New Year's Eve Ball

Tuesday, Dec. 31st, 1946

Grand Opening of the CLOVER CLUB
Formerly Legion Auditorium
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC
Refreshments — Novelties
Dress, Optional
Tables Reserved. Make your reservations early by calling 1222.
Tickets on sale at Hughes Drug Co.
Reddin Bros. and Legion Home
Dancing from 10.00 P.M. — 2.00 A.M.
Admission, $2.00 Couple

New Year's Eve C ...tion
at the
Charlottetown Hotel

BUFFET SUPPER DANCE

DOWNTOWNERS ORCHESTRA
For Reservation -- Phone 1170
TICKETS --- $5.00 per couple
Dancing From 10 p. m. to 2 a. m.
To avoid disappointment reservations should be made early.

Contract Bridge

By JOSEPHINE CULBERTSON

THE BLACKWOOD CONVENTION

A great many arguments have raged around the Blackwood Convention, its detractors pointing out the horrible mixups that have resulted from its inept handling, while its protagonists have been even more enthusiastic in describing the catastrophes resulting from the convention's non-use. The latest exhibit from the latter contingent is the following, reported by a correspondent:

To quote: "East almost fell off his chair when he heard the seven-spade bid, with him holding the ace of trumps, and his double shook the chandelier. Needless to say, perhaps, North-South were not using Blackwood, but after this tragedy they solemnly agreed that they would never bid another slam without using it to locate aces."

It is not difficult to understand East's reaction, and undoubtedly North-South had cause for the deepest regret that they had not agreed to use an ace-locating convention. A four-notrump response by North, with a five-club, ace-denying rebid by South, would have kept the partnership out of the humiliating grand slam and brought them to the profitable small slam. Admitting all this, however, it is still highly pertinent to observe that in the absence of a four-no-trump convention it was indiscreet of North (to be kind about it) to assume that South's preemptive opening bid had guaranteed the absolute solidity of the spade suit. Suppose South had been able to announce the possession of the spade ace — would that have assured North that South's spade suit could not be headed by ace-queen-jack? And if South revealed both the spade ace and one king, would North be able to decide safely that the king was in spades instead of hearts?

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

	♠ 8 7 2 ♥ A J ♦ A K Q 9 ♣ A K Q 7	
♠ 3 ♥ 9 8 7 5 ♦ J 6 3 ♣ 10 8 5 4 2	N W E S	♠ A 6 ♥ 6 4 3 2 ♦ 10 8 5 4 ♣ J 3
	♠ K Q J 10 9 5 4 ♥ K Q 10 ♦ 7 ♣ 9 6	

This, according to my correspondent, was the bidding:

South	West	North	East
4 ♠	Pass	7 ♠	Double
Pass	Pass	Pass	

County Club

By Holloway Horn

At the moment the police had no evidence to offer and the Coroner proceeded to address the jury. The newspaper men were looking at each other doubtfully. They had come down for a story and so far, had emerged —even Rolliter had said nothing beyond the irreducible minimum. But when the Coroner began to point out certain facts to the jury the gentlemen of the Press sat up The Coroner dwelt at length on the fortunate fact that two distinguished detectives from Scotland Yard were actually staying in the club when the crime was committed. Ducros sat with a frown on his face. He could do nothing to stop him. The story was out.

The verdict was in accord with the Coroner's advice: "Murder by some person or persons unknown."

Ducros was surrounded by the journalists the moment the proceedings were over but he refused to make any statement beyond the formal: "Inquiries are being pursued."

"I've nothing whatever to say, gentlemen," he smiled. "You'd better try my colleague, Inspector Dollimore," he said in desperation.

Dollimore had been watching the newspaper men and did not expect that the Superintendent would turn them on to him.

"I fully endorse everything that Superintendent Ducros has said," he told them, "but I have nothing to add to the statement."

Only a very young policeman would expect journalists to be satisfied with that. They pressed him good-humouredly.

"What were you doing at the club?"

"We came down for a quiet week-end in the country," Dollimore assured them. "Sorry, gentlemen but at the moment there is nothing I can say." He was so emphatic that his questioners realized that they could expect no more.

Ducros was grimly silent most of the way back, but Dollimore kept up a cheerful trickle of conversation over his shoulder, with the girl in the back of the car. With a brief "Thank you," she went at once to her room when they reached the club.

"We'll get back to town at once," the Superintendent announced.

"Immediately?"

"Yes. Get your bags. There'll be a veritable song and dance over the affair in the papers this evening. Looks as if we came down to hold the baby for them while they did it. Fernandez will rub it in. Making sure that they didn't sell cigarettes after time—at the public expense, too, remember — while a murder is committed under their noses."

"Hang it all, we didn't come about cigarettes!"

"No But we might just as well have for all the good we've done."

"With respect, I disagree," Dollimore insisted "And I'm certain that I can convince the chief."

"I hope you can," said Ducros doubtfully.

"I'll say good-bye to Miss Stenning and we'll be off. We may just get the chief tonight."

"The first question will be: "What are you doing here?" Ducros pointed out.

"I know that. We can answer it. Don't worry."

He turned into the club and was on the point of sending a message to Miss Stenning by one of the maids when the girl herself came down the stairs.

"We're going back at once," he told her.

"I must see Mr. Rolliter first. Then I suppose I shall go, too I want to thank you for your kindness."

"Cut it out!" he urged. "The main thing is that I want to keep in touch with you. Can you give me a permanent address?"

"Yes If you want it. My cousin is Dr. Lovell Tukes, of 311, Harley Street A letter sent there would reach me —sooner or later."

"Thanks! Will you keep in touch with me? Let me know where you are and what you are doing? Look here. Meet me for lunch one day?"

"I'm not sure what I shall be doing But I will write to you and let you know what happens. Scotland Yard will find you, won't it?"

"Yes."

"Then good-bye! And thank you more than I can say!"

For a moment their eyes met as he pressed her hand: "I'm anxious to help you," he urged.

She smiled and he felt the answering pressure of her hand.

CHAPTER V

"Reporting at "The Yard"

Mossford is less than an hour's run from New Scotland Yard with a fast car and a competent driver.

"Thirty mile limit" Ducros growled It was the first time he had spoken for some time.

Dollimore grinned and lessened the pressure of his foot on the accelerator. "Sorry!" he said

"It would be a fitting finish to a brilliant weekend if we were run in for exceeding the speed limit," Ducros said bitterly.

"We could explain that we were detectives." His youthful colleague retorted.

"I doubt it" Ducros said grimly.

"Do you mean to let me put my point of view to the Chief?" Dollimore asked some time later.

"I'm going to insist on it, my lad. My own story is one of unqualified negation."

"Yes But will you do your best to make him see the case as I do?"

"I don't think you will need a great deal of help, Dolly. You can do the talk part a lot better than I ever could."

"Apart from my belief that it's the work of a dangerous gang which includes Flash Cardew, we haven't got far Nothing else will excuse our not having carried out a routine search of the servants' rooms for one thing, in spite of the fact that we could account for every one of them."

"They've got the photos and the finger-prints, Ducros said with increasing bitterness.

"Look here, chief, you're letting this get you down Hang it all, you can't manufacture clues and you can't arrest people on suspicion. Anyway here we are. Now for it!"

From his office, Ducros 'phoned to the Chief. Dollimore watched him and listened rather grimly to the part of the conversation he could hear.

"Come on," he said as he replaced the receiver. "He seemed very surprised that we were here at all."

"You open the ball," Dollimore said. "If he flies off the handle I'll come in at once"

"Didn't expect you two back as soon as this" the Chief said. "What's the news?"

"Broadly speaking, sir, there isn't any," Ducros said. "I take it you are acquainted with my telephone report and have seen the evening papers?"

(To be continued)

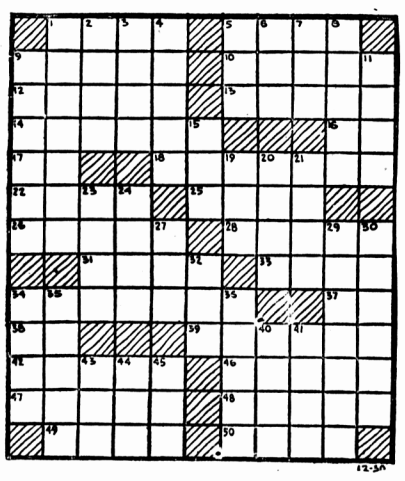
DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Counter (Poker)
5. Metallic rocks
9. Glisten
10. Arboreal marsupial
12. Kind of dance
13. Beat it! (slang)
14. Territory of U. S.
16. Sign of the infinitive
17. Music note
18. Heavy hammers
22. Units of work
25. Smudge
26. Sanctified person
28. To search a person (slang)
31. Tumult
33. Species of pillar
34. Assistants
37. At home
38. Hewing tool
39. Longs for
42. Timing device
46. A lariat
47. Cooking device
48. Doesn't work
49. Stair
50. Nourish

DOWN

1. A disease
2. Nuclei of starch grain
3. Covers with ink
4. Tops
5. Signs as correct (abbr.)
6. Fabulous bird
7. Organ of hearing
8. Kind of rock
9. Shows mercy
11. Biblical name
15. Ecclesiastical vestment
19. Sprite
20. —— mater, brain covering
21. Broad smile
23. Lassie
24. Cut
27. Digit
29. Restricted
30. A state
32. Attempt
34. Head coverings
35. Egresses
36. A fine line of a letter (Illus.)
40. Officer's assistant
41. Chest sound
43. Witty saying
44. Evening (Poet.)
45. Twilled fabric



Saturday's Answer

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation

F'WW MHYA H MPST HNCTI MVA MCNKB, HTJ BAA ZVASAMC HWW IWCSO GCNAB—ZHMMB.

Saturday's Cryptoquote: IT IS THE HEART, AND NOT THE BRAIN, THAT TO THE HIGHEST DOTH ATTAIN—LONGFELLOW.

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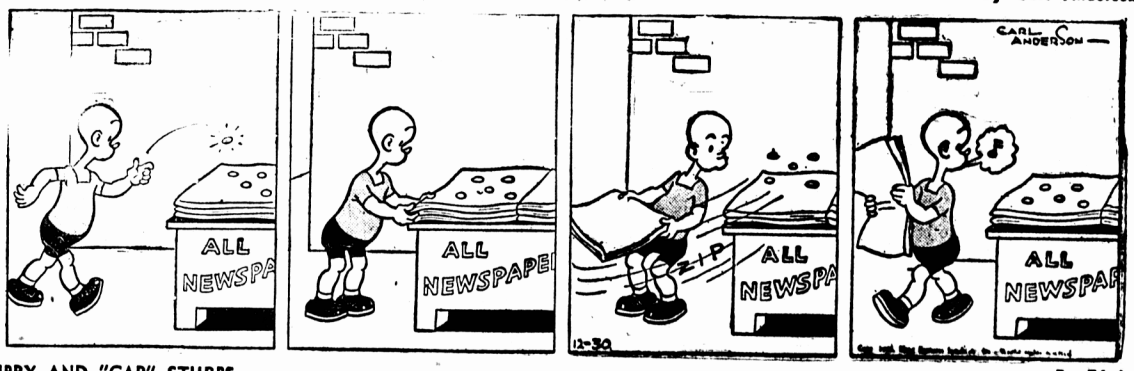

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