



### Scout News and Notices

Imperial Headquarters of the Boy Scouts Association, in London, has announced that her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, has graciously consented to become the Patron of the Boy Scouts.

After cycling 1,800 miles from Windsor, Ontario to Prince Albert to attend the Third Saskatchewan Scout Jamboree, two Windsor Scouts, Ben Kachmer, 15, and John Stevens, 17, are now pedalling their way homeward. With them on the trip is an American Boy Scout, Bob Fletcher, 13, of Detroit.

Appointment of T.W.S. Parsons, O.B.E., O.S.J. of Victoria, B.C. as Camp Chief for the Second Canadian Boy Scout Jamboree at Coon Rapids Camp, near Ottawa, in July, 1953, has been announced by Canada's Deputy Chief Scout, Jackson Dodds, C.B.E. of Montreal. Mr. Parsons is Provincial Commissioner of Boy Scouts in British Columbia.

Grateful to residents of Bedford, N.S. for odd jobs to raise money for the improvement of their camp site Boy Scouts of that community recently went back for more odd jobs for which they refused payment, as a "thank you" gesture.

When six-foot waves upset a rowboat containing four fishermen on the Lake Blanche, P.O. recently, Boy Scout David Perlman, 16, of Montreal, used his Scout knife to cut the anchor rope, then swam to shore towing the upturned craft and his three companions on it.

New Brunswick Boy Scouts will be active participants in the government-sponsored eradication campaign this summer. It is announced by the Executive Committee of the N.B. Provincial Council of the Boy Scouts.

After completing a special course of instruction, 53 Boy Scouts of London, Ontario, were recently presented with Fireman's Proficiency Badges and Civil Defence Identification cards.

#### Refrigeration

SALES and SERVICE Repairs To All Makes

#### MOTORS

Rewinding and Repairs

#### ELECTRICAL

#### APPLIANCE

Repairs

Palmer Electric

PHONE 1444

#### JUST ARRIVED!

#### FIRESTONE

#### ELECTRIC

#### WASHERS

SALE PRICE **129.95**

WE TAKE YOUR OLD WASHER IN TRADE

FIRESTONE BRYENTON & MacKAY COMPANY

187 Great George St. Phone 747

## The Unlatched Door

By Frank Price CHAPTER ELEVEN

As the bus carrying Barbara disappeared from sight Roy Hemersley walked slowly in the direction of Cockspur Street. He did not look round and consequently was unaware of the fact that the old match seller was so near and that he at once began to move in the same direction. Disregarding the crowds which thronged the pavement at that hour, Roy shook out the evening paper he had been waving and glanced hurriedly through the latest account of the Borden case.

There was much more than had been published in the early editions. The journalists had been busy; the story was given a place on the front page and big headlines were splashed across the sheet. There were two columns of fact, rumour and gossip, with a line at the bottom of the second column saying that the report was "Continued on Back Page." Roy did not trouble to read it all. He was looking for something special—something he had reasons of his own for fearing might be there.

What he found was not what he had expected. He came to a sudden standstill in the middle of the footpath, ignoring the waves of humanity which seemed to surge up against him and split into separate currents, washing past on either side, starting at a name that leaped out at him from the print. It was his own name. He read:

"The police found on the dead man's table an unfinished letter which referred to someone he described as 'Young Hemersley, son of Matthew,' who, the letter stated, is in London. They are desirous of getting into communication with this person if possible. Information regarding him will be welcomed at New Scotland Yard."

A big man, indignant at finding his name in a newspaper, jostled Roy roughly and brought him back to his surroundings. He began to move again, his face grave and troubled. He had no idea why the police should want to see him but decided at once that his best course was to go straight to Scotland Yard and find that out. There were plenty of people, who, seeing that notice, could supply the authorities with his address. He had no reason to fear for himself, but he wished Barbara was still with him. He would have liked to know what she would advise him to do!

He went to the kerb looking for a taxi, but all those in sight were engaged. The match seller, 20 yards away, watched him, his gnarled fingers beating an irritable tattoo on his tray. Roy decided that after all, there was no reason for undue haste, walked on again, unconscious of his follower.

Twenty minutes took him to police headquarters where he asked for the officer in charge of the Borden case. He gave his name and business and, after some telephoning had been done, was told that Inspector Kenway, who was in the building, would see him at once. He was shown into a room where a square-shouldered man, whose rather stolid face was lighted by a pair of keen blue eyes, was sitting behind a table on which were several piles of documents.

Roy walked to the other side of the table, rather uncomfortably aware of the comprehensive glance which raked him from top to toe.

"Inspector Kenway?" he said. "That is my name. Yours is Hemersley, I understand?"

"Roy Wilson Hemersley to be exact. My father's name was Matthew James Hemersley. So when I saw this paragraph in the evening paper quarter of an hour ago I concluded it referred to me and came along to see what it was about."

"Thanks for coming so promptly, Mr. Hemersley. Take a seat." Inspector Kenway motioned him to a chair which faced him and Roy sat down. "I don't know if you can help us—I take it you are willing to, if you can?"

"I don't know a thing about Borden's death except what is here," said Roy, tapping the newspaper with his finger. "But I see you believe this to be a case of murder and I suppose you are hoping I can help you to catch whoever did it. I haven't the faintest notion how you expect me to do it and I don't mind telling you that in my opinion whoever shot Borden did the world a good turn. He deserved a lot worse than he got." "His moral character doesn't affect my duty—or yours, Mr. Hemersley."

"Quite right. I know all about my duty as a citizen and I'm ready to do it, but I simply had to get

that off my chest to begin with. Now we can go ahead. What do you want me to tell you?" "Did Borden know how you felt about him?" "Couldn't help it, if he ever gave it a thought. What was he saying about me in that letter? I should see it."

"There is no reason why you shouldn't." Inspector Kenway took a sheet of note-paper from one of the heaps of documents before him and handed it to Roy. "There is nothing secret about it."

Roy read the fragment:—"Dear Shorty,—Young Hemersley, son and heir for what it's worth, of Matthew, is in London. I saw him at the Boldovina tonight, don't know if he saw me and do I care? But if he means to make trouble" . . .

To be continued

### BURGESS BEDTIME

Continued from page 10

him? Who could this dreadful stranger he saw but dimly be? Just as the strange black form was right opposite him, and close to him, there was that loud thump again, a sudden rush, the sound of scurrying feet, and then all was still.

Poor Little Too-Smart. It was the worst fright he had had in all his short life. How he wanted to run! He wanted to run, and run, and run, but he couldn't move. Great fright is like that sometimes. Oh, how he did wish he was back home with his brothers and sisters. If he were only there, he would never again disobey.

Who was this terrible creature who had given him such a fright? It was Old Jed Thumper, the gray old Rabbit who was the father of little Mrs. Peter Rabbit, and who had lived in the Old Pasture so long that he seemed to think he owned it. He had thumped the ground with his stout hind feet as is the way of the Rabbit folk. I suspect he would have grinned

### Learn Teaching Art In Summer Courses

TORONTO—(CP)—The Ontario Department of Education hopes a six-week summer course may help to solve the present shortage of public-school teachers.

At present 500 Grade 12 graduates are learning the intricacies of teaching in a pre-teachers college which has been established for the summer at Bloor Collegiate.

Ontario needs 1,000 new teachers annually and Dr. J. G. Althouse, chief director of education, said he hopes this new development may at least supply a temporary answer.

"The new course assures a supply of teachers without granting so-called cheap certificates," he said.

Normal schools turn out 1,700 new teachers annually, not enough to relieve the constant pressure. Through the pre-teachers school, Grade 12 graduates, previously not admitted to normal schools now can take two successive summer sessions in Toronto, and by teaching during the winter, qualify for admittance to normal school.

At present 94 boys, 382 girls and 30 Roman Catholic nuns are taking the course. Three Mennonites are in the group.

TORONTO, July 18 —(CP)—Nick Wagner, 46, today was charged with attempted murder after he walked into a police station and said, "I've murdered my wife." Mrs. Feliciana Wagner, 47, was found slashed and stabbed on the neck and chest in her West-Central Beverly Street home. Her condition is critical.

could he have known what a fright he had given one of the children of Reddy Fox.

### Radar Defends Canada



With radar as the "seeing-eye" of the modern RCAF, radar performance checkers play an important part in ensuring the efficiency of this important phase of Canada's defence. Given comprehensive instruction at the RCAF's Radar and Communications School, Clinton, Ont., trainees, on completion of their course, are sent to various stations across the country to apply their knowledge and practical experience. Pictured here, Sergeant Charles MacKay, Hamilton, Ont., enlarges upon the workings of the Loran Indicator to Aircraftsman Barry MacMillan, Charlottetown, P. E. I.—(National Defence Photo).

### Widow, 74, Rebuilds Blitzed Home

LONDON — (CP) — More than 50 proposals of marriage and a stream of congratulatory messages have poured in on 74-year-old Mrs. Edith Binge, of London's working-class district of Poplar.

It all started when word got around she had single-handed and without a government permit, completed the re-building of her blitzed home—a 12-year task.

The house, reconstructed from a pile of rubble, was one of many destroyed by a high explosive bomb dropped during the Battle of Britain in 1940. Mrs. Binge, a widow whose only son was serving in the army, was in a nearby shelter when the bomb struck.

When she emerged she found only one room of her home habitable. The next day she put up a waterproof roof and set about rebuilding. It took her a year to clear the debris and sort it out. Then she cleaned the retrieved bricks, bought sacks of cement and sand, re-shaped the timber and did the plumbing and electrical work all by herself.

Mrs. Binge insisted the job could have been completed much sooner but for the fact she had to confine her operations to what was left of her meagre old age pension.

Member of the Poplar Housing Committee, Councillor E. H. Smith, said Mrs. Binge had established something of a precedent in getting her home together without once filling out a form or seeking permission from the authorities. Normally, a minimum of five permits is needed to start building.



Morley Callaghan, 49, Toronto author who won the Governor-General's Fiction Award for 1952, gave up law to follow a literary career when his early writing attracted favorable attention. He has written a number of novels and short stories and is considered one of Canada's outstanding literary figures. (CP Photo).

**TIRED FEET**

Soothe them with **MINARD'S LINIMENT**

Relief from frostbite and sunburn. Quick relief. Drowsiness. Fast-drying. No strong odor. 14-44

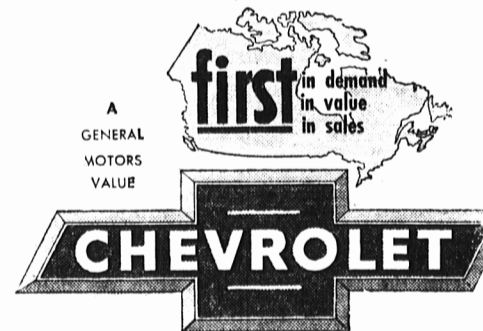
# No Better Engineered TRUCK at Any Price!

Let the facts show you why a Chevrolet truck means dollars-and-cents savings!

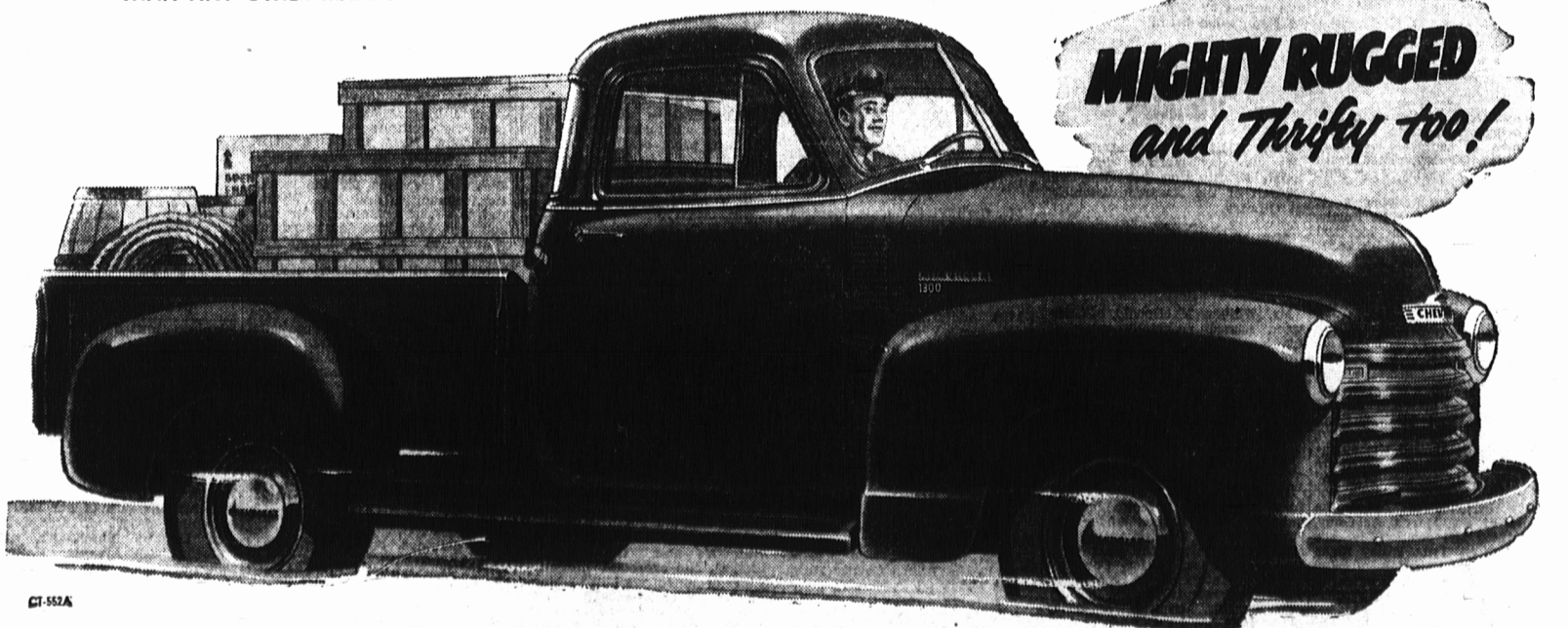
Size up the four facts at the right-hand side of this page. They lay it on the line — the reasons why a Chevrolet truck cuts down your hauling or delivery costs on any job you want to name.

But there's more to it than that. With all its savings on purchase price and on-the-job costs, a Chevrolet truck is the greatest truck to drive you ever got your hands on. Easier Recirculating Ball Bearing Steering. Clutch smooth and easy. Fast, quiet Synchro-Mesh transmission that eliminates double clutching. Roomy cab with five feet of hip room, ventipane windows, and seats with double-deck springs. And for increased safety and comfort, Chevrolet trucks offer GM "Shade-Lite" Glass with the exclusive shaded windshield which greatly reduces glare and heat. (Optional at extra cost.)

Chevrolet is first in low operating cost per ton mile. See them in our showroom today.



MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLET TRUCKS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE!



**MIGHTY RUGGED** and Thrifty too!

## COMPLETE INSURANCE SERVICE

W.K. Rogers Agencies Limited

PHONE 540 and 541

181 QUEEN ST.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE

HORNE MOTORS

203 FITZROY ST.

CHARLOTTETOWN P.E.I.