

SKYWAY LOVERS

By VERA BROWN

"What did you think he meant by such a remark?"

"I do not know."

"Do you think he was referring to the murder of Adele Roerden?"

"I don't know."

"Why did you not ask him what he meant, if you did not understand?"

"Because I knew you probably had the wire tapped and there was no use in going on and on with such a conversation which would only be twisted to your purposes. There was subdued laughter in the court room at this."

"Did you ever know Mona Kilroy Thurber?"

"Never," Alison replied.

"Or any other person on that ship besides the two pilots?"

"No, sir."

One of Thurber's assistants whispered something in his ear.

"Do you know anything about Adele Roerden's habits, about the amount of liquor she drank, for instance?" Thurber thundered.

"I know when she came back from Reno she was drinking all the way from Chicago to New York."

"Have you heard any rumors that she continued to use alcohol excessively?"

"I might have."

"From young Weston?"

"I don't remember," Alison snapped that answer at Thurber and he smiled a little.

"There was smothered applause in the courtroom. Thurber became noisy. His voice became silky. "You feel better since recess, don't you, Miss Thayer?"

"Yes."

No Explanation

"Have you any explanation as to why you did not tell me you smelled chloroform on the ship that morning. Why you did not tell me until the autopsy revealed the cause of Mrs. Roerden's death?"

"I thought I was mistaken about the chloroform. I thought I had just imagined it, for it was so slight, and then the perfume."

"Yes, I know all about that. But did you at any time look about the ship, rouse the passengers to see whether anybody was ill or in trouble?"

"I believed at Buffalo that everything was all right."

"But everything was not all right. When you checked Mrs. Roerden's safety belt, taking it from Buffalo, she was dead then, was she not?"

"I don't know."

"Then you did not speak to her from the time you left Newark?"

"No, she asked me not to disturb her."

Even if you smelled chloroform and a murder was being committed aboard, you thought you should not disturb her?"

"But I had no suspicion that there was a murderer aboard!"

"Thurber was getting his revenge and Alison's voice was acrid. All this would hurt the air line so it seemed so terrible to make a new industry suffer for this amazing episode."

"Then you consider you did your

duty aboard that ship the other morning?" Thurber resumed.

"Yes, sir!"

"Then I certainly know I would not care about traveling by air, if you can murder people in cold blood!" The prosecutor stood there, righteous and smug.

"That is unfair and deliberately malicious!" Alison retorted.

"Till I see you not to make such remarks, I am investigating a murder of an important woman, which you seem to take lightly."

Alison had a temper which matched her hair when she was aroused, but her better sense told her it was useless to fight with the prosecutor. It was just making bad matter worse. She remained silent.

"I say you seem to take this lightly," Alison said.

"I am heartsick over the whole thing," Alison's clear voice had a little catch in it. Her evident sincerity, her fresh beauty, lighted up the dark court room.

"Good girl!" Granger said under his breath to Roerden. "She's a perfect witness in spite of all this stuff. Poor Weston. I got a wire from him. He was married at 11 o'clock and is trying to outrun the detective."

Then Thurber asked for the noon recess. "Court adjourned until 2 P. M.," said the Coroner.

Talking It Over

As Alison stepped off the witness stand, Granger was there to see her. "We want you and the boys to have luncheon with us in Roerden's suite," he said. "We haven't had a chance to be alone for a moment."

The curious crowds pressed close. It took two officers to get Alison out through the jam.

That luncheon was difficult. The conversation turned, of course, to the murder.

"I keep wondering if Mrs. Roerden could have taken that chloroform herself," Roerden said.

"Impossible," said Granger. "I've been all over that with the doctor who held the autopsy. Not a chance! But she had been drinking heavily and the doctor said she had a bad heart. Maybe whoever gave her that chloroform didn't intend to kill her."

"That is possible."

"The doctor disagrees with me. He says she must have had a big dose—and the jewelry," Roerden sighed.

Alison felt sorry for him. He had been so decent about the whole affair after that Easter Sunday, it was tragic he had to be precipitated into it all over again.

"Mona's testimony should be interesting. Will they get to her this afternoon?" Alison asked.

"Probably. But you'll be surprised. Scott will see to it that she says little or nothing."

"I don't know what to believe!" Terry spoke with deep bitterness. "I'm half nuts! Mr. Roerden, this thing has hit me hard. You know how I feel about my record with landing in 4,000,000 miles of flying for you."

"Creedon, let's forget that angle. This is tragic for our air line, of course. Tragic for all of us. You must realize how I feel all this coming out when I tried so hard to avoid publicity. I shall probably have to resign as president of the board. I see no way out of that."

"But that's the job of a lawyer, isn't it?" Alison asked.

"It can't help but hurt the lines," Roerden smiled a little. "Although last night the sleeper jump went out of Newark full—first time in two weeks."

Alison tried to talk to Terry, but there was no opportunity. Granger talked to the boys about their testimony.

"And don't worry about your jobs," Roerden said. Alison hated that hot, packed room. This afternoon Mona sat on the front row with the rest of them. A Mona while exhausted, Alison smiled at her and she tried to send back an answering one. But her face seemed still and old looking.

"She's age ten years," Alison thought, as she remembered the lovely creature running across the airport to the fatal ship as it walked in Buffalo.

Scott, sitting beside Mona, seemed assured and certain.

"Ben Radman," said Thurber, when the jury was in its place.

Night Club Dancer

Radman was sworn in and then he sat down in the witness chair. The two men eyed each other for a dramatic moment. Thurber began: "Have you ever been arrested and convicted?"

"No."

"Thurber picked up a sheet of paper from the counsel table. He began to read: "Were you arrested November 1, 1921, for robbery armed in New York City?"

"I was arrested but not convicted."

"Thurber continued with the long list. Robbery armed, murder, assault with intent to kill, robbery armed, violation of the prohibition law. "I have her a record of thirty arrests and no convictions, Mr. Radman, is that right?"

"It is the record, it must be right."

"And you were called 'New York's bear king' during prohibition?"

"I do not know what others called me."

"What did you call yourself?"

"Ben Radman."

"The two sparred about Thurber playing to the press with dramatic success. It went on for an hour. Alison felt faint in the heat of the crowded room."

"Won't this ever end?" she whispered to Scott, sitting next to her.

"Just wait a bit," Scott said with a wry smile.

Then suddenly Thurber went off on a different tangent. "Now before the night of June 18, did you know the girl, Mona Kilroy?"

"Yes."

"Where did you know her?"

"She danced in one of the night clubs in which I was arrested."

(To Be Continued)

In Memoriam

MRS. FIDELIUS MACDONALD

The death of Mrs. Fidelius MacDonald Little, River, Lot 36 occurred at the home of her daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Alex A. MacDonald, Little, Pond, on Sunday, May 28th in her eighty-sixth year. Although not unexpected as she had been a great sufferer with rheumatism for the last two years, when she came to live with her daughter, who tenderly nursed her during her illness. She was a good Christian woman in every sense, her beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. Callaghan visited her frequently during her illness, fortified by the last sacraments of the

Catholic Church of which she was a devoted member she passed peacefully away. Her husband predeceased her thirty-two years ago and her only son nine years ago. Again death visited the home and took her beloved daughter-in-law six years later. She leaves to mourn her daughter, Mrs. Alex A. MacDonald, ten grand children and two great grand children, also a brother, Joseph D. McCormac, Roca-Barra. Her funeral took place May 30th to St. Francis de Sales Church, when after a solemn and impressive service by Rev. L. P. Callaghan, her mortal remains were laid in the adjoining cemetery with a heartfelt request in pace. The pall bearers were: Messrs. Ned McCormac, James A. E. MacDonald, Edwin McFarlane, John P. MacDonald, James Mills, William

C. Fisher, Hearse driver Alfred D. MacDonald. There were many mass cards, spiritual bouquets and flowers.

MRS. FROBE L. HOYT

FREDERICTON, N. B., June 5.—Mrs. Frobe Loresta Hoyt, 73, widow of Henry W. Hoyt, died Saturday evening at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. E. Burden, Fredericton, after a short illness. She was born at Upper Hainesville, a daughter of the late William W. and Frances K. (Haines) Sleep. She had resided in this city for the last 12 years.

Mrs. Hoyt is survived by two sons, Milton A. Hoyt, Bridgewater, N. S., and Waldo C. Hoyt, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; two daughters, Mrs. Kari A. Walker, Fredericton,

and Mrs. Burden, with whom she lived; two sisters, Mrs. George E. Millinocket, Me., and Walter Clement, Wintthrop, Me., and five grandchildren.

HITTING AT ITALY

CASABLANCA, Algeria — (CP)—Anti-Fascist Moroccans paraded the streets here with pieces of macaroni attached to their clothing calling "Islam's Public Enemy No 1."

SAXON ERA RECALLED

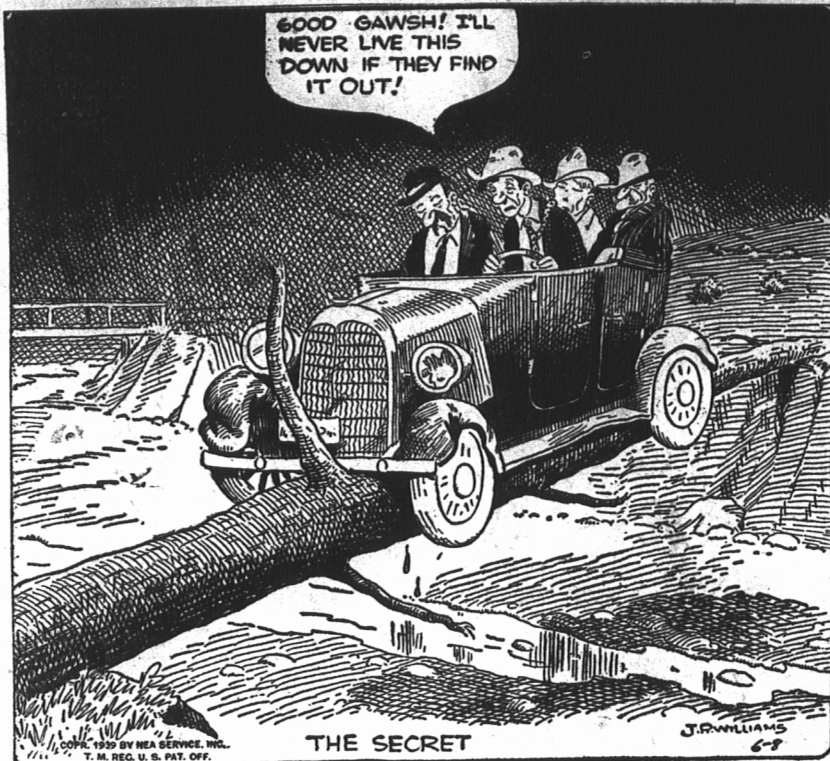
BARTON ON HUMBER, England — (CP) Human skeletons found during Air Raid Precautions excavations here are believed of fifth century Saxon origin. Church ornaments were unearthed with the bones.



The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

OUT, OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



THE SECRET



MY CHICKENS ARE TRAINED NEVER TO TOUCH VEGETABLES OR FLOWERS, HOOPLE, SO TRY THE OTHER NEIGHBORS! BY THE WAY, REMEMBER THAT RARE CHINESE PLANT WITH THE "MARVELOUS MEDICINAL VALUE" THAT YOU PUT IN LAST SPRING? SOME OF THE SEED BLEW OVER IN MY YARD, AND NOW I GOT A NICE CROP OF IT TO HARVEST — JUST PLAIN MILKWEED!

AH

LOW PLAY ON BOTH SIDES OF THE FENCE

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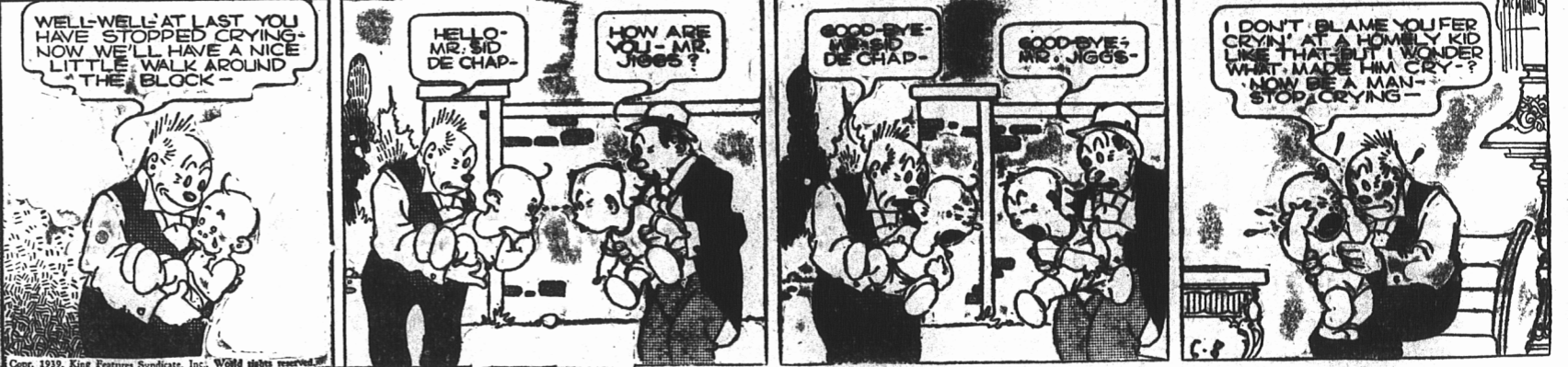
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By Edwina



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MAC TALKS HIMSELF "OUT"

By Westover

