

A good day begins with a cup of good coffee—

Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND

Thick, Swollen Glands

that make a horse roar, wheeze, have thick wind or choke-down, can be reduced with

ABSORBINE

also other bunches or swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 bottle delivered. Book 3 R free. W. F. Young, Inc., 141 Lyman St., Montreal

FOR RENT

Or sale my property at Kinkora. Ideal business stand.

PAT. K. TRAINOR, East Millinocket, Me.

For particulars call on A. McLaughlin, Kinkora. 7694-9-11-14-18-21-25-28-2-5.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

CHANGES IN TRAIN SERVICE, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1928

Commencing September 30th the Canadian National Railways announce the following changes in train services. Train No. 215 will leave Charlottetown at 6:30 A. M. daily except Sunday instead of Monday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving Souris 11:25 A. M.

Train No. 215 will leave Souris at 1:15 P. M. daily except Sunday instead of Monday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving Charlottetown 5:50 P. M.

DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENTS' OFFICE

Charlottetown, P. E. I. September 27th, 1928. 8067-9-28-51.

AUCTION SALE OF FARM, ETC.

The Executors of the Estate of John Marks will sell at Public Auction on Wednesday the third of October 1928 at one o'clock on the premises, valuable farm of one hundred and twelve acres situate at Covehead about four miles from York Station near church, school, mills and summer resort, trout fishing, excellent potato farm with valuable stream of water crossing same. Also following farm, stock and implements. Two draft horses and one driving horse, seven head of cattle, one driving wagon, one express wagon, one truck wagon, one jaunting sleigh, hay rake, mower, binder, scuffer, spring tooth harrow, disc, harrow, wood sleigh, box cart, cart wheels, gang plow, single plow and numerous other articles.

Terms made known at sale. For particulars apply to McLean & McKinnon, Solicitors, Charlottetown. BENJAMIN CARTER, Auctioneer. 7825-9-22-71.

Parker House

The Parker House is now ready to take permanent and transient boarders. The house has been completely remodelled and beautifully finished. The table speaks for itself. Dinner parties and banquets a specialty. This house is located at 32 Kent Street, almost opposite City Hall.

Hours for meals: Breakfast from 6 to 8 o'clock. Dinner 12 to 2 o'clock. Supper 5:30 to 7 P. M. Proprietress, MRS. M. J. MacKINNON.

The Only Water Route to BOSTON

ONE WAY FARES FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.—\$10. FROM EASTPORT, MAINE—\$9. FROM LUBEC, MAINE—\$9.

Every Wednesday steamer leaves St. John 9:00 A. M. Atlantic Time, Eastport 1:30 P. M., Lubec 2:30 P. M. Eastern Time, arriving Boston Thursday 10 A. M. Daylight Time.

Every Saturday steamer sails direct from St. John to Boston.

Leaving St. John 7:00 P. M., Atlantic Time, due Boston Sunday 2:00 P. M. Daylight Time.

Connections at Boston with direct steamer to New York. Reduced rates for automobiles accompanied by passengers.

EASTERN steamship lines

Eastern S.S. Lines—Newspaper Ad. 5X6 75 lines x 1 col.—Boston-St. John Service—1928

Blue Murder

BY EDMUND SHELL

A Gripping Drama of Hidden Forces. A Bizarre Mystery. Thrilling Adventure. Romance. An Unusual Love Climax.

INSTALLMENT ONE

The entire assets of Dighton & Co., general agents, faced Alan Dighton as he opened the door of his office.

The telephone rang so suddenly that he started.

He picked up the receiver.

"Dighton speaking—yes. Who is it?"

He hooked a pencil from his waistcoat and flourished it over the surface of a note pad.

"Who?" "Mason & Gallagher—oh, yes—I shall be here until 6 or perhaps a trifle after—oh, I see. He'll be coming here."

Frowning to himself, he turned over the pages of the telephone directory.

He found Mason & Gallagher's name, but no Mason & Gallagher's address through Kelly's colored directories, probably recently unpublished.

The firm was nonexistent—a myth—and yet their Mr. Corlitt was calling upon him at 5!

He remained to be seen whether the mysterious Mr. Corlitt showed up at all.

Between a quarter to 5 and the hour three people passed along the corridor outside. On each occasion Dighton glanced anxiously toward a square yard of frosted glass which showed Dighton & Co., General Agents, the wrong way about, and in the bottom right-hand corner Mr. Alan Dighton—very small. The clock outside chimed 5. A minute later he caught the upward moaning of the elevator, the familiar clanging of the gate and the hoarse voice of the boy directing somebody.

The expected knock came. "Come in!" called Dighton from his chair.

The door opened slowly and a man in a heavy overcoat entered, closing it after him.

The Mysterious Visitor

Dighton watched him take a foolscap envelope from an inner pocket and withdrew from it a long sheet of paper. He opened it out on his knee, holding it in such a manner that the other noted what appeared to be a column of printed questions with typewritten answers opposite.

"Languages!" murmured Mr. Corlitt, thoughtfully. "French, Italian, Spanish! A little German! I should improve that, if I were you. It's always useful!—D. S. O., M. C. and bar; mentioned twice in dispatches. Powerful build. Height 5 feet 11 1/2."

Dighton screwed up his face.

"What have you got there? An army report?"

He bent over the desk, hoping to obtain a better view of the extra-

Desirable property, the residence of the late Hugh MacLeod, in Bradshaw, with 20 acres valuable land adjoining, will be offered for sale by auction, Monday, October 1st, at 1 P. M. At the same time will also be offered for sale household furniture and farming implements.

Terms, under \$10.00 cash, over that amount 3 months on approved joint notes.

W. C. LAWSON, On Behalf of the Heirs, Auctioneer. 7888-9-20-24-28.

AUCTION SALE

Valuable City property to be sold by Public Auction at No. 62 South Street, City, on Friday the 28th September at 12.30 P. M., the valuable residence and premises of the late John A. Lawson.

Property open for inspection daily from 3 to 5 p. m.

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ordinary document, but the other folded it hastily and returned it to its envelope, leaving photographed on Dighton's memory INVESTIGATOR X in red capitals, and scribbled in pencil across a corner: Corlitt—for report.

The handwriting gave him a clue. "Sir Ian Taverner asked you to call on me?"

The imperturbable Corlitt crossed his legs and folded his hands in front of him. Apparently it was his habit not to answer questions.

"Are you married, Mr. Dighton?"

"Engaged to be married?"

Again the same answer.

"You have no inkling of the business that has brought me here?"

"None whatever."

"Are You Game of Risks?"

"Six years ago, Mr. Dighton, you were inclined to take risks—big risks. You had a penchant for hazardous undertakings—and you could be relied upon to keep your head in a crisis." A short pause. "Are you still game for adventure, Mr. Dighton?"

"The man who had failed in business met his visitor's gaze steadily. 'I—er—I think so.'"

Corlitt drew in a deep breath.

"I want you to understand me. The brand of adventure I am suggesting is vastly different from anything to which you have been accustomed. It is one in which you will be playing a lone hand against people infinitely more clever than yourself. If you win you will receive ample remuneration. Your success will be appreciated by those who are aware of it. There's no honor and glory about this sort of thing. Mr. Dighton. If you lose—"

He shrugged his shoulders. Dighton nodded.

"I've got you," he said.

He found his cigarette case and held it out to Corlitt, who shook his head slowly.

"No thanks, Mr. Dighton."

"You don't smoke?"

For answer the other produced a straight-stemmed briar from his coat and squinted into the blackened bowl.

"The pipe habit's safest in our line of business," he declared meaningfully. "We can then refuse a cigarette without being thought discourteous."

"I only keep 'em for visitors," he returned.

"And women!" suggested Corlitt, filling up.

"And women!" echoed the younger man. "They go better than chocolates these days!"

Hazardous Adventure!

He chuckled audibly. The sheer excitement of the thing was going to his head like strong wine.

He could have embraced that little man, who smoked so placidly, bathed in a smoke screen of his own making.

"Then Mason & Gallagher was just a blind?"

Corlitt smiled.

"Shall we call it a wise precaution?"

"Call it what you like. When will you want me to start?"

"The other started as if roused from a reverie.

"Start?" Oh, immediately. Sir Ian suggested you should dine with him at Donati's tonight at 7. Ask in the hall for Mr. Gallagher."

Dighton helped him on with his coat. At the door they shook hands.

"Good luck!" said Corlitt. "It was queer you should have written 'Sir Ian' at that moment—providential, almost. We were at our wit's end for a new man—somebody who wasn't known. Good afternoon, Mr. Dighton."

And the visitor was gone.

It occurred to Dighton, as he passed through the swinging doors, with the rumble of Oxford street behind him and his progress to the elevator blocked by the white-shirted guests to a lodge banquet, that Donati's was about the last place on earth where one would expect to enlist for a Secret Service job.

A loud-voiced man, with the appearance of a brewer and the vocal powers of a sergeant-major, shouted from the stairs and the crowd melted as if by magic.

"Reigate party, sir?" insinuated a frock-coated submanager in his ear.

"Mr. Gallagher," corrected Dighton.

"Mr. Gallagher," mused the other, consulting an infallible memory. "You'll find his table on the first floor. Cloak-room downstairs, sir."

He stepped backward, with arms outspread like a signpost—and Dighton descended to the lower regions.

He had come prepared for a conference in a private room—a sort of second edition of Corlitt's interview. Guided by a headwaiter through a maze of crowded tables, with an orchestra pumping out jazz and all the cutlery in existence being rattled together at the same time, he found himself confronting two empty chairs and a singularly attractive girl.

There was obviously a mistake here. He turned to explain that fact to the waiter, but his guide had dissolved into thin air.

As he hesitated, conscious all the while that people were turning in their chairs to look at him, the lady removed the cigarette from her lips and smiled at him quite openly.

"You're Mr. Dighton, aren't you?" ventured. "You don't say so!"

He produced a handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"By Jove! so I am! Then the fellow was right after all!"

"I'm Miss Hays—Greta Hays, fell on his shoulder and he heard Taverner's familiar chuckle.

"Alan, my boy! How are you? He may be a little late, but we're not to wait. Do sit down."

Dighton complied.

Seen at close quarters, Greta Hays was more than attractive, he discovered. She was wonderfully pretty. She wore a frock of the palest shade of green—a short necklace of pearls that Dighton fancied were real, and a ring with a single emerald worn on a finger that did not particularly matter.

It dawned on him suddenly that she was offering him a smoke. He help noticing it.

"No, my boy," said the other, divining his thoughts. "There'll be no 'over the top and the best of luck' for me in the next war. Mine'll be a dugout's job. What do you say to Troaders—"

"Six years ago," put in Dighton, still shaking hands.

Taverner sat down.

He had grown fatter since their last meeting—fatter and a good deal older. His rolled shirt bulged like a help noticing it.

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DE FOREST CROSLY



IMAGINE a musical instrument with two full octaves mute!

Until now, radio has been weak in both the high and the low notes of the musical scale. It really deadened from one to two octaves. What a bar to full enjoyment of a musical program!

The new Fidelity Series lifts this veil of faulty reception.

TWO FULL OCTAVES ADDED
New brilliancy of tone over a scale that has been extended two full octaves, is the latest engineering achievement now offered to the radio world.

With this triumph of radio engineering De Forest Crosley have given the word "batteryless" new meaning.

More than mere convenience, "batteryless" means sparkling clarity and new