



START THE STORY HERE
Even if you have missed the opening chapters of this thrilling story you can take it up here. For the advantage of those who may have missed one or more of the opening instalments, a synopsis of the chapters to date is given herewith:

Synopsis
CHAPTERS I to III—Peter Hastings, a young mining engineer, attributing his business ruin to the unscrupulous rivalry of Adam Vidal, breaks into the house occupied, since Vidal's death, by his daughter, Judith, and a few servants. It is his intention to recoup himself, in some measure, by stealing her emeralds. Whilst on the point of opening the safe, he hears a scream, and racing in the direction of the sound, sees Judith struggling in the arms of a man. Peter knocks him out, and at Judith's urgent request ties and gags him. He learns that the man, Paul Lanyon, who was her father's secretary, is endeavouring to blackmail her into marrying him. He had been trying to kiss her when she screamed. Brushing aside all Peter's attempts to explain his presence there, Judith asks him to help her to recover certain of her father's letters that Lanyon is using to blackmail her. Peter agrees, and with the aid of Lanyon's keys they secure them from his flat. Afterwards Peter releases Lanyon and as the latter leaves the house he warns Judith that Peter is an escaped convict suspected of murder.

CHAPTERS IV and V—Judith, far from taking notice of Lanyon's warning, offers Peter the position of land agent on her estate in Hertfordshire, and Peter, convinced at length that the offer is not actuated solely by gratitude, accepts. They motor together to her country home at Cranham, and a few days later, when Peter is visiting a quarry on the estate, he sees a man interfering with a charge of explosive to be used the next day in blasting operations. Peter has just realized that his life is to be attempted, when the man, whose name is Morson, attacks him and he loses consciousness.

CHAPTER VI—Morson lights a slow-burning fuse and hurries away certain that in the ensuing explosion Peter will be blown to pieces. But his plans go wrong, no explosion occurs, and when he returns to investigate, Peter, who in the meantime has regained consciousness and put out the burning fuse, overpowers him. Morson then confesses that Lanyon has paid him to murder Peter. Morson manages to escape from Peter and the latter, weakened by the blow received on the head, is having difficulty overtaking him. Morson has hidden and is waiting in ambush at a spot where the path runs along the edge of a steep bank. It is Morson's intention to spring out and kick Peter over the edge of the bank to the rocks below.
(Now go on with the story from here)

CHAPTER VII—A SHOT FROM THE DARK
One thing Morson had not counted on—indeed, he did not know of it. That was Peter's senses of hearing which was extraordinarily good. Nor did he know that Peter had spent much of his time in the East in the hunting of big game, a pursuit which trains all the senses, especially the ears and eyes. Peter, though quite 100 yards behind, was at once sensible that Morson had stopped running, and he needed no one to tell him exactly what had happened. He realized Morson's plan as plainly as if he had been told it in so many words, and knew exactly when the fellow had stopped.
In spite of the pain and giddiness, a grim smile curved his lips. But he did not pause even for a moment—He kept on steadily. The moonlight was bright-

er here, for one side of the path was open to the brook, and as he neared the bush behind which he knew Morson was hidden, Peter distinctly saw a branch quiver slightly. He still had the sandbag clutched in his right hand, and as he neared the bush he suddenly swung in behind it.
This move must have seemed like black magic to Morson. The wretched man lost his head and plunged forward on to the path. The ground was rough and stony. He tripped and, unable to save himself owing to his bound hands, shot forward headlong over the bank. One horrid scream, then a heavy thud, and after that complete silence.
Peter went slowly forward to the top of the bank, and holding on to a tree branch, looked over. Morson lay huddled on the stones below. His head was twisted to one side, and he was quite still.

"I don't think he'll do—much—more—kicking," said Peter, very slowly—"or me, either," he added and was just able to go back a step before he, too, dropped and lay as still as Morson.

"Peter—Peter—speak to me!" Judith's voice seemed to come from a great way off, yet it reached Peter's consciousness. But to save him he could not give any sign that he had heard.

"They've killed him!" moaned Judith, and Peter felt her lips on his cheek. Then, somehow, he did manage to get his eyes open, though the lids still felt heavy as lead.

"I'm all right," he remarked, rather ungraciously. Judith gave a little scream of joy.

"Oh, Peter, I thought you were dead."

"It's the other chap who's dead. He's there—over the bank, in the stream. Neck broken, I think."

"Lanyon—you mean Lanyon?"

"No such luck! One of his creatures—a man called Morson."

"Sent here by Lanyon?" Judith's voice was breathless.

"Yes; I got that out of him—and I hoped to get more. Now he'll never talk again. But we must send for the police. The body must be got out of the brook, and there'll have to be an inquest." He tried to get up, but the moment he raised his head from Judith's lap the same sick giddiness came over him, and he dropped back.

"Keep quiet," Judith ordered. "You are more hurt than you think."
"But you can't stay here all night," Peter remonstrated. "And I'm bleeding all over that pretty frock of yours. And—and you're sitting on the damp ground."

Judith laughed—a low, soft laugh.

"You dear, silly fellow. As if it mattered about my frock. If you only knew how happy I am to find you alive. Oh, when I first saw you lying here and thought you were dead!" Her laugh changed to a sob and again she bent her head and kissed him.

Peter was horribly embarrassed. He was not one of these modern young men who think little more of a kiss than a hand-shake. Besides—these kisses—they were different somehow.

"Don't you like me to kiss you, Peter?" Judith asked softly.

"It's perfectly sweet of you," replied Peter, "but what would anyone say if they saw us—like this?"

Judith smiled again.

"I think they'd be more sympathetic than you, Peter. But you are right. We can't stay here—at least you can't. I must go back to the house for help."

"No need—I can walk—with a little help. It's only my head. The beggar sandbagged me."

"Peter, you can't, you mustn't. Let me go and fetch Blandly and James."

"I've walked all the way from the magazine," Peter told her. "And now we're only a few hundred yards from the house. Much better let me get back

and wash this blood off my face before we call the servants."

He made a fresh effort and this time managed to sit up. Judith was very unhappy about him, but Peter insisted and presently got to his feet. Judith put an arm round him.

"Lean on me," she begged. "Don't be afraid. I'm very strong." She spoke no more than the truth, and Peter was surprised at the ease with which she helped him along the rough path. Peter himself was far fitter than a week earlier. Good food and fresh air had made all the difference and he had survived a blow which might have killed a weaker man.

"Never mind. You'll be the centre of a battery of cameras to-morrow." Then as she saw he was really annoyed she turned serious. "You mustn't mind. Peter. A business like this can't be kept dark, and we're all very proud of you. Besides, in a way it's all to the good. Lanyon will be reading all this and wondering how much information you got out of the wretched Morson before his end. He'll get a real scare, and perhaps after this he may leave us alone."

Peter shook his head.

"He may lie low for a bit, but I'm beginning to see he's not the sort to give up very easily."

Judith turned to him.

"And it's I who have brought you into all this trouble, Peter," she exclaimed. "Already I have nearly got you killed, and now, as you say, you will be in fresh danger from that horrible man."

"Danger?" repeated Peter. "Don't forget I was in danger of starvation when you took pity on me. I can stick a good deal of danger for a job like this on you're given me."

"That's sweet of you," Judith's voice had dropped a tone and was deep and vibrant. "But Peter, I could give you much more than that. I would give you myself if you would let me."

Peter stiffened.

"Good Lord, now I've put my foot in it!" was his thought. Aloud he said slowly:

"Do you mean you want me to marry you, Judith?"

"Haven't I said so?" she answered softly. They were close to a garden seat which was under a big copper beech and out of sight of the house.

"Sit down here," Peter said. "We'll have to talk this out."

Judith sat down.

"Aren't you a little cold-blooded, Peter?" she asked.

"I don't know whether I am or not."

Peter said, "but this is a pretty big thing. First, I want to tell you that you've paid me a tremendous compliment, and next I have to show you

might get up that evening, and drive over to Bromyard for the inquest.

Judith had been to see Peter every day but only for short visits. To-night they were to dine together, and secretly Peter felt very uneasy. Peter was a modest sort of chap, and Judith feared him stiff by her avowal. He hated the idea of turning her down, but marrying her was equally out of the question. As he dressed that evening he was considering the fact that he would probably have to chuck his job, and that idea appalled him. He loved the work, and was very sure that he would never again get anything that suited him so well. The idea of finding himself penniless again in London filled him with dread.

At dinner Judith was her most brilliant self. She wore an amber frock that suited her to perfection, and Peter noticed that the emerald necklace was round her neck. She ordered Blandly to open champagne, and drank to Peter's recovery. When dinner was over Judith led the way into the garden. It was a heavenly night, and the air thick with the scent of flowers.

"The papers are full of you, Peter," she told him. "I've had reporters here every day, yearning to interview you. What annoyed them most was that I had no photograph to give them." The look of dismay on Peter's face made her laugh.

"Never mind. You'll be the centre of a battery of cameras to-morrow." Then as she saw he was really annoyed she turned serious. "You mustn't mind. Peter. A business like this can't be kept dark, and we're all very proud of you. Besides, in a way it's all to the good. Lanyon will be reading all this and wondering how much information you got out of the wretched Morson before his end. He'll get a real scare, and perhaps after this he may leave us alone."

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der during intermittent periods of mostly light flurries, excepting four inches on the 13th and three inches on the 14th.

Until the 15th of the month the days were mostly dull and cloudy; on the morning of the 15th the sky cleared and 7 full days of clear sparkling weather with bright sunshine followed. On the 22nd the sky clouded over again and in line with the rest of the North American continent the Porcupine experienced a spell of cold and stormy weather which continued up to the last days of the month, the 30th and 31st being mostly fine with bright sunshine.

A total of 145 hours of sunshine was recorded for the month, 12 days during the month being overcast, with no sun.

Coronas Caused by Ice

On two days of the month, the 16th and 17th, at sunrise, approximately 8 a.m., moderate displays of a corona around the sun were observed. Two mock suns, one at each side of the true sun, contained in a brilliant halo of reflected rays, were very plainly visible; this phenomena may often be observed during the early morning at this time of the year and in the early spring, when an upper layer of cold air is sweeping in from the Arctic circle carrying with it myriads of infinitely small particles of frozen ice crystals floating in the atmosphere; the sun's rays are reflected on these ice crystals and give the observer a wonderful display of reflected light and colour.

The sun at the end of January rose at approximately 7.25 a.m. and set at approximately 4.55 p.m.

Toronto Globe—News from Halifax says a strange malady is affecting children in that district. As it is styled "pseudo-hypertrophic-muscular-dystrophy," the disease cannot well be more alarming than its name.

Sudbury Star—In ancient Assyria, says a news filler, the bull was the symbol of the governing class. The more things change, the more they seem the same.

Change in the Nurse for the Dionne Quintuplets

After being in charge of the Dafoe hospital for the Dionne Quintuplets since June 16, 1935, when she replaced Madame Louise de Kirilme, Miss Cecile Lamoureux, R.N., left the staff on January 31, it was announced this week by Dr. A. R. Dafoe, physician to the babies.

Pending the appointment of a successor to Miss Lamoureux, Miss Dorothy Dale, R.N., North Bay, is assisting Nurse Yvonne Leroux, veteran of the hospital staff who has been with the babies since their birth.

Ashley Mine's Output for Three Months was \$128,367

In a statement to shareholders for the quarter ended Dec. 31, 1935, the Mining Corporation of Canada Ltd. reviews its three main interests, namely Ashley Gold Mines, Laguna Gold Mines and Base Metals. The latter suspended mill operations Dec. 14th and is conducting an exploration campaign.

Ashley Mines had total bullion production valued at \$128,367 for the quarter, having milled 13,005 tons. Operating costs amounted to \$101,503, leaving profit of \$27,864 from operation before various writeoffs. Ore reserves were depleted to the extent of 4700 tons and amounted to 10,760 tons at the year-end. Diamond drilling under new exploration programme has given several intersections, which, while not conclusive, give evidence of a new vein zone that will be under exploration within the next month.

Month of January Warmer than Usual

So Says the Official Record. Jan. 23rd the Coldest Day 28 below. Coronas Caused by Arctic Ice.

Was January a cold month? No, says the weatherman, the first month of the year was warmer than usual. The mean temperature for January over a period of ten years is 9.5 degrees below zero. This January's mean was only 6 degrees below zero.

The temperature range was all the way from 35 degrees above, on the 2nd, to 29 degrees below on the 24th.

Warmest day of the month was the 3rd, with a maximum of 25 and a minimum of 22, giving a mean for the day of 23.5.

Coldest day of the month was the 23rd, with a maximum of 19 below and a minimum of 28 below, an average of 23.5 below.

On only two days, the 1st and 2nd, did the thermometer get above freezing; on 20 days the maximum was above zero; on three it was zero exactly and on eight days, the mercury failed to get above the zero mark at all.

Two other days approached the record of the 24th. On the 19th, the minimum recorded was 27 below zero and on the 23rd the temperature dropped to 28 below zero.

On only nine days was the minimum mark above zero, one day it was exactly zero, and for the other 21 the temperatures were all below the zero mark.

Mean maximum for the month was 8 degrees; while the mean minimum was 9.3 below zero.

Snowfall Was Heavier

No rain fell during the month but a little more snow came than in the average January. The ten years' average is 17 3-4 inches, while last month brought 22 1-3 inches. Of this total, six inches fell on the 3rd and six more on the 1st, 2nd, 4th and 5th, an average of an inch, and a half per day.

The beginning of the month therefore accounted for 12 inches and the remain-



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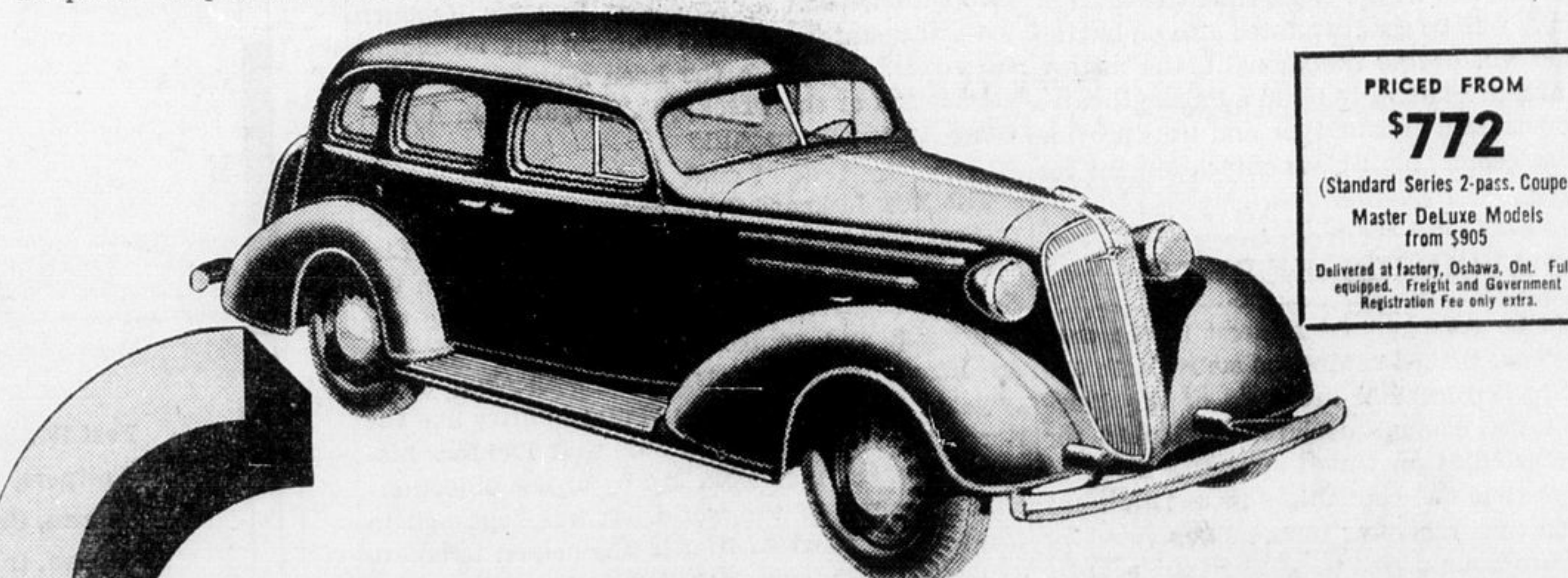
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