

GOOD HEALTH

Nature's Remedy... Increases the Pep and Vigor by relieving Auto-Intoxication... A SAFE, DEFENDABLE LAXATIVE

POTATOES

We want several cars Irish Cobbler and Red table stock. GEO. E. FULL & SON, Hunter River

1976-11-31-eod.

Clearance Furniture

Auction SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16th AT 1 P. M.

Parlor Suite (rosewood), 1 Walnut Table, 1 Fumed Oak Rocker, (new), 1 Floor Lamp, 1 Fumed Oak Hall Stand and Mirror (new), 1 Oak Dining room Table, and Chairs, Ivory Bedroom Suite, including Ladies Dresser, Dressing Table Bench, Table, Bed, Springs, Mattress, Chiffonier, Solid Walnut and Mahogany Suite including Dresser, Comode, Bed, Table, 2 Chairs, Rocker, Ostermoo Mattress, Spring, 1 Kitchen Range, 1 Kitchen Cabinet, Tables and Chairs, 1 full Dinner Set of dishes and others, Baby Carriage, Go Cart, High Chair, Rocker, and Sleigh, etc., etc.

Desirable Property

FOR SALE

I offer by private sale that desirable property situated at 70 Sydney Street, Charlottetown consisting of up-to-date dwelling, in thorough repair, with all modern conveniences including hot-water heating, set tubs and spacious side lawn with large building suitable for warehouse, stable or garage. This property is offered at a bargain. If not sold by private sale before Tuesday, October 26th, it will be offered by auction at 12 o'clock noon on that day. Apply to

G. J. McCORMAC, Revere Hotel Block or 252 Kent St. 1995-10-12, 15, 16, 19, 22, 25.

MORTGAGE SALE

TO BE SOLD by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, on Tuesday the second day of November, A. D., 1926, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL THAT TRACT PIECE AND PARCEL OF LAND situate lying and being in Charlottetown aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, that is to say:—Commencing on the West side of Pownall Street at its junction with the South Side of Sydney Street, thence Westwardly along the South side of Sydney Street for the distance of 106 feet 4 inches, from thence a Southwardly direction at right angles to Sydney Street for the distance of 81 feet, thence at right angles eastwardly and parallel with Sydney Street for the distance of 23 feet 8 inches, thence at right angles northwardly and parallel to Pownall Street 54 feet or to the northwest angle of the Byrnes Estate, thence Eastwardly and parallel to Sydney Street for the distance of 82 feet 6 inches or to Pownall Street aforesaid, and thence northwardly along the West side of Pownall Street 37 feet to the place of commencement and is part of Town Lots numbers 71 and 72 in the first hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown.

POTATOES

We are paying highest market price for White Potatoes at our Warehouse, 75 Queen Street. CLARKE BROS. AUCTION SALE OF DESIRABLE PROPERTY on Queen Street, No. 177, Tuesday 19th at 12 o'clock noon. The property of the late George Mutch, in very best business section of the city. Large lot and out-buildings. No reserve. Terms at sale. By Order of Executors. J. A. MacDonald, Auctioneer. 1926-10-15-fmwf41.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES LTD.

S. S. "CEUTA" Leaves Montreal October 16th and November 2nd. Arrive Charlottetown and leave for Nfld. October 20th and November 6th. For space and rates Livestock and Produce, apply CARVELL BROS., LTD. AGENTS.

Berlin Bans Nudity

BERLIN, Oct. 8. — It is prohibitive to present nude or improperly draped form on the stage, the Berlin Police have decreed. And yet, there are certain subtle distinctions by which the letter of this regulation is to be evaded. For the injunction stipulates distinctly that the interdiction refers to the almost nude or insufficiently clad figure in motion, whereas the stationary human form is considered permissible in this airy make-up, as it gives the impression of a statue, which is not so objectionable. As theatrical censorship has been abolished in Germany, however, the only means left the Police to enforce this precept is to attend every first night performance.

MEMBERS OF THE LATE GRECIAN MINISTRY MUST NOT BE CANDIDATES

ATHENS, Oct. 13. — The cabinet of General Condylys has issued a decree forbidding the members of the late ministry of M. Pangalos to seek election in the impending elections. The Pangalos regime was overthrown in the coup d'etat headed by General Condylys late in August.

ROGERS-PATON SILVER BLACK FOXES, LIMITED, AND "THE VOLUNTARY WINDING-UP ACT"

Notice is hereby given that a general meeting of the shareholders of Rogers-Paton Silver Black Foxes, Limited, will be held in the office of W. K. Rogers in Charlottetown, on Thursday the 21st day of October, 1926, at the hour of Five o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of considering and passing upon the financial statements, accounts and reports of the Directors and Officers, and for the purpose of passing a resolution requiring that the Company be wound up under the provisions of "The Voluntary Winding-up Act," and for the appointment of liquidators for such winding-up, and the giving of consequential directions. Dated this 28th day of September, 1926. By order of the Directors, W. K. ROGERS, Acting Secretary. 1852-10-4-mw761.

FOR SALE

Steam saw-mill including rotary, shingle machine, lathe cutter, planer and matcher, all in good condition; also new bungalow, situated in a well wooded district. CAPTAIN ALLAN MacLEAN, Bradalbane. 1963-10-11mw731.

PUBLIC AUCTION

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25th AT 1.30 P. M. SHARP I am authorized by Stephen Holroyd, Winsloe, to sell his beautiful herd of Jerseys. Also 1 mare 7 years old, Clyde; 1 mare 9 years old, general purpose; 1 driving mare 14 years old; 1 horse 3 years old, Lanar, 1 colt 1 1/2 years old, Ballarat, 1 colt 6 months old; 1 heifer 2 years old registered Shorthorn, 8 registered Jersey cows and heifers, 1 registered Jersey bull 1 year old; 7 grade cows, about 10 ton choice hay, 200 bushels potatoes, 1 set driving harness, 1 driving sleigh. J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer. 2065-10-15-fmwf41.

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AUCTION SALE

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The Red Lamp

Mary Roberts Rhinehart



450 Cups

Follow the directions in each package of Rakwana Golden Orange Pekoe and obtain twice as many cups — making it cost less to use than the cheapest bulk teas.

Rakwana Golden Orange Pekoe

— first for this!

August 11th. Today is bright and sunny, and I am in a better mood. Edith came down this morning to an enormous stack of mail, and stared at it incredulously.

"Great heavens," she said, "not bills!" As it turned out, however, they were not bills. Her article has brought out a curious fact; almost everybody has a ghost-story, and is anxious to tell it to somebody else; even the most incredulous of us, apparently, has some incident stored in his memory not capable of explanation. And a visible percentage of these victims of thrills and shivers have written to her about the ghost in the light tower.

She and Halliday are reading them on the verandah at this moment. Each as a heap of them, and such bits as this are to be heard: "Here's a wonder," says Halliday. "Hold my hand, won't you, while I read it to you? There's some ghostly thing touching my neck at this minute."

"It's a spider," says Edith, coolly. "You can wait. Listen to this!" And so on.

Which reminds me that I had a visit last night from "Cuckoo" Hadly, our village Don Juan, who sells hardware over his counter to pretty village matrons, and who was dubbed "Cuckoo" some years ago by a summer visitor who saw a resemblance to Byron in him, and evidently knew the quotation. (Note: "The cuckoo shows melancholia, not madness. Like Byron, he goes about walling his sad lot, and now and then dropping an egg into someone else's nest.")

Hadly was slightly sheepish. He knows, and he knows I know, that his road home at night lies nowhere near the cemetery. At the same time, he had something to tell me, and was determined to go through with it.

"I guess you've heard the story, Mr. Porter," he said. "I don't suppose I'll ever hear the last of it. But there's a mistake being made, and I thought if Miss Edith was going to write it up, we'd better have it straight."

It appears, then, that it was not near Carroway's grave that Hadly saw the figure, but in the old cemetery, and that there are some facts which he has not given out.

The cemetery is surrounded by a white fence, and inside it is shrubbery. Hadly, it seems, was not alone, but was standing in the road, "talking to a friend." If, as I imagine, the friend was a woman, it was surely a safe place for a rendezvous!

It was the "friend" who saw the light, and who accounts for the suppression of this portion of the tale. It shone through the shrubbery, a small blue-white light about two feet from the ground, and directly in front of the headstone of one George Pierce, who died in the late seventeenth hundreds.

Hadly did not see the light, but the "friend" persisting, he crept through the shrubbery to take a look around. It was then that he saw the figure, moving slowly and deliberately, toward the trees.

He seems to have no doubt that he saw an apparition, or that the information belongs to me, the reason he gives for the latter being that George Pierce is the gentleman who was, according to local tradition, shot and killed while attempting to escape the Excise in the old farm house which is now a part of Twin Hollows.

I have entered this here, because the day seems given over to the supernatural. We have breakfasted with the spirit world, and seem about to lunch with it.

Everything continues quiet at the house. Jane and I to-day returned the Livingstone's call. Although it seems absurd, I have never quite abandoned the hope of finding, in Uncle Horace's unfinished letter, a clue to the present mystery.

I therefore took it with me, hoping for an opportunity to show it to Mrs. Livingstone. But none came. Dr. Hayward was there when we arrived and remained after we left. Perhaps, because my own world is awry, I think the universe is so.

But it seemed to me that we were shown in to what almost amounted to a situation; that Livingstone, usually dapper and calm, was flushed, and that Mrs. Livingstone was on the verge of tears. The doctor, standing by the window, hardly acknowledged our entrance, and remained standing, glowering and biting his fingers, until we left.

He is, I understand, soon to leave for a holiday.

(No entry.) August 12th. (No entry.) August 13th.

August 14th. To-morrow Hayward says I shall be able to see Greenough; the first intimation I have had that he is back in the neighborhood.

But I feel that my consciousness of my own innocence will be nothing against Greenough's sheer determination to prove me guilty. And yet, guilty or what? Of a bullet buried in the floor of my own house, and a broken window! We have had no further crime! Nothing is altered, save my own feeling that a net is closing around me, and that some malignnant fate is sitting spider fashion in the center of it, waiting to pounce on me and destroy me.

Yesterday, being allowed to read, I found that with the single exception of the red light, my experience is fairly true to type in such matters; thousands of people have apparently gone through the same sort of thing, and have been neither the better nor the worse for it afterwards.

"They saw, they believed, and then dismissed it, to be dug up out of their memories later to assist somebody to write a book, or to entertain a dinner table. But in my case, what?"

My only hope, apparently, is to convince Greenough that I saw this thing; to show him the steps by which I was led to fire the shot; to put him, if I can, in my place for an hour or two.

Suppose, like a lawyer preparing a brief, I make my statement here, and to-morrow read it to him? At least I can make this entry full and explicit. It passes the time, and he may be willing to listen.

This is the 14th. It was, then, the early evening of the 11th, when Annie Cochran stopped at the Lodge on her way home and asked to see me at the kitchen door.

"I'm leaving, Mr. Porter," she said. "I don't like to make trouble for you, but I can't stand that secretary."

"What has he done, Annie?" "Done!" she said, and sniffed. "He's watching me, for one thing. I never go upstairs but he's at my heels. But that's not all. He's going to make trouble for Mr. Bethel. You mark my words. And Mr. Bethel knows it; he's scared to-night."

There had been a quarrel, she said, at dinner, carefully camouflaged while she was in the room, but breaking out again the moment she left it. So far as she could make out, it had to do with the secretary's leaving the house



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at night, and his insistence that he go out when and how he liked. But there was something beneath that, she thought. "That wasn't enough for the fuss they were making," she said. "There was murder in that boy's face, Mr. Porter." Mr. Bethel, she thought, was trying to quiet him, but he refused to be quieted. Finally Gordon got up and flung open the pantry door, finding her inside it, and he said, according to her: "Listening, are you? Well, you'd better watch out, or you'll get something you don't expect." Then he went into the hall, got his hat and slammed out of the house, leaving the paralytic sunk in his chair. "He's gone? Where?" "He didn't say. He just took the car and went."

She was uneasy; she had conceived what he had said as a threat against her of a serious sort, and I drove her into Oakville myself. On the way I tried to persuade her to return to her employment for a time at least, on the ground that we might need her, and she finally agreed.

It was perhaps nine o'clock when I returned, to find the rector and his wife calling, and to sit through an hour and a half of gently unctuous conversation, while my uneasiness constantly increased, and my sense of guilt and responsibility. If we had warned the old man he would have been at least prepared to take care of himself in an emergency, but we had foolishly kept our knowledge to ourselves, and even allowing for exaggeration on Annie Cochran's part, there seemed no doubt that such an emergency might be at hand.

At 10:30 our visitors took their departure, and leaving Jane prepared to retire and Edith to answer some of her letters, I wandered down with apparent aimlessness to the boat-house. Halliday was not there, and as the dory was missing I knew he was somewhere out on the water. After waiting until eleven, my restlessness was extreme, and I walked up and around the main house, to find the garage doors open and the car still out.

Had there been any indication of life in the building, I think I would have wakened Mr. Bethel and warned him; stayed with him, perhaps, until that murderous young devil was safely settled for the night. But his room was dark and his windows closed, so I thought better of it. But I did ascertain that the gun room windows were locked, and that if the boy effected an entrance at all, it would be by some less surreptitious method.

Thus reassured, I went back to the boat-house, and soon after Halliday rowed quietly in and tied the dory. He had rowed up, he said, to see if the boat was still there. It had not been disturbed, so far as he could tell.

I told him my story, but he was less anxious than I had expected. "It's not the game," he said. "If Gordon is the killer, we've got to consider that he doesn't kill out of anger. That's different. He's cool and deliberate; he plans his stuff ahead and goes through with it. I don't even think he gets any thrill out of crime itself; the real secret joy is in baffling discovery. And he knows this: after the quarrel to-night, if old Bethel fell down the stairs and broke his neck, he would be blamed for it."

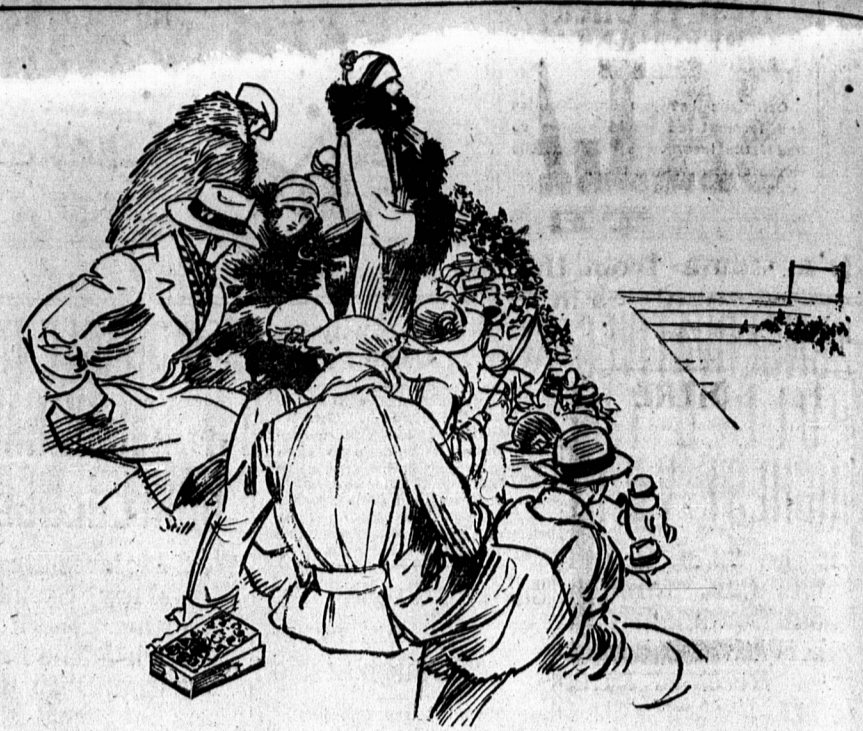
But he thrust his army automatic in his pocket nevertheless, and we started toward the house, with no particular plan in mind, but a fixed determination to protect Mr. Bethel "in case of any trouble," as Halliday put it.

We had almost reached the end of the walk over the marsh when he halted suddenly and stared to the right.

"There was a light over there," he said. "In the woods. Wait a minute; maybe it will show again."

It did show, above the head of Robinson's Point apparently, in that lonely strip of woodland which leads to the hiding place of the boat.

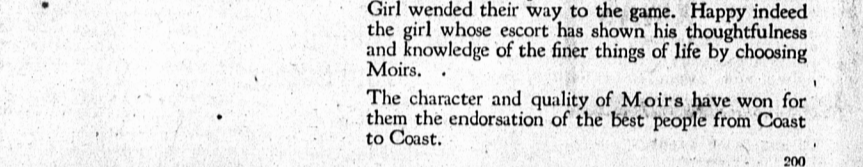
(Note: In explanation of our conclusion, that we had seen one of the lights of the car as Gordon drove down through the trees, I can only give again the difficulty of distinguishing at night a small light comparatively close at hand



CHOCOLATES

Moirs

From ACADIA—Land of ROMANCE



A brilliant piece of play that brings the crowd to its feet—a few more yards to go—the team fights its way on—and a touchdown evens the score.

Many a man in the crowd has made a touchdown and scored against an opponent by remembering that Moirs is an indispensable third when he and the Girl wended their way to the game. Happy indeed the girl whose escort has shown his thoughtfulness and knowledge of the finer things of life by choosing Moirs.

The character and quality of Moirs have won for them the endorsement of the best people from Coast to Coast.

per. I myself, holding the re- marsh. I myself, holding the re- He set off on a steady lone, head- volve gingerly, started on to the for the lights but obliged to house. make a long detour around the (To Be Continued.)

FARM FOR SALE

111 1/4 acres of land situated at Union Road 3 1/2 miles from Charlottetown

This land is in good state of cultivation with brook running through pasture. There is also a quantity of lumber and fire wood. This would make a good farm for either dairying or potato growing. Will sell one half or all to suit purchaser.

LOUIS W. ROPER, Charlottetown General Delivery. 2067-10-14-21.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up till October 20th at 7.30 P. M. for the purchase of 400 Lambs and Sheep more or less from the Rollo Bay Farmers Institute. Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. PETER D. PETERS, Secretary. 2065-10-14-31.

DRESSED HOGS WANTED

We will commence to receive Dressed Hogs on Friday, 15th inst. Hogs should be killed on cool days only and allowed to hang twenty-four hours before shipping.

THE SIMS PACKERS LTD.

2001-10-12-51.

The Annual Meeting

Of the Three Rivers Silver Black Fox Co., will be held in the office of J. H. McGregor, Montague, on Monday, October 17th at 7 p. m. D. J. STEWART, Secretary. 2064-10-14-31.

For Sure and Steady Growth

In Average of Production Improved Condition of Foxes Market Value of Pelts

Feed "Imperials" Liberally

Imperial Cod Oil and Dog Biscuit

Their Choice A BALANCED RATION

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