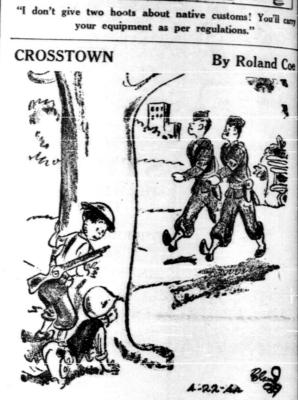
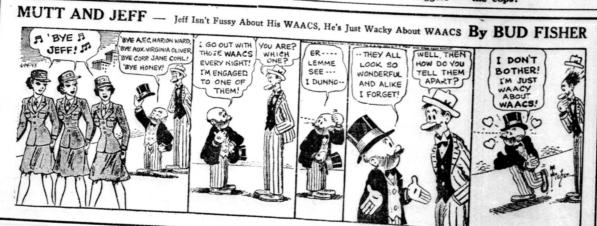


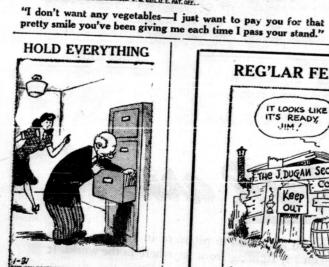
FUNNY BUSINESS By Hershberger "Now maybe I can get a furlough!"

OH, GO PLAY ON A

HOLE THAT'S NOT BEING USED.







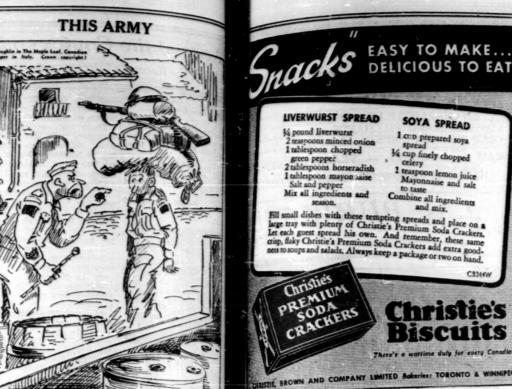
"Not that file, Mr. Adams—that's for my friends in the Army and Navy!"



"He hates to get his feet wet







SERIAL STORY

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

PLEASE WRITE

18 Bay Street, Toronto.



MACDONAL Canada's Standard Smoke

Murder on the Boardwalk

to bank. Wait in Surf City for further instructions.' You see, sir, the trick was in the way she formed her letters. For instance, if she looped her 't's' it meant, 'What I expected has happened'; tells of receiving a letter frs. Talbert. Inspector Par-"Let's have the note," the insks him to identify the one spector interrupted "or what you understood from it."

CHAPTER XVI "Well, what she wanted me to ir," Jaspar declared as soon one forged it, ap-I could decode only two words.
One was 'Boardwalk,' and the write the note deliv-

A Motorcycle roared to a stop at the door, and an imperative knock sounded outside. Inspector Parsons said, "I'll attend to this," ticipating an - emergency. and went out into the hall.

When he returned he was excited by the idea. In briskly sorting a sheaf of reports. "Go on," he prompted without - a kind of code; and she had

looking up.
"It was the second word, sir, "It was the second word, sir, that was responsible for my having spent most of the next two days about the waterfront."
"And that word of course, was boat," the inspector anticipated.
"But that launch wasn't aban-

doned as the newspaper story said, Jaspar. The owner, Cap-tain Parks, was aboard. He showed us a letter from Mrs. Talbert, engaging his boat for a deepsea fishing trip, enclosing a check, signed by her, in partial payment, and instructing him to call at the Twenty-seventh street dock early this morning. . . But long before that, Mrs. Talbert was

"But sir," he faltered at last,
"Mrs. Talbert doesn't fish. She never wrote that leter of own accord."

"I don't think so either. Yet some hours after the murder Mrs. Talbert's car was located, empty and locked, at the Twenty-seventh Street dock. . . . Now, about the time when Mrs. Talbert's dead body was found, you were picked up on the beach with a key-holder in your hand.

holder in your hand.

"The key-holder turned out to belong to Mr. Yardley, who two hours before had been seen hiding in a car parked exactly where Mrs. Talbert's was found, waiting—so he said—for Miss Thorenson. Among the keys was the key to Mrs. Talbert's car.... And early Mrs. Talbert's car. . . . And early lase evening you rowed out to Captain King's launch and spent You Will Enjoy Staying At

The ST. REGIS HOTEL TORONTO Every Room with Bath,



opening the chests the captain keeps on deck for fish." from Mrs. Talbert's note that she the Boardwalk or expected to be. and there wasn't any place where Mrs. Talbert could have been hid-

follow you to shore in his dinghy. You are right about one thing, however: Mrs. Talbert never

was being detained. But Mrs.

Talbert must have been hurried or confused. For aside from that,

wondered.

After a silence through which

confessed."
"Confessed?" The voice of Chandra, who un-til now had remained thought-fully aloof, rang out, sharply in-

that when he went back to the place where it should have been, it was gone. When we found it,

opening the chests the captain keeps on deck for fish."

the number-plates of the company had been removed, so that, in a crowd, it might have passed for any private chair."
"But I should think." Bill said, "that the next side would have carried the chair tide would have walk and out to sea."

"That was what the murderer thought when he hoisted it over

the raliing. . . . Perhaps he was den. There was only one sailor, hurried at the last moment, or-" "But Captain King woke up in time," Inspector Parsons said "to the inspector paused as if to in-spect an idea—"perhaps he didn't know that except for a few times a year, with phenomenally high a year, with phenomenally high tides, the water doesn't come up under the walk at that particular was on that boat."

Mr. Wilmet spoke for the first time, his round pink face puckered in bewilderment: Christine said in a voice site hardly recognized as her own, "I thought the doctor said she must have been killed before 11.30. Up to that time, the Board-

understand first, sir, was that that note had been dictated by someboat and murdered after this man was there? I understood from the newspaper that one pair of those footprints was hers."

"Miss Thorenson is evidently one woman who doesn't run to gossip. You had dinner with her, didn't you? . . Those footprints, as I told her, did fit Mrs. Talbert's shoes. Not the ones she was wearing that night, but another pair, identical in measurements except for one slightly damaged heel."

Did he tell me that because he "Miss Thorenson is evidently one woman who doesn't run to gossip. You had dinner with her,

ing that hight, but another pair, identical in measurements except for one slightly damaged heel."

Did he tell me that because he wanted it repeated? Christine But the inspector was going on.

each word dropping like the tinkle of ice, "Mrs. Talbert, it happens, was killed in a wheel chair, her body wheeled to the booth and left there. The Coast Guard found the chair this morning under the edge of the Boardwalk not far

his words seemed to echo and reecho he went on, "The man who had been pushing that chair has

Butterscotch-A Top Flavor Favorite

tide ordinarily came in that



Morale runs high in Camp when mail call brings a golden batch of Butterscotch biscuits. Here's the prescription for earning a special spot in a soldier's heart—Just whip up 2 bit of bran biscuit dough, spread lightly with a mixture of brown sugar and butter—bake, cool, wrap, and send.

There'll be enough left when you're finished for your own picnic basket or dinner table.

BRAN BUTTERSCOTCH BISCUITS

1 teaspoon baking powder

BRAN BUTTERSCOTCH BISCUITS

1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
1/2 cups flour
1/2 cup shortening
Soak All-Bran in buttermilk. Sift flour, baking powder, salt
and soda together. Cut in shortening until mixture is like coarse
and soda together. Cut in shortening until dough follows fork
cornmeal. Add soaked All-Bran, stir until dough follows fork
around bowl. Turn onto floured board, knead lightly a few
around bowl. Turn onto floured board, knead lightly a few
around seconds. Roll dough into an oblong about 1/4 inch thick. Spread
seconds. Roll dough into an oblong about 1/4 inch thick. Spread
seconds. Roll dough into an oblong about 1/4 cup brown sugar.
With 1 tablespoon soft butter and sprinkle with
with 1 tablespoon soft butter and sprinkle with
general flowers and sprinkle with
look of the flowers and sprinkle with
loo

You'll enjoy our Orange Pekoe Blend

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

I really believe if we said "sic-cum" to our old Ford it would go to the station and back again with-out anyone at the wheel. You see, out anyone at the wheel. You see, hardly a week goes by without our noble chariot meeting trains twice and often three times each week.

It is nice to have visitors, and meeting trains is all right but if the train happens to be an hour late that happens to be an hour late. as it has been on two recent oc-casions—then one begins to chaic at the wasted time. However, it is just one of those things, I sup-pose.

Today, Partner's brother, his wife and little girl were here. Brother helped in the field and barn; his wife and I had one grand visit — in between getting meals and washing of course. Little Anne—well she seemed to be having the time of her life . . . riding home atop a load of hay; gathering eggs, feeding chickens, playing with Tippy and coming to meals ravenously hungry. In fact, she had such a good time she talked her Dad into promising he would come again towards the end of the week. So you see what I mean about the old Ford, don't you?

Here is our latest bovine bed-Christine said in a voice she

Here is our latest bovine bedtime story. Partner went for the cows Wednesday morning and found a new cali. Mother and son

ly dicarded is the darkest part of the promenade, where few peo-

ple walk." OF ISRAEL

I Samuei 3:19-7:17

PRINTED TEXT, I Samuel 3:
19-21; 7:3-12.
GOLDEN TEXT. — He that Jaspar asked, his face chall white "But how do you know that Mrs Talbert was murdered in that chair?"
"Because," the inspector said,

"in that chair we found frag-ments of the spectacles she had been wearing, and—various indi-cations of violence That letter Time. — The chronology of the period of the Judges is exceedingly difficult, but, according to the most recent calculations of archaeologists, the events of our lesson may be to Captain King and the one to
Miss Thorenson we found in Mrs.
Talbert's purse—both probably
forged as you have not failed to forged as you have not failed to suggest — and those footprints—" Christine wondered why he glanced toward Bill Yardley—"were delib-erate attempts to frustrate justice." "If I'd been doing it," Bill put in, "I'd have looked to make sure

Place. - There are many georaphical designations in our less

was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground." From his earliest childhood Samuel had been a holy God-fearing youth. It is said of him then that the Lord was with him, and that all of his was with him, and that all of his prophecies proved true in the end.
"And all Israel from Dan even to Beer-sheba knew that Samuel was of true repentance." If they would be delivered from their bondage and misery they must banish the false Gods from their midst and return to God in a spirit of true hu-

mility, serving Him alone. One God Only "Then the children of Israel did

"Then the children of Israel did put away The Baalim and the Ashtaroth, and served Jehovah only... And Samuel judged the children of Israel in Mizpah."

They had tried to serve both Jehovah and Baal, but this had proved impossible for God will not have a rival. Therefore Israel put away the strange Gods and 'served the Lord only'.

Pouring out the water was a symbolical expression of the pouring out of the heart before God in penitence and supplication. Their

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42 Wellington St. E., Toron

deserted. He carried it into the stable thinking the mother would show up in a little while. But she didn't. At night I brought the cows to the barn to be milked. Partner immediately said — "Where's Mary?"

"I don't know," I answered, "I didn't see a sign of her." Well, while Partner was milking I volumbile.

her home. I found her but I didn't bring her home. She was away over by the back-line fence with another calf! Back I came again to report my findings—but why, oh why, does a cow, when she stays away, have to choose the forthermost corner of the farm.

home as it was still somewhat wobbley on its legs.

From then on it was my job to feed the twins—one with a bottle for the first two feedings, the other than the fourth day. with a pail. Come the fourth day, even though I straddled them at feeding time, those calves were strong enough to take me for a side event the part of the paid to take me for a side event the part and half drown ride around the pen and half drown me in milk.

Pretty little things, calves! To-

day a trucker came

of humiliation and inward distress. They confessed their sin and ack-

nowledged that they had been liv-ing in rebellion against God.

"And when the Philistines heard

that the children of Israel were

and Samuel cried unto Jehovah for

Israel: and Jehovah answered him".

The children of Israel did not turn back to their strange gods when in danger. They had faith that if the Lord their God came to

ther aid the Philistines would be

defeated. They had faith in the in-tercession of Samuel and were sure

his prayers in their behalf would prevail with God. "And as Samuel was offering up

until they came under Beth-car.'
When God intervenes He discom-

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

THE PROPHET IN THE LIFE

hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. Jeremiah 23:28.

Memory Verse: Thou art nigh,
O Jehovah. Psalm 119: 151.

THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING

said to fall somewhere between 1050 and 1025 B. C.

fits His enemies, they become para-

The Stone of Help and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath Jehovah helped us." This stone was to be a silent witness to the truth, that they owed their victory not to their own strength and skill, but to the strong arm of the Lord. God's help in the past is a pledge to us that He will be our helper and strength in the days that lie before us.

India's Railways India already enjoys a transport system second to none in Asia. Her railway mileage of over 41,000 places her among the world's five most advanced countries. She has some 276,000 miles of roads.

to Constipation!"

"I said good-bye

help correct it!"

If this is your trouble, stop "dosing" with harsh purgatives—with their lack of lasting relief! Try eating a serving of ALL-BRAN daily, with milk, or sprinkled over other cereals. Or, eat several ALL-BRAN muffins daily! Drink plenty of water.

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