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VOLUME 52. MILTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1912. No. 36


...a year and a ... church on St. ... Prince Arthur Str... ing paid for mostly by ... There was still a ... debt, when some of ... got together and devised ... ing plan:—They would ... co-operatively, pocket half ... tion thus obtained, and use ... half to pay off the debt of ...

The plan met with ... proval and a committee was ... ed to put it in operation. ... it worked so well that they have ... formed an organization and will ... out incorporation papers next ...

A deed has been found showing ... Hamilton court house is the ... of the county.


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Reserve and Undivided Profits.....3,500,000
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H. P. WANZER, Agent, Milton.



**BRITZ**
**:: OF HEADQUARTERS ::**
BY MARCIN BARBER
Supplied Exclusively in Canada by the British & Colonial Press, Limited, Toronto.


Carson's advance to the secretary's side was checked by the violence with which she whirled towards Mrs. Missioner, again with outstretched hands. This time the widow was slower in meeting the appeal. She was stunned by the detective's discovery. All the finer sensibilities of her womanhood were benumbed. Astonishment, large and compelling, was all she could feel for the moment. Still, as she took Elinor's imploring hands in hers and stood motionless, listening to the girl's passionate entreaty not to believe the evidence of her eyes, nor to believe her kindness could be outraged in such a way, not to believe that Elinor for all the jewels in the mines of the world could be tempted from the high honor in which she had been reared. Clasping the younger woman's locked fingers in her own soft palm, she slipped her arm about Elinor's waist, and walked with her to the litt. Dorothy, crying almost childishly, controlled her voice once or twice long enough to beg Elinor not to give way to such torturing emotion.

But Elinor Holcomb, shaking, sobbing, wildly beseeching, was oblivious to the silent watchfulness of the Central Office men, the covert glances from Blodgett's mask-like countenance, the amazed stare of the liveried youth in the elevator. All the way to the room in which Sands and Griswold and Ranscome waited, all the way across the old English library, to the ruddy zone before the fireplace she continued her prayers to Mrs. Missioner to hold her guiltless. That was the one thought that shaped her thoughts; that the woman to whom she owed the shelter of her later years should not think her capable of such ignoble ingratitude. There was no slightest shade of appeal to the detectives, no regard for the conclusions others in the room might draw. But that Mrs. Missioner should give credit to the cold accusation that tered in the diamond Donnelly had found—that plainly was the unbearable thing in the wretched young woman's present position.

"You won't have to telephone the Chief, Mr. Man," said Donnelly to Sands with as direct a sneer as he thought advisable. "This has been one of our easiest cases."

His fat hand was extended toward the millionaire. In a crease of the palm the diamond blazed as if indignant at such a setting. Sands glared at the stone, Griswold gazed at it as if spellbound. Ranscome polished his glasses with much deliberation and, adjusting them with equal precision, looked at the gem.

"This one's the goods, eh?" the detective went on. Ranscome, with marked fastidiousness, took the jewel from his hand and examined it as if his reputation as an expert depended on his test. Reluctantly, he returned the gem to Donnelly and said, gently, with a pitying glance at Elinor:

"It is a diamond."

A sweeping gesture from Sands as he sprang to his feet flung the telephone from the desk. He reached Donnelly in two strides and appeared on the point of gripping him by the throat. But the big detective, for all his bulk and mental slowness, could be quick enough on his feet when he must, and he readily sacrificed dignity to safety. With a single backward spring, he clutched a light chair and confronted Sands.

"It will pay you to remember I'm an officer!" he shouted. "You ain't dealing with club stewards here, Mr. Sands. I know you and I know how much you think your money can do. But you can't put anything like that across with me."

Sands, breathing hard took another step towards him. Donnelly gripped the chair for a defensive swing.

"I don't care if you know a million Mannings," said the sleuth huskily. "If you can't behave like one gentleman to another, it'll be the worse for you. If you don't want to be run in, keep away."

Mrs. Missioner's annoyance and Dorothy's fright, no less than Elinor's distress, restrained Sands again.

"What does all this mean?" he said to Carson, ignoring the other. But Donnelly was not to be ignored. His successful defiance of a millionaire had heightened his desire for the center of the stage.

"It means," he rasped, "that we know who took Mrs. Missioner's diamonds, and all we've got to do now is to find the rest of 'em. And I guess that won't be hard. Where there's one bird, the flock won't be far away. Come, Miss Holcomb, we'll send you'll be getting downtown. The Chief wants to see you."

## CHAPTER V.

### The Brownstone House.

While Elinor, helpless in the reaction from her grief, was speeding to Mulberry Street in a taxicab with Donnelly and Carson, a swarf, slim man glided out by the servants' door of the Missioner home. His modest garments, Oriental only by faint suggestion in the English looseness of their cut, caught the eye merely by contrast with the snowy turban that covered his head. He moved with the cat tread of one long accustomed to walking on his own soles. His shoes were conventional enough in appearance, but of softer leather than that of ordinary American make. It was evident that he relied on the silence of his footgear and, judging from the caution with which he let himself out of the house and looked up and down the street without it, m... peting his departure. Seeing no on... in the block, he walked swiftly to... ward Fifth Avenue and turned the corner so sharply that he bowled over a district messenger. A few words in a foreign tongue were his response to the select vernacular the rising youngster hurled at him—words so mysterious that a final "Ah, garn!" was the utmost of which the astonished boy was capable by way of reply. To be flung to the ... walk by a personage in a British

...ments suit with a headdress out ... the Arabian nights well may be ... concerning, even to No. 5762 of the A. D. T.

The dark man hailed a hansom, muttered the part of the driver, and sat well back in the vehicle, closing the apron doors and lowering the upper curtain until he left only a narrow space for observation. In the interior gloom, laced by chance lances of light from arc lamps, he sprinkled himself freely with many drops from a silver vial that smelled of the East. He readjusted the folds of his turban, settled his collar and scarf, and shook himself more closely into his clothes, which, despite their loose cut, seemingly were tighter than he liked.

North of the Casino, in the East Drive of the Central Park, the Hindoo pulled the check strap and gave new directions to the cabman. The hansom turned out of the park at Seventy-second Street and rolled on across several avenues before it stopped in front of a brownstone house exactly like several dozen others in the block. The Oriental paid the cabman and stood on the sidewalk until the hansom turned the corner. Then he walked east a few yards, crossed the street, turned west, and darted into the vestibule of a house that was the twin of the one at which the cab had stopped. He did not ring the bell, but scratched lightly on the ground glass panel of the inner door. The door swung inward and he entered a hall lighted only by a glimmer that filtered through the glass from a gas lamp in the street. A voice in the dark asked a question in a language somewhat like that the Hindoo had flung over his shoulder at the messenger boy. The visitor answered with a single word, and a sunburst of incandescent bulbs above his head flooded the hall. The man on the divan watched through slitted eyes.

"Where is the jewel?" he asked sternly.

"Who knows, holy man?" replied the visitor. "It has taken unto itself wings and in its place a false stone was left. The wit of your servant is completely at fault. I know not where the diamond is."

The Swami did not tell him he had seen the destruction of the false Maharanee by Griswold's heel in the Metropolitan Opera House. He smoked thoughtfully, his fingers knotting and raveling the punkahstring in an absent way.

"And you have come straightway with the news?" he asked.

"As the hawk flies, master," said the servant. There was trepidation in his eyes, but he answered unhesitatingly.

"It is well," the Swami said, between rings of blue smoke. "Wait without, Ali, and I will have speech with you in a little while."

The visitor, with another low salaam, withdrew as he had entered, backing across the threshold. In the hall, his figure shot to its full height and he flashed a glance of uncertain meaning at the outer side of the portieres. He passed silently up the stairs and slipped into a room above that in which the Swami sat. His cat-like tread carried him to a closet, into which he crept. Flattening himself on the floor, he applied his ear to a hole so small it scarcely widened the crack between two boards. He could not see, but he could hear the crack of the Punkah as after a violent tug by the man on the divan, it continued swinging to and fro.

Hardly had the Hindoo left the room when the Swami, like a mummer throwing off a mask, arose briskly from the divan and cast aside the silk robe that enveloped him. The silken turban remained on his head, but in all other respects he was dressed like a Wall Street man. His feet, drawn beneath his robe as he sat on the broad couch, had not shown the patent leather shoes in which they were encased. He lighted a European cigarette and puffed as if he enjoyed the change from the pungent Eastern tobacco.

Up and down the room he walked sprightly, pausing from time to time with juckered forehead and thumbs digging on the edges of his coat pockets. Then he walked softly to a door at one side of the room, and opening it a little way, called softly

"Kananda."

A man of mature years came in quietly and looked inquiringly at the Swami. He was of portly build; but his vigor still showed traces of the athletic training he had followed in English schools and colleges. His western manner and excellent English as an Indian swarthiness among those who remembered the vogue a British education had among India's petty Queen and Empress. Prince Kananda had been one of the best batsmen on the Cambridge eleven. His popularity among the democratic young aristocrats of the period had sprung from the day when he remarked it was not his fault his father was a Maharajah, and that it shouldn't be treasured against him, even though he couldn't live it down. Nandy, as they called him on the banks of the Cam, was voted a good sort. The classification had stuck to him wherever men foregathered, from the Strangers' Club of Calcutta to the Union League.

"What's the row, your reverence?" he asked. On the surface, he took the faith of his fathers lightly. Oriental though he was in the marrow.

"The Maharanee has disappeared," said the Swami.

"Whee-ee!" returned Kananda. "If that blessed stone isn't the Wandering Jew of jewels! How long has it been missing this time?"

"Nobody knows, unless it be its present possessor. Moreover, prince you are, ruler you may be, but I cannot overlook your levity in connection with so sacred a gem. Besides, my friend, remember the brethren."

Nandy's face became serious immediately.

"I wasn't exactly poking fun at the Maharanee," he apologized, "and they who suffer are never long absent from my thoughts. It's a Western habit, this flippancy—comes from trying to graft a Hindoo sprig on a British oak, you know."

"We are of the Orient," said the Swami, still rebukingly. "We should not copy the barbarisms of the Occident."

Nandy's eyes twinkled as the humor of such an observation in the heart of Manhattan flashed upon him. In a moment, he was grave again, however. He swung himself to a table, lightly for one of his bulk, and sat kicking his heels as he awaited the Hindoo priest's narrative.

"There's little to tell," the Swami went on, himself dropping into the easier speech of the West as his companion stopped smiling. "The great diamond is gone and Ali has no idea of its whereabouts. Night and day on the watch in the woman's home, he has nothing to tell further than that the jewel has disappeared and an arrest has been made."

"So they've caught the thief?"

"Perhaps. The bunglers of this uncouth country may have stumbled upon her by chance. She's in custody, anyway."

Nandy rose from the table and balanced himself on his toes.

"A woman, eh? Good-looking?"

Not without influence on his ideals had he taken a post-graduate course among London's Gaiety girls. He was a connoisseur in the femininity of the stage. Serious women bored him.

But surely a young person clever enough to get away with a diamond the size of the Maharanee couldn't be stupid?

"Mrs. Missioner's secretary," the Swami told him. "A close friend of hers, too, says Ali."

Kananda's whistle was expressive.

"Is there evidence to convict?" he asked interestedly.

"A paste necklace was substituted for the one containing the Maharanee," replied the Swami. "One of the real diamonds was found in the prisoner's room."

"Now, that's funny," said the Prince. "Devilish funny! And they took her in tow for that?"

The priest nodded.

"What rotters these American policemen are!" snapped Kananda in the slang he had used as Nandy of Cambridge. "Fancy any self-respecting Oriental doing that! Why, the bulldogiest little terrier in the Mikado's secret service wouldn't make such a break!"

The Swami nodded again.

"Ali searched her room, of course, before the detectives got there," he continued. "Soon after Mrs. Missioner's return from the opera, he went straight from the hall outside the library to Miss Holcomb's apartment and investigated thoroughly."

"Look here, old man," jerked Kananda, "if Ali let the stone, it's all well enough to put it over on——"

"He hasn't it," the Swami answered. "The thing for us to do now is to find out who has."

"Good old guessart!" grinned the Prince. "Well, Ali knows his business."

The Swami strolled back to the divan and lay at full length, his hands following his head. He blew smoke rings at the punkah.

"I'm not so sure of that," he retorted. "I don't like his failure to keep better watch on the stone."

Nandy swung himself back to the table.

"How long's it been gone?" he asked.

"I tell you nobody knows. Its absence was discovered to-night."

"You've just learned of it?"

"No and yes. I knew about the Maharanee before All came. He sketched the incident or the opera-hooks in crisp sentences. Kananda listened eagerly.


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suspects. Amusing to the old-time lawbreakers seemed the beginning of the morning's routine of the men detailed to prevent crime and hunt down criminals. Not a pleasing exhibition, but a necessary one. For the opportunity must be provided for the detectives to become familiar with the countenances of the lawbreakers. And by the simple device of the masks, the hunters are shielded from becoming equally familiar to the hunted.

The opening of the door at the rear of the room brought the waiting detectives to attention. Their forms stiffened to military exactness, their manner became watchfully alert.

"Good-morning," greeted Chief of Detectives Manning. The men saluted in return.

With quick, nervous strides the Chief made his way behind the long desk that ran half the length of the room, and took up a position of survey. His eyes, of hawk-like penetration, swept the room while the detectives called the roll. The absentees having been entered on the blotter, the process of lining up the prisoners began without further ceremony.

A line of bedraggled, disheveled men and women, their eyes bleary from a night of wakefulness in narrow, ill-ventilated cells, shuffled into the room.

"Michael Noonan," droned the lieutenant.

An emaciated, weak-faced man, the wretchedness of his lot emphasized by the frayed clothing that hung in loose, broken lines from his form, stepped forward. A look of dull misery was stamped on his countenance, a hopeless disregard of the fate in store for him showed in his manner.

"Take a good look at this crook," commanded the Chief. "Never was pinched before. Caught with goods on, however, by Wiggins and Wolf. Swipin' lead pipe from a half-finished house."

The eyes of the detectives bent on the human wreck as he shrank back into line.

"Philip Pratt," called the lieutenant.

A young man, not more than thirty, whose sullen mien and restless eyes betrayed his occupation even before the Chief announced it, faced the masked battery of eyes. His thin lips curled into a distainful smile as the Chief read his record from a slip of paper.

"Another old friend back," the head of the detective force commented. "Philip Pratt, alias Morse, alias Charlie Dodge, alias Toledo Phil, Confidence gent. Did a turn in Elmira, two short stretches up the river, and a leg in Joliet."

The particular offense for which the prisoner was in the toils again was described, and he, too, retired to temporary obscurity in the lines of the unfortunates.

"Carrie Chase," came from the lieutenant.

Member of that frail sisterhood whose shame is no deeper than that of the civilization from which it springs, she carried herself with an easy dignity born of familiarity with easy surroundings. The heavy lines of her face were drawn into an expression of grim defiance, but her eyes, dulled by long dissipation, could not hide the dumb fear that lurked in her soul.

"Got away with a gent's super," the Chief drawled. He displayed a gold watch as if it held all the triumph of his years of pursuit in the underworld. "But we found the goods on her," he added smilingly.

Her career was part of the elemental knowledge of the assembled detectives and the Chief dismissed her quickly.

"The chances are she'll do a long stretch this trip," he commented.

Every condition of moral obliquity was represented in that shifting line of prisoners. There were youths, still in the formative period of their criminal careers, vying with the old-timers in the forced bravado of their demeanors. Others there were, shamefaced and sad, overcome with remorse and praying silently for the termination of the painful spectacle. Still others, old men and young men, regarding the proceedings with the indifference of disinterested spectators. And there were women, too, from the bedizened "badger queen," her hair and complexion as false as the jewels shimmering from her fingers and throat, to the tremulous, weeping restaurant cashier accused of some petty defalcation. They represented types as varied as the emotions struggling within them, but as they stood side by side facing the expressionless masks, they seemed headed toward the same ultimate destiny.

One after another they stepped forward for inspection until the line was exhausted. When the last of them had filed out of the room, the detectives did not remove their masks, as was the custom. Instead, they stood about in a high fever of expectancy. Quizzical glances were cast in the direction of the door leading to the cells. Suddenly the men bulked forward, as if inspired by a common impulse of curiosity. The swish of skirts, accompanied by the tread of masculine feet, sounded in the doorway. A woman's form, her head bent to her breast, her limbs unable to bear the weight of her frail body, was being half dragged, half carried into the room. All the life seemed to have drained out of her. Her hair hung disordered over her shoulders, her hands swung limply like loose pendulums.

"Elinor Holcomb!" cried the lieutenant.

Donnelly and Carson, each with an arm under her shoulder, propped her sinking form.

"Lift your head," commanded the Chief.

The order fell on deaf ears. She seemed as one in the last agony of a mortal illness.

"Lift it for her," came in a voice of mingled sternness and compassion.

Donnelly's hand flew to her chin, tilting her face upward. For an instant she raised her heavy eyelids; then recoiled as from a blow. The crowd of masked spectators floated before her eyes like hideous spectres of a horrid dream. A low groan, like the last lament of a tortured soul, came from her lips. She seemed turned into a mass of jelly.

"Take her away," commanded the Chief, and the two detectives carried her out of the room.

"Accused of stealing the Missioner diamonds," was the curt explanation the Chief read the various Headquarters orders to the force, and then the men not engaged on old work received their assignments of new cases. As abruptly as he had entered, the head of the Bureau left the room and retired to his private office. Then he summoned Donnelly and Carson.

"Takes it pretty bad, eh?" he asked.

"Like all the swell ones when they're nabbed the first time," answered Carson.

"Had to call the doctor twice during the night, the matron tells me," informed Donnelly.

"Did she make any statement on the way to Headquarters?" inquired the Chief.

"Nothing but hysterics," Carson answered.

"And she's in no condition to be questioned now," added Donnelly.

"Anyone been inquiring for her?" the Chief suddenly snapped.

"Yes," flashed back Donnelly. "Some guy who says he's a doctor and engaged to marry her has been hanging around here all morning. Wants to know how he can get her out. Looks as if he might be mixed up in it, so I'm having him shadowed."

"Good!" commented the Chief. "If any lawyer calls, tell him she's in no condition to be seen. We don't want anyone to see her until we've questioned her."

It was late in the afternoon before Miss Holcomb was escorted into the inquisitorial chamber. She had fallen into a fitful slumber on the ride from the cell, when Donnelly and Carson opened the grated door and called her out of her sleep. She gave a startled gasp when she saw them, a convulsive shudder racked her frame. A sudden influx of painful memories overwhelmed her with a pitiful sense of helplessness as she dragged herself to the office of the Chief.

With a weak show of courage she eyed Manning resolutely, and then sank into a soft leather chair close to his desk. Donnelly and Carson occupied seats at her elbow.

"What did you do with the stones?" blurted the Chief.

Her lips framed a reply, but no sound issued from between them.

"Come, come!" he cried impatiently. "We don't want any acting here. I know you're only a tool in the hands of others. We've got the principal under arrest and I'm giving you a chance to save yourself. You turn state's evidence against him and I'll see what influence I have with the district attorney. Help me to get him convicted and we want to land. Now tell us what you did with the jewels."

In the midst of his outburst a man opened silently and a slight, pale, smooth-shaven man of middle age entered and seated himself in a dark, secure corner of the room. He seemed to merge into the shadows of the walls as he dropped himself into his chair. Miss Holcomb did not see him enter. Her increasing misery gave her a fictitious energy. She lifted her head with a sharp jerk.

"I didn't steal the jewels."

"I had nothing to do with their appearance."

The mocking laughter of the man in deep voices sounded in the room.

"Does it well," chuckled Donnelly.

"Too bad she can't act on the square," joined Carson.

The Chief's face hardened into as much as if he would read her very thoughts.

"There's no use trying to bluff me," he snarled. "I know where the diamonds are. The man who helped you steal them is locked up in a cell. You didn't know they were stolen, eh?"

"Who says that?" she cried.

Donnelly and Carson nudged each other in boisterous glee.

"She wants to know who says that," piped the former.

"Ain't she the ... his partner.

The Chief's face hardened into as much menace as could be put into its deepest lines.

To be continued.

---

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---

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Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School and Bible Class: 2.30 p.m.
Epworth League: Monday, at 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
Pastor's Class: Friday, at 7.30 p.m.
W. M. S.: First Monday of the month at 3 p.m
Ladies' Aid: Last Monday of the month at 3 p.m.

KNOX CHURCH
REV. W. M. MCKAY, Minister.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p.m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.45 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 7.30. p.m.
W. F. M. S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 3 p.m.
The Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4.30 p.m.

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**Travellers' Guide.**

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
GOING EAST.
6.57 a.m. (flag). 7.25 a.m. 10.28 a.m.
2.55 p.m. 5.30 p.m. 8.15 p.m.
GOING WEST.
8.43 a.m. 9.04 a.m. 3.33 p.m. 7.07 p.m. 8.25 p. m.
—SUNDAY—
West 9.04 a.m., 8.25 p.m. East 6.57 a.m., 8.15 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
(H. & N. W. Division.)
GOING NORTH. GOING SOUTH.
7.45a.m. 4.45p.m. 10.25a.m. 8.35 p.m.



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FOR 1912

| Place of Sitting | Day of Sitting | Hours of Opening | Jan. | Mar. | May | July | Sept. | Nov. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Milton | Friday | 10.30 a.m. | 12 | 8 | 10 | 12 | 12 | 6 |
| Oakville | Tuesday | 12.30 p.m. | 9 | 5 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 6 |
| Georgetown | Wednesday | 10.00 a.m. | 10 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 11 | 7 |
| Acton | Thursday | 10.15 a.m. | 11 | 7 | 9 | 11 | 12 | 7 |
| Campbellville | Saturday | 10.00 a.m. | 13 | 9 | 11 | 13 | 14 | 9 |
| Burlington | Monday | 11.00 a.m. | 8 | 4 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 4 |

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1, Wm. Panton, Milton; 2, Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; 3, Chas. Hay, Georgetown; 4 R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5, Wm. Frazer, Campbellville; 6, Samuel Hyslop, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 11th June and 10th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court sittings, without Jury, 2nd April and 1st October, and so often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

County Court Sittings, formerly Terms—4th January, 1st April, 2nd July and 7th October.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts—4th January, 8th April, 8th July and 7th October.

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Clerk of the Peace.



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| ... column | 50.00 | 80.00 |
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(Solicitor for the Attorney)
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Money to Loan, Etc. Office, Milton, Ont.

VICTOR CHISHOLM,
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