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Among the 105 \$5 Prize winners is Mrs. D. K. MacLeod, 308 Fitzroy St. Charlottetown.

Franco Faces "Crisis" Among Top Supporters

(By The Canadian Press)
HENDAYE, Franco-Spanish Frontier, July 23—General Juan Yague, one of General Francisco Franco's outstanding military commanders, was reported today to have been placed under arrest at Madrid last Thursday amid persistent rumors here of a "crisis" in the ranks of Franco's top supporters.

General Gonzalo Queipo de Llano, dismissed from the command of the second (Andalusian) military district on Friday, was reported in flight from Burgos toward the French frontier, but French border officials said he had not passed either Hendaye or Rencoveaux. Another rumor said he took a plane to Lisbon.
Troops drafted from northern districts were reported rushed south to Seville to put down demonstrations by supporters of Queipo de Llano in that city.
The reports said all public meetings have been forbidden in Spain unless consent of the minister of interior is obtained.
Behind the present crisis, according to French observers here, lies the split between Falangistas (Spanish Fascists), most powerful political faction in Spain and apparently favored by Franco, and the "Traditionalists," backed in large part by the aristocratic military caste.

LOOK TO AMERICA

SYDNEY, N. S. W. —(CP) — Pointing to "Australia's future place in the Pacific, her very existence perhaps," Prof. Stephen H. Roberts, urges the New South Wales government to teach American history in its schools.
Use Minard's for dandruff.

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The Riddle of the Riderless Horse
By JEAN & CYRIL CASALIS

"Take my tip, Green," went on Higg, now showing some sign of his usual spirits, "and when you buy land, come to my part of the world. You'll be murdered or left without labor, you hang about Recolles district."

Malcom and Cornelle questioned him further on the attack, but he could give them no other details, and eventually separated.
"By gad," Malcom exclaimed as they resumed their drive, "it's the same gang! Remember that owl?"

"Do I not?"
There was a short silence while both recalled the owl's hoot when they first saw the river signals, and then when Sam had been killed. And now there was Higg's story. Adhemar was waiting for them, reading in bed, and they at once told him about Higg's experience.
"But where did you meet him?" questioned Adhemar.

"At Jones's, when we picked up your potatoes, Father."
"My potatoes?" asked Adhemar.
"Which potatoes?"
Malcom and Cornelle looked blankly at each other.

"But, Father, didn't you send Maraka after me, to tell me to call Jones's for a half bag of potatoes?"
"We've brought them back," read Adhemar, "I sent Maraka after you?" replied Adhemar incredulously. "No, I sent no one. I know nothing about potatoes. I bought a bag from Higg when he passed this morning, going to Brandfontein." Malcom and Cornelle were looking at each other again, and in that brief glance they understood each other. The attack on Higg had obviously been meant for them, and whatever happened Adhemar must be spared the anxiety of sharing that knowledge, even if it meant that Maraka must receive a share of the blame for the admirable service he had rendered them.

"Well, I'm dashed!" said Malcom, and burst out laughing.
"Maraka's getting too big for his boots, Father," Cornelle said with assumed heat, "just think of the needless work the mares have been put to tonight."
"I'll certainly talk to him," said Adhemar seriously, "and even if the potatoes were finished, he shouldn't have ordered more without asking me. I don't even know that he had gone into Brandfontein without a pass."
They said good-night, and Malcom and Cornelle went out to find Maraka, but only Jani was there, rubbing down the horses in the stable. Maraka, he told them, had already gone home.

**CHAPTER XXII
THREAT BY 'PHONE**

Higg duly reported to the authorities about his hold-up, with the result that the police increased the attention they were already bestowing on the district. They had made searching, if fruitless, inquiries about Cynthia's abduction, and now they persuaded Channing to employ a native constable as a farm hand for a month, so as to pursue their investigations less obviously.

These measures were effective in bringing much needed calm to the district, and only Malcom and Cornelle knew that the calm was marked a lull in the storm of crime and tragedy.

Old Adhemar had gone to Basuto-land one afternoon to see his brother Joseph and Malcom and Cornelle had just finished supper when Cornelle was called to the telephone to take a "personal service" call from Bloemfontein.
"Cornelle Recolles," said a calm voice, "you have had one warning of what will happen to one you love if you persist in prying into matters which do not concern you. Penalties must be paid, and this you will soon know if you take one more step in your new-found pastime. This applies also to your friend, but the penalty may be the worse if being applied through those you are fond of. This is the only and final message." There was a sharp click and the line became "dead," and Cornelle realized that the speaker had hung off, he was galvanized into action. Malcom heard him striking the receiver.

"Exchange! Exchange!" he was shouting; then at last getting some response from the operator: "Quick—It's most important! Ring through to Bloemfontein as quick as you can, and find out who was speaking to me and from where. It's a police matter."
At Cornelle's last words Malcom leapt from his seat and joined him.

"There!" Cornelle exclaimed as Malcom reached him. "From a public call box? ... No, nothing more. That's all. He hung up the receiver. 'D'you know what that was, Malcom? A threat from that gang!"

Blankly they gazed at each other, while the full import of the message sank into their minds. Malcom was the first to speak.
"This fixes you all right, old lad," he said, "You'll have to think of Cynthia."
"What utter nonsense! Do you imagine that a low threat like that is going to put me off?"

But there was a note of anxiety in Cornelle's protestation, who was made, "It's quite true," he admitted, "they've got me. It isn't as if she were here and I could keep an eye on her. I'll have to stop, and I think you should chuck it, too, Malcom. These devils will stick at nothing. I'll tell you what—let's wait till Cynthia comes back, and

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TILLIE THE TOILER



SAVING FOR A RAINY DAY



RASPBERRY PUNCH

Two cups sugar, 1-2 cups water, 1-2 dozen lemons, 1-2 cups oranges, 1 quart crushed raspberries, 2 cups diced pineapple, 1 quart tea infusion, 1-4 tsp. spoon salt, 1 quart ginger ale. Boil sugar and water together five to eight minutes and cool. Wash the lemons and oranges, squeeze out the juice. Cover skins with water and let stand hour or two, pour off water and add to juice. Mix fruit juice and salt. Keep in refrigerator until needed. When ready to serve, add ginger ale and pour over crushed ice. Dilute with ice water if desired.

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

"How many of the girls in the sewing circles are in on the secret?"
"Ten, all told."
"They would!"

By J. R. Williams

With Major Hoopl

By George McManus

By George McManus

By Edwina

By Westover

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