

THE HAILEYBURIAN

Issued every Thursday from the Haileyburian Office, Broadway Street, Haileybury

Published in the interests of the Town of Haileybury and District of Temiskaming

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: In Canada—\$2.00 per year in advance In United States—\$2.50 per year in advance

LEISHMAN & SUTHERLAND, PUBLISHERS

Here and There

(487)

A revelation of the wide range and high quality of manufactured products centering in the twin cities of Fort William and Port Arthur was commented on by visitors to the "Home Industry Exhibition," held at the former city recently.

Forty years ago not a tree could be seen growing on expansive stretches of the virgin prairies in western Canada. To-day trees are plentiful and there is hardly an established farm house but has its shelter belt or a grove of poplars, maples or some other variety of trees.

Alberta led the western provinces in the number of successful farm placements made in 1929 by the Canada Colonization Association when a total of 427 families were settled on 50,803 acres, said W. R. Dick, superintendent of land settlement for the province, at a meeting in Calgary recently.

The first of the Canadian Pacific Railway broadcastings took place February 21 over CKAC from Montreal and CKGW from Toronto, and will be repeated every Friday thereafter. These stations were linked over Canadian Pacific telegraphs which allow the use of technical improvements brought into use for the first time.

Appointment of L. C. McQuat, one of the province's leading agriculturalists, as general agricultural agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, announced recently, is further evidence of the railway's interest in the development of Canada.

Shriners making the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, their Mecca next June for their Imperial Council sessions will find a city ready built and equipped for 8,000 people at their service.

The Trail Rangers defeated the K. of C. Boys in the Juvenile hockey finals Tuesday evening by a 4-2 score, after a mighty close series.

HUNTED

By Leslie McFarlane

CHAPTER III IN THE PARK

By the time the City Hall clock struck the twelve booming notes that ushered in Monday morning and Dick Daly's career as a temporary fugitive, The Courier's challenge and Chief Webb's acceptance had achieved a complete monopoly of the public interest.

John K. Logan might have had the welfare of the community at heart in his campaign against the police department, but he had not exactly neglected the welfare of The Courier, either. There was a sporting quality about the forthcoming test that intrigued the fancy of the people; they became as excited and as opinionative as though it were a championship prize fight.

When the City Hall clock struck twelve, Daly stepped out of a basement entrance of The Courier building. Huge bundles of the up-state edition of the morning paper were being stacked in a truck for delivery to the early train. The young reporter, clad in overalls and with his face plentifully besmeared with printer's ink, scrambled up on the seat beside the driver. The latter recognized him and winked.

"You'd fool anybody," he said approvingly. "Let's go."

The last bundle was flung on board and the truck moved slowly down the dark alley and out into the street. A uniformed patrolman

who was strolling by waved casually to them. "We got Daly in here!" shouted the reporter, grinning.

The driver's eyes bulged. Such effrontery, so early in the game, staggered him. But the patrolman merely laughed and went on, chuckling heartily at the joke.

"You have your nerve!" said the driver, admiringly. "He might taken you up on it."

"Not a chance. He thought I was kidding him."

They drove through the city streets, Daly perched in prominence. A lone traffic officer at the busiest up-town intersection halted them for a few moments, then waved them ahead. When they had driven half a dozen blocks the truck slowed down and Daly clambered to the pavement, a dinner pail under his arm.

"Good night."

"Good luck, kid."

The truck rumbled away. Daly strode down a dark street until he came to a dingy, three-storey brick house, exactly similar to numerous three-storey brick houses to right and left on either side, even to the placard in the lower window, advertising the fact that furnished rooms were let, apply within.

Taking a latch-key from his pocket, he unlocked the door, entered a narrow hall, illuminated by a dimmed gas-jet, went up two flights of stairs, and let himself into the furnished room he had rented the previous day. It was a mere cell; the smoky walls were cracked and seamed; it was furnished with a cot, a washstand, and a precarious chair.

However, the place was ideal for his purpose. The landlady was a scrawny woman who existed in some mysterious domain beyond the gloom of the downstairs hall. The other lodgers were silent men who came and went like shadows. No one had the slightest curiosity about any one else.

Daly went to bed. Shortly after ten o'clock next morning he got up, donned a flannel shirt and an old suit, and sallied forth for breakfast. As his presence might attract attention at that hour in the corner restaurant, he walked several blocks to an arm-chair lunch-room, where there was always a miscellaneous crowd, and here he ate bacon and eggs and read the morning paper.

The Courier was a twenty-four-hour sheet, publishing morning and evening editions. With the originality and promptness which is such a charming feature of the American press, it published its evening editions in the morning and its morning editions in the evening. Presumably the driver of the delivery truck had been communicative, for already there was a gleeful account of Daly's drive from the newspaper office. It was embellished with a picture of the patrolman who had laughed heartily at the idea of the fugitive's being in the truck.

Daly felt sorry for that luckless officer. The man in the next chair, who was also read-

ing the story and taking prodigious bites out of a sandwich, was snickering convulsively.

"Hot dog!" he said, folding up the paper and reaching for his mug of coffee. "What a dumb cop that was!"

He looked at Daly for approval.

"Did you read that in the paper?" he said. "About this guy that's goin' to dodge the bulls this week and how he made a monkey out of one of 'em last night?"

Daly nodded and picked up his check.

"Yeah, huh?" Another snicker. "Just goes to show what a dumb bunch of cops we got in this town." The man gulped a mouthful of coffee. "Here was this guy Daly talkin' to the cop, and the cop didn't recognize him. And his picture's been in the paper for the last couple days. Believe me, he wouldn't get by me that easy. I guess you gotta be blind to get a job on the police nowadays."

Daly left him wagging his head and groping for cigarettes.

Outside, he made a mental note of the name of the restaurant, and speculated on the change of the talkative one when he read the evening editions and found that the fugitive had been his neighbor at breakfast. His confidence was increased by the fact that he had not hitherto been recognized in spite of the fact that the newspapers had made his features familiar to almost every one in the city by now. The average citizen, he reflected, is woefully unobservant.

Daly turned the corner and collided with a burly man in blue.

So engrossed had Daly been that he had blundered directly against a policeman.

"Sorry," he grunted, expecting to feel a heavy hand descend on his shoulder. In his surprise, he had looked up and for a fleeting second he was face to face with the officer. He recovered himself quickly, looked away, and stepped to one side.

"All right," growled the constable. But Daly was already moving off.

A street car was just taking on passengers at the corner. Daly glanced back. He saw that the constable had turned around and was gazing after him, with a puzzled expression on his face.

"He spotted me," Daly breathed.

He reached the street car just as the doors were closing. He scrambled on board and the car began to move. Looking back again, he saw the policeman step forward uncertainly, then leap toward the curb and hail a taxi.

There was no time to lose. He thrust a ticket into the fare-box and walked the length of the car, where several passengers were standing at the exit waiting to alight at the next stop. The conductor gazed at him curiously. It wasn't often that people parted with car tickets for a ride of a block.

The trolley halted. Brakes screeched as the taxi came to a stop by the rear entrance. Daly crowded out with the other passengers

and reached the pavement just in time to see the officer clambering hastily into the car. The door slammed shut, the bell clanged, the car began to move, and the reporter had a glimpse of the blue-clad figure hurrying past the windows.

He wasn't out of the woods yet, so he dodged across the road and ran toward a street car bound in the opposite direction, got on board, and rode comfortably for five blocks. Then, fearing that the policeman might have picked up the trail again, he got off and walked several blocks, took a cross-town car, and at length found himself passing Riverside Park. It had been an arduous half-hour, so Daly felt that he was entitled to a breathing space. He joined the idlers in the park.

Looning on a bench under the warm sun, breathing the pure air and watching children at play beneath the trees, he had time to reflect on the uncertainties that harass the life of a hunted man. Constant watchfulness was necessary. One could not relinquish vigilance for a moment. Just when he had been priding himself on the ease with which he had evaded the police, capture had been most imminent.

A pallid man with a cynical mouth, a man nearly dressed in gray, sat down on the same bench. Daly glanced at him and saw that the pallid man was subjecting him to a shrewd scrutiny.

"How are you getting away with it?" asked the stranger.

Daly was nonplussed. Was this merely an expression in the vernacular, or had the pallid man recognized him? He was soon enlightened.

"Don't worry. I won't give you up, Daly. I'm just out of stir myself, so I don't love the bulls any more than you do. How's it going?"

"All right, so far."

The stranger nodded.

"I hope you get away with it. You'll show up Webb and Hollins and the whole cursed outfit. I'm going to tip you off to something, though."

"What is that?"

"If it was only the cops you had to dodge, you'd be all right. But Dignan isn't taking any chances with you. Racey and his gang are on the job."

Daly had heard of the gangster. He realized the importance of this information.

"Never mind how I know this, but I know, see? Take this tip for what it's worth. This little stunt of yours strikes deeper than you imagine, and they don't intend to miss any bets. You've got both the crooks and the police and all Dignan's political flunkies against you, so watch your step."

"If they recognize me as quickly as you did, I won't last long."

"Don't worry about that. I've had to keep my eyes open all my life, and I never forget a face. I recognized you up-town from your picture and I trailed you here."

"Just to give me that tip?"

The pallid man lit a cigarette. "Kid," he said, "I'm in town on queer business. Maybe

next week some time there'll be a big story break for your paper, and I'll be behind it. You're out to get Hollins. So am I. Shake! Gravelly he extended his hand, and Daly, after a moment of hesitation, took it.

"That's why I'm helping you. If you can make Hollins look like a monkey, I'm with you. And after you're through, I'll start. But watch your step, kid. We're both in a deeper game than you know. It's so deep that one or both of us might never see Sunday. I'm telling you."

"Surely it isn't that bad," said Daly, with a nervous laugh.

"Just that bad," returned the stranger seriously. "I know what I'm up against. You don't. So be careful. Keep your eyes peeled for the crooks. Don't go around the pool-rooms or the pigs. Stay away. They figure you might plan to hide out in the tough sec-

tion. Keep out. And look here, kid—if you ever get into a jam where you need a good hide-out, come to this address." He took an envelope from his pocket and scribbled an address on the back. "Number Ten in the Carlton Arms. That's where I live, and there's no telling when you might find it useful. I'm with you, so don't be afraid." He thrust the envelope into Daly's hands, got up, patted his necktie, tilted his hat, nodded curtly, and strode off down the gravel path, his cigarette at an angle between his thin lips.

The reporter watched him as he went away. Who was this pallid stranger? What was his motive? Daly felt bewildered. Yet he was aware of an impression of unmistakable sincerity about the mysterious man who had so oddly befriended him.

(To be continued)

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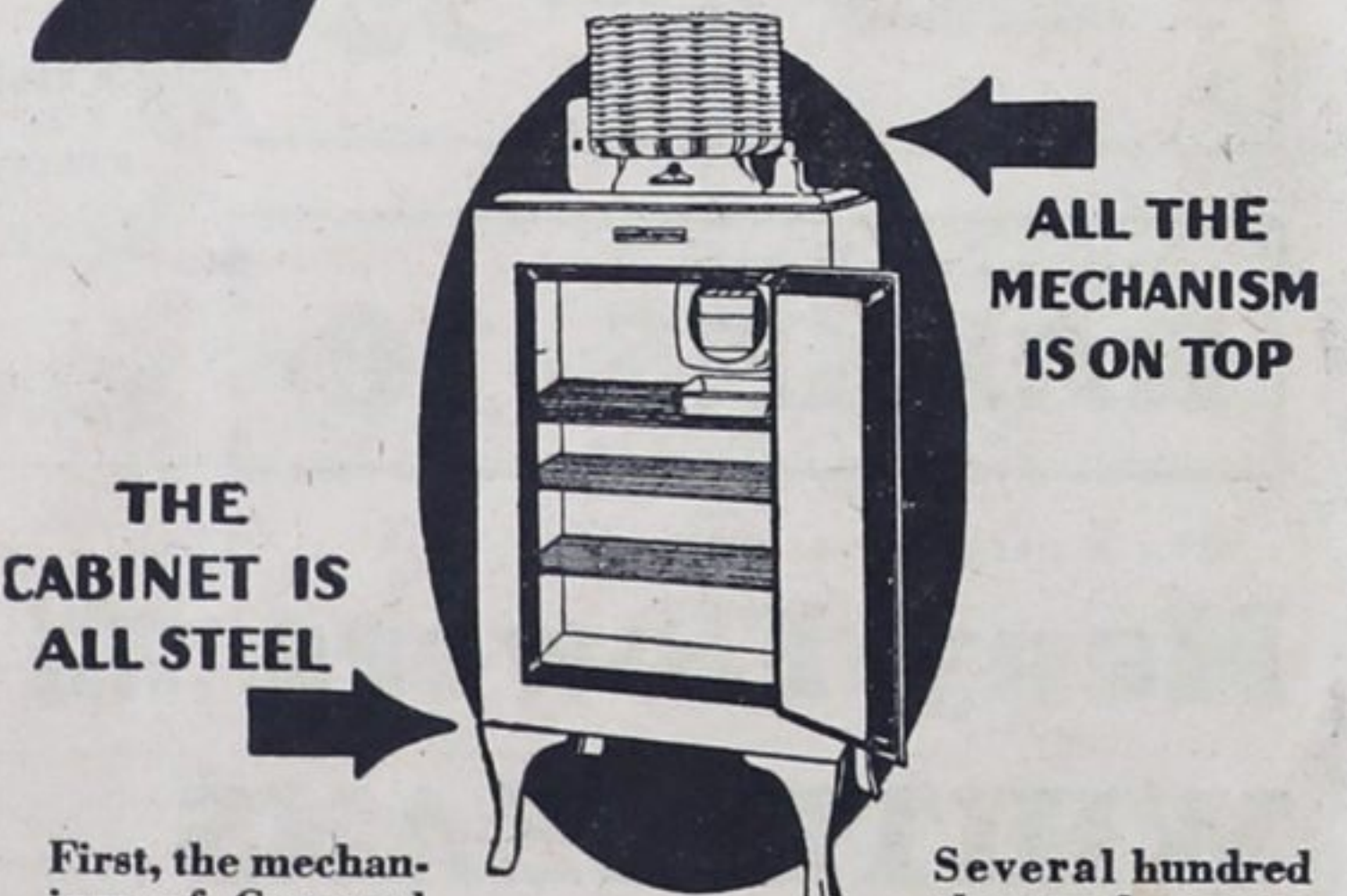
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