

APRIL 11, 1916

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7



IRVIN S. COBB

Each Episode Suggested by a Prominent Author
 Serialization by HUGH WEIR and JOE BRANDT
 Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company
 [Copyright, 1915, by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.]

FIRST EPISODE

Liquor and the Law
 Suggested by IRVIN S. COBB,
 Author of "Back Home"
 And "Judge Priest Stories"

DUDLEY LARNIGAN, district attorney of New York, was a man who would never be suspected of hysterical fear. His word was good. When he said a thing it was taken for granted that he knew exactly what he was talking about and that he had the facts to back up his statements. And yet he was at this time almost the laughingstock of the city that had swept him into office at the last election by an unprecedented majority. The newspapers, while they did not actually attack him, made fun of him. His own friends looked at him askance. Even his own son, Bruce Larnigan, an unpaid and volunteer assistant in the district attorney's office, shared the prevailing opinion, at least to a certain extent. Father and son were talking.

"I've no doubt that there's a good deal of graft. We all know there is, in fact," said Bruce. "It's not so very long since I was admitted to the bar, and, of course, I've seen a few things. Still, to say that there is a syndicate made up of respectable men, big business men, that practically makes a business of crime—I think you went pretty far, dad."

Dudley Larnigan sighed. He wasn't at all angry. He looked at his son patiently and a little wearily. "You think I went pretty far," he said. "Half the city thinks I'm insane, I believe. And yet I shall prove, if I live, every charge I have made. I shall prove that the most powerful organization this country has ever seen has its center right here in New York—an organization founded on the determination to secure unfair advantages—graft—for its members. I shall prove that this organization will not stop and has not stopped at murder!"

Bruce laughed uncomfortably. "Can't you tell me more, then?" he asked. "Why, there must be men in this organization that I know—men who are supposed to be respectable!"

"Supposed to be respectable!" said his father bitterly. "Why, they're the leading men of the city—the whole country. They are business men who

faith than Bruce could muster. He was about to say something of the sort when there was an interruption. There was a knock at the door, and an office boy appeared, bearing a parcel, which he handed to the district attorney.

"This came by special messenger, sir," he said. "The boy said there was no answer, and he wouldn't say where it came from."

Bruce took the package and took out his pocketknife, making to cut the string, but his father checked him.

"Let me see that a moment," he said. He studied the writing of the address carefully, and then, with a gesture of dislike and distrust, he shrugged his shoulders. "I thought so," he said. "It's from them."

Bruce laughed aloud. "What do you mean, dad?" he asked. "Are you afraid they're sending you a bomb?"

"No; I don't think so," said Larnigan quite seriously and heedless of his son's jesting tone. "I don't believe the time has come for that yet. Open it, Bruce. We might as well see what's in it."

Bruce cut the strings, tore off the papers, and then, as the contents of the package were revealed, he started back, filled for the moment with horror. It



"I shall enforce the law."

was a yellow, grinning skull that he revealed, and on its forehead some words were written.

"Let the liquor trust alone," Bruce read. "We will phone for your answer."

Dudley Larnigan looked at him. "You see, Bruce," he said, "there are some who take this business more seriously than you do."

"But—why—this is a joke—a silly, senseless, practical joke!" exclaimed Bruce. "Surely they wouldn't try seriously to frighten you with a stinky old trick like this?"

"Whether they tried seriously or not, they succeeded," said his father, "for I am certainly frightened, Bruce."

Bruce stared at him incredulously. "You are frightened—by this?" said Bruce, looking from his father to the grinning skull. "Dad, you need a rest. Your nerves are upset. You've been overworking. You'd better take a vacation and get back into shape."

Dudley Larnigan shook his head sadly. "I shall take no vacation until I have beaten the grafters or until they have beaten me," he said. "I have been waiting for the time to come, Bruce, when I could take you into my confidence regarding this. I see that nothing I can say will convince you that this is a real and deadly danger that I face. But the proof will come soon enough. It will be unmistakable when it does come. I know that I can count on you, my boy—that if they succeed in getting me out of the way they will still have to reckon with you."

In spite of himself Bruce was beginning to be affected. His father was so serious, was so evidently in deadly fear, that Bruce could not help being moved. It was impossible for him to believe when he tried to think things out that there was any basis for his father's fear, but it was equally impossible for him to believe that a man like Dudley Larnigan would give way to panic without the very gravest reasons.

"You needn't wait, Bruce," said his father finally. "I have a good deal of work to do, and I shan't need you."

Bruce got up and moved hesitatingly toward the door. Just then the telephone on his father's desk rang out sharply. Dudley Larnigan before he answered pointed to another instrument, and Bruce, understanding, lifted its receiver to listen to the conversation.

A strange voice, evidently disguised, came thither to his ear: "Hello! Hello! Is this District Attorney Larnigan?"

"Yes."

"Larnigan, you know who is speaking. If you are in doubt look at the skull we sent you."

"I am looking at it."

"Be warned in time. That skull is the symbol of the uncertainty of life. We admire you—we admire any strong and brave enemy. But do not mistake foolhardiness for bravery. You can never beat us, and you will sacrifice yourself if you try. We do not offer you money. Leave us alone—or you will suffer."

"I shall do my duty. You have had before the only answer I shall ever give you. I am sworn to uphold and enforce the law. I shall do so at whatever risk to myself."

"Remember, this is the last chance you will have to save yourself. We bear you no ill will; we do not want to be obliged to move against you, but if you do not yield your blood be on your own head."

"I shall enforce the law. Sooner or later you will pay the penalty for all your crimes."

And on the word Dudley Larnigan, his forehead banded with heavy drops of perspiration, slammed the receiver into the hook. He rose and stared at Bruce.

"How do you believe?" he said. "You heard what I said. I think I have one chance in a million to escape them. I am a marked man. It is impossible for me to guard myself effectively. Yet I shall go on."

"You said you were afraid," said Bruce.

"And so I am. I live in deadly fear. But, no matter how much I fear them, I fear my own conscience more. They can never punish me, no matter what they do, as would my own conscience if I betrayed my trust."

For the moment Bruce managed to shake off the depression that his father's mood and all the other circumstances had induced.

"They're trying to frighten you," he said. "Good Lord, this is the twentieth century! They're trying to frighten you with old tricks. They'd never dare actually use violence."

"We shall see," said his father. "At least I shall do my duty, no matter what the outcome may be, as long as I am spared. And I have faith enough in you, my son, to believe that if the men who are opposed to me give the last proof of the truth of my words you will take up that duty and make it your own."

Bruce shook his head sadly as he went out. It seemed to him that he had hit upon the truth—that his father was breaking down from overwork and that he was taking seriously a melodramatic and absurd campaign of blackmail.

"No doubt attempts are being made to dissuade him from doing his duty," said Bruce to himself, "but he is allowing himself to be upset by threats that would only have amused him a few years ago. Poor old dad!"

Bruce himself had a pleasant errand. His steps took him to the home of Roger Maxwell, whose vast interests in the field of insurance had caused him to be known commonly as the head of what was called the insurance trust. But it was not the great financier that Bruce went to see. He seemed to be well known at the house. The servant who answered his ring smiled as she took his hat and stick.

"Miss Dorothy's in the library, sir," she said. "She is expecting you, sir, I'm sure."

Dorothy Maxwell as Bruce entered the room was standing near a window. As she heard his step she turned, with a glad little cry, and came straight to him.

"Bruce," she said. "I'm so glad! You weren't sure that you could come?"

He took her in his arms and kissed her. "I usually manage to come, though, don't I?" he said, with a laugh. "Still, it did look doubtful. Dad, you know—"

He stopped, and she frowned a little.

"Whatever is the matter with your father, Bruce, dear?" she said. "Father says he must have gone suddenly mad to make such a speech; that he's antagonized all the solid business men in New York by the wild statements he made. I think—I'm afraid he isn't quite as pleased as he was at the idea of our—of our engagement!"

"It's got nothing to do with us!" declared Bruce angrily. "I'm not responsible for my father's actions. I think myself he's wrong about this; that he's been excited by things that have happened. But I can't let your father criticize him to me!"

"Of course not," she said soothingly. "And he won't, I'm sure. And, anyhow, Bruce, dear, we're not going to quarrel, you and I, even if it turns out that our fathers do."

Bruce was about to reply when he looked over Dorothy's shoulder and saw two men in the next room. One was her father, Roger Maxwell; the other was Stanford Stone. And Stone, who did not know that Bruce could see him, was regarding them with such a malevolent expression in his usually inscrutable eyes that Bruce was startled. Stone at this time was reckoned the most powerful man in the great financial world of New York. He was concerned in a hundred great enterprises. Even the Sunday newspapers did not pretend to estimate the size of his vast fortune.

But while Bruce, wondering, was on the very point of saying something to Dorothy, Stone broke into a smile. He took Roger Maxwell's arm, and the two older men came into the library. Both greeted Bruce in the most friendly fashion, while Stone shook Dorothy's hand, his eyes devouring her.

"I hear I'm to congratulate you, young man," said Stone, and Dorothy blushed becomingly. "By the way, your father's given his friends—and I want you to remember that I'm one of the best of them—a good deal of anxiety lately. Can't you persuade him to

take a rest? He ought to go somewhere and play golf for a week or two—get entirely rid of the strain and worry of his office."

"I suggested something of that sort to him today, sir," said Bruce. "But it's always been very hard for my mother and myself to persuade him to spare himself in any way. He works as hard as if he hadn't a cent in the world, and, as a matter of fact, he's a fairly rich man."

"That's always the way—always the way," said Stone. "Well, do the best you can to persuade him, my boy. He needs the rest."

"I think so, too," said Maxwell. "Dorothy, suppose you take Bruce somewhere else. Stone and I have some business to talk over, and we'll need the papers I have in my desk here in our talk."

Bruce and Dorothy were not at all loath to go. They smiled at one another as they went, and neither turned to see the look that Stanford Stone sent after them, a look that might well have aroused Bruce's fear and wonder had he seen it, knowing what he did of Stone's power.

Meanwhile District Attorney Larnigan had stayed at his office long enough to finish some important work and then had taken his place in his automobile.

"Drive me around the long way home, Jack," he said to his chauffeur. "The air is so beautiful today that I think it will rest me just to ride around. Go up into the country along the river and don't turn back until it's time to get me home for dinner."

"Yes, sir," said the chauffeur.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INCREASE WILL BE \$600,000.

Ontario's Revenue Will Be Increased by That Amount Next Year.

The new tax proposals brought down by the Provincial Treasurer, Hon. T. W. McGarry provide for an increase of revenue that is estimated will amount to about \$600,000. As was announced on the budget debate a tax of one cent on each admission to any theatre, amusement hall, race track or athletic event will be levied. This is the minimum tax, and will apply generally for two or three months but there is a likelihood that it will be increased in respect of the higher-priced amusements. Some 5,000,000 tickets have been ordered by the Government, and a strict accounting of these tickets will be required from the theatre proprietors, and penalties from \$10 up will be imposed on persons entering theatres without paying the tax and upon the proprietor who permits it. Ten per cent. of the receipts from this tax will be allowed the theatres for collecting it.

In respect of race tracks, the Corporation Tax Act is to be amended increasing the tax from \$500 to \$1,250 per day, and to encourage the breeding of Canadian horses the Government has decided to donate for distribution among the owners of Canadian horses one per cent. of the prize money offered at the races. The tax upon loan companies with headquarters outside the Province has been readjusted. The amendment provides that instead of paying 1/2 of 1 per cent. upon their paid-up capital, these companies shall pay 1-20 of 1 per cent. on paid-up capital and 1-20 of 1 per cent. upon the business done in the Province. It is expected that this change will work more equitably than the present law and incidentally increase the revenue by about \$10,000.

The Succession Duty Act is amended to simplify the procedure in investigating large estates, and widens the powers of the Provincial Treasurer in tracing hidden values.

Miners' Defence Corps.

Colonel Sir Lancelot Rolleston, holding that there is still the possibility of an enemy invasion on a large scale, is appealing to Nottingham miners to form a corps for home defence, and a considerable number are responding.

GIRL COULD NOT WORK

How She Was Relieved from Pain by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Taunton, Mass.—"I had pains in both sides and when my periods came I had to stay at home from work and suffer a long time. One day a woman came to our house and asked my mother why I was suffering. Mother told her that I suffered every month and she said, 'Why don't you buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' My mother bought it and the next month I was so well that I worked all the month without staying at home a day. I am in good health now and have told lots of girls about it."—Miss CLARICE MORIN, 22 Russell Street, Taunton, Mass.



Thousands of girls suffer in silence every month rather than consult a physician. If girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a safe and pure remedy made from roots and herbs, much suffering might be avoided.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. (confidential) for free advice which will prove helpful.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought
 In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRA STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

HONOR FOR ARMY MULE.

Sole Survivor of an Italian Battery Buried Like a Soldier.

Nux, a huge white mule from one of the Italian batteries of Messina, has just been interred with full military honors up behind the Italian front in the Trentino.

Nux is not only believed to be the first army mule in the present war to be accorded final honors, but also the first mule to be buried at all, except as artillery mules occasionally get buried under a hail of fire or of flying debris from the enemy's artillery shots.

Nux was 21 years of age, a veteran of two campaigns and a participant in many minor actions. He went through the entire war in Tripoli, was called upon occasionally to dash up with his gun to settle riots in southern Italy, and then went through the first six months of Italy's present war for the restoration of Trieste and Trent.

Nux's one day of real fame came three months ago. His battery, a famous one known as the Masotto, participating in the terrible artillery duel before Abba Garina, was struck by a high explosive shell. There was nothing left but Nux, two artillerymen, and the shattered fragments of the gun.

Heroically determined to save all of the latter that might be worth carrying away, the two survivors strapped the gun to Nux's back. Then a second shell struck, which killed the two men, but Nux, dashing wildly away for the rear of the Italian lines, succeeded in carrying his gun barrel to safety.

He was the only being, either man or mule, of the entire battery that came out alive, and the cannon strapped to his back was the only part of the equipment that was found.

From that day on Nux became more of a sacred relic of the famous Masotto battery than an army mule, and the position of honor in the artillery stables and two feeds a day were assigned him.

As the fortunes of war thinned out the ranks of the other mules, however, the day came when Nux again had to take his place at the head of a battery. Despite his 21 years and his double feeding every day for a month, he dashed away and got his gun to the position that had been assigned it. But there, in the artillery duel that followed, an Austrian shell struck him full in the head.

When the hurricane of steel had passed and the battery retired, the remains of Nux were brought back on a gun carriage under an artillery flag. The next day the entire battery assembled, and full military honors were accorded at the final interment of the last of the Masotto battery.

The Persian Crow's Beak.

There is a weapon known as the crow's beak which was formerly much in use among men of rank in Persia and north India. It was a horseman's weapon and consisted of a broad curved dagger blade fixed at right angles to a shaft, pickax fashion. The shaft incloses a dagger, unscrewing at the butt end. This concealed dagger is a very common feature of Indian arms and especially of the battleaxes of Persia.

Household Helps.

Often it is difficult to run the rod through freshly laundered sash curtains. This can be made easier by placing an old glove finger over the end of the curtain rod.

Often a comparatively new hot water bottle will get a little hole in it. The hole can be mended by covering it with several applications of court plaster, allowing each application to dry before another is added.

A teaspoonful of common salt placed in the bottom of a kerosene lamp will make it give a clear light and prevent it from smoking.—Woman's Magazine.

Not the Same.
 On one occasion when "The Mikado" was being rehearsed Gilbert called out from the middle of the stalls, "There is a gentleman in the left group not holding his fan correctly." The stage manager appeared and explained, "There is one gentleman," he said, "who is absent through illness." "Ah," came the reply from the author in grave, matter of fact tones, "that is not the gentleman I am referring to."

A False Note.
 "I hear you calling me," warbled the daughter from the parlor. "Yes," sang mother from the kitchen. "I want you to come here and help me with the dis-s-es." And then a profound silence reigned.

A fool's heart is in his tongue, but a wise man's tongue is in his heart.—Quarles.

Peevishness covers with its dark fog even the most distant horizon.—Richards.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Bile-ness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

W. D. Wood

A REPRESENTATIVE WANTED

AT ONCE FOR

Carleton Place and District

For the Old Reliable

FONTHILL NURSERIES

Farmers! Why remain idle all Winter when you can take up a paying agency?

Choice list of varieties for Spring Planting. Liberal Terms. Handsome Free Outfit. Exclusive Territory. Write now for particulars.

STONE & WELLINGTON

TORONTO-ONT.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR ADVISER, which will be sent free.

MARION & MARION, (MONTREAL)



It Was a Yellow, Grinning Skull.

are the leaders of our greatest industries. They control the business of the country as it is, but they want to get everything into their own hands. They want to stifle all competition. They are not content with the fair, legitimate profits. They want to get graft in every line and so double their profits. If they are not checked they will get a strangle hold on the nation. They will control elections everywhere; they will name one of themselves as president, and this country will cease to be a republic."

Bruce hesitated to answer. He saw the wild light in his father's eyes. He knew his father better than the men outside who laughed at him, who had jeered the speech that had started all the trouble. Never had Dudley Larnigan since his son could remember failed to make good any statement, any promise. Yet this—to believe what he heard now—called for more