

TUESDAY

**To Attend C.W.L. National Convention**

Mrs. Lorne L. Noonan, president of the Provincial Council C.W.L., leaves today to attend the 32nd annual national convention of the Catholic Women's League of Canada, to be held in Regina October 12-16.

The convention will open Sunday, October 12th, with Solemn Pontifical Mass at Holy Rosary Cathedral, celebrated by His Excellency Most Rev. M. C. O'Neill, Archbishop of Regina, and the sermon for the occasion will be preached by His Excellency the Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, D.D., Archbishop of Boston.

Other principal speakers will be Archbishop Philip F. Focock of Winnipeg, at the Sunday evening Holy Hour; Bishop Martin M. Johnson of Nelson, B.C., at the convention banquet, October 14; Rev. Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., director of the Family Life Bureau, Washington, at a dinner in Moose Jaw, October 15.

At the formal opening ceremonies on Monday, October 13th, greetings will be extended by Archbishop O'Neill, D.D.; Mayor Gordon Grant; Premier T. C. Douglas, of Saskatchewan; Mrs. F. W. Leeper, president of the Saskatchewan Provincial Council C.W.L. Addresses will be delivered by Most Rev. John C. Coady, Bishop of London and national director of the Catholic Women's League of Canada, and Miss Isabel Hutton, C.W.L. national president.

Mrs. Noonan, official delegate from this Province, will be accompanied en route by other delegates from the Maritime Provinces.

**Murder In Duplicate**

CHAPTER SIX  
Continued

Jim Tracey had not been acting normally. He had been pitched into a crisis, with little time to think, and he had been surprised at his own resourcefulness. He'd behaved exactly like a hero out of a story-book, knocking people down and making sensational getaways. A psychologist would not have been able to tell him why. The same psychologist would not have been surprised at his reaction now.

A wave of extraordinary jealousy swept over him. He recalled the time he had "introduced" them, when he did not dream they required no introduction. He recollected the way they had looked at each other. Afterwards, when the truth about the Dorner case came out, Frank had as good as told him Mary was only a client, a girl who had bought his professional services, and that he wasn't even sure she mightn't be guilty.

Mary said, rather breathlessly: "After my acquittal, he asked me to marry him. I was tremendously grateful for what he'd done, but I wasn't such a fool as to confuse gratitude with love. So I refused him. When I came to London, we decided it would be better, since I'd changed my name, to pretend we didn't know each other. Of course, we met several times, especially after I came to know you, and found you were his friend."

Stubbornly, Jim fought down his emotions. He couldn't after all, blame Frank for falling in love with her. It was natural in the circumstances that Frank shouldn't tell him. None of that could be allowed to change his plans, or to affect what they had to do, which was to enlist Frank's aid, and at once.

He heard the sound he had been waiting for. "Come on," he said. "Here's a bus."

Twenty minutes later, they stood outside the door of Frank Welles's flat.

Jim had to press the bell more than once. When Frank opened the door, it was plain that he had been aroused from bed. A brilliant dressing gown was wrapped hastily round his lean form, and his black hair was tousled. After a moment in which he looked at them in surprise, he grinned in friendly fashion.

"Why this midnight visitation?" He demanded. "But come in, both of you."

In the big, untidy living-room, with its wall of books and its littered desk, he paused to light a cigarette. His handsome, clever face was suddenly serious.

"All right!" he said crisply. "You're in trouble. I can see that. And you've come to ask for my help." Well! — he shrugged, and grinned briefly — that's what I'm here for. Only you'd better bring me up to date. I know part of the story, of course." His blue eyes flashed from one to the other. "Jim now knows all about the Dorner case. He left here earlier this evening (in a devil of a temper, I may add), determined to get hold of the chap who'd written him an anonymous letter about it, and wring the truth from him."

"Well" — he raised a mocking eyebrow at Jim — "don't tell me you've bumped the chap off and want me to help you get rid of the body."

Though said flippantly, it was so near the truth that Jim gave a gasp. It was Mary who spoke. "It's worse than that, I'm afraid." Her voice was grave. "It began with a man called Smith, who claimed he saw what happened in my aunt's cottage that night. Only he's dead now. And—"

"Wait!" Frank held up a hand. "This is going to take time. What you two need are sandwiches and coffee. I'll be right back."

He went out, closing the door behind him.

Jim began to frown up and down the room. He paused at the big desk, and looked down unseeingly at its contents — an empty coffee cup, an ash tray overflow-

ing with stubs, masses of paper, the neat portable typewriter Frank used.

This, in a sense, was where it had begun.

The typewriter was open. Moodily, without thinking, he began to tap the keys. Words formed themselves blackly on the sheet of white paper inserted in the machine; words which came to him automatically no doubt because they were uppermost in his mind.

Suddenly realising what he was doing, he stretched out an impatient hand to wrench the paper from the machine. Then his hand stopped, halfway, and remained as if frozen. For a moment, the big room seemed to spin round him, then his vision cleared. The message he had written told him who the murderer was. He had had the real clue in his own pocket all the time.

To be continued

**IN MEMORIAM**

MRS. HENRY F. MYRAH

There passed away quite suddenly on Saturday, July 13th in a Regina Hospital, Mrs. Henry F. Myrah of Holdfast, Sask., nee Grace Beatrice Dinnis.

The late Mrs. Myra was born in Montrose, P. E. Island, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John E. Dinnis. She went to Saskatchewan to teach school in 1918, and married Henry F. Myrah in 1923.

She leaves to mourn her passing two sons, Wesley in Regina and Edward at home; one daughter, Marion, nurse-in-training in the Regina General Hospital; one sister, Mrs. Pearl Shaw; two brothers, Albert and Wesley, all of Charlottetown, and a brother, J. Goldsmith of Bellingham, Wash., U.S.A.

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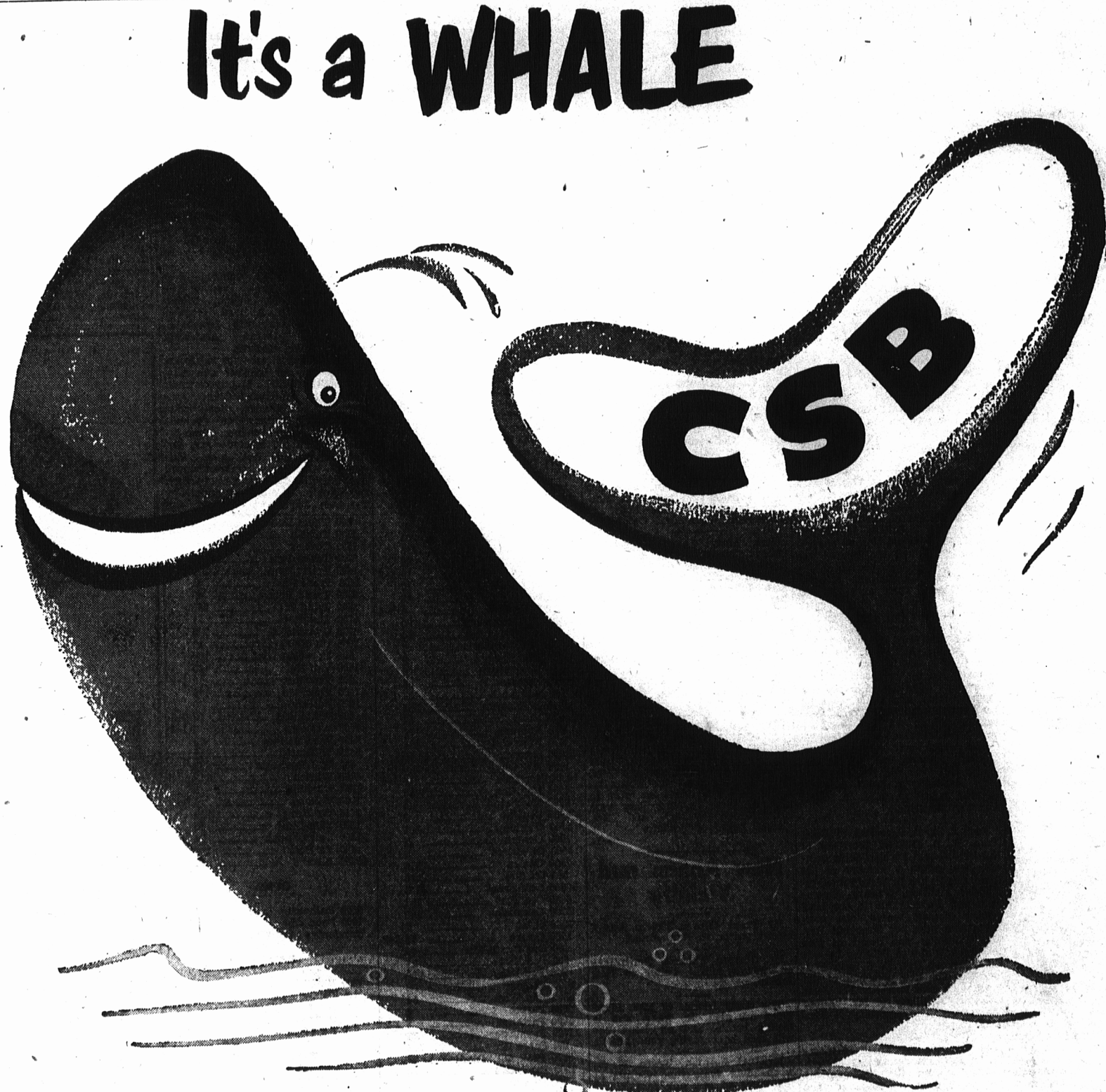
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