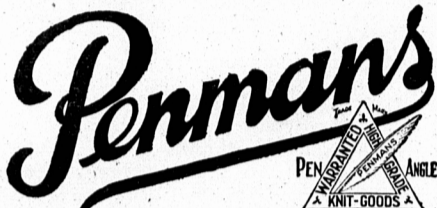




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I am instructed by Miss Hogan to sell by public auction on Friday, October 30th at 12 o'clock noon that valuable property Nos. 32 and 34 Weymouth Street. Will be sold at private sale up to date of sale by applying at 304 Richmond Street. Terms at Sale.

J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer.

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MYSTERY HOUSE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

They were man and woman and he loved her. But they had forgotten that, or if Barnes remembered it, it was only to feel in his heart an ache of pity for the lean, courageous, smiling young creature whose cheeks hollowed hour by hour, and whose beautiful eyes grew dazed with exhaustion and hunger. When she climbed back up the rocks from the beach her hand reached for Barnes's hand; sometimes at night she would waken from brief unrestful sleep to find that he had moved her heavy head to his shoulder.

Now she lay on the sun-washed bracken of the rocks sleepily, idly, staring at the blue sea upon which light was shining at last, and into whose long white blackness color and form had come. With the first light she and Barnes had gone about to the eastern face of the rock, and sat there waiting and watching for the faintest sign of life on the shore, that they might begin their calling and signalling. They had lighted a brush fire; the smoke of it went straight up into the clear blue air. Surely, surely anyone seeing that fire would sense that some one was in trouble, out on the Rock! They would realize that picknickers would not be there so early, in this season. No matter how unfriendly the townfolk in Halfmoon Bay might be to the strange inmates of Mystery House they might begin to wonder if by day and by night fire and smoke showed out on the Rock Island.

Barnes came to join her, throwing himself down on the sparse chapparal and falling as she had into a daydream that was part weakness and part hunger and silent largely because they two had said so many things to each other so many times.

"Lynn asleep?" he presently said. "Yes," Page looked away and he saw her eyes filled with tears. "It isn't hurting him so much now," she said. "He'll just see, that way until he—doesn't wake up!"

"He's got a lot more strength than you think, Page."

"I know. But nobody could fight that."

There was another silence. After awhile Page broke it. "They'll find us some day, and the grill, and the blanket, and think that we picnicked here, and that our boat was carried away."

"Listen, that's no way to talk! We'll get out of this."

"Well, I think we will. But if we don't. Do you suppose they've all gone away from Mystery House?"

"I think so. They probably got right out. Probably they'll split; they won't want to be identified. The old woman will go east and live somewhere; Harwood will go back to China—"

"I've thought it all out," Page said, in a long silence. "Mrs. Prendergast probably was ill, perhaps dying and perhaps not, and Trudy Mockbee was thinking about the money. Flora came on to join her mother, and either the mother had a plan to kill the old lady, or they thought of it together. I think Mrs. Prendergast—I mean Mrs. Prendergast—did it alone. She promised Flora money and Europe and everything poor Flora's

been starving for, if she would keep her mouth shut. And of course she is Flora's mother. Any woman would stand by her mother.

Then Lynn showed up, just at the end, and got in to see his grandmother, who told him she was dying and put the diamond into his care. That upset all Trudy Mockbee's plans, and except for his being ill with some sort of oriental fever, she probably would have given up the whole thing, perhaps kept the old woman alive. But the doctor said Lynn was dying, and two of the Chinese, a boy and an old man, actually did die, and it seemed as if Lynn never would live to expose her. And right in there Rand came along broke, and with nothing but a lot of Chinese poisons left to show for all his years of work, and he fitter right in, to play her game for her, manage the Chinese, fall in love with Flora, or let her fall in love with him, which was the only way of shutting up Flora, and keep Lynn doped. There's no question that the 'tonic' was some Chinese drug that confused his mind, especially as he was just convalescent after a terrible illness.

"Then Mrs. Hibbs happened to move here from Denver, and tried to see her aunt, and talked about the need of a nurse, and then I came in."

She fell silent. The sun strengthened and glittered on the sea, and shadows from the up-sweep of the Rock and from the gnarled trees that clung to it precariously fell softly on the boulders and sea grasses and shrubs that descended to the blue water.

"I think that what frightens me is that people can be so bad," Page said. "Why did she want the diamond? She had enough. If she let Mrs. Prendergast die, or helped her die, she could have gone away; there would have been plenty. But they wanted the Ked Anna! It is costing Lynn's life, and maybe ours, and if they are ever found out it may cost them theirs!"

"If anything could be proved, it might," Barnes said. "But our saying that Flora deliberately left us out on the Rock wouldn't hang them, for if we get a chance to say it we won't be dead. And proving anything in the case of old Mrs. Prendergast might be hard. She died, and a doctor signed a death certificate for one Trudy Mockbee. That isn't murder. It's fraud. It's forgery. They might have to face jail terms—"

"The diamond," Page said dreamily, after awhile, "is three steps down the terrace from the second level. You must sit down there on the step and let your hand fall naturally on the garden bed beside it. There's a stain like white plaster on one of the bricks where the lime has streaked it, and right in a line with it, you put your finger straight down, and you will touch cotton, and the diamond is in the cotton."

"While we're talking," Barnes said. "There's something I want to say—two things: if we get out of this, we can discuss it again. But if we don't, and—and anything happens to you, which I don't believe, I'm going to write the whole story and leave it in the



FOR COUGHS Mathieu's Syrup

cave. We have to. It'll be murder, then, and Flora ought to be taken up before she gets in any deeper. I don't know what charges they could bring against Harwood. Drugging a sick boy isn't definable exactly, when the man who does it is a research man and has taken his M. D.; even if they prove murder against Mrs. Prendergast they couldn't hold him as an accessory. He wasn't here. Well, that's that.

"Barnes, they might come out here and clear up all traces of having been here, and destroy the paper."

"They might, of course. But we couldn't help that. Now about the second thing. If this sunshine holds, and these waves go down—and they're going down now—you and I might make a break for the shore. If they're there, Rand and the woman I mean, they might shoot at us; they're desperate now. But I think we have to chance it—some time today while there's light if the sea quiets down."

"We couldn't make it and you know it."

"Life is sweet. I don't want to risk it yet. Let's wait until tomorrow anyway."

"Tomorrow—" Barnes began, with a jerk of his head toward the cave.

"I don't think anything would—be in time now," Page said in a low voice. "The fever is burning him away. He's so weak!"

"You love him, don't you?" She moved her sunken eyes to his face.

"The way a woman loves a man," she said.

"And I love you that way."

"I know. And it's all so strange, our being out here, and perhaps all dying out here—"

"There are a lot of things to do before that," Barnes said. "For instance . . . he added, with a gesture toward the sea. Page's eyes followed his hand, and he heart stood still. A little tramp freighter, reeling in the still rough seas, was closer to shore than anything they had seen in all these hours of vigil. Smoke poured from her funnel.

(To be Continued)

SPRING VALLEY SCHOOL

The following is the standing of Spring Valley School for the month of August and September.

Grade X.—1. Helen Champion 2. Harry Caseley.

Grade VII. sr.—1. Eileen Glover 2. Rose Mary Glover.

Grade VII Jr.—1. Ruby Casely 2. Wendall Harrington 3. Eunice Casely.

Grade VI.—1. Adelaide Glover. Grade V.—1. Lorenzo MacLellan 2. Muriel Parker 3. Lorena MacLellan.

Grade IV.—1. Velma Brennan 2. Irene Brennan 3. Charlie Cole.

Grade III.—1. Alice Parker 2. Maurice Glover 3. Ellsworth Champion.

Grade IA.—1. Elmer Casely, 2. Verna Bryanton 3. Ellsworth Bryanton.

Grade I B.—Lillie and Louise Cotton, equal.

Grade I C. Marie Sudbury I D. Johnny Brennan. Teacher Lottie E. Proffitt.

New Entrant in Millar Will Race West Indian Native



Claiming to have nine children Indian, father of the first negro says, he will divide it evenly among them and registered in the 10-year family to enter the stork derby, is all the mothers who have had more period in the Millar will race, John shown here with his wife and than six children in Toronto in the William Carter, 50-year-old West family. If he wins the \$750,000, he past 10 years.



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24 Challenge Cups and Trophies Valued at \$1,500

Rosette Ribbons and Cash Prizes for 43 Sections

Totalling Upwards of \$2,000

Every year this Show is getting bigger and better and this will be the banner Exhibition of all time. It is the talk of the Silver Fox world and will be visited by prominent men connected with the industry from Europe, the United States, and other Provinces of Canada. You cannot afford to miss this Show if you are at all interested in the biggest industry of Prince Edward Island.

There are Classifications for darks up to 25 per cent, dark mediums, mediums, light mediums, pale silvers and extra pale silvers, subdivided into adults, yearlings and pups, males and females. Classes for herds, senior, yearling, junior, sire and three of his get, dam and two of her progeny, best matched pair male and female, adults, best matched pair male and female, pups. Nine Championships and Grand Championship for best fox in Show. Prizes awarded on the basis of number of entries, one to six entries three prizes, eleven to twelve entries six prizes, over twenty-five entries twelve prizes. First prize \$12., second \$9., third \$6., remaining qualifying entries \$4. each.

A unique feature of the Exhibition this year will be the awarding of a silver cup to the exhibitor winning the greatest number of points in the Show. Many other features not offered by other exhibitions. Open to foxes registered in Canadian National Silver Fox Breeders Association.

GRAND BANQUET CANADIAN NATIONAL HOTEL

Big foxmen's banquet will be held on Tuesday, November 17th at the Canadian National Hotel and will be the highlight of the season. Only 140 tickets will be sold so as to avoid crowding and assure every guest of a pleasant and highly entertaining evening. Don't overlook this event. Music, mirth and an unexcelled repast. Short, snappy speeches will be given by leading men and prominent authorities on Silver Fox ranching.

WRITE FOR PRIZE LIST GIVING FULL PARTICULARS TO JOHN B. ROPER, President.

WALTER R. SHAW, Secretary.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Big Auction Of Wellner's Stock

A full page announcement appears in this issue offering the whole of the stock of Messrs W. W. Wellner, Watchmakers and Jewellers at Auction. It is not the intention of the popular proprietor, Mr. Lloyd E. Wellner, to retire, but merely to make a clearance of as much of his stock as possible preparatory to Christmas. He has engaged for this purpose, Mr. Paul Lopton, auctioneer, Toronto, who has recently carried on similar auctions in Sydney, Truro, Yar-

mouth, New Glasgow, Moncton and Saint John. All the stock is put up, but intending purchasers, may select any individual item and have it auctioned, buying it in at their own price. The sales take place daily, afternoon and evening, from tomorrow Saturday. Messrs Wellner's is one of the oldest businesses of the kind in the province, being in existence for 60 years and this is the first general "housecleaning" it has undergone in all those years.

(Canadian Press) SIOUX CITY, Ia.—Mrs. Henry Green's flock of chickens is all so jitter because one of the hens crow like a rooster after laying an egg.

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