



### Murder In Duplicate

CHAPTER FIVE

Jim unlatched the wooden gate, and they looked down the tunnel of a path between high hedges. The house at the end was not entirely in darkness, for in one window a light gleamed behind drawn curtains. Yet, though the night was fine, obscurity seemed to shroud it like a mist. They sensed, rather than saw the tangled vegetation of grounds long uncared for. There was no sound.

"All right," said Jim. He spoke with unnecessary loudness. "Let's go in."

Mary followed him down three steps, into the narrow tunnel formed by the tall hedges. It was dark here, and Jim silently cursed the lack of a torch. They had not gone far when they had the feeling of something on the other

side of the hedge was keeping pace with them.

This wouldn't do. Jim gritted his teeth, and strove to control unruly nerves. The place had an atmosphere, there was no doubt of that. He had to force himself to remember it was just a house in an ordinary London suburb.

The assurance was not long-lived. If what he himself had told Mary was correct, they were about to call on a murderer . . .

Suddenly Mary gripped his arm. It was all Jim could do to keep from crying out. For the brooding silence had been broken. Quite close at hand, there was a thin, long-drawn wail. It came from behind the hedge, on their right.

Mary whispered shakily: "It sounded like a child."

"Come on," Jim groped for her hand. He spoke with a resolution he was far from feeling. "Whatever it was, it's no business of ours. We've got to see Corder."

The strange cry was now repeated, but when they resumed their progress towards the house they again had the feeling of someone or—something—steadily keeping pace with them.

It was a relief to gain the shelter of the porch. Jim found an electric bell, and savagely pressed it. They could hear its insistent ringing inside the house. Then there were slow, heavy footsteps. The door opened.

"Mr. Corder?" Jim spoke briskly. "We want to see you. My name is Tracey. This is —"

"I recognise her," a thin, arrogant voice assured him. "Miss Lincoln, as you doubtless know, is a distant relative of mine." The voice paused, then went on blandly: "What you may not know is that she is also a murderess. She poisoned her aunt. But pray come in. I am entirely at your disposal."

The voice was mocking. In a high, mimicking voice, he said: "Well, sir, what d'you want?" A hand groped for a handkerchief and mopped his streaming brow.

Jim said: "I want to talk to you about murder."

If he hoped to produce a reaction, he was disappointed. The fat man merely waited, impassively.

"We know now," Jim went on, "that Mary's aunt, Mrs. Dormer, was murdered. She didn't die by accident. She was poisoned. And Mary didn't do it. So we've got to find the real murderer. We happen to know it was a man. There was a man at the cottage that night. He was seen. And only one man had a motive for killing Mrs. Dormer. You!"

Corder asked coolly, "Someone saw me there, in Mrs. Dormer's cottage the night she died? You can produce this witness?"

"No, I can't," Jim spoke bitterly. "Because he's been murdered, too. But —"

He stopped, appalled. Once again they heard the thin unearthly wail, like a child under torture. This time it came from inside the house. Mary shuddered, and drew closer to Jim.

To be continued

### Some Terms Of McCullagh's Will Revealed

TORONTO, Sept. 30—(CP)—The Toronto Telegram may be operated by its present directors for 21 years under the will of George McCullagh, it was disclosed Monday when application for probate of the will was filed.

A statement issued by the directors, the Chartered Trust Co., made no mention of the Globe and Mail. Mr. McCullagh was publisher of both the Toronto newspapers.

The \$4,600,000 estate will be shared by his family, the statement said.

The 47-year-old publisher died Aug. 5. His immediate family consists of his widow, the former Phyllis Laidlaw of Hamilton; two sons, Robert John, 18, and George, 13; and a daughter, Anne Caroline, 15.

Mr. McCullagh's story-book career began as a newsboy in his native London, Ont. After accumulating a fortune in the stock market, he bought the Globe and the Mail and Empire, both morning papers, in 1936 and merged them as the Globe and Mail. In

1948 he purchased the Evening Telegram for \$3,610,000, becoming publisher of two of Toronto's three daily newspapers.

The will gives the executors power to postpone division of the estate as they consider necessary for the most advantageous realization of assets.

The application did not disclose the extent of Mr. McCullagh's interest in either of the newspapers, nor the valuation placed by the executors on them. Stocks valued at \$4,400,000 represent the major item in the inventory. Mr. McCullagh's residence at suburban Thornhill is valued at \$170,500.

Mrs. McCullagh is to have use of the residence until her death or remarriage and is to receive an annuity of \$7,500 and the income from one-quarter of the residue.

Another quarter of the estate is to be divided among his four sisters—Mrs. Irene Godber, Montreal; and Mrs. Theilma Thomson, Mrs. Shirley Morris and Mrs. Beverly Blackmore, Toronto.

The remaining half of the estate is to be held in trust for the three children until they reach 30. They also receive the residence and annuity after Mrs. McCullagh's death.

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Grade VII—1. Eva MacKinnon; 2. Audrey MacPhee.

Grade VI—1. Sandra Rogers; 2. Verna Wallace.

Grade V—1. Marjorie MacKinnon.

Grade IV—1. Russell Rogers.

Grade III—1. Angela Rogers; 2. Lorna MacKinnon; 3. Arnold MacPhee.

Grade II—1. Phyllis Dalton.

Grade I (A)—1. Merry Barbour; 2. Cecil Wallace.

Grade I (B)—Gary Caseley.

Highest average in junior grades —Merry Barbour, 97%.

Highest average in senior grades —Hillard MacKinnon, 93%.

Teacher: Donna L. Palmer.

### OFF TO CANADA

LONDON—(CP)—Believed the oldest Briton emigrating to Canada, former army captain John Ives, 89, left London Airport with his wife Maud, 78. They were heading for Red Deer, Alta.

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suit, crumpled and stained, and a thick yellow tie which matched the colour of his hair. His eyes were a pale blue, bulged out over rolls of fat. His face was crimson with his exertions.

The bulging eyes fixed themselves on a point a few inches above Jim's head. He ignored Mary completely. Somewhere in the mass of fat there was a thin mouth which seemed to be twisted into a sneer. In a high, mimicking voice, he said: "Well, sir, what d'you want?" A hand groped for a handkerchief and mopped his streaming brow.

Jim said: "I want to talk to you about murder."

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To be continued

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