CATSPAW

By Z. B. Crosswhite

"Now once more," grunted Man-

The door gare war with a sudden crash, sprawling the three men across

it into the room within. As they struggled to their feet mounting shrick from the housekeep er followed them over the threshold The woman was staring wild-eved at the library table, one skinny hand pointing in trembling indication.

In a high-backed chair Jonas Vil-lard sat, his thin, long-fingered hands gripping the table's edge. The face was set in a mask of terror. Pale eyes bulged in distended eyelids; bloodless lips were drawn back from elenched teeth as though forming an unuttered

cry.

The whole figure was gathered into a strained rigidity. Upon one should-er sat a yellow cat. The creature yawned and regarded the intruders

"Gad!" breathed Loomis. Br. dley crossed to the body and ex amined the pulse, shaking his head briefly. At a cuff from him, the cat leaped to the floor and strolled sedate

her. Seemed like no matter how hard she'd try to make up with him-ub-Seemed like no matter how hard bin' against his legs and purrin'-it only made him hate her the worse. Many's the time I've seen him fetch a kick at her that'd land her very near ly across the room, and the next min-ute she'd be back again. When Mrs. Villard was alive the poor missus'd cry whenever he'd do that, but Mr. Villard he'd just laugh and tell her-you'll pardon me, sir—that the cat reminded him of her. Not that I was ever in the habit of spyin' on them or anything

Munders lifted the ash-tray and regarded a quantity of black ashes half covering several of the cigar stubs. He replaced the tray on thhe table and turned to the housekeeper.
"Will you kindly take a chair, Mrs.

Sully, and tell us just when you saw Villard last?"

The woman' seated herself and smoothed her dress, evidently beginning to enjoy her importance. brought him his cup of coffee he al

ways took before he went to bed, and a letter that had come by special de-

"Just a moment, Mrs. Sully," inter-rupted Manders. "You say a letter. Did you notice whom it was from?" "No one can say I ever examined Mr. Villard's letters," answered the woman, "And in any case he didn't open it while I was in the room."

I see. Now, as you were saying, you gave the coffee and the letter to

"He took them and said: "That will he locked the door, I didn't hear him." he locked the door, I didn't hearbim." 'And there was no alarm of any kind during the night?"

"No, sir, although, as you know, it was stormy, so I doubt if I could hav heard anything, anyway. I didn't have the least idea something was the matter until this mornin' when I knocked at the study door. He didn't answer, and after I'd knocked and pounded till my knuckles were raw, I got scared, and 'phoned the police, and you gentlemen came and found poor Mr. Villard like this.

r. Villard like this. . . ."
'Thank you Mrs. Sully that will be all for the present."

Manders waited until the woman

"Well, what do you think of it?"
"Died of fright," said Bradley glancing again at the ghastly face
"There's not a wound on the body."

"He's sitting as though he had jus heard or seen some terrible thing: Loomis spoke in a hushed voice "What could it have been? The windows are locked and have burglar alarms on them. And there's a grating of iron bars midway up the chim-ney that a squirrel couldnt' get "There was that letter," mused

Manders. "He must have burned it in the asi-tray. Are you sure all the windows were locked, Loemis?" "Positive; and the alarms are still

Bradley pointed to the lock of the shattered door.

"He made certain of no one unfast ening that."
A "U"-shaped length of heavy wire

had been passed over the door-knob and through the eye of the key to prevent it from being turned. "And yet—something must have got in here to frighten him."

Manders scratched a puzzled head Jonas Villard looked up as the

housekeeper entered the room. "It's a disagreeable night, sir," sh said, setting a cup of coffee before him and placing an envelope beside it. 'A messenger just brought this, and looked as though he didn't like

being out in it." Vitiard frowned. Until that momen he had been so absorbed in his work that he had not noticed the change in the weather. Now he became aware that a gale was sweeping about the

"That will be all Mrs. Sully" he said He glanced at the address on the envelope as he stirred his coffee was writt in a wavering scrawl, the words ending in mechanical flourishes. Villar felt a strange chill grip at his throat. He lifted the letter in a tense hand and examined the writing

Then he laughed harshly.
"Nonsense! I've let that fool wo-

Ansenso: I've let that fool woman give me the jumps!"

He ripped open the envelope and
unfolded the single shoot of notepaper. As I' eyes leaped to the signature the color drained swiftly from his face, leaving it a mottled grey. He sought to tear his eyes from the scrawled message, but they began to move along the lines as though impelled by a hypnotic spell:—

My Very Respected Villard -You have already recognized my handwriting on the envelope, and have tried to tell yourself that your eyes have deceived you. I am pleased to inform you that your eyesight has never been more perfect. The handwriting is none other than my own, and it is from the grave. When you

receive this letter, I shall be dead You feel a thrill of relief, don't you, ow that you have read that last line? You are overjoyed to know that the man you lied to have put away in that hell-hole of diseased brains has finalir passed beyond any chance of ever accusing you. Now you can draw a serene breath, can't you? Go ahead, breathe deeply, my highly esteemed Villard, for you will have but few re-maining hours in which to draw the breath of life.

From this moment, you may expect me to come for you at any time. I have decided that only your life can serve as explation for the score of years I spent in Belmore in payment for the crime you committed. Now that I am dead, the walls of stone and the miles that have separated us are as nothing. It will be useless for you to attempt to bar me from you. Locks such as those which held me prisoner for the best years of my life open now to my passing. And so I am going to come to you. My visit will be soon. leaped to the noor and strong senate. If from the room.

"She thought the world of poor Mr. Willard," volunteered the housekeeper, who had ventured in, her terror overcome by curiculty. "But, foull-there me if I say so, he didn't care much for into a living purgotory? How does it into a living purgotory? How does ifeel to know that at any moment may place my hand upon your should er, with the touch of death?

Devotedly yours. Philip Ramsden

Villard clutched the sheet of paper onvulsively itno a ball and stared around the room, sweat starting from his forehead.

"Don't you sense a presence in the room with you?" The words seemed to have been spoken suddenly into the silence of the study. The wind, which had sunk to a lull, awoke, and began to prowl about the windows with the tones of eerie, triumphant laughter. Villard glanced fearfully at the win-

Villard was at the chair in a stride. His clenched fist struck the creature, hurling her heavily across the study into the shadows beyond the lamp's circle of radiance. She picked herself up without a sound and limped from view behind a bookcase at the back of the room. The wind, Villard now noticed, had reached a lower broken note. Almost the way his broken note. Almost the way his wife's sobbing used to sound, he found himself remembering. It also re-sembled something else—a chuckle, for instance. A horrid, low, throats chuckle. A sort of hoarse chuckle such as a consumptive might make. Wasn't it tuberculosis the last reports from Belmore had staed Ramsden was

suffering from?

Villard shook his head impatiently. He was getting to be a regular old maid with his silly trains of thought. He seized the letter boldly and touched a match to it, watching the paper writhe to a dead crisp in the ash tray. That was what he thought of the crazy thing! He began to quote aloud from it, contemptuously.

"... you may expect me to come for you at any time. . ."

He spoke the words with a derisive smirk, his thin hand pressed to his breast in a burlesqued gesture of emotion. His voice seemed to echo hollowly in the room. He recited me-

chanically on. His voice faltered.

ready to beckon you t

Villard strained forward in his chair, his thin hands gripping the table edge until the knuckles showed table edge until the Khuckies should blue-white. He dared not turn his head, but from the corners of staring while you can.

field of vision on either side of him.
What was out there in the shadows? Was that a gliding step? An echo of hollow cough?

"... at any moment...".
Wasn't that something—something
—coming up behind him? Wasn'r something leaning over his chairback, ready to to . . ."

" . . . I may place my hand up

on your shoulder . . . with the touch of death . . ."

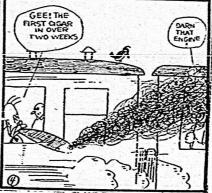
A tap, light, tentative, fell upon his shoulder

MUTT AND JEFF-

-Joan B. White New barons to the number of over "ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES"







He Satisfies His Craving.

With a terrible, wordless, tearing Only Half of Married People cry, Jonas Villard strove to rise to his feet, but his body was locked in the rigidity of stone. Flecks of foam showed between his teeth; his eyes bulged. Then, without any slackening of its tensity, the attitude of the huncled form took on that quality that is the mark of Death.

water parts of the estuaries of New South Wales, also causes a very pain-ful wound. On one occasion a fisherman, who had trodden on one of these fish, was in such suffering that his mates, not realizing the harm they were doing, placed his foot in a bucket of boiling water. The pain was so severe that he was unable to feel the heat of the water, and in the end his foot had to be amputated.

"The little Fortescue of Pork Jack on, which is a kind of first cousin to the bullrout, also causes a painful and dangerous wound.

"The catfish, both fresh water and stuary, is widely known and feared or the bad wound it is able to cause with the pectoral and dorsal spine.

"Australia has only two kinds of

poisonous h, that is, poisonous to eat, and these are not looked upon as edible. These are the various species of toad fish and the heavily-armored porcupine fish. There is a little fish with poisonor

spines that rests on the bottom of Sydney Harbor. It is known as the frog fish. One would think that the habitat ". . . Perhaps I am standing of tals fish would protect it from intended you at this moment. . . " yet the great black cormorants are able to dive to a depth of as much as The words sank to a whisper
". . How does it feel . to be alone with the man you swore away into a living purgator? . ."

This frog is no to the few years ascertained during the last few years that where the cormorants are able to get this fish they seem to prefer it to any other.—"Animal Life."

Give Thanks

Have ye aught for thanks to give

Gratitude on wings will rise But spoken word, And love-filled pen

On earth Bring happiness to men. Far better Thanks to the living said Than eulogies above the dead.

440 have been created during the reign of King George.

By BUD FISHER

Are Happy, Doctor Declares

Fifty per cent. of married people were those, the physician explains, are fundamentally happy, about 15 per cent. are moderately happy, another to 15 per cent. are moderately unhappy. The "moderately happy" and "moderately happy" and "moderately happy" and "moderately happy" and the other physician explains, who happiness seems to him so firmly based that it probably would last even in the face of misfortune. The "moderately happy" and "moderately happy" and the other physician explains, who happiness seems to him so firmly based that it probably would last even in the face of misfortune.

to prowl about the windows with the tones of eeric, triumphant laughter.

Villard glanced fearfully at the windows to assure himself that their fashed or and shot its massive bolt home, then made the key fast in the lock by a length of heavy wire twisted around the knob of the door.

As he turned back to the table, he stopped short, with a curse. The yellow cat was sitting upon the chair-low cat was sitting upon the chair-low can paking an inquisitive paw at the On the Queensland coast a fish are usually happy or unhappy, it ocgreatly feared by fishermen and bathers is the stone fish, a kind of distant relation of the Australian red rock cod. It is a poisonous fish, which is likely to inflict an extremely painful and dangerous wound.

"The bullrout, which is very unfavorably known in the higher fresh water parts of the estuaries of New results of the stuaries of New results and divided into the four groups cited. "The 50 per made similar censuses of families they know."

They Cannot Speak for Themselves

cannot speak for themselves, these horses old and worn, their starting bones and tottering limbs tell of a load long borne. A tale of starvation and suffering, of brutal oppression and pain, A tale of somebody's cruelty, repeated

again and again. They cannot speak for themselves, these dogs so thin and gaunt, oh, they look in our faces with eyes that plead and haunt.

to speak their story, we know it only too well. care, no food, no water, and neve a place to dwell.

cannot speak for themselves, these cats and kittens, too; but the pathos of their eyes, pierces through and through.

one to pity or feed them, no one to help or care, we find them starving and crip-

pled and wandering everywhere They cannot speak for themselves." these creatures in trap and gin, are being tortured and put to death that you may wear their

never think you are good, and never say you are kind, your heart these creatures' cries do not an echo find.

"They cannot speak for themselves, their lips no words can frame And yet their very helplessness should kindness from us claim.

They are faithful, and loving, and willing our joys and our sorrows to Then let us each see that our dumb friends shall never lack loving

-E. Stevens, in "Animal Life." One of life's finest things, as it is

ne of its most pathetic, is the continual reassertion of Soul. It may be trodden down, but it cannot be trodden out. It may be degraded. but it cannot be destroyed.—G. Bees-ley Austin.

Hunter's Fake Call Infuriated Big Moose

Many animals are curious, and birds, too, for that matter. One who can imitate their natural calls with even a fair degree of accuracy is pretty sure to get a response. Veteran guides themselves do not understand why a bull moose will so frequently answer the fraudulent call of the birch bark horn in the hands of a man.

"I've listened to perhaps a hundred moose calling," said a Maine guide recently, "and it seemed to me that no two were exactly alike. Some were short cries, others prolonged wailings. Others would start with a high whine and descend down the scale.

"I was up in the Allegash region late last Fall before the rivers and lakes had frozen up. An old Indian had showed me how to fashion one of the most ingenious birch bark horns for moose calling I had ever seen, and one evening I tried it out. "My cabin was near Fivo Finger

Brook on the shore of Teal Pond, a small body of water about a half mile across and four or five miles long. I was delighted when I got an answe from a long way off, over by the Alle gash Mountains. Well, we sassed each other back and forth for several minutes, until I got tired and turned in.
"Two hours later I was awakened by

was a clear, moonlight nigt. Opening For all of Nineteen Thirty One! the cabin door, I peered out. There, standing on the shore, shaking nimself and pawing the beach, was a big bull A finer chance allowed to us, moose. He must have come miles to With better work avowed by usanswer the call I had forgotten all May we have cause to think: "Well about. And when he reached the pond he didn't go round—just took the shortest route and swam it!

"He was madder than a wounder wildcat when he found that he had been fooled and he snorted and bellow ed around there for some time before he began to calm down. I shut and barred the cabin door and didn't do any more moose calling that night."

To conduct great matters and living in London are of foreign birth, never commit a fault is above the force of human nature.—Plutarch.

Anore than 119,000 of the people living in London are of foreign birth, nearly one-sixth of them being of Russian extraction.

Relics of Andree Polar Expedition Put on Exhibition in Stockholm

explainments, parts of the tent and fund will be open for both Swedes poles, and Canadian snowshoes.

Stockholm—An exhibition of relics found at Viton (the White Island) of the Andree polar expedition is being shown at Stockholm.

In the exhibit are the three sledges and the boat which Andree's party need. There also is Andree's sweater, with his big diary which gave to the world the description of their long walk across the ice. There are note-books, calendars, diaries and all the books and maps which the expedition carried with them. On the wall is the balloon's flag.

In different cases are to be found rarious instruments, clocks, money, and the camera carried by the expedition. Elsewhere one finds the clothes worn during the expedition, he gans, tools, instruments, sewing materials, needles and threads, a wooden box with a number of match boxes, canisters, food tins, household implements, parts of the tent and poles, and Canadian snowshoes. and Norwegians.

The Mosquitoes Natural Food

It can't be sucking blood all the BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON time, for it lives in swarms in places where there is no blood to suck— Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furon the dry sands of the Sahara, for instance, and on the ice and snow of

Its natural food is the sap of plants. Recent experiments seem to show that it actually prefers rege-table to animal juices, though this is

not quite certain.

In any case, it can live quite con in any case, it can live quite con-tentedly where no animal life is found. The male mosquito does not suck blood at all; in fact, not only is "the female of the species more deadly than the male," but the male

never bltes.

Writes the author of an article in The American Weekly (New York):
"Anybody who has stepped into
a swamp in summer time and stira swamp in summer time and sin-red up a cloud of hungry mosquitoes has wondered what the little pests would have had for their dinner if the unfortunate intruder had not arrived. Science now can explain. rived. Science now can e "Everybody knows that mo breed in water.' And yet the little

ered miles and miles from any body of water, and there are plenty of them in the world's driest deserts. "We think of the mosquitoes as a summer pest. And yet we are told that the biggest and worst mosquioes, are to be found in the Arctic. "And these insects are always ready o bite and suck human blood, al-

though they can not have had that sort of food for years.

"The desert mosquitoes belong to three or four species which have the habit of breeding and developing very quickly in the pools of water which lie on the desert surface for a white dots with rlain white handker. day or two after rain.
"The same ability of some mos-

quito varieties to develop quickly and in enormous numbers whenever conditions happen to be favorable, conditions happen to be favorable, wool persey, woolen plaids, ginghams, explains of the insects after they have tively.

been missing for a long time.
"Dr. Harrison G. Dyar, mosquito
expert of the National Museum, records another variety, this time a ly, giving number and size of such rather large one, which has been patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in detected making its way down the stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap) open chimneys of houses, all the windows of which were screened securely against it. And the mystery of where mosquitoes find food when there is no human blood to live on has been solved by the discovery that many of them live, by necessity or by preference, on the sweet juices of plants."

Happy Year

Beckoning lights now shown to us. Well-reckoned heights now known to Eager hopes heart-blown of us-

It! Oh, high ambitious dreams are

All is well! Fields to be plowed by us,

Through all of Nineteen Thirty One!

There are 132,240 sheep in Manitoba, 207,551 in Saskatchewan, 520, 000 in Alberta and 204,342 in British Columbia, according to the latest statistics.

More than 119,000 of the people

What New York Is Wearing

nished With Every Pattern



Even the smallest member of the amily must have her jacket suit to step out smartly this Spring.

And this one answers Fashion's

and this one answers rashions call admirably.

It's just the cutest ever in its sports styling. And because girls must needs be a little more feminine these days. "Science has now tamed the mos-guito, and feeds and studies it at a fetching gathered ruffle has been added to the simple tuck-in blouse. The kilted skirt with the plaits start-French blue sportsweight linen with white dots with rlain white handker-chief linen made the original.

Style No. 3001 is designed for girls of 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

Pique, cotton broadcloth prints,

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plain-ly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 28c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Lonely

A little whimper, next a patient sigh, And then a sniff—(Oh, dear, there's no reply)

little patter on the landing floor, A gentle scratching at my study door, Another pause; and then, Well, who is that?"

The door swings open, there upon the He stands expectant: "Please, it's

only me.
There's nobody downstairs: I thought I'd see If you were lonely, too. Please may I stay?

I promise you I won't be in the way.' A world's devotion in two doggy eyes." Then at your feet, contentedly, he lies,

—By Joe Walker in London Opinion.

CHARACTER

Character is very complex; it is a quality for the whole of personality, and as a consequence, character education can not be segregated from other aspects of education even though these other aspects may go on without developing good character. -School Life.

Time flies, but money can beat it over any distance.

Justice Shuts Off the Hose.

MUTT CLAIMS THE MOTORIST L IT'S THE FIRST TIME A UPREMI THE COMPANY CLAIMS THE IT IS THE FINAL OPINON OF THIS HOSE HAS EVER BEEN OWNERSHIP OF THE HOSE AND ALL THE CONTENTS LEFT IN THE HOSE AFTER S COURT. CARRIED RIGHT INTO HIS TANK IS FULL! ON THE SUPREME COURT. THEREOF -THE OTHER HAND BOTH SIDES ARE RIGHT.

