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Even if you have missed the opening of this interesting story, you can pick it up here. For the convenience of readers who want to start the story now, a synopsis of the previous chapters is given. Read the synopsis and then go on with the story. You will like it.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

CHAPTERS I to III—Jimmy Ashcroft and Tony Baring—who is known as "Tubby"—are travelling by train to North Devon and become interested in a girl who is in the company of a man of the "bouncer" type. Tubby learns that her name is Phyllis Laleham and that of her companion, George Cartwright. At the station, Jimmy and Tubby are met by Marjorie Cottle, at whose uncle's house at Roma Cleft they are to stay. Marjorie knows Cartwright but "cuts" him and explains that he lives with his wife at the Manor House at Roma Cleft, and that the girl with him is evidently one of a long succession of companions, none of whom has ever been persuaded to stay at the Manor House for long. Next morning, Marjorie and her two friends are swimming towards an old wreck just off the shore when Jimmy sees a girl in the act of diving from it. There is a haze over the sea, which does not, however, explain why the girl cannot be seen when they reach the wreck. Jimmy, diving, brings the girl to the surface and finds that she is Phyllis Laleham. Later, he and Tubby, attracted by the barking of a dog, find the dead body of a man lying against an upturned boat.

CHAPTERS IV to VI—Jimmy waits by the body whilst Tubby hurries back to Roma Cleft to inform the policeman there. Phyllis states that she did not dive, but was struck on the head by someone who must have been hiding on the wreck just as she was about to do so. Jimmy and Tubby accompany her to the Manor House, which they have almost reached when they hear the squeals of a dog and the thud of blows. Phyllis and Jimmy rush through the gates, but Tubby is stopped by the lodge-keeper. Tubby knocks him down and hurries after his friends. They find that Cartwright is ill-treating a dog, and when Jimmy interferes, Cartwright attacks him with a whip. Jimmy knocks him down, and Cartwright retires muttering threats.

CHAPTER VII—Phyllis Laleham's guardian, Terrivale Wake, a solicitor, receives a visit from a mysterious woman, Elise Harrison, who appears to have a hold upon him. She asks for money and he gives her 100 pounds. Whilst he is out of the office, she opens a drawer, and reads a letter which she finds there. She goes, and Alfred Jennings, Wake's clerk, also reads the letter.

CHAPTER VIII

When Phyllis Laleham, still carrying the puppy, hurried away through the trees in response to Mrs. Cartwright's call, her mind was in a whirl. It seemed hours to her—many times the three it actually was—since she had made her way down to the shore to bathe. Since then, how many things had happened! First, the attack on her on the wreck. More than once she had tried to persuade herself that this might have been her imagination, that she had slipped and struck her head in falling, but always returned to the sure conclusion that this was not so. No, someone had deliberately struck her down. Who, then, and why? There seemed no rhyme or reason for so unprovoked an attack. Then there was the finding of the body under the boat. Had that any connection with her own adventure? She did not see how it could have, yet the

double event was strange, to say the least, especially in a place so small as Roma Cleft where, she had been told, nothing exciting was wont to happen from year's end to year's end. Could some madman be abroad, striking down anyone who happened to cross his path?

And now had come this third affair—George Cartwright's cruel beating of the puppy and the swift retribution that had befallen him at the hands of Jimmy Ashcroft. How was that going to affect her—the sack as soon as Cartwright met her again, to judge from the expression on his face as he strode away. What a morning! No wonder she felt dizzy.

That she had landed in a curious family she realized the night before. Cartwright had been attentive enough to her on the journey, though not to the extent of putting himself out to carry her heavy bag—in other ways, however, rather too attentive; she had had to keep him at a distance. More than once, though, she had sensed the vile temper that lurked beneath his none too amiable exterior. Soon after they reached the house he had beaten the unfortunate puppy for getting in his way, until checked by Phyllis—and then again this morning.

Mrs. Cartwright she found to be a crushed, mouse-like little woman, ten years older than her husband. Why such a bucolic creature as George Cartwright had ever married her, Phyllis could not imagine, though she guessed—and rightly as it turned out—that the reason might be money. She was supposed to suffer from that vague affliction known as "nerves"—the result, Phyllis shrewdly suspected, of years of association with her ill-matched mate. The latter treated his wife with an un concealed contempt which angered the girl from the very first. It was evident that he went his way and lived his life as if she had no existence.

For the rest, there were three maids, all of whom seemed disposed to regard her as on a somewhat lower social plane than themselves, together with the lodgekeeper, Kelly, whom so far she had not seen.

Not the brightest and best of situations, she told herself, a trifle mournfully. It had been obtained for her by her guardian, Terrivale Wake, on her expressed intention to him of earning her own living, and she had no intention of giving it up without a trial. She was far from being crushed, like Mrs. Cartwright, but years of living with the grim lawyer had had their effect on her too. There were times when she felt that any change would be a relief from that. Moreover, a certain sweetness that was mingled with the plaintive helplessness of Ethel Cartwright appealed to her. The little woman was badly in need of an ally to stand between her and her overpowering husband, and Phyllis was disposed to constitute herself that ally.

"My dear," the older woman exclaimed when they met, "what a time you've been away. I've been wondering what had happened to you."

"Didn't Mr. Cartwright tell you?" the girl said indignantly. "I telephoned—or rather Dr. Cottle did for me—to explain."

"No," the other said dully. George didn't tell me anything, but then he never does. What has been keeping you?"

Briefly, the girl explained, and Mrs. Cartwright grew pale. "Someone hit you on the wreck—tried to drown you?" she cried in horrified accents. "But how dreadful! You mustn't go bathing again!"

Phyllis laughed. "It's not likely to happen again," she said lightly. "Anyway, I've nothing to complain of; I think I've made some nice friends through it. Do you know

the Cottles, Mrs. Cartwright?"

Her employer shook her head. "No," she replied sadly. "I don't know—anyone. I seldom go out. I did once, but people stared at me so. So I stay in the grounds. George prefers me to. He says that I'm no credit to him as a wife, that people will say I look more like his mother. So—I stay here."

"George—" Phyllis began furiously, and then stopped. "Ought to be horse-whipped," she had been about to add but decided in time that it was something better left unsaid, and continued on a different tack.

"Nonsense, Mrs. Cartwright, you mustn't get morbid thoughts like that and mope about the grounds. You and I will do some long walks together. I believe the coast is just glorious down here."

Ethel Cartwright laid a timid hand on her arm.

"Perhaps," she said wistfully. "That would be very nice, but we must do what George says. George will decide." George wouldn't decide her movements, Phyllis thought wrathfully. It was about time that blatant bluff found someone to stand up to him.

Once more, however, she kept her thoughts to herself, and became aware that Mrs. Cartwright was eyeing her in curious fashion.

"Was there any trouble just now?" she asked. "I thought I heard a noise—the dog, and angry voices."

Phyllis started. The recent fracas had temporarily passed out of her mind, but now the scene recurred to her in full force.

"I'm afraid there was," she admitted. "Mr. Cartwright was beating this poor little mite of a puppy again and Jimmy—I mean Mr. Ashcroft, who was seeing me home, interfered. They quarrelled, and Mr. Ashcroft knocked Mr. Cartwright down. I'd forgotten all that for the moment. I'm afraid it'll mean the sack for me."

Mrs. Cartwright's face was a study. Awe and consternation struggled with incredulity.

"Mr. Cartwright was knocked down," she almost whispered. "You mean that Mr. Cartwright knocked . . ."

That her husband could possibly be knocked down was obviously beyond her comprehension.

"I mean just what I said," Phyllis interrupted, adding stoutly: "He deserved it, too."

For a few moments Mrs. Cartwright was silent, evidently striving to adjust her ideas to this incredible state of affairs.

"Oh, my dear," she said presently. "This is terrible—George will be fearfully angry. I know it wasn't your fault, but you must tell him you are sorry, and then perhaps he will let you stay. George mustn't be thwarted; he must not be thwarted in anything."

Probably Phyllis's rebellion showed itself in her face. She certainly saw no reason for apologizing to George Cartwright and that this evident monument of selfishness should occasionally be "thwarted" commended itself to her as an excellent thing. Then once more Ethel Cartwright's timid hand was laid upon her arm.

"My dear," she said, "I don't want to lose you. I should be very lonely without you. You are not like those others, some of whom seemed to like George better than they did me. Don't go away from me, my dear."

Phyllis's heart was touched. Impulsively she stopped and kissed the pathetic little woman.

"I will stay with you," she promised, "as long as I'm allowed to."

They went into the house together, and Phyllis managed to snatch an hour's rest. It was lunch time before she saw George again.

To his surprise he then saved her from making the apology that would have gone much against the grain. Instead, his own tone was actually half-apologetic.

"I'm afraid, Miss Laleham," he said, "I lost my temper somewhat this morning. All the same, you must please understand that you must never bring either of those two young fellows with you into the grounds again. I could summon both of them for assault if I chose, though I intend to ignore what happened. You understand? I will not have them here again."

Phyllis regarded him steadily. He showed no signs of the encounter, save that every now and then he placed his hand to his jaw as if it were still sore and stiff. For a moment she thought he had been about to forbid her to see either Jimmy or Tubby again, and that she would not have stood, although she supposed he had a right to forbid people his grounds if he chose. Possibly he was passing in her mind, and not wishing, for his own reasons, to bring matters to a head, moderated his commands accordingly.

"Very well, Mr. Cartwright," she answered. "I quite understand. As a matter of fact I don't suppose either of them will want to come here again."

He let this pass without comment. "Then we'll say no more about it, my dear. And now let me hear about this adventure of yours this morning?"

Once more she briefly recounted what had happened on the wreck—she was getting tired of the recital by now—and then went on to describe the finding of the dead man, which she had

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omitted to tell Mrs. Cartwright, not wishing to upset further that lady's already harassed nerves, and this her employer seemed to find more interesting than her own affair.

"What kind of a man was he?" he asked sharply.

Here she could only be vague, for of course she had not seen the body.

"A middle-aged man in a blue serge suit. They think he's been shot in the chest. Dodson, the policeman, doesn't know who he is."

"Ah!" Cartwright commented. "He can't be a local man then, or Dodson would know."

He seemed to go into a brown study, his small, almost pig-like eyes brooding and introspective, and Phyllis found herself wondering what his thoughts might be, whether his tone had been that of relief or the reverse when he expressed the opinion that the dead man could not be a local—why it should matter to him whether it was a local man or not.

He was roused from his meditation by the entrance of a maid whose face ineffectually attempted to conceal a certain fluttered excitement.

"There's a gentleman waiting to see you in the smoking-room," she said. "He asked me to give you his card."

Cartwright took it with a bored air which suddenly vanished when he read the name engraved upon it. Still watching him, Phyllis felt certain that he started. The blood ebbed from his florid cheeks, leaving them for a moment almost pale. Then it flowed back, and he was himself. He turned to the maid.

"If the gentleman I will see him immediately," he said.

Before leaving in her wake, he glanced again at the card and thrust it in his pocket. It bore the inscription: Det. Inspector Mearcroft. (TO BE CONTINUED)

News and Notes of Timmins Girl Guides

Meetings of the Girl Guides and the Brownies Last Week. Court of Honour Held.

The following is the report of the meetings of the Girl Guides and Brownies:—

Girl Guides
The weekly meeting of the Timmins Girl Guides was held on Friday evening. A Court of Honour was held beginning at 6.45 p.m. The Patrol Leaders' premise was taken and then business was discussed. The patrols were evened up so that each patrol will have six Guides. A hike was planned to be held on May 22.

At the beginning of the Guide meeting Lieutenant Libbey took the attendance and Captain Cranston the inspection. Horseshoe was formed and the flag was raised by the Orchid Patrol.

A circle was formed and a very interesting story of the late King's life was given by Mrs. Traver, Regent of the I.O.D.E. The story was very well told and greatly appreciated by the Guides. Many illustrations added to the interest of the story.

The Guides then went to their Patrol Corners. Two of the Rangers have undertaken to conduct two softball teams. Those wishing to participate should be at the school at 6.30 p.m. next Friday evening or give their names in to Helen Landers.

Brownies
A meeting of the 46th I.O.D.E. Brownie Pack was held on Friday evening at St. Matthew's church hall. The meeting opened with the Fairy Ring and roll call was taken by Tawney Owl Booker. Games called "Dog and Rabbit" and "Witches" was played under the direction of Brown Owl Habib. The following girls passed their two-whit signal:—Betty France, Dorothy Hibson, Theresa Higgins, Eileen Patterson, Lillian Melville. Barbara Thompson passed her tenderfoot tests. The rest of the girls were instructed in the reef knot by Sister Betty Morin. A story was read by Brown Owl Habib called "Foxes Gloves." The meeting closed with the Pack Howl.

WORK STARTS AT OAKES PARK AT NIAGARA FALLS
Work has been begun at Niagara Falls on Oakes Park, named for Harry Oakes, president of Lake Shore Mines, Kirkland Lake, who donated the site and \$5000 for improvements to be made immediately.

Investment by Cobalt Man Now Dead Profits Sister

A despatch this week from Cobalt gives an interesting account of how an investment made by a well-known Cobalt man, who has since died, now proves quite a nice gift to his sister in Ireland. Last October, William Woodney, well-known Cobalt man, took the tip of a friend and bought some shares of McLeod-Cockshutt stock. It was only a modest venture, Mr. Woodney buying only 1000 shares. The shares were selling then at 6 cents. They had been selling as low as 4 cents, so the chance was there all right, even though only \$60 was involved. Shortly after Mr. Woodney had bought the shares, he passed away. The value placed upon the shares at the time may be judged by the fact that when Mr. Woodney's will was probated these particular shares were given a value of \$25 as a part of the estate. So, according to the probate of the will, his unmarried sister in Ireland, who was left the whole estate as sole legatee, was considered as richer only by \$35 as a result of the 1000 shares. At the same time the executors of the estate were in no hurry to dispose of the shares, and when the recent boom started in McLeod-Cockshutt they communicated with Miss Woodney by cable with a view to securing her consent to sell the shares if the occasion seemed propitious. Miss Woodney promptly gave consent for disposal of the shares at the discretion of the executors. The rest of the story is summed up in the fact that the shares were duly sold at \$2.75 per share, bringing thus \$2750, as against the \$60 they cost in the first place. Allowings for brokerage cheques and other expenses the estate netted a profit of approximately \$2690 on the original investment of \$60.

Second Canadian To Seek Diamond Sculls



JOHNNY COULSON
Crack Toronto sculler, who has forwarded his entry via the Canadian Rowing Association for the Diamond Sculls classic on the Henley this summer. Coulson, arch-rival of "Chuck" Campbell, Canadian and American singles champion, will be the second Canadian entered in the event this year. Noel De Mille of Vancouver planning to row. Coulson will not be available for Olympic competition.

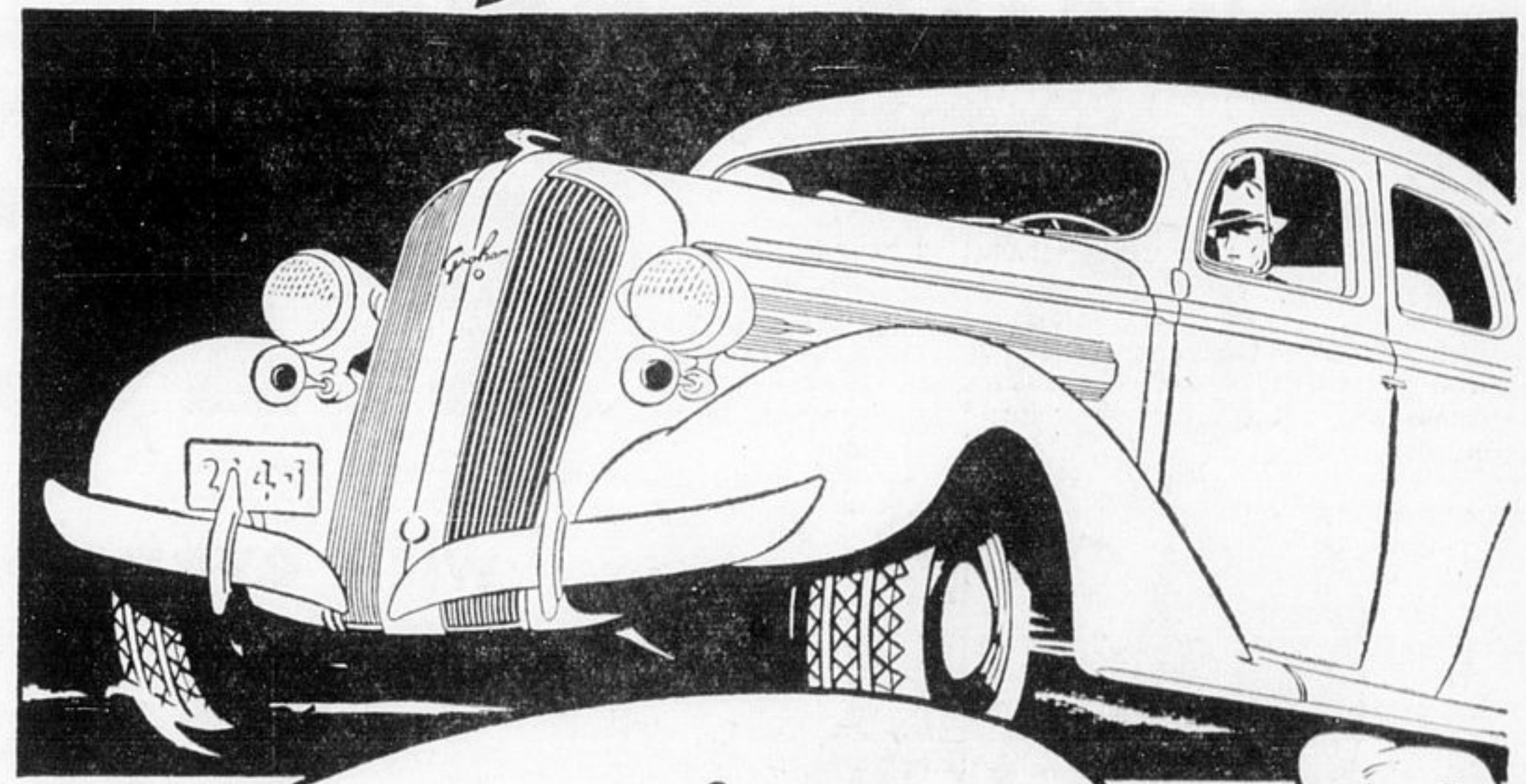
SWAT THE FLY
(Northern Tribune)
Circus Manager: Where's the Human Fly to-day? He seems to be missing.
Assistant: He can't perform to-day. His wife swatted him.



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Tickets Good in Coaches Only No Baggage Checked
These tickets are valid to return leaving destination point in time to connect with C. P. Train 1 leaving Montreal Windsor Street Station 10.15 p.m. Sunday, May 17th, arriving at North Bay 9.40 a.m. Monday, May 18th. T. & N. O. Train 1 from North Bay, 12.45 p.m. same date.
Exception: Passengers for Iroquois Falls and Cochrane to leave Montreal or intermediate points on C. P. Train 7 from Montreal 7.20 p.m. Sunday, May 17th. On arrival North Bay they will arrange their own transfer to North Bay C. N. Depot and take Train 47 leaving that point 7.30 a.m. May 18th.
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