

EBONY TORSO

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Convicted of Murder



Sentenced to be hanged on July 8 for the slaying of his wife, Gertrude, last April 26, William McQuarrie is shown being led from the Winnipeg court-house to the jail. He was convicted of killing his wife by slashing her throat with a penknife as they were returning from the juvenile court.

He and his companions turned the injured man over.

"Is he dead?" inquired Sir Hallard anxiously.

"No, sir, still breathing, thank God," announced Hopton. "Go and ring the ambulance, quick, Carlingford. It's touch-and-go."

The divisional inspector had turned to obey the order when he suddenly stopped.

"Look there!" he yelled, grasping Sir Hallard's arm and pointing upwards. "See that?"

The end of the mews was closed by a high wall behind which glowed a dim light that made it stand up sharply against the curtain of fog. The Chief Commissioner swung round at Carlingford's warning, and was just in time to see a black, shapeless something scramble on to the top of the wall, run along it with the agility of a monkey, and disappear into a bank of shadow. In a second, Sir Hallard had snatched the revolver from his pocket, grabbed Carlingford's torch, and was sprinting for the wall like a madman.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Wedding Thursday of Popular Couple

Miss Sarah Olive Irene Thomas and Mr. W. G. Walters United in Marriage.

The St. Matthew's Anglican Church was the scene of a pretty wedding on Thursday afternoon at 4.30 when Sarah Olive Irene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas, became the bride of Mr. William George Walters, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Walters, of Iroquois Falls. Rev. Canon R. S. Cushing performed the ceremony in the presence of many friends of the popular young couple, the church being decorated with carnations and other flowers.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was lovely in a

"Not since this afternoon," replied Carlingford unenthusiastically. "I expect he's busy somewhere else."

"You can be pretty sure of that," chuckled the Commissioner confidently. "I'll bet twenty to one he's not letting the grass grow under his feet wherever he happens to be."

"I shouldn't wonder," the Divisional Inspector agreed sarcastically. "I expect he's beating up the local ironmongers after some screw or other. He's got that screw on the brain, sir."

"Well, smaller things than a screw have frequently put a murderer in the dock, Inspector," Sir Hallard commented. "I need hardly remind you it's often the details that matter."

"Undoubtedly sir," was the grudging reply. "And I'm forced to admit, an examination of the screw hole in the door more or less pointed to what he said being correct. But what does it prove?"

"Merely that the murderer wasn't this mythical beast or incubus, or what ever the thing's supposed to be," the Commissioner replied. "It proves that Scott's murder was carefully planned beforehand and that the murderer entered by the door, and not by the window as suggested."

"I can't see it proves that, sir," objected the other rather sulkily.

"Not at the present stage, perhaps, Inspector, but it's a very definite beginning to a line of investigation," the Chief assured him sharply. "It may be the little slip that turns out to be an invaluable pointer to the truth. No, I think you can leave things to Hopton with perfect confidence."

"You know best, sir," replied the disgruntled inspector with the very slightest shrug of his broad shoulders.

"Well, let's take a look at the scene of this evening's appearance—Rison

Lane," suggested Sir Hallard. "I believe it's quite near here."

"That's correct, sir. I'll take you there at once," replied Carlingford, leading the way.

They had not walked a hundred yards, however, before they suddenly ran into Hopton, who unexpectedly appeared out of the shadows.

"Hullo, Inspector," said Sir Hallard as his subordinate came up. "I thought it wouldn't be long before we came across you. I don't suppose you expected to find me down here, did you?"

"As a matter of fact I heard you were taking a look round, sir," answered the Detective. "I hurried back here as soon as I received Inspector Carlingford's report of this fresh development. I questioned the woman who saw this apparition but couldn't get much out of her except that the creature looked like a huge ape—but she's an hysterical type. Since then I've been keeping an eye on St. Luke's Church."

"Um, d'you think this thing's after the offertory box?" chuckled the Commissioner, to the joy of Carlingford and the Sergeant, who greeted their brother officer's discomfiture with gurgles of delight.

"No, sir, not exactly," smiled Hopton, passing the joke over lightly. "I feel certain something'll happen in that quarter before long."

"Inspector Hopton is certain all this business has something to do with the Rev. Galesbourne, sir," commented Carlingford facetiously. "It's quite useless to tell him that the gentleman's been vicar of St. Luke's for years, doing excellent work and without a stain against his character; he's not going to be convinced."

"So I understand," smiled the Chief. "But I have every faith in Inspector Hopton's judgment. Suppose we go

along and have a look at St. Luke's first, as it's so handy."

"It's only just around the corner," directed Carlingford as they crossed the road and, turning to the left in front of a public-house, came in sight of the church in question.

"That's it, then, sir," said the Sergeant, pointing out the church to Sir Hallard. "And the vicarage is the big, gloomy-looking place on the right."

"Pretty grim-looking hole, isn't it?" commented the Commissioner as he noted the confused mass of buildings. "Every conceivable style of architecture seems to have been jumbled up in the church, and the vicarage looks like a badly-designed barracks. I should think the man who has to live in such a hole for years might be driven to any excess!"

"Oh, it's quite comfortable inside, sir," said Carlingford.

"Indeed it is that," amplified Sergeant O'Mara. "Mr. Galesbourne's got it fitted up with all his brass work—"

"Brass work?" interjected Hopton sharply.

"Yes, sir, Indian brasses—trays and gods and such ornaments which he told me he bought in the East."

"I see," nodded the Detective.

"Nevertheless, I don't think I'd like to live there," remarked Sir Hallard, as he gazed up at the gloomy windows, only one of which was lighted. They stood looking at the buildings and the Commissioner was going to move away when the vicarage door opened and they saw Galesbourne silhouette'd against the light as he came into the hall with a poor-looking man in a cap and raincoat. He stood waving his visitor ran down the steps, and disappeared into the shadows, for the street was poorly lighted at this point.

MORE TROUBLE

The watchers saw the Vicar close his door again, and Sir Hallard had just intimated that he wished to explore the back of the building, when a series of distant screams made them stop abruptly. The urgent outcries were followed by a silence, and then another tumult of shrieks rent the night air, far nearer this time.

"Sounds like more trouble," cried Hopton. "Come on!" and he began to sprint in the direction of the alarm. As he turned the corner, he saw a little knot of chattering people gathered round a lamp and made towards them, with the others close at his heels. Pushing his way through the crowd, the detective found a young girl, of not more than 18, dressed in a cheap evening frock covered with a tweed coat. She was sitting on the curb in a hysterical state, while two women were attempting to calm her.

"What's up?" asked the Detective sternly. "I'm a police officer; anything wrong?"

Realizing she was safe, the girl controlled her sobs and looked up at the newcomer with wild, terrified eyes.

"Oh, there's a man in Dexter Mews—dead, I think!" she blubbered in a half-dazed way. "I was off to a dance and nearly fell over him."

The information was quite enough for Hopton.

"Stay with her, sergeant," he cried to O'Mara. "I'll get a statement later. Where's Dexter Mews?"

"This way," panted Carlingford from the rear. "Come on!"

Accompanied by the Chief Commissioner, the two men darted over the road and under a wide arch leading to a row of stables and coach houses. Two feeble gas-lamps were fixed to the walls and by their light the officers saw the body of a man lying face downward in the middle of the road and recognized the long blue coat of a policeman.

"It's Holland!" cried Carlingford, as

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gown of coral sheer, made on fitted lines. She wore white accessories, and a floor-length tulle veil caught in a corset of orange blossoms, and carried a large bouquet of pink carnations, snap-dragons and lilies.

Miss Ethel Walters, sister of the groom, acted as maid-of-honour, charmingly attired in a gown of peach satin, made on princess lines, and wore white accessories. She carried a bouquet of carnations and maidenhair fern.

Miss Kathleen Wilkinson attended the bride as bridesmaid, wearing a gown of blue sheer, with a full skirt and short bolero jacket. Her accessories were in white and she carried a bouquet similar to that carried by the maid-of-honour.

The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Allen Walters.

The wedding music was played by Miss Habib at the organ.

Following the ceremony a wedding dinner was served at the home of the bride's parents, where a reception was held in the evening. Many friends were present to wish the bride and groom every happiness, and to shower them with many lovely and useful gifts. Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Walters received the guests, the former wearing a dress of violet sheer, and the latter a navy blue silk. Each wore identical corsage of carnations.

Mr. and Mrs. Walters will reside in Iroquois Falls.

Prior to the wedding the bride was honoured at several showers by her numerous friends.

Comparing British and Canadian Taxes

Canadians Carry Quite Heavy Burden Now.

(Toronto Financial Post)
Figures widely published in Canadian papers last week, comparing income tax rates in Canada and Great Britain, were very misleading. They left the impression that the Britisher carries a tremendously higher tax burden than the Canadian.

Admittedly, the income tax burden is higher in the United Kingdom—especially since the increase in rate from 25 to 27½ per cent. last week. But in Great Britain the income tax is the major source of government revenue—responsible for about one-third the total. Britain has no sales tax as Canada has, Britain has no provincial taxes as Canada has.

In Canada, income tax is a minor source of public revenue (about 10 per cent.). Revenues from property, sales and other taxes have to be considered in any comparison.

A better test of relationship between the taxpayer's pocketbook and the public purse would be the amount governments in each country are actually expending out of the national income. Comparable figures for 1935 indicate that all governments in Canada (Federal, provincial and municipal) spent just over \$1000 millions or about \$90 per capita.

In the same year, the central and the local governments in Great Britain spent about \$5000 millions or \$106 per capita.

Thus Canada does not lag far behind in the public spending and taxation as the figures so widely published would indicate. As a matter of fact, since Britain's national income is estimated at 20 per cent. greater (per capita) than Canada's, this country is more heavily taxed.

But even that is not the whole story. Great Britain is an old country with huge investments abroad. From these investments—the accumulations of prosperous years—she derives tremen-

dous annual income. The League of Nations estimates at approximately \$900 millions a year, the net amount she receives from dividends and interest.

This is the "fat" Britain can live on. By reason of it her national taxing power is greatly increased.

Canada has no such wealth to draw upon. In fact she pays out over \$200 millions annually to meet net interest and service charges on money she has borrowed from abroad, over and above what she receives.

In short, the Canadian taxpayer, with huge foreign commitments for dividends and interest, is having to support almost as heavy a per capita load of government expenditure as his British cousin, who has great accumulated wealth to draw upon.

The British taxpayer can afford to pay much heavier taxes than the Canadian taxpayer. We are a younger, a developing country. We ought to be much more lightly taxed in comparison with Great Britain, than we really are.

Bears Tear Down Yellow Signs in the Woods 'Tis Said

(From Sudbury Star)
Bears are enamored of the colour yellow and each year, Northern Ontario's bears' love of yellow costs the

Province of Ontario a tidy sum of money.

How much is not known. But the expense factor is not the greatest burden. It means a complete survey of all "Fire" signs put up in the districts inhabited by bears. And invariably it means a new sign to replace the one put up the year previously.

Bears go for the yellow signs and wherever they can reach the familiar yellow posters, they invariably tear them to pieces, report forestry branch officials who are obliged to replace them.

"I do not know what it is about the yellow signs," stated one member of the department who reports having seen many signs torn and mutilated by bears. "They do love to tear them up, though. As far as I know, I never saw a bear touch one of the old white signs that were used for many years."

Fort Frances Times.—It takes pluck for a girl to wear some of the new bathing costumes. In fact, she has to show a lot of backbone to do it.



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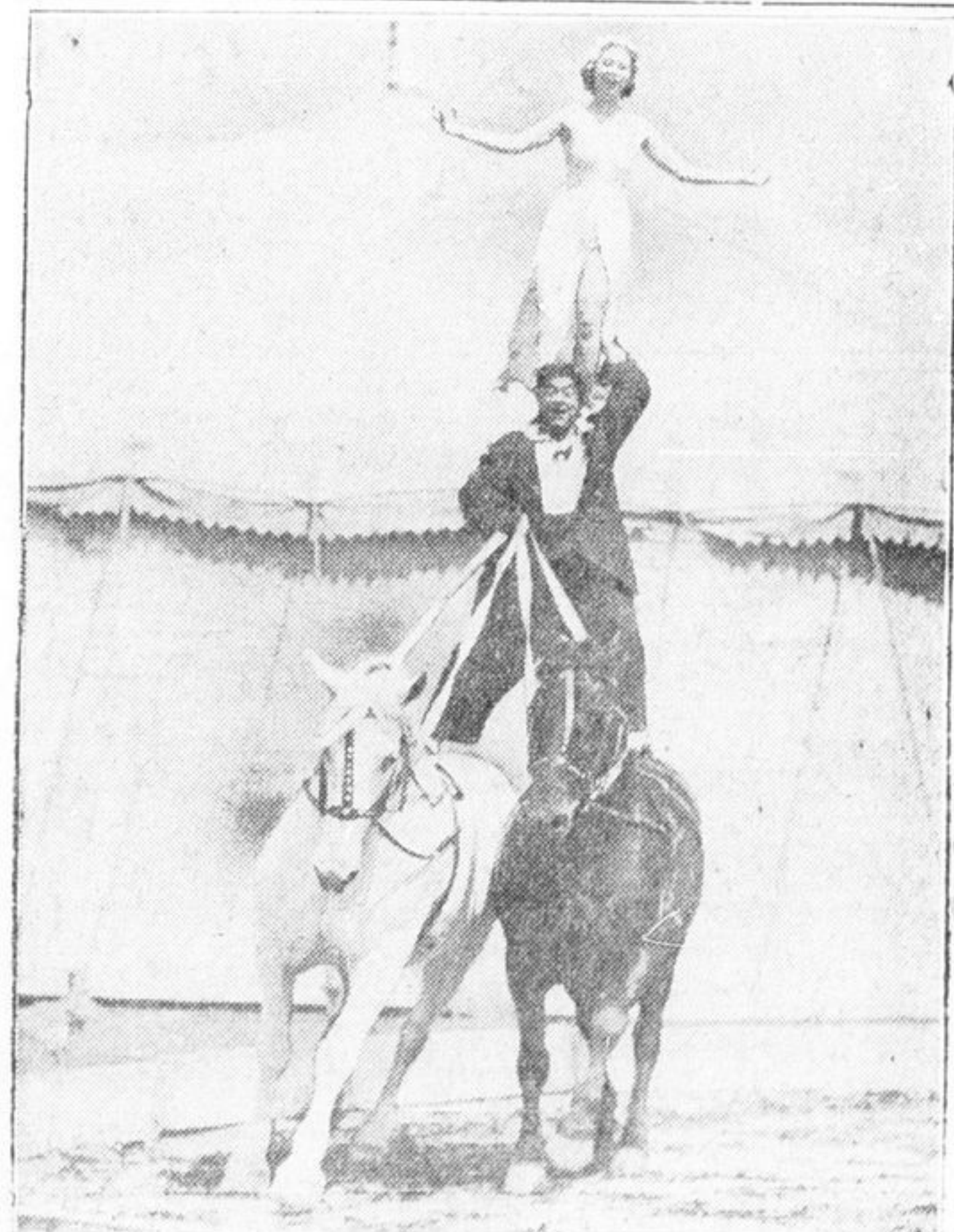
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The horse has come into its own again with the circus even if it has been crowded off the streets.

There will be more horses and more breeds of horses in Timmins on Thursday, June 9th, when the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus arrives for matinee and night shows at the circus grounds east of the Birch Street School, than in a score of years.

Over two hundred blooded horses, superbly trained, cavort in the three rings and on the hippodrome track at each performance. Another hundred and fifty horses are found pulling wagons to the lot or in the spacious horse tents on the circus grounds where visitors are welcome to again make acquaintance with the horse, long ago called "man's best friend."

The circus performance of the Hagenbeck-Wallace show is filled with novelty acts and important headliners. Leading this great galaxy of stars is

BLACAMAN, Hindu Animal Hypnotist, making his first tour of this country under the management of Hagenbeck-Wallace. BLACAMAN has amazed four continents with his remarkable and sensational hypnotic power over jungle-bred lions and man-eating crocodiles.

Other famous circus acts fill three rings and stages at every performance of the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus. Poodles Hanneford presents a marvelous feature equine exhibition. Eleven beautiful horses ridden in pyramids by three men and twelve charming ladies is but one of the equestrian numbers. This act is said to be the largest group of horses and riders ever presented in one ring. Then there is Mickey King, aerial marvel, Cheerful Gardiner and 26 performing elephants, Jim Wong and his talented troupe of Royal Chinese acrobats, scores of clowns and features and a menagerie of wild beasts.