

# Give him all he wants SHREDDED WHEAT

Makes good muscle and sound teeth  
Builds sturdy boys and girls

## Tenders For Doyle Bridge

Sealed Tenders will be received at this office until noon on Monday October 4, 1926, for the supplying and delivering at Doyle Bridge, near Tignish on or before March 31, 1927, the following materials:

- 75 cords of ties, 16 ft. long, 8 in. at small ends.
- 75 cords of poles, 16 ft. long, 4 in. at small ends.
- 5,000 ft. of 3 in. plank including 30 pieces, 18 ft. long 3 x 10, remainder random lengths.
- 8 caps, 18 ft. long, 8 x 8.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tenders for Doyle Bridge."

L. B. MacMILLAN  
Secretary of Public Works.  
1765-6th.

## Charlottetown Exhibition Tenders

Separate Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and including the Thirtieth day of September, 1926, for the following purposes at the Exhibition to be held in Charlottetown from the 21st to 24th September:

- For the privilege of Catering under the Grand Stand only.
- For the printing and selling of Score Cards for the Races.
- For the supplying of Straw required.
- For selling feed for Horses, cattle, etc. on the ground, under the Grand Stand only.
- For supplying pressed old Hay for Race Horses.
- In Nos. 1, 2, and 4, the highest quality tender, and in Nos. 3 and 5 the lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Score Cards may be obtained at the office of

C. R. SMALLWOOD,  
Sec'y-Treas.  
Charlottetown

## POTATOES WANTED

As in past years I shall this fall be open to buy large quantities of both Certified and Uncertified Irish Cobbler and Green Mountains as well as table stock and Cobbler Seconds graded from Certified fields. Before sending elsewhere give me an opportunity to buy from you.

AUSTIN A. SCALES,  
Freestown, P. E. I.  
1964-9-12wks.

# WORLD CRUISE

This year, Go!

The 25 most fascinating ports in the world and excursions included in your fare. S. S. Empress of Scotland, 25,000 gross tons and one of the world's largest 12 ships, sails from New York Dec. 2. One management ship and shore.

G. Bruce Burpee, Dist. Passenger Agent, Saint John, N. B. Personal service if desired.

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For space and rates Livestock and Produce, apply

### CARVELL BROS., LTD.

AGENTS.

## The Red Lamp

Mary Roberts Rhineheart

(Continued)

"I'm not saying that," he said with his usual caution "But there's some talk of it."

"And killed those sheep?"

"I'm not saying that either. But there's not a man, woman or child around these parts would have gone into those woods night before last, heading for the big house."

I felt that I had gone far enough and I proceeded to explain the lighting of the lamp that night. But although I saw that he believed me readily enough, it did not for a moment alter his attitude toward the red lamp.

"And, as a matter of fact," I concluded. "I think Mrs. Porter actually saw the man Nylle chased, looking in through the pantry window."

"That'll have been George" all right," said Thomas and creaked heavily out of the room.

To leave the gloom of the morning, Halliday arrived today, in boisterous high spirits, broken with a sort of husky emotion when he saw his quarters.

"So darned good of you all," he said, and although the words were to Jane the look was for Edith.

We all escorted him down, Thomas carrying his kit bag, I his overcoat, Jack the newspaper and Warren himself staggering under a box of groceries and the canned goods on which he apparently intends to subsist. He has definitely refused Jane's offer to take his meals at our table.

"I'm the world's best; cook with a can opener," he said boastfully. "And when bacon and beans begin to pull on me, I'll come up for a hand-out."

We stood around, Edith with entire shamelessness, while he unpacked and settled them. She herself insisted on arranging the top of the chest of drawers, and I saw there, handling his hairbrushes caressingly. Poor little Edith, so frankly in love, so ready to believe that love is enough, and that such things as she takes interest in, granted, food and shelter, will automatically follow in its train.

Afterwards we had tea on the narrow verandah over the water, and Halliday examined the old sloop with a professional eye.

"Pretty well out of condition, I'm afraid."

"Any boat's a good boat, sir," he said with his quick smile. "You shall be the skipper, and I'll be the midshipmate, the boy's 'tights and the crew of the—what's its name, anyhow?"

There followed a prolonged dispute between Edith and the new crew as to who was to be the sloop, which was compromised by her announcing that it was to be called "The Cheese."

"Why? It has no holes in it," I protested.

"Because it's to have a skipper in it," said Edith conclusively.

After the women left we sat on the small verandah which surrounds the boat-house on three sides, and smoked. He told me his circumstances; he has exactly enough money to finish his course which he will take either in England, or in the States, at the end of that time he is to have a junior partnership in a law firm in Boston.

"But you know what that means, at first," he said. "A sort of unlimited clerical job. It will be a long time before I am independent."

Before he could marry, was what he meant. And again I thought of my endowment fund for lovers. There are so many funds for preserving human life, and so few to make it worth the preserving. But I must talk to Edith. It is no use making the boy more unhappy than he is, or breaking down the restraints he is clearly putting on himself.

"I lost two years in the war," he said. "That's three years back, you see."

"I dare say it was not lost."

"No," he agreed. "I suppose a man must gain something by a thing like that, if he survives."

From that to the stories about the male house, and to Thomas' recital this morning, was not a long step, nor from that to the history of the house itself and to Mrs. Riggs.

"Curious," he said, "how these people rise prosper, and then are found fraudulent, without disclosing the next generation of their kind. Eventually they are all caught between bases, and it begins all over again."

But the red lamp interested him.

"Some night, sir," he suggested, "you and I might go up there and try robbing the thing; see if we can evoke the genie."

About 8:30 tonight I took Jack and walked to Nylle's farm where the sheep had been killed. I found the field, and wandered idly in. To my surprise, a man with a shotgun recited from a fence corner and confronted me, and Jack's hair rose as he prepared to spring.

"What do you want here?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"Go easy with that gun," I said. "My name's Porter, and I'm out for a stroll. That's all."

He apologized gruffly, while I held Jack by the collar, and even condescended to point out where the dead sheep had been found, but there was certainly no cordiality in his manner, and even a trace of hostility.

July 1st.

More sheep were killed last night. The Livingstones have lost a dozen of their blooded stock, and several farmers have suffered.

In each case the method is the same; the sheep are neatly stabbed in the jugular vein and then are neatly laid out in a row.

We are buying no mutton from the local butcher.

I had not lighted the red lamp again, but he did not smile. He is quite capable of believing, I dare say, that I have summoned a demon I cannot control.

He tells me that a country detective from town, sent by the sheriff, is coming out to look into the matter. And there is a certain relief in this. It seems to me that we have to do with some form of religious mania, symbolic in its manifestations. The sheep is the ancient sacrifice of many faiths. This belief is strengthened by Thomas' statement that in each case the first one there has been left on a nearby rock or, in one instance, on a fence, a small cabalistic design roughly drawn in chalk.

8:00 p. m. I feel like a man who has dreamed of some horrible or grotesque figure, and wakes to find it perched on his bed-post.

The detective sent by Benchley, the Sheriff, has just been here, a man named Greenough, a heavy-set individual with a pleasant enough manner and a damnable smile, behind which he conceals a considerable amount of shrewdness.

He had, of course, gathered together the local superstitions, and he was inclined to be facetious concerning my ownership of the red



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LIGHT OPERA  
Reggie: My voice isn't hawd, you know. I think I'll go into opera, Miss Sharpe.  
Miss Sharpe: Light opera, I suppose, Mr. Sapp?



HE OUGHT TO KNOW  
"Ain't married life great! I don't want to be single again, do you?"  
"No—that is—not permanent."



FULL OF VICE  
"Why is it necessary to have three vice-presidents?"  
"Oh, I don't know—all modern business is full of vice."



THE WORST TRUCK  
"That lunchroom proprietor is crazy over motor vehicles."  
"Well, he has the worst truck in his lunchroom I ever saw."



THE WORST TRUCK  
"That lunchroom proprietor is crazy over motor vehicles."  
"Well, he has the worst truck in his lunchroom I ever saw."

## Women's Lives

are relieved of a great hygienic handicap in this way. Positive protection—discards like tissues

THERE is now a new way in woman's hygiene. A scientific and exquisite that ends the uncertainty of old-time "sanitary pads."

It is called "KOTEX." Eight in every 10 better-class women have adopted it.

You wear sheer frocks and gowns without a second thought, any time anywhere. You meet every day, every business or social demand unhandicapped.

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

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Deodorizes, too. And thus ends ALL fear of offending.

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H. L. WARREN,  
200 Weymouth Street  
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Beautifully situated fox ranch just outside of city limits. Part of one of the finest houses on the island complete with hot and cold water, electric lights and all modern improvements. Forty one per acre and seven acres of land. An ideal place for market gardening and ranching combined. For full information apply to

DR. J. P. LANTZ,  
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1859-9-11-Sattuethus.

lamp. But he was serious enough about the business that had brought him.

"It's probably psychopathic," he said, "and the psychopath is a poor individual to let loose in any community, especially when he's got a knife."

My own suggestion of religious mania seemed to interest him.

"It's possible," he said. "It's a queer time in the world. Mr. Porter People seem ready to do anything, think anything, to escape reality. And from that to delusional insanity isn't very far."

I suppose I looked surprised at that, for he smiled.

"I read a good bit," he said, "and my kind of work is about nineteenth century psychology anyhow. You've got to know what your criminal was thinking and then try to think like him. The third degree is nothing but applied psychology." He smiled again. "But that's a long way from sheep-killing. Now I'll ask you something. Did you ever hear of a circle, with a triangle inside it?"

"I suppose I started, and I had a quick impression that his eyes were on me, shrewdly speculative behind his glasses. But the next moment he had reached into his pocket and drawn out a pencil and an envelope. "Like this," he said, and drawing the infernal symbol slowly and painstakingly, held it out to me.

To save my life I could not keep my hand steady; the envelope visibly quivered, and I saw his eyes on it.

"What do you mean, hear of it?" I asked. And then it came to me suddenly that that ridiculous statement of mine had somehow got to the fellow's ears, and that he was quietly hoaxing me. "Good Lord!" I said, and groaned. "So you've hoaxed me on that too?"

"So you know something about it?" he said quietly, and leaned forward. "Now, do you mind telling me what you know?"

He had not been hoaxing me. There was a curious significance in his manner, in the way he was looking at me, and it persisted while I told my absurd story. Told it badly, I realize, and haltingly; that I had picked up a book on Black Magic somewhere or other, and had as promptly forgotten it. I saved for one two catch phrases and the infernal symbol of a triangle in a circle; how I had foolishly repeated them to a group of women, and now seemed likely never to hear the last of it.

"As I gather, the Lear woman has spread it all over town," I said. "She dabbles in spiritualism, or something, and it seems to have appealed to her imagination."

"It has certainly appealed to somebody's imagination," he said. "That's the mark our friend the sheep-killer has been leaving."

He was very cordial as he picked up his hat and prepared to depart. He was sorry to have had to trouble me; nice little place I had there. He understood I was fighting shy of the other house. He would do the same thing, he didn't believe in ghosts, but he was afraid of them.

And so out onto the drive, leaving me with a full and firm conviction that he suspects me of killing some forty odd sheep in the last few nights, probably in the celebration of some Black Mass of my own psychopathic devising.

(To be continued)

## DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION FOR MRS. PENN

She Escaped It by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Windsor, Ont.—"After the birth of my first baby I was very much run-down in health and the doctor said I must have an operation as I was suffering from a displacement. A friend wanted me to try your medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and I took it steadily for a year. During this time I was carrying my second baby and I felt real hard confinement. I feel sure the Vegetable Compound did me a lot of good, and all my people do, too. One sister in Learnington, Ontario, takes it, and both sisters praise it as a good medicine. I am more than pleased with the result."—Mrs. W. PENN, Windsor, Ontario.

Mrs. Corbin Relieved from Pain Stewiacke, N. S.—"I had pains across my back and in my side for two years after my first baby was born. My mother had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I read about it in the papers, so I tried it and the pains all left me. I have a family of three children now, and the medicine helped me during the months before they were born. I recommend it to my friends."—Mrs. CAROL CORBIN, Main Street, Stewiacke, Nova Scotia.

## Changes Murray Harbor—Souris—Georgetown Service, Sept. 13th and 14th

MURRAY HARBOR  
Commencing Monday, Sept. 13th, Harbor No. 210 will leave Murray Harbor at 7:45 a. m., daily except Saturday and Sunday, instead of Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, arriving Murray Harbor 11:15 a. m.

Train No. 209 will leave Charlottetown 3:30 p. m., daily except Saturday and Sunday, instead of Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, arriving Murray Harbor 7:00 p. m.

Train No. 2 will leave Murray Harbor 8:00 a. m., Saturdays only, instead of Tuesdays and Saturdays, arriving Charlottetown 10:40 a. m.

Train No. 1 will leave Charlottetown 4:00 p. m., Saturdays only, instead of Tuesdays and Saturdays, and

arriving Murray Harbor 6:45 p. m.

SOURIS  
Effective the same date, Train No. 6 will leave Souris 7:50 a. m., instead of 8:20 a. m., daily except Sunday, Mount Stewart Jct., 9:45 a. m., arriving Charlottetown 11:00 a. m., instead of 12:30 p. m.

Train No. 5 will leave Charlottetown 3:20 p. m., instead of 6:00 p. m., daily except Sunday, Mount Stewart Jct., 4:20 p. m., arriving Souris 6:15 p. m., instead of 9:00 p. m.

Train No. 215 will leave Charlottetown 6:20 a. m., instead of 9:00 a. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Mount Stewart Jct., 8:20 a. m., arriving Souris 11:25 a. m., instead of 2:00 p. m.

Train No. 216 will leave Souris 1:15 p. m., instead of 3:45 p. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Mount Stewart Jct., 4:20 p. m., arriving Charlottetown 5:50 p. m., instead of 8:45 p. m.

GEORGETOWN  
Effective the same date, Train No. 8 will leave Georgetown 7:45 a. m., instead of 9:15 a. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, arriving Mount Stewart Jct. 9:45 a. m., instead of 11:15 a. m.

Train No. 7 will leave Mount Stewart Jct. 4:20 p. m., instead of 7:10 p. m., Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, arriving Georgetown 6:15 p. m., instead of 9:10 p. m.

Train No. 217 will leave Mount Stewart Jct. 10:00 a. m., instead of 11:30 a. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, arriving Georgetown 12:45 p. m., instead of 2:15 p. m.

Train No. 218 will leave Georgetown 1:20 p. m., instead of 3:00 p. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, arriving Mount Stewart Jct. at 4:10 p. m., instead of 5:45 p. m.

Effective Tuesday, Sept. 14th, Train No. 222 will leave Georgetown 7:15 a. m., instead of 8:45 a. m., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, arriving Mount Stewart Jct. 9:40 a. m., instead of 11:10 a. m.

Train No. 221 will leave Mount Stewart Jct. 4:20 p. m., instead of 7:10 p. m., Tuesdays, Thursdays and

# Charlottetown Exhibition Week

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday Friday  
September 21st. to 24th.

THE BEST LIVE STOCK in the Maritimes and this Province will be Exhibited.

The Main Building will be filled with choice exhibits from the farm, Grains, Seeds, Roots and Vegetables, Fruit, Butter and Cheese.

Also the Handicraft of the Ladies.

## The Horse Races

70 different horses, the pick of Maritime speed will compete in eight classes. The finest array of speed brought together in years.

## Rex Comedy Circus

This celebrated novelty Circus will entertain between the heats of the Horse Races.

## 78th Highlanders Band

30—pieces in full Highland costume. 30 players will play the popular music afternoon and evening.

## GREAT BIG MIDWAY WITH FINEST ATTRACTIONS

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Burns Hard or Soft Coal, Coke or Wood  
You are not dependent upon hard coal alone as you get excellent results from any kind of fuel—soft coal, coke, oil or gas. You enjoy an extra saving by using low cost fuels.

Write for Easy Payment Plan  
A moderate payment down instead of the new Gilson "Magic." Learn all the features of this new sensational-priced heating system. We will welcome your inquiry, catalogue, sketch plan forms, estimates and full information, gladly supplied without obligating you in any way. Act at once—this is the time to make plans for heating your home properly.

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