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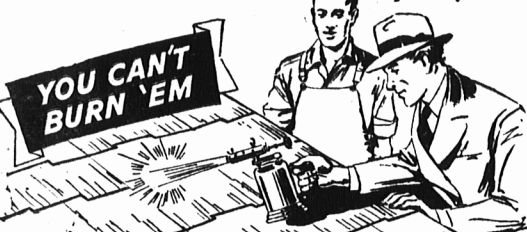
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Murder In Duplicate

by Glenn Carr

CHAPTER TWO
Continued

"Come in, Jim," said Mary quietly.

She hesitated outside the open door of the living room. "I've got a visitor," she said. Then she led him in.

The man who had been seated in one of Mary's chintz chairs rose awkwardly. This was the blackmailer, Jim told himself savagely; this was the reptile whose lies he meant to cram back down his throat.

Then he became doubtful and confused. The man was not at all like what Jim had expected.

He was small. Standing stiffly to attention, his hands clenched at his sides, he was obviously very nervous. It was no less obvious he was suffering from a heavy cold. He had thin grey hair, a large nose, blue, watery heavy eyes. He wore a cheap, neat blue suit, and a white shirt with a dark tie. He might indeed, have come straight from prison. That part of the story anyhow, Jim decided, was true. As the little man looked at Jim, his watery eyes peering, he failed to suppress a snifle. He seemed an insignificant, even a ridiculous, figure.

Mary said: "Jim, this is Mr. Smith."

"Smith," said the little man quickly. He nodded to Jim, with an awkward affability. He spoke coarsely through his heavy cold.

"And who the devil," asked Jim ominously, "is Mr. Smith?"

"This is going to be easy, he thought. The fellow's afraid. He's half-regretting already what he's done, and is ready to turn tail. Hammer at his ears the wits out of him. Make him ready to believe he never saw anything in the cottage that night, after all. But half a minute. That means I believe the story is true; that Mary —

Jim shook his head, as if to clear it of cobwebs. He looked, really looked for the first time, at Mary. The phrase that had entered his head earlier that day, unbidden, returned to him. "A sort of sleek prettiness." Yes, you could call it that, with her smooth, plump cheeks, and the dark smooth hair — a doll-like prettiness that might conceal anything. The wide-

spaced grey eyes, under the calm forehead were utterly tranquil.

Mary opened a box that stood on a small table, and lit a cigarette. This was the first time he had seen her smoke.

"The hand that held the match was steady, as his own was not. Mary said without preamble: "I'm sorry you came here tonight, Jim. I asked you not to. But, since you're here, you'd better know — everything. In the first place, my real name isn't Lester. It's —"

"I know," Jim nodded. He scarcely recognised his own voice, so far away it seemed. "You name is Mary Lincoln. Three years ago, in Torquay, you were accused of poisoning your aunt. Frank Welles got you off. But there was a witness who was missing. Now it seems he's turned up, ready to tell his story. He paused. "Mr. Smith is that witness, I take it."

The little man had been watching them, his small eyes darting from one to the other. Now he sniffed, loudly. "In a whining voice, he said: "Look, mister, I didn't mean any harm —"

"No!" Jim's voice was cold and level. "Then what did you mean?"

"The little man looked with an odd appeal at Mary. He seemed perplexed.

"It isn't money," he said, "I do not want that."

Mary stubbed out her cigarette. Savagely. She said: "I think you'd better leave this to me, Jim."

Turning to the little man, she seemed to pounce.

"You were at the cottage that night, weren't you — hanging about, watching?"

The other appeared surprised. "Yes, that's right." He brushed an embarrassed hand across his face. "You see, I had to get clothes and things for my suit."

"You'd escaped from prison."

Mary's voice was quite expressionless. "You hung about the cottage, wondering if you could break in. And you watched what was going on inside, through one of the windows." She paused.

"Well, what did you see?"

The little man cleared his throat. His voice was very hoarse as he spoke.

"I saw the old lady," he spoke rapidly. "I thought she was alone, but she wasn't. She had a visitor, but she was still all right when he'd gone. I saw her move about. That was some time after. She seemed to go to bed and give me a she might go to bed and give me a chance, but she didn't." His blue eyes were far away, out of that flat, recalling what he had seen. His voice had become very hoarse, and he coughed. "Then she went out of the room, and came back with a bottle. A medicine bottle it was. She poured some stuff into a glass. That's when it happened. I knew something was wrong. He looked, again appealingly, at Mary. "But I don't have to tell you, miss. It was you I saw —"

He stopped, put a hand to his chest, and began to cough.

Mary had been watching him with a curious intensity, like a bird watching a snake. She had the same air of immobility, seeming not to breathe. Now she rose briskly. Jim had a shock when he saw her eyes. They were shining with glee.

To be continued

U. S. Considers Chaplin's Status

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19—(AP)—Attorney-General James P. McGranery announced today he has ordered an inquiry to determine whether movie actor Charles Chaplin should be re-admitted to the United States.

Chaplin, a British subject, sailed with his wife and three children from New York on the Queen Elizabeth Sept. 17.

McGranery said he has instructed the Immigration and Naturalization Service to hold Chaplin, if and when he returns, until a hearing determines whether he is admissible under laws of the United States.

Further comment was declined at the Justice Department.

Under the law, grounds for denying an alien admission include moral turpitude and political affiliations.

Chaplin was once defendant in a paternity suit.

He has been a supporter at times of causes denounced in congress as left-wing and radical.

The present Mrs. Chaplin is the former Oona O'Neill, daughter of the playwright Eugene O'Neill. Chaplin is 63 years old.

Fiddling And Dancing Contest At Crapaud

An entertainment of unprecedented popularity and success was held in Crapaud Hall on September 10th, when Crapaud Women's Institute sponsored an old time fiddling and step dancing contest in connection with the Trade Fair, Charlottetown.

The hall was filled to its utmost capacity and many were turned away, which goes to show how country folk, far and near, old and young, love the light-hearted pleasures of their own music and dancing which has been a part of Island life since pioneer days and which is being enthusiastically perpetuated.

Mr. Robert Dawson acted as chairman very capably.

Each of the eighteen contestants was an artist in his own right and the judges had difficulty in placing the prizes in each of the three classes.

The class for fiddlers was heard first, first prize going to William Chaisson, Borden, who holds the Island championship. Jimmy O'Connor, Seven Mile Bay, was a popular second closely followed by Stephen Toole, Mrs. Maurice McDonald and Golden Graves.

In the ladies' step dancing class Miss Electa Roberts of Charlottetown and Miss Mary McDonald of Kelly's Cross tied for first place with Mrs. Theresa Doyle coming second. All three girls gave an exhibition of twinkling toes with incredible skill and grace.

The men's step dancing class had ten contestants, first prize going to Maurice McDonald, Kelly's Cross and second prize to Mr. McEachern, Rice Point.

Others competing were Dominic, Leonard and Clifford McDonald; Raymond Stordy, William Carragher, Leo and Joe Gallant and Mr. Graves. All these gentlemen gave excellent performances and were heartily applauded.

All contestants were given consolation prizes.

Judges for the evening were Mr. Johnston and Kinkora, Mr. Curley, Charlottetown, and Mr. Ken McLean, Victoria.

During intermission and while judges were deliberating, the contestants very generously put on an impromptu program that delighted the audience, a popular feature of which was the step-dancing together of three generations, Mr. Dominic McDonald, his son Maurice, and his grandson, Clifford. Mr. Ken MacLean of Victoria, one of the judges, at the request of the chairman, showed how it should be done, and was in excellent form.

"The Irish Washer Woman," danced by Miss Roberts and Mrs. Doyle, was a very popular specialty.

The fiddlers were most generous, playing singly, in pairs, and in groups, producing music that kept every foot tapping joyously in time. Miss Kelly of Kelly's Cross accompanied on the guitar and Mrs. LeRoy Howatt on the piano.

Ice cream was sold in cones and sundaes, and contestants and judges

PARK CORNER AND FRENCH RIVER W. I.

The regular monthly meeting of Coronation Women's Institute met in the Institute Room on September 11th.

The meeting opened with the vice-president, Mrs. Ralph MacLeod in the chair, by singing "Old Black Joe" and repeating the Creed in unison. Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved and roll call was answered by 14 members and two visitors, each asking a riddle.

An ice cream social was held in the hall on August 26th with proceeds amounting to \$73.60.

The school committee reported were guests of the Institute.

Before the chairman called for the National Anthem, he thanked the contestants for the wonderful evening's entertainment, the judges for a difficult job well done, and the audience for the splendid order maintained throughout the evening. An hour's dance followed.

that they had visited the school and that towels and soap were needed. Correspondence was read which consisted of a letter from the Department of Agriculture, and a letter from the honorary president reminding members of their 25 cents subscription toward the A.C.W.W. entertainment fund.

A program of contests was put on by Mrs. Geo. Howatt and Mrs. Ivan Paynter, prizes being won by the Misses Annie MacLeod and Jean Parsons.

Mrs. Elmer Parsons invited the members to her home for the October meeting, when roll call will be answered with a donation for an auction sale. Collection amounted to \$1.05.

The meeting closed with the National Anthem, after which ice-cream and cake was served by the committee in charge.

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broken when Conductor John R. McPherson retired after 45 years' service. His father, Norman, was in train service from 1883 until his retirement in 1913.

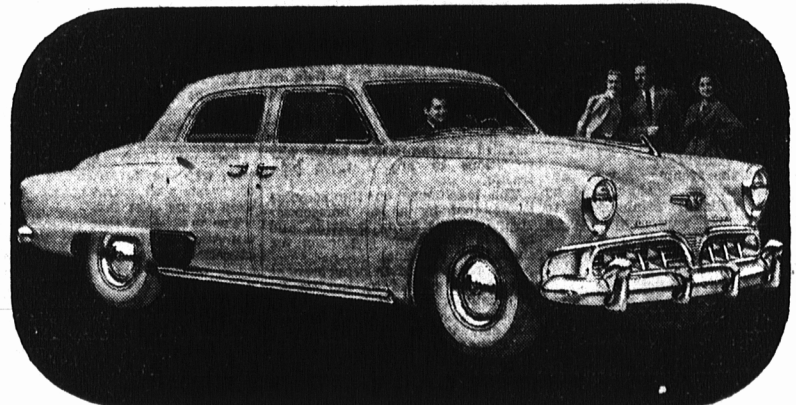
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BACON SLAB Per lb.	35c	HAMBURG 1 lb.	49c
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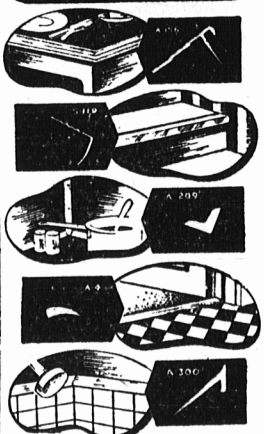
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