

November Joe

The Detective of the Woods.

Copyright, 1913,
by HESKETH PRICHARD

Continued.

CHAPTER XI. Phedre Pointarre.

It was still early afternoon when we arrived in Lendeville, a few scattered farms and a single general store. Outside one of the farmhouses Joe paused.

"I know the chap that lives in here," he said. "He's a pretty mean kind of a man, Mr. Quaritch. I may find a way to make him talk, though if he thought I wanted information he'd not part with it."

"Say, McAndrew," began Joe, "what's your price for living two strong horses and a good backboard to take us and our outfit on from here to the Burnt Lands by Sandy pond?"

"Twenty dollars," said Joe. "We don't want to buy the old horses."

The Scotchman's shaven lips drew a thin beard and whiskers opened. "It would not pay to do it for less."

"Then there's others as will," said Joe. "What about their names?"

"Then as took up Bank Clerk Atterson when he was here six weeks back."

"Well, you're wrong!" cried McAndrew. "For Bank Clerk Atterson walked in with young Simon Pointarre and lived with the family at their new mill. So the price is twenty or I'll be heartless a horse for ye."

"Then I'll have to go on to Simon Pointarre. I've heard him well spoken of."

"Have ye now? That's queer, for he's a queer fellow."

"Maybe, then, it was his brother," said Joe quickly.

"Which?"

"The other one that was with Anderson at Red river."

"There was one, only the old man, Simon and the two girls."

"Well, anyway, I'll ask the Pointarres' price before I close with yours."

"I'll make a reduce to \$17 if ye agree here and now."

November said something further of Atterson's high regard for Simon Pointarre, which galled old McAndrew to fury.

"And I suppose it was love of Simon that made him employ that family," he snarled. "Oh, yes, that's come."

"Twas Simon and no that grinning lassie they call Phedre! Atterson? Tush! I tell ye, if ever a man made a fool of himself!"

But here, despite McAndrew's protests, Joe left the farm.

At the store which was next visited we learned the position of the Pointarres standing and the fact that old Pointarre, the daughters, Phedre and Claire, and one son, Simon, were at home.

The door was opened by a girl of about twenty years of age. Her bright brown eyes and hair made her very good looking. Joe gave her a quick glance.

"I came to see your sister," said he. "Simon," called the girl, "here's a man to see Phedre."

"What's your business?" growled a man's voice from the inner room. "Why sent you?"

"Can't tell that, but I guess Miss Pointarre will know when I give her the message."

"Well, I suppose you'd best see her. She's down bringing in the cows. You'll find her below there in the meadow."

Joe thanked him and we set off. A twig broke under my foot, and the girl swung round at the noise.

"What do you want?" she asked. She was tall and really gloriously handsome.

"I've come from Atterson. I've just seen him," said November.

"There are many people who see him every day. What of that?"

"Huh! Don't they read the newspaper in Lendeville? There's something about him going round. I came thinking you'd sure want to hear," said November.

The color rose in Phedre's beautiful face. "They're saying," went on Joe, "that he robbed the bank where he is employed of \$100,000, and instead of trying to get away on the train or by one of the steamers he made for the woods."

Phedre turned away as if bored. "What interest have I in this? It concerns no person."

"Wait," replied November. "What the police want and soon struck Atterson's trail on the old colonial post road and by time come up with Atterson himself near Red river. The police took Atterson prisoner, but they found nothing. Though they searched him and all round about the camp they found nothing."

Bank property stole from him. You see," continued Joe. "This robbery wasn't altogether Atterson's own idea."

"Ah!"

"No, I guess he had the first notion of it when he was on his vacation six weeks back. He was in love with a wonderful handsome girl. Blue eyes she had and black hair, and her teeth were as good as yours. She pretended to be in love with him, but all along she was in love with—well, I can't say who she was in love with—herself likely. Anyway, I expect she used all her influence to make Atterson rob the bank and then light out for the woods with the stuff. He does all she wants. On his way to the woods she met him with a pack of food and horses."

In that pack was a bottle of drugged whisky. She asks him where he's going to camp that night—he suspects nothing and tells her, and off she goes in a canoe up Red river till she comes to opposite where he's lying drugged. She lands and robs him, but she don't want him to know who done that, so she plays an old game to conceal her tracks. She's a rare active young woman, so she carries out her plan, gets back to her canoe and home to Lendeville. Need I tell you more about her?"

During Joe's story Phedre's color had slowly died away.

"You are very clever!" she said bitterly. "But why should you tell me all this?"

"Because I'm going to advise you to hand over the \$100,000 you took from Atterson. I'm in this case for the bank."

"I?" she exclaimed violently. "Do you dare to say that I had anything whatever to do with this robbery, that I have the \$100,000? Bah! I know nothing about it. How should I?"

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "Then I beg your pardon, Miss Pointarre, and I say good bye. I must go and make my report to the police and let them act their own way." He turned, but before he had gone more than a step or two she called to him.

"There is one point you have missed for all your cleverness," she said. "Suppose what you have said is true, may it not be that the girl who robbed Atterson took the money just to return it to the bank?"

"Don't seem to be that way, for she has just denied all knowledge of the property and denied she had it before two witnesses. Besides, when Atterson comes to know that he's been made a cat's paw he'll be liable to turn king's evidence. No, miss, your only chance is to hand over the stuff—here and now."

"To you!" she scoffed. "And who are you? What right have you?"

"I'm in this case for the bank. Old McAndrew knows me well and can tell you my name."

"What is it?"

"People mostly call me November Joe."

She threw back her head—every attitude, every movement of hers was wonderful.

"Now, supposing that the money could be found, what would you do?"

"I'd go to the bank and tell them I'd found it."

"And take notice further that under and by virtue of the said bylaw and under the authority of the said act all persons are assessed for a special rate of four cents per acre for the year 1920 upon all the lands within the municipality (exclusive of within any hamlet thereon and any lands held under grazing lease from the Dominion of Canada) upon or in respect of which they are respectively assessable for municipal taxes under an act relating thereto and that the said lands or any such person's interest therein is charged with the payment of such special rate but subject to the provisions as to withdrawal in said act contained."

Dated at Regina, April 30th, 1920.
R. H. CASIL, Sec'y-Treas.

WARNING!
RURAL MUNICIPALITY OF HUMBOLDT, NO. 370.

Take notice that on or before May 30, 1920 all carcasses of dead animals throughout the Municipality must be buried or so disposed of that it may not become a nuisance. Any person concerned not complying with this notice will be strictly prosecuted as provided by Sec. 10 of a By-Law of this Municipality to regulate Public Health and cleanliness within the Rural Municipality of Humboldt, No. 370.

By Order,
F. I. HAUSER, Health Inspector.

HEREFORDS FOR SALE
I have for Sale:
1 yearling BULL,
1 two year old polled Hereford Heifer (a show proposition)
Some Bull Calves
(latter by Coronation 8th, a polled bull of quality.)
J. E. WRENN,
Farm 3 m. north of ANNAHEIM.

Lenora Lake Store
I beg to announce to the Public a Full Line of
FRESH GROCERIES, FRUITS,
STATIONARY, PATENT MEDICINES and FORMALINE.
FRED RIEDERER,
LENORA LAKE, SASK.

Atterson isn't the only man who'd break the law for love of me."

"make shift to get every cent back safe for them if they'd agree not to prosecute anybody."

"So you are man enough not to wish to see me in trouble?"

November looked at her. "I was sure not thinking of you at all," he said simply, "but of Bank Clerk Atterson, who's lost the girl he robbed for and ruined himself for. I'd hate to see that chap overpunished with a dose of jail too. But the bank people only want their money, and I guess if they get that they'll be apt to think the less about the robbery the better. So if you take my advice—why, now's the time to see old McAndrew. You see, Miss Pointarre, I've got the clinch on you."

She stood still for awhile. "I'll see old man McAndrew," she cried and went. "I'll send it's near enough this way."

Joe turned after her, and followed without arousing McAndrew's suspicions. Joe satisfied the girl as to his identity.

Before dark she met us again. "There!" she said, thrusting a packet

into Joe's hand. "But look out for yourself! Atterson isn't the only man who'd break the law for love of me. Think of that at night in the lonely bush!"

I saw her sharp white teeth grind together as the words came from between them.

"My!" ejaculated November, looking after her receding figure. "she's a bad loser, ain't she, Mr. Quaritch?"

We went back into Quebec and Joe made over to the bank the amount of their loss as soon as Harris, the manager, agreed frater against his will that no questions should be asked nor action taken.

The same evening I, not being under the same embargo regarding questions, inquired from Joe how in the world the fair Phedre covered her tracks from the canoe to where Atterson was lying.

"That was simple for an active girl. She walked ashore along the paddle, and after her return to the canoe threw water upon the mark it made in the mud. Didn't you notice how faint it was?"

"But when she got on shore—how did she hide her trail then?"

"It's not a new trick. She took a couple of short logs with her in the canoe. First she'd put one down and step onto it, then she'd put the other one farther up and step onto that. Next she'd lift the one behind, and so on. Why did she do that? Well, I reckon she thought the trick good enough to blind Atterson. If he'd found a woman's tracks after being robbed he'd have suspected."

"But you said before we left Atterson's camp that whoever robbed him was middle height, a light weight and had black hair."

"Well, hadn't she? Light weight because the logs wasn't much drove into the ground, not tall since the marks of them was so close together."

"But the black hair?"

Joe laughed. "That was the surest thing of the lot and put me wise to it and Phedre at the start. Twisted up in the buckle of the pack she gave Atterson I found several strands of splendid black hair. She must 'a' caught her hair in the buckles while carrying it."

"But, Joe, you also said at Red river that the person who robbed Atterson was not more than twenty-five years old?"

"Well, the hair proved it was a woman, and what but being in love with her face would make a slap up bank clerk like Atterson have any truck with a settler's girl? And them kind are early ripe and go off their looks at twenty-five. I guess, Mr. Quaritch, her age was a pretty safe shot."

To be continued.

Rural Municipality of Wolverine No. 340.

Municipal Hail Insurance Act.
Take notice that the minister has approved bylaw No. 22 of this municipality intituled "A bylaw to authorize the municipality to join with other municipalities to indemnify owners of crop within their limits from loss occasioned by hail" and that the said bylaw is now in force.

And take notice further that under and by virtue of the said bylaw and under the authority of the said act all persons are assessed for a special rate of four cents per acre for the year 1920 upon all the lands within the municipality (exclusive of within any hamlet thereon and any lands held under grazing lease from the Dominion of Canada) upon or in respect of which they are respectively assessable for municipal taxes under an act relating thereto and that the said lands or any such person's interest therein is charged with the payment of such special rate but subject to the provisions as to withdrawal in said act contained.

Dated at Regina, April 30th, 1920.
R. H. CASIL, Sec'y-Treas.

WARNING!
RURAL MUNICIPALITY OF HUMBOLDT, NO. 370.

Take notice that on or before May 30, 1920 all carcasses of dead animals throughout the Municipality must be buried or so disposed of that it may not become a nuisance. Any person concerned not complying with this notice will be strictly prosecuted as provided by Sec. 10 of a By-Law of this Municipality to regulate Public Health and cleanliness within the Rural Municipality of Humboldt, No. 370.

By Order,
F. I. HAUSER, Health Inspector.

HEREFORDS FOR SALE
I have for Sale:
1 yearling BULL,
1 two year old polled Hereford Heifer (a show proposition)
Some Bull Calves
(latter by Coronation 8th, a polled bull of quality.)
J. E. WRENN,
Farm 3 m. north of ANNAHEIM.

Lenora Lake Store
I beg to announce to the Public a Full Line of
FRESH GROCERIES, FRUITS,
STATIONARY, PATENT MEDICINES and FORMALINE.
FRED RIEDERER,
LENORA LAKE, SASK.

Atterson isn't the only man who'd break the law for love of me."

"make shift to get every cent back safe for them if they'd agree not to prosecute anybody."

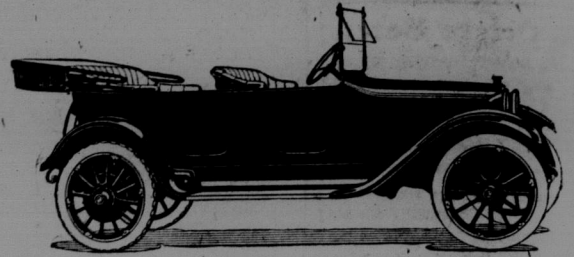
"So you are man enough not to wish to see me in trouble?"

November looked at her. "I was sure not thinking of you at all," he said simply, "but of Bank Clerk Atterson, who's lost the girl he robbed for and ruined himself for. I'd hate to see that chap overpunished with a dose of jail too. But the bank people only want their money, and I guess if they get that they'll be apt to think the less about the robbery the better. So if you take my advice—why, now's the time to see old McAndrew. You see, Miss Pointarre, I've got the clinch on you."

She stood still for awhile. "I'll see old man McAndrew," she cried and went. "I'll send it's near enough this way."

Joe turned after her, and followed without arousing McAndrew's suspicions. Joe satisfied the girl as to his identity.

Before dark she met us again. "There!" she said, thrusting a packet



Wir wünschen unsere werten Kunden zu benachrichtigen, daß die Waggonladung von DODGE Autos, welche wir kürzlich erhielten, uns förmlich entrißen wurde. Es ist jedoch eine andere Waggonladung auf dem Wege.

Dem wäherischen Käufer möchten wir wohl raten, seine Bestellung sofort bei uns zu machen, weil es ihm sonst passieren könnte daß er während der nächsten Saison sich mit irgendeinem Auto begnügen muß, das nicht seinem verfeinerten Geschmack entspricht.

Vergessen Sie nicht, daß die unvergleichlichen Leistungen, die staunenswerte Haltbarkeit verbunden mit der Fähigkeit sein g. fälliges Äußere während jahrelanger Dienste zu erhalten, Sie notwendigerweise davon überzeugen müssen, daß ein DODGE alles in allem berechnet schließlich das billigste Auto ist.

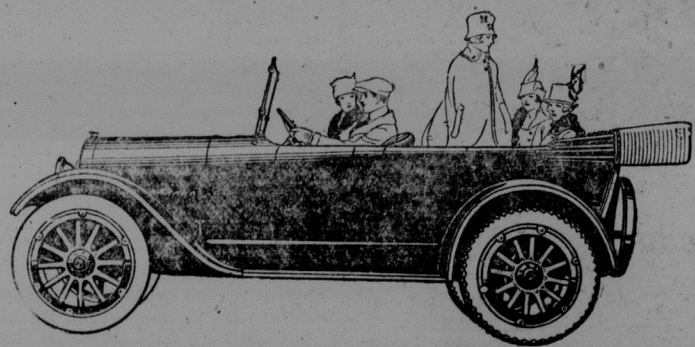
Warten Sie nicht bis der Preis steigt!

Der Preis der DODGE Autos wird steigen, wie die Preise aller anderen Waren die aus erstklassigem Material hergestellt sind. Wann diese Preissteigerung eintritt, können wir nicht angeben, wir wünschen jedoch, Ihnen so lange es möglich ist, zum Alten Preis zu liefern. Alle Bestellungen werden ausgeführt in der Reihenfolge wie sie bei uns einge hen, grad wi b i d r l g n Waggonladung.

Bestellen Sie DODGE BROTHERS
jetzt eine MOTOR CAR
KELLY BROTHERS
Box 157 HUMBOLDT Phone 70

CHEVROLET

THE CAR OF QUALITY



Model F. B. Touring "Baby Grand"

A Complete Stock of all Auto Accessories, Repairs

Also TIRES of all Makes Always on Hand

A. J. BORGET, Dealer
Show Room Main Str. - - HUMBOLDT, SASK.