

straight questions with straight answers. First, who is this Joe person you were expecting to do the canoeing for you?"

"My husband."

"And the people in the launch?"

"How should I know who they were? By what right do you ask me that?" she demanded.

"The circumstances are somewhat unusual, madam, you must admit," Kendrick reminded her sharply. "Do you wish me to play safe by handing you over to the police?"

"Police? My Good Gracious me! What crime have I committed?"

"That would be a matter for official enquiry. It may be that you and your husband are in the habit of wandering about the Island in a thick fog at 'o'clock in the morning—picking daisies for sick kiddies over at the Children's Home, I presume—but, to be perfectly frank with you, I doubt it. Besides, there is the little matter of the launch."

"Why are you so interested in that launch?"

"Because I happen to be the nephew of my uncle who happens to own it and to have left it in my charge during his absence," said Kendrick deliberately. "I'm laying the cards face up, madam. The launch is the property of Honorable Milton Waring, of whom you may have heard. Undoubtedly it has been stolen."

He was not prepared for the laughter with which his unknown passenger greeted this bold