

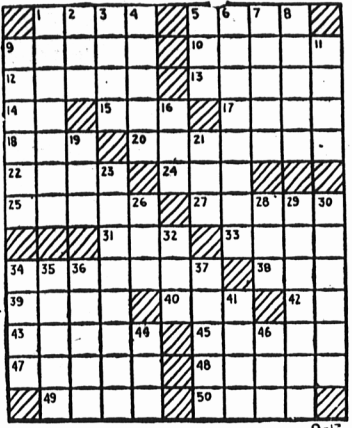
DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
1. Fruit
  2. Organ of hearing
  3. Soon
  4. Revive
  5. Beast of burden
  6. Speaks imperfectly
  7. Danger
  8. Extra
  9. Oriental country (poss.)
  10. Stairs
  11. She is (con-tracted)
  12. Wading bird
  13. Soft, twilled silk fabric
  14. Whether
  15. Snare
  16. Pneumatic tube
  17. Short sleep
  18. Twigs
  19. Metal fastener
  20. Twigs
  21. Spread grass to dry
  22. Control
  23. Fabulous bird
  24. Consume
  25. Wide street
  26. Evil spirits
  27. Stripe
  28. Swabs
  29. Call forth
  30. Postpone
  31. House gods (Rom. Antiq.)
  32. Property (L.)
  33. Narrow inlet (geol.)



Yesterday's Answer

41. In this plan
42. Property (L.)
43. Narrow inlet (geol.)



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

A X Y D L B A A R H L O N G F E L L O W

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

Y P F W O H F U S Z S Z W A J U I F U J B Q J S N Z I P A P T J W , C T S F I P F N J L H S - N Z H , A J Y .

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: DELIGHT THAT LIVES AN HOUR, AND LOVE THAT LIVES A DAY—SWINBURNE.

Kellogg's taste  
Better 'cause  
they're the  
Bigger  
Crisper  
Bran Flakes!



A most delicious wheat cereal with extra bran—as a gentle aid to regularity!

Get that "BRAN-NEW" FEELING!

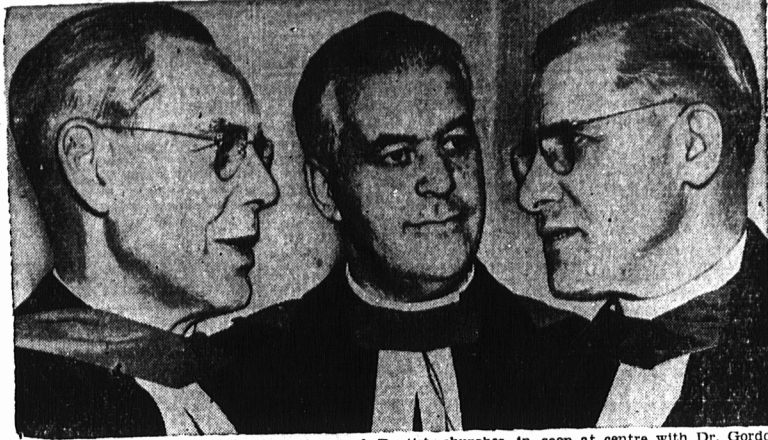
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P.F. ENGLISH QUALITY

Crisp, and delicately flavoured, this sandwich biscuit has a rich cream filling. A melt-in-your-mouth biscuit made as only Peek Frean's can make them. Delightful with afternoon tea.

MADE BY PEEK FREAN'S MAKERS OF Famous Biscuits



Retiring moderator of the United Church of Canada, Rt. Rev. C. M. Nicholson, strongly urged his fellow-clergy members to continue working towards union with Anglican, Pres-

Murder In Duplicate

by Glenn Carr

The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company. (Copyright: N. F. L.)

CHAPTER ONE

It began with an anonymous letter, and it caused three deaths. On that fateful afternoon in late July, with a summer thunderstorm creeping up to make the air breathless and tighten the nerves, Jim Tracey returned from lunch to find an envelope on his desk. The envelope bore his name and office address, neatly typed. It looked the most ordinary of communications. Jim lit his pipe before he bothered to open it.

In his early thirties, averagely good-looking, with a satisfactory golf handicap, and recently engaged to be married, Jim Tracey was exactly what he seemed to be—a rather successful, sober, and respectable young chartered accountant. Sunshine from the big window spilled over the polished surface of his desk. He was in a familiar, comfortable world.

Then suddenly he was staring, registering stark disbelief. The message, like the envelope, was typed. It was unsigned. And it was very brief. It said:

"Ask 'Mary Lester' who she really is. Ask her about the Dormer case."

It was typed in double spacing on an oblong sheet of white paper, of the sort he could have easily matched from the drawers of any of the desks in the office. And it was monstrous, absurd; reeking of evil, sly suggestion.

All the same...

"What do you really know about her?" whispered a voice. "You're in love with her; you're going to marry her. But—"

It was disconcertingly true how extraordinarily little he knew about Mary—her background, her people, anything. It was also true that whenever he'd asked even a casual question she'd skillfully evaded it.

"This anonymous letter doesn't really surprise you," whispered the voice that was in Tracey's own mind working. "For weeks now, you've been expecting—trouble: ever since you introduced her to Frank Welles."

Jim remembered how these two had stared at each other, in an odd uncomfortable silence. And then the young barrister had taken Mary's hand. "Awfully pleased to meet you, Miss Lester," Frank had murmured. And Mary had instantly but awkwardly responded—like someone who has been secretly given the right cue.

Jim thought of Mary: the dark hair framing the pretty, slightly plump face, and the wide-spaced grey eyes that looked at you so steadily. Anger grew in him. It was ridiculous that she should be the

target of a cheap anonymous letter; Mary, who looked more like a girl of seventeen, than a young woman of twenty-six, with her neat, plain dresses and the white lace collars she liked to wear. Nasty, who wouldn't hurt a fly.

Thrusting the letter into his pocket, he walked into the adjoining office.

"Whitcombe," he said abruptly. "Have you ever heard of the Dormer case?"

Whitcombe looked up from a mass of papers. He had grey hair, much rumpled; a lean jaw, and a stringy neck. "Gee," were Whitcombe's hobby. He read the reports of every murder trial, every sensational crime, that came to his notice, and then bored his friends with his theories.

"The Dormer case?" said Whitcombe. The prominent adam's apple bobbed and jerked in his stringy throat, a sure sign of interest. "Certainly I've heard of the Dormer case. 'It's one of my favourites. Odd you should mention it. I know a man who was slightly involved in it—fellow called Cor-der.' He paused, and frowned. "But why d'you ask?"

"I—" Jim swallowed. "What was it all about?"

Whitcombe leaned back in his chair. Leisurely he lit his pipe. "It happened near Torquay, near three years ago. A Mrs. Dormer was poisoned. He added with surprising vehemence: "And if Mary Lincoln didn't kill her aunt, I don't know what murder is."

Mary Lincoln—Mary Lester—"Ask 'Mary Lester' who she really is."

There were heat and tension in the air now, and a distant rumble of approaching thunder. Jim licked suddenly dry lips.

"Mrs. Dormer," said Whitcombe, "lived with her niece, Mary Lincoln, in a large cottage near Torquay. They quarrelled, and the niece came; at night and without warning Mrs. Dormer she was coming."

"Mary Lincoln's story at the trial," Whitcombe went on, "was that she'd heard her aunt was ill; Mrs. Dormer suffered from heart trouble. She said that as she approached the cottage, on foot, a man came rushing out of the gate. He grabbed her arm, and said: "Something awful has happened. I think the old lady is dying. You'd better see to her."

To be continued

WHIM ROAD W. I.

The members of Whim Road W.I. held their regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Russell MacBeth on Tuesday evening, August 5th. Mrs. Wesley Campbell, the president, opened the meeting with all repeating the institute ode together. There were eighteen members and six visitors present to answer the roll call, which was an exchange of magazines and an item for the grab bag. The secretary, Mrs. Lawrence Stuart, read the minutes of the previous meeting which had been held in the school. It was reported that seats had been purchased and installed in the hall. The delegates attending the provincial convention of the W.I. in Charlottetown, brought back a very descriptive and interesting account

of their trip and of the happenings there. The secretary was instructed to ascertain why the required number of copies of the Institute News had not been forwarded for this month. Correspondence included among other things a letter advising the members of the Red Cross blood donors clinic, which would be held in Montague in the near future. A number of pamphlets and books were passed around to the members.

The committee for the month reported as follows: Sick committee no calls were made during the month and treats were given—the committee re-appointed was Mrs. Cecil Campbell and Mrs. Lawrence Stuart.

Entertainment—The entertainment for the evening was in charge of Mrs. Wesley Campbell and Mrs. M. J. Munro. Mrs. Campbell read a witty little poem on "Outdoor Cooking", her animal contest being won by Mrs. J. Ackhart. Mrs. Munro held a bean guessing contest and the winner of this was Mrs. Webb Nicholson.

Appointed on the entertainment committee for next month was Mrs. Webb Nicholson and Mrs. Leslie Stuart. It was decided to hold the next meeting in the Hall, and the roll call for this meeting will be "a cheerful thought."

A demonstration was given by Miss Betty MacBeth on making a brooch or lapel pin from strips of coloured plastic. The pin shown by Miss MacBeth was in the form of a bird. A number of colors were used which blended together to make the pin very pretty.

The penny auction was held by Miss Lona MacDonald with Mrs. George Clary being the holder of this lucky ticket. During the social hour at the close of the evening, Mrs. MacBeth, the hostess, served a delicious lunch to all.

The meeting adjourned with the National Anthem.



These Fingers Are Now Free From Warts

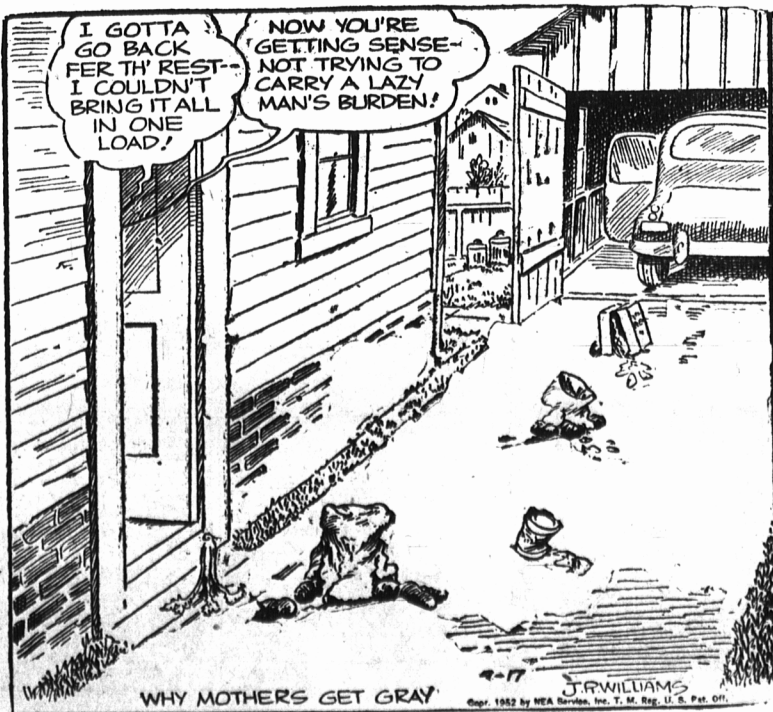
E. DEIGHTON'S WART REMOVER

Is made from herbs. It is not a burning acid. Warts and other fungus growths on hands, face and feet have been removed in three to five weeks without discoloring or leaving any disfiguring marks. It does not injure the healthy flesh. For sale at all drug stores.

MALTY BROTHERS LIMITED Distributors, Toronto 10.

By J. R. Williams

OUT OUR WAY



Whim Road & Vicinity

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell and daughter, Carolyn, Whim Road, were visitors to Bellevue on Sunday, September, 14th, the guests of Mrs. Campbell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. MacPherson.

Mrs. William Riley, formerly Miss Gayda Reeves of Whim Road, who now resides in Brantford, Ontario, recently visited friends and renewed old acquaintances at Whim Road, while she and Mr. Riley were holidaying on the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bolsner and daughter Miss Shirley Bolsner, Charlottetown, were recent visitors to Whim Road, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Campbell, their son and daughter, Ronnie and Ellen, of Talamagouche, N. S., were recent guests of Mrs. J. N. MacDonald, Whim Road.

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There never has been, there never will be another offer like this! Wonderful new Breeze washes everything with ease—perfect for shirts, sheets, towels and all the family wash—perfect for dishes too. And inside every box of new Breeze there's a Cannon Tea Towel or Face Cloth! You send no box tops, clip no coupons. Just buy your package of this sensational new detergent and get your beautiful Cannon tea towel or face cloth inside!

**Breeze** New all-purpose Breeze gets all washables dazzling white. **thru' washday!**

**Breeze** thru' dishes! Breeze washes dishes sparkling-clean... glassware dries clean without wiping!

**NEW! ALL-PURPOSE Breeze** washes EVERYTHING with ease!

**LOOK! TEA TOWEL INSIDE!**

**Easier**  
for summer baking

**... keeps without refrigeration!**

No more dashing down to the store at the last minute! Now—with Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast you can bake any time—in quick time. This new granule form needs no refrigeration—keeps fresh in the cupboard for weeks, always right there when you need it. You can depend on it for quick baking—delicious baking results. IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—order a supply of Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast today.

**FAST RISING DRY YEAST**  
ACTS FAST! STAYS FRESH!