

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, MARCH 12, 1923

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPINNING WHEEL

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

(Continued from Saturday.)
"Dollops," he said quietly, "I wouldn't barter this inheritance—this fortune which the good Lord has given me, for all the thrones and 'specturs' and 'crash-pots' that the world could hold. For true friendship is the best inheritance of all. But there are times when a man must be allowed to go down into the depths of his memory and take a maudlin joy in counting over the hidden pearls there. I've no doubt you do it yourself, lad—and shed a tear in solitude for the days when you had a mother to care for you, and you weren't just a frightened little sinner of an orphan boy."

"An' that's where you're dead wrong, sir," gave back Dollops, with a vigorous nod of the head. "Fer I never does anythink of the sort. Me muuver—Gawd 'elp 'er!—were a bruiser an' a footballer in one, an' there weren't an inch o' me poor little body which didn't ave a score of bruises upon it. As for me farver—well, I doesn't remember 'im, an' no doubt it's a good thing, too. . . . No, sir, you've bin and gone and missed the bull's eye this time, I ain't no Wistful Willie, I ain't. You've been Muvver and Farver and Big Bruver and all the Whole darn Family to me, an' if ever I finks o' the blinkin' parst, it's just that I didn't live clean and strick an' an' decent, so's I could be a bit more worry uv yer precious kindness. . . . Lord! listen ter me a-borkin' like a bloomin' sermonizer! But them's my sentiments—strick! An' so long as yer ain't wiser'n ter go back to—them—"

"No, I'm not wishing that at all, lad," said Cleek quietly, with an odd little smile. "So don't you worry your ginger head over such fool notions as that. The day I want to get rid of you all—Miss Lorne, yourself, and Mr. Narkom—is the day that sees me in my grave. And then I'll only be waiting to wring your hands across the Big Beyond. And if you ever mention royalties and 'specturs' and 'crash-pots' to me again, Dollops, I'll— I'll cut you out of my will. . . . Finished?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, come along upstairs and smoke a weed with me. Unless you've something better to do. I've need of a man's company tonight, for my moods maundin, and a chat over old times will straighten things out for me."

"Rarver!" Then to himself: "Miss Lorne, Miss Alisa, that bloomin' 'bloomin' loveliest strain," thought Dollops to himself, with a shake of the head. "Well, or I kin s'y is, Dollops me lad, it's a good thing you ain't in love with the gels—and a fairer deal it is, too. Fer yer can let when you're proper fed up, and starve a bit in consequence. But the lylles!—well, they never lets yer leave 'em alone! 'E ain't ad no trouble this mornin',—that wot the trouble is, bless 'is 'er!"

So Dollops followed Cleek upstairs to his room, and in the short twilight of the summer evening sat with him, snaked and laked and gazed at the great Castle in front of them, almost lost in the twilight mists, like the true little giant he was, until the lousome-ness had gone from Cleek's soul, and the night had tarow her mantle over the sky.

"Time for you to be getting into your little 'downy' old chap," he said, with a stretch and a yawn and a smile down into the eager young face that rested against his knee, as a dog might do, faithfulness in the attitude. "Or we'll be having no salmon-fishing tomorrow, for you'll be over-sleeping yourself, and the fish will have swam to other waters, getting tired of waiting for you. Cut along now, there's a good boy."

"Ov' right, Guv'nor, thank yer, sir, fer this—this rippin' fine evenin', an' fer lettin' me perterd I've for the moment, like a real pal to yer. I shan't never forget that. Good-night, sir, and pleasant dreams."

"Good-night, Dollops. Close the door softly behind you. There's an old lady in the room beyond, and I fancy she's just gone off to bed. I'll sit here a few minutes longer, and then nip in between the sheets myself."

But the fee mania lengthened into an hour before Cleek, about to rise from his chair by the open window to knock out the ashes of his pipe upon the sill, happened to glance up and see a cut of it. Then he stopped at a sudden, sucked in his breath, and stood stock-still, staring out in front of him as though he had gone suddenly mad.

Tut! Tut! Not All "Ruins" Are In Egypt; Pre-Roman Relics in Panama



Carved from stone by the Mayas
John Q. Critchlow
Cherqui pottery taken from old graves in the province of Chiriqui, Panama

Salt Lake City, Mar. 12.—Why go to Luxor, Egypt, to delve into antiquity's secrets when this continent has volumes to disclose?
John Q. Critchlow, has found it interesting pastime to dip into American soil with an investigating spade.
The most valuable disclosures he has made are the product of a trip up El Volcans de Chiriqui, an ancient volcanic mountain on the Isthmus of Panama which rises 11,600 feet above sea level.

The wonders of a civilization that flourished before the days of Caesar were revealed in a pueblo on the mountain side, inhabited by the Maya people, forefathers of the Aztecs. Numerous examples of pottery and clay figures were found, similar to the work done by the Southwestern Indians.
A striking similarity between some of the carved stone "furniture" and that dug up at Luxor from Tut-ank-Amen's tomb was noted, however, particularly in the stone benches carved to represent animal forms.
No student of hieroglyphics, however, has so far been able to read the curious design carved on stones outside the pueblo. The curious circular writing, if it is writing, was made by scratching shallow grooves on the smooth face of huge rocks.
The symbols were so worn away by the elements as to be almost indiscernible, and had to be filled with salt before they could be photographed.

Under the tread of his light feet the gravel barely moved, and having got his bearings that same afternoon, he peered up in the darkness toward the front door, stopped suddenly, listened, darted leftward toward the lavatory, came—phut!—up against somebody who was running in the opposite direction, swift-breathing like a man pursued, and who, having met the impact of Cleek's taunted body, stationed there for just such a purpose, bounded back again and gave out an involuntary gasp of astonishment and ill-concealed irritation.
"When! I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said this stranger, as Cleek flashed on his lamp and sent its rays traveling up the man's slim figure from top to toe. "Who the—why the—what the—?"
"A regular sorry, I'm sure," responded Cleek, with a light laugh, in his best blithering-fool manner, "but I happened to be strollin' up in this direction, pay a call upon Miss Maud Duggan, and fell into you. So be dark dark in these parts, donkerknow. After London, a chap is likely to lose his bearings. Exceedingly sorry and all that."

The man stopped suddenly, and bending forward, peered up under Cleek's little cap into the face beneath it. Cleek saw him as a slim, handsome fellow of the leisure classes, lithe of limb and athletic of body, and in that small ray of torch-light, augmented by the moon's pale gleams, liked the look of him, though he was startled by the meeting—that was obvious—and a little shaken as well.
"Eh? What's that? Miss Duggan did you say? Then what's your name, my name's Deland—Arthur Deland. Am I permitted to know yours?"
"Certainly. But I'm not—going to the Castle tonight. I've—I've just come from here, you see, and was on my way home again when we cannon-

ed each other. My name's Macdonald, Angus, Fletcher Macdonald. I'm a particular friend of Miss Duggan's. . . . But time's getting along, and I've a good distance to go. So I'll be off, if you don't mind. Good-night."
"Good-night."
Cleek nodded to him in the half dark, then as the man swung away from him down the wide drive, turned in his tracks and watched him till the moon, hiding under a cloud, hid him, too.
"Macdonald, eh? The unfortunate lover whom the father will not countenance. H'm. Wonder what he was doing here at this time of the night? Rather nervous, I should say, at our encounter. And why the dickens—if anything happened—didn't he know something about it? It's a good twenty minutes since she signalled to me, and he's just come from the house."
Of a sudden he stopped short and sucked in his breath as a new thought penetrated itself into that perfectly pigeon-holed and regulated mentality of his. "Gad! surely he hasn't!"
Well I ought to have detained him and brought him back on some pretext— if anything really has happened to cause her to want me at this hour of the night. . . . Well, I'll nip along and find out. And if anything's really wrong, I shan't forget that gentleman in a hurry."

He reached the house without further adventure, and rang the door-bell with a steady hand. But he was hardly prepared for its response. For at the sound of it Maud Duggan came pushing toward him, her face white as a dead face, her eyes wild, her hair untidy, and clutching him by the arm fairly hauled him into the hallway, just as the butler, hung out of his calm demeanour by the happenings of that night—appeared from the end of the hall and came toward them.
"Oh, I'm so glad you came, so glad, Mr. Deland!" she shrielled out in a high-pitched, terrified voice. "It was lucky you turned up as—as you promised. But I'm afraid our game of cards cannot take place. Because—oh, how can I say it? How? A terrible thing has happened, Mr. Deland, and that which I feared has come to pass, only in a much more awful manner! My—father has been murdered, in full sight of us all, right there in the library, just as he was about to draw up a new will to disinherit Ross. Foully. . . murdered. . . poor. . . darling!"

Then the sobs caught in her throat, and she turned away a moment and hid her face in her handkerchief, while Cleek, mastering his curiosity and amazement at this curious and amazing statement, waited a moment for her to regain her composure. Then:
"My dear young lady!" he cried in a low-pitched, even voice. "Murdered! And in the presence of you all! Then of course you know who his murderer



Get this

MR. ADVERTISER:
You realize of course why advertising goes into certain newspapers. It is because they are known to have circulation and to reach a higher percentage of the buyers of all classes of goods than is reached by their competitors.

MR. ADVERTISER:
The amount of advertising carried by the St. John newspapers during January and February of this year was as follows:

	Cols. of Adv.
The Evening Times	2870 1/2
The Daily Telegraph	1853 1/2
Third paper	1418 3/4
Fourth paper	1128 3/4

MR. ADVERTISER:
You know the answer. The combined daily net paid circulation of The Telegraph and The Times for the twelve months ended Sept. 30, 1922, was 30,044.

The Telegraph and The Times
are the only A. B. C. Papers in New Brunswick

Sloans

For Rheumatic pain
Sloans breaks congestion—the basic cause of rheumatic pain.

Made in Canada
Sloans Linctant—kills pain!

15 New Cases of Sleeping Sickness Reported in N. Y.

Increase, Believed Due to Presence of Influenza, Falls to Alarm Doctors—112 Deaths This Year.

New York, March 12.—The increase in the number of cases of encephalitis lethargica, commonly known as sleeping sickness, has not alarmed the Department of Health, Dr. Louis I. Harris, director of the Bureau of Preventable Diseases, said last week. Reports showed a total of fifteen new cases, as against the five cases of the preceding day. Deaths decreased from four to two. Since January 1 there have been 360 cases and 112 deaths, slightly higher than the figures for the same period last year.
No specific cure for the disease has been found, Dr. Harris said, but general instructions for its prevention are being issued by the Health Department. The public is urged to obey the simple rules of health, breathe fresh air, sleep eight hours in a well ventilated room, eat enough, and avoid the presence of those suffering from influenza.

GIVEN AWAY

BOYS—Get this big baseball outfit. Sell only a few dollars' worth of our vegetable and flower seeds. Only 10c a pkg. Everybody wants them. Send for seeds today. Send no money. We trust you.
Howard-Ort Co., 81 Bond St., Toronto.
Please send me Free Booklet, showing Cash Commissions paid and Other Premiums for Boys and Girls.
Name: _____
Box No. and Street: _____
City: _____
Province: _____

\$5000 Reward

For over 30 years we have had a standing offer of \$5000 to anyone who can prove that there is any impurity, or any injurious chemical used in Sunlight Soap. No one has ever claimed the award. Sunlight embodies a blend of the purest coconut and palm oils, good enough for the finest toilet soaps.

There is no filling material in Sunlight—you get full value in pure soap for every cent you pay. That's why Sunlight is so economical and efficient—so harmless to clothes and hands.

The purest laundry soap in Canada.

Lever Brothers Limited
Toronto

NoMuss NoFuss

Nonsuch LIQUID STOVE POLISH

No Dust No Rust

Nonsuch Mfg. Co. Limited, Toronto

Four Attendants Chosen For Wedding

Lady Elizabeth's Presents Not to Have Public Display; Tut-ank-amen Necklace Among Them.

London, March 12.—Four attendants have been chosen for the wedding of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowers-Lyon, at Westminster Abbey, April 26. They are: Lady Katherine Hamilton, youngest daughter of the Duke of Abercorn; the Honorable Diamond Harding, daughter of Lord Harding, former British Ambassador to France; the Honorable Cecilia Lyon, niece of the bride and daughter of Lord Elphinstone; and Lady May Cambridge, daughter of the Earl of Athlone and a bridesmaid of Princess Mary's wedding.

While there will be no public display of the wedding presents, it is learned that many gifts already have arrived. One which has still to come is an ancient Egyptian necklace found at the tomb of Tut-ank-amen and sent by Lord Carnarvon's party.

The interior of the Abbey will be decorated with foliage and white flowers for the wedding, but the ceremony itself will exhibit less pagantry than did the wedding of Princess Mary. The only reception will be an informal wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents in Burton street.

Lady Elizabeth has not yet chosen her wedding dress, but on Saturday will examine a selection of models that are to be sent from Paris.

The first half of the royal honey-

Many British Going to U. S.

London, March 12.—If the flood of English emigration to America continues at the present rate, Great Britain's quota under the American law will be reached long before July 1, the end of the fiscal year.

Contrary to general impression, it is learned that Britons are going to America at a rate almost never equaled and there is room for only 28,000 more in this year's quota.

Emigrants are leaving Glasgow alone at a rate of more than 800 weekly, which is greater than the number from all other English ports combined last year. The annual quota for Great Britain now is 77,243.

To show the increase in emigration since January 1, last, it is only necessary to state that only 846 persons sailed the first week of January, whereas in the last week of February the departures numbered 1973. According to emigration statistics, more Britons are going to America than to all the British colonies combined.

In every home ~ In every smoker's pocket

MAPLE LEAF MATCHES

Well worth 15¢ a box

McCormick's JERSEY CREAM SODAS

Delicious - wholesome. A complete food.

McCormick's JERSEY CREAM BISCUITS

Third Generation is Using Syrup Pepsin

No other Laxative can replace Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin in the confidence of those who use it.

ANY FAMILY MAY TRY IT FREE

Thousands of parents are asking themselves, "Where can I find a trustworthy laxative that anyone in the family can use when constipated?" Pepsin is the only laxative that anyone in the family will gladly provide a liberal free sample to try, sufficient for an adequate test. Write me where to send it. Address Dr. W. D. Caldwell, Dr. Caldwell's Building, Toronto, Ont. Do it now!

Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin. Mr. Henry Ricker, Chippewa, Ont., says it is the best medicine they have ever used, and Mrs. M. Martin of Massey, Ont., uses it herself and recommends it to her friends. There is scarcely a day that someone in a family does not need it for constipation, flatulency, auto-intoxication, biliousness, intestinal poisoning, headaches, colic and cramps, and to break up fevers and colds.

Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin is a scientifically-balanced compound of Egyptian senna with pepsin and pleasant-tasting aromatics. The formula is on the package. As the popularity of this natural vegetable laxative increases, the public discards the harsher physics like calomel, coal-tar in candy form, salt waters and powders. Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin empties the bowels more cleanly and without any danger.

TAKE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEP SIN LAXATIVE The family remedy

SUNLIGHT SOAP

For over 30 years we have had a standing offer of \$5000 to anyone who can prove that there is any impurity, or any injurious chemical used in Sunlight Soap. No one has ever claimed the award. Sunlight embodies a blend of the purest coconut and palm oils, good enough for the finest toilet soaps.

There is no filling material in Sunlight—you get full value in pure soap for every cent you pay. That's why Sunlight is so economical and efficient—so harmless to clothes and hands.

The purest laundry soap in Canada.

Lever Brothers Limited
Toronto

McCormick's JERSEY CREAM BISCUITS

Delicious - wholesome. A complete food.

McCormick's JERSEY CREAM SODAS

Delicious - wholesome. A complete food.