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Former Islander Dies In Calgary

Samuel Hedley Vicar Haslam, 78, founder and director of the Inglewood Lumber Yards, died Tuesday, September 16th, at his home, 222 15th Ave. E., Calgary, Alta.

Rev. D. G. Littlejohns officiated at the funeral service Friday at McInnis and Holloway funeral home, and burial was in the family plot, Burnsland cemetery.

Mr. Haslam was born in Springfield, P. E. I., and 1904 went to Calgary where he founded the building contracting business of S. H. Haslam Contractors, one of the earliest businesses of its kind in the city. In 1940 he organized the Haslam and Morris Sash and Door Factory and five years later acquired the Inglewood Lumber Yards.

Mr. Haslam was a member of St. Paul's United Church, Calgary.

He is survived by his wife Ida M.; a daughter, Mrs. Emma Driscoll, Calgary; a son, Hensley, Calgary; seven grandchildren; a brother Lemuel, Calgary, and a sister, Mrs. Louise Weeks of Fredericton, P. E. I.

NORTHERN HOLIDAY

FLEETWOOD, England — (CP) — Alan Smith, 44-year-old town clerk of this Lancashire town, spent his holidays in Icelandic waters helping fishermen on the trawler Red Hackle. "No telephone calls could bring me back on town hall business," he says. "It was a real rest."

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

The submarine seaweed forests which grow around the Falkland Islands have a multitude of graceful patterns delicately tinted in shades of pink and red. The largest of these plants is Lessonia, named for the botanist, Lesson. Many of these sea plants are 10 to 15 feet high with a trunk as thick as a man's body. In California water giant Kelps reach the amazing height of 150 feet, their slender stems are supported by large air bladders.

A nautical bird rarely seen by seamen is called St. Peter, or Mother Carey's Chicken. It is oceanic in its habits, and when it seeks the shelter of sea locks the weather in the Atlantic is usually stormy.

The belief is still widely held that life comes with the flood-tide, which reminds us that life is not alone in its tides. Throughout nature we find ebb and flow. The moon and the wind and the tides are closely linked. There's an old saying that when the new moon falls on a Saturday night, it will go mad seven times. The inference, of course, is that a period of bad storms will follow it.

The period immediately after a full moon is known as "the breaking of the light", and old timers say that a change of weather will come with the first ebbing of the moonlight. They also tell us that the proper time to plant is when the moon is waxing. Corn planted at the waning of the heavenly body will have slow growth, but harvesting ought to be done at that time. Nowadays farmers pay little heed to such warnings, yet there may be an ounce of logic in these old sayings.

* * *

Landlubbers used to believe that waves possessed occult powers, that sickness could not travel out to sea farther than the ninth wave. It was an old custom that all objects floating on the surface of the sea beyond the ninth wave was the property of the finder.

You may not believe it, but the tides of oceans are not all alike. There are the greater tides — the springs—which come and go every 14 days, and there are those that come at the full moon and at the new moon. The highest of the spring tides is usually the night after the new, or full moon. And strange but true, these are succeeded by an equal period of low tides—the neaps—when the ocean is calmer and the ebb and flow are less impetuous and strong.

How do the birds find their way from the balmy South to the North when Spring opens her doors? These feathered travellers have no compass, yet they manage this amazing flight unerringly, borne upon an invisible aerial tide.

More secret than the voyaging birds are the migration of the finny tribes. Perhaps the most remarkable of these secret journeys is that of our common fresh-water eel. Without light or compass, the eel will leave the place of its birth to begin its long journey to mid-Atlantic where it lays its eggs. We know that they are carried along on the tides and currents of the ocean, but there our knowledge ends. Nothing more amazing can be imagined.

* * *

The earliest land plants have neither roots nor leaves. The moss-like forms of some suggest their ancestry, while others by their branch systems point a way to the evolution of the fern frond.

We now know the Dorycordaires, a gymnosperm tree, was one of the giants of the coal forests, 190 feet high, with a head tuft of mighty strap-shaped leaves.

Today's housewives, especially those who live in cities, are tormented with cockroaches and bed bugs, but when amphibians were the lords of creation, giant cockroaches abounded and a dragonfly had a wing span of 30 inches.

Once upon a time flowers were dependent upon the wind for their polination. By the middle of the chalk age, however, real bees were flitting from flower to flower attracted by the perfume. Certain species of flowers developed longer floral tubes and strange and beautiful shapes. As the floral tubes outstripped the bees, moths and butterflies took over the job of pollination, believe it or not!

The pink is pollinated wholly by butterflies attracted by its brilliant hue and delicious perfume, to sip the nectar hidden in the depths of the deep tubular calyx. The incidental transfer of pollen from one blossom to another ensures the setting seed. Red clover is pollinated by bees and sets seed freely when they are abundant. Field mice play havoc with bees' nests and if it were not for cats and owls, few good crops of clover could be raised.

* * *

The ancient Egyptians are credited with inventing and developing the art of embalming to a highly advanced degree. Believing that the soul would return to the body, it was thus imperative that the body be preserved if the owner were to live forever with the gods.

The Greek historian, Herodotus, tells of three methods used by the Egyptians.

In the more complicated method the brain was extracted through the nose; the intestines were removed and put in jars also placed in the tomb. The abdomen was cleansed with wine and sprinkled with finely ground aromatic herbs, then filled with myrrh and cassia, and sewed up. The body was then placed in a natron bath for seventy days, after which it was dried and treated with spices and resin and wrapped in linen bandages gummed on the inside.

In the second method oil of cedar was introduced into the body which dissolved the intestines so they could be removed without mutilation of the body. The body was then placed in the natron bath until the greater part of the flesh dissolved leaving only skin and bones. In the last method the body was merely salted for seventy days.

Some of the methods must have been highly successful for the soles of the feet of some mummies are elastic and soft to the touch after two thousand years!

Church Union Negotiations Are Discussed

HAMILTON, Sept. 26 — (CP) — Recommendations made in a report of negotiations between the United Church of Canada and the Church of England in Canada were adopted Friday by the general council.

The report was presented by Rev. Gordon A. Sisco, secretary-general of the United Church and a leader in the movement for organic union of the two churches.

The recommendations were:

1. To continue to welcome Anglicans to communion in the United Church.
2. To exchange pulpits between ministers of the two communions.
3. To confer and co-operate with the Anglican Church in locating and establishing churches in new housing areas and new industrial and mining communities. They would also co-operate in establishing community churches, possibly on the basis of double affiliation.
4. To hold discussions at the local level among both clergymen and laity on co-operation and on the question of union.

Rev. J. S. Leith of Regina said the recommendations are "all very well down on paper" but that he invited an Anglican clergyman to preach at his church and the Anglican told him "he'd be delighted but of course you realize I can't invite you back."

Dr. Siscoe said there are 28 Anglican dioceses throughout Canada and that each diocese has its own set of canon laws. He said the general council was going on record as willing to participate in this co-operation between the two bodies.

Murder In Duplicate

CHAPTER FOUR

"Some poisoners prefer arsenic," Hamilton said. His deep voice had become caressing and he handled the little bottle fondly. His eyes gleamed with a wicked relish. "But strychnine's quicker and more certain. It's only drawback is that it's the most bitter substance known: one part in 30,000 parts of water can be tasted."

He frowned over this statement, as if he himself found it doubtful. Jim was only half-listening. His muscles had tensed. The line of his jaw, if Hamilton had bothered to notice it, was dangerous. Few of his friends would have recognized the good-humoured, young accountant who smoked a pipe and played a tolerable game of golf . . .

Jim was telling himself that he was fed up. The big man was deliberately playing cat and mouse with them, indulging in sadistic lust. It was extremely odd behaviour, on the part of a detective. He knew that a policeman's training was all against talkativeness . . . But he was thinking about other things, still stronger.

Whitcombe, for example.

In the office that afternoon, when Jim had asked Whitcombe about the Dormer case, he had shown an astonishing knowledge of it. The Dormer case was three years old, yet Whitcombe had seemed to have all the facts at his fingertips. He even claimed to know someone who'd been mixed up in it — a man called Corder.

And Whitcombe had apparently known all about strychnine. He'd described what it looked like. How many people, Jim wondered, apart from doctors and chemists, know that? It was curious knowledge for a middle-aged chartered accountant to possess, even one whose professed hobby was criminology.

There were other things vaguely stirring in Jim's mind. Smith, the little man who was now dead, had mentioned "a visitor" being present at the cottage on the night Mary's aunt died —a man. That was the first time such a visitor had been mentioned. Frank hadn't spoken of a man other than Smith, being at the cottage. Neither had Whitcombe, who read all the reports of the case. For that matter, neither had Mary.

In Jim's mind, a cloudy picture had begun to form: the outline, without features as yet, of a figure who had not yet appeared openly in the drama — the real murderer.

Desperately he wanted time to think this all out. But they weren't going to be given any time. Hamilton would no doubt see to that; Hamilton, who had found the poison bottle hidden in the room, or who claimed to have found it. He could, of course, have whipped it out of his own pocket when he was bent over the radio. Hamilton was now regarding them with an open, triumphant sneer.

"Look here," said Jim suddenly. "Isn't it about time you showed us your credentials?"

Hamilton was still holding the little bottle, fascinated by its deadly contents. Jim's tone wrenched him from his fantasy. The look of surprise on his face was almost comical.

"My what?"

Jim planted his foot firmly on the carpet and put his hands in his pockets.

"Your papers," he said stolidly. "Your claim to be a detective. I want proof. You walked in here and found a dead man on the floor. But I notice you haven't made any move to report to the police — although there's a phone over there in the corner. Why?

"Because I'm handling this my own way," Hamilton growled. His big, scarred face looked ugly. "I've got you, and your pretty little lady prisoner here, just where I want you, and you know it." He began to edge towards Jim, Flexing the muscles of his gorilla-like arms. His voice was a snarl of menace, and there were little flecks of hate in the grey eyes. "So you don't think I'm a detective, eh?"

"You're right." Jim was composed. His eyes never left the other's face. "To be exact, I think you're just a cheap crook."

It worked. The man stared at him, as if he couldn't believe his ears. Then with a hoarse bellow, he rushed forward.

"Why, you — "

Jim was waiting for the blow. He sidestepped. Then he hit Hamilton on the jaw — hard. The man staggered. Jim followed him and hit him twice more. Hamilton went down with a thud. And stayed down.

"Jim!" Mary's voice was horrified. "You shouldn't have done that. It —it's no good." Her voice shook. "We've got to face it sooner or later —"

"They'll have to catch us first, though." Jim was examining the big man, who seemed to be "out," though that probably wouldn't last long. "We've got a lot to do," He grinned up at her. "My brain hasn't been working very well so far, but it's beginning to tick over at last. I've got one or two ideas I want to try out. This ape was in the way. Besides, I didn't like his manners. He was behaving too much like a cop in a second-class movie."

"But what can we do?"

"I'll explain as we go. The first thing is to get out of here. Hamilton — if that's really his name — will soon be on his feet again, roaring for revenge. We ought to be far away when that happens."

He put an arm round her shoulders. "Come on, Mary. It may not work, but you've got to trust me. There's no other way."

To be continued

BURGESS BEDTIME

(Continued from Page 10)

he can't do it," said Mother Brown.

"I don't think he can myself," replied Farmer Brown's Boy, "but if he tries to do that he will prove that he knows how it can be done, and even though he fails to do it, he will be meeting the test."

Mother Brown looked out the window over to the old wall. "He has found those peanuts on the stonewall," said she. "He is eating one of them this minute."

"Then we won't have to wait long to see how well he will meet the test. Here comes the rascal this very minute," said Farmer Brown's Boy.

Sure enough, Striped Chipmunk was coming across the dooryard. He was being careful to stop a couple of times to sit up and make sure the way was clear.

Conservative Official Visiting Nova Scotia

HALIFAX, Sept. 26—(CP)—Vernon Kemp, personal assistant to national Progressive Conservative leader George Drew, arrived here Thursday for conferences with provincial party officials. It was announced Mr. Kemp would confer on plans to step up party organization in preparation for the next provincial election.

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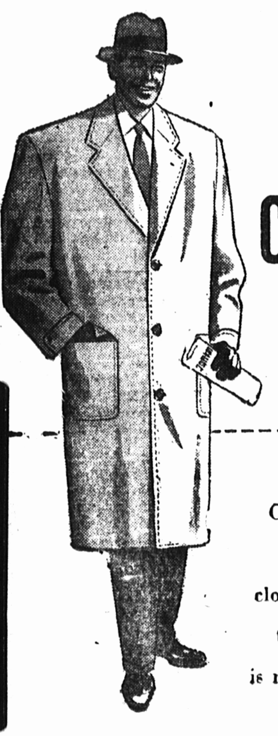

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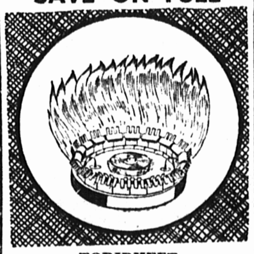

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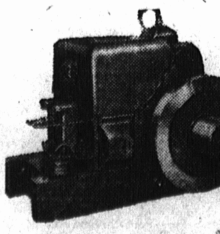
149.00  149.00

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