

**HUNTED**

By Leslie McFarlane

(Continued from Last Week)

"Drive right around to the garage," she said, when he would have stopped the car at the door. "There's no one around but the butler and the housekeeper and they're busy. Anyway, we're very democratic here, and if I like to talk to my chauffeur, I may."

"I'll try to keep my place, ma'am," he said humbly. "Lovely!" she applauded, smiling. "Just the right touch of humility. No one would ever take you for a daring reporter with all the police in town after him. But tell me," she said, as he brought the car to a stop, "what happened after you left me yesterday? I've been very curious. I read all about how I rescued you, and nobody seemed to have recognized my car, after all."

"A lot of things happened," He picked up the newspaper from the seat beside him. "We'll probably learn all about it here." He unfolded the sheet and then stared in amazement at the glaring headline that shouted its black message from the top of the page DALY SOUGHT AS MURDER SUSPECT

At his startled exclamation she leaned forward, looking over his shoulder.

"What is it?" she asked anxiously.

They read together:

"Peter Kirk, forty-three, convict and notorious criminal, was shot and killed in his apartment at the Carleton Arms on Hilldale Avenue at 11.30 last night, and today police are searching for Richard Daly, newspaper man, who has been in the limelight the past few days as a voluntary fugitive in connection with the campaign launched against the local police administration by his paper, The Courier. This time the search is in grim earnest, for Daly is wanted as a suspect in the Kirk killing."

He stared blankly at her.

"But surely," she stammered—"surely this doesn't mean you?"

The paper he had bought was a copy of The Banner. The opposition had not sought to conceal its elation over this startling development in its rival's campaign. The story glared in heavy type across two columns.

"It means me, all right," said Daly, grimly.

They turned to the second paragraph:

"Captain of Detectives Hollins, who personally took charge of the case when word of the tragedy reached police headquarters last night, led a squad of men to a Tenth Street lodging-house in the early hours of the morning and found unmistakable evidence that Daly had been living there. A suit and shirt, stained with blood, were found in the room indicating that the fugitive had returned to the house some time during the night to change his clothes. A lodger told of hearing him go out, but could not swear as to the exact time. Although the police waited, Daly did not return. His capture is expected momentarily."

Then followed an account of the tragedy, in which came this paragraph:

"Positive assertion that Daly was the man seen struggling with Kirk in the hallway was made by Jacob Penman, who occupies an apartment on the same floor. 'I heard three shots,' he said, 'and when I came out into the hall to see what was the matter I saw Kirk and a young man struggling in front of Kirk's door. I heard Kirk say 'Daly—Daly,' and then he said something else that I couldn't catch. Daly twisted him around, and I saw that Daly's shirt front was covered with blood. I dragged him inside the apartment and kicked the door shut in my face. When I heard Kirk call out his name I recognized Daly right away, because I had seen his picture in the papers. I'm quite certain it was he.'"

The story went on to say that Hollins had made a thorough search of the apartment after arriving at the scene of the crime, and that he had seized various papers indicating that Kirk had just been released from prison and that he was in the city for no good purpose.

Daly laughed shortly. Hollins had found the police circular on the table and had taken care to

seize it. And no doubt he had also found the other papers on which Kirk had relied to complete his revenge. It was a lucky break for the detective.

The account went on:

"Just how Daly came to be in the apartment is a mystery. The police are working on the theory that he may have taken refuge there following his narrow escape from capture yesterday afternoon, and that Kirk, finding him in hiding, may have mistaken him for a burglar and threatened to turn him over to the police. Daly, it is argued, would not be the man to give in tamely to such an inglorious conclusion to his campaign. He was traced to the Tenth Street address on a tip given the police by a taxi driver, who said he had picked up a passenger answering to Daly's description a few blocks from the Carleton Arms within ten minutes after the fatal shooting. The driver's attention had been attracted by the fact that the young man's shirt front and coat were stained with blood, and he had made a note of the address at which his fare alighted."

The lines of print blurred before Daly's eyes. He was conscious of Dorothy's tense grip on his sleeve, of her frightened face.

"But you didn't!" she was saying. "You couldn't have done a dreadful thing like that!"

The appeal in her voice aroused him.

"I didn't do it," he told her, shaking his head. "I can't imagine—" He looked down at the paper again, at the reality of the damning headline. "I can see that it looks bad—but, good Lord! we weren't struggling, as that fellow says. I was helping him back into the room—that was how it happened—"

He was talking almost incoherently, dazed by the interpretation that had been placed on his presence in Kirk's apartment, and upon his flight after the tragedy.

"Tell me all about it," she said quietly. He told her from the beginning of his meeting with Kirk in the park, of his evening with the convict, of the telephone call, and of Kirk's death. She listened without interruption, and her eyes were thoughtful when he had finished.

"There's a telephone in the garage," she said. "If I were you, I'd call up my boss and ask his advice. As long as you stay hidden the police and The Banner will make the most of it, and perhaps The Courier might think it best for you to give yourself up and explain things."

"That's what I want to do. If it wasn't for the confounded agreement I'd walk right down to headquarters now. But The Courier has counted a lot on this campaign, and they're relying on me to win out."

"It's more serious now than it was. After all, you only have to stay out of the way until tomorrow night. You should be fairly safe here, if The Courier thinks you should stay with it."

He followed her advice. Remembering what happened the previous day, he asked her to call Clergue, and when the managing editor was on the line he took the receiver.

"Daly speaking," he said quietly.

Clergue emitted a profane exclamation of relief.

"For Pete's sake! Where are you, lad? What on earth has been happening?"

"I'm safe enough. What do you think I ought to do?"

"Do? If you really did knock that bird off last night, you'd better head for Greenland or some place. Were you there—or is it all a pipe dream of Hollins'?"

"I was there all right, but I didn't do it. If you think I should give myself up and explain things I'll do it."

"Give yourself up—nothing! If you've got any explanations to make, write 'em out and send 'em in here and we'll run the story. It'll be a wow! But don't give yourself up until we've won our little argument with the police. Listen, kid—I have an idea that this is all a plant. Hollins and Webb got together on this and framed you on this killing just to smoke you out. Perhaps they've got a ton of evidence against this guy that did the job, but they're not saying anything. If you give yourself up, as they figure you will, we lose out in our campaign, and then they'll turn you loose and go nab the real murderer. Figure it that way. Stay under cover. We'll play the story up from that angle anyway."

"All right, sir. I'll send in a story on what actually happened

ed up there, and I'll stay on the job."

"Fine. You don't need to be afraid of calling up here. Yesterday afternoon I had a hunch there was a leak somewhere, so we had the switchboard girl on the carpet and she spilled the works. Racey had something on her brother, and he made her tip him off when you called up. She bawled for about an hour, so the Chief took her off the switchboard and gave her a job somewhere else. He's a softie. I'd a given her the air."

"I'll get to work on the story right away."

"Fine! And don't worry, kid. I don't know how you got up into that apartment and how you got mixed up in that mess, but you'll get out of it all right. It makes great reading, too! G'by."

Daly grimaced as he put up the receiver. Yes, it made great reading. That was Clergue's chief concern.

## Chapter IX

## AMBUSH

The Courier, late that afternoon, shrieked to the city in its most flagrant type that—

## DALY CHARGES FRAME-UP

Readers whose curiosity had been piqued by this announcement—they numbered ninety-nine per cent. of the citizens capable of distinguishing one word from another—found in further headlines that

## COURIER REPORTER TELLS

## FACTS OF KIRK MURDER

## "I Am Innocent," He Says

## Declares Police Trying to Frigh-

## ten Him Into Surrender

## WILL CARRY ON

The greater part of the front page was occupied by Daly's story, which he had written out in his room above the garage that day, and which Dorothy had sent to the newspaper office by special messenger. In it he told of his visit to Kirk's apartment, of the mysterious telephone call, of the knock at the door, and of the subsequent shooting. Clergue had elaborated on his copy, declaring vociferously that the police were well aware of the identity of the murderer and had simply seized the opportunity of raising a smoke screen to protect the criminal and to frighten Daly from concealment he had done this on the strength of a paragraph Daly had written:

"I know for a fact that Kirk had in his possession two documents concerning his enemies, documents that were sufficient to send one man to the electric chair and another to the penitentiary. One of these men occupies a high official position in this city. His name will be revealed at the proper time. Suffice it to say that when my duty to The Courier has been fulfilled and I am able to come out in the open again, I shall be able to present facts that will effectually remove any doubts as to the incapacity of one police department official, at any rate."

This mysterious statement, standing out in heavy black type from the body of the story, created a sensation. And of slightly less interest was Daly's claim that he had spent that day driving about the city.

(To be continued)

**Notice of Dissolution of Partnership**

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between JOHN BEAL McLEAN and LYMAN CHADSEY FANCY both of the Town of Cobalt, in the District of Temiskaming, carrying on business as Garage Owners, under the firm name of The Northern Auto Company, in the Town of Cobalt and at Kirkland Lake, in the said District, was, by reason of the death of the said Lyman Chadsey Fancy on the 10th day of August, 1929, dissolved as of the 2nd day of December 1929.

The said business has been since the last-mentioned date, and will hereafter be, carried on under the name of The Northern Auto Company by John Beal McLean, aforesaid, and all debts owing to the said partnership should be paid to John Beal McLean at Cobalt or Kirkland Lake aforesaid, and all claims against the said partnership should be presented to the said John Beal McLean, by whom the same will be settled.

Dated at Cobalt this 25th day of April, 1930.

MONA M. FANCY,

Witness: Administratrix

S. BREWER

J. B. McLEAN

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# Advertised Goods Are Lower—

ADVERTISING turns over stocks rapidly, and therefore multiplies profits. This means that prices in a shop which advertises can be short rather than long

Of this you may be sure: Prices in a shop which advertises are not MORE than in a shop which does not advertise. The chances are that they are oftentimes lower.

This, also, is generally true: You will find better goods, better values and better service in those shops which turn over their stocks rapidly. This means, as a general thing, shops which advertise.

## A Note to Merchants

Advertising costs you nothing—it is paid for by the profits on increased sales

Advertising is easy—it is simply saying in writing what you say to the customers in your shop. Turn over stocks quickly, if you would make more money.

# Read the Ads., Then Shop