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Leave Georgetown	8:15 A.M.	Leave Charlottetown	4:00 P.M.
Cardigan	8:35 A.M.	Johnston's River	4:20 P.M.
48 Road	8:50 A.M.	Webster's Corner	4:30 P.M.
Baldwin's Road	9:00 A.M.	Fort Augustus	4:40 P.M.
St. Theresa's	9:10 A.M.	Pisquid	4:50 P.M.
Peakes	9:20 A.M.	Peakes	5:00 P.M.
Pisquid	9:30 A.M.	St. Theresa's	5:10 P.M.
Fort Augustus	9:40 A.M.	Baldwin's Road	5:15 P.M.
Webster's Corner	9:50 A.M.	48 Road	5:20 P.M.
Johnston's River	9:55 A.M.	Cardigan	5:35 P.M.
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MYSTERY HOUSE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

There was a silence. Then Page said youthfully, "Oh, gosh!"

"Well that wasn't what I came to talk to you about," said Flora. "Did you know," she went on, measuredly, "that Randall Harwood and I are going to be married?"

The room turned over for Page. She wasn't in love with him, no; and she didn't believe it anyway. But Rand—and Flora! She felt the blood in her face as she looked seriously at the other woman.

"No. I didn't know that."

"I love him," Flora said in a hard tone. "He doesn't love me. There are seven years between us—he's thirty-six, I'm forty-three. It doesn't matter. We are going to China."

Page said gently, "I'm glad, Flora. I don't think age matters. He didn't tell me about it, but I'm glad for you. For you both," she added, with an awkward laugh.

"I want to be married," Flora said, in a sort of hard calm that was above shame or concern. "I've always wanted to be. I didn't know it until I came here and met him. From that first minute. . . ."

"I was ill and upset," she presently resumed, as Page for sheer pity did not speak. "No man had ever loved me before. Rand did. He didn't like me, but for a little while he loved me. I was a woman and I was here, and I would have let him cut me in little pieces—that was enough for Rand. I think my being—the way I am—interested him."

He knew he was the first man to kiss me.

"I lived in a dream through those days. I couldn't eat; I couldn't sleep. I was on fire. I'd rather have had it—" she began forcefully, and suddenly stopped and fell silent again. "Well, I had it, she presently resumed. "For a few days, for less than a few weeks a man loved me."

"Then Babs came here," the iron voice, carefully kept unemotional, went on. "Oh it wasn't Babs! Babs didn't matter. But I saw a lovely fresh girl then beside him. And I knew there'd always be girls—always be some one admiring, spoiling him. He can't help it; he doesn't like it, half the time. But when we were married, and living in China, that wouldn't matter."

"I've thought it all out—I'm ready for it! He'll come back to me, because he'll have to, and I'll keep him comfortable and love him. There might even be a child; he wants a child more than he wants a wife."

It was all so horribly sad, Page thought. She said aloud, "Don't go on saying things like that—don't go on being frustrated and bitter and useless and not loved! Nobody'll think of you as older or unusual, or anything."

"I don't believe I'll ever feel sure and loved and safe like most wives," Flora said. "I'd do without that. But before I'd let him marry anyone else I'd kill him, and myself too. It's all I have left!"

Page was silent for awhile, looking at the other woman thoughtfully. Flora returned her look with one of smouldering proud self-defence.

"Now it's you," Flora said. "You don't have to shake your head; of course it's you! He sees nothing else. I don't blame him. I'm not surprised. But that, that brings me to what I wanted to say to you. Have you a family—have you relatives in San Francisco?"

"No one."

"You have a job?"

"I took a year's leave. They'd take me back."

"Then this is my advice to you, Flora said, with a strange reluctant urgency. "When you go up to town Monday with Rand, stay there. Don't come back here! I'm not saying this because I'm jealous," she added harshly. "I am jealous, but it isn't that. I'm saying it because this is a bad place for a girl. I know what you're thinking, but I'm thinking of you, too! You—it would be better for us all if you'd never—" She stopped, distressed, inarticulate.

INSTALLMENT 9

Wouldn't the simpler way be, Page said, to see what I can do with Lynn—" she lowered her voice, glanced about, "about the diamond? Tomorrow, any day, he might simply hand it to me. Then I can give it to Mrs. Prendergast, and it's all settled. Then I'll go back to San Francisco, and you and Rand go to China after you've settled her in the East. It doesn't seem to me," Page finished simply, "that there's anything dangerous in that plan. Is there?"

"Oh it's all so mixed up!" Flora said in a whisper. She was looking away, beating her hands together; it was almost as if she were not conscious of Page's presence at all. "Everything's dangerous!" she whispered. "It's all like a horrible dream."

"Don't worry about me, Flora," Page said. "I'm all right, really I am. Things—things aren't as bad as you think! If I can get Lynn to—to do what Mrs. Prendergast wants him to, and if you all break up here soon, maybe before Christmas, you'll get rested, you'll have a change, you'll need clothes and things for your trousseau, and for China—that'll all be fun!"

"Trousseau!" Flora echoed, on a scornful, bitter undertone. But for a moment she was softened. She put her pipe-stem arm partly about Page in an awkward unwonted embrace. "Don't go away," she said, in a whisper. "Stay here! We're all better when you're here! Nothing'll happen to you!"

Page had been just a month at Mystery House when Rand, going into San Francisco for a day and a night, suggested that she go along. "You're entitled to a little break every month," he said. "The

WAKE UP LIKE A CAVE MAN!

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PHONE 176

Duchess sees it. Come in with me—you've somewhere you can stay?"

"Oh, yes; at Mrs. Chayne's. The boarding-house where I was before!"

The morning of their departure, when she went in her trimly-buttoned old coat and small shabby hat to Mrs. Prendergast's room to say goodbye, the old lady put a hundred-dollar bill into her hand. "There!" she said. "That's a new coat and a brown velvet dress!"

Page turned a little pale. "Oh, Mrs. Prendergast! You mustn't!"

"Nonsense!" her employer said affectionately. "Buy yourself pretty things!"

"Oh, you're kind!" Page said. And impulsively she stopped and laid her cheek against the gray-black braids that went in fruit-basket form about the old woman's head. Mrs. Prendergast jerked her head down, kissed her quickly; they were both flushed and laughing profusely at the unexpected little touch of emotion as Page turned away.

Rand's car was waiting at the door; it was thrilling variation to the routine of the endless first month to tuck herself in beside him, and watch the hills and the sea slip away, and start for the long grade that rose eastward from Half-moon Bay. It was a fresh clear winter morning.

For a while Page was quite in sheer felicity. After a time she spoke from her own thoughts. "Did you tell me, the day you met me at Belmont, that Mrs. Prendergast has a sister?"

"Yes; she has a sister; Mrs. Roy—Fanny. She was a Mrs. Watts, a rich widow; she married a swam! some years ago, and the Duchess never forgave her. He's coal black, I believe, and wears a turban. She writes occasionally from somewhere near Lahor, but the old lady doesn't answer."

(To be Continued)

R. C. M. P. Transfer Is Announced

OTTAWA, Sept. 28—(CP)—Transfer of Superintendent W. J. Bruce, in command of the Lethbridge subdivision of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, to Fredericton, was announced today by Major General Sir James A. MacBrien, R.C.M.P. Commissioner. Superintendent Bruce is exchanging with acting-superintendent E. C. P. Salt, who proceeds to Lethbridge.

The sub-division at Fredericton embraces all of New Brunswick and a portion of Gaspe.

Both officers have had long experience in the Royal Mounted.

Mortgage Sale

THERE WILL BE SOLD by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown on Tuesday, October 6th, 1936, at the hour of 12:00 o'clock Noon, ALL THAT TRACT PIECE AND PARCEL of land situated in the north end of Twynship No. 37 in Queens County aforesaid, bounded and described as follows that is to say: Commencing at a stake in the centre of a spring at the head of French Creek in the southeast corner of 100 acres of land in possession now or formerly of Elisha Coffin and 100 acres of land now or formerly in possession of James Doyle, for the distance of 17 chains and 50 links or to the eastern boundary of the acre of land now or formerly in the possession of James Doyle, for the distance of 37 chains and 50 links or to the eastern boundary of 50 acres of land owned by Patrick Doyle, James Doyle for the distance of 37 chains thence north 54 degrees east for the distance of 26 chains and 80 links, thence east for the distance of 12 chains to the French Village Road, thence north 54 degrees west to the said French Creek, thence westwardly along French Creek to the place of commencement containing 80 acres being premises granted to Edward Feehan by Deed dated November 11, 1874 made between Richard Hearis and Edward Feehan—ALSO ALL THAT TRACT PIECE AND PARCEL OF land situated in the south boundary of land in possession of John Feehan, and in the southwest angle of land in possession of Elisha Coffin, thence south along Coffin's land 25 chains thence at right angles west to land in possession of Patrick Doyle, thence south along Patrick Doyle's land to land in possession of the heirs of James Doyle and thence east to the place of commencement containing 25 acres of land conveying thereout a right-of-way for the said Joseph F. Doyle his heirs and assigns of the width of 25 feet on either side of said described piece of land running from land of the said Joseph F. Doyle to the Point DuRocher shore.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 15th day of September 1924 and made between John Milton Doyle of French Village in Queens County aforesaid Farmer and Mary Ann Doyle wife of the said John Milton Doyle (of the one part) and the undersigned (of the second part), default having been made in the payment of principle and interest secured by the said mortgage.

For further particulars apply to the office of H. F. MACPHEE, SOLICITOR, HILLEY BLDG., CHARLOTTETOWN.

Dated this 31st day of August A. D. 1936.

THOMAS SHERRY MORTGAGEE.

L. 6821-1-9-2-9-16-23

The above sale has been postponed until October 15th 1936 at the same hour and place.

American Seaman Jailed in Germany

(A.P. By German's Special Wire)

BERLIN, Sept. 28—(A.P.)—Lawrence B. Simpson, hollow-cheeked American seaman who languished 14 months in a German jail await-

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If the general public were better informed as to the extent of the very real service rendered by an institution such as the Prince Edward Island Hospital, more interest would be taken by prominent men in each district in its continuous upkeep. Complete information on all phases of Hospital service is contained in the Trustees Annual Report and you are urged to obtain and read a copy of this record. L-6865-9-30-11.

CITY TAX APPEALS

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Appeal has this day fixed Wednesday, October 14th, 1936, at 9:30 A. M. in the City Court Room in the City Building in Charlottetown, as the time and place for hearing appeals from Civic rates and assessments and valuations. Charlottetown, September 28th, 1936.

GEO. P. NICHOLSON,
City Clerk.

L-6863-9-30-101.

DOING A CELLAR-DOOR STEP-OUT, EH? WAIT UNTIL HE COMES WITHIN RANGE!

FAW, TO CLEANING THE FURNACE! EVERY YEAR THE SAME CHORE CONFRONTS ME—EGAD, I'LL APPLY MY SCIENTIFIC GENIUS TO PERFECTING A PNEUMATIC DRILL THAT WILL BORE THROUGH THE EARTH'S CRUST AND TAP THE INEXHAUSTIBLE HEAT SUPPLY WITHIN THE GLOBE, AND THIS DO AWAY WITH FURNACES— BY JOVE!

AND THEN HE CLEANED THE FURNACE

OUT OUR WAY By WILLIAMS

GOOD SUFFERIN' GAWSH! WHERE DO YOU KEEP TH' MATCHES? THER'S NONE IN TH' MATCH HOLDER— I'VE HUNTED AN' HUNTED—

GOOD SUFFERIN' GAWSH— DON'T TURN TH' GAS ON TILL YOU'VE FOUND A MATCH! I CAN SMELL IT WAY DOWN HERE!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.