AW IT'S ENSY!!, SEE! LIME THIS! CURSES!!- AT LAST

I HAVE YE IN

ME POW-

The Winnowing Machine

By J. S. Fletcher. (Copyright, by The McClure Syndicate).

ure enough, somebody did. But like, making for home. Wasn't of course, what they murdered he ch of he. like, wasn't nothing!"

Matter o' twenty year," replied the FORMER P. E. I. OFFICIAL "Might be more-but there-

why he had asked this question. bably it was because this old win ring machine had once been th erty of the murdered man. could a winnowing machine hav do with the murder? All the sam was sure that the gypsy-like fellow had just visited him had bee keen to buy that machine, an was beginning to think that the who had come for a job had really to the cottage in the hope vering the machine's exact loca And-why?

or all practical purposes the ing was worth nothing. The wood in was worth chopping up for fuel. The ity iron was worth, perhaps, a twoling piece. Why, then, was one mar anxious about the machine as to go on hands and knees to exami and another so anxious to get pos-

wo days after the visit of the halfsy-like individual, Sutherland had town, and he was doubtless seen go away from the village railway tion. Usually when he went up to n he stayed there for the night, but this occasion he caught a late train home-so late that it was apching midnight when he walked up hill to his lonely cottage. The light a half-moon was shining on his wilds of a garden, and Sutherland had cely entered it when he saw that garden was tenanted. There were at his shed. As he slipped behind ee to watch he heard the distinct ch of splitting wood. Finding the of the shed thoroughly secured substantial, they were just beginto break into it by force. erland gave up a moment to reion. He was a quarter of a mile the nearest house. He was utterly

Since they were using force scent. nst his property, he must adopt droom, and, opening the window, twice across the garden, taking to aim high. He heard a curse two, muttered exclamations, and the scurrying of feet amongst the ibs and trees.

At that he fired twice more, after ch the would-be burglars ran down road. Sutherland fired one more in that direction, and then went bed. When he woke early next ing his first care was to visit the ed. He had been in time-the door intact, except where a big splinter wood had been broken out of it by

ice. Sutherland didn't. He assured that the shed was secure inst entrance by its one door and window, and then settled down to ting. He had an almost superstitious eling that the men would return - one of them would.

seing an ingenious sort of person, he sed himself by inventing a sort of n-trap-a concealed system of wires ich trailed across the garden to his m and rang a bell there. But the

rd in them times," answered the was the first thing seen by the entrant

III .- THE TRAITOR.

Sutherland saw his visitor glance at hat revolver as he slunk to the chair to which he was silently pointed. He was a little sly-faced, shifty-eyed chap, who rolled a mangy fur cap in his hands, and, as he sat down, glanced suspiciously at the window. It was an that he felt a sense of relief when and that it was heavily curtained. volver, behind which Sutherland had h.mseif. His eyes lifted themsickly deprecating smile. (To be continued.)

IS CHARGED WITH FRAUD

Arrest Follows Scheme to Start in Army Officers at Fox Farming. LONDON, Dec. 29.-Andrew Fraser Mitchell, formerly an immigration offi-cers in Prince Edward Island, was charged in Bow Street police court to-day with obtaining £432 by false preormerly an officer in the Indian army. the prosecuting attorney stated that Mitchell entered into communication with Quinn last September and submitted to him a scheme for settling exarmy officers on the land in Prince Edward Island, starting in fox farming. The sale of land and bungalows ormed part of the scheme outlined by Mitchell, and Quinn parted with the noney on the strength of his representations. It is now contended that Mitchell never had authority to sell any and on behalf of the Government in Prince Edward Island. Prosecuting counsel asked for an adournment for one month in which to gather further information and this was

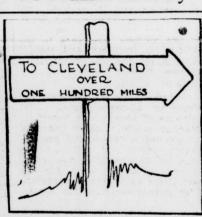
BRING DOG 2,000 MILES TO ENTER RACE IN QUEBEC

MONTREAL, Dec. 28.—The arrival in this city of "Mountie," husky leader destined for the Chateau Frontenac dog team at Quebec, created a sensation this morning. As far as is known no dog ever brought to Montreal has a history approaching his in romance. He has been leader of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police dog teams in the Far North for nearly five years.
"Mountie" has come all the way from

Lepas, in Northern Manitoba, a distance of 2,000 miles, but he surprised everyone by adjusting himself to his new conditions with very little sign of gray giant, with thick fur, pointed ears could see their figures against the bushy tail, and of obvious wolfish de-

After being taken for a run on the nt measures against them. And so streets by an Indian musher and athimself into the cottage, tracting much attention he was shipped to went upstairs, took a to Quebec to assume his duties with -loaded revolver from a drawer in the dog team there in readiness for the winter carnival.

A Puzzle a Day



is unique and certainly vague in its statements. Its most interesting feature is the fact that it conceals the ht. Then one evening, well after name of a famous city or a town, either a timid tap came at his door. one of which is considerably over a sriand, before answering it, laid hundred miles from Cleveland. Can you

olver handy on his writing table. discover the hidden locality? 6 Olive Roberts Barton

NO. 9-MISSEZ PETER PETER PUMPKIN EATER



"Why I'm Peter Peter Punkin Eater."

"Hello," called a voice bright and other woman go by," said Nick. "She ly next morning. "Who is living was all bent double and had on a httle ragged shawl. She said her are," said Nancy and Nick, house was under the hill." ting their heads out of their Christ-tree house in Daddy Gander Land. "My goodness alive!" cried Mister Peter crossly. "That's the Old-Womanwhy. I'm Peter Peter Pumpkin a perfect ragbag. What do you think my wife looks like anyway?"

Well you said you didn't believe

green hat. "Did you see my in fashions," Nancy reminded him. You ought to be glad if she did dress we didn't see her," said Nancy. t does she look like?" "I didn't mean that exactly," said Mister Peter Punkin Eater. "I just l, said Mister Peter, "she isn't able. I don't believe in fashions. meant I don't approve of her spending every cent I give her on clothes." sort of old-fashioned." by goodness!" declared Nancy, shioned yourself. You have last money you gave her?" called a teasing voice, and there stood Bo Peep on her my goodness!" declared Nancy, his brave colors, "you are not

new clothes and they are the front porch, shaking a finger at stingy Peter "I don't know! I never gave her any!" said Mister Peter before he thought. id Nick soberly. "Yes, we Then he got very red under his green

an go by with a basket of hat. said she was going to the "I thought so!" laughed Bo Peep, patting her blue skirt all caught up with at wasn't my wife," said bows of cherry ribbon. "We all thought

"That was Old Dame so." Just then Missez Peter Peter Punkin Eater turned the corner, carrying her way to the butcher's a heavy basket. Peter took one good or dog a bone. Perhaps look at her and then glanced down at

his own suit. "Polly, you need a new dress," he Peter, indignantly, declared as she came near, "You never ag! My wife! Humph! I did pay enough attention to your

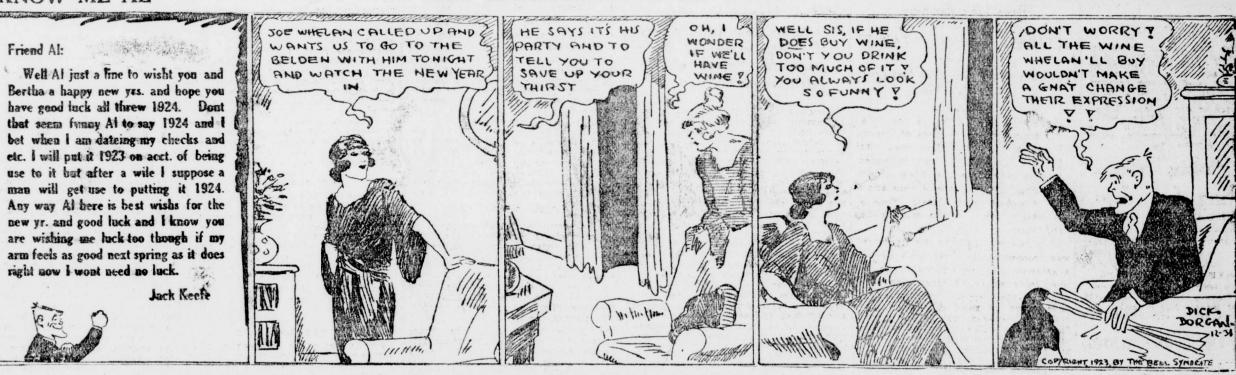
(To be continued) remember I saw still an- (Copyright, 1923, Nea Service, Inc.)

THE LONDON FREE PRESS DAILY PAGE OF COMICS

YOU KNOW ME AL

Some Information About Mr. Whelan

BY RING W. LARDNER



"CAP" STUBBS

YOU BE TH' VILLIAM AN'

I'LL BE TH' HERO, AN'

COUNTTA SHE'S TH' ONLY

YE IN ME POWER", AN'

THEN CHOKE HER ER

AN' SAVE HER, AN'-

SAY! - DOES IT TAKE TWO HOURS

TO WALK HOME

YOU KNOW THAT

IT'S AFTER SIX

O'CLOCK!

ELON SCHOOT 3-00

GURL HERE! NOW YOU SAY

CURSES! AT LAST I HAVE

SOMETHIN; AN' I'LL COME

AW - I DON'T

KNOW HOW TO

You Never Can Depend Upon Sammy



BY EDWINA



BILLY'S UNCLE

Had To Wait For An Opening



BY BEN BATSFORD

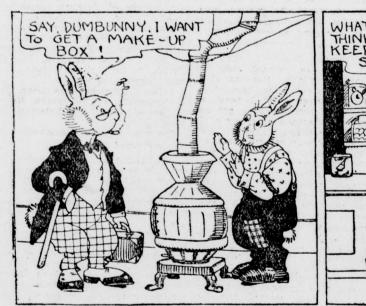
W



IN RABBITBORO

Happy New Year, Doc Whitey!

BY ALBERTINE RANDALL





WELL

BUCK MENIDER'S

COUSIN GOT A NEW

SHETLAND PONY FOR

CHRISTMAS AU' I

WAS HELPIN' TO PUT





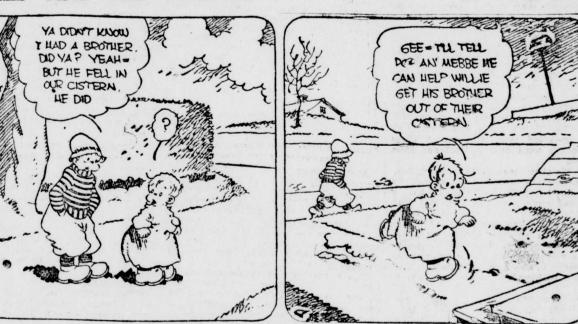
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

A Twin Brother at That

BY BLOSSER

the th

CHA







TAKEN FROM LIFE

Noseyin' Around

BY MARTIN





