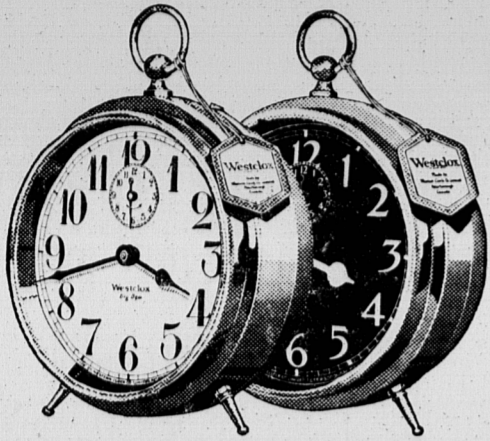


Westclox



A native of Canada

BIG BEN is a native of Canada. So are the rest of the Westclox. Born at Peterboro and make their homes in all parts of the Dominion, from Halifax to Vancouver.

Quality comes first in making Westclox. There seems to be no way of providing first quality at bargain prices. It often happens that a comparison of price to service rendered makes the quality product a rare bargain.

Westclox may not be lowest in first cost, but in cost per month you will find them very reasonable.

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Big Ben \$4.50	Baby Ben \$4.50	America \$2.00	Sleep Master \$3.00	Jack o' Lantern \$4.00	Pocket Ben \$2.00	Glo-Ben \$3.00
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WILD HORSES

By Henry Herbert Knibbs

He roused himself, put wood in the stove, and then, mixing flour and water and salt, rolled out a thin dough and made tortillas on the hot stove-lids. He made tortillas because they would not crumble and break in his saddle-pockets, as bread would. He rolled the tortillas and some venison jerky in a clean flour sack. With matches and tobacco and a meat-and-bread ration that would last him three days, he was provisioned to make what he termed his first ride after the gray stallion. If successful within that time, he would trust to finding a sheep camp or shooting a wild turkey. He regretted having to take only his six shooter; but his rifle meant additional weight.

He fetched his saddle in from the porch, untied his slicker, and in its stead tied a spare rope back of the cattle. About two in the morning he strode out, caught up his blue roan, Pronto, and saddled him. He turned the other horses loose to run the mesas. Pronto, a big-boned, deliberate, and altogether dependable animal, stood out in front of the cabin, his ears pricked forward curiously, the reflection of the doorway light shining in his eyes. A cold wind sifted through the pines and lifted the big roan's mane. Sparks keen as diamond points started in the blue-black of the summer sky. Johnny put out the fire, made things neat in the cabin, and then, drawing on his gloves, stepped out and closed the door.

He crossed the open meadow and pattered along the dim trail arched by the somber pines, until he was again in the open—the Big South Meadow where the gray stallion and his hand occasionally came to graze. The cinema in the middle of the meadow was soggy with the weight of the recent rains. Johnny circled it and bore on, toward the south. He reined up suddenly. Pronto turned his head and nickered. The bay pony, Chico, was following his old corral companion. Johnny told him, expressively, to go back. Chico stopped, just beyond rope cast. Johnny shrugged his shoulders. The pony would soon grow tired of following when he realized the extent of the venture.

Toward the extreme end of the Big South Meadow Johnny reined up again as he heard the thud of hoofs on firmer ground. He did not know whether it was one of his own horses or some stray from Solano. "Let's go see," he said. Pronto broke into a lope. Nearing the timber Johnny heard that in the describable sound of horses hunching to run. "That's the stallion and his hand—or I'm asleep." He knew the horses ahead would string out on the trail if he did not follow too close. So he held Pronto to a trot and leaning forward, peered into the black bulk of the forest. Within the timber he dismounted, struck a match and examined the trail. Track upon track showed in the soft earth and not a shod hoof among them. It was evident the band was headed for Turkey Springs, far to the south. Johnny left the trail and, riding west, made for the hills, planning to

circle and cut the horses off from water. The recent heavy rains made good tracking, but also had filled many erstwhile dry hollows and narrow rock basins where the horses could drink. Johnny was correct in surmising that the band headed for Turkey Springs, not alone because they were followed, but through force of habit. He knew that they watered there nearly every morning. Many times when he had been riding that section of the country, he had seen their tracks fresh on the rim of the water-hole. There was no chance that the band might turn and circle back to South Meadow especially if they were aware that he had swung west. The gray stallion had been hunted so often by men that he seemed to know just how and when to cheat them by anticipating their plans. So Johnny did not turn immediately from the foothills after he had left the timber but kept on toward the west.

The first tinge of dawn rippled across the sparsely timbered country round Turkey Springs as Johnny topped a rise and gazed down upon the mammoth, squat junipers dotting the hidden valley. On the western side of the hills lay the desert, dim in the faint dawn. Johnny watched the morning light play on the tips of the isolated black cones of extinct volcanoes; noted the patches of greasewood, the flat dry-lake beds, the occasional abrupt ridges, the great reaches of absolutely naked sand and all that made that stibster land a place to shun. It turned toward the east. He could barely discern the irregular rim of Sanchez Canon. Between the canon and his vantage of height lay Turkey Springs. To break to the desert the wild horses would have to cross Turkey Springs country. Johnny put his horse down the long, easy slope. There were no fresh tracks near the water-hole. Johnny let Pronto drink, then lifted the end of the leather when a sound caused him to hesitate. Chico, the bay pony, appeared among the junipers. Johnny grinned. He told Chico that he was a fool horse to run after them when he might be taking his ease in some grassy meadow.

Suddenly both Chico and the blue-roan raised their heads and pointed their ears. Johnny turned to see what had interested them. In the same movement he led Pronto behind a clump of junipers. Chico followed, now close to Pronto's heels, seemingly aware that Johnny did not intend to catch him. As the two horses disappeared behind the screen of junipers, three riders drifted out into the open a half mile east of the water-hole. Johnny had but a fleeting glimpse of them, but he surmised correctly that they were Mexicans, and that one of them was Frank Lopez, out to catch the gray stallion and make good his boast to Solano that he would have him before the change of the moon. Johnny led his horse still farther back among the junipers and keeping under cover, rode slowly toward the western ridge. From behind a rise which concealed his horses he lay and watched the Mexicans, who came toward the water-hole, let their horses drink and were about to ride away when he heard a shout and called to his companions. The three dismounted and examined the fresh tracks of Johnny's two horses. A discussion followed, evident as they gesticulated and moved about as though undecided. Johnny felt relieved when they finally mounted and rode north.

Farther back in the hills Johnny hobbled Pronto in a pocket of lush grass, and, choosing a spot where the silent of the sun would reach him about an hour before noon, he took off his boots and stretched out. Almost instantly he was asleep. He awoke with the high sun burning on the sole of his stock lined feed. He stretched, sat up, and looked to see that his horses were all right. Then he curled a cigarette and smoked. Somewhere in the country north of Turkey Springs the gray stallion was riding with his hand, which had not come to the water-hole that morning, possibly because Lopez was riding the country and tracking him. And Johnny was not displeased that the Mexicans had discovered the tracks of his horses. The Mexicans would argue that the tracks of two shod horses up in that country meant that two men were riding together—in other words, that Johnny Trent had a companion with him, which was exactly what Lopez concluded after reading the sign. And in view of his recent argument with Lopez, Johnny was not averse to having the Mexican reach such a conclusion.

Johnny finally decided that Lopez had been out after the gray stallion several days, endeavoring to keep him and his hand from water, and so wear them down. But the rains must have spoiled that plan.

COLOR CUT-OUTS Queen of Hearts



THE QUEEN HERSELF

"The Queen of Hearts She made some tarts All on a summer's day."

Even though she was a queen, she wasn't proud and haughty. You see she had been a poor girl when the king married her—poor but very beautiful. The handsome King of Hearts fell in love with her and made her his Queen.

But the good Queen didn't forget some of the things she had learned to do while she was a poor maiden. She embroidered a great deal and she often went into the kitchen to make something the King was especially fond of.

(Leave the Queen's robe white but color all the hearts red. If you cut out this week, at the end of the week you'll have a whole set of "Queen of Hearts" paper dolls.) (Copyright, 1925, Associated Editors, Inc.)

RESOLUTION PASSED BY SOCIÉTÉ L'ASSOMPTION OF MONTREAL

At a regular meeting of our Association held March 1st, 1925, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Considering that the death of the Honorable John Yeo of P. E. I. has created a vacancy in the senatorial representation of the insular provinces; Considering that the said province has (since Confederation) appointed one Acadian to the senate (Hon. Judge Arsenault) of 1887-1888. Considering that of the eight representatives actual of the Island at Ottawa (4 deputies and 4 senators) the Acadians have none although they constitute 17 of the population of the province; Considering that the Fathers of Confederation by the adoption of the British North American Act, have established that the two races French and English be given the same rights and privileges; Considering that the French Acadians of the Island (almost all under the Liberal flag since 1917) are not begging for favors but are loyally fighting for a right due to them; Considering also that their candidate M.J. Blanchard has faithfully served the liberal cause for a great number of years and is still serving it, being the only one to have survived the provincial election of 1923. Considering therefore that nominating him to the senate to fill the vacancy service to liberalism and fulfill a right due to the Acadians of Prince Edward Island; It is consequently resolved that copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Right Honorable Sir William Lyon Mackenzie, Prime Minister of Canada and to his Chief lieutenants of the Federal cabinet for their serious and favorable consideration. The Authors of this resolution are French Acadians established in Montreal, Que. and J. E. Leblanc, the President and J. T. Richard, the Secretary.

Twin Blue Canon was the logical trap for the horses. Once aware that they were constantly following they would in all probability leave the mesas and take off down into the canon, where there were water and grass. Lopez had evidently blocked them from breaking off over the range and into the desert. Otherwise he would have ridden south, Johnny Trent knew nothing about chess, but he was playing the game on a large scale. (To Be Continued)

The Operation I Avoided—



MRS. IDA M. COFFMAN SIDELL, ILL.

If there is one thing more than another a woman dreads, it is a surgical operation, and to be told that one is necessary is very disheartening.

Hospitals are grand institutions, and undoubtedly many operations are necessary. However, we have received hundreds of letters from women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after an operation had been deemed advisable.

Every woman who suffers as Mrs. Coffman did naturally wishes to avoid an operation if possible, and the remarkable statements which she makes in her letter will be read with interest by women everywhere.

Mrs. Coffman's Letter Follows:

Sidell, Illinois.—"I was suffering from a pain in my left side which was noticeable at all times, but sometimes it was almost unbearable and I could not even let the bed clothing rest on my body at night. I had been sick for seven years, but not so badly until the last eighteen months, and had become so run-down that I cared for nobody and would rather have died than live. I couldn't do my work without help and the doctor told me that an operation was all there was left for me. I would not consent to that so my husband brought me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begged me to take it. I have taken fourteen bottles of it and I feel ten years younger. Life is full of hope. I do all my housework and had a large garden this year. I never will be without the Vegetable Compound in the house and when my two little girls reach womanhood I shall advise them to take it."—Mrs. IDA M. COFFMAN, R. R. No. 2, Sidell, Illinois.

Alberta Woman Avoids an Operation

Provost, Alberta.—"I was in a bad condition and would suffer awful pains at times and could not do anything. The doctor said I should have an operation. I read testimonials of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the papers and a friend recommended me to take it. After taking three bottles I became much better and now I have a bony baby girl four months old. I do my housework and help a little with the chores. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and am willing for you to use this testimonial letter."—Mrs. A. A. ADAMS, Box 54, Provost, Alberta.

Before Submitting to an operation Women should try

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SAILINGS

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B. TO LIVERPOOL

March 27	Montreal
April 3	Montreal
April 10	Montreal
April 17	Montreal
April 22	Montreal

TO GLASGOW

April 4	Montreal
April 23	Metungana

TO ST. JOHN'S-SOUTHAMPTON-ANTWERP

April 8	Metungana
	Metungana

at 315 Street St. John, N. B.

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Since issuing price list for fertilizers we have been notified by the fertilizer Co. of a reduction of two dollars per ton on all mixed Fertilizers.

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

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FOR SALE

Standard Bred Stallion Baroncas 215/4. For terms and particulars apply

W. R. KEENAN, Murray River 1195-3-28M71.

MORE HUMOURS OF HISTORY

The Conqueror left the Duchy of Normandy to his son Robert and the Crown of England to his second son William Rufus who made haste to claim the kingdom. Bishop Odo released from prison by William's death was against the partition of Normandy from England, and organized a plot to make Robert King and Duke. The powerful I. Archbishop Lanfranc supported Rufus, who was crowned at Westminster on September 26, 1087.



By ARTHUR MORELAND



No. 57. William the Second Rufus



No. 57. William the Second Rufus



Mother Confesses To Double Crime

ROCKVILLE, Md., March 20.—Two charges of murder have been placed against Elizabeth M. King, 19, of Bethesda, Maryland, who has confessed that she smothered to death her two babies.

Both babies were found by a neighbor boy in the attic of her home concealed under papers and rags. One of them was born a year ago, and the other two weeks ago.

If Hair Is Turning Gray, Use Sage Tea

That beautiful, even shade of dark, dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application of two

of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold. Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients at a small cost, all ready for use.

It is called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and lustre of your hair.

Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and glossy and lustrous.

Miss King said, "I pressed bed-clothes over each. 'Yes, I smothered them,' she said. 'I stopped breathing.' She is confessed, after much questioning, held without bond."



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Our Wall Papers are the most distinctive feature and form the background for everything else, furniture, draperies, pictures and even people.

They are so attractive, so inexpensive, and form the base of good decoration.

They should be harmonious and restful, as well as cheerful.

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