

Home and School Club Meeting This Evening

A meeting of the Home and School Club will be held in the Central Public School on Thursday evening, (to-night) at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Transom, principal of the Central Public School, will be the speaker at the meeting, choosing as his topic "Public School Courses of Study."

All parents are invited to attend the meeting, particularly the parents of new pupils.

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\*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

Beauty and You

by PATRICIA LINDSAY



ANN RUTHERFORD instructs how to line the eyes at the outer edge of the lashes, extending the line a fraction of an inch to the outer edge of the eye, make eyes look sizes larger.

Lovely Eyelashes Possible If Groomed Daily

It is not too much to expect your eyelashes to look thicker, longer and more lush than they actually are, and it is all done with one tiny mirror and a few good eye aids.

The natural desire is to have long lashes which curl upward. Such eye beauty requires that you keep your lashes adequately lubricated night and day. You know that dry hair does not hold a curl, well, neither will dry lashes. A bit of special lash oil or cream, or white vaseline will help to keep the hair glossy and versatile.

For Greater Length Either liquid, cake or cream mascara may be used to make your lashes look longer (or to dramatize their actual length). The color is applied with another clean brush (your mascara brush must be washed after each application).

A narrow fine brush which usually comes with a tube or cake of color is better for this purpose than a larger one.

A second clean, dry brush is used to whisk off any surplus make-up from the lashes before a bit of lash cream (for gloss) is applied.

Now your lashes are ready for the curler which is shaped to fit the upper eyelid. This little instrument with its scissor-like handle is easy to manipulate. You simply place it over the lashes, press it tight and hold it in place a minute or two.

Of course you can improvise on this curling direction. For instance if you wish only your outer lashes to curl outward and upward (to get an Oriental effect) you may curl them that way.

The regular weekly meeting of the 51st I.O.D.E. Girl Guides was held on Thursday night at 7.30 in the Hollinger Scout hall.

This meeting was held so as to register the new guides and re-arrange the patrols.

The meeting was opened with the forming of a horseshoe and the singing of "God Save the King."

Mrs. Wheeler then spoke to the Guides and thanked Capt. Sheridan for carrying on the Guide work during the past year and asked the Guides to cooperate with Capt. Osborne as well as they had done with their previous leaders.

B. Sheridan then took the Guides in a few games.

Margaret McGregor Hears Parents on B. B. C. Broadcast

Little Guest Evacuee at South Porcupine Hears Parents from Glasgow.

South Porcupine, Sept. 24—(Special to The Advance)—The Rebekah Pass Crands' Club held its first meeting of the fall season on Tuesday at the home of Mrs. E. Stanlake, Dome Extension, with Mrs. B. Webb, and Mrs. C. H. Libby, as joint hostesses for the social part of the evening.

Margaret McGregor, our little Scottish guest evacuee is very happy this week. She received a cable on Saturday from the B.B.C. informing her that her mother and father would be speaking to her from Glasgow on Monday giving time etc.

An interesting coincidence was noted by a letter received by Margaret from her mother last week. While Mr. and Mrs. McGregor were taking a day's holiday on a boat on Loch Lomond they noticed a Canadian soldier who looked lonely, so they spoke to him and found he came from Timmins.

A correction is necessary regarding the notice of the Eastern Star tea, elsewhere in today's issue. The tea (and the drawing for the blankets) will take place on Friday, Sept. 26th—not on Thursday, Sept. 25th—as given.

On Sept. 25th the Finnish ladies are holding a tea in the Masonic Hall, the proceeds to go to the British Bomb Victims' Fund. This will be on from 1 to 9 p.m., and the famous Finnish coffee bread will be on sale.

Before hearing the news about Monte, Peter met Sir John Carr, who invited him to join the Carr party in the luxury hotel, the Orient. He accepted and decided to say nothing about his acquaintance with Monte.

CHAPTER VII MR. XOSA RE-APPEARS When Sir John shepherded him into his own suite, he carefully closed and locked the door.

"There!" he said, with a sigh of satisfaction. "We may have to talk to the police, when they come, but until then I'm darned if we're going to be badgered by a pack of busybodies eager for gory details. What about that breakfast!"

He stared angrily. In a corner of the room, washing his fine hands with invisible soap, stood Mr. Sam Orion, the hotel manager. Behind him, in a submissive attitude, stood a small plump Bantu, whose brown eyes behind the large spectacles were meek.

"I trust you will pardon the intrusion," said Mr. Orion in his arch-deacon's voice. "But, considering your anxiety, as expressed to me, I thought it only—hum—proper—"

"Come to the point man!" said Sir John brusquely. "Don't beat about the bush. And who's this?"

He glared at the Bantu. Peter also was staring at the little man. He was puzzled. He felt he had seen the fellow before—but where?

Before Orion could answer, the Bantu had sidled in front of him. The movement was so quick and smooth, and so apparently humble, that he had blotted the hotel manager out of the picture before even Mr. Orion himself was aware of the indignity.

THE GOLDEN SANDS RIDDLE

By Alexander Campbell

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Characters in the Story PETER CROSBY: Young mining engineer taking a modest seaside holiday when the story opens.

SIR JOHN CARR: A South African gold mining magnate; widower, rather pompous and purse-proud, but sound at heart.

LUCY CARR: His only child, a very attractive girl in the early twenties.

TERENCE PARRY: A rich young acquaintance of the Carr's. A man of great charm and good looks.

FRANCIS GOULD: Sir John Carr's secretary. Silent, reserved; much occupied with his work and with mining statistics.

MR. XOSA. A coloured man of European education, short of stature, but a giant in detective skill.

What the Story Has Revealed Peter Crosby, taking a seaside holiday at Marathon, South Africa's premier resort, meets Lucy Carr, and falls deeply in love with her.

Lucy is more interested in him than she would admit. But to Peter the whole affair seems hopeless because the Carr's are notoriously wealthy and he (Peter) has only the small income of a young man learning his profession.

Peter's dilemma is apparent to many people. One Mr. Monte a rather rough diamond from Johannesburg, affects to take an interest in him, and tells him he can make a fortune over-night by buying shares known as Golden Deeps.

Monte almost forces the money upon the younger man, and Peter telephones a firm of stockbrokers to buy Golden Deeps (a share which had done badly and is then dormant) at a low price.

Monte knows that rich, new deposits of gold had been found in the Golden Deep mine. After Peter had bought the shares, the news of the find becomes known, the shares rise tenfold and Peter sells his parcel while the going is good.

Almost at the same time, Monte, Peter's benefactor, is found dead under a large beach umbrella, stabbed through the heart.

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"The eagle may have no cause to remember the sparrow, but the sparrow shall surely not forget the eagle," said the Bantu in his mild voice. "We have met before. Mr. Xosa, your humble servant, here." He bowed his kinky head. In the other hand he held a white hat. In the other was a black stick. "Mr. Xosa has the honour to return to you—"

With a swift gesture, he transferred the hat to the hand that held the stick, and held out to Sir John a wallet of fine leather. The initials J.C. were stamped in neat gold in one corner.

"My note-case!" exclaimed Sir John. "Be so good as to check contents and see that all is correct," murmured Mr. Xosa.

Sir John took the proffered case, and began to go through its contents rapidly. Mr. Xosa watched him.

Then, Mr. Orion came to life. Flourishing his manicured hands, he thrust the Bantu aside. His smile was ingratiating.

"A thousand apologies!" he explained. "Apparently there had been a mistake. The police had got the wrong man. This fellow here found out who the real thief was—"

"Just a minute!" Sir John commanded. He spoke directly to Mr. Xosa. "They'd arrested your brother, hadn't they? You said something about knowing who the real culprit was. Somebody called—"

"Tickey Charlie," murmured Mr. Xosa regretfully. "Very evil fellow." "The night porter," said Mr. Orion. He wriggled in embarrassment. "I can assure you I never suspected—"

"Then you ought to have," retorted Sir John. "That's your business, to protect your guests. Instead of which you pick on a perfectly honest servant and have him charged. How did you do it?" His last remark was addressed to Mr. Xosa.

The Bantu shrugged. "I had a talk with Tickey Charlie," he said. "I reproached him with allowing an innocent man to suffer for his misdeeds. He confessed and with tears in his eyes returned your wallet to me."

"H'm," said Sir John drily. He asked Mr. Orion: "Did you see this fellow Tickey Charlie? Did he have tears in his eyes?"

"He did," said Mr. Orion. As the mining magnate was smiling, he also permitted himself a brief glimmer of imitative amusement. "He also had several teeth missing and a pigeon's egg lump on the top of his head."

"He stumbled and fell while we were talking," said Mr. Xosa regretfully. "I hope you do not think that I employed violence? I assure you, such was farthest from my thoughts."

"Well," said Sir John laughing, "that's as may be. Anyway, I'm most grateful to you. Here—" He began to fold a note.

Mr. Xosa held up a black hand. "No no. Please do not reward me. To have had the pleasure of returning your property and effecting release of my worthy brother from police incarceration, is enough. You have checked the contents?" he asked anxiously. "All is present and correct?"

"It's all here," Sir John reassured him. "Then I shall take my leave."

He bowed gravely, and retreated from the room, clutching his white hat and his black stick.

Mr. Orion rushed into the breach. "A bit comical, what?" he said with a little laugh.

"Mr. Orion," said Sir John carelessly. "What salary do they pay you to look after this hotel?"

Mr. Orion's eyes widened. "Well, really—," he began.

"How much?"

Mr. Orion wriggled. But the customer is always right. It was the chief tenet of the faith that had raised him so successfully from dish-washer in a cafe-on-wheels to the present position. He sighed, and submitted.

"A thousand a year. Of course I could do better than that. I've had offers. But the sea suits my health."

"Mr. Orion," said Sir John grimly. "One of my colleagues is an Indian. Do you know how much he earns?"

Mr. Orion was uncomfortable and a little sullen.

"No."

"Five times as much as you do."

The hotel manager hesitated. His plump face was flushed with colour. Then he decided to swallow the snub.

"Very interesting," he said. "Er—will there be anything more?"

"No—Yes," said Sir John. He waved a hand at Peter. "This gentleman is joining my party. I want him to have a comfortable room, facing the sea, on our floor."

Mr. Orion had been very considerably cowed. He showed it by accepting this order, in mid-season, with attitudes at a premium, without the slightest demur.

"Yes sir. Your name sir?"

Well, here we go thought Peter grimly. Sir John had very effectually burned his boats for him.

"Peter Crosby," he said.

Mr. Orion nodded. "I shall arrange it right away." He prepared to leave the room.

Sir John regarded him curiously. "Haven't you heard the bad news?" he asked.

Sir John nodded. His composure matched the policeman's.

"Come in, Inspector," he invited. "My daughter, Lucy; Mr. Terence Parry; and Mr. Peter Crosby."

Quayle nodded solemnly to each in turn as Sir John waved a hand.

"No doubt the people you wish to speak to are my daughter and Mr. Parry," said Sir John. "They found the body. They'll tell you that Mr. Monte was unknown to any of us save as another guest in the hotel. D'you want Mr. Crosby and myself to leave you alone?"

"That won't be necessary," said Quayle. His smile was friendly, without dropping any of his authority. As I said, these are merely routine inquiries."

He took out and slowly opened and smoothed on his knee a small notebook. "Now, Mr. Parry—"

Quayle had the knack of asking the right questions, and Terence's answers were businesslike and to the point, though he omitted nothing. Peter watched him in surprise. Hitherto he had only known this elegant young man to draw and appear faintly amused. This was a new side to him. Paradoxically, the jealousy he had always felt of Parry mounted higher. The man, as well as being handsome and obviously rich, was no fool.

Terence told how he and Lucy had been strolling along the beach, how they had sighted Monte, how he had remembered that he owed Monte a pound, and how he had approached him to be horrified to discover that the man was dead.

"Good enough," said Quayle, and put away his notebook. He rose.

"You say that none of you knew Monte except as another guest? That seems to be the general answer. Apparently the man had no friends. He seems to have been a mysterious sort of person. According to Orion the hotel manager, he arrived here out of the blue before the season had properly begun, installed himself in a suite, and has been here ever since."

"I suppose none of you has anything to add to that? Oh well, I didn't expect you would have. By the way, you aren't staying in the hotel, are you Mr. Crosby? I didn't see your name in the list of guests."

Peter reflected grimly that this policeman was a fast worker.

He answered: "No. As a matter of fact, I'm just on the point of moving in."

"Lucky to get a room at this time," said Quayle with a grin. "Have you just arrived in Marathon?"

"No, I've been here a couple of weeks," said Peter. He hesitated; then as the policeman seemed to be waiting, he gave him the name of the obscure hotel at which he was staying.

"The ascent from Peter's modest 'pub' to the majestic Orient would have caused raised eyebrows in the dullest person; but Quayle, who must know Marathon, its hotels, and their social gradations, like the back of his hand, remained impassive.

"Well, that's really all—and ever so many thanks for your patience and help." "Goodbye. Oh, and by the way none of you will be leaving Marathon just yet, I take it? There'll be the inquest, you know. You may have to give formal evidence."

His departure left a little embarrassed silence in its wake. Quayle's last words, though apparently innocuous, had been a very definite instruction to them. Peter noted with dismay that it had apparently been addressed to him, too, though he had had nothing to do with the finding of the body, and on the surface had had nothing to link him with the tragedy.

But he had no time for further thought. Sir John briskly broke the silence. "Peter, you'd better hop across to your hotel and see to the transfer of your stuff."

"Quite a good idea, sir," agreed Peter. "If you'll excuse me—"

He made his exit, feeling ashamed, for he had not had a chance for a word alone with Lucy, and he had not dared to meet her eyes since she had entered with Parry and found him tete-a-tete with her father. But he did not get very far.

He was striding down the corridor when he heard the swift light tap of heels and Lucy appeared at his side.

"Peter!"

"Hullo, Lucy," he said inanely. "Peter," she said in a low voice. "I want to talk to you."

"Yes?"

She faced him squarely. "Peter, there's something I don't understand."

"What's that?"

"Since we've known each other, it's only natural that I should have learnt something about your—your circumstances." She spoke swiftly. "I know that you've got a job, a good job, but I also know that you don't earn large sums of money. I've guessed that you've been rather ashamed of that, although of course that was silly. But now I find you suddenly prepared to move in here, and generally behave as if you had come into a fortune. Peter, what does it mean?"

(To Be Continued)

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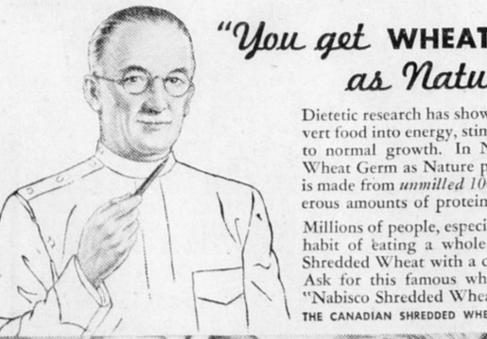
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POOR FELLOW

She (irritably)—Don't you ever talk of love?

He (bashfully)—Er—yes. I love this weather. Don't you?—Globe and Mail.

Advertisement for Crown Brand Syrup featuring a picture of an airplane and the text: FREE NEW COLOURED PICTURES! Britain's Fighting Planes and Warships 29 NOW AVAILABLE. Includes details about the 'Flying Fortress', 'Bristol Beaufighter', 'H.M.S. King George V' and many others.

Toronto Telegram—Siberia seems to be the coming winter resort. German Russians are to spend the season there, and Hitler would like the Japs to do the same.