

The TATTOOED ARM

by Isabel Ostrander

"Good! Take a train around seven tonight and I'll phone when your cue comes." Miles attended to the cheque and they rose.

It was almost dinner time when he reached Brooklea but instead of returning at once to the Drakes' he paid a call at a neat, old-fashioned cottage nearer the village.

Carter and Pierre were hurrying about the kitchen busied with the serving of dinner and as he passed the servants' dining room, Scottie beckoned imperiously, but Miles waved an emphatic dissent and hurried up the back stairs.

At the first landing he came upon Hitty.

"Mr. Roger's condition hasn't changed since last night?"

"No, an' I don't know's it'll be any harm if I do leave him." She snickered. "I'll be right back before the family leave the table."

She scuttled off downstairs and Miles softly entered the sick room and took the chair beside the bed. He leaned over and spoke gently:

"Mr. Drake! You can hear me?"

The eye which had turned eagerly toward him at his first word closed swiftly, gratefully, and then opened wide.

"I meant what I said yesterday. The past is buried and must not be resurrected, but there is one who must be silenced, the one whose name you tried to tell your brother yesterday. I knew—I guessed—but I must have your assurance that I am right. The man you fear, the man who can bring ruin and worse upon you all—is this he?"

Bending down closely over the prostrate form he breathed a name.

There was a pregnant pause while Roger Drake's eyes seemed to dilate. Then, unwaveringly, inexorably, the lids closed.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Man, but I've news for you!" Scottie exclaimed when Miles came downstairs. "Dick Kemp has found what's been under our very noses. Do you mind when Rip told us of meeting two men in the garden? Last night?"

"I came again and Dick frightened me away, but not before he'd discovered the spot they were after. We'll beat them to it tonight, but how we're to get rid of the lad—!"

"I'll find a way," Miles responded briefly. "It's only the last link in the chain, anyway, but it will be best for him and his little bride to be far from this house later tonight."

"When young Dick meets you tell him to pack his grip and wait with his runabout in the back road till Patricia joins him."

Miles was passing through the hall when Andrew Drake emerged from the library fuming with exasperation.

"Confound that pettifogging Wells!" he explained to Miss Drake. "He's coming down on the ten o'clock train tonight and insists that I meet him at the station. Wants a private talk."

"Sh-h!" Miss Drake warned and vanished up the stairs, Andrew grumblingly following.

As Miles turned Patricia appeared in the door of the music room.

"I heard!" she whispered. "Oh, Sergeant, why is Mr. Wells coming and where have you been all day? When is all this dreadful suspense going to end?"

"Tonight for you, my dear young lady," the detective replied. "I want you to keep away again now tonight. Mr. Kemp will be waiting for you on the back road in his car in an hour and you must take your traveling case and slip out and join him. He will keep in touch with me and when you come back in a few days it will

be to find that all the trouble has passed."

She held both her hands out to him impulsively.

"Oh! I have always had faith in you even when I was living a nightmare. You have found the terrible old woman who tried to have me abducted and the man with the tattooed arm?"

"He will never cross your path again," Miles replied evasively. "One thing more; not only was your own sanity never in question, but that of your people also."

It was midnight when Miles and Scottie, equipped with shovels, set to work with a will and soon had a hole waist deep where the floor of the summer house had been.

"I've struck something, lad," Scottie announced in an unconsciously lowered voice.

Miles leaped down into the excavation beside him and felt about with his hands.

"Machinery!" Scottie exclaimed. "Rusted and broken as though it had been crushed with a sledge-hammer!"

"Our friends hoped it would be in better condition, I think," Miles responded. "Can you guess what it is?"

"It's not a wee printing press, though I own I've had that in mind since you took the counterfeit bill



Gray struck out blindly.

from me." Scottie shook his head slowly. "If I had a chance to try to assemble it, now—?"

"You're close enough to the truth, old man," Miles wedged down the lid once more and began heaping the loose dirt back upon it. Put the boards back over the hole as well as you can and follow me!"

Scottie obeyed and the two walked to the road where a machine had halted. With its three grimly business-like occupants the briefest of greetings were exchanged.

"You understand, boys, that you're on a confidential case, and Scottie is here just by accident?" Miles spoke with authority but there was a note of uncontrollable elation in his tones.

"Sure, we understand all right, Sergeant," the burlier of the trio replied with immense respect. "We're all set and waiting for orders."

"All right, Farrell; you and Marks come with me. I'm going to post you indoors and then get one of the neighbors to join us whom I shall want as a witness. Scottie, jump in and let Barker drive you down to the Mansion House where I want you to send word up to a Mrs. Higgins that you've come to bring her back here. While she is getting ready, call up 130 Brooklea and insist on speaking to the lady of the house; she, too, will be prepared for your call. Tell her Miss Drake is ill and has sent for her. She will use a conveyance of her own to reach here, but Mrs. Higgins will return with you and Barker, and see that you make it snappy."

CHAPTER XVIII.

John Wells was still fully dressed when Miles knocked upon the door of the guest room. After a brief colloquy he descended to the library where he found Enslee Grayle.

"My dear sir!" He extended a cordial hand to the bewildered naturalist. "This is an unparadonable hour at which to have disturbed you, but you are our poor Roger's closest friend."

"Sad!" Grayle returned. "Roger is—!"

"His seizure has not yet taken a fatal turn, but it is well to be prepared. But here come the others."

"What is the meaning of this?" Hobart attired in a robe and slippers appeared in the doorway. "Grayle, you here?"

"Hello, Grayle!" Andrew's voice sounded from behind his brother. "Williams told me you wanted me. What's up now?"

"I do want you, Andrew, and you, too, Hobart." The attorney's tones

were low. "If you will wait until your sister joins us—?"

"Patricia!" The cry came from the stairs and Miss Drake tottered into the room and fell into the nearest chair. "She is gone again! Why is Mr. Grayle here and what have you to tell us, Mr. Wells?"

"Very little. Your new servant, William, is here to explain the situation."

Miles had entered quietly and Andrew turned with a snarl.

"William, eh?" He added an oath. "Who the — are you, anyway?"

"A special agent employed by a member of this family to protect their interests, sir," Miles replied, still respectfully.

"You, John?" Hobart took a step forward. "By gad, you've gone too far!"

"It is the end!" Jerusha Drake bowed her proud head and buried her face in her hands.

"I suppose that lunatic upstairs went to you and you saw a chance of making a fat fee out of us, you—muck-racker!" Andrew advanced threateningly upon the attorney.

"I was consulted by my ward, Patricia Drake, who is safe and in good hands," Wells responded. "I am co-guardian with her father. As for my 'cheap private detective,' Sergeant Owen Miles from Police Headquarters will speak for himself!"

"Really, I feel that I am de trop—!" Grayle rose slowly from his chair.

"No you don't!" Andrew leaped for him. "Can't you see it's a plant? That we are done for? You'll take your medicine the same as me—!"

"Are you mad?" The spare, white-haired figure threw him off with unexpected strength, and turned in offended dignity to Hobart. "Mr. Drake, your brother—!"

"He is not his brother!" A nasal feminine voice wrung with anguish startled them all as Ora Hawks slipped through the opened French window from the verandah and pointed an accusing finger. "That man is not Andrew Drake!"

At the same moment Maizie Gray, flamboyant even in crisp new widow's weeds, entered the door with Scottie and the impassive Barker behind her.

"Not—not Andrew!" Miss Drake seemed oblivious to the arrival of the trio as she lifted astounded and horrified eyes to the face of her old friend.

"Andrew Drake died in Australia three years ago," Miles said gravely. "This lady will be able to inform you of the identity of the imposter."

He indicated Maizie, but she drew herself up with a laugh.

"I'm? I never laid eyes on 'im until last week, but I can tell you right enough 'oo that white-haired old cove it! 'E's Ben Gray, my lawfully wedded 'usband, as left me and the Salisbury Repertory Company in Victoria two years ago!"

The erstwhile naturalist sprang for the door, but Miles, recovering himself, called sharply:

"Farrell! Marks! Here are your men!"

Gray struck out blindly, but Marks seized him in an iron grip and Scottie tore off the white wig, disclosing the sleek, close-cropped black hair which more naturally accorded with the culprit's bright, dark eyes and stalwart, athletic frame. Farrell was watching the man who had posed as Andrew Drake and who had all at once regained control of himself. He stood waiting quietly with a half-smile upon his lips.

(To be continued.)

Unknon Soldier

He must be weary of marching feet Treading a rhythm above in the street.

He must be weary of laurel and bay And uniformed reverence, and people who pray.

All of his swagger and all of his jest Are lost in his crying for silence and rest.

But I think the lids of his eyes unfold

When little gray mothers, timid and old,

Come softly at dusk. "My bravest one!

Such a grand, grand grave for my little son!"

—V. Valerie Gates in the New Yorker.

To Dine Imperially

London Times (Ind.): The Empire Marketing Board's little book on "Empire Dinners"—two to a month, and each designed by an eminent artist in that way—gives plenty of tests more severe than the artistically simple Christmas dinner. From the cocktail to the coffee, from the grapefruit to the grapes, seven, eight, nine courses can be made up without buying a penn'orth of anything outside the Empire. And since we have every clime and every season within our borders, and cold storage has annihilated distance, we may dine as elegantly, as exotically, as we choose.

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Liberals Will Use Old Churchill Speeches On Phonograph Records Backing Free Trade

London.—What at first glance reads like a political sensation of the highest order is the announcement made to-day that during the forthcoming general election the voice of Winston Churchill, Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, will be heard from Liberal platforms extolling the merits of that truly liberal creed, free trade.

While the voice is the voice of Churchill, however, the hand will be the hand of his old political comrades, now his political opponents, who will broadcast Churchill's former views by means of gramophone records and a very loud speaker.

The time was when the present Conservative Chancellor was an ardent Liberal free trader. In his present capacity, however, it has been his duty to appear as the chief protagonist of the policy of the 'safeguarding of industries.'

What are his real views on the subject nobody knows, but his former

opinions are literally "on record" and the free traders will seek, by means of an unholy alliance with science, to confound him out of his own mouth.

Minard's Liniment for Asthma.

Intra-Empire Trade

Toronto Globe (Lib.): Mr. Hoover has promised the farmer voters a tariff that will effectively eliminate competition from farm produce shipments from Canada. Canadian farmers with memories of the consequences of the Fordney emergency tariff will not be under any illusions as to the harmful effect on rural Canadian prosperity. The sensible answer to any such action—or even to the recurrent threats of such action—is for Canada to throw her full weight into the movement to make expanded intra-Empire trade a substitute for foreign markets and a safeguard against the vagaries of alien politicians and peoples.

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