*Delicious*

# "SALADA" TEA BAGS

*Convenient*

# Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

**SYNOPSIS**

**CHAPTER XVI:** Victoria Bigelow calls on McCale at his office in the middle of the night. She asks him to obtain some letters from Vallaincourt's apartment.

### Chapter XVII

She seemed suddenly drained of vitality. There was a thwarted look on her face. "So that's that."

"Just that, I'm afraid. However, I think you'll hear from your letters."

He followed her to the door, watching her down the stairs. At the turn, she looked back at him. She stopped, waiting a moment until he became aware that she intended to explode a farewell bombshell.

"If they don't turn up, Sherlock, I'll go to Shari Lynn for them, what?" She laughed insolently as she continued down.

McCale shook his head in utter weariness as he went back in. He was sure the interview had been a fiasco. At least his share of it. Things were piling up too quickly, too fast, one conclusion contradicting another.

* * *

The telephone was ringing insistently. McCale rolled over, opened one eye, swore, and finally grabbed the extra pillow, bundling it under his head. He fumbled with the light, snapped it on, lifted the telephone off its cradle.

"McCale speaking," he growled.

"Rocky, boss."

"Where are you?"

"Corner of Aspinwall, opposite the Vallaincourt den. Didn't you tell me to keep a lookout?"

"Oh, yeah. All quiet?"

"All quiet now. Listen, boss, 'long about five this morning—"

"All right. What happened at five o'clock?"

Sleep still hugged him tightly and there was an unreasonable barb in his voice.

"Okay, okay. Around five, a girl showed up with a key to the Vallaincourt ron-day-voo."

"What did she look like?"

"Just my type, boss. Sort of dark and well-rounded, you know. Big eyes. A gorgeous damsel, she was trailing Persian lambs in the gutter. Very snazzy."

"Come in a cab?"

"Yeah. She left at the corner."

"Did you get the cabby?"

"Nah. I followed the girl."

* * *

McCale stifled a chuckle. "Well?"

"I cornered her in the apartment. She turned tough, but I only got a scratch here and there.

"Who was it?"

"Hold on to your hat, now. It was Victoria Bigelow."

"Victoria Bigelow?" Surprise jerked him wide awake.

"Uh uh. She was after some letters of hers, she said."

"Well, well." Victoria had certainly had a busy night, he thought.

"The place was clean, like you said. No secret panels, either. I—that is—I finally helped her hunt for them."

"Go home and grab yourself some grub and shuteye," said McCale. "Get here about one o'clock. I'm going to be busy this morning."

"Right. Signing off."

* * *

The line went dead. McCale sat there, forgetting the telephone in his hand. His eyes were bright and exasperating as his mind labored in a disturbing whirl of the unexpected.

At eight forty-five he called Ann Marriott on the telephone.

To her cool "hello", he said, "Good morning. This is your boss."

"Oh, good morning, dar—boss. Anything important? I'm on my way in about five minutes."

"No hurry. In fact, this is just to say you might shop for an hour if you want to and then do an errand for me. At eleven you might be around Broadmore."

"Broadmore?"

"Yes. The Baysreuth, to be exact. I want you to drop in on Shari Lynn. Suite 802."

". . . And pray what shall I use as an excuse for dropping in, as you say? Don't tell me you're sending me along to smooth the way for you—a more subtle approach, so to speak?"

"No—and that's comedy enough for now, my girl." He grew serious. "I saw her myself late last night, for that matter. "I'd like a line on how she is this morning. You know—sad, gay, expectant? Ask her for her autograph. Anything to get in. Talk about Vallaincourt if you can without being thrown out."

* * *

"That all?"

"Yes. Just a check-up to satisfy a point that's been nagging me. She's fairly transparent. It ought to be easy."

"Oh, yes, indeed. It sounds, too, too easy. All right. I'll do my best. See you when?"

"About noon. Here. 'Bye, sweet."

He knew that to solve this problem, he had first to break down the buttress of tradition that surrounded the Bigelows. He knew he was up against something that even the overestimataed awe, or if you will, majesty, of the law could not upend.

On impulse he dialed police headquarters and asked for Donlevy. After a slight delay, the curt, incisive vaice of the lieutenant came through.

"Donlevy here."

"McCale, lieutenant."

"Oh—sure. Not out yet hunting the foul criminal?"

* * *

"On the way. I'd like to know what the Bigelow women were wearing when they they came in yesterday — outside the green thingmajig Veronica sported."

"Of course. Didn't I mention that?"

"No."

"Well, here it is. Victoria, an oiled-silk affair, yellow; Karen, a black velvet suit, black cape; Sybil, a light brown raincoat. That help?"

"Uh uh. It was Sybil, then, who walked away into the fog."

"You think so? She claims to have been at the drugstore."

"Not for my money."

"I kind of think not. That family! It's almost impossible to get them to admit anything. They're all protecting one another. What? I've had a devil of a time and got nothing so far."

"You"ll get less, very likely, now they've had a chance to compare notes."

There was a pause. Then Donlevy said, almost cheerfully, "I guess Veronica's our girl."

"You really think so?"

"The Lynn woman's evidence will put the finish on it."

"Oh." McCale pondered over that for a moment, then decided to add, "I'd keep a sharp watch on the Lynn woman."

* * *

"Why?" Donlevy's interest was immediate.

"I would. That's all."

"Now, Duke, you must have a reason. Why be mysterious?"

"I'll drop in to see you later in the day. Okay?"

"By all means."

The body had been removed to the morgue and laboratory for fuller examination. Lieutenant Donlevy and his squad had finished with the preliminaries. The hungry press had been thrown a bone to nibble on. Men had been sent to Vallaincourt's apartment to look over papers and belongings for a possible clue.

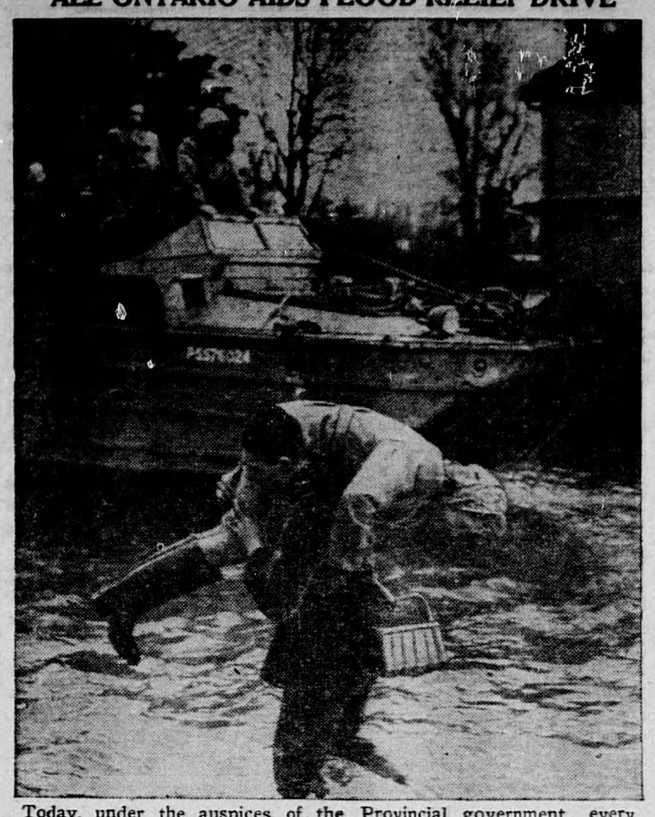
Then, at nine this morning, a plainclothes man had interrupted breakfast with an urgent request for Veronica. He was politely insistent that she must come at once to the office of Lieutenant Donlevy for further questioning. She was not to be alarmed. It was a matter of routine. But—

To Be Continued

### 16 Bells—All's Well

The only time during the year when more than eight bells are sounded on shipboard is at midnight New Year's Eve, when 16 bells are sounded

## ALL ONTARIO AIDS FLOOD RELIEF DRIVE



Today, under the auspices of the Provincial government, every Ontario community is collecting food and clothing for the Ontario British Flood Relief Campaign, whose chairman is the Hon. Russell T. Kelley, Ontario minister of health. Shipments will shortly proceed overseas to aid people in areas such as Maidenhead, Berkshire (above) where a policeman is seen aiding a woman who got into deep water. The Ontario campaign continues until May 15 under the executive directorship of Christie A. McDonald. Headquarters are in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

## ANNE HIRST
*Your Family Counselor*

### You Must Decide Your Own Future

DEAR ANNE HIRST: Shall I re-
* marry my first husband, or an
* older man who loves me now? At
17 I ran away and got married to a boy the same age, and both our parents demanded it be annulled. He went off to school, I had a child and stayed home to care for her. Now I
* am 28, and engaged to this man
a dozen years older. I admire him,
* and he can give me and my little
* girl everything. She loves him as
* though he were her own father.
* But recently I met my first hus-
* band. Not knowing I was engaged,
* he came the next day, and he
* wants us to marry again! I know
* now that is what I want, too. My
* little girl, however cried when I
* told her and said she would never
* stay with him. (She doesn't know
* he is her real father). My fiance
* is away so I haven't talked with
* him. Do you think my child will
* learn to love her father? (He
* can't provide for us as well). Or
* shall I go ahead and marry my
* fiance? —*Kitty.*

* * *

● **WAIT**

*You are indeed in a dilemma. Until you saw your first husband again, you felt you could be a good wife to this other man even though you did not love him. But now you realize where your heart really belongs—and you know that marrying him would not be fair. I'm afraid you would find it impossible to be a loyal wife, with your nature calling out to this first love you knew. And you wouldn't want to marry any man merely to give your child a home.*

*I'm sorry you sprung the idea of marrying your first husband so suddenly on this child of yours. He is a stranger to her. She had already accepted the older man as her stepfather, and naturally she resents anyone else Had she met her real father merely as a friend of yours, she might have grown fond of him. That can happen, even yet. . . . . .*

*If you have made up your mind you can marry no one but your first husband, tell your fiance. He knows life well enough to understand, I expect. Then bring your child and her father together naturally, dispel the idea of an immediate marriage from her mind, and let him win her friendship and her trust. Once the older man is out of the picture, she may transfer her affections. Children do, you know.*

*Only you can decide your own future. No one else has the right to influence you. Take your time—and all my good wishes.*

* * *

Anne Hirst helps you choose the wise course to follow. If you want her opinion, write her Box "A", 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

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## Sunday School Lesson

### Struggle For Social Justice

Amos 5:6-15, 21-24.

Golden Text.—Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live.—Amos 5:14.

Nowhere, perhaps, in all the history of nations are there to be found more indealistic regulations for the prevention of social injustice than among the Jews in their ancient homeland.

One recalls the Cities of Refuge, the land laws, the provisions for the protection of debtors, the Year of Jubilee and other regulations all designed to safeguard human rights and welfare.

Yet, in spite of all this, injustice and oppression were prevalent. Then, as now, there were grafters and exploiters.

* * *

Imagine some thoughtful, intelligent, hard-working farmer who understands the conditions upon which our life and welfare depend coming into one of our modern cities. He would observe the ease and luxury of those making no real contribution to society, not to mention the evil and corruption that are so flagrant. Then you can understand something of what the Prophet Amos was to his times in ancient Israel.

Amos was a herdsman, accustomed to clean living. He was roused to indignation by what he saw . . . "the dust of the earth on the head of the poor . . . the righteous sold for a pair of shoes."

He saw the gross immorality of fathers and sons, the turning of judgment to wormwood, and the abandonment of righteousness. He saw the very acts and rites of religion perverted.

* * *

Amos represents God as saying, "I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies." But he calls for repentance: "Let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream."

Don't we need that call today? The association of righteousness with peace is not accidental. It reminds us of the only true foundation upon which peace can be built, whether it be domestic peace, industrial peace or international peace.

### Cheer Up!

The doctor was visiting a patient.

"You're getting along nicely, Mrs. Brown," he said, cheerily "You'll soon be up and queueing."

## C.N.E. BULLETIN

### *Best Kitchen Plan Takes $100 Prize*

They say a woman spends more time in her kitchen than in any other room in the house. If that's the case, then a well planned kitchen can solve many a homemaker's difficulty.

Did you ever stop to figure out how you could save steps in your kitchen, how you could accomplish more with less effort by moving the kitchen furniture, by altering the fixtures? Put down the plan of your present kitchen and then draft one containing your own ideas for improvements. The Canadian National Exhibition is offering $100 in prize money for the best remodelled kitchen plans sent in.

Kate Aitken, Director of Women's Activities, makes it clear that every contestant must be a bona fide homemaker. Architects drawings or professional layouts will not be considered by the judges.

Two plans must be sent—one of the old kitchen, showing its size, openings and working difficulties. The second plan would show the kitchen as it could be re-modelled, done to scale, with a list of the changes and their approximate cost.

Kitchen plans must be received by July 25, according to Mrs. Aitken. They will be judged by competent judges and the prize winning kitchen will be set up in the Coliseum. Entry forms are now available by writing direct to: Women's Section, Canadian National Exhibition Grounds, Toronto.

### Meet Jonathan

Jonathan, a 200-year-old tortoise which was on St. Helena when Napoleon passed on there in exile in 1821, had his photograph taken by the Royal Family when they broke their journey home from South Africa by visiting the island.

The Queen fed Jonathan a banana.

### Churchill, the Artist

Winston Churchill went to the head of the art class recently—two of his paintings were selected for exhibition in the Royal Academy.

The former Prime Minister has been painting for years but this is the first time his work has been selected for Britain's foremost gallery.

**Rheumatic Pains?**

The moment you feel the first twinges of rheumatic pain—start taking Kruschen. Thousands of people who have suffered from rheumatic pains have written to tell us how Kruschen has helped them. Why not let Kruschen help you? By taking Kruschen regularly each morning, the system is benefited by the mineral salts in this fine old remedy. The organs of elimination are helped to act normally and that leads to an improvement in health and easement of rheumatic pains. So try the Kruschen treatment, according to directions on each bottle for the next few weeks. At all Druggists: 25c and 75c.

**KRUSCHEN**

*Helps to keep you smiling!*

**PARKER HOUSE** *Rolls*

**Better Bake Plenty**

Add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 tsp. sugar to 1 c. lukewarm water. Stir; let stand 10 min. Scald 1 c. milk, add 5 tbs. sugar; add 2 tsp. salt, cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture. Add 3 c. sifted flour, beat until perfectly smooth. Add 4 tbs. melted shortening and 3 c. more sifted flour, or enough to make easily handled dough. Knead well. Place in greased bowl. Cover; let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk, about 1½ hours. Punch dough down in bowl; let rise again in warm place until nearly doubled in bulk, about 40 min. When light, roll out ¼" thick. Brush over lightly with melted shortening. Cut with 2" biscuit cutter, crease through center heavily with dull edge of knife, fold over in pocketbook shape. Place on well-greased shallow pans 1" apart. Cover; let rise until light, about 1 hour. Bake in 400°F. oven about 15 minutes.

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