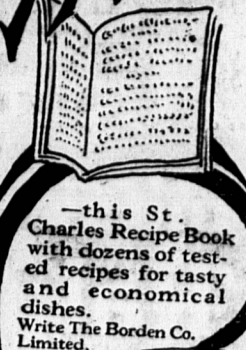


**Free**

—this St. Charles Recipe Book with dozens of tasty and economical dishes. Write The Borden Co. Limited, Montreal.



**Borden's ST. CHARLES**

—Let the Maritime Provinces Flourish by Their Industries.—

**BORDEN FACTORY-TRURO, N.S.**

**SMILES**



**AT THE RACES**

"Did you bring glasses Luke?"

"No Joe, we can jes drink right out of the bottle if you've got some thing on yer hip."



**WHY MEN LEAVE HOME**

Hubby: I will have to stop smoking at once. My lungs are seriously affected.

Wife: My, my, that's terrible! We still lack fifty coupons of the number required for that new dinner set.

**The Red Lamp**

Mary Roberts Rhinehart

(Continued)

July 26th

Annie Cochran says absolutely that there is neither a red lamp nor a red lantern in the other house.

I stopped her this morning and asked her.

The day brought no developments in the Morrison case, which has settled down more or less into a routine. The fishermen have gone back to their nets and trawls, and today will probably see the last of the attempts to drag likely spots on the bay.

There are many now who believe that this time the anchor rope is shorter, and that the body securely anchored to the ooze at the bottom of the bay, will no be uncovered by the lowest tide.

But if the rope has brought no developments outside it has brought one or two to us here.

For one thing, the morning mail returned to me through the dead office my letter of thanks to the young woman in Salem, Ohio, an event which would puzzle me more, did I not suspect the lady of using a fictitious name, for all her apparent frankness.

For another, Jane has at last unbecomingly herself. She maintains she saw Maggie Morrison, clairvoyantly. Rather, on the morning of the twentieth, for granted that she has actually had another of her curious psychic experiences, there is a discrepancy in time here as marked as the interval between Uncle Horace's death and her vision of him lying on the library floor.

Maggie Morrison disappeared presumably at eleven o'clock the night of the 19th; Jane's vision occurred at three the morning of the 20th or four hours later.

This morning, at eleven o'clock, Jane left the cottage for the first time in days, giving as an excuse that she meant to look over Warren Halliday's clothing and bring back such as she might require.

"I need a little attention of that sort myself," I observed. "I don't mind competing with a tapestry—after all, that is art, and what am I an artist?—but I resent competing with a younger and handsomer man."

She gave me the smile with which every wife greets an old familiar familiarity of every husband, and I left me to my reading.

When an hour, however, had passed and I began to grow uneasy, Halliday, I knew, was out on the bay, and in such times as these any small deviation from the normal is unsettling, and I started after her, therefor, and was started not to find her in the living quarters, but on the verandah. But when I called to her she answered from below, and going down I found her among the bushes.

"Well," I said, "and are you going fishing?"

"I was just wandering about," she said. "There's another boat isn't there?"

"Halliday's out in it. Why?"

"He pretended not to hear me, and went up the steps again. Even then she made various excuses not to leave at once. She went inside, and I could hear her straightening the small living room. When there was nothing more to do she came out again.

"I don't think he minded a thing since it happened," she said. "Suppose we wait for him, and take him back to luncheon?"

"She is not an actress, is Jane, and it began to dawn on me that she was determined to wait for Halliday's return, and that she had one of her hidden reasons for it. It was there, sitting on the boat-house verandah, that she finally told her story, which is detailed in the extract.

"You remember," she said, "the night of Maggie's disappearance, that a storm was threatening, and that I was nervous. I felt queer—I can't describe it, William. I had a sort of premonition, I think, anyhow. I didn't know what it was, and when I told you that you started off to Doctor Hayward's for a powder."

"You had meant deliberately to stay awake?"

"Yes. Once in a while something terrifies me, and I am afraid even to wink for fear something happens while my eyes are closed. It was like that.

"Edith was writing something of other, shut in her room, and after you had gone the storm began to come up, and I felt queer and jumpy. I went around the windows downstairs, and then went into the living room and sat down to wait for you."

"Let's see. What time was that?"

"It must have been ten o'clock; maybe a little later. There—I hate to tell you this, William. It sounds so silly."

"I've been thinking some pretty foolish things myself, lately, my dear," I said, gravely. "Go ahead."

"Jock was very strange, from the moment we went in there. He sat and stared at that old parlor organ."

"At the parlor organ! What in the world—"

"At the parlor organ," she said positively. "Or rather, above and behind it, where it sits across the corner. And after awhile, I thought I saw something there."

"What sort of something?"

"I can't tell you," she said, and shivered. "That is, she wasn't really anything. It was like a mist. I could just tell there was something there, and then Jock lifted up his head and howled at it, and I don't even remember getting upstairs, William."

Now, so far, this runs fairly true to form; the usual strange combination of the grotesque—witness the parlor organ!—overstrained nerves due to the approach of an electrical

storm, and Jock, absent starting at nothing at all and preparing to give the storm howl for howl.

It is the remainder of Jane's story which seems worthy of consideration, in view of her previous average of having a good deal of storm, and Jock, absent starting at nothing at all and preparing to give the storm howl for howl.

She went to sleep, sinking fathoms deep into unconsciousness, but at three o'clock she awakened suddenly and fully, and sat up in her bed. But she was not in a bed at all, she was in a boat, and Maggie Morrison also was in it, lying at her feet. After a time she has no idea how long—the vision faded, and she was still sitting up in her bed.

Such details as I can draw from her are as follows:

"Did you see Uncle Horace in the same way?"

"Wakening out of a sleep? Yes."

"Was there the same sort of light?"

"Not a light exactly. It doesn't come from anywhere, I can't describe it exactly; the things I see are luminous."

She has, however, her strict limitations; she speaks of a boat, in motion she has no idea, asked if she and the girl were alone, she thinks not, but can give no reason for so thinking. Asked as to why she believed the girl was dead, she said, "I felt that she was dead," and she said that by adding: "Besides, I never have these visions unless some one has died."

This, like most broad statements, is an error, but in this case the general developments bear her out. One point, however, she is very sure to believe that, if she saw the Morrison girl at all, she saw her dead, as she says:

"She saw no rope on the body or in the boat, and there was no sign of injury on the girl."

"Why cloth?"

"She looked very peaceful," says Jane, and sets me to shuddering.

On one point, however, she is entirely definite. She maintains that there were pieces of cloth tied around the oar-locks of the boat.

"White cloth," she adds, as an after thought.

"To keep the oars from making a noise," says my Jane, who has been in a row-boat perhaps a half dozen times in all her life!

We sat on the verandah while Halliday came in with the boat; he had been out at sea, on some sort of business of his own, and I confess to a sort of terror that by some unlucky chance we might find the oar-locks of this very boat wrapped with white cloth. "To keep the oars from making a noise," he showed no sign of crime.

"Why," I said to Jane as Halliday tied his boat and came with his splendid stride up the run-way, "why did you come down here to look at our boats, my dear?"

"She showed a faint distress."

"I don't know, William. I just had a feeling that I had to come. I have not asked her why she has suppressed this experience for so long. Carrying it down with me to pour my breakfast coffee, going to the night mounting the stairs with me, and so to bed. Brushing her hair meticulously, and setting Jock for the night; going in to kiss Edith and tuck her into her fresh white nightgown, and closing her door and availing herself of a few minutes of the night. And always with the guilty feeling that she was withholding that which should be known."

For she no more doubts that Maggie Morrison was killed and thrown into the sea from a boat with muffled oar-locks, than she doubts her own existence. But coupled with that certainty has been her dread of possible publicity, and at that ever present feeling of hers that whatever power she has is somehow shameful.

My poor Jane.

(To be continued)

**Get the Golden!**

It costs no more than ordinary orange pekoe; it makes twice as many cups to the pound.

**Rakwana Golden Orange Pekoe**

First for Thirst



**MALPEQUE**

Mr. Russell Woodside, Darnley, left on Wednesday morning to resume his studies in Dalhousie College, Halifax. Mr. Woodside, who has spent his holiday at his home, will be greatly missed in the home church where he took an active part in the choir and all church work. He is also a general favorite in the community and he is always sure of a hearty welcome when he returns to us.

Miss Lillian Donald who is in training at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, is spending her holidays at her home in Baltic.

The very many friends of Mr. Alexander Ferguson, who has been our resident barber for a number of years, left on Tuesday for Burlington, where he will reside with relatives. Mr. Ferguson's many friends regret his retirement from business and his departure from this place, for while here he has associated himself with every interest of the community and was always a willing contributor to all worthy purposes. Mr. Ferguson succeeded by Mr. Wm. Champion of Darnley who will doubtless receive a fair share of the patronage which was enjoyed by his predecessor.

Miss Helen Ramsay, teacher at Fernwood is spending her autumn holidays at her home in Hamilton.

Miss Mary Rogers of Hamilton School left on Saturday to spend her holiday at her home in Charlottetown.

Mrs. F. J. E. Wright and little Miss Penelope Denny motored to Malpeque on Thursday.

Mr. Alexander MacLeod, chief clerk of the Treasury and Grant of Charlottetown motored to Malpeque on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crozier and two children of Worcester, Mass., left for their home after a pleasant visit with relatives and friends on the island. On their return they were accompanied by Mr. Crozier's sister, Miss Gertrude Crozier who purposes residing there. Before leaving Miss Gertrude was waited on by her young friends of Malpeque, Darnley, and Sea View and presented with a purse. The evening passed with music and dancing and the party dispersed expressing their good wishes for future success. Miss Crozier was in the employ of Peter MacNutt and son, and won many friends while there.

Mr. Charles Champion, Malpeque has opened up a tonorial parlor on the upper floor of the store of Peter MacNutt and son. Mr. Champion was in this line of business prior to Mr. Ferguson, and as he is a general favorite here will doubtless succeed in his chosen work.

The Campbellton, N. B., Tribune of Sept. 29th records the passing of Mrs. Penelope Mott of that town. Mrs. Mott was a sister of the late Mr. Robert Stewart of this place and there are many who will miss her in pleasure her frequent visits here in years gone by, and all will join in extending their deep sympathy to her daughter, Mrs. S. H. Lingley and family. The following is a clipping from the Tribune:

The community was deeply grieved on Saturday evening on learning of the death of Mrs. Penelope Mott, widow of the late William Mott, which occurred at four o'clock that afternoon at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. H. Lingley after a lingering illness, borne with Christian fortitude.

The deceased lady who had attained the ripe old age of 87 years and six months, was born in Dalhousie, N. B., in 1839, of a family of 14, daughter of the late Douglas Stewart, Esq., removing to Malpeque 65 years ago, where she has since resided, and made a host of friends, being held in the highest esteem by all, and beloved by all with whom she came in contact. Pre-deceased by her husband, 33 years ago she made her home with her son, the late W. Albert Mott, and at his death in 1911 with her daughter, Mrs. S. H. Lingley. The late Mrs. Mott was a consistent member of St. Andrew's United Church, and in her younger days took a deep interest in the work of the Church. She was a most remarkable woman for her advanced age, retaining her faculties to a marked degree and taking a deep interest in all public affairs. In the summer months she passed a great deal of her time in gardening, a work she took a particular delight in and the fine and beautiful grounds surrounding her daughter's residence are largely due to her untiring efforts in this direction. She was a good conversationalist and her company was always pleasing. Some few months ago she had the misfortune to break her arm while turning in bed, since which time it was only too apparent to her many friends she was rapidly falling, death on Saturday terminating a most useful life.

The deceased leaves to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate mother, one daughter, Mrs. S. H. Lingley of Campbellton, with whom she made her home, and to whom the heartfelt sympathy of the community is extended in the loss of her beloved and respected one.

She is also survived by two brothers, Charles Stewart of Dalhousie, and James E. Stewart of Keene, N. H.

The funeral services which were held yesterday afternoon, Rev. W. W. McNair, M. A., officiating, were largely attended, friends from far and near being in attendance to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed.

The floral tributes were many and most beautiful testifying to the general high esteem in which the deceased lady was held.

The pall-bearers were—Archibald Ferguson, Alfred Fraser, Donald Stewart, A. A. Andrew, W. F. Napier and R. B. Rossborough.

Mr. Samuel Proffit of Freetown, a student at Pine Hill College gave a very practical address in his town Church on Sunday morning, Oct. 2nd. It is believed that a very out successful career is before Mr. Proffit in the work of the ministry of his work with interest.

Mr. and Mrs. John Proffit of Freetown, were in attendance at Malpeque church service on Sunday.

Mrs. W. K. MacGougan, Summer-ville is a guest of Mrs. Sinclair MacGougan.

markable woman for her advanced age, retaining her faculties to a marked degree and taking a deep interest in all public affairs. In the summer months she passed a great deal of her time in gardening, a work she took a particular delight in and the fine and beautiful grounds surrounding her daughter's residence are largely due to her untiring efforts in this direction. She was a good conversationalist and her company was always pleasing. Some few months ago she had the misfortune to break her arm while turning in bed, since which time it was only too apparent to her many friends she was rapidly falling, death on Saturday terminating a most useful life.

The deceased leaves to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate mother, one daughter, Mrs. S. H. Lingley of Campbellton, with whom she made her home, and to whom the heartfelt sympathy of the community is extended in the loss of her beloved and respected one.

She is also survived by two brothers, Charles Stewart of Dalhousie, and James E. Stewart of Keene, N. H.

The funeral services which were held yesterday afternoon, Rev. W. W. McNair, M. A., officiating, were largely attended, friends from far and near being in attendance to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed.

The floral tributes were many and most beautiful testifying to the general high esteem in which the deceased lady was held.

The pall-bearers were—Archibald Ferguson, Alfred Fraser, Donald Stewart, A. A. Andrew, W. F. Napier and R. B. Rossborough.

Mr. Samuel Proffit of Freetown, a student at Pine Hill College gave a very practical address in his town Church on Sunday morning, Oct. 2nd. It is believed that a very out successful career is before Mr. Proffit in the work of the ministry of his work with interest.

Mr. and Mrs. John Proffit of Freetown, were in attendance at Malpeque church service on Sunday.

Mrs. W. K. MacGougan, Summer-ville is a guest of Mrs. Sinclair MacGougan.

**Children Cry for**

**Fletcher's CASTORIA**

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind, Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.



**National Review**

Has Suggestion for Premier King

LONDON, Oct. 2.—Why does not Mackenzie King strike for immigration which the Empire and silence all the captious critics of his supposed lukewarmness to the Imperial cause by boldly inviting the Imperial conference, after its October session in Ottawa, to hold a second session in Ottawa to thrash out questions that embarrass the Dominion as well as the mother country?

This question is asked by the National Review which is edited by L. J. Maxse.

"Suspicion in Canada, South Africa, Australia and even in some circles in New Zealand," the National Review continues, "is stimulated by mischief-makers who accuse the imperial government of perpetually lying in wait to steal a march on the Dominion and entangle them in sinister international complications that are hatched in the foreign offices and in the admiralty and war offices. The real difficulty is to persuade any appreciable number of Canadians, Australians and South Africans to take the faintest interest in questions which concern them as much as the people of the mother land."

**Effort to Free Italians Feared**

HALIFAX, Oct. 2.—Following another adjournment today of the charges laid by the immigration authorities against Captain Romano, who established "refugee resorts" the steamer Dori from which 129 non-far from Halifax, whether the costs \$100 and lasts two months; here a few weeks ago at Mill Cove smaller size, 50c. At all dealers.

ported tonight that a party of Italians from New York had arrived in the city with the object of preventing their compatriots, now held in custody at the local immigration sheds, from being deported.

Among the New York party was Frank Palmer, whose uncle is among the detained immigrants. He declared that he and his friends were willing to put up whatever bonds the Canadian government may demand, aided by the release of their fellow-countrymen and permission for them to remain in Canada.

Meanwhile fears are entertained that the detained men, whose maintenance is said to be \$250 a day, may make another break for freedom, aided by sympathizers who are known to exist in large numbers throughout the city district. Today it was authoritatively stated that guards at the immigration sheds had been approached by Italian emissaries and offered bribes. However, every precaution is being taken and the number of those charged with the safe-keeping of the unfortunate foreigners has been substantially increased.

One report tonight had it that friends of the would-be immigrants had established "refugee resorts" not far from Halifax, whether the latter might be in hiding when once free of the law's clutches.

**FURNITURE AUCTION**

**ARENA RINK**

OCTOBER 12th, TUESDAY

10.30 A. M.

E. H. Beer offers for sale his Household Furniture including—Living Room Easy Chairs, Sectional Bookcases and Books, Table, Jardiniere Stands, etc., Fire Irons, Ornaments, etc., Dining Table, Chairs, Buffet Two Combination, Desks, Simmons Beds, Springs and Mattresses, Dressing Table, Sewing Machine, Carpet Squares, Rugs and Mats, Kitchen Cabinet, Refrigerator, Range and Kitchen Outfit, Vacuum Cleaner, Fuller Brushes, etc., Limoges China, Cut Glass, etc., Silverware, Cutlery, etc., Bed and Table Linen, Bedding, Curtains, Drapes, etc., etc., a few old Mahogany and Walnut Chairs, Mirror, etc., etc.

**J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.**

1866-10-5-71.

**Provincial Taxes**

The period during which discount will be allowed upon payments of Provincial Income and Personal Property Tax has been extended from September 30th, 1926, to October 31st, 1926.

By order

**H. R. STEWART,**  
Assistant Provincial Treasurer,  
1817-10-2-31.

**For Sale by Auction**

**At Brighton**

I will sell for Capt. C. C. Heeschen on his premises, Brighton Road, on Wednesday, October 6, commencing at 2 o'clock p. m., his beautiful new dwelling house, all finished with Douglas fir, and has all modern conveniences, frost proof cellar.

Also on the same day I will sell 10 choice building lots adjoining, inspection any day from 2 to 4 until day of sale.

Terms at sale.

**BENJ. CARTER,**  
Auctioneer

**Professional Cards**

**Dr. J. Fergus Donnelly**

VETERINARY SURGEON

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College, 1907.

Late Capt. Royal Army Veterinary Corps, London, Eng.

Office—E. Farquison's Stable, Phone 298. 147 King Street, 9-28-1mo.

**DR. I. E. CROKEN**

VETERINARY SURGEON

Foxes examined for parasites and other diseases.

48 Great George Street

Next Custom and Marine Building.

Phone 804.

9-21-1mth.

**Mark R. McGuigan**

**B. A.**

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.

Wiley 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

Office, Bayer Building

Great George Street

Office Hours—9 to 12.30, 1.30 to 5

**McDonald & McPhee**

**B. A.**

J. A. McDONALD, H. F. MCPHEE

B. A.

Barristers, Attorneys, Etc.

Money to Loan

Wiley Building Charlottetown

**THE MOST OBJECTIONABLE THINGS**

Eliz: What are the most objectionable things about her you know?

Jane: Her admirers, my dear.

Customer: Can you repair a suit of clothes with two pairs of pants?

Tailor: No, my friend, I can only do it with a needle and thread as usual.

**COULDN'T DO IT THAT WAY**

Customer: Can you repair a suit of clothes with two pairs of pants?

Tailor: No, my friend, I can only do it with a needle and thread as usual.

**Women's Danger**

Of offending under the oldest hygienic handicap now ended. New way provides true protection—discards like tissue

WITH the old-time "sanitary pad" women realize their constant danger of offense, plus the embarrassment of disposal. And thus spend unhappy days.

"KOTEX," a new and remarkable way, is now used by 8 in 10 better class women.

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 stops ALL danger of offending.

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

You ask for it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, 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

Kotex regular 75c Kotex super \$1.20

**BRAINIEST AGE**

Statistics compiled by a group of expert psychologists reveal many interesting facts about the age at which different types of men reach their highest point of intelligence.

The average age at which twenty of the greatest inventions were produced is thirty-two. Wireless telegraphy, the self-starting reaper and the vacuum air brake were largely developed by men in their twenty-second year.

The inventors of the steam turbine and the steam engine were each in their thirtieth year when their efforts were crowned with success, while the inventor of the sewing machine was twenty-six, and the discoverer of the process of producing aluminum thirty-two.

The pioneer aviator, covered with it, when he was thirty-eight. Edison was thirty when he invented the incandescent lamp.

According to the investigators, statesmen and generals are highest in the list of ages, many of the former being over seventy years old when they attained the peak of their powers. The average at which military genius flowers to perfection is fifty-three. The investigators show, at fifty-three.

**THE EMPTY SOCKET**

THE NEW LAMP

With the INSIDE FROST—more light—no glare—longer life—an Edison Mazda achievement.

BEFORE you say "All right" and pass on, just stop and think.

Do you bark your shins when you go down cellar at night? Do you bump your head and poke a coat-hanger in your eye when you go to the clothes closet? Do not missing lamps spoil the appearance of some of your electric fixtures and floor lamps? Have not many of the bulbs around your home outlived their usefulness and yet remain, wasting current and giving no light? Don't you need more lamps?

When one of your lamps burns out, do you have to wait till you can go out for a new one? Why not stop in at your electric or hardware store and buy a carton or two of Edison Mazda Lamps—fill all the empty sockets—replace all the blackened "bulbs"—and keep a supply of spare lamps on hand for convenience sake?

Ask your Edison Mazda Lamp dealer for information regarding illumination for your rooms. He will help you to enhance the beauty of your home.

**EDISON MAZDA LAMPS**

A Canadian General Electric Product

**Soap And Ointment Best For Children**

Teach your children the Cuticura habit that they may have clear skin and good hair through life. The constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, keeps the skin and scalp clean and healthy.

Sample Book Free by Mail. Write: Cuticura Dept., "The Cuticura Co., Boston, U.S.A." or "The Cuticura Co., Montreal, P. E. I."

Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

**Wiley Building**

**McDonald & McPhee**

**B. A.**

J. A. McDONALD, H. F. MCPHEE

B. A.

Barristers, Attorneys, Etc.

Money to Loan

Wiley Building Charlottetown