

# RED ROSE "is good COFFEE"



## The Black Watch Fox Co., Limited, and The Voluntary Winding Up Act

Notice is hereby given that at a General Meeting of the SHAREHOLDERS of THE BLACK WATCH FOX COMPANY, LIMITED, duly called for the purpose and held at the residence of Abner J. Howatt, at Victoria, Prince Edward Island, Canada, on the 1st day of September nineteen hundred and twenty-six the following resolution was unanimously passed, viz:

"That in the opinion of the SHAREHOLDERS of the Black Watch Fox Co., Limited, it is advisable that the affairs of the Company be wound up under the provisions of the VOLUNTARY WINDING UP ACT and be it therefore resolved that the affairs of the said Company be wound up accordingly."

And at the same meeting a further resolution was unanimously passed which is as follows: viz:

"That the present board of DIRECTORS, namely: Abner J. Howatt, Miner McNevin, J. H. Lord, K. C. Holm, Austin Smith, Austin Toombs and W. H. Inman be appointed LIQUIDATORS for the winding up of the Company."

K. C. HOLM,  
By Order of the Liquidators,  
Dated at Victoria, Prince Edward Island, Canada, this sixteenth day of September, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Six.  
9-21-26.

## SMILES



**STRATEGY**  
"A burglar broke in my house the other night when I was all alone."  
"Well, how did you handle him?"  
"Yuh see, I was in the next room and I said real loud 'Now fellows we'll all be on hand next Monday for football practice,' so he beat it."



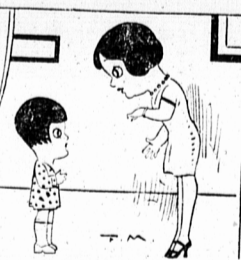
**OUT OF SIGHT**  
"Your wife manages to make your money go far you say?"  
"Yes, out of sight."



He: You love me—that's apparent.  
She: A parent? So's your old man.



**WHAT HE DIDN'T LIKE**  
"He shouldn't waste his time writing poetry."  
"I don't care about his time, but he has no right wasting my time by reading it to me."



**JUVENILE LOGIC**  
"Do you belong to a brass band, Mr. Blow?"  
"No, dear. What put that idea into your head?"  
"Well, mamma said you were always blowing your own horn so I thought you must belong to a brass band."



### TRAINS HELD

To accommodate passengers from East and South attending the Exhibition and Races, the train for Souris and Georgetown scheduled to leave 3.20 P. M. and the train for Murray Harbor scheduled to leave at 3.30 P. M. will be held at Charlottetown on Thursday 23rd and Friday 24th until 6.00 P. M.

DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT'S OFFICE  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
September 21st, 1926.  
1611-9-22-31.

## The Red Lamp

Mary Roberts Rhinehart

July 7th.  
Another day has gone by, and I am still at large. Free, I suppose in order that I may eventually again sally forth, some dark night, with my piece of chalk and another knife—for has not Greenough my original one?—to kill more sheep; if indeed there be any remaining for slaughter; or to stab and throw overboard another hapless boatman.

To save my life I cannot prevent my absurd situation from coloring my actions. I constantly remind myself of the centipede which, on being asked how it used its many legs, became suddenly conscious of them and fell over into the ditch.

For example, at breakfast this morning I gravely poured some coffee into Jock's saucer, instead of the left-over cream from the breakfast table. And Edith caught me in the act.

"Nobody home," she announced. "Poor old dear so nice and once so intelligent! It is sad," she said to Jane, "to see his mind falling him by inches. But his heart is all right. If the worst comes to the worst—"

"Don't talk about my mind," I snapped, and then was sorry for it. "I don't feel humorous at breakfast," I said. "I'm sorry."

But the plain truth is that I am sadly upset. Even what before seemed a plain and obvious duty to go to the other house to-night and tell Mr. Bethel on his arrival the exact situation, has been all day a matter for most anxious thought. I would say to him: "Sir, I have rented you this house. True, I warned your secretary of certain unpleasant qualities it is supposed to have but I must also warn you. The building is reported to be haunted. I do not believe this, nor I daresay will you but I feel that I must tell you."

Or again:  
"There is also a popular—or unpopular—idea that some recent sheep-killings around the vicinity are somehow connected with this haunting. The police do not think so, but the more ignorant of the natives do. If this alarms you, I am prepared to pay back your money to you."

Not quite in this fashion but with a similar candor, I have been prepared to clarify my relations with my new tenant. But now what happens? Will Greenough, for instance, credit my entire disinterestedness? Will he not rather believe that I have given but one more evidence of my essential lunacy? Would I not myself only a few weeks ago, have distrusted any individual who came to me with such a tale?

After all, I have told young Gordon. At least I have had to my comfort if anything happens. But what am I writing? What can happen? "It is sad," says Edith cheerfully, "to see his mind falling him by inches." Perhaps it is.

I have seen Bethel, and I have not told him. He gives me every impression in spite of his infirmity, of being able to look after himself, and after to-night's experience he is welcome to do so. Let him have his raps and his footsteps; let him find his tea-kettle on the floor, and his faces in the pantry. Let him sneeze in cold airs or stew in his own juice. I have done my part.

His car drove in at eight-thirty, and I followed it along the drive. True to her agreement Annie Cochran had only waited until seven and then had taken a firm departure, and I daresay this threw him into the execrable temper in which I found him. The secretary had assisted him into the house, and I found him in the library, with only one lamp going, huddled in a chair among a clutter of wraps and introduced myself. He barely acknowledged it.

"Where the devil's the servant?" he barked at me. "I thought there was a woman, or somebody."  
"There is a very good woman," I said, "but she goes home before dark. That is," I corrected myself "she leaves early. I told your secretary that."

"Do you suppose she's left a fire. I want some hot water."  
He fumbled in a pocket and brought out what I fancy was a beef cube or some similar concoction, and sat with it in his hand.

"Which way does the house face?" he asked, suddenly.  
"East. Toward the bay."  
"Then I want a back room. Don't like the morning sun. Don't like anything in the morning," he added and peered up at me through his spectacles.

Young Gordon returned then with a cup of hot water and a spoon, and Mr. Bethel favored me with little or no further attention. He has but one usable hand, and the secretary held the cup while he stirred the tablet in it. Only once did he favor me with direct speech during this proceeding. He glanced up as I stood—he had not asked me to sit down—and said:

"Been having some sheep-killing around here lately, haven't you?"

I may have flushed slightly, but I doubt if he could see it although his eyes were on me. "Yes," I admitted.

"Saw it in the papers," he said, and went back to his broth.

Then if ever was my time to plunge, but to save my life I could not do it. That truculent child-like old man, one leg stretched out before him in the relaxation of partial paralysis, one hand contracted in his lap with the tonic spasm of his condition, taking soup under the direction of a pasty-faced boy who grinned at me above his white head, was no recipient of such information as I had to give. And he allowed me no further opportunity; the cup empty he indicated that he wished to go upstairs, and with a nod in my direction he shuffled out. Gordon supporting him on the infirm side.

I had had some notion of offering my assistance, but I felt that this recognition of his condition would only annoy him; obvious as it was, he had not mentioned it to me and I guessed that it was a cross borne not only without fortitude, but with a continuing resentment. I followed them to the foot of the stairs however, and part way up, pausing for breath, he must have suspected my presence there for he turned and looked down.

"What do you think is behind this sheep-killing?" he said. Just that.



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