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G. H. Taylor
Jewellers For Four Generations

The Thorpe Affair

By Phillip Lesly

He pulled the car up to the curb. Putting his arm about her shoulders, he looked into her eyes, his expression grave.

"This is a chance to clear you. It's the only chance I can see. It's the only way the evidence against you can be broken down. Are you game for a lot of fireworks, and maybe a little danger?"

She returned his gaze, studying him as if trying to detect his innermost thoughts. Then she smiled thinly, "I'm game."

"Fine. Now here's the idea. It may sound uncertain, but if I know criminals' minds, it'll work."

She nodded as he pointed out each step. "It sounds good," she said. "Maybe you're not so simple after all."

He grinned. "It took you quite a while to find that out. Remember, be ready at 6.30, and be ready for anything."

The next evening at exactly 6.30 Terry rapped on the door of room 418 in the Elm Street Apartment Hotel and waited with a strange eagerness until the door was opened. For a moment he stood there with his eyebrows high, his lips parted. Kay Howard, who for three days had appeared lovely to him in sport suits and plain dresses, now seemed ethereally beautiful in a black evening gown and subtle makeup.

She laughed lightly. "It's me," she assured him. "I do this two or three times a year, just to get rid of an inferiority complex. You see, I'm really not half bad."

He swallowed, embarrassed, as he helped her on with her cloak. It was a moment before he regained enough of his composure to ask: "Did you see it?"

She nodded. "It didn't look at all obvious, like I was afraid it would. It should work."

"If it does, we'll have our names in the papers. But if we slip, they will be in the papers and on the police blotters too."

Terry felt a warm pride as he escorted Kay through the hotel lobby. He could see the appreciative gaze of the men, the envious appraisal of the women. When he helped her into his car, he felt for the first time a self-consciousness at the appearance of the vehicle.

The fact that it had been serviceable had been the only consideration with him before. But now it looked cheap, out of place with its surroundings. He wondered again what was coming over him to change his attitude of eight years in just a few days.

"Why so thoughtful?" Kay asked.

Terry came out of his reverie with a start. A faint smile came to his lips. "I was trying to think of something that's been bothering me for quite a while."

"Did you?"

"I think so. Only time and the whims of Chance can tell."

"And what is this great problem?"

He shook his head. "I'll explain when it's not a problem any more."

He sensed that she wanted to press him for an answer, to find out more about him. Her knowledge of him was even less than his of her, he realized. But something seemed to hold her in check; something akin to that fear he had seen in her eyes the day of the shooting.

They were in the busier section of the city now. He touched his pocket, felt the gun in it and was reassured. He smiled wryly to himself at the thought of using that gun again, twice in two days, when never before had he had occasion to use one. Puzzling as this case might be, it was certainly exciting.

They entered the Blue Rock Club together and took a table near the rear. Looking around, they could see that the place was decidedly not among the better class of night clubs.

"I hope," Terry said, "that you don't mind the reflection on you that being escorted to this place casts."

"Not at all," she replied blithely. "But—do we have to eat here?"

"No-o. If you're willing to wait, I know a swell place where we can get filet mignon, caviar and champagne for practically a song."

The Blue Rock Club, while considerably higher in the night-club scale than "Barney's," was still permeated by an atmosphere of vulgarity. The noise, the coarseness were more restrained, but unmistakably present. The clientele made a pretense of correctness in dress and manners, but didn't quite succeed. Terry noted that the bandage over his ear apparently aroused no curiosity. Bandages seemed to be no novelty in this night club.

Kay and Terry had arrived before the crush of evening business. They were there a half-hour before four men carrying instruments took possession of a small dias and imitated an orchestra. It was another hour before the night's activities got into full swing. The small floor was crowded by dancing couples. The orchestra played loudly and long, the identity of its numbers faintly detectable to the attentive ear.

To be continued

Little Old Lady Of Stanley Park Found Dead

VANCOUVER, Oct. 3 — (CP)—The little old lady of Stanley Park—Mrs. Annie Stewart—is dead.

The tiny woman, crippled by arthritis, who was forced to live in the park for a time this summer because of poverty, died in loneliness in her attic room near English Bay. Her body was found Monday in her gas-filled room.

About her were found tragic signs of her loneliness—letters she had sent to her daughter, returned "Address unknown."

Six weeks ago the gentle, refined 54-year-old woman was found huddled in the shelter of the Pauline Johnson Memorial in the park.

She explained she was trying to conserve her meagre funds. It was a case, she said softly, of "keep my room and starve, or live outdoors and eat."

For 10 days she had existed like that, doubled up with rheumatism. The Salvation Army found her a room and got her a social service grant. Medical treatment was arranged, and doctors said she could have been cured in a year.

She was eating regularly, had a radio, and the Army had arranged for a friend from the east to visit her.

Some time between Thursday and Sunday Mrs. Stewart wrote some more letters to her daughter.

On Monday an Army official found her room door had been jammed with a knife.

She had died in her rocking-chair. Gas jets were full on. The letters were in the room.

Police said there would be no inquest.

STANLEY BRIDGE SCHOOL

Report for August and September:

- Grade X—1. Eleanor Reid 2. Mark Reid.
- Grade IX Sr. 1. Lillian Coles. 2. Ralph Malone 3. Loyd Malone.
- Grade IX Jr. Jackie Farrish.
- Grade VII 1. George Hiscott 2. James Fletcher 3. Lawson Bigger.
- Grade VI 1. Eileen Reid 2. June Morrison 3. Bruce Murphy.
- Grade V 1. Harvey Malone.
- Grade IV 1. Shirley Reid 2. Donald Fyfe 3. Hilda Malone.
- Grade III 1. Anne Lea Fyfe 2. Anna Rae Douglas 3. Mary Fyfe.
- Grade II 1. Gayland Ferguson.
- Grade I (a) 1. Alfred Fyfe.
- Grade I (b) 1. Gary Ferguson.
- Grade I (c) 1. Wilfred Bolger.
- Grade I (d) 1. Winston Malone. Ellen Buchanan — Teacher.

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