

Olajen
A Builder from Childhood to Old Age

If you are run-down, nervous, below par in any way, get a full-sized jar to-day. The results will surprise you.
AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

SMILES

MISS BROWN OF X. Y. O.
By E. Phillips Oppenheim (Copyright 1927 by E. Phillips Oppenheim)

L. O. A. R. A.
The Annual Meeting of the R. W. Grand Orange Lodge of P. E. Island, will be held in the Orange Hall, Hunter River, on Wednesday, March 21st, 1928, at 1 o'clock p. m.
W. W. MUTTART, R. W. Grand Sec'y.
3-10-smwf.

Administration Of Canteen Fund
(Special to the Guardian)
TORONTO, Ont., March 9.—General Victor Williams, chairman of the Ontario Canteen Board, announced last night the policy under which since the war, and whose province's \$970,000 slice of the Dominion canteen fund.

everywhere

CHOCOLATES by Moir's
CANADA'S CANDY
HALIFAX, CANADA

from Coast to Coast

Annual Meeting
The Annual Meeting of the Eastern King's Exhibition Association, will be held in McQuaid Building, Souris, on March 17th, at 2:30 p. m. All interested, invited to attend.
P. A. MACISAAC, Pres.
D. F. MACAULAY, Sec'y.
3000-3-8-71

"Mail on the first of the month reminds one of a symphony in colors—duns and blues."

FARM FOR SALE
I offer for sale my farm situated at Springfield, Lot 67, 1 1/2 miles from Bradalbane Station, consisting of 103 acres, 90 acres clear and in a high state of cultivation, balance covered with a good growth of hard and soft wood. New dwelling house and buildings in first class condition.
LEMUEL McKAY, Springfield, Bradalbane, R. R. P. E. I.
3081-3-12-mwf. 10

TOO EXPENSIVE
Bug: Skating's great today. Centipede: Not when you have to buy six pairs of skates.

AUCTION SALE
At my Store, Bonshaw, commencing Monday, March 12th at one o'clock sharp. Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Groceries, etc. Sale will be continued for 2 days, till all my Surplus Stock is sold. Reason for selling, Remodelling Store.
Terms made known at sale. Come all and get bargains.
NEIL FERGUSON, Bonshaw 2970-3-7-wsm.

NOT SO STRANGE
"Why this coolness between you and your wife?"
"She objected to a kiss."
"Strange thing for a wife to object to."
"Not when it's given to another girl."

AUCTION SALE
At Searletown
WEDNESDAY, MARCH, 14TH
Commencing at Twelve O'Clock Sharp
All my Stock, Crop & Farming Implements.
STOCK—Horse 7 years old, 1500 lbs.; Mare, 6 years old, 1450 lbs.; Mare 11 years old, 1400 lbs.; Good Driving Horse, (Fleetsfoot); Horse 3 years old, (Lacopia); 3 Choice Grade Holstein Cows, to freshen in May; Grade Shorthorn Cow, fresh in April; Shorthorn Cow, 3 years old, newly freshened; Fat Cow, 2 Heifers 1 year old, 2 Bulls, 1 year old, (Shorthorn); Heifer 2 years old, Cow 4 years old, fresh in April; Cow 7 years old, fresh in April; 2 Breed Sows, (Pure Bred Yorkshire); boar 1 year old, Yorkshire; 90 Hens, Plymouth Rock.

HOWDY!
"Hello Joe! How's the boy?"
"Boy, my eye! It's a girl! Eight pounds! Last night."

IMPLEMENTS—Binder, F. & W.; Rake Bar, Hay Loader, new F. & W.; Hay Mower, F. & W.; Disc Drill and Fertilizer Attachment, new F. & W.; Sectional Harrow, 17 Teeth, new F. & W.; Cultivator, F. & W.; ManureSpreader, F. & W.; Gang Plow, F. & W.; Hay Rake, Power Sprayer, new, Eureka; Potato Planter, with Fertilizer Attachment, new, L.I.C. Potato Digger, new, Hoover; Set Spring Tooth Harrows, Spike Harrows, 12 Bars; Bishop Plow, Turnip Seeder, Fertilizer Sower, F. & W.; Turnip Pulper, Grain Crusher, (Monarch); Set Scales, 500 lbs.; Cream Separator, new, 900 lbs.; Cream Separator, 450 lbs.; Disc Horse Hoe on Wheels, Stumping Machine, 2 Power Horse Clippers, Thrasher and Cleaner new, (Monaghan); L. H. C. Gasoline Engine, 3 H. P.; Moxul Engine, 1 H. P.; Farmers' Boiler Steam Feed Cooker, Double Truck Wagon, Pole and Shafts, Sloven (Bain) new; Cart, Iron Axles, 2 Driving Wagons, Jaunting Sleigh, Double and Single Bob Sleds, Pump Jack, Wire Stretcher, Wheelbarrow, Blocks and Tackle, 3 Punchboxes, Casks, Large Water Tank, 40 Cedar Posts, 12 Anchor Posts, 9 feet; Post Hole Digger, 2 Cross Cut Saws, Circular Saw, half interest in Circular Saw, 200 lbs. Bluestone, Jackscrew, Set Double Harness, 4 Collars, 2 Steel Collars, 3 Sets Leather Traces, Work Bridles and Hames, Pad and Breaching, new; Pad and Breaching, Cart Saddle, Set Double Reins, new, Driving Harness, Forks, Shovels, Potato Fork and Scoop, 2 Ladders, Hoes, Crowbar, 2 Scythes and Smth.

Professional Cargos
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Graduate to N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital Practice limited to Eye, Ear Nose and Throat
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Reilly Building, Charlottetown

Children Gladly take it for Colds
Buckley's Mixture is "different". Its taste is pleasing. Its action is so quick that one dose stops a spasm of coughing—and there are 40 doses in a 75-cent bottle! Every member of the family derives benefit from "Buckley's". Have a bottle in the house at all times. Druggists everywhere sell "Buckley's" under a positive guarantee.
W. K. Buckley, Limited,
142 Mutual St., Toronto 1

BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE
Acts like a flash—A single sip proves it

"Wait a moment," she called out. "I shall let you in."
"Please not," he cried. "They are all desperate. I am off."
Frances was out of the room in a flash. She unfastened the latch and opened the green-painted front door. Paul was already on his way down the street. She summoned him imperiously.
"Come back, Mr. Paul—at once!"
"Don't be an idiot!" Frances insisted, stamping her foot. "Quickly! Quickly, or I shall come out and fetch you!"
"I didn't mean," he began, turning around—"I had no idea—"
She caught him by the coat and dragged him in just as two or three men appeared through the opening of the entry. In a moment she had the door closed and chained. She looked at him in horror as she half pushed, half supported him into the room.
"Heavens, what has happened to you?" she exclaimed.
He staggered into a chair and drew out one two long breaths. Frances, who had been a nurse during the war, saw that he was on the point of fainting. She held her cup of hot tea to his lips.
"I ought not," he faltered.
Then he broke off and said something in Russian. The footsteps came to a pause outside. There was a confused murmur of voices. Miss Brown, who had already fastened the window, turned out the lights. The electric bell pealed through the silence of the house, followed by a clamorous knocking at the door. Frances, who was bending over Paul, looked up inquiringly.

Miss Brown whispered, "Mrs. Morland is coming to Brighton today for the week-end, and the two men who share the rooms above went away this afternoon for three days."
"What are you going to do?" Frances asked.
Miss Brown opened the drawer of her little dressing table and took out her revolver with its five chambers still loaded. Then she considered for a moment.
"If I open the door," she said, "they'll rush in. If I open this window they'll do the same thing. If we ring up the police we may find it's Mr. Paul we're getting into trouble."
"If I stamp on the floor, ring up Marlborough Street Police Station," Miss Brown enjoined.
She stole out of the room, ran lightly up the stairs, entered the vacant apartment above and threw open the window. Below, five men were standing. She saw them only indistinctly in the light from the distant street lamp, but they obviously had no kinship with the ordinary order of midnight marauders.
Three of them were in evening dress, and one of them, whose finger was still pressing the bell, seemed to her, with his pointed black beard and sallow complexion, vaguely familiar. He was wearing a silk hat and a long coat with an astrakhan collar turned up. At the sound of the opening of the window he raised his head, and Miss Brown immediately recognized him. It was Malakoff.
"What do you want?" Miss Brown demanded.
"I want the man whom you let into this house just now," was the prompt reply.
"Why?"
There was a confused murmur of voices. The faces of all five men were upturned, and Miss Brown was thankful for the obscurity in which she stood.
"He's murdered a man in Clarges street," Malakoff declared.
"You're not the police," Miss Brown rejoined.
One of the men, who was swinging a short, heavy stick, pushed his way into the middle of the pavement.
"Look here," he called out, "the police can deal with this later on. We want that man and we're going to have him. We're coming through your window down here if you don't open the door."
Miss Brown leaned a little further out into the night and they saw what she was holding in her right hand. They all scrambled back into the roadway.
"The first one who comes near the window," she warned them, "I shall shoot, whoever it is. My friend below is ringing up Marlborough street at the present moment. If you say the man below is murdered, the police can have him. It seems to me from the state he's in that it's you they'll want."
There was a momentary silence. Then they all began to talk to one another, and though not a single word was intelligible to Miss Brown, she was conscious of an atmosphere of blasphemy. They drew gradually

ally farther away, and lights began to flash out from the houses opposite. As soon as they had turned the corner, Miss Brown descended the stairs, to find Paul, now full conscious, sitting up with his back to the wall.
"They've gone," she announced. It was significant of her that she asked for no explanation. Paul, however, promptly provided it.
"I am very sorry indeed," he began, "awfully sorry. You see, I went home from the Cosmopolitan with some friends who live near here. I stayed with them all the time and then when I left them just near the door of a house opened, and out came Bretskopf, the man I spoke to you about, the man who has been the evil genius of my family."
"I had warned Bretskopf that if he stayed twenty-four hours in England he risked his life. I met him face to face. He had been drinking. He was wearing—actually wearing—as he stepped out on to the pavement, the black pearls he stole from my grandmother's house, and as I saw him there—I remembered the rest. I took him by the collar. I had a malacca cane and I beat him. I beat him everywhere. They came rushing out from the house—his friends. Two or three of them tried to rescue him. The you'd think. He was rime. "When I had finished with him, I threw him into the gutter. Then they all came for me and one of them hit me from behind. There were others streaming out of the house—six or seven of them—they'd been having a debauch there, I suppose—so I ran. I didn't mean to come to you. I never thought of it at all. I turned down the entry to put them off the scent, and then I passed your window."
Miss Brown was very practical, was thinking hard.
"Do you think you killed him?" she asked.
"No," Paul answered, "I am afraid not. Two of them carried him back into the house. He was groaning, but he was alive. No, I did not kill him. I broke his arm, I think, and perhaps his leg, but I do not think that he is dead. I had no time."
He began to stumble incoherently. Frances fetched water and towels and together the two girls bound up his wounds. He had fallen into a semicomatose state, half asleep and half unconscious.
"Perhaps you'll tell me now," Frances demanded, when they had placed a pillow under his head, "exactly what you are going to do about this young man?"
"We are going to sleep in our dressing gowns," Miss Brown suggested, "and he can stay where he is. There is nothing else for it. We can't turn him out into the streets. I should think not, indeed. I wonder if he's quite comfortable."
Frances rested her hand gently upon his forehead, adjusted a bandage and moved the pillow a little. Reassured by his regular breathing, she presently slipped off the remainder of her clothes and wrapped herself in her dressing gown, an example which Miss Brown, after a moment's hesitation and with more circumspection, followed.
Once more they turned out the light, Paul stretched at full length, seemed huge, almost colossal, in the gloom of the room.
(To Be Continued.)

Shipping Club
During the week of February 29th, Mr. H. W. Clay, of the Dominion Livestock Branch, and Mr. W. J. Reid, of the Provincial Department of Agriculture attended a number of meetings on the Borden line and as a result, a Shipping Club has been organized, representing the largest territory in Prince Edward Island.
The first meeting was held at Middleton, with others following at Central Bedeque, Tryon, Victoria, and Hampton. At all of these meetings a representative bunch of hog producers were present, and after discussing the merits of a Shipping Club, as forming a part of the Maritime Marketing Board, with headquarters at Moncton, it was decided to organize a Club that would have the stations on the Borden line as shipping centres. In this territory, Albany was selected as the foremost centre.

SICK ABED EIGHT MONTHS
After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Could Do All Her Work and Gained in Weight
Melfort, Saskatchewan. — "I had inward troubles, headaches and severe pains in my back and sides. I was so sick generally that I could not sit up and I was in bed most of the time for eight months. An aunt came to visit and help me as I was unable to attend to my baby and could not do my work. She told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles I could get up and dress myself. I also took Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine. When I first took the medicine I only weighed seventy-eight pounds. Now I weigh twice as much. If I get out of sorts or weary and can't sleep I always take another bottle of the Vegetable Compound. I find it wonderfully good for female troubles, and have recommended it to my neighbors. I will be only too glad to answer any letters I receive asking about it." — Mrs. WILLIAM RITCHIE, Box 486, Melfort, Saskatchewan.

IN MEMORIAM
LATE ARTEMAS CLOW
Many friends will hear with deep regret of the death of Mr. Artemas Clow, which occurred Tuesday, March 6th, at his home in North Wiltshire. Although ailing for some time, hopes were entertained for his recovery until the last, and all that medical skill and tender nursing could do was unavailable.
The funeral took place Thursday afternoon at 1:30 and was largely attended. A short service was held at the house, at which the hymn "Shall we meet beyond the River," which Mr. Clow sang just before he died, was sung by special request of the family, after which the remains were removed to the United Church where service was conducted by Rev. R. H. Baxter, assisted by Rev. C. F. Johnson of Milton.
Burial took place in North Wiltshire Cemetery. There are left to mourn a widow, two daughters, Mrs. Albert Fritz of Minneapolis, Minn., and Mrs. Harold McLean, of Charlottetown, and one son Elmer at home; also two sisters, Mrs. Ashley of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Cameron, St. Vincent, Minn., and one brother Ambrose of Humboldt, Minn.
The pall-bearers were:—Reuben Barrett, Edison Easter, Aquilla Bowman, Howard Balderston, Michael Coady, Wm. Cullen Sr.
There were many beautiful floral tributes.
Spray, Mrs. Clow and Marjorie; Crescent, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Clow and Elda; Spray, Mr. and Mrs. Harold McLean; Crescent, Mr. and Mrs. Angus McEachern; Spray, Mr. John McLean and daughter; Spray, Miss George Burns; Spray, Mr. and Mrs. Earl McLean; Spray, Mr. and Mrs. Cleaver McLean and wife Margery.
Letters of sympathy were received from W. S. McKie, Charlottetown; Kenneth McLeod, North Wiltshire; Mrs. Duncan Livingstone, Charlottetown; and Mrs. Thos. R. Cullen, M'gill.
Telegram (Essie) Mrs. Albert Fritz.

Edwin Lord, Central Bedeque. Parker Francis, Victoria, R.R. Fred A. Laird, Albany, R.R. Raymond Wood, Albany, R.R. Harold Howatt, Carleton. Thomas Best, Crapaud. Vernon Moore, Westmorland. C. W. Lea, Victoria. John H. Myers, Hampton. John D. McFarlane, DeSable. Windsor Bell, Bonshaw, R.R. At the organization meeting, Mr.

W. J. Reid of Middleton, was appointed Secretary, and in keeping with the work of the Clubs, it is the intention to start shipping in market hogs, as soon as possible. The first date for receiving shipments is set for March 15th, at Albany Station.
Minard's Liniment kills warts.

IMPERIAL COD OIL AND DOG BISCUIT

Successful Winter Feeding Requires Imperials

The "Power Foods," which supply energy and strength, are a necessity for your breeding foxes at this time. All the energy and strength must come from food and chiefly from one class of foods called "carbohydrates." From one-third to one-half of the foxes' diet should be made up of them. IMPERIAL COD LIVER OIL BISCUIT ranks very high in carbohydrates and it's the correct cereal to feed at this season. IMPERIALS are also rich in vitamins and mineral salts, both absolutely necessary for healthy, vigorous foxes.

Best Results in Reproduction
are obtained from the regular feeding of IMPERIALS during the gestation period, as they are laxative and have a cooling effect on the blood. Feed the morning meal of dry IMPERIALS.

IMPERIALS are sold by leading distributors or direct from the factory.

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