

# MACDONALD'S BRISK

Canada's Standard Smoke

## SERIAL STORY

### Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

Last Week: "Lucille" leads Christine to Chandra. She realizes that it was he who met her at the station. He admits he is "partly responsible" for Mrs. Talbert's death because he did not warn her of impending danger.

**CHAPTER XIV**  
"I don't believe it!" Christine cried. "I don't believe that my cousin ever went to a fortune-teller in her life. She was too—"  
"Too sensible, you mean? I am sorry to disillusion you, but Mrs. Talbert has been one of my best clients for years."  
"And I let you make me promise not to warn the police?"  
Christine swung on the girl. "Please! You're here because there are things you must know that only my uncle can tell you. And this is the only place in Surf City where he is safe from the police. Then a door opened and another person came quickly from an adjoining room."

Christine cried on a caught breath, "Jasper!"  
But this wasn't the caricature of Jasper she had seen last night. This was the same immaculate, decorous Jasper she remembered moving smoothly about his duties at Cousin Emma's.

"Miss Christine," he began respectfully, "I had almost given up hope of speaking with you until you called my niece. I told her to ask you the other night to do—"  
He turned anxiously to the girl. "You'd better hurry home, Lucille," he told her in an undertone. The girl nodded, and slipped obediently out of the room.  
"There wasn't any change," Jasper went on, "ever after I saw that you had recognized me, Miss Christine. That's why you did recognize me, didn't you?"  
"Oh, yes," Christine told him. "I recognized you all right."

For a moment Christine stood speechless, her thoughts scattering like leaves in a wind.

Apparently the witness here under Chandra's protection—a shrewd confederate. Yet if the shrewd had really wanted to warn her, why hadn't he given her the information plainly, in words of one syllable, without all that theatrical clap-trap? Unless, perhaps, he had some reason for distrusting the butter, and wanting to make sure before he committed himself. Unless he had some reason for suspecting that Jasper was involved in Cousin Emma's death.

But when she had talked with Chandra, Cousin Emma was still alive—at least, her death was not public knowledge.

No, it's too thin, Christine thought. These two are working together.

"I hope, Miss Christine," Jasper

"I beg your pardon, Miss Christine—something had happened. She had disappeared. I hoped, Jasper was going on anxiously, "that I might be able to get help to Mrs. Talbert before—before it was too late; and I had to get the papers to you the best way I could."

"I should think the bank was the place for them."

"Yes, Miss Christine," Jasper agreed uncomformably. "But—of course you couldn't know this—"

For some time Mrs. Talbert had been growing more and more well-remembered about things like that. She insisted that you must have them in your own hands."

"But if you knew she was in danger, why didn't you go to the police?"

"Because that was another thing Mrs. Talbert had made me promise. You see, Miss Christine, she had been expecting something like this for a long time. Perhaps you wouldn't remember, but almost 12 years ago, her only nephew was kidnapped in much the same way."

"Mrs. Talbert paid a sweet ransom," Inspector Parsons had said, "but the boy was never found."

"And Mrs. Talbert wouldn't have the police called then, either," Jasper finished.

"Why should she expect to be abducted?"

"Well, Miss Christine, lately she's had—threatening letters—just as the family did before Mr. Earl was taken."

And who, Christine thought,

went on, "that you haven't just left those papers lying around about with you?"

So that was what they wanted—to know whether or not she had the bonds here—now. "Someone," the inspector had said, "who knew he could get them from you as easily as he left them."

Christine said steadily, "I turned the bonds over to Inspector Parsons the first thing this morning, and told him where I found them."

And Jasper, it seems to me that you are the one who—just left them around. How did you know where my room was, and how did you get in?"

Christine said the simplest part of it, Miss Christine. You see, not being able to meet you myself at the train, I asked Mr. Chandra, who has been in Mrs. Talbert's confidence for years, to make certain where you went. And at the hotel, all I had to do was to find one of the maids who used to work under me at my cousin's home. I told her I had been sent with a parcel

Christine had never expected to be gladdened by the sight of Inspector Parsons, but when he came briskly into the room, she could have fallen on his neck. Behind her was Bill Yardley—his eyes

seeking her out with a kind of angry relief—Mr. Wilmet, and sobbing miserably into her handkerchief. She had the girl Lucille—

In the hall beyond, Christine saw several figures. The inspector looked Jasper over with a satisfied smile of recognition and favored Christine with a glance that was far from friendly.

Then he turned to a uniformed man. "Take this girl home," he directed, indicating the butler's weeping niece; "and see that she stays there till further notice."

He swung upon Christine. "Some of these days, you'll learn," he said coldly, "you'll learn that, when murder's involved, it pays to tell the whole truth."

"Wait a minute, Inspector!" Bill's voice cracked. "I told you that Miss Thorsen hadn't any idea where she was coming to tonight, or whom she was going to find. And a sweet chase you've led me!"

Christine led me to a Christine. "If Wilmet, here, hadn't happened down to see you following that girl, I don't know how we'd have run over the chain. A large bow and a curled feather add just the right feminine touch."

for you, and she admitted me to your room without question. Mrs. Talbert had made me promise, Miss Christine, that if—anything happened to her before she saw you, I would make certain that you had the accurate knowledge."

"But my cousin was killed last night. You put those papers there the afternoon before. Nothing had happened to her then."

Inspector Parsons had turned to Chandra. "I was on my way here when Yardley burst in about Miss Thorsen's disappearance," he said. "So you do cut in on this after all!"

"I thought you'd work around to that idea, Inspector."

The shrewd man's voice was cool; but his tawny eyes were watchful.

"When I talked to you this morning," the detective went on, "that dagger looked like a devil's erately planted claw—and a pretty stupid one. I didn't know then about your talk with Miss Thorsen last night. Interesting that you should have known that Mrs. Talbert's bonds had been stolen—and where they were. And I didn't know," he added very slowly, "that on the night Mrs. Talbert disappeared, she was last seen going into your Broadway studio."

(Continued Next Week)

### City of Cherbourg 'Returned' to France

Lieut. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, Commander of the American Ground Forces in France, issued the following statement on the fall of Cherbourg:

"Our troops now occupy the city of Cherbourg. It is a pleasure to be able to say to the people of France, 'Here is your first large city to be returned to you.'"

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### SHORTY—A MITEY MAN IS HE



The British Tommy at right is pretty small compared to the tall situation well in hand. He is pictured herding in two prisoners he captured in Caen battle.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

#### POWER THROUGH SELF-DISCIPLINE

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON  
August 6  
(Temperance Lesson)  
Proverbs 1:7-10; Jeremiah 35: 1-10; 1 Corinthians 9: 24-27; 1 Thessalonians 5:22.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—And every man that striveth in the games exerciseth self-control in all things. 1 Corinthians 9: 25.

**MEMORY VERSE**: He... careth for you. 1 Peter 5:7.

**THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING**  
Time.—A day may date the writings of Solomon approximately 1000 B.C. The event spoken of in the book of Jeremiah occurred about 604 B.C. The First Epistle to the Corinthians was written, probably, between A.D. 57 and A.D. 59, and his First Epistle to the Thessalonians, about A.D. 54.

Place. Solomon probably wrote out of his proverbs in the city of Jerusalem, where also the incident of Jeremiah 35 took place. The cities of Corinth and Thessalonica were located in what is today known as Greece; the former in southern Greece, and the latter far north, in the city now known as Salonica.

Choosing Wisdom  
"The fear of Jehovah is the beginning of knowledge; but the foolish despise wisdom and instruction." This fear is not the fear of a slave for a cruel master, but the reverence of a dutiful child for his parent.

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." The bible lays down responsibility on parents to give their children moral and spiritual instruction. Reverence to our parents and attendance to their teaching is the first step in the fear of God.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. There is no way of dealing with direct temptation except by stout refusal—we must say 'no' promptly, boldly and definitely."

**Loyalty to High Principles**  
"And I set before the sons of the house of Rechabab bowls full of wine, and cups... but we have dwelt in tents, and have had, and done according to all that Jehovah our father commanded us."

There is resolution in their reply "we will drink no wine"—not even a sip, says the tempter to someone who believes him, a sip is taken, which leads to a long draft and often enslavement to alcohol.

These people were pledged to live a simple life, to eat plain food and dwell in tents. By their simplicity of life, by their perpetual self-indulgent habits had such a demoralizing and disastrous effect on the material, moral and spiritual life of the nation.

**Necessity of Self-Control**  
"Know ye not that they that run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? Even so, but one receiveth the crown... but he that competeth in the Christian race, and keepeth right on to the end, the goal is gained can be sure of winning the prize which is the gift of grace."

"And every man that striveth in the games exerciseth self-control in all things..." but he that competeth in the Christian race, and keepeth right on to the end, the goal is gained can be sure of winning the prize which is the gift of grace."

**Open Canning.**  
Women who have canned for years on end, will prefer the old-fashioned, open-kettle method for canning fruits. It gives a delicious product, and if the canner is careful, no spoilage will develop.

1. Wash and sterilize all equipment. This means jars, rubbers, spoons, spatulas, funnels, in fact, anything that comes in contact with the food.

2. Make sure the food has

### Blended for Quality

# "SHILAH" TEA

## CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Carter

Berry picking... lost pails... the antics of an acrobatic heifer—they are the highlights of last week's activities.

Yes, the berries are ripe. Last week I made a reconnoitering trip, taking with me two of my neighbor friends and, optimistically, a good supply of pails and kettles.

Rain prevented an early start so it was nearly five o'clock before we got to the berry patch. But the berries were plentiful and of good quality so we soon had quite a nice picking. But just as I was about to pick the berries further on always look better than the ones you are picking!

Friend One said she would like to go to the top of the hill. I said I would go with her. So Friend Two, who is not so good on the walking, was left to look after our half-filled pails. In a little while we were back again to find Friend Two had completely lost track of the pails. We hunted and hunted but not a sign of the pails could we see.

We finally gave it up as a bad job and returned to the berry patch. We had a picnic and then I turned around and went straight back to the patch. I got over the fence at the same spot where the pails had been a few hundred yards, stood considering a few minutes which way to strike out, looked ahead a bit, and there, almost as my feet were our pails. My friends could hardly believe their eyes when I delivered the berries!

Now for the acrobatic heifer she had recently called. The heifer was in the barnyard, the heifer pasture. One of the boys put her out and found her. She went out on the top of the hill. It wasn't long before we heard a crash. Heifer One was going to let a few rails down on the hay. I fixed the gap to the rest of the cows away. By the time Partner appeared on the scene, but Jean had disappeared.

We found her way back to the straw move where the floor is being put but her hooves and the hay immediately beneath, and Partner and I stood watching her now beat to deal with the situation. Then what we heard gave way to two legs dangled above us. The heifer tried to regain her balance and stood, and in a cloud of dust and straw, the heifer came hurtling through space. She landed on her back—turned over, got up and walked away!

Once he was sure the heifer wasn't hurt Partner's anger turned to wrath—and Partner in a way of saying funny things which he's mad. This time, for instance, he turned to poor Jean and said indignantly: "You darn fool, you! What good will it do you now you are here?"

I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected; having challenged others to follow. Let Paul could not for any cause fall out with the race.

3. Run a spatula down the sides of each jar after filling. Be firm with more juice to the top of the jar.

4. Seal completely, at once.

### At The Funeral Of Queen Victoria

At the funeral of Queen Victoria the Royal Artillery band which were to draw the gun carriage up the hill to Windsor stopped and the situation was soiled only by Sir Hedworth's lack of guards up salutes, says the Windsor Star. They secured the right of themselves, unbidden they drew their eyes and gazed up at themselves. Since this incident the Navy has always claimed the right to draw the body of a sovereign to the grave.

### STOP SNEEZING

Hay fever sufferers say "nothing like NOSTROLINE" for relief. You know NOSTROLINE up your nose, where the trouble is. Sneezing, sniffing, irritation are relieved immediately. Breathing is easy. NOSTROLINE helps keep you healthy. 50c at all druggists.

### NOSTROLINE

CLIFTON, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

### Good Way To Treat Sore, Painful Piles

Here is the chance for every person in Canada suffering from sore, painful piles. It is a simple home remedy with the promise of permanent relief. If you are not satisfied with the results of the treatment if you are not satisfied with the results.

Simply go to any druggist and get a bottle of Hem-Rol and use it as directed. Hem-Rol is an internal treatment, easy and pleasant to use. Hemorrhoids are quickly relieved. Itching, burning and stinging are relieved. With continued use the piles disappear. Hem-Rol is a simple, safe, and pleasant way to get relief from your piles.

NOTE: The sponsor of this contest is a reliable firm, doing business in Canada for over 20 years. It is not a "get-rich-quick" scheme. It is a contest with sure, it is a contest with sure. Hem-Rol must be used quickly or the small prize will be gladly returned.

### The Buffalo Goes to War



BUFFALO which roamed the plains of Western Canada is the mascot of the pioneer settlers are now a factor in the war effort of the United Nations. At many points along the lines of the Canadian National Railways salvage dumps, as shown above, have been established which farmers bring the skulls and bones of buffalo as well as horns and elk antlers, some of them long since turned up by their descendants. Bones are valuable in making ammunition.

Scrap iron and steel from discarded farm machines are also salvaged to the railway sidings by farmers and their families to be delivered to the Government scrap depots. This youngster, at right, is busy in the war salvage job at Barraboo in Alberta.

### DESPATCH RIDER TAKES COVER



During a lull in the terrific fighting on Saipan, that produced a record number of American casualties, a devout Yank fighter leads before a shrapnel-punctured shrine in the Chamorro cemetery, near Garapan.

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### BASTILLE DAY IN NORMANDY



Near the ruins of a shell-shattered church in the Caen area, Major S. Larance, of Montreal, is shown conducting a Bastille Day Service held jointly by Canadian troops and French villagers.

### PARACHAMP



Pvt. Marie McMillin, world's champion woman parachute jumper, is pictured as she celebrated a year's service in the WAC. She is now chief of a section of riggers at the parachute school in Ft. Benning, Ga. Veteran of 800 parachute jumps, including the women's record one of 28,900 feet at Cleveland Air Races in 1933, she hasn't made one since the day before Pearl Harbor.

### GI'S ARE PALL-BEARERS FOR GENERAL ROOSEVELT



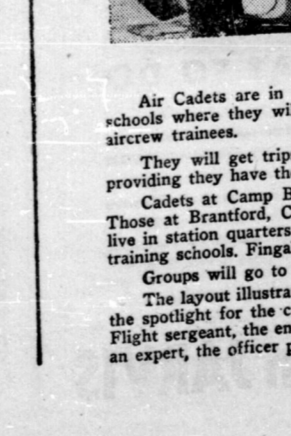
Eight GI pall-bearers carry the flag-draped casket of Gen. Theodore Roosevelt to his final resting place in the military cemetery at St. Mere Eglise, France.

### A TOAST TO VICTORY



The Army and the Air Force drink a toast to the capture of Caen by Canadians in a street of the blasted Nazi strong-point. Left to right: Pte. F. P. Harwood, Turfledford, Sask.; Flight Officer J. Orr, Vancouver, and Capt. H. L. Jones, Regina. The bottle of wine was given them by a liberated Frenchman.

### "HEY SKINNEY! COME ON UP, THE AIR'S FINE A FAR CRY FROM THE OL' SWIMMING HOLE"



Air Cadets are in camp for two weeks on air flying training schools where they will have the opportunity to fly with R.C.A.F. aircraft.

### THANKSGIVING



During a lull in the terrific fighting on Saipan, that produced a record number of American casualties, a devout Yank fighter leads before a shrapnel-punctured shrine in the Chamorro cemetery, near Garapan.

### OFF TO CAMP FOR AIR CADETS

No. 2. What a thrill! Seated in the front cockpit of a Harvard the cadet gets an unimpeded view as he flies the skies. The pilot operates the aircraft from the rear cockpit.

No. 3.—The cadet sergeant with full accoutrement, harness, chute and head-set climbs on the wing to take his seat in the forward cockpit. Flying in the R.C.A.F.'s best known training plane, a top notch pilot at the controls and the cadet himself part and parcel of the whole business.

No. 4.—The porthole-like window of the Anson Mark 5 makes a fitting frame for the happy cadet taking his flip under expert R.C.A.F. supervision.

No. 5.—Inside the aircraft are the cadets. Looking towards the cockpit, the cadet in the rear seat is the radio transmitter-receiver and in flight, at the left can be seen the radio transmitter-receiver and in flight, the cadet neatly arranged in racks.

The layout illustrates that portion of summer camp now holding the spotlight for the cadets. In No. 1 from the co-pilot's seat the sergeant, the envy of the rest for his mates, gets the gun from an expert, the officer pilot, before the boys take off.

They will get trips in the Anson and Harvard training planes providing they have the consent of their parents.

Cadets at Camp Borden and Hagersville will be under canvas. Those at Stratford, Centralia, Trenton, Dumville and Fingal will live in station quarters. All schools except Fingal are service flying training schools. Fingal is a bombing and gunnery centre.

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