

MACDONALD'S BRIER

Canada's Standard Smoke

SERIAL STORY Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINEOR COWAN STONE

Last week Jaspar, hiding at Chandra's home, tries to explain how Mrs. Talbert had ordered him to deliver the bonds to Christine. Inspector, Parsons, Wilmet, and Bill arrive, telling Christine through Lucille. Suspicion turns on Chandra. Mrs. Talbert was last seen coming out of his studio.

CHAPTER XV
"I take exception to that 'last seen,' Inspector," Chandra said coolly. "However, it is entirely true that Mrs. Talbert was with me that night for an hour or more."
"And afterwards?" Inspector Parsons continued. "So far as I can learn, she was not seen until her dead body was found."

"But early this morning," the chauffeur pointed out. "Her car was also found—parked just across the Boardwalk from the 27th street dock. . . . Are you suggesting that after I had warned Mrs. Thorsen where to look for the bonds I, myself, had stolen, I stabbed her cousin—with a dagger that anyone in Surf City could identify as mine—and was also imbecile enough to leave her car parked just across the corner from my own studio?"

"What I'm suggesting is that you know a lot more about this business than you found it convenient to tell me this morning."
"Now we're getting somewhere, Inspector. Because I know a lot more about this business than I did this morning."

Chandra turned to Jaspar, who stood, glancing with a white, trapped look from one to the other.
"This, my friend," he said, "is now a police affair in spite of anything you can do. You must disregard Mrs. Talbert's wishes."

"Wishes—what wishes?" Inspector Parsons snapped.
"When Mrs. Talbert began to suspect that she was in danger, she instructed Mr. Jaspar that no matter what happened he must not call the police."

"He told you that?"
"Mrs. Talbert told me that—the last time she came to consult me."
"So she came to you for advice—the night before her death—and the best you could do was to let her get herself murdered without any warning—and you supposed to be the slickest medium in the country!"

Chandra's hands moved in a gesture of defeat which, even to Christine's unsympathetic eyes, seemed starkly sincere.
"Mrs. Talbert," he said, "is a woman of several fixed ideas. One, which grew in her as she got older and more eccentric, was the belief that, single-handed, she could outwit the world and the devil."
"That's a weakness that seems to run in the family." The inspector glanced toward Christine.
"Perhaps"—Chandra's smile was

enigmatic—"you are more right than you guess, Inspector. . . . Another of her peculiarities was that she thought police are all a set of clumsy bunglers. . . . I am setting forth Mrs. Talbert's viewpoint, of course, not my own. Otherwise, I shouldn't be advising Mr. Jaspar to tell you what he's told me."

"Well," the inspector's tone was uncompromising. "I'm listening. He glanced around at the others. "You might as well sit down, since you're all in this from the ankles up."

So they did sit down—Mr. Wilmet, obviously seething with curiosity and afraid that the inspector might change his mind, stumbling over a stool in his effort to find a chair without making himself conspicuous. And Jaspar began his story all over again.

"When he came to the part about leaving the bonds in Christine's room, the inspector turned toward Christine and then toward Jaspar with frowning attention, and Christine drew a sharp, hissing breath. The inspector did not glance up; he made no comment. Yet when he spoke, Christine knew that he felt as sure as she did that somewhere in that group sat Cousin Emma's murderer."

"Go on, Jaspar," he prompted. "Well, sir, when I answered, it was a special delivery messenger. I carried the letter to the light and saw that it was addressed to me—in Mrs. Talbert's handwriting."
"So you are prepared to identify Mrs. Talbert's writings?"
"Oh, yes indeed, sir."
Inspector Parsons took an envelope from his pocket and passed it to Jaspar.
"This is addressed to Miss Thorsen, you notice, apparently by her cousin. We found it in Mrs. Talbert's purse."
(Continued Next Week)

"You knew it. Does that make it general information?"
"It was well enough known that the house was entered once, and there had been attempts to hold her up. . . . And she'd had extortion notes."
"Can you put your hands on any of those notes?"
"No, sir. Mrs. Talbert always burned them."
Inspector Parsons smothered ejaculation was eloquent.
"Did Mrs. Talbert have anything of value with her when she disappeared?" he asked.
"Mrs. Talbert," Jaspar answered after a brief hesitation. "Carried in her briefcase exact facsimiles of those bonds. She had had them made by a person who was clever at that sort of work in anticipation of just some such thing as happened. It was Mrs. Talbert's idea of a joke, sir," Jaspar explained. "You see, she'd spent a lot of money trying to get Mr. Earl back. She said that if she was abducted, too, the joke was going to be on the people who collected the ransom."
Somewhere in the room someone recalled unconsciously his words of that morning: "Perhaps it was even someone who counted on your keeping them safely for him."
A little later he interrupted, "If Mrs. Talbert had let the police go ahead when that young man was kidnaped, she might have got something for her money besides a headache and a crop of misleading and conflicting clues. First the boy was supposed to have been carried off and drugged in his own car; later it looked as if he had been decoyed into the swamp and drowned in a quagmire. I can't recall all the stories; but there's one thing certain; someone who knew the family well was back of that. . . . By the way, you were employed by Mrs. Talbert, then, too, weren't you, Jaspar?"
"Yes, sir," Jaspar's eyes met the inspector's with the calm of desperation.
"But there's one rumor you may not have heard, Inspector," Chandra said quietly. "That Earl Talbert was not really kidnaped at all; but that he engineered the whole affair himself, and collected the ransom. I happen to know that there have been a number of checks forged on Mrs. Talbert's account that have never been returned to their source. I have information that Earl Talbert, under another name, spent several years in a California prison; and I have had a feeling, from time to time, that Mrs. Talbert, herself, was sure that he was still alive."
After a musing silence, the inspector asked, "Just how old was this boy when he disappeared?"



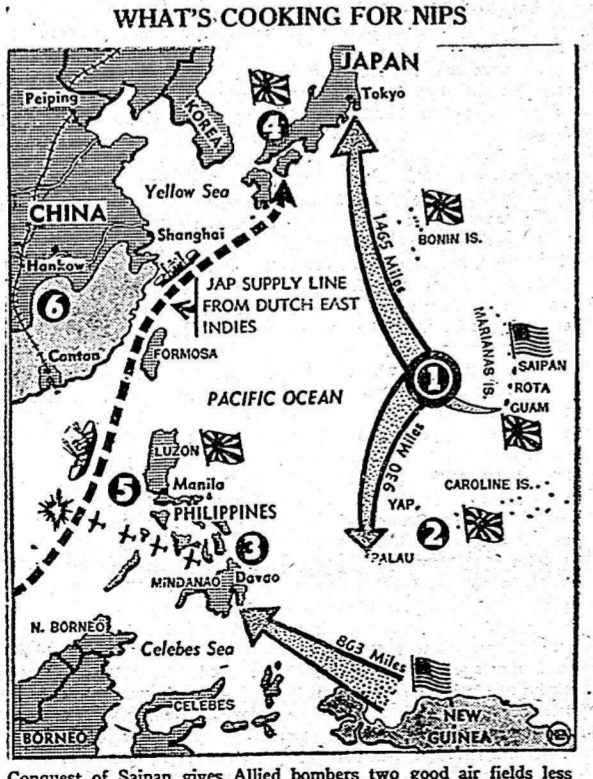
Another day of robot bombs is done, but there's the long night yet ahead, so a London mother directs her children to the safety of an underground back-yard shelter. The little one makes sure her teddy-bear will be safe, too.

"He was in his first year at college," Jaspar hesitated and then went on, "I have been told that he was about to be expelled. A— a matter of a forged check, sir."
"A young man of that age could have changed—perhaps beyond recognition—in 12 years," the inspector said reflectively. . . . Christine wondered if she only imagined that he glanced toward Bill. "Well, go on, Jaspar."
"Well, sir, Mrs. Talbert had gone out in her car. I was always worried when she went out alone at night, because it was generally known that she often carried valuables on her person, sometimes large sums of money. She's done that ever since so many banks closed some years ago. And only the day before, she had taken those bonds I left with Miss Thorsen from the bank."

SHE'LL SIT
"What I'm suggesting is that you know a lot more about this business than you found it convenient to tell me this morning."
"Now we're getting somewhere, Inspector. Because I know a lot more about this business than I did this morning."



"You knew it. Does that make it general information?"
"It was well enough known that the house was entered once, and there had been attempts to hold her up. . . . And she'd had extortion notes."
"Can you put your hands on any of those notes?"
"No, sir. Mrs. Talbert always burned them."
Inspector Parsons smothered ejaculation was eloquent.
"Did Mrs. Talbert have anything of value with her when she disappeared?" he asked.
"Mrs. Talbert," Jaspar answered after a brief hesitation. "Carried in her briefcase exact facsimiles of those bonds. She had had them made by a person who was clever at that sort of work in anticipation of just some such thing as happened. It was Mrs. Talbert's idea of a joke, sir," Jaspar explained. "You see, she'd spent a lot of money trying to get Mr. Earl back. She said that if she was abducted, too, the joke was going to be on the people who collected the ransom."
Somewhere in the room someone recalled unconsciously his words of that morning: "Perhaps it was even someone who counted on your keeping them safely for him."
A little later he interrupted, "If Mrs. Talbert had let the police go ahead when that young man was kidnaped, she might have got something for her money besides a headache and a crop of misleading and conflicting clues. First the boy was supposed to have been carried off and drugged in his own car; later it looked as if he had been decoyed into the swamp and drowned in a quagmire. I can't recall all the stories; but there's one thing certain; someone who knew the family well was back of that. . . . By the way, you were employed by Mrs. Talbert, then, too, weren't you, Jaspar?"
"Yes, sir," Jaspar's eyes met the inspector's with the calm of desperation.
"But there's one rumor you may not have heard, Inspector," Chandra said quietly. "That Earl Talbert was not really kidnaped at all; but that he engineered the whole affair himself, and collected the ransom. I happen to know that there have been a number of checks forged on Mrs. Talbert's account that have never been returned to their source. I have information that Earl Talbert, under another name, spent several years in a California prison; and I have had a feeling, from time to time, that Mrs. Talbert, herself, was sure that he was still alive."
After a musing silence, the inspector asked, "Just how old was this boy when he disappeared?"



Conquest of Saipan gives Allied bombers two good air fields less than 1500 miles from Japan, gives huge American task forces a good harbor and base and poses some interesting possibilities of future smashes against the enemy, as indicated on map above: (1) Invasion of Rota and former American base at Guam; (2) New amphibious operations in Central Pacific to straighten U. S. line for operations on Philippines and Japan homeland; (3) Invasion of southern Philippines; (4) Twin air attacks on Japan from bases in China and Western Pacific; (5) Stepping up of air and submarine campaign against Jap supply and communications lines; (6) China's east coast, where ports may be seized unless Jap drive against Hankow-Canton railway succeeds.

Quality You'll Enjoy "SALATA" TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By
Gwendoline P. Clarke

Farmers cannot afford to be sentimental and yet, sometimes, it is hard not to be this morning for instance, the truck came in to pick up a cow. To him she was just another cow for the stockyards, but to us she was affectionately known as "Old Cicely." We had raised her from a calf. The children had pail-fed her when she was young. They had straddled her back whenever she was in the mood to let them. She had, in fact, grown up with our children. She was the last relic of our early farming days and had helped us weather the storm through those dreadful years of depression. Yes, Old Cicely was nineteen years old, and still going strong. There wasn't a thing the matter with her other than old age, yet she hadn't a tooth in her head that wasn't worn down to the gums. To have tried keeping her another winter would have been asking for trouble, so regretfully we said good-bye to our faithful bossie. Poor old Cicely, she deserved a better fate than to end her life as bologna.

Wouldn't it be nice if there were a ranch or something, kept specially as an "Old Cows' Home." I wonder, because it was generally known that she often carried valuables on her person, sometimes large sums of money. She's done that ever since so many banks closed some years ago. And only the day before, she had taken those bonds I left with Miss Thorsen from the bank."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

August 13.
THE PRIEST IN THE LIFE OF ISRAEL.

GOLDEN TEXT.—For every high priest, being taken from among men is appointed for men in things pertaining to God. Hebrews 5:1.

Memory Verse: I will pay unto Jehovah, my God, my offering. THE LESSON IN IT SETTING TIME.—It is impossible, with the data we have, to determine exactly when Eli judged Israel. The fall of Shiloh is assigned by most recent historians as occurring about 1050 B. C., which would make the judgeship of Eli to be 1090-1050 B. C.

Place.—Almost all the events are located in the city of Shiloh, northeast of Jerusalem.

King's Land Reclaimed
More than 400 acres of marshland in eastern England, owned by H. M. King George VI, have been reclaimed and ploughed, and are now producing crops of wheat, peas and potatoes.

You Will Enjoy Staying At The ST. REGIS HOTEL TORONTO
• Every Room with Bath, Shower and Telephone.
• Single, \$2.50 up.
• Double, \$3.00 up.
• Good Food, Dining and Dancing Nightly.
Sherbourne at Carlton Tel. RA. 4135

Headache

Nothing is more depressing than headaches. Why suffer? Lamby's Headache Powders relieve the pain. Lamby's good for colds, flu, headache, pains in back, stomach, bowels, neuralgia.

LAMBY'S HEADACHE POWDERS

Drive out ACHEs

JUST RUB IN MINARD'S PAIN EXPELLER

THE SOLDIER'S PAL
MECCA OINTMENT
Will be in every drug store
Relief in 10 minutes
It relieves all sore feet, etc.

ISSUE 32-1944

DANCED FOR NAZIS



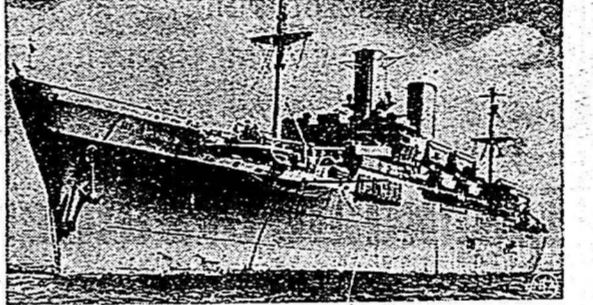
Ginette, French dancing girl who, with her troupe, was brought from Paris to perform for Germans on Cherbourg peninsula, was left stranded when Nazis fled the area. She and girls now seek permission to dance for Allies. She's pictured posing before wrecked German anti-aircraft gun.

GERMAN ONE-MAN 'SHARK'



A German one-man torpedo is pictured as, like a monstrous shark, it speeds toward its objective. Actual torpedo is under water. "Driver" of the missile can be seen through transparent turret.

FRONT LINE LINER



Photo, above, first of its kind released for publication, shows the U. S. Navy's hitherto secret super-destroyers. The ships, built at the U. S. Steel's Federal Shipyard, Kearny, N. J., are fast, carry three types of guns, and are without portholes, 106 separate ventilating systems providing constant flow of fresh air. Note cruiser bow.

NORMANDY FACTORIES LAID WASTE



Monty's greatest-ever aerial and artillery blitz, which preceded the breaching of Rommel's line in Normandy, laid waste this factory district of Colombelles. Canadian infantrymen who followed the search through the still-blasting, devastated ruins of these factories.

MINESWEEPER SUNK IN ENGLISH CHANNEL



A few minutes after this picture was made, the USS Tide, which had been engaged in clearing the English Channel of mines, sank to the bottom. She was sunk while steaming toward the Normandy beaches. Two ships stand by to pick up survivors.

ARMY'S 'SUB-SEA SOLDIERS'



U. S. Army diving unit, believed to be the only one in France, is kept busy clearing rivers and canals of mines and underwater obstructions. Unit works from an LCP (landing craft, vehicle and personnel). In background, diver's tender helps diver don his helmet before going down to inspect canal bed a few miles behind front.

THAT HAT!



Pte. H. Koebe, Winnipeg, found himself a new head dress when helping to clear the rubble from war-blasted Carpiquet.



Installing a switchboard system for U. S. First Army headquarters in Normandy, a sergeant gets to work on tangled maze of wire outside switchboard room.

COMMANDS NAZIS ON ATLANTIC COAST



Field Marshal Gunther von Kluge, right, who recently replaced Field Marshal Karl von Rundstedt as commander of the Nazi Atlantic Coast forces, discussion strategy with a fellow officer, somewhere along the Channel Coast. This is the first picture of von Kluge released since he became commander of German forces on the western front.

STUDY IN CONCENTRATION



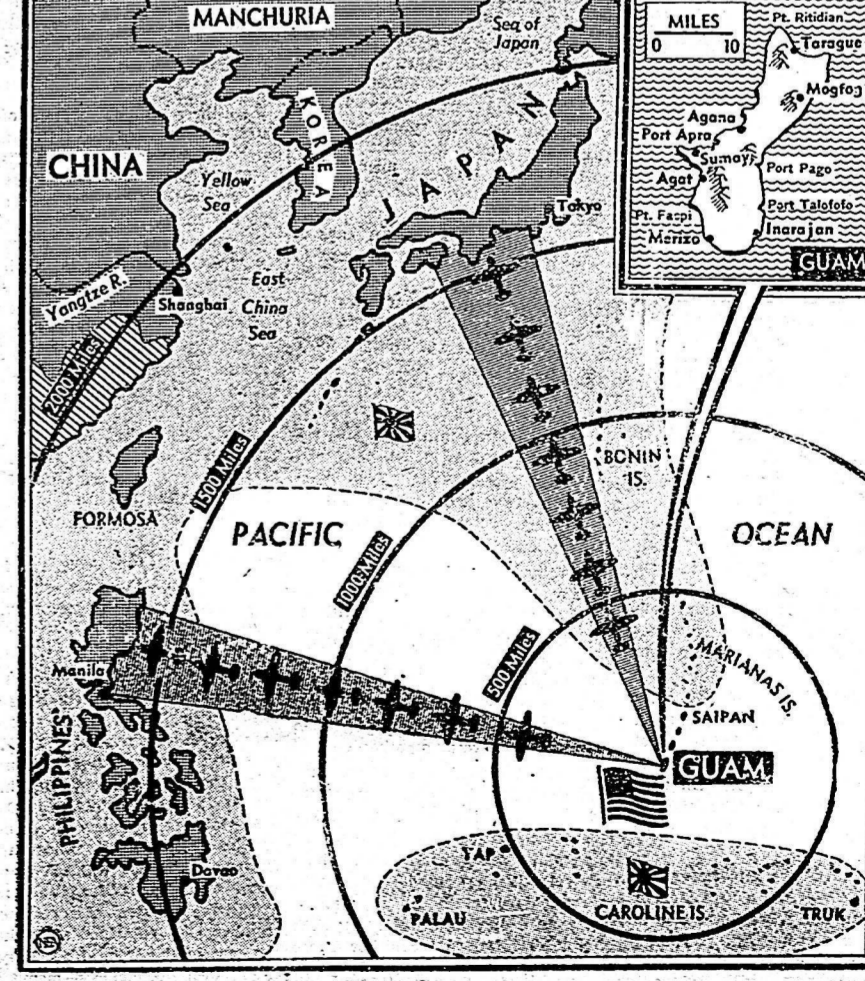
This couple listens intently to liberation news in square of Beaumont, France. Program comes from public address care of Psychological Warfare Division of AEF in France. It brings first good news in four years.

SIDEWALK CAFE, WARTIME STYLE



In a rubble-littered street of La Haye du Puits, France, three imaginative Allies rig up their own version of the famous Parisian sidewalk cafe. They are seen here drinking a toast to "a short war."

GUAM—ANOTHER 'STEPPINGSTONE' FOR BOMBERS



Map above shows bomber distances from Guam to such strategically important Jap-held areas as the outlying Marianas Islands, the Bonins, Japan itself, the Carolines and the Philippines.



Clever... this Pattern 4848. How few pieces, how easy to sew! The panels give wonderfully slimming lines. Use say cotton or rayon.
Pattern 4848 is available in women's sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 takes 4 yards 35-inch fabric.
Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address, style number.