

THE MAELSTROM

BY FRANK FROST.
Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation
Department of Scotland Yard.

"You see," he went on, "unless we prove these other people accessories there is only one person whose neck is in jeopardy. That's the actual murderer. He probably wouldn't object to save himself by another murder. But the others are not going to that length if they can help it. They intend, I imagine, to try and bottle him up till Smith is discharged and the whole boiling of them make a clean getaway."

"But," objected Congreve, "Royal's evidence alone will convict the man." "Maybe they don't understand that," retorted Menzies. "Anyway we won't worry yet. I'm going on to Ludford Road. I shall want you to go back and swear out a search-warrant in case it's wanted. Also have that note properly done up and photographed. You might get a paper merchant to examine a piece of the paper. There's just a chance we might find out when it was bought and who bought it. You can get an all-night tramcar at the end of the road. Leave the taxi for me. I'll have to change again."

An hour later a plump, ruddy-faced man, smoking a clay pipe, and with his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets, slouched along Ludford Road. The loosened shoulders, the shambling gait, the unpolished down-at-heel boots (one of them laced with string), all told of the practical vagrant. Yet Weir Menzies had not disguised himself in the sense that disguise would be understood by those whose knowledge of Scotland Yard is derived from the books and newspapers.

His face was untouched by grease-paint he wore no whisk nor false beard. He was just Weir Menzies, as he might have been if fortune had made him a tramp. Yet he bore little superficial resemblance to the Weir Menzies, Esq., churchwarden of All Saints, Upper Tooting, or the Mr. Weir Menzies, chief inspector of the criminal investigation department.

His hair had been rubbed up until it looked as if it had not seen brush or comb for a month and was surmounted by a battered Trilby hat. He had rubbed his hands on a door-mat and then on his face to prevent any suspicion of unnatural cleanliness. His neat mustache had been combed out till it hung down ragged and bristly. His clothes were shabby and no two garments matched. They might have been given him at different times by charitable householders.

There was nothing which could betray his assumed character. Indeed, any accident to clothes or person would but increase his disreputability.

Twice he shuffled up and down the street, the second time meeting a policeman who passed and without saying anything watched him out of sight. The two met again a quarter of an hour later, and this time the constable was not so forbearing. He turned his bull-eyes full on the tramp and surveyed him up and down. It was at the back of his mind that he might have a charge "loitering with intent to commit a felony."

"What's the game, Isaacstein? What are you hanging around for?" he demanded. And because he had been trained not to take risks, his hand gripped the grooved collar of the nondescript and administered a slight warning shake.

One hundred and eighty pounds of trained policeman took the pavement with a thud. He sat up ruefully with a wrath. One does not expect a rickety middle-aged tramp to have a working knowledge of jujitsu. And it astonished him still more that his assailant remained instead of taking advantage of the opportunity and making a dash for freedom.

"All right," he growled and advanced cautiously.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, my man," said the tramp, authoritatively. "I'm C. I. Walk on quiet to the corner and I'll show you my warrant card."

The constable hesitated. He was young and this was beyond his experience. But the authority of the voice shook him and he obeyed the order. Within five minutes he learned how near he had been to committing a bad mistake.

"I'm sorry, sir," he apologized. "I didn't know."

"That's all right," said Menzies. "Of course you didn't. I'm not blaming you. Now you hang on to this corner for half an hour. I'll be responsible to your superiors. Just stand here and keep your eyes and ears open in case I should want you."

He had straightened up during the conversation, but now he became again the shambling hobo. A clock somewhere had just chimed six, and he judged that there might be a chance to commence operations.

He moved furtively up to the door of number one hundred and forty and rang the bell. Twice he had to repeat the summons before there was any movement within. Then a window was flung up above and a woman's voice demanded the business of the man who was ringing the bell.

Menzies's answer was to press the bell again. He had no very definite plan in his mind. His was merely a reconnoitring expedition. He wanted the door opened and had no intention of carrying on a conversation with the lady up-stairs, whoever she was, at the top of his voice. He was shielded from her sight by the porch, and he did not offer to step out.

The window closed with a bang and there were sounds of some one moving. Presently the door opened, and the pleasant-faced woman who had met Hallett confronted the detective.

"Are you a bit you could spare a pore man, lidy?" he whined. "I've been walkin' all night an' nothin' 'as passed by lips since yesterday."

The pleasant-faced lady frowned. She had a dogged chin and a wide mouth and was quite obviously not the sort of person to be played with. "I've got nothing for you," she snapped, perhaps with excusable viciousness for one who had been dragged out of bed by a beggar. She flung the door to forcefully. Menzies's foot, however, was a shade the quicker as he thrust it in the opening.

"Why Gwennie," she said, smilingly in his natural voice, "this is a nice welcome for an old friend. Don't you remember me? I'm Weir Menzies."

She gave a quick exclamation and pulled the door back. Her face did not for a moment bear any very noticeable expression of delight at the reunion. That, however, was only for a second. The next instant she

had thrust out her hand with a bright smile.

"Why, so it is! Who'd have thought of seeing you here—and in a rig like that? Come right in, Mr. Menzies. I am glad to see you."

"After you, Gwennie," said Menzies, politely, but firmly. "Lead the way. Never mind the door. I'll shut it."

(To be continued.)

TRY MAGNESIA FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

It Neutralizes Stomach Acidity, Prevents Food Fermentation, Sour Gassy Stomach and Acid Indigestion.

Doubtless if you are a sufferer from indigestion you have already tried poppers, pancreatin, charcoal, drugs and various digestive aids and you know these things will not cure your trouble—in some cases do not even give relief.

But before giving up hope and deciding you are a chronic dyspeptic just try the effect of a little Bisurated Magnesia—not the ordinary commercial carbonate, citrate, or milk, but the pure Bisurated Magnesia which you can obtain from practically any druggist in either powdered or tablet form.

Take a teaspoonful of the powder or two compressed tablets with a little water after your next meal, and see what a difference this makes. It will instantly neutralize the dangerous, harmful acid in the stomach which now causes your food to ferment and sour, making gas, wind, flatulence, heartburn and bloated or heavy, lumpy feeling that seems to follow most everything you eat.

You will find that provided you take a little Bisurated Magnesia immediately after a meal, you can eat almost anything and enjoy it without any danger or pain or discomfort to follow and moreover, the continued use of the bisurated magnesia cannot injure the stomach in any way so long as there are any symptoms of acid indigestion.

ENGLISH GIRLS WHO WORK

SOME SEEK JOBS FROM NECESSITY OTHERS THROUGH AMBITION.

The Society Woman Strives Hardest of All to Attain Qualities Enabling Her to Advance in Social Realm.

The life of the English girl who has not the father's checkbook at command for everything that her whim and fancy suggests is not different from that of the girls in other civilized countries. Of late, however, it may be noticed that English girls are exceedingly eager to get away from housework and to earn their living in every possible occupation but the one it was thought women are particularly designed for by nature.

With the exception of rough work, which requires very muscular men, they invade all imaginable activities. They flood counting rooms, constitute a steadily growing majority of the hands in industrial shops, and not a few have a burning ambition to shine in the learned professions. Colleges and universities are crowded with prospective physicians, naturalists, philologists and theologians.

Some Prompted by Pique.

It would appear that this desire to occupy a place in the world of learning is not always prompted by the necessity of pursuing a vocation that would secure daily subsistence, but that a kind of pique against the stronger sex is a contributing cause.

Besides this class of English women who work from necessity or ambition, there is a class who are not spurred by either motive. These are the women of high rank and great wealth. Their aim is to cut a figure in society. This is not quite as easy as some might be inclined to believe, for a position in these circles requires many accomplishments. Mere amateurish performance in the literature of all nations that have produced great poets and writers in the minimum of attainments. They also must have a full speaking knowledge of the most important modern languages. And if in the course of conversation Horace and Virgil is quoted it must not have a strange sound to their ears.

Cooking a New Study.

With such burdens it would not appear likely that young women would be inclined to take some more upon themselves. But they strive for a new accomplishment. This is the useful art of cooking. The boarding schools for wealthy kitchens where

R An Ounce of Prevention Cleanliness and Carefulness ad lib. to be taken regularly in large doses

THIS is the most potent prescription for fire-itis. An epidemic that is destroying thousands of lives and millions of dollars' worth of property throughout the country.

Care and Cleanliness are the antidote for fire as well as the antidote for disease.

Eighty per cent. of the fire disease is preventable.

During the first week of May the boys and girls of the Province are going to inspect our homes, where two out of every three fires occur. Help this splendid army of young Canadians to PREVENT FIRES BY REMOVING THE CAUSE

The booklets, "Conservation of Life and Property from Fire" and "Lightning, its Origin and Control," may be had for the asking.

ONTARIO FIRE PREVENTION LEAGUE, INC.
In Affiliation with Ontario Fire Marshal's Office
153 University Avenue - Toronto
GEORGE F. LEWIS, Secretary.

the girls are seen handling pots and pans, baking, stewing and frying.

What originated this idea with them is to some a mystery, which they try to explain as a mere fad which, like all other fancies, soon will disappear. This insinuation is stoutly repelled by the young woman, who says that they learn cooking from a sense of duty, awakened in them by the late war.

A SPLENDID MEDICINE FOR THE CHILDREN

Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine a mother can give her little ones. They are a mild laxative which quickly regulate the bowels and stomach and are guaranteed to be entirely free from any injurious drugs. Concerning them Mrs. A. D. West, Loreburn, Sask., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets have given me more satisfaction than anything else I have ever given my children. They are easily taken; always work well and though I have given quite a few to my baby they seem to work as well now as at first, which is something other laxatives seldom do." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE CONTROL OF CUT-WORMS.

The best method of controlling cut-worms in gardens is by the application of a poison bait, made as follows: Twenty pounds of bran and half a pound of Paris green are thoroughly mixed in a wooden vessel, while dry. One quart of cheap molasses is dissolved in two and a half gallons of water, the solution added to the poisoned bran. The whole is then stirred so as to thoroughly moisten the bran. In small gardens the following proportions may be used: One quart bran, one teaspoonful of Paris green, one pound molasses and sufficient water to moisten the bran. The mixture is scattered thinly along the rows in the garden at dusk, as soon as the cut-worm injury is noticed.

IT WORKS WONDERS ON COLDS, CATARRH BRONCHITIS, WEAK THROAT

When your throat rattles, your lungs and chest are sore, your throat is stuffed with cold—don't fear consumption—use Catarrhzone and get well. It clears the throat, stops hacking, relieves tight chest and soreness in the bronchial tubes. To clear away Catarrh of the nose nothing could be better. Catarrhzone is Nature's own remedy—it heals and soothes—removes every form of throat, lung and bronchial trouble. Prescribed by many specialists and used by thousands every day. Get the dollar outfit; it lasts two months. Small size, 50c; trial size 25c; at all dealers or the Catarrhzone Co., Montreal.

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

YOUR EYES AND THEIR CARE

By Dr. Hal. Brown, Specialist.

Take care of baby's eyes.

Insist that extreme care be taken to prevent infection of baby's eyes at the time of its arrival. A very large percentage of the blind in public institutions are blind from lack of this elementary safeguard.

Remember that all baby's surroundings should not be glaring white. Science teaches that softer tints are better.

Don't expose baby's eyes to the direct rays of the sun or any other bright light. Line the buggy shade with green.

Don't give a child toys that require near and acute vision. Big things are better.

Don't hesitate to have the eyes examined by an optometrist or eye specialist if there is any sign of crossed-eyes after the third birthday.

Don't be in too much of a hurry to scold Johnny if he is at the foot of the class. Like as not his eyes need attention and with proper glasses he'll be at the top.

Don't neglect the signs. All these conditions and more are frequently reflex symptoms of defective eyes.

Mrs. C. S.—I got glasses from an eye doctor who was going through this district but I am not satisfied, was it all right to let him examine my eyes?

Look with suspicion on any traveling "eye doctor" who comes to your door to sell glasses. Often such a man is not qualified to treat the eyes of a wax doll. Reputable optical specialists have permanent offices and seldom visit outside points in which case he will be able to show his license to practice from the government and other credentials.

If you have a question about your eyes, write direct to Dr. Brown, Adelaide street east, Toronto, and the answer will be given in this column.

The use of Miller's Worm Powders insures healthy children, so far as the ailments attributable to worms are concerned. A high mortality among children is traceable to worms. These save the strength of infants so that they are unable to maintain the battle for life and succumb to weakness. This preparation gives promise of health and keeps it.

STILL YOUNG.

The quest of youth has oft been made By learned men without success; Yet, when grandmother is arrayed From head to foot in modish dress, To see the way she trips along With nothing much upon her mind, You'd think—and maybe not be wrong— She hasn't left girlhood behind.

In Tokio, Japan, it is not unusual to see a week-old baby strapped on the back of a child of about eight and sent out to be jumbled about as its infant nurse disports itself with other children in the streets.



The Authority of Years

For over 50 years Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has helped thousands of women, to better health, greater strength, brighter spirits, better looks. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, (in tablet or liquid form) helps women to retain their youthful looks because it removes the cause of most of the troubles peculiar to women. It is a non-alcoholic tonic—invigorating and health-restoring—which has been so successfully used by American and Canadian womanhood.

DACRE, ONT.—"I am more than pleased with Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was run-down and so nervous that I could not even stay in the house alone in the daytime, and tried every kind of medicine I heard of, but got no result. One of my friends advised me to take 'Favorite Prescription'—said that it would cure me, and it did. After taking four bottles I felt like a new woman. It is also the very best medicine for a woman bringing up a family."—Miss JOSEPH BRADY, Route 2.

Makes Weak Women Strong