

THE MAELSTROM

BY FRANK FROEST.
Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation
Department of Scotland Yard.

He liked to have the salient facts of an investigation clear-cut in his mind. That often saved time in an emergency as well as being an aid to definite thinking. Presently he began to make his Greek notes with a stubby pencil on the back of an envelope. Some of them would have surprised Hallett had he chanced to see them.

"Statement of P. Grege-Stratton clearly incomplete. Knows much more than she says. Certain that Errol has been for many months constant visitor at her flat in Palace Avenue. (Could report interview with maid at her flat.) Yet she denies that she has spoken to or been in communication with her brother for nearly a year. Lift attendant remembers man calling on her the evening of the murder. Left after short interview, and immediately after she went out hatless in a hurry."

He commenced a string of question marks across the paper. "I see that lift man myself," he murmured, and continued:

"It was the maid's night out. Lift attendant does not remember having seen man before, but he knows Errol. Description vague. Think possible P. G. S. alarmed. Must handle cautiously and keep under constant surveillance. If can induce Hallett to cultivate her may learn something."

A sharp tap at the door interrupted him. He snapped an irritable "come in" and, pencil in hand, surveyed frowningly a young man with a badly bruised eye.

"Well, Jake," he demanded impatiently, "who's been decorating you? What's the trouble?"

"I got this from Mr. Hallett, sir. He—"

Menzies's feet dropped from the table with a crash. "What the blazes! Some muddle, I'll be bound! Where's Gordon?"

"Down below, sir. We—"

"Then you've lost the girl?" He smacked an angry fist down on the table. "Oh damn your explanations! I beg your pardon—you confounded idiot!"

He sprang to the door and roared down the green-painted corridor: "Royal! Royal!" That individual popped out of a door like a rabbit out of a hole. "Come here, Royal. These two cabbages have let Miss Grege-Stratton dodge 'em. Take Smithers and get along to her flat, number seventy-four Palace Avenue, and see if you can pick her up. She may have gone straight home, or she may not. I've got to come there myself presently, but I'll hear what this dough-witted jackass has got to say."

Ordinarily Menzies was courteous to his underlings, but when anything like stupidity interfered with his plans he let himself go. "They remember it and it's better than putting 'em on the M. R.," he explained once to a colleague, which was his way of saying that he preferred a few hot words to putting the culprits on the morning report for judgment and punishment. "Only I sometimes wish that I didn't swear so much at them."

Royal had slipped away to carry out his instructions with the swiftness of the well-trained man. Menzies turned with a snarl to the young detective who was trembling nervously and as ill at ease as any young clerk, "carpeted" before his department chief for the first time.

"Let's have it," he said shortly.

The young man squared his shoulders. "They lunched at Duke's, in Piccadilly, sir. I went in with them, but could not get near enough to hear what was said. The lady most of them was close behind. Gordon about twenty paces behind me. They turned into Regent Street and then sharp back along Jermyn Street. When they reached St. James Street he said something to her and came back toward me. I would have passed him, but he caught me by the shoulder and asked what I meant by molesting a lady."

"I pulled myself free and told him I was a police-officer. She had turned the corner by this time. I would have gone on, but he pulled me back again, and Gordon came up—"

"And stopped to see what the matter was instead of going straight on," commented Menzies bitterly. "I know. Go on."

"He stopped to help me. Mr. Hallett was giving me a fair rough-house. He took the two of us to tackle him properly. He kept it up for about three minutes, and then gave in."

"And by that time the girl might have been in Timbuctoo. He put up a plant on you, and you both fell into it."

"Yes, sir."

"No. We thought it ought to be reported to you before we did anything."

"That's the only gleam of common sense you showed in the whole business. Go away. I'll think it over. And the next time you're shadowing, young man, remember you're got to stick—if the heavens fall, you've got to stick."

He whistled softly to himself when the other had gone. "I thought as much. She's put the comethor on him—and Hallett is a brainy man."

He revolved the matter steadily in his mind as he walked to Palace Avenue. Hallett, if he could be persuaded, would be a valuable ally in discovering what information Peggy Grege-Stratton had withheld. Menzies used the instruments to his hands; and there was no reason why he should have scruples.

If he had troubled at all to formulate the sides of the question he might have argued that when a crime was committed a person who deliberately withheld or evaded giving information could not fairly object to any means adopted to break her taciturnity. That the role he proposed allotting to Hallett was actually that of a spy did not concern him. That would be Hallett's own affair if he accepted the commission.

Royal appeared out of nowhere as he neared the corner of Palace Avenue. "Not come back yet," he reported laconically.

"Well, there's plenty of time yet," said Menzies, with a resignation that had been conspicuously absent in his talk with the delinquent officer.

"She's bound to turn up. You'd better phone for Gould to relieve you, and get down to the court to charge Smith."

He strolled on to the block of flats, sent his card in to the manager in a sealed envelope, briefly explained as much of his errand as was necessary and was presently confronted with a weedy, pale-faced youth who nervously twisted his cap in his hands as the detective questioned him. His

story varied nothing from the statement Gould had put in.

"Now, don't get flustered, old chap," said Menzies with that naive, bluff air he knew so well how to assume. "Are you sure you wouldn't know the man again? Try and think for a moment. Was he tall or short, fat or thin?"

"Just an ordinary looking man," said the attendant. "I didn't pay any notice."

"No, of course not. Do you remember if he had a beard or mustache, or was he clean-shaven?"

The youth wrinkled his brow and after a moment's thought shook his head. "Couldn't say, sir. I rather believe he was clean-shaven."

It was hopeless to try to extract a description from him. Menzies had expected as much. Observation is not the most meticulous training, and many and laborious are the hours spent in teaching recruits to the C. I. D. staff the art of noticing. He switched to another point.

"When the man came out of her flat did he seem in a hurry?"

"No, sir, not particularly. He rang for the lift."

"Not to me. At least he had something in his hand. He dropped it, and when it rolled down the shaft he swore. I offered to go and get it, but he said it didn't matter—it was only a half-penny."

(To be continued.)

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

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

LEAMINGTON.

The community meeting in the Town Hall notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, was largely attended and a great success. The gathering was held under the auspices of the Women's Institute, and was presided over by Rev. W. F. McConnell.

Twenty minutes of community singing opened the proceedings, led by a chorus of thirty young ladies from the High School, under the direction of Miss McKenzie. Old-time melodies were chosen and the whole audience joined heartily in the singing.

Brief addresses were given by Rev. Mr. McConnell, Rev. F. G. Burrell and Rev. L. W. Hill. Mrs. Harrington sang a solo with splendid effect, and the Misses DeLaurier gave a piano duet which was encored.

The chief speaker was Dr. Mary Rutman who spoke on community welfare. She explained the object of Women's Institutes and told of the good they are doing. They are spreading to every country, even in far off Ceylon, Dr. Rutman's home, where a splendid work is being done among the natives.

After a couple of readings by Miss Winnifred Pickel, Mrs. Getty, president, on behalf of the Leamington Women's Institute, presented Dr. Rutman with a beautiful bouquet as a token of appreciation of the excellent work accomplished by her here.

The National Anthem closed the meeting. At the Leamington Women's Institute's last meeting, 43 members answered the roll call. Report of "Home Nursing and First Aid" course under Dr. Rutnam read. Report \$39.15 for treasury.

Rev. Mr. McConnell gave a sketch of the life of St. Patrick. Mrs. Gibb gave a paper on "Canadian Authors and Their Work."

Music by little Miss Jean Ferguson and Wilda Irwin.

MARY NOBLE, DEVLIN.

The Devlin Women's Institute held their March meeting at the home of Mrs. Cook. Topics discussed were a new flag rope for the large flag floating from the top of their soldier monument, more books from the Fort William Public Library of which we are a branch, also the accepting of the invitation from Burris Institute to join them at the Summer Series.

Burris Institute held a box social March 18th. Devlin and Burris Institutes both have purchased sanitary drinking fountains and individual cups for the schools in vicinity.

Emo made approximately \$400 when they served meals at the Emo Fair last fall.

Lash have had sand piles and swings put at the schools in their vicinity.

Barnhart are improving their neighborhood hall and have bought new books for their library.

The Sewing Instructor, Miss Olive Campbell, is in Rainy River District holding classes at the following points: Fort Frances, Lavalle, McIrvine, Devlin, Burris, Emo, Stratton, Pine Wood and Rainy River.

Many of the institutes of this District are assisting the Canadian National Institute for the Blind by purchasing brooms and yarn.

Emo Institute has unveiled a bronze tablet in memory of their soldier dead, cost \$290. Also gave a big banquet to the returned soldiers.

Barnhart gave each returned man a rocking chair when he arrived home.

MRS. A. D. WHIDDON, COBDEN.

The Lakewood Women's Institute varied from its regular routine of meetings lately by holding their meeting at 7:30 p.m. in the Memorial Hall, Cobden, instead of at 2:30 p.m. in one of the homes. To this meeting the members' husbands and brothers were invited and with the exception of two or three all were present. The meeting was carried on as usual. After the business a good programme was given, a number of the guests being asked to address the meeting. They did so and all complimented the women on the

SPRING WEATHER HARD ON BABY

The Canadian spring weather—one day mild and bright; the next raw and blustery is extremely hard on the baby. Conditions are such that the mother cannot take the little one out for the fresh air so much to be desired. He is confined to the house which is so often over-heated and badly ventilated. He catches cold, his little stomach and bowels become disordered and the mother soon has a sick baby to look after. To prevent this an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets should be given. They regulate the stomach and bowels, thus preventing or banishing colds, simple fevers, colic or any other of the many minor ailments of childhood. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ENORMOUS SUMS MADE ON MOVING PICTURES

THE MIRACLE MAN HAS EARNED MORE THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PLAY SHOWN TO DATE.

Some idea of the enormous profits made out of moving pictures can be gained by reading the following list of productions and the amounts they have made for their owners.

The following "batting averages" of great money-making photoplays have been compiled as carefully as possible from various sources. Round sums are given. While some of the producers may have exaggerated their profits and some plays probably have increased their earnings within recent months yet an earnest effort has been made to tally up estimates secured from various sources.

From this list some of the successes now running have been omitted because it was impossible to gauge what they eventually would make in profits. In a year or two it may be possible to rank in the list below:

The Miracle Man.....	\$2,475,000
The Birth of a Nation.....	2,125,000
Traffic in Souls.....	1,260,000
A Dog's Life.....	1,140,000
Where Are My Children?..	990,000
Tarzan of the Apes.....	902,700
Shoulder Arms.....	880,000
My Four Years in Germany	833,300
The Beast of Berlin.....	810,000
Broken Blossoms.....	800,000
The Heart of Humanity....	775,000
Civilization.....	768,000
A Daughter of the Gods... 750,000	
When the Clouds Roll By..	700,000
Daddy Long Legs.....	542,000
Neptune's Daughter.....	480,000
Mickey.....	468,000
Eyes of Youth.....	426,000
The Right to Happiness....	407,000
The Romance of Tarzan....	405,000
Blind Husbands.....	341,000
Enlighten Thy Daughter... 321,000	
The Turn of the Road.....	306,000
Cabiria (1912).....	289,000
Quo Vadis (1912).....	219,000

Miller's Worm Powder not only make the infantile system untenable for worms, but by their action on the stomach, liver and bowels they correct such troubles as lack of appetite, biliousness and other internal disorders that the worms create. Children thrive upon them and no matter what condition their worm-infested stomachs may be in, they will show improvement as soon as the treatment begins.

The Young Mother

Youth with its vitality makes for the young mother's health and happiness. But later maternal experiences bring a different result. The care of a family, multiplied household duties, and very often the weakness caused by womanly disease, tend to prolong the suffering and to make convalescence a slow and weary process. Many women — perhaps your own neighbors — have had beneficial experience with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which prepares the prospective mother. It promotes the appetite, ends nervousness and sleeplessness, and gives a consciousness of buoyant health. It is unexcelled as a strength-giving tonic for mothers during the period of convalescence. This Favorite Prescription was used by Dr. Pierce with great success over 50 years ago. It's still good today. Ask your neighbor!



HAMILTON, ONT.—"I was advised by a practical nurse to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a tonic during expectancy, and I have every reason to be grateful for her advice, because it kept me in perfect health and I had practically no suffering. The 'Prescription' not only benefits the mother, but I am positive the child is benefited, too. I would not hesitate to recommend it to every expectant mother."—Mrs. C. SPIKE, 46 Hess Street, N. Send 10 cents to Doctor Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., or branch Laboratory in Bridgeburg, Ontario, for trial package.

very businesslike manner in which the meeting was conducted. The roll call was responded to with commendations. This afforded much amusement. Then in honor of the guests a supper, more elaborate than usual was served.

The principle business transacted was the donating of fifty dollars to the Chinese Famine Fund and ten dollars to the Navy League. A letter from the Renfrew Children's Shelter was read thanking the Institute for a large box of clothing and cooking which had been sent there. A number of pairs of stockings which had not been knit in time to go with the box were brought to the meeting and it was decided to dye them black before sending them to the little ones of the shelter. The two following resolutions were drawn up signed and sent to the Deputy-Minister of Education:

1. That instead of less grammar being taught in our public schools that more grammar be taught and that we believe it impossible to teach grammar satisfactorily to a fourth class in the form of composition.

2. That the public school history course be continued as it is and not confined to modern history as advised by some and also that history be more definitely taught to the third class.

MRS. J. PRICE.

"END YOUR RHEUMATISM

Like I Did Mine" Says Pastor Reed; Wife Also Rid of Neuritis

Suffered Tortures For Years—Now Telling Good News To Others.



"Don't Believe That Old Humbug About 'Uric Acid' Being the Cause of Rheumatism—It's Not So!

Emphatically asserting that thousands of unfortunate sufferers have been led into taking wrong treatments under the old and false belief that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism, Pastor W. H. Reed says:

"As do some of our highest medical authorities, I now know that 'Uric Acid' never did and never will cause rheumatism! But it took me many years to find out this truth. I learned how to get rid of my rheumatism and recover my health and strength through reading 'The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism,' a word written by an authority who has scientifically studied the cause and treatment of rheumatism for over twenty years. It was indeed a veritable revelation!

"I had suffered agony for years from rheumatism and associated disorders, and Mrs. Reed was tortured with the demon neuritis almost beyond endurance. We had read and talked so much about 'Uric Acid' that our minds seemed poisoned. But 'The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism' made it all clear to us and now we are both free from the suffering and misery we endured so many years. I believe I was the hardest man in the world to convert! For me to discard the old 'Uric Acid' theory, and what I now know to be absolutely false for the new, scientific understanding of the causes and cures of rheumatism, was like asking me to change my religious beliefs! But I did change, and it was a fortunate day for me and mine when I did so."

NOTE: "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" referred to above by Pastor Reed lays bare facts about rheumatism and its associated disorders overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past. It is a work that should be in the hands of every man or woman who has the slightest symptoms of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or gout. Anyone who sends name and address to H. P. Clearwater, 355-W Street, Hallowell, Maine, will receive it by mail, postage paid and absolutely free. Send now, lest you forget the address! If not a sufferer, cut out this expansion and hand it to some afflicted friend.

In the last six months 50,000 German war prisoners have been transported home from Russia via the Baltic and 50,000 via Vladivostok.