

THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard. (Copyright)

(From Monday's Daily.)

From that edict there was no appeal. Menzies' net was a wide one, and he was willing to accept the risk of some estimable citizen being taken in and raising a storm about his head.

Not that that was likely, for Helton Foyle had volunteered for the task of sifting those who were brought into the police-station, and he had imitable faculty for smoothing the creases out of the most irascible citizen's temper. Menzies was left to conduct operations on the spot. It was an advantage that both Gwennie Lyne and Ling were known crooks. Their photographs had been circulated, and among the assembled detectives were at least a dozen who had been on occasion in personal contact with one or the other.

This simplified matters, enabling Menzies to split up four parties to start at different points. None of them were novices at the game, and weapons, official and unofficial, bulged in many pockets. They had been warned there might be gun-play, and though in London a crook is allowed first shot, that is no reason for allowing him a second or third.

The bulk of the army of detectives merely hung about the street with their eyes open, in case they were wanted. Comparatively small parties entered the house to view the inmates, by now mostly asleep. Now and again the light from a lantern or an electric torch would rest longer than usual on the face of one of the sleepers, or some one would pull back the blanket which by accident or design had been shifted so as to conceal features.

Those who were aroused for the most part took this domiciliary visit with apathetic curiosity. Sometimes a growling curse would be thrown at the officers, sometimes an attempt at rough chaff, which the detectives answered in kind. Only when they were not with opposition did the stern purpose beneath their good humor show itself.

A short, stocky Cockney Irishman, red-haired and obstinate, barred the passage at one house. "An' it's meself that wants to know what for ye are troublin' decent folk at this hour at all, at all," he demanded.

"That's all right, Mike," said the burly Hugh good-humoredly. "We're police-officers. We're just taking a look round. Look out of the way."

The Irishman's jaw jutted out and his face became belliose. "It's not me house that ye'll be turning upside down," he announced. "Ye've no right at all, an' all, an' by the Splinder of Hiven I'll paste the first-set blagard of ye that tries to come in!" He shook a beefy fist at them. "I'm a respectable man and I know the law."

One of the detectives brought up from the river police peered forward. He was an Irishman himself. "That you, Tim Donovan?" he said. "Sure the last time we met you had a lot of ship junk that some onachuan had stuck in your cellar. An' you in the marine dealers' trade, too. We've lost sight of ye since then. Do ye want to meet that magistrate again, or is your curial full now?"

The reminiscence—an episode in which he had figured as the receiver of stolen ship's stores—appeared to infuriate him. "It's meself, ye forsworn Judas!" he snarled; "an' if ye'll just kindly step up it's meself that'll measure the length of me fut on your carcass! Not a hair o' mine ye comes into my house!"

"That's enough," commanded Hugh curtly. Stand aside if you don't want to be taken for obstructing the police."

"Come and make me ye big sent," challenged the little man, and swung a blow. Hugh, who held the heavy-weight police championship, swayed his body and the Irishman swung his half round. Hugh's hand descended on his collar and he was jerked forward into half a dozen willing hands and held securely while a little rubble of laughter went round.

The house, like most of the others, was packed with humanity, and as the river man had suspected a store at the back full of rope and metal ex-

plained Tim's unwillingness to allow unimpeded access to the premises. That, however, was a minor matter. Of far more importance was the fact that among Tim's coterie of lodgers was only one who had not been awakened. He was sleeping in the remote corner of one room with his face turned to the wall.

Congreve it was who walked over and casually lifted the blanket. One glimpse he took and the next moment he had his arms round the kicking, cursing occupant and had lifted him bodily to his feet. An automatic pistol dropped on the floor and a couple of men hurried to Congreve's assistance. The struggle was brief.

They dragged their prisoner—he was fully dressed—towards the door and two or three lights fell on a face that was distorted with rage—a sallow, thin face with a hawklike nose, and high cheek-bones surrounded by a shock of thick, curly black hair.

He wore a reddish brown suit of American cut, the skirts of the coat sagging low over his hips and the wide peg top trousers with a well-defined crease. Glaring from his necktie was an enormous pearl pin—too big, he guessed, to be genuine.

He ceased his struggles as soon as he realized their futility, and stood scowling round on the police. "Tell dem gazebos to take de spot light off me," he complained. "I ain't no stage favorite."

"Get him outside," ordered Congreve. "The gunvor 'll want to see him."

He walked meekly out into the street with his escort, and Congreve sought out Menzies.

"We've pulled one thug who looks a possible sir," he reported. "Big Rufe issues, shamming asleep in his clothes, with a gun by his side. I grabbed him quick and he didn't get a chance to use it."

Menzies removed his pipe from his lips and a look of interest came into his face. "Big Rufe, eh? Good business. Has he got shiny elbows, or do you think—? This isn't the kind of place he'd hang out in while he's got any dough."

"That's what I thought when I spotted him. He's no bun. Looks as if he could afford the Carlton if he wanted it rather than Tim Donovan's doss-house."

"Fetch him along. No. Wait a bit. Ask the 'Three Kings' to let us have a room, an' cart him in there. I'll come and talk to him."

Big Rufe, as the manner in which he had been taken showed, was one of those crooks who are not averse from running desperate chances, and probably if Congreve had not acted as quickly as he did murder would have been set alight in Tim Donovan's boarding house.

Had he had brains he would have been as formidable an international criminal as Ling himself. But he had no brains—only an unmeasurable audacity and a degree of cunning that had carried him through until both New York and London had got to know him.

For him to embark on an enterprise unaided was to court immediate disaster, and after tripping several times he had wit enough to recognize the fact, and to attach himself when possible to the banner of some more masterful crook who could plan as well as execute.

He was an admirable tool when working under directions and away from liquor—a skilled mechanician, with a brute courage that had, more than once, got him into trouble. Like most crooks he was a free spender.

The circumstances permitted Menzies little doubt that one of the unknown factors in Ling's gang had at last been run down. Big Rufe, out of luck and without a penny in his pocket, might have been found in an East End doss-house without any deduction being necessarily drawn from it; but Big Rufe, flush and well dressed, in Levoine Street and with a gun in his hand, could have only one explanation.

The man was palpably uneasy when Menzies walked in upon him. The chief inspector greeted him affably.



HER WEIGHT IS A MISTERY.

Would you ever guess that she weighs 180 pounds? Her gown is specially designed by the svelt line method to give her long, slender youthful lines. This new system of scientific proportioning gives the figure of ample proportions the svelt appearances and a stylish silhouette to the smaller figure.

"Bad job this of yours, sonny. You look to be in it bad."

Rufe had all the philosophy of the captured crook. He would cheerfully have shot Menzies or any one else if by doing so he could have secured a chance of escape. But once taken he held no futile animosity. Violence, either of speech or action, he knew would be merely silly. His mouth glistened with gold fillings as he smiled cheerfully.

"Not," he ejaculated. "No pen for mine. If you'd de wise guy you'd take these mittens off." He shook his wrists on the thoughtful Crook, who had taken the precaution to encircle handcuffs. "Say, this will be funny stuff for the Sunday supplements with you Scotland Yard bulls. I don't think. What do you reckon you're holdin' me for, huh?"

"Persecuting a poor down-trodden American citizen again, Rufe, eh?" commented Menzies. "We can't help it, it's the way we're built. Let us down light with your journalistic pals."

"G'wan," commented Rufe shortly. "Cut it out." He was grinning, but there was an uneasy look in his eye—and it does not matter what grade the criminal hierarchy he adorns, it is bluff when he is run to earth. It is an easy weapon to handle and can do little harm if it fails.

(Continued in Wednesday's Issue.)

Two free curb markets are being opened by the city of Toledo to reduce the H. C. of L. Produce growers will be permitted to use them.

Five men with loaded guns guard the Methodist church at Van Wert, Ohio, since Socialists threaten to tear down the American flag from the steeple.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

JELLIED PEACHES

Soak 1-2 box of gelatine in 1 cup of cold water 1 hour, take 1-2 the contents of a can of peaches, and if hard, simmer until soft. Drain, measure the juice, and add enough boiling water to make 1 pint of liquid, and in this dissolve the soaked gelatine. Add 1-2 cup of sugar, a speck of salt, the juice of one lemon and a few drops of extract almond; strain and cool. Meantime cut the peaches in strips and line a melon mould; when the jelly begins to thicken fill the mould gradually and set away to harden. Canned apricots or cherries may be used in the same way. Serve with soft custard or whipped cream, flavor with extract of almond.

CARAMEL ORANGE QUARTERS

First free the oranges from peel and pitch and separate in quarters without breaking the skin covering the orange. Have a very thin piece skewer with which to dip each piece in the caramel to prevent burning your fingers. Boil one pound of sugar, dip the pieces of oranges in it, drain off all excess of sugar, and place on oiled platter or paper. Set in cold place to stiffen sugar and dish up on green leaves or as an ornament to other dishes. All fruits can be served up in same manner, and make beautiful as well as tasteful addition to dessert garnishing.

APPLE FRITTERS

Core three apples, cut across the center in medium thick slices. Pare, lay out on a platter and sprinkle with sugar, lemon juice and cinnamon; drain, dip each slice in batter, and fry a few at a time in hot deep fat. Drain and serve with powdered sugar or lemon sauce. Mix 2 teaspoons cornstarch with 1 cup sugar and stir into 2 cups boiling water; cook about 40 minutes, stirring often. Add grated rind and juice of 1 lemon; and 1 rounded tablespoon of butter. If too thick, add more water.

Good Night Stories

HOW WISE OWL SETTLED A DISPUTE.

Once there lived two families of Robins in the old cherry tree. They were always quarrelling. Each felt quite sure that her eggs were the bluest, and when the little birds were hatched each knew that her brood was the prettiest.

Mrs. Robin Redbreast declared her home was the softest place in the orchard. Mrs. Cock Robin disputed this.

One morning Mrs. Cock Robin hopped out on the limb at the door of her home just as Mrs. Robin Redbreast appeared in front of her nest. "Good-morning, neighbor," said Mrs. Cock Robin. "You're up rather early this morning."

"I was just going to say the same thing to you," answered Mrs. Robin Redbreast as she picked a bug from a leaf and poked it down a baby throat that was calling for food.

"Indeed!" retorted Mrs. Cock Robin. "I'm generally the first up."

"Why, you were sound asleep when I awakened. I was up first this morning, there's no denying it, so there!" exclaimed Mrs. Robin Redbreast.

Now, in a hole in the top of the cherry tree lived Old Wise Owl. He had just settled himself for his daily nap when the robins began quarrelling. He poked out his head and blinked his eyes.

"You ladies must keep quiet. Chirping under a fellow's window when he wants to sleep isn't very pleasant. What's the trouble?" he asked.

Mrs. Robin Redbreast began to explain, when Mrs. Cock Robin broke in with her side of the story, and the argument grew louder. Soon the branches were covered with birds—awakened by the chatter they had come to inquire what the trouble was.

"Let's see. You think you were up first?" said Wise Owl, turning to Mrs. Cock Robin.

She flipped her tail and preened her feathers. "I surely was," she answered.

"And you claim that you were the first?" Wise Owl asked Mrs. Robin Redbreast.

"I'm quite sure of the fact," replied Mrs. Robin Redbreast.

"Then the only way to settle the dispute is to find out which of you saw the sun first," said Wise Owl.

Both Robins declared she had seen it first, because she was out first. Wise Owl blinked his eyes and chuckled to himself.

"I just thought so. You're both wrong, for the day is cloudy and the sun isn't up yet."

The two robins looked at the gray sky above them, then at each other—then they laughed.

"How foolish of us," they chirped. "Sure enough it is cloudy. Cheer up. Cheer up!" they sang at the top of their voices.

"That's better," said Wise Owl as he settled back for his nap. Soon the rain pattered down on the cherry leaves. After that the robins never quarrelled, for Wise Owl had shown them how foolish they had been.

If you awaken early some morning you can hear them singing together as they fit among the branches, and when you hear "Cheer up! Cheer up!" you may rest assured that they are trying to tell you that the sun isn't shining, and they believe it will rain before night.

CHILD'S SEVERE STOMACH TROUBLES

Child's Severe Stomach Trouble Harriston (Ont.) Father Says Dr. Cassell's Tablets Saved His Life

Mr. Corby, Harriston P.O., Ont., writes: "Our little girl was weak from birth, and though we tried doctors' medicine and other things she got no better. So just lay in her cot and cried, and neighbors all said we could not save her. The doctors said she had stomach trouble, and that her chances were small, yet Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured her. They have been worth their weight in gold to us, for we were just giving up hope of saving our little daughter. I don't think there is any other medicine for children like Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Publish this letter if you like; it may help others as the Tablets helped us."

A free sample of Dr. Cassell's Tablets will be sent to you on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing. Address: Harold F. Hitchcock and Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the surest home remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Trouble, Sleeplessness, Anemia, Nervous Allments, Nerve Paralysis, Palpitation and Weakness of children. Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Sold by druggists and storekeepers throughout Canada. Prices: One tube, 50 cents; six tubes for the price of five. Beware of imitation said to contain hypophosphites. The composition of Dr. Cassell's Tablets is known only to the proprietors, and no imitation can ever be the same.

Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

The New York Central has withdrawn one hundred trains from service in New York State, and the Pennsylvania will follow suit with as many more.

SIDE TALKS

NEVER TOO LATE.

Are you at the present time forming any good habits?

There are certain well emphasized maxims of conduct which, while they are good in what they assert, are not good in what they infer.

One of these is the well pounded in assertion that the only time to form good habits is while you are young.

That is an excellent time, perhaps the best time, but the inference that if you haven't formed good habits before you are thirty there is no use in trying to do so afterwards is bad.

You can form a good habit any time you make up your mind hard enough. And as one ought to grow in control of one's mind, one grows older one has that advantage to offset the lack of plasticity in one's temperament.

A Good Habit is a Path of Least Resistance.

A good habit is a groove in the mind, a path of least resistance toward right living.

Good habits accomplish that which man to do naturally—the things he ought to do. That is, they take that much effort off his mind and leave the energy for other things. Forming a good habit is like putting money in the bank. It comes hard at the time but once you get it there it begins to draw interest.

And I think one should have at least one good habit forming all the time, just as one should be putting aside something each month.

It is an interesting thing to take account of stock once in a while. Are you putting anything in the habit bank?

Three Kinds of Good Habits I asked myself that question and habit on the make, that of drinking two glasses of water before breakfast.

Good habits can be roughly divided into three classes; health habits (like the water drinking); mental habits (like reading some worthwhile book in a stated period); and character habits (such as getting up promptly when called.)

Don't you think one ought to have one of each kind on the make all the time?

A Piece of Good Advice And while we are on the subject just one bit of advice that has helped me. It is from Henry James: "Never suffer an exception to occur until the new habit is securely rooted in your life." he warns, "each lapse is like the letting fall of a ball of string which one is carefully winding up; a single slip undoes more than a great many turns will wind again."

If I omit drinking that water one morning it is harder to drink it the next. Perhaps some day I shall reach the point where the action is automatic and I can afford to skip a morning. And then by the irony of fate, I won't want to.

Our Daily: Pattern Service

Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through The Courier. Be sure to State Size

LADIES' BARREL SKIRT.

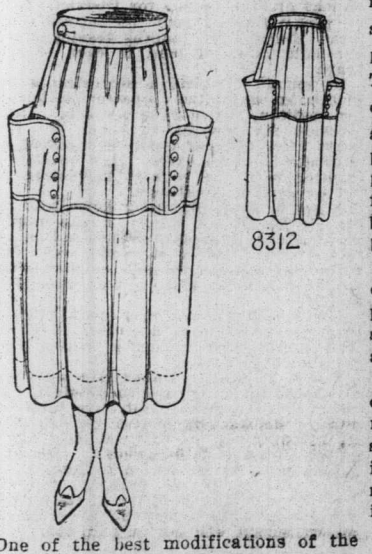
By Anabel Worthington.

far is the one shown here, No. 8312. It suggests a barrel by means of the huge pockets and the cut of the lower part. The upper section is in two pieces, gathered to a slightly raised waist line all around. The lower part is just a straight piece of the material stitched to the upper part, causing the skirt to stand away from the figure at the knees. A narrow belt of self material is in two sections and buttons at the sides.

Such materials as serge, shepherd checks, gabardine, wool velour, jersey, poplin, soft homespun mixtures, pongee, shantung, sport silks, cotton corduroy or any of the novelty cottons may be used.

The barrel skirt pattern, No. 8312, is cut in four sizes—24 to 30 inches waist measure. Width at the lower edge of skirt is 2 yards. As on the figure the 24 inch size requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material. Without side pockets 2½ of 30 inch goods will be required.

To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.



One of the best modifications of the barrel skirt which has been produced so far.

Make All Your Preserves with

Lantic Sugar

Pure Cane. Fine Granulation. Order by name from your grocer.

10, 20 & 100-lb. sacks—2 & 5-lb. cartons

Atlantic Sugar Refineries Limited MONTREAL

Are You Seeking a Position? Do You Need Help?

The Ontario Government Public Employment Bureau

WILL SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS POSITIONS FILLED, MEN PLACED—

136 DALHOUSIE STREET (Over Standard Bank) Phone 361

For all classes of persons seeking employment and for all those seeking to employ labor.

T. Y. THOMSON, Manager

Hammocks \$2.25 to \$8.50 EACH

CROQUET SETS \$1.25 to \$3.50 per Set

TENNIS RACQUETS \$1.00 to \$10.00 each

STEDMAN'S BOOKSTORE LIMITED

Phone 569 160 Colborne St

If you want health you can have it, by heeding Nature's laws. Keep the stomach strong, the liver active, the blood pure, and the bowels regular, and you will seldom be ill. Take good care of these organs, and at the first sign of anything wrong—promptly take Beecham's Pills.

you certainly need the help and relief of this world-famed remedy, to keep the body in health. They quickly establish normal conditions, so the organs perform their functions as Nature intended. No other remedy will so surely strengthen the system; stimulate the liver, regulate the bowels and quickly improve the general health as

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Worth a Guinea a Box

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U.S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

SUTHERLANDS

Hammocks Golf Clubs Tennis Balls Tennis Racquets Caddy Bags Golf Balls Etc.

Jas. L. Sutherland Spalding's Athletic Goods Agency

THEATRE of Features Tuesday and Wednesday SEE RUBY JONES Novelty Musical and Singing

WING SILVERMAKES Novelty

SECRET

Way's Greatest

Cohen

adaptation of famous play

JONES

Friday, Friday, Saturday

and

Huff

best known in the English

KLES

LUKE

SCREAM

house

D

NY

OR

GREEN

re for eight

Saturday

5c and 25c.

REF.

BS

ars

ry

ER

all Trains

think of a

XI

OF

RD'S

ND TAXI

CE

371

ise St.

Hall

E

ey's

abs

30

Motor

er

aggage

You Of

vice

Garage

203

1853

WHITE FLORED LEANED

L'S

BRANTFORD