

The Unlatched Door

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN
Continued

"No?" There was a distinct query in the way the monosyllable was uttered and, still looking at her with every appearance of interest, Inspector Kenway gave the impression of waiting for her to explain just how she thought things did happen.

Uncomfortably aware of an unintentional note of seriousness which had come into her voice in her last sentence, Barbara said quickly:

"I suppose we mustn't ask what the police are doing and how much they have discovered about Mr. Borden's death? I see by the evening paper that the inquest was adjourned after merely formal evidence—that's quite in accordance with the story books, isn't it?"—but they really don't tell us much."

"What would you like them to tell?" Kenway asked indulgently. He seemed to be quietly amused by her chatter.

"Well—why are you so sure that

One Drowned When Bus Plows Into Flood

CAPE GIRARDEAU, Mo., Aug. 13.—(AP)—A Dixie Grayhound bus plowed into a flood near here recently and a torrent of water poured through it, throwing some of the 18 passengers into panic.

An elderly passenger was missing and presumed drowned.

The bus was swamped where a cloudburst turned a creek into a torrent. Water poured over the highway at a depth of five feet at one time.

One passenger said most of the passengers were asleep or dozing when the bus hit the flood-waters and was almost swept off the highway.

Several passengers were panicked and climbed on top of others trying to get out of the vehicle. The bus was left tilted at a 46-degree angle of a shoulder of the highway. A truck pulled the bus clear of the water.



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It is a case of—of killing and not suicide?"

"Why shouldn't we be?"

Barbara suddenly found herself breathless on the edge of a precipice. The question was so simple and had been asked with such apparent casualness, but answering it might be so full of danger for her. She knew so well why she thought they might have believed it a case of suicide! She had a vision of herself standing at the door of that room, stretching out her hand to the electric light switch to shut out the sight of that gross dead body crumpled on the floor with the revolver near its hand. She must beware not to hint at that!

"I was only going by the newspaper reports," she heard herself saying slowly. "They spoke of the body being found with a revolver, one cartridge from which had been fired, lying beside it. Wasn't it true?"

"Quite true. I gave the information to the reporters myself," said Kenway; "but as a reader of crime stories I should have thought you would know there are ways of telling whether or not a wound is self-inflicted, Miss Calendar. There were in this case. We know. How we know is one of the things we are not making public yet."

"I see," Barbara's voice sounded very small. She leaned back in her chair with her hands clasped on her lap. That was one of the things they were not making public! How many more were there? What else did they know—and why did the man keep watching her like that? He was smiling but . . . To her unbounded relief he transferred his attention to Martin.

"You have some idea why I am here, Mr. Winton?"

"You said over the 'phone that it was in reference to Mr. Roy Hemersley. As a matter of fact I was expecting to hear from you because he rang me up after he had been to the Yard and told me he had mentioned my name to you."

"Did he tell you what he said?"

"About Borden? I gathered that he told you of the fellow's relations with his father years ago and that he had been rather indiscreet in the expression of his own feelings."

"He realized that, did he? Did he tell you that he admitted having been at Darnley Mansions on the night of the murder?"

"Roy! Roy at Darnley Mansions! But he couldn't have been! Not then! Not—When was he there?"

MacLeod-Newman Wedding

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at 6 p. m. Wednesday, July 9th at the bride's home, when Verna Emma, eldest daughter of Mrs. Newman and the late Edison Newman, Hunter River, became the bride of Vernon, youngest son of Mrs. MacLeod and the late Alex MacLeod of Hartsville.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Howard Christie of Hunter River United Church under a prettily decorated arch.

To the strains of Lohengren's Bridal Chorus very effectively rendered by Miss Joyce Warren the bride entered the living room on the arm of her brother-in-law, Errol Stewart, who gave her in marriage.

The bride looked lovely in a floor length gown of white satin with fitted bodice of net and lace and full skirt. Her veil, which fell gracefully to the floor in folds and ended in a short train was held in place in a cap effect. She carried an arm bouquet of American Beauty roses and maiden hair fern. The brides only ornament was a rhinestone necklace, gift of the groom.

Mrs. Errol Stewart was her sister, only attendant as matron of honor and was dressed in a floor length gown of aqua taffeta with matching headress, and carried a bouquet of yellow roses and snapdragons.

The groom was ably supported by his brother Elmer.

During the signing of the register the bride's sister Winifred sang "I'll Walk Beside You". The organist and other attendants were presented with suitable remembrances.

What time?"

Barbara had come to her feet as though shot from her chair, with words tumbling from her lips in broken jerks. She stopped suddenly and stood staring wide eyed at Kenway. He faced her without any change of expression while Martin and Nancy regarded her in amazement.

"The time, Miss Calendar, was between 10-50 and 11-5," said Kenway.

"Then! Roy there! Roy!"

Her knees seemed to give way and she sank back on the chair from which she had sprung.

To be continued

The mother of the bride chose a street length dress of navy with white accessories and wore a corsage of red roses. The groom's mother wore light blue crepe with a navy corsage and a corsage of red roses.

Following the ceremony the guests motored to Lake View Lodge, Cavendish, where the reception was held. Forty six guests sat down to a sumptuous wedding supper. The bride's table was centered with a three-tiered wedding cake with a miniature bride and groom atop.

The Rev. H. Christie proposed the toast to the bride to which the groom responded in a few well chosen words.

Upon returning home they were greeted by a gay band of serenaders. The happy couple left amid showers of confetti on a motor trip to Ottawa where they visited the groom's sister, Mrs. J. Galbreith and Mr. Galbreith. The bride chose for travelling a navy gaberdine suit with white accessories.

Previous to her marriage the bride was tendered a miscellaneous shower where she received many useful gifts, including silver, linen, cut glass and money.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Continued from page 2

years, while your husband most certainly has not.

Your present course is most inadvisable. If you want to continue your almost hopeless efforts to keep the family together. Go back to your husband, make him set up a home for you and his son. If you use enough firmness, you can convince him that you are in earnest with your insistence. Not being a firm character himself, he'll give in to your persuasion. From that point on you can determine whether or not you can manage the marriage successfully.

A case like yours is one of the few instances in which the management of the home—financial, emotional and domestic—should be in the wife's hands. Don't make the mistake, however, of going to work yourself. You only provide money for additional outings for your husband and his earnings should be sufficient to run the house.

A program of firm determination on your part may set things to rights for you. You must deal with an unstable husband as you would with a child—don't give him too much chance to make up his own mind about anything; he's too vacillating to make decisions. You thought, you cannot change your husband, and you cannot essentially change the conditions under which you must live. If the prospect is not alluring, let him go. You're not losing much.

DEAR MISS DIX: Several months ago my husband brought home a woman with whom he worked, who was a stranger in town. She is separated from her husband and, since she was lonely, my husband thought she and I would become friends—or so he said. I have since discovered, however, that he is personally interested in her, and also that she has already broken two other homes. I told her if she interested in my home, I'd break her neck. My husband says he likes her, and just feels sorry for her—has no deeper feeling. However, he is now finding fault with every single thing I do. Things that used to please him now have the opposite effect. We have four fine children and, due to my efforts working outside the home, a nice house and bank account. We've been married 18 years.

F. F.

ANSWER: Your husband apparently is, at least semi-consciously, aware of his own defections, but to make excuses for them turns to the world-old trick of finding fault with you. This is the weakling's way of shifting attention from his own shortcomings—turning the spotlight on the minute faults of someone else.

By all means refuse your hospitality to the homewrecker and, if she continues to be an annoyance, threaten to report her to the court that made the financial arrangement with her husband. Since this is dependent upon her good behavior, I think the threat will have a speedy and effective result.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am 16 and very fond of a boy 19. He hangs around corners at night, yet I like him very much. When I first met him, I was rather cold, but now I would like to let him know that I care for him. How can I go about it?

P. R.

ANSWER: Boys who hang around street corners are not the best company for a 16-year-old. Why not turn your attentions to a boy of better habit?

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