

EBONY TORSO

By John C. Woodiwiss

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MURDERED MAN'S WIFE

He found Mrs. Scutt, the dead man's wife, in the kitchen. She was a little dark woman, and seemed very upset by the tragic events she had gone through.

"Good morning, Mrs. Scutt," began the detective politely. "Sorry to intrude, but I'd like to ask one or two questions about this tragedy. I'm Detective-Inspector Hopton, of Scotland Yard."

"Certainly, Inspector," she replied readily. "Won't you come in and sit down by the fire. It's terribly cold to-day."

"Thanks," he nodded taking the proffered chair. "I'm sorry to worry you with questions in connection with this tragic affair, but I'll try to make them as few as possible."

"That's very kind of you, Inspector," she said, sitting opposite him. "It's upset me a good deal."

"Must have," agreed Hopton sympathetically. "Well, I understand your husband was rather a difficult man to live with?"

"Yes, Inspector, he was a bit eccentric, and latterly he began to drink."

"Since we left Brighton, that is?"

"Oh, you lived in Brighton?"

"Yes, for a good many years. We were living there until my husband took up this Spiritualism business and thought he'd do better in London."

"And that was—?"

"Just over ten years ago, Inspector."

"I see," nodded the detective. "He was a fortune teller, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he did quite well at it, too. He had some really distinguished clients until this dreadful business of Mrs. Abershaw started."

"That was the lady who had been in Hong Kong, and was supposed to be in the power of an evil spirit, I believe?"

"It was evil, to Inspector!" she assured him with a shudder. "My husband was never the same after the sitting he had with Mrs. Abershaw. He was quite a different man."

"In what way?"

"Oh, he became morose, terrified of the dark, and he had bad drinking bouts."

"Was he often drunk?" asked the detective.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Scutt. "Often violently drunk too."

"You don't know what he drank?"

"Always whisky or brandy."

"To drown his terror, I suppose?"

"That's it, Inspector. It was awful, at times," answered the woman with an earnestness that defied all suspicion of acting.

"Rather an expensive hobby, Mrs. Scutt," commented Hopton. "Where did he get the money for all this drink?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say, sir," she replied promptly. "I only know he got it."

"He wasn't earning much money at that time?" the detective enquired.

"No, sir. He didn't do any more sittings with clients after the Incubus came. So he earned nothing."

"There was an awful horror in the woman's voice as she pronounced the fatal name of the curse that had descended on her unfortunate husband."

"But surely, Mrs. Scutt, you don't believe in this evil spirit nonsense?" asked the detective sceptically.

"Oh, yes, sir, I do indeed!" she answered, fixing a pair of terrified eyes on his face. "I didn't at first; but I had to after a while. It was horrible! Fred often said the Incubus'd finish him, and, you see, he was right! He'd never let me even go near the Torso."

"Does this spooky lady, Mrs. Abershaw, live in London?" inquired Hopton.

"Yes. Somewhere in West Kensington," she replied. "I don't know the exact address, but she has a flat near West Kensington Tube Station, and her Christian name's Clara."

Hopton noted the points in his book.

"Well, I won't ask you for any unnecessary details," he went on. "But you're sure your late husband wasn't earning any money as a clairvoyant at the time of his death?"

"No, sir, I'm sure he wasn't."

"Then, that brings me to rather a painful question, I'm afraid. You, of course, know that he had served two terms of imprisonment?"

"I do!" The woman's manner changed to one of defiant aggression as she shot back her reply.

"Good gracious, no! Whatever put such an idea into your head?"

Mrs. Scutt's eyes fairly blazed as she made the emphatic denial; but the detective was not to be side-tracked from motives of sentiment.

"You state that he drank heavily, prior to his death," he pointed out. "Everyone knows what drinks costs. It's very expensive, and I'm trying to find out where the money came from to pay for it."

"I've already told you I don't know," snapped the woman. "But I'm absolutely certain Fred had done with black-maling years ago. You police can never let a poor devil rest. I think it's a disgusting thing to say of a dead man."

"I merely asked a perfectly legitimate question, Mrs. Scutt," Hopton assured her calmly. "Your husband has been murdered, and it's my job to hunt for a motive that'll eventually lead us to his murderer."

"It's my belief that Fred was killed by an evil spirit," she said slowly. "That black statue was at the bottom of it, in my opinion; that dreadful ebony torso!"

"I'm not prepared to accept that possibility, until I've dismissed every other, Mrs. Scutt," Hopton with determined emphasis. "But I still have one or two questions—"

"Very well!" she cried hysterically. "but please make 'em as short as possible; I'm weary of the whole gasty business!"

"Had your husband many visitors during the last few weeks of his life?" he enquired, ignoring her outburst. "People who came here to visit him?"

"No, Inspector he wouldn't see anyone except Mr. Galesbourne and a man called Prout, an old Spiritualist friend."

"Only those two people?"

"Yes, sir. He was very violent at times. . . raving and cursing. . . and his friends couldn't stand it. You never knew how you'd find him."

"Now please answer this question carefully," continued the detective. "Do you know of anyone who had a grudge against your husband? The sort of a grudge that would be a motive for taking his life?"

"Not a soul!" she answered decidedly. "Fred was a very quiet man and didn't know many people."

"I see. You've known Mr. Galesbourne for some years?"

"Yes, by sight, Inspector. Everyone knows him around here. He's a wonderful man. . . always helping the sick and the poor; that's why I asked him to call and see Fred; I thought Mr. Galesbourne might help him."

"How long ago was that?"

"About six months, now," she replied promptly. "He often looked in."

"And this man Prout?"

"Oh, he's an old friend; we've both known him for over 20 years."

"He lives near here?"

"Thirty-four, Kennington Green-lane," she answered.

"And were you in the house this morning while Mr. Galesbourne was with your husband?"

"No, sir I took the opportunity of running out to do some shopping while Fred had someone sitting with him."

"Were you out long?"

"I got held up in the grocer's, sir," she

admitted. "I had rather a lot of shopping to do and only got back as Mr. Galesbourne was trying to get poor Fred to open the door after he'd come back from the Vicarage."

"So that your husband was alone at the time of his death?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I suppose so," she agreed, beginning to cry.

"I see," nodded the detective. "Mr. Galesbourne tells me that, on his return from the Vicarage, he let himself in again. "How did he do that?"

"We always left a latch-key on the hall table, sir, it's there now. I suppose he used that," she suggested.

FACTS ABOUT THE VICAR

As Hopton came in through the gate again, he met Inspector Carlingford, who had finished giving his orders and had come in search of his brother officer.

"Well," he said, with ill-concealed sarcasm, "finding out any more ironmongery we've missed?"

"Not at the moment," replied Hopton completely ignoring the sneer. "I want some particulars about this Father Galesbourne."

"Fire away, then," nodded the other.

"What do you want to know?"

"How far away is his vicarage?"

"Not more than three hundred yards," replied the Divisional Inspector. "Next to the Church, . . . St. Luke's."

"Is he married?"

"No, he's a celibate; that means . . ."

"Yes, I know exactly what it means!" interjected the Scotland Yard man sharply. "Who else lives at the vicarage?"

"Only old Smith, his manservant, and a woman who comes in every day to scrub and tidy up," replied Carlingford in a sulky tone, "and there's his secretary, Miss Olney, who's only there in the mornings for an hour."

"He's been ill recently, hasn't he?"

"Yes, nervous breakdown, followed by loss of memory."

"Do you know if he's been under proper medical treatment?" inquired Hopton.

"Yes—Doctor Graveley. The doctor tells me he's been very ill," Carlingford assured him.

"Thank you," said the detective, noting down the answers. "I've done all I can here, and I'm going back to the 'Yard' now to think out the next move. See you again this evening," and nodded.

(To be continued)

Plans Under Way for Swimming Pool

(Continued from Page One)

With Mr. Wilson giving the pool for the experiment, and Mr. Fisher conducting it as a community service, the cost to those using the pool will be very small—merely a nominal sum for the season.

If present plans are followed out, it is expected that the Riverside swimming pool will be all ready for re-opening by July 1st. Under the present plan, there will be supervision of the swimming pool at all times and it will be conducted in such a way that there will be the maximum of advantage for all with perfect safety. It is hoped by Mr. Fisher to make the programme such that not only the youngsters may learn to swim and enjoy the water, but that the best of skilled swimmers will have something worth while to do at the swimming pool. There will be enough swimming and diving that all should get their fill. Arrangements are also planned for Scouts, Tuxis, Trail Rangers, Guides, and others, to pass tests in swimming and life-saving.

Swimming will be admitted by all to be the principal pastime of summer in this district for the most of people, and especially for the youngsters. Recently there has been much said about the need for one or more swimming pools. It is recognized that practically all of the swimming places easily accessible to the children of the town are unsafe for one reason or another. Fatalities at the river in past years prove that there is danger in that body of water. It is because of this that the proposal has been made recently that three or four swimming pools be established to meet the needs of all in town. Several swimming pools would meet the needs much better than one large pool that would of necessity be some distance from all other sections of the town. In addition several smaller pools could be constructed for much less than one large pool. In addition pools located at different positions in the town would serve their several localities much better than the one large pool, situated in one particular section, but expected to meet the needs of all other sections. With the swimming pool at the river reopened, and the possibility of a new pool being built at Gillies Lake, a good start would be made in supplying the needs. If the two pools were in operation this year, there is every reason to

believe that the advantages of the plan would be so evident that there would be little difficulty in succeeding years in establishing one or two more pools to meet the needs of the other parts of the town.

In the meantime, however, it would be well to remember that the immediate co-operation of the public is needed in the matter. Parents who receive the circular letter referred to should reply as soon as they can, so that the plans for the re-opening the Riverside swimming pool may be pushed forward at once. The cost of conducting this swimming pool will not be heavy, even adding the price needed for repairs and improvements to place the present pool in ideal condition. Most families will be able to meet the small charge that will be necessary for the use of the swimming pool at the river. It is also planned to care for those who may be unable to meet the nominal fee that will be asked. All parents, in any case, will facilitate matters by promptly returning the ques-

tionnaire with all questions duly filled in.

Annual Meeting Tuesday of the Mining Institute

The annual meeting of the Porcupine branch of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy will be held at the Empire Hotel, Timmins, on Tuesday (to-morrow) night at 8.30. This will be the last regular meeting of the branch until next fall. The chief business of the meeting to-morrow night will be the receiving of the reports of the officers for the past year and the election of officers for the ensuing year. In addition, there will be a paper by Mr. Oliver Hall, consulting engineer, on "Diamond Drill Mining at the Noranda Mine." This new type of mining is one of the newest developments of the industry, and accordingly the paper will be of the greatest interest to all connected with mining.

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Wedding on Friday at Church Nativity

Miss Katherine Daciw and Mr. Edward Noonan united in Marriage.

In the presence of a few friends, a quiet wedding took place at the Church of Nativity on Friday morning at 8.30 o'clock when Rev. Fr. O'Gorman united in marriage Katherine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Daciw, of Chatfield, Manitoba and Mr. Edward Noonan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Noonan, of 44 Second Avenue, Timmins.

The bride, charming in a gown of ivory satin, made on fitted lines with lace at the neckline and from the elbow to the cuff on the leg o' mutton sleeves, wore a long floor-length veil of embroidered tulle, caught in a coronet of lily-of-the-valley, and carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses and lily-of-the-valley.

Miss Annie Sowchuk, as bridesmaid, was attractively attired in a gown of pink net over taffeta, with pleated net at the collar, and short full sleeves. She carried a bouquet of deep pink carnations.

The groom was attended by Mr. Thomas Noonan, his brother.

Following the ceremony, a number of friends and relatives were received at the home of the groom's parents 44 Second Avenue, where a wedding breakfast was served.

On Saturday the bride and groom left for Winnipeg, and the home of the bride's parents at Chatfield, six miles from Winnipeg. The bride wore a grey tailored suit with navy blue accessories. Mr. and Mrs. Noonan will reside in Timmins.

Record Crowds at St. Anthony's Bazaar

Event Proving Big Success May be Continued to Saturday.

The annual St. Anthony's Church bazaar which began on Tuesday, May 24th, has continued throughout the week with the greatest of success, and record attendances. Bingo, the feature attraction this year, has drawn large crowds, who have also taken part in the other interesting games, as well as visiting the different booths.

At present the committee in charge have made arrangements to extend the event until Saturday, June 4th. However, the special prize of a sedan car will be awarded on June 1st according to previous plans.

Following June the 1st, special awards will be given every night, and for a happy and enjoyable evening, the St. Anthony's Church bazaar is the destination of large crowds every evening. You, too, may win a lucky prize.

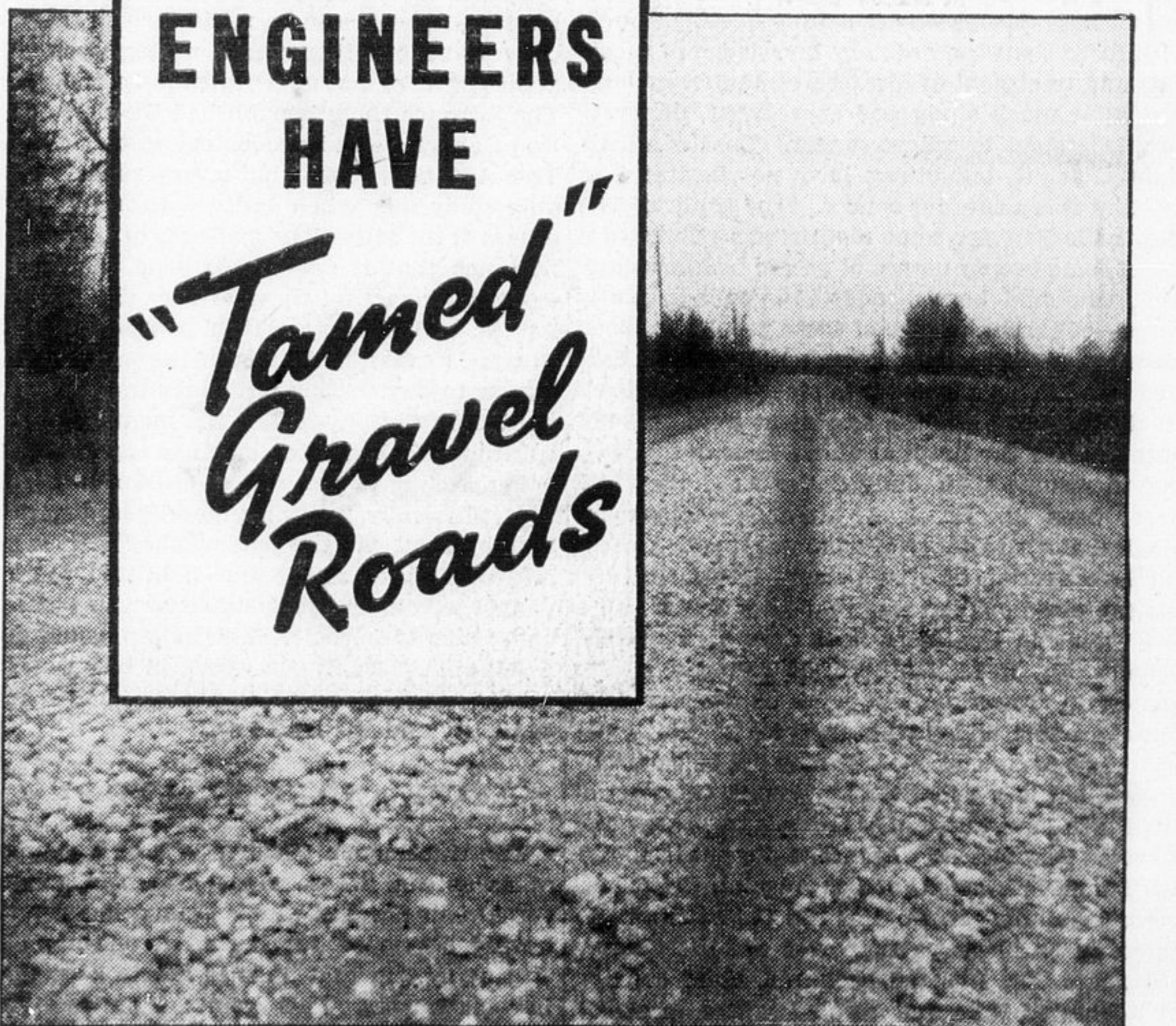
Former Local Man Killed Last Week

T. B. Booth Victim of Fatal Accident at Wright-Hargreaves Mines in Kirkland.

T. B. Booth, who until about a year ago resided at 318 Pine Street South, was instantly killed at Wright-Hargreaves mine in Kirkland Lake last Wednesday afternoon when he was caught under a fall of a comparatively small piece of loose rock. The rock hurled the man against the mucking machine he was operating and decapitated him. His helper, Harold E. Mercier, had stepped back a moment or two before the rock fell and escaped without injury. Booth's wife and children have been living in Timmins.

It is stated that the loose rock in question had been braced by a sprag when inspected by officials in the morning. The brace had been removed at the time of the accident. An inquest will be held, as is the custom in all mining fatalities.

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