

SEVEN SAILED

(Continued from Page 2)

ence, but he had never imagined I would ever happen to him. He had always prided himself on his common-sense and his astuteness. He was a much too old a bird to be caught napping in that way. Yet here he was—quite definitely caught. More than that, he was about to be roasted.

Wanted to know how Greatrix came to get the box. He also had another game to play. "That seems to be all right," cogitated Sir Timothy. "You appear to know the procedure fairly accurately, if I may say so, but I can see only one objection. It's this: Supposing for the sake of argument, I agree to the terms you have laid down. That immediately we reach London everything is done as you would wish it to be done. Very well, then, what is to prevent me going to Scotland Yard and telling them the whole story? Claude Greatrix scrambled to his feet, still clutching his box. He was smiling pleasantly. "Nothing happens," he told Sir Timothy.

Timothy quietly, "nothing at all, for the simple reason that you don't go to the police." "And why not? I believe that nasty piece of work such as you Greatrix, would be obliterated if only more dupes would inform the police immediately blackmailing demands are made on them. That is why, most likely, I should adopt a similar course."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" Greatrix was speaking with complete confidence. He imparted the suggestion that he had the situation well in hand and that he also held all the trumps. "You see, if you were to do that and I received a visit from a Scotland Yard man I should feel compelled to tell him how the box came into my possession."

"I don't see that that makes an atom of difference," replied Sir Timothy. "The fact of your demand would still remain. Remember, I'm not charging you with common theft, Greatrix."

"Of course not! Still, you wouldn't want the police to know that your wife had burgled your safe; that with her own hands she had brought this box and delivered it to me? You must think well and think carefully before you act foolishly, Sir Timothy."

Sir Timothy stood there, white-faced. "You swine!" he cried. "You unspeakable swine! And you're an accomplished liar into the bargain! I don't believe a word of what you say, and because I don't believe you I shall most certainly go to the police!"

But Greatrix had not finished. "Another Arrival"

"Very well, then, I shall produce witness, Sir Timothy."

"Who is that?" he demanded. "A gentleman named Hyton. He saw Lady Kitty leave your cabin with this box."

This was altogether too much for Sir Timothy. He had controlled himself tolerably well, but now, like an animal suddenly given its head, he launched himself across the intervening space, his face purple and his fists clenched. Sir Timothy's physical bulk was not something that could be moved even the short distance represented by a few yards with anything savouring of a surprise attack, and Greatrix had ample time to prepare himself.

He had, however, not reckoned with the weight of the impact of the moving body, and while his fist cracked into Sir Timothy's stomach, he felt himself bowled backwards with the millstone on top of him.

That blow in the stomach had been momentarily disastrous to Sir Timothy; nevertheless, he had borne it remarkably well. Greatrix, finding the heavy man uppermost, and partially blind, had little difficulty in wriggling himself into a position which enabled his fingers to close around Sir Timothy's throat. In this position he pushed the millionaire backwards until he was astride him. There was an ugly smile on Greatrix's face. Sir Timothy made a desperate effort to loosen the man's grip on his neck, but without avail. His breathing, but without avail. His breathing, but without avail. His breathing, but without avail.

Stephen Hyton, following in his employer's tracks, had arrived just in time to see Greatrix astride Sir Timothy's recumbent figure. Stephen acted promptly. He leapt in, the distance from the light entrance where Sir Timothy had stood, and as he landed, he crashed home a heavy blow on the nose of Greatrix's neck. Greatrix gave a choking cry, and Sir Timothy felt the fingers release their stranglehold of his throat.

Stephen followed up his advantage by a second blow under the ear and Greatrix rolled over with a moan. Sir Timothy struggled to his feet. His face had changed from ashen to white and he was trembling. Greatrix lay inert, and Stephen plucked up Sir Timothy's black box from the soft grass where the blackmailer had left it. He handed it to Sir Timothy without comment. "Thanks!" breathed Sir Timothy. "Thanks very much, my boy!" Greatrix, who appeared to be regaining consciousness, "What shall we do with this?" he asked.

"I'll get Ventris to send some 'ol' to fetch him," said Sir Timothy. "I've not finished with this fellow yet."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

SAFETY PLAY NEEDED

The sound game contract in today's deal needed only a simple safety play for complete insurance.

South dealer. North-South vulnerable. ♠ 10 8 4 ♦ 7 3 2 ♣ A 4 3 ♠ 7 2

♠ K Q J 9 8 5 3 ♠ 7 2 ♠ 10 8 4 ♦ 7 3 2 ♣ A 4 3 ♠ 7 2

The bidding: South West North East 1♣ 4♣ Pass Pass 5♣ Pass Pass Pass

West, not vulnerable against vulnerable opponents, made a valiant effort to steal the contract, but South was too strong to be intimidated.

The spade king was the opening lead. Winning with the blank ace, declarer drew three rounds of trumps, after which he entered dummy with a diamond in order to return a low heart for a finesse to the queen. West jumped on this trick with his blank king and continued with spades. South ruffed, of course, but now there was no possible way of avoiding the loss of another heart trick to East, and since South also had to give a diamond, the contract was doomed.

The entire crux of this hand was in the heart suit and in declarer's method of playing that suit. It was actually a mistake. South could not even hope to shut the opponent out without even one heart trick; thus, all his efforts should have been directed to holding the heart suit. That one trick! The right method was to lay down the heart ace from the South hand. This would guard against the situation that actually existed—the blank king in West's hand—and at the same time would not jeopardize a trick if the hearts broke normally.

In other words, if the king did fall under the ace, declarer would simply lead another heart to the jack, and in that way would make just as many heart tricks, and lose as few, as though he had finessed originally.

the spot with two members of his crew an hour later there was no sign of Claude Greatrix.

CHAPTER XXIII

Sir Timothy Holds an Inquiry

The remainder of that day was one of strange, almost bewildering reaction. After luncheon Sir Timothy announced his intention of holding an inquiry in the lounge, and that he particularly requested the presence there of Lady Kitty, Captain Ventris, Stephen Hyton, and Moyra Winstantly. He would have liked Greatrix present, but since that gentleman had, apparently, vanished off the face of the island, it was no use waiting for him to turn up.

Stephen received the news with mixed feelings; Lady Kitty's reaction was one of deep apprehension, while Ventris, almost convinced that they were doomed to remain on the island and for ever appeared more than normally gloomy.

Sir Timothy appeared much as usual. He was smoking one of his ubiquitous cigars and chewing on the end of it as was his habit. He sat down at a table and spread a number of papers in front of him which he always adopted at business meetings even though the papers were of no value at all.

"Well," Sir Timothy began, in a tone that did not impress Stephen as being conciliatory. "You all heard what happened this morning and you've all had, I suppose, an opportunity of thinking it over. In the first place Greatrix made certain accusations against my wife. I have not mentioned it to her privately as I had every right to do, because I didn't consider that fair since the name of Hyton was mentioned as being a witness at one point of the conspiracy I think it only fair that Hyton should have an opportunity of corroborating or denying the story told to me by Greatrix."

(To Be Continued)

LING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



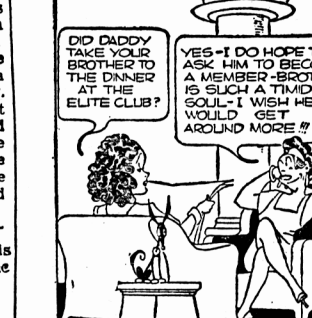
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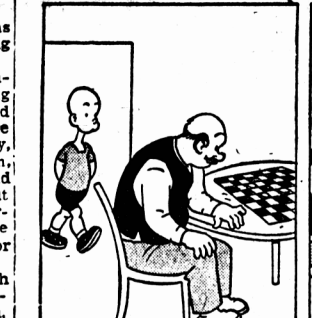
DOTTY DRIPPLE



BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY



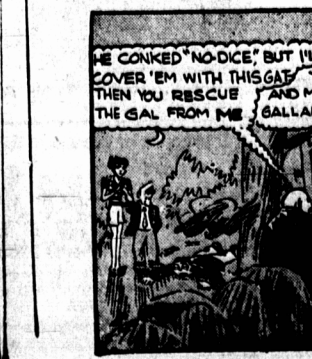
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY



TILLIE THE TOILER



Clover Club WEEKLY SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC Tables Reserved. Make your Reservations Early by Calling 1222. —CAFETERIA— The City's Modern and Air-Conditioned Dance Club. Dancing at 9 O'clock with Legation's Orchestra. ADMISSION 50c EACH. Unless Pre-arranged Reservations will not be held after 11 o'clock.

Regular Weekly Dance Thursday Night CHARLOTTETOWN GOLF CLUB Tickets 75 cents. Dancing 9 to 12.30. Everybody welcome. Advance sale of Tickets at Hughes Drugstore and Old Spain.

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DAILY CROSSWORD ACROSS 45. Kind of boat (Peru). 46. River (Eur.). 47. Dry. 48. Down. 49. Kind of cap. 50. Apostrophe, surmamed Peter. 51. Masculine name. 52. Chief item. 53. Enclosure. 54. Owing. 55. Varying weight (India). 56. Eribium (syn.). 57. Hasten. 58. Therefore. 59. Distinguish. 60. Exclamation. 61. Pack away. 62. Musical instrument. 63. Earth as a goddess. 64. Place where bread is made. 65. Specific gravity (abbr.). 66. Fronts of legs (abbr.). 67. Of age (abbr.). 68. Marshy meadow. 69. Hole-piercing tool. 70. Kind of nut. 71. Govern. 72. River (It.). 73. Asiatic country. 13. Infelible. 14. Sand ridge. 15. Employs. 16. Yellow. 17. Female. 18. Male. 19. Mist. 20. Adult. 21. An outcry. 22. Cooling device. 23. Flower. 24. Narrow inlet. 25. Fishing craft. 26. An ocellus. 27. Tie. 28. Narrow. 29. River (Afr.). 30. One (poet.). 31. Free. 32. Sign of infinitive. 33. Large pupil. 34. River (Afr.). 35. One (poet.). 36. Free. 37. Sign of infinitive. Yesterday's Answer: 37. Large pupil. 38. River (Afr.). 39. One (poet.). 40. Free. 41. Sign of infinitive.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WHILE I WAS AWAY I HEAR YOU CREATED THE GALLONS WITH A QUICK OPENING PLAY ABOUT AN OLD INDIAN RESERVATION! KIND OF ASPARAGUS HAPPEN TO SPROUT IN YOUR DUSTBOWL MIND?

OUR BOARDING HOJSE With Major Hoopie SHEER INGENUITY TWIGGS' CHIEF PIE-EYE CAME TO MUSS OVER HIS OLD HUNTY'S GROUND—WHICH INSPIRED ME TO COMB THE RECORDS—I FOUND THE CITY NEVER ANNEXED THE ABANDONED AND MY TRAFFIC ARREST FIRE-NOSE MAKE BIG WIND-TALK ROCKY MOUNTAIN FLAT!

Comic strip panel showing a man in a uniform looking at a document. "GOOD! KING'S GONE TO GET THE CONTROL CABLES TO MAKE A SCALING ROPE." "WITHOUT ME, HE CAN'T ESCAPE!" "I'LL WRITE A CONFESSIO... AND LEAVE THE GUNS WITH ME. THEN SLIP QUIETLY INTO THE WATER!" "I HATE TO LEAVE JIMMY ALONE, BUT I'VE GOT TO ACT. WATER'S RISING FAST... OH-OH! THE PLANE HAS BROKEN LOOSE!"

Comic strip panel showing Joe Palooka talking to a woman. "WHAT'S ALL THIS STALLIN'?" "HE HAS NO ROOM IN HERE AT ALL. HE SAYS WE CAN GET LOGGING THINGS." "I HEARD ABOUT THE TOUGH BREAK ON THE ROAD W/ I WISH YOU LUCK, BUDDY. SO LONG." "THANK YOU EVER SO MUCH, SLING." "THERE'S AN ORPHAN BOY'S HOME ALONG THIS ROAD... HE SAYS THEY PROBABLY HAVE SOME ROOM... WHERE WE COULD AT LEAST GET OUT OF THE STORM."

Comic strip panel showing Dotty Drizzle talking to a man. "DADDY, THERE'S A MAN AT THE DOOR SELLING SOMETHING." "HUH? YOU SEE HIM, TAPPY?" "IF HE HAS SOMETHING WE NEED BUY IT—IF NOT DON'T TAKE IT." "YOU'LL BE A HOUSEWIFE SOME DAY AND YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO HANDLE SITUATIONS LIKE THIS!" "THERE'S MONEY ON THE TELEPHONE TABLE IF YOU NEED IT—." "I GUESS I'LL MAKE LOTS OF MISTAKES LIKE THIS BEFORE I LEARN—WON'T I, HUH?"

Comic strip panel showing Bringing Up Father. "DID DADDY TAKE YOUR BROTHER TO THE DINNER AT THE ELITE CLUB?" "YES—I DO HOPE THEY ASK HIM TO BECOME A MEMBER—BROTHER IS SUCH A TIDY GUY—I WISH HE WOULD GET GOING NOW!" "THAT MUST BE JESSE—IM SO ANXIOUS TO FIND OUT HOW HE GOT ALONG?" "WELL—HOW DID HE MAKE OUT?" "WELL—IT WASN'T SO BAD—WHEN I SERVED 'EM CAVIAR AN' HE WANTED TO KNOW WHERE THE GUNS WERE FER 'EM BUCKSHOT!" "BUT I GAVE UP WHEN THEY BROUGHT 'EM THE SOLD AN' HE STARTED TO PAN IT WITH HIS GERRY HAT TO COOL IT."

Comic strip panel showing Henry playing chess. "CARL ANDERSON—"

Comic strip panel showing Tippy and "Cap" Stubbs. "YOU PUT TWO SPECIAL DELIVERY STAMPS ON YOUR LETTER TO ME? MERCY! IT MUST HAVE BEEN IMPORTANT!" "I WAS! CAP WROTE 'N' ASKED YOU TO HURRY 'N' COME QUICK 'N' MAKE COUSIN MILLIE GO HOME 'N' QUIT GIVING HIM MUSIC LESSONS!" "NOBODY ELSE CAN DO IT— BUT DON'T TELL GRAN MA!" "IT IS, SALLY! IT IS!"

Comic strip panel showing Napoleon and Uncle Elby. "I FORGOT WHETHER YOU TAKE CREAM OR LEMON, JANE—WHAT'RE YOU ALL WHISPERIN' 'BOUT? SOUNDS LIKE A CONSPIRACY!"

Comic strip panel showing Tillie the Toiler. "WE CONKED 'NODICE' BUT I'LL COVER 'EM WITH THIS GUY—YES, THEN YOU RESCUE 'EM—AND MEET THE GAL FROM ME GALLANTLY." "REACH FOR THE STARS, I'LL TEACH YOU TO GET ROUGH WITH ME PAL." "AND I'LL TEACH YOU TO GET TOUGH WITH MY FRIEND TILLIE—YOU WITH THE FACE YOU DASSNT SHOW!" "DICKY!"