

The Girl in the Crimson Cloak

By J. R. WILMOT

SUPERINTENDENT SLEEPS

If there was one thing more than another that Superintendent Thomas Ash liked to do, it was to go to bed. He was normally a very early sleeper, and he would usually be in bed by ten o'clock. He was a very busy man, and he had a great deal to do during the day. He was a very good man, and he was very popular with his subordinates. He was a very good man, and he was very popular with his subordinates.

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"Will you be back for breakfast?" she asked. "I've got a lovely kidney and some smoked bacon." "Nonsense," growled Ash. "I don't want any of that stuff. I'm not hungry." "What happened?" ventured Mrs. Ash, who rarely questioned her husband's moods. "Someone's pinched the diamond," he informed her, laconically. "I've never seen it, Tom, but I'm told it's marvellous."

"Marvellous or not," grumbled Ash, "people have no business pinching diamonds at two in the morning. Where's my tunk?" "In the wardrobe. You'd left it lying on the bedroom chair." Ash ignored the implied rebuke to his sense of tidiness and flung open the door of the wardrobe irritably. He was still thinking about that trout and how close he had been to landing it. Even if it had only been a dream, it was infinitely better than the real thing. The question had worried him more than once. The king didn't keep the Crown Jewels at Buckingham Palace or at Balmoral Castle. He was sensible and had them locked away in the Tower of London. Ash considered the matter for a moment. It was compelled by law to do likewise. It would save no end of trouble.

"SMALL HOURS" INTERVIEW. Inspector Sumpter was waiting with well-concealed impatience at the police station at Merrion when Ash drove up in his car. He did not see at a glance that the Superintendent was not in the most agreeable of tempers. The two men were strikingly dissimilar. Ash was rubicund; inclined to portliness—an inclination that occasionally distressed him. His chair was thinning, too, but it had a long way to go before he could be described as bald. Sumpter was close on six feet tall. Very angular. Almost cadaverous features. The sort of man who rarely smiles. His brown eyes were alert, though, and like his Superintendent he was a clean shaven.

Briefly, Sumpter explained the telephone message that had been received from the Grange less than half-an-hour ago. "Who phoned?" snapped Ash. "Mr. Gervaise Leverton himself, sir." Ash grunted. He'd nothing against Gervaise Leverton. Had always done him very well. In fact, Ash rather liked him. "You've sent the sergeant along, I suppose? And how about the others from headquarters?" Ash's voice sounded crisp and business-like. He had almost forgotten that he had ever been to bed that night. Sumpter nodded. "I've asked the details to go straight to the Grange," he said. "I'll drive, if you've no objection."

Leverton Grange was on the outskirts of the small township of Merrion, just off the main Beagate Road. In the daylight it looked imposing, standing as it did in its own well-timbered grounds, its late Tudor chimneys visible through the trees. To-night as Superintendent Ash turned a sharp left at the main gates it looked little more than a dark blur against the dark landscape and the equally dark sky. As they neared it, however, they saw little patches of yellow light illuminating postage-tamps stuck on a black background. One of them was placed along the line corresponding to the first floor; two others almost on their eye-level.

"Well, gentlemen," smiled Leverton when the glasses had been filled. "here's to your success. All the same," he added, with a curious smile. "I'm afraid your task is going to be none too easy. I've already given what details I can do Sergeant Emmouth who arrived a little while ago."

"Yours very good health, sir," announced Ash, lifting his glass, "and many thanks for your good wishes qualified though they are." The contents of the Superintendent's glass vanished in one. There was no time, he told himself, for sitting here sipping whisky no matter how delectable the spirit might be, and he was sufficient of a connoisseur to realize that Gervaise Leverton's cellar was one of quality. "And now, Mr. Leverton, although you've told Emmouth something about this affair, I'm quite sure you'll have no objection to giving Sumpter and me a preets of what's happened."

"Not in the slightest," agreed Leverton, "because there's so little to tell." When he had finished Ash appeared singularly thoughtful. "From what you say, Mr. Leverton, the theft might have taken place any time between six-thirty and six o'clock. I've got some men coming over shortly from headquarters. They'll be looking for fingerprints. One of them will be a photographer. We'll need a picture of the damaged

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MURRAY RIVER Mr. Clarence Lowe has been confined to his home for the past week with a severe attack of mumps. Mr. Mackie MacKinnon has taken over the business of T. L. Cook & Son. His many friends wish him every success. The fishermen of the village are busy getting their lobster gear repaired. Mr. C.H. Horton has arrived home from a business trip to Montreal and other cities. The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Johnston and left a bouncing baby girl. The many friends of the Misses Kate and Belle MacPherson, are glad to see them out again after their recent illness.

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OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



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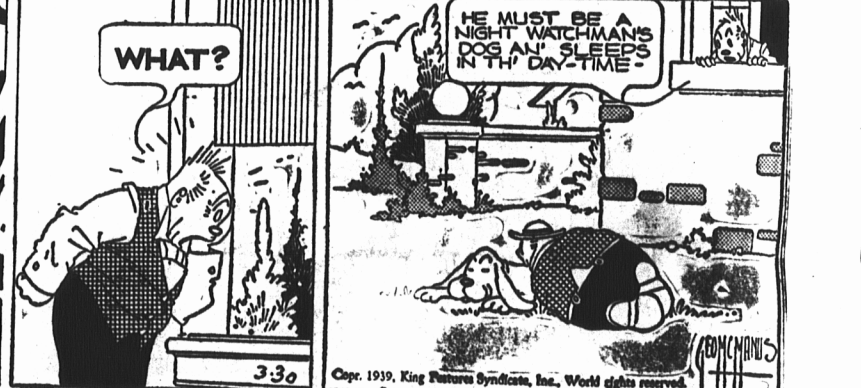
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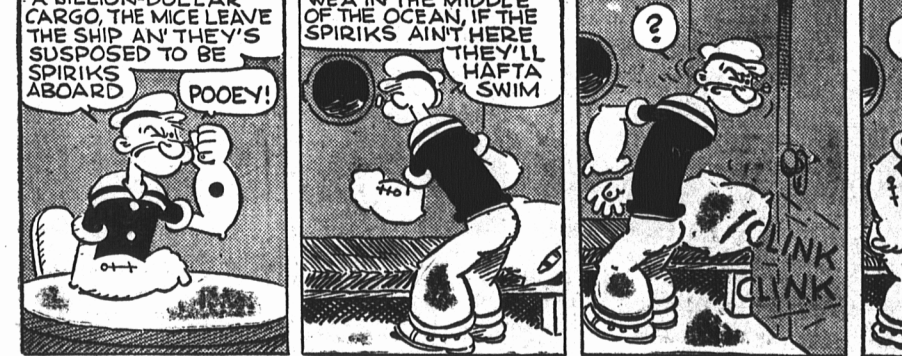
THE DOWN PAYMENT IS PAST DUE 3-30

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McMa

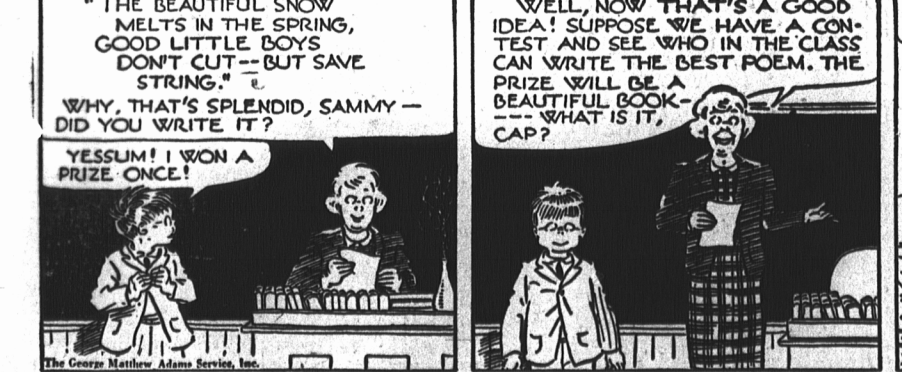


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