

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Continued from page 2

friend does not like the idea at all, and is getting the idea that my parents are trying to break us up.

ANSWER: The number of nights you should be permitted to depend on so many things that an arbitrary answer is difficult. Are you still in school? Do you work, and would more than three nights a week interfere with the required amount of rest? Unless you stay at home doing nothing, you surely need a good amount of sleep, and a more generous dating schedule than the one you enjoy would be definitely injurious to your health. Three nights a week seems to me to be ample dating time.

DEAR MISS DIX: The custom in our town is that, after a date, the boy comes to the girl's house for about an hour. How can I entertain him when I have no television, phonograph or records, and an uncooperative family?

PAT ANSWER: If there is one quality the parents of an adolescent girl (or boy) should have, it's the awareness of the youngster's need for a social life in which she can feel secure and poised. The best way to cultivate this asset is to permit the girl to have her friends in the house, and make available every possible means of entertainment. Hospitality may be simple, but it should be genuine. Your parents should be made to realize either by you, or by some mutual friend or older person, that you have this need and it should be gratified. Your younger sisters and brothers should either help with the entertaining or make themselves scarce. Nothing is so disconcerting to a young man as a group of gaping young fry with nothing to say. For entertainment you might play a game or two, work a puzzle or discuss school activities. Lemonade and cookies would provide simple refreshments, and the young man could even be drafted into the kitchen to make the lemonade.

Miss Nissen cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of general interest through this column.

The Unlatched Door

By Frank Price CHAPTER FIFTEEN

As Inspector Kenway turned from Avice Carlake's flat he saw the door of Number 12 was open and a man was stooping down just inside feeling about with his hands on the hall floor. He straightened up and stood looking at something he had found, and Kenway saw that he was Green, the porter of the Mansions.

"Treasure hunting?" said the inspector as the man came out and shut the door. "Not much treasure trove about that!" said Green holding out his hand with a small object in his palm. Kenway took it in his fingers and examined it. "A gelatine capsule," he said, "somebody has been losing his medicine." He handed it back. "It looks like it," Green replied. "Dropped two of them in there. I trod on one or wouldn't have noticed them. I was just wondering who it could have been."

"Why not the new tenant?" who was to move in today? "Because he hasn't moved in— isn't going to, seemingly. Plenty people don't know their own minds and others don't attend to their business. I've been kept hanging about all day waiting for the furniture to come just because the clerk at the agent's office was too lazy to ring me up as soon as he knew the let was off." They were going down the stairs together.

"What's happened?" Kenway inquired. "Has the tenant been frightened off by reading about the death of Mr. Borden? Some people are like that." "Shouldn't wonder; but he didn't give any reason as far as I know. All that blinking clerk said was that he found the keys of Number 12 in the letter-box when he got to his office this morning without any letter or message to say why. He'd rung up the hotel where Mr. Matthews was staying, put the people there said he'd paid his bill and left early this morning."

"Mr. Matthews the tenant that was in there?" "Tenant that is, if you come down to facts. He's paid a quarter's rent from to-day; that's 50 quid. He must have money to burn if he can chuck that away just because he doesn't like something that's happened here!"

"He may move in yet." "He may, but what would he return the keys for if he was going to want them? I wish people would know their own minds! I put in a good day's work cleaning the flat ready for him and now it looks as if I'd get nothing for it! I've been up to make sure that the gas and current are turned off."

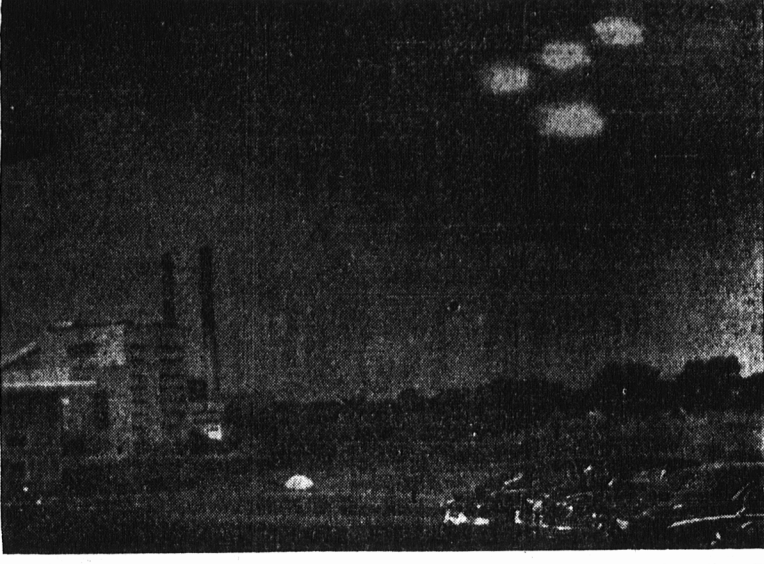
"When did you clean the flat?" "Yesterday." "I suppose you didn't touch the hall as it would get well tramped over if the furniture had come in today?"

"I didn't scrub it, if that's what you mean; but I gave it a thorough sweep." "You must have swept over those capsules, then." "That's funny!" Green came to a stop at the bottom of the stairs. "I did the whole hall. They ought to have been swept up with the other rubbish."

"If they were there," said Kenway, and as Green stared at him he went on: "Do you mind letting me have the one you found?" The porter handed it over with a puzzled look. "Did you notice any other signs just now of anybody having been in Number 12 since you left it yesterday?" "Not a thing!"

"But, of course, you weren't looking for them. I'll have a look myself but not now. Keep it locked and don't go in yourself, nor let anyone else in, until I've been over it to-morrow. You've a 'phone, haven't you? May I use it?" "Down here." Green led the inspector to his quarters in the basement saying on the way: "You don't think them capsules had anything to do with Mr. Borden's death, do you?"

"He certainly wasn't poisoned with one of them," replied Kenway; "but this business of the tenant who had the keys and didn't turn up sounds peculiar. I'd like to know more about it. That the instrument? Now, will you oblige me by keeping an eye on the entrance and letting me know if any of the tenants go out while I'm 'phoning?" Green, still looking puzzled, but with a feeling that he was taking part in important events which he did not understand, left him and the inspector got through to headquarters. A few minutes later he relieved the porter's guard, and going out, crossed the street and took up a position in a doorway from which he had a clear view of Darnley Mansions. Several people entered and left, but they did not interest him. Presently a covered car came round the corner under the big clock, running quickly towards him. He stepped from his cover and signalled. It stopped beside him, and Kenway got in at



COAST GUARD SIGHTS "UNKNOWN OBJECTS"—(per right) over the Salem, Mass., Air Station. The photo released by the Coast Guard was snapped by one of their photographers through a window screen when he sighted four "unknown object" (up- with extending bars of light.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. PATRICK CALLAHAN

The death of Mrs. Patrick Callahan, nee Margaret Boylan, which took place in the Charlottetown Hospital on Monday, June 30th, 1952, brought sincere feelings of sadness to her family and friends in Auburn and surrounding districts. Although not enjoying the best of health for some months, she attended to her household duties until she entered the hospital for medical treatment about four weeks previous to her death.

Upon examination her case was pronounced serious and she calmly received the pronouncement of her physician and with true Christian faith prayerfully prepared to meet her Creator.

She was frequently visited by her devoted pastor the Rev. Monsignor Maurice McDonald, who administered the last sacraments.

Mrs. Callahan will long be missed in the community where her many acts of charity and kindness shall never be forgotten. She was ever ready to lend a helping hand to those in need, but particularly to aid the sick and suffering. She will be missed especially in the home which has been deprived of a kind wife and loving mother noted for her charming hospitality and unceasing devotedness to husband and family. There is left a vacancy which never can be filled.

Besides her sorrowing husband and daughter, Mary, (Mrs. Delbert Shea), and four grandchildren, she leaves to mourn, two brothers, Terrence and Raymond Boylan, Auburn. Five years ago, an only son, Ivan, passed away after a brief illness.

On July 2nd, the funeral cortege slowly wended its way to St. Patrick's Church, Fort Augustus, where solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated by her beloved pastor, Rev. T. P. Butler, assisted by Rev. W. O. Simpson as deacon, and the Rev. Vincent Murnaghan as subdeacon.

The services at the grave were performed by Rev. Fr. Butler, where all that was mortal of a kind and loving wife and mother was tenderly laid to rest.

The pallbearers, all nephews of the deceased, were John and Chester Callahan and Alvin, Charles, Gavin, and Joseph Boylan. Requesat in Peace.

Card Of Thanks

Mr. Patrick Callahan and family wish to thank the clergy, sisters and nurses, of the Charlottetown Hospital, Dr. Fr. A. McMillan, Father Butler and clergy who assisted at the funeral, all those who gave mass cards, spiritual bouquets, flowers, and messages of sympathy. Also all kind friends and neighbors who helped in any way during their sad bereavement.

The back. Two men in plain clothes were on the front seat. Kenway leaned forward and spoke to them. "Watch the entrance to Darnley Mansions. I'll tip you off if the woman I want comes out. Stick to her, see whom she meets, and get as much as you can about what happens between them. If she goes to a private house, note the address, wait till she leaves, and follow again whether she's alone or not. If she goes to any public place you'll know what to do, Saunders."

To be continued

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ROME, Aug. 4.—(AP)—Italy lost 288,274 men in the Second World War, an official government publication disclosed today. Of these, the announcement said, 33,762 died or were unaccounted for in operations against the Germans after the September, 1943, armistice. Italy also lost about 5,000 civilian internees who disappeared or died in Germany, Yugoslavia, Greece and other European countries. BRITISH SUCCESS BRUSSELS.—(CP)—British machines took the first seven places in the Belgian Grand Prix for motorcycles run recently. First place went to Geoffrey Duke with an average speed of 101 miles an hour.

IN MEMORIAM

NORWOOD CAMPBELL

Seldom was the spectre of death more sudden or more shocking than when it visited Sea View on the evening of May 19th and claimed the life of Norwood Campbell.

To every citizen of this community, and especially the younger ones, Norwood was the essence of joy and friendship. Any neighbor who needed assistance could expect help from Norwood. As a school trustee he took a keen interest in education and was ever trying to improve the school.

Evidence of the esteem with which he was held was displayed on the day of his funeral when every member of this community whether he be a tiller of the soil or a fisher of the sea, left his calling and followed the bier of his friend to the grave.

There are left to mourn his grandmother, Mrs. Minnie Campbell, a resident of Kensington, his father and step-mother, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Campbell, residing in Sea View, as well as two brothers, Lorne and Leland of the same place.

Besides the above there is his sorrowing widow Sadie and two daughters, Laura and Katharine. The funeral was held from the Geddie Memorial Church, New London, on Thursday afternoon, May 22nd.

Since Norwood was a member of the Masonic Lodge, many brethren attended the funeral and the funeral rites of this fraternal organization were conducted by Mr. Ernest Dunning.

The Rev. D. A. Campbell, the family pastor, conducted the service. During this service a favorite hymn of the deceased "Peace Perfect Peace" was sung. The remains were conveyed to their resting place by six brother Masons: David Cousins, Hubert Casey, Arthur Stewart, Eddie Murphy, James Cousins and William C. Donald.

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IN MEMORIAM

MRS. MALCOLM A. MACLEAN

The death took place at Brookline, Mass., U. S. A., on June 24th, of Mrs. Malcolm A. MacLean, formerly of Little Sands, P. E. I. Mrs. MacLean who's maiden name was Sarah Ann Younker, was the daughter of the late Lemuel Younker and his wife Mary A. Younker, and was born in Charlottetown, P. E. I., October 2, 1873.

In 1897 the family moved to Little Sands from Charlottetown. In 1923 her husband passed away. Some ten years ago Mrs. MacLean was stricken with paralysis. She moved to Brookline, Mass., where several members of her family resided. The remaining members of her family, residing in P. E. I., visited her in Brookline, Mass.

During the years she resided in Little Sands and while enjoying good health she took an active interest in church and community work. She enjoyed a large circle of friends who esteemed her very highly.

She is survived by four daughters and three sons: Helen, Mrs. Harold Bower; Victoria, Mrs. Milton Reynolds; Alexandra, Mrs. Malcolm A. Stewart all of Brookline, Mass.; Mary, Mrs. Angus Stewart, High Bank; Edward, Brookline, Mass.; Harold and Lemuel, Little Sands, Dartmouth, N. S.

On June 28th a funeral service was held in the Beth Funeral Parlors, Brookline, Mass. Rev. Wm. Leslie conducting the service. Her remains, accompanied by all the members of her family that resided in Brookline, Mass., arrived in Little Sands on June 28th, and a public service was held in the Little Sands United Church, where a large congregation gathered to pay their respect to an old friend and neighbor.

Rev. D. W. MacPherson conducted the service in the church and at the grave. The following acted as pallbearers: Norman C. Stewart, William MacKay, John Bruce, Neil MacNeill, Peter MacLean and John H. MacLean.

She was laid to rest in the Little Sands Cemetery.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. M. H. McCABE

The death of Mrs. M. H. McCabe, which occurred at her home in Central Bedouge on July 27th, removes from that community one of its oldest and most highly esteemed residents.

The late Mrs. McCabe was a quiet home-loving woman. A devout Catholic, she lived and loved her religion, and her passing is deeply felt by her family.

She was predeceased by her husband and three children. One son, Rev. George V. McCabe died three years ago. Surviving are a family of two sons, Fred and Cecil, and two daughters Margaret and Edna. Mrs. Thomas Gorman, Kensington, is a sister.

Her largely attended funeral was held Wednesday morning, July 30th to St. Malachy's Church, Kinkora, where Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Claude Shea, assisted by Rev. Wilfred McCardie and Rev. John Sullivan as Deacon and Subdeacon, and Rev. Francis McQuaid, P. P., Master of Ceremonies. Clergy occupying the sanctuary were Rev. Martin Monaghan, Rev. Erle Dalton, Rev. Howard Wight, Rev. Leonard McKenna, Rev. Louis Callaghan, Rev. W. E. Monaghan, and Rev. Edmund Roach.

The pallbearers were: Leonard Keefe, Cecil Trainor, Ray Johnston, Bert McCardie, Jack Roberts and Emmet Smith. Interment was in the family plot in the adjoining cemetery.—S.

MAIN INDUSTRY

The annual fishing catch in Iceland, where fishing is the main industry, averages 350,000 tons.

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