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AUCTION SALE

AT MILTON

I am instructed by Geo. F. MacNeil of Milton, to sell by Public Auction on April 29th, 1925, at one o'clock P. M., his farm containing 70 acres of land, 60 acres clear. Also the following Stock, Crops and Implements.

STOCK—One mare 10 years old, "Commodore" is foal to Landseer, due July 8th. One horse rising 5 years old, by Dingola, dam Commodore. 1 cow 4 years old, Ayrshire Grade, due to freshen May 10th. 8 years old, due to freshen May 10th. 1 cow, 8 years old, due to freshen May 27th. 1 heifer 2 years old, due to freshen November 9th. 1 heifer 3 years old, due to freshen December 9th. 1 heifer 1 1/2 years old, Gurnsey Grade. 1 heifer 1 year old, Gurnsey Grade. 1 brood sow with litter. 1 brood sow due to farrow July 2nd. 1 brood sow due to farrow July 5th. 1 pure bred registered Yorkshire boar, 1 year old, "bacon type". 40 young hens, mostly Plymouth Rocks. 2 pure bred Plymouth Rock Roosters 1 year old. 1 pair of geese, sculler, 1 set randa harrows, 1 hay mower, 1 set horse plow, 2 hay rakes, 1 roller, 1 s. T. harrow, 1 B. C. Seeder, 1 spike harrow, 1 potato digger, 1 cart, 1 truck wagon and pole, 1 driving wagon with top, 1 silky, 1 driving sleigh, 1 wood sloop.

A quantity of hardwood plank including bar planks, runner planks, shaft planks and other kinds, rough boards and spruce saw logs.

CROP—40 bushels of choice seed wheat "white file", a quantity of good black oats, hay, straw and potatoes, reds and blues and about 20 bushels of beauty of Hebron.

A lot of other articles too numerous to mention. If the day proves stormy, sale will be held the following day. Terms made known at sale.

ALEX. MACRAE,
 Auctioneer,
 578-4-22wfm51.

CLINTON SCHOOL

The following is the standing of Clinton School for the month of February.

Grade IX.—1. Vera Whitehead, 2. Ma on Woodside, 3. Carnon Heaney.

Grade VIII.—1. Harvey Woodside, 2. Mildred Whitehead, 3. William Heaney.

Grade VII.—1. Mildred MacKay, 2. Ray Woodside, 3. George MacKay.

Grade IV.—1. Gertrude Dennis, 2. Elsie Heaney, 3. James MacKay.

Grade II (Sr.)—1. Ruth Heaney, 2. Jennie McKay, 3. Arnel Whitehead and Leith Paynter (equal).

Grade II (Jr.)—1. I. Ira Somers, 2. Muri I Heaney, 3. George Casheford.

Grade I.—1. Grace Whitehead, 2. Mary O'Connor, 3. Walden Woodside.

Perfect attendances—Ralph Heaney, Elsie Heaney, James MacKay, Ruth Heaney, Arnel Whitehead, Eliza Heaney, Leith Paynter, Grace Whitehead, Chr. Stone Paynter, Mary O'Connor.

Percentage of attendance 90.4.

Ernest Dunning and George Stewart, (Teachers).

For Every III—Minard's Liniment.

Farm For Sale

AT NORBORO

The farm of the late Frank Webster is offered for sale. This farm consists of 112 acres of land, is well watered and fenced, and in a good state of cultivation. The buildings are all in good repair. Convenient to churches, stores and school.

For particulars apply on the premises or write

MRS. FRANK WEBSTER,
 Kensington, R. R. 4,
 622-4-25341.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

CHANGE IN TRAIN SCHEDULES

Effective May 3, 1925

For further particulars apply to Ticket Agent.

584-4-23-24-27-29 May 1.

HOTEL PROPERTY FOR SALE

The well known Albion Terrace Hotel property at Alberton. Consisting of Hotel; Sample Rooms, Large Outbuildings, four acres of land with orchard. For particulars etc., apply to

J. W. WAUGH,
 Secretary,
 Alberton Hotels, Ltd.
 563-4-22wfm.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned administrator of the estate and effects of Duncan McKinley, late of Bradalbane in Queen's County, will offer for sale on the premises at Bradalbane aforesaid on Saturday next, the 25th April, instant, at the hour of two in the afternoon, all the estate of said deceased, comprising 18 acres of land situated at Bradalbane, Lot 67, with movables and furniture including one cow, a quantity of oats, 40 bushels of potatoes with tools and utensils. Sale positive. Terms at Sale.

WILLIAM MATHESON,
 Administrator,
 571-4-18-12.

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WILD HORSES

By Henry Herbert Knibbs

(Continued)

Johnny reached behind him and opened the door. He lowered his gun-hand, knowing that the unarmed posse would hardly risk rushing him.

Then his hand came up like a flash of light. The roar of the heavy gun and darkness were all but instantaneous.

In the succeeding silence some one struck a match.

"The son-of-a-gun shot the light out!" exclaimed one of the deputies.

"No," said Baker, turning on a side-light near the door. "He nipped the wire. I've always understood he was a pretty fair shot."

The shaded bulb which had hung above the desk lay in fragments on the office floor, with a scant foot of cord attached to the socket. The deputies, Baker, and Old Henry gazed at the dangling wire above the desk.

Baker turned to his visitors. "He said he'd be at the cantina this evening. He'll be there. He said he expected to stay in Solano two or three days. He'll stay. And while it is none of my business why or how he leaves, I don't believe anything will be gained by trying to hurry him."

"Baker," said the chief deputy, "did you frame this little party? It looks like you were pretty strong for this young Trent."

"I'll accept that as a compliment, as you are my guests. No, I didn't frame it. I couldn't have done better, though. Perhaps Henry can enlighten you."

Old Henry shook his head like a dog with a burr in its ear. "If Johnny Trent didn't hold up the stage and run off with that young woman, nobody did."

"If he did, he's just slick enough to get out of it," declared the chief deputy. "That boy ain't naturally bad. He's just wild."

"But that don't explain about the missin' woman," said a deputy.

"If he don't know where she is, nobody does," declared Old Henry.

"You might ask him," suggested the chief. "He might recognize your voice." Old Henry glared at the posse.

"If you are at all unsatisfied about my position," said Baker, restraining a tendency to resent the chief deputy's insinuation, "here are your guns."

Baker unlocked the roll-top desk. Johnny Trent hadn't left town. He's at the cantina. He said he'd wait for you. Nothing could be fairer than that."

The chief shook his head.

"I ain't so sure young Trent is the man we want," he declared, glancing at his companions. Mr. Watkins kind of weakened on his evidence."

Old Henry blinked and combed his beard. "Mebby he ain't," said Old Henry, arching his shaggy eyebrows like the village preacher who accepts a premise with intent to subtly controvert it, "but he would make a pert little substitute, wouldn't he?"

"You talk like he was a friend of yours," said the chief.

"I ain't so durned sure he ain't," asserted Old Henry. "And seein' as how you let him slip through your fingers after I don't fetched him over here, I'm through givin' evidence agin' him. You can help yourself to the chile."

"You fetched him over!" snorted the chief.

"He come over with me, didn't he?" Old Henry arched his eyebrows again.

The deputy turned toward Baker. "We'll use your corral. It's handier than the livery. And thanks—for the whiskey. See you in the morning."

The posse decided to remain in Solano for a day or so, to rest tired horses and incidentally keep an eye on the movements of Johnny Trent. The chief was not at all sure that Johnny was innocent of holding up the stage. Johnny had shown himself capable, nifty, and a good shot. Later, when it became generally known that the posse was in Solano for the purpose of shadowing Johnny, public feeling veered from dubious head-shakings of suspicion toward outspoken friendliness for him, whose presence in town attested his innocence. Moreover, Johnny had always been popular. Solano was not pleased that officers from Antelope should camp in its peaceful preserves. Tribal instinct came to the surface. The old primordial hatred of law in evidence on the streets seethed in the simple hearts of Solano folk. While an individual may like and respect a policeman, the mob does not. The deputies were fed and housed at Mrs. Johnson's; and while Mrs. Johnson scorned couldn't get any shorter rhubarb.

Three Spinners

COLOR CUT-OUTS

CHAPTER XVI.

"When in Rome, let the other fellow do the talking." (From Genio Rhodes, "Cigarette Papers.")

Samuel Percival's arrival in Antelope caused no visible excitement, in fact hardly ruffled the slow current of Antelope's placid existence. Mr. Percival, of Chicago, interviewed the editor of the local paper, who, after a brief conversation with the broker, concluded that the latter was not worth the labor of setting up a notice of his arrival, especially when Percival unbraided him for not having run extensive advertisements of the reward for information as to the whereabouts of Grace Percival. The editor calmly explained that the first account of the hold-up, and a subsequent notice of the reward, had created all the interest possible to create in a community that spread news by word of mouth faster than print could travel. Mr. Percival, observing that the bank editor was not particularly impressed by his arrival, stated arrogantly that he could buy the paper and never miss the money. The editor acknowledged that he could, for a nickel a throw.

Mr. Percival blustered out of the editor's office and hunted up the sheriff. The sheriff was cool, calm, collected. He informed his visitor that a posse was out riding the country and would continue to do so as long as there was the least clue to follow.

"It's a big country to cover," he added. "We have to have every railroad town within a hundred miles. All we can do now is to wait and see what turns up."

"How much does the country pay you for holding down that chair?" queried the broker, irritated by the other's placidity.

"A whole lot more than that is worth," replied the sheriff genially. "But you know how that is, being in politics yourself."

"You're a poor judge of men," asserted Percival.

"Honest? Then I'll guess again. You're in the milk business."

"Milk business? Where do you get that funny stuff?"

"Well, your eyes water when you try to look square at a man."

Percival stared at the sheriff's bronzed face and steel-gray eyes. The sheriff gazed mildly at his fat and flushed visitor. Samuel Percival had a political pull in Chicago—but somehow or other, he felt small and helpless facing this quiet little man of the mesa country.

"I could buy your whole blasted county!" he declared with a contemptuous wave of his arm.

"I can sell you a couple of sections, right now!" said the sheriff enthusiastically. "I've got a ranch down near Concho—"

"This is an outrage!" thundered the broker. "Here I—"

"No, it's a ranch. Finest piece of grazing land, with water—four wells, and fifty acres in alfalfa. Ever hear of Concho. Well, it's a—"

"I suppose a mere five thousand dollars reward doesn't interest you enough to make you quit kidding and get down to business. The fact that the stage was held up and my ward murdered doesn't seem to bother you much."

"I know who held up the stage," declared the sheriff quietly. "But Miss Percival was not murdered."

"Then I suppose you know where she is?"

"No, I wish I did. But I'm reasonably sure that she has not been harmed in any way. I understand you telegraphed her that you were seriously injured in an automobile accident—wasn't expected to live? You look in pretty good health, right now?"

(To Be Continued)



THE MAGIC SPINNERS

This is one day's chapter of the story of "The Three Spinners." If you cut out and color these dolls every day you'll have a whole set of dolls to act out this fairy tale with.

Immediately the spinner with the splayfoot sat down at the wheel. The one with the large lip moistened the thread and the one with the huge, broad thumb pressed and twisted it. They worked so fast that the thread flowed on like a swift stream.

When the queen came the next day she was delighted to find the flax in the whole room spun. "Tomorrow you shall start on the next room," she said.

The following day the poor girl was taken into the second room. It was larger than the first and was also completely filled with flax. Scarcely had the queen left her alone to begin work than the three old women again appeared.

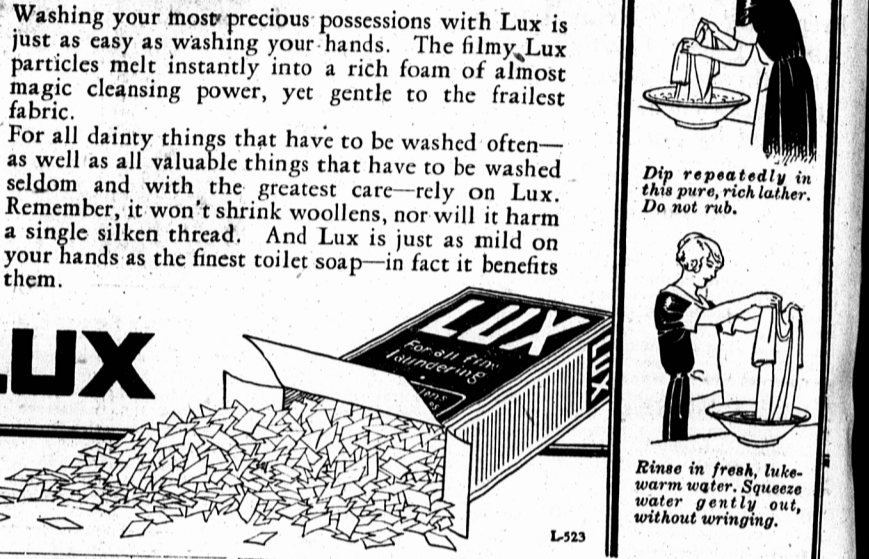
(Color the second spinner's dress and hood lavender. Tomorrow we shall see the 'third spinner'. (Copyright, 1925, Associated Editors, Inc.)



Lux for everything you wash yourself

Washing your most precious possessions with Lux is just as easy as washing your hands. The filmy Lux particles melt instantly into a rich foam of almost magic cleansing power, yet gentle to the frailest fabric.

For all dainty things that have to be washed often—as well as all valuable things that have to be washed seldom and with the greatest care—rely on Lux. Remember, it won't shrink woollens, nor will it harm a single silken thread. And Lux is just as mild on your hands as the finest toilet soap—in fact it benefits them.



L-523

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Cross Word Puzzle No. 117

| | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 |
| 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 |
| 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 |
| 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 |
| 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 |

- 47 A measure.
 49 A sheep's call.
 50 A certain quantity given.
 52 Abr. North Western Railway.
 54 Unit.
 55 Prefix denoting three.
 56 A slice.
 58 Note in musical scale.
 60 Royal Academy (ab.)
- LOBELIA NEMESIS
 I CAN O DAYS H
 BE TRANSPIRE RE
 WE ANIMATI IR
 RENO ENOCH SNOB
 TRUNK ASK DANTE
 Y MEED E TADUT
 NREID GAMDIT
 E RAVE S NEAT S
 STARE AMO STILE
 CITY VIEWS HEEL
 UNE BILLETS SAL
 AY PROSTRATE PI
 G BAL S LIT L M
 ETERNAL JERKING
- Answer to Puzzle No. 116
 For Every III—Minard's Liniment.

WASTING NO SHOTS

While a shooting party was out for a day's sport a raw young sportsman was observed taking aim at a pheasant running along the ground.

As it is unsportsmanlike to shoot a bird while it is on the ground, a companion shouted: "Hi there, never shoot a running bird!"

"What do you take me for, you idiot?" came the reply. "Can't you see I'm waiting till it stops?"

A LONG PIE

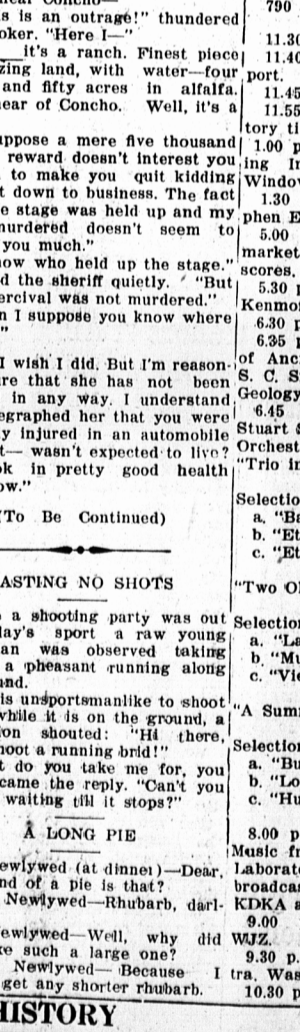
Mr. Newlywed (at dinner)—Dear, what kind of a pie is that?
 Mrs. Newlywed—Rhubarb, darling.

Mr. Newlywed—Well, why did you make such a large one?
 Mrs. Newlywed—Because I thought you couldn't get any shorter rhubarb.

MORE HUMOURS OF HISTORY

A. D. 1135. — King Stephen gained immediate popularity by granting permission to the barons to hunt in their own forests, and to build castles on their estates. The result was that 126 new castles were built, and the same number of bandit-chiefs created. There was great competition and prosperity in the building trade.

By ARTHUR MORELAND



No. 79. A Plague of Barons

"GENTLEMEN, DESIST! I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE MY OFFICE PRESSED UP BY YOU FIGHTING YOUR MUSTY TOSS TO DECIDE WHOSE CASTLE IS THE FINEST!"

"I SHALL GET WRITERS CRAMP SIGNING THEM. YOU'D BETTER ORDER ME A RUBBER STAMP."

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 Carload Just Received

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