

The Birthday Murder

By Lange Lewis

that you had a very good reason to believe that Mrs. Hime killed her husband. You believed that she discovered the relationship between the two of you, went off balance with the knowledge, and poisoned him."

Mrs. Hastings' eyes had an oddly blank look. He could see that she was taking his earlier advice and thinking; thinking hard. Watching her, he saw below the delicate skin of her throat the hard gorge rise and tighten. Her hands were claws grasping the edge of her purse. Under the painted face he saw the real one show through, a small hard face of bone and muscle. A nerve at the corner of her right eye twitched. The eye continued to look forward at the windshield while the nerve twitched a second time, and relaxed. For the first time he felt as a human being. He saw her as she had once been, a hard-thighed little girl with sausage curls who had worn a ballet dress and had danced on her toes to the tinkle of a piano in a roomful of other children. An adoring mother had sat by the wall watching and holding a sweater which would be slipped about the bony, little-girl shoulders.

She turned suddenly toward him. "You've been right and wrong," she said. Her voice was stripped of its usual color and warmth; it was the voice of a mathematician stating an irrefutable equation. "It was only emotion that made me say she was jealous of me. I thought so because she was against my getting that part. My agent talked me out of that feeling. At the inquest I was thinking mostly of my chances with Leighman. I never had any intention of repeating all that stuff I said to you at the first. When I saw Leighman there I laid it on with a trowel and said what a swell gal she was. I had my career to think of. It might have swung the balance. And then, after I went home something occurred to me in a new light. I wrote the note because I was jealous of me. I wrote it hating her. He had been kind to me. I suddenly put two and two together and realized the servant couldn't have poisoned the sugar."

"She couldn't have. On Thursday afternoon, while Mrs. Hime was on the telephone, I drank a last cup of tea. Because I really like it best that way, I put sugar in it. Two spoonfuls. From the silver bowl that was on the coffee table. The silver bowl the servant filled."

They looked at each other. Moira Hastings pressed down on the latch of the car door. It swung out into the bright sunlight. "As you can see, I'm not dead. I'm still around. There was no poison in that sugar at 5 o'clock. Play around with that for a while."

His voice stopped her. "Wouldn't it have been simpler to have come to me with that information?" The expression on Moira Hastings' face altered. The hard little-girl face vanished. Her eyes were wide as she said: "I thought I'd wait a while. I mean, I couldn't see any reason why she would have killed him, and you feel squeamish about putting someone's neck into a noose. I decided the note might make her tell, if she really did it. I'm sorry if that really did it. I have always believed that a person who kills suffers pangs of remorse. Like Macbeth, you know. And like Lady Macbeth, washing her hands."

To be continued

LONDON (CP)—For people with sensitive skin a British firm is producing a type of wool treated with rayon in a way which gives the warmth without the "tickle."

"You wrote the note, and in doing so told me what I now know."

"That... is... not... true!" stated Moira Hastings, slowly and emphatically.

Tuck went on: "So you changed your tune at the inquest to clear yourself. Your agent showed you what such a statement as you made to me would suggest: you look his advice. But after the inquest you were boiling with rage against Mrs. Hime. It maddened you that she was going to escape punishment. It was additionally maddening to realize that you had been silent. You wrote the note."

"There was never anything like that between us!" cried Moira Hastings.

"Now before you insult me by telling me that you were terribly, terribly shocked at the inquest in the death of a man who had always been terribly, terribly kind to you, I'm going to tell you why you were able to believe that Mrs. Hime killed her husband."

"At first you said she was jealous. You gave as your reason the fact that she had refused you a part you felt you could handle. You also threw in gratis the suggestion of a psychotic jealousy of all beautiful women. You are, by the way, beautiful, Miss Hastings. I concede that."

"Now none of that bothered me. It didn't influence me either for or against Mrs. Hime. You see, the thought occurred to me that you are extremely jealous of Mrs. Hime. That shows a lot of greed when you have both youth and beauty, but you want success. She has it. However, that is a little beside the point."

"At the inquest you went back on your previous statement as to Mrs. Hime's jealousy. At first, this was rather a shock. I admit. But then the apparent reason became clear to me. There was Mr. Leighman, who thinks so well of Mrs. Hime. You felt that to speak against her in front of him would make him dislike you and so make him refuse to give you the part of Ina Hart. So, I told myself, you had come to realize the untruth of that previous emotional statement as to Mrs. Hime's jealousy of you. You were willing to leave it behind under pressure of a new emotion, the hope of getting the part after all through Leighman, the executive producer."

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT Part Two

"And then came that anonymous note. I saw I had been wrong. I saw another pattern behind those three actions—the first statement of Mrs. Hime's jealousy of you, the second act of retracting it at the inquest, the third act of writing the note."

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

What was known as the Fete of the Big Sheaf, survived in Western Canada until quite recently and brought to a close the harvest season. The last sheaf which was made large, was put on the last wagon of grain as an emblem of abundance; the harvest hands decorated with ears of wheat; walked beside the load, singing on their way to the house.

There they were received by the owner of the grain. Leading the procession was the farmer's son, who carried the big sheaf into the house together with a jar of liquor. Advancing to where his Dad sat in a big chair, the son gave him the sheaf and wished him a good harvest every year of his life. Then he poured him a drink of brandy. The father thanked the son, and drained the glass. The little brown jug then went the rounds of the harvest hands; after which they all passed to an adjoining room for supper. This was followed by more brandy, songs and dancing. Thus ended the pretty ceremony, The Fete of the Big Sheaf.

Hangman's stones are quite common in England and the U. S. A. They derive their name from a curious legend that tells of a thief, having stolen a ewe; put it on the top of the stone while he rested, but it slipped off and strangled the man with the rope with which it was tied.

Perhaps the most famous case of all those recorded can be found in "Potter's Charwood," where the death of the deer thief, John Oxley, is told in rhyme. I'll give you two verses from "The Legend of the Hangman's Stone":

One shaft he drew on his well-tied yew,
And a gallant hart lay dead;
He tied its legs, and he hoisted his prize
And he tolled over Leebcloud brow
He reached the tall stone standing out and alone,
Standing there as it standeth now,
With his back to the stone, he rested his load,
And he chuckled with glee to think
That the rest of his way on the down hill lay
And his wife would have spied the strong drink.

A swineherd was passing o'er great Que's Head,
When he noticed a motionless man.
He shouted in vain—no reply could he gain—
So down the gray stone he ran.
All was clear: there was Oxley on one side the stone
And the other the down-hanging deer.
The burden had slipped, and his neck it had nipped,
He was hanged by his prize: that was clear.

Before the body of Napoleon was buried at St. Helena in May 1821, a medico removed his heart and placed in his own room in a wingglass. During the night the Doc was awakened by a strange noise. As he stared through the semi-darkness he was amazed to see a rat dragging the Emperor's heart across the floor to a hole. Tradition says that the Doc rescued it but it was so badly damaged that a sheep's heart was substituted and placed in the coffin. The last ceremonial burial of a human heart in England was that

of Paul Whitehead in 1775. No exact evidences can be adduced regarding the origin of the remarkable White Horse of Berkshire, England whose galloping figure, cut in outline on the side of a steep hill, known as White Horse Hill, is still of great interest to tourists.

The cutting takes the form of trenches 18 feet wide and six feet deep hallowed out of the soil. When viewed from a distance against the dark background of herbage the outlines look for all the world like delicate traced chalk lines. This colossal representation of a running horse is 510 feet long, the animal's ears alone measuring 45 feet, and its eye 6 feet. It takes up two acres. Tradition says it was carved to commemorate the victory of King Ethelred and his brother Alfred the Great, over the Danes at Ashdown in 811.

NEW ANNAN W. I.

The December meeting of the New Annan Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Robert Williams. The meeting opened with the "Ode" and "Creed," and minutes of the annual meeting were read and signed.

Roll call was answered by fourteen members placing a Christmas gift under the tree. One visitor was present.

School committee reported a map had been bought for the school, and sick committee reported making seven calls and taking fruit. Correspondence was read and discussed, and it was moved and seconded that \$5.00 be given T. B. League and \$5.00 towards

Pass Chartered Accountant Exams

The Institute of Chartered Accountants of Prince Edward Island has released the following results of the examination written in October by registered students. Primary Examinations: Passed David A. Andrew, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Intermediate Examinations: Passed: Ray Hennessey, Charlottetown, P. E. I. and Ralph D. Manning, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Passed Supplemental: Norman W. Hogg, Summerside, P. E. I. W. A. Robertson, Fredericton, N. B.

Final Examinations: Passed Supplemental: H. G. Williams, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

It was decided that the members would make candy to sell at the Christmas concert, and it was to be packed at the home of Mrs. E. Moase on December 17. At that time members would study the two lessons on home nursing.

It was stated the school is in need of scrubbing, and the president is going to try to get someone to do the work. The remainder of C.L.O. capsules were given the teacher for the pupils and the sale of Christmas cards amounted to \$10.70. Red Cross convener then handed out work to the members.

Roll call for January to be answered with an article for an auction sale, and the sale to be held after the meeting. Program committee put on three

contests, winners of which were Mrs. S. Moase, Mrs. E. Moase and Mrs. D. Rayner. Collection was \$1.28.

The hostess, assisted by committee in charge, served a delicious lunch, and Santa Claus gave each member as well as the visitor a gift from the Christmas tree. The meeting closed with the National Anthem.

YORK Y. P. U.

The York Y. P. U. was held at the home of Mr and Mrs. Leith Brown on Wednesday evening, December 12, with 15 members answering roll call.

The worship service opened with the Call to Worship "Home is what you make it" by Helen Lewis, followed by hymn no. 493. The scripture reading "Judge not that ye be not judged" by Christine Proud, was followed with a prayer by Helen Lewis. Kay Wood then read a story after which the Worship service closed with hymn 502.

The president, Parker Jewell, presided over the business part of the meeting which opened with the minutes and roll call of the last meeting. A motion was moved to send \$4.00 to the "Sunday School by Radio" fund, and it was decided the next meeting is to be held at the manse on January 9th with church attendance the previous Sunday for roll call.

It was then moved the business part of the meeting adjourn. Rev. John Douglas conducted a very interesting Bible Study on Acts 3, and the collection amounted to \$1.63.

ST. THOMAS, Ont.—(CP)—Members of the safety patrol of school boys who help children across busy streets near the schools were guests of a service club at a theatre party. The 30 boys are outfitted with special uniform equipment including shiny white capes.

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