The women of the Maritime Provinces who bake their own bread, insist on having the best quality of flour the world produces.

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No milling company in Canada is better equipped to supply a flour of the above standard than the St. Lawrence Flour Mills Co., Limited, of Montreal, and they *do* supply it in

REGAL *flour*

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For Sale—Campbell's Garage at Hunter River, with gasoline pump, oil pump, air compressor, battery charger, etc. Apply to
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80 acre farm, near York Station, 5 acres hardwood. Barns rebuilt. Well watered. Wire fenced. 16 pen ranch new. Also 4 Island horses.
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Farm For Sale

Farm for Sale at Roseneath, the property of the late Peter Gordon. 100 acres partly covered with hard and soft wood. The balance in a high state of cultivation. Good buildings, school on farm. Four miles from Montague, 2½ miles from Cardigan. For particulars apply to
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For Sale

The site of the Victoria Hotel with building thereon, also building lot opposite.

These two properties will be sold separately or en bloc. An attractive price will be given for quick sale. Apply to
W. K. ROGERS,
LT. COL. D. A. MacKINNON,
Liquidators.

2974-3-27-3ithenttstf.

FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale my farm of 100 acres of land at French Fort in Queen's County—about 85 acres clear and in excellent state of cultivation; balance covered with good growth of hard and soft wood.

Large and commodious dwelling-house and suitable barns and out-buildings all in good repair.

Conveniently situated, close to school, churches, butter factory and Railway Station.

The farm is conveniently laid off and all well fenced.

Good title free from encumbrances guaranteed.

For further particulars apply to Stewart & Lowther, Barristers, 84 Great George Street, Charlottetown, or to the undersigned on the premises.

WILLIAM REID,
French Fort, P. E. I.
February 24, 1930.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE

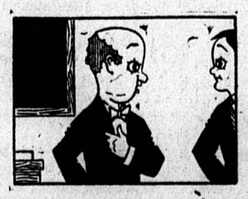
"What some singers need is volume and timber."

• • • •

AN ACTOR'S PRAYER

The actor heaved a heavy sigh,
And wobbled on his weary legs,
As fearfully he fixed his eye
Upon a pile of pallid eggs.

He groaned, "Though all things come at last
To him who waits, yet, oh, I pray
That never may my lines be cast
Where ancient hen-fruit comes my way!"



Professor: In this case of gunshot wound the ball had struck the subject in the ——.
Absent-Minded Student: Give him his base.

"An awfully nice man lives in that house we just passed."
"Is that so?"
"Yes, he's a vegetarian."

Patient: From what you say, doctor, it seems that I mustn't eat anything.
Dr. Endes (absently): Yes and be sure you chew it thoroughly.

The Third Warning

A Mystery Love Story

By Augustus Muir

(Continued)

We promised faithfully, and parted. The glen was narrow and rocky with overhanging crags in places. In places too, the hillside ran sheer up, with sheep paths winding perilously among the trees and bushes. The stream was narrow and fast, opening into an occasional pool, shallow where the water emerged, but sloping to black depths at the distant end. Among the first dozen cast in one of these pools, I lost my tackle on the overhanging trees that crowded to the water's edge. Thanking Providence that George was not there to scoff, I fitted fresh tackle and proceeded upstream. It was very pleasant in that quiet glen, with the soft rush of the water in my ears and the birds singing overhead; and above both noises I could hear the pounding of a distant waterfall farther up between the hills.

"That probably means a big pool." I said to myself and decided to waste little time playing riskily (and unskillfully) beneath these rapacious branches. Soon the thunder of the waterfall grew louder: and after pushing through some dense bushes, with my rod held high above my head, it burst into view, fifteen or twenty feet of white falling water. It seethed and churned between banks of steep rock green and slimy with moss and spray and it spread into a still, deep pool, perhaps twenty yards across, with the body of a tree lying drunkenly over one corner and a ledge running round the margin just wide enough to give an adventurous angler foothold. I smoked placidly for half an hour, more asleep than awake, fishing at intervals when the fancy took me, but dreaming mostly.

My thoughts, I may as well admit, ran largely on the strange intricacies of woman's nature: what man on earth ever yet understood a girl? And the more beautiful the girl, the more curious seemed to be her mental make-up! That's the cussed thing about it. The only treasure-trove I bore away from that pool was an unsleeping draught, and I came to myself with a jerk and with the impression that I'd better be moving on.

I cursed softly at the prospect of plowing again through the dense bushes. Was there no other way out of this cul-de-sac? I looked all around My eye picked out an alternative route It meant climbing about fifty feet up an almost perpendicular bank. But even that was a shorter way upstream than going back till I could get an easy path up to higher ground and then working round to meet the stream again above the pool. I glanced at my watch and whistled: there was no time to fish further. I must get back at once or be late for tea: which would look mighty rude, as if I preferred my sport, or the lack of it, before the fare of my host—to say nothing of Marget's cress sandwiches.

So I unloosed the tackle and, rolling it up put it in my pocketbook. Reeling up the line, I unjointed the rod and slipped it into the brown watery proof cover. Then I made across the patch of pebbles and commenced my climb. The quickest way back, it was obvious, was not to blunder down-stream over the rocks at the water's edge, but get up into high ground at once, which would cut off a considerable bend in the burn, and have a clear stroll down through the trees on the horizon above me.

The climb was a tougher job than I had anticipated. My rod was the trouble, for I had to pull myself by occasional tufts of grass and jutting corners of rock, digging my toes into the loose earth that spurted at a touch. A birch tree now and then and an odd hazel bush, gave support and made the going easier. I paused and looked down, my arm round a sapling; and the dark green pool with its booming waterfall seemed a dreadful drop. I shuddered to think of some angler slipping here in the dark and falling into that hideous cavern; and, with considerably more care than I had used in starting I tackled the last twenty feet of the climb. As I got my knee upon a rock, and my hand on the tough curling root of a tree above me I heard a shot across the glen.

"I should have brought a gun instead of this." I grumbled to myself as the rod again got in my way. I'd at least have bagged a few wood-pigeons."

Another shot went off and the birds rose wheeling and crying above me. The shooting seemed rather near for my taste, and I put on speed. After the same interval there there was a third shot; but an instant before the reverberation, there had been a hiss in the leaves of a tree a few yards distant.

The blighter was potting over at birds on this side of the glen! I stooped and looked across. There was no sign of him. His attention must be drawn to my presence, and that right speedily! I shouted and waved my rod. Almost it seemed to answer, the loose earth was flicked up in a spray beside me, and a fourth shot cracked sharply.

I swore angrily. Then of a sudden it was borne in upon me, with a surge of something very near to terror, that the man across the glen was perfectly well aware of my presence; That he was, indeed, taking deliberate aim at me! I slipped quickly behind a hazel bush and made an observation. Not a trace of him was to be seen. Birds were still rising in clumps and circuling up the glen; but apart from them everything was deadly still; and the incessant drone of the water was all that broke the silence. I wondered whether he were finished, and I got my answer pat. For the gun barked again, and a chip of rock was splintered from the bowlder above my head So he wasn't firing shot—he was loosing off bullets at me! And a wild panic seized my limbs. The hazel bush was less than no protection—it was indeed a target. Without more ado, I leaped at the bowler above me, and, setting my teeth, made for the ragged edge of the bank above in a burst of desperation.

I can never forget the few seconds that followed. They were charged with all the turbulent elements that haunt the dreadful margin between life and death. For I knew that any instant he might find the mark he was aiming in the grim and stark brutality of cold blood. Even a bullet in the leg and I should go hurtling down what amounted to a precipice down into the devouring waters below. I don't know how many shots followed me as I clambered upward; but as I drew nearer the top they came quicker, and seemed only to miss me—in some wild providence—by inches. I am vague about what followed.

I thought for a fleeting moment he had hit me, because I knew I was slipping and falling. I thought moreover he had got me in some vital place. The ground went through my fingers, and my feet no longer gripped. I knew vaguely that I was smashing through leaves and branches; and then there was a jarring shock. I closed my eyes in pain, and opened them experimentally not knowing what to expect. I saw that I was jammed perilously between a birch tree and the bank, and looking upward gathered in an emotionless way that I must have slipped and fallen a dozen feet, and had been saved by this slender tree trunk. At the same moment I heard a faint splash below and I realized my fishing-rod was no longer in my hand. It was only by absured luck that I had not gone down with it, and this thought jolted me suddenly to my sense.

I do not suppose I lay there against the bank for longer than a few seconds before I was on my feet again.

(To be continued)

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KAYSER

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All Silk Chiffon
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AURORA - DIANA
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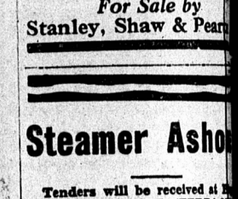

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