

When Outdoor Folks Come Indoors

SHREDDED WHEAT



Continues summer health. Gives all of nature's food elements in easily digestible form.

TRISCUIT—When you want a different wafer
Made by The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.

STUDYING BIRD LIFE IN NOVA SCOTIA

HALIFAX, N.S., Oct. 13.—In order to obtain accurate information regarding the number, distribution and migration of water-fowl for the purpose of aiding in the administration of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act between Canada and the United States, Dr. Harry C. Oberholser of the Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., is at present in Nova Scotia, conferring with officials of the Department of Lands and Forests.

The Biological Survey in Washington is part of the department of Agriculture, which aims at the conservation of wild life, with the exception of fish, and particularly that of mammals and birds. A treaty has been maintained between Canada and the United States by which all migratory birds are protected, especially by regulating the hunting of them.

Hunting in the United States extends over a period of more than three months during which time many of the fowl migrate from Canada and are destroyed by hunters of the other country. In order to avoid this it has been found necessary to organize a continent-wide census of the migration and distribution of the birds.

Dr. Oberholser has been over Canada, with the view in mind of arranging with the federal and provincial authorities for the founding of observation stations at a designated day, once a month, estimates will be obtained of the distribution of the water-fowl in both countries there are at present four thousand such stations, and the hope is that the number will be doubled.

To be mounted on an automobile instrument board a new gauge shows the condition of the oil and warns of irregularities in the functioning of the lubricating system.

AUCTION SALE OF FURNITURE

I am instructed by Peter McDonald to sell by Public Auction on his premises 69 Cumberland Street at one P. M. on Friday, October 19th, A.D. 1928, all his household furniture consisting of parlor suite, walnut; parlor rugs, dining room suite, kitchen furniture, 1 Queen Beaver Range, Bed room furniture, 1 Victoria, Columbia, star carpet, new; oil cloth, linoleum, rugs and mats, 1 ice chest, new. Dishes and a lot of other articles.

JOHN P. BRADLEY
Auctioneer
15-16-18-19.

POULTRY

We are paying special prices on live fowl, chickens and broilers for the Thanksgiving Market. If you have any to sell, write or phone us for prices.

SWIFT CANADIAN CO., LTD.
8155-10-3-1-mo.

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MONTREAL OCTOBER 16th
SOREL OCTOBER 19th
CHARLOTTETOWN, OCT. 15th.

S. S. ATHERTON

SAILING FROM
MONTREAL OCTOBER 20th
SOREL OCTOBER 24th
CHARLOTTETOWN, OCT. 23rd.

BRUCE STEWART COMPANY

AGENTS
8132-10-21f.

SMILES



GABBY GERTIE



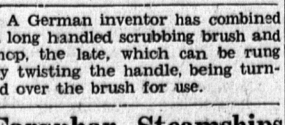
She: Tom only kissed me once last night.
He: How come?
She: It lasted all evening.



WHAT ELSE SHOULD SHE THINK?
"My husband was due home this morning, but wires me he was held up a day in Chicago."
"Oh, they say those gangsters are terrible."



"I wonder what tune the cat on the back fence sings at night."
"O, Solo Meow!"



A German inventor has combined a long handled scrubbing brush and mop, the late, which can be rung by twisting the handle, being turned over the brush for use.

Farquhar Steamships Ltd.
S. S. "Farnorth"
Should sufficient freight be offered this steamer will make a call at Charlottetown October 26th. Accepting freight for Halifax, Boston, St. Pierre and St. John's.

Carvell Bros., Ltd. AGENTS
8345-10-11-13-16-18.

Blue Murder

BY EDMUND SHELL

(Continued.)

A game of hide-and-seek, tantalizingly prolonged, led him presently down flights of crazy steps to a sort of rocky arbor by the bathing place. There was nothing but the ocean in front, the towering cliff behind and two flesh-colored stockings showing against a patch of blackness.

He stood for a space with his back to her gazing at the circles of white foam bubbling around the rocks. A second ripple of laughter, just audible against the noise of the sea, decided him.

He approached the owner of the flesh-colored stockings.

"So the beautiful signorina is tired of dancing with her fat friend?" he suggested.

Something glinted yellow in a truant ray of light, and a multitude of rings jarred against the cover of a small gold box.

"Perhaps," she returned softly, "the signore will oblige me with a match."

"A match?" echoed Dighton, uncomprehending.

"Why, yes. I came here to smoke—to look at the sea and think. For what else do you suppose I came?"

He struck a match and held it out to her and the touch of their fingers thrilled him.

"He sat down beside her.

"A more conceited man than myself might have been tempted to believe that you wanted him to follow!"

Again that tantalizing ripple of amusement.

"So you imagine you are the one man in this world who is not conceited!—You flatter yourself, signorina."

"I flatter myself that the beautiful signorina Pasquall believed my company would prove amusing."

There was a period of silence after that, in which the lighted tip of her cigarette glowed and died so many times that he wondered if he had offended her.

"Who told you my name, signorina?"

Dighton bit his lips. He had made a slip here and he tended to cover it.

"And he told you some spiteful things about me?"

"He told me your name; nothing more."

She flickered a little cylinder of ash clear of her coat.

"You have not told me yours?"

"Mine?—Oh, Dighton."

"Is that all?"

"Alan Dighton!"

She repeated it several times, as if to impress it on her memory.

"You speak Italian very well for an Englishman," she continued.

"What do you think of my country, signorina?"

THE OLD, RELIABLE



Gillett's Lye Soap
Use Gillett's Lye to MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP and for cleaning and DISINFECTING
Gillett's Lye Protects Your Health and Saves Your Money.

dapper figure of a man in a belted coat. Recoiling instinctively, Dighton recognized the oddly luminous mask and jade-rimmed monocle of the Lizard.

Battling "The Lizard"

The Lizard, with gray velour hat set at a dissolute angle and eyes flashing hatred through those circles of amber tale!

Dighton was fairly caught this time.

Glancing downward, with much the same curiosity as a man might display towards a dental forceps being removed from a glass tray or a surgical instrument about to be employed on him under an anesthetic that was purely local and left the senses alert, he recognized the stumpy barrel of Ahlberg's deadly pistol and the twisted wires which trailed away from it to his assailant's pocket. He had felt it jab into his stomach a fraction of a second only after realizing who it was who had surprised them.

In that moment of electrical silence quite ordinary sounds seemed queerly magnified; the chafing of fretful waters thirty feet away had developed into an angry roar; his own heartbeats were like the thumping of a blacksmith's hammer, mingled with the more staccato vibrations of his watch. Mafalda, muttering under her breath, might have been bellowing in his ear.

"Dio!" she moaned. "What bandit is this? What does he want with us?"

Dighton was thankful that she did not scream. Her shrill alarm, echoing and re-echoing among the rocks, could have served no useful purpose. One of them—both perhaps—would be blue powder by the morning. Possibly, when the fumes had died down, their assassin would steal back for Mafalda's rings, the crescent of diamonds on her frock and the trifling things that he carried in his pockets. There would be little, if anything, by which to identify them, and the Italian police would draw the same veil of secrecy over the tragedy.

Mafalda, however, was not so infinitely tactful. The hotel people would wonder what had happened to him. Marney would guess presently and Taverner would cast around him for a fresh investigator. He tried to think how the Chief would answer Greta's queries.

It was odd how these things piled themselves up—thoughts enough for a week compressed into a space so infinitesimal that it would have staggered him had he timed them by his watch.

He wondered why the Lizard waited, and why he had not ordered him to hold his hands above his head. That first jab in the pit of his stomach had set his arms swinging sideways—and they had remained in that position, precisely as if they did not belong to him or had been provided with invisible supports.

He squinted down at that gun again.

The Lizard was going to blot him out, to make him share the fate of Corlitt and Mlle. Laroche, but a memory of that smash he had given him in Taverner's study compelled him to prolong the agony. Shooting in his estimation, was too good for Dighton. He wanted him to suffer the tortures of the damned.

The odd thing about it was that Dighton was not suffering.

There were three rounds left in the weapon, he remembered; he had seen the effect of one of them, and the other two had been fired while he was there. Supposing, a sudden thought suggested, there had been other tragedies of which he had no knowledge. These would have been hushed up as the others had been and he would never have heard of them. Supposing again, the Lizard was ignorant of the resources of the stolen weapon?

Frail hopes these; but a drawing man will overrate the life-saving possibilities of the frailest spar.

That feeling of numbness was passing off; it needed an effort now to prevent his arms from dropping to his sides. Nerving himself for one desperate effort at self-preservation, an angel came to his assistance in the shape of Mafalda Pasquall. Tearing her rings from her fingers in feverish haste, she held them cupped in her two hands together with the gold cigarette case, and slipped between the two men.

This sudden action, carried out with the sole object of satisfying the demands of a common freebooter, produced consequences which she could never have foreseen. It was evident, too, that she had no knowledge of the invention of the man under whose protection she lived. The Lizard, dazzled and disconcerted by the glittering pile held under his nose, stepped back sharply, knocking his elbow against the jagged edge of the recess. Dighton, on the other hand, applied at the danger which threatened the girl rather than himself, grabbed at the other's pistol arm with both hands and

forced the point of the weapon upward.

Compared with the insignificance of his stature the strength of the Lizard was colossal. Thrusting him into the open was like moving an iron pillar. A pliant wrist brought the pistol inches downward, and the first hissing round from the Pocket Death passed over Dighton's shoulder, setting his ears ringing. It dawned upon the adventurer of the moment that it had killed Mafalda. She had been thrown roughly aside in the struggle, with her scattered trinkets making a succession of metallic sounds on the concrete platform. He believed she had been immediately behind them at the time of the discharge.

A second struggle ensued in which the Lizard sought to transfer the pistol to his other hand. Dighton, frenzied at Mafalda's supposed fate, brought every muscle into play, and the fingers of one hand had closed on the weapon itself and, berserk as he had ever been in a raid into a woman's land, he schemed to blot out his antagonist by the very means that he himself employed. If he could only turn one of the two remaining rounds upon the Lizard half his troubles would be at an end. The course to his goal would be straight, without any of those disconcerting side-issues that this masked assassin was always liable to entail. He would have avenged Corlitt, the French girl and Mafalda and the sea would swallow up most of the traces of the crime.

They had recoiled to the edge of that concrete base, with Dighton gaining the ascendancy and the other fighting with all the low tactics of a desperate savage. A knee, taking Dighton in the region of the belt, all but winded him; aching points along his shins testified to the activity of the Lizard's boots.

Somewhere in the midst of this extraordinary conflict a second round sent pungent fumes into the air, and then, tripped by his adversary, Dighton fell heavily. His hand struck a projecting spur, forcing him to lose his hold. The next moment the Lizard was crouching between him and the sea with the Pocket Death still in his possession.

The adventurer was on his feet again when the thing misfired. Midway between the weapon and the other's pocket something sparked savagely * * * ineffectively * * * Half-smirking what had occurred, Dighton sprang forward, seized the Lizard's belt and swung him above his head like a doll.

He had a memory of arms and legs jerking spasmodically, of a stinging burn of which he was glad to be rid—and then a joyous sense of utter freedom. A queer white object bobbing about in the water below him and the Pocket Death dangling from his own arm by wires that had somehow got entangled there.

The mask had vanished by the time he had scrambled down.

Frenzy he turned and went back to the recess.

He believed he had avenged three people.

On his way from the water's edge he stuffed his new possession into a pocket of his coat, twisting the wires round and round the barrel so that the container and the pistol rested side by side. The entire apparatus made a parcel that was both bulky and inconvenient, but he kept it out of sight for fear of meeting Ahlberg on the stone steps or in the Casino gardens.

When Mafalda Pasquall, shivering and a little hysterical, emerged from the recess where they had been sitting before the arrival of the Lizard he started violently, believing that his senses had tricked him.

"What have you done with him?" she demanded excitedly.

"Dighton spread out his hands. "He tried to murder me—and I pitched him into the sea."

She swayed suddenly and clung to him.

"It's terrible! There were clouds of smoke everywhere. It choked me. I ran into that place for shelter—and something passed me like a scorching wind. I thought he had killed you."

Dighton held her at arm's length, smiling reassuringly.

"As a matter of fact, I thought that he had killed you!" he told her. "I fancy that what made me mad, I believe I could have shot, I believe I could have shot without the slightest compulsion."

"You were wonderful," she announced at length.

He laughed aloud.

"To tell you the honest truth, I was as nervous as a kitten! When I found that thing sticking into my funny, I went wild all over."

"I don't believe you."

"Of course you don't. I don't want you to believe me. I want you to imagine me a dashing hero, ready to do all sorts of things at a wave of your little finger! What about those rings?"

He picked up one as he spoke, a single sapphire, diamond-shaped.

ECZEMA ITCHED AND BURNED
On Arms and Legs Six Years. Cuticura Heals.

"When I was a small boy eczema broke out on my arms and legs in small pimples. As I grew older the eczema became wet and turned very red, and my clothing aggravated it. It itched and burned so that many a night I could not sleep. The trouble continued for six years. "A friend advised Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I sent for a free sample. I found great relief after using it so purchased a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment which healed me." (Signed) Louis W. Plunk, 7128 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for daily toilet purposes.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: Canadian Dept., The Cuticura Laboratories, 150 St. James St., Montreal 22, P. Q. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

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Surrounded by a border of brilliants. Five minutes' search over the concrete slab revealed the remainder. "I must go back to Signor Ahlberg," she said. "He will be wondering what has happened to me. We must have been away hours—"

Highliner Has Shore Incentive

QUINCY, Mass., Oct. 13.—There is an Eleanor Nickerson, a big fishing schooner sailing out of Boston, and there is another Eleanor Nickerson, just five years old, blue eyed curly haired and as active as a cricket who is very homesome when the fishing vessel is out on the Banks. The coincidence in names may mean much or little according to how you regard such things. But to Captain Enos C. Nickerson they mean much. He is the skipper of the schooner and the father of the little Eleanor. As his vessel has just been proclaimed the high-liner for the year ending August 31, his opinion may be worth something. He is proud to proclaim that the curly haired daughter has been the inspiration that urged him on his quests to the North Atlantic fishing grounds.

Statistics released by Nickerson's agents show that during the past year his vessel made the best record of the fleet. He brought in 4,359,896 pounds of fish, the total catch being valued at \$156,836.35. No other vessel seriously threatened these figures.

The poorest paid hand on the schooner received \$3,300 cash for his year's work, to which must be added his food and lodging, making an equivalent, it is estimated of a salary of approximately \$5,000. The schooner's poundage would have been greater had it not been for eight salt fish trips, on which it required three pounds of fish caught to make one pound of fish delivered at the pier.

When the schooner, which Capt. Nickerson had built for himself a little more than a year ago, slid down the ways, she was christened by his little daughter.

Auction

SALE OF COTTAGE AND LOT

No. 81 Prince Street, opposite United Church, all modern conveniences, and in first class repair.

House open for inspection afternoons and evenings and will be sold on Wednesday, October 17th, at 12 o'clock noon. Apply

T. W. L. PROWSE
Or **BENJ. CARTER**
Auctioneer.
8366-10-12-4f.

In Memoriam

WILLIAM ROY RATTRAY

There passed away peacefully at the P. E. I. Hospital on Friday Oct. 5th, 1928, Wm. Roy Rattray, eldest son of the late Mr. J. H. Rattray and Mrs. Annie Rattray, St. Peters, in the 31st year of his age.

Two years ago while employed in B. C. he contracted stomach trouble and was operated on there over a year ago, from the operation he rallied but it was only temporary and last December was compelled to return home. The change had an effect on his condition and he felt relieved until this summer he again began to recede and soon became bedfast. On medical advice he entered the P. E. I. Hospital where another operation disclosed the fact that Cancer had developed. He received this information calmly and immediately began to "put his house in order" as he had formerly done by his former pastor Rev. J. M. MacLeod now of Charlottetown.

To those who visited him in his last illness his reconciliation to God's will was ever apparent—His end was peace.

His remains were forwarded to his Mother's home at St. Peters, on Saturday morning. On Sunday afternoon his funeral was held. Service at the home and grave was conducted by Rev. J. M. MacLeod, late pastor of St. Peters Congregation whose kindly manner did much to comfort the bereaved. Upwards of one hundred auto and carriages followed deceased to Midgell Cemetery where hands gently laid him beside his father there to await a Joyous Resurrection.

Besides his sorrowing Mother the following brother and sisters are left to mourn. Bernice (Mrs. W. G. Lee) Medfield Mass., Vera (Mrs. Jas. McLennan) Saskatchewan, Lottie (Mrs. Jas. Faris) Mills Mass., Elsie Medfield Mass., and Robert at home.

Card Of Thanks

We wish to thank our friends for their kindness, sympathy and floral tributes in our recent bereavement the death of our son and brother, William Roy Rattray.

Mrs. Annie Rattray and Family.
8429.

Delecto Chocolates

His Calling Card

Ganong's

