

at the hands, and after a moment's reflection, replied:

"I was on the dock in front of the Casino at 10.10, when a big man in a grey suit came running up to me and said he saw some one fall off the government dock. He said he ran over and looked around, but couldn't make out anybody struggling in the water, which was very dark along the dock at that time. A friend and I jumped into our boat and pulled over there. We dropped the hooks and——"

"That will do," I said. "Where is the telephone office?"

HE directed me to the place. I asked the operator at what time was the message sent to the city that Clifford Gage had been drowned and the name of the party who sent it.

The operator went through her tickets and reported that the message was filed at 9.30 by a big individual in a grey suit, who called himself, "Samuel Trowbridge."

Then like the sun breaking from behind a dark cloud, I began to see through the whole thing. Square Face had thrown this man off the government dock at 9.30, made sure he was drowned before reporting it to the fisherman and the city papers. It was a plain case of premeditated murder with what object in view? Because this man looked like me. Why because he looked like me? Because I was apparently the only one who knew his secret, and that secret was the item that referred to the presence of the Nizam of Hyderabad in Canada. And what had the black-whiskered man and his companion to do with it? Either one or the other was the Nizam—I was sure of this, because I had seen Square Face shadowing them.

It was eleven o'clock and I went over and sat down in a seat along the beach. Then, from nowhere, so sudden and mysterious was his appearance, came an object that walked like Square Face and strode along the beach in front of me with a cane in his hand. He stopped, and from his motions, I knew he was writing in the sand. I watched him out of sight.

I stepped briskly up the walk in the direction to which I had seen him go, turned and came down along the shore. When I reached the spot where Square Face had stood, I made sure no one was near, struck a match and made out:

"C A S 3."

A footfall sounded on the sand, and I tried to whistle a few bars of "Senora." Somebody approached stealthily, stopped and flashed a light in my face.

"Good-evening," I said, pleasantly.

But there was no answer. The light was turned on the ground at my feet and behind it I saw the shadow of a tall man in a slouch hat and hip boots—a longshoreman.

"Lose something?" It was an excuse to see his face, but he turned and, without looking up or speaking, he slipped into the darkness.

The human brain is a wonderful thing! I am not a detective—not even related to a detective—but I could see what was coming. "Cas-3," was as easy as the alphabet to me—"Casino at three o'clock." Square Face and this tall chap were in a plot to kidnap the Nizam from the Casino in four hours. What was their idea? Referring to my memory,

The Nizam is notable as the originator of the Imperial Service Troops, which now form the contribution of the native chiefs to the defence of India——

There it was in a nut-shell! What would have a greater effort in India than to have it spread broadcast throughout the land that the Nizam of Hyderabad, while the guest of the Canadian Government, had been spirited away? Rebellion? Yes. India would break out in a revolution that Great Britain would be unable to put down. No more native troops would go to France to fight for the British lion; British soldiers, which could ill be spared, would have to be sent to India——

But how did they plan to take the Nizam away? The only ship in port was a patrol boat used to protect the fisheries—a ship that carried a Canadian ensign at the mast-head. Built for speed? Sure. Armed? A small gun on the forward deck. I couldn't connect the patrol

boat with Square Face's plot at all—there must be another boat on the way. I later found out all about it. Little did I think that before next morning I would be riding the waves in a strange craft and a Canadian Government boat alongside!

Over at the Casino an orchestra was playing. Youth and beauty were dancing. A large passenger boat was docking along the Government pier and I strolled that way. Ahead of me hustled a familiar figure—to wit, Mr. Square Face. I lengthened my stride just to see where he was going and there followed a merry chase in which he finally shook me.

Just as the boat was about to pull out, I reached the dock and just then I saw the elusive Square Face making for the shadows. He was in a hurry and presently so was I. I vowed I would keep on his trail.

He sped along the dangerous old wooden structure, struck up the board walk to the station, crossed the tracks, and proceeded to climb the long flight of stairs to the village of summer cottages above. And still I followed him.

At the top of the steps, he stopped and looked down. I flattened myself along the railing and, waiting until his head disappeared from the sky line, I hastened after him.

I saw him hustling up a street to a cottage that overlooked the bay, he went inside and I lay down in the grass by the side of the road.

I hadn't long to wait for Square Face. The front door of the cottage opened and closed silently and he appeared with a bundle under his arm. Reaching the street he stood and looked towards the lake. I wiggled around to see what he was watching and I saw a bright light off to the westward—a light that flickered as though someone was sending a message.

For a moment Square Face watched it, then he tightened his grip on his parcel and ran. And I struck after him.

Something dropped from his bundle, but he never stopped. Shortly afterwards I picked up a pair of field glasses. We had long since left the cottages, travelling straight west with nothing to obstruct our view of the lake. The banks were high and sandy.

Then Square Face came to a halt, shot a glance towards the lake, and crawled over the bank. Throwing myself on my face and preparing for a surprise, if necessary, I worked along through the tall grass, raised myself and peeked over. I saw this strange creature feverishly unroll what looked like a tripod, set it firmly in the sand, and place a light on it—a powerful light, as I noticed when he opened the shutter.

The strange craft was calling, so putting the glasses to my eyes, I made out the letters, "P S"—the dots and dashes of the Morse code. Of course, I realized at once that the letters stood for "Port Stanley"—a signal probably arranged beforehand by the sender and Square Face, who was by this time searching the ground and swearing. He couldn't find his glasses.

THEN came the rather humorous flash, "D A M." I couldn't prevent a smile. What else might have been said I don't know for my strange acquaintance broke in.

I can't tell what he told them, for I was behind and above him, and there was no chance for me to catch his words through the clicking of the shutter. I do know that it took him a long time to say what he wanted to, and when he was finished, his message was repeated:

"C A S—THREE—WEST—LIGHT—O.K."

He pulled himself over the bank and stood in

meditation. The light had vanished. It was long after midnight.

After a while he turned east and I followed slowly. Coming to his cottage, he went inside, and believing I had enough information, I ran to the steps, tumbled down and headed for the Casino. I had made my mind that I would see the man with the black beard and ask him point-blank if he were the Nizam, or could direct me to him. Then I would tell all I knew about the affair and assist them in making plans to effect the capture of the elusive Mr. Square Face. At all costs, the Nizam of Hyderabad must not be kidnapped!

The orchestra had long since gone away, but black beard was playing a waltz when I arrived at the Casino. I went over to him and not very far away I saw the little old individual who was always by his side.

"Pardon me," I said, touching the pianist on the shoulder, "but I would like a word with you and your friend down in the cafe——"

He started as though I had stuck a pin in him, then he asked,

"Anything important?"

"Very," I answered.

HE got up from the piano, whispered something to his companion, and turned to me.

"We will accompany you."

I led them downstairs into a room of the cafe and drew the curtain. An energetic waiter appeared and I told him that we had some business to attend to and would call him later.

"Assuming that one of you is His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad prompts me to bring to your attention at this moment a very important matter——" You can understand that I never had much to do with those born in the purple and I used my best language to offset the rustiness in my appearance and my deportment.

Then Black Beard broke in.

"For this occasion, your assumption is quite in order. I am the Nizam." There was a foreign accent to his words, though his English was the very best.

"Impossible?" I interrupted, thinking of the fact that the Nizam was fifty if a day, and he was so young looking.

"Nothing is impossible," he returned, pleasantly—"particularly when one is travelling incognito."

Then I told them my story from the time I landed at Port Stanley until I read the message from the strange craft—a message which I transcribed for them—who I was and what brought me to the Port.

They were interested—they were more than interested. They plied me with all kinds of questions and the Nizam proved a good sport with real red blood in his veins, for the probable adventure appealed to him.

"But they must not kidnap you," I protested. "It would be unfortunate to the British Empire at this time. It would serve their purpose——"

"How could it be prevented?" It was the small man who spoke and it was the first time he had opened his mouth.

"Quite easy," I answered him. "Let them take me. Give me your clothes," I turned to the Nizam. "But that wouldn't do, either," I corrected.

"Why?" asked His Highness.

"Because," I returned, "I would lack the beard and——"

Do you know I always understood that it was against the caste of a Mohammedan to remove his head-dress. I was afraid to ask the Nizam for it—I believed it would offend him.

But he looked at his friend and broke into a laugh.

"That can be arranged, I am sure," he said, and without another word he began unwinding yards of material from his head, lifted his beard and hair, which was in one piece, and placed them on the table before my astonished eyes.

When I looked up I saw the face of a man who must have been over fifty, quite grey about the temples, flabby cheeked, skin a dark colour as though the result of having lived in a hot climate—taken all in all he appeared just like an ordinary business man with a pair of the most roguish hazel eyes one would care to look

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AND of course at any good summer resort when everybody is off guard, a good many people may be doing the spy act at once. Which is exactly when curious things begin to happen to the amateur Sherlock Holmes, as they did to the first person singular of this narrative.