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**Murder Is Forgetful**

By WILLIAM BOGART (Continued)

Apparently she had been smiling up at the photograph. But what Johnny saw was somewhat awesome. Half of the woman's features smiled. The other half of the face was a partially twisted grimace. It was sort of a frightful combination that gave Johnny Saxon a distinct shock—until he realized what was wrong.

The left side of Nancy England's features were affected by partial paralysis! He understood now, why she maintained that masklike manner, never smiling, never allowing her face to show expression. Caught unawares as she looked at the photograph, Johnny had seen the result of what happened when she did smile.

And she knew he had observed this.

Nancy turned away quickly, murmuring something inaudible and hurried toward the center hallway. She moved with a tense manner that was visible in the straightness of her slim shoulders.

The night was quiet and warm. There was just the slightest hint of air stirring in the many trees that surrounded the mansion.

Johnny closed the screen door quietly and let his eyes grow accustomed to the sudden darkness outside. Moe Martin's stocky figure appeared out of the night and he whispered, "Irene's over there." He made a motion indicating the far end of the terrace.

"Asleep?" asked Johnny quietly.

"I dunno. You talk to her and she sits with her eyes closed and don't say anything. It's like she was in a trance."

"It's a form of shock," said Johnny. "But we're doing all right now. This is a lovely place to stay. What more do you want? Besides, I've already found out something."

Faint light coming from the library beyond the doorway showed Moe Martin's round, bright eyes quicken with interest.

"You mean—" he questioned eagerly.

"I've found out why Nancy has never married Nick Walker. Interest died in Moe's eyes. "The trouble with you, Johnny, is that you never take anything seriously. After all, Kay says it was only luck that you didn't get shot out there on the harbor tonight. And I still think it's funny," whispered Moe Martin, disturbed, "that Nick Walker drove around that shore road just at the time the shooting happened—"

"What kind of a car does he own?"

"A station wagon". Moe Martin pointed toward the opposite end of the terrace. "It's parked out there in the driveway."

"Stay here," Johnny directed. "I'll be right back."

The Great Dane, Michael, trotted along at his heels as Johnny disappeared in the night darkness.

The wide, front seat of the station wagon was of tan-colored leatheroid. There was a flashlight, a pipe and a box of matches in the middle of the seat.

Johnny picked up the light, backed out of the car and opened the door to the roomy seat compartment. Snapping on the light, he saw that the station wagon was apparently used for hauling farm supplies. There was the smell of oats and hay. Particles of grain were scattered on the flooring.

Two small, square, yellow-colored boxes caught Johnny's eye. Each contained 16-gauge shotgun shells. One box was half empty. But there was no gun in the car.

Moe Martin was waiting for him when he reached the side terrace.

"I think Irene Smith's awake again. I just heard her chair rocking. You going to talk to her?"

"Yes," Johnny motioned toward the doorway. "How about this Doctor Clark, Karen's boy friend? Did you meet him?"

Moe nodded.

"Where's his car?"

"He didn't use one. Says he usually walks over from the hospital for the exercise. I guess Nick Walker's going to give him a ride home. Why?"

"Nothing," Johnny thought a moment. "Where are they?"

"You mean Karen and the doc?"

Moe Martin motioned toward the opposite side of the house. "I think

they're sitting down by the swimming pool."

Johnny suggested, "Stroll down that way and keep them entertained for awhile. I don't want that nurse Karen around while I'm talking to Irene Smith."

Irene's chair was creaking slowly as Johnny approached.

"Hello," he said.

The chair stopped its motion. Light from a nearby window touched the side of the woman's face. It was a beautifully serene face, made more exotic now by the contrasting deep shadows of night.

"Bart, my darling!" she murmured.

Here we go again, thought Johnny Saxon. He drew up a chair.

"A good night—and many of them..."

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**Card Of Thanks**

We wish to thank our listeners in the Maritimes and Newfoundland, for the many votes they gave us in this contest; also Mr. Fraser of the Shur-Gain Co., in presenting us with the Grand Prize and C. F. C. Y. for their co-operation.

Frances and Jean MacKinnon.

sat down.

The woman's slim fingers reached out and lightly caressed his face. "It's you. It's really you, Bart."

"Yes... Marie." He remembered the name just in time.

"When were you here last? It seems so long ago."

"This afternoon, don't you remember?"

She looked at him, her eyes probing in the half-light. "This afternoon? No, it was many days ago. It was the same afternoon we went down to the village. Don't tell me you've forgotten."

(To be continued)

**IN MEMORIAM**

To my Parents, Mrs. Uzziah Boyce, February 17th, 1944. Mr. Uzziah Boyce May 18th, 1944.

Many a lonely heartache, Often a silent tear, But always a beautiful memory, Of the ones I loved so dear.

Lovingly Remembered by Mrs. Chas. W. Robertson

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of Wilson L. Stewart, who passed away May 18th, 1948.

One less on earth! Its pain, its sorrow and its toll to share, One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear, One more the crown of the blessed to wear.

Lovingly Remembered by His Wife Irene.

MAGIC makes my Cup Cakes so light and fluffy!

**Gingerbread Cup Cakes**

Combine 1/2 cup melted shortening and 1 1/4 cups molasses and add 1 beaten egg. Stir until well blended. Mix and sift together 2 1/2 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon Magic Baking Powder, 1 teaspoon Magic Baking Soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1/2 teaspoon cloves, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and add alternately with 1/2 cup hot water. Bake in 24-2 1/2" cup cake pans in moderate oven (350°) for 30 minutes. Then blend one 3-oz. package of cream cheese with enough milk to make of sauce consistency. Top each serving with a spoonful.

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