

*"Let the Cook Rhinehart help you"*



**CLARK'S MINCE MEAT**  
makes delicious Mince pies  
The extra quality makes it worth your while to insist on "Clark's"  
In corners & Chain Jars at dealers everywhere. Purely Canadian.

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**Charlottetown Exhibition Tenders**

Separate Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and on Monday, the Thirtieth day of September, 1926, for the following privileges at the Exhibition to be held in Charlottetown from the 21st to 24th September.

- For the privilege of Catering under the Grand Stand only.
- For the painting and selling of Score Cards for the Races.
- For the supplying of Straw as required.
- For selling feed for Horses, Cattle, etc., on the ground.
- For supplying pressed old Hay for Race Horses.

In Nos. 1, 2, and 4, the highest or any tender, and in Nos. 3 and 5, the lowest or any tender not necessarily attended.

Conditions may be obtained at the office of  
**C. R. SMALLWOOD,**  
Sec'y-Treas.  
Charlottetown

**FOR SALE OR TO LET**

I offer for sale or to rent my property at Cardigan, consisting of a house and lot and outbuildings. Also my farm at Mitchell River, consisting of 86 acres of land. Building in good repairs, one and a half miles from Cardigan.

Terms can be arranged to suit purchasers. Apply  
**ALEX. Y. CAMPBELL,**  
Cardigan.

**The Acme Silver Black Fox Company, Ltd.**

**"AND THE VOLUNTARY WINDING UP ACT"**

Notice is hereby given that a special general meeting of Shareholders of THE ACME SILVER BLACK FOX COMPANY, LIMITED will be held at the Office of the Secretary, Summerside, P. E. I., on Tuesday, the Twenty-first day of September, A. D. 1926, at 7.30 P. M. for the purpose of considering and passing upon the financial statements, accounts and reports of Directors and Officers, and for the purpose of passing a resolution regarding the winding up of the Company as provided under the provisions of "The Winding up Act" and for the purpose of appointing Liquidators for such winding up and the giving of consequential directions.

Dated this second day of September, A. D. 1926.  
By order of the Directors,  
**JAMES J. CALBECK,** President.  
**J. A. MCMURDO,** Secretary

**FOR SALE**

On Malpeque Road, opposite Experimental Farm, dwelling house and out buildings. One acre of land. Apply to  
**MRS. DELAHUNTY,**  
On Premises.

**FARM FOR SALE**

70 acres at Flat River near the Shore with dwelling, barn, good well. School, store and church all near. Shipping at Pinette a mile away. Apply to  
**D. M. FALCONER,**  
1822-9-10-frimonweddl.

**POTATOES WANTED**

As in past years I shall still be open to buy large quantities of both Certified and Uncertified Irish Cobbler and Green Mountains as well as table stock and Cobler Seconds graded from Certified fields. Before selling elsewhere give me an opportunity to buy from you.  
**AUSTIN A. SCALES,**  
Freestown, P. E. I.  
1061-9-1-2wks.

**The Red Lamp**  
Mary Roberts Rhinehart

(Continued)

How did it get behind the drawer? I thought I was sure on the corner turns out to be blood, and I think it is, then it was placed in the drawer after he died. Annie Cochran and Thomas both deny having any paper about. The doctor, perhaps? But would he not have read it first?

It has been crumpled into a ball and thrown into the drawer, and the subsequent opening of the drawer had pushed it back, out of sight. So much is clear.

But—after he fell!

Suppose—and in the privacy of the Journal I may say—let my imagination wander—suppose then, that some other hand picked up this paper, ignorant of its contents, and in a hurried attempt to put the room in order, flung it into the drawer? Or toward the waste basket beside it, and it fell short? Suppose, in a word, that he was not alone when he died? Suppose that some other hand, again, turned out the desk light and the others, and somehow overlooked the dim red lamp in the next room, or left it to the night breeze to extinguish?

I must not let my nerves run away with me. Murder is an ugly word, and after all we have Hayward's verdict of death by heart failure. But a sufficient shock, or a blow, might have brought that on. I might even have been frightened when he wrote that letter. Trembling but uncompromising. That was like him.

"I realize fully the unpleasantness of my own situation; even if you are consistent, its danger, but I am not afraid."

But what? But in spite of this I shall do as I have threatened, probably.

I am profoundly moved tonight. We did not love one another, but he was old and alone, and menaced by some monstrous wickedness. Just what that wickedness was no one can say, but I fully believe tonight that he died of it.

This morning I went with Edith to the main house, she to select some odds and ends for the boat-houses, against Halliday's coming, and I to clear out the library desk, to have it moved to the Lodge.

Edith was in high spirits as I unlocked the front door, and was accompanied us, that we had seen the blue light under Clara's bed the night before. But he expressed no surprise.

"Plenty of them, folks tell me," he said. "First time I've heard of them in the Lodge, though."

"Oh!" said Edith slightly daunted. "So there are lights, too."

"Yes," he replied. "Annie Cochran has been here, used to hang around the shower-bath off the gun room. And there used to be plenty outside. Fellows setting traps out in the bay used to see them over the swamp."

"Marsh gas," I suggested.

"Marsh gas," he said, with his talker or leveller attitude, and we went into the house.

There Edith and Thomas left me, and I opened the shutters of the library and sat down at the desk. I could hear Edith insisting on seeing the shower-bath off the gun room. Then their voices died away and I began to go through the desk once more. All important papers had been taken away after the death, and the drawers contained the usual rattle of such deposited letters, old keys, ancient check-books, their stubs filled in Uncle Horace's neat hand.

Naturally, I was thinking of him. More or less, I was concentrated on

him, if this is any comfort to my spiritualistic friends. He had, indeed, fallen out of the very chair in which I sat when he was stricken and had apparently cut his head badly on the corner of the desk. All this was in my mind, as I closed the last drawer and surveyed the heap of rubbish on the desk.

I suppose I was subconsciously reconstructing the night of his death, when he had penned that word "danger" which now lay clearly outlined in reverse, on the blotter. And that when I wandered into the den, looking for a place to store what Lear calls the detritus piled up on the desk, it was still thinking of it. But I cannot feel that my entrance into the room, or my idly switching on the red lamp which stood there, had the slightest connection with the message I seemed at that moment to receive. "Take out the bottom drawer on the right."

I have heard people who believe in this sort of thing emphasize the peculiar insistence of the messages, and this was true in this case. I do not recall that there was any question in my mind, either, as to which bottom drawer on the right I was to remove. But I must record here a rather curious incident which my spiritualistic friends would add to the picture as proof positive of its otherworldly origin.

Edith came back. I could hear her in the library.

"I've found Annie Cochran's blue light," she called. "A piece of phosphorescent wood. No wonder this neighborhood's haunted! Then she came into the doorway, and I saw her behind her, and suddenly stopped!"

"Shadows?"

"Why!" she said, "what funny! Then she laughed and ran her fingers across her eyes.

"Why error," she said. "When I came in I seemed to see a sort of cloud under the ceiling. It's gone now."

Old Thomas stood by, quietly.

"Lots of folks have seen them shadows," he said. "Some say they're red and some brown. I've never seen them myself, so I can't say." He turned to go. "Maybe it's phosphorescence!" he said, and went away with a sort of hideous silent mirth shaking him.

Behind the drawer I found the letter.

Note: I made no copy of the letter in the original Journal, so I give it here.)

Unfinished letter of Mr. Horace Porter, addressed to some one unknown, and dated the day of his death, June 27th of the preceding year:

"I am writing this in great distress of mind, and in what I feel is a righteous anger. It is incredible to me that you cannot see the wickedness of the course you have proposed.

"In all earnestness I appeal to you to reconsider the matter. I have the idea. Your failure to comprehend my own attitude to it, however, makes me believe that you may be tempted to go on with it. In that case I shall feel it my duty, not only to go to the police but to warn society in general.

"I realize fully the unpleasantness of my own situation; even if you are consistent, its danger. But—"

The letter had not been finished. June 28th.

I kept very little last night, and this morning made an excuse to go up to town with the letter. Larkin had telephoned me that he had an inquiry on the house through Cambridge. He had a pretext. Jane at first wished to go with me, but Edith coaxed her into helping with the rooms over the boat-house, and I finally got away.

Larkin is impressed with the letter, but does not necessarily see its connection with Uncle Horace's death.

"After all," he said, "you've got your medical man's statement; that he died of heart failure. Suppose he was scared to death? That isn't a crime in law. And you've got to remember the old gentleman was pretty much of a pepper pot. He attacked me almost as violently as that once for my political."

"He didn't threaten you with the police, did he?"

"No," he recommended a Sanitarium. I think. You haven't an idea who it's meant for, you say?"

"Not the slightest. He hadn't any friends, intimates, so far as I know. The Livingstones, very decent people with a big place about six miles from him, his doctor, and myself—that's about all."

"Enormity of the idea, he read again. "Of course that might be a new poison gas, or this thing the press is always scaring up, the death ray. Some fellow with a bee in his bonnet, you may be sure."

"That wouldn't imply danger to himself."

"Any fellow with a bee in his bonnet is dangerous," he said, and gave me back the letter.

"Of course," he went on, "you've made a nice point about the stain on the corner. If it's blood, it's hardly likely he got up again and put it where you found it. But I think you'll find the servant there, what's her name, picked it up in her excitement and threw it into the drawer. People don't always know what they do at such times. However, if you like, I'll have that stain tested and see what it is."

I tore off the corner, and left him putting it carefully into an envelope. He glanced up as I prepared to go.

"What's this I hear about your keeping off demons by drawing some sort of a cabalistic design around yourself?" he asked. "You'd better let me in on it; I need a refuge now and then."

"Which proves that a man may about the eternal virtues and be unheard forever, but if he babbles nonsense in a wilderness it will

**Quick safe relief CORNS**

In one minute your misery from corns is ended. That's what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do safely by removing the cause—pressing or rubbing of shoes. You risk no danger of infection. Zino-pads are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. At drug stores and shoe dealers—35c. For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Toledo

**DEScholl's Zino-pads**  
Put one on—the pain is gone

**FARM FOR SALE**

At South Shore, consisting of 118 acres cleared land with good dwelling house and barns. Will sell farm with or without crop. Apply  
**JOSEPH DOYLE**  
1872-11-1f

**Notice Of Official Agents**

The following have been appointed official agents of the candidates for the coming General Election in the Electoral District of Queens.

For Robert Harold Jenkins, Jas. A. Robertson, Charlottetown

For John Albert Messervey, Donald McKinnon, Barrister, Charlottetown.

For John Howard Myers, Donald McKinnon, Barrister, Charlottetown.

For John Ewen Sinclair, Jas. A. Robertson, Charlottetown.

(Sgd.) **JOHN P. GORDON,**  
Returning Officer for Queens.  
1819-9-41

**Federal Election Returns 1926**

Following is the vote that was polled by the candidates of the three counties of Prince Edward Island in the last Federal election, on October 29, 1925:

Prince County		Queens County		Kings County	
Bothwell	63	Shaw	123	Tyne Valley	108
North Lake	97	Wood Islands	78	Victoria West	103
Priest Pond	58	Ward 1 East A	77	St. Albert	88
Red Point	62	Ward 2 East B	73	Arlington	116
Souris	60	Ward 3 East B	70	Wellington	89
Souris East	64	Ward 1 West A	73	Central Lot 16	146
Souris River	132	Ward 2 East A	77	Egmont Bay	103
Souris Line Road	53	Ward 2 East B	85	Cape Egmont	60
Rollo Bay Chapel	49	Ward 3 West A	61	St. Nicholas	61
Souris West	40	Ward 3 East B	66	Misouche	127
St. Margaret's	66	Ward 4 West A	93	St. Eleanors	153
Bay Fortune	29	Ward 4 East B	78	Summerside West	170
Head Rollo Bay	47	Ward 5 West A	78	Court House, S'side	157
St. Andrew's	66	Ward 5 East A	90	W. Hall, S'side	129
Greenwich	60	Ward 6 West A	84	Summerside East	202
Monticello	48	Ward 6 East A	89	Summerside West	139
Baldwin's Road	59	Ward 7 West A	86	Traveller's Rest	150
Victoria Cross	94	Ward 7 East A	107	Nail Pond	65
Eighteen Mile Brook	50	Ward 8 West A	79	Tignish East	44
Cardigan	28	Ward 8 East A	79		
Lorne Valley	88	Ward 9 West A	126		
Rosebank	48	Ward 9 East A	92		
Montague North	121	E. Royalty A.	87		
Montague South	103	E. Royalty B.	72		
Lower Montague	80	West Royalty	80		
Dundas	65	Advance Poll	13		
Glennanong	49				
Whim Road Cross	78				
High Bank	52				
Murray Harbor East	65				
Murray Harbor	61				
St. Mary's Road	81				
Murray River South	31				
Murray River North	37				
Murray River	75				
Georgetown	44				
Red House	38				
Annandale	78				
Woodville Mills	52				
Lauching	87				
Murray Harbor North	61				
Cambridge	62				
Totals	3422				
Majority for Macdonald	336				

Kings County	
Tyne Valley	108
Victoria West	103
St. Albert	88
Arlington	116
Wellington	89
Central Lot 16	146
Egmont Bay	103
Cape Egmont	60
St. Nicholas	61
Misouche	127
St. Eleanors	153
Summerside West	170
Court House, S'side	157
W. Hall, S'side	129
Summerside East	202
Summerside West	139
Traveller's Rest	150
Nail Pond	65
Tignish East	44

travel around the world. Nevertheless, I am the better for the talk with him. I have been too closely consorting with my women-kind, probably; the most virile man can become effeminized in time. And Larkin's attitude as to renting the house is an eminently sane one.

"Rent it without saying anything," he said, "and ten to one whoever takes it will have a peaceable summer. But do as you suggest, tell the tenant the place has the reputation of being haunted, and ghosts will be as thick as mosquitoes from the start."

He has asked for some photographs of the property, and I have promised them for the day after tomorrow.

We have settled down into our routine here very comfortably. Our eggs and milk are brought each morning by a buxom farmer's daughter, one Maggie Morrison, a sturdy red-cheeked girl who drives in a small truck, and backs and turns before the Lodge rather than circle around the main house.

"Surely," I said to her yesterday "you aren't afraid of the place in daylight?"

"Not afraid," she said, "but it gives me the shivers." And weakened that somewhat by her statement that she never liked a place where there had been a death. Yet she handles callously the cold corpse of her chickens, pulling up their poor rigid wings to show the tenderness of the dead skin beneath, and bending their stiffed breastbones to prove that they've died young!

(To be continued)

**In Memoriam**

**MRS. GEORGE TROWSDALE.**

On Thursday July 29, 1926 word came by wire to Mr. George Trowsdale from Charlottetown Hospital, conveying the sad news that his wife had passed away the spirit returning on to God, that gave, for to be absent from the body to be present with the Lord.

The sympathy of the whole community goes out to the bereaved husband and family, for this is the second time the angel of Death visited this home inside of ten months first the son's wife, Mrs. Bert Trowsdale and now Mrs. George Trowsdale. She leaves to mourn a heart stricken husband, two sons Leonard of Boston, Mass. who was called home to the bedside of his mother one week before her death and Bert at home two sisters and one brother viz: Mrs. Warren Rodgerson, Crapaud, and Mrs. Kenneth Gillis, Rose Valley, and Mr. David Edwards, Port land, Maine, to mourn the loss of a loving wife, mother and sister.

Interment was made on Saturday afternoon to the beautiful cemetery, Crapaud, the funeral being largely attended was conducted at the house by Rev. Geo. Somers, Union Church, assisted by Rev.

er and great admirer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and later of his successor Mr. Mackenzie King, whom he met in 1921, though then in ill-health, she travelled from Rustico to Summerside.

In her earlier years she was a writer of no little promise and a valued contributor to the periodical literature of the time. She had at least one short story to her credit which was published in one of the Canadian periodicals and well received. Had she followed her bent in this direction the writer believes she would have won some distinction as a writer of fiction, but in later years she became less interested in works of fiction, finding in the more serious problems of life ample scope for the exercise of her mental faculties.

Early in life, owing to the death of her mother, she was obliged to assume the management of her father's household affairs, besides taking an active and intelligent interest in his public and private concerns; and as he advanced in years she became more and more devoted to his welfare, and public life; her own life became merged in his; and the solicitude and devotion with which she had always ministered to his comfort was truly beautiful to see.

Miss McMillan was a life-long member of the Presbyterian Church, and when the Union was consummated, with her Church entered the United Church, seeing in that Union the earnest and promise of a wider and higher field of service, a broader faith and a larger charity. In the faith, undimmed and unobscured, she entered the higher and larger life of which the nearer she approached

the end the fuller and clearer became her vision. To her, death was not a wrench but a happy release—a change to which she had been looking forward with joyous anticipation. In her last letter to the writer, dictated to the friend who had been the mainstay and comfort of her closing years, but signed with her own hand, fully realizing that her days were numbered, she says:

"And now as the end is in sight I look forward with keen and real pleasure to the Great Change."

Such was the manner of her passing, such the spirit of her life—change, growth, ripening, maturing, an unbroken continuity, a spiritual process.

Her funeral service, conducted by Rev. Dr. Ramsay of Trinity United Church, Charlottetown, was held at the residence of Mr. Dan Bulman of Rustico, from which her remains were conveyed to Portage Cemetery, where she now lies buried beside the mother whom she had loved in early life, and the father whom to serve in his declining years she deemed herself privileged, and upon whom she had lavished without stint the full measure of a daughter's love and affection.

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**In the Interests of Prince Edward Island**

**Mark Your Ballot as Follows:**

- ROBERT HAROLD JENKINS**  
Charlottetown, Merchant
- JOHN ALBERT MESSERVEY**  
Charlottetown, Merchant
- JOHN HOWARD MYERS**  
Hampton, Farmer
- JOHN EWEN SINCLAIR**  
Summerfield, Farmer

**MRS. THOMAS FISHER.**

The deceased will be greatly missed in the community where she was always ready to assist in time of sickness, and to give a cheerful word to those in trouble but especially will be missed in the home where she was noted for her hospitality and was every ready with a smile and a welcome for all.

The pall-bearers were viz: John Trowsdale, Robert Graham, Kenneth Gillis, Warren Rodgerson, Sidney Trowsdale, Hammond Newson.

Their passed peacefully away at Boston, Mass., on Aug. 26th 1926, Sarah J. (nee Dunn) beloved wife of Thomas Fisher formerly of Prince Edward Island, Canada, aged 72 years. The deceased with her husband and two daughters immigrated from Gaspereaux P. E. I. about two months ago. She had been in failing health for some time previous to her death, and notwithstanding the loving care, and attention which she had received the end came calmly and quietly.

The late Mrs. Fisher was a devoted Christian lady and a good wife and mother and always willing to lend a helping hand to all in sickness or trouble. She was a consistent member of the Catholic Church and was always punctual in attending the Holy services until a year previous to her death, when sickness prevented her from attending. Her funeral on Saturday Aug. 28th at 8 o'clock a.m. from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Groppeur, 1909 Columbus Ave. to St. Mary's of the Angels Church, where a Requiem high mass was celebrated, and thence to the New Calvary cemetery where all that was mortal of the remains of a loving mother were laid to rest. The deceased had ten children eight boys and two girls, three of the boys predeceased her some years ago, and she had 14 grand children. The boys living are John, T. in Rumford, Maine, Henry, Martin, Edward, and Joseph in Boston, and two girls Sadie and Katie also of Boston. Also five brothers and three sisters two of which predeceased her some time ago. She also leaves to mourn besides the children mentioned above a sorrowing husband, who always treated her with the greatest affection and kindness. (May her soul rest in peace).

**Mrs. Isabel McMillan.**

In the passing of Miss Isabel McMillan, who died at Rustico, on the 24th day of August last at the home of her cousin Mrs. Dan. Bulman, the Province has lost one of its noble women, and the community of Rustico one whose life had ever been rich in acts of kindness, and whose rendered without show or ostentation.

Since the death of her father, Hon. Angus McMillan, she had for the most part been living with Mrs. Bulman, whose tender solicitude and loving care had helped to brighten the loneliness and comfort of the comfort of a life self freed from physical ailments. Her last illness was but the culmination of many years of physical suffering consistently borne with patient endurance, never without courage nor always without cheerfulness.

She was a woman of strong intellect and force of character, always deeply interested in public and social questions and whatever in her opinion tended to better community life, to mention only one instance of which was her generous contribution to the Summerside Public Library. Though never a narrow partisan, she was, like her father, a life long Liberal—a follower

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