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TEA

● SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

Last Week: Inspector Parsons reveals that Mrs. Talbert was killed in a wheel chair, on the Boardwalk, that the murderer had stolen the chair, wheeled his victim to the studio, pushed the chair off the promenade. He made one slip, the tide did not carry the chair out to sea.

CHAPTER XVII

"Does it occur to you, Inspector," Chandra went on — still very stiffly — "that there are interesting similarities between Mrs. Talbert's abduction and that of her nephew?"

"Just what do you mean?"

"In the case of Earl Talbert, also, there were theatening notes. In that case, too, the victim was at first thought to have been kidnaped, and perhaps murdered, in his own car. In that case the victime had been drugged — or so it was made to appear... And that case was confused by misleading attempts to incriminate others — as in this one, Captain King, Miss Thorenson and I have all been deliberately involved."

"Don't you think you're crowding this hunch of yours about the nephew's being alive? You would not push it so far, I suppose, as to suggest that Mrs. Talbert kidnaped herself?"

* * *

"Only far enough to suggest that the two abductions were planned by the same mind — according to a similar pattern... I think, Inspector, that the time has come to confess that Mr. Jaspar has not been entirely frank with you. I happen to know" — the clairvoyant ignored the butler's startled outcry — "that he has some evidence that ought to help."

Christine was the only one in a position to watch the medium after he had stepped into the alcove where his desk stood. It seemed to her that he fumbled unnecessarily long in an upper drawer before he came back and handed the Inspector a folded sheet of paper.

It seemed to her, too, that Inspector Parsons spent an inordinate time over it; and that when he finally raised his eyes to Chandra's, a look of intelligence flashed like an electric spark between the two.

At length the inspector said, "Perhaps we might pass this around. Someone might — have a suggestion."

He handed the paper to Bill, who read it and passed it without comment to Jaspar.

Jaspar adjusted his glasses and scanned the paper with startled attention before he put it into Christine's hand.

* * *

Removing the sun glasses she still wore, Christine thought, after a first glance, This is impossible.. Yet as she read on, fragments of conversation, strange encounters, bits of coincidence which had seemed entirely normal happenings tumbled about in the chaos of her memory.

With shaking fingers she passed the sheet to Mr. Wilmet.

The little man also adjusted his glasses, tilted the paper to a more favorable light, and perused it slowly, nodding once or twice as he did so.

"I think Mr. Chandra is right, Inspector," he said. "This should have been handed to you at once."

* * *

Whatever Christine had expected, it was anything but this. For the paper, written in a small, but clear script, with ink barely dry, had read:

"You will find that one person in this room will be unable to read this. He will pretend to, and may offer some harmless comment; because of all those here, he cannot allow it to be guessed that his vision is very bad. He will have no reason to suspect that this is not actually one of the messages he sent to Mrs. Talbert. The paper and the arrangement on the sheet are identical with those of one of the extortion notes Mrs. Talbert showed me... Have you noticed that Mr. Wilmet stumbled in finding a chair, and almost fell over a footstool?"

"You are right, Chandra," the inspector said quietly. "The report that came a few minutes ago from Mrs. Talbert's oculist makes it clear that the fragments of lens we found in that wheelchair did not come from her spectacles.

...You are all wearing glasses — or Miss Thorenson was. Mr. Wilmet" — his voice dropped into a pool of silence — "we'll begin with you. Of course you won't mind giving us the name of your specialist?"

* * *

"Why, of course." Mr. Wilmet looked startled but entirely confident. "I've got my glasses from the same man for years."

"But not those glasses," the clairvoyant said softly. "Naturally, people with vision as poor as yours always carry an extra pair for emergencies. You had yours with you, if you recollect, when you came to my studio on the afternoon before Mrs. Talbert's murder. Probably, since you are above everything else an opportunist, it was pure inspiration that made you slip into your briefcase that dagger you had seen me wearing while Miss Thorenson drew my picture, and which you guessed hundreds of people would be ready to identify."

"Inspector," Mr. Wilmet broke in, "this man must be crazy!"

* * *

"Perhaps." The inspector's tone was dry. "Let's see just how his madness will carry him."

"I wear that dagger only on parade," Chandra went on. "When you came, it was lying on a low table near the chair you took. I didn't miss it till some time after you went... No doubt I should have notified the police at once. But how could I guess that it would be used to commit a crime?"

"I thought you called yourself a medium?" Mr. Wilmet looked toward the inspector for applause.

"That's what the inspector calls me. I call myself a student of human nature. You see, I make it my business to remember things other people hardly notice. ...And among other things, Inspector, although I have seen Earl Talbert only twice, I recall certain peculiarities which were common to both him and his aunt. They were both superstitious.

* * *

"The first time I saw Earl Talbert, a few days before he — disappeared — he came to consult me because — he said, he had dreamed that he was in great danger. I saw no threat for him — he went away reassured that his scheme would work.

"The second time I saw him was yesterday, when our Mr. Wilmet came here, also apparently to consult me about his warning dreams. Perhaps that was what he really wanted at first; but after I had again reassured him, and he had gone, I found my dagger gone, too. Now" —

"Just a minute!" the inspector cut in. "Are you identifying this man as the person who stole your dagger?"

"I don't think that will be necessary, Inspector. Before we are through, he will identify himself. ... You see, Inspector, poor eyesight was another peculiarity common to Mrs. Talbert and her nephew. At 19, Earl Talbert had the vision of a man of 60."

* * *

"Inspector," Mr. Wilmet burst out, "this man's practically admitted that he doesn't know who took his knife. There were a dozen people here that afternoon."

"That is true," Chandra said gently. "But only one of them wore lenses like the pair you dropped from your pocket. No wonder you found it impossible to replace them immediately after you broke the others in that wheel chair."

He took a spectacle case from his pocket and pased it to the inspector.

"I think," he said, "that when you have these lenses compared with the fragments you took from the chair, you will find that they are identical."

"Well, there won't be any question about whose these are when we get into touch with the optician," the inspector said.

He glanced at the label inside the case and seemed about to add something. Then he broke off.

(Continued Next Week)

She'll love this adorable dirndl, Pattern 4561. Simple-to-make, with becoming yoke and set-in-belt. Pretty in print or contrasting colors.

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GOOD NEIGHBORS FIGHT IN ITALY

Swinging along in soldierly fashion, troops of the First Division, Brazilian Expeditionary Force, march through Naples shortly after debarking at the Italian port.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

August 27.

ISRAEL'S FIRST KING.

— I Samuel 9, 10, 11.

PRINTED TEXT, I Samuel 9: 15-21; 10:25-27; 11:12-15.

GOLDEN TEXT. — Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the king. I Peter 2:17.

Memory Verse: Be ye kind. Ephesians 4:32.

THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING

Time. — The call of Saul, and the beginning of his reign, may be placed somewhere between 1000 and 1015 B. C.

Place. — Ramah, by some, is identified with Neby Samwil, five miles northwest of Jerusalem, by others with Ramallah, eight miles north of Jerusalem. Jabesh-Gilead was on the east side of the Jordan.

Saul Anointed By Samuel

"Now Jehovah had revealed unto Samuel a day before Saul came, saying... Behold the man of whom I spoke to thee! this same shall have authority over my people."

It would seem that at this time the Philistines were again harassing the Israelites with their destructive raids. The annoyance of these Philistine raids and incursions were the immediate cause of the prayer for a king.

Meeting of Samuel and Saul

"Then Saul drew near to Samuel in the gate... and in the morning I will let thee go, and will tell thee all that is in my heart."

It was probably in this high place that Samuel built his altar. A natural instinct among all nations chooses hilltops as fitting places of worship. Samuel tells Saul to go before him as a mark of honor.

Saul Pleads Unworthiness

"And as for thine asses that were lost three days ago, set not thy mind on them; for they are found. ...wherefore then speakest thou to me after this manner?"

Samuel tells Saul that from this time on he is not to centre his mind on property, or animals, or material possessions but to consider the welfare of the nation, for it would be to him that Israel would now look for deliverance and leadership. In a spirit of humility Saul pled his unworthiness, the smallness of the tribe of which he was a member, and the comparative insignificance of the family in which he had been brought up.

Saul's Loyal Guard

"Then Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom, and wrote it in a book, and laid it up before Jehovah. And Samuel sent all the people away, every man to his house." Having introduced God's appointed King and explained his duties to God and to Israel, Samuel dismissed the people.

"And Saul also went to his house to Gibeah; and there went with him the host, whose hearts God had touched." With Saul went this band of men, fully approving what had been done and willing to help Saul in his new tasks.

"But certain worthless fellows said, How shall this man save us? And they despised him, and brought him no present. But he held his peace." They criticized God's appointed deliverer and could see no good in him.

Salads Make Menus Sparkle!

Garden Salad

1 head lettuce or Chinese cabbage
1 onion, grated
1 bunch chicory
1 bunch radishes
3 tomatoes, sliced
3 carrots, grated
1 cucumber, chopped
2 hard-cooked eggs

Combine ingredients. When ready to serve, toss with French dressing.

Tomato Surprise Salad

6 tomatoes
¾ cup diced cucumber
½ cup diced, cooked chicken
¼ cup chopped nuts
¼ cup mayonnaise dressing
Lettuce
Parsley, cauliflower buds

Select medium-sized smooth tomatoes. Scald, peel and chill. Carefully scoop the inside out of the tomatoes. Remove the seeds from the pulp. Chill all ingredients, and when ready to serve, mix the chicken, cucumber, tomato pulp, and nuts with the mayonnaise dressing. Add more salt if needed. Fill the tomatoes. Arrange on lettuce leaves. Garnish with mayonnaise and decorate each tomato top with parsley and cauliflower buds.

Summer Caserole

6 hard-cooked eggs
3 ripe tomatoes
3 tablespoons butter or other fat
3 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons salt
1½ cups milk
½ cup grated cheese
Buttered crumbs

Cut hard-cooked eggs in half and arrange around the edge of a greased casserole or baking dish. Slice peeled ripe tomatoes in the center of the dish. Make a white sauce of the milk, fat and flour. Add cheese, and stir over a very low fire until the cheese is well mixed and smooth. Pour over tomatoes and eggs. Cover with crumbs and bake twenty minutes in a modern oven (350 - 400°F.)

The centers of the tomatoes may be scooped out, and a whole egg placed in each, if desired.

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for every meal

These days Kellogg's cereals are more important in our Canadian diet than ever before. They're easy to digest, appetizing *anytime!*
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CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

A long distance call . . . and a voice I hadn't heard in twenty years said "Is that you, Gwen?" The voice belonged to another of Partner's brothers—one from away up north. Now he and his wife and daughter are staying with us for a few days.

It was milking time when their train was due so it was I who met them at the station. "Would I know them . . . would they know me. . . what shall we discover the years have done to all of us?" They were thoughts that ran through my mind as I waited. And then when the train pulled out I had no trouble at all in recognising my in-laws—even after twenty years.

* * *

Today we have been visiting places which Colin had known thirty-six years ago. You see, he and Partner both started farming in this district as boys. Later they went their separate ways but during the last war they were together again in France. Then again in Canada, each with his wife and young family. That was when they paid us a short visit so many long years ago.

Before our visitors arrived on Saturday Partner and I were talking about family ties, how brothers and sisters apparently drift apart, each with his or her separate life to live, and their way to make in a competitive world. Each has his share of joy and disillusionment, his ups and downs, bringing in their wake tolerance, resignation or contentment. Then with our grown families, who, in their turn, are making their way in life, we get a yen for our own folk, to see them once again, to visit and to remind each other of half forgotten experiences. All this may be a sign that the years are creeping up on us but its a very pleasant compensation for the passing of time, don't you think so, friends?

* * *

Of course, with all this coming and going, farming goes on as before. The grain that is ready is all cut and stooked, the remainder of the crop is ripening fast. The cows broke out this morning and Partner and his brother spent most of the morning fixing fences as a result. Now they are away for a load of hay. The pullets are beginning to sing, sure sign that they will soon fulfill their mission in life. The roosters are crowing lustily from dawn to dark—all that is, except those which have already gone the way of all good roosters. And the heat wave is definitely broken. We have much to be thankful for.

Ferns grow so large in the Philippines that their trunks are used for telegraph poles.

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