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by Dr. M. W. Locke



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Howard McInnis

QUEEN ST.

FITTED FOOTWEAR

Rural Adventure

By Cameron Dockery

He was waiting for her in the car, masked as she was, his costume identical, except that the pompons were a brilliant blue. "Isn't this a wonderful city?" she couldn't restrain her enthusiasm. "Some time when I'm not busy I'm going to come back here and do and see everything as it should be done." "The people here don't need to view the world through rose-colored glasses today, anyway," he agreed.

are we going to do?" Had Stu Lawrence overcome his sense of duty for one day? Was he going to show her some of the lighter side of New Orleans? His answer dispelled any brief illusions she held on that score. "Nothing in keeping with the spirit of the occasion, unfortunately." "This is the City Morgue," he announced. "Morgue!" she gasped with horror. "Yes, you're going to have to identify someone. We could have brought Mamselle Duval instead, but I have another reason for wanting you here." "But... who is it?" Lotus moistened her lips nervously with the tip of her tongue. "I can't tell you. Just identify him if you can." He led her to a desk. A plump, sober-faced man sat behind it, in policeman's uniform.

"Here she is, Chief—Miss Kirkman, from the Cafe Duval. You may take off your mask, Rosa." Lotus began to tremble violently and only the reassuring pressure of Lawrence's lean fingers on her arm steadied her. The Chief took up his position beside a long narrow table on which a white-sheeted form reposed. Quickly, his hand drew back the sheet from the figure's face. "Do you recognize this man?" Lotus gasped—the thin, goateed face was startlingly familiar. "It's Jacques, a waiter at the Cafe Duval!" "You are sure?" "Yes, there's no doubt of it. I've seen him every night for almost a month." "When was the last time you saw him?" "Last night. I left the Cafe at twelve and he was still busy serving the customers. What happen-

ed to him?" "He was murdered." The Chief studied her closely. "Found his body in a dory tied to one of the piers this morning." "How horrible!" Sardonic humor flickered across his features. "Not too bad. If he's really Jacques Renault, he has a record as long as my arm. The world is better off without him. That's all, Miss Kirkman, you may go now."

Moodily, Lotus leaned on the balustrade of her small balcony and stared at the waterfront below, the masts and funnels of the ships moored opposite the Cafe and warehouses. She watched the long, strong arm of the crane swing crates and bales to the dock side. From blocks away the shouting and revelry of the crowd moving toward Canal Street reached her but dimly now. Doubtless she was free to join them, but the experience with Lawrence in the morgue had dispirited her thoroughly. "All a part of the game, my girl," he had said. Perhaps it was to him. Running down criminals and eliminating them from society was his profession, but she was miserable. Even being indirectly responsible for the demise of Jacques Renault, a known crook, was upsetting. They had never exchanged more than a few sentences, he'd never harmed her in any way as far as she knew.

When she'd explained this to Lawrence he'd chuckled dryly. "You're not as cold-blooded as I thought." Almost without being conscious of it, Lotus watched a cream and chromium roadster drive up to the S.S. Gonzales, discharge a passenger, then make a sweeping turn across the railroad tracks and come to a swishing stop beneath her balcony. The driver raised his arm in gay salute. It was Stacy Corbin. "Hello there, Rosa! Come down and join me." Hoping to destroy the despondent mood in which the morning's events had left her, she accepted. Stacy's smile was infectious, his hand squeezed hers briefly. "The Gonzales would have to arrive during the Mardi Gras!" They drove up beside the gangway and a man in charge of the unloading walked up to the side of the car. "They're going to send it down now, Mr. Corbin." "Okay—my truck will be here in a moment to pick it up." He turned to Lotus. "Hold on to those gorgeous orbs of yours so they won't pop out—this ought to



be quite a sight." They watched a steel-barred cage with heavy meshing being slowly lowered over the side. The stevedores maneuvered it gently to a platform from where it could be loaded onto a truck. Lotus and Stacy mounted the steps and stood beside it. Two small, almond-shaped eyes, glistening and yellow, met Lotus and she drew back. A vile, fetid stench assailed her nostrils. (To Be Continued)

Bristol And Vicinity

(Continued From Page 8) Force and left last week to rejoin at Summerside where he expects to be stationed for some time at least. Miss Mabel O'Brien and Miss Mary Sinnott have returned from a motor trip to Boston, where they were guests of Mrs. John A. Hughes and daughters Bertha and Gertrude. Their aunt Mrs. Hughes is now eighty-five years young and still very active and does her own work. Fishing at Red Head has been very heavy during this month and with only one packing plant in operation scores of boatloads of fish had to be salted. Old times report there never was such heavy fishing late in the fall and many of the fishers who gave up early in the season missed the heavy catches of both cod and mackerel. Mr. Charles Mosher has his new house all closed in on the outside



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SHEEN & McINNIS SUMMERSIDE

and expects to be living in it late this fall. He informs this writer that like many others he used B. C. red cedar shingles and as these shingles are not edged every one has to be planed on both edges and this makes the job of shingling very slow and trying. Friends here and especially in

Dromore will learn with regret of the passing at his home in Montreal, of Mr. Ambrose Hamm, after a lengthy illness. Mr. Hamm was a foreman in the steel mills in Trenton for more than forty years. His home always carried the welcome sign for anyone from home and this writer spent several vacations at his lovely home.

LONDON — (CP) — The crown jewels are again being publicly displayed in the Tower of London. OUSDEN HALL, Suffolk, England — (CP) — Bomb disposal men, after digging three weeks, located a 500-pound bomb dropped in 1941.

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