

The Golden Sands Riddle

By Alexander Campbell

At Peter's suggestion they entered the hotel, and either by accident or design, Quayle steered a way to the very table where Peter had sat — it was only the day before? — with Acme and watched that mysterious, jovial man spill banknotes between the glasses. . . .

And it was the same waiter who served them, Peter thought he gave Quayle a look of recognition.

"Quite a pleasant spot, this," said Quayle, making a gesture. "But not, of course, to be compared with the Orient. Have you know Sir John Carr long?"

Peter suddenly rebelled against playing the mouse to Quayle's cat. It was obvious that the policeman and something on him. He ignored the question.

"Making any progress with your investigation?" he asked bluntly.

Quayle carefully fitted a cigarette into a black holder, and lit it.

"The beach murder?" he asked.

"Oh, a little."

"Who might have done him in?" Peter inquired.

"Who might have knowledge of who did him in?" amended Quayle gently.

As he ordered drinks, Peter saw a sapper lying on a chair. He saw his opportunity. Letting himself lurk and carelessly, and the Golden Deep Headlines, which he knew were there, came into view.

"Ah! A bit of luck for somebody, that," said Quayle.

"You," said Peter, "are telling me?"

Quayle showed interest. "You had some shares?"

Peter nodded brightly. "I did. As a matter of fact, I've made quite a bit of money. I sold out this morning."

"Ah!" said Quayle. He seemed to see light, as Peter had been hoping he would. "Perhaps pardon me if I'm being inquisitive — perhaps that's why you've decided to move to the Orient?"

Peter nodded. "Yes. I felt I could afford it now."

Quayle drew thoughtfully on his cigarette. He appeared enlightened, and at the same time puzzled. Peter grinned at his question.

"You were wondering at my sudden step up in the world," he said boldly. "I saw you looking at my car. But these things happen sometimes you know."

"You must have been on the inside," said Quayle. "Not many people knew Golden Deep was going to get some mining friends?"

"I'm a mining engineer," said Peter.

That answer had not satisfied the knowledgeable Lucy; but it appeared to satisfy Quayle. His eyebrows went up.

"— And you come from Johannesburg?"

"Yes."

Quayle leaned across the table. "I've a notion that our Mr. Monte came from there, too. And I've also a notion that he might have something to do with mining. I suppose you never encountered him, or heard his name mentioned, maybe?"

Peter shook his head. "Johannesburg is a big place," he reminded Quayle. "I've a notion that our Mr. Monte came from there, too. And I've also a notion that he might have something to do with mining. I suppose you never encountered him, or heard his name mentioned, maybe?"

Peter shook his head. "Johannesburg is a big place," he reminded Quayle. "I've a notion that our Mr. Monte came from there, too. And I've also a notion that he might have something to do with mining. I suppose you never encountered him, or heard his name mentioned, maybe?"

CHAPTER X "NOBODY EXCEPT"

Peter Crosby might have been less well pleased with himself if he could have heard Sir John Carr and Terrence Parry, talking as they sat in the Orient's sun parlour — a snowy white terrace, shaded by awnings, overlooking the blue sea.

The handsome young man wrinkled his brow in a frown. "The old man said: 'I like the chair, really. But what worries me is this sudden coming into money. It just doesn't happen, you know.'"

Sir John chuckled. "Because you've always had money. But fortunes have been made overnight. I don't pretend to know your young friend's secret. Doubtless he'll tell us himself in good time. But I'm pretty sure there's nothing dishonest about it."

Terrence said gravely: "I can tell you Crosby's secret. He has told Lucy; she told me half an hour ago. He has made a pile gambling on the Stock Exchange."

"He told her that?" Sir John was frowning.

"Yes," said Terry. "Apparently he'd bought a packet of Golden Deep a few days ago. Of course as you know they've rocketed."

"Golden Deep?" Sir John was staring at Terry as if he could not believe his ears. "He repeated in a whisper: 'Golden Deep!'"

Terrence Parry looked hard at the mining magnate. The older man's

Detective Ray

WHICH TELLS WHERE GEMS COME FROM

Imitation sapphires can now be detected in a few seconds by the electric "eye" known to the scientist as the cathode ray tube.

The commercial use of the apparatus for this purpose is the result of the research work of Dr. W. D. Coolidge in the laboratory of the General Electric Company, London, who themselves use more than 1,500,000 sapphires, which rank next to diamonds in hardness, as jewels for bearings in meters and other delicate electrical instruments.

Imitation sapphires are easily detected. Trays carrying both real and false are exposed in a dark room for a few moments to the powerful rays from the tube. It shoots out electrons at the rate of 140,000 miles a second.

All the jewels glow or radiate colours while exposed to the rays. When the rays are turned off the natural stones cannot be seen; the synthetic keep on glowing.

The rays even help to detect where the natural or factory made gems come from.

VILLAGE GREEN SCHOOL

Honor Roll for May:
Grade X-1. Marjorie Acorn.
Grade IX-1. Edna Weatherbie;
2. Danny Acorn.
Grade VII-1. Lilla Penny; 2. Earl Weatherbie; 3. Jackie Duffy.
Grade VI-1. Alf'ol Buel; 2. Hazel Strickland.
Grade V-1. Marie Duffy; 2. Matthew Acorn.
Grade I-(a) 1. Elizabeth Duffy.
Grade I (b) -1. Eddie Acorn; 2. Dorothy Buel.
Teacher, Mary A. Doyle

cheeks seemed to have lost their usual ruddy colouring. He was gripping the arms of his chair tightly. "But he couldn't have bought Golden Deep!" barked Sir John. "I tell you, he couldn't! Nobody knew about them. Nobody! Except—"

He stopped abruptly.

"I bet you knew," said Terry, with the ghost of a smile. He was watching Sir John anxiously, relieved to see that the colour was coming back to his face, after that first stiffening shock.

Sir John nodded. "I did," he admitted. "But I didn't tell Crosby — or anyone else who could have told him. The thing's a mystery. Wait!"

He paused and turned his head. Francis Gould came on to the terrace. Against the snowy glare he looked rather like a black crow. He walked with a stoop, and a lock of dark hair hung on his brow. His thick black eyebrows were drawn down in a habitual frown.

"I say, Gould," said Sir John. "Bring me the leather portfolio marked 'P' and 'G'."

Gould nodded. Terrence watched his retreat with amused eyes.

"One of these days," he remarked, "our friend will fall in love or get drunk. Then you'll see an exhibition of whoopee! No one could remain so bottled up as he is without bursting some time."

Sir John smiled. "I doubt it. Gould isn't human—not in that sense, anyway."

When Gould came back, Sir John took the portfolio with the remark: "Steel under this leather." He fumbled and produced a ring of keys. Then, when Gould had departed, he inserted a curiously shaped key and clicked the flat leather case open. He produced a large envelope from its interior.

"The Golden Deep secret is in here. You can see the envelope hasn't been tampered with." Terry thought he was oddly eager to convince him. "And in any case the contents are in a particularly difficult code. No; I can't see any way that Crosby could have known about Golden Deep. I reckon it was just a lucky stroke."

But his tone was edged with worry.

Lucy Carr came on to the terrace, slim and cool in white and she was accompanied by Peter Crosby.

"Has Orion fixed you up?" asked Sir John.

Peter nodded. "Yes, thanks." He was uncomfortably conscious that the two men were watching him closely. He noticed that Sir John had a leather portfolio on his knees. Lucy noticed it too. "You've been working," she accused her father. "You promised not to look at any papers while we were here."

(To be Continued)



EAST ROYALTY W. I.

The May meeting of East Royalty Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Edgar Heartz with an attendance of 17 members. Roll call was answered by an exchange of house plants.

After reading and adoption of minutes, reports were given by sick, and school committees. Very interesting letters were read by the secretary from three of our boys, serving overseas, to whom parcels had been sent by the Institute.

The Red Cross committee reported good work being done at the weekly serving club and receipts for the following articles were handed in since March 1st: 20 prs. socks, 5 prs. mitts, 2 prs. women's gloves, 2 scarfs, 6 baby gowns, 72 hemmed diapers, 5 sweaters, 4 mothers' gowns, 2 prs. women's stockings, 17 girls' dresses.

Mrs. Walter Heartz invited the members to her home for the June meeting. Institute closed by singing the National Anthem. Lunch was served by the hostess.

QUEEN'S CANADIAN FUND DONATIONS FOR AIR RAID VICTIMS

Repeated bombing raids on British port areas and the industrial Midlands has attracted fresh attention to the frightful suffering of the many thousands of civilians in Great Britain who are harried from shelter to shelter and finally driven into the open country by successive raids. Eventually places are found for them all, places of relative security, but their belongings of all kinds are destroyed. The task of emergency feeding alone is difficult. The task of setting them up once more with some quantity of clothing and bedding is much more difficult.

To meet these enormous needs, funds have been started in various parts of the world. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth has permitted the use of her name in connection with the Dominion campaign, which is officially known as "The Queen's Canadian Fund for Air Raid Victims."

Every dollar contributed to the Queen's Canadian Fund goes without deduction to the Lord Mayor of London for distribution to the homeless and needy.

Contributions from this Province should be forwarded to the Royal Trust Company, Charlottetown, which reports the following receipts to date:

- Received Saturday: Mrs. Matilda B. Ross, Kinross, \$2.00.
- Ladies' Auxiliary, Canadian Legion, Summerside, \$20.00.
- St. Eleanor's Red Cross Society, Branch A, \$10.00.
- Sterling Women's Institute, Stanley Bridge, \$10.00.
- Head of Hillsboro Junior Red Cross, \$1.00.
- William Boyce, Pompano, Florida, \$2.00.
- Wheatley River Women's Institute, \$5.00.
- Silver Cross Circle of King's Daughters, Charlottetown, \$5.00.
- New Haven Women's Institute, \$5.00.
- Previously acknowledged \$1,728.23.
- TOTAL—\$1,788.83.

FEEDING PROGRAM FOR COWS

While dates will vary with location and season, the Ontario Department of Agriculture recommends the following outline of a summer feeding and pasture program for dairy farms in this province.

May 10 to June 10: Pasture fall rye, sweet clover and regular pasture. Feed silage and regular pasture. For supplemental feeding, use green corn and silage for supplemental feeding. See fall rye between August 1 and 15. Increase protein content of grain mixture.

June 10 to July 10: Pasture sweet clover, regular pasture, green oats and early alfalfa. It may be necessary to increase grain feeding towards the end of this period. Cut small acreage of alfalfa to ensure early aftermath for pasture.

July 10 to August 10: Pasture green oats, regular pasture, sudan grass, millet and aftermath. Use silage, green oats and peas as supplemental feeding. See fall rye between August 1 and 15. Increase protein content of grain mixture.

August 10 to Sept. 10: Pasture sudan grass, millet, regular pasture and late aftermath. Use green corn and silage for supplemental feeding. Check shade and water supply.

Sept. 10 to end of season: Pasture fall rye, volunteer growth, aftermath and regular pasture. For supplemental feeding use silage and hay if pasture is very scarce. Keep cows in shelter during cold nights. Trim and harrow pastures. Top dress pasture fields for succeeding year with manure.

General rules: Provide plenty of water, salt and minerals and see that shade is available.

If feasible, have pasture for milk section of herd near the barn.

Do not overgraze.

Proceed with scythe or with mower with cutting bar set high off the ground.

Feed concentrates to the heavy producers.

ANOTHER BIG ORDER EGGS FOR BRITAIN

An additional order of 5,400,000 dozen eggs has been received by the Special Products Board from the British Ministry of Food. These eggs are to be delivered in the fall, so they will be bought without delay and not into storage. The price to be paid is the same as for the previous order, except earlier in May. However, \$8 per dozen of an Assen, Irish Canadian, egghead, the British Ministry absorbing the cost of storage.

The Census-Taker is a Privileged Person



Officially, census-taking began June 11. Here Sir William Mulock gets together with the census taker. Certainly it is a lucky person who has the privilege of asking Ontario's grand old young man so many questions and being able to demand an answer.

Street Scene in England



Everything's as usual on this busy corner in Richmond, England — except that every person in the picture, down to the youngest child, wears a gas mask. Tear gas was released in this rehearsal against attack by war's most feared weapon.

Newsman tells Of new scars In London

(Editor's note: Drew Middleton, Associated Press war correspondent, returned to his post in London after a month's vacation in the United States to find the Empire capital bearing many new scars from the pounding of German air raiders.)

(By Drew Middleton, Associated Press Staff Writer)

LONDON, June 15—(AP)—The jagged scars gouged by explosives and seared by fire on the face of London have increased five-fold during the last three months. All have been battered.

Today there is a heap of rubble around almost every corner in the heart of the city—a house missing from the even lines of dwellings along many streets.

The heart of the vast, sprawling metropolis, the city—London's financial district—the manufacturing district south of the Thames, Fleet Street, the fashionable west end shopping district, Whitehall, the Temple, even residential districts such as Kensington and Chelsea—all have been battered.

It is useless to say life goes on "as usual" for Londoners.

Thousands have lost their homes; still other thousands have had their life forever changed.

Everyone has a story of bomb wreckage in or near his home. Familiar faces are missing from behind counters in restaurants and from offices.

There are appalling stories. One was of the air raid warden faced with the decision whether to turn on the water, probably drowning 150 persons trapped under a blazing building, or let them burn to death. He turned on the water.

Pall Mall was empty save for a policeman and a sailor when the moon rose last Sunday night.

Few people here sleep in beds now when the moon is full. Shelters are crowded as never before.

In the crowded east end the novelty of life in the shelters has worn off—it has become not an incident but life itself. Thousands are living underground—working, eating and playing above ground, but taking to the shelters when darkness falls.

The impact of the city's ruins on a returning traveller, away for a few weeks, is terrific. Theatres where remembered plays were seen are gaunt skeletons. Long staid rows of Victorian houses are gone.

Last winter, like an aging beauty fighting the ravages of time, London busily swept up the debris, threw wooden fronts over damaged buildings, and replaced glass with cardboard after bomb raids.

It is not so easy now. It will take months, perhaps years, to catalogue the extent of damage. It may be a decade before buildings blown out and burned out can be restored.

Belgian and Dutch seamen. They are looked after by staffs of their own country folk.

"There are dental and medical clinics, advice and legal bureaus. It is a centre for amusement where parties for hockey, baseball and boxing matches are arranged for them. Every port sending cargoes to Britain now has a welfare scheme for our seamen."

FOOD CROPS TO ROT?

LONDON—(CP)—Farmers in one well-known agricultural district of England have complained to the War Agricultural Committee that 400 acres of growing foodstuffs were commandeered by the War Ministry for "military purposes."

HIS £500,000 TOPPER

FLEETWOOD England—(CP)—Because this town raised £500,000 (\$2,250,000) he asked for in War Weanons Week, Mayor T. Clegg is wearing a new silk hat presented by a business man.

McGill Man Weds In West

DR. M. K. MACGOUGAN MARRIES FORMER MEMBER OF MONTREAL HOSPITAL

Fifth Avenue United Church, Medicine Hat, Alta., was the scene for the wedding on Saturday afternoon, at half-past two o'clock, of Margaret Ethel (Feggy), daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Howard C. Dixon, of Medicine Hat, and Mr. M. K. MacGougan, of Lethbridge, son of the late W. K. MacGougan, of Summerside, P. E. I., and of Mrs. MacGougan, of Toronto, Rev. J. W. Bainbridge officiated at the ceremony. Gladioli and roses, banked with palms and ferns, formed the floral decorations in the church for the occasion. The wedding music was played by Mr. Arthur Newcombe, A.T.C.M., and "I Love Thee" (Greys) was sung by Miss Betty Roche.

The bride is a former member of the staff of the Montreal General Hospital. Dr. MacGougan, a graduate in Medicine of McGill University, class '35, was also formerly on the staff of the Montreal General Hospital.

Miss Joan Shepherd, of Calgary, was her cousin's only attendant, while Mr. John Dixon, brother of the bride, was best man for the bridegroom. The ushers were Air-Captain Charles Dixon, R.C.A.F., Mr. Dawson Dixon, Mr. Chester Dixon and Mr. Russell Dixon.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a pale blue georgette floor length gown with a matching small flower hat and veil and she carried a bouquet of Johanna Hill roses and lilies-of-the-valley. The bridegroom was dressed in a pale pink georgette floor length frock with a matching flower hat and carried a nosegay of pink roses and corn flowers.

Mrs. Dixon, mother of the bride, was gowned in Alice blue crepe with a lace bodice, with which she wore a navy flower trimmed hat, and a corsage of gardenias. Mrs. MacGougan, mother of the groom, was dressed in an ashe's of roses chiffon model with a matching picture hat and a corsage of corn flowers.

The reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, after which the bridal couple left for a wedding trip to Seattle, Washington; Victoria, B. C., and Banff, Alta. The bride wore a powder blue wool coat dress, and a matching felt hat with silver fox fur, the gift of the groom, and a black leather hand bag and shoes. They will reside in Lethbridge.

Out-of-town guests included Mrs. Stanley E. Pitts and Mrs. Walter Stanley, of Montreal; Mrs. W. K. MacGougan and Miss S. Melrose, of Toronto, and Miss Eleanor Dixon and Miss Edith Gershaw, of Vancouver.

(Montreal Star)



Joseph T. Thorson, Liberal M.P. for Selkirk, Man., has been appointed minister of national war services. Mr. Thorson served overseas with the Canadian forces in the last war.

BRITISH SEAMEN'S WARTIME WELFARE

LONDON, June 15—(CP)—Plans for the welfare of British sailors between voyages at North American ports have been put into action by two men who have just completed an eight-weeks' tour in that continent for the British ministry of shipping.

The two Richard Sneddon, general manager of the Shipping Federation, and Charles Jarman, organizer of the National Union of Seamen. During their tour of Canada and the United States they discovered many seamen had to spend their time waiting for a cargo with nothing to do, no one to care about them and little money to spend. Before leaving America they helped to establish a nation-wide scheme to look after British merchant sailors until their ships were ready to sail.

A welfare committee was formed for British and Allied seamen in New York. American and British members were appointed with Sir Ashley Spink, minister of shipping representative in the United States, as its chairman. A complete floor of the skyscraper headquarters of the American Seamen's Church Mission was made available by the mission, said Mr. Jarman. "This is now being made into the most unusual seamen's club in the world," he added. "The whole is a complete 'seafarers' town' run on the lines of a modern hotel. It has individual sections, fitted and decorated in their national style, for British, Polish,

Picture of a Defense Strike Leader



This is Alex Balint, right, and his lawyer. Alex Balint is important today because he has emerged from the anonymity of the lower divisions of the C. I. O. hierarchy to lead an aluminum industry strike threatening to tie-up a major part of defense production. Balint, 29, is regional director of the National Diecasters Association in the Cleveland area. An alien and ex-convict, he says he isn't a Communist, but two former associates have testified before the Dies Committee that he is.

\$12,000 Worth of Devastation Rides in Halifax Parade



Two torpedoes slowed up the Bismarck, two more brought her to a stop, and two more sent her to the bottom, proclaims the sign on this torpedo being driven past the reviewing stand by a sailor in the King's birthday parade at Halifax. But, the sign adds, a torpedo like this one costs \$12,000. This is one of the war weapons that the Victory Loan is intended to supply. The intrepid sailor driving the carriage carrying the missile, seems not in the least concerned about the possibility of a traffic collision.

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