

MACDONALD'S BRIER

Canada's Standard Smoke

SERIAL STORY Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

Last Week: "Lucille" leads Christine to Chandra. She realizes that it was he who met her at the station. He admits he is "partly responsible" for Mrs. Talbert's death because he did not warn her of impending danger.

CHAPTER XIV
"I don't believe it!" Christine cried. "I don't believe that my cousin ever went to a fortune-teller 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 clients for years."

"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 opened and another person came quickly from an adjoining room.

Christine cried on a caught breath, "Jaspar!"
But this wasn't the caricature of Jaspar she had seen last night. 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 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.
"There wasn't any chance," Jaspar went on, "even after I saw that you had recognized me, Miss Christine. . . . This is the only person I can trust to tell me who you are. . . . Oh, yes," Christine told him. "I recognized you all right."

"For a moment Christine stood speechless, her thoughts scattering like leaves in a wind.

Apparently the butler was here under Chandra's protection—a trusted confederate. Yet if the clairvoyant had learned about those bonds from Jaspar, why had he tried to warn her? Or supposing he had really wanted to warn her, 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 suspecting that Jaspar was involved in Cousin Emma's death.

But when she had talked with Cousin Emma, Miss Christine 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

"I beg your pardon, Miss Christine—something had happened. She had disappeared. I hoped," Jaspar was going on anxiously, "that I might be able to get help to Mrs. Talbert before—before it was too 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."

"But if you knew she was in danger, why didn't you go to the police?"
"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 kidnapped in much the same way."

"Mrs. Talbert paid a sweet ransom," Inspector Parsons had said, "but the boy was never found."

"And Mrs. Talbert wouldn't have the police called then, either," Jaspar finished.
"Why should she expect to be kidnapped?"

"Well, Miss Christine, lately she's had—threatening letters—just as the family did before Mr. Earl was taken."
And who, Christine thought,



The British Tommy at night is pretty small compared to the tall Heines 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 outer door. Jaspar and the medium exchanged startled glances. Then with a reassuring gesture Chandra went out into the hall.

Christine had never expected to 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—and Mr. Wilmet, and sobbing miserably into her handkerchief, the girl Lucille. . . . In the hall beyond, Christine saw several figures.

The inspector looked Jaspar over with a satisfied smile of recognition and favored Christine with a glance that was far from friendly. Then he turned to a uniformed man.
"Take this girl home," he directed, indicating the butler's weeping niece, "and see that she stays there 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 pays to tell the whole truth."

"Wait a minute, inspector!" Bill's voice cracked. "If you think that Miss Thorenson hadn't any idea where she was coming to-night, 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 of sickening anxiety about Bill, recognized his brusqueness 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 almost forgot the danger that hung over both of them.
Inspector Parsons had turned to Chandra.

"I was on my way here when Yardley burst in about Miss Thorenson's disappearance," he said. "So you cut in on this after all!"
"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 this morning," the detective went on, "that dagger looked like a deliberately planted clue—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, "what on the night Mrs. Talbert 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.'"
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Blended for Quality "SALAD" TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Berry picking. . . lost pails. . . the antics of an acrobatic heifer—they are the highlights of last week's activities.

Now for the acrobatic heifer she had recently calved. The calf 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 going to let a few rails discourage 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.

One day 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 aluminum pail and one enamel kettle.

I have preached to others; I myself should be rejected. . . . Having challenged others to follow his lead, Paul could not for any cause fall out and lose the race.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

POWER THROUGH SELF-DISCIPLINE
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON
August 6
(Temperance Lesson)
Proverbs 1:7-10; Jeremiah 38: 8-10;
1 Corinthians 9: 24-27;
1 Thessalonians 5:22.

GOLDEN TEXT—And every man that striveth in the games exerciseth self-control in all things. . . .
Memory Verse: He . . . careth for you. . . Peter 5:7.
THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING
Time.—We may date the writings of Solomon approximately 1000 B.C. The event spoken of in the book of Jeremiah occurred about 605 B.C. The First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians was written, probably, between A.D. 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 38 took place. The cities of Corinth and Thessalonica were located in what is today 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 instruction." This fear is not the fear of a slave for a cruel master, but the reverence of a dutiful child for his parent.

"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 parents and attendance to their teaching is the first step in the fear of God.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent not: neither if the righteous be overthrown, thou wilt not be moved." The way of dealing with direct temptation except by stout refusal—we must say 'no' promptly, boldly and decisively.

The Buffalo Goes to War



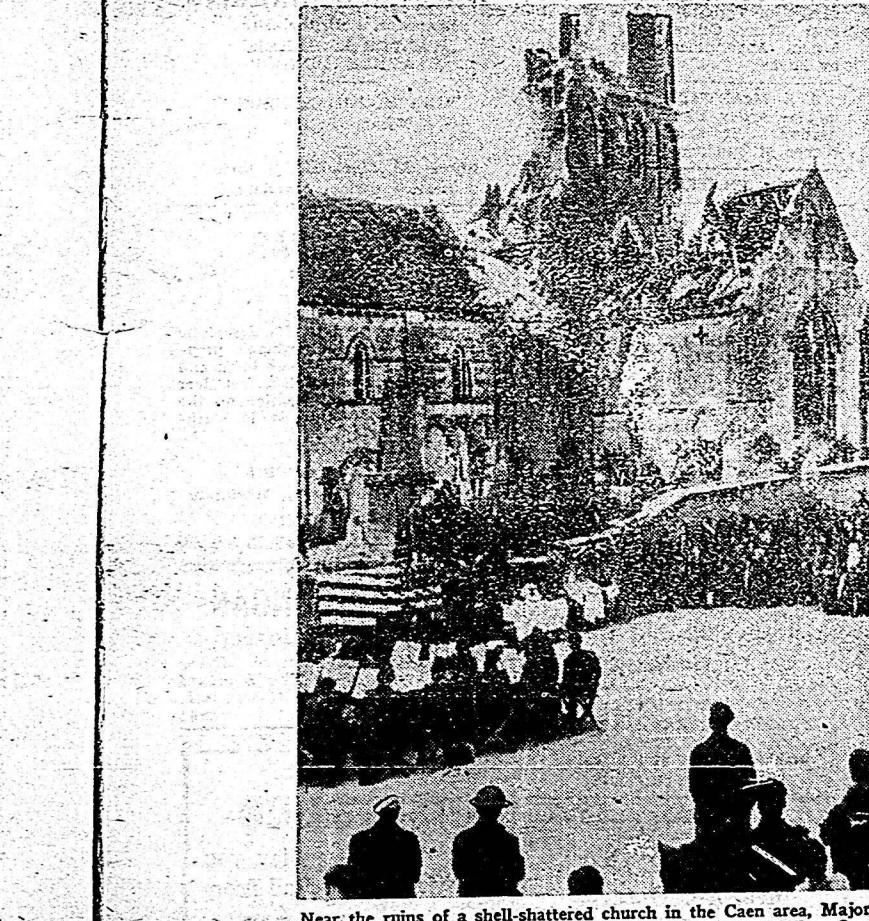
BUFFALO, which roamed the plains of Western Canada in the days of the pioneer settlers are now a factor in the war effort of the United Nations. At many points along the lines of the Canadian National Railways salvage dumps, as shown above, have been established to which farmers bring the skulls and bones of buffalo as well as moose and elk antlers, some of them long since turned up by their ploughshares. Bones are valuable in making ammunition.

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



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

PARACHAMP



Pvt. Marie McMullin, world's champion woman parachute jumper, is pictured as she celebrated a year's service in the WAC. She is now chief of a section of eight at the parachute school in Ft. Benning, Ga. Veterans of 600 parachute jumps, including the women's record one of 28,800 feet at Cleveland Air Races in 1938, she hasn't made one since the day before Pearl Harbor.

THANKSGIVING



During a lull in the terrific fighting on Saipan, that produced a record number of American casualties, a devout Yank fighter knelt 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 blitzed Nazi strong-point. Left to right: Pte. E. P. Harwood, Turfboro, Sask.; Flight Officer J. D. Orr, Vancouver, and Capt. H. L. Jones, Regina. The bottle of wine was given them by a liberated Frenchman.

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



OFF TO CAMP FOR AIR CADETS

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 trainers.
They will get trips in the Anson and Harvard training planes providing they have the consent of their parents.
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 accoutrements, 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.
No. 4. — The port-hole-like window of the Anson Mark 5 makes a fitting frame for the happy cadet taking his flip under expert RCAF 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; the left can be seen the radio transmitter receiver and to the right the chutes neatly arranged in racks.

Cut a fine figure in jacket 'n' frock for street wear! Whisk off for goodness and new coat of rays. Easy to sew—a summer essential. Pattern 4826 comes in young misses' sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16, bust 34, waist 24, length 35-in. Contrast for jacket, 17 1/2 yds.

Thread twenty cents (200) in coils (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, address, style, number.

And who, Christine thought,