

THE MAELSTROM

BY FRANK FROEST.

Let's Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard.

"A crook of the crookedest. He ran a wholesale factory for forged currency notes in the United States ten years ago. That was broken up, and he did five years in Sing Sing. He has been at the back of a lottery swindle since he came out, and Lord knows what else. We'd lost sight of him till I happened to get hold of this copy. That's the kind of man who's the husband of Miss Greye-Stratton."

"How did you find this out?" Menzies puffed reflectively. He had no intention of completely exposing his hand. He was certain that Peggy Greye-Stratton was the woman who had given Hallett the cheques and that the latter had deliberately refrained from identifying her. Moreover, he was also convinced that she had told the young man something at lunch, though whether she was, as he affected to believe using him as a tool, he was not in his own mind certain.

The more he considered, the more he felt that she held the key to the mystery. If only she could be induced to speak. With him, with any official of police, she would be persuaded was the one man who might win her confidence without exciting suspicion. So long as his sympathies remained with her he was unlikely to be persuaded. Therefore, if possible, his sympathies had to be alienated.

"Just common sense," growled Menzies, "ordinary common sense. I learned that she had a wedding ring—though she didn't wear it—sent up to Somerset House to inspect the registry of marriages, and got this call an hour ago." He laid a hand gently on the young man's shoulder. "Better do as I advise. Anyway, take care of yourself."

He did not wait for an answer, but moved softly out of the room. He was wise enough to know when to stop. To say more might be to spoil things. Hallett might safely be left to his own reflections.

Hallett was a man whose brain as a rule worked very clearly. But now he was confused, and he strove vainly to reconcile reason with inclination. It seemed ages since the episode of the fog, years since he had looked into the pale oval of Peggy Greye-Stratton's face at lunch. Spite of the convincing proof of the marriage certificate, he could not think of her as a married woman. Anyway he told himself, if Menzies was right in that it did not follow that all his inferences were right. He had felt the ring of honesty in the story she had told him.

And yet the idea of the detective was plausible enough. He could see where things dovetailed. If he were stringing him she had been acute enough to tell him a series of half-truths. If she were a willing accomplice, as Menzies supposed, there was reason enough why she should mislead him.

He had met female adventuresses before—pretty, cultivated women, some of them—but he had not been impressed by them as he had been by her. But then the circumstances were different.

He pondered the matter as he drove back to his hotel. Suppose he did accept Menzies's version—and he admitted to himself that there was a considerable weight of probability

on that point of view. He could not see why, in that event, he should become an unpaid amateur detective. The thought of spying on Peggy Greye-Stratton, adventuress or not, was entirely distasteful to him. He had no interest in the investigation. He had been dragged into the affair entirely by accident. Let the police do their work themselves.

It was in this mood that he arrived at his hotel and refused the newspaper men who were still blockading the entrance. He avoided the public rooms. He wanted to be alone. He went up to his private sitting-room. There it was that a note was brought to him. He tore it open absently and glanced at it mechanically. But at once his interest was aroused. It had been scribbled in pencil, apparently in haste:

I am in trouble. For God's sake, come and help me. I don't know to whom else to appeal. Call at 140 Ludford Road, Brixton, as soon as you can, but alone. Ask for me.

There was no signature, but Hallett needed none. He had never seen Peggy Greye-Stratton's writing, but the small, neat characters were beyond doubt to him. His resolution to stand aside was already being put to the test. He swayed the note in his hand while he recalled Menzies's warnings. He was an important witness. Already one attempt had been made to secure his silence. Was this a trap?

Yet, on the other hand, if the girl was being used to secure his silence, she could not know that he had changed his decision to stand by her. She must suppose—the conversation at lunch would have made her believe—that he had allied himself on her side. No; the letter was certainly genuine.

He impressed the address on his memory, and, tearing the letter into little bits dropped them into the waste-basket. Then he searched in his kit-bag till he found, at the bottom, a small automatic revolver and a packet of cartridges. He loaded the weapon carefully and dropped it in his jacket-pocket.

He had no idea where Brixton was, but a study of a street map gave him its location. He did not want to have to ask questions. He had come to have too much respect for Menzies's methods in following up a trail for that. For the same reason when he went out into the Strand he turned abruptly in his walk once or twice.

The useful little book of maps issued by the Underground Railway helped him on his next course. He went into a tube station and booked for Hampstead. At Leicester Square he changed for Piccadilly Circus. There he changed for Kennington Oval. By the time he emerged into the sunlight he was satisfied that if there had been any shadows on his trail he had thrown them off.

He had selected the Oval Station because the map had shown him that the district lay on the verge of Brixton. He was about to hail a taxi when his eye caught the label on one of the big electric cars swinging by. He jumped aboard.

Ludford Road proved to be a quiet road of small houses buried away at

the back of Brixton Town Hall. It was a street that might very well have been inhabited solely by moderate-salaried city clerks—retired, unobtrusive and respectable semi-detached villas, with neat squares of gardens behind iron railings. It was no street of mystery.

Hallett walked to the door of No. 140 and pressed the bell. It opened promptly, revealing a plump, shrewd ant-faced little woman with shrewd eyes and a strong mouth. Jimmie, whose right hand had been gripped round the automatic in his jacket-pocket, removed it hurriedly and lifted his hat.

"I wish to see Miss Olney, if I may," he said. The woman shook her head. "You have made a mistake. There's no one of that name lives here," she said, and Jimmie's last shred of suspicion vanished. If the note had been sent for a trap there was evidently no anxiety for him to walk into it.

"Pardon me Miss Greye-Stratton, I should have said. My name is Hallett." She smiled and flung the door wide. "Oh, yes. She is expecting you. Will you come in?" Jimmie passed into the narrow little hall and the door shut.

(To be continued.)

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Uncle John's Ash

ON MY BIRTHDAY I TAKE A DAY OFF BUT THE MISSUS TAKES A YEAR OFF ON HERS.



MARSHALL FOCH'S PAY

Famous French General Got \$160 Per Day Before Being Raised to \$35 a Week.

Before the war French army salaries were hardly commensurate with the cost of the regulation gold braid; but this miserable condition has been changed. Thus it appears that "Uncle" Ferdinand Foch, generalissimo of millions of the allied armies, broke the "invincible" German army and saved the world for about \$160 a day. The amount allotted to a divisional general, including the extra franc for being married, is 82,040 francs, which pushes the general's weekly wage up about \$35. Before the various supplements were added the general's salary was about \$23. French brigadier-generals draw about \$25.50 a week, while his lieutenant-colonel makes about \$4 less, if married.

REAL FINGER EXERCISE.

Typists' fingers are among the most amazing travellers in creation, and are capable of going tremendous distances without the fatigue that would come to the feet and legs in performing a similar journey. In ordinary typewriting the hand may travel, according to an expert, 10,000 miles a year and not indicate any impairment in efficiency. This refers, of course, to the average typist in an office.

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WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

NEWS ITEMS COVERING THE ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN IN ALL PARTS OF ONTARIO.

NEWMARKET.

The officers and representatives of York County and District had a very nice joint meeting in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto. Miss Sutherland and Mr. Putnam joined us, also Dr. Patterson who spoke to us very nicely about our object of meeting together to discuss the immorality on the public highways. A great deal of discussion was entered into and at last Mr. Putnam framed a resolution to be sent to the Legislature to make a law for more compulsory methods to be taken in regards to this.

L. TOOLE.

NEW CRUSADE IN ENGLAND

Women's Institute Finds There Are Too Many Ornaments in Cottages.

The newest enterprise of the British Women's Institutes is a campaign against the over-crowding of rooms, particularly living rooms of small houses, with useless ornaments. This has long been a cause of complaint by country doctors and hygiene experts.

In country cottages mantels, overmantels, corner cupboards, side tables, and old-fashioned whatnots loaded with all sorts of articles are commonly seen. A visitor to a small Norfolk cottage was astonished to find five clocks, three of them grandfather clocks, in the parlor.

Labor-saving and hygiene are the aims of the present campaign, which has started in Dorset following a conference of women at Wimborne, where it was stated that a visitor to a cottage counted 250 articles, mostly ornaments, in one small room.

WHEN YOUR APPETITE FAILS THIS IS WHAT YOU NEED

When the very thought of eating makes you feel dizzy, when you're run down, stomach in a bad way—you need a real housecleaning with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They tone up the liver, assist the stomach and improve digestion. The taste becomes aware of new flavors in food you never noticed before. You'll look and feel a whole lot better after using Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Many folks use this fine old remedy and nothing else and keep in the pink of condition all the time. 25c at all dealers, or The Catarrhzone Co., Montreal.

IMMATURE VEAL NOT ALLOWED TO GO INTO CONSUMPTION.

The returns of the Federal Live Stock Branch indicate a very heavy increase in the marketing of immature calves at Public Stock Yards in Eastern Canada. The heavy Spring liquidation of young calves is now well under way and the percentage of stock below marketable quality is unusually heavy. As a consequence, condemnations, made by authority of Live Stock and Live Stock Products Act 1917, are reaching large proportions. Of two loads of calves recently unloaded at the Union Stock

Yards, Toronto, ten per cent, were sent to the tank. It is hoped that all shippers of live stock will take precautions in this regard and keep out of future shipments any immature calves and all calves three weeks of age and under.

STATEMENT SHOWS UNHOPED PROFITS

MINISTER OF MARINE ABLE TO POINT TO EARNINGS FROM GOVERNMENT VESSELS.

Canada's publicly-owned fleet of merchant vessels in their voyages in 1920 earned revenue sufficient not only to pay operating expenses, but also to leave a net profit of \$871,460 on the country's investment. It has been predicted by some pessimistic individuals that the statement of Hon. C. C. Ballantyne upon the operations of the Canadian Government merchant marine would show a serious deficit for the calendar year 1920. The Minister of Marine, in introducing the estimate for the completion of the Government's ship-building programme in the Commons however, showed that the ships earned in voyages which closed before December 31, \$10,927,442. Of that sum \$8,782,917 went to meet operating expenses, leaving an operating profit of \$1,293,525. From the sum the Minister deducted \$667,665 to cover depreciation, and \$27,400 for outstanding liabilities and incorporation expenses. He showed thus net earnings of \$598,460 on voyages which terminated before the end of the year. To this he was able to add a portion of the net earnings of voyages which began in 1920 and ended since January, amounting to \$183,000. The total net earnings of the Canadian Government merchant marine for 1920 were thus \$781,460.

WAR WIDOWS RE-MARRY

Causes Reduction in British Pensions of £10,000,000.

British war widows are re-marrying so rapidly that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Austen Chamberlain, expects to be able to reduce pensions appropriations in this year's budget by £10,000,000 sterling. This however, is only one of the factories contributed to the anticipated reduction, but it is stated that thousands of women made widows by the war have again become wives and thus automatically taken their names off the pension list. The pensions granted to widows of soldiers who died on active service are withdrawn when the widows re-marry.

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Makes Weak Women Strong