

# THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

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

(From Wednesday's Daily.)

There was just the right touch of expectation in his voice and manner as though he took it for granted that Hallett intended to continue his explanation. But Jimmie had no intention of doing so. He had been surprised into half an admission, but he was to be drawn no further.

It might be that nothing he could reveal could affect the course of events, but having given his word to Peggy he intended to remain silent. He was scarcely prepared to admit even what the lawyers call common ground.

"You're doing very well by yourself," he commented. "You don't need my help."

There had been little serious intention behind Weir Menzies's threat of arrest. On the face of things, as he had explained, he could have justified the action. Nor would he have hesitated had he believed that any real good would come of it. He would have been as ruthless as Jimmie Hallett's feelings as he was of his own energies if thereby he could have gained a step.

But events were developing too quickly to permit of too much thought. Of course, Hallett's intention—that was Menzies's private secret for it had been a standing joke, and it would be still advisable to look after him. But to put him under lock and key would be to seal his lips utterly—Menzies had indeed treated in another fashion he might yet be useful. Nevertheless, the threat was a bludgeon to be used if necessary.

He put the revolver aside and went on with his inspection. He hesitated over the letters and then, with a muttered apology, opened one. There were four all told, and he steadily plowed through them.

"Ling must be very fond of you," he observed with heavy irony. "Not only have you the pistol, but some of his personal letters. Lord!" he burst out, "what game were you playing last night? I'd give a lot to know. You certainly have the knack of dropping into the thick of things."

"Yes, there were some letters," agreed Jimmie coolly. "I haven't had time to read them. Anything of importance in them?"

"There are no addresses," evaded Menzies, "and he doesn't seem to have saved the envelopes, so we can't tell where he received them."

A knock at the door heralded the appearance of Royal, who nodded a genial good morning to Hallett and then glided unobtrusively to a seat.

He finished.

## STATEMENT OF THE CITY TREASURER

Mr. Bennett took a commendable course when at the city council last night to present the members, and through them, the citizens, a clear cut statement with regard to the city finances. Incidentally, it may be remarked that a good many people do not get over the realization that war-time conditions are in a most restrictive way, and that municipalities must realize that fact as well as individuals. For instance, one fact alone should have a prominent bearing on everyone, and this is in the estimate of the United States into the war has closed that market for municipal flotations. Other timely facts in addition to this are cogently set forth in the statement. It is pointed out that Brantford "entered this year in an easy financial position," but that great care will have to be exercised for the remainder of hostilities.

Not only has the cost of material and labor advanced, but in addition it costs a good deal more to secure money. Take for instance twenty year debentures. Before the war, they cost in interest per year per thousand \$45.00 and \$33.58 for sinking fund. To-day the interest cost is \$60 with sinking fund the same. Said sinking fund is the amount set aside annually for payment of debentures on maturity, and at the present moment it reaches the enormous total of \$882,000. The municipal finance department, as one of the many duties attaching thereto has to see that this large sum is safely and profitably invested.

According to the estimates of this year, there will be a civic expenditure of \$680,338, and every precaution must certainly be taken to see that present obligations are not needlessly enhanced.

The brief prepared by Mr. Bennett should receive the most careful attention of every ratepayer.

—saw also that the chief inspector was determined at any cost to keep him out of the game. Inwardly he writhed at his own impotence. If he could only have got one word to Peggy Grey-Stratton.

Outwardly he was philosophic. "No cell for me," he said cheerfully. "You've got the drop on me and I've got to do what you say. I will pass my word, though I'd take it kindly if you'd send on what news you can. . . . Do you play piquet, Mr. Royal?"

### CHAPTER XXII

An Addition to the Dossier.

Unless circumstances dictated haste Weir Menzies was never in a hurry. In essentials he was a business man. He was always ready to seize a fleeting opportunity—but for choice he preferred method and exactitude rather than gambling on luck. There was nothing he could do at Hallowell for the time being that could not be done equally well by the men already on duty there. The tactics of the moment were quite clear in his mind. Peggy Grey-Stratton, by herself, was of minor importance compared with the possibility of laying down the line and Ling by the heels. The direct route to that objective seemed to lay through her. Moreover—though he would not admit it, even to himself—he felt a certain personal animosity both Ling and the woman had been tried to incite his profession ally. He wanted to locate them—and then—

He was pre-occupied on a high stool before his desk in the chief inspector's office. The dossier of the case before him was gathered together by the elaborate machinery of the C. I. D. neatly typed and carefully indexed. Also in his own Greek notes and several notes not yet incorporated in the dossier.

He rubbed his hands through his hair and chewed at the end of a quill pen. For five minutes he allowed his thoughts uninterrupted flow and then there came to him Foye, spruce and alert with twinkling blue eyes.

"Quite a dust-up last night, I hear," he observed.

"Some," agreed Menzies. He got down off his stool, reached for a tobacco jar and filled his pipe. "I was coming in to see you, sir. I'd like to arrange to have fifty men on tap. It's likely I'll want 'em to-night."

Foye polished his pipe-neck. "As close up as that? I heard that you'd not an address. But fifty men! That

means their lives, and I

stamping and method that prompted such action.

Foye, on the threshold of his door, said: "I've called several times, but you've been so busy that I couldn't get in."

## HOPE FOR SETTLEMENT

Continued from Page One

satisfactory issue for the situation.

The Daily Mail expresses the belief that the probabilities are the convention will meet and add:

"It will put Ireland very definitely on trial before the British Empire and the world and test most thoroughly whatever capacity for constructive statesmanship the possessors."

The ultra-Conservative Morning Post says that asking Ireland to devise a plan for her own government may seem reasonable from the first view, but that it must never be forgotten that a Government for Ireland is not purely an Irish question, because the security of Great Britain largely depends on Ireland, which holds a position through which every enemy who ever fought England has tried to enter. Elaborating the view that what in fundamentals is a British question cannot be settled by Irishmen alone, this newspaper contends that the British cannot carry into effect a convention's decision unless they do not injure the interests and security of the Kingdom.

### BRITISH OFFICIAL.

By Courier Leased Wire

London, May 22.—"We made successful raids last night northeast of Epeby and during the night east of Bullecourt, south of the Arras, Cambrai road and west of Lena," says today's war official report.

"Yesterday afternoon we destroyed a large German ammunition dump on the Arras-Cambrai road northeast of Queant. The shock of the explosion was felt at great distance behind our lines."

While in the trenches however, there was no lack of "company" chiefly in the form of rats. From babies to great grandfathers, and while there was a dearth of moving pictures, there were other things quite as lively, which the speaker described as having sixteen legs. The food was brought up in bags, and the water in gasoline cans. Capt. Cornelius for a few minutes then entertained his audience with an expression of his opinion of people who sit at home in comfortable surroundings, and reflect on the fate of the "Tommy" who is going to purgatory overseas. He laid especial emphasis on the necessity of a ra-

tion of rum to the men, and told of the recuperative power which was instilled by this issue, when judiciously taken. After standing in the pouring rain for hours, and then spending the next eight hours in a dugout, the men were very often saved from pneumonia and death by a timely issue of rum, which immediately braced them for the day's work. Striking his fist into his other palm, "Action comes on just like that," he exclaimed. From four o'clock until seven, the 58th had been bombarded in the first experience under fire, and then the Germans had come rushing over the parapet, and of the hundreds who made the charge, only one finally survived. Recurring again to the criticism of the conduct of the men overseas, by "stay-at-homes," the speaker stated that the soldiers were thus placed between two fires, and advised these critics, some of whom graced the clerical gown, to "clean out their own house first."

Proceeding to a description of the "Tommy" himself, Capt. Cornelius stated that his optimism at all times, and under all circumstances was remarkable. "Whether going into the trenches, or fighting, or coming out wounded and perhaps maimed for life, there was always a smile on his

face, and a cigarette in his mouth. As to their moral character, the speaker was quite willing to take thirty-five thousand boys from the front, and compare them with the same number of civilians, and he was quite sure that 95 per cent. of them would be better than the men clad in mufti, and furthermore declared that his statement was upheld by statistics. The sympathetic care given to comrades in the trenches, was touching, and although with practically no medical skill or knowledge, the best of care was always received by the wounded soldier from his comrades.

This concluded Capt. Cornelius' story of his experiences overseas, and he then outlined what he called national service and urged those present to work and sacrifice in every way possible to assist in the winning of the war. Whatever could be done by those at home could compare but poorly with the men who had gladly gone overseas and gallantly laid down their lives in a sacrifice that liberty might prevail.

"Let the duration of the war be a Lent to you," he said. Since January the 1st of this year, more automobiles had been sold in this city than during the whole of last year, and this condition was explored by the speaker, who thought that as gasoline was a vital asset in the war,

automobiling for pleasure should be eliminated. Nothing savoring of German Kultur was wanted in this or any other liberty loving country, and Capt. Cornelius was heartily in favor of having this language erased from the curriculum of our schools, and was of the opinion that it would be no loss, but a decided gain. In conclusion, he made a strong appeal for thrift, and urged the necessity and patriotism of doing away with all lavishness and unnecessary expense.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## Courier Daily Recipe Column

### English Plum Pudding.

One-half pound suet, chopped fine, 1 quart flour, 1 pound raisins, 1-2 pound currants, small pieces lemon peel, chopped; 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup molasses.

Mix with milk enough to moisten like fruit cake. Tie in a square of cloth, which has been floured, and put in a kettle of boiling water 4 hours. Care should be taken to keep the kettle filled with water and not stop boiling. Serve with hard sauce.

### Apricot Ice

One cup tapioca, soaked over night, in the morning put it on the stove and when boiling hot add 1 cup of sugar and boil till clear; chop 1 pineapple, pour the tapioca over it, mix together and put into moulds. Not cold serve with sugar and 1 cream.

### Frozen Peaches

Two quarts peaches, peeled and sliced; sprinkle with 1 pound of sugar and let stand two hours. Mash fine, add 1 quart cold milk and freeze the same as ice cream.

### Ice Cream Without Eggs

Take equal parts of cream and milk, sweeten very sweet; flavor as desired, pour in freezer, let stand 15 minutes before stirring, then stir for 15 minutes. It will be very nice.

### Pineapple Sherbet

One can pineapple, 2 quarts milk, 2-2 cups sugar.

hand for a call. Now about things in general.

"I was just thinking it out," said Menzies, "but I can't place him, though I've got more than enough to set a man."

The other removed his glasses, "You mean to be serious, is that you don't want to commit yourself to anything till you've seen 'em?"

"That's all," agreed Menzies. "You'll remember when we went over to the terrace garden, we didn't see Lind and Grey-Stratton's pistol? I saw across it this morning. In fact, I have it here."

"Hallett?" ejaculated Foye with a look of his eyebrows.

"Hallett it is. I've just come from him. I did think he was safe last night. He was out of my sight for less than three minutes, and I'm blessed if he wasn't in the warpath on his own hook again—or rather wit' the girl. She's got that young man absolutely dazed. It seems that they must have met Ling after he dodged me."

"Now where she's concerned you couldn't make him talk if you used a—"

"—he wretched for an illustration—a can-opener. And he now knows a deuce of a lot, too. If I

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## SIDE TALKS

### FALLING IN LOVE

Of all the many strange and wonderful things in the world that we have ceased to realize are strange and wonderful just because they happen every day, I think there is no more fascinatingly mysterious and more fact that a certain man falls in love with a certain woman (or vice versa) and cannot be happy (or thinks he can't) with any other person in the world.

We see this every day and we accept it as inevitable because it is familiar.

But take some particular case of two engaged people and ask yourself either should feel that the sunshine would be blotted out of his life if he or she couldn't have that perfectly nice but perfectly ordinary person for a mate, and you will perhaps get my angle on this.

### What Difference Did it Make.

The circumstance which brought this particularly before my mind was meeting a newly engaged couple. The man had wanted the girl for years and had finally secured his wish. And unlike most men, he wanted the world to know the odds he had been up against. He told us all this, how he had made up his mind to marry her in spite of the other's hesitancy, and how he had beat his whole existence for two years to the task of getting her.

spent Sunday with Miss Finsie Brown.

Miss Dora Force, Miss Vera Hamilton and Mr. Dan Stevenson, and Mr. Blackwell, attended to the wedding on Sunday evening.

Mr. R. Cheneat, Piperton, spent Sunday at his parental home, West of Brantford.

Mr. Roy Vitor of Little Lake spent Sunday at P. Post's.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Casner and Mr. and Mrs. W. Byler, attended on Sunday at Currie's, Cranston with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marshall.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Warboys and son, Lloyd, and Mr. Gordon Davis of Brantford, motored and spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Foye.

Mrs. Robt. Shellington is confined to her bed with la grippe.

### YOUR CHANCE—THE WEST IS CALLING

Home-seekers' Excursions to Western Canada, at low fares via Canadian Pacific each Tuesday until October 30th, inclusive. Particulars from any Canadian Pacific Agent or

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