

THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

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

(From Monday's Daily.) If the Scotland Yard man's suspicions were right, it was not at all surprising that she should be hiding quietly with Ling—Ling her husband and the master brain of the conspiracy. Yet so astiduously had Jimmie accustomed himself to believe that she was rather a victim than an accomplice that her presence came upon him as a shock.

"You know my—this lady?" some one said, as though mildly interested. Jimmie pulled himself together. There was no time for considered action. He threw a backward glance at the door. Menzies and Royal had not yet appeared.

"We have met before," he answered, with a fine assumption of coolness. Miss Olney, isn't it? Can I have a word with you? He beckoned behind him. The eyes of the other two men following them with curiosity. "Is that man Ling?" he whispered.

"Yes," she answered. "What—?" He cut her short. "This is no time for questions. The eyes are immediately behind us. They are going to arrest him—and maybe you, too. You must get away at once." He signalled to a waiter. "Is there another way out? Some people are coming in at the front whom we don't want to meet."

A gleam of gold between his fingers transformed the water into a quick ally. "If you will step this way, sir—this way, madam." He pushed forward half a dozen steps and flung open a door. They descended a couple of steps into a derelict side street, and Ling, who had watched them a puzzled frown, turned to Cincinnati as they disappeared.

"What in thunder's the game?" "Blest if I know," said Cincinnati. "Who's your lady friend? She seemed surprised to see my friend." He was fumbling with the buttons of his coat.

Suspicion sat black and lowering on Ling's face. His hand dropped to his jacket pocket, and Cincinnati had a little apprehensive thrill as he heard a faint click and the bottom corner of the jacket pocket poked over the edge of the table. He longed to look around to see if Menzies had entered the room, but he dared not turn his head.

A waiter glided to his side, and as he picked up the menu card and with deliberation gave his orders he felt Ling's menacing gaze still upon him. The waiter moved away.

"There's some monkey trick on the board," said Ling in a voice whose lowness hid nothing of an intensity of passion. "I'll plug you if you don't tell me what's on. What are you doing with Hallett? Why did you bring him here? Answer. If you move or turn a hair I'll blow a hole through you, you dog."

Cincinnati had no opportunity to wonder how Ling had come to guess Hallett's identity. He was between the devil and the deep sea—with the detectives behind and a desperate man in front.

"Easy does it, Stewart," he said soothingly. "Easy does it. I couldn't help myself." Between clenched teeth Ling spat a vicious oath at him. His eyes shot up and down the crowded aisles of the restaurant, always coming back to Cincinnati Red's face. There was a white scar an inch long above his left eye which now showed crimson, giving him an indescribably sinister appearance.

He withdrew his right hand from his pocket, keeping it concealed with a serviette. The serviette lay at last carelessly crumpled in front of him and his hand was under it. "See that?" he growled menacingly.

"There's two men just come in. Pals of yours, I guess. You'd better get your thinking apparatus started, for if those splits offer to come near me it's going to be an almighty bad time for you. You'd try to put it across me, you tin horn. I tell you, if I go out of this place with the cuffs on, you'll go out feet first. Think it out quick, you dirty squealer."

Cincinnati Red was frightened, badly frightened, though his face did not show it, save perhaps that it was whiter than usual. The waiter placed a plate of soup before him, and his hand was steady as he lifted the spoon.

Ling himself, in spite of his passion, had lowered rather than increased his tone, and no soul in the room beyond themselves knew that they were within measurable distance of tragedy.

"That back door those others used," he said quickly; "all out. I'll hold the bulls back." The serviette stirred impatiently. "Not on your tintype, my son. You don't pass on this hand. You'll stick closer to me than a brother. I'll trust you—while my finger's on a gun and the gun on you."

Menzies and Royal had seated themselves three or four tables away. Nothing seemingly was of less interest to them than the two crooks, one of whom had just finished his dinner and the other just begun.

"I can't think of anything," protested Cincinnati sullenly. "How much do they know?" asked Ling sharply.

"They raided Gwennie's shanty this morning. They're after her, but you mainly." "You seem to know a lot," commented Ling crisply. "I suppose you've arranged to give 'em the office when they're to pull me. That would have been all right if Hallett hadn't gone off at half-cock. Now the surprise packet is going to be mine. I'm attention is going to seem to wander off you for a little minute—only seem, mind you. There's a menu card by your hand. You've got a pencil. Now write on that that I suspect nothing—that I'm going to take you round now to the spot where the rest of the boys are. Then give it to the waiter to pass to them."

The astuteness of the move appealed to Cincinnati. Ling was playing for time, to avoid immediate arrest. If the detectives thought they would make a bigger haul by postponing matters they would do so.

The "con" man had no conscientious scruples about tricking them, but he was uneasy when he thought of the hints which Foyle had given him. If he could have safely betrayed Ling he would. Still life was, after all, worth clinging to—even if a certain proportion of it had to be spent in prison. He followed Ling's instructions docilely, and over his shoulder saw Menzies read the card and nod without looking up.

Ling drank his liqueur slowly, and there was a more complacent expression about his thin lips. Now that he had obtained a respite he seemed in no hurry to go. He regarded the "con" man with a sneer.

"You're not fit for this sort of thing, Cincinnati," he said acridly. "You ought to stick to parlor games. A yellow streak doesn't matter there. The other leaned back in his chair, unmoved by the insult. "I'm not shy enough to butt my head against a brick wall, he answered equally.

"One of these times we may meet on level terms." His eye dropped meaningly on the serviette. "Not if I know it," retorted Ling.

Good Night N' Stories

By Charles Silvert

THE SPIRIT OF THE PEACH TREE

Peter and his mother lived alone. One evening as Peter was driving home he saw a great crowd on the main square. He stopped and learned that the old town pump and the gnarled peach tree that hung over it, were to be torn up and an up-to-date fountain put in their places.

Peter's heart sank. He always stopped at the old pump for a drink of water. He loved to see the gnarled and twisted old branches of the peach tree. Many a beautiful bunch of pink and white blossoms went home to his mother when the tree put forth its buds and when Peter carried the largest home to mother. Now the old pump and tree must go.

"There's no use of its standing there. The fruit's seldom good and I tell you a large fountain in its place will make this town look more up-to-date," said the Mayor. The old town pump was torn up and the peach tree was cut down. When Peter stopped on his way home, the pink and twisted old blossoms were dipping in the dust.

"Seems to me they could have let you finished blooming," said Peter, looking down at the tree. Then Peter heard a voice sing: "Take me home and you shall see. What a wealthy man you'll be."

Peter looked around, but he couldn't see anyone. The voice kept on humming the same words until Peter called the head man working on the fountain.

"What do you want for them?" asked Peter. "The man scratched his head. 'Don't know. A dollar, I guess. What do you want with them?'"

"I asked pocketing the money, he replied. 'Fire wood,' replied Peter, and he piled the peach tree and the old pump into his wagon and drove home.

"Took most all we had, mother, but I couldn't see them rot at the side of the road," said Peter. "Never mind, son. I'll winter come it'll be chery in the stove," replied his mother.

That night the voice from the peach tree spoke again to Peter. "Hold tightly to my twig, Where I point you must dig."

Peter dug out, cut a twig from the peach tree and walked up and down the yard. Finally the twig became heavy in his hands, as if some unseen force pulled it toward the ground.

Peter brought his spade and dug deep in the ground and he soon reached a lovely cool spring. The water was put in an old barrel or planted a twig of the old gnarled peach tree near it.

Peter's fame spread far and wide, for the spirit of the peach tree, in ways told him the truth and he had all he could do locating good wells. Peter soon became rich and built his mother a lovely little cottage on the old ground.

The peach tree still lives and scatters its pink and white blossoms over the old town pump. Peter wouldn't take a great deal of money for them.

"I like you better as you are. You'll never be on level terms with me. I wonder what I'll do to you," he went on reflectively. "Did you ever hear how they used to treat witches in the old days in Massachusetts? They used to stick to parlor games. It always seemed to me that wouldn't be a bad punishment for squealers." He pushed back his chair.

"They marched out of the restaurant side by side, and a little walk brought them into Shaftesbury Ave. Cincinnati had every nerve strained watching for an opportunity to escape, but Ling's vigilance never relaxed.

"I've got very attached to you this last half hour," he explained in friendly tones. "I wouldn't lose you for anything. I want to hear you pitch a tale when we get home. I'll be a real pleasure to learn how you've been working yourself to help us, and how I've been deceived by appearances into dealing with you harshly."

This tribute to his inventive faculties did not seem to afford Cincinnati Red any pronounced gratification. He granted something unintelligible. Then, "If I were you, Stewart, I'd take a taxi. We'll never throw those splits off walking."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Ling in well assumed surprise. "It's you've got the brains. Fancy thinking of that. Never mind. The walk won't hurt us, and perhaps a little exercise 'll do your chums some good."

Cincinnati doubted it, but did not repeat his suggestion. He was very cloudy as to what his companion proposed to do. The trick in the restaurant he had supposed to be but a temporary expedient of Ling's in order to get away. Not to give the detectives the slip now they were in the open seemed like playing with fire. He knew Ling as a daredevil, but for a man whose neck was in jeopardy he was carrying things jauntily.

It was in Bloomsbury that they swerved off the main road into one of those hideous streets of tall boarding houses with iron-railed areas and forbidding front doors of mid-Victorian era.

"Nearly home, Cincinnati," encouraged Ling. "Now you'll be able to see things move. We'll see if there's any knitting needles in the house afterwards."

They ascended the steps of one of the most gloomy looking of the houses and Ling inserted a key. He carefully closed and bolted the door after him and ordered Cincinnati to ward. There was a faint glimmer of light from a gas lamp in the hall. "The back room will do for us," said Ling. "Go along."

HELP TO FIGHT THE WAR AT HOME

Economy, Thrift, National Service, Are Needed to Secure Victory

The National Service Board is appealing to the country for the exercise of thrift and the investment of every possible dollar in government War Savings Certificates. A way to war service has been opened for every man and woman in the Dominion. "You cannot have absolute equality of sacrifice for war" as Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George has declared, but as the Prime Minister of Great Britain said—"You can have equal readiness of sacrifice from all. There are hundreds of thousands who have given their lives; there are millions who have given up comfortable homes and exchanged them for daily communion with death. Multitudes have given up those they love best. Let the nation as a whole be a stronger mental and moral entity physically. It would strengthen its fibre and ennoble its spirit." So with Canada. The need of the time is economy. Save your money and lend it to your country. Buy War Savings Certificates.

PHOSPHATE WANTED By Courier Leased Wire Copenhagen, via London, June 18.—The Prussian government's industrial and agricultural representatives have joined in an offer of large premiums for the discovery of deposits of phosphates in Germany which can be used in the manufacture of artificial fertilizer. Some small deposits occur in the Lahn river, and are being worked intensively, but this product is utterly inadequate to cover the German requirements, some 50,000,000 marks worth of which was imported annually before the war.

AMERICAN RECORD By Courier Leased Wire New York, June 18.—An American record for the fifteen mile walk, 2 hours, 7 minutes, 17.35 seconds, was made by Eddie Rene, of the New York Athletic Club, in the open park of the Walk of the Walkers Club of America here Sunday.

FIRE LOSS By Courier Leased Wire St. John, N. B., June 18.—Fire today caused a loss estimated at \$50,000 in a Dock Street building, owned by E. Rodger, of London, England, and occupied by several firms. The furniture store of J. Marcus suffered the heaviest loss.

INVITATION TO SMUTS By Courier Leased Wire London, June 18.—The war cabinet has invited General Smuts, formerly the South African commander, to attend its meetings during his stay in this country. Chancellor Bonar Law told the house of commons today that this action had been taken in order to enable the cabinet to avail itself of the special military experience of General Smuts.

TO TAKE ACTION By Courier Leased Wire Bulletin, London, June 18.—Replying to a series of questions in the house of commons this afternoon as to whether the British government had decided upon reprisals for the German air raid on England, Andrew Bonar Law, member of the British war council, said the government intended to take steps not only for damaging the enemy, but for preventing raids on England. It was a mistake, Mr. Bonar Law said, to assume that air raiding was confined to the enemy. The British air forces in France, had raided German communications and all important military objectives behind the lines which were of sufficient importance to justify such enterprises.

APPLE SAUCE- FRUIT CAKE. One cup granulated sugar, 1-2 cup cup butter, 1-2 cups flour, 1 cup raisins, chopped; 1 teaspoon cassia, 1-2 teaspoon clove, 1-4 teaspoon nutmeg, a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in a tablespoon water.

Put in a cup, and when it is well dissolved fill the cup with sour apple sauce. Cream the butter and sugar, then add the apple sauce, then the flour, then raisins. I mix the spices with the flour, dry. Part butter and nice beef drippings may be used, which, I think, makes it better, and of course, lessens the expense.

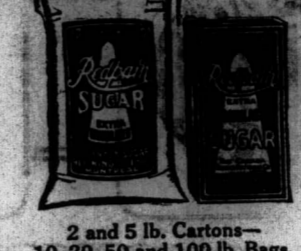
SPONGE CAKE. Four eggs, beat well; 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, sifted 3 times; 1 teaspoon Congress yeast powder, 1-2 teaspoonful of salt, all sifted together. 2 teaspoonful essence of lemon. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

CHOCOLATE CAKE. One egg yolk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1-2 cup milk, 3 squares chocolate. Stir in small saucepan on stove. Cream 1-2 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, add 1 egg and other white, 1-2 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 cup milk, 1-2 cups pastry flour sifted three times.

Stir in cooked part last. Frost with frosting made of egg, white; teaspoon of vanilla and enough confectioners' sugar to make proper consistency.

WAR-TIME METAMORPHOSIS OF ENGLISH GIRLS Nine girls who have volunteered their services for the duration of the war are receiving practical training at Tragovethan Manor Farm, Cornwall. Our photograph shows them all dressed up and some where to go.

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Courier Daily Recipe Column

CURRENT CAKE. One pound flour, 1-2 pound butter, 1-2 pound fine sugar, 1-2 pound currants, 1 teaspoonful nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful essence of lemon, 1/2 teaspoonful ground ginger, 1 coffee cupful milk, 2 eggs.

Work the butter in the flour, then add the other ingredients and bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour and 15 minutes. Have used the recipe for years. It will keep nice for weeks. This quantity will make two moderate sized loaves.

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

LADIES' DRESS. By Anabel Worthington.

What better preparation for the summer vacation could one ask than several dainty thin dresses? Among the others you should not fail to include at least one real lingerie dress—either of flouncing or of some thin material trimmed with lace. The model shown in No. 8316 is a delightful style for such a dress, as it requires very little work and shows off the flouncing to the best advantage. The waist has the dachess closing, which does not overlap. A very large pointed collar is the simple, but effective means of decorating the waist. The fronts of the waist are gathered to the back, which extends over in shallow yoke effect. The length of the sleeves is optional, as both long and three-quarter ones are provided for in the pattern. Very deep cuffs to match the collar are used to trim the three-quarter sleeves. The skirt is in one piece, straight at the lower edge, and gathered all around to the slightly raised waist line. A broad belt defines the front of the dress and sash ends are joined to the belt in back.

The dress pattern, No. 8316, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Width at the lower edge of skirt is 2 1/2 yards. As on the figure the 36 inch size requires 2 1/2 yards 43 inch flouncing, with 2 1/4 yards 48 inch flouncing and 2 1/4 yards of 36 inch material, 3/4 yards of edging and 1 1/2 yards of ribbon. To obtain this pattern send ten cents to the office of this publication.

