

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 of Love—which the good Lord has given me, for all the thrones and 'specters' 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 mauling 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, and no doubt it's a good thing. I wasn'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. "Per I never does anythink of the sort. Me muver—Gawd 'elp 'er!—were a bruiser an' a footballer in one, an' there weren't an inch of me poor little body which didn't have a score of bruises upon it. As for me farver—well, I don'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 stric an' an' decent, so's I could be a bit more wuvv'y uv precious kindness. . . . Lord! listen ter me a-borkin' like a bloomin' sermonizer! But them's my sentiments—stritte! An' so long as yer ain't wiser-ter go back to—them—"

"No, I'm not wishing that at all, boy," 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 'specters' and 'crash-pots' to me again, Dollops, 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."

"Farver!" Then to himself: "Miss Lorne, Miss Lorne, thought Dollops to himself, with a shake of the head. "Well, or I kin s'y, is Dollops me yet, it's a good thing you ain't in love with yourself. You love yer tummy better'n the gels—and a fairer deal it is, too. Fer yer can tell when you're proper fed, but starve a bit in consequence. But the liddle!—well, they never lets yer leave 'em alone! 'E ain't ad no trouble this mornin'—that's wot the liddle is, bless 'is 'em!"

So Dollops followed Cleek upstairs to his room, and in the short twilight of the summer evening sat with him, curled up on a cushion at his feet, and smoked and talked and gazed at the great Castle in front of them, almost lost in the twilight mists, like the true little gamin he was, until the loneliness had gone from Cleek's soul, and the night had thrown 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 swum to other waters, getting tired of waiting for you. Cut along now, there's a good boy."

"Ov' right, Guv'nor. Thank yer, sir, for this—this rippin' fine evenin'! And fer-lettin' me perterd I was 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 bird 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 few minutes 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.

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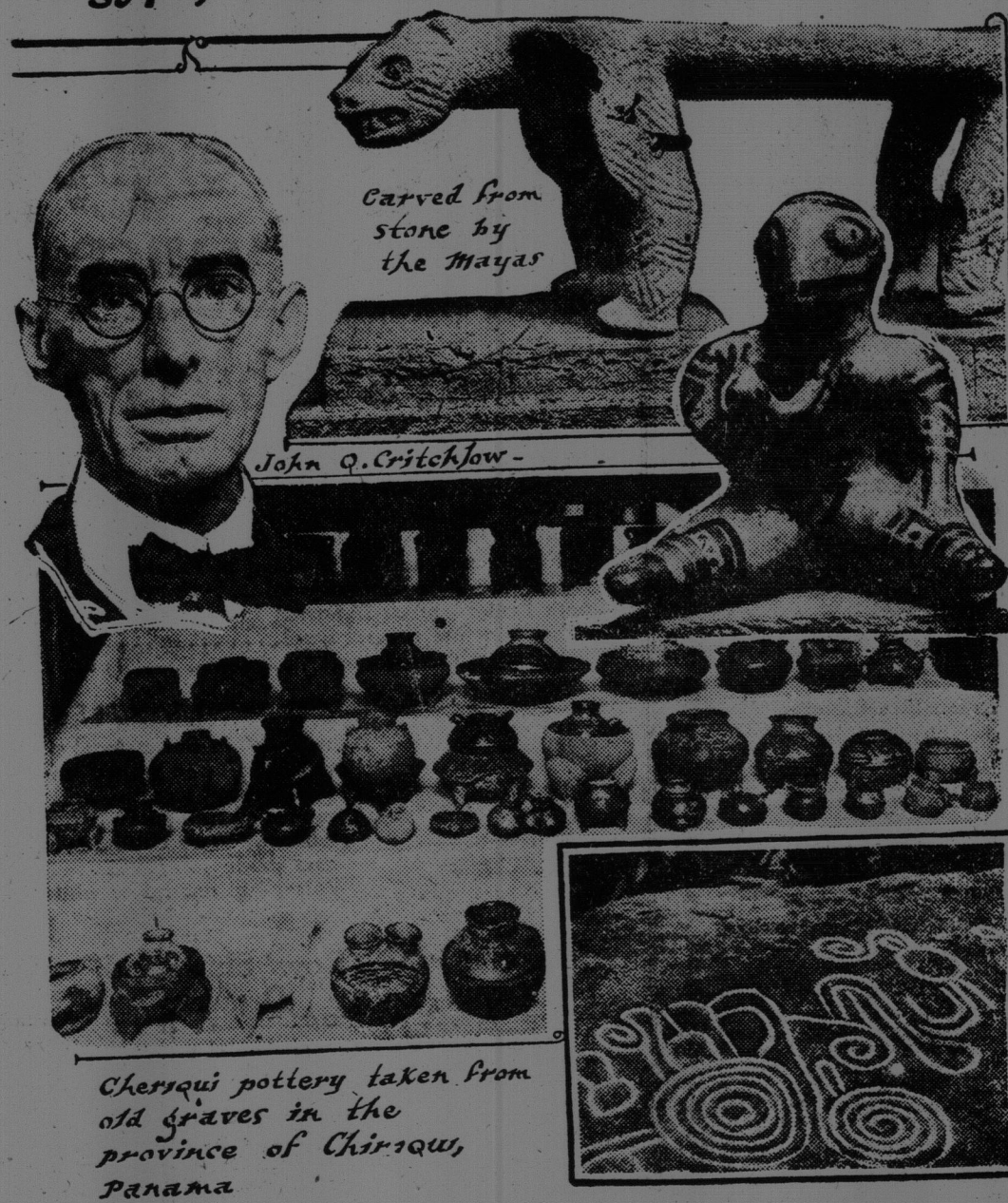
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Tut! Tut! Not All "Ruins" Are In Egypt; Pre-Roman Relics in Panama



Carved from stone by the Mayas
John Q. Critchlow
Cheriqui 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 Volcane 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-an-kh-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.

Found by Mr. Critchlow's expedition, grooves 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 pelted up in the darkness toward the front door, stopped suddenly, listened, darted leftward toward the lavans, and 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, 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 toe to toe. "Who the—why the—what the—?"

"A'ferrily sorry, I'm sure," responded Cleek, with a light laugh, in his best blithering-idiot manner, "but I happened to be strollin' up in this direction, and I saw you call upon Miss Maud Duggan, and fell into you. So beasid'ly dark in these parts, donkerknow. After London, a chap is likely to lose his bearings. Excceedin'ly sorry and all that."

The man stopped suddenly, bent, and, looking forward, peered up under Cleek's lamp and saw 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 way of his 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—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.

"The unfortunate fellow whom the father will not countenance. H'm. Wonder what he was doing here at this time of the night? Hateful nervous, I should say, at our encounter. And why the dickens—if anything's happened—didn't he know something about it? It's a good thing, I should say, that he's gone, 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 running 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 came out of his calm demeanor by the happenings of that night—appeared from the end of the hall and came toward them.

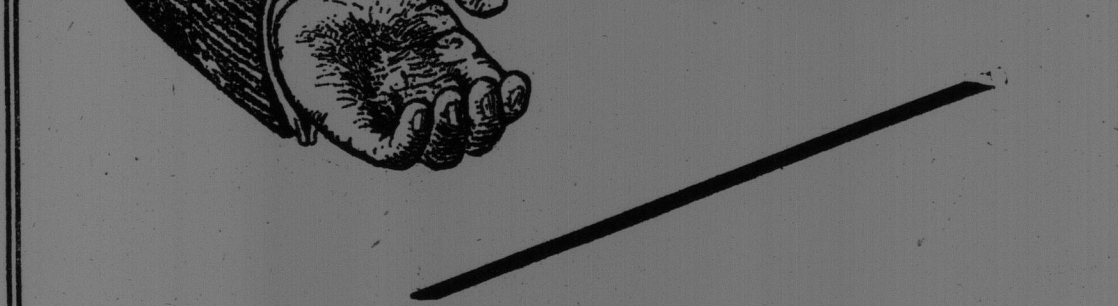
"Oh, I'm so glad you came, so glad, Mr. Deland!" she shrielled out in a high-pitched, terrified voice. "It was lucky you turned up as—as you promised. But I'm afraid our game of cards cannot take place. Because—o-o, how can I say it? How? A terrible thing has happened, Mr. Deland, and that which I feared 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 sob 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

(To be continued)

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| The Daily Telegraph | 1853 1/2 |
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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

which is the result of a fly bite. Questionnaires are being sent out by the department to be answered by doctors treating the reported cases of encephalitis lethargica.

Charles Delagi, a seventeen-year-old student of Fordham High School, and son of Michael Delagi, former Assistant District Attorney of the Bronx, is reported in a critical condition from sleeping sickness. He was removed from his home, 2283 Southern Boulevard, to the Neurological Institute, 67 Lexington Avenue, ten days ago.

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 emigration year.

Contrary to general impression, it is learned that Britishers 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 77,343.

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 1,973. According to emigration statistics, more Britishers are going to America than to all the British colonies combined.

Four Attendants Chosen For Wedding

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

London, March 12.—Four attendants have been chosen for the wedding of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, at Westminster Abbey, April 26. They are: Lady Katherine Hamilton, youngest daughter of the Duke of Abercorn; the Honorable Dr. Hardinge, 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-an-kh-amen and sent by Lord Carnarvon's party.

The interior of the Abbey will be decorated with foliage and white flowers. 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.

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