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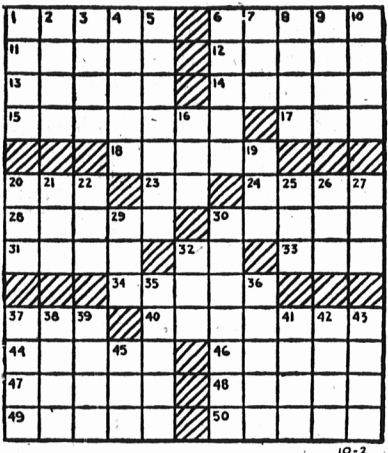
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DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Russian writer
 - Hide (slang)
 - Silk scarf (poet.)
 - Gen out in relief
 - Disclosed
 - Bay window
 - Intuition
 - Arid
 - Beneath (poet.)
 - Sacred
 - Conical mass of thread
 - International language
 - Hole-piercing tools
 - Verbal examinations
 - Country (SW Eur.)
 - Sand dune (Eng.)
 - Exclamation (Governor of Algeria)
 - Swallow, as liquid
 - Wallaba tree (Braz.)
 - Town in New Hampshire
 - The afore-said thing
 - Music of lyric poetry
 - Of Asia
 - Hard, external coating of a seed
 - Tree
 - Demon
- DOWN**
- Desert (Asia)
 - African city
 - Pike-like fish (poem.)
 - A fat
 - Account books
 - Scottish author
 - Sailor
 - Among
 - Propriet
 - Sacred
 - A Chinese weight
 - Befall
 - Fish
 - Metallic rock
 - Kettle
 - A roll of money (slang)
 - Falsehood
 - Upward curving of a ship's planking
 - Guided
 - Short poems
 - Crested hawk-parrot
 - River (Fr.)
 - Scout is its capital
 - First man
 - Location of the Leaning Tower



Yesterday's Answer



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

AXYDLBAAXR
is LONGFELLOW

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

WNED NAXLFVS RDDWV MSD
SDNPC XNMD, NAH MSD INJHDJ FV
RDVWNFJ—IFBHD.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: TANGLED IN AMOROUS NETS—MILTON.

COVEHEAD-BRACKLEY W.M.S.

The September meeting of the W. M. S. was held at the home of Mrs. Grove MacMillan with eleven members and five visitors present. The meeting opened by singing "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" and the Lord's Prayer was repeated in unison. Mrs. Grove MacMillan took as her theme for the devotional period "Jesus Taught", scripture reading.

Mrs. Hibbert Hughes and Mrs. Chesley Hughes then gave a reading entitled "God Cares For Us", followed by scripture reading by Mrs. Ira MacDonald. Mrs. Lorne MacMillan then gave a reading "Religion is More Than Talk"

Scripture readings were then given by Mrs. Leith MacMillan, Mrs. Orr MacCann and two readings given, "Getting Along With People", Mrs. George Bell, and "Don't Blow Your Own Horn", Mrs. Gideon MacLaughlin. The devotional part was closed with hymn "Just As I Am". The text word for the next meeting will be "Harvest" and the devotional leader will be Mrs. Ramsey Auld.

The treasurer gave her report, and the minutes of the last meeting were then read. Collection for the evening was \$3.75. The Rev. Mr. Wilson then led in prayer, which closed the meeting. A dainty lunch was served by the hostess and a pleasant social hour enjoyed by all present.

Murder In Duplicate

CHAPTER FIVE Continued

The fat man laughed. He laughed until he began to cough. His face turned crimson and his whole body shook with the paroxysm. They stared at him until the coughing died away in a series of pants and wheezes.

Corder mopped furiously at his brow with the handkerchief as he struggled to get his breath back. "You must excuse my snitch," he managed to say, between gasps. "No doubt you think it unseemly. The noise startles many people. It affords me almost the sole amusement I now manage to derive from life. That was Katrine."

Jim began to wonder if they were dealing with a maniac. "Katrine?" he repeated.

For answer, the fat man pursed his lips, and whistled shrilly. Instantly there bounded into the room a pale grey creature, with enormous eyes, was a Siamese cat. It leaped on the fat man's shoulders, and rubbed its wizened face savagely against his cheek. Then it opened its mouth, revealing sharp little white teeth, and emitted the long thin wail they had heard before.

"I find," explained Corder, "that Siamese cats make excellent companions." He caressed the beast's fur. "They are better than dogs. I detest dogs. I have several Siamese."

Jim looked at the saucers lying about the floor. "Unfortunately," the fat man went on, in his piping voice, "they are not good mousters. This old house, I fear, is infested with mice. I have to take other measures with them."

The small bulging eyes were still fixed on a spot above Jim's head. Corder had not once looked straight at him. But Jim sensed there was meaning, and malice, in the words. He asked: "What do you do about them—the mice, I mean?"

Jim moved to a chair, and leaned his elbows on the back of it, keeping his gaze fixed on the fat man.

"Ah!" Corder seemed pleased. "I am glad you ask that question. I fancy the answer may interest you. You see, Mr. Tracey, I am by way of being a student of human nature."

He leaned back comfortably, like one preparing to embark on a favourite topic. "I have summed you up, and come to certain conclusions about you. You are, I would say, a young man of intelligence and character, but you have one weakness. You possess an imagination which you sometimes allow to become your master, instead of making it your servant. You must beware of this." He shook his huge head

solemnly. "Imagination should not be too freshly indulged, it may—"

"Please postpone this interesting analysis of my character," said Jim. "What were you going to tell us about the mice?"

Corder chuckled. "I was going to say," he replied, "that I have to use poison. Certain precautions have to be taken to ensure that the cats don't get it. It comes in the form of little pellets. The mice consume them, and retire to their nests behind my woodwork. There they shortly afterwards die." He leaned forward. "You see, the little pellets contain—strychnine."

He chuckled again. "Yes, I thought that would interest you. A sinister coincidence, is it not? Mrs. Dormer died of strychnine poisoning. He saw Jim's face, and raised his eyebrows. "But your amazement, and even alarm, vastly exceed my expectations. Let me think now. Don't tell me"—he suddenly shot out a forefinger.

"Yes, your witness, who you say has unfortunately been murdered, died of strychnine poisoning, too?"

Before Jim could reply, the telephone on Corder's desk rang shrilly. The fat man stretched out a hand for it, groping among the desk's untidy litter. His face changed expression. The mockery died out of it, and was replaced with another emotion. Jim could have sworn it was fear.

"Yes, I see." His little bulging eyes swivelled round, and glared at them, but he continued to listen. "Yes, of course. At once, please."

His ringing voice went up in a thin wail, very like one of his own cats. "For God's sake hurry!" He put down the phone. In the next instant, he whipped open a drawer of his desk. His shaking hand held a large black automatic. His face was livid.

"Don't move, either of you!" He waved the weapon. "Stand still! I warn you if you make a single move, I'll shoot."

"We weren't thinking of moving," Jim said mildly. He added, "Something seems to have upset you."

Keeping the gun pointed, Corder sat back. He groped with his free hand for his handkerchief, and mopped his brow. Colour was coming back into his face, and with it his confidence returned. His fear suddenly gave way to rage, so that the gun in his hand shook.

"The gross impertinence of it," he snarled. "You have the nerve to come here, and accuse me of murder, while all the time—"

Jim said, still mildly: "While what?" He never took his eyes off the fat man.

"I was prepared," said Corder, his voice hoarse with rage, "to be amused. I thought you were just some bungling amateur with a lot of fancy theories. I intended to let you talk your head off, and then prove to you just what sort of an ass you were. Now it's different. Please believe," he said earnestly, "that I am in deadly earnest and no longer amused."

Jim said: "Why?"

"That telephone call," said Corder, jerking his head slightly. "was from the police. They've tracked you here. They're on their way. I don't think I need tell you why." He nodded malevolently towards Mary. "They found a dead man in her flat tonight, and he'd been given a drink containing enough strychnine to kill a regiment. There was a supply of strychnine hidden in the flat."

Jim's face became gloomy. Of course it had had to happen sooner or later. All the same, he was puzzled. It had happened just a little too soon. The man called Hamilton wasn't a detective, Whitcombe had said; he was a crook. He might, of course, have decided that murder was too serious to trifle with, and got in touch with the police the moment he recovered consciousness. But then—how had he, or the police, known they had gone to Corder's house from the flat? Hamilton couldn't possibly have known—though Whitcombe might have guessed, for they had asked Whitcombe for Corder's address. That raised further problems. For a moment, Jim's mind dwelt confusedly on Whitcombe, and the odd part he had already played in the affair. Then he reverted to the time problem. The police couldn't have acted so soon—unless—

To be continued

BOMBAY, Sept. 30.—(Reuters)—Sir Alexander Clutterbuck arrived today to take up his post as British high commissioner in India and told newspapermen he regarded his office "as the most important in the Commonwealth today." Clutterbuck is former British high commissioner to Ottawa.

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Card Of Thanks

I wish to thank the Doctors, Clergy, Sisters and Nurses of the City Hospital and those who sent me flowers, treats and cards. Also those who visited me while a patient there.

R. J. MacDonald.

Card Of Thanks

I wish to thank Dr. E. S. Giddings, Nurses and Staff of the P. E. Island Hospital; also friends, relatives and neighbours for flowers, fruits, cards and all kindness shown me while a patient there.

S. J. Good.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Edmund Jeffery who passed away October 2nd, 1951.

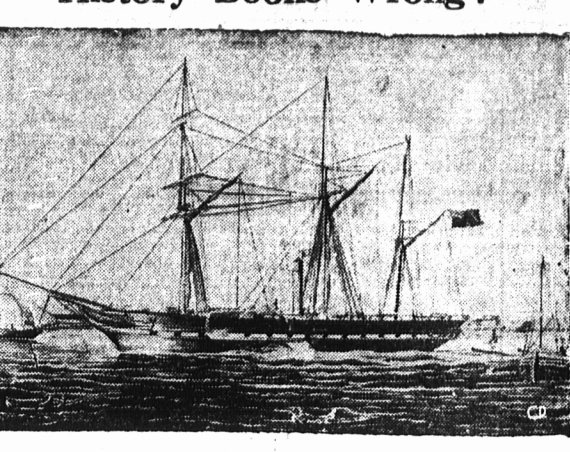
Peacefully sleeping, resting at last. The world's weary troubles and trials are past.

In silence he suffered, in patience he bore. God called him home to suffer no more.

Till God called him home to suffer no more.

Ever Remembered by His Family.

History Books Wrong?



The first steamship to cross the Atlantic, despite what all the history books say was not the Queen Victoria. "Royal William" (shown), according to Michael Dwyer, 75-year-old former mines minister of Nova Scotia. He says the Royal William claim was simply founded on "negative information" and that the 124-ton steamer "Cape Breton" slipped into North Sydney, N. S., with British supplies two weeks before the "Royal William" sailed from Pictou, N. S., on August 18, 1833.

(CP PHOTO)

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