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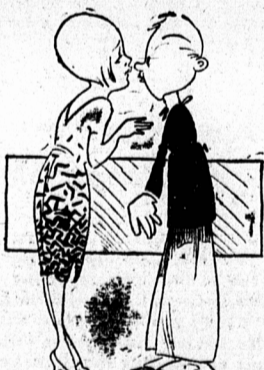
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The Third Warning A Mystery Love Story

By Augustus Mink

(Continued)

MARGARET IN TROUBLE

I pressed her hand, was was trembling, and slipped my arm around her shoulder. She nodded softly, her hair against my face. Of a sudden she pushed me gently away, her cheeks still glistening faintly with a tear. "You don't think it hateful of me coming like this bothering you?"

"I gave a cry of compassion and pity and seized again the hand she had drawn away. 'I think it's beautiful of you coming to me when you're in trouble. You've no idea, Marget, how much it means to me.'"

"There is no one else to go to," she said helplessly. "There's only old Kirsty and myself in the house. Kirsty's in an awful state—I had terrible trouble in getting her to stay in the house alone, while I ran along to see if you were still up. Oh, Ronny we are pals, aren't we? And you don't mind a pal coming to you at this draft hour when—when that pal's worried to death?"

"I leaned close to her full of yearning. Never had her delicate beauty seemed more fascinating, with those great tragic questioning eyes and her soft lips quivering.

"Marget," I said quietly, "don't worry any more about your father, dear. You'll only make yourself more miserable. See if I'm not right! He's met some one and is staying on talking—perhaps some farmer who's driving him home this very minute, or possibly he's visited some one who is dreadfully ill and has had to stay to help."

"I wish I could think that was really so."

"A message will come soon, you'll find. Your father won't let you down. He'll send you word or return himself."

"What's that?" interrupted Marget quickly.

Faint and muffled through the shutters had come a cheerful rat-tat on the window-pane.

"That's only George," I said. "I'll let him in."

"Nothing doing," said George quietly. "I thought I heard footsteps, but it must have been a myth."

"It wasn't," I said. "They belonged to Miss Marget. I'm sure! G-U-U-U to Miss Shaw from the Manse. She's here now."

"Well I never," chuckled George, entering. "That's top-hole. Charmed Miss Marget, I'm sure. But I say, I hope there's nothing wrong?"

"My father hasn't been seen since midday," I explained. "She rather worried. But I told her he's bound to turn up soon, or send some sort of message."

George was quiet for a moment, then said: "Don't worry, Miss Shaw. He'll be all right. Why he might have sprained his ankle and had to lie up somewhere. I'll tell you what. Let's all wander along to the Manse now and see if there's any news."

It was a considerable time before Kirsty would be induced to answer our ministrations to the bell. The front door she had locked, and it was only after Marget, through the letter-box, assured her we were friends and all was well that the door swung back.

"I've had one fright already the night miss," explained the old servant. "The bell rang and I thought it was you, but when I unlocked the door it was a strange man. He left this note, miss and I could hear him drive away in a car."

CHANGED PLANS Marget read the note with anxious eyes. "He's gone to Liverpool," she said quickly. "It's from dad. He came home at 8 o'clock, he says, and when he was just at the gate a messenger met him from his old school-chum, Mr. James Bardwell, of Liverpool. 'You've often heard me speak of Jim

Bardwell, dad writes. A friend of his had come from Liverpool and motor-ed all the way from St. Eildon to fetch me. Poor Bardwell is very ill; they fear he won't last long. He has been asking repeatedly for me, and Mrs. Bardwell in despair sent for me. I couldn't let poor old Jim pass away without being near him, one of the best men who ever lived. Oh, I'm glad to get this! Dad says he'll write when he gets there. In any case, he hopes not to be more than a few days. Apparently he wrote this at St. Eildon and was to hand it to some one who was to pass through Brackenbridge to-night."

"Then that's all right," I said reassuringly. "You're mind's at rest. I was sure you'd get word."

"Have you the Bardwells' address?" asked George. "You should drop Mr. Shaw a line telling him not to worry about you."

"I haven't the address," said Marget in slight perplexity. "As a matter of fact, I don't seem to remember the name Bardwell, but, of course, I haven't met all dad's school chums."

"Never mind," said George. "You're sure to hear in a day or so. Now, if I were you, I'd go and quiet that dear old maid of yours and bundle her off to bed. Same little dose to yourself."

"Thank you both ever so much," said Marget sincerely. "You must think me a dreadful fidget over nothing at all. Now won't you have something to eat or drink before you go?"

We munched an apple from the side-board, and departed.

Next morning was chilly with a wet mist, but I rose with my brain clear. I confess that I had gone to bed doped, convinced that we were beaten, that it was all over, and I had fallen asleep with a feeling that was almost one of a pleasant relief. They had won, or rather, Shaw had won. Well, good luck to them all! At any rate, George and I would get some peace.

But now in the morning I was in a different frame of mind. It seemed to me that there were one or two points that required some thought.

"Hello!" said George as I breakfasted. "Here's a chit from my Home Office pal in Edinburgh. Says if I've nothing better to do, I might run in and have lunch with him. Like to come? He doesn't say to bring you along to lunch, as I half fancy he wants to see me rather particularly and talk official stuff. But why not come in to Edinburgh and do yourself proud at the N. B. Hotel?"

(To be Continued)

SOURIS NOTES

Mr. Elby Howlett, Annandale, was a visitor to Souris on Friday.

Mr. James E. MacDonald, Rockbarra, spent the 11th in Souris.

Visiting in Souris on Friday was Mr. Edward Howlett, from the Baltic.

Amongst the visitors to Souris last week was Mr. S. S. Hession, K. C., of Georgetown.

Miss Marion MacDonald, Harmony, spent a day in Souris last week.

Among the outgoing passengers from Souris on Saturday morning was Mr. Attaras Campbell, of Little Harbour.

Mr. P. L. Morris, Souris, was in Charlottetown on Saturday.

Mr. William Lewis and daughter, Eva were passengers to St. Peters Bay on the 12th, to spend a few days.

Mr. Neil McPhee was a visitor to our town on Saturday.

Miss Mary A. McAulay was a visitor to Souris on the 11th.

Mr. Reginald Coffin, Fortune, spent a day in Souris recently.

The Teachers Study Group for Souris and vicinity held their regular meeting in the Principal's room in Souris High School. A good attendance of Teachers from the surrounding schools were present, also Mr. Daniel Mullin, Supervisor of Schools for Eastern Kings.

A thrilling Air Picture, starring Ramon Navarro in the "Flying Fleet" also comedy and serial were the Moving Pictures which held the audience spell bound at Yeo's Theatre of Saturday evening.

Included in the week end visitors in Souris was Mr. Reginald MacDonald, Sailors Hope, Lot. 56, who was guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mulally.

Mr. James E. MacDonald, teacher

Furness Red Cross Line

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S. S. IMOGENE

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CARVELL BROS., LTD. Agents

at Rollo Bay West School, was in Souris on Friday attending the Teachers' Study Group.

It is with pleasure that we look forward to the play entitled, the "Climbing Rocks" which is being dramatized on Easter Monday by the Souris Dramatic Club. This play is being staged to provide a suitable Memorial in the new St. Mary's Church, Souris, to the memory of those who paid the supreme sacrifice in the Great War.

Mr. James Keays is at present occupied replacing the roof which was blown off the late Mr. Keays' barn during the big storm on Feb. 16th.

Mr. Wilfred Cheverie, Souris, has returned to his home, after spending several weeks in St. John, N. B.

Mr. J. J. MacDonald, Red House, visited Souris last week.

Mrs. Thomas Yeo, of Union Road, who has been visiting at the home of her son, Mr. Bruce Yeo, of Souris, for the last few weeks, recently returned home.

Mr. Edgar Francis, who has been for some months with the firm of Messrs. Mathew and MacGeehan, has resigned. We understand Mr. Francis is now representative for the Confederation Life Insurance Co. His many friends in Souris wish him every success in his new undertaking.

Messrs. Ralph Dingwell and Major Howatt were visitors to Souris on Monday.

Mr. Charles Lutz, of Bay Fortune is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Jennings.—G.

VELMA CAROLINE PARSONS

The community of Millvale was indeed saddened when it was learned that on Sunday, March 23rd, the angel of death had visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Parsons and claimed for its own their only daughter at the early age of nineteen years and seven months. Although young in life she had won the love and affection of all who knew her with her gentle winning ways. Although a great sufferer for four months she was never heard to murmur or complain. For some weeks hopes were held for her recovery but God willed otherwise. Her death on Sunday came as a great blow to her grief stricken parents and brothers Ray and Eldon. Her passing away has left a great void in the home which never can be filled.

The funeral which was largely attended was held on Wednesday, March 26th at 2 p. m. from the home of her parents to South Greenview Cemetery, the services at home and grave being conducted by the Rev. Mr. Palethorpe of Bradshaw. The pallbearers were her five uncles and first cousin—John Parsons, Alfred Parsons, Irving Parsons, Davis Mitchell, William Easter, and Elmer Parsons.

The following messages of sympathy have been sent to the sorrowing family:

Letters—Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Bertram Frederickson, P. E. Island, Miss Grace Doucette, Charlottetown; Mr. and Mrs. Fulton Robertson, Hunter River; Aunt Rosella Paynter, Long River; Miss Cicely Pineau, Charlottetown; Miss Mary Callaghan, Charlottetown; Mrs. Edward McKay, Charlottetown; Miss Amy Easter, Charlottetown; Mr. W. J. Arnold McGrath, Albany, P. E. Island; Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Paynter, French River, P. E. I.; Mrs. Arnelias Meek, French River, P. E. I.; Aunt Millie Paynter, French River.

Cards—Mr. and Mrs. George Hennessey, Charlottetown; Miss Irene McLeod, North Wilshire; Miss Alexander Keir, Granville, P. E. Island; Mrs. E. Callaghan and Mary, Charlottetown.

British Malaya expects that its surplus of government funds of this year will reach \$41,000,000.

IRA is distributing government lands to persons who will install irrigation pumps and cultivate the land.

Unified control of the Peking-Mun-den Railway, in China, is greatly improving the service.

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Having sold my farm, I will sell by Auction on Wednesday, 23rd, all my stock, crop and implements, consisting of 3 horses, Island bred, 15 head of cattle, and a large lay out of farm equipment all in good shape. Terms:—7 months on approved notes. If day is not fine sale next day. ROBERT BOWNESS, Norboro. HUGH F. MORRISON, Auctioneer. 3099-4-16-21-21.

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One hundred acres of land, mile from Hunter River on Highway. Sixty five acres clear, covered with a good growth of soft wood. This farm is well served, near schools, churches and of the best shipping points on the Island. If interested see Nicholson, Clyde Station, or the owner GORDON McLEOD, 23 Hopedale Ave. Toronto 4. 3192-4-21-1week.

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Registration Enrolment No. 61709 Will be at the owner's stable till further notice. This horse has never been beaten in a show ring, weighs 1250 lbs., sound and has the best of legs. Mares at owner's risk. J. N. McCoubrey, Cavendish. 5140-4-17-1week.

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One of Charlottetown Royalty's richest and best 50 acre farms. Good buildings. Choice, large, young orchard and fox ranch. Will sell with or without ranch. P. A. FARQUHARSON Telephone 682. 89 Upper Prince Street. 2553-4-5-12.