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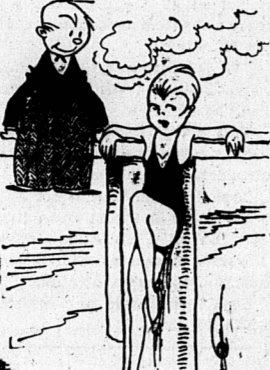
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Plant: What do you mean by saying I'm intoxicated?  
Garden Trowel: Well, you're potted-plant, aren't you?



She: Tom says I've a very graceful figure.  
He: And Tom's wife says it's disgraceful the way you show it.



Friend: I suppose you'll have your little boy, taught reading as soon as possible?  
Mother: Oh, dear no—we have talking movies now.

## NATIVES GET TREATY MONEY

(By The Canadian Press)  
WINNIPEG, Man., Aug. 8.—Returning from helping Agent Albert Wady, of The Pas, distribute over \$10,000 of treaty money among 2,800 natives in northern Manitoba, J. R. Bunn, inspector of the Indian Affairs department, reported that the Indians in several districts complained of a bad winter and a great deal of illness. Game was scarce, and many of them had a hopeless outlook towards the future.  
"All we could tell them was that, unless they exercised care to conserve the wild life as laid down in the game laws, the story of the vanished buffalo and wood pigeon would be repeated," said the inspector. "We stress that at every opportunity, but in bad seasons, when food is short, a beaver and a hungry Indian do not

Mr. James Larrabee is now home spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. J. J. Larrabee, M. L. A., and Mrs. Larrabee, Eldon.

We are sorry to note the prolonged illness of Mrs. Richard MacRae of Point Prim. We sincerely hope she may be restored to her usual health.

Miss Christina Miller of Charlottetown spent the past week-end with friends in Belfast.

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Optometrists  
142 Richmond Street

# THE SHADOW

by HERMAN LANDON

## THE BELL RINGS

A shadowy form opened the gate. Adele drove through, and she heard it clang shut behind her. Her nerves quivered at the sound; it carried a suggestion of finality, a reminder that it was now too late to turn back. Beyond a curve in the driveway she saw low, rambling, unsightly house with a colonial roof and a row of shutters on the upper floor. It had a dilapidated and unwholesome look, and she quavered a little as she contemplated it. The headlights shone on a scene of decay—neglected flower beds, fawned shrubbery, gaunt, naked trees that stood in clusters over the grounds.

She felt a little tightness at the throat as she stopped the engine and jumped down. A gasp escaped her as she heard a growl and saw a black, shaggy form bounding toward her.

"Hello, Caesar!" Joan cried. "Come here, old boy."

She petted the animal, then motioned Adele to follow her toward the house. They entered a vestibule then a wide, low-ceiled room with an immense fireplace and furniture that looked at least a hundred years old. A crackling log fire projected an agreeable warmth and brightness into a scene that would otherwise have been dismal and cold.

"Excuse me," said Joan. "I'm going to powder my nose."

She went out. Adele stood contemplating the crackling wall, the fissures in the ceiling, the warped and sagging outlines of the room. There was something unsavory in the air, as if it had been denied the refreshing influence of sun and wind. Of a sudden she felt a little cold and stepped close to the brightly blazing fire.

She started as a door opened. A gaunt, elderly man, stoop-shouldered and with thin wisps of grizzled hair on his head, walked into the room. He held his hands behind his back and, with head at a slant, stood and looked at her. He appeared quite feeble and mild-mannered and would not have impressed her unfavorably except for the expression of shrewdness and subtlety about the eyes.

"Good evening, Miss Castle," said the old man. "I am Axelson."

She nodded slightly. She had heard the name before. She knew that until recently Axelson had been the caretaker of the house adjoining the one in which Mr. Ferrymann lived, and Dale had given her the impression that he was very close to Doctor Moffett.

Axelson came a little closer. He wore faded garments of obsolete cut that seemed to match the antiquated character of the house.

"Have a nice ride?" he inquired. His voice was weak and there was a break in it now and then.

"Rather," Adele was nervous and impatient, but she concealed her feelings. "It was a little chilly, though."

"Well, sit here and get warm." Axelson drew an old armchair up to the fire and had her seated herself, stood at the side of the fireplace and peered at her out his near-sighted eyes. "There will be tea and sandwiches ready for your pretty soon."

"Oh, thank you, but I am not hungry. I'd much rather get the—business over with and start back."

"There's no hurry," said Axelson, smiling in a way which she did not quite like. "This is an old-fashioned house, and we do things in the slow old-fashioned way. We are not like your friend Mr. Dale. He rushes at everything. One of these days he'll break his neck."

Her eyes widened in a look of stupefaction and disquietude. An unpleasant leer hung on Axelson's crooked lips.

"It's better to go slow and play safe," he added sententiously. "But Mr. Dale is always in a hurry. If things are in his way he jumps over them. If people stand in his way he pitches them out of the window." He made a wry face and stroked his hips as if they were still sore from a recent painful experience. "That's what he did to me the other night."

Adele could not resist a temptation to laugh.

Axelson scowled heavily. "You and Dale had it all fixed up for tonight, didn't you?"

"What?" she exclaimed hoarsely. "Oh, I know all about it. He told you that he wouldn't be far away from you, didn't he—that he'd be closer to you than you imagined?"

Adele gasped in astonishment. Those had been Dale's very words. Evidently Wambley was not the only spy in her home. She wondered about Marie, her maid.

Axelson chuckled sarcastically. "Chivalrous cuss, Dale. He didn't

want you to make this trip alone and unprotected. Well, he did us a good turn. Maybe you wouldn't have come if he hadn't promised to be on hand. It was a nifty idea, but Dr. Moffett is a hard man to fool."

She stared at him, a vague, tormenting suspicion shooting through her mind. If something had happened to Dale—

"Guess where your friend Dale is tonight?"

She tried to control herself. If something had gone wrong, as she gathered from his insinuations, she would only make matters worse by appearing frightened.

"Where is he?" she asked evenly.

"In jail," said Axelson, and the leer on his crooked lips became a little more pronounced. "Serves him right for pitching me out the window the other night."

Adele regarded him rigidly. She felt a violent shock, followed by a dull ache. Again she sought to steady herself. Perhaps Axelson was lying.

"What has he been put in jail for?"

"For the murder of Mrs. Ferrymann. He wriggled out of it the first time, but the police discovered new evidence."

"Mrs. Ferrymann—Miss Conway?" Adele exclaimed.

Axelson regarded her narrowly out of his shrewd dim eyes. "Oh, you can call her Miss Conway if you like it. It makes no difference now. Dale was arrested right outside your house

was arrested right outside your house about halfpast 10 tonight. It seems he had been out in your car. The police nabbed him just as he drove up in front of your house."

Adele lowered her eyes. A feeling of faintness and despair came, but she fought against it. She could not doubt Axelson's words now. His statements regarding the car coincided with what she knew to be facts. She was alone now, dependent upon her own wits. Gone was the comfortable feeling that Dale would be near in case of need. The room, the entire house even, began to assume a hostile, menacing character.

As she sat with head lowered, she felt the old man's crafty eyes studying her. A suspicion instigated itself into her dark foreboding. Odd that Dale should have fallen into the clutches of the law on this particular night.

He was innocent of the murder, of course; she was certain of that. But there was a pointed coincidence in the fact that the arrest should have occurred on this very night. Could Dr. Moffett have brought it about in order to put a stop to Dale's interference in his scheme? It was quite likely, she thought. There seemed to be no limit to Dr. Moffett's villainy and resourcefulness.

And if she was right in this conjecture, then Dale's present misfortune was the direct outcome of his efforts to help her father and herself. It was his kindeart and his generous impulses that had brought disaster upon him.

"Now you see how it is," Axelson was saying. "It's just as well for you to understand that you haven't a chance to try any tricks on us."

The taunt and the smug satisfaction in his voice made her raise her head. They acted as a stimulating shock on her pride and her mental faculties. A little disdainfully she fixed her dark eyes on his wrinkled, grizzled face.

"Are you acting for Dr. Moffett?" she demanded. "If you are, I am ready to deliver the check and receive the documents. But please don't try to palm off any forgeries on me this time. I want the authentic documents."

The man grinned crookedly. "Did you bring an authentic check?"

"I did as I was told," she declared after a moment's bewilderment. "I brought a check for \$100,000."

"Well, Dr. Moffett will attend to that."

Adele rose impatiently. "Then let me see him at once."

"See him?" The old man chuckled in a way that gave her a sense of something horrible.

"See him?" You don't want to see him, young woman. It will be an evil day for you if you ever do. But you will have a talk with him directly, and you will arrange everything with him. If the check is all right—"

He paused on a startled note. Somewhere in the house a gong was clanging. A wave of pallor swept across the old man's grizzled face. His knees shook a little. The gong ceased, an interval of silence came, and then another series of sharp peals sounded. Axelson breathed hard while he regarded her with a baneful look.

"Hear that?" he snarled. "It means there is somebody at the gate. If you've played us dirt—"

## Raspberry Recipes Are Important Today

### RASPBERRY BAVAROIS

1 pint strained raspberry pulp.  
7-8 pint cold thick syrup.  
Lemon juice.  
Isinglass.  
Juice of 2 oranges, strained.  
1-1-2 pint thick whipped cream.

Dilute the raspberry pulp with syrup which has been flavored, to taste, with lemon juice and an equal quantity of isinglass. Add the orange juice and place on ice. Stir until it has the consistency of thick sauce and remove from ice. Beat in the thick whipped cream and place in a cylindrical mold. Set chopped ice around mold cover the top with a piece of paper and lay on a deep cover. Put chopped ice on top. Leave 1 hour. Remove from ice, dip in hot water and unmold.

### RASPBERRY VINEGAR

Fill jars compactly very with ripe berries. Fill with vinegar so that all crevices are full. Stand in cool place 9 days and draw off vinegar. Repeat this process 3 times, using the same vinegar but fresh berries. Boil 5 minutes with an equal amount of sugar and set in jars. May be used as a flavoring with either plain or carbonated water.

### TEA BISCUITS WITH RASPBERRIES

2 cups bread flour.  
2 teaspoons baking powder.  
1 egg.  
3-4 cup cream.  
1-2 cup raspberry.  
Pinch of salt.

Sift dry ingredients. Add well-beaten egg and milk. Mix in berries. Roll out with hands. Cut in small rounds. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in hot oven.

She thrilled to the thought as it flashed through her mind. She jerked her arm free and fixed him with a level look of defiance. For a few moments his quick, asthmatic breathing was the only sound in the room. Then Joan's head appeared at the door. There was a look of alarm on her small, hard face. Axelson went toward her and they conversed excitedly in an undertone. Then the old man left the room.

Adele's heart beat tumultuously with suspense. Hopes and doubts thronged her mind. Who could it be but Dale? Yet she had an uneasy feeling that Dale's arrival would not be heralded by the clanging of gongs.

Joan came forward, her blue eyes full of rage and derision. A faint, hateful smile was on her lips; her little chin quavered.

"Well, you were cleverer than I thought," she declared furiously. "Now you come with me."

She pointed to a door at the farther side of the room. Adele raised her head and looked with outward calm into her blazing eyes.

"I prefer to remain here," she announced.

"Oh, you do!" Joan tossed her head angrily and ran to the door. "Caesar!" she called.

The great, black beast came loping into the room. Joan stroked his head, pointed to Adele, and addressed the dog in an undertone.

Caesar bared his teeth, growled menacingly, and approached Adele, his yellow eyes gleaming with ferocity, his slavering jaws set for attack.

With an instinctive cry of fear Adele sprang back. She loved dogs, but the sight of this malignant beast filled her with dread. Joan laughed spitefully as she ran to another door and flung it open. With Caesar snapping at her ankles, Adele hastily fled through the opening.

"Up stairs," Joan snapped. Adele obeyed, the low rumbling growls of the beast quickening her pace. She ran up still another flight of stairs and then with a flashlight in Joan's hand showing the way, through a succession of rooms.

The light patter of paws at her heels filled her with a sense of savagery and venom as she hurried on. At length, breathless, she stopped before an obstruction. Caesar growled. Joan's hand fumbled along the wall. An opening appeared. Adele hesitated a moment. All she could see was a dark place.

"Get in!" Joan ordered. "Caesar will keep you company."

A surly snarl and a nip at her ankle drove Adele forward. Darkness rolled in over her from all sides. She felt a furry, loathsome form rubbing against her legs.

Joan laughed spitefully. "There, smarty! Now your friends can search for you all they like."

Adele shivered. She heard the sound of a door closing, and then all was still.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

He came toward her threateningly. The look in his face, pale with anxiety and spite, made her shrink back. He seized her arm roughly. A hope beyond her even while the ugly gleam in his eyes caused her to shudder. Again the gong clanged.

### BRAN FLAKE MUFFINS WITH RASPBERRIES

1 cup white flour.  
3-4 cup bran flakes.  
1 egg.  
1 cup milk.  
3 teaspoons melted shortening.  
4 tablespoons baking powder.  
2 tablespoons sugar.  
1-4 teaspoon salt.  
3-4 cup raspberries.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add bran flakes and sugar and mix well. Beat egg and add with milk to flour mixture. Add melted shortening flour mixture. Add melted shortening. Mix thoroughly and add berries. Drop in buttered muffin tins and cook 25 to 30 minutes in quick oven.

Conmeal, graham flour or oatmeal may be substituted for the bran flakes in his recipe.

### RASPBERRY MOLD

2 boxes raspberries.  
1-2 lb powdered sugar.  
1 pint thick cream.  
1 can shredded pineapple.  
Few drops cochineal.  
Sprinkle sugar over berries and mash with a wooden spoon. Rub through sieve and mix pulp with whipped cream and pineapple. Add a few drops of cochineal. Freeze and mold in usual manner.

### RASPBERRY PIE

Line pie dish with pastry. Pour in two boxes of raspberries, sifting a little flour over berries. Spread lightly with granulated sugar, quantity used being governed by individual taste. Arrange strips of pastry, lattice-fashion, across the top. Bake.

### RASPBERRY BETTY

Raspberries.  
Fresh bread crumbs.  
Sugar.  
Mace.  
Butter.  
Hot water.

Butter a baking dish and cover bottom with berries. Sprinkle with sugar and a few grains mace. Cover with a layer of soft bread crumbs. Repeat process till dish is full. Dot with bits of butter and drop a few spoonfuls hot water in dish. Bake in moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.

### RASPBERRY SYRUP

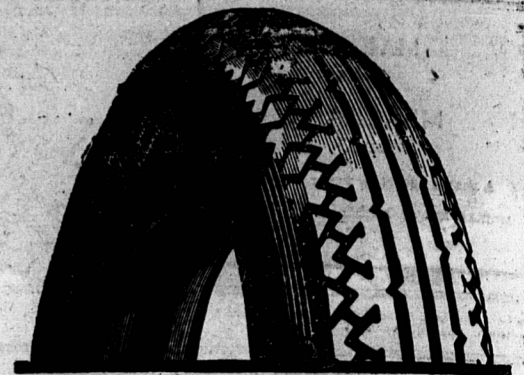
2 quarts berries.  
1 quart sugar.  
3-4 cup cold water.

Pick over berries carefully, wash and sprinkle with sugar. Let stand overnight. Add water and bring to boiling point. Boil 30 minutes. Force through jelly bag and bring to boiling point again. Bottle. Use as a foundation for summer drinks, ices or sauces to accompany desserts.

### RASPBERRY SORREL

3-4 ounces syrup.  
1 egg.  
Juice of 1 lemon.

Beat egg, add other ingredients and shake well. Put in cup, fill with



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boiling water. Serve with whipped cream and a few grains mace.

### RASPBERRY SUMMER DRINK

Mint leaves.  
1-2 cup powdered sugar.  
3 cups raspberry syrup.  
1-4 cup lime juice.  
3 cups water.

Chop mint leaves till there is 1-4 cup. Add powdered sugar and rub well. Add syrup, lime juice and water. Let stand 1 hour in a cold place. Serve with ice and mint leaves in tall glasses.

### RASPBERRY SPONGE

Rind and juice of 1 lemon.  
1 ounce sugar.  
2 egg whites.  
1 gill water.  
1-2 ounces gelatine.  
1-2 cup raspberry puree, from fresh fruit.  
A few drops carmine.

Grate lemon rind and put in saucepan with gelatine, sugar and water. Dissolve slowly over fire. Strain. When slightly cool, add stiffly beaten egg whites carmine, lemon juice and raspberry puree. Whisk till thick and frothy. Pile on dish and sprinkle with coarsely-grated coconut.

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