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The Red Lamp

Mary Roberts Rhinehart

(Continued)

And so far, nothing. Nothing, that is, which leads to Gordon's apprehension. From the time he turned back in the boat and landing, made his escape into the woods above Robinson's Point, he disappeared entirely. Here and there a clue has turned up, to end in disappointment. Greenough believes that he will be found, that he cannot escape the police dragnet, but I am not so sure.

Although almost forty-eight hours have passed Jane has not yet opened up the subject of the telephone, and because of her morbid reserve on such matters, I have not told the police. Asked how I had happened to be at the telephone and thus receive the alarm, I have replied that the bell rang, that I went to the instrument, and was immediately aware that one of the receivers was down, either at Halliday's or at the main house; that I heard a crash over the wire, followed by a second and nearer one, and after that a silence; that following that I heard, near the receiver, the sobbing breath of exhaustion, and that immediately after that the receiver went up, and I called Halliday frantically; and that, on his replying, I told him my suspicion that something was wrong at the main house, and to meet me there at once.

But there is a discrepancy here which may cause me trouble if they come back to it. A telephone such as ours does not ring if one of the receivers is down. And the plain fact is that our telephone did not ring at all that night.

As I have not yet recorded the events of that tragic evening in their sequence, I shall do so now.

Halliday had dined with us, and had been more like himself than for some time past. The news that the house was to be given up had seemed to relieve him, for some strange reason, and I remember he said something which puzzled me at the time.

"After all," he said, "we can't undo what has been done. And it may be the end." After dinner he and Edith sat on the veranda, and going to a shade I saw that she was holding a match while he drew something on a bit of paper. But the match went out almost at once, and I would have thought no more of it, had I not heard Edith say: "And the cabinet was there?" "In the corner," he replied. "I am no eaves-dropper, so I drew the shade and turned away."

He left at something after ten, and Edith joined us. She was very quiet, and sat watching me play solitaire while Jane sewed industriously. At half past ten or thereabouts, Jane suddenly said: "The telephone is ringing."

Both Edith and I looked up in amazement; the instrument was in the small hall, not ten feet from where I sat; it would have been impossible for it to ring without our hearing it, and we had heard nothing.

"You've been asleep, Jane!" Edith accused her. But I glanced at her, and I remember that she was oddly relaxed in her chair; her face looked white and her eyes were slightly fixed.

"It is ringing," she said, thickly. And that is how I happened to be at the telephone that night. And how, too I gave the alarm which enabled the murdered to escape, by calling Halliday.

"Get your revolver and meet me at the main house," I said. "There's something wrong there." I know that had I not rung the telephone, had I gone for Halliday instead, we would have caught the criminal. But to ring the one house was to ring the other; he may still have been standing there, gasping. He had, for all he knew up to that time, the rest of the night in which to finish his deadly work; to dispose of the body, to gather up his suitcase, waiting outside, and get away.

But I called Halliday, and he listened. He knew then that instead of hours he had only minutes. He must have worked fast, in that ghastly shambles of a room; the car was probably already out, in the lane. He may even have stood there, at the corner of the

Hubby: My mother made a dollar go much farther than you can. Wifey: But I make it go faster.

SMILES



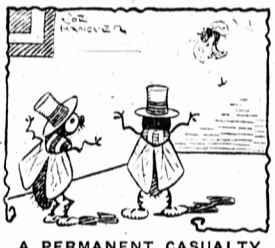
HIS GUIDE

"Did your doctor consult anyone before he operated on you?" "Oh, yes, of course! He consulted Bradstreet."



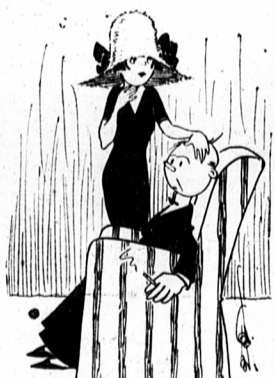
CHOPPED OFF HER WORDS

"Why does that woman chop off her words so?" "Can't help it—she's got a hatchet face."



A PERMANENT CASUALTY

Housefly: Ah! The swatter got another of our brave fellows. Bluebottle: Is he badly wounded? Housefly: I think so. He's coming down out of control.



NATURALIZING HIM

"This man doesn't seem to know much about the Constitution." "But he didn't miss a ball game this season, judge." "Then I guess he's assimilated."

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lane, the engine turning over quietly, and watched Halliday running up toward the house. And perhaps he laughed, that secret laugh of his which had always rather chilled me. Then he simply got into the car and drove away. Cool and crafty to the last. No body, no murder. He made for the boat. He left behind him only two real clues; the knife, which Annie Cochran identifies as one taken from the kitchen, and his packed suitcase. Not intentional, this last. He must have needed clean linen. And certainly that diary of his in cipher—he would need want that in the hands of the police. But what would the diary matter, after all, if he himself escaped?

August 22nd. As time goes on the case is complicated with the eagerness of all sorts of people to bring in extraneous circumstances which they consider important.

For instance, Livingstone's butler, the one who brought the knife to Oakville and caused so much excitement by so doing, has been ordered to get a description of Gordon, preserving an air of mystery which under other circumstances would be vastly entertaining.

Another story concerns a middle-aged man of highly respectable appearance and of a square and heavy build, who was seen walking uncertainly along the main road near the Livingston place at 1:00 a. m. the night of the murder. A passing car, seeing his state, stopped and asked if he was in trouble. He replied that he had been struck by a car an hour or so before, and had been lying by the road ever since. His condition bore this out, as he was stained with blood and dirt. He accepted the offer of a lift, and was left at the railroad station at Martin's Ferry to catch the express there for the city.

There have been many similar ones; an innumerable number of people are convinced that they have seen Gordon, and apparently almost any dapper youth of twenty or so, with what Edith calls patent leather hair and an inveterate cigarette habit, is likely at any time to be tapped on the shoulder and taken to a police station.

Of clues of other and lesser sorts there has been almost an embarrassment. Both the library and the portion of the hall near the telephone have furnished finger prints. But as Greenough says: "Finger prints do not discover criminals; they identify them."

Nevertheless, great pains have been taken to preserve them. On the white marble mantel a very distinct imprint in blood was photographed without difficulty; others, less clear, were dusted with black powder before the camera was used. Detailed pictures were made of the library and hall, before any attempt to put them back to order was permitted, and these prints have been enlarged and carefully studied. One of them with a strange result.

Greenough, handing it to me to do, said: "This print is defective. You can keep it, if you care to."

But I wonder if it is defective. There is what Greenough calls a light streak in the lower corner, but it requires very little imagination to give to this misty outline the semblance of a form, and to the lower portion of it the faint but recognizable appearance of a head.

I have said nothing. What can I say? One thing which puzzles the police is the violence of the battle; it seems incredible that Bethel could have made the fight for life which he evidently did. At the same time, they have two problems to solve which repeated searching of the house and wide publicity have not yet answered.

One is the disappearance of the manuscript on which Bethel had worked all summer. Annie Cochran has testified that this manuscript was kept locked in a drawer in the library desk; when Halliday and I entered the house this drawer was standing open and the manuscript was missing. It has not yet been located. But perhaps the most surprising

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Belfast and Vicinity

Mr. David Bishop, Mr. Buchanan was a visitor to the city last week.

Mr. Frank Ross and Mr. J. M. MacLean were visiting in Surry last week.

Miss Margaret McLean, teacher, returned to resume her work in Surry school after spending her two week fall vacation at her home in Louis.

Mr. Charlie MacEachern and Company are busily engaged in loading ties at Surry Station this week.

Mr. Garfield Ross of Roseberry returned home last week after a successful operation for appendicitis in the P. E. Island Hospital.

Miss Ivy MacPherson and her aunt, Miss Christina MacRae left for Boston last week. This is Miss MacPherson's first trip and we wish every success.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Mr. Richard MacRae, Point Prim, last week, when a number of friends gathered together and spent the evening with music and dancing. Mr. Joseph Griffin, Newtown, furnished the violin music.

Mr. Pat Dunn, Iona, was visiting in Eidon last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alex MacWilliams.

Mr. Ewen MacEachern of Garfield who returned home a couple of weeks ago from Tignish left last week to resume his work as pile driver. Mr. Alex Ross of Flat River is with Mr. MacEachern in Tignish.

A very enjoyable evening was spent in the Belfast Public Hall last Wednesday night, Oct. 13, 1926, when a number of Charlotte-town musicians held a concert in aid of the hall. A number of baskets were sold and a large sum of money was realized.

The failure of any friend or relative of Simon Bethel to interest himself in the case, Cameron's note to Larkin before Bethel rented the house, expressly disclaims any previous knowledge of him.

"Here is a possible tenant for Mr. Porter's house," he wrote, "of which he spoke to me some time ago. I have no acquaintance with Mr. Bethel, save that he called on me a day or so ago, in reference to a statement in a book of mine. I imagine, however, that he would be a quiet and not troublesome tenant."

Halliday brought up this curious situation yesterday, in one of the rare moments he has given us since the murder.

"Has it occurred to you, Skipper," he said, "that it is strange that no one belonging to Mr. Bethel has turned up?"

"I dare say a man can outlive most of his contemporaries and most of his friends."

"He wasn't as old as all that." And he asked, apparently irrelevantly a moment later: "The two evenings you saw him and talked to him, how did he impress you? I mean, his state of mind?"

"The last time, of course, he was frankly frightened. He said as much."

"And before that?" "He didn't say so but he was more or less on guard. He had his revolver. Of course, those were rather parlous times."

As a matter of fact, the case is anything but a clear one against Gordon, as it develops. Greenough has been along, as convinced of Gordon's guilt as he had previously been of mine. But Benchley is more open to conviction, and a conversation between Halliday and him this morning, on the lawn near the terrace, is still running in my mind.

Halliday had been protesting against Greenough's method of following a single idea until it went up a blind alley and died there.

"Of course," he said quietly "you can make a case against Gordon; it's all here. But you'll have something left over that you won't know what to do with. We know that it was Mr. Bethel who hit Gordon and knocked him out some time ago, but who tied him?"

Where's the boy's own story about seeing a man at the gun room window? Mr. Porter here later on finds that the same window open, and sees a man in the lower hall. Who was that? The same hand tied the boy that tied Carroway, and Gordon hadn't even seen this place at that time. What are you going to do with that?"

"Then where's Gordon now?" Benchley asked, practically enough. "I don't know. Dead, maybe."

"I think you get the idea," he said. "The fight, you think, was between Mr. Bethel and this unknown of yours; the boy either saw it and got mixed up in it, or knew he'd be suspected and beat it. Is that it?"

"Well, I would say a man about to commit such a crime, doesn't pack his suitcase, with the idea of escaping with it."

A thought, which I admit, had never occurred to me until that moment.

As a result of this conversation, Benchley has advanced a theory of his own which accounts at least for the failure of any relatives to make inquiry. This is that the old man was in hiding under an assumed name; hiding, in the most secluded spot he could find; from some implacable enemy who had finally caught up with him.

(To Be Continued)

Fried Ham And Eggs Wales' Favorite Dish

LONDON, Oct. 21.—When an official life on the Prince of Wales comes to be written some day, his royal highness's biographer will find ready and waiting for him a mine of carefully collected matter about his subject such as probably never has been gotten together before regarding any individual, royal or otherwise.

The "mine" in question is an extraordinary collection of newspaper clippings about the prince which is kept at York House, his London residence. It is probably the largest of its kind in the world and is being added to daily. The clippings comprising it, all at the present time, over forty big volumes, forming the complete set of possible records of the prince's doings from his eighth year onwards.

One of the most interesting volumes in this collection is the immense book of clippings from American and Canadian newspapers that was compiled by the state department at Washington during the prince's first visit to the United States, in 1919, and presented to the prince after the conclusion of his tour.

Advice to Americans. There was some good-humored chaffing of the prince in the American press on the occasion of that visit which he has often laughed at. For example, one article is headed: "Don'ts for those who meet the prince." And here are some of the don'ts:

Don't call him Jim—it is not his name. Don't ask him to have a drink—he might accept. Don't ask him when he is going to marry—he may not know.

Another article headed: "10,000 Possible Brides for the Prince of Wales," which dealt with his matrimonial prospects, always appeals to his sense of humor. But in addition to articles of this kind there are many dealing seriously with the Prince of Wales' visit.

Another clip, one of the latest to be inserted, is a little piece from one of the London papers. Its subject is the prince's simple tastes in food, which he is said to inherit from both his father and mother.

"He likes particularly," says the writer, "dishes which are typically English, and one of his favorites is eggs and ham fries—eaten preferably when he comes home late at night from a dance or the theatre."

Kitchener's Caution. Among the other clippings is the account of the prince's first interview with Lord Kitchener when his royal highness, in September, 1914, went to seek permission to go to France with the Grenadier Guards.

"After all," said the prince, "if I am killed it does not greatly matter. I have four brothers." (The youngest, Prince John, died in 1919.) Lord Kitchener's reply was grimly significant:

"If there was only the chance of your being killed to consider," he said, "I am not at all sure that I should be justified in forbidding you to go. But there is another danger in the present state of our lines you might be taken prisoner and that is a risk I am not, for obvious reasons, going to let you run."

There are several good golf stories about the prince. There was one historic occasion when the prince "played a round in the company of the famous St. Andrew's Club, in Scotland."

He had to get through the terrible ordeal of making his drive with some hundreds of the best golfers in England looking on. He fooled—small wonder—and the ball rolled about thirty yards.

"Oh, you little blackguard!" shouted a voice. The owner of it was a sun-burnt old woman who had walked from her cottage twenty-one miles distant to see the prince play himself in.

Later the prince, when he learned the reason of the exclamation, bestowed a sovereign on the woman and apologized for his poor drive.

Listen! Have you heard about Peps Peps is a scientific preparation put up in pastille form, which provides an entirely new and effective treatment for coughs, colds, chest and throat troubles. Peps contain certain medicinal ingredients, which, when placed upon the tongue, immediately turn into vapor, and are breathed down the air passages to the lungs. On their journey, they soothe the inflamed and irritated membranes of the bronchial tubes, the delicate walls of the air passages, and finally enter and carry relief and healing to the lungs.

While no liquid or solid can get to the lungs and air passages, these Peps fumes get there direct, and healing commences.

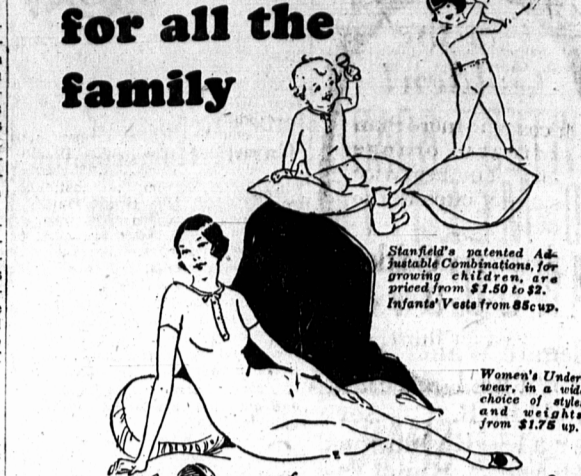
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MORTGAGE SALE

TO BE SOLD by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, on Tuesday the second day of November, A. D., 1926, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL THAT TRACT PIECE AND PARCEL OF LAND situate lying and being in Charlottetown aforesaid, bounded as follows:—Commencing at the West side of Pownall Street at its junction with the South Side of Sydney Street, thence Westwardly along the South side of Sydney Street for the distance of 106 feet 4 inches, from thence in a South-Sydney Street for the distance of 81 feet, thence at right angles easterly and parallel with Sydney Street for the distance of 23 feet 8 inches, thence at right angles northwardly and parallel to Pownall Street 54 feet or to the northwest angle of the Byrnes Estate, thence Eastwardly and parallel to Sydney Street for the distance of 82 feet 6 inches and thence northwardly along the West side of Pownall Street 37 feet to the place of commencement and is part of Town Lots numbers 71 and 72 in the first hundred of Town Lots in Charlottetown.

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PUBLIC AUCTION

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I am authorized by Stephen Holroyd, Winsloe, to sell his beautiful herd of Jerseys. Also 1 mare 7 years old, Clyde; 1 mare 9 years old, general purpose; 1 driving mare 14 years old; 1 colt 3 years old, Land league; 1 horse 1 1/2 years old, Ballarat; 1 colt 6 months old; 1 heifer 2 years old registered Shorthorn; 1 heifer 2 years old, Shorthorn, 8 registered Jersey cows and heifers, 1 registered Jersey bull 1 year old; 7 grade cows, about 10 ton choice hay, 200 bushels potatoes, 1 set driving harness, 1 driving sleigh. J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer.

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I offer by private sale that desirable property situate at 70 Sydney Street, Charlottetown consisting of up-to-date dwelling, in thorough repair, with all modern conveniences including hot-water heating, set tubs and spacious side lawn with large building suitable for warehouse, stable or garage. This property is offered at a bargain. It is not sold by private sale before Tuesday, October 26th, it will be offered by auction at 12 o'clock noon on that day. Apply to G. J. McCORMAC, Revere Hotel Block or 252 Kent St.