doctor. "Ya, Bill. He you found him?" He broke into the transmission.

"Ya! I've found his car. It's parked at the Loyalist Lady's Tea Room out on 33," came the reply.

"What are you waiting for? Go in and get him."

"But he's having lunch. Shouldn't I let him finish?"

Fairchild, who had missed his lunch and was feeling somewhat testy in any case, saw no reason to let the good doctor eat. "No go in and tell him I want to talk to him right away."

"Gotcha. Don't go away," the constable responded.

Hilda glanced out the window of the tea room and noticed the police cruiser parked behind Jeremy's car.

"Something is wrong. They were trying to get you on the radio," she declared, commendably not adding "I told you so."

"Eat up old dear. It must be something urgent or they wouldn't have sent out the troops," Jeremy urged.

Did I say this was the last chapter? Sorry folks, but Vivian and I got our wires crossed, but read on next issue

- the editor

