# MACDONALD'S Canada's Standard Smoke

SERIAL STORY

# Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

Last Week: "Lucille" leads Christine to Chandra. She realizes that ft was he who met her at the station. He admits he is "partly res-ponsible" for Mrs. Talbert's death because he did not warn her of imabout with you?" \* \* \*

CHAPTER XIV "I don't believe it!" Christine tried hotly, "I don't believe that my cousin ever went to a fortune seller in her life. She was too—"

"Too sensible, you mean? I am sorry to disillusion you; but Mrs. Talbert has been one of my best elients for years."
"And I let you make me prom-

"And I let you make me promise not to warn the police!"
Christine swung on the girl.
"Please!" the girl spoke swiftly.
"I brought you here because there are things you must know that only my uncle can tell you... And this is the only place in Surf City where he is safe from the police."
Then a door nearest and another.

Then a door opened and another person came quickly from an ad-loining room.

Christine cried on a caught breath, "Jaspar!"
But this wasn't the caricature Jaspar she had seen last night. This was the same immaculate, de-

This was the same immaculate, decorous Jaspar she remembered moving smoothly about his duties at Cousin Emma's.

"Miss Christine," he began respectfully, "I had almost given up hope of speaking with you until you called my niece as I told her to ask you the other night to do."

He turned anyously to the girl. He turned anxiously to the girl. "You'd better hurry home, Lucille." he told her in an undertone

The girl nodded, and slipped obediently out of the room. obediently out of the room.

"There wasn't any chance," Jaspar went on, "even after I saw that you had recognized me, Miss Christine... That is—you did recognize me, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes," Christine told him.
"I recognized you all right."

\* \* \* For a moment Christine stood speechless, her thoughts scatter-lng like leaves in a wind. Apparently the butler was here under Chandra's protection — a trusted confederate. Yet if the elairvoyant had learned about those bonds from Jaspar, why had he tried to warn her?... Or supposher, why hadn't he given her the Information plainly, in words of one syllable, without all that theatrical clap-trap? Unless, perhaps, he had some reason for distrusting the butler, and wanted to make sure before he committed himself... Unless he had some reason for sus-

pecting that Jaspar was involved in Cousin Emma's death. But when she had talked with Chandra, Cousin Emma was still alive — at least, her death was not public knowledge. No, it's too thin, Christine

thought. These two are working together.
"I hope, Miss Christine," Jaspar



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(stamps cannot be accepted) for
this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West. Toronto. Write
plainly size, address, style, number. went on, "that you haven't jus - left those papers lying around

So that was what they wanted to know whether or not she had the bonds here — now... "Some-one," the inspector had said, "who knew he could get them from you as easily as he left them." Christine said steadily, "I turned

the bonds over to Inspector Par-sons the first thing this morning, and told him where I found them. ...And Jaspar, it seems to me that you are the one who - just left them around, How did you know

them around. How did you know where my room was, and how did you get in?"

"That was the simplest part of it, Miss Christine. You see, not being able to meet you myself at the train, I asked Mr. Chandra, who has been in Mrs. Talbert's confidence for years to make certain. dence for years, to make certain where you went. And at the hotel, all I had to do was to find one of the maids who used to work under me at your cousin's home. I told her I had been sent with a parcel

MILITARY MILLINERY



Fashions for robot-raided London have taken a practical turn. Here's the last word in new creations, a tin helmet that has been be-ribboned, be-ruffled, and befeathered. Felt V's and Morse code V-signs adorn the brim, and red-dotted black veiling ties coyly under the chin. A large bow and a curled feather add just the right feminine touch.

for you, and she admitted me to your room without question..
Mrs. Talbert had made me promise Miss Christine, that if — anything happened to her before she saw you, I would make certain that you had the securities."

"But my cousin was killed last night. You put those papers there the afternoon before. Nothing had happened to her then."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Chris-tine — something had happened. She had disappeared. I hoped," Jas-par was going on anxiously, "that I might be able to get help to Mrs. late; and I had to get the papers to you the best way I could."
"I should think the bank was the

place for them." "Yes, Miss Christine," Jaspar agreed uncomfortably. "But - of course you couldn't know this — for some time Mrs. Talbert had been growing more and more - well, strange, about things like that. She insisted that you must have them in your own hands." ger, why didn't you go to the po-lice?" "But if you knew she was in dan-

"Because that was another thing Mrs. Talbert had made me promise. You see, Miss Christine, she had been expecting something like this for a long time. Perhaps you wouldn't remember, but almost 12 years ago, her only nephew was kidnaped in much the same way." "Mrs. Talbert paid a sweet ran-som," Inspector Parsons had said, "but the boy was never found."
"And Mrs. Talbert wouldn't have
the police called then, either," Jas-

par finished.
"Why should she expect to be abducted?"
"Well, Miss Christine, lately she's had — threatening letters — just as the family did before Mr. Earl was taken." And who, Christine thought, SHORTY\_A MITTEY MAN IS HE



The British Tommy at right is presty small compared to the tall Heinies in front of him, but he has the situation well in hand. He's pictured herding in two prisoners he captured in Caen battle.

would be in a better position than you to see that those letters were safely delivered?

For a moment she hesitated for words. Then she went on, feeling her way carefully, "Then why didn't you leave a note with the

bonds - some explanation Before the butler could answer a sharp knock sounded on the out er door. Jaspar and the mediur exchanged startled glances. Then with a reasurring gesture Chandra went out into the hall.

Christine had never expected be gladdened by the sight of Inspector Parsons; but when he came briskly into the room, she could have fallen on his neck. Behind him were Bill Yardley - his eyes seeking her out with a kind of angry relief — Mr. Wilmet, and, sobing miserably into her handker hief, the girl Lucille ... In the hall beyond. Christine saw several fig-

The inspector looked Jaspar over with a satisfied smile of recogni-tion and favored Christine with a glance, that was far from friendly

"Take this girl home," he directed, indicating the butler's weep-ing niece; "and see that she stays here till further notice."

He swung upon Christine.

"Some of these days, Miss Thorenson," he said coldly, "you'll learn that, when murder's involved, it "Wait a minute, Inspector!"
Bill's voice crackled. "I told you that Miss Thorenson hadn't any idea where she was coming tonight, or whom she was going to find... And a sweet chase you've led me!" he swung on Christine. "If Wilmet, here, hadn't happened to see you following that girl, I don't know how we'd have run you

down. It was pure luck — his recognizing her when she came back along the Boardwalk." Christine, out of that day sickening anxiety about Bill, rec-ognized his bruskness for what it was - the nervous explosion of one worried beyond endurance. The knowledge that her safety meant so much to him brought a glow of happiness so warm that she al-

over both of them.
Inspector Parsons had turned to Chandra. Yardley burst in about Miss Thorenson's disappearance," he said. "So you do cut in on this after

most forgot the danger that hung

"I thought you'd work around to that idea, Inspector."

The clairvoyant's voice was cool, but his tawny eyes were

watchful.
"When I talked to you morning," the detective went on, "that dagger looked like a deliberately planted clew - and a pretty stupid one. I didn't know then about your talk with Miss Thorenson last night.. Interesting that you should have known that Mrs. Talbert's bonds had been stolen and where they were... And I didn't know," he added very slowly, "that on the night Mrs. Tal-bert disappeared, she was last seen going into your Broadway studio."
(Continued Next Week)

### City Of Cherbourg 'Returned' To France

Lieut. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, Commander of the American Ground Forces in France, issued the following statement on the fall of Cherbourg:

"Our troops now occupy the city of Cherbourg. It is a pleasure to be able to say to the people of France, Here is your first large city to be returned to you.'

ISSUE 31-1944

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

POWER THROUGH SELF-DISCIPLINE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

August 6
(Temperance Lesson)
Proverbs 1:7-10; Jeremiah 35: 5-10;
1 Corinthians 9: 24-27;
1 Thessalonians 5:22. GOLDEN TEXT.-And every man that striveth in the games ex-

reciseth self-control in all things.

1 Corinthians 9:25.

Memory Verse: He . . . careth for you. : Peter 5:7.

THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING Time.—We may date the writ-ings of Solomon approximately 1000 B.C. The event spoken of in the book of Jeremiah occurred about 604 B.C. The First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians was written, probably, between A.D. 57 and A.D. 59, and his First Ep-

57 and A.D. 59, and his First Epistle to the Thessalonians, about A.D. 54.

Place. Solomon probably wrote most of his proverbs in the city of Jerusalem, where also the incident of Jeremiah 35 took place. The cities of Corinth and Thessalonica were located in what is to-day known as Greece; the former in southern Greece, and the latter far north, in the city now known as Salonica.

Choosing Wisdom
"The fear of Jehovah is the beginning of knowledge; but the foolish despise wisdom and instruc-tion." This fear is not the fear o a slave for a cruel master, but the reverence of a dutiful child for his

"My son, hear the instruction of My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." The bible lays responsibility on parents to give their children moral and spiritual. instruction. Reverence to our par-ents and attendance to their teaching is the first step in the fear of God.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." There is no way of dealing with direct temptation except by stout refusal—we must say 'no' promptly, boldly and definitely.

Loyalty To High Principles
"And I set before the sons of
the house of Rechabites bowls full of wine, and cups . . . but we have dwelt in tents, and have obeyed, and done according to all that Jonwe will drink no wine -not even a drop. There is no harm in just

a sip, says the tempter to someone and believing him, a sip is taken, which leads to a long draft and often enslavement to alcohol.

These people were pledged to live a simple life, to eat plain food and dwell in tents. By their sim-plicity of life they were a perpetual rebuke to the Israelites, whose self-indulgent habits had such a demoralizing and disastrous effect on the material, moral and spiritual

life of the nation. Necessity of Self-Control "Know ye not that they that run in a race run all, but one receiveth. the prize? Even so run; that ye may attain." In the Christian race all who trust in Christ for salvation and keep right on to the end till the goal is gained can be sure of winning the prize which is the

"And every man that striveth in the games exerciseth self-control in all things . . but I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage."

If these athletes show such selfcontrol to obtain a garland of fad-ing flowers or leaves, how much more should believers show those same qualities since their prize is ! an incorruptible crown. Danger of Programme and Pride believe their eyes when I duly

**Blended for Quality** 

Now for the acrobatic heifers she had recently calved. The calis was in the barnyard, the heifer in the pasture. Once she broke through the rail gap to the yard. Partner put her out and fixed the gap. Then he went out for a load of hay. It wasn't long before I heard a crash. Heifer Jean wasn't gaing to let a few rails discourage. are the highlights of last week's Yes, the berries are ripe. Last week I made a reconnoiting trip, taking with me two of my neigh-bour friends and, optimistically, a good supply of pails and kettles. Rain prevented an early start so it was nearly five o'clock before we got to the berry patch. But the berries were plentiful and of good quality so we soon had quite a nice picking. But isn't it funny how the berries further on always look better than the ones you are picking? Friend One said she would like to go to the top of the hill. I said I would go with her. So Friend Two, who is not so good on the walking, was left to look after our half-filled pails. In a little while we were back again to find Friend Two had completely lost track of the pails. We hunted and hunted but not a sign of the pails could we see. We finally gave it up as a bad job and resigned ourselves to the loss of the berries — plus one aluminium pail and one enamel kettle.

After taking my friends home was nearly five o'clock before we going to let a few rails discourage her — no sir! The barn doors were her — no sir! The barn doors were open so Jean walked in and smelled the hay. I fixed the gap to keep the rest of the cows away. By this time Partner appeared on the scene — but Jean had disappeared.

We found her way back in the straw mow where the floor is nothing but loose boards and the barning hut loose boards and the barning but loose boards and the barning but loose boards are looked.

ing but loose boards and the barn-yard immediately beneath, where Partner and I stood wondering Partner and I stood wondering how best to deal with the situation. Then what we feared actually happened. A loose board gave way and two legs dangled above us. The heifer tried to regain her balance, there was scuffling and splintering of wood, and, in a cloud of dust and straw, the heifer came hurtling through space. She landed square on he below turned over got in on her back — turned over, got up and walked away!

Once he was sure the heifer wasn't hurt Partner's anxiety. obsessed me — and I turned around and went straight back to the patch. I got over the fence at the same spot, walked into the patch a few hundred yards, stood considering a few minutes which way to strike out, looked ahead a bit, and there, almost at my feet, were our pails. My friends could hard-

I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected." Having chal-lenged others to follow his lead, Paul could not for any cause fall out and lose the race.
"Abstain from every form of

After taking my friends home the thought of those wasted berries obsessed me — and I turned around

CHRONICLES

Berry picking ... lost pails ... the

antics of an acrobatic heifer - they

of GINGER FARM

evil." When in the presence of evil, let there be no dallying with it. Abstain from it, just as the total

TABLE TALKS

Canned Fruits



self with puthome.

A hot water
bath is ideal
for processing
the fruit once

wash boiler, fitted with a rack to keep the jars a half 'ncl. from the bottom. A cover that fits tightly over the canner helps keep the steam in and does not waste fuel. Steps In Canning 1. Wash fruit or berries care-

fully.

2 Fruit is pre-cooked for several minutes in certain cases to shrink it, and to give you a better looking pack with as little-

adab our father commanded us."

There is resolution in their reply

3. Use a light or medium type of sprup in which to pre-cook the fruit or cook in its own juice. 4. Pack fruit into hot, sterilized jars and add boiling syrup or fruit juice with which to cover the fruit. Most juice or syrup added to within

added to within one-half of the top of the jar.

5. Ajust the cap according to the instructions for the particular type of jar you are using.

of sealing it will need.

6. For a boiling water bath, see that the water boils during the entire processing period processing, remove them from the canner, set on several thicknesses of paper or cloth and allow to cool. All jars should not be inverted, so watch the manufacturers' instructions on this

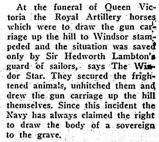
Open Kettle Canning. Women who have canned for years on end, still prefer the old-fashioned, open-kettle method for canning fruits. It gives a lus-cious product, and if the canner is careful, no spoilage will develop.
1. Wash and sterilize all equip

ment. This means jars, rubbers, spoons, spatulas, fun iels, in fect, anything that comes in contact with the food. "Lest by any means, after that 2 Make sure the food has reached the boiling temperature before filling jars. Fill each jar 3. Run a spatula down the

sides of each jar after filling. Refill with more juice to the rim

4. Seal completely, at once.

### At The Funeral Of Queen Victoria



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# NOSTROLINE

## Good Way To Treat Sore, Painful Piles

PARACHAMP.

The Buffalo Goes to War

BUFFALO which roamed the

days of the pioneer settlers are now a factor in the war effort of the United; Nations. At., many, points along the lines of the Canadian National Railways salvage dumps, as shown above, have been established

snown above, nave been estronisms to which farmers bring the skulls and bones of buildle as well as moose and elk antiers, some of them long since turned up by their ploughalares. Bones are valuable

iron and steel from dis-

DESPATCH RIDER TAKES COVER

Delivering important front line messages, this despatch rider was fired on by snipers. He pulled to the side of the road and took cover while his Canadian comrades flushed the Nazi... then he carried on. Incident: France, 1944.

BASTILLE DAY IN NORMANDY



Pvt. Marie McMillin. champion woman parachute jump-er, is pictured as she celebrated a year's service in the WAC. She is now chief of a section of riggers at the parachute school in Ft. Ben-ning, Ga. Veteran of 690 parachute jumps, including the women's re cord one of 28,800 feet at Cleveland Air Races in 1932, she hasn't made one since the day before Pearl

THANKSGIVING



During a lull in the terrific fighting on Saipan, that produced a record devout Yank fighter kneels before a shrapnel-punctured shrine in the Chamorro cemetery, near Garapan.

GIS ARE PALL BEARERS FOR GENERAL ROOSEVELT



Eight GI pall-bearers carry the flag-draped casket of Gen. Theodore Roosevelt to his final resting place in the military cemetery at St. Mere Eglise, France.

#### A TOAST TO VICTORY



The Army and the Air Force drink a toast to the capture of Caen by Canadians in a street of the blasted Nazi strong-point. Left to right: Pte. F. P. Harwood, Turtleford, Sask.; Flight Officer J. D. Orr, Vancouver, and Capt. H. L. Jones, Regina. The bottle of wine was given them by a liberated

### "HEY SKINNEY! COME ON UP. THE AIR'S FINE A FAR CRY FROM THE OL' SWIMMING HOLE'



OFF TO CAMP FOR AIR CADETS

9340 2 81647

Air Cadets are in camp for two weeks on air flying training schools where they will have the opportunity to fly with R.C.A.F. aircrew trainees.

They will get trips in the Anson and Harvard training planes providing they have the consent of their parents.

Cadets at Camp Borden and Hagersville will be under canvas. Those at Brantford, Centralia, Trenton, Dunnville and Fingal will live in station quarters. All schools except Fingal are service flying training schools. Fingal is a bombing and gunnery centre.

Groups will go to camp at two-week intervals until Aug. 16. The layout illustrates that portion of summer camp now holding the spotlight for the cadets. In No. 1 from the co-pilot's seat the Flight sergeant, the envy of the rest fo his mates, gets the gun from an expert, the officer pilot, before the boys take off.

No. 2. What a thrill' Seated in the front cockpit of a Harvard the cadet gets an unimpeded view as he flies the skies. The pilot operates the aircraft from the rear cockpit.

No. 3. — The cadet sergeant with full accourtement, harness, chute and head-set climbs on the wing to take his seat in the forward cockpit. Flying in the RCAF's best known training plane, a top notch pilot at the controls and the cadet himself part and parcel of the whole business.

the whole business.

No. 4. — The porthole-like window of the Anson Mark 5 makes a fitting frame for the happy cadet taking his flip under expert RC AF supervision.

No. 5. — Inside the aircraft are the cadets. Looking towards the nose the picture shows three of the cadets inside the Anson while in flight, at the left can be seen the radio transmitter-receiver and to the right the chutes neatly arranged in racks.



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.

satisfied with the results.

Simply to to any drugglst and get a bottle of Hem-Roid and use as directed. Hem-Roid is an internal treatment, easy and pleasant to use and pleasing results are quickly noticed. Itching and soreness, are relieved, pain subsides and as the treatment is continued the sore, painful pile tumors heal over leaving the rectal membranes clean and healthy. Get a bottle of Hem-Roid today and see for yourself what an easy, pleasant way this is to rid yourself of your pile misery. NOTE: The aponnor of this notice is a reliable firm, doing business in Canada for over 20 years. If you are troubled with nore, diching, painful piles, liem-toid must help you quickly or the amail purchase price will be gladly refunded.

Near the ruins of a shell-shattered church in the Caen area, Major S. Laramee, of Montreal, is shown conducting a Bastille Day Service held jointly by Canadian troops and French villagers.