

with respect to the matter you 'phoned me about."

"I'll be with you in a minute," said Max. "I'm just talking about that murder case."

"All right," said the other, with a nod.

Before going into the editor's room Max rang up the "Yard," and inquired if Superintendent Johnson was in. Presently he and the superintendent were talking about the new development, of which Johnson had not previously heard. Max said he should like to discuss it with him, as it opened up much fresh ground, and it was arranged that Max should proceed to Scotland Yard after he had finished his work at the office, which would be in a few minutes. Then Max went to see the managing editor.

"I have had inquiries made about the rumour that the plans for the new gun have been stolen," said the editor, "and I fancy there is not a word of truth in it."

"Glad to hear it," said Max, heartily. "It would be too bad if there were."

"To begin with, it's not likely to be true," the editor observed. "The plans are known only to a very few—the Army Council, the inventor, the Master of the Guns and a few other officers having confidential relations with him; all these people may be thoroughly trusted. But I've had those inquiries made of which I've just spoken, and I am satisfied the plans are safe—that is, of course, so far as is known in London."

"You can't tell what they may have in Berlin," objected Max.

"That's so, but people here are confident. By the way, who told you about it?"

"Captain Hollander; he appeared rather to credit the rumour."

"Captain Hollander!" exclaimed the editor. "He's one of the men who might know," he added thoughtfully. "I wonder how he came to hear of the rumour."

"He didn't mention that." "I dare say he wouldn't. But if he said it might be true, it's possible there may be something in it after all. We shall have to make more enquiries—I can see that."

The editor sat in silence, with a frown on his face, considering the possibilities of the situation.

"Was there anything else you wished to see me about," asked Max after a few moments.

"No, there wasn't," said the editor, and the two men said good night to each other.

WITHIN a quarter of an hour Max was closeted with Superintendent Johnson in Scotland Yard, telling him the news.

Johnson soon was in a hopeful mood. Not only did he think that the fact that Sylvia had received no annuity gave the case an entirely different aspect, but he believed that it would be an easy matter to "trace up," as he said, much of her past life by means of her clothes, furs and jewels.

"The story of that annuity threw me completely off the track," he remarked, "though I was surprised to see she had so much valuable jewellery. You may remember I said something of the sort at the time, Mr. Hamilton, to Captain Villiers when we were in her flat. Her brother told us, you may recollect, that she had a passion for jewellery. Has he been told of the telegram from Berlin?"

"I should say not; he will see it in the papers in the morning."

"Do you suppose he knew she had no annuity?"

"I feel sure he did not; he believed she did have it."

"That was your impression? Well, it was mine too," said the superintendent. "And yet you never can tell," he added, enigmatically.

"I think you may be pretty certain here, however," said Max, confidently. "He mentioned the annuity in the most natural way, and he repeated his statement—at least words to much the same effect—at the inquest."

"I wonder how he will account now for her having all those things?"

"You will see him again?"

"Of course, I must."

"And if he tells you he cannot ac-

count for her having all those clothes and furs?"

"Oh, I dare say he will tell us that he cannot—I don't see how he can tell you anything else; don't you think so?"

"It may stimulate him to think of some other possible sources of her income—that is all."

"I'll see him tomorrow," said Johnson. He said to himself that he must watch Captain Chase very carefully, and try to obtain from him how it was that he had heard of the annuity and from whom. He recalled fairly well what Villiers had told him but could not definitely remember whether her brother had said that Sylvia had mentioned it as a fact to him.

But the superintendent was hopeful for another reason. The reports of the inquest would be widely read; they had already appeared in the evening papers, and on the morrow there was not a paper of any standing in England which would not publish a lengthy account of all that was going on in connection with what was the great sensation of the time. Everybody, therefore, would hear about the man in the fur coat. Further, bills were being got out offering a reward of an hundred pounds to any person who could give information as to having seen "the man in the fur coat" that Saturday night at or near Hampstead Heath station.

"That," said Johnson to Max, when telling him about the reward, "may help to jog somebody's memory."

"Or imagination, perhaps," hinted Max.

"Yes, it's possible enough," admitted the superintendent. "It's always on the cards, too, that some perfectly innocent person, but a little mad, may come forward and declare he is the man himself."

"I have read of that kind of thing," said Max smiling.

"It nearly always happens when there's been a dreadful murder that some one steps into the office and accuses himself of it. So far, no one has done so in this case."

JOHNSON took a turn up and down the room—he was thinking hard.

After an interval he spoke again.

"I shall send a waggon to-night to the flat Miss Chase occupied, and have all her clothes, furs and jewels brought here, so that we can begin the work of tracing them up in the morning—there's never any time to spare in these affairs. As it is, the murderer, or shall we say 'the man in the fur coat,' has had three days clear in which to make good his escape, to leave the country, or to go into concealment, perhaps here in London, which many people think is the best hiding-place in the world. But before to-morrow is half over I hope we shall have learned where some, at least, of Miss Chase's things came from—where they were bought, and how they were paid for, and who paid for them."

The superintendent took another turn up and down. "There's another point, too," he resumed presently. "Miss Chase probably had a bank account—we must ascertain if she kept an account in a London bank."

"Was there a bank passbook found in her flat?" asked Max.

"There was not, but I don't think that settles that she had no account; the pass-book might be being made up at the bank."

"Wasn't there a note-book or something of the sort found in her hand-bag—the bag you took from the compartment that night?"

"Yes, there was. Of course, I have gone all over it very carefully," said Johnson, "but there's nothing about money in it. The memoranda are concerned with points for articles, so far as I can make out; in fact, you would say she kept the book for that very purpose."

"I wonder whether it was accidental or intentional her having that book that night," mused Max aloud.

"That's just what we can't tell," said Johnson. "If it was intentional then it would look as if the man who met her had something to do with her work. But we may clear up that matter, too. To-morrow the hue and cry will be raised everywhere. If you'll

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