

THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

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

(From Tuesday's Daily.) "I ask because he questioned me closely about him. My brother is a hard man, Mr. Hallett, and his outlook on life is different to that of the ordinary person. Circumstances have been against him. He was driven to find a living how he could. I want you to remember that if he was desperate he was driven to it. I helped as far as I could, but he had heavy expenses. He signed my father's name to some checks. "He committed forgery?"

"Yes. The canceled checks came into the hands of some one else, who knew that Dick Errol was my brother. He threatened to pass them on to Scotland Yard and gave evidence against Dick unless I could pay. Last night there was an appointment made at my flat. The price he needed was greater than I could pay. When he went I followed him. I knew he had the checks on him and I hoped that I might find some way to get them from him. "Just before I met you I had appealed to him again. He refused. He had the checks in his hand. I snatched them, and when I ran into you I passed them to you on the impulse of the moment. That is all, Mr. Hallett."

"But there is something more," he said, "something you have not said." She shook her head, her lips pressed tightly together. "I have said all I can—all I dare. You helped me, Mr. Hallett, and I have told you more even than I have the detectives. It has been a relief," she sighed—"to tell any one."

Jimmie was silenced. Yet a score of questions trembled on his lips. Trained to see the weak points in a narration, he could not fail to realize that there were gaps in the story—gaps that needed filling before one could come to full judgment. She had passed no hint of the blackmailer, the man from whom she had the checks. That he was closely linked with her in some manner he felt confident.

And then speculation was lost in a rush of pity for the girl who had been so unwittingly dragged into a maelstrom from which he could see no way of escape. That the man Errol was a scoundrel was certain on her own showing. He glimpsed through her reticence the fresh tragedy that his advent had meant to her life.

Vainly she tried to see for what purpose she was being used. Of course Errol had been bleeding her, but there was something more, it came to him suddenly. He knew the murderer—she had said so. Here was a motive for Errol—a motive more powerful than revenge or passion. She would stand in a fortune by Grey-Stratton's death, and Errol would look to dabbling his fingers in it.

Yet this was the man for whom she was playing with fire. He was not very clear about English legal methods, but he conceived that in trying to shield him she was laying herself open to suspicion. He had judged Menzies acutely.

If Grey-Stratton's fortune were to come to her, that detective would leave nothing undone to be absolutely sure that she had no hand in the crime. Points would arise, actions would be revealed that would look black against her by the very reason that she had carefully concealed them.

"Miss Grey-Stratton," he said gravely, "forgive me for what I am going to say. I believe it is a crime here to be an accessory after the fact in a case of murder. Do you realize that? Don't you think it would be wiser for your sake—for your brother's sake—to be candid with the

police? Believe me, all that you have told me is sure to be known sooner or later." Her face was irresolute. "You think they will find out? That it will be worse because I tried to conceal it?"

"I do. If you will take my advice—my sincere advice—you will come with me to Menzies now. Understand me. I shall not betray a word of our conversation without your permission." She placed her elbows on the table and rested her chin in her cupped hands, staring across the room in reverie. Presently she stood up. "I will think of it," she said. "I will think of it."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Wedding Ring.

No effective detective organ is dependent on one man. Co-operation is the essence of all successful detective work, exactly as it is in the carrying on of any great business. Scotland Yard will throw a score, a hundred, ten thousand men into an enterprise, if need be, and every one of them from the supreme brain downward will have an understudy ready at any moment to pick up a duty abandoned from any cause.

No individual is vital, though some may be valuable. Every fact, every definite conclusion arrived at is on record. There is no stopping, no turning back to cover ground already traversed. The spade work of detection is as automatic as book-keeping.

That is why Weir Menzies found time to cover the case against the pickpockets he had captured the preceding evening and to return to headquarters to smoke a quiet pipe and consider things in general. He stuck his feet on a desk, leaned back in his chair and began serenely to go through the reports that had accumulated from every point where information, however remote, might have been gathered on the Grey-Stratton affair.

"Statement of P. Grey-Stratton clearly incomplete. Knows much more than she says. Certain that Errol has been for many months constant visitor at her flat in Palace Avenue. (Glad report interview with maid at her flat.) Yet she denies that she has spoken to or been in communication with her brother for nearly a year. Lift attendant remembers man calling on her the evening of the murder. Left after short interview, and immediately after she went out hatless in a hurry." He commenced a string of question marks across the paper. "I'll see that 'hit man myself,' he murmured, and continued:

"It was the maid's night out. Lift attendant does not remember having seen man before, but he knows several. Description vague. Think possible P. G.-S. alarmed. Must handle cautiously and keep under constant surveillance. If can induce Hallett to cultivate her may learn something." A sharp tap at the door interrupted him. He snapped an irritable 'come in' and, pencil in hand, surveyed frowningly a young man with a badly bruised eye.

"Well, jakes," he demanded impatiently, "who's been decorating 'you? What's the trouble?" "I got this from Mr. Hallett, sir. He—"

Menzies's feet dropped from the table with a crash. "What the blazes! Some muddle, I'll be bound! Where's Gordon?" "Down below, sir. We—" "Then you've lost the girl?" He smacked an angry fist down on the table. "Oh, never mind your explanations—you idiot! He sprang to the door and rushed down the green-painted corridor: "Royall! Royall!" That individual popped out of a door like a rabbit out of a hole. "Come here, Royall. These two cabbages have let Miss Grey-Stratton dodge 'em. Take Smithers and get along to her flat, number seventy-four Palace Avenue, and see if you can pick her up. She may have gone straight home, or she may not. We'll get to come and see presently, but I'll hear what this dough-witted jacksass has got to say."

Ordinarily, Menzies was courteous to his underlings, but when anything like stupidity interfered with his plans he let himself go. "They remember it, and it's better than putting 'em on the M. R.," he explained once to a colleague, which was his way of saying that the good heart went to putting the culprits on the morning report for judgment and punishment. "Only I sometimes wish that I didn't swear so much at them."

Why will so many women as they grow old stand less shapely and duller skinned take to wearing brighter colors? I suppose they have a subconscious feeling that they are making up for their own lack of color this way. As a matter of fact, they only set off their own deficiencies against that high colored background.

Old Rose Brains' Young Color. Old rose is a favorite color of this type of woman, and it is peculiarly unfortunate because, besides compelling attention to her own color, she is forced to wear since it absolutely requires color in the face. Some shades of red and pink give a reflected glow to the cheeks, but most shades of old rose seem rather to drain away any slight color one has. And yet at a bridge the other evening I counted five shallow middle-aged women in one row and three in shades of green almost as unbecoming.

My Pet Abomination Speaking of different colors I must say a word about my pet abomination,—cerise. This is not a color specially affected by older people, but it is a color that many young people ought to avoid. Cerise is a hard handsome color. To wear it is like putting yourself up for comparison with a large, handsome, high-colored person. Out of a thousand-

those terrible colors. sand people perhaps five can wear cerise, but fashion cracks the whip and fifty try to. Sometimes when I see some pale plain little girl emphasizing her pallor and her plainness by a cerise hat, I feel almost like weeping. It would be so easy for her to soften her face into comparative prettiness by soft carefully chosen colors.

There are so many lovely, becoming colors for people of all ages that it seems terrible for people to disregard these lovely colors they can't wear just because fashion dictates or because they don't put any thought into the matter. One's Colors Must Be Modified As One Grows Older. Young people should work out their most becoming colors and stick fairly close to them. As they grow older they should modify these according to changed circumstances such as increased size, white hair, loss of color, etc.

Older women, especially those with grey or white hair, can do so lovely and distinguished looking if they will only dress in the colors the Lord made especially for them, the black and white, the lavender and the silver grey (relieved if necessary by a touch of any desired color) instead of clinging to the colors that belong only to the high tide of high-colored person. Out of a thousand-

OLD GRANNY AND THE KING A long, long time ago there lived an old woman whom some called a witch, but the children loved her very dearly and called her Granny. They followed after her to listen to her wonderful stories, for Granny believed in Fairies.

One day the King passing through the village, saw Granny sitting on the curb surrounded by the children. Among them sat the little Princess Petie. This made the King very angry, and he called Petie.

"What are you doing here and who is that woman," he asked, and that she was telling them fairy tales. "Fairy tales!" cried the King. Tapping the old woman on the shoulder he bade her rise. "So you teach the children of my kingdom fairy tales, do you?" he asked.

"Yes, your majesty. 'Tis only the good heart who see through the gate into Fairyland," replied Granny smiling. "We'll see about this thing. Come with me," commanded the King, and Granny followed the King to the tower. At evening the King came with a lighted candle and placed it on the table. Fourteen servants followed with their arms loaded with the King's socks. The pile reached clear to the ceiling.

"I have met these 365 pairs of socks before down then you shall go free," said the King. "But my Lord—," began Granny. "Call on you," cried the King. "I have the socks or into prison you go," he replied, and locking the doors so no one could get in to help Granny, the King left the tower.

"That'll cure her of fairies!" he laughed. But when morning came the 365 pairs of socks were all darned and folded, ready for the King. He still scoffed, but true to his word, Granny was set free. Not long after this Petie came to Granny in tears. The King was very ill and the doctors had given up all hope.

FRANCE TO GO DRY IN FUTURE

Liquor Will be Driven From Country, But 'Twill be Slow Fight SAYS CORRESPONDENT No One Says Anything Against Beers and Light Wines

W. S. Forrest, a United Press correspondent in Paris, writes: The war system of French liquor control encourages temperance. With strong alcoholic liquors barred from military, naval and munition zones by military decree, light wines and beer are left to normal equilibrium. In fact, prohibition measures now being agitated in France, contrary to the meaning of the word "prohibition" in America, do not at all will never aim to prohibit the use of wines and beers. They aim at the suppression of strong drinks containing a big percentage of alcohol.

Perhaps more bitter opposition to general prohibition prevails in France than in the United States or any country. A well informed government official told the United Press that prohibition of alcohol can only come in France after a fight in the Chamber of Deputies and Senate which will probably create world wide attention. This fight will be waged after the war.

The strength of the liquor interests was shown in the latter days of the Briand Cabinet when the ex-Premier branted alcohol as a menace to France in war time, and openly asked the Chamber to grant the government arbitrary power to regulate this "particularly grave question" by decrees. The Chamber refused.

In addition to the millions of persons actively engaged in the liquor trade, millions of dollars invested in it and other elements, perhaps the greatest stumbling block to prohibition is the fight for continuance of "bouillire de cru"—the individual distillation of liquor for individual consumption. As the American farmer makes his hard cider or the Kentucky "moonshiner" distills his corn juice the rural Frenchman maintains the right to boil down his wine and distill the essence therefrom.

Peasants Make Wine. He demands this right through his representative in the Chamber of Deputies. "Bouillire de cru" is regarded as one of the greatest evils of the liquor problem in France and has created hot political contention for many years. Well informed persons believe that it will continue to do so for years to come. In the meantime prohibition advocates are steadily attempting to mould public opinion around to the necessity of wiping out the evils of strong drink in all its forms.

But with all the agitation and measures against alcohol in France, no one hears anything said against the light wines and beers. Wine especially is an institution in France which even time cannot efface. Wine as drunk by the French is virtually harmless. It is a food. Children have it from the tables of their parents from the time they are large enough to drink from a glass. Every French household regards wine at every meal as important as an Ambassador regards his water. French workmen drink on an average of from one to two quarts a day. They have been doing it for centuries.

French printing in the Louvre depicts the humble French home never without its bottle of wine. The French Government provides every soldier at the front with his daily wine ration. It is just as logical to think of prohibiting afternoon noon tea in England as forbidding wine to France, an official of the French Government said to-day. It will never be prohibited, and no one would dare to suggest it. Liquor will be driven from France some day, but it will take years to do it.

BURFORD (From Our Own Correspondent) Dr. Johnston was in Toronto attending a meeting of the Medical Council last week. Bud McCracken, of Glenorris is visiting friends here. Miss Gladys Swears is visiting at Mr. Zorn. Mrs. Lockyer, of Port Huron spent a few days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter. Miss M. Child has returned from a visit to Ancaster. Mrs. Graham of Paris is the guest of Mrs. Cornish. Rev. Mr. Evans, of Strathroy occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church last Sabbath evening. Quite a number from here attended the Jubilee service at Harley last Sabbath and the Ice Cream Social Monday evening. Mrs. Sanders attended the Cong. Women's Board of Missions held at Embro last week. Mrs. J. R. McGregor, of Gore Bay is visiting Mrs. Harry Bull. Mr. and Mrs. H. Wooley spent the Sabbath at Simcoe. Mrs. Ripley has returned from a visit to Brantford. Mrs. Wm. Silverthorne is visiting at Walsingham. Miss E. Malcolm has gone to Detroit.

POINTS TO CONSIDER WHEN PURCHASING A RAILWAY TICKET A Canadian Railway ticket does not represent merely a means of transportation between given points. It, in addition, provides the traveller with every comfort and convenience developed by modern railway science. "Safety First," with up-to-date equipment, unexcelled dining service, partial sleeping cars, in a word everything that a railway can provide for the comfortable transportation of its passengers, including courtesy.

THE TALKS

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GREAT LAKES STEAMSHIP SERVICE The Canadian Pacific Railway will, commencing Saturday, June 2, operate Great Lakes Steamship Express trains between Toronto and Port McNicoll on the following schedule, with first-class coach and parlor car running through without local stops.

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