3 STRANGE MEN

By C. T. PODMORE

CHAPTER I

A QUEER SITUATION

"Steve Cordery —are you there?" The voice of half-dressed old man, who peered from the door of his bedroom, sounded through the dusky hollows of the house.

"Are you there, Steve Cordery?"

No response. He closed the door, and, half-dressed as he was, shuffled back into bed.

He was ill. For nineteen years skipper of a trading schooner of his own in the remote South Seas, Geoffrey Parmitter had faced death —horrible death —so often that he was not afraid to die. But the uncanny idea of dying in a bed unnerved him.

Soon he got up again, and from his threshold called in a wailing, impatient desperate voice. "Steve Cordery —will you come out from where you're hiding, and let me see you?"

And again Steve Cordery did not respond.

There were definite memories and ideas at the back of old Geoffrey Parmitter's hallucinations.

They were matters of which one or two persons in the past had shared some knowledge, authentic as things go in conversation aboard ship, and based on ancient rumour; matters which must find an issue someday in those latitudes. That lawless sea-thief, Dan Skard, was one, who lost his ship, and was probably done for long since. But the inside story had been largely guesswork.

At some time or other, an Indian potentate had been murdered for jewels and gold. Geoffrey Parmitter had had nothing to do with that. It might have been two hundred years before his time. Something he had heard about the old buccaneers indicated that it may have been an affair round Cossimbazar for it seemed to link up with the fate of Winch and his pirate crew, who had gone South at the time —it was said, to the Solomons —and were never seen afloat any more. Most likely their ship had broken on one of those island reefs where the frothy brown water swirled.

If they were the thieving murderers, Geoffrey Parmitter had seen what remained of Winch and his crew. Their dried and savage counenances had their place in a sennit string of heads that swung from a remote crossbeam in an ancient native death-house. After all the years those shrivelled faces had a look of composure, as if they had caught in their last expression a dim idea of peace. Steve Cordery's must be there, too, in some such place, looking like that. No more hate, nor greed, nor vile treachery. Steve had paid for his prying into the secret of Parmitter's quest of treasure. When it was got, Geoff had fought him violently in self-defence; and in the last agony it was Steve who fell over the gunwale, and was left. And crowds of beastly natives huddled like black ghosts beyond the ship's lantern-lights, and took Steve's body from the water —alive.

In some obscure reading Geoffrey Parmitter had found that one of the lost possessions of the Great Mogul of Clive's day was a large square diamond sheeted with light, just such a gem as lay in the little velvet-lined box he had; possibly this gem was IT. But everything he had gained from the adventure was beautiful and amazing, more than enough to realise all his dreams of wealth and enjoyment, had not the shadow of Steve Cordery come between. He could not bear this shadow about the house and among his ideas, signifying that the treasure which had wrought such evil was now to continue its curse in London.

These things made up the state of Geoff Parmitter's mind just now. When he realised that something must be done about it, he sent for his son, George.

George Parmitter had heard hints of the treasure story from time to time, but had no belief in the existence of something which he had never been allowed to see. What had divided father and son was a social matter —simply that old Geoffrey would not hear of George's attachment to Steve Cordery's daughter, Sophie, about whom George's mind was quite made up.

George was in his office in the Tottenham Court-road, where he was earning a living in some useful lines of agency, when the messenger arrived. This was Jowle, an old man employed by Geoffrey to attend upon him at his little house on an outlying fringe of Tooting.

"Something serious," explained Jowle, "for he keeps in bed, every now and then a-roarin' 'Tom Bowling' at hisself. 'Ere a sheer 'ulk,' and that stuff."

"Nonsense!" said George. "He'll never be a sheer hulk if he lives till he's ninety."

"I do b'lieve you," agreed Jowle.

They journeyed together to the scene of Geoffrey Parmitter's travail, which, in fact, was a relic of old times, and had its little garden at the back and front. Jowle had a key. No one else was about the place. From upstairs, as they entered, came a dismal groaning sound followed by a powerful adjuration: "Way there for Geoff Parmitter. Faithful below 'e—'"

"What's all this noise about?" interrupted George on the threshold of the bedroom.

Geoffrey Parmitter was a huge bulk of a man, his face as red and apparently as hard as a brick, and his hands like gnarled oak. He sat straight up, showing the braces over his thick shoulders.

"Jowle," he said, "You can go below."

Jowle retired downstairs, and George took a chair by the bed. Then old Geoff looked hard at his son.

"I want to know," he said, "if you're as pigheaded as ever. Are you?"

"Oh, yes," George cheerfully replied. "I'm your son, and you tell me I can't ever think of marrying Sophie Cordery, and remain on good terms with you; so what am I to do?"

"Give her up—right away."

"Can't be done."

For a sick man, Geoffrey Parmitter made a formidable business of beating one hand upon the other.

"Listen. The time's short," he said. "Steve Cordery was my mate on the Beloved, and he wa'n't a good 'un. Then something happened . . . but nobody liked him, except a bunch of niggers on one of the islands. They ate him, anyhow."

"Horrible!" said George.

"I bet he was," agreed old Geoffrey. "Of course, Sophie needn't know that. Her father's quite . . . well, he's peaceful anyhow . . . if I could only get him to say it. Now you can't have Sophie Cordery and be real rich as well. You know there's wealth —a whole big fortune —never you mind where. Steve Cordery tried to murder me out of it, and I'd sooner give it away than have it touch his people. You do mean to stick to Sophie, don't you?"

"I must, of course."

"Right. You'll be hearing soon what I've arranged —is that somebody coming here?"

There was the sound of a car outside.

George Parmitter, no more impressed than usual about the matter, went and looked through the window.

"Looks like a doctor," he said, "coming up the garden."

"No doctor for me," his father growled. "Its one of my lawyers I'm expecting. Jowle will let him in. Sit still."

George resumed his chair.

In a few minutes the man Jowle ushered into the room a brownish, sharp-eyed man, approaching middle age.

George Parmitter knew that the management of certain properties and investments of his father were in the hands of a city firm of lawyers —Reed, Price and Torkney —but which this was he did not know. He had never been personally in touch with them.

"This," said Geoffrey to the visitor, "is my son George, a stupid fellow. He is here to listen to what's going to be done about this private business you've got in hand. You can tell him, Torkney. Sit down there by the table."

To Be Continued

Noted Sportswoman Planning Expedition Into The Far North

JASPER, Alta., July—Noted New York sportswoman who has hunted big game in virtually every corner of the globe and who last year bagged a record Stonei sheep in the Canadian Rockies, Mrs. Michael Lerner is contemplating a 1938 expedition into the North, Accompanied by Mr. Lerner, recently returned from Indo-China, and a nephew, she probably will leave Jasper by pack train in September in order to complete the trek northward prior to the opening of the season.

Hunting feats of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lerner are recognized internationally. In 1937 they made their first expedition into the Canadian "Big Horn" country with Jack Brewster, veteran alpine guide, and W. J. Oliver, famous outdoor photographer, and returned with some of the finest specimens yet contributed to the American museums.

Mr. Lerner is well-known to Eastern Canada for in 1936 he caught a swordfish off Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, weighing 601 pounds which broke the North American record set by George C. Thomas' 573 pounds taken off Catalina in 1927.

Device Finds Lost Radium

VANCOUVER, July 7 —(CP) —A device which can locate emanations of radium, valuable substance used in treatment of cancer, at distances of 30 to 40 feet has been invented by Dr. Gordon M. Shrum, honorary secretary of the British Columbia Cancer Foundation.

The invention will be used if any of the Foundation's 3 1-2 grams of precious radium is ever lost. It is said to be the most sensitive radio-activity detector ever known.

Radium is frequently lost by hospitals. Sealed in tiny platinum needles, it has been known to be lost in bodies of patients, been thrown out in dressings or fallen down drains when utensils are cleaned.

The device converts electrical impulses into sound. When radium atoms strike sensitive filaments in the machine sharp clicks emanate. The closer the machine to the radio-active body, the greater the number of sounds heard.

When it is placed near a radio-active body the sounds resemble a hail storm on a tin roof.

Western Artistry In Clay Products

SASKATOON, July 7 —(CP) —A new industry will be opened here shortly when Canadian Clay Industries, operated by Cameron Worcester, will offer clay products of typically western artistry to the public.

Worcester, son of Professor W. G. Worcester of University of Saskatoon ceramics department, has spent several years gathering specimens and taking models from them to perfect his line of art pottery and souvenirs typical of Western Canada.

All models are made by hand of Saskatoon clay and include sourvenir beavers, buffalo, bears and Indian figures.

Worcester's collection of figures was obtained by an archaeological expedition in British Columbia several years ago. Exact replicas have been mou'ded.

In the modeling process, the clay is cleaned and aged for a month. Then it is moulded and allowed to dry for four or five days. The mou'd is then p'aced in an oil b'ast furnace and subjected to heat of 1,700 degrees Fahrenheit where it assumes a light shade, suitable for coloring.

Color ov'dos are sprayed on the mould with a spray gun. A further heating process follows and produces beautiful combinations.

A display of the work will be made at the Saskatoon Exhibition July 25 to 30 this year.

SUMMER COLDS
CATARRH . HAY FEVER
When you are a sufferer get New British OSTROLINE Nasal Remedy. Feel it act in 30 seconds. "NOSTROLINE" clears head, stops running from nose and eyes. Soothes soreness and burning. Kills germs. Stops spread of infection. . .50c.
NOSTROLINE
Sold by: H. L. Worthy, 187 Queen St.

In an interesting ceremony Toronto Shriners presented flags to the 117th Wolf Cub Pack at the Home for incurable Children.

With the co-operation of the local Kiwanis Club, Rover Scouts of Galt and Preston raised $400 to finance a camp for underprivileged boys of two communities at the annual Rover Fresh Air Camp at Drumbo.

Potatoes ensured this summer's camp for the Boy Scouts of High River, Alta. On a town lot provided by the town council each boy planted a bucketful of seed potatoes, and advance orders contracted for the entire yield.

A Boy Scout troop of rubber tree tappers and "pest" coolies is described as one of the most unusual troops in Malaya. Although unable to speak English, the boys have become expert Morse signallers. Incidentally Scouting has given the boys a new and wider interest in life. Except for a rare trip, few of them had left the rubber plantation, but since becoming Scouts they go camping in other parts of Malaya. The estate provides the boys uniforms, on condition these are paid for by instalments out of their monthly wages. The troop is the 11 Epoh.

A night spent in hammocks aboard the historic old 74-gun ship "Implacable" and a Sunday Service on the quarterdeck of Nelson's famous flagship "Victory", at Portsmouth, was the thrilling experience of 250 Sea Scouts from different sections of England. The service was the annual occasion for reaffirming the Scout Promise, and was held in connection with the opening of National Scout Week. The Sea Scouts were addressed by Admiral of the Fleet Earl of Cork and Orrey and Commander in Chief, Portsmouth, who was introduced by Admiral B. S. Thesiger, County Scout Commissioner for Hampshire. In his address the Commander in Chief reminded the Sea Scouts of Nelson's heroic death, and of that great sailor's wish that "Humanity should be the watchword of the British Navy for the world."

Some 5,000 Rover Scouts, one of the largest gatherings of young men ever assembled in England, attended a Rover Moot at Gatton Park, Surrey, over the Whitsun week-end.

The purchase of a "doll a month," to be given to the Boy Scouts for their next Christmas Toy Shop, is one of the year-round activities of the Lethbridge, Alta., I.O.D.E.

A pilgrimage of 200 Roman Catholic Boy Scouts from the Madawaska region of New Brunswick attended the National Eucharistic Congress in Quebec City. The pilgrimage was organized by District Commissioner J.L. St. Onge. The boys defrayed their own expenses.

A "Parents' Night" entertainment of the Thamesville, Ont., Boy Scout was interrupted by an urgent request from the local police for all Scouts to join in a hunt for a missing six-year-old boy. Shortly after midnight the Scouts found the boy asleep in a cemetery.

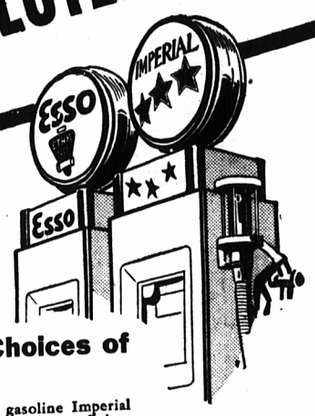
A "monkey bridge" erected by the Scouts of Medicine Hat, Alta., at a Scout Jamboree drew so many interested comments that it was re-erected for display on a vacant lot. The "monkey bridge" is a construction of rope and sticks frequently built across rivers in Northern India.

Consistently for the past two seasons on all week-ends and holidays from May until September (quoting the Calgary Herald), a group of Boy Scouts have been performing a fine piece of community service, perhaps little realized by many visitors to St. George's Island who may have noticed four or five neatly uniformed lads around the Old Log House at this popular park. But let lack of caution in placing hands or fingers within reach of the Zoo animals result in bites or scratches— and the toll is many throughout the summer— let any accident occur on the grounds or lost children need assistance in finding their parents, this squad of Scouts is ready to render aid.

The residue of life is short. Live as on a mountain. —Marcus Aurelius.

GASOLINES ARE NOT ALL ALIKE

New formula for Esso and 3-Star PROTECTED BY CANADIAN PATENT No. 357976



DISSOLVES GUM, FIGHTS CARBON... GIVES EXTRA POWER AND MILEAGE...

To receive a patent from the Canadian Government, a gasoline formula *must* have new, useful and improved characteristics. The improved Esso and 3-Star *do* offer a decided advance in efficient motor operation. Both now contain a new solvent which promptly dissolves the gum and other similar materials formed when your engine consumes gasoline and oil. The formation of hard, sticky deposits on your valves and piston rings that rob your engine of power is definitely checked.

These two leading brands of gasoline are now more efficient than ever. No one can duplicate the formula of Esso or 3-Star. No other gasoline can duplicate the performance of these improved motor fuels.

You Have Two Choices of Performance...

ESSO The highest quality gasoline Imperial Oil has ever made, containing a sufficient amount of tetraethyl lead to eliminate "knock" and "ping" and to give smooth power and cool running. Now Esso also contains the new Imperial solvent to keep your engine free of gum and carbon.

3-STAR This famous gasoline has long been recognized by motorists as a regular-priced gasoline of exceptional quality. Now it contains the patented, gum-absorbing solvent. It means more power, a cleaner engine than ever.

Next time you need gasoline, fill up at the Imperial Sign

IMPERIAL DEALER

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED
EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Ancient Rites As Germans Wed

BERLIN, July 7 —(CP) —By official order, those German weddings that aren't held in churches are more dignified than they used to be. But many summer weddings still seemed old affairs to those not versed in Nazi lore.

Ancient Teutonic ritual frequently is used —with many variations. A semi-religious sacrament was introduced not long ago by a Nazi sectarian movement. On a rostrum in a Berlin meeting hall was an arrangement of swastika flags, and a version of the Bible which has been "cleansed of all Jewish taint."

The bridegroom was asked: "Art thou ready to take this woman as thy wife, and live with her in marriage according to German customs?" He smartly gave the Hitler salute and cried: "Jawohl. Heil Hitler." The bride answered in the same way to the question: "Art thou ready to stand at the side of this man in the hard struggle in behalf of the German Fatherland?" The couple was then enjoined "to have many children, of whom the Fatherland may be proud."

The marriage of one Hitler youth to a Hitler girl was celebrated at Halle in the Early Germanic History section of the local museum. Drums rolled and trumpets blared. Celebrant was the local Nazi commander who pronounced the couple man and wife, telling them that "life is not a vale of tears, but a place to fight joyously." Instead of a wedding march, a choir sang a party hymn: "We march towards the sun!"

Pick Raspberries Early for Market

According to the experience of horticultural experts both in Canada and the United States, early picked raspberries keep best for marketing. It is the early morning temperature, they say, and not the moisture of the early morning dew, that is the chief factor in the keeping quality of raspberries. Tests have shown that red raspberries picked from 7 to 9 in the morning had from 15 to 20 per cent decay after four days. Berries picked from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. had 65 to 95 per cent decay. Even when the berries picked in the middle of the day were cooled, those picked in the morning kept much better.

Raspberries picked early in the morning warmed up a little during the day but were always much cooler than berries picked later around midday. In a well-ventilated shed they cooled through evaporation to a temperature below that of the shed, and when put in a cool cellar as soon as picked, they cooled more slowly than in the well-ventilated shed or in the shade of a tree.

Berries kept in a refrigerator at 45 to 48 degrees Fahrenheit, for even two or three days kept longer after being taken out than berries not put in the refrigerator at all. After 24 hours in the refrigerator, however, the longer the time they remained, the shorter the time they kept when taken out. A delay of five hours or more in putting berries into refrigeration greatly reduced the length of time they remained in marketable condition.

GERMAN THROUGHOUT

COLOGNE —(CP)— A 15-year-old German girl, who was to leave Wellingborough with a party of German students for Cologne recently, was taken to hospital —with German measles.

MURPHY - DAVIDSON

Tuesday, June 28th was the scene of a pretty wedding in the church of the Sacred Heart of Mary, Barnaby River, N.B. When the Rev. W. H. Elhatton united in the holy bonds of matrimony Clara Mary, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Davidson, New Glasgow, N.S. to Francis Alvin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Murphy of Barnaby River.

The bride was attended by the groom's sister Miss Catherine. The groomsman was ably supported by his friend John Donahue.

The bride looked very becoming in an ankle length dress of white silk net over taffeta with white hat and shoes and carried a pearl rosary, gift of groom. The bridesmaid was attired in a dress of white-flowered silk with white accessories.

Immediately after the ceremony they motored to the home of the groom where they partook of a sumptuous wedding breakfast, after which they left for a day's outing, returning in the evening to the groom's home where a reception was given in their honor. The young couple received many lovely and costly gifts.

The following morning they left on a honeymoon trip to Prince Edward Island.

The bride's travelling costume was a navy suit with white accessories.

Upon their return they will reside in Barnaby River where the groom is a prosperous farmer

CLINTON SCHOOL

Honor roll for June:

Grade X-1. George Pickering, 1 Irene Pickering.

Grade IX-1. Katherine Pickering, 2. Lorna Warren.

Grade VIII (certificates)-1. Lola Whitehead, 2. Joan O'Connor, 3. Kathleen O'Connor.

Grade VI-1. Vivian Sullivan, 2 Reggie Warren.

Grade IV (Sr.)-1. James O'Connor.

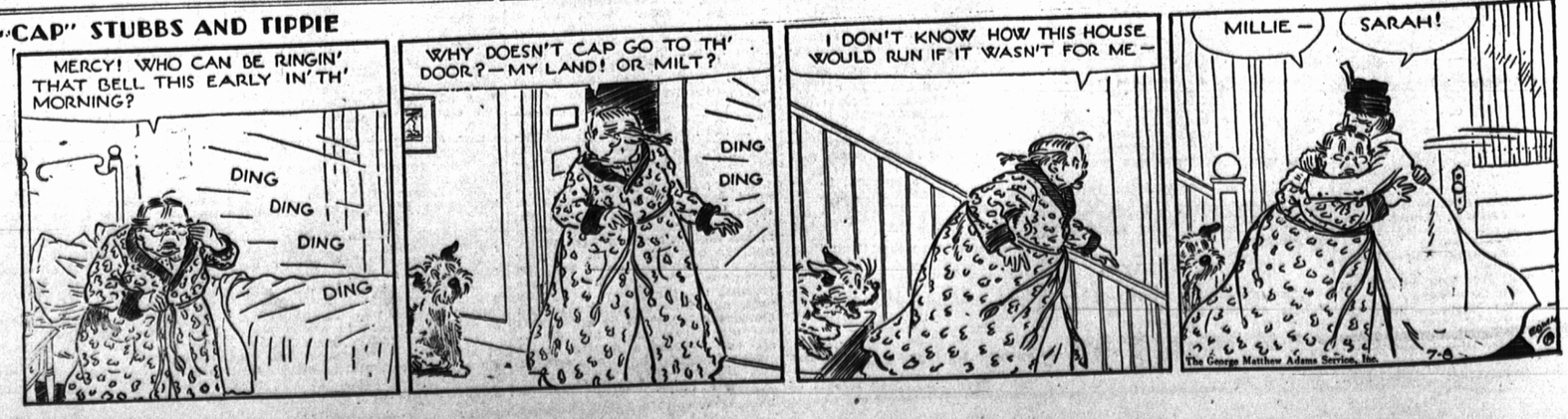
Grade IV (Jr.)-1. Frank Riley, 2 Willard MacKay, 3. Noreen O'Connor.

Grade II-1. Jean Carr, 2. Gladys Glover, 3. Florence Dunning.

Grade 1 (Sr.)-1. Mary MacKay, George Carr (equal)

Grade I (Jr.)-1. Elton Paynter. Perfect attendance — Gladys Glover.

Teacher — Grace Whitehead.

for BRUISES
There's nothing to equal Minard's. It "takes hold". Antiseptic, soothing, healing.
Gives quick relief!
24
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

"CAP" STUBBS AND TIPPIE By EDWINA