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MORE WRONG NUMBERS?

EDMONTON — (CP) — More than 2,000 new telephones were installed in Edmonton this year. There are now 28,696 telephones in service in the city, compared with 25,509 a year ago.

DISEASE ATTACKS SWANS

MOOSE JAW, Sask. — (CP) — Plans to exchange young swans had to be cancelled by Moose Jaw and Victoria when the latter city advised that an intestinal disease was affecting its stock.

HIGHER POULTRY PRICES

Please note that the following paying prices will be paid for poultry at our Fitzroy plant in Charlottetown.

Live Chickens

No. 1 6 lbs. and up 37c
No. 1 5 lbs. to 6 lbs. 36c
No. 1 under 5 lbs. 30c

Live Fowl

No. 1 Over 5 1-2 lbs. 29c
No. 1 4 1-2 to 5 1-2 lbs. 27c
No. 1 under 4 1-2 lbs. 25c

Dressed Poultry

Table with columns for KIND, Sp, MF, A, MF, B, C and rows for CHICKENS over 5 lbs., CHICKENS under 5 lbs., FOWL over 5 lbs., FOWL under 5 lbs., TURKEYS Young Hens, Young Toms, Old Hens, Old Toms.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Major Hoopie



Chateau Sinister

By Leslie Beresford

"And to think I was once tremendously grateful to that relative of mine for so considerably leaving me a fortune!" Caryl remarked when she and O'Hara were alone together. "I little guessed then there was such a very big fly in the ointment! If I'd known, I wouldn't have left that perfectly good job with the great Sir Godfrey, who wasn't very pleased either when he found I was off."

"It's just as well we don't know what's going to be the results of things we do," O'Hara commented, his thoughts busy still with this considerable mystery.

"All the same, would you have decided to come round by way of St. Pierre de Bessac, and look in if you'd known what was going on?" she questioned pointedly.

"Why not?" he countered impatiently, setting aside the matter of the big puzzle which he had been working since thinking and talking together were beyond any man's power, even if it were easy for women.

"Matter of fact, I'm getting quite a kick out of it," he told her.

"I can believe that," she said. "Quite a kick at seeing your elegant old Chateau revenging itself on tainted money. Because, of course, that relative of mine must have had some taint attached to him, for people to be so suspicious of him in the back of their minds?"

"How can one be sure of that if one doesn't really know?" he argued. "He may have been a perfectly harmless innocent whom some gang of toughs had a grudge against? Anyhow, how can I know what happened to him, what matters most is to see it doesn't happen to you as well."

"If the French police are as good as you seem to think, and that one who's just gone tried to persuade me they were, I'm not getting the picture," she laughed, but O'Hara's quick ear caught a certain shakiness in her rather forced hilarity.

MORE ABOUT YOUSEF

"Just as well, anyhow, to move independently of the police," he suggested. "Mightn't be a bad idea I've been thinking if you had a few more people about this old place. There's safety in numbers, and down at the inn there's—"

"That film-crowd? Head on one side, she considered for a moment or two.

"Well, why not?" she agreed as he nodded. "It can't really let the old Chateau down any more by turning it into a playground for camera men than by having a real one get done in it. The trouble is that I turned that director person down so positively that — it's rather like eating humble pie."

"Don't believe it!" he reassured her, laughing. "At present they're eating their heads off at the inn costing money every minute, with no returns showing if they were asked up here—say for a few weeks."

"Oh I see what you mean. Have them here as guests, sleeping and all?"

"It's the nights that worry me most," he said. "If there really is as much to worry about as I think, I wouldn't have you sleeping alone any more, and there's one quite nice girl—an old friend of mine—in that crowd."

"I see it's a long. What do I do? Sit down and write that director-person an invitation?"

"Why not come down there with me, and fix it? They'll fall down and worship you, believe me! We can have dinner there with them, and they can move up to-night. I'll feel safer about you then."

"All right."

By now the dusk had fallen heavily, and a cool wind was blowing in from the Bay of Biscay as they moved side by side down the park, through which the winding drive led to the gates. A moonless night, the whole countryside seemed hushed, excepting for faint and distant sounds. That of a motor-bus hooting along the main road to Blarritz. A plane rising

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J. R. Williams

"The Friendly Jeweller" Great George Street

the aerodrome not far from Bayonne, Nearer music from a radio-set in one of the villas. After they had left the chateau grounds Caryl pointed towards the right, to where—not far away—the surround of trees was flooded by lights from a villa.

"The enemy at our gates," she said laughing a little unsteadily as she explained: "That's the villa Mr. Yousef Hussein occupies."

"Why be so sure he's an enemy?" O'Hara challenged her, adding: "You remember that our friend from the Surete, Carnot, was not too ready to suspect him. Have you by the way, had any personal contact with him yourself?"

"Yes, twice. Once I had a few words with him at the entrance to the Mairie, and once he called at the Chateau. He seemed quite friendly, and the perfect gentleman of course. And, in a way, I suppose he'd be called very good-looking, all the same."

"All the same?" O'Hara echoed questioningly as she hesitated.

"Perhaps it's the fact that he's an Egyptian which made me instinctively liken him to—well to pictures I've seen of the Sphinx. That sort of smile on the Sphinx—it was there on the face of this Mr. Yousef Hussein a sly, far-away kind of smirk—a bit frightening. I'd a feeling—when he called at the Chateau, for instance—it wasn't just the neighbourly politeness he pretended, sympathising with me over the death of my relative, envying me such a fine old Chateau, that he really meant—"

"On the other hand, if he really meant any harm to you," O'Hara inclined a little to impatience, "he wouldn't deliberately arouse your suspicions by sending his servant snooping around after you wherever you went. There's more meaning than that behind the smile on the Sphinx, and if this Yousef Hussein's any real Sphinx at all—"

"Judge for yourself. Here he is, Mr. O'Hara," Caryl interrupted him sharply under her breath.

They had reached the little square by this time, with the ancient Mairie on one side, in unlit gloom. Like some grim fortress, Opposite, however a mellow glow of lights flooded the frontage of The Cardinal's Hat. At this hour of the evening appetit, the terrace was fairly crowded at the little tables under the awning.

ORIENTAL APOLOGIES.

Mostly, the people were peasants or from the villas, or friends visiting from Blarritz. At a far corner O'Hara could see Julius Rittenberg and the little film-crowd bunched together in talk. But, for the moment, he paid little attention to them. His gaze had followed the direction of Caryl's discreetly warning gesture.

He saw that old Badinot was making much fuss of three well-dressed customers, who seemed on the verge of departure. One obviously the most important in Badinot's opinion. O'Hara could not fail to place as the Egyptian. He recognized the race so well, after so much intimacy with them. Also even Caryl's brief sketch of him proved vivid enough to establish his identity in O'Hara's mind.

"The other two," he heard her saying softly as they approached the group. "must have just returned from Paris. They're sort of satellites of his, always dancing attendance on him. Both English of sorts. And — very queer sorts in my opinion."

IN MEMORIAM

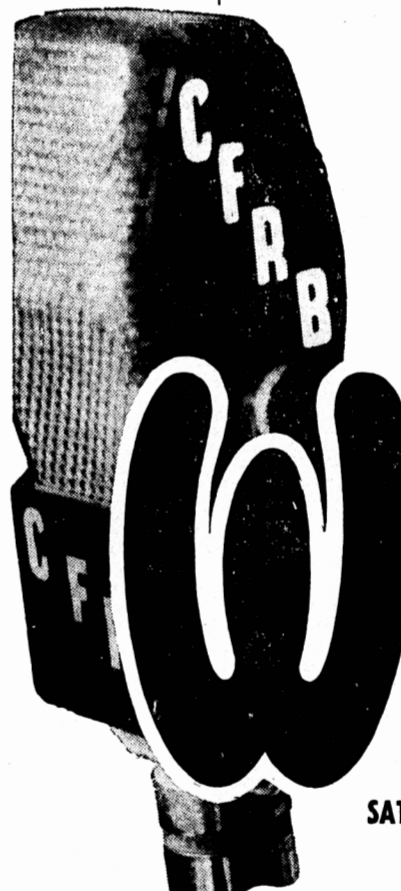
MR. HOWARD RAMSAY

Howard Ramsay of Hamilton passed to his reward on November 17, 1948 after a period of failing health, in the 82nd year of his life, well known and highly respected in this whole country side. Born in 1867, the eldest in the family of the late James ("Reporter") Ramsay and his wife Elizabeth Ramsay, he grew up in their farm home, and in turn came to be an industrious, intelligent and successful farmer. Quiet and unassuming, he gave good service through the instrument of his excellent farm. It was always a pleasure to visit his beautiful acres by the shores of Malpeque Bay and to be entertained in his hospitable home.

Honest and honorable in all his dealings, he was a most useful and public-minded citizen, always ready to cooperate in any movement for the welfare and progress of the community. Better public services whether of roads or telephones or mails, or any other improvement he always supported. For many years he was the faithful and reliable...

(To Be Continued)

TUNE IN CBA SACKVILLE SAT. 7.45



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Table listing BEE HIVE NETWORK STATIONS with columns for City, Station, and Time.