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S. A. McDonald



The Unlatched Door

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN
Continued

The question: "What must I do?" was there as persistent and unanswerable as ever. She had come to no decision, she shrank from doing so, but suppose the necessity were forced upon her? The police believed that Borden had been murdered—but it wasn't that! Not murder. Even if it had been her finger which pressed the trigger and fired the fatal shot, it had been no more than an accident! Yet, according to all she had read in the Press reports, the police had made up their minds. It was murder to them; it was for a murderer they were searching: a victim for the hangman! What if they found one? She had often read of the pitfalls of circumstantial evidence. What if the police found some which led them to make an arrest.

It did not occur to her that anything could lead them to her. She was sure she had not been seen at Darnley Mansions and believed she had left no trace of her presence; but if they accused someone else—Roy! He had told her over the phone after his visit to Scotland Yard that the police had arrested him. He tried to say it jestingly but she caught the undertone of gravity in his voice. She remembered how he spoke to her of Roger Borden when telling about his father, and he admitted that he had been equally indiscreet with the police. They would be looking for someone with a motive, and he had delivered himself into their hands.

This projected visit to Martin showed that they were bent on investigating Roy's story to the utmost. Suppose they arrested him! That would decide things for her. She would not let him suffer for a day—not an hour! She would tell everything at once! Should she do it now, today, when this inspector came—for Roy? But suppose it were not Roy—suppose they suspected someone else? Her duty would be the same! She would have to speak. She could not allow anyone whom she knew to be innocent to be accused, perhaps condemned. But she shrank appalled from the ordeal. She pictured herself telling her story and seeing it received with incredulity. She would be asked to account for her presence in the flat.

There were the letters. Neither Nancy nor she had mentioned them to each other since that night; in fact, they seemed scarcely to have spoken and what little had passed between them had only concerned the most trivial and commonplace topics. Barbara still had the packet unopened, just as she took it from the letter-box that night. It was in her bedroom, locked away

in a suit-case. She had been waiting for some confidence from Nancy which would give her an opening for speaking of it. But there had been no confidence. It seemed to her that Nancy had deliberately avoided any approach to a renewal of discussion on her relations with Martin. Since the morning when she said that it was "all right" between her and him there had been silence.

There was a queer atmosphere in the house. It was as though some soft, impalpable influence pervaded it, weighing them all down with forboding. Both Nancy and Martin were obviously in a condition of acute nervous excitability but whatever the cause of this was, there was now no quarrel between them. They had reached some sort of an understanding. To that extent Nancy had spoken truly: things were "all right" between them. But they were both as much on edge as Barbara herself.

For some reason the visit of the detective had intensified their uneasiness. Barbara was keenly conscious of tension in the room when Martha at last announced "Inspector Kenway," and the man himself entered. He paused in the doorway glancing from one to the other of the three people before him. He could not help noticing the concentration of the scrutiny directed on him; but if he sensed the tension in the atmosphere he gave no sign of his awareness.

"Mr. Winton?" he said superfluously, to break a silence which was threatening to become awkward. "Yes. This is my wife—and Miss Calendar who is staying with us. It's our tea time and we wondered if you would join us. Miss Calendar is an inveterate student of mystery stories and simply dying to see a detective at his work in real life. Of course, if you want to see me in private—" Martin made an gesture towards the door. Once started he had spoken hurriedly with an almost exaggerated air of geniality.

"Nervous and trying to cover it!" was the inspector's inward comment. Aaloud he said: "I don't think I have anything to say that the ladies shouldn't hear."

"Then let us sit down and be comfortable," said Nancy. "Do you take sugar and milk, Inspector?" "Both, thank you," Kenway replied after a slight hesitation and took the seat she indicated. He had surpressed a doubt as to whether it would be quite playing the game to accept hospitality from these people considering the suspicions with which he had come among them. After all, things were shaping exactly as he could have wished and he would be falling in his duty if he did not take advantage of the situation. He accepted a cup of tea and a dainty sandwich and turned to Barbara, studying her face while he said lightly: "I am afraid you are in for a disappointment, Miss Calendar. I'm only a plain policeman, not one of those super-sleuths who pit their genius—Isn't that the way to put it?—against the wiles of master criminals."

"Oh, I don't believe all I read,"

replied Barbara with a slightly forced laugh. "Detectives and criminals in stories are both too good to be true. Things don't happen like that in real life!" To be continued

Blacquiere - Perry Wedding

—On Tuesday, July 29 at 9 a.m., St. John the Baptist Church, Miscouche, was the scene of a very pretty wedding when Valma Frances, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Perry, Miscouche, became the bride of Ralph Blacquiere, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elie Blacquiere, Summerside.

The double ring ceremony was performed by Rev. J. D. Kelly. The church was attractively decorated with summer flowers. The wedding music was under the direction of John DesRoches and Phyllis Gaudet, and the Children of Mary Choir rendered appropriate hymns.

The bride, given away by her father, wore a white dress of double tulle illusion with rows of ruffles from waist to hemline and a redingote of Chantilly lace with a train. Her shoulder length veil of double tulle illusion fell gracefully from a Juliet cap of Chantilly lace and she carried a shower bouquet of red roses.

The bridesmaid, Mrs. Richard Prindiville, sister of the groom, wore an aqua nylon net gown over taffeta with matching mitts and head-dress, and carried a bouquet of yellow roses. The groom was attended by his brother-in-law, Richard Prindiville.

Little Ruth DesRoches acted as flower girl and wore a floor length gown of Nile green taffeta with matching head-dress and carried a nosegay of mixed flowers. Little Donald Perry, nephew of the bride, was ring bearer. The usher was Edward Doucette, brother-in-law of the bride.

For her daughter's wedding the bride's mother wore a sheer beige dress with black accessories with a corsage of red carnations.

After the ceremony a reception was held at Hillcrest Lodge for about thirty invited guests. The bride's table was beautifully decorated with flowers and lighted tapers and centred with a three tier wedding cake topped with a miniature bride and groom. Rev. J. D. Kelly proposed the toast to the bride to which the groom responded.

The happy young couple left on a honeymoon trip to New Brunswick and Maine, U.S.A. For traveling the bride wore a navy suit with navy and pink accessories and a corsage of red roses.

Out of town guests included: Mr. George Meikle, Summerside, Miss Marie DesRoches, Cambridge, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Edward Doucette, Halifax, N.S., Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chlow, Summerside, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus DesRoches, Richmond, P.E.I. Previous to her marriage the bride was tendered a shower at the home of Mrs. Harold Perry at which she was the recipient of many useful and beautiful gifts.

Shower Tendered Bride-To-Be

—Friends and neighbors assembled at the home of Mrs. Fred Roach, Kensington, on Thursday evening July 17th, to honour her daughter Velda whose marriage takes place in the near future. The guest of the evening was received by Mrs. Sandy Champion, aunt of the bride-to-be, and Mrs.

Aw Shucks, It's Easy To Pick 'Em DAILY DOUBLES

With such a grand list of entries you simply can't fail to pick winners and, believe us, they really pay off . . . and BIG!

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| Men's SUITS to 39.50 | 14.50 | Ladies' Full Length Coats reg. to \$59.50 now | 29.50 |
| Men's SUITS to 59.50 | 24.50 | Ladies' Full Length Coats reg. to 39.50 now | 19.88 |
| Men's SUITS—some with 2 prs. pants—to 69.50 | 37.88 | Ladies' Full Length Coats reg. to 32.50 now | 14.88 |
| Men's PANTS to 8.95 | 5.00 | Ladies' Shorties regular to now clearing at | 42.50 nice styles and shades 19.88 |
| Men's SHORTS | 38c | Ladies' Shorties including some fur fabric jackets regular to 39.50 now | 16.88 |
| Men's SOX | 34c | Ladies' Pastel Suits, good assortment of sizes, regular to 39.50 now | 12.88 and 16.88 |
| Men's T-SHIRTS—Reg. 1.50 | 1.00 | Ladies' What a break, our finest Dresses regular to 29.50 now | 10.88 |
| Men's SWEATERS—Reg. 2.49 | 1.49 | All other dresses drastically reduced | |
| Men's SPORT SHIRTS—Reg. 3.95 | 2.28 | Out they go all Summer Hats regular to 6.95 now | 1.00 |
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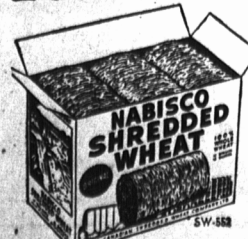
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DAILY CROSSWORD

- | | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| ACROSS | 3. Eying | 21. Gold (Her.) |
| 1. Prefix meaning "ill" | 4. Transparent substance | 22. Alloy of copper and zinc |
| 4. Talk | 5. Help | 23. Metal bolts |
| 7. Poison (abbr.) | 6. Boast | 24. At home cheese |
| 8. Italian coin | 7. Kind of cheese | 25. Steamship smokestacks |
| 10. Spring up | 9. Royalist refuge | 27. Owning (Fr. Rev.) |
| 11. 2nd U.S. President | 10. Beard of rye | 29. Boils slowly |
| 12. Magicians | 11. Blemishes | 30. Goddess of the hunt |
| 15. Gyp (var.) | 12. Speck | 31. Particle addition |
| 16. Born | 13. Particle of addition | 32. East by northeast (abbr.) |
| 17. Aegean Sea island | 14. Paddle-like process | |
| 18. Depart | | |
| 19. Emmet | | |
| 20. Redoubt | | |
| 22. Fetus | | |
| 25. Discharges | | |
| 26. Outer skin | | |
| 27. Demand, as payment | | |
| 28. Avoidipous (abbr.) | | |
| 29. Source of light | | |
| 30. Perish | | |
| 33. Stitch | | |
| 35. Mental strain | | |
| 37. Say | | |
| 39. Raise the spirits of | | |
| 40. Gradual | | |
| 41. Goddess of the moon | | |
| 43. Goddess of the dawn | | |
| 43. Body of water | | |
| DOWN | | |
| 1. Corn | | |
| 2. Ends of Saturn's rings | | |



Yesterday's Answer
34. Mark on the skin
36. Great quantity
38. Also

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

is LONGFELLOW
AXYDLBAAXE

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation
...LOJIEOL ML HRFTRK DG
RFLRD JY P AMTE, LOPL OR FOJHK
TJL UR PUHR LJ SJDDPTK LOR WPMT
—VRVG F

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: I HAVE NO LONGING FOR THINGS GREAT AND FAIR—NICHOLS.

MORSE'S

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right in the bottle

7c



To be refreshed

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