

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1923

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPINNING WHEEL

Being An Exploit in the Career of Hamilton Cleek, Detective. By MARY E. AND THOMAS W. HANSEW

(Continued from yesterday) Cleek sucked in his breath and, half-crouching, half-running, sped after her. What if the men had seen! He glanced back quickly over his shoulder, and then redoubled his pace. For, of a sudden, with the speed of a lightning-flash every flare in that valley had gone out—slip!—like that. Every voice had dropped to stillness, and the night was a hideous thing of running footsteps, pining, he knew only too well, up the hillside after them—those watchers who had seen the secret of the night, and tomorrow might give it forth to an unsuspecting world. Their lives wouldn't be worth much if this crew caught them, that was certain. Panting, he reached her side, caught hold of her elbow, and pinning it close to his fingers hurried her forward, every faculty alert, every nerve a tremble. Her panting breath was like the breath of a spent runner; she wouldn't last far in those high heels, he knew; the going was too hard. It was only a matter of time now. The hurrying footsteps seemed to be coming nearer and nearer. He bent his face down to hers. "The motor-car? Where?" he said in a quick, panting voice. She managed to stammer out a reply, stumbling feet falling over the rough ground, tripping in clumps of heather, brushing themselves against harsh stones. "In the lane—beyond—over there. I've been a fool—leave me and go yourself!" she panted out in disjointed sentences that were ringing with despair. "Never! We'll get there yet. Gather up your skirts. God! you're coming!" It was his own voice that spoke to her, and for a sudden moment he had forgotten the part he played in the exigencies of this distressing situation. He heard her gasp suddenly, and then she started eyes up into his face, and then away against him, and realized his folly—too late. The shock of the thing had unnerfed her. In the darkness she could not see his face clearly, but the voice had been—different. He'd brought the whole structure about his ears by one foolish momentary mistake. Then quite suddenly she fainted against him. "Fool!" he apostrophized himself. "Blind fool!" and stopping instantly, caught her up in his arms just as she lane hove in sight, and throwing her across his shoulder, took the added burden in his best athletic fashion, and ran.

Never Damp REGAL FREE RUNNING Table Salt THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

CHAPTER XXV

The Man in the Black Mask

They reached the motor only just in the nick of time, for already the darkness behind them was reat with cries of "There they are!" Head them off in your mad pursuit of Ross Duggan. What made you think I was he?" "I don't know. Only I had followed him from the castle down the lane, and then lost sight of him at the edge of the little burn which skirts that particular valley. And then I saw you. And somehow, to my untrained eyes in the darkness, you looked like him—perhaps I was so anxious to find him that I willed myself unconsciously to think that you were he—but he that as it may, I made the proper judgment, and you will meet out justice in a proper, unprejudiced fashion. "But Ross—you think he is guilty?" "Who knows? Time alone will tell. And his innocence will be better proved if he is not urged to fly away from the outcome of his actions. I must ask you, too, a favour. Rather, I must exact a promise. Please leave Ross Duggan alone until after tomorrow. "And then?" "If I know aught of anything, he will be beyond the power of my assistance—and perhaps not in need of it," he replied quietly. "Here is the wicket-gate that the tradesmen use, I believe, and get back to the house as quickly as you can. I'll give you orders to the chauffeur. "She got out unsteadily, and then stood looking up at him, her eyes glowing darkly in the frame of her pale, serious face. And you won't tell me who your

The Walrus and the Carpenter Were walking on the Strand; "If these were Eddy matches It really would be grand; To think of using others Is more than I can stand." (With apologies to "Alice in Wonderland") EDDY'S MATCHES THE QUALITY MATCHES SINCE 1851

Made in Canada Bon Ami for cleaning mirrors and glass— To make mirrors crystal-clear, there is nothing to equal Bon Ami. It is made in both cake and powder form. Put it on in a thin soapy lather. It will dry in a minute to a soft light powder, absorbing the dust, smears and finger-marks as it dries. Wipe off this powder with a soft cloth and the high polish of the mirror will be left, clear and shining, without a trace of fog or a speck of lint. So it is with everything. Bon Ami brightens up windows, nickel, aluminum, bathtubs, etc. BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

for Aygon Castle—as quick as you can!" he gave out in his sharp staccato of excitement. "And the quicker the better! There's trouble here, and if those men catch up with us tonight, I'll not answer for the lady's safety. "Yes, sir. "Then with a white and a whirr the car was off, rocketing down the lane and taking the corners upon two wheels so that Cleek had hardly a breath left in his body, and the rush of air that swept them as they sped away began to revive the unconscious form of Catherine Dorr who lay upon the seat beside him. A drop of brandy, rather uncertainly administered because of the darkness and the jolting car, revived her still more, and in another moment she had opened her eyes and let them dwell upon his face. In the darkness they glowed like two lamps. And her face was very frightened. "My God! Not Ross!" she broke out uncertainly, shutting her hands together across her breast in her agitation. "Then—who are you?" "Who knows?" he responded with a touch of gallantry. "It was your mistake in the first place, remember, not mine. A friend in need, perhaps, who has been able to save you from the consequences of a very foolish action. You know what those men were doing?" She shook her head dumbly. "Then you will learn tomorrow from the lips of a man whom you have learned to distrust, because he has proved more than a match for you already. That is so, isn't it? You, Mr. Duggan, up at the castle. From what I heard, you have broken parole, and to do that—

ECONOMICAL in use. "SATADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND is certainly a most delicious tea. Finest for flavour. Ask your grocer for—43c. per 1/2 lb.

Pianos! Pianos!! Pianos!!! Our Big Piano Sale is Now On Prices From \$190.00—"Easy Terms" Those holding vouchers will do well to call on or before Saturday the 7th as the big Sale will close on that date. Store Open Every Night AMHERST PIANOS, LIMITED 7 Market Square - - - St. John, N. B.

are? Something—somehow—seems familiar about you, but I cannot place it. You won't help me?" "Better let this night's doings be buried in the Limbo of Forgotten Things, dear lady," he said, his hand resting for a moment upon her shoulder. "And if you know not who the shaver of your hair is, adventure may be, surely it is better that way. Good-night and goodbye. You will keep your promise?" "Of course. Thank you for what you have done." "That is nothing. Good-night." "Like a shadow she was fleeing up the wide drive, her feet barely making any sound upon it; then, even as she disappeared from view, Cleek turned swiftly to the chauffeur who sat in the front seat of the car, goggles hiding his eyes from view, and clapped him upon the shoulder. "Well done, Dollops," he rapped out with a soft laugh. "I thought it was your merrit, my friend. You saved my skin, and your competence, you little bundle of indefatigability! How did you do it? Deuced keen of you, I must say!" Dollops grinned, and slipped his goggles from his eyes. "Yes," he returned, with a vigorous nod. "I caught the signal on right, and I listened, and then I makes a little plan all on my own. The Guy's up to summink, says I fer me, 'an' I'll lay 'e wants me ter tyke a little 'and.' And so I ups and makes fer the road, and there I find the shaver 'a-waitin' in this 'ere little snortin' machine. "Large as life and twice as nat'ral. Now, then, me lad, I says ter me, 'git you the right side of me, 'an' if yer can't git on the right side git on the wrong side, s' long as yer gits 'im out of 'is skin.' But a couple 'er hob to a Scotsman is as big as a legacy, sir, 'an' I puts 'im strite wiv a message from me. 'Snoopy along an' send a wire ter town,' says I, 'Comin' later in the day, wait fer me, 'an' address it ter the Commander-in-Chief of the General Post Office, Lannan.' 'An' he looks at me 'n' swallows the gaff like as it were plumage, 'er come 'er larfed, sir—strite I could! And I gives 'im the tip ter get a drink, and before I'd finished speakin' 'e'd gone. "Cleek's head about it? "Dollops drew a long breath before replying, and his voice was solemn. "That little distance of a quarter of a mile might 'ave done for yer entire 'n'—an' I weren't tykin' no risks," he replied heavily. "An' if anyfink was to 'appen to you sir—well, it's me fer the river fer you kin wink an eye-lash. Dollops ain't a-stayin' 'ere wiv you on the upper side of the sky, sir, 'an' don't you make no mistake abait that. Where yer come, I goes, too—if it's to 'eaven or 'ell. An' I'm thinkin' I knows the w'y the angels'll tyke you. "Well, they're not taking me yet, dear lad, so don't worry your ginger head about it," returned Cleek, with a little gulp of emotion for so staunch an adherent as this wisp of Cockney-don who stood before him. "But it's friends like you and women like Miss Lorne that keep a man straight and strong and true, and don't let him turn down the wrong path instead of the right. Come, now, there's still more work to be done. Mr. Narkom will be waiting, and I told him midnight under the big gate. Slip up if you can see the coast lies." Dollops disappeared forthwith, and it was but a moment or two later that he returned in company with the Superintendent looking a little round-eyed and scared until he saw Cleek standing in the shadow of the big gate, and going up to him flung an arm about his shoulders. "You've frightened me into forty bits and out of 'em again," he cried with a little sigh of relief, "for I'd made up my mind that something had happened, and was on the way down here to see

a long chalk. I'll tell you all about it later on, when there's more time and less chance of being overheard. Now, then, step softly, you two. If there's any one there, we don't want to let 'em hear an army's approaching. You gave Inspector Petrie the word if we needed him? That I'd ring Rhea's bell in case of immediate help required?" "Of course. And that one toll would mean one man, and two tolls, three; and three tolls, as many as they could spare from the duty of guarding the house and letting no one go out or in." "And they've already let almost every inmate of the place roam about at their leisure this night—to prove their trustworthiness!" threw in Cleek, with a short laugh. "A fine lot of disciplinarians up in this part of the world, I must say—though of course the country's difficult, and you want about fifty men up here to one in London. I'll have a word with the Inspector before I leave—with your permission, Mr. Narkom." "Certainly." "Well, get along now, Dollops. You stand here under the gate, and keep watch toward the castle; Mr. Narkom, you stand here, and guard the road-end, and make the usual signal of a night owl's hoot if you see any one approaching. I'll slip on my rubber sand-shoes to grip with, and slip in up a moment, and then the action to the word, that was practically what he did do—though the climb up there in the darkness was certainly more than monetary. For with no light and very little moon it was a more difficult task than Cleek had anticipated, and he had to tread carefully to avoid slipping on the narrow shelves of stone and iron that girt it about. Up, up, he went, like some dark fly crawling across the face of the night, and so close against the wall, that his hearts in their mouths at sight of his perilous progress (which at times they could not follow for the pitchy darkness, and knew not if he were safe or not), those moments seemed hours indeed. But Cleek had been in tighter corners and more difficult places than this in the course of an adventurous lifetime, and the noise and surseness of the man were amusing. Up, and along the stone parapet of the wall, he went, and then, as he reached the top, he turned and looked back at the night sky like a monstrous spot of black ink in a lake of indigo-blue. The moon shone brightly in the west, and he knelt cautiously upon one knee, preparatory to whipping out his electric torch, and even as he did so, he heard the sound of other footsteps stealing round from the other side and coming toward him with the tread of a cat. Instantly he stopped short—stock still, as though made out of marble, and leaned back against the parapet, while those sliding, soft, creeping, cat-like footsteps came steadily on. He became conscious of a black shape, slim as a woman's, against the midnight sky, that moved with panther-like precision across the face of the parapet. He could actually hear that other person's laboured breaths, and as the thing steadily approached, he felt it fan against his cheek. If Cleek had been in a less precarious position, the soul of the man would have relieved itself by laughing outright. For the situation seemed almost funny. But there was no time for humour. The moment he stirred and made himself known, upon that moment the creature wheeled and whatever it was—would pounce upon him, and dash them both down to sure death upon the stone below, and in full sight of the Superintendent's watching eyes. But what to do if he stayed where he was? Detection was certain in any case. There remained only a moment of moments before it actually would

Just to wash your face and hands in Lifebuoy is to be refreshed. The big creamy lather of Lifebuoy thoroughly cleans your skin. The daily use of Lifebuoy is the simple sure way to skin health. LIFEBOUY SOAP

come. And in that moment, to be prepared for—what? The creature came on steadily, picking its way stealthily as a cat across the rugged stone parapet upon which Rhea stood, until it stopped a few inches away from him, face averted, one tense hand clinging to the parapet, the other held out, as though to fend off any attack. Then slowly it turned, knelt upon one knee, reached down a long hand toward the bar from which the great bronze bell swung, made as if to find a foothold with one slim black foot, and—Cleek's hand shot out over that other hand, and Cleek's voice whispered in its ear: "Damn you! what are you doing here?" Instantly all was pandemonium! For the man—for man it was—sprang round quickly, showing the lower half of a white face to Cleek's watching eyes, and then with a low-pitched exclamation of fury closed with him and fought like some mad thing, spitting out furiously and clawing and scratching with his free hand to gain hold of the other. (To be continued)

Glaxo Expectant Mothers should send for this book "Before Baby Comes" For the use of all who state the month they expect baby, a copy of "BEFORE BABY COMES" will be sent free of charge. Write for it today, enclosing 25c. to Sales Agents, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCord St., Toronto. Please mark your envelope Department 5.

The Prophy-lactic really cleans between the teeth Prophy-lactic Tooth Brush

LOOK at your tooth brush. If the bristles are even across the top, place them against your teeth and look in the mirror. See how they bridge over the spaces between the teeth and how they just clean the smooth outside surfaces. Now look at the Prophy-lactic Tooth Brush. The tufted bristles get between the teeth, and the curved handle makes it easy to reach every part of every tooth. Regular brushing with this brush and four visits a year to your dentist will insure good, sound, attractive teeth for a lifetime. Prophy-lactic Tooth Brushes come in three sizes—adults', youths', and children's; and in three degrees of stiffness—hard, medium, and soft. Look for the name Prophy-lactic on the handle. Always sold in the yellow box. EVANS & CO., Limited 247 St. Paul St. West, Montreal Sole Distributors

Your own doctor will approve of this principle— The only way to relieve constipation permanently

Seventy-five millions of dollars spent last year for cathartics and purgatives! Yet such drugs not only cannot cure constipation—they actually increase the trouble. At last we are realizing that only by strengthening the weakened intestinal muscles and gently encouraging them to act themselves can we get rid of constipation and all the ills which come from it. That is why so many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast today. Every cake consists of millions of tiny living plants, which soften and increase the bulk of our concentrated modern diet, and gently encourage the muscles to do their work. Every such action of the intestines gives the muscles normal, natural exercise and so gradually trains them back to healthy activity. Your own physician will heartily endorse this principle as the only way to relieve constipation successfully and permanently. Be sure you get Fleischmann's Yeast—yeast in its natural fresh form. Recent experiments have shown that yeast corrects constipation only when its cells are alive and active, and that it loses its laxative effect when these cells are "killed" and dried. Thousands of men and women the country over are eating Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—and finding it the key to such health and vigor as they have never known. Only a body free of poisons can enjoy the vigorous health which is every human being's birthright. Fleischmann's Yeast is in no sense a purgative, and produces no immediate violent action. It is a nourishing food—not a digestion-disturbing medicine—and like any other food, it must be eaten regularly to secure results. Eat two or three cakes a day—plain or dissolved in water, milk or fruit juices—preferably half an hour before a meal or the last thing at night. Get several cakes at a time—they will keep several days in a cool, dry place. Be sure you get Fleischmann's Yeast! All grocers have it. Send for free booklet, "The New Found Value of Fleischmann's Yeast in Building Health." The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe Street, Toronto, Ont.

"Constipated for 20 years—" A man in Stratford, Conn., had long been troubled with constipation and boils. "I have had to take physics for the last 20 years once a week," he writes. "I started to take yeast about two months ago and I am as regular as clockwork without physics ever since and my face is perfectly clear."