

# THE MAELSTROM

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

The women—wives and daughters of police officials, for the most part—separated. Only the girl of the choice remained behind. As the room emptied she walked toward Menzies.

"That's over, Miss Greye-Stratton," he said cheerfully. "I am ever so much obliged to you. I want you to know Mr. Hallett, the gentleman who first called our attention to the death of your father."

Jimmie concealed the surprise that the name gave him. Although there was a certain touch of melancholy in the oval face, there was none of that grief which might have been expected in a girl who had suddenly learned of the murder of her father.

For a moment he was repelled. He murmured some conventional phrase of sympathy, but she swept it away as though aware that her manner needed explanation.

"Yes, this is very dreadful, Mr. Hallett, but not so dreadful to me as it might have been. You see, I scarcely know my father. We were almost complete strangers."

"Miss Greye-Stratton called on me at the yard as soon as she heard of the murder," interposed Menzies. "I thought it as well in the circumstances that there should be no ground for misunderstandings. You see, your story of the way the checks came into your possession is bound to make talk when you give evidence at the inquest. I wanted it to be definitely clear that Miss Greye-Stratton was not the lady and she was good enough to consent to this arrangement."

Hallett wondered how the diplomacy of the detective could have got the difficulty if the girl had refused. That she had consented showed nerve, for she had not known that he would not identify her. He was curious, too, as to what would have happened if he had picked her out. Would she have been arrested on suspicion?

"If it had been Miss Greye-Stratton she would hardly have sought you out," he remarked.

"No, no, of course not," said Menzies soothingly. "I thought for a moment that she was the woman. One likes to save anything in the nature of scandal though. I remember a case where two elderly ladies—sisters—living in a country house were attacked by some one with a hammer. One was found dead, the other unconscious—she remained unconscious for weeks. The hammer was found in an outhouse a hundred yards away. Now there was a considerable amount of gossip and the theory was firmly held by dozens of people that the living sister had attacked the dead one. They overlooked the fact that to have done so she must have walked to the place where the hammer was found after her own injuries had been inflicted. That's an example of what I mean."

The girl nodded. "I am quite sure you only meant to save me possible future unpleasantness. Is there anything else? You have my address."

"There is no other way at the moment in which you can help. As matters develop I may call on you. It has been very good of you."

She stretched out her slim gloved hand to Hallett. But he was not inclined to let her escape so easily. She owed him something, if only an explanation. "I am going your way," he said unblushingly. "Perhaps if you don't mind—"

"You are very kind, Mr. Hallett," she said formally.

Menzies stroked his mustache and his eyes roved sideways to his aide-de-camp, Royal, who after an absence of two or three minutes had not returned. Royal nodded almost imperceptibly, and the inspector said good-bye.

"By the way, you had better be at the police court at two, Mr. Hallett. We shall charge this man Smith today. I don't expect you'll be kept long. I will be purely formal. We shall apply for a remand."

Hallett and the girl went down the steps to the street. He was conscious that though she appeared to be gazing serenely in front of her that she occasionally scrutinized him with curious eyes.

Not till they were a hundred yards away from the police station did either of them speak again. Then Jimmie ventured on the ice.

"Perhaps now you will tell me what it's all about?"

"Oh!" she stopped and turned full on him with the wide open innocent blue eyes of a child. "So you knew all the time. I wasn't sure."

"Wasn't sure that I knew you as the girl in the fog?"

"Yes. Shall we walk on? We might attract attention standing here. Why did you do it? Why didn't you denounce me?"

Jimmie twiddled his walking stick. "Hanged if I know," he confessed. Her self-possession rather daunted him. "I thought—that is—if you wanted to you would have explained the incident yourself."

"That's no reason. You didn't know me. There was no earthly motive. All the same I am grateful to you, Mr. Hallett—most sincerely grateful." She sighed.

A porter with a parcel under his arm loitered three yards behind them. Ten yards behind him a youth scrupulously dressed and seemingly conscious of nothing but the beauty of his attire, swaggered aimlessly.

Menzies, as has been said, was not a man who took anything for granted. His arrangements for "covering" Peggy Greye-Stratton in the event of Hallett not recognizing her had been completed long before he had confronted them in the charge-room.

Hallett might have guessed—if he had thought about it at all. The girl certainly did not. Jimmie caught at her last words.

"You can prove that. Although we have only been formally introduced in the last five minutes, we are not exactly strangers. Come and lunch with me. Then we can talk. There are several things I want to know."

She assented, it seemed to him somewhat indifferently. He hailed a taxicab, and gave the name of a famous restaurant. As she sank back in the cushions it was as though a mask had dropped from her face. She gasped once or twice as if for breath.

Only for an instant had the mask dropped, but Hallett had seen and understood. The girl was strained to the breaking point, supporting her part only by strength of will.

What that part was, and why she was playing it, he was fixed in the resolution to learn. He spoke on indifferent subjects till lunch was over and coffee was brought. Then



If all the world was water  
There'd not be any land—  
I like to walk beside the sea,  
With parasol in hand,  
Or fill my little bucket to  
The brim with yellow sand.  
I guess it's best the world is made  
Part water and part land.

Find two other persons on the beach. Right side down, on the sand, left side down, on the sand.

he leaned forward a little across the table.

"I shall be glad if I can be of any help to you, Miss Greye-Stratton," he said.

A smile palpably forced, appeared on the girl's face. She twisted a ring on her finger absently. "That is a polite way to bring me to the point, Mr. Hallett. You have a right to ask."

A sigh trembled on her lips, and her eyes became absent. The man said nothing, but waited. Very daintily and desirably did Peggy Greye-Stratton seem to him then. Yet he would not have been human if he had not had misgivings. His very reluctance to speak aroused a little spark of suspicion, which he deliberately trampled under foot. A beautiful face, a high intelligence, and courage—and all these he knew she possessed—were not necessarily guarantees against crime.

She appeared to come to a resolve. "I will tell you what I told Mr. Menzies," she said, looking up. "Knowing what you knew it will seem incomplete to you, but you—she looked him full in the face—"are a gentleman. I trust you not to question me too far. There are—other people."

(To be continued.)

## CREELMAN GETS \$12,500

Will Become General Manager of Ontario Fruit Growers' Ass'n.

Another good position is about to open up in Ontario Service for some returned soldier. It is understood that Prof. George Creelman, formerly of the Guelph Agricultural College, and later Agricultural Commissioner for Ontario, and at present Ontario's Agent-General in England, is to return to Ontario.

Statements in well-informed circles are to the effect that Prof. Creelman has been offered and has accepted a position with the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association as general manager at a salary of \$12,500 a year.

This is considerably more than the London, Eng., position is worth. The change, it is rumored, is to be made almost immediately.

## SPICED RHUBARB.

Wipe, skin and cut up two and a half pounds of rhubarb. Put this in a preserving kettle with two pounds of sugar, seven-eighths cup vinegar, one teaspoon cinnamon, and a half a teaspoon ground cloves. Bring to boiling point and let simmer until as thick as marmalade. Fill jelly glasses with mixture, cool and seal. Onions can be added, according to taste.

Final figures on army casualties of American soldiers in the World War list 34,249 killed and 324,089 wounded.

## POEMS You Should Know

### MISCONCEPTIONS

This is a spray the Bird clung to,  
Making it blossom with pleasure,  
Ere the high treetop she sprung to,  
Fit for her nest and her treasure.  
Oh, what a hope beyond measure  
Was the poor spray's which the flying  
feet hung to—  
So to be singled out, built in and  
sung to!

This is the heart the Queen leant on  
Thrilled in a minute erratic,  
Ere the true blossom she bent on,  
Meet for love's regal dalmatic.  
Oh, what a fancy ecstatic  
Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer  
went on.  
Love to be saved for it, proffered to,  
spent on!

—Robert Browning.

Halifax, N. S.  
Minard's Liniment Co., Ltd.

Gentlemen—I have used Minard's Liniment and have found it a good remedy. After the explosion I was pretty well shaken up having quite a number of bruises and cuts, but thanks to Minard's Liniment I am my old self again. It healed the sores and bruises and gave me much relief. It is true to its name as the King of Pain, for it stopped the pain almost at once. I first noticed the ad in the Montreal Standard and decided to invest in a bottle, for which I am not sorry, but can say with truth that I am thankful for it having done all it claimed to do, and in my case much more, and a satisfied customer is the best ad one can possibly find. This is my view of it and I think you will agree with me too.

Yours very truly,  
(Signed) ALFRED BLAIR,  
183 Agricola St.,  
Halifax, N. S.

In a funeral procession of an army officer, it is customary for a horse to follow the casket with the boots of the soldier reversed on the saddle.

The steamboats registered or owned outside of Canada but inspected under the Canadian law last year numbered 81; gross tonnage 94,563 tons.

## Spanking Doesn't Cure!

Don't think children can be cured of bed-wetting by spanking them. The trouble is constitutional, the child cannot help it. I will send FREE to any mother my successful home treatment, with full instructions. If your children trouble you in this way, send me money, but write me today. My treatment is highly recommended to habits troubled with urine difficulties of day or night. Write for free trial treatment.

BOX 8. Mrs. M. Summers  
WINDSOR, Ontario

## SUREST SIGNS OF BILIOUSNESS

Among the earliest symptoms are furred tongue and dull headache. Then come dizzy spells, bad taste, quick pulse, fever and cold sweats. Finally, sleeplessness and vomiting make the condition of the sufferer almost intolerable.

The root of biliousness is with the liver which is clogged and can't keep bile from getting into the blood.

Nothing works with the certainty of Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they act directly on the liver, restore the bile to its proper course and prevent it from contaminating the vital fluid.

Of course the bowels are ordered and relaxed by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the kidneys receive new tonic, the blood is renovated, and the result is a renewal of good health.

Stronger proof can't be had than the statement of Fenwick Luddington, of New Harbor, N. S., who says:

"Three months ago I had no expectation of ever getting free from periodical bilious attacks. They were preceded by dizziness and dreadful headaches. If I stooped over my head would swim, and a nauseous feeling crept into my stomach. Dr. Hamilton's Pills fixed up my liver, drove all the bile out of my blood, and made me a well man in a few months. To-day I enjoy a good appetite, excellent digestion, and the best of health. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all."

No need for delay, the sooner you use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the sooner you'll feel the brisk, keen satisfaction of a healthy, well-regulated system. Sold in yellow boxes, 25c each, or five for \$1.00, at all dealers.

## DOMINION WOOL MARKET REPORT.

There is little to report as to sales of Canadian wools. Graded lots are now practically cleaned up. There are still considerable stocks of wool held in dealers' hands but these have been bought for the most part at prices considerably above present levels and there is still a tendency to hold for slightly higher values. Medium and quarter-blood wools seem to be fairly well stabilized in price and are selling freely from 27c to 30c for medium and 25c to 27c for low mediums. Australian and New Zealand wools are moving steadily with the United States showing as heavy buyers. At the recent Liverpool sale 90 per cent. of the offerings were moved. America and France bought quite extensively.

## THIS WOMAN'S RECOVERY

Shows Remarkable Restorative Power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Chesley, Ont.—"Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a total wreck. I had terrible pains in my sides and was not regular. Finally I got so weak I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest half way up the steps. I tried two doctors but they did me no good. I saw your medicine advertised in the newspapers and thought I would give it a trial. I took four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and was restored to health. I am married, am the mother of two children, and do all my housework, milk eight cows, and do a hired man's work and enjoy the best of health. I also found Vegetable Compound a great help for my weak back before my babies were born. I recommend it to all my friends who are in need of medicine, and you may print this letter if you wish."

Mrs. HENRY JANKE, R. R. No. 4, Chesley, Ontario.

It hardly seems possible that there is a woman in this country who will continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, proving beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other medicine in the world.

Where Service is not Sacrificed to Size

THE WALKER HOUSE is a new and a first and by long time known in the world.

THE HOUSE OF PLENTY

Don't think children can be cured of bed-wetting by spanking them. The trouble is constitutional, the child cannot help it. I will send FREE to any mother my successful home treatment, with full instructions. If your children trouble you in this way, send me money, but write me today. My treatment is highly recommended to habits troubled with urine difficulties of day or night. Write for free trial treatment.

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When  
Grandmother  
Was a Girl

HOOP skirts were worn by those who first asked the druggist for, and insisted on having, the genuine Golden Medical Discovery put up by Dr. Pierce over 50 years ago. Dress has changed very much since then! But Dr. Pierce's medicines contain the same dependable ingredients. They

are standard today just as they were fifty years ago and never contained alcohol.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the stomach and blood cannot be surpassed by any tonic and alterative today.

When you feel "all out of sorts"—your vitality at a low ebb—the blood becomes surcharged with poisons! The best tonic is called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts vim, vigor, vitality into the blood. Try it! All druggists. Liquid or tablets.