

IRON DUKE

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Aluminumware**  
Genuine "Weaver" Quality.  
Double Boiler—Tea Kettle  
Potato Pot

No. 2  
**Electric  
Floor Lamp**  
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Complete with cord, plug  
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**Congoleum Rug**  
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No. 4  
**Coleman Lamp**  
Table Style With Shade

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**NO INTEREST—NO EXTRA CHARGES**

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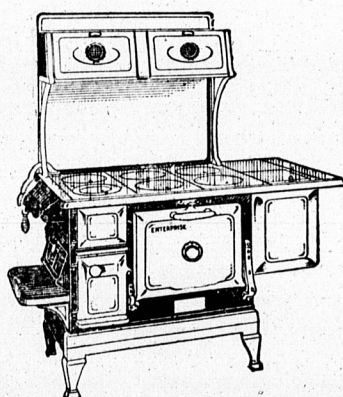
# HOLMAN'S

BOTH STORES  
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## ENTERPRISE Bristol

For strength, efficiency and long life this steel range cannot be surpassed. Well finished and substantially constructed.

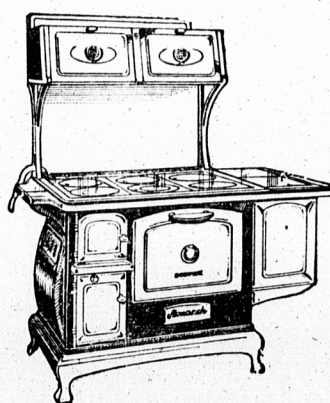
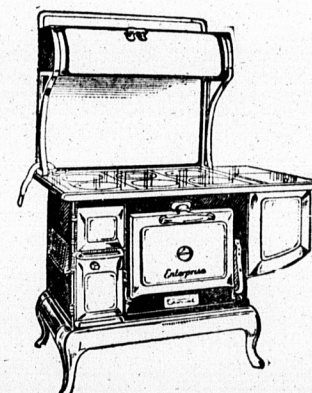
### 87<sup>50</sup>



## ENTERPRISE Monarch

This attractive steel range is creating a sensation wherever it is shown. Scientifically built, finest materials.

### 107<sup>00</sup>



## ENTERPRISE Capital

For beauty, convenience and long life the Monarch Steel Range sets a new high standard. It is the range supreme.

### 65<sup>00</sup>

## MYSTERY HOUSE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"Oh, no she didn't," Barnes said quickly, under his breath.

"How do you mean she didn't? She wouldn't—she couldn't—Page's words faltered into sick silence; she looked at Barnes.

"I think she's taken the boat and made for the shore," Barnes said. "What for?"

"I don't think—she liked us," the man said simply. Lynn's hand was pressing against his crushed shoulder again; Page heard him groan.

"But what—what does she propose to do?" the girl asked in a whisper of horror.

"That's what I'm asking you."

"She wouldn't leave us here on this rock—she wouldn't dare! Not with Lynn hurt—not in this weather, without food or blankets! What—would she gain by it?" Page stammered.

"We couldn't be witnesses against her," Barnes suggested.

"But you don't mean—you can't mean—leave us here!" the girl gasped.

"They left me," Lynn said, suddenly intelligent and quiet.

"You think Rand knew that you hadn't been killed?" It was a cry rather than a question. In Page's frightened heart she knew the answer.

"I shouted at him. It wasn't storming then; it was deadly still before the storm," he said.

"He couldn't—Page's throat was dry; her words would not come.

"But—but it was Flora who told us to come out here, who said she saw you signalling!" she explained.

"I didn't signal; I didn't wave. I couldn't move by myself.

"I was afraid of falling on that ledge. I only managed to drag myself up to the cave when the rain began to come down so heavy and the waves got so high."

In the dead silence once again their glances crossed, and they looked down at the pier that was so rapidly being smothered in mist, and at the sullenly rushing water that was gathering, even out here, for the endless besieging of the beach, and at the gulls that wheeled and cried nervously in the fog.

"You knew it was Trudy Mock-see—that's why they did all this," Lynn presently said, "I was all mixed up; I couldn't explain before. But as soon as I stopped the tonic, then it all began to come clear. I talked to Rand about it, and he knew then that I knew—and I think that's why—all this. We should have had some policemen there, on the shore, to come out and get us. But I'm afraid they won't tell anyone now. They'll go away, and send the Chinese boys away, and the Japanese will never see us, because the farm is so far over the cliffs."

His face wrinkled with pain, and Page knelt down again, and took his head against her shoulder. The mists swept softly about them, and for a long moment Barnes watched them, and heard nothing but the cry of the gulls, and the slow rush and pounding of the sea on the rocks of the shore half a mile away.

"Oh, we cannot have him suffer this way! That's the only thing that matters! We must do something to get on shore—right away!" Page gasped. "Can you swim? Could you swim it?"

"Nobody could swim it in this sea. We'll have to get him back into shelter. We'll think of some way out. Or maybe she'll come back with the boat."

"She won't, on account of Trudy," Lynn said, on a sort of stifled gasp of agony. "If it would let up!" he said under his breath, gritting his teeth.

"Trudy's dead, Lynn," Page said gently. "You know that, dear."

"When? Yesterday?" he said, again on the impatient growl that meant that the pain in his shoulder was gnawing at him.

"Months ago—Ah, I wish we could do something about that!" Page exclaimed wretchedly.

"No; you don't understand," Lynn persisted.

With his available arm Lynn put aside the help Page would have given him on rising, holding her attention and Barnes's with the sudden gravity and sanity of his manner. "I've a little fever, I think, he said, "and when it comes up I get all mixed up again. So let me tell you—let me tell you while I can. This is—this is—what's his name—"

"This Barnes Bishop from San Francisco, Lynn. I told you I'd talked to him."

Lynn looked at Barnes with troubled eyes. "I've been sick," he muttered. "I can't even give you my hand!"

"That's all right," Barnes said. "You see they've got us caught here. Page, Lynn went on, "And it's all my fault. I never should have come out here with Rand; I should have known that time was getting short and that they'd be desperate. But he said he knew I loved you, Page, and that he wanted to talk to me about it, and about building a little place for me when you all went away. And so I came! But when we got here I was afraid, and the moment he stumbled against me I thought of it—I said to myself, 'What fools we were not to think of this!' But then it was too late—and I just had to lie here and wait until some one found me, if anyone ever did. Then when you got here, I thought it was all right until you said Flora had come and it got mixed again. He knows all about Chinese drugs. Harwood does," he added, turning toward Barnes. "He was in China for years. It was the stuff in the tonic on getting this man off," Barnes said. "And I think we ought first to get him back under shelter. You may call this a fog, but to me it feels more like rain. We can't see the shore anyway, so there's no use yelling. We've got to wait until we see some one on the rocks or the cliff!"

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**POOLE & THOMPSON, Limited**  
MONTAGUE

## FOXMEN'S FIELD DAYS

SUNGLO FIELD DAYS will be held at the following places under dates mentioned, starting each day 1 P. M. sharp. Afternoon and evening sessions.

The purpose of these field days is to demonstrate the better types of foxes to select for breeding purposes; evening sessions given to moving pictures and open discussion.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28th—ST. PETERS.  
Afternoon: At Ranch of Bert McCallum.  
Evening: St. Peters Hall.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29th—MURRAY RIVER  
Afternoon: At Ranch of Wm. Keenan.  
Evening: Murray River Hall.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30th—MONTAGUE  
Afternoon: At Ranch of Fulton Campbell  
Evening: Montague Hall.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31st—  
Afternoon: At Ranch of T. J. Kickham.  
Evening: Announced at afternoon session.

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