

BINGO
Holy Redeemer Hall
TO-NIGHT
8.30
The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other bingo in the city.
Freezout
for Charitable Purposes

MAPLE HILLS SCHOOL
Honor Roll for November.
Grade IX.—1, Anita Dillon; 2, Lawrence Gauthier; 3, Mary Doucette.
Grade VIII.—1, Astin Square; 2, Don Simmonds; 3, Elott McKay.
Grade VII.—1, Florence Peake; 2, Dalles Gauthier; 3, Sam Trowdale.
Grade VI.—Ken Maclean; 2, Lois McGee; 3, Harold Bryenton.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS:
1. Dull
2. Asterisk
3. Female of the ruff
4. Anxious
5. American Indians
6. Banishment
7. Converts
8. Strikes to a customer
9. Indefinite article
10. Pause
11. Little girl
12. (abbr.)
13. Eskimo houses
14. Close to
15. Full of leaks
16. Legislatures
17. Music note
18. City (Pol.)
19. Letter
20. Spring month
21. Exist
22. Gave last unktion to (archaic)
23. Dexterous
24. Insert
25. Boat
26. Class of society (Ind.)
27. Island (N. Y. Harbor)
28. Quantity of food
29. Looked askance
30. DOWN
31. Displace
32. Check

DOWN:
1. Birds, as a class
2. Breeze
3. Pleasure
4. Appears
5. Public vehicle
6. Stirs up
7. To let again
8. Sell directly to a customer
9. Secular
10. Frequent protectorate (Indo-China)
11. Apertions
12. Permits
13. Observe
14. Turkish weight (var.)
15. Breeze
16. Period of time
17. Small daily newspaper
18. Brushes up
19. Mass
20. Secular
21. Frequent protectorate (Indo-China)
22. Apertions
23. Permits
24. Observe
25. Unite by formal treaty
26. Trunk (abbr.)
27. A tree
28. Observe

Yesterday's Answer

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation
D Y H A W H R, S K H L C Y Q V, E W T R
H A R B R O A J R P B O Y D H R D T—Y I R.
Yesterday's Cryptogram: THESE ARE BUT WILD AND WHIRLING WORDS, MY LORD—SHAKESPEARE.
Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Husbands! Wives! Want new Pep and Vim?
Thousands of couples are made, worn-out, exhausted, nervous, listless, and tired from the strain of daily living. Get the new Pep and Vim. It's the most powerful, most effective, most reliable for sale of all drug stores everywhere.

Grade V.—1, Mallory McGee; 2, Colleen O'Brien; 3, John Brennan.
Miss Furness's Department
Grade IV.—1, Delbert Doucette; 2, Harry Simmonds; 3, Blady Bryenton.
Grade III.—1, Sylvia McGee; 2, Bill Power; 3, Olga Phillips.
Grade II. Sr.—1, Marie Strickland; 2, Claire Bryenton.
Grade II. Jr.—1, Barry Dillon; 2, Ernest Bryenton; 3, Stephen Hughes.
Grade I. A.—1, Terry O'Brien, Jerry Mosher, equal; 2, Edythe Bellman.
Grade I. B.—No tests.
Laura McA. MacDonald, Principal.
ABERYSTWYTH, Wales.—(CP)—Headquarters of the Welsh forstry commission will be in Hotel Victoria here.

County Club
By Holloway Horn

"It may be that they did not expect her to go up to her room so early. She may have found him there and he killed her because she recognized him—or recognized one of them." Dollimore put it.

Ducros nodded: "That's a point they could have got away—she was an infirm old lady—but if she had recognized them they dare not leave her to talk. Where's Fernandez, by the way?"

"In the dance-room doing his best to soothe the guests," Dollimore said.

"You don't propose to search the place for the jewellery?" Fernwee asked.

Ducros shook his head: "No, he said. 'They have either gone—as I suspect—or they've hidden it where we shouldn't find it.'"

"The local inspector smiles. 'I get steadily more thankful that I'm not in charge of the investigation.'"

"The newspaper men will be down in the morning," Dollimore pointed out.

"Make sure that they are," Ducros said. "Phone to one of the news agencies right away. Dolly, we're going to need all the publicity we can get in this case, unless I'm very much mistaken."

"There was a knock at the door and Glinthe came back into the room.

"Forgive my butting in," he said. "But I've just limed up that photograph. He was here with Rollier. He was here tonight. He's dark and the man in the photograph is fair. He has a moustache and the picture is clean-shaven, but the expression is there. 'By the way, something about the eyes.' Ducros and Dollimore glanced at each other.

"You're certain, Ronny?" Dollimore asked quietly.

"Absolutely," said Glinthe. "I solemnly went through everybody I could remember having met here. And suddenly it flashed on me. I'm quite sure."

Ducros was stroking his chin. "You're right," he said. "And he was within a dozen yards of me."

Contract Bridge
By JOSEPHINE CULBERTSON
NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT!

After the play of today's hand South complained of the fantastic. Ealy had luck which had, however. Actually, he should have been congratulating himself on his good luck!

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ A 2
♥ A K Q 10 8 2
♦ 7 5
♣ 7 5 3

♠ 9 7 6 5 3
♥ J
♦ A 9 2
♣ Q 4 2

W N E S
K Q J 10 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 A

The bidding:
South West North East
Pass Pass 1 ♠ 2 ♣
♠ Pass Pass Pass

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED
By Zane Grey

THINK HARD. FOUR YEARS AGO AN AIR LINER CRASHED WITHIN ONE MILE OF THIS CABIN!

YOU CLAIM FOUR SNOWS AGO IS ALL YOU CAN REMEMBER?

HAVEN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT YOU WERE ON THAT AIRPLANE AND SOMEHOW SURVIVED THE TRAGEDY?

AIRPLANE? WHAT IS AIRPLANE?

JOE PALOOKA
By HAM FISHER

DOTTY DRIPPLE
By Buford Tuna

OH, DEAR—I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW I WRAPPED THOSE 'XMAS PACKAGES' LAST YEAR!

HERE, MOM—YOU PRACTICE FIRST WITH THIS OLD RIBBON?

THAT'S A GOOD SUGGESTION, TARTY—I'LL JUST TRY!

SOMETHING THAT I INTEND TO THROW OUT ANYWAY!

HI, KIDS!

THERE! NOW I KNOW HOW TO DO IT!

HELLO, HORACE—WILL YOU THROW THIS GARBAGE OUT IN THE CAN FOR ME?

BRINGING UP FATHER
By George McManus

HENRY
By Carl Anderson

THAT DEST—MR. WATERBRAIN—IS HERE TO SEE YOU SIR!

OH—SHOW HIM IN—I'LL GET RID OF HIM SOME WAY!

GOOD MORNING—OR IS IT AFTERNOON? I HAVEN'T GOT A CALENDAR WITH ME—OH—YES—I KNOW WHAT I WANTED TO SEE YOU ABOUT—MAY I USE YOUR PHONE??

HELLO! I SAY—HELLO—HELLO—HELLO—

WHO ARE YOU CALLIN'?

I CALLED UP MY HOUSE TO SEE IF I WAS HOME—I GUESS I AM OUT—AS I DON'T ANSWER!

MY GOODNESS—HERE COMES THAT STRANGE WOMAN AGAIN TO SEE US—MARE—TELL HER WE ARE OUT!!

PROBABLY WANTS TO SELL SOMETHING!

THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE TOLD HER YOU'RE OUT—SHE'LL GET SUSPICIOUS!

FIND OUT WHO SHE IS—THIS TIME!!

IT WAS MRS. KILROY!

WHICH WAY DO SHE GO? YOU KNOW I HAVE BEEN LOOKIN' FER KILROY!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS
By Edwin

I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE ENJOYED A LECTURE SO MUCH! SO INTELLECTUAL—

MY HEAD'S KILLIN' ME—

WHERE IS EVERYBODY??

I SUPPOSE THEY'VE GONE TO BED—

HELLO, GRAN'MA—ARE YOU HOME?

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

WE WENT TO A MOVIE, GEE!

IT WAS GOOD!

YOU WENT TO A MOVIE??

YEH—ROY DIX AN' HIS 'MOSES'—STEADY—IT WAS SWELL!

WELL, I WANTED TO SEE THAT! OF ALL THINGS, TO GO OFF AN' LEAVE ME—

BUT YOU WENT TO 'N LECTURE—

SIDES, THIS WAS TH' LAST NIGHT! GEE!

HAVE A NICE TIME AT THE LECTURE MOTHER?

WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU WENT TO TH' MOVIES—!!

OUT OUR WAY
By J. R. WILLIAMS

OH, ICK! WE'LL BE RIGHT MAD WHEN HE FINDS HIS REVOLUTIONARY WAR MUSKET GONE FROM OVER TH' FIREPLACE—I THOUGHT YOU HAD A GOOD DEER RIFLE!

DOG-GONE DISH YERE GITTIN' UP BEFO' DAY—LIGHTS! DIS MULE WAS TOO CLOSE TO DE RAIL FENCE WHEN AN THROWED DE SADDLE ON HER!

THE BLUNDERBUSS
12-17 J. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE
With Major Hoops!
By Clifford McBride

IT'S AN OLD CHUNK OF IRON, ALVIN, BUT AFTER I GET IT GREASED THICK WITH THIS RADIATOR GILT, IT'LL BE A GOLDEN EGG!—YOU'VE HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS?—THIS IS A SPECIAL FOR UNCLE BULGY WHO BELIEVES ANYTHING ONCE!

HE WON'T SNAWLOW THAT!—UNCLE ANGS KNOWS BRUCE IS A GANDER AN' THEY DON'T LAY EGGS!—BESIDES, ANY SIMPLE SIMON KALOWS GEESSE CAN'T GIVE OUT WITH NUGGETS!

QUITE SO, ALVIN, BUT IT'S STILL A GOLDEN EGG!

When he reached the club, the

(Continued on page 12)

NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY
By Webster

SHOP HERE!

12-17

TILLIE THE TOILER
By Webster

SO I GUESS NO MORE DETECTIVES'LL BE UP AFTER THAT DIARY!

MRS. JONES, IN AN INSPECTOR FOR THE ELECTRIC COMPANY COME COME RIGHT IN!

GLAD YOU CAME! WE'VE GOT A SHORT CIRCUIT!

YES? WHEN I GO BACK TO THE SHOP!

I'LL SEE ABOUT GETTING YOU A LONGER ONE!

CHAPTER III
Detective Versus Lawyer

Mrs. Lewin's solicitor, Rollier, had no idea when he reached the Mossford County Club a few minutes before one that his visit was other than as a professional one. As a lawyer, he was, of course, anxious to give the police every assistance in his power. The London police had got into touch with him at his private flat, and at their request he had agreed to go to Mossford immediately, by spite of the fact that it was already late and he was tired. His conduct, indeed, was all—and even more—than could be expected in a reputable solicitor.

When he reached the club, the police had been making detailed and methodical enquiries for nearly three hours and both Ducros and Dollimore knew that, as a result of the enquiries, they would not receive the solution of their problem than when they heard Mary Stening's scream.

Rollier was a dapper little man of forty. His dark hair was greying

HENRY
By Carl Anderson

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