

CHAPTER IV

THE LISTENING STENOGRAPHER

WHEN Phil opened his eyes on the morning sunshine—both eyes—he was gratified to note a slight improvement in the blackened orb. Before retiring he had sent the newly returned Stinson around to the front of the house to bring in the suitcase left by the verandah and had instructed the valet to bring a piece of raw beefsteak to his room. Nevertheless, as he studied his appearance in the mirror with some anxiety he was glad that he was going to Sparrow Lake and thence to North Bay as fast as he could get there. Thorpe would soon tire of making witty remarks, and the fish would not care whether he had a black eye or not.

As he dressed leisurely Kendrick's mind reverted soberly to the events of the past twenty-four hours. Reviewing in detail the interview with his uncle, there grew out of his confusion of thought an odd sense of disquiet. Close questioning of Stinson had yielded the information which his uncle had not seen fit to volunteer in regard to last night's clandestine visitors at the Island residence—Nickleby, President of the Interprovincial Loan & Savings Company; Alderson, of the Alderson Construction Company; Blatchford Ferguson, the lawyer. If, as the Hon-