Wednesday, May 13, commencing at 10.30 a. m. all his choice furniture and household effects comprising parlor, dining room, Hall, kitchen and bed rooms, piano, side-board range, stove, carpets, mats, linoleums, oil-cloths, dishes, curtains, shades, and all the magnificent furniture all in perfect condition, terms at sale.

BENJ. CARTER & Son,
Auctioneers.

AUCTION SALE Of Choice FURNITURE

We are authorized by Mr. J. J. McDuff to sell at his home No. 60 North River Road, Brighton, on Monday, May 11, commencing at 1 o'clock p. m., all his choice, and well kept furniture and household effects, comprising Parlor, Dining Room, Sitting Room, Kitchen and Bed Rooms, made in Oak, Mahogany and other woods; Carpets, Mats, Oil Cloth, Dishes, Congoleum Squares, Gramophone and everything good. Terms cash.

BENJ. CARTER & SON,
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908-5-8M31.

TENDERS--HIGHWAY IMPROVEMENT

Pursuant to the requirements of the Canada Highways Act, separate Sealed Tenders marked "Tenders for Grading and Concrete Structures, Project No. ..." will be received by the undersigned until noon on Saturday, May 23rd, 1925, for grading, construction of concrete structures, and other necessary work on the following roads:

- Project No. 73, New Haven to Long Creek,
- Project No. 74, St. Nicholas to Mt. Pleasant via Tyne Valley.
- Project No. 75, 48 Road-Pisquid Corner to Baldwin Road.
- Project No. 76, Georgetown Road--County Line to New Perth.
- Project No. 77, Palmer Road--Mimnigash to Tignish.
- Project No. 78, Murray Harbor Road--Grand View to Murray River.

Plans, specifications and Forms of Tender may be seen at the office of the Provincial Engineer, Charlottetown, at the offices of the Honorable J. A. McNeill, Summerside, J. A. MacDonald & Co., Cardigan, and Kennedy & Co., O'Leary.

A certified cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, Prince Edward Island, for the sum of Five Hundred Dollars must accompany each tender.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

L. B. McMillan,
Secretary of Public Works.

Department of Public Works,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island, May 8, 1925.
946-5-11Mw161.

IN STUD

Frisko Direct 2.24%, trial 2.16%, by the great sire San Francisco 2073, sire of 31 in 210, including Sanardo, 1.59 1/2, Lu Princeton, 2.01, St. Frisko 2.01%--Dam Miss Kay, dam of five and full sister to Ess H. Kay 2.00%. Frisko Direct is one of the handsomest and best gaited trotters ever brought to this province. He was trained lightly as a four year old and showed a mile in 2:16 1/4, last quarter in :32 1/4 seconds. He is magnificently bred and has size, substance and soundness. He should make an ideal stock horse for this province.

He will be bred to a limited number of mares and will stand at owner's stables for the season of 1925. Terms \$5.00 at time of service, \$10.00 when mare proves in foal. Mares at owner's risk.

Ask for folder giving full information.
CLAUDE S. MacMILLAN, Owner,
Kent Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
897-5-7-9thenm61.

WILD HORSES

By Henry Herbert Knibb

CHAPTER XXII.

"Once it was told of the stallion gray. That he bowed his neck to a cunning hand: Yet free with his kind he runs today. Like a storm-blown cloud of the mesa land."

"Once, in the light of the upland stars, The ghost of an old hate barred his way. And he struck, that carried the rowel-scars, And flayed as the hoofs of the lightning flay."

Percival's blind panic drove him to superhuman effort. His over-worked heart forced the blood into the swelling veins of his throat until he could scarcely breathe. Finally he sank down on the meadow grass and lay trembling and gasping, and as he thought, utterly spent. Yet as he lay writhing, clutching at the grass, sobbing and altogether demoralized--paying in those brief moments of helplessness and self-torture for years of loose habit and indulgence--terror prodded him to his feet again. He must keep on until he came to some habitation, and safety. He could still hear the sharp, staccato bark of the automatic as he had emptied it at the two struggling figures. He had heard a woman scream, as Johnny Trent, poised to charge at the outlaw a second time, dropped as though struck by a great, invisible fist. Perhaps the bullet that had shattered the lamp on the table had struck that slender, staring figure in the corner. Crazed by fear and horror, the broker staggered on, stumbling over the hummocks. Some one had been shot, in the cabin, back there! But he was alive, unharmed. If he could reach Solano--

Slowly his bemused faculties awakened to the sound of another drumming than that of his over-worked heart. Some one was coming after him, riding swiftly. The soft thudding of hoofs sounded behind him. He began to run, his arms outstretched against the blackness around him. He had crossed the middle of the big mesa south of the homestead when the speeding horse swept past. Again he stopped, through sheer physical inability to go farther. He sank to the earth, hiding his face in his arms. He was afraid to raise his head, to try even to ascertain where he was. But he would get up again and go on--reach Solano. Like a man, lost in the wilderness and blindly positive that his compass was wrong, and that he knows the way out to safety, Percival made himself believe that he was on the way to Solano, while at the same time he realized that he did not know where he was going. Yes, he would rest a few minutes, then get up and continue toward Solano. He repeated the name of the town to himself--became obsessed with the sound of it. Presently he was conscious of the sound of another horse speeding past in the night. The sound grew fainter, faded into silence. A strange weakness crept over him, as though he had been immersed in tepid water, realizing it, yet scarcely feeling it. He had no desire to get up now--to go on. He wanted to rest, to drift into forgetfulness, to get away from the strident pounding of his heart that seemed to be hammering the word "Solano" into his brain. Each beat of his heart shook him as the throb of an engine shakes a ship fast-

moored to a wharf. In the stupor of fatigue he was slow to grasp the significance of a deep, muffled roar like the mutter of far thunder in the hills. The distant thundering swelled and ebbed and seemed to shake the very ground on which he lay. He ceased clawing at the grass roots and heaved himself to his knees. The grim muttering grew heavier, deeper. A quick gust of wind swept across the starrid mesa. The viewless horror was almost upon him. He did not know what it was--save that it was some mighty force, loosed, his final instinct told him, to destroy, to annihilate. He gazed with staring eyeballs into the night. He thought he could see the wavering outline of some gigantic thing moving swiftly toward him. With a last, flickering effort of will, he rose to his feet, flung out his arms against the grim shadow that drove down upon him. Then he saw, almost upon him, the hurrying shapes of many horses--a mass that split and swerved suddenly past on either side, even as the gray stallion of the fighting horse that had once felt the sting of rowel and rowel, reared and struck downward with hoofs that slashed and flayed and beat like muffled hammers upon a crumpled and quivering heap in the misty meadow grass.

The wild horses flung on--two flying wedges, were united again as they swung sharply toward the east. With heads high they swerved and swung and surged back from the rim of Twin Blue Canon, stringing out and running south, fearful of the canon trail and the remembered trap below. Without the leader, presently they stopped, sniffed the cool air, milled restlessly. A far, shrill trumpeting started them to action. They flung up their heads, trotted toward the sound, stopped. Then a silvery shadow drifted toward them. A mare trotted from the band to the gray leader. Their nostrils touched. The mare leapt back, squealed, and whirling kicked at him, as she smelled that which had splotted the stallion's hoofs and forelegs with red.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"A puncher, riding Solano slope, With a brand-new saddle and a brand-new rope, Sang a little old song you may have heard. And then he whistled like a mockingbird--"

Johnny Trent, however, had not whistled for many a long month. It is doubtful that he would have been allowed to whistle in the hospital at Antelope, where he had lain with a bullet-hole through his lungs, unconscious for hours, and for days afterward scarcely aware that he was actually alive. He knew that some one other than the nurse came to his room frequently, nodded and smiled and stole softly away again. Finally, as he grew stronger, he learned that this person, coming, as were, out of a dream, and vanishing again, was the girl he had met in the high country, ages ago, when he was young and able to ride the trails, and was his own man. Now he belonged to any one that chose to own him, and the doctor and the nurses seemed to have taken possession of him as marked by the hours and the days, he did, however, realize that the girl who was not a nurse did not come to see him any more. So the next day after the girl failed to appear--Johnny thought it was the next since Grace Percival had left Antelope--he asked where she was. He was told that Miss Percival had left for Chicago, but only after the surgeon had assured her that his patient was out of danger. Well, Johnny considered that naturally, Grace Percival had decided to return to Chicago in any case. Later, when he found that his hospital bills had been paid, he worried a bit, and asked questions, and became generally irritable, which was a good sign.

The day he left the hospital, free to face the southern hills and home, the head nurse gave him a tiny parcel, explaining that Miss Percival had left it with her to give to him. Johnny wanted to know if any one had left a note or a message for him. Yes, the nurse told him, Mrs. Johnson of Solano had called at the hospital, as had Mr. Baker and his daughter Julia. "Sure they would," said Johnny, "but there wasn't anything else--any other message?" The nurse shook her head. Johnny thrust the tiny parcel into his coat pocket. He did not know what it contained--and he thought he didn't care. Grace was gone--and that was all that mattered, one way or the other. Johnny thought that she might at least have said good-bye, come to his room when he was asleep--that she had knelt down beside his bed, taken his limp and all-but-bloodless hand in her hands, and kissed it again and again in farewell, just before she had left for Chicago. Johnny's nurse might have told him this, but she did not, because she was a woman, young,

good-looking, and poor--while Grace Percival was young, good-looking and wealthy. However, it is doubtful that such news could have cheered Johnny in the least.

He opened the parcel before he left Antelope and found within it the jeweled, platinum ring which he knew so well. But he could not understand how Grace had recovered that section of Arizona which had seen it, it was in the clutching hand of the outlaw with whom he had fought in the cabin. Not until he returned to Solano did Johnny learn how and when the ring had been recovered--and Frank Lopez did not elaborate, stating simply that Miss Percival after he had himself returned from a two days' ride in the desert south of the homestead. With Johnny and his friend, a nod and a gesture were sufficient.

Frank Lopez was more eloquent about the finding of the body of Samuel Percival, possibly because he was in no way connected with the broker's sudden and horrible and almost literal transmutation to clay. He explained, carefully, however, that the Chicago man was dead when he found him, significant as Lopez had not stated the same thing about the outlaw, Hartsborn.

One thing troubled Johnny considerably, and that was the realization that he actually cared nothing for Julia Baker, other than considering her a stanch friend. Once he had thought that he cared for her, but that was before he met Grace Percival. Now, he felt as though he had been, in some vague way, disloyal to Julia; that she deserved of him more than he could ever give. Even the belief that he would never see Grace Percival again did not change him in his attitude toward Julia Baker. He could not go back. It was too late for that. There was but one really care for--and she was as far from him as the farthest star. Johnny thought that the best thing he could do was to try to forget--and in settling himself the task, he managed to think of Grace Percival more often than he cared to acknowledge to himself. As he found that it was too late to go back to Julia, so that he found that it was too late to forget Grace Percival--that forgetting is accomplished only through its own volition. His illness had refined and sharpened his sensibilities until they became somewhat like the proverbial quills of the "fretful porcupine."

Johnny had been back in what he called his own country for a year. He had not heard from Grace Percival nor had he written to her. His pride carried him past the gaze of curious townsfolk, who wondered and gossiped. Work carried him past many a sullen hour of pondering and revolt at that which he knew he could not change.

Baker, keeping stride with the times, had begun to build roads--and one especially, traversing the high country back of Solano. Eastern folk were just beginning to discover that section of Arizona which offered excellent hunting and fishing, and vistas so varied and magnificent that each new discoverer told his friend, and so enthusiasm grew into demands for pack-horses and saddle-horses and guides. Johnny Trent, who knew the back country better than even Baker himself, was put in charge of the road-making, and Frank Lopez became foreman of one of the road-gangs. Winter finally put a stop to the work, so Johnny moved over to Baker's ranch and went to work repairing and rehabilitating the one-hundred-and-twenty miles of fence that enclosed the storekeeper's range. Johnny was not content to do his working day. He had determined to repay Grace Percival for her generosity in taking care of his hospital bills if it took him the rest of his life to save the necessary money. Of course, she could afford what she had given--she was wealthy. But that did not make

it less imperative to repay, Johnny reasoned that he would never see on the site of his homestead. He her again. He would send the message spoke to Baker about it. The storekeeper was interested in the idea, realizing the value of such an establishment in that isolated section. When the money had been repaid, Johnny planned to build a comprehensive camp for hunters and fish-

(To be Continued)

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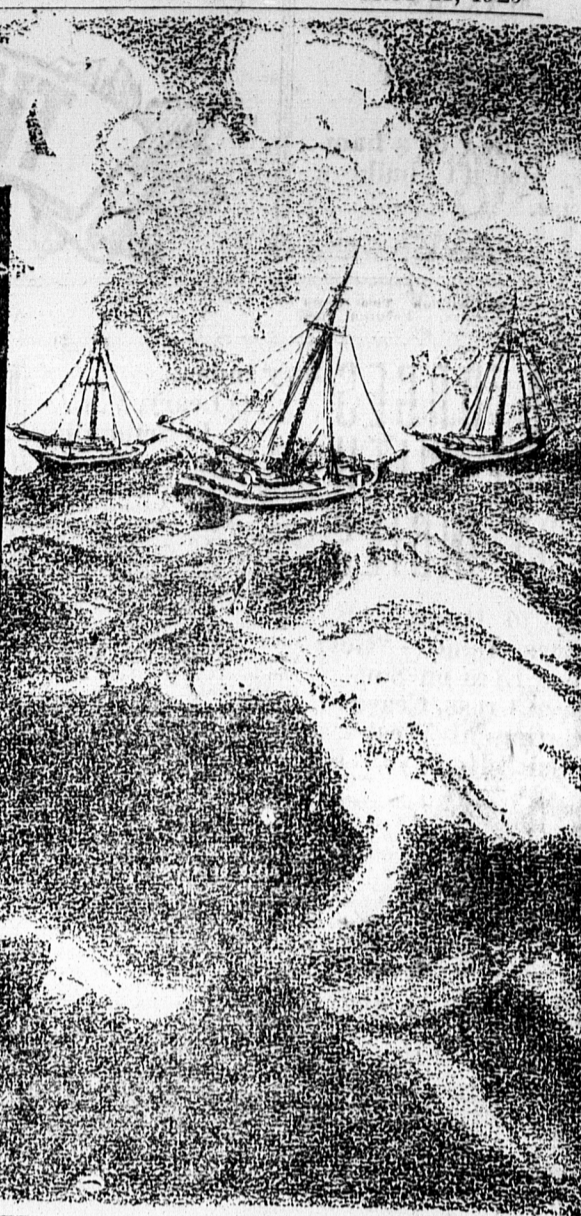
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908-5-2-11-18 June 6-13.

WARNING

Automobile drivers are hereby notified that the Motor Vehicle Act, in regard to "Reckless Driving," "Displaying lights and markers," "Speeding," "Using a dazzling light" and "Turning corners in a proper manner" will be strictly enforced within the City of Charlottetown.

JAMES WALLACE SHAW,
City Marshal.
952-5-11M31.

WIVES!!!

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Do you know?
Do you care?
Do you worry?

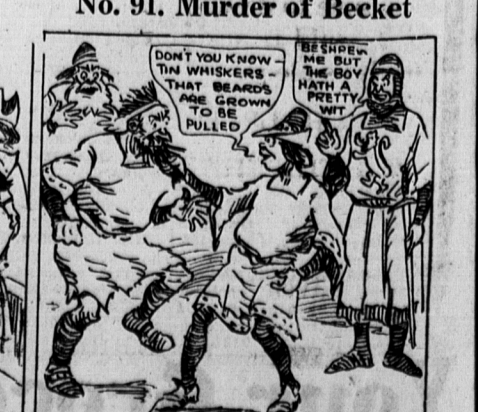
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A. D. 1170--The murder of Thomas a Becket angered and alarmed Henry. He withdrew to Ireland and received the submission of the Irish chieftains, leaving his youngest son, Prince John, as overlord. This boy of twelve insulted the Irish chief, and he was recalled in less than a year.



By ARTHUR MORELAND



No. 91. Murder of Becket

