

THE MAELSTROM

By FRANK FROEST,
Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard.

CHAPTER I. Out of the Fog.

Hallett blundered into an unlit lamppost, swore with fervor, and stood for a second peering for some identifiable landmark in the black blanket of fog that swathed the street. Where he stood, a sluggish dense drift had collected, for following the treacherous habit of London fogs, it lay in patches.

About him he could hear ghostly noises of traffic muffled and as from afar, but whether the sounds came from before or behind, from right or left, was more than his bewildered senses could fathom.

For the last ten minutes he had been walking in a spectral city among specters. A by-street had trapped him within his limited area of sight. He lifted his hat and rubbed his head perplexedly as he came to the conclusion that he was lost. It was as though London had set out to teach the young man from New York a lesson. The fog had him beat.

"Guess I shall fetch up somewhere, sometime," he muttered, and strode doggedly on.

He had gone perhaps a dozen yards when from ahead a quick burst of angry voices broke out. Then there came a running of feet on the sodden pavement. Hallett came to a stop, listening. The fog seemed to thin a trifle.

Out of the thickness the outlines of a woman's figure loomed vaguely. She was running swiftly and easily with little grace. As she noted the motionless figure of a man, she swerved toward him, and he caught the hurried pant of her breath—caused rather, he judged, by emotion than by exertion.

She halted impulsively as she came opposite to him and he caught a glimpse of her face—the mobile face of a girl with parted lips and arresting blue eyes. She was hatless, and though Hallett could not have described her attire, he got an impression of some soft black stuff, clinging to a slim figure. She surveyed him in a quick, appraising glance, and before he could speak had thrust something into his hand.

"Take it—run!" she gasped, and tore forward into the fog.

It had all happened in a fraction of time. She had checked, rather than halted in her flight. An exclamation burst from Hallett's lips and he was almost startled into obedience of the hurried command. Then heavier footsteps thudding near brought him to himself. He moved to interrupt the pursuer. As a man came into view, Hallett's hand fell on his shoulder.

"One moment, my friend—"

An oath was spat at him as the man wrenched himself free and was blotted out in gloom. Hallett shrugged his shoulders philosophically, and made no attempt at pursuit.

"Alarums and excursions," he murmured, "Wonder what it's all about?"

In nine and twenty years of life, Jimmy Hallett had acquired something of a philosophy that made him content to accept things as they were, save only when they affected his personal well-being. Then he would sit up and kick with both feet. His lack of curiosity was almost cold-blooded. There was, indeed, a certain inoffensive arrogance in his attitude toward the ordinary affairs of life. He was the sort of man who would not cross the road to a dog-fight.

Yet he always had a zest for excitement, providing it had novelty. A man who has scrambled for a dozen years in a hot-patch of vocations retains little enthusiasm for commonplace.

When Hallett senior had gone out from the combined effects of a dozen Street cyclones and an attack of heart failure, his son and heir had found himself with a hundred thousand dollars less than nothing. Young Hallett went to his only surviving relative—an elderly uncle with a liver—and, with the confidence of youth, rejected the offer of a cheap stool in that millionaire's office. He believed he could get living as an actor—but a five weeks' tour in a fourth-rate company which finally stranded him in the wilds of Michigan convinced him of the futility of that idea.

Thereafter, he drifted over a wide area of the United States, farm-hand, railway-man, cow-puncher, prospector, and one very vivid voyage as a deckhand on a cattle boat. It was inevitable, of course, that he should eventually drift into that fast refuge of the unskilled intellectual classes—journalism.

Equally, of course, it was inevitable that fate, which delights to take a hand at unexpected moments, should interfere where he showed signs of making a mark in his profession. His uncle died intestate, and Jimmy leaped at a bound to affluence beyond his wildest dreams.

He stayed long enough in New York after that to realize how extensive and variegated were the acquaintances who had stood by him in adversity. They took pains that he should not forget it. And forthwith he had taken counsel of Sleath, the youthful-looking city editor of the Wire, who breathed words of wisdom in his ear.

"Go to Europe, Jimmy. Travel and improve your mind. Let the sharks forget you."

So Jimmy Hallett stood lost in a fog, somewhere within hall of Piccadilly Circus, with an unopened package in his hand and the memory of a girl's voice in his mind. A less observant man that Hallett could not have failed to perceive that the girl was of a class unlikely to be involved in any street brawl. The man flattered himself that he was not impressionable. But he retained an impression of both breeding and looks.

He dangled the package—it was small and light—on his finger, and moved forward till an electric standard gave him an opportunity of examining it more closely. It was closely sealed at both ends with red sealing-wax, but the wrapping itself had apparently been torn from an ordinary newspaper.

He hesitated for a moment and then tore it open. He could scarcely have told what he expected to find. Certainly not the thirty or forty checks that lay in his hand. On by one he turned them slowly over as though the inspection would afford some indication of why they had been so unexpectedly thrust upon him. A bare possibility that he had been made an unwitting accomplice in a theft was dismissed as he noticed that the checks were dead—they all bore the cancelling mark of the bank. Why on earth should the girl have been running away with the useless checks? And why should she have so impulsively confided them falling into the hands of her head-long pursuer?

Not that Hallett would have worried overmuch about these problems had the central figure been plain or commonplace. She had interested him, and his interest, once aroused in any person or thing, was always vivid.

Keen-eyed, he scrutinized the checks in an endeavor to decipher the signature. They were all open checks made out by the same person, and payable to "self." The name he read as J. E. Grege-Stratton. Whoever J. E. Grege-Stratton was, he had drawn within three months, in sums ranging from fifty pounds to three hundred pounds, an amount totalling—Hallett reckoned in United States terms—more than fifteen thousand dollars.

He stuffed the checks into his pocket as an idea materialized in his mind. An opportune taxi pushed its nose stealthily through the wall of fog and halted at his hall.

"Think you can fetch a post-office, sonny?" he demanded.

"Get you anywhere, sir," assented the driver cheerfully.

"Find your way by the stars, I suppose," commented Hallett, the tangle of fog still in his eyes.

Nevertheless, the driver justified him, and his fare was sharply engrossed with the letter "G" in the London directory. There was only one entry of the name he sought, and he swiftly transcribed the address to a telegraph-book.

"Grege-Stratton, James Edward, Thirty-four, Linstone Terrace Gardens, Kensington, W."

Shortly the cab was again crawling through the fog, sounding its siren like a liner in mid-channel. All that the passenger could make out was a hazy world, dotted with faint yellow specks, which now and again transformed themselves into the lights as they drew near. Later the yellow specks grew less as they swerved off the main road, and in a little the car came to a halt.

The driver indicated the house opposite which they were standing, with a jerk of his thumb, as Hallett descended.

"That's the place sir."

It was little that Hallett could see of the house, save that it was a big, old-fashioned building, with heavy bow windows, and a basement protected by wrought-iron rails. There was no light in any part of the house, not even the hall.

Twice the young man wielded the big brass knocker, arousing nothing, apparently, but an echo. As he raised it a third time the door suddenly opened with a suddenness, and he was aware of some one standing within the blackness of the hall. Hallett could distinguish nothing of his features.

"I wish to see Mr. Grege-Stratton," said Hallett, and tendered a card.

The other made no attempt to take it. "He won't see you," he declared with harsh abruptness, and only a sudden movement of Hallett's foot prevented the door being slammed in his face.

His teeth gritted together, and he thrust the door back and himself over the sill. He was an easy-tempered man, but the deliberate discourtesy had roused him to a cold anger.

"That will do, my man," he said, clipping off each word sharply. "I want ordinary civility, and I'm going to see that I get it. My name is Hallett—James Hallett of New York. Now you go and tell your master that I want to see him about certain property of his that has come into my hands. Quick's the word."

There was a pause. When the man in the hall, spoke again his tone had changed. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Hallett. It is dark—I mistook you for some one else. I am sure Mr. Grege-Stratton would have been happy to see you, but unfortunately he is

ill. If you will leave whatever you have, I will see that it reaches him. Buy the way, I am not a servant; I am a doctor. Gore is my name."

Hallett thrust his hand in the pocket that contained the checks, he had no intention of handing them over without some information about the girl in black. And he fancied he detected a note of anxiety in the doctor's voice as though, while forced in a way to civility, he was anxious for the visitor to go.

"I quite understand, Dr. Gore," he said coldly. "I will call at some other time. I should like to return the property to its owner in person—for a special reason. Good night."

"Then you will not entrust whatever you have to me?"

"I would rather see Mr. Grege-Stratton at some future time." He half turned to go.

"One moment." The doctor laid a detaining hand upon his sleeve, "I did not wish to disturb my patient unnecessarily, but if you insist I will arrange you shall see him. Will you come with me? I am afraid it is rather dark. The electric light has gone wrong—frightfully awkward."

Hallett groped his way after his guide, his brain busy. It was queer that the light should have given out—queer still that no apparent attempt had been made at illumination either with oil or candles.

The place was deadly quiet, but that was only natural with a sick man in the house. He wondered why some servant had not answered the door. A man of less hardened temperament would have felt nervous.

The doctor's footsteps falling with ghostly softness on the carpet in front of him ceased.

"Here we are, Mr. Hallett. Keep to your left. This is the room. If you will wait here a second, I will see if I can get a light. Where are you? Give me your hand."

Slim, delicate fingers gripped Hallett's hand as he followed the direction. He passed through a doorway and for a moment his back was turned toward the doctor. He heard something whirr in the air and a blow descended with crushing force on his right shoulder. He wheeled with a cry, but there was no question of resistance. A second blow-fell, this time better directed, and a million stars danced before his eyes. He dropped like a felled ox.

(To be continued.)

POEMS

You Should Know

Joseph Blanco White was born of Irish parents in Spain, July 11, 1775, and died in London in May, 1841. He quit his father's counting house to become a priest in 1798. Because of political disturbance in his native land he went to London and devoted himself to literature.

NIGHT.

Mysterious Night, when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent hue,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And, lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who would have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
While flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife—
If light can thus deceive us, wherefore not life?
—Joseph Blanco White.

THE DAIRY COW.

The dairy cow is the foundation of the dairy industry. Not only that, she is the only source of supply for one of the indispensable foods of the human family. Her importance has never been fully appreciated and only within the last few years has it been known that her product is the main source of the food elements which contribute to the individual's physical and intellectual attainment. Not until Dr. MacCollum made his discovery that there are in milk and the products made from it, certain vital substances which are necessary for the complete growth and development of the individual did the dairy cow become fully appreciated by the public at large or by the men who were breeding and developing her.

MORE COFFEE—PERHAPS.

Abyssinia is the original home of the coffee tree, and in the highlands of that country there are immense forests of it that have never been touched.

Many mothers have reason to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because it has relieved the little ones of suffering and made them healthy.

Ontario's wheat crop was worth about \$47,000,000 last year, the yield being 30,822,000 bushels. The fall crop was especially heavy, amounting to 15,822,000 bushels, Spring wheat averaged 16.50 bushels per acre, and fall wheat 24.25.

Uncle John's Ash

JIM TELLS ME TH' HIRED MAN THEY SENT HIM FROM TH' CITY TURNED OUT TO BE AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER



WHY DO CROPS NEED PLANTFOOD AT ALL?

BECAUSE IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY IN CROP-GROWTH FOR GOOD RESULTS.

Why do crops need plantfood at all? Ninety-five per cent. of the average growing crop is water; 45 per cent. of the solid matter is made up of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen; less than 5 per cent. of the growing crop is composed of mineral constituents which the plant obtains from soil. In her wisdom, nature has provided, however, that this "less than 5 per cent." is just as essential to the growth of the crops as the other 95 per cent. Then, in speaking of the essential plant foods, while we are dealing with a very small percentage of the plant, we are actually dealing with things absolutely necessary to crop growth.

Four important constituents of plant food which are found in the soil are lime, nitrogen or ammonia phosphoric acid and potash. You, of course, remember that lime sweetens the soil and helps the strength of the growing plant; nitrogen causes its leaf, stalk or straw growth, phosphoric acid invigorates its root growth and causes early ripening, and potash, has a great deal to do with the power of the plant to resist disease, and also helps the filling of fruit, grain or tuber.

GEE, I'M HAPPY MY CATARRH ALL GONE

Suffered Like a Boob For Years—Got Relief in Ten Minutes.

Catarrhoxone Did Cure

That's the way hundreds of the boys around town are talking since Catarrhoxone got into the drug stores. Nothing on earth like Catarrhoxone to really cure Catarrh, Colds or Bronchitis.

"Catarrhoxone"—it isn't a drug—it's a healing vapor full of pine essence and the healing balsams. It spreads over the surfaces that are weak and sore from coughing. Every spot that is congested is healed—irritation is soothed away, phlegm and secretions are cleaned out, and all symptoms of cold and Catarrh are cured. Nothing so quick, so sure, so pleasant as Catarrhoxone. Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhoxone. All dealers sell Catarrhoxone, large size which lasts two months price \$1.00; small size 50c; sample size 25c.

GOOD RULES FOR BUSINESS MEN.

Don't worry; don't overbuy; don't go security.

Keep a high vitality; keep insured; keep sober; keep cool.

Stick to chosen pursuits, but not to chosen methods.

Be content with small beginnings and develop them.

Be wary of dealings of unsuccessful men.

Be cautious, but when a bargain is made stick to it.

Keep down expenses, but don't be stingy.

Make friends but not favorites.

Don't take new risks to retrieve old losses.

Make plans ahead, but don't make them cast iron.

Don't tell what you are going to do until you have done it.

MAKING A MAN OF HIM.

Jackson—The idea of teaching your wife to go about telling the neighbors that she made a man of you—You don't hear my wife saying that!

Johnson—No, but I heard her telling my wife that she had done her best!

One pound of sugar distilled in the human body produces 48 (nearly half a pound) of alcohol in the system.

Mason says are magnificent enginers, being especially expert in building pianos.

The History of Your Name

PRICE.

VARIOUS — Pryce, Froese, Rice, Reese, Reeces, Rees, RACIAL ORIGIN—Welsh. SOURCE—A given name.

When pronunciations change, of names as well as common words, it is due to one or more of several causes. The most powerful cause of language changes, of course, is ease of pronunciation. The tongue unconsciously slips into the easier pronunciation and has a tendency to slur and shorten words. Sometimes the spelling follows quickly, and sometimes it does not, according to whether the change took place at a time when literature exerted little influence or much.

Another cause is the effort to pronounce a word as it is spelled. Both of these causes are involved in the explanation of why such names as Price and Preece, Rice and Reese, which really are the same names, have different pronunciations today. If the old pronunciations were followed, all of these family names would be pronounced with the "ee" sound, as in "see," for "i" and "y" are so pronounced in the Welsh speech, and they never had the "eye" sound in Anglo-Saxon or Norman-French nor even so late as Shakespeare's time.

All of these family names have been developed from the Welsh given name of "Rywe," which means "warrior," by affixing "ap" ("son of"), in some of them the "ap" has been dropped entirely. In others only the "a" has been dropped and the "p" has been incorporated in the name.

But neither Price nor Rice has any connection whatever with our modern English words "price" and "rice."

DELICATE GIRLS MADE STRONG

RICH, RED BLOOD NEEDED TO KEEP UP THEIR VITALITY.

If growing girls are to become well developed, healthy women their blood supply must be carefully watched. Mothers should not ignore their unsettled moods or the various troubles that tell of approaching womanhood. It should be constantly borne in mind that pale, bloodless girls need plenty of nourishment, plenty of sleep and regular open-air exercise. But a lack of appetite, and tired, aching limbs tend to hinder progress. To save the weak, thin-blooded sufferer she must have new, rich, red blood and nothing meets a case of this kind so well as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only enrich and increase the blood supply they help the appetite and aid digestion, relieve the weary back and limbs, thus promptly restoring health and strength and transforming anemic girls and women into cheerful happy people. Among the thousands who have obtained new health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss Violet Booth, Glenarm, Ont., who says:—"For a long time I was in a badly run down condition. I was pale, breathless at the least exertion, and could hardly do any housework without stopping to rest. I often had severe headaches, and my appetite was poor and feeble, and I would get up in the morning without feeling the least bit rested. I had tried several medicines, but did not get benefit from anything until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I had taken two boxes I could see an improvement, and after using six boxes I found my health fully restored. I feel altogether different since I used the pills that I strongly advise them for all weak, run down people.

If you are weak or ailing in any way, avail yourself at once of the splendid home treatment which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so easily afford, and you will be among those who rejoice in regained health. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

HOW MUCH DO YOU PAY RATS?

It is estimated that an average of \$2 per year is the levy made by rats upon every man, woman and child.

Now in view of the fact that thousands of families are so situated that they pay rats nothing, it is reasonable to believe that those who are in the employ of rats pay much larger tribute to them than \$2 per year.

We presume that the average levy made by rats upon every farmer in Canada is quite a large sum in this day of high-priced foodstuffs.

At any rate the subject is worthy of consideration right now when preparations for winter are being made.

We know of no particular advantage in having rats around farms and, therefore, we know no particular reason why farm buildings should not be made rat proof nor why rat killing campaigns should not take place whenever rats live, eat, spread disease and levy toll upon those who permit them to do so.