THE MAELSTROM

By FRANK FROEST.

Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard.

He gave a number into the telephone and hours seemed to elapse before he got Menzies. In quick rush of words he made himself known to the detective and recited happenings of tective and recited the happenings of the evening. He was not to know that barely a dozen disconnected words had reached the detective. His strength was waning and he wanted Menzie to know everything before he gave way. As he finished the receiver dropped listlessly from his hand, and for the first time i his life Jimmie Hallett fainted.

At the other end of the wire Weir Menzies was left with one of those harassing little problems that he hated. It was an irregular hour—an hour when he had reckoned on being safely on his way home. For all the insistence of the voice at the telephone it might be quite a trivial affair. Menzies did not like losing sleep for trivialties. People in trouble are apt to take distorted views of the importance of their difficulties. That is why private inquiry agencies flourish.

Menzies had once been asked to investigate a highly important West End robbery at the house of a duke. The duchess herself had demanded the services of "the ablest and most experienced detective possible," and had refused to give details to any one else. Menzies went—to discover that a pet Pomeranian had strayed.

"Madam," he had remarked after a frigid five minutes, "at one period I should have been delighter to try to find your dog. I was then paid for such matters. I am now paid for other things. There are many men as competent as I for the investigation to which you attach such importance. I regret that it would be a breach of duty for me to undertake it. I am merely a detective, but the salary I am paid for the use of my time would be out of proportion to the result, even if successful I must refer your grace to the local police-station. Good evening."

Since then he had been very cautious of ambiguous messages. He thought of his well-aired bed and sighed. Half was he tempted to turn over the affair to the local division of police to deal with the case or leave it to the night staff of the criminal investigation department. The fact that he had been appealed to by name ultimately swayed him.

In two minutes he had set in motion the machinery which would reveal the point from which the voice originated. It needed no complex reasoning, no swift flash of inspiration. He broke up a game of dom—one to extract from the Kensington director a list of thoroughfares ending in "Gardens," and the names of persons who resided at the respective thirty-fours, and the other with a telephone directory to eliminate all those not on the telephone.

"And get a move on," he added. "I don't want to hang about all night. Ask Riddle to come up and 'phone 'em through the local people as you check 'em off. Tell 'em they'll oblige me by sending out as many spare men as they've got to ask at each address if any one rang me up."

He adjusted his coat with precision, lit a cigar, and sauntered over to the underground station opposite. Baring accidents, the address would be ready for him by the time he reached Kensington.

His anticipation was not disappointed. One of the advantages which the criminal investigation department has over the individual amateur detective, beloved by Magersfontein Road, is the co-operation at need of a practically unlimited number of trained men.

True, the detective staff at Kensington had long since gone home, since there was no extraordinary business to detain them, but in this case a dozen ordinary constables served as well. Nine of them had returned when Menzies walked in. There was only one who interested him. He had reported that he could get no reply from Linstone Terrace Gardens.

"Did you find who lives there?" questioned the chief inspector.

The reply was prompt. "Yes, sir. Old gentleman named Greye-Stratton. He lives alone. Had two servants until last week, when he sacked 'em both because he said they had been bribed to poison him."

"Ah!" Menzies nodded approval. "You're got your wits about you, my lad. Where did you get all this from?"

The constable flushed with pleasure. He was young enough in the force to appreciate a compliment from the veteran detective. "The servant next door, sir," he answered.

"That will do. Thank you." Menzies rubbed his hand with satisfaction as he turned on the uniformed inspector by his side.

"It begins to sound like a case," he muttered. All his petulance had gone. When he came to the point, the man was an enthusiast in his profession. "I'll get you to come along with me, inspector. It sounds uncommonly like a case."

CHAPTER III.

The First Step.

The eminent Tooting churchwarden, perched on the stalwart shoulders of his uniformed colleague, wriggled his way on to the roof of the porch with an agility that was justifiable neither to his years nor his weight. He was taking a certain amount of risk if there were so serious emergency within the place, for even a chief detective inspector may not break into a house without justification.

He worked for a while with a big clasp knife on the little landing window with a skill that would have done credit to many of the professional practitioners who had passed through his hands, and at last threw up the sash and squeezed himself inside.

"Wonder if I'm making a damned fool of myself after all?" he muttered with some misgiving as he struck a match and softly picked his way along the corridor. He was peculiarly sensitive to ridicule, and he knew the chaff that would descend on his head if it leaked out that he had elaborately picked out and broken into a house empty for quite a plausible reason.

There would be no way of keeping the matter dark, for every incident of the night would have to be embodied in reports. Every detective in London is bound to keep an official diary of his work, however free a hand he is given in his methods.

He burned only one match to enable him to get his bearings. Noiselessly he descended the stairs into the hall, and his quick eye observed a splash of light across the floor. It came from under a doorway. He turned the handle and pushed. The door resisted.

'Locked," he murmured, and knocked thunderously. "Hello in there-Any one about?"

Only the muffled reverberation of his own voice came back to him. Frowning, he strode to the doorway, slipped back the Yale lock and admitted the uniformed man.

"If I had nerves, Mr. Hawksley, this place would give me the jumps," he observed. "There's something wrong here and I guess it's in that room. See, there's a light on."

"That's queer," commented the other. "It could only just have been switched on. I didn't notice it outside."

"Shutters," said Menzies. "Shutters and drawn curtains. Come on. I'm going to see what's behind that door.

There was no finesse about forcible entry this time. Half a dozen well directed kicks shattered the hasp of the lock and sent the door flying open. Menzies and his companion moved inside.

For the moment the blaze of the electric light dazzled them. Menzies shaded his eyes with his hand. Then his glance fell from the overturned telephone down to the prostrate figure of Jimmie Hallett. He was across the room in an instant, and made swift examination of the prostrate man.

'Knocked clean out of time!" he diagnosed. "Help me get him on the couch. Hello, there's another of 'em." He had observed the body on the hearth rug.

He bent over the murdered man in close scrutiny, but without touching the corpse. His lips pursed into a whistle as he marked the bullet wound that showed among the gray locks at the back of the head. He was startled, but scarcely shocked.

He straightened himself up. "This looks a queer business altogether, Hawksley. You'd better get back to the station. Send up the divisional surgeon and phone through to the Yard. They'd better let Sir Hilary Thornton and Mr. Foyle know. I shall need Congreve and a couple of men, and you'd better send for Carless and many of his staff as can be reached quickly. They'll know the district.

The faculty of quick organization is one of the prime qualities of a chief of detectives, and Menzies was at no loss. The first steps in the investigation of most great mysteries are automatic—the determination of the facts.

It is a kind of circle from facts to possibilities, from possibilities to probabilities, and from probabilities to irresistible inferences. But the original facts must be settled first, and for any person to fix them single-handed is an impossibility.

There are certain aspects that must be settled by specialists; there may be a thousand and one inquiries to make in rapid succession. Menzies had no idea of playing a lone hand.

For a couple of hours a steady stream of officials and others descended on the house, and Linstone Terrace Gardens became the centre of such police activity as it had never dreamed of in its respectability and retirement.

Men worked from house to house interviewing servants, masters, mistresses gleaming sucr facts as could be obtained of the lonely, eccentric old man, his habits, his visitors friends and relations.

Inside the house the divisional surgeon had attended to Hallett ("No serious injury; may come round any moment") and waited till flashlight photographs of the room had been taken from various angles ere examining the dead man.

(To be continued.)

THE ROUND TABLE

"WHERE WE MAKE FRIENDS OF BOOKS."

"Stronger Than His Sea," by Robert Watson. Published by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.

Readers in search of homespun entertainment will find in "Stronger Than His Sea," a cheery chronicle of a Scotch lad's boyhood and the romance of his youth. For any one not greatly concerned with the literary quality of his reading, Mr. Watson's factory furnishes an ideal companion for a dull evening; there is something indefinably warming about the rich pages of the book are so generously sprinkled, sometimes heartening in the author's adventures of a band of high-spirited schoolboys.

Few will keep their hearts sealed against the appeal of the hero. "Serious Sandy' Porter, who particularly endears himself to us as the organizer of a "strike" among his schoolmates. The demands of these unique "strikers" touch a responsive chord in the reader's memory of his own school days. The "terms" on which the pupils of Piershaw's School would consent to return to their classes, as set forth in the scrawled declaration which greeted the flabbergasted Dominie Toderick from the gatepost of the school-house, read:

No homework.
No kept-in punishment.
A Half-holiday every Wednesday.
Cushioned seats for the Lassies.
A Ha-penny a Week for Pocket-money.

When the reader first meets Sandy the death of his ne'er-do-well father has just left him, at the age of 5, in the position of man-of-the-family to his mother and sister. Courageously he struggles to lighten the financial burden of his widowed and impoverished mother He delivers milk, runs errands and does odd jobs whenever he gets a chance. And every penny that he earns helps with the household expenses. It is a commentary on the different sources from which affection and admiration spring that Sandy is less lovable and less convincing, too, in his character as stalwart paragon of all the filial virtues than in his role of the rebellious ringleader of the "strikers."

The hero's transition from boyhood to manhood is arrestingly abrupt. In one chapter he is a schoolboy and in the next a man. The years of growth "elapse" almost as arbitrarily as they do in a theatre programme, and the suspicion intrudes that their passage has been hastened by the author's impatience to introduce his "love interest." The hiatus is more easily ignored than it might be, however, because of the tenderness with which Mr. Watson tells the simple love story of Sandy and Doreen Telford. There is nothing unfamiliar in this pastoral romance, but the author has successfully skirted the pit of sentimentality.

"Stronger Than His Sea" illustrates perfectly the difference between the novel that is literature and the story that is simon-pure entertainment. It is good of its kind—"light fiction" that scarcely aspires to the artistic dignity of holding the mirror up to life.

Now Is the Time for Gardening on Paper

By Edward Owen Dean.

Not much actual garden work can be done out of doors in February, but it is an excellent month in which to begin preparations for the coming season"s activities.

A well-thought-out plan will go to long way toward making the home vegetable garden a success. Space then can be utilized to the best advantage, and seed supplies and equipment provided in advance of the planting days, thereby saving much time and confusion.

This is the month most of the seed catalogues are out. It pays well to study them carefully. They contain a great deal of valuable information.

The garden plan should be set down on paper and should show where each vegetable is to be planted, the number of rows of each kind, and whether it is to be grown as an inter-crop, a succession crop, or will occupy the ground during the whole season. So far as space will permit, the garden should furnish a supply of fresh vegetables for table use throughout the growing season and a surplus for vanning and storing. In making the plans these points must be considered: Size, location, and arrangement of the garden; kind of cultivation to be practiced; soil; crops, and varieties, and their adaption to local condition.

Size of Garden.

A garden one- eighth of an acre in size, if very productive and intensively cropped, should supply the average family with fresh vegetables all the summer and fall and leave a surplus for winter use. Gardens as small as fifteen feet square will yield salads and herbs sufficient for a small family.

Generally too little attention is given to the needs and preferences of the family when the garden is planned. Crops that are not relished should never be grown unless for experimental purposes. In many gardens there is a too great supply of lettuce and string beans and not enough of beets, carrots, and other vegetables. In studying vegetables to be planted, especially where the space is limited, the food and the money values, as well as the space required, should be considered.

In a limited area quick maturing crops and those producing large yields in proportion to the space required should be planted—for example, tomatoes, beans, lettuce, beets, carrots, parsnips and onions. After early crops have been removed other vegetables may be planted in the same space. Radishes, lettuce, onions, or early beets may be followed by string beans, late cabbage, or celery. In some locations the second crop may be followed by a fall crop of spinach, lettuce, or beets. In a small garden it would be unwise to plant such crops as potatoes, corn, and cucumbers. These crops require a large space in proportion to the food produced.

Quality of Seed to Buy.

Before ordering seeds or plants it is important to consider the size of the garden and the number of persons to be supplies. Most of the inexperienced gardeners order and plant more seeds than are needed. This results not only in a waste of seeds but also in extra labor of thinning, or else growth is seriously checked by crowding of the plants.

Two ounces of beet seed will plant one hundred feet of row; an eighth of an ounce of celery seed will yield about 200 plants, and a quarter of an ounce of lettuce seed will produce approximately 150 heads.

Planting of Fruit Trees.

It is getting time now to order fruit trees. Fall planting of fruit trees has become popular in recent years, but after all, the spring of the year is the real growing season.

A vague unnamed something is felt in the air, in the soil—everywhere—that seems to compel life and action.

In Australia the invention is claimed of a chemical solution for treating apples and some other fruits which enables them to be kept for long periods without refrigeration.

An inventor has patented a wedge of rubber to be nailed to a worn shoe heel to make it level again.

Sir Frank Baillie, K.B.E., a prominent financier, died suddenly at Wellesley Hospital, following an illness of several weeks. He was in his forty-sixth year.

Old Age Deferred

BY DR. LEE H. SMITH.

Business men who must speed up the works and make business boom during these days—after the war—must recognize the necessity of keeping fit. When mind is befogged, when you have dull headaches or feel logy, when not "up to snuff," keep the bowels free with a mild laxative. In the morning take a tepid sponge bath (cold water may be used if it does not chill), follow with a brisk rub down; a sufficient "setting up" exercise in good air until you are in a warm glow. Have you tried it lately?

Don't let the poisons accumulate in the intestines either, but try a dose of castor oil the first thing on arising, or a pleasant laxative occasionally, such as one made up of May-apple, aloin and jalap, rolled into a tiny sugar-coated pill, and sold in every drug store as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Then a cup of hot water before breakfast, and you'll feel better than a king! If you continue in life thus, you can pass a Life Insurance examination at sixty.

If you wish to prevent old age coming on too soon, or if you want to increase your chances for a long life, you should drink plenty of soft (rain) or distilled water daily between meals. Then procure at the drug store Dr. Pierce's Anuric (anti-uric-acid). This "Anuric" drives the uric acid out and relieves backache and rheumatism, as well as kidney trouble. Anuric dissolves uric acid. Try it *now!*

YOUNG WOMEN AVOID PAIN

This One Tells How She Was Benefited by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Regina, Sask.—"For two years I suffered from periodic pains and nausea so I was unable to get around. My mother had me take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am much better and able to go about all the time, which I could not do before. I recommend Vegetable Compound to my friends if I know they suffer the same way, and you may publish my letter if it will help any one, as I hope it will."—Miss Z. G. BLACKWELL, 2073 Osler Place, Regina, Sask.

If every girl who suffers as Miss Blackwell did, or from irregularities, painful periods, backache, sideache, dragging down pains, inflammation or ulceration would only give this famous root and herb remedy a trial they would soon find relief from such suffering.

It hardly seems possible that there is a woman in this country who will continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, proving beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other medicine in the world.

For special advice women are asked to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of forty years experience is at your service.

SHORT NEWS ITEMS

During last year the population of Walkerville jumped to 7,400, an increase of 1,190, while assessment of property values increased to $8,701,580, an advance of $2,147,496.

An order has been officially gazetted fixing February 1 as the date on and after which importation of alcoholic liquor into Nova Scotia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will be illegal.

The Perth Shoe company, limited one of the largest manufacturers in Canada of women's fine shoes, has announced the reopening of all departments of their factory.

That there will be an increase in egg production this year in Canada was the prediction made by William A. Brown, chief of the poultry division of the livestock branch of the department of agriculture.

Albert Jackson and George Grandine, South Dumfries, farmers, both aged fifty and each with five children were killed when a beam fell on them and crushed them to death. The barn raising was on the farm of Fred Charlton.

The fuel commissioner estimates that the mild weather has saved Toronto householders $1,072,000 in coal.

A further reduction in prices on the menu in the dining cars and hotels of the Canadian National Railways was announced by Walter Pratt, Toronto, manager in chief of the sleeping, dining, parlor cars, hotel and news department. New menu cards will be issued within the next two weeks showing the reduction. Mr. Pratt stated that while prices have been most reasonable despite the high cost of commodities and expenses, he anticipated a further reduction during the year.

William Fitzgerald, former superintendent of insurance for the Dominion Government in the finance department, died at Ottawa in his 78th year.

He was a native of London, Ont., and came to Ottawa as assistant deputy minister and superintendent of insurance on December 1, 1885.

Previously he had practised law in Toronto.

The contract between the Ontario Government and the Provincial Paper Mills, Limited, whereby the company gets a pulp limit of 1,220 square miles and agrees to erect a paper mill in Port Arthur, includes a clause to the effect that the mill will supply all the book paper wanted by the Ontario Department of Education for a period of twenty-one years.

An announcement is made from the sales offices of Ames, Holden, MacCready, Ltd., of Montreal, that compared with prices quoted big reductions in wholesale prices of shoes would be made all along the line in leather footwear to accord with replacement values. The company has announced that it is basing its prices on a net profit of four per cent. on turnover. The company's plants have been closed down since early autumn, but it is now proposed to recommence production on an active basis.

A Pill That Is Prized.—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but few have endured so long or met with so much favor as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Widespread use of them has attested their great value, and they need no further advertisement than this having firmly established themselves in public esteem, they now rank as one of the best in the list of standard vegetable preparations.

An English inventor's padlock is formed like a fish, the jaws doing the locking.

WHEN I choose a Hotel," remarked a traveller recently, "I do not do like my boy choosing apples, pick for the biggest one. I have learned from experience that who hunts the largest, rarely finds the quality is lacking. The medium size always gives the best results.

"The WALKER HOUSE in Toronto is an illustration. It always pays that. It is large enough to have all the advantages of the big hotels and small enough to have all the comforts of home."

"It is a standard for hotel choosing."

This traveller spoke from experience. The WALKER HOUSE (The House of Plenty) offers maximum of comfort because of its splendid service and home-like appointments.

In fact it is the nearest thing to carrying your home with you that can be imagined.

Situated a stone's throw from the Union Depot and a three minutes' ride from the boats.

THE WALKER HOUSE.

TORONTO'S FAMOUS HOTEL.

GEO. WRIGHT & CO. Proprietors

TORONTO CANADA

RUST IS COSTLY.

Farm implements either wear out, rust out or break. A break, as a rule, does not permanently disable the machine—a new part repairs the damage.

A machine does not wear out for a long time unless rust is permitted to get in its deadly work. And rust is so easily prevented. A little good metal paint having rust inhibitive properties will prevent rust. A small supply of it kept on every farm and used to touch up bare spots as fast as they appear would double the life of most farm machinery.

Lumberman's Friend

The Original and Only Genuine.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

YARMOUTH, N. S.

SOMETHING SIMILAR.

"Are scientists still trying to learn the monkey language?" asked Mr. Clipping.

"I don't know," said Dr. Dubwaite, "but if they want to hear a pretty fair substitute they ought to listen to my youngest daughter talking to one of her 'rah-rah' friends over the telephone."

Spanking Doesn't Cure!

Don't think children can be cured of bed-wetting by spanking them. The trouble is constitutional, the child cannot help it. I will send FREE to any mother my successful home treatment, with full instructions, if your children trouble you in this way, send no money, but write me to-day. My treatment is highly recommended to adults troubled with urine difficulties by day or night. Write for free trial treatment.

Mrs. M. Summers

BOX 8. WINDSOR, Ontario

JUDICIAL COURTESY.

First Autoist—I thought you said if I were sociable with the judge I could get off?

Second Autoist—Were you?

First Autoist—Yes. I said "Good morning, Judge, how are you to-day?" and he replied. "Fine—twenty-five dollars."

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

THE HARDEST PART.

Judge—Did your wife hit you with a piece of bric-a-brac?

Mulligan—Divil a brack about it, yet honor, just a brick.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

CARRIES 4 TON OF BONE.

The record yield of bone taken from one whale was 8,110 pounds. This occurred in 1883.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "2 Drops" After the Movies, Motoring or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when your Eyes Need Care. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Bismarck, who was an ardent lover of the game of checkers, had what was without doubt the most valuable checker-board that ever was. It squares were made of gold and silver to represent the dark and light squares; the men were made of some precious metal, with the addition of a diamond in the centre of each gold one. Bismark told some friends once that it was practice of the game on that valuable board that gave him the strategy he displayed in building the German Empire.

Dread of Asthma makes countless thousands miserable. Night after night the attacks return and even when brief respite is given the mind is still in torment from continual anticipation. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy changes all this. Relief comes, and at once, while future attacks are warded off, leaving the afflicted one in a state of peace and happiness he once believed he could never enjoy. Inexpensive and sold almost everywhere.