

Women Like

The easy-disposal feature of this new hygienic help—no laundry, just discard

In a new way, women now are freed of the disadvantages of old-time "sanitary pads."

Get Kotex—\$ in 10 better-class women have adopted it.

Discards as easily as a piece of tissue. No laundry. No embarrassment.

It's five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads!

You dine, dance, motor for hours in sheerest frocks without a second's doubt or fear.

It deodorizes, too. And thus ends ALL danger of offending.

You ask for it at any drug or department store, without hesitation, simply by saying "KOTEX."

Do as millions are doing. End old, insecure ways. Enjoy life every day. Package of twelve costs only a few cents.

KOTEX

No laundry—discard like tissue

CANADA'S COAL REGIONS.

Canada has the only two coal regions on the seacoast of North America, and controls one-fifth of the world's coal resources.

Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Standard Black Fox Company Ltd., will be held in the Y. M. C. A. parlors on Wednesday 27th inst., at 8 p. m.

D. A. MCKINNON, Sec. Treas.

2172-20-31-Sat-Mon

ISLAND PRODUCE WANTED

POTATOES, TURNIPS, LIVE and DRESSED POULTRY, BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE

With a representative in every city and town throughout Canada and with a well established connection in the United States, Newfoundland, Europe and the West Indies, we are in a position to place your offerings on the markets that will bring you the best returns.

If you have any of above Produce to offer please get in touch with us.

The Harris Abattoir Company, Ltd.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Professional Cards

Dr. J. Fergus Donnelly

VETERINARY SURGEON Graduate Ontario Veterinary College, 1907.

Late Capt. Royal Army Veterinary Corps, London, Eng. Office—E. Farquhar's Stable, Phone 298. 147 King Street, 9-25-1mo.

DR. I. E. CROKEN

VETERINARY SURGEON Foxes examined for purchaser. Laboratory tests made for parasites and other diseases.

48 Great George Street Next Custom and Marine Building. Phone 804. 9-21-1mth.

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B. A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Money to Loan

Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Dr. C. C. Archibald

Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital. Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Testing Eyes and supplying Glasses. Offices, Bayer Building Great George Street. Office Hours—9 to 12.30, 1.30 to 5

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ROYAL MAIL

"The Comfort Route" TO EUROPE

FROM HALIFAX, N.S. TO CHERBOURG AND SOUTHAMPTON

OHIO ..... Nov. 1

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY HALIFAX, N.S.

SMILES



HADN'T ANY HOME

A Girl: Didn't she ask you to take her home?

A Man (but dumb): Yes.

Girl: Then why did she get so angry and leave?

Man: I told her I hadn't any home. I boarded.

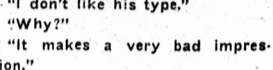


PRINTERS WILL UNDERSTAND

"I don't like his type."

"Why?"

"It makes a very bad impression."



He: Is your sister still out of town?

She: Heavens, no! She couldn't be still anywhere.



A RUBBER STOMACH MIGHT HELP THOUGH

"I understand they supply you with raincoats when you visit Niagara Falls, it's so wet there."

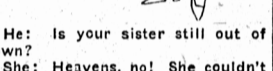
"Yes, but on the Canada side it's not so wet and you don't need a raincoat."



A SOFT-SHELLED NUT

Daughter: Mother, what does it mean when a man has almond eyes like Reggie?

Mother: In his case it means he's a soft-shelled nut.



ATTENTION FOX BREEDERS

Now is the time to buy your Winter supply of (frozen) Horse-meat, either boneless or in quarters.

This meat is strictly veterinary inspected and properly packed. We GUARANTEE full satisfaction. No order too small. No order too big. Ask for our price and conditions from the

Langueuil Meat Exporting Company

LONGUEUIL, QUEBEC

2026-10-13-w81.

The Red Lamp

Mary Roberts Rhinehart

(Continued)

How he reconciles this with the Carroway murder and the disappearance of Maggie Morrison I do not know but certain facts seem to bear out this idea.

He was, in one sense, a man of mystery. His accounts were paid in cash; the automobile in which he arrived had been bought a second hand a few days before, by the secretary and in the same manner.

All identifying marks had been carefully removed from his clothing. In addition to all this, there is the puzzling report on the knife itself.

Examination under the microscope shows fibers of linen as well as fragments of cellular tissue. But it also reveals minute particles of tobacco leaf, showing it had gone through a pocket.

But Mr. Bethel was not a smoker. At some one time, then, Bethel clearly secured the knife and wounded his assailant.

Not seriously, evidently, since after that he was able to do what he did do but sufficiently to turn the minds of the police toward the man who claimed to have been struck by an automobile.

This clue, however, has developed nothing. The night was dark, and his rescuers have no description of him, save of a heavy set figure and a dazed manner of speech.

They carried him to Martin's Ferry, but the conductor of the night express remembers carrying no such passenger. Greenough to-day showed me Gordon's diary, rescued from the suitcase.

It has at some time been dropped into water, and certain pages are not legible. It is indeed that word may be used where nothing is legible; where each page presents such jumbles of large and small letters as the following sentence, which I have copied as a matter of interest:

"Trn g.K. GTRigg UNMT aot LmGT Motc."

The record is not a daily one, but apparently was used for jotting down odd thoughts or ideas. It continues, however, at intervals, for the entire period of his stay at Twin Hollows, the last entry having been made on August 17th.

Certain entries are neat and methodical. The one on July 27th, however, after his injury, is by hand, and shows certain erasures and changes. Once or twice in August the record is long, covering more than a page, while the July entries are all brief.

On the last page, however, and without comment, he has drawn in, rather carefully, a small circle enclosing a triangle.

Greenough, while attaching a certain interest to it, has not yet seen it to be deciphered by the code experts of his department. As a matter of fact, I suspect him of holding it out, with the idea of being able to claim the reward if he finds Gordon.

Which reward, by the way, now stands at ten thousand dollars. August 23rd. Halliday saw a red light in the house the night Bethel was killed. He has just told me.

He ran out, after I telephoned him, and from the foot of the lawn he saw it. It was gone almost at once.

He has asked me to experiment with him to-night using the lamp from the attic closet. I have given him the keys. Apparently what he wishes to discover is the approximate location of such a light. I have no idea of his purpose.

The Trials Of Middle-Age

Much of the Suffering Women Endure Can be Avoided.

Every woman approaches middle age with considerable anxiety, because she knows this is the time of her life when trivial ailments may be the first signs of trials and sufferings to come.

She fears the headaches, backaches, lassitude and other distressing weaknesses that burden the life of so many women at this period.

Much of the anxiety and suffering that assail women approaching middle age can be avoided. This has been proved by thousands of happy, virile women who have relied at this time on the health-help given by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

To the middle-aged woman the one thing necessary to carry her through her years of trial is rich, red blood. Because of their direct action on the blood, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the one remedy praised by women for women's needs.

Among the thousands who have found benefit from this remedy is Mrs. Allan Wager, Echo Lake, Ont., who says: "I was at a critical period in the lives of all women and was sick and miserable. I became so much run-down that I was unable to do my housework. The least exertion would cause my heart to flutter so violently that I would have to sit down. I had headaches and backaches, and was in a depressed condition. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills recommended and decided to give them a trial. It is as fortunate that I did so, for under the use of this medicine I was restored to good health and strength and feel like a new woman. I never neglect an opportunity to recommend this remedy to those who are run-down for I am very grateful for what the pills did for me."

For all ailments due to weak watery blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will be found a specific. You can get the pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made

Here's an easy way to save \$2, and get the best cough medicine you ever tried.

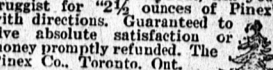
You've probably heard of this famous home-made cough syrup. But have you ever used it? Thousands of families feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will soon earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 10-oz. bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use simple syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 times the better cough remedy than you could buy for \$2.50.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It soothes the inflamed throat, loosens the phlegm, lifts the phlegm, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat trouble, hoarseness, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and palatable guaicol, which has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with directions. Guaranteed to cure you promptly. Satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.



I understand that the guards who have been watching the house at night have been withdrawn, and that heretofore only such watch will be kept as will suffice to keep away the curious crowds that still throng here in daylight hours.

Today I Ample and Thomas have been putting the house in order, preparatory to its final closing. I shall never open it again. Thomas has already painted the window boards and put some of them in place. Let us pray that they keep inside what should be inside, and outside what should be out!

August 24th. The strings of small bells, fastened across the closed and shuttered windows, frequently vibrated as though a hand had been drawn across them.

(From "Eugenia Riggs and Her Phenomena.") Any coherent record of our last night's experiment is difficult to-day; not only do last night's alarms always seem absurd in to-day's sunshine, but I am not at all certain now that I did not build up, out of my recent reading and what I knew about the house, a bugaboo of my own.

And yet—what a night! A man, a foot who preparing to spend a night in a haunted house, where a terrible crime has been recently committed, reads during the early evening the idle imaginings which other men have conjured out of their own disordered fancies. Or out of their disordered digestions, according to the newest theory.

Isn't it Wells who has the dyspeptic Mr. Polly sitting on a stile between two thread-bare looking fields, and hanging the wool in general and his own hair in particular, after a meal of pork, suet pudding, treacle, cheese, beer and pickles? And Fraser Harris, who attributes "the transcendent non-sense of the post-impressionists" to the absinthe in their blood?

So, last night, I must needs poison my mental digestion in advance; pick up a book which so large ladies of a lymphatic type, should be suppressed, or sold only to read with a box of caramels, and with it fill myself with elements, hideous masses of matter given temporary life and strange forms; demons, summoned by the diabolical rites of the Black Mass; and ghosts of foul crimes, come to seek revenge on their slayers;

Even before I started the untimely ringing of Clara's alarm clock, upstairs, set my nerves to jangling. And there was a certain psychological preparation for me in the very steps I was obliged to take in order to get out of the house. For a man of my age to put on his pajama coat, and retired into his bed otherwise fully dressed, was an act of deception nerve-racking enough in itself. But when Jane came in after I had retired, tardily remembering a missing button, and demanded the shirt I was still wearing, I broke into a cold sweat.

It was with difficulty that I got her away, shirtless, and settled down to wait until the house was quiet.

Halliday had opened the main house, and the red lamp was already in the den. Owing to the fact that the windows were boarded from the outside, we had no scruples about lighting it; but although it was better than complete darkness it added very little to the general gaiety. Halliday was quiet and somewhat strained, the house itself hot and airless, and with all outside sounds cut off, oppressively still. I lighted a match and glanced into the library; it was a ghost of a room, the floor bare, the furniture and pictures once more swathed in white.

Only the prisms of the glass chandelier reflected the light and seemed, as it flickered, to be quietly in motion. Halliday had little to say. "I would like," he explained, "to reproduce conditions as nearly as figure here." He smiled. "I don't suppose you really want to go and stand at the head of that staircase, Mr. Skinner, but I'm going to ask you, no, just the same."

I looked up the staircase nervously. "If you are going to reproduce the previous conditions," I protested, "you may recall that I had a revolver at that time!"

"I also seem to remember that you fired it," he said, and grinned at me. "It will answer every purpose, and be considerably safer, if you will merely point your finger at me and say 'crash!'"

But no amount of lightness on his part or mine could do more than temporarily lift the gloom; the shadow of tragedy hung over everything at which we looked. Halliday felt it, and suggested that "we get to work and then get out."

The question in his mind, he said, was this: I had said that, a second or so after the shot and the disappearance of the figure, the red light had died out in the den. If, as he believed was possible, this glow came from the lamp upstairs, brought down for some reason, or from a similar lamp, this required that the man I saw had time to go into the den, extinguish the lamp and conceal it (since it wasn't in evidence later on) get back to the library, and be ready to leave by the broken window before Halliday had turned on the light.

"It's a matter of time," he said. "I was by the terrace when I heard the shot. I figure it took me ten seconds to pick up the chair, run to the window and smash it."

It was nervous work going up the staircase, but I managed it and took up my position. He stood before me. "I fired—theoretically—and he did what the figure had done: moved toward the door, still facing me, turned and went into the library. I heard him moving about and the light went out. Then in the darkness he ran into the library again, where he struck a match."

"Twenty seconds," he called. His voice trailed off; his shadow extended through the den doorway into the hall, and as I watched it, it shows the condition of my nerves that it did not seem to be his shadow at all, but something quite different. For all the world like an old man in a dressing gown. Then the match went out and I heard him coming out into the hall again.

"Did you move a minute ago?" he asked. "Move!" I said. "I wouldn't move for a million dollars. Strike a light!"

"Funny," he said. "I thought I heard something." He groped his way back to the den, and the red lamp looked actually cheerful after the complete darkness. I heard him go into the library again and apparently stand there and listen, and very shortly after he reappeared and asked me to change places with him.

"See how you can make it, Skipper," he said. I came down rather more rapidly than I had gone up, and Halliday took my former position. I had never had any particular stomach for the business, and now my one idea was to get it over. I did as Halliday had done, moved to the library door, turned and then, more or less holding my breath, I entered the library and through it to the den. I brought up there, close to the red lamp, caught my foot in the cord and jerked it from the socket. Instantly we were in darkness again, and in absolute silence. Halliday, I believe, was still leaning over the stair-rail, waiting for me to complete the movement, and the sudden plunge into darkness had startled me more than I care to remember.

(To Be Continued)

IN MEMORIAM

THE LATE DONALD J. MACKENZIE

The death occurred at Cardigan on Tuesday morning last after a lengthy illness of Mr. Donald J. MacKenzie, aged seventy-six.

Some years ago Mr. MacKenzie who had previously enjoyed splendid health became afflicted with creeping paralysis, and for the past eight years he was confined to his bed, unable to move hand or foot. He bore his illness with great patience, and was most tenderly cared for by his devoted wife.

He was the son of the late James MacKenzie, and was born at Rose Valley.

When Mr. MacKenzie was a child, the family removed to Uigg, where the deceased lived for a number of years.

He learned the carpenter trade, became an expert builder and successful contractor.

He worked for a few years in the United States, before locating at Montague, where he built and conducted a large grist mill, which he afterwards sold to the Electric Light Company. Nineteen years ago he removed to Cardigan, where he carried on his work until his illness overtook him.

Mr. MacKenzie was a man of splendid qualities of mind and heart and was held in the highest esteem in the community.

He leaves to mourn a widow (nee Miss Susan Walker, daughter of the late David Walker, and sister of Captain J. S. Walker of Charlottetown); also the following sons and daughters: Elizabeth at home, May, wife of Milton Green, Cavendish, Annie in Boston, William, student in Prince of Wales College, and Norman at home.

His eldest son James, a bright and promising young man passed away at Cardigan this spring.

Three brothers survive, namely, Alexander MacKenzie, Long Creek, P. E. I., Norman MacKenzie, North Dakota, and John MacKenzie, Everett, Mass., also five sisters, Mrs. Flora Campbell, Summerside, Mrs. Catherine Campbell, Montague, Mrs. Mary Burrow, Summerside, Mrs. Donald J. Nicholson, Orwell Cove, and Mrs. Effie Campbell, Portland, Oregon.

To the bereaved relatives the Guardian extends its deep sympathy. The funeral took place at Cardigan yesterday afternoon, the services being conducted by Rev. Ewen MacDougall of Charlottetown.

NEW 1927 \$1530.00 STAR COACH IN PRIZES



\$1530. IN PRIZES

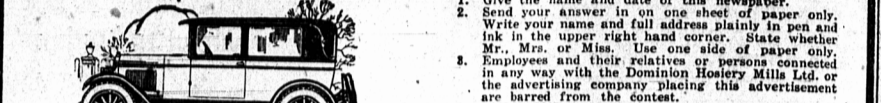
1st PRIZE—New 1927 Star Coach Fully Equipped, Value \$1030.

Table listing prize amounts for different numbers of correct answers.

Why We Have This Contest Dominion Hosiery is already widely known throughout Canada for its exceptional quality and good value.

How Contest will be Judged There is a possible total of 250 points. For each of the 26 letters you put in its proper place you will receive 10 points—a total of 260 points.

1st. Prize—NEW STAR COACH



Send Your Answer To-day Rules of Contest 1. Give the name and date of this newspaper.

CONTEST CLOSES DECEMBER 31st, 1926.

498 BLOOR ST. WEST SEND ENTRY TO TORONTO DOMINION HOSEY MILLS LIMITED

MR. J. S. DEROCHE The deceased had lived in Sas- Leader on the 28th inst., from the

Joseph Samuel DeRoche, teacher of Dante School, twelve miles southwest of Leader, died from bronchial pneumonia at the hotel in Peltate, on Saturday, 25th September.

The deceased was born in King's County, Rustico, P. E. I., in 1875, and received his early education in the schools and colleges of his native province. He held a first class teacher's certificate for the Province of P. E. I., as well as a permanent first class certificate for this province.

He was a member of the Peltate Catholic Church, the Rev. Father, who have officiated throughout the province. He first came to this district in April, 1925, and since that time has taught in the Peltate school.

As far as is known the deceased had no relatives in the West. The Provincial Police notified his brother John DeRoche at Moncton, N. B., Mr. Stone, our local undertaker, took charge of the remains, and removed them to Leader, and on receiving instructions from the brother John to bury the deceased here, the funeral took place at Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.



Their Choice A BALANCED RATION

The Mark of Quality "IMPERIAL" Stamped on every Fox Biscuit Manufactured by us.

Is your guarantee of highest quality fresh wholesome fox food which will produce best results in foxes and furs.

Insist on receiving "Imperials" then feed liberally and regularly and success is yours.

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Charlottetown, P. E. I.