



This Lassie Has Her Colds "Rubbed Away"

The mother of this attractive little girl, Mrs. E. E. Emmans, of 215 Seventh Ave., N. E., Portage La Prairie, Man., is one of the many Canadian mothers who are enthusiastic about the vaporizing salve, Vicks VapoRub, for treating children's colds.

Vicks is just "rubbed on" for sore throat, tonsillitis, bronchitis, croup or deep chest colds. When so applied, Vicks has a double direct action; internally medicated vapors are inhaled while, at the same time, externally, it is absorbed through and stimulates the skin.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received at the office of the City Clerk up to noon on Thursday, November 4th, 1926, for supplying the City with eight (8) pairs of trousers for the City Police Force. Samples of cloth to accompany each tender. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. NICHOLSON, City Clerk.

2312-10-27, 29, Nov. 2, 3.

Tenders For Foxes

Sealed tenders will be received at the office of the undersigned up to 12 o'clock noon, Wednesday, November 3rd, for fifty-seven and a half foxes. These are choice stock and include some proven breeders and a number of 1926 pups. Canadian National Registration.

All tenders must be accompanied by a certified cheque for twenty percent of the amount offered. Arrangements may be made with the undersigned to inspect these foxes. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. H. V. DUNBAR, Liquidator. Care of Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers, Charlottetown. 2341-2-31

AUCTION SALE

R. S. Hogan offers his beautiful home, 127 Water Street, by Auction on Friday, Oct. 29th at noon.

BOSTON by Steamer

INTERNATIONAL LINE. Fare from St. John \$10; from Eastport or Lubec, Me., \$9. "Last Trip for the season October 30th." "Every Wednesday Steamer leaves St. John 9 A. M. Atlantic Time; Eastport 1:30 P. M. Lubec 2:30 P. M. arriving Boston, Thursday 9 A. M. On Saturdays, Steamer sails direct from St. John to Boston, leaving St. John 7 P. M. Atlantic Time, due Boston following day, 2 P. M.

Connections at Boston with direct steamer to NEW YORK. Reduced rates for automobiles accompanied by passengers.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES LTD.

S. S. "CEUTA"

Leaves Montreal October 16th and November 2nd. Arrive Charlottetown and leave for Nfld. October 20th and November 6th.

For space and rates Livestock and Produce, apply CARVELL BROS., LTD. AGENTS.

SMILES



A FILLING STATION

"You say you've just come from a filling station? Why, you don't own a car."

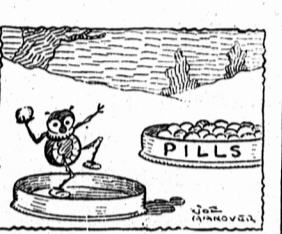
"No, but I've just eaten at a cafe."



GOING SOME

I've known some funny things in life but this sure knocks you dead.

That girl's now wear less clothes when dressed, than when they go to bed.



BUGVILLE ATHLETIC NOTE

"Bugville's champion shot-putter in action."



MOVING PICTURES

"Seen much of moving pictures lately?" "Have I? My wife's doing the fall cleaning."

When a motion picture director turns, author, how does he feel about delivering his brain child into the hands of another director for picturization? Monta Bell, author of Florence Vidor's latest comedy, "The Popular Sin", suffered no qualms nor feared any mutilation of his idea, for it was Bell himself who voted Malcolm St. Clair to be the megaphone wielder.

FOR SALE

Farm at Long Creek containing 40 acres. Apply to LEONARD GARDINER, Long Creek 2162-10-20-wfm131.

BARRELS BARRELS

NEW APPLES POTATOES AND MACKEREL. Hourly expected. Book your order now.

JOHN H. GILL CHARLOTTETOWN 2159, 10, 20, wfm61.

Thanksgiving Poultry Wanted

Special prices on Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chicken and Fowl for Thanksgiving. If you have any Poultry ready to market please get in touch with us.

The Harris Abattoir Company, Ltd. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

The Red Lamp

Mary Roberts Rhinshart

(Continued)

September 4th. The words "making trouble," highly underscored on page 24 of "my" Everyday essays," are the key to Gordon's cipher. The entire sentence is: "It is often the ingenious rather than the malicious who go about the world making trouble."

In a few hours, then, we shall have solved our mystery, or at least such portion of it as is locked in the diary. Read with this key we have already translated the sentence I recorded here on the 22nd of August. Although we cannot interpret it without the context, it becomes: "The G. P. stuff went big last night."

In the same way the scrap of paper found in my garage is now discovered to read, "Smith, P. 24," Edith's single error being in the number, which she had remembered as 23.

Halliday suggests that the G. P. above may refer to George Pierce, but makes no attempt to explain the reference.

Halliday's story of his discovery is interesting; certain portions of the two sentences he apparently accepts without comment save: "It was the usual stuff," and lets it go at that. "Although 'usual' is hardly the word I should myself use in that connection. But the book was, as I gather it, not the usual stuff."

"There was something about the way it came, that night of the seizure," he says, and makes a gesture. "Mrs. Porter called it, and I came. Like a dog," he says, and watches me to be sure I am not laughing at him.

However that may be, the book and the strange manner of its arrival in our midst had interested him, and he had spent some time over it. Thus, he found where it belonged in the library, and tried to discover some significance in that. But there was none.

"I drew a blank there," he says. "I examined the wall behind, but there was nothing. You see, it couldn't have been there when Hayward said it touched him, both his hands were being held. In other words, he didn't put it there."

All the time, I gather, he was feeling extremely foolish. He would pause now and then, in order to assure me that the felt "a bit silly." He didn't believe in such things; when there was a natural phenomenon there was a natural law to account for it. Maybe telekinesis, or whatever they called it.

"But there had to be some reason for that book," he says. "I just sat down and went through it."

He has taken the key words to the city, and has just telephoned (2 p. m.) that the detective bureau has put a staff to work on it. "It will be several hours," he said. "It's slow work. But I'll be out with the sheets as soon as they've finished."

September 5th. Too much exhausted to-day to make any coherent record. The four hours last night in the District Attorney's office have worn me out. I have called of Cameron to-night, for the same reason.

The mystery seems to be increased, rather than solved, by the diary. By such portions, at least, as were read to me. And I do not understand the conditions under which I was questioned, nor the questions themselves. Good God, are they suspecting me again? Halliday is still in town.

Later: Edith has removed my anxiety as to Halliday's return. He has telephoned, and she has just brought me the message. "He says you are not to worry," she reports. "He is working with them on the case. And you will not be disturbed again."

She looks pale, does Edith, and Jane is much better. I have told Jane the whole matter; my appearance last night had possibly prepared her, but the very confession that I had been subjected to what amounted to the third degree has roused her to a fury of indignation.

"How can they dare such a thing!" she said. "How can they even think it?"

"It's their business to believe a man guilty until he proves his innocence," I reminded her. "And Gordon thought it; you must remember that."

For nothing is more clear to-day than that this diary of Gordon's, which Halliday himself carried to the police, has somehow incriminated me.

September 6th. Halliday is still in town. I can do nothing but wait here, eating my heart out with anxiety, and allowing my imagination to run away with me in a thousand ways.

My women-folk support me according to their kind. Jane serves my sweetbreads for luncheon, and Edith sits by, giving me an occasional almost furtive caress as an evidence of her faith in me.

But Edith is curiously lifeless; that small but burning flame in her which we call optimism, for want of a better word, seems definitely quenched. She is silent and apathetic, and has been so since yesterday.

She seems to resent our having sent in the key to the diary. "If only you hadn't done that," she said to-day.

"What else could we do? We have to get at the bottom of this thing."

"I don't see that it has got you anywhere. It has only muddled things up."

What she has in her mind I do

not know, unless, poor child, she has been building a future on Halliday's solving the crime, and that now that prospect is gone. She tells me that Starr has been on guard at the main house, quietly, for the two nights. Halliday has been in town. But if she knows any explanation of his presence she does not give it.

"He's afraid to go inside," she said, scornfully. "He just sits out on the terrace and smokes. If anybody said boo behind him he'd jump into the bay and drown himself."

She has apparently implicit faith in Halliday's ability to keep me from further indignity. But I am not so certain. The sound of a car on the highway sets my pulse to beating like a riveting machine; at the arrival of the Morrison truck a few minutes ago with some belated buttermilk I got up and buttoned my coat.

My place in my little world behind the drain pipe is neither large nor important, but it is difficult for me to imagine it without me.

"Suppose the worst to happen," said Matthew Arnold to the portly jeweler from Cheapside; "suppose even yourself to be the victim; if n'y a pas d'homme necessaire. . . The great mundance movement would still go on, the gravel walks by your villa would still be rolled, the dividends would still be paid at the bank, omnibuses would still run, there would be the same old crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street."

This is the sixth. It was on the fourth, then, a few hours after Halliday had gone to the city, that a taxi stopped here, and Greenough got out. There seemed to me to be a trifle more than his usual politeness in his manner, and a distinct concentration in the way he looked at me as I came down the staircase. At the same time, he was civility itself, and he stated his errand matter-of-factly. They had a staff working on the diary, and he knew I would like to be present when it was finished.

"It's a long job," he said. "But we've split it into a half dozen parts, and it ought to be ready by eight, or half past."

It was six then, and as our early dinner was almost ready, I asked him to stay. We ate cheerfully enough, took the seven-fifteen express from Oakville, and were in town and at the county building at something before ten. I was surprised but not startled to find Benchley, the Sheriff, there, and three of four other men, including Hemingway, the District Attorney. Hemingway held some typewritten sheets in his hand when we entered, and was reading them carefully. Halliday was standing by a window staring out into the square, and the first indication I had that anything was wrong was the expression on his face as he turned and saw me.

The second was a polite invitation to Halliday to leave the room, and his manner of receiving it. "I'm staying," he said flatly. "If there's any objection to that, I shall advise Mr. Porter to make no statement an d to answer no questions, until he can be properly protected."

"Protected?" I asked. "Protected from what?"

"From this strong-arm outfit," said Halliday, and surveyed the room with his jaw thrust forward.

"I am under arrest?" Hemingway put down the papers and took off his glasses. "Certainly not," he said. "Your young friend is being slightly dramatic. I know that you want this mystery solved as much as we do; more, since it directly concerns you. This is not a trap, Mr. Porter; we shall ask you some questions, and I hope you will answer them. That is all."

"I reserve the right to interfere in case of any trick," Halliday put in.

"We have framed no trick questions," Hemingway said quietly. "We want the facts, that's all." He rang a bell, and a secretary came in. My mouth was dry and some one placed a glass of water before me. From that on, for four hours, I answered questions; at the end of that time I walked

Don't Go About With A Cold



DON'T leave it to a friend to remind you of that bad cold! Don't go about spreading infection among your business friends and maybe in your own family circle. To banish colds and influenza, and end the danger to chest and lungs, you must take PEPS.

As they dissolve in the mouth Peps give off powerful healing and germicidal fumes. These you breathe into instant direct contact with the innermost recesses of the chest and lungs.

Peps soothe, strengthen and invigorate the entire breathing system. They clear the throat and air-passages of infectious germs, remove soreness and inflammation, and end the danger to chest and lungs. Make no mistake! You must have Peps, the breatheable medicine in tablet form.

Now obtainable in all drug stores and stores for the home, containing 25 silver-faceted tablets. Name PEPS stamped on every tablet.

(Continued on page 3)

DOMINION LINOLEUM

Long-Wearing—Low in Price Adds Beauty to Any Room

Dominion Linoleum is one floor in which beauty and utility are ideally combined. Delightful colourings and artistic designs are yours to choose from for living room, dining room, bedroom, hall or kitchen. And every floor that you cover with Dominion Linoleum means that much less housework. No heavy scrubbing. No hard sweeping. Light mopping keeps the firm, smooth, non-absorbent surface of Dominion Linoleum spotlessly clean and sanitary. Made in widths sufficient to cover any ordinary room from wall to wall, without seam or crack. It is low in price and wears for years and years.

Other Dominion Floors

Dominion Linoleum Rugs offer wonderful decorative scope. Extremely durable, they lie flat without fastening of any kind and will not tear, crack or curl at the edges. In popular sizes at popular prices. Dominion Inlaid Linoleum, made in Canada, lasts a lifetime because the colours go right through to the strong burlap back. Beautiful designs at moderate prices.



Made by the manufacturers of the famous Dominion Battleship Linoleum



At Departmental, House Furnishing & General Stores



The Mark of Quality "IMPERIAL"

Stamped on every Fox Biscuit Manufactured by us.

Is your guarantee of highest quality fresh wholesome fox food which will produce best results in foxes and furs.

Insist on receiving "Imperials" then feed liberally and regularly and success is yours.

Imperial Biscuit Co., Ltd.

Box 446

Phone 721

Charlottetown, P. E. I.