



Women said:

Soaps that save you work are hard on hands

BUT that was before they knew how kind the New Oxydol is to hands and dainty things!

Richer, thicker, longer-lasting suds—50% more suds—that's the reason this amazing soap can do so much and still be kind to hands and dainty things.



The Procter & Gamble Company of Canada, Ltd.

OXYDOL THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP

AUCTION SALE

At Summerside, P. E. I., on Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 2 o'clock. The desirable property, consisting of a two apartment house, No. 23 and 25 Poplar Ave. (off Central Street) with all modern conveniences and hardwood floors, garage and stable; with about two acres of land adjoining; all fronting streets. Suitable for building lots, poultry or farming.

MISSES ROBERTSON T. M. LINKLETTER, Auctioneer. 1938-10-20-21-22-25

AUCTION SALE

Of pure bred Jersey Cattle at Stephen Holroyd, Winsloe Road, 1/4 mile from Winsloe Station

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26th AT 2 O'CLOCK SHARP 1 pure bred Jersey Bull 2 years old—choice animal. 7 Cows in calf. 1 fat Cow. 1 two year old Heifer. 4 Heifers one year old. 4 Calf four months old. 1 Draft Colt 1 1/2 years old. 1 Foal four months old. Terms at sale.

ALEX McRAE, Auctioneer. 5831-10-15-smwf-51.

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED J. S. TAYLOR E. W. TAYLOR Optometrists 142 Richmond Street

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McLEOD & BENTLEY J. A. BENTLEY, K. C. W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law MONEY TO LOAN Office: 180 Richmond Street

Prohibition Commission Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown. Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peters. John Simpson, Hamilton. Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to Inspector J. Fripps, R. C. M. P.

BULBS BULBS

Just received and opened our Annual Fall shipment of DUTCH BULBS direct from the growers LISSE, HOLLAND. TULIPS (Single and Double) DARWIN Tulips (long stem.) HYACINTHS (Double and Single.) DAFFODILS CROCUS, FREESIAS, NARCISSUS, &c., &c., all large size BULBS. Prices much lower. Come in and make your selection early.

Carter & Co. LIMITED

SINGER BREAKS DOWN

NEW YORK, October 20.—Miss Libby Miller, secretary to Rosa Ponselle, Metropolitan Opera star, said today the singer was forced to interrupt her singing of "Home Sweet Home" during a concert at Hartford, Conn., yesterday because of worry over the condition of her mother.

Reports from Hartford said Miss Ponselle ceased singing and walked back stage and threw herself into a chair, crying "I cannot finish it." "Miss Ponselle visited her mother, who is ill, on Saturday night and attempted to cheer her up," Miss Miller said. "She was worried and fatigued and was so reminded of her mother's condition during the rendition of the song that she had to retire."

The number was one of the last on the program and the audience left after applauding vigorously.

NOTICE!

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND HOSPITAL CAMPAIGN FUND

All subscribers in arrears are hereby notified that the Campaign Fund of 1923 is being closed, October 31, 1932. Payments will be received at the Canadian Bank of Commerce or at the Secretary's Office at Prince Edward Island Hospital, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

(Sgd.) FRANK E. HEARTZ, Chairman Campaign Fund 1923. 5759-10-12-171.

FOR SALE

Four pair Wild Geese broken to tether. Shot over Four Years, price \$10.00 per pair. Post Office Box 669, Fredericton, N. B. 10-15-91.

FOR SALE

At Grand Tracade, farm of 45 acres in high state of cultivation. Convenient to church, school and shipping. Well situated on Cross Roads with large residence and out buildings in good condition. For particulars apply to MRS. J. W. MacDONALD, 4 Grafton Street, Charlottetown. 5879-10-18-41.

Periodic—Eye Examinations

Don't wear your glasses for five or ten years, as some do, without re-examination, for in that time serious changes are vitally important, whether one's eyes are good or otherwise. may take place, which if not discovered, may work permanent injury to the most precious sense you possess. Guard your eyes.

G. F. HUTCHESON OPTOMETRIST

ZORA The Invisible

By J. R. WILMOT

Blayne tried to conceal the surprise he felt at this unexpected introduction of a topic which had already caused him considerable perturbation.

"He gave handsomely to the church," went on the stationmaster. "Without him it's no secret to say that Oaktree church would almost have tumbled down. Part dates back to 1775, sir, and though they knew how to build in those days better than we do today, they won't stand for ever. No, Mr. Gaynor saved Oaktree church. Terrible affair, sir, wasn't it? That is, I suppose you've heard about it—it's been in all the London papers."

Blayne nodded. I suppose you knew Mr. Gaynor then?"

"Yes sir, I did, and a finer man I never knew. No side, if you understand the expression sir. A hundred per cent a gentleman. Not that he came down here very much, sir—the service being perhaps not frequent enough for him—he had his car and preferred the drive to the city, and I don't blame him, sir. If I had a car I shouldn't be troubling about trains. But I met him frequently at the church. Took a great interest in it he did, and Mr. Crompton—he's the rector, sir—was often up at the house in the evenings. By the way sir, do you think he died natural, or—?" The stationmaster paused, meaningly.

"I was reading that there was some conflict of medical opinion over the matter," said Blayne non-committally. "Of course, knowing him as you do, you ought to be in a better position to know whether there was anyone likely to wish him dead."

"That's what has been puzzling me sir. Why should anyone want to kill a friend? I'm sure Mr. Gaynor'd do a great deal of good in his lifetime."

"True enough, but a man can have enemies for all that," Blayne told him. "Perhaps not here, but elsewhere. Oaktree, you must remember, was only one part of his life."

Blayne could not quite get out of his mind the category into which he had unconsciously consigned Montgomery Gaynor for the purpose of providing a new chain of thought in his inquiry.

The stationmaster was silent for a moment, and Blayne, watching him carefully, was conscious that there was something passing through the man's mind that was worrying him.

"I don't know whether I ought to mention it, sir, but I've noticed a change in Mr. Gaynor these past few months. I can't quite explain it, and I don't know whether I'm right or not, but when I've seen him down in the village, and sometimes up at the church, he hasn't looked quite himself. It may have been business worries for all I know, but somehow I don't think that that was the explanation. Matters of business don't make a man seem uneasy when he's miles away from London; they don't make him keep turning around as though he expected to see somebody he didn't want to meet. But that's how he struck me, sir, and I was only wondering when I read in the papers this morning about the inquest whether I ought to write to Scotland Yard about it. What would you advise, sir?"

Blayne stood thoughtful for a moment. He was telling himself that it was indeed fortunate that the three-forty train to London had been taken off. Here was an utterly unexpected and new clue, and though there was nothing particularly definite about it, it confirmed his own theory that Montgomery Gaynor had not died a natural death in spite of the hopeless lack of medical evidence to the contrary.

IT'S LIVER THAT MAKES YOU FEEL SO WRETCHED

Wake Up Your Liver Bile and Get A New Lease of Life. No Calomel Is Necessary.

For you to feel healthy and happy, your liver must pour two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels, every day of your life. Without that bile, trouble starts promptly. Your food just won't digest the way it should and your bowels are sluggish. Food decays inside you and your entire system is undermined by this poisonous waste matter. You have indigestion—the discomfort of gas, bloating, heartburn and sourness. You are prey to headaches. Have a tongue like cotton-wool, a nasty taste in your mouth, bad breath and ugly skin. You haven't anything like the pep a healthy person should have. In fact you are generally wretched. How can you expect to clear up a condition like this completely by taking mere bowel-movers like salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum, or roughage? They can't wake up your liver bile! Avoid calomel (mercury). Buy yourself a box of old reliable Carter's Little Liver Pills. All vegetable, sure, gentle, safe. They'll wake up your liver without upsetting you. Bring back the glad-to-be-alive feeling, once more. Don't waste your money on substitutes. Be definite. Ask for Carter's by name and get them. Look for the name, Carter's, on the red label. 25c at all druggists.

"It is, of course, the duty of every good citizen to help the police in a matter of this kind," said Blayne. "A little matter such as you have mentioned may be of paramount importance to them in directing their inquiries into quite another channel. I should most certainly write to Scotland Yard and tell them fully all you know about the matter."

"It's not really as bad as all that, sir. I might easily be mistaken. Besides it doesn't prove anything... it merely suggests that he was not quite himself. It might not be anything at all, sir."

"I think you ought to write, all the same," Blayne told him. "Little things like that are often the turning point in criminal investigations—at least so I have read," he added, guardedly.

"Thank you, sir," answered the stationmaster, relieved. "I'll write to-night."

"Well, I think I'll trot along and look at the church," said Blayne, "and I hope I'm back again in time for the five-twenty. There's no chance of that not running, I hope."

"I can give you my word for that," smiled the stationmaster. Leaving the station, Blayne took the road that branched off at right-angles from the old stone cross in the centre of the village. About a quarter of a mile further along a small wood skirted the side of the white, winding road. On the opposite side were a number of solitary oaks set at varying distances as far as the eye could see. Whether they had once formed part of the wooded estate on his left, Blayne did not know, but it was just possible that this woodland belt had, at one time, extended for some considerable distance but when the land on his right had been cleared for agricultural purposes, the fringes of trees had been left by someone with a sense of the artistic to border the road.

This rather rural speculation on Blayne's part was intentionally deliberate. He felt that if he were what the stationmaster had told him about Gaynor in its true perspective he must first empty his mind of its previous thoughts, and this ruminating upon the changing face of the countryside achieved its purpose and he would soon be able to view his inquiry with that dispassionate detachment criminal investigation invariably demanded.

Then, switching over his thoughts, much in the same manner as an electrician changes one dynamo over to another, Blayne brought his brain to dwell upon the fact that Montgomery Gaynor had been perturbed in mind for some little time. The stationmaster had hinted that the diamond merchant seemed as if he expected to see someone near him whom he did not particularly want to see. What did that mean? It could only mean one thing. Montgomery Gaynor had been afraid.

Now Blayne knew that no normal person unless suffering from one of the many varieties of phobias known to medical science, is really afraid unless there is very good cause for that particular mental condition and from what Blayne knew of the dead man, he was not the sort of person to be the victim of a worthless and absurd hallucination.

It was while engrossed in this thought that something happened—with such startling suddenness that for the moment a sense of the unreal, the uncanny, enveloped him. Something whistled past his head with a peculiar whirring noise followed immediately by a sharp "ping" somewhere on the other side of the road.

The young man stood still, not daring to move. His brain was working rapidly. Whatever it was that had gone past him had been dispatched from the wood on his left. He glanced towards the spot, quickly. At that point the trees were somewhat more dense, and it would be sheer madness to vault the low wooden railing that separated them from the road and search for the person who had made the attack. By that time the invisible somebody might be several hundred of yards away.

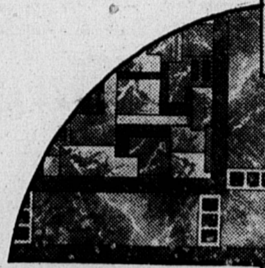
Instead, Blayne walked across the road and examined the trunk of the tree, which was in a direct line from where he had been at the moment he had heard that peculiar "ping."

Judging that whatever it had been would be approximately about the same height as his head, since the missile must have passed his ear for him to hear it so distinctly, he examined the rough oak bark carefully. At first he could see nothing, but after a while his trained eyesight detected a faint sparkle. Running his hand lightly over the surface at that point he discovered something embedded firmly in the wood. Taking his knife from his pocket he carefully cut away the bark, and at length pried out a small tee-pointed dart, not more than half-an-inch long, such as are used by certain native tribes as an effective death weapon by the aid of a blowpipe.

COUNTRY-WIDE POPULARITY IN TWO WEEKS



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A miracle of design; a miracle of value; no wonder these sensational new Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs have started a new style trend. Everyone who sees their rich, new, colorful tones is at once enthusiastic. Never in all our long history have we offered such radiant, beautiful rugs. And never in history have Congoleum Gold Seal prices been so low.

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Do Not Be Misled... Only genuine, first quality Congoleum bears the Gold Seal on the surface... your positive guarantee of Satisfaction or Your Money Back. Look for the Gold Seal and make sure of the genuine.

Blayne stood staring down at the little dart as it lay in the palm of his hand. It was an ugly yet neat little thing, and he entered his temple instead of the tree, he would have been removed from the necessity of further conducting his researches into the mysterious death of Montgomery Gaynor. The thought made him shudder. The method employed was diabolical, for that innocent steel point might even yet be impregnated with some virulent poison. Carefully he took out his pocket book, and allowed the evil weapon to fall lightly into an empty compartment. "Seems as if I'm not as popular as I thought I was," he mused, as

he continued his way along the road just as if nothing at all had happened. (To Be Continued)

With Fair Sex "Hitting The Pipe"

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—Dainty pipes for ladies with small briar bowls of novel shapes and stems in shades and designs to match costumes, are on the market. A specially prepared tobacco of a comparatively coarse cut has been put up in an attractive package about the size of a deck of cards especially for use of the women inclined to pipe-smoking.

At the tobacco counter of a large department store, where a selection of the pipes is on view, it was said that pipe-smoking had already been taken up by women in the U. S., but on a small scale. It was explained that some women who had been complaining that cigarettes "did not have a sufficient kick," now were smoking pipes. Others, it was said, were smoking cigars. One customer has been coming to the store for years buying cigars for her own use. Inquiry disclosed that women who indulge in pipe-smoking come from various walks of life; some are efficient young business executives, and others wives of moderately well-to-do men. Pipe-smoking by

women, however, not yet has been taken up in public to any extent, although the number of women using a pipe, it was explained, has been increasing.

LAW HAS FALSE TEETH IN IT NOW

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 20.—The law has teeth in it now—false ones. The San Francisco Better Business Bureau said today custom-made teeth are liable to attachment if the person who eats with them still owes money on the masticators. Under this biting phase of the law, a finance company is searching for a woman who is an installment hand on her molars.

Advertisement for Flakies featuring a woman and a child, with text: BROWN-HOLDER Flakies Maritime Maid "The Cream of Cream Sodas"