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 HEAD OFFICE: WATERLOO, ONTARIO

E. C. JOHNSTONE
 Says

To the man who says, "Come back in Sixty Days," I say, "If you're not here when I come back, for whom shall I ask?"

LET'S TALK THIS OVER

EDWIN C. JOHNSTONE, B.A., C.L.U., Provincial Manager
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Slow Boat From Marseilles
 By Michael Hastings
 continued

It was earlier than Prinz had suggested. Prinz had said that Oliver was to be brought into the cabin at a quarter past nine. But he had also said that the drug would be effective for at least three hours. And—since he would have to reveal that it had been taken earlier than arranged—he could always explain that Oliver had taken the initiative and approached him.

That seemed reasonable enough. He stood up and crossed to the door. Through the partition, he had heard Oliver moving about. Fortunately, the Englishman had made no attempt to go down to the saloon for the entertainment out of respect—most probably—for Dr. Prinz's announcement that it would be for passengers only.

Zakas was made aware of his own rising temperature by the stinging cold of the air. Moisture like dew, gathered upon his forehead. He stepped along the deck, spent a few seconds bracing himself for the ordeal, and then knocked.

CHAPTER NINE

THE SECOND GLASS

"Come in," Oliver called.

Zakas opened the door and popped his head in.

"Oliver," he said, "if you're not busy, I'd like a few words with you."

"Certainly, sir," he said. "Won't you come in and sit down?"

Zakas made a show of hesitating, actually stepping into the cabin. Then he shook his head.

"Come into mine," he invited.

"There are two chairs there."

"Very well, sir."

Oliver went into the captain's cabin and settled himself in the offered chair.

"Smoke if you wish," said Zakas.

"Would you care for a cigarette?"

"I prefer my pipe, sir," said John Oliver, taking it from his pocket and lighting it.

"Perhaps it seems unusual—asking you to come to my cabin at such short notice. But there is something I wish to talk over with you. It's natural that I should turn to you rather than to Lacoste; because you are first mate and he is second."

"On the other hand," said Oliver.

"If it is anything concerning the crew Lacoste probably knows more about them than I do."

"No," said Zakas hurriedly. "It doesn't concern the crew. As a matter of fact it has bearing—I think—upon the tragic disappearance of one of the passengers."

Oliver jerked up in his chair, instantly alert.

"You mean Stefan Litwin?" he asked quickly.

"Yes," Zakas said, "some evidence has come to light. It is really no more than a suspicion." In a confidential tone, he added, "I suppose the correct procedure would be for me to go to Dr. Prinz—but I am reluctant to trouble him until it is absolutely essential. You see, Dr. Rutter has not been well, and Dr. Prinz is looking after him."

Oliver nodded. He had to admit that he sounded reasonable; but his mind was by no means easy. He distrusted Zakas. Moreover, he was sure that he could distinguish a slight aroma of cigar smoke.

"True, he had seen Zakas smoking a cigar once. But was it not likely that Prinz had been in the cabin? Again, on the top of the chest fixed against one wall of the cabin there was an ash-tray. In it was the compact grey ash from a cigarette."

So Prinz had been in here. Was it likely that Zakas would have let so good an opportunity of discussing the matter slip by?

"But let us have a drink," Zakas suggested. He produced a bottle of whisky and held it up. Oliver could see that it was a little more than half full. He watched intently. He saw Zakas pour from the bottle into the two glasses standing upon the small tray. He heard the neck of the bottle tapping against the glasses. The captain's hands were very shaky.

"Water?" Zakas asked.

"A splash, please."

Zakas spilt a little of the water because of the unsteadiness of his hands. He noticed this with vexation; but comforted himself with the reflection that Dr. Prinz had evidently done a similar thing. Then he carried the tray to the table and set it down. He could not bring himself to look at Oliver. As he took his hands from the tray he became aware that they were clammy. There was a tight band round his head. He felt sick. He snatched at his glass and raised it quickly to his lips.

But he did not drink. He stared, fascinated at Oliver's hand going out towards the tray, raising the glass, holding it poised.

Oliver's hand hovered over the tray. The glass, unlike his own, was still that the liquid in it seemed to have a disk of ice on top. With an effort he drank and his glass tinkled as it knocked against his teeth. The spirit burned his tongue and he had difficulty in swallowing.

He wanted to cry out: "Drink, man, drink!" But no words came. And still Oliver did not drink. He was looking down at the wooden tray. Zakas leaned forward a little, to see what had attracted attention. A first, he could perceive nothing. Then he saw. A cold shiver went down his spine. Where he had taken his own glass there was a splotch of water, of no particular shape. Under Oliver's there was a clearly defined ring. Prinz had split some water and set the glasses down upon it.

There was a slight clatter as Oliver put down the glass. Then he stood up. Zakas kept his eyes averted.

Then Oliver spoke. His voice

seemed to come from a great distance away.

"I think we might change glasses," he said.

To be continued

BURGESS BEDTIME
 Continued from page 10

fought for. Flathorns was hardly to be admired for his looks. His coat was torn. He was bleeding. He was trim and sleek. Mrs. Flathorns sighed softly as she looked at him. Flathorns moved up from the



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edge of the water toward where she was hidden among the trees. For a moment or two the young Moose watched him. He was still feeling very brave. But discretion, which as I said before is a form of wisdom, warned him that this was no place to stay. Walking softly he moved away. He simply vanished in the black mist of darkness. He didn't make a sound. Not a twig snapped under his big feet. The Black Shadows themselves could not have moved more silently.

Behind him he heard Flathorns grunt softly. It was a love grunt. Mrs. Flathorns knew it for what it was. She sighed softly. It was a love sigh.

AVONLEA W. I.

The regular meeting of Avonlea W. I. met at Lake View Lodge, Cavendish on October 3, with the President presiding. The minutes of previous meeting were read and approved. Roll call was answered by 22 members, handing in their donations of \$2.00 for Institute funds. New committees are, Cavendish sick Mrs. Lorne MacNeill and Miss Bernice Axworthy; Cavendish School, Mrs. Geo. MacCoubrey and Mrs. Herb Wyand; Rustico sick Mrs. Will Toombs and Mrs. O'of Stevenson; Rustico School, Mrs. R. G. Fleming and Mrs. N. S. MacLure.

Correspondence for month was read.

The program committee then gave some very interesting papers on the subject, Conservation of our Forests. Collection \$2.15.

Lunch was then served and meeting closed with the King.

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