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The Third Warning

A Mystery Love Story

By Augustus Mink

(Continued)

"Look here, Marget," I said, "for two pins I won't go tonight. It's clear somebody's got to look after you."

"You talk as if I were a kid," she replied hotly.

"Yes, but you might need advice—or help."

"And you may be certain I won't go to Mr. Seymore for it," she declared.

"Promise me you'll wire if you need me. I'll come right North at once."

"I know you will," she said softly.

"I'd give anything to come with you just to get away from it all. I've had the dreadful feeling something was going to happen for weeks and weeks. And now I can't help thinking it has come. Ronny, tell me, do you think I ought to ask the police to help if dad doesn't write soon?"

I deliberated the point well. If Shaw had really bolted either in fear or with ill-gotten gains to warn the police was to stir up a lot of mud and draw much odious publicity on herself. Snapshooters from the picture papers would route the place out in a jiffy. No, the police were out of question.

"I have a better idea than that," I said. "Mr. Shaw probably hasn't written you for some good reason. So wire me a wire tomorrow night, or first thing the following morning if you don't hear, and I'll put a man on the job from London. Give me a note of the name of Mr. Shaw's old friend in Liverpool, an this man of mine will dig him out by hook or crook, and will report to me at once if your father is all right. That do?"

"A thousand thanks, Ronny," said Marget later as we said good night. "You've been a good pal!"

"Good luck, old girl. Keep your spirits up. I'll be back perhaps sooner than you think!" And I turned in the darkness and made down the long garden path to the gate.

It was halfway down this path that I paused to listen. My ear had caught the sound of a footstep and the crackling of a twig. I was about to pass on, and put it down to a prowling dog or something of the sort; but with the rigorous days I had just lived through some subconscious faculty was alert within me. The noise was not repeated.

Marget had closed the front door, and all was quiet in the manse. At the gate a fancy took me, and I opened it and gave it a loud bang, as if I had gone down the road. Then I stepped through the shrubbery and waited.

Was it merely a perambulating cat I had heard, or were my subconscious faculties right, after all? From where I crouched amid the bushes, I had a view of the lawn in front and the side of the house, with massed shrubbery and trees going back to the boundary wall. Two shafts of yellow light played into the darkness from Mr. Shaw's study, which I had just left. Nothing stirred. First one beam of light and then the other was shut off, which I took to be Marget or Kirsty pulling down the blinds. I was about to turn away and make for the gate again, when there was quite a distinct note of a snapping twig. The lawn was now in darkness, but I was just able to discern the figure of a man cautiously emerge from the bushes. He paused on the edge of the lawn.

But I did not pause. I saw that my only chance of learning his identity was to make a rush for him. He was spying, and I would treat him as a spy—he should have no mercy whomsoever he was. If he had a gun, I too, had a gun; if he had a knife, I had two good fists; I must risk something. It would have taken much more than these chances to hold me back at that moment. Literally seeing red, I suddenly burst from my hiding-place and charged for him.

In February he contracted pneumonia and all that skillful nursing and the devoted care of a wife and family could do was done to bring him back to health, but God willed otherwise; the lamp of life flickered lower and lower, and almost before those near and dear realized it, his soul had gone home to God. He was frequently visited in his illness by his beloved pastor, Father John A. McDonald, who administered the last consoling rites of the Catholic Church. Thus fortified and strengthened, to die was but to mount "the great world's altar stairs, that slope through darkness up to God."

The late Mr. Trainor possessed many of friendship's finest traits, and gifted by nature with a pleasing personality, it was ever a delight to visit his hospitable home. There his friends and relatives enjoyed many pleasant hours and there, also, the stranger was made to feel the warmth of welcome—salutary and sincere.

Especially in his home will Mr. Trainor's death be felt keenly, for it was there that his kind and wise guidance won for him the dutiful affection of his two children, Linus

in the shrubbery, and I had a good spread of lawn to cove. At the spot where he had dived in, I stopped to listen. There was not a sound of him. I pushed into the bushes, making as little noise as possible, thinking as much of the occupants of the manse as the intruder whose blood I thirsted for. But he had got clear away by some path known best to himself. At length in disgust I gave it up. The man had been too clever for me, and I had underestimated the length of that lawn.

"What the deuce was he doing there?" That was the first question I asked myself as I strolled back to my cottage. He may have been keeping watch on the manse. "Or on Seymore," I reflected. "Or on me!" Yes, and who the deuce was he? It surely wasn't Seymour himself who had cut back on his tracks to watch Marget and me, and if possible, to overhear our talk? Or was it—I stopped on the road as the thought flashed to me—was it Shaw himself?

I felt positive I had hit upon the solution. Mr. Shaw hadn't gone. He was hiding somewhere in the vicinity. There was some deep purpose behind his pretense of going off to Liverpool. The horrible suspicion crossed my mind that Marget knew all about it, and, to back up her father, had deceived even me; but I put that idea from my mind with scorn. If the figures I saw on the lawn was Shaw, then I was satisfied that Marget knew nothing about it.

As I champed Jessie's excellent supper, I turned the matter over from every point of view. By the time I was ready to set out for St. Eildon and had got the car round and put my suitcase on the seat beside me, I would have staked my last farthing that I had hit upon at least one hard fact about the Reverend Duncan Shaw's sudden departure.

I remembered just in time that I was to have dined with Smith of Black Edge the following evening, so I wrote a note of apology and scribbled a line asking Jessie to have it delivered as soon as possible.

I drove to St. Eildon to catch the London express in an unpleasant frame of mind. The more I thought of that figure on the lawn, and Marget unprotected in the manse, the more upset I felt. Whether it was Shaw or not I hated the idea of leaving her at the very time when she needed the support of a friend. I parked the car at a hotel garage, and lugged my suitcase over to the station. There was a good half hour before my train, and I strolled back to the hotel for a good large whisky and soda which might aid slumber on the journey. Taking my drink to a corner of the smoking room I chewed the stem of my pipe. What a cad I was not to insist that she should get some friend to stay with her!—or, rather, what a fool not to think of it before! Falling that, had she no relative she could go to—no friends in Edinburgh? If the worst came to the worst, I could have taken her to London with me, and she could have stayed with a sort of maiden aunt of mine at Streatham. My eye wandered to a telephone box in the corridor. There were such things as trunk calls. I jumped to my feet.

(To be continued)

Mr. JOHN TRAINOR

The death occurred on March 12th, 1930, at his residence, Grand River, Lot 14, of John Trainor, a highly respected and prosperous farmer of that community.

The late Mr. Trainor was born in Charlottetown 66 years ago, and at an early age moved with his parents to Graham's Road and later to Grand River, Lot 14.

In February he contracted pneumonia and all that skillful nursing and the devoted care of a wife and family could do was done to bring him back to health, but God willed otherwise; the lamp of life flickered lower and lower, and almost before those near and dear realized it, his soul had gone home to God. He was frequently visited in his illness by his beloved pastor, Father John A. McDonald, who administered the last consoling rites of the Catholic Church.

Thus fortified and strengthened, to die was but to mount "the great world's altar stairs, that slope through darkness up to God."

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Especially in his home will Mr. Trainor's death be felt keenly, for it was there that his kind and wise guidance won for him the dutiful affection of his two children, Linus

and Margaret, who now mourn for a fond father, and the unflinching loyalty of his wife, who now mourns for a beloved life-partner.

Dedicated to his generosity, there is a beautiful gold reliquary in St. Patrick's Church, Grand River, which contains a relic of St. Patrick. This was presented by Mr. Trainor some three years ago.

The funeral was held on Saturday morning, March 15th, at St. Patrick's Church, Grand River, and was largely attended. Requiem High Mass was sung by Rev. J. A. McDonald, P. P., who also performed the services at the grave. The pallbearers were Messrs. Frank Gillis, Leslie McLean, Venantus Morrison, Artemas MacArthur, Peter J. Gillis and James McIntyre.

Besides a bereaved widow and one daughter, Margaret, and one son, Linus, there is left to mourn one sister, Miss Margaret, of Cambridge, Mass. His brother, James, late of Southport, predeceased him Dec. 1st, 1929, and a sister, Mrs. John Deighan, died on February 14th, 1929.

Following are the Spiritual Offerings and Messages of Sympathy:—

Mass Cards—Miss Margaret Trainor, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. William Deighan, N. Andover, Mass.; Mrs. James Trainor and Family, Southport, P. E. I.; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deighan, Harmony, P. E. I.; Mr. and Mrs. John E. Deighan, Boston, Mass.; Miss Minnie Gillis, Boston, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. William J. Gillis and Family, Summerside; Mrs. Mamie Hughes, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Victor Coyle, Charlottetown, Redemptorist Fathers, Mission Church,

M. GEORGES GAY Head of the famous Academie Scientifique de Beauté of Paris tells why he advocates twice-a-day use of Palmolive Soap

"These vegetable oils in Palmolive Soap keep the surface colour clear and free from irritation, and they leave the texture of the skin smooth and fresh."



Monsieur Georges Gay, head of the Academie Scientifique de Beauté de Paris.



A glimpse of the typically French interior of Monsieur Gay's salon in Paris. This shows the corner of one of the waiting rooms.



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Never has there been such a widespread professional endorsement of any product. Palmolive is recommended by 19,813 of the world's leading experts.

YOU cannot build a beautiful complexion on the foundation of a pore-clogged skin, says Monsieur Georges Gay, of Paris. "That is a simple truth which so many women forget. When the skin loses its natural freshness and vitality, they fly to the use of cosmetics. The result is then disastrous. Cleanse the pores first," I tell my clients.

"Palmolive is the only soap according with my methods, and I always recommend it for home use. It gives a very fine, silky lather which gets right down into every tiny pore and sweeps away the accumulation of dust and rouge and powder which chokes the skin. The massage with Palmolive twice a day has become a regular part of my course."

Head of the Academie Scientifique Monsieur Gay is, as you probably know, directing head of the Academie Scientifique de Beauté in Paris.

Olive and palm oils in soap, as Georges Gay explains, cleanse the skin of dangerous impurities without irritation, without causing coarse pores or other unattractive blemishes. They have been used since the time of Cleopatra. In Palmolive they are so blended that no artificial coloring is needed. The soap is pure. It requires no heavy perfumes to mask undesirable fat odors. It is ideal for bath as well as face. And it costs no more than ordinary soaps, you know.

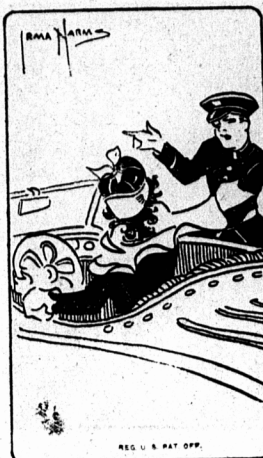
Consult your own expert Your own expert, whom you consult regularly, undoubtedly agrees with Monsieur Gay. A total of 19,813 beauty experts advise Palmolive. He is the only authoritative advice. Be guided by their choice. Use Palmolive, the world's favorite beauty soap, in this 2-minute treatment.

Massage a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water into the pores with both hands. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all. Yet millions of women find it the easiest and best way of keeping skin lovely.

AUCTION SALE CLEARANCE AUCTION SALE At Cornwall of stock, crop and farming implements on May 5th, at 1 o'clock. My farm consists of 131 acres, good buildings in extra good condition, together with all registered Arshire and Pol Angus cattle. For full particulars apply on the premises if stormy first fine day following. GEORGE CRUWYS Cornwall 4-29-31

SMILES

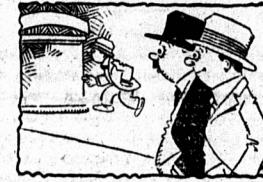
GABBY GERTIE



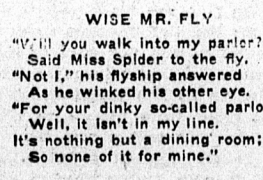
"Nobody wants to be laid out by a speed cop—that's the undertaker's job."



Old Stager: I hear you have the part representing young Giddyboy open in your new play. I hope I'm not too late for the place? Manager: Sorry, but you look about forty years too late.



"Smith is too rich to go to the first act of the play." "And Subburbs is too poor to stay for the last act."



WISE MR. FLY "Will you walk into my parlor?" Said Miss Spider to the fly. "Not I," his flyship answered. "As he winked his other eye. "For your dinky so-called parlor—Well, it isn't in my line. It's nothing but a dining room; So none of it for mine."



Old Boarder: What makes you think the new boarder is in love with you? Has he made any advances? Landlady: No, but he says he will as soon as his father remits.

P. R. A. The Annual Meeting of The Prince Edward Island Provincial Rifle Association will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms (Market Building), Friday, 2nd May at 7.30 P. M. Full attendance is requested. H. M. DAVISON, V. D., LIEUT.-COL. President. CHAS. LEMGH, V. D., LIEUT.-COL. Secretary. 3322-4-26-31.

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Tenders For Cartage

Tenders will be received at the office of the City Clerk up to noon on Saturday, May 3rd, for carting sand, gravel and other materials from Railway cars to City yard at Pownall wharf or other place designated by the City Surveyor. Form of tender to be had at the office of the City Clerk. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. G. P. NICHOLSON, City Clerk. 3417-4-30-31.

NOTICE

A meeting of all interested in the Church of Scotland Cemetery at Cape Traverse will be held in the Church at said place on Saturday, May 3rd at two o'clock P. M. By order of Committee. 3376-4-20-31.

FOR SALE One of Charlottetown Royalty's richest and best 36 acre farms. Good buildings. Choice, large, young orchard and fox ranch. Will sell with or without ranch. P. A. FARQUHARSON 99 Upper Prince Street. Telephone 382. 3323-4-3-11.

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