

The Unlatched Door

By Frank Price

CHAPTER FIFTEEN
(Continued)

"Just before eleven. We had been at the Boldovina with Roger, but he had a row with some people and cleared off. When he didn't seem likely to come back I gave the men the slip and went home. I didn't want them."

"Tony came knocking soon afterwards. He said Sammy had left him all alone at the Boldovina. I tried to get rid of him, but he wouldn't go, and I had to let him in."
"Had to?"
"I didn't want a row on the landing. Sammy didn't come till after one. He was nearly speechless, and I tried to persuade Tony to take him home, but neither of them would go without a last drink. It was after that we came out and ran up against the man from No. 9 and the police."
"And what did you tell them which they did not swallow?"
"That we all got to my flat about half-past one."

"Why did you say it?"
"I didn't want them to know I was there when—when it happened."
"When did it happen?"
"The police don't know, but they were very keen on hearing about a motor cycle that was backfiring in the street about eleven."
"Did you tell them that?"
"No. How could I? I said I wasn't home till after one. They think the noise of that covered the report of the shot that did it."
"And now they know you were lying?"
"Not about the time—only where I was between the Boldovina and getting home. I said I went straight and Tony backed me up, but it struck me this morning that they might ask the staff at the restaurant when I left. So I saw Tony and we fixed up a story to tell."
"And this evening you told it and now, I suppose, the detective is on his way to get confirmation from Tony?"
"It will be all right if he is!"
"Your alibi? Let us hope so. What a fool you are!" He sat back in his chair looking across the table at her, and she seemed to shrink and wither under his gaze. He went on: "Well, that is your look out. If you will get yourself in tight because you think you are a clever liar you must lie yourself out again. But where am I now? Borden is dead. What happens? Does your money stop?"
"I hope not. He threatened to cancel the order at the bank after he found you with me night before last—and did that, the beast!" She nodded toward him as his hand went carelessly to the sticking plaster. "But unless he cancelled it yesterday—and I don't think he did—it is still in force."
"But he is dead. That was not provided for."
"The order was that the money was to be paid to me monthly until he gave instructions to the contrary. There was nothing about death in it. He didn't know how near he was to death!"
"No?" The man gave her a curious look from veiled eyes. "But even if he did not cancel the order I do not know how English law would deal with it. It would be a thousand pities if the pig had died in vain!"
"Advice shivered."
"What would you do if the money stopped?" she whispered.
"That is a question for you to ask yourself," he said smiling.
"But the answer tells itself. He was not the only pebble on the shore. You would soon find another!"
She leaned forward and her voice was suddenly bitter.
"I don't know why I let you treat me as you do!" she exclaimed. "You must be right. I am a fool! If I wasn't I'd have killed you long ago!"
"But as you are. It is big pig Borden who is dead!" he said.
"The truth, which you will not speak because it is a stranger to you, is that you love me." Leaning forward in his turn, he took her hand-bag, opened it and drew out

her purse. Then he called the waiter and paid for their meal, putting purse and change into his pocket. "Come, we will go somewhere and dance!" he said.
They went out, his plump, soft hand on her arm. Saunders got his cheque and followed them, pausing at the table where they had sat to pocket the menu which Luigi's pointed fingers had held.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Inspector Kenway went to his duty the next morning with every prospect of having a busy day. That was always to be expected with a murder case in its preliminary stages, more especially when there was no definite evidence pointing to a particular suspect; and this affair of Roger Borden's death struck him as one of the most involved and uncertain in which he had ever been engaged. There were so many possible suspects!
He ran them over in his mind: Roy Hemersley, to begin with. Kenway could not quite believe him guilty, but he knew that was only a personal feeling and he would not allow himself to be unduly influenced by it. Hemersley had what would be accepted as motive in full measure, and his visit to Darnley Mansions showed that he had also had ample opportunity. True, the moment at which he had been seen there by the constable on the beat did not seem to fit in with Kenway's theory that the fatal shot was fired while the motorcycle was making its noise in the street; but that, after all, was only a theory and might not be justified. Roy Hemersley was distinctly a suspect.
To be continued

CLYDE RIVER W. M. S.

The July meeting of Clyde River Presbyterian W. M. S. was held at the home of Mrs. George Livingston with an attendance of eleven members and two visitors.
The president, Mrs. James Beer presided and the theme for the meeting was "The World for Christ". The regular opening procedure followed.
A letter from Mrs. Lillian Dickson was read in part by Mrs. John Gillespie and Mrs. Nicholson, and a report of the Presbyterial was given by the president, special mention being made of the Leper Fund.
The minutes were then read and adopted, and roll call answered with a verse of Scripture. It was decided to answer the roll call at the next meeting with a verse beginning with the letter "P".
A report of the thank-offering was given by the treasurer and Mrs. Keith Young offered while Christmas cards to be sent to Mrs. Ingraham, port worker at Halifax. A card of thanks from a sick member was received.
Mrs. Arnold Beer kindly invited the members to her home for the next meeting, and the meeting closed by singing Hymn No. 386 and repeating the Mizpah Benediction. Lunch was served and a social hour followed.

-NEWSY NOTES-

By J. A. Clark, D.Sc.

GLASS

Glass is frequently referred to as silicate of soda. It is a combination of silica with one or more of the salts of sodium and metallic oxides. Flint, which consists almost entirely of silica and is usually considered as a kind of quartz, is also used in the manufacture of glass.
Glass has been known since early antiquity. Several nations claim its discovery. The oldest specimens that have been secured are Egyptian. The knowledge concerning the art of making glass seems to have radiated from both Egypt and Phoenicia, as civilization spread over Europe and Asia.
There was an abundance of sand, which is largely silica, in Egypt and Phoenicia, and as they both had the use of fire, it is probable the first glass was discovered where fire had melted sand. The writer has often picked up chunks of crude glass where sandhill hay had been burned on the New London sand dunes. There are types of sandhill glass as are tipped with silica and are as sharp as needles.
Sidon and Alexandria supplied glass to the Romans who used it extensively in early times, but do not seem to have started manufacturing it until after the formation of the Roman Empire. Early made glass was both blown and stamped by the Romans according to the type of article required. "Vasa vitrea escoria potiora" was a type of glass vase mentioned in early writings. Vials and bottles were used to hold perfumes, drugs and medicines. Urns made of glass were used to hold the ashes of the dead.
The Portland Vase in the British Museum is one of the most celebrated of the Cameo vases (toreumata vitri). Mirrors, magnifying-glasses and prisms were also manufactured by the Romans from glass. With the fall of Rome, glass making was transferred to Constantinople, and flourished there under the Eastern Empire during the period of the Dark Ages.
Later, Venice became the centre of the glass industry during medieval and later eras; their craftsmen probably received their training and inspiration from the glass workers of Constantinople. The Venetian glass mirrors, goblets and cups were exported to all parts of the world, and for a long period enjoyed a monopoly of this trade. In more recent times the Venetian craftsmen, by their skill and enterprise, have again revived this great industry.
In Germany, their oldest glass was produced during the sixteenth century, and was made largely from flint; it consisted of white coloured goblets and tankards, enamelled with coloured coats of arms, etc.
Colbert set up the blowing of glass in Paris in 1665, by securing

ing water only, and the ground graving patterns are produced by parts are finely polished with a emery powder that is mixed with wooden wheel supplied with a oil and applied to the edges of most polishing putty powder. En-small, revolving copper discs.

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Once again we welcome back Bill Lynch, who down through the years has played a prominent part in our program.

YOUTH DAY, TUESDAY, AUGUST 12th

DR. J. F. Lantz, President
H. J. KENNEDY, Vice-President and Mgr.

G. H. BUNTAIN, Secretary-Treasurer
K. FRANK ACORN, Race Secretary