

Murder Is Forgetful

By WILLIAM BOGART

(Continued)

Her hand still lightly stroking the girl's smooth, bronzed cheek, Irene Smith said haltingly, "It seems as if... we... I..."

Her straight shoulders drew back and she gave a peculiar sort of laugh. Her gray eyes no longer were questioning. Her hand dropped away. She asked, as though confused, "Where am I? What's happened?"

Johnny sank back on his heels and murmured softly, "The devil!"

Kay could not suppress the sob that escaped her lips. She looked at Johnny Saxon and her eyes were damp with tears. She made a hopeless, weary gesture.

Johnny tried questioning the woman. It was useless. Her answers were vague, disconnected.

"I think," he said to Kay, "we'd better take her home."

Dawn was just breaking when they reached the house. The sky was gray and overcast. What little breeze had stirred during the night, had now died completely. The air was sultry and close. The day was going to be humid and hot, as August days can be.

Kay used a key to unlatch the front door. They led Irene up the stairs and to her room. The entire house was quiet, somber. Apparently everyone else was still sleeping.

Kay had been silently crying throughout the trek back to the house. Now she opened the bedroom door and watched her mother disappear into the room. She turned to look at Johnny Saxon. He saw her bite the inside of her lower lip.

He said, "We were close that time." He smiled. "She's likely to

remember everything all of a sudden. Don't be discouraged."

Kay asked, "What could she have intended, going to meet this person named Bart, who she thought was you?"

"It beats me," said Johnny. "Can't you find out what it is?"

"I'll keep trying."

"You must!"

"Why didn't you come down stairs again tonight? I looked for you."

"I couldn't." She kept her eyes averted. Her voice was trembling. "Why not?"

"I... I've been so upset about mother. I went all to pieces. Mother and I have always been so close. The others... they don't understand. There's really no one..." Her voice died. She looked up at him. There was despair in her shining wet eyes.

"You poor kid," murmured Johnny.

Impulsively, she flung herself against him. Her hands clutched his arms and he was aware of the nearness of her slim, youthful body.

"There, there," he said quietly. "I told you I'd do everything I can. It's a very unusual case, you know."

He wished he could make up his mind whether she was a child or a woman. She was so much of both. He wondered if he was thinking of her as a child as he kissed her gently on the forehead and urged her toward the door.

"You'd better try to get a little rest," he said.

"I'll stay with mother. I'm not going to leave her."

"But get some sleep."

She attempted a smile. "I'll try."

Johnny turned and went down the hall. The Great Dane, Michael, who had been lying down on the floor, resting, climbed to his feet and followed him.

Ed, the freckle-faced garage man, was saying, "This one's sure

gonna be a scorcher if we don't get some rain."

"Isn't it, though?" Johnny said. The mechanic had just picked him up outside the entrance to the Smith estate. It was a little after ten o'clock, and since the day was Sunday, there was little traffic at this hour on Route 25-A. The car, an old Chevie roadster, sounded as if it would fall apart any moment. Johnny asked himself why it was that mechanics who repaired millionaires' cars, always drove one of their own that seemed to be held together with baling wire.

It seemed as if they had only started—Johnny noted that the speedometer registered less than a mile—when Ed slowed the car and turned off to the right into a dirt country road. He eased the car to the side of the narrow road and stopped.

"Well," he said, looking at Johnny Saxon, "here we are."

"You mean—"

The red-haired mechanic waved his hand, indicating a field alongside the road. "This is where they found Martin Smith."

They climbed out to the roadway and Johnny passed the fellow a cigarette. "I always imagined it was several miles from here," the detective said.

"Nope," Ed said. "It was right here. Tough break for Smith, huh? A couple of minutes more and they would have been home."

The husky mechanic looked at him, squinting bright blue eyes. "By the way," he wanted to know, "I never did get the whole story about Smith's death. The family had enough influence to keep most of it out of the papers. He used to carry a lot of dough with him all the time."

"That's right."

"I mean was he shot?"

Johnny nodded. "Right through the heart."

"What kind of a gun?"

"They don't know. The bullet was never found. The shot went right through and out his back. They probably made him get out of the car and then killed him."

(To be continued)

That Body Of Yours

Continued from page 2

Methedrine, recommended by the Medical Research Council (M.R.C. War Memorandum) for inclusion among lifeboat medical supplies "to lessen feelings of fatigue and exhaustion, promote alertness, raise the spirits and prolong the will to hang on and live."

Methedrine raises the mood after operation or in one suffering with cancer and counteracts the depression produced by morphine without interfering with the relief of pain for which morphine must be used.

"Other conditions in which Methedrine has been used include alcoholism, seasickness, low blood pressure, general body weakness and some types of migraine, one-sided headache."

We can readily understand that such a powerful drug used to keep us awake and alert in body and mind should not be used regularly after 4 P. M. Methedrine is used only under close medical supervision.

Also Methedrine should not be given to patients with heart disease or high blood pressure.

BURGESS BEDTIME

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lost voices. They leaned out as much as they could without falling so as not to be used regularly after 4 P. M. Methedrine is used only under close medical supervision.

Also Methedrine should not be given to patients with heart disease or high blood pressure.

Buster Bear looked down anxiously as he backed as fast as he could. What he saw made him wish he could back faster. Big as he was, he was only a little bigger than Mother Bear. Buster wanted to get out of there without any trouble. He wasn't looking for trouble. Mother Bear was looking for trouble. One look at her face was enough to tell Buster that.

He tried to work around on the

OUR TRIP

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idea of what the items on the menu were, we often found it best to simply point to something and anxiously wait to see what the waiter might be bringing.

As a hors d'oeuvre, the Italians always have a huge dish of spaghetti, as much as we would eat for a whole meal. To the great amusement of our waiter, we attempted to twirl the spaghetti (which seemed to be in unusually long pieces) around our fork the way the Italians do. We were so embarrassed we only ate a small portion and never ordered spaghetti again. Food in all parts of Italy was saturated in fat which to us was rather unappetizing. Coffee, always served black, was even stronger than in France.

In the morning when we went opposite side of the tree so that it would be between Mother Bear and himself. It didn't help him any. Mother Bear just worked around, too. In a moment they were near enough together for her to reach up with one of her big forepaws and hit him. My, how she hit him! Mother Bear struck all the harder because she was so angry. What is more, every one of her sharp claws dug into Buster's coat and tore it. Buster yelled. Yes, sir, he yelled. He started back up the tree, which was a mistake.

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NOTICE OF POLL-SCHOOL UNIT NO. 1

TO ALL PERSONS QUALIFIED TO VOTE AT SCHOOL MEETINGS

Take notice that for the purpose of electing TWO TRUSTEES—ONE TRUSTEE for each POLLING DIVISION OF SCHOOL UNIT NO. 1—a poll will be held on WEDNESDAY, the THIRTEENTH DAY OF JUNE, 1951 from 12 o'clock noon until 9 P.M.

POLLING DIVISION NO. 1 is defined as that portion of School Unit No. 1 which was formerly the school districts of Spring Park and Parkdale. In this division the polls will be held in Parkdale School and Spring Park School.

The following Candidates have been duly nominated for the office of School Trustee in this Division:

- Mr. Frank Burke.
- Mr. S. H. Burhoe.

POLLING DIVISION NO. 2 is defined as that portion of School Unit No. 1 outside the former school districts of Spring Park and Parkdale. In this division polls will be held in Winsloe School, West Royalty School, Central Royalty School and East Royalty School.

The following Candidates have been duly nominated for the office of School Trustee in this Division:

- Mr. Willard Lank.
- Mr. Lloyd Gillespie.

Who May Vote:

- (1) Every person shall be entitled to vote at any School meeting, on any question if such person or the wife or husband of such person shall be a ratepayer in the district and if such person or the wife or husband of such person shall have paid in full all district school rates and taxes, including dog tax, imposed upon him and not otherwise.
- (2) Provided that every woman residing in the district and being a mother, stepmother, or adoptive mother of a child of school age residing with her and in actual attendance at the school in the district, shall be a qualified voter at all school meetings and shall be eligible for election as a trustee unless she shall be in arrears of school taxes assessed against her.

Section 27—The Public School Act
GORDON M. RICE,
Secretary, School Unit No. 1

Dorothy Dix Says—

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cision more or less up to me. What do you suggest? DOROTHY

ANSWER: "Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive!" And even though your deceit was more or less unintentional, it still has enmeshed you in difficulties not easy to untangle.

TELL HER NOW

The only solution I can see is the obvious and I will grant, very hard one. Your mother-in-law must be informed just as soon as possible of your daughter's existence, with whatever apologies you can make. You do not have a reasonable excuse for not telling her sooner, and in all likelihood she will be very much hurt. Just put your hope in the fact that she will be understanding about the situation, as she undoubtedly will, and that your daughter's charm will win her over to happiness in having such a delightful grandchild.

When a situation like this arises, we are all too prone to believe that the "other party" will not understand. Fortunately, it seldom happens that way. Your mother-in-law will readily see how unhappy and sorry you are about not taking her into your confidence. The important factor is: don't delay! The first thing you know, she will get the information from some other source, and then you really will have a problem on your hands. See her as soon as possible and get the whole affair off your chest.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: My mother indulged me in everything I wanted to do or have from the time I was a baby. When I grew up I married the best man I ever knew, but I forced him to keep the house, cook, scrub, do the laundry and care for the baby. I would frequently go to my mother's house and stay two or three weeks at a time without going home to my husband. He tried to defend himself on several occasions, but with my mother's support I wouldn't let him make first base. Now my mother is dead and my husband is making big money. He demands his freedom so that he may marry a girl he fell in love with during the time that I was enjoying myself making life miserable for him. What can I do now? J. E.

ANSWER: Nothing will undo the wrong you have done or give you back the place in your husband's and son's affection that you have forfeited.

No doubt your mother is more to blame for your conduct than you are yourself, but you are the one who will have to pay the price of her weakness and folly. And that is something that I always think of when I see mothers spoiling their children. I marvel that they do not see what a crime they are committing against the ones they love.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am 15 years old and very much in love with a boy 19. We were going steady for two months when he called up and said he wanted to break up. He didn't think it was fair to me because I'm still young. His motives is fond of me and mine of him, so there's no trouble there. He hasn't called me since, but I know he goes to dances and parties stag and with his brother. He has no other dates. How can I get him to call or come over? W. E. T.

ANSWER: Since your boy friend has no other dates, I assume he still likes you. He sounds to me like a very considerate youth who realizes that you are much too young to go steady and is trying to hide his time until you are a little older. You could have a social gathering at your home some night and invite him over, but don't do any further pursuing. Expand your own social life, go to dances and have a good time. "Going steady" can wait a few years.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

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narrow canoe-shaped boat, whose curved prow and stern are adorned with fancy figures. The rhythm and leisure of this mode of travel is emphasized very pleasantly by the singing of the boatmen and passengers accompanied by the swishing of the water. The gondolas are manned by boatmen in uniform dress—straw hats, dark trousers and gaily coloured kerchiefs around their neck. With a gentle forward motion, the boatmen guide the gondolas, using only one oar, with great dexterity.

The heart of Venice is the square known as the "Piazza St. Marco" (St. Marks), a masterpiece of art, which is the religious and artistic centre of the city. The church itself is in the form of a Greek cross with huge arches and five spherical domes, supported by four massive pillars. Inside, the front wall and the altar are of precious gold and silver. In the square is the Clock Tower with its statues of the "Moors" who strike the hours of the day and night. At any time of the day or evening this square is crowded with people, and also pigeons which are fed there at a regular hour every day.

(To be continued)

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