



(Copyright)

CHAPTER I—A CRY FOR HELP
Outside Hampstead the Station Peter Hastings stood a moment looking up at the sky. Just as he had expected, the clouds hung heavy over the Heath and, as he watched, a flicker of sheet lightning contended with the electric lights which were beginning to gleam out below. It was past nine o'clock on a sultry July evening.

Peter walked slowly up the hill. He wore a blue serge suit, his brown shoes were old but well polished, and his soft grey felt hat was just like a hundred others. If anyone had taken the trouble to watch him they would have taken him for a city clerk enjoying a quiet stroll to get what little fresh air was moving on this wickedly hot night.

Peter turned to the right and came presently into a region of big houses, each standing in its own walled garden. These roads were not so well lighted as the streets he had left and the lightning which flickered across the ragged hedges of the storm clouds overhead showed plain that before Peter reached a tall wall built of mellow, old bricks. The drive gates stood open and in the dim light he saw the drive bordered by thick rhododendrons, and behind them two rows of clipped yews. His clean-cut face hardened, and after one glance round to make sure that no one was in sight he stepped through the gate and instantly vanished into the shrubbery. As he stood, hidden beneath the thick shadow of the yews, he found that his knees were trembling slightly.

"Natural, I suppose," he said grimly. "I've heard of burglars dying of heart failure. I don't know that I blame 'em."

For long minutes he stood watching the house. The tall, straight Georgian front was in darkness. Not a light showed from any of the high, many-paned windows. In this yew-shadowed garden all was quiet. The only sound was a faint rumble of traffic from distant streets. Peter took a pair of old gloves from his pocket and drew them on, then went softly towards the house. The front was open, with a broad flower-bed between the wall and the gravel sweep, but to the right the solemn yews grew close to the house to which they gave their name. Yew Court it was called and the name suited the dim old place.

Not a sound from the house as Peter approached a window, but that was as he had expected. Judith Vidal, the owner, was leaving for Cranham, her place in Herefordshire, next day, and had sent most of the servants on ahead. According to Peter's information, there should be no one in the house but Mrs. Forrest, the deaf old housekeeper. Daisy Newton, Judith's maid, had, he knew, gone out to keep tryst with her young man.

Peter slipped a long, flexible blade between the sashes and worked away. At last came a click. In the intense silence the small noise sounded loud as a pistol shot and with a quick breath Peter drew back into the shadow. Nothing happened, no dangerous light sprang into being and presently Peter came forward again, pushed open the window and clambered in over the sill.

Curtains hung across the window, and as he stood behind them he was still breathing faster than usual and was unpleasantly conscious that his forehead was damp with sweat. He shook his head angrily. The job was foul-proof. Then pushing aside the curtains he stepped out into the room.

It was dark but that did not matter. This had been his father's study in those happy days which now seemed so long ago, and he knew every foot of it. Even the faint, musty scent of the old oak-paneled walls was familiar. He took from his pocket a tiny electric torch, no bigger than a fountain pen,

and switched it on. The thin pencil of light fell upon an unfamiliar carpet and on furniture he had never before seen, yet the room itself was the same. How well he remembered that queer beast, half bird, half dragon, carved on the marble mantel opposite! For a moment he stood quite still, memories crowding on him, then with an impatient movement of the head he shook himself free of the spell, and crossed softly to the door.

Switching off his torch, he cautiously turned the handle. The door opened quietly enough but a board groaned beneath him as he stepped into the dark hall, and again he felt a nasty quiver run through him. It did not last. Those stones—he had to have them, and it was easy now. They were in the smoking room to the right and next moment he had opened that door, passed through and closed it behind him.

Again he switched on the torch and its thin, white beam circled the tall, handsome room. Yes, there was the bookcase on the north wall, just as it had always been, the same tarnished gilt on the covers of the old volumes. Only they were not real books but just camouflage and the small keyhole of the safe was between "Pohlman on Chess" and Hawker's "Instructions to Sportsmen."

Peter drew the key from his pocket. Curious that he should have kept it all these years, but it was just the fact that he had done so, which made his burglary possible. In fact, it was that which had made him first think of this way of getting even with those who had robbed him.

A tight-lipped smile crossed his face. Judith Vidal's emeralds would do something to set him on his feet again, though he felt that no amount of money could make up for the miseries he had endured during the past six months.

The key was actually in the lock, he was on the point of turning it when the silence of the old house was cracked by a scream. The scream of a woman in deadly pain or terror.

CHAPTER II—BLACKMAIL

Queer how all the best in a man reacts to the cry of a woman in trouble! The next thing Peter knew he was out of the library and racing up the stairs. The scream had come from the drawing room on the first floor. He burst into the big room to see a girl struggling in the arms of a man.

The girl was Judith Vidal. The tall slim figure, the marvellous hair, black with just a tinge of red bronze, the exquisite, creamy complexion and the long, rather narrow eyes with beautifully arched brows and long lashes—though Peter had never spoken to her there was no mistaking the woman who had already been painted by three of the most famous artists of the day, and whose photograph had appeared in a hundred different papers.

The man, Peter had never seen before; but in his way he was almost as striking as the girl. Taller than Peter—and he was five foot ten—the stranger's narrow waist and broad shoulders spoke of great physical strength. His long face with its arched nose, high cheek-bones and dark, piercing eyes only needed a pointed beard to make him exactly like one of those Spaniard grandees whose portraits hang in the National Gallery.

As the door crashed open the man released the girl and turned to meet the intruder.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" he demanded harshly. His very dark eyes glowed with anger and a muscle in his forehead twitched dangerously. All Peter's nervousness had left him. He was of the type that are coolest in a tight place.

"Question's a bit superfluous, isn't it?" he remarked with a glance at Judith, and as he looked at her he became aware that she was gazing at him with a most extraordinary expression in her wonderful eyes. She might almost, he thought, have been looking at a ghost. The tall man came straight at him.

"Get out!" he ordered savagely. "Am I to get out, Miss Vidal?" Peter asked easily. Judith recovered herself. "No! No!" she cried. "It is Mr. Lanyon who must go, not you."

Lanyon! Peter knew who he was now—Paul Lanyon had been Adam Vidal's secretary. A bad hat if half he had heard was true. But there was no time to think of that for Lanyon's fist was driving straight for Peter's head.

Peter ducked and closed, flinging his arms around Lanyon's body. He did this deliberately, for he had realized instantly that Lanyon had a much longer reach than he, and that he was a boxer. Peter himself could use his fists as well as the next man, but most of his fighting had been of the rough and tumble order. He back-heeled Lanyon and the two went to the floor together with a crash that shook the whole room. But the pile of the rug on which they fell was deep and soft. Neither took much harm and next instant they were fighting like wild cats.

Lanyon got his right arm free and drove a short blow into Peter's jaw which jarred all his teeth into one great ache, but Peter retaliated with a smash which made a sad mess of Lanyon's elegant nose. Mad with pain, Lanyon brought up his knee and tried to drive it into Peter's groin, but Peter was too wily to be caught by such a trick and rolling over, sprang to his feet. Lanyon came up too. If he had kept his head and boxed, the advantage was all his, but he was clean crazy and instead of using his fists took a running kick at Peter.

A man who had spent six weeks in the fo'c'sle of a tramp steamer knows all about that sort of dirty fighting. In a flash Peter had hold of Lanyon's right leg and lifted with all his might. Lanyon's whole body rose in the air and he came down on the back of his head. This time it was not a rug that received him but the polished parquet floor. The sound was like that of a mallet striking wood, and Lanyon lay very still. Peter stood over him. He was breathing hard and blood was dripping from his split lip.

"H-have you killed him?" came Judith's voice at his elbow.

"Killed him? No. He's only knocked out." Judith looked down at the man on the floor and it gave Peter a shock to see how she hated him. Then suddenly she turned to Peter.

"Will he be long like this?" she demanded.

Peter shrugged.

"Ten minutes, perhaps. He got a tidy bump."

"That will be time enough." Judith was all eagerness.

"You must tie him up, please—and gag him."

Peter stared.

"What for?" he blurted out.

"Oh, don't wait. He might come round. It—it's terribly important. Please—please do it at once." She ran to the window and came back with two thick cords from the curtains. Peter still hesitated.

"I don't want to hurt him," Judith went on swiftly, "but he has something of mine which I must get back. Please—please don't wait."

"Sounds like good goods," said Peter to himself, "and anyhow I'm in no position to refuse." He took the cords and made a good job of it. He finished by gagging Lanyon with the man's own silk handkerchief. Judith stood watching.

"You are sure he is safe?" she asked anxiously as Peter rose to his feet.

"Safe as a pig in a net," Peter told her.

"Then come with me and I'll tell you." She led the way out of the big drawing room and across into a smaller room opposite. By the luxuriant furnishing it was her own boudoir. The first thing she did was to glance at the gilt, French clock on the mantel.

"Only eleven," she said, and Peter noticed that she had recovered from her panic and was quite cool and steady. "There is plenty of time. First I will see to that lip of yours. It is badly cut." She got water and a sponge, made Peter sit in an armchair, then cleaned the cut and strapped it up with a small strip of plaster. Her long slim fingers were cool and capable and as she worked a delicate and unusual scent filled Peter's nostrils.

"Now tell me your name," she commanded. It flashed across Peter's mind that he would be wise to use an alias, but somehow he could not do it.

"My name is Peter Hastings," he said, and reddened slightly as he spoke.

"I always wondered what it was," she said with a little smile which made her lovely face even more beautiful than before.

"How could you wonder?" returned Peter bluntly. "You never saw me before."

"Oh, but I have—at that dance at Singapore."

"But I never saw you," returned Peter more puzzled than before. He had been

to more than one dance at Singapore, but he certainly had never seen Judith Vidal at any of them.

"I know," said Judith softly. "I was late and you were just leaving."

Peter let it go at that.

"About Lanyon. You were going to tell me," he said, and her whole face changed and hardened.

"Yes, but before I tell you I want to know if you will help me."

"Help you," said Peter. "How do you know I am a fit person to help you?" Judith looked at him. She noticed how shiny were the elbows and knees of his well-cut blue serge suit, how threadbare his collar; she saw that his shirt was of common grey flannel, and that his well-polished shoes were cracking across the toes. His face, too, was thinner than it should have been. She laid a hand on his arm.

"You have helped me once to-night," she said. "You fought for me. You saved me. No one is more fit to help me than you." Her vibrant voice sent an odd thrill through Peter. He looked at her full in the face.

"You haven't asked me how I came to be in your house this evening."

Her eyes did not fall.

"That does not matter. I trust you—Peter."

"Then you shouldn't," he answered harshly. "I came here to steal. I'm nothing but a burglar."

Judith showed no sign of dismay.

"You are not a burglar. You have never stolen before. And if you came to steal to-night you had some good reason."

"Oh, I had reason," said Peter sharply, but Judith held up her hand.

"Never mind that now. You can tell me later. Will you steal for me? Will you help me to get back from Paul Lanyon the papers he has stolen from me?"

Peter whistled softly.

"So that's his game—blackmail?" Again Judith's beautiful face hardened.

"Listen to me, Mr. Hastings. My father was very good to me, yet since his death I have come to know that some of his ways of making money were not too scrupulous. Paul Lanyon, who was his secretary, stole certain letters which, if published, would blacken my father's memory. For nearly a year past, ever since my father's death, Lanyon has been trying to persuade me into marrying him, and when I told him frankly I would not dream of doing so he turned ugly."

"To-night I was going out to dinner, but he telephoned me that he had something to show me, so I waited for him. The important thing was one of these letters. He told me in so many words that, if I would not promise to marry him, he meant to sell this and a number of other letters for publication. I grew angry—indeed I lost my temper completely and told him exactly what I thought of him. Then he seized me—"

"I hardly dare think what might have happened if you had not come to my help. It was rather a brave thing for a burglar to do," she ended softly.

Peter got red again. The girl knew exactly how to play on his feelings. Besides, so the thought struck him, she was not responsible for her father's sins, and he owed her something for the sportsmanlike way in which she had taken his confession.

"All right," he said briefly. "I'll help." Then he paused uncomfortably. "Only I think you'll have to give me some food first. I haven't eaten since yesterday. Sorry," he added grimly as he saw the look of shocked surprise on Judith's face. "I—"

"But she would not let him explain.

"Come with me," she ordered, and quickly led the way downstairs.

Supper had been laid in the dining room. There was cold consommé, a game pie, chicken salad, trifles and jellies, food of a kind that Peter had not even set eyes on for months past.

Judith helped him herself, but before he began to eat she made him drink a glass of sherry. There was something curiously dream-like to Peter in sitting in this luxurious room, being waited on by this lovely girl, while with every mouthful he felt fresh strength come back to his starved body. Twenty minutes later, when he rose from the table, he felt a new man.

"I'm ready now," he told Judith. "But you will have to tell me where I am to go and what I have to get."

"I'm coming with you," said Judith. "Will you find Lanyon's keys while I get out the car?"

Recovering After Four Days of Sleep

Local Woman who Took Large Quantity of Sedative Pills Now on Way to Recovery.

A Timmins woman who was for several days near death as a result of taking the large part of a box of sedative pills is now under way to recovery. From Monday afternoon until Friday afternoon she was in a deep sleep and could not be roused. Oxygen was given her and she was artificially fed to keep her alive. Drs. Irvine and Day through their care, attention and skill were able to save her life after persistent and earnest effort, though at first there seemed no chance of her recovery. On Friday she awakened from the stupor into which she had fallen and is now able to speak and gradually taking a little nourishment, though very weak. This woman who suffered from a nervous disorder had been prescribed luminol tablets with careful directions as to their use. On Monday last apparently in an effort to secure a long long sleep, the lady attempted to take the greater part of a box of the luminol pills. She had managed to take a total of about 25 grains of the drug before she could be stopped. Although it was feared that recovery was impossible she was rushed to the hospital and the care and attention given there has resulted in her progress to recovery.

Public Servants in District to be Sworn

Oaths of Allegiance to New King Must be Taken in Near Future. Many have to be Re-sworn.

Public servants in the district of Cochrane will all swear oaths of allegiance to King Edward VIII sometime in the near future. Judge J. B. T. Caron will probably be the first to take the new oath. Crown Attorney Calchick will officiate for that; then the judge will swear the crown attorney.

Sheriff J. D. Mackay; W. L. Warrell, registrar for the supreme court of Ontario for the district of Cochrane; J. A. Clermont, master of titles; Magistrates Tucker and Atkinson; E. H. Hill, district court clerk; J. L. Regan, crown timber agent; and many other officers of the province of Ontario in the district will be sworn. There is no lapse in the commissions issued to them when they took office; the change in sovereignty is provided for in the acts of both the province and the Dominion.

The new oath will read: "I, do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King Edward the Eighth, as lawful Sovereign of Great Britain, Ireland and the Dominions beyond the Seas, and that I will defend Him to the utmost of my power against all traitorous conspiracies or attempts whatever which may be made against His Person, Crown and Dignity and that I will do my utmost endeavour to disclose to His Majesty, His Heir, or Successors, all treasons or traitorous conspiracies and attempts which I may know to be against Him or any of them; And all this I do swear without any equivocation, mental evasion or secret reservation; so Help me God."

Niagara Falls Review.—The new quintuplets in Nicaragua are said to have been born to very poor parents and that is no new thing for multiple births. One, cannot remember a single instance where four or five babies have arrived simultaneously into any household where they did not immediately constitute an economic problem. Why is it that the stork never seems to leave so many babies at a time at homes of wealthy folks?

No wonder Purity Flour is a favorite for bread. Its richness in nourishing gluten is supplied by Western Canada hard Spring wheat. A strong flour that goes farther—economical. PURITY FLOUR Best for all your Baking

Library Here Building Mining Book Section

Good Reference Library Being Gathered Here with Special Attention Given to Authoritative Works on the Mining Industry. Some of the New Volumes.

Work has been begun in earnest by the Timmins Public Library board in building up here a good reference library on the technical side of the industry that is so important to Timmins—mining. On the advice of several authorities, the following texts have been purchased and are now available: "Principles of Metallurgy," by Donald M. Liddell and Gilbert E. Doan. This text is designed to fill two purposes—give the engineering student who does not propose to take up metallurgy as a life work a general view of the subject, and yet to give the student who intended to become a metallurgist a proper foundation for his vocation. "Mechanical Engineering Practice," by Charles F. Shoop and George T. Love. A thorough reference text which also serves as a manual of laboratory procedure. Heating, air conditioning and internal combustion have been added to a previous very complete edition. "Metalliferous Mines and Mining," by E. Henry Davies, M.E., F.G.S. A standard work on mining, published in 1901 but still a fine book for reference or for the interested reader. "Practical Mine Development and Equipment," by Lucien Eaton, A.B., S.B., S.M. A new text book on mining which emphasizes the practical rather than the theoretical side. The author steers clear of theoretical discussion almost entirely. "Getting Acquainted with Minerals," by George Letchworth English. This American text presents the science of mining in an extraordinarily lucid and simple manner. No previous reading in physics or chemistry is necessary. Another non-fiction work is "Perfume from Provence," by Winnifred Fortescue, in which Lady Fortescue gives vivid impressions of the people of Provence and the bewitching country in which they live. Pen and ink illustrations by E. H. Shephard are excellent. "Wide Choice in Fiction" Fiction made available within the past few days includes: "If With All Your Hearts," by Louise Platt Hauck. (In which a liberal and modern young preacher marries a beautiful young atheist). "The Rebel Loyalist," by Ralph Connor. (The United Empire Loyalists coming to Canada to remain British, finding new homes in a wild, unknown land, make the centre of this Canadian novel. It is one of the most engaging and powerful of the great Canadian works). "The End of Illusion," by Homer W. Smith. (A man, in his wanderings about the South Seas, finds the answer to the most important question in life). "The Black Swan," by Anne W. Stawbridge. (The daughter of an Anglo-Saxon family, steeped in tradition, finds how modern love may be).

DON'T DO THIS! Tone-Lite Lenses absorb harmful rays and glare. Because they are delicately tinted they blend with the complexion and at the same time keep annoying and harmful glare from your eyes. Ask us about Tone-Lite Lenses. NAME AND ADDRESS CONSULT IRVIN ROSNER R.O. EYESIGHT SPECIALIST Located in HALPERIN'S Jewelry Store Phone 212 7 Pine Street North Evenings by Appointment HALPERIN OPTICAL PARLOUR

Guides and Rangers to Meet at School Tuesday

Girl Guides and Rangers of Timmins will attend the service at the Goldfields theatre to-morrow morning. They are asked to be in uniform and gather at the Central public school at ten o'clock, it was announced on Saturday.

Dome Man's Funeral is Largely Attended

Konstantyn Kotula, Killed at Dome Last Week, Had Wife and Family in Poland.

The funeral of Konstantyn Kotula, miner who was killed at the Dome on Friday, was held from the Church of the Nativity yesterday afternoon and was attended by a large number of his countrymen. Although the miner had no relatives in this country, his body was taken to the home of his friend, Frank Fugra, at 11 Bannerman avenue, where it lay until yesterday.

He was 39 years of age, a native of Poland and is survived by a wife and family in that country. He had been employed underground at the Dome for some time and lived in the Dome bunk-houses. The accident that took his life occurred when the head block of a chute broke away and the heavy timbers that held back the ore crushed him. His skull was badly fractured.

Badminton Bridge Has Been Postponed to Feb. 3rd

The regular Badminton bridge which was to have been held on Monday, Jan. 27th, has been postponed to Monday, Feb. 3rd.

Humbly, we join with all peoples throughout the world in mourning the passing of a gracious sovereign, His late Majesty King George the Fifth. Timmins Fire Department

With profound sorrow, we join all loyal subjects in mourning the passing of our gracious and beloved sovereign, King George V. A. SHAHEEN In respect, the store will remain closed to-morrow