

Sapphires and Diamonds

DOROTHY TROWBRIDGE

CHAPTER XI

Nancy stood still a moment thinking. "Oh, all right," she said finally. "Only I still don't approve of having that detective come. I just know he is going to get us all in a lot of trouble. How did he happen to be here and know about you?" she asked, turning to Maxine. "He works at the studio in Hollywood and he is driving to New York. While he was in Chicago he talked to the West Coast studios and they told him that I was stopping here for a little visit before I went to East, so he came down here just to make sure that there had been no change in my plans.

"He didn't think I would arrive until tomorrow, but tonight he heard someone in the hotel say he had seen me today, so he called right away. He wanted to see me anyway, so when Peggy suggested having him come out to look for the ring, he said all right. And he is coming out in the morning. I think maybe I had better explain it to Gran, so you all can be a few minutes late for breakfast. I think it would be best for Gran to ask me most of the questions. Peggy would probably get all mixed up."

Maxine had already made her explanations the next morning when the two girls reached the dining room. Mrs. Horton looked up at them as they entered.

"My dear," she said, addressing Nancy, "I feel so badly to hear that your engagement ring has been misplaced while on a visit to us. I do distrust that this young man—Newton did you say his

name was, Maxine?—will be able to find it quickly for you. Maxine assures me he is among the best in his line in California. Have you thought back carefully over your actions since you last saw your ring, Nancy?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Horton, quite carefully."

"You do seem to take the matter very sensibly, I am sure. Peggy looks more as if she had not slept than you do."

It was true that Peggy had not slept well. She had been out of bed several times to look again among the clothes she had worn to the train. Could it be possible that she had dropped it on the old wooden platform of the station when she went to put it into her bag? Or had it just dropped in plain sight of anyone who might come along the platform? But she remembered so well putting it into the bag and closing it. What on earth was she going to say to Harry next Wednesday if she had not found it by then? So her mind had raced throughout the night. No wonder Gran thought she looked as if she had not slept.

"Oh, I am worried, Gran. To have Nancy lose such a gorgeous ring here!"

Her grandmother smiled at her. "But, my dear, rings cannot run away. And we know that there is no one here who would have taken it, so that leaves it simply misplaced. I feel sure that Mr. Newton will be able to suggest the place where it must be. Oh, that must be he. I hear an automobile. We will go into the front parlor and see him there."

Maxine followed William to the front door while Mrs. Horton and the two girls crossed the hall and entered the front parlor. Peggy was surprised that her grandmother had chosen this place to receive a detective. It was here that Gran usually greeted her more important guests.

The old lady settled herself in a high backed chair with her back to the window, her tiny feet placed daintily side by side on an ottoman-like covering which had been woven by her mother-in-law. When Mrs. Horton sat in that big chair with her feet on the ottoman she was like some little powerful judge who passed sentence on those who were brought before him. Peggy understood that now. Her grandmother was going to judge this Mr. Newton whom Maxine was recommending. Peggy had not thought of judging a detective, except by his speed in taking over the job and finding the ring.

She smiled to herself as she thought of some big Irishman—weren't all detectives Irish?—did that only apply to city cops—coming into this room of her ancestors and being judged by Gran. She remembered a detective she had seen in one of Maxine's pictures. He was a large fat man who wore a derby hat on the back of his head, and who seemed always to have a long cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth. Gran would get rid of him without giving him a chance, she was sure.

"Oh, I hope he won't be too bad," she prayed fervently as she heard footsteps crossing the hall. She shut her eyes, waiting to hear how Gran greeted him before she looked to see what he was like.

"Gran," Maxine was saying, "this is Stanley Newton, a friend of mine from California. My grandmother, Mrs. Horton, Stanley."

"I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Newton," Gran announced as if she really meant it, and the muscles around Peggy's tightly closed eyes began to relax.

"I can't tell you—Peggy didn't hear any more. Her eyes were open now. Wide open. She knew that voice. He wasn't fat, he wasn't wearing a derby, and he did not have a cigar in his mouth. Mr. Newton was the Man from California. So that was what a real detective was like.

"And my sister, Miss Margaret Horton," Maxine was saying, after she had introduced him to Nancy. Peggy had been standing in the shadows of the room and he evidently had not seen her until Maxine spoke. Recognizing her now she started eagerly forward.

"How do you do?" he heard her chilly greeting.

He stopped abruptly. "How do you do," he answered with no inflection.

(Continued Next Week)

THE C.W.A.C. IN PARIS



Pictured here are 2/Lt. Therese Vanier, Montreal, Que. S/Sgt. M. E. Doherty, Toronto, Ont. and Pte. N. M. Templeton, Niagara, Ont. Lt. Vanier is the daughter of Maj. Gen. George P. Vanier, Canada's Ambassador to France. Before the war she lived in Paris, consequently was acting as guide to other members of the C.W.A.C. when the army cameraman came along.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendolyn P. Clarke

Last week I really managed to get away to the city for two whole days. It was a case of dire necessity. Partner couldn't get a pair of boots anywhere in town in the size that he takes and I couldn't get any underwear at all. Added to that I needed my glasses changed so I think you will agree that a trip to the city was decidedly urgent.

But what a time I had to get away. Every day there was some thing to hold me back. When I finally made the grade I went by early morning train so I was right on hand to shop as soon as the stores were open. How did I get along? Well, I went to six stores before I could get any stockings. I went for shoes and had no trouble at all. And Partner's boots—that's where I really got a break. The shoe store had just received shipment of forty-pairs of men's work boots. That was their quota for the winter—and they said they could sell from into five or seven hundred.

Then I shopped for women's un-

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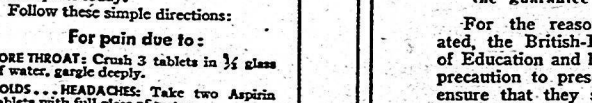
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my own good fortune. Greatly cheered I looked around for men's light weight woolens, underwear. That's where I met my Waterloo. There just wasn't no such animal. I very nearly walked my feet off but the answer was always the same. "We are not able to get light weight woolens at all."

By this time it was nearly noon and a little relaxation seemed in order, so I slid into a downtown theatre for the afternoon. "You Went Away" It is really a grand picture—I enjoyed every minute of it. But towards the end of the show I began to feel a little giddy—and it was no wonder. Three o'clock when I came out and all I had had since I left my bed that morning was a cup of coffee. However that situation was soon remedied. Then I hunted up Daughter—and talk about coincidence! She had an appointment with an eye specialist for the next morning—the same one that I wanted to see. So we both got in on Daughter's appointment. Had we tried to arrange it that way it wouldn't have happened.

And still another coincidence: Partner's brother appeared on the scene just as we were having supper. So it was quite a family gathering and all by accident. If you read that kind of thing in a story you would say it was just written to make a good yarn. The upshot of it all was a promise of three visitors to the farm over the weekend. And it was Thursday night when I got home; on Friday we picked chickens; and on Saturday I had to shop, bake and give the house "a once-over." I sort of feel I had quite a busy week—or did I?

Well, today we start another week. Partner and young John are out with the tractor; I have just received an invitation to help pack Ditty bags; there is knitting and sewing to take down to the Red Cross and "The White Cliffs of Dover" simply has to be seen either tonight or tomorrow night. So it looks like the beginning of another busy week.

Russia is now growing her own tea. The first harvest has been gathered from experimental plantations in the Moscow region.

IF HEAD COLDS HANG ON.

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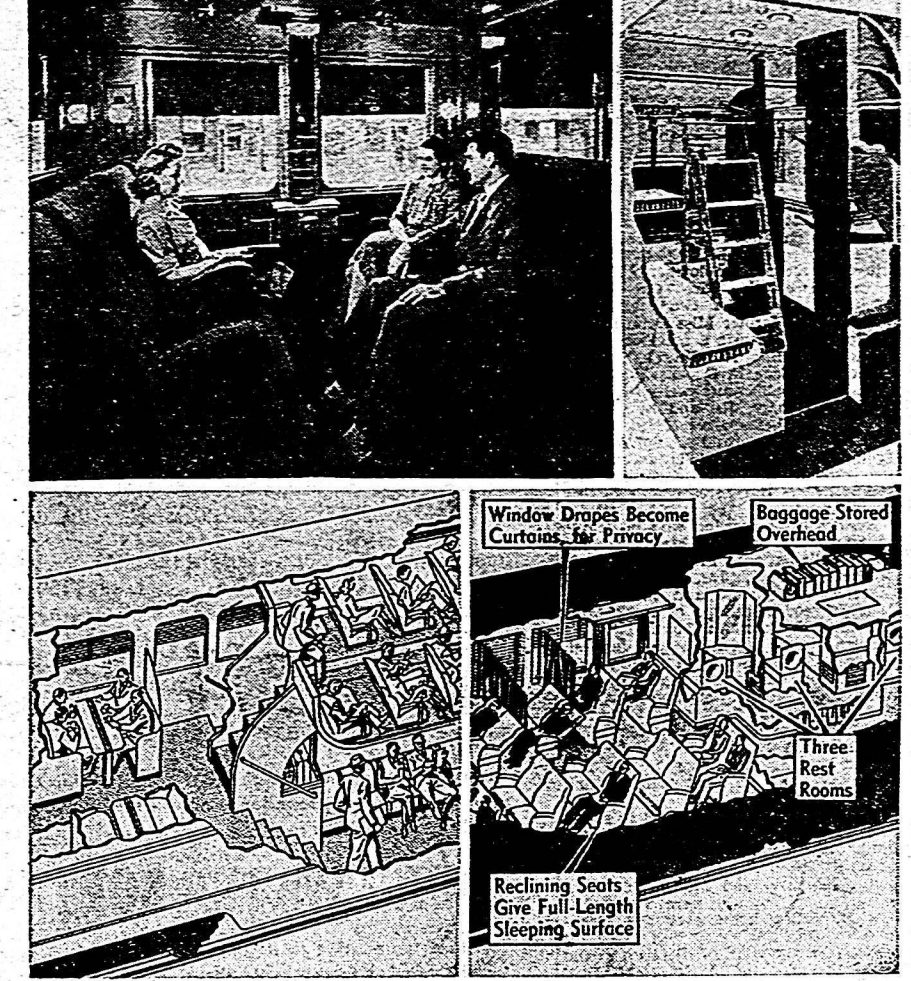
Soldier Has Reason For Hating Cows

PFC. James R. Rogers, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Rogers, of Water Valley, Miss., has developed such a hatred for cows that he'll hardly drink milk—and he certainly has reason for disliking the bovine creature.

Rogers and another member of an airborne division were pinned down beneath some bushes in the center of a German artillery position in Normandy. Rogers, a Medical Corps man, was attempting to aid the jump soldier, who had received a broken leg.

For three agonizing days, the couple had to watch silently as their place of concealment was being calmly eaten leaf by leaf by cows grazing in the area. On the third day, and with but a few leaves left, Rogers said, they were saved when the American Army advanced.

PRETTY SOFT FOR POSTWAR TRAVELERS



Folks forced to travel these days in overcrowded trains will find some satisfaction in the postwar promise of comfortable railroading de luxe, pictured above. Photos and sketches show some of the innovations the Pullman Company has now in experimental service. Photo at upper left shows new type car, with compartments for six passengers. At night, compartments are converted into sleepers, with berths in three tiers, as shown in diagram, upper right. Cutaway sketch at lower left shows new "Three-deck" commuter coach, with two game rooms at left on middle deck, and stairways leading to upper and lower seat decks. Baggage is stored under stairs. Diagram at lower right shows new "day-one" coach, which provides Pullman comfort at minimum cost. Baggage is removed through chute, without interfering with disembarking passengers.

THIS CHICKEN DIDN'T MAKE IT



These boys didn't miss when the chicken crossed the road and it's a mighty nice change, they'll tell you, from bully and M. and V. Getting their dinner ready are Tprs. Johnny Cunningham, Toronto, and Bill Watson, Oakville.

TOWN-CRIER CROONS AGAIN



In the little village of Hatziriz, tucked away in the Moselle Valley of France, the few remaining townpeople are summoned to the village square by the ringing of a handbell. Then the postmaster reads to them every day the latest news received by communication.

HERO



"One-Man Task Force" is what they call Lt. Gen. T. Barfoot above, of Carthage, Miss., who wears Silver Star and Congressional Medal of Honor, and was raised from sergeant to second lieutenant on the field for his heroic exploits in France. He walked into nest of 60 Germans and three machine gun squads, killed seven, captured 17 enemy soldiers, destroyed a tank, broke up an armored attack and saved two comrades.

TO MEDITERRANEAN



Lt. Gen. Joseph T. McNarney, above, United States Army deputy chief of staff since March, 1942, is the new deputy supreme Allied commander in the Mediterranean, under Gen. Sir Henry Maitland Wilson. Succeeding Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, now in France, he will also be commanding general over U. S. forces in Mediterranean theater.

DECORATED



Brigadier John M. Rockingham, who was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for gallantry in the field, by His Majesty the King in a recent royal investiture held at a Canadian Headquarters in the field in Belgium, is shown here wearing his medal shortly after being decorated. Brigadier Rockingham resides in Victoria, B.C.

NEW COMMANDERS



Lt. Gen. Daniel I. Sulton, upper, and Maj. Gen. A. C. Wedemeyer, lower, have been appointed to command American forces in the China-Burma-India theaters of war, succeeding Gen. Joseph Stilwell. CBI Operations have been split, with General Sulton heading forces in India and Burma, and General Wedemeyer commanding the China wing.

INTERNATIONAL BABY



The baby tank pictured above was built by Allied ordnance men from salvaged parts of German, French and American tanks and other vehicles. They found the four-ton baby mighty handy for creeping along behind hedges and crawling in and out of shell craters.

HITLER'S NEW HOME GUARDERS 'EITHER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD'



The words of the popular song aptly describe Hitler's new Volksturm—the home guard army he's raising among youngsters and old men to make a last-ditch guerrilla fight when the Allies overrun the Reich itself. In top photo, teenage Volksturm recruits are instructed in the use of the military compass. Oldest, below, many of whom had never handled a gun, are lined up for target practice. Photos from neutral sources.

ALLIES HAVE LIBERATED DOZEN EUROPEAN CAPITALS



Map above shows where, in 140 days of fighting—June 4 to Oct. 21—Allied armies have liberated an even-dozen European capitals from the Nazis yoke.