

OXO

Use them to put FLAVOUR and nourishment into Soups, Sauces, Gravies—Meat Pies, Stews and Hash—Salads and Salad Dressings.

CUBES

EYES TESTED

and GLASSES FITTED

E. W. TAYLOR
J. S. TAYLOR
Optometrists
142 Richmond Street

FEEDS

Prices are good for about everything the farmer has to sell this fall with the exception of POTATOES, then feed all the potatoes possible to the Hogs and other live stock, but the farmer will need to buy some of our high grade FEEDS to milk. Take Hogs for instance, nothing better than our

Sugar Beet Meal

It makes them grow from the start and keeps them growing. Then we have

MIDDINGS, SHORTS, BRAN, OIL CAKE MEAL, CRACKED CORN FEED, CORNMEAL, COTTON SEED MEAL, CRACKED GRAIN, SCHUMACHER FEED (both plain and sweetened. Ask about it.) Great Feed for Milk Cows, Hogs, etc.

Get our prices on all kinds of Feeds before buying. We buy in carload lots and for cash. Special prices in ton lots.

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CARTER & CO., Ltd.

SPINNING

Parties intending to have their Spinning done at my mill are requested to send wool at once as intended to close October 31st.

WM. LANDRIGAN,
Souris.

8251-10-6-sttlmo.

POULTRY

We are paying special prices on live fowl, chickens and broilers for the Thanksgiving Market. If you have any to sell, write or phone us for prices.

SWIFT CANADIAN CO., LTD.

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SMILES

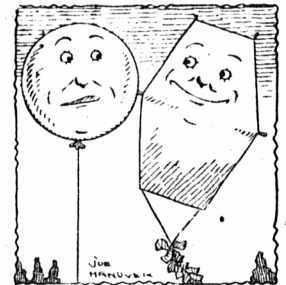
GABBY GERTIE



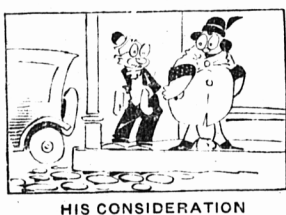
"Occasionally a good love story nets its author a fortune."



WHAT IT WOULD BE UNDER
He: I'm going to kiss you, even if it's under protest.
She: It will be under an anesthetic, if you ever do.



SAD THOUGHT
Mite (to toy balloon): You needn't be so uppish. Just think what would happen if someone were to stick a pin in you!



HIS CONSIDERATION
Hubby (on street): Please, please be careful or you'll get in front of a car.
Wife: You're so considerate, dear.
Hubby: Well, who's going to get dinner if you're hurt?



Belgian Roads Fight Motors
To complete with the growing motor transportation, the Belgian Railways are giving cheap weekend tickets, reduced rates for parcels and combined rail and motor car fares, and are working on a plan for door-to-door transportation for both passengers and freight. Passenger cars are to be improved and equipped with modern comfort for travelers. Showing the popularity of motor transport, the municipal trade department at Ghent reports that at least 85 surrounding villages are now connected with that town by regular motor car services.

PIMPLES ON FACE AND HANDS

Were Hard and Red. Could Not Do Hard Work. Cuticura Heals.

"Small pimples broke out on my face which later grew larger and were hard and red. Later pimples broke out on my hands and kept getting worse each day. I could not do any hard work with my hands on account of the breaking out."

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they helped me. I continued the treatment and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) A. W. Babychuk, Wishart, Sask.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum to promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health; the Soap to cleanse and purify, Ointment to soothe and heal, and Talcum to powder and refresh.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Distributor: "The Canadian Dispensary," Toronto, Ont., or "The Canadian Dispensary," Montreal, P. Q.

Blue Murder

BY EDMUND SHELL

(Continued)

Greta!
When endeavoring to discover the identity of the visitor of the night before, it had never occurred to him that it might be she.
He swore softly to himself as he went up.

Under any other circumstances he would have been wildly delighted their love affair had been so pitifully short; he had not dared to dream that they would meet again so soon.
"Greta, by all that's wonderful!"
"Hullo, Alan," she said again.
"How are you?"

Avoiding her gaze, he drew her to a secluded corner in the hotel lounge.
"Why on earth didn't you tell me you were coming?"
"My dear, I simply couldn't. Daddy abled that he was ill and wanted to see me, and I started off at a moment's notice. I oughtn't to have stopped off here, really."

He bit his lip.
"And you got here last night?"
"Yes."
He struck the palm of his hand with his clenched fist.
"And to think of a whole precious evening—wasted because I was out!"
She eyed him curiously.
"You're quite sure it was wasted, Alan?"

"Why, yes, of course, dear."
"You weren't spending it, by any chance with the charming lady I saw you with just now?"
He had expected this thrust, but it made him wince just the same. There was an explanation needed here—an explanation which he knew that he could not give. He had been "rock-a-hoop" a few minutes ago, as he bucked as anything over that raid—and now Fate had trotted in Greta at the wrong moment to draw a shadow over everything. Inwardly he cursed Tavernier and his schemes. It was Tavernier—her own uncle—who had chosen him for this Lohario stunt—and the galling thing of it was that he couldn't look to him to get him out of it. No woman in her senses was going to believe that an intrigue with Mafalda Pasquall was part of his day's work.

"No," he returned stately. "I was out walking with an American. Why didn't you leave your name with the night porter?"
"I wanted it to be a surprise for you."

A break in her voice suggested the proximity of tears. He caught her hand before she could withdraw them from his reach.
"Greta," he whispered, "I want you to listen to me. Do you remember my warning you in London how difficult things might be? When I tell you that that woman means nothing more to me than that table, I want you to try and believe me. I'd explain the whole thing to you now, only—I daren't explain. Greta, I can't put it any clearer to you than that."

He made her look at him.
"Look here, old thing," he continued with a touch of sternness, "it's no use bothering your pretty head over matters you don't understand. I haven't changed one iota since I saw you in London. You haven't—and never will have—a serious rival on this earth. I'm afraid you've got to be satisfied with that. It's asking a lot, I know, but I still ask you to trust me—"

A faint smile hovered on her lips.
"I do trust you," she protested.
"I've been trusting you all along, in face of things that would have sent most girls hurrying to Rome without bothering to see you at all. As soon as I had fixed up at a hotel near the station, I came straight here—and found you out. I called about a dozen times last night, until I should think they were sick of the sight of me—and I was sick of hearing the same answer. When at last I got to bed I'll admit my loyalty to you was a little frayed. And then, on top of it all, to find you this morning in the arms of a bewitching Italian!"

Dighton grinned.
"Hardly in the arms!" he put in hurriedly.
"Well, holding hands then! Is she frightfully nice, Alan?"
He made an impatient gesture.
"My dear girl, I assure you I don't care two hoots for her."

Greta pouted.
"I don't think I should have minded so much—if she hadn't been so pretty!"
He held out his case to her.
"Please have a cigarette and change the subject. We've lost so much time already that it seems a pity to waste any more of it quarrelling. When do you go to Home?"
"This afternoon."
"As soon as that?"
She nodded.

"I'm afraid so. I'm not supposed to be here at all, you know. Uncle doesn't know I've come, and daddy's never heard of you."
"I'll tell you what," said Dighton; "we'll drive to Portofino by the coast road, lunch at a topping little albergo I know on the way—and come back in time to settle up and catch the afternoon train."

Greta flushed.
"It sounds frightfully attractive. Do we start now?"
"Rather! I'll order a car."
He sprang to his feet and made for the door, just as Parsons, carrying two sticks and two caps, blundered into the room.

"I say, Dighton; what about that walk to Santa Margherita?"
The other shook his head.
"Afraid it's off for today, old son," he said. "We'll try and work it in tomorrow if you're game."

He took Parsons by the arm and dragged him across to Greta.
"This is my fiancée—Miss Hays," he explained. "Greta, I'm leaving Mr. Parsons to keep you amused while I interview the blokes in the office."
"How'd you do," murmured Greta.
"Pretty fit, thanks," returned Parsons placidly. "I'm fearfully sorry to hear you propose marrying that! Not a bad sort of chap in his way. I

the door. "I'll murder you when I get back!"
"All right, old dear!" came the ready response. "Only don't be in too much of a hurry!"
There were several persons around the desk when Dighton got down, and it was ten minutes before he could get any one to attend to him. There followed a series of irritating delays.

The number was engaged; a family of English people, changing from another hotel, wanted rooms; an old-lady complained of the working of her radiator.

Moving over to the rack, with the car still unorderd, he discovered a letter there, addressed to himself—a small buff envelope, without stamp of postmark, bearing his full name correctly typed.

Another of those sinister reminders from the Lizard!
He knew what it was as soon as he felt it. He had wondered how long it would be before that disturbing personality became active again. A clerk came out of the office and touched his arm.
"Your car will be here in five minutes, Signore."

Dighton thanked him and went up. A premonition of disaster came to him before he opened the door.
The table at which they had been sitting was empty. Between this and the glass door which opened on to the steps he almost tripped over a prostrate form in lavender plus-fours.

And Greta had vanished completely.
Greta had gone.

There was no need for Dighton to rack his brains to discover through what agency she had disappeared. The Lizard must have been in the hall at the same time as himself, have placed that envelope in the rack and gone straight up the stairs to carry out this prearranged plan while Dighton was ordering the car.

The sheer daring of this daylight outrage staggered him. It made him wonder if the news of her father's illness had been part and parcel of this kidnaped scheme. Taking into consideration the swiftness with which her preparations for the lighting visit had been made, he could not imagine in what way this king of crooks could have obtained knowledge of her movements, unless he was instrumental in planning them.

There was no reason why the Lizard should be interested in Greta. It was so obviously a scheme to get even with himself, to avenge those incidents in Tavernier's study and on the steps which possibly even a ruse to lure him from the neighborhood of the Villa Sabino.

With scarcely a look at the prostrate Parsons, he ran through the glass doorway to the top of the stone steps on which he had had his last interview with Mafalda. He found no sign of movement there or in the garden below.

Glancing back through the doorway, he saw some one enter the lounge from the landing—a waiter with glasses on a tray, drinks that Parsons had probably ordered.
He stepped back into the room and snatched up his cap.

"Cameriere," he shouted breathlessly, "there has been trouble here. The Signor Parsons has been injured and I can find no trace of the lady who was with him. You'd better get him to his room and telephone for a doctor."

The man dropped his tray on the nearest table and approached the incident in Tavernier's study and on the steps which possibly even a ruse to lure him from the neighborhood of the Villa Sabino.

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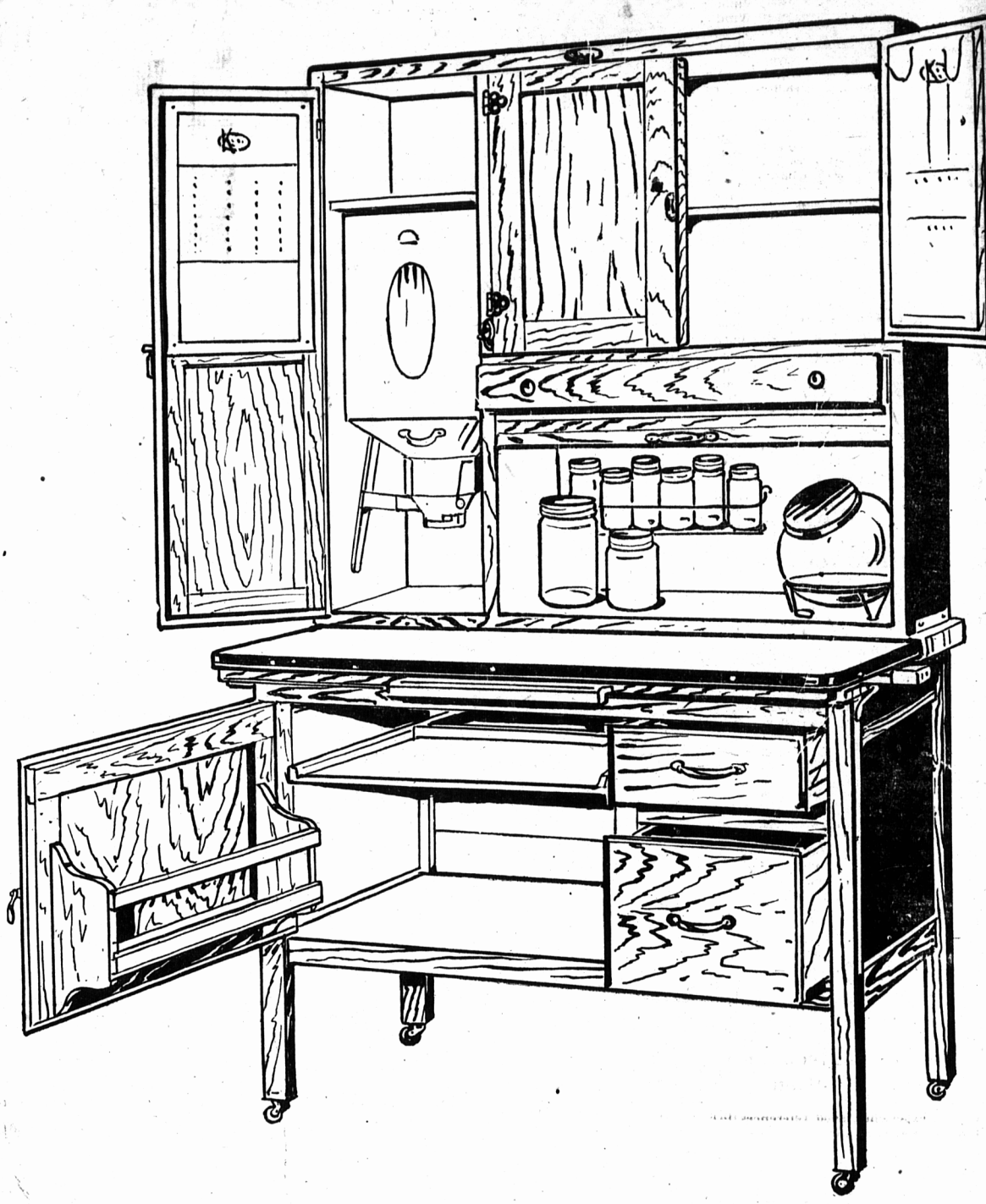
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