● SERIAL STORY

# Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

**Last Week: Christine goes to Inspector Parsons, tells him of Chandra and gives him the bonds. Parsons asks about her cousin's vision. Jaspar might know her optician, if police could find him. "You have already," Christine asserts.**

CHAPTER XII

"Jaspar," Christine told the inspector very distincly, "was that beachcomber who got away last night."

For a moment Inspector Parsons simply sat and looked at her. Finally he said softly, almost as if to himself, "I wonder if any policeman ever got the whole truth from any woman at any one time... You said you read that early morning extra, Miss Thorenson. You must have seen the story about the abandoned launch the Coast Guard searched. Suppose I should tell you that, shortly after dark yesterday evening, this Jaspar rowed out to that launch and spent some time aboard?"

"Are you telling me that?"

"In so many words."

"Then," Christine surprised herself by telling him, "if that launch really had anything to do with the murder, I should say that Jaspar would have been too smart to stick his neck out that way if he really murdered my cousin."

* * *

"I wonder" — again he seemed to change the subject; but Christine waited warily — "if you were too young to recall the abduction of Mrs. Talbert's nephew, Earl Talbert, about 12 years ago. Whoever engineered that was pretty smart, too. Mrs. Talbert paid a sweet ransom; but the boy was never found."

"I was 10 years old then," Christine said. "Are you suggesting that I had something to do with that, too?"

He ignored that.

"This Jaspar was employed by Mrs. Talbert at that time, also, wasn't he?"

"Ever since I can remember."

"Can you think," he demanded, "of anyone who might have sent that will to the newspaper?"

"Not unless that was Jaspar, too. ... But why should he? It puts him on a spot as well as me."

"Any idea where this Jaspar is now?" he shot at her.

"No."

* * *

When, at length, he let her go, Christine went out with her mind whirling... If there were only someone she could talk to — someone who might have some key to this terrifying puzzle!

As if in answer to her need, a girl's voice sounded in her memory — breathless, huried, frightened — "If there's any trouble, Miss Thorenson, call Main 2079. Ask for—"

On a desperate impulse Christine found a telephone booth, dialed the number, and asked for Lucille... It would be better not to give her own name, she decided; so when a girl's voice answered, she began, feeling her way guardedly, "I wonder if it was you I talked to over the Beachmont exchange night before last?... I was to call you, if—"

"Oh, Miss Thorenson, I've been so afraid you wouldn't!" the other girl broke in. "And I couldn't think how to get word to you after you left the Crestview."

"Well, I'm calling now," Christine said. "Where can I see you?"

"Let me think," the girl hesitated. "It wouldn't do for you to come here. They may be watching the house."

* * *

They? Christine wondered.

The girl was going on, "And I'd better not come to your hotel."

"Not if you don't like being watched," Christine told her dryly. "Half the newspaper men in Surf City are probably camped on the porch by this time."

"Could you meet me about 9 — it will be dark then — outside the Paris Smart Shop?"

"How should I know you?"

"I'll be window shopping; and I'll wear a dark blue dress with a cherry hat and belt. I'll know you from your pictures in the paper. Don't speak to me; just follow — you know, kind of carelessly — when I move on."

It sounded so incredibly bizarre that Christine opened her mouth to refuse. Then, on one of her unpredictable impulses, she decided, "All right. At 9 then."

"Wait!" the girl called sharply. "You won't — say anything to the police?"

"Of course not," Christine recklessly burned her bridges.

* * *

When she came out from the booth, she bought a newspaper. There was, she decided after one glance at the front page, such a thing as being entirely too photogenic. As the girl Lucille had intimated, there could be no mistaking the original of her published pictures. Already people were staring at her. She spent four of her cherished dollars for a wide-brimmed hat and a pair of sun-glasses.

It was already 10:30 when she remembered that she was to meet Mr. Wilmet at that hour.

Christine's confidence in her sketchily assembled disguise was strengthened when Mr. Wilmet, peering anxiously from the drug store, failed to recognize her until she spoke to him.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, blinking at her. "You've done something to yourself. And a smart idea, too. One of those impertinent reporters followed me two blocks trying to get an interview."

Nevertheless, it occurred to Christine that the little man's sudden notoriety had pleasantly titillated his ego.

* * *

He seemed so disappointed when she explained about giving up her work — for she had decided that to go on would be impossible unless she wanted to be hounded by curiosity seekers — that Christine felt sorry for him. So much so that when he asked her almost wistfully to have dinner with him, she answered, "I have an engagement to meet a friend at 9; but I'd like ever so much to have dinner with you, Mr. Wilmet, if you don't mind my running away early."

At first Mr. Wilmet looked crestfallen; then he brightened.

"If it's Mr. Yardley you're to meet," he said hopefully, "I just heard them tell him at detective headquarters that they might keep him till late tonight."

"Oh," Christine said blankly, "so you've been to headquarters, too?"

"Inspector Parsons sent for me," Mr. Wilmet admitted. "About not being able to prove where I was last night. As if I wouldn't have sense enough to get an alibi ready before I killed someone... Miss Thorenson, you don't suppose he really thinks I had anything to do with this?"

"Do you — I don't suppose you know what they wanted with Mr. Yardley?"

"It was about his keys," Mr. Wilmet told her chattily.

* * *

He had been afraid, she realized, that she might not ask.

"His keys?"

"Yes. I heard one of the detectives ask him how he could explain having a key to Mrs. Talbert's car." The little man fairly glowed with his news. "He — you aren't dizzy, are you, Miss Thorenson? It is hot."

Christine was; but she steadied herself to ask, "What did Mr. Yardley say?"

"He said" — Mr. Wilmet's inflection deplored the flimsiness of Bill's story — "that he did sit in a parked car near the Boardwalk for a few minutes to wait for someone; but that he didn't know why he had that key, unless it was that when he got out, he forgot the car wasn't his, and seeing a key in the door, just took it out and put it with his others."

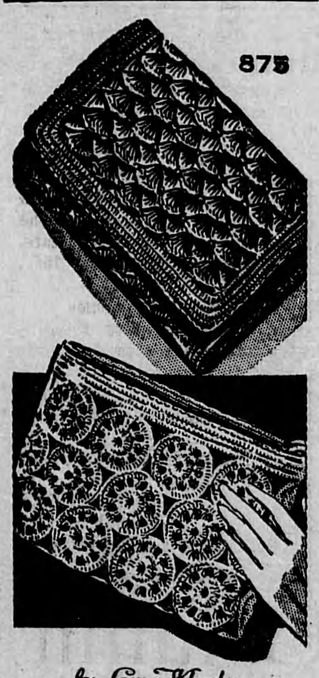
Christine stood very still for a moment; but her mind raced, trying to sort and piece together scraps of memory.

Mr. Wilmet was saying insistently, "Shall we say 7, then, at Decker's?"

"Why, I — yes, all right," Christine answered, and moved away, her legs dragging numbly as if in some hideous dream.

If Bill's explanation had sounded pitifully thin even to Mr. Wilmet, how would it sound to Inspector Parsons' case-hardened ear?

(Continued Next Week)




Crocheted purses. Take your choice—a shell stitch envelope bag in straw yarn or a pouch of simple medallions crocheted in corde.

Smart crocheted purses for pin-money. Pattern 875 contains directions for purses; stitches; list of materials.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West. Toronto. Write plainly Pattern Number, your Name and Address.

## GETTING PREVIEW OF VICTORY

**Chantal, Jacqueline and Georgette Casine, 4-year-old French triplets, get a peek at victorious Allied attack on Cherbourg when Allied soldier lets them look through his binoculars at artillery barrage laid down by Yanks advancing on the port.**

# TABLE TALKS

## *Food Is Fun!*

It's a good idea to let small fry take hold of the kitchen duties once in a while and give mother a rest. The children will enjoy doing new things and mother can feel she is contributing to their all-round development.

Naturally it isn't a good idea just to open wide the doors in the kitchen and leave the children up to their own designs. What I'm suggesting is that they be allowed to make up something they've watched mother do so often they know how.

There's a lot of satisfaction in making cupcakes, especially if they are iced with tinted icings and sprinkled with finely chopped nuts.

**Delicate Cup Cakes.**
**(Makes 18)**

**2 cups sifted cake flour**
**3 teaspoons double acting baking powder**
**¼ teaspoon salt**
**½ cup butter or substitute**
**1 cup sugar**
**2 eggs, unbeaten**
**⅔ cup milk**
**1 teaspoon vanilla**

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually. Cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in greased cupcake tins in a moderate oven (375 degrees) 20 minutes or until done. Spread with confectioners' sugar icing or your favorite chocolate frosting. Decorate with chopped nuts, colored candies or tinted coconut.

The ballet originated in Rome, was introduced into France by Catherine de Medici, and didn't arrive in England until the 18th century.



# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

July 23
**WOMAN'S PART IN NATIONAL LIFE**
Judges 4 and 5.

PRINTED TEXT, Judges 4: 1-9, 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT. — **Who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?** Esther 4: 14.

**Memory Verse:** For Thou, Jehovah, hast made me glad. Psalm 92: 4.

THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING

**Time.**—The oppression of Israel by Jabin, king of Canoaan, lasted, according to the chronology of Garstang, from 1221 to 1201, the latter year (1201) being the time of the great battle of the Kishon, which we will be studying today.

**Place.**—The principal locality in our lesson, is the River Kishon, in the plain of Megiddo, in central Palestine.

**The Unhappy Israelites**

"And the children of Israel again did that which was evil in the sight of Jehovah . . . the captain of whose host was Sisera, who dwelt in Harosheth of the Gentiles."

It was the Lord who sold them into the hand of their enemy, for He had a lesson to teach His people, and only in misery and suffering could they learn that lesson. It was their own sins which weakened them and made them an easy prey to the Canaanites.

"And the children of Israel cried unto Jehovah: for he had nine hundred chariots of iron; and twnety years he mightily oppressed the children of Israel." In their trouble and misery, brought on by their unfaitfulness to God, the people of Israel cried unto Him for help. As so many do, they prayed to God only when they were in trouble.

**Deborah, The Leader**

"Now Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lappidoth, she judged Israel at that time . . . and the children of Israel came up to her for judgment." Deborah was an inspired leader and chief, and roused the nation to action and with Barak led the army into battle. She encouraged the people to trust in the Lord and look to Him for deliverance.

**Deborah's Plan**

"And she sent and called Barak the son of Abinoam out of Kedesh-naphtali . . . and I will deliver him into thy hand." When the army of Sisera had been drawn to the river now dry, God would cause the rain suddenly to descend and the river would overflow its banks and the land become flooded. The heavy chariots would be imbedded in the mud unable to move, and then from Mount Tabor, Barak would sweep down upon them and slaughter the foes of Israel.

**Deborah and Barak**

"And Barak said unto her, . . . and Deborah arose, and went with Barak to Kedesh." Deborah accompanied Barak right up to the hour of battle, and seemed to have been his strength and confidence.

"And Sisera gathered together all his chariots . . . and Sisera alighted from his chariot, and fled away on his feet." Sisera trusted in his chariots but God made them useless, for they floundered in the mud, and the proud pagan captain had to trust to his feet and not to his swift steeds for flight. God's armies are invisible but they become very real to His people in time of distress.

**Israel Is Delivered**

"But Barak pursued after the chariots, and after the host, unto Harosheth of the Gentiles, and all the host of Sisera fell by the edge of the sword; there was not a man left." Israel was completely delivered again. By whom? Deborah? Barak, the Army? No, by God who used them. It was the Lord's work and to Him Deborah raised her hymn of thanksgiving (Judg. 5: 1-5).

## Disappointed

Reports claim there is one disappointed woman in Saskatchewan. During the election campaign someone told her the C.C.F. would take her children away from her, if the party were elected. Right after election the woman waited for the C.C.F. to make good. She had 17 children and she was bitterly disappointed when she found out it wasn't true about confiscating the kids.

*You'll enjoy our*
*Orange Pekoe Blend*
**"SALADA" TEA**

# CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

We have had such a grand week for getting the work done — and we are so thankful. Yes, the weather was perfect for haying, even to that Wednesday when it was 96 in the shade, which, I must confess, was a little hard to take. However, we survived, Partner and I; we also got quite a bit of hay in that day — maybe because we didn't realise how hot it had been until we listened to the newscast at supper-time. Then we were so terribly afraid the intense heat would bring a storm. But it didn't — and we were glad! You see we were specially anxious for the fine weather to continue because we were expecting a friend from the city to help with the hay on Friday and Saturday. Inexperienced help — but very willing. Had he been able to stay longer there would have been a lot more hay brought in. However we are hoping for "Farm Commando" help next Monday — whether it will be experienced or inexperienced is anyone's guess — but we are thankful for help of any kind these days.

* * *

We had many a laugh at our friend's expense last Friday and Saturday in which he joined wholeheartedly. He had so little idea of what "haying" really meant. He had never seen a hay fork in action and for that reason Partner had to explain why a load should be built a certain way and not just any way at all. It was amusing too, to watch him get his "wagon-legs". But he soon caught on and finally built a pretty fair load. But the first ones to come in were queer looking specimens!

I can tell you we think pretty well of any man who is willing to spend a well-earned holiday helping out on a farm. After all it takes courage to tackle a job you know nothing about — and there is no denying the fact that haying and harvest is hot, hard and heavy work. Maybe there will be a better understanding between town and country folk after the war than before it.

* * *

Do you know what we had for dinner last Saturday — I'll bet you'll wish you were here. Fried Chicken... how would that suit you? It was the first one this year. But perhaps it is just as well you were not here because by the time we got through there was nothing left but the bones.

Maybe I am wrong but I never can see the sense of economising too much on what is raised on the farm. After all why shouldn't we eat as many eggs and chicken, and use as much milk as is good for us? In other words why not use more of what we raise and buy less of what we don't raise. Another case of — What is there that the vinter's buy, one half so precious as the goods they sell?"

* * *

The trains sound like rain; the sunset looks like fine weather — which shall we believe? Maybe neither — we will just go on working and take what weather the good Lord sends us . . . and hope that it will be fine.

# VOICE OF THE PRESS

### LIFE-SAVING STREAM

It is in order, that all physically qualified Canadians of the home front resolve to become regular blood donors, returning again and again where they are needed, just as our fighters rally again and again to the challenge of battle. The best blood of Canada is in the fight, and the remaining best blood must continue to flow from Canada in a life-saving stream.

— St. Thomas Times-Journal.

### WAR I — PART II

Pres. Roosevelt is still hunting for a name that will identify this war for posterity. "The War to Finish the War We Thought Was Fought to End War and Make the World Safe for Democracy" seems to cover the case in a mouthful and perpetuate a couple of slogans that were current and choice 25 years ago. Or "War I — Part II" for short.

— Ottawa Citizen.

### THEY GET STRIPES

Because she has learned to take orders, a woman who has been a C.W.A.C. should make a good wife, says Dorothy Dix. Yes, but some of those gals have also learned to give orders.

— Windsor Star.

### PROBLEM IN ETIQUETTE

A problem in latter-day etiquette is whether the lady welder ought to remain seated in a smoking car if a gentleman is standing.

— Stratford Beacon-Herald.

### CORRECTION

No, Mabel; Edison didn't invent the first talking machine. But he did invent the first that could be shut off.

— Owen Sound Sun-Times.

The giant sequoias of the High Sierra do not ordinaryly produce many seeds until they are several hundred years old.

**Easy Way To Treat Sore, Painful Piles**

Here is the chance for every person in Canada suffering from sore, itching, painful piles to try a simple home remedy with the promise of a reliable firm to refund the cost of the treatment if you are not satisfied with the results.

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**NOTE: The sponsor of this notice is a reliable firm, doing business in Canada for over 20 years. If you are troubled with sore, itching, painful piles, Hem-Roid must help you quickly or the small purchase price will be gladly refunded.**

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