

"B" Batteries Will Last Longer



When selecting "B" Batteries for your radio, remember that with distant stations, clearness of tone and economy of operation depend largely upon using the correct size of batteries.

Cut down expense and get better results by following these simple rules:

On 1 to 3 tubes — Use Eveready No. 772

On 4 or more tubes — Use the Heavy Duty "B" battery No. 770

On all but single tube sets—Use a "C" battery

When these rules are followed, the No. 772 will last for almost a year, and the No. 770 for about eight months, when listening at the year round average of two hours a day.

NOTE: In addition to the increased life which an Eveready "C" battery gives to your "B" batteries, it will add a quality of reception unobtainable without it.

Manufactured and guaranteed by CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., LIMITED Montreal Toronto Winnipeg

EVEREADY Radio Batteries — they last longer

Owning and operating Radio Station CKNC, Toronto, (357 metres) on the air Monday and Saturday evenings.

ROGERS HARDWARE CO., LTD. DISTRIBUTORS FOR P. E. I.

DISTRIBUTORS TO THE RADIO TRADE FOR P. E. ISLAND THE ISLAND RADIO COMPANY 171 KENT STREET CHARLOTTETOWN OPERATING STATION CFCY.

Thanksgiving Poultry Wanted

Special Prices on Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chicken and Fowl for Thanksgiving. If you have any Poultry ready to market please get in touch with us.

The Harris Abattoir Company, Ltd. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

AUCTION SALE

AT GLENFINNAN On Saturday, Nov. 6th, at 1 o'clock sharp, of crop, household furniture, implements, a lot of pure bred Plymouth Rock Hens. Everything on the premises of late James Jenkins.

If stormy sale on Monday at the same hour.

Terms at sale.

MRS. JAMES JENKINS Glenfinnan J. A. MacDonald Auctioneer 2458-11-2-41.

AUCTION SALE

I am instructed by the owners to sell on the premises of G. Willard West at York on Wednesday, the tenth day of November, 1926, at the hour of One O'clock P. M. the following:

1 draft mare 10 years old, 1 draft horse 14 years old, 1 milch cow 10 years old, 1 brood sow, 6 pigs, 10 weeks old, 30 hens, 15 tons hay, about 150 stalks of grain, 1 gasoline engine, 4 H. P., 1 gasoline engine 1 1/2 H. P., 1 pump jack, 1 hay mower (Deering), 1 hay rake (McCormack), 1 hay carrier (forke and rope), 1 binder (Maxwell), 1 gang plow, 1 set spike tooth harrows, 1 potato souffler, 1 cart and wheels (new), 1 driving wagon (Ball bearings), 1 kitchen range (Home Comfort), 1 churn, 1 grain crusher, 1 set fanners, harness, shovels, hoes, forks and other articles too numerous to mention. Terms at Sale.

PETER BRODIE, Auctioneer. 2442-11-3-1wk.

BUSINESS STAND FOR SALE

We the undersigned have decided to sell our business stand in the town of Borden, consisting of two lots 100 feet square, store, warehouse, coal shed, barn and ice house. All facilities for meat business, Fairbanks Weight Scales and Gas Tank in connection. This is one of the best locations on the island for business and anyone desirous of going into business could make no mistake in buying this stand.

(Signed) GREEN BROS. BORDEN 2444-11-31f.

PRIVATE SALE

One of the best Dairy Farms on the island comprising 216 acres, 160 clear, balance lumber and firewood. Only 4 miles from Charlottetown, 1 1/2 from Union Station. All land in high state of cultivation being a dairy farm for years. Well fenced and watered. Orchard, good dwelling, all new out-buildings. Ideally situated for potato growing. Telephone connection. Will sell all or part. Apply on premises.

WM. GARROLL, East Royalty. 2425-11-24ts101.

CLEARING SALE AT EMERALD

The balance of our stock is offered for sale at greatly reduced prices.

This is a good chance for you to get your winter supply of tea at less than Wholesale.

Balance will be sold by Auction Tuesday, November 9th, including Horses, wagons, sleigh, harness, robes and a number of other articles. Sale starts at 12:00 A. M. rain or shine.

All accounts are due now and must be settled. F. PERRY.

The Red Lamp

Mary Roberts Rhinehart

(Continued) CHAPTER III

The steps by which Halliday solved the murder at the main house, and with it the mystery which had preceded it, constitute an interesting story in themselves. So certain was he that, by the time we were ready for the third scene, his material was already in the hands of the District Attorney. And it was not the material he had given to Greenough.

For the solution of a portion of the mystery, then, we must go back to the main house, and consider the older part of it. It is well known that many houses of that period were provided with hidden passages, by which the owners hoped to escape the Excise. Such an attempt, many years ago had cost George Pierce his life.

But the passage leading from the old kitchen, now the den, to a closet in the room above it, had been blocked up for many years. The builder was dead; by all the laws of chance time might have gone on and the passage remained undiscovered.

In 1899, however, Eugenia Riggs bought the property, and in making repairs the old passage was discovered. Although she denies using it for fraudulent purposes, she did it. She points to the plastered wall as her defense, but Halliday assures me that a portion of the base-board, hinged to swing out, but locked from within, would have allowed easy access to the cabinet.

But Halliday had at the beginning no knowledge of this passage, with its ladder to the upper floor. He reached it by pure deduction. "It had to be there," he says modestly. "And it was."

Up to the time young Gordon was attacked at the kitchen door, however, Halliday was frankly at sea. That is, he had certain suspicions, but that was all. He had discovered, for instance, that the cipher found in my garage was written on the same sort of bond paper as that used by Gordon, by the simple expedient of having Annie Cochran set him a sheet of it, on some excuse or other.

But his actual case began, I believe, with that attack on Gordon. At least he began at that time definitely to associate the criminal with the house.

"There was something fishy about it," is the way he puts it. And with Bethel's story to me, forced by his fear that the boy knew it was he who had attacked him, the belief that it was "fishy" gained ground.

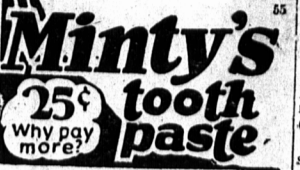
"Gordon was knocked out," he says. "And that ought to have been enough. But it was not. He was tied, too, tied while he was still unconscious. Somebody wasn't taking a chance that he'd get back into the house very soon."

"It was that 'blay for time,' as he terms it, that made him suspicious.

White Teeth

White Teeth are beautiful teeth. Minty's tooth paste will keep your teeth glistening white—beautiful. The bubbling foam surging around and between the teeth, is the finest cleansing agent yet discovered.

Use Minty's to Keep Your Teeth White



All this time, of course, he was ignorant of any underlying motive; he makes it clear that he simply began, first to associate the crimes with the house, and then with Bethel. He kept going back to his copy of the unfinished letter, but: "It didn't help much," he says quietly. "Only, there was murder indicated in it. And we were having three clues, two of them certain, one doubtful. The certain ones were the linen from the oar-lock of the boat, torn from a sheet belonging to the main house, and the small portion of the cipher. The one he was not certain about was the lens from an eyeglass, outside the culvert."

He began to watch the house; he "didn't get" Gordon in the situation at all; there was no situation there, really; nothing, that is, that he could lay his hand on. But on the night I called him and he started toward Robinson's Point, as he came back toward the house he saw the figure of a man, certainly not Gordon, enter the house by the gun room window. When he got there the window was closed and locked.

He was puzzled. He looked around for me, but I was not in sight. Still searching for me, he made a round of the house, and so was on the terrace when I fired the shot. From that time on he saw Bethel somehow connected with the mystery, but only as the brains.

"There was some devil's work afoot," he said. "But always I came up against that paralysis of his. He had to have outside help."

On the night in question, then, he was certain that this accomplice was still in the house through all that followed; through Hayward's arrival and Starr's. He was so certain by that time of Gordon's innocence that he very nearly took him into his confidence the next day. But he was afraid of the boy; he was not dependable; Halliday had an idea that "he was playing his own game."

But if this man was in the house that night, where was he? He grew suspicious of the den, after that, and he found out through Starr the name of the builder who had put in the panelling in the den, for Uncle Horace. It was a long story, but in the end he learned something.

Tearing the old base-board prior to putting up the panels, the builder had happened on the old passage to the room overhead, and he had called Horace Porter's attention to it. It seems to have appealed to the poor old chap; he heaped, somehow, to the room, with the antique stuff he was putting in it. He built in a sliding panel; it was not a particularly skillful piece of work, but it answered. And he kept his secret, at least from me.

I doubt, if he ever used it, until Prohibition came in. Then, no drinker himself, he put there a small and choice supply of liquors, some of which we found later on. And one bottle of which, phish Halliday in peril of his life, a day or so after the night I had fired the shot into the hall. He had borrowed Annie Cochran's key to the kitchen door, and after midnight entered the house and went to the den. Although he is reticent about this portion of it, I gather that the house was not all it should be that night.

"You know the sort of thing," he But, pressed as to that, he admits that he was hearing small and inexplicable sounds from the library. Chairs seemed to move, and once he was certain that the curtain in the doorway behind him blew out into the room. When he looked back over his shoulder, however, it was hanging as before. He had no trouble in finding the panel, and as carefully as he could he stepped inside. But he had touched one of the bottles and it fell over.

"It didn't make much noise," he says, "but it was enough. He was awake, and paralysis or no paralysis, it hadn't time to move before he was in the closet overhead, and opening the trap in the floor." He had not had time to move, and even if he had, there were the infernal bottles all around him. So he stood without breathing, waiting for he knew not what.

"Things looked pretty poor," he says. "I didn't know when he'd strike a match and see me. And it was goodnight if he did!" But Bethel had no match, evidently. He stood listening intently, and in the darkness below Halliday held his breath and waited. Then Bethel moved. He left the trap door above open and went for a light, and Halliday crawled out and closed the panel quietly.

From that time on, however, he knew Bethel was no more helpless than he was. He abandoned the idea of an accomplice, and concentrated on the man himself.

Annie Cochran was working with him; that is, she did what he asked her, although she seems not to have known at any time the direction in which he was working. Her own mind was already made up; she believed Gordon to be guilty. She made no protest, however, when he asked her to break Mr. Bethel's spectacles one early morning, and give him the fragments. But she did it, pretending afterwards that she had thrown the pieces into the stove.

Bethel was watchful and suspicious by that time, and she had had time of it, but what is important here is that Halliday took the fragments into the city, and established beyond a doubt that they and the piece of a lens found near the culvert were made from the same prescription.

And he had no more than made his discovery, when Gordon, attempting at last the blackmail which he had been threatening, was put out of the way as quickly and ruthlessly as had been poor Peter Carroway.

"Twenty-four hours," Halliday says bitterly, "and we would have saved him."

But twenty-four hours later Bethel had made good his escape, and everything was apparently over. But from that time Bethel as Bethel, ceased to exist for Halliday.

He was not working alone, however. Very early, he had realized that he needed assistance, real assistance. Annie Cochran's help was always of the below-stairs order. And he found the help he wanted after the night Gordon was attacked in Hayward. As a matter of fact, it was Hayward who went to him.

(To Be Continued)

SMILES

A REGULAR MAGNET "What kind of a girl is this Miss Stone who is proving so attractive to Mr. Steele?" "She's a veritable lodestone, my dear."

NO REAL POET EVER DID "Why, yes, he considers himself a real poet." "I'm sure he isn't." "Why?" "Because he gets a 'regular' income from it."

SHE DIVED INTO HER STOCKING To get her pocketbook. A sneak thief (this is shocking) Stole up and stole a look.

MARRIED AND DIVORCED "Having bagged that fellow you'd think she'd be satisfied." "But she isn't—she's going to sack him now."

THIS POINT OF VIEW "Don't you think that Givens just looks terrific in that low cut dress?" "Not as far as I can see she looks all right."



At Least—Lingerie that Stays Lovely!

SLIM lines and short skirts demand sheer and lustrous underthings in a variety of colors to match frocks and hosiery.

You can now have a wealth of the loveliest of lingerie at surprisingly moderate cost. Constant washing will not harm or stretch WOODS LAVENDER LINGERIE—after many months you will still love it—that's why it is so economical.

All the lovely pastel shades for Fall can be had—shades of slips and vests that add rich undertones to crepe frocks—knickers specially cut for the new modes in colors to match hosiery and frocks—demure nighties—gay pyjamas slashed with bright French tints.

And for warmth there are many styles in the softest of Botany wool or lustre cotton—trim undersuits—slim vests—dainty knickers in cream or colors.

You will find WOODS LAVENDER LINE only in the better women's shops. You will know it by the little sachet of Lavender attached to each garment.

WOODS UNDERWEAR COMPANY, LIMITED 70 CRAWFORD STREET, TORONTO

WOODS Lavender Line



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