

THEATRE

of Features
Tuesday and
Wednesday
REE RUBY
TERS
Musical and Sing-
Offering
"YING SIL-
AKES"
Novelty

AT SECRET

Way's Greatest
M. Cohen
My adaption of
Famous play
"JONES"

Friday, Fri-

Saturday
and
Sunday
Huff
The best known
of the English
stage
"KLES"
The LUKE
NUMBER"
Silly Scram

HOUSE

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Saturday
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THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

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

(From Tuesday's Daily.)
"Just as you say," agreed Men-
zies, amicably. "What are you do-
ing up in this quarter, Rufe? I
thought Piccadilly was more your
mark."

The other was ready. "There's a
kiddo, chief."

"What's her name?"
"Enid Samuels. She—"

"Where does she live?"
"Her boss, he's got a little cigar
factory down Commercial Road.
She's a cigar maker. Say, chief, you
ought to see her—she's a peach-
ino—"

"Aren't you wasting time?" said
Menzies, acidly. "Look here, Rufe,
you know you'll get a square deal
with me. You didn't come to meet
your kiddo, your Enid, your peach-
ino, with a gun. You didn't expect
to find her in Tim Donovan's kip, did
you? What kind of suckers do you
take us for to swallow that? You
know what we want. Where's Ling
and the others laying low?"

Rufe blinked several times in suc-
cession. "Come again," he murmur-
ed. "I don't get you."

The chief inspector crossed his
knees and eyed the prisoner placidly.
From his breast pocket he took an
official blue colored document. "This
is your dull night, isn't it?" he ask-
ed. "You know all about English
law, I reckon. I can't put you in the
meat-box. A police officer mustn't
ask incriminating questions of a man
he intends to arrest. I can't make
you give yourself away, Rufe, can I?"
He shook a menacing finger fore-
finger.

The prisoner shuffled his feet un-
easily, and his insolent eyes lost
something of their boldness. He was
shaken, and he showed it. "There
ain't nothin' against me, anyway?"
he agreed.

"No." There was an intonation
of polite surprise in Menzies's voice.
"Nothing at all. Just a few little
things like arson and conspiracy to
murder don't count in this game. I
reckon Gwennie has been playing
you for a duple."

The heady black eyes caught fire.
"I ain't nobody's fool," he cried.
"Gwennie can't put it over on me."

"I'm glad you feel like that,
Rufe." From Menzies's air he might
have been chatting confidentially
with an intimate friend in whose
troubles he took a sympathetic in-
terest. "Shows a trusting nature."

Rufe glowered at him suspicious-
ly.

"Funny though, isn't it?" the de-
tective went on.

"Here's the mob of you go out for
a baton, and when you miss your
pump you go left behind? What
Dago Sam and Enid and you. Gwennie
isn't in the basket, I bet you. No,
not Ling either. That's what I
mean when I say they played you for
a duple."

Two deep, vertical lines etched
themselves in Rufe's forehead, and
his lower jaw dangled. It was part
of the soundness of the detective's
position that the other did not know
how much he knew. He had instilled
into Rufe a profound distrust of his
confederates. The crook was being
definitely provided with a new point
of view calculated to stir the idea of
reproach in his mind. His hands op-
ened and clenched.

"If I thought that," he said, and
suddenly paused and raked the de-
tective with his gaze. "How do I
know you ain't stringing me?" he de-
manded.

Menzies flung his hand out in a
listless gesture. "It doesn't matter
to me," he said. "I just hate to see
folk double crossed though." He
leaned forward. "D'ye see, Rufe, you

were due to get left anyhow. They
were using you to pull the chestnuts
out of the fire, but do you reckon
you'd have been in at the share-out?
I don't."

"That's your word," persisted Rufe
doubtingly. "You've want me to
sneak on 'em. You're some sleut."
Where do I come in if I put you
wise?"

"I get 'em anyway," answered
Menzies indifferently. "You'd may-
be save some time and trouble. He
spread his hands out wide. You're no
chicken, Rufe. You know what you're
in for. I can't help that, can I? I
guess you'll take whatever's com-
ing to you like a white man. But af-
ter the dirty way they've treated you
you ought to get a come-back on
them. Didn't you now?"

In point of fact Menzies had no
knowledge as to whether Rufe was
being treated fairly or not by his
confederates. He was working on
the line of least resistance. It is nev-
er at any time difficult to arouse in
the mind of a crook a surmise that
he is being double-crossed by his as-
sociates. Rufe had neither the skill
nor the wit to conceal in his features
the fact that the seed Menzies had
sown had met with fertile ground.

"Worse," agreed that individual.
"Of course, there's that little job of
Enid's, but I know you, Rufe. You
wouldn't go for to do a thing like
that, without he properly asked for
it."

It was a long shot, but by no means
a shot at random. The very character
of Big Rufe had been sufficient to
convince Menzies that here he held
the most likely author of the knife
thrust which had laid up Enid. He
spoke casually as though the fact was
what lawyers call common ground,
and he had his reward.

"You're on to it," said Rufe
eagerly. "Dat guy was too fresh. He
took liberties, you understand, and
when he pulled a gun on me he got
what was coming to him."

The chief inspector's face was im-
mobile. He gave no sign of having
scored another peg in his investiga-
tion. Leaning over against the door
Congreve, apparently more interest-
ed in his finger nails than in the con-
versation jerked his head without
looking up, and Menzies knew that
he had heard and appreciated the
confession.

"You know what you're saying,
Rufe?" Menzies warned. "Of course,
it isn't news to me, but I'll have to
say you opened up. If you didn't
mean it I'll forget it. Not that it will
make much odds."

"Sure I know," said Rufe, with a
definiteness that showed he had
made up his mind. "I ain't blind.
You guys have got it all fixed up for
me, an' I don't make any trouble—
see." He squared his shoulders.

"Why should I be denying it? If it's
me for it, you bet I went Ling for
company."

There was no need to correct the
crook's impression that his admission
was a work of supererogation. It
made things promise to go easier. So
long as Big Rufe believed that
things were utterly hopeless for him,
so long would he do his best to see
that he wasn't lonely in the dock.

"We'll pull him presently," said
Menzies, confidentially. "If he's in-
side our lines he can't get away."

The gold fillings in Rufe's mouth
flashed again. He was amused and
made no attempt to conceal it.
"You're off your bearings there," he
said. "You don't really think you

SIDE TALKS

WHEN IS A BARGAIN

"Yes," said my next door neigh-
bor when we expressed our admira-
tion of a distinctive looking plaid
skirt she was wearing, "that skirt is
one of the best bargains I ever
bought."

"Why, I thought you told me you
bought it the first of the season be-
fore there were any mark-downs.
But gradually I came to my senses
and realized that a bargain isn't
just a thing marked down. It's ex-
actly what you want and need
bought at a reasonable price. Of
course I often go to bargain sales
and get lots of wonderful values
that way, but I don't forget when I
pick up what I want at a reasonable
price it's a bargain even if it isn't
a mark-down."

The Better Meaning
That's pretty good philosophy.
I looked up bargain in the dictio-
nary when I got home, just for the
interest of the thing. It has two
meanings, an advantageous pur-
chase, or "anything bought cheap."

Wise is the woman who shops by
the first rather than the second
meaning.

"Yes I suppose so," said the la-
dy from a cross the way, "but you

get Ling as easy as that, do you?
He ain't inside no cordons. No, sir."

For half a second Menzies won-
dered if he had underestimated Big
Rufe. Was the man as simple as he
seemed, or was he trying to deftly
confuse the trail? The reflection was
swept away as swiftly as it had
arisen. Rufe was not the person to
get such a notion or to carry it out,
if he did. He would not so willingly
have committed himself to save
his dearest friend.

He had a private aeroplane wait-
ing. I suppose?" Menzies said, with
heavy irony.

Rufe's wide-mouthed grin extend-
ed still further. "Yen shee gwey?" he
said, with deliberate mystery.

"En shee quay?" Menzies frowned.
"Now what the blazes do you mean
by that? You aren't trying to come
the funny boy on me, are you, Rufe?"

"Huh!" Rufe was plainly disgust-
ed. "You're a right smart. Aliek,
ain't you, not to know what that
means?"

"My education's been neglected.
Tell me."

Rufe squinted cunningly sideways
at his interlocutor. "I'm telling you
nothing—see? If any mutt says I
squealed I didn't—see?"

Menzies began to see daylight.
"Of course you didn't, Rufe. You
wouldn't do such a thing. I get
you."

"Why," went on Rufe, reminis-
cently, but with an air of intense
seriousness. "I got left for a suck-
er as you said just now, chief. I
been hanging round a joint back of
this street with Ling and you. You
could see Gwennie's place from the
back window. There's a room there
she didn't use, and Ling framed it
up wit' her only this morning, and
if she wanted to, she could see
at a handkerchief across one of the
panes in daylight, or light up a can-
dle after dark."

The chief inspector bit his lip.
The possibility of a system of signal-
ing had been so obvious that he had
overlooked it. He cursed himself
mentally. Aloud he merely said, "Go
on."

"Well, when that tin-horn Cincin-
nati came nosing around Gwennie
begins to smell something an' she
tipped us the office. You better bet
we came round, and Ling and Gwennie
fixed the show for fireworks. I
didn't have any hand in that. I swear
I didn't."

"Get along," ordered Menzies,
sharply. "How'd they get away?"

"Gwennie took her chance and
beat it out the back in the yards be-
fore we put a light to the place. She's
an active old lady for her age, and
she seems to have a sort of respect
for you, chief—kind as if she knew
you'd block all bolt-holes from the
front."

"She had a bit of an argument
with Ling about it. He holds that
there'd be time for a get-away from
the front because we came that way,
and calls her down for a mutt, giving
the same away by climbing back-
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"If you've any sense, Stewart,"
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have gotten such wonderful things
marked down, that it seems strange
for you to pay full price for anything.
What a Bargain Really Is
My next door neighbor laughed.

"That's the way I used to feel my-
self," she said. "In fact I went quite
crazy over hunting for mark-downs.
But gradually I came to my senses
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Good Night Stories

PEGGY AND THE CLOUD IMP.

Peggy stood gazing out the win-
dow. The rain pattered down on the
flowers and the grasses, bending them
almost to the ground.

"I wish it would stop raining,"
sighed Peggy.

"Don't complain of the weather,
dear, we need the rain to make
things grow," said her mother. "It
will soon clear off, then you can
play."

Peggy watched the blossoms of
her rose bush fall to pieces under the
heavy drops, and the wind whisk
them all over the yard.

"The roses my roses all to piec-
es. That makes me tired!" cried
Peggy.

Something stirred on the pink
petal that sailed by the window, and
Peggy watched to see where it would
light. Right in a puddle at the side
of the walk.

"Any figure jumped out and ran
over the grass to the garden stool near
the well. Just as it perched on top
of the stool the rain stopped and the
sun shot from behind the cloud.

Peggy ran outside and tiptoed to
the place where the Cloud Fairy sat
shaking out his wings.

"I fell in that lake," he said when
he saw Peggy.

Peggy laughed.

"That isn't a lake, it's only a tiny
puddle, you couldn't drown in that,"
she replied. But when she turned the
puddle was a big lake, for the imp
had wished Peggy small like himself.

"Oh!" was all she could say as the
waves dashed on the stones at her
feet.

Tinting The Clouds.
A pink petal boat sailed toward
them, and the Cloud Imp jumped in,
calling Peggy. Peggy got in beside
him, and the boat drifted across
the water, then sailed into the air
and soared among the clouds. Little
people hurried everywhere.

This is a busy day with us, for
when it rains we wash out our sails
and hang them up to dry. You little
folks think all rain is good for is to
water your gardens, but rainy days
are our washdays," explained the
imp.

Little fellows with buckets of
beautiful color ran around tinting up
the clouds that were dry.

"Our artists color them and you
people call them twilight clouds, but
you can see they are only sails after
all," said the imp.

Yes, Peggy could see them very
plainly now, and she wondered how
they would look from earth.

The cloud boat they were in began
tink, and Peggy found herself
once more on the garden walk. The
imp leaned over the side of the
boat.

"Now when it rains and you can't
play, just remember your trip to
Cloudland, and that will help you
pass the time until we finish our
washing, then run and look at the
sky. If you're cross with us because
it rains, then the imp's refuse to
work and cover the sun with a dark
curtain, and he goes down behind
heavy clouds. So be happy on rainy
days and you'll find after the show-
er is over that your twilight sky will
be glorious," said the imp, and the
petal boat sailed away.

Peggy stuck her foot into the pud-
dle and watched the petals float
around.

"I always thought the clouds look-
ed like sails flapping in the wind,"
said Peggy, as she watched them
change colors.

KILLED HIMSELF.
Because His Fiancee Broke Engage-
ment.

London, Ont., July 11.—Russell
Goff, an eighteen-year-old barber of
this city, died in Victoria Hospital
yesterday morning from the result of
shooting himself in the head while
crazed over a disagreement with his
sweetheart. Goff had been keeping
company with his cousin, who is
three years his senior, and he had
announced his intention of marrying
her. The young lady changed her
mind. After spending Monday even-
ing with her he returned to the home
of his sister, Mrs. William George,
701 Princess avenue, and roused the
household by the shot that ended
his life. He was rushed to Victoria
Hospital and the bullet was removed,
but little hope was felt for his re-
covery. In his pockets was found a
note written on the back of a snap-
shot, saying the girl knew his rea-
son.

The young man had a large circle
of friends and was well thought of.
His home is near Glenora, and he left
there a few years ago to learn his
trade in Toronto. He worked in St.
Thomas before coming to London.

The Waste of War
is terrible, but the waste of
food in times of peace is
colossal. Rich and poor
alike eat tons of food that
has little food value—and
this useless food breaks down
the so-called eliminating or-
gans and depletes the phys-
ical and mental powers.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit
is all food, prepared by a
process which makes every
particle thoroughly digested.
It is 100 per cent. whole
wheat. Two or three of
these Biscuits with milk
make a nourishing meal,
supplying the greatest
amount of energy at lowest
cost. Delicious with sliced
bananas, berries or other
fruits.

Made in Canada.

TRUE ECONOMY

DEMANDS THE USE OF MORE

Potatoes and One Pound of Milk COMBINED.

The truly economical housewife must take advantage of this
great strength in PURITY FLOUR over other food substances
by serving more frequently the delicious bread and rolls, tooth-
some, dainty cakes and crisp, mouth-melting pastry which are
among the possibilities of this perfectly milled product of
the world-famous Western Canada wheat.

There is more actual food value in ONE POUND OF PURITY
FLOUR than there is in One Pound of Beef, One Pound of

The Purity Flour Cook Book