

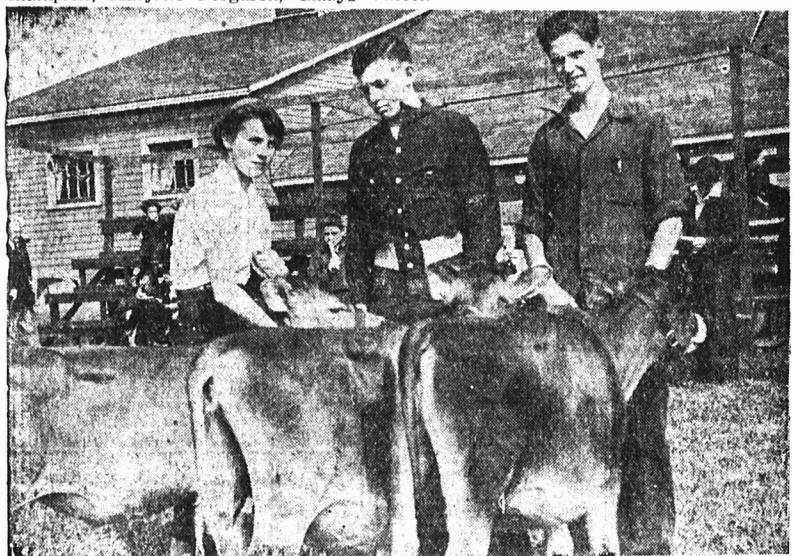
At Rural Youth Fair



Shown above, with officials of the Provincial Department of Agriculture, are the youthful judges of cattle who last week contested for the right to represent this Province at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto. Wallace Wood and Wilfred Stewart, standing in the back row on the right, were the winners. Also in the picture are front row, left to right, Gloria Jenkins, Millovec Club; Eyanetta Smith, Gowan Brae; Patricia McIsaac, Bear River; Martena Hughes, Bear River; Zylla McInnis, Gowan Brae. In the back row, left to right, are Ian MacArthur, Millovec; Arthur Jones, Alexandra; Mr. S. C. Wright, Mr. L. Roper, Mr. James Nicholson, all officials who judged the contestants; Wallace Wood and Wilfred Stewart, Millovec, members of the winning club.



Shorthorn Group, won by Hampton Club, left to right: Beulah Ferguson with grand champion; Marjorie Ferguson, Gladys Villett.



Jersey Group, won by North Wiltshire Calf Club, left to right: Joyce Easter with grand champion; Gordon MacMillan with reserve champion; Stewart Vickerson.



Ayrshire Group, won by St. Phillip's Group, left to right: Melvin Bernard with grand champion; Placide Arsenaunt, Henry Bernard.

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

that was in the homes, when the Shepherd of the flock came in to kitchen or room to read to them The Word and then kneeling with the family, lead them — and

name them in prayer, every last one gathered in Heavenly name about that humble or more imposing hearth-side!
It seemed to give more meaning than any ceremony of Church because here by name in the loved home, each one was lifted up, as once did Moses a creature

Bras d'Or is BEST!

BEST because of its high-heating value and low ash content.

BEST because it's dry-cleaned to remove all slate and inferior coal.

BEST because it's oil-treated to prevent dust filtering through your house.

Better ask for Bras d'Or coal. Your dealer has it or can get it for you.

BRAS D'OR COAL CO. LTD.
BRAS D'OR - NOVA SCOTIA
S. GUNARD CO. LTD. - HALIFAX
Wholesale Distributors

of the wilderness... to the attention and guidance — especially the guidance of Heavenly rulings. And sometimes — or indeed usually, when a congregation was shepherdless for a time, ministerial supply came in to guide temporarily the flock — to hold services on the Sabbath, the mid-week prayer meeting and to visit pastorally the homes in his care. On foot we recall these came as did we read, good men of old... stopping upon invitation to meals or to remain over-night, for did not the our forebears in building their houses make provision for a Prophet's Chamber in their plans? What shades of good men and true, consecrated, learned, godly, linger on still we fancy in prayer and meditation in these snug parlor-bedrooms in the old houses of Island farms!
"Be off now to the kitchen to learn your lessons!" we remembered then the words of a good farmwife as well as if they had been only recently uttered and she not gone these many years to walk angel ways...
Until tomorrow... Diary... Good-night...
The building was one of those smart, modern blocks of flats such as are found in the great cities of all continents. It loomed solid and four-square against the night sky, its facade broken by a criss-cross of gleaming windows. Hurrying towards it, Jim thought, not for the first time, that it must be an expensive place to live in. Mary had merely told him that she had inherited her aunt's money... He dismissed the ugly thought.
Thunder shook the air. The storm which had been approaching all evening, like a prowling beast, was about to shake the town. Lightning suddenly jagged the blue-black sky. Presently the rain would come. Meanwhile nerves tightened like stretched piano wires. Jim paused to mop his brow. He noticed that his hand was trembling.
He noticed something else. He was being watched.
Across the street from the lighted entrance to the block of flats, a man stood on the pavement. He was a burly man, with broad shoulders. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets. There was a curious immobility about him, like someone accustomed to wait-

Murder In Duplicate

by Glenn Carr

Frank's face remained grave. He shook his head. "Sorry, Jim." He spoke gently. "Of course I thought of all those things. But —"

"But what?" asked Jim defiantly, but with uneasiness again welling up within him...

Frank said: "He described the living room of the cottage—everything. He admits he was up to no good. An escaped convict from Dartmoor was not likely to be. But he was at the cottage, all right. He was looking through a window, hoping to break in. He saw Mary come in and go over to her aunt. Mrs. Dormer was just about to take her medicine. Mary took the glass from her, and put something in it—it looked like a white powder. Mrs. Dormer drank. A moment later she collapsed. That was when he ran away."

"Why didn't he tell his story at the time?" Jim demanded. "He was thinking of his own skin," said Frank patiently. "The police caught him next day. He decided to keep his mouth shut, in case they accused him of attempted burglary on top of his other misdemeanours. What is more, there was as yet no 'Dormer case.' No one had mentioned murder or poison. That came long time afterwards, when he was back in gaol. What he had seen might have had no significance. The old lady might simply have fainted. But now—as I say, I'm afraid it's blackmail."

Frank paced the room. "I can't believe he just made all this up. He could so easily be challenged. Knowing that, he wouldn't dare to try. But, if he knows he's right, then he can count on us — on Mary — being too much afraid of his story, to risk an open challenge..."

CHAPTER TWO Continued

"That's just what we're going to do all the same," said Jim grimly. "We'll drag the skunk into the open, and throw his dirty lies back in his teeth! How do we know this fellow didn't murder Mrs. Dormer herself — if she really was murdered, that is, and it wasn't the accident you 'proved' it to be?"
Frank stirred uneasily. Something seemed to be troubling him — something new, that even this night of revelations hadn't yet brought out.
"Well?" demanded Jim.
Frank raised his head. His eyes were like dark blue flames. "How do you know," he asked, "that Mary will agree?"
Jim stared at him. "Agree to what?"
"Agree," said Frank, "to being confronted with this fellow; to having it out with him; to throwing his dirty lies back in his teeth, as you put it. Suppose — he hesitated — suppose she doesn't want to face him?"
"In other words," said Jim bitterly, "suppose she's really guilty, after all: that's what you mean, isn't it?" He shook his head in bewilderment. "I can't understand you, Frank. Damn it, you defended Mary. It was you who got her off! You told me you believed she was innocent. Now, when this blackmailer turns up with a cock-and-bull story —"

"I came to know Mary Lincoln rather well during the case," Frank spoke the words oddly. "I've come to know her even better since. You're in love with her, but you don't really know her very well, do you, Jim?"
Their eyes met in the long silence that followed.
"I received an anonymous letter," said Jim Tracey slowly. "But I got a telephone call, too. Mary phoned me to break our dinner date. She said there was something she had to do. And she seemed upset — as if —" he left the words unfinished.
"Something she had to do?" Frank Welles repeated the words. They hung heavily in the air, and seemed charged with an almost sinister meaning. For an instant, Jim tried to grasp the meaning — of the words, and of the queer look that had come into Frank's eyes. Then he swept all this aside.
"I'm going to Mary — at once. And if that chap has tried —"

He turned at the door. His voice was hard. "I'm going to do more; for all that, that Mary did not poison her aunt, and you're going to apologise for some of the things you've hinted tonight!"
The door slammed behind him.

The building was one of those smart, modern blocks of flats such as are found in the great cities of all continents. It loomed solid and four-square against the night sky, its facade broken by a criss-cross of gleaming windows. Hurrying towards it, Jim thought, not for the first time, that it must be an expensive place to live in. Mary had merely told him that she had inherited her aunt's money... He dismissed the ugly thought.
Thunder shook the air. The storm which had been approaching all evening, like a prowling beast, was about to shake the town. Lightning suddenly jagged the blue-black sky. Presently the rain would come. Meanwhile nerves tightened like stretched piano wires. Jim paused to mop his brow. He noticed that his hand was trembling.
He noticed something else. He was being watched.
Across the street from the lighted entrance to the block of flats, a man stood on the pavement. He was a burly man, with broad shoulders. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets. There was a curious immobility about him, like someone accustomed to wait-

Glenaladale Home And School Meets

The regular monthly meeting of the Glenaladale Home and School Association was held in the school on the evening of September seventh. After the opening exercise the minutes of the meeting held at the closing of the 1951-52 term were read by the secretary, Mrs. William Power. The minutes having been approved, the president spoke to the group regarding the giving of prizes at the end of the present school term. It was suggested that the same amount for prizes be voted this year as had been voted for last year. This was moved by

ing. Beyond doubt he was watching Jim.
As the man turned his head slightly, his face showed for an instant in the oblique light of a street lamp: a short nose, which at one time had been broken and badly set; a faint scar on the left temple; eyes like frozen pools. Jim paused. Then, abruptly, he turned and entered the flats.
The brief encounter with these eyes had chilled him. Frank Welles's story was still fresh in his mind. That night in Torquay, three years ago, there had been a mysterious watcher. It now seemed certain that murder had been done. Jim Tracey moved as in a nightmare. Where would all this end?

He put his fears aside as fanciful. The entrance to the flats, if gaudy, was prosaic enough. The walls, floor and ceiling were marble, or perhaps imitation marble. To one side was a neatly lettered board, with the names of tenants and their flat numbers. Ahead were the lifts. Jim crossed the marble expanse, and pressed a button. He was soon gliding upwards.
But when he stood outside the door of Mary's flat, his nerve almost deserted him. He could see a light through the frosted glass panel. He thought he could hear a low murmur of voices, a man's and a woman's...

He knocked more loudly than he had intended, disdaining the little electric bell. Mary herself opened the door.
She had not changed. That was the incredible thing. Heaven alone knew what he had expected. She stood there, her dark hair framing her oval face, her grey eyes looking at him steadily. For a moment there might have been a flicker of emotion in those wide serene eyes. Instantly they were serene.
To be continued

Glen Valley and Vicinity

School has commenced here following the holidays with Miss Mary Duffy as teacher.
Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Gillis were recent visitors at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Beecher Graham, Shamrock.
Mrs. Harry Wilbur of Roxbury, Mass. and Mr. Wm. Spicer of Waverly, Mass. have returned to their respective homes, after spending their vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Sterling MacLean.
Mr. and Mrs. Alton MacLean were recent visitors to Stanchel, where they attended the Pound-Keating wedding.
Mr. Irwin Blondin, Mr. and Mrs. John Blondin and family of Montreal and Mr. and Mrs. Lorraine Beitley and family have returned to their homes after spending their vacations with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Blondin.
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Frizzell were visitors to Shamrock on Wednesday, September 3rd.
Mrs. Eldon Hickox was hostess to the members of the Women's Institute on September 3. There was a good attendance, and the usual business was attended to, followed by a dainty lunch served by the hostess.
Mr. Nelson Higgins has returned to Toronto, having spent his vac-

Bureau Analyzes Some Census Figures

OTTAWA, Sept. 21—(CP)—Marriage appeared to a lot of spinners and bachelors in the last 50 years. Canada's population more than doubled in that period, too. The proportion of single males in the country declined to 52.9 per cent in 1951, down from 63.5 per cent in 1901. The Bureau of Statistics also estimated that single females dropped to 48 per cent from 59.7.

In the 50-year period, marriage was on the upswing, with the proportion of male population getting married jumping to 44.3 per cent from 33.8 and the proportion of females climbing to 45.1 per cent from 34.5.
The population soared to 14,000,000 from 5,371,300.
Divorces, too, had their innings, but the proportion to the total population barely caused a ripple on the marital scene. The proportion of divorced males increased to 0.2 per cent from 0.1 per cent and that of divorced females to 0.3 per cent from 0.1. Divorces increased substantially in the 1941-51 period.
The bureau's marriage appraisal is based on the decennial census findings in 1951. In that year, the bureau estimated Canada had a larger proportion of married citizens than at any other census in the last 50 years.
However, single males and females still had to over the married couples in actual numbers.
The number of married men jumped 30.9 per cent in 1951 to 3,141,754 from 2,400,100 in 1941. Wives numbered 3,119,824, up 33.5 per cent from 2,336,485. Reason for the larger male figure, said the bureau, was that a number of immigrants' wives still were overseas.
In the last 10 years the number of single males jumped 12.8 per cent to 3,747,000 from 3,323,000. Single females increased 14.4 per cent to 3,325,000 from 2,900,000.
Widowed population rose 9.3 per cent to 1,865,595 from 1,707,773 and widows 28.9 per cent to 456,753 from 354,390.
In the 1941-51 period, the number of divorced males almost doubled to 13,115 from 6,546, while divorced females increased to 18,883 from 7,463.

IN MEMORIAM

BLAIR MacDONALD
Friends and relatives in Prince Edward Island and elsewhere were shocked and grieved to learn of the sudden passing at Sydney, Nova Scotia, of Blair MacDonald, formerly of Kensington. Mr. MacDonald was ill only a few days with polio and his death at the early age of 29 years is deeply regretted.

The funeral was held from the Pictou United Church, Friday, August 22nd, and was largely attended. The service was conducted by the minister the Rev. Aubrey H. Moore. He was assisted by the Rev. C. B. Salter of Valley United Church, a former pastor of the family at Kensington, who offered prayer, and by the Rev. George MacLean of Trinity United Church, New Glasgow, who read the scripture lesson. The massed flowers at the front of the church were an expression of the widely-felt sympathy for the family, and a tribute of respect and esteem for the deceased. The music was in charge of the church choir.

Mr. MacDonald was born, and spent his early years at Kensington, removing later with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. MacDonald, to Pictou. At Pictou he was appointed in his early twenties to the responsible position of manager of the Onslow Lass Dairy. On leave of absence he spent one year at Gulph Agricultural College, where he had the honor of being first in a class of 60, in the grading of dairy products. This last spring he was appointed Inspector of Dairy Products, Federal Department of Agriculture, for eastern Nova Scotia, and had removed to Sydney only a short time prior to his death. He was a member of Pictou United Church and a member of the board of stewards. He was also actively interested in community affairs. His early passing is a distinct loss not only to his family, but also to the Maritime Provinces as he was a young man of much promise and ability.

He was married to the former Miss Elsie Parven of Bridgetown, N.S., and leaves, besides his widow, a son six months old. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. MacDonald, live in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. Additional surviving members of his family are three brothers, Laird at Pictou, Barris in the Merchant Navy, Norman at Halifax, and one sister, Jean, Mrs. William Dickison, Fredericton, N. B.
Burial took place at Pictou. (The late Mr. MacDonald was a nephew of Harold Laird, Kelvin.)

EMPTY ACRES

Nearly one-third of the Northern Territory of Australia is unoccupied and unreserved.

90% easier on washables...with

HOTPOINT'S new

4-FIN Plastic Activator

The secret is the satin-smooth, almost glass-like surface of Hotpoint's new Plastic Activator. It doesn't pit, dent, check or roughen in use — never develops a 'sandpaper' action on your clothes. By actual test there is 90% less wear and tear on your washables. You save on clothing... and save on washing time, too — Hotpoint's new Plastic Activator has four, not three, fins to speed up dirt-removing action.

SEE THE "NEW STANDARD" HOTPOINT

A gleaming beauty that will make your washdays brighter and shorter. Features the amazing new 4-FIN Plastic Activator plus Hotpoint's Safety Wringer with instant pressure release... Quick-emptying pump... Easy-roll, non-mar casters... Sealed-in Permadrive mechanism... Rubber-mounted white porcelain tub... 10 lbs. Capacity.

If you are spending good money and losing precious time on an old washer, it will pay you to see this new Hotpoint beauty.

Hotpoint APPLIANCES DISTRIBUTED BY RCA VICTOR COMPANY LTD.

OTHER HOTPOINT MODELS FROM \$18400	Deluxe Model HMD-92P with new Four-Fin Plastic Activator, Automatic Timer and ultra-convenient Control Centre.	Model HMM-92P with Four-Fin Plastic Activator and Hotpoint's new Control Centre.	Economy Model HMS-92 with Four-Fin Plastic Activator, porcelain tub. Gas engine models also available.
------------------------------------	--	--	--

AVAILABLE AT THE FOLLOWING AUTHORIZED HOTPOINT DEALERS!

SIMPSON'S
F. A. S. JONES, Special Representative
129 Kent Street Phone 2188

Miller Bros Ltd.
145 Gt. George St. Phone 555