

THE MAELSTROM

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

THE STORY SO FAR

Jimmy Hallett, millionaire adventurer from New York, lost in a London fog has a bundle of cancelled cheques signed by J. E. Greye-Stratton thrust into his hand by a young woman who disappears in the fog followed shortly by a man in pursuit. Going to the address of Mr. Stratton Jimmy is admitted by one calling himself a Doctor and ushered into an unlighted room and knocked senseless. Remaining consciousness he discovers the body of Stratton and reaching the telephone calls up Menzies of Scotland Yard to whom he has an introduction. Investigation casts suspicion upon Errol stepson of Stratton and a search for him and for Peggy, Stratton's daughter who had accompanied her mother when Stratton had turned her out, is instituted.

"Pah" interrupted the prisoner. He spat on the cell floor to indicate his contempt.

"You've shown you know something about this murder," went on Menzies. "The judge is pretty sure to take that into account one way or the other at your trial. I of course should tell him if you helped us. It would probably make a difference, you know."

The prisoner showed two rows of yellow teeth in an unwhimsical, contemptuous grin. "Go away, wooden-head. I shall not go to prison, but you will die. You don't know what you call, what you are up against."

"Perhaps I've got an idea," said Menzies. His voice changed. "I don't know whether you're playing the fool, my man," he said sternly, "or whether you really believe that kind of wild talk. Perhaps your friend Errol will be able to enlighten us."

"Errol?" said Smith blankly. "I know him not."

"I heard you," said Menzies. "You think over what I've said, my lad. Meanwhile we'll have a doctor to look at you."

CHAPTER VI

Miss Peggy Greye-Stratton.

Menzies let an unparliamentary expression slip from his lips as the cell door clanged behind him. It is tantalizing to have a piece of evidence drop into one's lap, so to speak, and then refuse to be evidence.

He was annoyed because his efforts to unlock the lips of the prisoner had failed. He knew that if only the man could have been induced to talk days, possibly weeks, of heart-breaking labor would be saved.

This fresh development had him guessing, as Jimmy Hallett might have said, who was "William Smith"? Why had he threatened Hallett, and even gone so far as to try to carry his threat into execution? The hint of an organized conspiracy to save the murderer of Greye-Stratton would have excited his derision, if it had not aroused speculation.

The secret societies in England may talk murder at times, but they never seriously plot murder or carry out a murder. A man who perils his neck has invariably some strong personal motive. And when others actively

shield him they also have some other motive than pure altruism.

One person may commit an irresponsible act for no reasonable act for no reason; it is even conceivable that two people may act in concert in some insane crime. But here were at least three people concerned, and possibly more—the woman who had passed the cheques to Hallett, the murderer of Greye-Stratton and "William Smith."

What was the link that bound them all together? That each was acting from some powerful self-interest he felt confident. It might be that there was a community of interest, but he was sceptic enough to think that accidental.

The chief inspector checked his flow of thought with a jerk. Speculation without materials spell a fixed theory—and to a detective too early a theory may be fatal. He is apt to try to prove his theory rather than prove the truth.

He laid a hand on Hallett's arm as the jailer inserted a key in the big steel door that led to the charge room. "Wait a minute. There are a dozen people the other side of the door waiting for us. I want you to have a good look at them when you go in. If you recognize any of them I want you to go up and touch her."

"Her," repeated Hallett. His pulse throbbed unaccountably faster. Menzies eyed him keenly.

"You said last night that you would probably know the woman again who planted the cheques on you. I'm relying on you, Mr. Hallett. You're a man of the world. Don't run away with the idea a pretty face can't be mixed up in crime."

"So you've run her down. Why didn't you tell me before? Who is she? Does she admit passing the cheques?"

Menzies shook a forefinger blandly at the young man. "I'll answer your questions some other time. Only play the game, Mr. Hallett." He was a shrewd judge of men, and all along he had been doubtful whether Jimmy's chivalry would be proof against the test to which he proposed to put it.

And Jimmy himself was doubtful. A week—a day—ago he would have ridiculed the idea that a pair of blue eyes, seen only once, could have swayed him in any degree. He did not put his thoughts into form, but he wondered what the effect to her of an identification might be.

Had Menzies any suspicion against her? Jimmy found himself arguing illogically enough that it was impossible. Menzies's words braced him as they were intended to—come what would, he would point her out if she were in the charge room.

And then the door swung back. The charge room, lofty and bare, was tenanted by a little group of women seated in a row, at the lower end. Apart from them in the centre by the inspector's tall desk were a couple of officers. A third was leaning against the dock. The chatter of voices ceased.

"Take a good look at these ladies," said Menzies's suave voice.

Jimmy had not needed more than one glance. There was a sufficient general resemblance among the army of women, but she was unmistakable. She was the second from the right.

He had taken one step toward her, when her gaze met his. There was nothing in it of appeal. It was indif-

ferent, cold, impassive. Yet Hallett's resolution wavered. He walked past her along the row—and back again.

He felt himself a fool. There was not the faintest reason why he should not identify her. She was possibly concerned in a deliberate murder. And then out of the tall of his eye he saw her moisten her dry lips. That was the only trace of emotion she gave.

"It no good, Mr. Menzies," he said quietly. "I don't recognize any one here." He had played poker in his time, and his face and voice were absolutely expressionless. Menzies tapped a forefinger thoughtfully alongside his nose and smiled ruefully.

"All right," he said, and Jimmy fancied there was an inner shade of meaning to the words. "That will do, ladies, thank you."

(To be continued.)

RICH, RED BLOOD MEANS HEALTH

PALE CHEEKS AND BLOODLESS LIPS ARE A DANGER SIGNAL.

To be pale is no longer the fashion; to be languid is an affliction. Today the most winsome girl is the one with the pink tinge of health in her cheeks, lips naturally red, and eyes sparkling with life. Add to this a quick active step and everyone can tell the girl whose veins are full of the pure, rich blood of health. How different she appears from her ailing sisters, whose aching limbs and weak backs make them pale and dejected.

Anemia is the cause of so much suffering among girls and women that it cannot be too widely known that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have transformed thousands of delicate anaemic invalids into happy, healthy women. These pills help to put rich red blood into the veins, and this blood reaches every part of the body, giving strength, rosy cheeks and brightness in place of weakness, prostrating headaches and a wretched state of half-health. Miss Edna E. Weaver, R. R. No. 1, Chippewa, Ont., says: "I was very much run down, weak, nervous and troubled with pains in the side. I tried different medicines but without any benefit until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Under the use of this medicine I gained strength, had better appetite, slept better and the pain in my side disappeared. My health has since remained excellent and I advise any one troubled with anaemia, or weakness, to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for anemia, rheumatism, neuralgia and nervousness. Build up your blood and note how the purer and richer blood fights your battles against disease. Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a tonic if you are not in the best physical condition and cultivate a resistance that with the observance of ordinary rules of health will keep you well and strong. Get a box from the nearest drug store and begin the treatment now, or send to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent you postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

MILK PRODUCERS NELD BETTER COWS

VETERINARIANS URGED TO TAKE INTEREST IN SELECTION OF CATTLE.

Fifty per cent. of the cows owned by Canadian farmers are kept at a loss, declared Dr. J. B. Hollingsworth, of Ottawa, in addressing the Ontario Veterinary Association convention at the Ontario Veterinary College. Of the other fifty per cent. half pay for their feed only, and the other half make money, he asserted. The remedy he proposed was the development by the farmers of their present stocks into high grade cattle. To accomplish this, milk tasting must be accurate and complete records of production must be kept.

In urging the veterinary doctors to take more interest in the selection and improvement of cattle that they might advise the farmers in their locality, he stated that far too many calves were slaughtered and that every year, thousands of first class calves which were valuable potential milk producers were used for meat production.

Auto-Buses For Jerusalem.

The Ramallah Company of Jerusalem and New York recently shipped several motor trucks fitted with special omnibus bodies to accommodate twenty-five passengers, the first of this kind ever sent to Palestine. So the Holy City will soon begin to look like a western avenue! The day of the camel is passing.

LICE-FREE HEN NESTS.

A poultry raiser in California has a plan which, he declares, keeps lice out of hens' nests. The plan is very simple, and if it is an effective one he says, it surely is worth using on any farm. He describes the plan as follows: "When my hens are ready to sit, I line the nests with duck feathers. I started this plan after I figured that the way to do was to keep as close to nature as possible. I make the nests on the ground, and put the duck feathers in as a lining, because the lice do not seem to bother at all when the nests are lined this way. I scoop out a sandy spot to make a hole in which to build the nest. I put in a layer of clean hay or straw, and then put in a lot of duck feathers. The grease in these

In remote Northern Manitoba, beyond the Saskatchewan River, copper and gold were produced last year to the value of \$695,000.

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YOUR EYES AND THEIR CARE

Perhaps one of the reasons why the eye is neglected so grievously is that so little is understood about it. Sight is accepted as something we all should have anyway, and is not really appreciated until lost—then too late.

In a complex little organ, often imperfect, extremely delicate, and so necessary to our every-day life that if all were better acquainted with it and knew its limitations, it would receive much better care.

The eye can actually be compared to a very complete little camera, and the resemblance is really startling.

The camera is focussed by moving the lens system backward or forward from the plate or film; but the human eye is focussed by a little set of muscles which change the shape of the crystalline lens.

At the back of the eye is a sensitive screen called the retina, corresponding to the kodak film of the camera. When you turn your eyes toward an object, the little lens system throws a picture of the object upon the little screen or retina just as the camera lens system throws a picture onto the film or plate, or the motion picture machine throws the picture onto the screen.

Strange to say, this picture in the back of the eye is inverted, or upside down, yet by the time the impression gets to the brain the appearance is right side up in its natural position.

Question: Why are glasses needed? Glasses are worn for two reasons: (1) to give better sight; (2) to give more comfortable sight. Advancing years cause adults to require help at the reading distance to see distinctly and the strain of modern life cause much eyestrain or uncomfortable vision among young folks.

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MEASURING LAND FOR PLOWING.

When plowing does not follow rowed crops, difficulty is often experienced in marking out the lands so that they are of uniform width throughout. A better method than pacing out the distances is to construct an A frame of light material. The handle at the top makes the device easier to manipulate.

The points are turned forward, pivoting first on one, then on the other, as the user walks along. A count is kept of the number of times the frame is turned and thus the distance is measured. By making the distance between the points five and one-half feet, three turns measure one rod. The frame is equally handy for measuring fence distances, the pipe required for a water main, and other uses.—J. L. A.

Los Angeles is credited with paying a larger per capita tax for education than any other city in the United States.

There are twenty-nine nationalities represented among the 408 students enrolled in night schools of citizenship in Alaska.

HAS NO PAIN NOW

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did for Mrs. Peasey of London.

London, Ont.—"I suffered with periodical pains, was weak and run down, could not eat and had headaches. The worst symptoms were dragging down pains so bad I sometimes thought I would go crazy and I seemed to be smothering. I was in this condition for two or three years and could not seem to work. I tried all kinds of remedies and had been treated by physicians, but received no benefit. I found one of your booklets and felt inclined to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I received the best results from it, and now I keep house and go out to work and am like a new woman. I have recommended your Vegetable Compound to my friends, and if these facts will help some poor woman use them as you please."—Mrs. J. F. PEASEY, 230 Rensley Street, London Ont.

The reason women write such letters to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. and tell their friends how they are helped is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought health and happiness into their lives. Freed from their illness they want to pass the good news along to other suffering women that they also may be relieved.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

"I'm Happy and Well now for I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription"

Thousands of women in this country have reason to speak as above. From every part of Canada women write Doctor Pierce at the Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., as do these:

PHIPPE, Sask.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cured me when all other medicines failed. The home doctors could do nothing for me. I happened to see Dr. Pierce's advertisement in the paper, sent for the medicine, and felt great benefit from even the first few teaspoonfuls that I took. I took but a few bottles until I was well. I cannot speak too highly of its merits."—MRS. JANET BROWN, R. R. 1

SPRUCEDALE, ONT.—"I am only too glad to tell you what Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for me. I doctored three months, and the doctor said I would have to have an operation, but thanks to Dr. Pierce's medicine, I never felt better in my life than I have since taking the 'Prescription.' It surely is a woman's friend. I took the 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and also the 'Pleasant Pellets.' I was so weak and nervous I could scarcely do any work. That was eighteen years ago this summer, and I have never been troubled with the feminine trouble since."—MRS. JOHN W. HEWETT, Starrat.

All druggists sell Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in liquid or tablet form. Send 10c. to Dr. Pierce's Laboratory in Bridgeburg, Ontario, for trial package of Favorite Prescription Tablets.