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His Master's Voice

Senator B. C. Prowse, Charlottetown; George and Charlie Thompson, Montague; Amie and Beatrice, New York; Rev. R. J. McDonald, Elmira.

MR. CHARLES E. McDONALD.

In loving memory of the late Charles E. McDonald, Borden.

Wreaths
Summerside Customs staff; Collector and Staff, Dept. of Customs and Excise, Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jay, P. Willard McNeill and John McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. George Birch, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Leard, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Murphy and family, Borden.

Auto Wheel.
The Prince Edward Island Motor League, Charlottetown.

Pillow
Rev. W. E. Monaghan and Borden Altar Society.

Sprays
Mr. and Mrs. Nell Darrah, Mr. and Mrs. W. Field, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Campbell, Borden; Mr. James E. Carson, Cape Tormentine, N. B.; Mrs. John McIsaac, Borden; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lafferty, Charlottetown; John McIsaac, Borden.

Crosses
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Ramsay, Summerside; Mr. Clayton Green, Borden; Mr. F. B. Frapp, Moncton, N.B.; The Railway Mail Clerks; P. E. I. Publicity Association; Mr. and Mrs. Robert McPherson, Borden.

Crescents
Town of Borden; Arnott Howatt, Borden; Miss Roberta J. McKelvie and Mrs. A. H. Sonnemann, Summerside.

Mass Cards
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Noonan, Borden; Conductor W. O. Davey, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. McMillan, Charlottetown; Dr. and Mrs. J. A. McPhee, S'ide; Mr. and Mrs. J. V. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. McNeill, Borden; Mrs. Wm. Deegan and family, Cape Traverse; Mr. and Mrs. H. Bowness, Kensington; Mr. Walter O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Allan McAleer, Mrs. Frank Dalziel, Borden; Mrs. C. McLellan, Summerside; Hon. A. F. Arsenault, Mr. James Wood, Summerside; Mr. Thomas Donahoe, Kensington; Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, Mr. and Mrs. C. Slavin, Mr. and Mrs. James McAleer, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Sexton, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred McNally, Borden; W. E. and Lillian Noonan, Albany; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gallant and family, Summerside; Dr. E. G. Gillis, Kensington; Mrs. D. H. and Miss Nellie McDonald, Bedouque.

Masses
Mrs. Frank C. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Brennan, Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. Neil McDonald, Summerside; Concl. Frank McGee, Concl. John Munroe, Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. D. F. McNeill, Summerside; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Gillis, Mr. and Mrs. Victor McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murray, Charlottetown; Rev. W. E. Monaghan, Borden; Rev. Archie McDonald, Lot 7; Rev. W. V. McDonald, Hope River; Rev. Reginald F. McDonald, Altar Society, Borden; Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown; Hon. J. A. and Mrs. McNeil, Summerside; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Paquet, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hennessey, Borden; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dalton, Summerside; Mr. and Mrs. Alban Leckie, Bedouque; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Callaghan, Kinkora; Mr. Austin McLellan, Indian River; Mrs. M. J. McLellan, Summerside; Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Brennan, Borden; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Callaghan, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. James E. McDonald, Bedouque; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McInnis, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McNally and family, Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McNeil, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morris, Summerside; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Power, Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. L. J. McDonald, Mermaid; Mr. and Mrs. L. M. McNeil, Summerside; Mr. W. A. Gaudet, Tignish; Mr. and Mrs. J. Austin Trainor, Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. Alban Leckie, Summerside; Miss Marie McLellan, Glenfinnan; Miss Beatrice McDonald, New York; D. B. McDonald and family, Bedouque; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McMillan, Summerside; Miss Rose G. Ryan, Cape Traverse; Mr. Frank Doyle, Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McDonald, Glenfinnan; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood, Summerside; Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McDonald, Glenfinnan; Mr. and Mrs. Valerius A. McDonald, Grand River; Mrs. Jane J. Reid, Lot 7; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Noonan, S'ide; Mrs. Mary McDonald, and family, Glenfinnan; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hogan, Summerside.

Pall-bearers.
Messrs. James V. McDonald, Elton Campbell, John McIsaac, Clayton Green, James McAleer, John Murray.

Letters of Sympathy
Mrs. Marion J. Robertson, Fredrickton, N.B.; Miss Sarah McKelvie, New York; Miss Marie McLellan, Glenfinnan; Patricia Toomey, Boston, Mass.; W. A. Gaudet, Tignish; Mr. and Mrs. B. R. McIsaac, Kensington; Rev. E. Leckhart, Souris; Mrs. N. J. McNeill, New Annan; Sister St. Catherine, St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, George town; Mr. John R. Marks, New London, P. E. I.; Sister M. Paula, City Hospital, Charlottetown; Mrs. Mary McDonald, Bessie and Mamie, Georgetown; Dr. W. J. McMillan, Charlottetown; Mrs. F. J. La Voie, North Adam, Mass.; S. Wand, Mrs. Delaney, Malpeque; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. O'Connor, Albany; Mrs. Margaret Strang, Sydney, N.S.; Miss Rose G. Ryan, Charlottetown; Mrs. Frank C. McDonald, Charlottetown; Mrs. James Woodside, Malpeque; Miss Hazel Harding, Emerald; Mrs. Frank Ready, Tignish; Emilia Arsenault, Charlottetown.

Telegrams
Senator B. C. Prowse, Charlottetown; George and Charlie Thompson, Montague; Amie and Beatrice, New York; Rev. R. J. McDonald, Elmira.

The Red Lamp

Mary Roberts Rhinehart

(Continued)
By heaven! The fellow was not only watching me; he was analyzing me. And with that peculiar perverse humor which, I feel tonight, may get me into trouble yet, I answered. I who seldom dream, and then the benign dreams of an uneventful life and an easy conscience, I answered:
"Horribly!"
He leaned back and took to biting a finger, staring at me over it. "What do you mean by 'horribly'?" he inquired. But some gleam of reason came to me then, and I laughed.
"Sorry, Hayward," I said. "I couldn't resist it. I never dream, at least nothing I can remember. But you were being so professional

Jane's return prevented the apology which was on his lips, and he went back to the local gossip. Once I mentioned the matter of the sheep, but he rather dexterously sidestepped it, and finally brought the talk around to the renting of the house. But I am confident that Greenough has been to him about me, and has asked him to give him an opinion on my mental balance. I was on guard after that; determined to exhibit myself in the most rational manner. But there is something upsetting in the mere thought that one's sanity is being brought into question. One's usually automatic acts become self-conscious inces. And tonight I could laugh, if I were not somewhat disturbed by it, at the care with which I placed my cigarette on the saucer of my tea-cup and flung the silver spoon into the grate; at the sudden comprehension of what I had done, and my wild leap to recover the spoon; and at Hayward's intent expression as I turned from the fireplace with the spoon in my hand, and muttered something about being the original man who put his umbrella to bed and stood himself in the corner. He was too absorbed to smile. He left finally, when the Livingstones arrived.

"You must take good care of this fine husband of yours, Mrs. Pore," he said, holding her hand in the paternal fashion of his type. "He's probably been overdoing it a bit. The result of which is that Jane herself has taken to watching me quietly, over her tapestry, and that she suggested this evening that I take a course of bromide for my nerves.

Irritated at Hayward as I was, and annoyed at myself, I saw him to his car, and asked him the question which has been in the back of my mind ever since I found the letter in the library desk.
"By the way," I said, "you knew my Uncle Horace pretty well. Better than I did, in recent years. Did he have many friends—I mean, locally?"
He straightened his tie with a jerk.
"He had no intimates at all, so far as I know. I knew him as well as anybody. He rather liked Mrs. Livingstone, but he had no use for her. Well, I'll change the question. Do you know of any quarrel he had had, shortly before he died?"
"That's easier. He quarreled with a good many people. I imagine you know that as well as I do."
"He never mentioned to you that he had had a definite difference of opinion with anyone?"
"Looking back tonight over that conversation, I am inclined to think that he had an answer for that question, and that he almost gave it. But he changed his mind. The purpose of his visit must have been to him, Greenough's story about that idiotic circle and my own lame explanation of it, and all the outrageous mess in which I had involved myself.

"I'd like to know why you ask me that," he said instead.
"He had never talked to you about calling on the police, in some emergency?"
"Never. I see what you're driving at, Porter," he added. "I admit, I had some thought of that myself at the time. But the autopsy showed the cause of death all right. He wasn't murdered."

"The blow on the head had nothing to do with it, then?"
He glanced at me quickly.
"If it was a blow," he said, "it didn't help matters any, of course. But I prefer to think that the head injury was received as he fell." He hesitated. "Don't you?"
"Naturally," I agreed.
But there was a significance in that pause of his, followed by "don't you" which has stayed with me ever since. It was almost as though, in view of Greenough's visit to him and my own questions, I had been somehow responsible for the poor old boy's death, and his seeking reassurance in that regard.

"I am not able to sleep and so, recipient of all my reproaches, I come to you. I have repeated my little formula over and over, as some people count sheep, 'Milton and Dryden and Pope,' 'Milton and Dryden and Pope,' but without result. Yet I have seen whole classrooms succumb to the soporific effect of that or some similar phrase in the early hours of a bright morning.
I have even been out, in dressing gown and slippers, and wandered away down the main road, where I was surprised by a countryman with a truck load of produce and probably recognized, if any more sheep are killed tonight!
What am I to think about this red lamp business?"
Into every situation it insistently intrudes itself.
"He had never talked to you about calling on the police, in some emergency?"
"Never. I see what you're driving at, Porter," he added. "I admit, I had some thought of that myself at the time. But the autopsy showed the cause of death all

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