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**--SMILES--**



Yes, sir, the fish was so big it pulled him in the river?  
 "And he was drowned?"  
 "No, but he might as well have been for he lost his grip on his gillnet and it floated down stream."



"That handsome poet said he was going to write a sonnet on my eyelashes."  
 "I hope he uses ink. They have been penciled too much already."

**HOW HE LOST HER**  
 Pasta jewels he sent.  
 "Twas aught but good taste To try to cement  
 Their friendship with paste."



"Why don't you get your hair cut?"  
 "Well, I went to see the barber this afternoon, but do you know, he hasn't got a sharp rock in the place."



"Walter, ask the orchestra to play something different."  
 "Any particular selection, sir?"  
 "Something slower. I can't chew my food properly in waltz time."

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**What the Gray House Hid**  
 The Mystery of a Haunted Mansion  
 by Wyndham Martin

Copyright by Wyndham Martin  
 (Continued)

When the distant voices ceased, Hanby turned to the flashlight and looked about him. They had strayed into a storeroom. On shelves were potatoes, onions, carrots, pears, and apples. The floor was of concrete, and an electric light bulb was the source of illumination.

"I bet I'm paying for their juice!" Hanby whispered.  
 He stopped suddenly. At last he heard footsteps. The three took what cover they could in the corners.

Luigi entered, and switched on the light. It was Junior whom he first saw. With a roar of anger, he sprang at the crouching lad and had him by the throat.

Hanby remembered those dreadful bruises on Smucker's neck. He raised the heavy cane and brought it down on the stranger's head with all his strength.

"Thanks, dad!" said Junior, making an effort at superb calm.

Bill Pelham, with a yachtsman's skill, trussed up Luigi with knots that the ruffian could not break when he came to. The whole thing had occupied only a few seconds, and had made little sound. Luigi's cry of rage, apparently, had brought no one to investigate its cause. They left him to lie in a corner, covered with sacking. The odds were growing more favorable.

Hanby was amazed to see Bill Pelham stop before another narrow door and slip a key into the lock. He had not noticed that his friend had taken a bundle of keys from the man he was binding.

Pelham worked quietly. The ciled lock made no sound. Darkness was on either side of the door. As it swung open, heard a sound as of a man sighing.

"Celia! Celia!" sighed the unseen.

"Les!" Junior whispered, and turned his flashlight on his friend. Pelham shut the door and looked about for the inevitable electric light.

Leslie Baron blinked at them in amazement. For weeks—or so it seemed—he had looked only into the cruel face of a jailer, and now he saw Celia's father, Celia's brother, and Bill Pelham. His face was blood-stained, and there was a deep cut over one eye, but he sprang to his feet readily enough. They could see that he was practically unhurt.

While the bird sanctuary was being violated, Mr. Appleton drank his early coffee and took his cereal and fruit in his customary unhurried way; but ill humor sat on his florid face, and the eyes peering through his thick lenses no longer looked childlike and bland.

Three people were in the room with him—the woman who had a dozen years ago supplanted his wife, Jim Delaney, and Luigi Bartoli. Jim had been a bully all his life, a man who had innumerable times proved the fatuity of the axiom that every bully is a coward. By his side stood the big Sicilian, gesticulating wildly, and voluble beyond words.

"You murdered a man unnecessarily," said Appleton coldly. Stripped of the exuberant verbiage interspersed with parenthetical remarks in his native tongue, Luigi's story was this: He had gone into the little room that was Smucker's cell, there to sleep off some strong wine, and to escape from the observant eye of

Jim Delaney. While slumbering, he had suddenly awakened to find that Smucker had stolen his knife and was about to slit his wrist. He had done what he did to save his own life. In moments of vicious rage he did not properly estimate his own strength. He had been horrified to find Smucker lifeless, but Luigi contended that not a jury in the land would convict him of murder.

"You fool!" said Appleton, coldly venomous. "I do not object to your killing him. It is the manner of disposing of the body that stamps you as an imbecile. Why didn't you bury it where nobody could find it? What madness made you put it in the stream? It is beyond recovery by us, but the others will find it, and they will hold it like a club—not over you or Jim, but over me. You will find it hurts you, too! Well, it's done now, and we know that it will be discovered. Also we know that the men we are dealing with will make capital out of it." Appleton's icy rage grew with the thought of the disaster. "I shall be the sufferer—Kerr, or Chapin, or whatever his real name was, got that job because he knew there was some mystery here, and he hoped to blackmail us. Some one must have given us away. Either Luigi had to get him, or we might all have been discovered."

"Stupid!" he commented crossly. "Why do you all persist in misunderstanding me? You seem to think I am worrying about the death of an escaped convict, when I am only remembering that Luigi, instead of concealing the body here, must throw it in the lake, under the impression that there was an end of it." He waved his hand to the Sicilian. "Go! Remember, we need all your strength today. Sleep, if you want to. Jim will call you when we are ready."

Luigi's great carcass bowed, and animated itself with relief. His was a child's mentality. He bowed to them all. Jim liked his cooking. "I get you your breakfasts," Jeem," he said, smiling. "I make-a the tomato, garlic, and potato you like."

He took his way to the storeroom. After the meal he would sleep. After that, there would be work for him that no other man here could perform. Jim Delaney was stronger than most men, but he was not like Luigi, who had carried a grand-piano on his back. "You see, Jim," said Appleton, when the Sicilian had gone, "that we are now in the position of dealing with people who hold something definite against us."  
 (To be Continued)

**HE COULDN'T READ FOR INDIGESTION**

"For some years previous to 1922 I was subject to indigestion, with headaches and thousands of stars sparkling in my eyes, which prevented me from reading. I decided to try Kruschen Salts. That was August, 1922, and I have taken a little in my first morning cup of tea ever since. I now eat anything, and am entirely free from indigestion or 'stars.'"—F. C.

Now let it be said quite definitely, that what Kruschen did for him, it will do for everybody else who suffers from indigestion as he did. The fact is that "the little daily dose" first stimulates the flow of gastric juices to aid digestion, and then ensures complete, regular, and unending elimination of all waste matter every day. Soon after you start on Kruschen you will begin to feel the benefit. You will find to your satisfaction that you are able to enjoy your food without any distressing after-effects. And, as you persevere, you will see that the relief which Kruschen brings is lasting relief.

**WEST POINT AND VICINITY**

The lobster fishing season opened at West Point on August 17th, with calm but quite foggy weather for the setting of gear. Unusually large catches of fish are reported. The prices are much higher than in the early season, and we predict for the fishermen a very successful season.

Mr. John D. Stewart is fish warden in this locality.

Mr. Daniel McLean had the misfortune to have his right arm broken near the shoulder, when his truck skidded and overturned on the Barclay Road near O'Leary on August 17. He was promptly attended to by Dr. J. B. Champion, and conveyed to his home at West Point the same evening by Mr. Nelson Dennis. His truck was slightly damaged.

The doctors and nurses of the Prince County Hospital held their annual picnic at West Point Beach on August 19th. The weather was ideal, and after a refreshing dip in the brine the party sat down to a bounteous repast served by the Dumbaine Women's Institute.

Miss Lulu Boates has returned to West Point, accompanied by her cousin Miss Vivian Yeo, after a very pleasant visit to relatives in Tyne Valley.

Miss Jean Livingstone has had as her guest recently Miss Charlotte Dennis O'Leary.

Miss Ruth Boulter has returned to Albany with her aunt Mrs. A. Fay who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Nell Boulter Glenwood.

"The Barries"—Comedians, acrobats, etc. entertained a large audience in Glenwood Hall on August 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos G. Mill, Mr. and Mrs. C. Enman and Miss Helen Sabine motored to Charlottetown on August 18 to attend the exhibition.

Mrs. James Stewart West Point had as her guest on August 14th, her aunt Mrs. Robert Doyle Locke Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shaw spent Saturday Aug. 15th. at West Point as guests of Mrs. J. A. Stewart.

Miss Evangeline Sabine returned on August 17th to Enmore as teacher for the ensuing school year.

Miss M. A. Sullivan, Bournemouth Hospital Staff Brookline, Mass. and niece of Miss Eileen Howard visited relatives at West Point on August 13th.

Mr. Percy Frederick, seed potato Inspector, visited West Point on August 13th.

Montgomery school opened August 12th. with Miss Flora Boulter as teacher.—O.

**LOWER FREETOWN WOMEN'S INSTITUTE**

Lower Freetown Women's Institute met Wednesday August 19th. at the home of Mrs. D. M. Bernard. The President being absent the Vice President occupied the chair. Meeting opened by the singing of the ode and repeating of the creed in unison. Roll call was responded to by seven members and four visitors present. Minutes of previous meeting read and signed by the Vice President. Sick committee reported no sick in district. Last month school committee reported school in good condition. It was moved and seconded that the Secy write to school supplies for prices of maps. Collection amounted to 33 cts. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. J. J. Stavert, Roll call to be answered by drawing a pig blindfolded. As there were no further business, a program was then carried out as follows. A victrola selection opened the program followed by a reading by Mrs. J. J. Stavert, Jokes by Mrs. Gordon Burns and Miss Mildred Jardine. Instrumental music by Miss Gladys Bernard, Reading by Muriel Burns, entitled Old Sugars Courships, Duet by Mildred Jardine and Lois Cairns. Meeting was moved adjourned and the National Anthem brought the meeting to a close. Lunch was then served by the hostess, Muriel Burns Secy.

**Retires From Mounted Police**

(Special to the Guardian)  
 OTTAWA, Aug. 22.—Retirement of Col. R. Y. Douglas, chief of the R. C. M. P. criminal investigation branch, was announced today by Major General J. H. MacBrien, Commissioner. Superintendent T. S. Belcher was named assistant commissioner in succession to Col. A. W. Duffus, who retired some months ago.  
 Col. Douglas, a veteran of the

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 Guardian New Serial Story Starts Next Monday

**INDIANOLA, Ia., Aug. 23.—(U.S.)**  
 A quilt 125 years old, made by his great-grandmother, is owned by Mrs. A. F. Conroy, here and is representative of frontier hazards. The maker of the quilt, Drusilla Mack, was captured by Indians when she was a little girl, after they had killed her parents. The Indians sold her to a French family and 12 years later her uncle traded a yoke of oxen for her.

**Pictou Academy**  
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