THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

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

(From Saturday's Daily.)

A streak of flame split the darkness and a bullet smashed against the wall. Jimmie's pistol was leveled, and almost in the same instant his shot answered. There was a groan, immediately stifled, and then a short laugh.

"Bullseye—five," said Ling, in the monotonous chant of the ranges. "That's one I owe to you, Master Hallett. You've smashed my wrist. Good shooting in this tricky light."

The place was filled with a vague vision of crawling forms, all of those who were not too far under the influence of the drug being anxious to get out of the way of bullets. Jimmie's muzzle was full on the dark figure of Ling .

"Drop your gun—drop it, I say," he ordered peremptorily.

Ling laughed again. "All right, sonny, I know when I've got enough. Don't I tell you you've smashed my wrist. I'm not worth a cent at iert handed shooting. Say, your friend Menzies seems to have got his medicine."

The chief inspector had collapsed at the first shot, and though Jimmie was too wary to take his eyes off the master crook, he had an impression of his great bulk lying motionless at the other side of the room.

"Stand up," commanded Jimmie. "Put your hands up. My God, Ling, I'm only looking for a good excuse to plug you." He remembered Peggy and all she had suffered at this man's hands and his blood boiled.

"Tut, tut! Let not your angry passions arise"—Ling might have been remonstrating with a petulant child, but he stood up nevertheless—"I told you I'd got a bullet in my wrist, didn't I? How can I put my hands up? I'll put one up, if that'll suit you. You're a smart boy, Hallet, but if you'd been alone I could have handled you."

"Shut up," said Jimmie. "I want to think."

It was a position not without its difficulties. There would have been a dozen solutions of the problem had Menzies not been laid out. That had been a piece of most execrable luck which had made all the difference.

So long as he held his back to the door and his weapon on Ling Jimmie was in command. To remain like that was, however, impossible. Something had to be done, but what it was hard to decide. For all that he knew the place might be teeming with friends of Ling, only waiting for that steady muzzle to waver before rushing him.

At the best he was confident that five out of every six of those present were crooks and blackguards, who would stick at little if it came to the point.

Ling crystallized his dilemma with a sneer.

"Say, bo, you've got hold of a tiger's tail, haven't you? Don't know whether to keep hold or let go. You take my advice and run home to your mummy."

Jimmy never answered. His lips were firm pressed and his dogged chin resolute. Even if he had been able to rush Ling out at the point of the revolver until he found a police officer, he could not leave Menzies. Moreover, he had an idea that in any case Ling would not calmly submit to such a program. He lowered the pistol muzzle a trifle and his finger hovered indecisively over the trigger. An easy, simple way would be to maim him so that he could not get away. A bullet in the leg would do

Yet, when it came to the point, Jimmie could not press the trigger. It was too cold-blooded to shoot down an unarmed man. He wished Ling was not so cool—that he could give him an excuse for an attempt at violence. Otherwise it seemed a stalemate.

Of course, there was Royal. Sooner or later he would be back or would send aid of some sort. But then Royal had his hands full for the time, and he might believe that they were capable of coping with the situation without assistance. It might be hours before relief was to be looked for from him.

"Well, what are you going to do about it, sonny?" asked Ling coolly. "Seems to me that you'll have to do a heap of thinking before you take me. Meanwhile, if you don't mind my saying so, my arm's getting tired."

"You'll keep as you are—if you're wise. I can keep my tiger one way—if he puts temptation in front of me."

"Right you are," acquiesced Ling cheerfully. "I'll try to endure, it only I just hate to hear your brains crack under the strain."

Jimmie could have sworn he had come nearer, yet he had not noticed him move. He strained his eyes, and what he saw made him tighten up. The one hand held by the crook above his head had the two middle fingers and the thumb closed. The first and little finger were extended right out. To a man not aware of the trick it might have seemed insignificant.

But Jimmie had seen it before—seen it carried out. Ling was manoeuvering to get within reach of him. Then those two fingers could be used with deadly effect in a leap—one in each eye, and in his blinding, agonizing pain he would be at his opponent's mercy.

"Go back," he said crisply; "back three paces . I like you better at a distance."

As Ling obeyed Jimmie turned his eyes for the fraction of a second to the place where he had seen Menzies fall. There was nothing there. Forgetful in his surprise of the importance of watching Ling, he stared blankly, wondering if his eyes were playing tricks with him. Menzies had certainly gone.

His distraction was only momentary, but it was the chance for which the other had been waiting.

Swiftly and noiselessly as the tiger with which he had compared himself Ling moved. Jimmie fired wildly and knew that he had missed. Yet Ling had crashed forward headlong, and was cursing as he squirmed on the boarded floor, struggling to free himself from someone who had gripped him as he fell.

Then Jimmie understood. Menzies had not been hit at all. He must have foreseen Ling's purpose and dropped just the fraction of a second before the bullet sped over his head. Then he must have wormed his way silently across the floor toward the crook, his progress unnoticed among the recumbent forms in the half light.

After his first vitriolic outburst Ling fought in grim silence. Jimmie dared not leave his post by the door to go to Menzies's assistance, and he watched breathlessly, wondering if he dared risk a second shot. He could hear the harsh breathing of the two men, their shuffling on the floor as they manoeuvred for the top position, and now and then the thud of a blow.

It ought, he thought, to be a fairly easy thing for Menzies if Ling's right wrist had been smashed. Then he remembered that the detective also had his left hand injured. In that respect the struggle was nearly equal..

Once there was a gasp that was almost a groan; once a fierce epithet punctuated the labored breathing. Though he strained his eyes, Jimmie could not make out in whose favor the struggle was proceeding—he could only see a bundle of twisted, straining forms, with first one man on top and then the other.

They rolled over one of the drugged smokers, and he paid no more attention than if he had been a corpse. Then, silhouetted against the gas flame for a tithe of a second was an upraised hand and below it the fantastic reflection of light on steel.

Jimmie focussed his weapon, but before he could draw a sight another hand griped the wrist and wrenched it down. The knife dropped with a little musical tinkle, and the two forms became obscure again. Then he became aware of a man's head slowly rising into the dim light, and he saw that it was Menzies. The vision was like a badly focussed motion picture.

Menzies's hand was at the other's throat, and he dragged him slowly, relentlessly up, and then suddenly flung all his force downwards. There was a crash as Ling's skull touched the boards, and the chief inspector got shakily to his feet. He passed a dazed hand over his forehead, and laughed a trifle shakily.

"I'm getting a bit too fat for this sort of work," he said.

He spoke as though he had been engaged in a football match rather than a life and death struggle. Hallett laughed, too, the overstrained laugh of relief. "Bully for you," he agreed. "I thought you were down and out."

"A close thing," admitted the chief inspector, mopping his brow with a big handkerchief. "He had the pull of us. His eyes were used to the light. I just caught him pulling the gun in time and dropped. I concluded in the circumstances I'd let you play the hand until I got a chance to chip in."

"How about him?" asked Jimmie.

"Him! Oh, he's all right. I've not killed him. Only a little tap on the head to knock some of the devilitry out of him. I hope it's the same place where you hit him last night. You keep on holding up this room full of toughs. I'll be back in a minute. Don't let anyone in or out."

He slipped by Hallett into the passage. Presently Jimmie heard from without the shrill series of long and short whistles which in the Metropolitan Police is a call for assistance. In a moment Menzies was back, though outside the whistle was repeated.

(Continued in Wednesday's Issue.)

Big 'Shirt Sale

ALL THIS WEEK

Just received two extraordinary bargains in *Soft Negligee Shirts*—

One lot regular price $1.25, to go all this week, at... ... $1.00

One lot regular $1.00 Shirts to go all this week at... ... ... 75c

New Ties. Sox, Straw Hats, all for Dominion Day, big showing of Summer Underwear, single garments and Combination Suits.

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LIVER ILLS Are Cured by HOOD'S PILLS 25c.

SIDE TALKS

By Ruth Ellen Cameron

COTTAGES AND MEMORIES.

Do you remember that I wrote an article about the summer cottage of twenty or thirty years ago and deprecated the way they were used as cleaning houses for the cast off furniture of the winter house? For the old what nots, the cherry bedroom sets, the maple sideboards, etc., etc?

My description brought out a spirited defense of this custom. I like it. I think you will.

"I have read your article so many times and I can't help but answer this one about the cottage and the old furniture, writes this letter friend. "Often times old furniture has a charm of its own. As a rule it was cherished at the time it was new and for the mother or father a black walnut or cherry table was perhaps a present, or an article that they saved for in their young married life before funds were plenty. The young daughter and son want to refurnish the house. Why not, by all means? But put the discarded city furniture in the cottage and the mother and father will enjoy the time spent at the cottage very much more in the company of this old furniture. Old people enjoy memories, you know.

A Place to Get Your Bare Feet On The Ground.

"My idea of a cottage is a place to drop the routine of every day life, to rest, to walk alone and to just be natural as nature intended us to be,—not to put powder on the face and to get the bare feet on the ground once in a while, it is good for the nerves. And as for eating, drop the dessert and the salad.

"P. S.—I am thirty one years old, not real old as my letter would imply.'

With My Letter Friends.

"I wish you would settle an argument for me. A friend and I were arguing the proper way to sip soup. The friend argued that it should be sipped from the point of the spoon and that the plate should be tilted the least bit from the person."

Answer— The soup should be taken into the spoon on the further side and should be sipped from the side. The plate should not be tilted according to etiquette (according to common sense I think it should).

A letter friend who has never had to economize before and finds it hard to do so now asks me if I will help by opening the column to an exchange of recipes for desserts without eggs also substitutes for the meat course. This is not primarily a household column but this is certainly a good and a common cause so I hope my readers will respond by sending in such recipes and we will gladly turn the column over to them some day.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE PIE

To one cup of hot water add 1-2 cup of grated chocolate and 2-3 cup of sugar: dissolve 2 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch in water: add the yolks of 2 eggs and cook all till it thickens: remove from fire: add nearly a teaspoonful of vanilla and a piece of butter frost with the whites of two eggs: bake crust before filling.

RICE CUSTARD

One quart milk, 1-2 teacup rice, 4 eggs, 4 teaspoonfuls sugar, pinch salt, 2 teaspoonfuls extract vanilla. Put the rice into the milk, add the salt and steam for 1 hour. Beat the yolks of eggs, add sugar, stir into the rice just before it is taken off, mix well after adding the flavoring extract, beat the egg whites to a stiff froth and gradually add powdered sugar enough to make frosting. Put the rice in a pudding dish and heap the frosting on top. Set in the oven.

PLUM PUDDING

One cup molasses, 1-2 cup melted butter, 1 cup of raisins, 1 cup citron, 1 cup of milk, 2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoonful soda. Serve with whipped cream.

HUNTER'S SUET PUDDING

One cup finely chopped suet, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup of milk, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 1-2 teaspoonfuls of salt, 1-2 teaspoonful each of clove, mace, allspice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 1-2 cups raisins: stone, cup and flour raisins: then add to mixture: turn into buttered mould, cover and steam 3 hours.

WATERFORD

Waterford, July 17.—The following 34 candidates out of 46, who wrote on the Junior High School entrance exam. here were successful:

Ross Anderson, Claude Bannister, Greta Bartholomew, Newton Bennett, Edna Brumpton, Dorothy Cantelo, Ursula Church, Amita Coombs, Thomas Corlett, James Dredge, Pearl Dredge, Kathleen Galer, (honours), Bessie Gardham, Annetta House, Rosaline Mary Krohe, Jack Lewis, Helen McConnell, Annie May McKnight, Bertha May Mercel, Alfred Messecar, Helen Messecar, Lenora Moore, Le Roy Nelles, Wilby Olmstead, Emma Perney, (honors), Clifford Pettit, Wesley Riddle, Earl Roberts, Ferne Townsend, Leta Vivian, Nellie Walker, Verna Westbrook, Roma Wilson, Marjorie Woodley.

PRESIDENT M'CAFFERY IMPROVES.

The illness which overcame President J. J. McCaffery of the Toronto club on Sunday is not so serious as it was at first thought to be and his condition last night was much improved. The physician in attendance asures the patient that a few days' complete rest will restore him to his usual health.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

MATCHES NEARLY NINETY YEARS OLD

First Used In 1827, Three Milion Per Minute Now Burned

The first Lucifer or friction match dates back to 1829. They were made and dipped by hand, and sold for a little over two dollars per hundred.

Today the same quantity may be bought for a couple of cents, or even less. The cheapness is due to the fact that all matches are made and most of them are dipped by machinery. In making matches by one process, a cylinder of pine wood the length of seven matches, which has been soaked in water to make it tough, is placed in a sort of lathe and as it revolves the circumference comes in contact with a sharp blade which cuts off a continuous shaving the thickness of a match. As this shaving comes away from the log it is cut into seven trips, each as wide as a match is long. These ribbons are cut into lengths of about eight feet, and one hundred and twenty or so are piled on top of each other, and fed into a cutting machine which cuts as many splints at each stroke as there are ribbons in the pile. Rapid as this process of making splints is, it has been displaced in America by another method in which very little hard work is required. In this case the raw material is received at the factory in the shape of two-inch white pine plank. This is sawed into blocks the length of the match.

The blocks are then fastened by means of chains to the bed of the machine, and cutters groove out a set of splints from the surface. The cutters do not turn the entire surface into splints at one impact, but cuts them one-fourth of an inch apart. The ridges left between the places from which the first set of splints was cut, are then worked up, and so on until the whole block is consumed.

As soon as the splints are separated from the blocks they are seized in iron clamp plates, which form an endles chain. The chain carries the splints across a steam-heated drum, which warms them nearly to the temperature of the paraffin, into which they are next dipped. From the paraffin bath the splints move on continuously to the rollers that carry the "heading mixture" — phosphorous, chlorate of potash, etc.—and, as the matches are carried past the rollers each one receives a red or blue head, as the case may be. From the rollers they continue on through a room swept by a blast of cold air.

The matches move on until just before they reach the starting point again, an automatic punch thrusts the matches out and places them side by side in a box, put in at the right time, by another endless belt. It is estimated that the nations of the civilized world use, in round numbers three million matches a minute.

For the next two years Emma Goldman will do more useful work than delivering Socialist harangues. She will make overalls in the Missouri State prison.

The prohibition wave in the United States has almost doubled the sale of candy in the past two years, it was announced at a confectionery convention at Atlantic City.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

Take Hall's Family's Pills for constipation.

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50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvers

TOMMY'S TOY BALLOON.

Tommy held tightly to the string of his little toy balloon.

"Daddy says if I let go of the string, it'll fly way up in the clouds," said Tommy.

"Oh, dear, I wish it would and take us with it!" exclaimed Dotty. "Let's run over on the hill. The wind blows harder there, may be it will take us up," and they ran to the hilltop.

A heavy gust of wind carried the balloon to the length of the string. Another hard pull and Tommy was lifted up into the air. Dotty grabbed Tommy's hand and held it tightly as the balloon sailed higher and higher into the blue sky. The houses and trees soon disappeared. Beneath them floated a carpet of soft green clouds.

"It looks like sea foam!" exclaimed Tommy.

"Mother's tub on wash day!" laughed Dotty.

"That cloud ahead of us looks like a fairy castle," cried Tommy, pointing to a fleecy cloud in front of them.

"Sure enough it is," said Dotty, as the balloon carried them nearer.

Great white spires ran high into the blue sky and Tommy saw that it really was a beautiful fairy castle surrounded by a wonderful fairy garden of soft blue sky.

The balloon lowered and the children felt the soft grass under their feet. Little fairies ran everywhere. Tommy asked what was going on at the castle, for the place was crowded.

"Oh, to-night our Lady of the Twilight launches her silver boat," replied the fairy. "Now, if you stand right here you can see her when she comes out," and she led the children to the foot of the stone steps that ran up to the castle door.

Soon the doors swung wide and thousands of little fairies dressed in all the colors of the rainbow hurried down the steps and formed a line on either side. A great golden ball was pushed through the door way and rolled to the bottom of the steps right near Tommy and Dotty. A beautiful Fairy jumped out. All the other fairies bowed to the ground when she appeared. She saw the children and smiled at them. A flock of blue birds hovered above her golden head, then lifted her on their wings and flew into the garden. where they set her down near a lovely lake.

The fairies danced around the Lady of the Twilight all laughing and chatting. The shadow of a cloud fell on the fairy garden as a cloud boat sailed across the sky and stopped. An old man stepped out with a silver sickle hanging on his arm.

"The new moon!" exclaimed Tommy.

"Nothing of the kind," said the fairy, "that's the silver boat of our Lady of the Twilight."

Tommy was so excited he let go of the string and the balloon sailed into the air. Both children jumped up, but the string was beyond their reach.

"Too bad you didn't hold on to that tighter, Tommy," said Dotty. "Maybe your story would have come true."

They watched the little balloon disappear, a small black speck against the twilight sky.

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