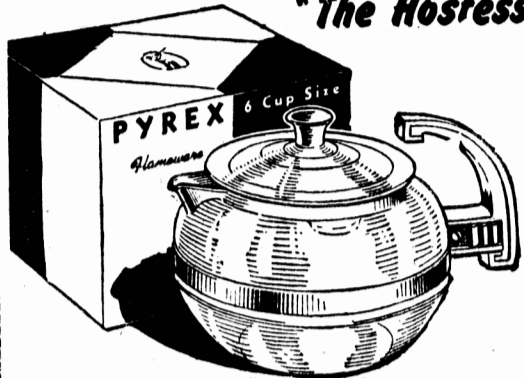


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LITTLE FLOWER SUB-DIVISION

The regular monthly meeting of the Little Flower sub-division of the Catholic Women's League was held on November 21st in the Church Vestry. Mrs. William Aylward presided.

The meeting opened by prayer, followed by roll call and the reading of the minutes of the last monthly meeting which were approved and signed.

A discussion regarding care of Altar linens ensued. Mrs. John F. MacInnis, Mrs. Ernest Rossiter, Mrs. Grover Coffin, and Mrs. Pat Murphy volunteered to do this work.

The chicken supper sponsored by the C. W. L. was a huge success. The sum of \$507.00 was realized. The money was given to the pastor, Rev. Father MacKenna. A successful card party was held at the home of the president, Mrs. William Aylward.

A thank you letter was received from Mrs. Jas. MacInnis for kindness received from the C. W. L.

during her recent bereavement. It was moved and seconded to send \$10.00 to the "Relief to Britain" fund.

It was decided to collect clothing for the orphanage, and also to pack Christmas boxes for the sick and infirm in the parish.

The next card parties are to be held at the homes of Mrs. Ernest Rossiter, Mrs. Edward Rossiter, Mrs. Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Pat Murphy.

It was decided to hold no more meetings till January.

Meeting closed by prayer.

AUSTRALIA'S FUTURE

CANBERRA — (CP) — Prof. Griffith Taylor of the University of Toronto after a recent tour of South-east Australia, said that its future lies in the south-east and not in the centre or northern part of the continent. He said, "Blocks under irrigation in the south-east will produce more than the whole of the interior."

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By
Leslie Beresford

**CHAPTER VIII
IF FAYNE LIVES?**

This shock, coming as it had just when Carnot was hoping to glean much useful information from the Biarritz lawyer, seemed to O'Hara to bristle with sinister significance.

"Been poisoned?" he echoed questioning. "What do you mean by that? Was it murder, or suicide?"

"I don't know the details yet," the French detective replied, himself obviously taken aback. "The information came through by phone just about the time you and I met outside. It seems our officers boarded the rapide at the last stop just outside Paris making their way along the train to locate Leclair. An attendant, warning passengers that they were nearing the terminus, had just found him. He was sitting in a corner, as if asleep, but — quite dead."

"People aren't poisoned by accident, as a rule, especially on a train-journey," O'Hara pressed. "Looks fishy."

"They'll be ringing from Paris as soon as they've had time to investigate," Carnot gestured a little impatiently. "It's a nasty setback. I'd counted a great deal on what we'd get out of Leclair. Of course it's no accident. He may have got wind of our purpose though. I don't see that at all possible since it was arranged after he'd left here. He may have felt the net closing round him, and taken the quick way out as wisest. On the other hand if it's murder —"

He threw up his hands as if he swept away from him everything not important at the moment.

"We shall know soon enough, m'sieur. Meanwhile even if dead lawyers tell no tales, it is possible their offices may be quite eloquent witnesses for them. That of Leclair must naturally be placed under police occupation, and at once. You'll pardon me?"

He motioned O'Hara towards the back way explaining the short route by which he could reach the main square, without publishing the fact that he had just visited the prefecture.

"You'll be seeing me quite soon, m'sieur. And please—not a word as yet to mademoiselle or anyone else of what I have told you."

O'Hara was not worrying. He felt a certain natural impatience over all this mystery having an honest man's desire always to cut out the trimmings. But police giving a chance, buried themselves in mystery he knew, while making an immense fuss about getting at the truth.

O'Hara's main—in fact, his only—interest lay in the outcome of all this so far as Caryl's safety and future were concerned. The amazing suggestion by the French detective that Andrew Fayne was actually still alive meant—if true—that Caryl was no longer legal owner of the estate.

And, if again the French detective were right, the Chateau was probably acquired by money made by illegal activities. Caryl, is she definitely knew that would not wish to keep it, as O'Hara read her character, and he felt she ought to be told.

Still, he could scarcely go against Carnot's urgent request that nothing was as yet to be said to her. So O'Hara preparing to drive back to the Chateau curbed his impatience seeing nothing for him to do at the moment, but watch out for Caryl's personal safety.

Her enemies from the little Carnot had said, threatened to be of a decidedly unpleasant variety. That might seem to make any suspicious look foolish considering their obviously substantial social standing. Even Carnot had thrust that possibility aside as out of the question.

Nor did it appear logical that the people responsible for those mysterious threats would live so openly at Caryl Fayne's gates as did the Egyptian and his friends. On the other hand, O'Hara argued the criminal sometimes effects an unexpected coup by the sheer, apparently suicidal bravado of his methods.

Also, seemingly sound social standing may well cover a multitude of sins and O'Hara was not too impressed by the airy way in which Carnot had dismissed these people as probabilities. As he swung his car out into the square he decided to take no chances but to adopt bold methods by deliberately cultivating the inmates of that smart, white villa outside Caryl's gates and forming his own opinion from close and more continuous observation.

ANOTHER PASSENGER

Hence, as he was passing the main postoffice he braked sharply a few yards from the house of the military figure of his friend Captain Gale, stood at the pavement edge. They were about to hail a taxi from a parking-place in the square when O'Hara drew up.

"Going out to St. Pierre?" he asked, and taking that for granted: "Can I give you a lift?"

"Good man!" The Captain jumped to it instantly, all smiles while the Egyptian — equally pleased — went through the gracious movements of an oriental salaman.

"Thank you, Mr. O'Hara, isn't it?" he accepted at once getting in, explaining: "Our own car happens to be under repair, and won't be ready till to-morrow. My friend Oliver had a slight accident with it early this morning, driving to catch the Paris rapide. A military lorry from the frontier ran into him."

"Bad luck! I hope he wasn't hurt?" O'Hara returned politely,

suddenly remembering that the Biarritz lawyer, Lemaire, had also been on that same train.

"Not at all. In fact, he wired us from Paris, after reaching there, to say all was well."

Little more was said for a while apart from the captain's polite remarks on the car, which certainly made more comfortable riding than a Biarritz taxi. But that led O'Hara gradually to bring conversation round to O'Hara himself.

He was clearly interested to know marks on the captain's polite remarks, as if casually and without much real interest.

It was a chance remark which had more effect even than he had hoped. In the driving-seat he had the others behind him in the back of the car. But there was a little mirror at an angle above and this reflected enough for him to catch a meaning glance pass between the captain and Yousef, whose thin lips a smile flickered for the briefest second, before he remarked:

"It does not seem that you, who once owned the Chateau Brissac, bear any ill-will towards Miss

Fayne who now is mistress there."

"Why should I?" O'Hara, with a clear run of road ahead glanced round over his shoulder at the other. "My mother's family sold the estate and that's that. It's not Miss Fayne's fault that she has suddenly found herself owner of the place."

"But — I should say she is quite pleased about it. Such a very lovely old house, and — so it is common knowledge — quite a handsome legacy to help keep it up!"

"A combination, Pasha, not to be hesitated a moment, and then deliberately asked: "Did you know her relative Mr. Fayne whose death brought the legacy about?"

"By slight certainly," the other responded, adding: "There wasn't much of that, either. I think, between the time I took the Villa St. Pierre till we heard of Mr. Fayne's

tragic death I only laid eyes on him — and that from a distance — perhaps three times. He was rather a hermit, as perhaps you may not know?"

(To Be Continued)



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