

CLOSE QUARTERS;

OR, THE HOUSE IN THE RUE BARBETTE

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd)

"Look here, you two, flirting on the bridge is strictly forbidden. You will demoralize the whole crew. Even the pilot cannot keep his eyes off you."

They laughed and giggled like a couple of children caught stealing gooseberries. Yet the incident and the words were fraught with a solemn significance which often came back to their minds in other days.

The party breakfasted on board and then set out to survey the hotels. Brett's first care was to ascertain the scheduled hours of the train service between Messina and Palermo. To his joy he discovered that neither Winter nor the gang he was shadowing could possibly reach the city until a quarter to four in the afternoon. They decided in favor of the Hotel de France as being most modern in its appearance and centrally situated.

The next thing to do was to provide an efficient watch on all sailing vessels entering the harbor, and here the pilot proved to be a valuable ally. Brett explained to him that he was most anxious to meet some people who were coming from Marseilles on a fishing smack named the Belles Soeurs, No. 107. It was possible, he explained, that both the number and the name might be obliterated, so he wished the pilot, or any helpers he might employ for the duty, to take particular note of all strange boats answering to this description, and at once report their appearance. This the man guaranteed to do. He said that it was quite impossible for a French-rigged smack to enter Palermo without attracting his notice.

By approaching the police authorities and requesting their co-operation, and also using Gros Jean and the Turks as a stalking-horse, Brett felt tolerably certain that the time would soon arrive when Dubois and he would stand face to face.

In making these manifold preparations the morning passed rapidly. The barrister insisted that his companions should go for a drive whilst he busied himself with the necessary details, and they should meet at the hotel for the midday meal. It was then that he singled out Sir Hubert for his personal share in the pursuit.

"You know Mr. Winter?" he said to the baronet.

"Yes, I remember him perfectly."

"In that case I wish you to go to the station and meet the 3:45 p.m. train on arrival. You will probably see the Turks and Gros Jean, but pay no attention to them. Keep a bright lookout for Mr. Winter. Walk up quite openly and speak to him, and the probability is that should Gros Jean have become suspicious of this Englishman who follows in the same track as himself, your presence on the platform will convince him that he was mistaken in imagining the slightest connection between Winter's journey and his own."

"That is good," said the major-general. "It would never have occurred to me. Any other commands?"

"None save this," continued Brett, smiling at the old soldier's

eagerness to obey implicitly any instructions given to him. "When you meet Winter, tell him if possible so to direct his movements as to find out Gros Jean's destination, if it can be done without giving the Frenchman the slightest cause for uneasiness. Otherwise the matter is of no consequence. I have already interviewed the chief of police here, and it will only be a question of an hour's delay before the local detectives effectually locate the quarters occupied by Gros Jean and the Turks."

CHAPTER XX.

Sir Hubert was all eagerness to undertake his mission. He reached the station at least half an hour too soon.

At last the train arrived. To Sir Hubert's delight, he at once caught sight of Gros Jean and the Turks, whom, of course, he quickly identified as to the loungers on the tower of the Chateau d'If.

It occurred to him that there was a remote chance of recognition by Gros Jean, so he busied himself for an instant in a seeming scrutiny of the bookstall until they had passed. A little further down the platform he caught sight of Inspector Winter, that worthy individual being engaged in a fiercely unintelligible controversy with an Italian porter as to the possession of his portmanteau.

Sir Hubert hurried forward, and seized the amazed policeman by his hand, wringing it warmly.

The stolid detective quickly recovered himself, and his first words were—"Did Mr. Brett fully understand my signal?"

"I think so," said the other; "but he will tell you all about that afterwards. At present he wishes you to ascertain Gros Jean's intended residence."

"Oh, that is too easy," he descended to explain. "I have been talking to him."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I have. My French is bad, and his English is worse, but he understands that I am in the wholesale grocery trade. I have come to Palermo to buy currants!"

"Most extraordinary! How very clever of you!"

Mr. Winter drew himself up with an air of professional pride.

"That is nothing, sir," he said.

"We often make queer acquaintanceships in the way of business. But Gros Jean is a smart chap. He eyed me curiously when he happened to hear that I was the fifth passenger who wished to leave the steamer at Messina, so I took the bull by the horns and made myself useful to him in the matter of getting his baggage out of the hold."

Meanwhile the subject of their conversation had quitted the station, and Sir Hubert's respect for Mr. Winter's powers as a sleuth-hound yielded to anxiety lest the slippery Frenchman might vanish once and for all.

"Hadh't we better follow him?" he suggested.

Mr. Winter winked knowingly. "Don't be anxious, sir. He wants to be seen in my company. He believes I am here for trading purposes, and the association will be useful to him."

Nevertheless the baronet was

glad to find that Mr. Winter's confidence was not misplaced, when, ten minutes later, he again encountered the Frenchman and the Turks at the door of the Campo Santo, a cheap hotel near the square that forms the center of Palermo.

The detective was eminently suited for the role he now filled.

"Ah, monsoo," he cried with boisterous good humor, "permettez-moi introducer un friend of mine, Monsoo Smeeth, de Londres you know. Je ne savez pas les noms de votre compagnions, but they are tres bons camarades, je suis certain."

Gros Jean was most complaisant. "It ess von grand plaisir, m'sieu," he said, whilst the Turks gravely bowed their acknowledgments.

The upshot of this extraordinary meeting was that when Mr. Winter had secured a room and the party had ordered dinner, the six men set out for a stroll through the town.

Sir Hubert strongly recommended the spectacular beauty of the street where the Hotel de France lay, but Gros Jean politely insisted that he wished to make some inquiries at the shipping office, and Mr. Winter backed him up, being ignorant of the baronet's real motive.

They soon reached the quay. Sir Hubert became almost incoherent with agitation when they passed the Blue Bell and came into full view of Edith, Jack, Fairholme and Daubenevy, who happened to leave the hotel shortly before five o'clock in order to visit the yacht and secure a good cup of tea.

Brett refused to accompany them, on the ground that his Italian scout, the pilot, might bring news at any hour, and he must remain within immediate call.

It was a supreme moment when Gros Jean halted and called general attention to the smart-looking vessel and the tea-drinkers.

Sir Hubert keenly examined the top of the funnel, and tried simultaneously to yawn and light a cigar. In the result he nearly choked

"IF" As an authority says—"Truth well expressed makes the best advertisement"—then here's one of the best advertisements in the paper.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Is the best flavored and most economical Tea in the World.

Beware of high profit bearing substitutes. Sealed Lead Packets only.

Canada's finest sugar at its best

Your love of cleanliness and purity will be gratified by this 5-Pound Sealed Package of



Redpath
Extra Granulated Sugar

It's Canada's finest sugar, fresh from the Refinery, untouched by human hands. Each Package contains 5 full pounds of sugar. Your Grocer can supply you.

Canada Sugar Refining Company, Limited, Montreal.

BOVRIL

Herds—

roam over nine million acres of the finest pasture land in Australia and over four hundred thousand acres in the Argentine.

11-2-12

himself. Mr. Winter, somewhat more prepared for emergencies, endeavored to interest Gros Jean in the wonderful clearness of the water.

But Hussein-ul-Mulk and his two sedate friends suddenly betrayed a keen interest in Fairholme.

When they last met the earl on the tower of the Chateau d'If they were so engrossed in the object of their visit to Marseilles that he passed them unnoticed.

But now, looking steadily at him—for Fairholme was seated facing them, and was striving to maintain the semblance of an animated chat with Edith—there came to the Turks a memory, each instant becoming more definite of an exciting scene in the Rue Barbette, and the opportune arrival of a stalwart young Englishman, backed up a couple of gendarmes.

tenance reddened with suspicious anger. He drew Gros Jean on one side and whispered something to him. The Frenchman started violently.

(To be continued.)

About two-thirds of the letters written represent a waste of time.

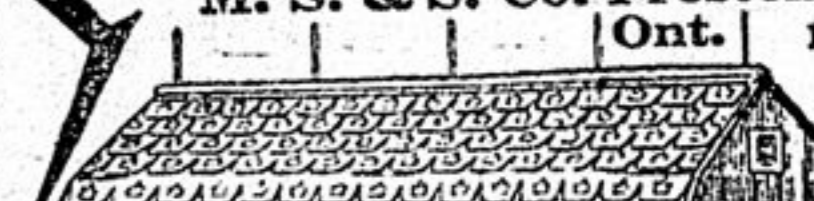
ROOF AGAINST LIGHTNING

Easily and cheaply make roofs proof against wet, wind, fire and lightning.

Preston Safe Lock Shingles

Cost less than flimsy substitutes; outlast the building itself; need no painting. Don't buy roofing before you send us for complete facts.

M. S. & S. Co. Preston, Ont. 123




Concrete-mixing is Easily Learned

It is no more difficult than mixing bran mash, once the simple instructions have been read.

The materials—sand, crushed rock or gravel and cement—each play a separate part. The rock provides the bulk of volume at very low cost. The sand fills in all crevices between the pieces of rock or gravel. The cement, mixed with water, forms a "bond," in other words a rocky "glue," that binds the other materials firmly together.

with a strength that increases with time. Concrete is really artificial rock, more firmly bound together than natural rock, which often has cracks, veins, fissures and other weaknesses.

Any farmer can learn how to mix Concrete and to apply it to the hundreds of uses to which it is fitted.

But in order to be absolutely sure that his proportions are correct and that his materials are properly suited to the purpose, he should send for the book.

"WHAT THE FARMER CAN DO WITH CONCRETE," and read the careful directions for mixing Concrete for all purposes. It also describes in detail hundreds of ways in which Concrete may be used to make the farm more comfortable, more convenient, more profitable and more valuable.

Just send us your name and address—in a letter or on a postal card—and the book will be sent to you by return mail free. Address

Canada Cement Company, Ltd., 30-35 National Bank Building, Montreal.

SEND ME YOUR BOOK.



Take A Scoopful Of Each— Side By Side

Take "St. Lawrence" Granulated in one scoop—and any other sugar in the other.

Look at "St. Lawrence" Sugar—its perfect crystals—its pure, white sparkle—its even grain. Test it point by point, and you will see that

Absolutely Best

St. Lawrence
Sugar

Absolutely Pure

is one of the choicest sugars ever refined—with a standard of purity that few sugars can boast. Try it in your home.

Analysis shows, "St. Lawrence Granulated" to be "99.99/100 to 100% Pure Cane Sugar with no impurities whatever"

"Most every dealer sells St. Lawrence Sugar."

THE ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL.