

we've got to give them an answer in a week."

Lambaire sank back into his chair, his head bent in thought. He was a slow thinker.

"We can take all the money that's come in and bolt," he said, and Whitey's shrill contemptuous laugh answered him.

"You're a Napoleon of finance, you are," he piped "you're a brain broker! You've got ideas that would be disgustin' in a child of fourteen! Bolt! Why, if you gave any sign of boltin' you'd have half the splits in London round you! You're—"

"Aw, dry up, Whitey," growled the big man, "I'm tired of hearing you."

"You'll be tireder," said Whitey, and his excitement justified the lapse.

"You'll be tireder in Wormwood Scrubbs, servin' the first part of your sentence—no, there's no bolt, no bank, no fencing business; we've got to locate the mine."

"How?"

"Somebody knows where it is—that girl knows, I'll swear. Amber knows—there's another party that knows—but that girl knows."

He bent his head till his lips were near Lambaire's ear.

"There's another River of Stars Company been floated," he whispered, "and it's the real river this time. Lambaire, if you're a man we've got the whole thing in our hands." Whitey went on slowly, emphasizing each point with the thrust of his finger at Lambaire's snowy shirt front till it was spotted with little grey irregular discs.

"If we can go to the Colonial Office and say, 'This is where we found the mine,' and it happens to be the identical place where Amber's gang say they found it, we establish ourselves and kill Amber's Company."

The idea began to take shape in Lambaire's mind.

"We've announced the fact that we've located the mine," Whitey went on. "Amber's goin' to make the same announcement. We jump in first—d'ye see?"

"I don't quite follow you," said Lambaire.

"You wouldn't," snarled Whitey. "Listen—if we say our mine is located at a certain place, the Colonial Office will ask Amber if there is a diamond mine there, and Amber will be obliged to say, Yes—that's where my mine is! But what chance has Amber got? All along we've claimed that we have found a mine; it's only an eleventh hour idea of Amber's; it is his word against ours—and we claimed the mine first!"

Lambaire saw it now; slowly he began to appreciate the possibilities of the scheme.

"How did you find all this out?" he asked.

"Saw Amber—he dropped a hint; took the bull by the horns and went to the Colonial Office. There's a chap there I know—he gave me the tip. We shall get a letter to-morrow asking us to explain exactly where the mine is. It appears that there is a rotten law which requires the Government to 'proclaim' every mining area."

"I forgot that," admitted Lambaire. "You didn't know it, so you couldn't have forgotten it," said Whitey rudely. "Get out of these glad clothes of yours and meet me at my hotel in about an hour's time."

"I'll do anything that's reasonable," said Lambaire.

An hour later he presented himself at the little hotel which Whitey used as his London headquarters.

It was situated in a narrow street that runs from the Strand to Northumberland Avenue—a street that contains more hotels than any other thoroughfare in London. Whitey's suite occupied the whole of the third floor, in fine he had three small rooms. From the time Lambaire entered until he emerged from the swing door, two hours elapsed. The conference was highly satisfactory to both men.

"We shall have to be a bit careful," were Lambaire's parting words.

Whitey sniffed, but said nothing.

"I'll walk with you as far as—which way do you go," he asked.

"Along the Embankment to Westminster," said Lambaire.

They walked from Northumberland Avenue and crossed the broad road

opposite the National Liberal Club. Big Ben struck twelve as they reached the Embankment. An occasional taxi whirred past. The tramway cars, ablaze with lights, and crowded with theatre goers, glided eastward and westward. They shared the pavement with a few shuffling night wanderers. One of these came sidling towards them with a whine.

"... couple o' 'apence . . . get a night's bed, sir . . . gnawing . . . !"

They heard and took no notice. The man followed them, keeping pace with his awkward gait. He was nearest Whitey, and as they reached an electric standard he turned suddenly and gripped the man by the coat.

"Let's have a look at you," he said.

For one so apparently enfeebled by want the vagrant displayed considerable strength as he wrenched himself free. Whitey caught a momentary glimpse of his face, strong, resolute, unshaven.

"That'll do, gov'nor," growled the man, "keep yours hands to yourself."

Whitey dived into his pockets and produced half a crown.

"Here," he said, "get yourself a drink and a bed, my son."

With muttered thanks the beggar took the coin and turned on his heel.

"You're getting soft," said the sarcastic Lambaire as they pursued their way.

"I daresay," said the other carelessly, "I am full of generous impulses—did you see his dial?"

"No."

Whitey laughed. "Well?"

"A split," said Whitey shortly, "that's all—man named Mardock from Scotland Yard."

Lambaire turned pale.

"What's the game?" he demanded fretfully; "what's he mean, Whitey—it's disgraceful, watching two men of our position!"

"Don't bleat," Whitey snapped; "you don't suppose Amber is leavin' a stone unturned to catch us, do you? it's another argument for doing something quick."

He left his companion at Westminster, and walked back the way he had come. A slow-moving taxi-cab overtook him and he hailed it. There was nobody near to overhear his directions, but he took no risks.

"Drive me to Victoria," he said. Half way down Victoria Street he thrust his head from the window.

"Take me down to Kennington," he said, and gave an address. He changed his mind again and descended at Kennington Gate. From thence he took a tram that deposited him at the end of East Lane, and from here to his destination was a short walk.

Whitey sought one named Coals. Possibly the man's name had in a dim and rusty past been Cole; as likely it had been derived from the profession he had long ceased to follow, namely that of a coal-heaver.

Coals had served Whitey and Lambaire before and would serve them again, unless one of two catastrophes had overtaken him. For if he were neither dead nor in prison, he would be in a certain public house, the informal club from which his successive wives gathered him at 12.30 a.m. on five days of the week and at 12 midnight and 11 p.m. on Saturdays and Sundays.

Your small criminal is a creature of habit—a blessed circumstance for the constabulary of our land.

Whitey was fortunate, for he had no difficulty in finding the man.

He was standing in his accustomed corner of the public bar, remarkably sober, and the boy who was sent in to summon him was obeyed without delay.

Whitey was waiting at some distance from the public house, and Coals came to him apprehensively, for Whitey was ominously respectable.

"Thought you was a split, sir," said Coals, when his visitor had made himself known, "though there's nothing against me as far as I know."

He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a big shapeless head and a big shapeless face. He was, for a man of his class and antecedents, extremely talkative.

(To be continued.)

The Remington Cubs find that speed helps in the woods



Steel Lined
SHOT SHELLS
MADE IN CANADA

YOU can't dictate to a bird where he is to flush up or what angle he is to take. But this you can do. Put more speed into your shot—take a shorter lead on your bird—shoot the speed shells—Remington-UMC Arrow and Nitro Clubs.

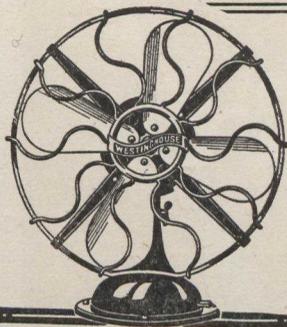
With these speed shells, you cut down the guess work—get your bird with the center of your load.

Arrow and Nitro Club smokeless and New Club black powder loads. At your dealer's—here—now.

Remington-Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

Windsor

Ontario



To enjoy every minute of the Summer equip your home with **ELECTRIC FANS**

You wouldn't think of working at your desk without the breeze of an electric fan to keep you from noticing the heat.

Don't you know that you can make yourself more fit for next day's work if you have the same comfort at home in the evening and at night?

Don't wait till next year to buy a thing that will last you the rest of your life.

We sell Electric Fans—strong, drawn steel frames—light weight—graceful design—beautiful finish—and felt base to protect furniture.

TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited

"At Your Service"

Telephone: Adelaide 404

12 Adelaide St. East

