THE MAELSTROM

By FRANK FROEST.

Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard.

"Well?" said Hallett quietly for the third time.

"You were at the house. You saw who killed the old man? You would know him again?" The man did not wait for an answer. "You must keep your mouth shut. This is for a warning. If you see him again you not tell—eh? There are many of us. You will be watched. And if you split—" A prod with the pistol finished the sentence.

The theory that his molester was a reporter had long ago been abandoned by Jimmy Hallett. It was evidently thought that he had seen the face of the man at Linstone Terrace Gardens and he was to be terrorized into silence.

He had sense enough to reflect that for all the audacity of the hold-up, the threat of surveillance was bluff—perhaps even the concealed pistol was bluff. Not that his actions would have differed much even had he supposed them real.

He took a quick step backwards and sideways and a bullet that tore its way through the cloth of the other man's pocket told that that part of the story was reliable. Then Hallett's knee was in his back and Hallett's arms were woven in a strangle hold about his throat. The man collapsed gurgling.

The whole business had occurred in barely two seconds of time. As they fell there was a third arrival.

"Hold him down a minute, Mr. Hallett. That's all right." The third man possessed himself of the squirming captive's wrists and twisted them behind his back to Hallett. Then he methodically and quickly ran his hands through the prostrate man's clothing, possessing himself of a small, still-smoking revolver and a sheath-knife.

"Thank you, sir. Now, this gentleman might get up. We'll run him along to King Street Station and see what Mr. Menzies has to say about it."

Then Hallett noted that the man who had come to his assistance was the liveried functionary who had accepted his five-pound note to put off the reporters less than an hour ago. But he no longer wore livery. He was in quiet, unassuming tweeds, and his manner was not exactly that which might be expected from a waiter to a hotel guest—even in the circumstances.

He surprised Hallett's look of inquiry and smiled as he locked his arm into that of the prisoner. "Detective Sergeans Royal, sir," he explained. "I'll let you know all about it later. What's your name, my man?" He shook his captive slightly

"Smeeth—William Smeeth," said the man sullenly, and Royal winked at Hallett.

"That's a good old Anglo-Saxon name," he said. "Come along."

It was in the criminal investigation office at King Street, while they were awaiting Menzies, the Royal gave his explanation with a certain apologetic tone. "It was this way, Mr. Hallett. You see, Mr. Menzies asked me to keep an eye on you when you were sent home yesterday. Of course he thought you were all right, but it doesn't do to take any one's say-so in our trade. This is murder, you see, and though it seemed all right, you might have forged or stolen the introduction you had. We couldn't be sure your name was really Hallett."

"And sandbagged myself on the back of the head," interpolated Hallett, with irony.

Royal gave a shrug. "Mr. Menzies doesn't take any risks, sir. It couldn't do you any harm. They know me at the hotel, and that's how it was I was able to get into livery and walk into your room pretty well as I liked."

A new light broke upon Hallett. "I get you. I thought perhaps I was a bit fogged when I got up and had forgotten where I put things. You've been searching my room."

Royal's face never shifted a muscle. "I don't admit it, sir. That would be illegal without your permission."

"Illegal or not, you did it," retorted Hallett. "I hope you're quite satisfied."

"Oh, there'll be no more trouble about that. Mr. Menzies told me on the telephone just now that he'd cabled to the States, and they've put your record reputation straight. Besides, there's what I learned about you."

"I suppose you read my letters," ventured Hallett. "No; don't worry to soothe me down. I'd probably have half-killed you if I'd caught you at it, but I'm quite calm now. By the way, there was a fiver—"

A flush mounted to the temples of the detective, and he shook his head in vehement denial of the implication contained in the broken sentence. "I had to take it or you might have suspected something. I passed it on to the servants and told 'em what to do. I never saw the reporters myself. Some of 'em might have known me.

"When you went down to breakfast I changed my clothes and slipped a phone message through to headquarters. They told me to hang on to you till Mr. Menzies had seen you. You'd never have known a word about it if it hadn't been for our bird down below." He jerked his head in the direction of the cells.

Hallett began to appreciate some of the realities of detective work. Before he could make any comment Menzies came in. He nodded affably to the young man.

"Morning, Mr. Hallett; not much the worse for last night, I see. I've got a little job for you presently. Meanwhile I want to see your friend down below. Like to come along?

He made no apology for the espionage he had set on foot, and Hallett did not think it worth while to thrash out the subject again.

"William Smith," it seemed had already been searched with care and thoroughness. Royal explained to his chief that nothing which would serve as a hint to who he was had been found on him—nothing but the pistol, nine cartridges, and some money.

"Have you looked for the name of the tailor on his clothes—the brace buttons, the inside of the breast pocket, the trousers band?" demanded Menzies.

"Of course, sir," said Royal. He was a trifle offended that it should even be thought that he had neglected so elementary a precaution. "There's nothing—nothing at all."

Preceded by a uniformed inspector they went down to the cell. Smith looked up sullenly from the bench on which he was seated and met Menzies's gaze squarely. The detective chief was no believer in Lombroso's theories of psysiognomy, but he studied the face intently.

In point of fact he was analyzing the features to discover if he had seen the man before. He wanted too, to get some clue as to the manner he should adopt—authoritative and official, or familiarity and and persuasion.

"Well, sonny," he said gently. "You've tumbled into a mess. Attempted murder is a serious business."

Smith glanced at him blackly over his shoulder. Menzie went on. "Of course we don't believe the cock and bull story you told Mr .Hallett of there being a gang of you—"

"You don't eh?" exclaimed the prisoner, wheeling in sudden passion to face his visitor. "Then you are—what shall I say—wooden blockheads." He pointed a long slender forefinger at each of them in turn. "You and you and you—I tell you you will be marked. I failed—but there are others who will not fail if you persist."

Royal turned away to hide a snigger. This kind of melodrama failed to impress him.

"No doubt, no doubt," assented Menzies soothingly. He might have been calming down a headstrong questioner at a vestry meeting. "But there are a good many police officers in London. It will take a long time to kill 'em off. Now, why don't you be reasonable, Mr. Smith?"

(To be continued.)

In Ye Olden Time

hoop' skirts were worn by those who first asked the druggist, and insisted on having the genuine Golden Medical Discovery put up by Dr. Pierce over fifty years ago. Dress has changed very much since then! But Dr. Pierce's medicines contain the same dependable ingredients. They are standard today just as they were fifty years ago and never contained alcohol.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the stomach and blood cannot be surpassed by any remedy today.

At this time of the year some people feel "all out of sorts"—their vitality is at a low ebb—the blood becomes surcharged with poisons! The best blood medicine and tonic is called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts vim, vigor, vitality into the blood. Try it. This is what folks say about it:

LINDSAY, ONT.—"Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine I have ever taken for stomach trouble. For many years I suffered with gastric stomach trouble and nervous indigestion. I would be so bad at times that it was necessary for me to be in bed two or three days at a time. I have doctored and taken many different medicines with little relief. Just recently I began taking the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and it has given more relief than all the other medicines I have ever taken. My stomach does not bother me and I have not had any indigestion since taking this medicine. I can highly recommend the 'Discovery' to others who suffer with this ailment."—MRS. GEO. WELLINGTON, No. 6 John Street.

HOW TO SAFEGUARD YOUR DIGESTION

THE BLOOD SHOULD CONSTANTLY BE KEPT RICH AND PURE.

If you suffer from any form of indigestion, your diet should be carefully chosen. Over-eating it always harmful, but at the same time one must take enough food to supply the needs of the blood. It must be remembered that the blood has to carry nourishment to every part of the body, find fuel for its energy and defences against disease, as well as the requisite juices for digestion. Hence when the blood becomes weak and fails to do its work,, indigestion arises; also when indigestion begins the blood still further suffers. Therefore, to safeguard your digestion, the blood should be kept rich and free from impurities. For more than a third of a century Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a favorite tonic for enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves. If, therefore, you find yourself troubled with indigestion, or other ailments due to weak, watery blood, you will find Dr. Williams' Pink Pills both safe and effective. The value of this medicine in cases of stomach trouble is shown by the experience of Mrs. J. Lewis, Lake George, N. S., who says: "I suffered very severely with indigestion. I had severe pains in the stomach after every meal. I had a loathing for food, my rest at night was very much disturbed, and my general health was declining. I was under a doctor's care, but did not find any improvement. Reading of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done in a similar case I decided to try them, with the result that after giving them a fair trial, my general health was improved, and all symptoms of the indigestion that had afflicted me disappeared. I feel very grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for saving me from so much misery."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT? I'M GOING TO VOTE

"Vote! Vote!! Vote-!!" would be a most fitting campaign song for our female population in urging their sex to get into line and make use of the ballot. There's no doubt at all that women will cast a big influence on the results at the polls. Hasn't woman ruled (?) the home for many a year? Well, think of the power he has over hubby! Will he vote as she wants him to? How will she vote? The press paragraphers of America have treated this timely subject humorously and some of their laughable quips have been presented on the motion picture screen in The Literary Digest "Topics of the Day" films. We have chosen the following comic campaign chatter to amuse our readers: :

"Oh, mother, may I go out to vote?" Yes, my darling daughter But vote for that pretty candidate, who smells of toilet water."—Cleveland News.

The ladies are hereby reminded that when they go to vote there will be no alterations, approvals or exchanges.—Newark News.

"How y' votin' this fall?" "Th' wife hasn't decided how we'll vote yet."—Hudson Observer.

The girls will know how to make X's on their ballots after all these years of practice on love letters.—Exhibitors Herald.

Horrors!!! An Indian law requires eighteen inches of the voters' legs to show beneath the curtain in the voting booths.—Boston Globe.

She shrieked and moaned and tore her hair, And cried in deep dejection: "My new dress won't be finished, And tomorrow's the election!"—The Sun Dial.

When they go the polls women bargain hunters should remember that they can get only one ballot apiece. —Toledo Blade.

Registrar—"How old are you madam?" Voter—"I have seen nineteen summers." Registrar—"How long have you been blind?"—Utica Observer.

Solomon's wives would have made an attractive procession, marching away to the polls on election day.—Toledo Blade.

Let the ladies understand, of course, that lip sticks and eyebrow pencils cannot be used to mark a ballot.— North Adams (Mass) Herald.

Women ought to enjoy voting,, because depositing a vote in the ballot box is something like having the last word.—Toledo Blade.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SUN LIFE CO.

RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENTS AND GROWTH STANDS ALONE IN ANNALS OF LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA.

The year 1921 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada which in the half century of its existence has grown to be one of the largest and most successful life insurance companies in the world.

A comparison of the growth of the company's business by decades is perhaps the most convincing proof of the strength of its management and of the steady development of public confidence towards it.

One year after it was organized, in 1872, the company's income was $48,000; its assets, $96,461, and it had written policies for a total of $1,064,350. By the year 1880 the income had grown to $141,402, with assets $473,682 and insurance in force of $3,897,139. From this time onward the development of the company, not only in Canada but in stretching out to many other countries of the world, proceded at a rapid pace, as the tables for the next four decades indicate:

1890	Income	$ 889,000
	Assets	2,473,000
	Insurance in force	16,759,000
1900	Income	2,789,000
	Assets	10,486,000
	Insurance in force	57,980,000
1910	Income	9,575,000
	Assets	38,164,000
	Insurance in force	143,549,000
1920	Income	28,751,000
	Assets	114,839,000
	Insurance in force	486,641,000

Such a record stands alone in the annals of life insurance companies in Canada. Nor after such a great achievement is there any sign that the companyy has any intention of standing still on its laurels, for during the past year there was written in new insurance upwards of $106,000,000 which in itself exceeds by $20,000,000 the high mark of 1919, which up to that date was a record for the company. It is interesting to note that during its fifty years of existence the Sun Life has paid out to its policy-holders or their beneficiaries over $100,000,000. Details of the financial statement of this company for the past year appear elsewhere in this issue, and will be studied with more than usual interest in this its Jubilee year.

Artificial Digestion Quite Useless

The Temporary Relief of Digestive Tablets is Futile

My experience and study indicate that ninety per cent. of dyspeptics have slow liver, weak kidneys and constipated bowels.

These important organs get out of gear, throw an extra burden on the stomach which it can't handle and the result is indigestion.

My remedy will cure you.

I call my remedy Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, and can recommend it, because I have proved it does cure chronic stomach trouble.

When you look at the formula of Dr. Hamilton's Pills you will see that they contain vegetable extracts that every physician admits are splendid tonics for the kidneys, liver and bowels.

Everyone knows the virtue of Mandrake, Butternut, Dandelion and Hyoscamus. These health-giving juices and extracts are carefully combined with other principles so as to produce a pill of wonderful efficiency that even children can safely use.

If you feel heavy and dull after meals, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

If your tongue is furred, or you have bad taste and offensive breath, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

If you have a full, choking feeling in the throat and chest, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are badly needed.

If your head aches, you feel dizzy, no appetite and a desire to rest, your liver is at fault and needs the stimulation given by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Think it over. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a system cleaner and health bringer of unusual merit; and they are safe for young and old.

My guarantee stands behind each box, proving my great confidence in the remedy I recommended; 25c per box or five for $1.00, at all dealers, and be sure you get the genuine Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

NECESSARY TO SELF-PRESERVATION.

"Do you know, Henry," asked Mrs. Figgus, newspaper in hand, "that every time you draw your breath somebody dies?" "Well, I'm sorry," returned Mr. Figgus, "but if I stop drawing it I'll die myself."

Italian interests will develop the coal deposits of the Georgian republic, which are estimated to contain more than 200,000,000 tons of good quality fuel.

LET a woman ease your suffering. I want you to write, and let me tell you of my simple method of home treatment, send you ten days' free trial, postpaid, and put you in touch with women in Canada who will gladly tell what my method has done for them.

If you are troubled with weak, tired feelings, headache, backache, bearing down sensations, bladder weakness, constipation, catarrhal conditions, pain in the sides, regularly or irregularly, bloating, sense of falling or misplacement of internal organs, nervousness, desire to cry, palpitation, hot flashes, dark rings under the eyes, or a loss of interest in life, write to me today for free trial treatment.

A MESSAGE TO WOMEN!!

Mrs. M. Summers, Box 8, Windsor, Ont

PRUE

SHE who beautifies her home with snowy linen, and keeps her children well dressed and happy by making serviceable clothes for them, saves money and promotes comfort by the art of her needles. She it is who values Prue cottons most highly.

She knows that price for price—quality for quality—Prue cottons are the most desirable on the market.

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED

Montreal : Toronto : Winnipeg

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DEFINING ADVERTISING.

Have you a good definition of advertising? Here are some definitions written by students of the subject in Cincinnati, O.

Advertising is the salesman's introduction, the business man's insurance and buyers' Baedeker.

Advertising is the voice of business by which the multitude is reached.

Advertising is the father of goodwill and confidence.

Advertising is the tonic which makes business grow and prosper.

Advertising is the art of making others think as you think about your product.

NEGLECTED COLDS Lead to Consumption

Unless a complete cure is effected the inflammation passes rapidly to the throat bronchial tubes, and then to the lungs.

You can't make new lungs any more than you can make new fingers or a new nose—hence consumption is practically incurable.

But Catarrh can be cured, except in its final and always fatal stage.

Catarrhozone Guaranteed to Cure

The purest balsams and the greatest antiseptics are sent to every spot where catarrhal trouble exists—germs are killed, four secretions are destroyed, nature is given a chance and a cure comes quickly.

Colds and throat troubles can't last if the pure healing vapor of Catarrhozone is breathed — sneezing and coughing cease at once, because irritation is removed.

Use Catarrhozone to prevent — use it to cure your winter ills—it's pleasant, safe, and guaranteed in every case.

Two months' treatment, large size, guaranteed to cure, price $1; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c; sold everywhere.

CURIOUS PLANT

Vegetable Bayonets Catch Multitudes of Flying Insects.

In Cuba there is a courious grass, cenchrus echinatus, which bristles with tiny sharp pointed spikelets upon which multitudes of insects are impaled. The wings of the victims are pierced and entangled by the barbed spines, so that most of them are unable to get away, and thus perish miserably. Even a large, luminous snapping beetle, which is so strong and acticve that it can with difficulty be held in the hand, falls a victim to these vegatable bayonets. It has been observed, however, that two species of insects, a large bug, Cebalus, and an earwig, readily free themselves from the spines. Minute insects are not caught. The grass does not appear to derive any nourishment from its prey. It is found elsewhere in the West Indies and in Southern Florida.

Argentine women are fast getting the reputation of being the leaders of the world's fashions.

POEMS You Should Know

Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771. In 1814 he published the first of the well-known Waverley novels. He sold his copyright to the firm of Constable, which failed a few years later, and Scott was heavily involved. In spite of ill health he wrote incessantly in order to meet his bills and gave to the world the novels and poems with which all are so familiar. He died in 1832.

PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark his well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, powers and pelf,
The wretch concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

THIS WOMAN'S MISERY

Ended by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Remarkable Recovery of Mrs. Church.

Smiths Falls, Ont.—"I suffered with falling of my organs, pains around my heart and in bowels and down my legs, neuralgia in my face and head, and that terrible sinking feeling. I felt that I could not live and would fix my house in order every night so there would be no trouble if I dropped off in the night. My husband went to the druggist to get the best remedy he had and he gave him Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took six bottles and felt a lot better. I will always recommend the Vegetable Compound, and you can use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. J. O. CHURCH, Box 845, Smiths Falls, Ont.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from nervous prostration, displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion and dizziness. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

If there are any complications about which you need advice write in confidence to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.