

A Good Sign and a better drink

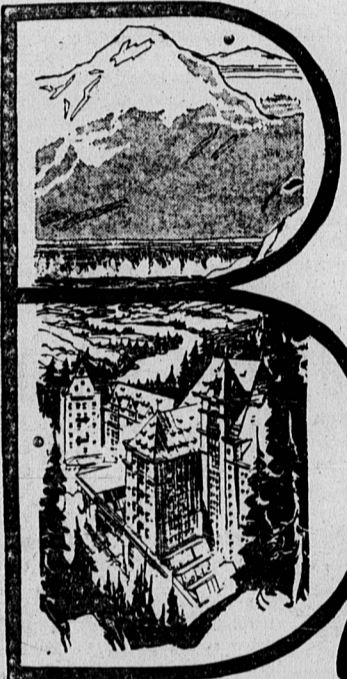


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CANADIAN NATIONAL

THE GREEN SHADOW

by HERMAN LONDON

AN ADVENTURE IN THE NIGHT

Bilkins was a servant par excellence despite his villainous features, his sluggish movements and his predilection for his master's cigars and prewar stock of Scotch. He switched on the light in the den, fetched slippers and dressing gown, poured an amber liquid into a tall glass, added seltzer and ice, and placed the concoction at Dale's elbow.

Dale sipped. "Any callers," Bilkins? "Captain Summers phoned, sir, but he left no message."

Dale's gray eyes twinkled. He took another sip, spread out his legs and sank a little deeper into the immense easy chair.

"Queer sort, Summers." "You might well say so, sir. He is built all out of portions. Never saw such a big head on a short man."

Dale nodded. "It's a bit tantalizing when you stop to consider how many thoughts a head of that size might contain. But Summers is a good scout. Tell you what you do, Bilkins. In the morning you will send him a box of cigars with my compliments."

"Not the Veronas, sir?" Bilkins looked shocked.

"Yes, the Veronas, Bilkins. Summers will appreciate them. They will appeal to his sense of humor."

"Very well, sir," said Bilkins, who possessed neither imagination nor a sense of humor. "By the way, sir, a gentleman called about 7. He wouldn't give his name. Said he wanted to see you on a personal matter. He waited a little while and then he went away."

Dale's eyes traveled over the charmingly furnished little snugery. His nostrils expanded a trifle.

"Sure he went away, Bilkins?" "Well, I left him in the drawing room. When I looked in half an hour later he was gone."

Dale's nostrils vibrated again. He seemed to perceive a scent in the air that did not come from the glass at his elbow.

"Can you describe him?" "Tall, straight, good-looking, well dressed, about 30."

"Splendid, Bilkins! Concise and comprehensive. You have described a goodly portion of the human race. Two arms and two legs, I suppose?"

His sarcasm was wasted. "No, sir," said Bilkins. "Come to think of it, he had only one arm. One sleeve—I don't know whether it was the left or the right—was empty."

Dale grew thoughtful. Once more he consulted the tall glass. Again his eyes roved the room. Finally he shrugged.

"I shall have a busy day tomorrow, Bilkins. If there is any mail we'll

dispose of it now." "Very good, sir." The versatile Bilkins brought a small stack of letters. He sat down and opened one of them. "Mrs. Pettigill Starr requests the pleasure of your company at a dinner..."

"Awful bore," Dale interrupted. "Give the lady my compliments and tell her to go to the devil."

Gravely Bilkins made an annotation and opened another letter. "The Club Nocture sends two tickets, with their compliments, for their opening next Tuesday night."

"Generous! Anything else?" "The League for the Suppression of Frivolous Conduct would be pleased to receive a contribution..."

"Send them the two Club Nocture tickets." "Very good, sir. Here's a letter from the Friends of Poor Children. They are in need of funds."

"Send them hundred. No, make it two hundred and fifty." Dale yawned. "Anything else?"

"Here is one marked Personal, sir." "Read it."

Bilkins opened a plain, square envelope and looked at the inclosure. His brow wrinkled. "This is a queer one, sir. Throwing rocks is not a healthful occupation for people who live in glass houses. A word of warning should be sufficient for The Picaroon! There's no signature, sir."

"No, there wouldn't be." Dale leaned back, an odd smile playing about his lips, and contemplated the puzzled face of his servant. It was indeed a lucky thing that Bilkins was utterly destitute of imagination.

"Let me see the silly thing." Bilkins handed him the letter. It was typewritten and had been posted by special delivery at Times Square at 5 o'clock that was shortly after the termination of Dale's interview with Miss Castle. The circumstance might mean nothing or everything.

"Some people have queer ideas of humor," Dale drawled. "They certainly have, sir!"

"By the way, Bilkins, I see you have neglected to lower the shade. People who live in glass houses should always pull down the blinds."

"Sorry, sir," and Bilkins proceeded to remedy his neglect. "But this is not a glass house."

"No, thank Heaven! A sheet of paper and an envelope, Bilkins." Bilkins handed him the desired articles. After a moment's reflection Dale wrote painstakingly and in a hand totally different from his customary chirography:

Doctor Moffett: Thanks for the advice respecting rocks and glass houses. My reply will be delivered in person.

He inclosed a dollar bill, addressed the envelope to the personal column of the New York Sentinel, and chuckled as he sealed it.

"A little walk will do you good, Bilkins. Take this and mail it not less than ten blocks from here."

With his usual unquestioning obedience Bilkins took the letter and withdrew. Dale finished his drink, lighted a cigarette and again picked up the warning note. He studied the typewritten characters closely. They showed evidence of a battered machine and a faded ribbon. The alignment was imperfect and the r's were slightly nicked at the ears. The ribbon had once been green.

"Green again," he mumbled.

Then he fell to studying the phrasing of the note. It was not difficult to read a threat between the lines. "You are The Picaroon, and I know it," the writer must have said. "Keep out of my way or I'll expose you."

The threat did not worry Dale greatly. To show how lightly he regarded it, he had just dispatched a taunting reply. It was always good

strategy to meet threats with derision. But how had the mysterious Doctor Moffett, if indeed he were the author of the note, discovered that Martin Dale was The Picaroon? "The deuce!" Dale softly exclaimed. Until now he had supposed that Captain Summers was the only person who entertained definite suspicions in that direction. Then there was Miss Castle, of course, whom he had taken into his confidence only that afternoon, relying on the fact that there were no witnesses to his confession, but even more upon her loyalty and sense of fair play. Summers was not given to blabber and it was unthinkable that Miss Castle should have betrayed him. No, the secret must have leaked out some other way.

Life Was A Burden

HEALTH RESTORED THROUGH THE USE OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

"I am writing to express my gratitude for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me," says Mrs. W. J. Dowling, Tottenham, Ont., and further says: "I was so badly run down that I felt that life was a burden. The doctor said my trouble was due to poor blood, but his medicine did not help me. My face was sallow, my lips bloodless and at the least exertion my heart would palpitate so violently that I would have to lie down. My feet and legs would swell and cramp, and all my fingers thought I was in a decline. In this condition I was urged by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got three boxes, and to my delight, by the time I had used them I began to feel better. I got a further supply and kept taking them. Daily I felt myself growing stronger. The color returned to my cheeks and lips and I felt a new interest in life. To sum up I can now say that I am feeling fine, for which I give the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I strongly recommend to all weak girls and women."

A useful book, "Building Up the Blood," will be sent free on request by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, 50c. Try them to-day.

Wins Degree



GEORGE W. GARDINER JR.

Of Charlottetown, who was made a Doctor of Philosophy at the 228th commencement of Yale University, New Haven, Conn. held in June.

Mr. Gardiner is a World War Veteran. He left Prince of Wales college and enlisted on the day war commenced. He was then 17 years and one week old. The corps of signallers trained for a short time at Saint John and Valcartier and from there at Salisbury Plain and then to the front. Mr. Gardiner went through the whole campaign and marched into Cologne with the Canadians from Mons. He returned home with the Military Medal and two bars. He has received an appointment at Washington to the Bureau of Standards, to be employed chiefly in research work.

FOR SALE

An excellent dairy farm in Mermaid, Lot 48, 7 miles from Charlottetown, near churches, schools and railway station, containing 185 acres, 125 under cultivation, balance wood and good timber, extra well fenced and water, fine buildings. Inspection invited. Owing to ill-health, bargain for quick sale with or without crop.

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AUCTION SALE

Old-Fashioned Furniture

To be sold at Public Auction at the Clifton House, Summerside at 1 p. m. on Tuesday the 30th day of July, a very fine collection of old-fashioned furniture owned by the Estate of the Late Georgianna P. Mawley. The ordinary hotel furniture has been sold with the hotel, and the furniture to be sold by auction is household furniture as distinct from hotel furniture. Almost all pieces offered are mahogany, including grandfather's clock, sideboard, library table, highboy, highdesk, sofas, living room chairs, etc. also a number of pictures and a few rugs.

TERMS CASH. FRED WRIGHT, Auctioneer. The Eastern Trust Co., Executor Estate Georgianna P. Mawley. 6798-7-20-sattuethusatmon

Appreciation

The Temperance Alliance desire to express their appreciation of the splendid services rendered by the ladies of the W.C.T.U., the various Women's Institutes and the many co-working pool organizations throughout the Province whose efforts contributed so much to our plebeian victory, and also to the various speakers and private workers and voters for their valuable assistance in upholding the cause of Prohibition.

THOMAS MOYSE, President. J. M. McLEOD, Sec'y.

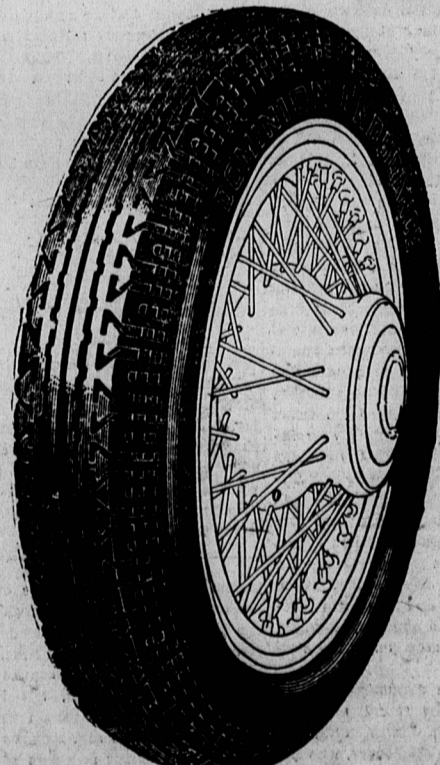
P. R. A.

The Annual Prize Meeting will be held on Charlottetown Rifle Range, Thursday and Friday, August 1st and 2nd, 1929, commencing at 8.30 a. m. Programmes and any information can be had from the Secretary. Make your entries early. Charles Leigh, R.O.V.D., Lieut.-Col. Secretary. H. M. Davison, R.C.V.D., Lieut.-Col. President. 6793-7-20-11-July 31.

AUCTION SALE

I will sell on my farm, Glen Valley, on Monday, July 22, at 6 p.m., 60 acres of standing hay. Mrs. Mark Pound. R. STEVENSON, Auctioneer. 6781-7-20-11

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Judge this tire not by its low price but by its service, its mileage, its freedom from trouble, and you will find it far superior to many a higher priced tire.

Judge it by its service

not by its low price

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"The trouble first started with a few blotches on my face. A little later pimples formed and spread all over it. They were quite large and some of them festered. The pimples itched and burned and bothered me a lot. Many nights I could not sleep on account of the irritation, and when I scratched it caused disfigurement. I tried different remedies without success. I had the trouble about four months when I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using a few days I was greatly relieved so purchased more and in about two months I was healed." (Signed) Norman E. Pearson, 5387 Fabre St., Montreal, Que.

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, as advised by Cuticura Ointment, will keep the skin and scalp healthy.

Keep the Ointment in and the Soap in. Sold everywhere. 25¢. Write for literature. Cuticura Soap 5¢ stick 25¢.

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- 1 second hand SPRAYMOTOR Power Sprayer. Price \$75.00
- 1 second hand De Laval Cream Separator, No. 12. Capacity 350 lbs. Price \$40.00

We also have new sprayers, hand and power, ready for shipment. Write for prices Bruce Stewart & Co. Ltd