



Richest in Tea Essence

AS YOU know, all King Cole Tea is good; but King Cole Orange Pekoe is supremely choice. It is blended for fullness, flavor and strength as is the ordinary King Cole, but the Orange Pekoe is made solely from the fresh, young, tender bud leaves that have just unfolded, full of succulent flavor.

Not only that—more expensive teas are blended in King Cole Orange Pekoe: aromatic Darjeelings from high up in the Himalayas, vigorous Travancores from monsoon swept hills of Southern India, costly delicacies that give character and distinctiveness to the finest tea we can blend.



You will enjoy King Cole Coffee too

NOTICE!

Owing to the limited number of Hogs offering, until further notice we will receive live Hogs one day only each week, Tuesday forenoon.

Davis & Fraser

Mon. Fri.

NOTICE

The Parker House is ready to accommodate permanent and transient boarders. The table is equal to none in the city. This house has been less than a year in business but has had a wonderful patronage. We expect all table boarders of last year and as many more new ones. Anyone visiting the city will find an up-to-date accommodation at the Parker House.

M. J. McKINNON, Proprietor

6081-8-24-mwll.

WET FEET CAUSE TONSIL DEFECTS

TORONTO, Aug. 18.—Muddy roads in the rural sections of the country result in many children who attend the rural schools suffering from defective tonsils because they sit in school with wet feet, according to Dr. Mackenzie Smith in a recent lecture before the Scarboro Junction Home and School Club. The doctor said that among pupils whose tonsils were inspected there were 50 per cent in need of immediate attention, and he had no doubt that rural road conditions were responsible for much of the trouble.

Local Conventions of The Prince Edward Island Teachers' Federation

- Hunter River ..... Monday, August 26th
New Haven (At Charlottetown) ..... Tuesday, August 27th
Mt. Stewart ..... Wednesday, August 28th
Uigg ..... Thursday, August 29th
Souris ..... Friday, August 30th
Summerside ..... Tuesday, September 3rd
O'Leary ..... Wednesday, September 4th

7347-8-17-31.

Valuable Business Property for Sale

Double tenement house and store combined; also warehouse and barn, and two garages. Each tenant has eight rooms and bath, hardwood floors down stairs. A growing business stand in one of the best sections of the City. Also one building lot on Euston Street, facing Pleasant Street, size lot 164 x 49 with new glass house 22 x 11 feet. Apply to W. H. JOHNSON, Corner Fitzroy and Edward Streets.

7340-8-17-31.

The Green Shadow

The Picaroon clutched his heart, staggered back, gazed with a groggy expression at the little curl of gray vapor that eddied in the green light, reeled with a drunken corkscrew motion, threw his arms and went tumbling to the floor. A groan sounded, a hoarse, shuddering gasp for breath, then silence.

And then another long, strident peal broke through the silence. Dr. Moffett dropped the pistol to the table.

"It will take them several minutes to batter down the gate in the fence," he remarked. His voice was curiously quiet. "We'll have ample time to get out the back way. Get the brown bag from my room. Hurry!"

The last word, sharp as a whiplash, brought the old man out of his stupor. He ran from the room. The doctor stepped away from the table. His movements in the green light grew obscure. A little click came, then a sliding sound, as if a drawer controlled by a spring had opened. There was a hurried shuffling of papers.

Axelsson reappeared, carrying a small travelling bag. He placed it on the table. The visible part of Dr. Moffett approached again. He dumped a handful of papers and other articles into the bag.

"Get Annie and Caesar," he commanded. "No, just wait a moment. First—"

He broke off as a dull roar sounded outside.

"What—what was that?" Axelsson "They are trying to shoot the lock on the gate to pieces. It's a good lock and it will take several shots. Axelsson—"

Through the green haze the doctor's eyes traveled to Adele. She stood at the wall, trembling, her hands clasped across her breast, gazing in horror at the limp form that had fallen beside the table.

"We can't take her with us," Moffett murmured.

Axelsson gasped. He stared crookedly at the girl.

"Neither," said Moffett, "can we leave her here alive."

Axelsson jerked up his shoulders so they almost touched the lobes of his ears.

"I've done my share of the nasty business," said the doctor. "Do yours."

He flung the pistol toward the old man, and the latter caught it. With spasmodic jerks of his shoulders he turned it over and looked at it. Another muffled roar suddenly penetrated the walls.

"Hurry," said the doctor. Axelsson hesitated. "I—I don't like to do it."

"Neither do I," said the doctor calmly. "I haven't the right kind of nerve for that sort of thing. It has to be done. Quick! They may be here any moment."

The old man fingered the weapon a moment longer. He drew up his gaunt figure. "I won't!" he rasped out.

"Eh?" Dr. Moffett's sharp eyes cut a blaze through the green space that separated them. "You won't? When did you get so squeamish? You had no scruples about getting Miss Conway out of the way."

"That was different. She had it coming to her. But this one"—he glanced crookedly at the girl—"didn't double-cross us, the way the other one did. She only did what anybody else would do in a pinch like that. I won't do it!"

He threw the pistol from him, and it clattered noisily to the floor, falling close to the motionless form lying there.

There was the sound of footsteps on the other side of the table. A

deadly looked pierced the shuddering old man. Doctor Moffett's dim and fragmentary figure stooped over the weapon.

"I won't forget this, Axelsson," he muttered angrily. "Well, if you won't do it, then I must. The outcome will be—"

He broke off with a startled exclamation. He had just reached for the pistol lying on the floor but a quicker hand had forestalled him. With a laugh the Picaroon leaped to his feet.

"Don't move Moffett," he advised quietly. "I can shoot straight, even if I can't see your face. Stay right where you are, Axelsson, until I tell you to move. Permit me." He threw something at the doctor's feet.

"What—what's that?" stammered the doctor in a stricken voice.

"The bullet you wasted. And here is something else." His left hand dipped into the inside pocket on the left side of his coat. He drew out a volume of ancient appearance.

"This is Lobetra's Amadis of Gaul," the book I promised you. I trust you will appreciate the thick leather binding—thick enough to stop a bullet."

He tossed the book on the table. For an ancient volume it was a rather big book of a format slightly larger than that of the usual novel.

The doctor tried to speak, but the words choked in his throat. From the wall, where Adele had been standing, came a trembling sigh of relief.

"Do you know, doctor, I didn't really think you would shoot," said the Picaroon. "But, since you had

shoot, it was nice of you to humor my whim and shoot straight at my heart. Oh, Axelsson!"

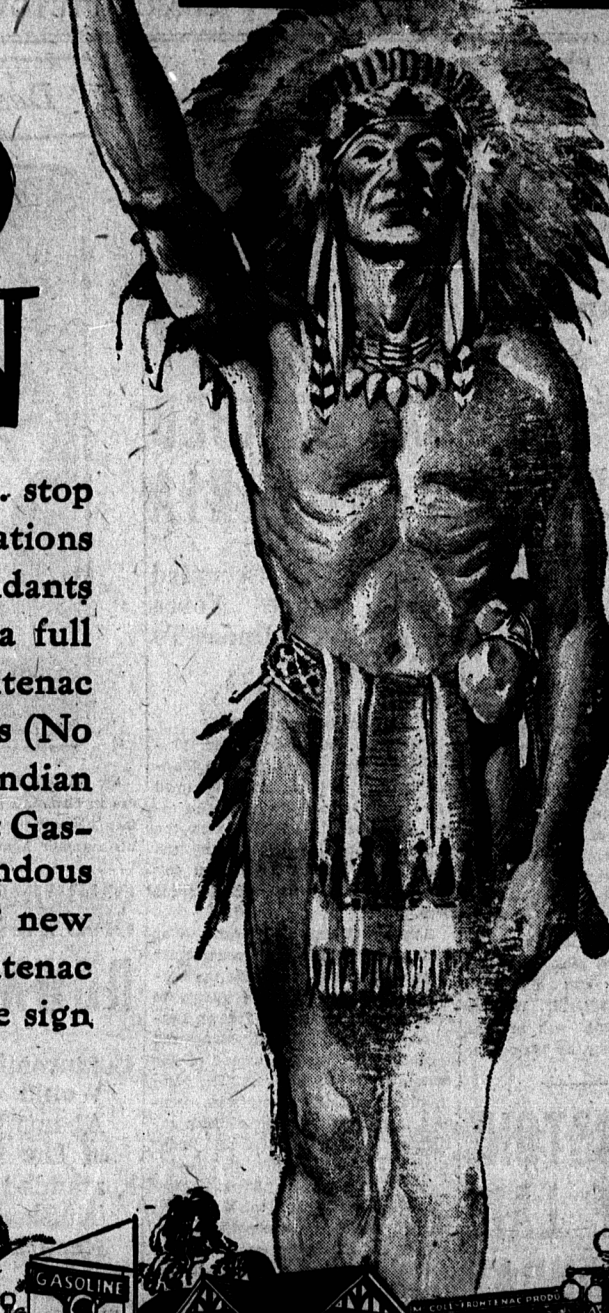
With an unsteady gait, his head lolled unsteadily, the old man came forward.

"Axelsson," said the Picaroon. "You are a vile old scoundrel, but I shan't forget that you refused to do as the blackguard told you." He looked over the old man's head. "What are those things on the mantel?"

Axelsson followed his gaze. "Candles."

"Oh, to be sure. Green candles, aren't they? That's why they don't stand out in this light. More protective coloring!" The Picaroon chuckled musingly. "Light them, Axelsson."

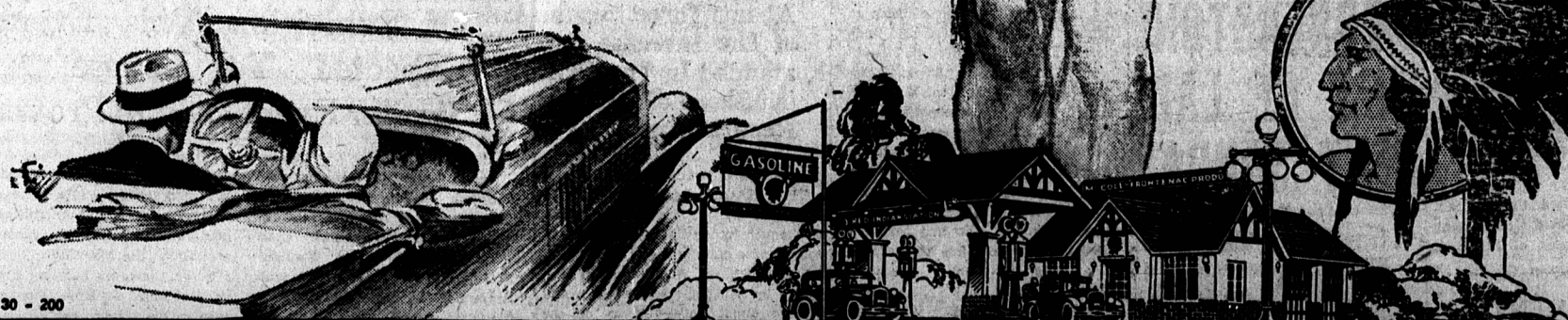
The old man twisted his head and hesitated.



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BRINGING UP FATHER



Auction Sale Of Old-Fashioned Furniture

To be sold at Public Auction at 222 Queen Street, Charlottetown, August 27th, commencing at 12 noon. Furniture and Movables of the Late Honourable Chief Justice and Mrs. Palmer, consisting of some splendid pieces of sitting-room, dining-room, and bedroom furniture, also valuable silverware, plated ware, china and glass dishes. TERMS CASH, JOHN P. BRADLE Auctioneer

7300-eod it

—By George McManus

MY WIFE JUST MADE ME GO ON IT TODAY

SEE YOU ARE ONE LUCKY GUY

WELL, OLD TOP, I'M THROUGH WITH THE EIGHTEEN-DAY DIET

I'LL GET DINTY AN' WELL HAVE A FINE FEED TOGETHER

WELL, THE EIGHTEEN-DAY DIET IS OVER FER ME—I'M GOIN' TO START RIGHT IN EATIN'

8-19