

THE MAELSTROM

By Frank Froest

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

(From Friday's Daily.)

"You gents ain't got wat I calls consideration," he went on quickly, words tumbling out of his mouth. "Here you've been all night long, and I've done what I could for you. Course I ave. Nah 'ere's were it comes 'ard. It'll be all in the pipers to-morrow that the piece used this pub durin' their operations, an' oo d'yer think'll trust me nah. The boys'll think I stood in with you. It's a shame I calls it."

"You're right," agreed the chief inspector. "We ought to have been more careful about your reputation with the heads. You'll have to explain to them that you couldn't help yourself."

"Tain't on'y that," grumbled Pickens. "Wat piny 'tin my 'ead has open with a belt buckle when I'm abt some night. They'll take me for a mark, an' it ain't fair. A man's got to get a livin'. You say I ave queer characters in 'ere, Mr. Menzies. Course I do. Where'd I get my trade if I didn't ave queer characters? Live an' let live is my motto. Tain't fair."

Menzies felt the conversation was running a little off the rails. He looked as sympathetic as he could. "Tough luck," he said. "I wish you'd spoken before." He smoked silently for a few moments. "Talkin' about queer characters, Mr. Pickens, do you ever get any Chinese in here?"

Pickens expostulated disgustedly. "Not one in a blue moon."

"Ah! I was wondering if this dope shop has any?"

"What dope shop? Y' mean opium, don't you? No, that couldn't touch me."

"None of your regulars hit the pipe, then. There used to be a lot of it around here ten years ago. Menzies neither knew nor cared whether he was within the boundaries of fact. Pickens had said he had only been in the house seven years."

"That so. Well, there may be now, for all I know. The only bloke I know that touches it is old Chawley Bates, an' 'e don't stand for the booze. But 'e'll drink coffee—comes 'ome this way early in the mornin' sometimes and regular swills it. 'E reckons it pulls 'im together."

Menzies sized up his man. He wished now he had made a few enquiries about Pickens off the local men. The Three Kings was, on his own showing, a resort of folk who had no love for the police. Still, the keeper of a public house may have the shrewdest customers, and yet be an entirely straight man.

The detective determined to chance it. He took some gold out of his pocket and slowly and absent-mindedly dropped ten sovereigns from one hand to the other. Then he fixed his eyes on the other man.

"It's worth just ten quid to me," he said distinctly, "to find out where this opium shop is. No one will ever know who told me. He held the closed fist containing the gold at arm's length.

Pickens's eyes glistened and he straightened himself out to full length. "I'm on," he said. "You'd better leave it to me. If old Chawley's at 'ome I'll get it out of 'im. He was putting on his jacket as he spoke.

He refused the detective's company and went out. Menzies did not rejoin Hallett and Royal, but, reclining with one elbow on the counter, smoked stolidly and thoughtfully till his return. Pickens was back within half an hour. He

took a dirty scrap of paper from his waistcoat pocket and passed it to the detective.

"There y' are," he said. "I wrote it dahn to make sure. It's a little general shop kept by a Chink—Sing Loo. All you've got to do is to knock at the side door and ask if they can oblige you with a bottle of lime juice and a pipe of shag. That's the pass-word. Where's that tinner?"

Menzies put the money into his hand and moved swiftly to where Hallett and Royal awaited him. In a little they were out in the by now almost deserted street. The chief inspector set the pace and they moved at a swift walk. No one spoke for a while. Once Menzies stopped a policeman with an enquiry as to direction, and five minutes later they entered a short street bounded on one side by a high blank factory wall and on the other by a few small shuttered shops.

"That's the joint," said Menzies in a low voice, keeping his head straight in front of him. "Mark it ten minutes. That one with Sing Loo on the sign."

They swung by at a smart pace and took the first turning to the right. Not until they had walked for ten minutes did Menzies speak again. "Either of you chaps got a gun?"

Royal thrust a bulldog revolver into his hands. "I've got one," said Menzies. "You got one, Hallett?"

"Not here," said Jimmie. "You take this, then. I wouldn't know how to hit anything with it anyhow." He halted and shook a warning forefinger. "Don't get using it unless you've got to. I want 'im alive. Now, Royal, you'll have to hang about and use your own discretion once we're in—hello! What the blazes is a taxi doing in this quarter at this time of night?"

A taxicab had whizzed by them in the direction from which they had come. It is not a mode of conveyance largely favored by the inhabitants of the back streets of Shadwell, even of the morning it is probably as rare as an aeroplane.

As though the same thought had simultaneously occurred to each of them, the three raced after the retreating vehicle. It was, of course, a hopeless chase, but there are moments when men do not stop to reason. Menzies was the first to pull up.

"Take it steady, boys," he said. "We're only wasting breath. The thing's a mile away by now."

"Likely enough it's nothing to do with us," said Royal optimistically. "I've got a sort of feeling that it had all the same. Well, I'll be Stop it!"

They spread across the road, Royal flashing an electric torch as he moved. The three bawled fiercely to the driver. For a moment he slackened speed, as though about to stop. Then, as if he had changed his mind, the vehicle leaped swiftly forward.

Jimmie had a scant five seconds of time in which to make up his mind. His hand closed on the revolver, and it occurred to him that there was only one thing to do. The driver, the car was within a yard of him when he leaped aside and pulled the trigger. With a shivering rattle the vehicle stopped. Menzies was at the driver's side in an instant.

"Why didn't you stop when you were ordered?" he demanded in a blaze of wrath. "What's your number?"

"Why should I stop? Who are you? What business is it of yours, anyway? If you've smashed my radiator—" The man's voice was less

"It's not how much we have but how much we enjoy that makes happiness."—Spurgeon.

We were talking about a woman the other day the keynote of whose life seems to be restless discontent. "She doesn't have everything she wants, of course," said Molly, "but she has more than most of us."

She Seems To Get the Least Possible Happiness.

"I think," said the lady-who-always-gets-what-she-wants, "that the trouble is that she just isn't efficient about happiness. She seems to get the least happiness instead of the most out of the circumstances of her life."

Of how many people that is true! We see them all about us—or even nearer home than that.

There are so many ways that one can get happiness if one is happy and efficient, and so many ways one can miss it if one is inefficient.

People Who Make Hard Work of Living.

There's the people who miss happiness because they make such hard work of living—the woman who is forever winding and unwinding the red tape of domestic affairs, the man who is always worrying and scolding, and blaming. People like that not only miss much happiness themselves but they make the people about them unhappy and this reacts on them and makes their chances of happiness still less.

And then there's the people who confuse happiness and pleasure and certain than his words.

"We're police officers," said Menzies curtly. "Why—what's the matter, Royal?"

Royal had opened the door, and his cry now interrupted his chief. Menzies dropped back to him and followed the segment of the taxicab from the sergeant's pocket lamp to the interior of the cab. It fell full on the white, lifeless face of a woman leaning huddled up in one of the corners. He gave an ejaculation of surprise. The driver had descended from his seat and was now peering over the shoulders of the three.

"Good Gawn!" he exclaimed. "She's fainted."

"She's dead," said Menzies. He wheeled and his strong fingers bit deep into the driver's shoulder. "Where did you get her?" he demanded. "Speak the truth or I'll shake it out of you!"

The man gazed helplessly up at him. "Strike me lucky, guvnor, I don't know nothing about it," he declared. "She was alive two minutes ago. There was a bloke with her. Where's he gone?"

Jimmie felt an eerie sensation along his scalp. He had gazed at the dead face, ghastly in the rays of the pocket torch which picked it out against the darkness of the upholstery, and, like the others, he had recognized at once the features of Gwennie Lyne.

He had expected, he knew not what, when he peered into the cab—perhaps Ling himself, certainly not that grim, dead face with the staring eyes. He shuddered.

"Tell us all about it—quick," ordered Menzies. "We've no time to waste. Come on out with it. It'll shock the man fiercely. "Every-thing mind you and get to the point."

"I don't know anything about it," repeated the man again. "As called by telephone from the cab rank in Aldgate—told how to get here and everything."

"Get where?" The question was snapped out like a pistol shot.

"Why, to that Chinaman's place—'Sing Loo'?"

"Yes. That's the name. There was a couple of fares there they said wanted to get Shepherd's Bush. So I came along here. Seems like they were waiting for me because directly I touched the bell the door opened, and there was a tall bloke and her." He jerked his head towards the cab. "The bloke had his arm round her and she walked with him to the cab. He helped her in and then came round to me."

"The lady isn't very well, driver," he says. I'm a doctor, and I'm going with her to a specialist at Shepherd's Bush. Drive easy, because I don't want her jolted more than can be helped. With that he gets into the cab—at least the door slams just as if he had—and I drive off. That's all I know about it, guvnor, so 'elp me."

"You didn't know she had been stabbed?"

He shook his head dumbly. Menzies released his grip.

"Royal, you'll have to handle this for the time. Go to the nearest doctor first and have her examined. Come along, Hallett."

He caught hold of Jimmie's elbow and without another look at the cab and its grim burden started forward.

"It looks to me," he said in a low voice as though he was talking to himself, "that we're only just in time. Ling has struck me bag somehow. He must have intended to lie up, just as said, and Gwennie and he have quarreled. If he'd meant to lay her out he'd have done it when it was less awkward for him self. As it is, he was pushed to get the body away, or he wouldn't have sent for a taxi and left a trail right back to this joint. He means to escape quick, and that cab would have some, in the ordinary way, to the other end of London before we were on to it."

"You think we'll get him this time?"

"It's he or I for it now," said Menzies grimly. "Here we are."

He pressed the little electric button at the side door.

(Continued in Monday's Issue.)

SIDE TALKS

By Ruth E. Cameron

EFFICIENT IN HAPPINESS.

And the people who get into such deep narrow ruts that they miss the road to happiness.

And those who miss happiness because they abuse and impair their health. Health is one of the organs with which we fight our happiness. If almost a fatal to be happy when one is unhealthy as it is to enjoy food with an upset stomach.

People Who Haven't Much Capacity For Happiness.

And there are the people so self-centered, so lacking in broad sympathies, so undeveloped mentally that they haven't any large capacity for happiness. "A small glass and a large one may be equally full but the small one holds more than the large."

Of course circumstances do have much to do with happiness. It would be cant to deny that. It is hard if not impossible to be happy under certain circumstances, under grinding harassing poverty, under recent bereavement, under remorse.

But in the daily circumstances of the average man or woman, happiness is possible. And how much happiness depends upon one's efficiency in manufacturing it just as much as upon circumstances.

In the words of Samuel Johnson: "The fountain of contentment must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts."

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvestri

LITTLE LADY ANE GREY.

Lady Jane Grey sat in the corner in a heap, her frowzy head over in her lap, a most sorrowful dolly. Her great rag heart was almost broken, for her little mistress had a new joy—a lovely dolly with beautiful yellow curls and big blue eyes. She was dressed in a lovely pink dress all trimmed with laces, and Lady Jane Grey had never looked like that even when she was new, for Lady Jane Grey was only a rag doll.

Of course, all the other toys felt sorry for her. She had been there to welcome them as they in turn came to the nursery to live, for Lady Jane Grey was Mistress Nell's first dolly.

"That's the way when you get old or broken," said Woolly Dog, as he stood on three legs, "you're soon forgotten for the new toys."

"I don't agree with you," purred Gingham Cat, as he lay in the chair, one ear lost and part of his beautiful raily-colored tail gone. "Don't you fret, Mistress Nell will soon tire of that pink and white fairy."

"Well, she can never wash her face like she scrubs mine," said Celoid Dollie, as he bobbed up and down in the tin tub where Mistress Nell had left him. But nothing they could say seemed to comfort Lady Jane Grey.

"I can't blame her. The new dolly is beautiful, and I'm ugly. My hair is made of twists of yarn, and my eyes are black shoe buttons, while her hair is real, soft, yellow curls, and her eyes are beautiful blue glass. Only I'm so sorry, for I've tried to be a good doll to Mistress Nell, and I love her very dearly," sobbed Lady Jane Grey, as only a rag doll with shoe button eyes can sob.

Woolly Dog curled up at her feet and the cat sat in the chair and purred in sympathy, for they all loved the rag doll.

When night came the door softly opened. Two little arms gathered Lady Jane Grey and held her close. Two warm lips kissed the faded rag face.

Lady Jane Grey was carried away and tucked in beside Mistress Nell in a nice, clean, white bed, where she stayed all night folded close to her little mistress's heart as she wandered through the land of dreams.

When morning came Lady Jane Grey was kissed and set back in the nursery while the beautiful new dolly was taken for a ride in the park.

"Yes, and I felt two big tears on my cheek when she kissed me," said Lady Jane Grey to her companions.

Lady Jane Grey never worried again about the new dolly filling her place in Mistress Nell's heart. True, she never was taken out in the little white buggy, like the beautiful dolly, but when night came two little arms carried her away, and all through the long dark hours Lady Jane Grey nestled close to Mistress Nell's heart, and Lady Jane Grey was happy.



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Courier Daily Recipe Column

CHOCOLATE FILLING
One-half cake of chocolate, grated, dissolved in a small cup of milk, let it boil, add 1 cup powdered sugar and small piece of butter, a little salt, flavor with vanilla, put between layers and on top.

MARBLE CHOCOLATE CAKE
Cream 1-2 cup of butter and 1 cup of sugar, add 3 beaten eggs, whites and yolks beaten separate: 1-2 cup of milk and 2 cups of flour, 2 teaspoons of baking powder; flavoring with lemon and vanilla; take 1-2 of this mixture and add a large tablespoon of chocolate, place a layer of each; repeat the white on top; bake 1-2 hour, frost with chocolate icing.

SUE'S ROUND CAKE
One cup of sugar, 3-4 cup of butter, 3 eggs, 1-4 cups of flour, 1-2 teaspoonful soda, salt, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, nutmeg; beat sugar and eggs to a cream, then eggs and mix flour, soda, cream tartar and nutmeg together with salt; add flour to the rest and bake 40 minutes.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE
One cup sugar, 1-2 cup butter, scant 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon orange extract, 1-2 cup sweet milk, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon saleratus, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, 1-2 teaspoon (scant) salt; cream sugar and butter together, beat eggs very light and milk, sift flour, salt, saleratus, cream tartar together, add all together and beat for 5 minutes; bake in jelly tins.

SPONGE CAKE
Five eggs, 1 tumbler sugar, 1 tumbler flour, little salt, 1 teaspoonful lemon; beat the eggs separate, adding the stiffly-beaten whites last.

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LADIES' SLIP-ON OVERDRESS.
By Anabel Worthington.

The jumper dress idea in girls' clothes has proven its practicability so successfully that it has been borrowed for the grown-ups. It is especially practical for the summer time, because the gumpes or underwaist may be changed frequently, making it unnecessary to launder the whole dress so often. No. 8357 is very easy to make, as it is in one piece from the shoulder to hem. The armholes are cut quite deep, to allow plenty of room for the underwaist. The long, narrow collar outlines the deep V-shape of the neck. The large side pockets are fastened onto the belt and are trimmed with large self-covered buttons. Linen, pongee, shantung, gabardine and poplin are suitable for this dress.

The dress pattern, No. 8357, is cut in sizes 38 to 44 inches bust measure. Width at the lower edge of skirt is 2 3/4 yards. The 38 inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, or 3 3/4 yards of 54 inch.

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