The Quality Tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XIII: McCale goes to Vallaincourt's apartment to search it. There he encounters Shari Lynn. He tells her that Vallaincourt has been shot.

CHAPTER XIV

"You followed him?"

She hesitated a moment, a look of doubt coming over her face, as if she were not sure of saying the right thing. That pause made a lot of difference in McCale's calculations.

"He was a long way ahead of me. There was another dame coming up over the Hill Road that meets the path he was on at the gate by the Bigelow house."

"You're sure of that, Miss Lynn? Remember, you may be making a dangerous accusation."

Rage flared up in her. She jumped up.

"Dangerous accusation," she screamed. "I should say it was. She killed him — that little blue-blood. Killed him. I tell you I saw her. He's dead. Dead!"

He crossed to her quickly, shaking her by the shoulders.

"Take it easy. You're in a spot yourself. Whoever it was that met Vallaincourt at that gate had on a green suit or dress."

Angrily she brushed his hands from her arms, faced him.

"I know that she had on a green suit. I saw it. But I was a long way off, I tell you. You're not getting me for this just because I'm wearing this green thing. I wouldn't have killed Curt. God, I loved him. I loved him."

* * *

McCale left Shari Lynn slumped on the couch. He knew it was useless to talk to her any more. She wouldn't be of any help, so he left the apartment.

It was nine-fifteen when the buzzer in McCale's outer office announced a late caller. Rocky Bjorkland stirred his huge bulk from the chair by the sputtering fire. He cocked a quizzical eyebrow at McCale.

"The clammy hand of my psychic control tells me that is the Law," he grunted.

"Our friend, the lieutenant, no doubt," McCale said, reaching automatically into a cabinet for a bottle of Scotch and soda siphon which were always part and parcel of every visit by Barton Donlevy.

"How are you, Bart?" said McCale to the man who towered in the doorway.

"Ready to take you over the hurdles for sneaking out on me this afternoon." Donlevy's smile belied his growl.

* * *

Donlevy threw his hat and coat on a nearby chest, and settled himself comfortably in a big red leather chair facing his host.

"I'm not really sore," he began. "I only wondered why you took a powder when you and Adelaide Bigelow were practically the only eye witnesses to this ghastly business. It dawned on me very soon when I found no keys on the corpse that you'd gone to Vallaincourt's apartment to steal a march on me. Was that nice?" He raised an eyebrow facetiously.

"Not nice, but necessary from my point of view. I've got second look before—after your squad has fine-toothed a place — and there's never been a hairpin left for us fellows."

"What exactly did you find from being first this time?"

"Nary a clue. The place was as clean as a bone. Beyond getting a good idea of what the lad who lived there was like, there wasn't a false whisker for my trouble."

"The setup he had was quite revealing, wasn't it? Pure Hollywood —half DeMille, half Dorothy Draper. Very Suggestive. Is that all you have found?"

"I found a woman."

McCale watched the quick interest flash across Donlevy's eyes before he controlled it, before he said casually, "I would call that a clue, Duke."

"Well?" he questioned.

"Shari Lynn, the chanteuse at present of the Latin Quarter and The Abbey."

"Umm—I've heard of her."

McCale went on, then, to tell of his encounter with the night club singer.

"You think, then," the lieutenant queried, "that there was an old affair between them? Something in your telling it makes me feel you are convinced that it was not too recent—something flaring up again after a long time."

McCale nodded. "I'm sure of it," he said. "I'm sure you'll find that they may even have been man and wife at one time—that they have never been out of touch with each other for long."

* * *

Donlevy digested this. "Then?"

"Oh sure. Lynn was back there after any letters of hers that Vallaincourt may have kept. I don't think there were any there, however. There wasn't even a stray phone number chalked on the bathroom wall."

"It was exactly as if the place had been cleaned of everything by the boy himself. Kind of disappointing, what?"

"There is the possibility of a safe deposit box at some bank."

"That's been checked. He had a small balance at a downtown bank, but no box of any kind."

McCale hunched himself over his glass for a minute, musing.

"It becomes very confusing, then. For he must have got rid of everything last night or today. Before" —he stared unwinkingly at the rim of his glass—"just before he went to his death."

* * *

Duke McCale paused in front of the big man, Donlevy. The gray-haired police inspector looked up at him and said, "I suppose in return for your information you want to be brought up to date."

"That's only fair," McCale smiled.

Donlevy had never once let him down in a matter of this kind, though he covered it always with an air of assumed ill grace.

"Here it is, then, for what it's worth," he said. "There was, in the Bigelow house at the time of the murder, besides Adelaide Bigelow and yourself, the cook, an upstairs maid, and the Butler, King. The cook was preparing dinner. The maid, Kitty Shane, was hanging around the kitchen. They're out, obviously. No motive, no opportunity. King was fixing a tray of hors d'oeuvres for the usual cocktail hour. He's out for the same reason. None of them saw or heard a thing until the prolonged ringing of the bell."

* * *

"About five minutes after the cruising car got there, I arrived. It was then about twenty minutes since Vallaincourt had been shot. Shortly after that, the family began to wander in and I questioned them in the order of their appearance. Sybil and Stephen, the son, came in together. She said she had walked from the church across the Gardens, stopping at Shackley's drugstore for cigarettes. She had chatted a few minutes with the clerk, whom she knew. She met Stephen as she came out of the store. He had been wandering along Charles street, just killing time, he said. Likes to walk in the rain—that sort of thing."

* * *

"There's a jangled lad for you," McCale waggled a finger. "Neurotic. Worried about his wife. Was probably out hunting her up, wherever she was."

"Sybil is no calm, strong pioneer woman either. Collapsed like a balloon at the news. You'd think Vallaincourt was her own chee-ild to hear her rave."

To Be Continued

COSY AS MOTHER'S POUCH—ALMOST

"Chickie" eight-month-old kangaroo is a pretty lonely little fellow since he lost his mother and Bronx, N.Y., zoo attendants are doing their best to cheer him up. For their first step they placed him inside an old sweat shirt—with only the animal's head sticking out—making it feel as warm and soft as the mother's pouch (top-photo). Then, Jim Coder, the kangaroo's personal attendant, was assigned to give "Chickie" ample saucers of milk (lower photo). At last reports the youngster was coming around to a happy frame of mind again.

4832
SIZES
10 - 16

Teen-ager you can sew this yourself! Pattern 4832 can be made in school material or party material—either way it's "whistle stuff"! That neckline is strictly snazzy!

This pattern, easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Includes complete illustrated instructions.

Pattern 4832 comes in teen-age sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12 frock takes 2⅝ yards 35-inch fabric.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.**

Spring Fever

Nature's own remedy is recommended by the medical profession for "Spring Fever." The tonic is simply compounded of lots of vegetables and fruits, plenty of water, and milk, adequate sleep and as much fresh air as one can get.

This, say the authorities, is much to be preferred to the old-fashioned Spring tonic of sulphur and molasses.

C.N.E. BULLETIN

Cupboard Space Makes A Home!

Open the cupboard, Hubbard! That's what happened five or six years ago when a housing shortage began to grip Canada. And ever since then, people have cried out for more cupboards as they doubled up with the in-laws and strangers.

Manual training classes in Ontario Technical schools are devising new ways of making more cupboard space in the home as their contribution to the Home exhibits at the Canadian National Exhibition this year, it is reported. The students are concocting ideas for new-type cupboards and experimenting with ways of concealing storage space to provide more comfort and tidiness in cramped housing quarters.

Kate Aitken, in charge of Home exhibits, says that students from the manual training classes will be Johnny-on-the spot at the C.N.E., demonstrating their accomplishments. This means that amateur carpenters may talk over their individual storage problems with the students and pick up dozens of new ideas for their own homes.

No Excuse For Hunting Accidents

With one suggestion made by Ontario hunters to the fish and Game Committee of the Legislature, there is bound to be fairly general agreement, says the Windsor Star. From the Kawartha district comes a recommendation that anyone causing a fatal accident should suffer cancellations of his license for life.

If this seems to be a harsh penalty, consider the fact that there is not one of these mishaps in which negligence does not figure to a greater or less extent. There is simply no excuse for shooting a man in mistake for an animal, or for the unintentional discharge of a shotgun or rifle. Anyone guilty of such carelessness is not a fit person to carry arms in the woods.

The port of Marseilles is almost cut off from the rest of France by high hills.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

NEW FEATURE

By

ANNE HIRST

Who presents kindly and intelligent solutions for many of Life's Personal Problems

WATCH FOR IT

Sunday School Lesson

The Glory and Decay of a Nation

1 Kings 3:5-9; 4:29-30, 34; 5:15-17; 11:6-8, 11.

Golden Text.—Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding — Proverbs 3:5.

The national glory and decay of Israel were associated with the glory and decay of one man—King Solomon, man of wisdom, temple builder, consolidator of the kingdom. At the height of his glory decay began to set in.

In almost every field in which strength and character count one will find innumerable instances where some man who died was really indispensable, and failure and decay ensued because no one arose to take his place.

* * *

The sort of strength and character that Solomon represented in his early career was indispensable to a strong and stable kingdom. The outward glory lasted while Solomon lived, but decay began when Israel departed from the principles of his early reign.

The way was already laid for the rebellion and division that quickly came in Israel following his death.

The story of the rise and fall of the Kingdom of Israel is instructive and full of guidance and warning for our own times.

The opening chapters of the First Book of Kings tell of bitter enmities and violent deaths perpetrated in feuds, rivalries, and hatreds. It would be a mistake to assume that feuds, rivalries, and hatreds are not found in the modern world.

* * *

In fact, we have been familiar with "purges" in some countries, but in democracies of the British and American type the reign of law and the function of law in maintaining the freedom of the individual have become well established. Rival leaders of groups and parties no longer resort to violence and the weapon of assassination.

If we can learn from ancient Israel, ancient Israel might have learned some things from us in our progress toward tolerance and freedom.

Youth Training

The wise approach to the problem of juvenile delinquency is based on the assumption that boys who get into trouble are boys who have nothing else to do. It is a wise parent who encourages his sons to put their hands to useful things, comments the Detroit News. He will go to some trouble to provide whatever they need to pursue the instinct of self-expression in the making of things. Countless men, so encouraged in youth, find that skills then acquired become sources of gratification through life. Needless to say, young builders are not conspicuous for the delinquents in their ranks.

SLOAN'S Liniment

Good for TIRED MUSCLES

JUST PAT IT ON!

SWEETEN A Sour STOMACH

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

BRING QUICK RELIEF

MINT-FLAVORED

ISSUE 17—1947

BACKACHE

The Plague of Outdoor Men

The outdoor man, whether he be farmer, truck driver, or railway operator, is often subject to backache. This may be the result of exposure to cold and dampness or the result of strain from the jolting and bumping of the vehicle he rides.

To many people, women as well as men, it would be great to be free of backache—one of the most common and annoying of ailments. And here is how you may be relieved of backache and other symptoms of poisons in the blood.

The treatment suggested is Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. By reason of their stimulating action on both the liver and kidneys, you have two chances to one of getting relief from your backache by using Dr. Chase's Pills. The torpid liver is aroused to action, the kidneys are stimulated and consequently these organs help to purify the blood of the poisonous impurities which bring pains and aches and tired feelings.

Keep regular and keep well by using Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. 35cts. a box.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

APPETIZING APPLE CAKE

RECIPE

Add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 teaspoon sugar to ½ cup lukewarm water, and let stand 10 minutes. Then stir well. Scald ½ cup milk, add 3 tablespoons shortening, ¼ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon salt and cool to lukewarm. Add 1 cup sifted flour to make a batter. Add yeast mixture and 1 beaten egg. Beat well. Add 2½ cups sifted flour, or enough to make a soft dough. Knead lightly and place in greased bowl. Cover and set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 2 hours. When light, punch dough down and divide into 2 equal portions. Roll dough ½ inch thick; place in 2 well-greased pans (8½ x 11½ x 2" deep). Brush tops with melted butter or shortening; sprinkle with ¼ cup granulated sugar. Peel and core 12 apples; cut into eighths; press into dough, sharp edges downward; close together. Mix 1½ teaspoons cinnamon with 1 cup granulated sugar; sprinkle over cakes. Cover and let rise in warm place until light, about ¾ hour. Bake in moderate oven at 400°F. about 35 minutes.