

Murder In Duplicate

That only postponed things—perhaps only by a few minutes. How long, Jim asked himself helplessly, could they drive about outer London with a murdered man for company?

Nevertheless, he drove on. There was nothing else to do. Somehow they must get rid of Hamilton's body...

They must get rid of the car, too. The murderer would undoubtedly have given the police full details of it, including the number. At this instant, a police cordon was probably tightening inexorably around them. In some office at Scotland Yard, quietly efficient men would be studying a wall map of the city. One of them would draw a circle on it. And, in a matter of minutes, roads and streets leading from it would be blocked.

Jim abruptly pulled the car in to the side, where trees shadowed the pavement.

"We've got to go on foot," he said. "The car is too dangerous."

Mary half-looked over her shoulder. She said, in a tremulous whisper: "What about—him?"

"But he'll trace it," Jim said.

"If my guesses are right," said Jim grimly, "they've done that already—thanks to the cold, cal-

culating fiend who has planned all this. They'll have full particulars about the car. We've got to abandon it." He took her hand, and helped her out. "Come on, Mary."

For the second time that night, luck was with them. It was a matter of split seconds. They hadn't gone more than a few paces when they heard the roar and throb of second car travelling at high speed. This one was approaching from the opposite direction.

CHAPTER SIX

Continued

The trees which overhung the pavement fringed what seemed to be private grounds. There was a low wall. Jim seized Mary by the waist, and hoisted her bodily upwards. He saw her balance for a moment on top of the wall, a shadowy silhouette, and then disappear on the other side. He gripped the wall and heaved himself over. The approaching car roared nearer. There was the harsh sound of brakes swiftly applied. The car seemed to skid violently towards the wall behind which they crouched. There was a sudden silence. The engine had been cut off.

"They heard heavy footsteps, and men's voices. There seemed to be two of them. One of them raised his voice sharply. 'This is the car all right!' The footsteps sounded closer. There was the noise of a car door being opened. Again silence. Jim could imagine the scene. Two men in uniform, peering into the back seat of his car and discovering Hamilton's body.

"One of them spoke excitedly. 'I know this man! His name's Hamilton. Once a detective, but kicked out.' There was a brief pause. 'Shot through the head.' The other had been investigating the car.

"The engine's warm. Perhaps they heard us coming. They can't be more than a few feet off. Jim did not wait to hear any more. He pulled Mary to her feet, squeezed her arm to caution silence, and then began to pick his way among the trees.

It was nerve-racking. As they went deeper into the wood, the darkness became impenetrable. The ground underfoot was rough and treacherous. Twigs whipped against their faces.

"Then, from behind them, they heard the two men scramble over the wall. A torch flickered between the trees, only a few yards in their rear. Simultaneously, from somewhere to their right, a dog began to bark furiously.

It seemed as if they were trapped between two fires, but Jim saw his opportunity.

"This is our chance!" He gripped Mary's arm, and whispered fiercely in her ear. "It doesn't matter if we make a noise now, they'll think it's the dog. And with luck, the dog will go towards them. Run!"

They threw caution to the winds and pushed their way through the darkness and among the trees. Jim bore sharply to his left, to leave both the dog and the men behind them. Now there seemed



JEEP RAILBIRD

Don't be surprised if you see a jeep zipping along a railroad track. Photo shows new special-duty version that 30 railroads have ordered to replace the traditional handcar used to transport section gangs and inspection men along the line. New railroad jeep is versatile, with special extra wheels that permit it to leave the track at any location, go in and out of terminals at will, make inspection trips without interrupting workers or train schedules along the line.

that so nearly worked three years ago—to pin the blame on to you. He failed then, thanks to Frank, so perhaps Frank can solve this new mystery."

He stared down the deserted, lamp-lit road, his ears strained for the sound of a bus that would take them to a safer locality.

The biggest riddle of all was upmost in his mind. How had the murderer contrived to poison Smith, under their very noses, and in such a fashion that Mary was bound to be accused? If Frank Welles could only throw some light on that...

Mary looked down at the ground, avoiding his eyes. In a low voice she said: "Do you think we really ought to go to Frank? Oh, he was perfectly splendid, that first time when my aunt died. But first time, you see, Jim, he's in love with me."

To be continued

Gibson-MacRae Wedding

A very pretty wedding of interest to friends in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island took place in Zion Presbyterian Church, Charlottetown on Wednesday, September 24 at eleven o'clock, when Miss Mearns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick F. MacRae, was united in marriage with Lloyd Norman, son of Rev. Dr. Alexander Gibson, Wolfville, N.S.

The church was beautifully decorated with baskets of gladioli and other autumn flowers. The guest pews were marked with bows of white ribbon and pink sweet peas.

The Rev. G. Carlyle Webster, pastor of Zion Church, assisted by Rev. Dr. A. Gibson, father of the groom, performed the marriage ceremony. The double ring service was used.

The wedding music was played by Mr. Frank Johnson, A.C.T.L., organist of Zion Church, who also accompanied Miss Carol Marie Coles who played "O Perfect Love" as a violin solo during the signing of the register.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, looked charming in her floor-length wedding gown of white chantilly lace and nylon net over satin, made in redingote style, with fitted bodice of the lace, shoulder yoke of nylon net, and tiny upstanding collar of lace embroidered with pearls. The full length sleeves were of lace. The bouffant skirt had a pleated nylon centre panel, with the redingote overskirt of lace. Her fingertip veil of tulle illusion had rings of pearl embossed on it, and fell from a close-fitting headpiece of pleated nylon. She carried a cascade bouquet of American Beauty roses, white stephanotis and fern.

Her bridesmaid, Miss Kathryn MacLeod, was becomingly attired in azure blue taffeta and net. The bodice and bolero jacket were fashioned of broadened taffeta, while the full skirt had an overskirt of net. Her matching head-dress and mitts were also of net. She carried a nosegay of yellow roses.

The groomsmen were Mr. Merritt Gibson, brother of the groom. The ushers were Mr. Edwin MacRae, brother of the bride, and Mr. Douglas Stults, friend of the groom.

Mrs. MacRae, mother of the bride, wore a two-piece dress of blue iridescent taffeta with black velvet hat, and corsage of yellow roses. Mrs. Gibson, mother of the groom, chose a twilight blue crepe dress, with black hat and corsage of pink roses.

The reception was held at The Charlottetown Hotel. The toast to the bride was proposed by the Rev. G. Carlyle Webster, and fittingly responded to by the groom.

The bride is a graduate of Prince of Wales College and the groom of Acadia University, Wolfville.

After the reception the happy couple left by car on a short trip to Boston, New York and other points of interest. For travelling the bride wore a light blue tweed suit, navy accessories with top coat of winter white. Her corsage was Tallman roses.

On return they will reside in Moncton, N. B., the groom being employed as a pilot with Maritime Central Airways.

By J. R. Williams

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last longer!

UNTIL THE HIGHWAY DEPT. TOOK OVER THE ADJACENT LOT FOR A SUPPLY DUMP. THANKS TO GLENN HICKS, VANCOUVER, WASH.

W.C.T.U. NOTES

Moral Grounds for Opposing Liquor

By DR. SAM MORRIS (Reprinted by permission from "Sword of the Lord")

I am opposed to it on moral grounds. I have a moral responsibility in this fight. My Bible teaches me, "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin" (James 4:17). In our Sunday School lesson last Sunday, the man with one talent was condemned, not because he had only one talent, but because he had misused it, but because he did not use it at all. My Bible tells me that when Jesus comes back and gathers the nations to judgment, He will say, "I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not."

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

It is the sin of omission. It is just as black a sin in the sight of God not to do what you know you ought to do, as it is to do what you know you ought not to do. When you as a preacher, or layman, or laywoman sit around and twiddle your thumbs with these booze dives all around you and people going to Hell and little children in the condition they are in—when you sit around and look pious and say, "Well, you know it doesn't bother me; I never touched a drop in my life," brother, you are guilty of sin in the sight of God. You have a responsibility. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

Same Business

But somebody says, "But under prohibition you had the bootleggers, and it is better to have legal dealers than it is to have bootleggers." The legal standing of the man who makes the liquor does not have a thing to do with the chemical nature of alcohol and what it does to the man who drinks it. You can take a bottle of moonshine liquor, made against the law in the river bottoms or up in the hills and sold in a fruit jar in the back alley against the law by the bootlegger; you can take a bottle of any legally manufactured liquor, put it in a chemical laboratory, analyze the contents of the two bottles, and the alcohol in both bottles will be identically the same.

Didn't you ever notice that legal liquor will make a man wreck his car the same as bootleg hooch?

When somebody says to me, "It is better to have legal dealers than it is to have bootleggers," I'll look at him and say, "Mister, is it better to have polecats or skunks? They are both in the same stinking business."

Voters Equally Guilty

There is one difference between the work of bootleggers and legalised sellers of alcoholic drinks. Here it is. What the bootlegger does in the back alley, under the cover of darkness, without my knowledge or consent, against my will, over my protest, in spite of my vote—what he does under these conditions I am not a party to, and no intelligent person can blame me with it. But if, on election day, I sit at home, do nothing and am sorry and good for nothing, or afraid that if I go and vote somebody won't buy groceries at my store, or water their horse at my trough, or won't invite me to their shindig, or won't like me like I want them to, and I sit at home in neglect and do nothing about it, I am a party to his dirty business.

Or if I walk up and shove my ballot in the box, voting to legalize liquor, and a man builds a legal brewery, a legal distillery, a legal beer joint, a legal whiskey store, a legal night club and operates it on the front street, legally, lawfully, regulated, controlled, never breaks the law, pays revenue to the government I am guilty of his sin. The bootlegger in the back street can't advertise his wares, he can't get on the radio, can't get in the newspaper, can't get in the magazines, can't use great blazing billboards and neon signs; he can't play it up and fantastically please it as an essential to success. He has to operate on a limited scale, in the back alley, and they have to hunt him up and buy it on the sly, and he does it in spite of me, and against my will. But the man I voted for operates on the front street, with my endorsement, my approval, my support, by my authority and he pays money to me—I am as much a part of his liquor dive as he is.

Somebody says, "We tried prohibition once and it didn't work." My friends, we have tried world peace three times and it hasn't worked yet. And freedom from the curse of the wicked, abominable liquor traffic and liberty from its bloody ravages upon innocent citizens, helpless wives and innocent little children is worth working and talking, preaching and praying and fighting for, over and over and over.

Prohibition Tried Once

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FAST COLONY

The Belgian Congo in Africa has an area of 910,000 square miles with estimated population of 11,000,000.

DARNLEY SCHOOL

The following is the report of Darnley School for August and September:

Grade X—1. Doris Crozier; 2. Shirley Champion; 3. Gordon Champion.

Grade IX—1. Violet Mountain; 2. Gertrude Crozier; 3. Edyth and Harriet Campbell.

Grade VIII—1. Paul Hickey; 2. Marlene Pickering; 3. Fulton Cousins.

Grade VII—1. Edwin Simmons; 2. Shirley Campbell; 3. Sheila MacKay.

Grade VI—1. Marjorie Mountain; 2. Dorothy Connick; 3. Dale Pickering.

Highest average in intermediate grades, Marjorie Mountain, 99%; senior grades, Doris Crozier, 98%.

Perfect attendance for month of August: Sheila MacKay, Dorothy Connick, Iva MacKay, Violet Mountain, Marjorie Mountain, Marlene Pickering, Donnie Whitlock.

Prize for the pupil making the highest number of stars for all grades awarded to Marjorie Mountain.

Jean M. Curley, Principal.

GROWING INDUSTRY

The Republic of India manufactured 44,461 sewing machines in 1951, compared with 6,121 in 1946.

MANY TREMORS

Every year there are about 2,000 earth tremors, but only about 300 each year are strong enough to cause serious damage.

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Mrs. H. MORRISON, Vancouver, B.C.