

THE SHADOW

By ARTHUR STRINGER

CHAPTER II.

It was as a Milwaukee newboy, at the age of twelve, that "Jim" Blake first found himself in "the way" associated with that arm of constituted authority known as the police.

His public career had actually begun as a strike breaker. The monopoly of night-watchman service, followed by year as a drummer for an Eastern fire-arm firm, and another year as an inspector for a Pennsylvania powder factory, had infected him with the wanderlust of his kind. It was in Chicago, on a raw day of late November, with a lake wind whipping the street dust into his eyes, that he had seen the huge canvas sign of a hiring agency's office, slapping in the storm. This sign had said:

"MEN WANTED."

Being twenty-six and adventurous and out of a job, he had drifted in with the rest of earth's underbills and asked for work.

After twenty minutes of private coaching in the mysteries of railway signals, he had been "passed" by the desk examining clerk, out as one of the "weak" train crew to move perishable freight, for the Wisconsin Central was then in the throes of its first great strike, and he had come back as a hero, with a Tribune reporter posing him against a furniture car for a two-column paper. But in the cab of the "weak" train, half killed the "scab" fireman, stalled him in the yards and cut off two thirds of his car and shot out his eye. Then he had been back to the tender and along the car tops, recoupled his car, fought his way back to the engine, and there, with the scab fireman at his side, had hurled back the last strike ers trying to storm his engine steps. He even fell to "firing" as the yodeling O'Hagan got his train moving again, and then, perched on the tender coal, took potshots with his brand-new revolver at a last pair of strikers who were attempting to manipulate the hand-brake.

That had been the first train to get out of the yards in seven days. Through a godlike design for signals, it is true, they had run into an open switch, some twenty-eight miles up the line, but they had moved their freight and won their point.

Blake, two weeks later, had made himself further valuable to that hiring agency, not above subornation of perjury, by testifying in a court of law to the sobriety of a passenger crew who had been carried drunk from their scab-manned train. So naively dogged was he in his stand, so quick was he in his retorts, that the agency, when the strike ended by a compromise ten days later, took him on as one of their own operatives. Thus James Blake became a private detective, and he checked his agency after giving him a three-week try out at picket work, submitted him to the further test of a "shadowing" case. That first week, he had kept him thirty-six hours without sleep, but he stuck to his trail, stuck to it with the blind pertinacity of a bloodhound, and at last, by the aid of mere animalism by buying a tip from a friendly bartender. Then, when the moment was ripe, he walked into the designated apartment and picked the man out of an underground bunk as impassively as a grocer takes an egg crate from a cellar shelf.

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(Continued from last issue)

reached quietly down and opened his pocket-book, rummaging through its contents for a moment or two. Then he handed Blake a folded envelope. "You know his writing?" she asked. "I've seen enough of it," he retorted, as he examined the typewritten envelope postmarked "Montreal, Que." Then he drew out the inner sheet. On it, written by pen, he read the message: "Come to 381 King Edward when the coast is clear, and below this the initials 'C.B.'"

Blake, with the writing still before his eyes, opened a desk drawer and took out a large reading-glass. Through the lens of this he again studied the inscription, word by word. Then he turned to the office "phone on his desk.

"Nolan," he said into the receiver, "I want to know if there's a King Edward Avenue in Montreal."

He sat there waiting, still regarding the handwriting with stolidly reproving eyes. There was no doubt of its authenticity. He would have known it at a glance.

"Yes, sir," came the answer over the wire. "It's one of the newer avenues in Westmont."

Blake, still wrapped in thought, hung up the receiver. The woman facing him did not seem to resent his possible imputation of dishonesty. To be suspicious of all with whom he came in contact was imposed on him by his profession. He was compelled to watch even his associates, his operatives and underlings, his friends as well as his enemies. Life, with him, was a concerto of scepticism.

She was able to watch him, without emotion, as she again bent her word, took up the "phone receiver, and this time spoke apparently to another office.

"I want you to wire Tel to get a man sent to cover 381 King Edward Avenue, in Montreal. Yes, Montreal. Tell him to get a man out there inside of an hour, and put a night watch on until I relieve 'em."

Then, breathing heavily, he bent over his desk, wrote a short message on a form pad and pushed the buzzer-button with his thick finger. He carefully folded up the piece of paper as he waited.

"Get that off to Carpenter in Montreal right away," he said to the attendant who answered his call. Then he swung about in his chair, with a throaty grunt of content. He sat for a moment, staring at the woman with unseeing eyes. Then he stood up. With his hands thrust deep in his pockets he slowly moved his head back and forth, as though ascending to some unuttered question.

"Elise, you're all right," he acknowledged with his solemn and unimaginative impassivity. "You're all right." Her quiet gaze, with its reservations was a tacit question. He was still a little puzzled by her surrender. He knew she did not regard him as the great man that he was, that his public career had made of him.

"You've helped me out of a hole," he acknowledged with his one-sided smile. "I'm mighty glad you've done it, Elise—for your sake as well as mine."

"What hole?" asked the woman, sweetly drawing on her gloves. There was neither open contempt nor indifference on her face. Yet something in her bearing nettled him. The quietness of her question contrasted strangely with the gruffness of the Second Deputy's voice as he answered her.

"Oh, they think I'm a has-been around here," he snorted. "They've got the idea I'm out of date. And I'm going to show 'em a thing or two to wake 'em up."

"How?" asked the woman. "By doing what their whole kid-glove gang haven't been able to do," he avowed. And having delivered himself of that ultimatum, he promptly released into his old-time impassiveness, like a dog snapping from his kennel and shrinking back into its shadows. At the same moment that Blake's thick forehead again produced the buzzer-button at his desk and the watching woman could see the release into official wariness. It was as though he had put the shutters up in front of his nose. She accepted the movement as a signal of dismissal, through that lowered veil she stood looking down at Never-Fall Blake for a moment or two. She looked at him with grave yet casual curiosity, as tourists look at a ruin that has been pointed out to them as historic.

"You didn't give me back Connie Binhart's note," she reminded him as she paused with her gloved finger-tips resting on the desk edge.

"If you want it," he queried with simulated indifference, as he made a final and lingering study of it.

"I'd like to keep it," she acknowledged. "When, without meeting her eyes,

Chap. 2.—He had hurled back the last of the strikers trying to storm his engine steps.

he handed it over to her, she folded it and returned it to her pocket-book, carefully, as though vast things depended on that small scrap of paper.

Never-Fall Blake, alone in his office, still assailed by the vaguely disturbing perfume which she had left behind her, pondered her reasons for taking back Binhart's scrap of paper. He wondered if she had at any time actually cared for Binhart. He wondered if she was capable of caring for anybody. And this problem took his thoughts back to the time when so much might have depended on its answer.

The Second Deputy dropped his reading-glass in his drawer and slammed it shut. It made no difference, he assured himself, one way or the other. And in the consolatory moments of a sudden new triumph Never-Fall Blake let his thoughts wander which (and of this he was now comfortably conscious) his next official move was about to redeem.

NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be presented for enactment at the next session of the Provincial Legislature entitled "An Act respecting the paving of Streets and Sidewalks in the City of St. John." The objects desired to be attained by this Bill are:

(1) To enable the City of Saint John to pave any street or portion of street or sidewalk and charge one half of the cost of the same against the properties fronting on both sides of the street, the City paying the other half of such cost.

(2) To enable the said City to lay down sidewalks and charge one half the cost thereof to the owners of the properties abutting on the sidewalk.

(3) To provide that no owner of any building shall permit water to be discharged or to encase or recollect therefrom, upon or through any street, otherwise than by a properly constructed underground drain or conduit discharging into a public sewer.

Dated at Saint John, N. B., the 30th day of January A. D. 1914.

HERBERT B. WARDROPER, Common Clerk.

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Classified Advertising

One cent per word each insertion. Discount of 33 1-3 per cent on advertisements running one week or longer if paid in advance. Minimum charge 25 cents.

NOTICE.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned, Assignee of the estate of Connel Bros., Limited, up to and including the

Twenty-First Day of March Next, for the purchase of the plant and stock in trade of the said corporation, including the land, both freehold and leasehold, with buildings, machinery, patterns and stock on hand, manufactured and unmanufactured. The plant and stock lists may be examined by intending purchasers by calling at the works.

The highest and best tender not necessarily accepted. Dated at Woodstock, N. B., February 23rd, 1914.

W. S. SUTTON, Assignee.

NOTICE.

A Bill will be presented for enactment at the next session of the Legislature entitled "An Act to exempt the Harbor-Master of the City of Saint John from Liability in certain cases."

The object of such Bill is to enable the harbor-master to remove condemned vessels from any part of the City of Saint John without being liable for any further damage which may be occasioned to such vessel.

Saint John, N. B., 15th February, A. D. 1914.

HERBERT B. WARDROPER, Common Clerk.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made by the Council of Physicians and Surgeons of New Brunswick to the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick at its next session to amend the New Brunswick Medical Act so as to increase the fees on Matriculation Examinations to \$15.00; the fees for Final Examinations to \$40.00, and the Registration Fee to \$30.00. Also to permit one payment of \$50.00 in lieu of the Annual Registration Fee of \$10.00.

Dated this 19th day of February, 1914.

POWELL & HARRISON, Solicitors for Applicants.

PROBATE COURT, City and County of Saint John. To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John or any Constable of the said City and County: Greeting.

Whereas the surviving Executrices and Trustees of the estate of John Horn, late of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, wine merchant, deceased, have filed in this Court a true and correct copy of the administration of the said deceased's estate and have prayed that the same may be passed and allowed in due form of law:

You are therefore required to cite the devisees and legatees of the deceased, and all of the creditors of the said deceased, to appear before me at my Court of Probate to be held in and for the City and County of Saint John, in the Probate Court Room, in the Pugsley Building, in the City of Saint John, on Monday, the sixth day of April next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to attend the passing and allowing of the said accounts as prayed for and as by law directed.

Given under my hand and the Seal (L.S.) of the said Probate Court, this fifth day of March, A.D. 1914.

(Sgd.) W. A. EWING, Judge of Probate pro hac vice in reference to the estate of John Horn, deceased.

(Sgd.) H. O. McINERNEY, Registrar of Probate. J. R. ARMSTRONG, Proctor.

NOTICE OF LEGISLATION.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick at next session, for the passage of the Bill or Act "To vest the property and trusts of Masonic Bodies in Corporations and to provide for the dissolution of the New Brunswick Masonic Hall Company." Such bill or act provides for the incorporation of a body to be known as "The Masonic Grand Lodge Corporation." And also declares that the New Brunswick Masonic Hall Company, incorporated under the Act of Assembly, 35 Victoria Chapter 12, and amending Acts, shall be dissolved and cease to exist, and said Acts repealed as soon as a vote of its directors shall transfer its property to the said "The Masonic Grand Lodge Corporation."

Dated the seventeenth day of February, A. D. 1914.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS.

COAL.—Coal mining rights may be leased for twenty-one years, renewable at an annual rental of \$1 an acre. Not more than 2,500 acres can be leased to one applicant. Royalty, five cents per acre. A survey of the territory to be leased must be made out by the applicant in person, and personal application to the Agent or sub-Agent of Dominion Lands for the district in which the land is to be leased must be made within thirty days after filing application.

QUARTZ.—A person eighteen years of age or over, may be granted a discovery claim to a claim 1,500 feet by 1,500 feet. At least one acre must be staked on the claim each year, or paid to the Mining Recorder. When \$500.00 has been expended on work and other requirements complied with the claim may be purchased.

PLACER MINING CLAIMS are 500 feet long and from 100 to 2,000 feet wide. Forty feet. Not less than \$100 must be expended in development work each year.

DREDGING.—Two leases of five miles each of a river may be leased to one applicant. A term of 20 years. Rental, \$1 a mile per annum. Royalty, 5% per cent after the output of the interior.

W. W. COBBY, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

TENDERS.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned at Ottawa and marked on the envelope "Tender for Illuminating Oil and Oil for Kerosene Engines," will be received up to noon of the twenty-eighth day of March, 1914, for supplying and delivering about 150,000 gallons of Illuminating Oil and about 50,000 gallons of Kerosene Engines. Bids, given below according to the specifications prepared by the Department of Marine and Fisheries. The quantities mentioned herein are only estimates and the department reserves the right to order larger or smaller quantities as required. Specifications and forms of tender can be procured from the collectors of customs at Toronto, Petrolia, and Sarnia, and from the agents of this department at Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax and Charlottetown, and also from the purchasing and contract agent, marine department, Ottawa.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit cheque equal to five per cent of the total amount of the tender.

All tenders must be made on the tender form prepared by the department. No tender will be considered except for oil strictly in accordance with the specifications and put up in packages as called for in said specifications. Samples of the oils, cans and cases must be submitted.

The department reserves the right to accept the whole or any part of a tender. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Newspapers copying this advertisement without authority will not be paid for same.

A. JOHNSTON, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries, -56784, Ottawa, 16th February, 1914.

HOTELS.

ROYAL HOTEL

King Street.
St. John's Leading Hotel.
RAYMOND & DOHERTY CO., LTD.
T. E. Reynolds, Manager.

HOTEL DUFFERIN

ST. JOHN, N. B.
FOSTER, GATES & CO.
T. C. GATES, Manager

CLIFTON HOUSE

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Corner Germain and Princess Streets
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ST. JOHN HOTEL CO., LTD.
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A. M. PHILIPS, Manager.

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Landing each week direct from the Coast, one car consigned California "Sun-kist" Navel Oranges.

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