



JIMMY

CHAPTER XIII
Phyllis' face was a study in perplexity as she perused the letter in her hand. She had been expecting to receive a line from Terrivale Wake, and had got one instead from—Alfred Jennings.

My Dear Miss Laleham (it ran),
Your uncle, Mr. Terrivale Wake, has been called away for a few days on urgent business, and has requested me (his confidential clerk) to communicate with you on his behalf. The matter is of too lengthy and important a nature to be dealt with except in the shape of a personal interview, so Mr. Wake requests me to ask you to call and see me at the office here at 11 a.m. on the day after you receive this letter. In the meantime he requests you keep this communication private since the matter to be discussed involves your own family affairs. Moreover, having regard to what happened on the wreck, he feels that your own safety might be involved should it become common property. Destroy this when read. I will assume that you will keep the appointment unless I hear from the contrary—once more Mr. Wake desires to impress upon you its urgency.—Yours faithfully,
Alfred Jennings.

"Well, I'm blest," the girl murmured. "What in the world is it all about, I wonder."
She read the missive through again and frowned. In spite of the injunction to keep the matter private, she felt that she must have some advice about it, but to whom could she go? Then she flushed. Why not Jimmy Ashcroft? She felt that she could rely on his discretion.

Jimmy, too, puckered his brows about it.
"What seems funny to me," he said, "is why, if it's so jolly important, Mr. Wake should leave it to his clerk to tell you unless, of course, he's gone away on business connected with it. What sort of fellow is this Alfred Jennings?"
"A pasty-faced, rather sly little man, but uncle, as I always call him, thinks the world of him. He's had his years, and says he's always dependable."

"H'm; he should be all right then. Look here, Phil, I don't like this hint about pissing danger. Nothing else has been happening, has it?"
Despite herself Phyllis shivered. She could not get these moments of terror at the well out of her mind, and more than once since, the thought had struck her whether it had been hoped that she too would have stepped unsuspectingly into the abyss. Then there had been Meascroft's news that Cartwright had been seen prowling about on the cliff too. If he had been there, why

shouldn't he have also been able to board the wreck from a boat and attack her there. Belton's boat, by the way, had been discovered badly damaged on the rocks a short way down the coast. It was no wonder, perhaps, that George Cartwright was becoming an obsession with his wife's companion.

She told Jimmy about the well now, and his face darkened. "If I thought Cartwright had set that trap for you," he said violently, "I'd throw him down it myself. I'm not certain that Wake wasn't right—that you oughtn't to have gone back with him."

"Anyway," he added, "I think you'd better go up to town and see Jennings. There's evidently some mystery about which needs clearing up. And if you do, I'm going with you—not to the office, of course—not my business. But I'll wait outside, and if you're not out in a quarter of an hour I'll go in and call for you. No, it's no trouble at all, and anyway I'm going to look after you."

Nor did Phyllis protest very strenuously. She felt it would be a comfort to have this tall, capable individual at her back, and the prospect of a long railway journey with him was somehow not altogether distasteful.

Once their decision was taken, they wasted no time. Phil returned to the Manor House to acquaint Cartwright—whom she now only addressed with an effort—that Terrivale Wake desired her immediate presence in town, whereat he raised his eyebrows but placed no obstacle in her way, while Jimmy went off to borrow Dr. Cottle's car to take them to the station.

To his relief, for he wanted none of Tubby's raging, he found that the latter and Marjorie were out on some business of their own. Dr. Cottle readily undertook to drive them to the train, and if he thought their expedition a curious one was discreet enough to make no comment.
On their arrival in London that evening they defeated any possible strictures by Mrs. Grundy by putting up at different hotels in Bloomsbury, meeting at an agreed rendezvous next morning for the short walk to Bedford-row.

"Accustomed though they both were to the metropolis its roar and bustle struck them as very marked after the quietude of Roma Cleft, asleep by its western sea. In spite of what had happened there, Phyllis at any rate felt glad that she had not consented to return for good with Terrivale Wake. She found herself looking forward to her return once she had fathomed the meaning of Alfred Jennings' mysterious letter."

At the entrance to the block of offices of which Wake's was one, Jimmy left her with the renewed promise that he would return in a quarter of an hour, strolling on down the street while the girl ascended the staircase which led to the office.

It had always been a matter of surprise to her that Wake, doing the business he apparently did, had so small a staff. The cutter office she found now solely tenanted by a stunted but precocious youth of 15 to whom she gave her name and asked to see Mr. Terrivale Wake, if he were in, or failing him Mr. Alfred Jennings.

The youth regarded her with bright, appraising eyes.
"Take a seat, miss," he said. "Mr. Wake's away, but I will tell Mr. Jennings you are here."

He departed for the inner room, to come back after a short murmured colloquy within.
"This way please, miss," he said. "Mr. Jennings will see you at once."

Phyllis walked in, to find Jennings installed at his employer's desk. He rose to his feet at once and greeted her effusively, a little too effusively, Phyllis thought, who had never cared for the pasty little clerk.

"Ah," he said, as soon as the youth had closed the door, "so you got my letter, Miss Laleham, you got my letter?"
"Naturally," was the cool reply, "or I shouldn't be here."

"Quite so; quite so. Sit down, Miss Laleham, sit down."
His slits of eyes roamed over her with appreciation. He had always considered Phyllis Laleham "a deuced pretty girl."

"One moment," he jerked. "If you will excuse me, I have something to tell my clerk."

His air when saying this amused her. He was usually a very different, very subservient figure when Wake was at the office.
Going into the outer office, he handed the youngster a letter.

"Put on your hat and deliver this," he told him. "It's too urgent to send by post."

It bore an address the other side of London, and its delivery would mean an hour's journey there and back. The youth regarded him with impudent, cockney eyes.
"All right, guv'ner, I understand." He jerked his thumb in the direction of the inner sanctum. "Tasty bit o' goods, ain't she, eh?"
Alfred Jennings frowned.

in his impression of why he had been sent out of the way. There was no idea of attempted dalliance in Jennings' mind. He merely meant to ensure that no inquisitive ear was placed to a keyhole during the ensuing conversation—Alfred Jennings had before now found his own use for keyholes.

The possible eavesdropper disposed of he returned to the private office rubbing his hands and restated himself at the desk.
"So you got my letter, Miss Laleham," he repeated. "Now, how, I wonder, did it strike you?"

"As a most extraordinary effusion," the girl said. "How is it my uncle isn't here to speak to me in person?"
Alfred Jennings picked up a pencil, and began to make vague marks on the clean sheet of blotting paper before him.

"Suppose," he said quietly, "we leave your uncle out of it for the present. Suppose we confine the matter between you and me. At Roma Cleft, Miss Laleham, an attempt was made to kill you on the wreck. Suppose I could tell you who made that attempt—and other things; that, for instance, you are being defrauded out of a fortune of ten thousand pounds. Should I find you grateful?"

The girl stared at him as if she thought him mad.
"What on earth?" she began, and then stopped short. Footsteps were crossing the outer office, heavy footsteps which made Jennings gasp and turn as white as the virgin blotting paper on the desk. Next instant the door opened and Terrivale Wake strode into the room, his eyes blazing, his right hand buried in the pocket of his coat.

Beneath those pitiless eyes Alfred Jennings seemed to shrink and shrivel in his chair.
"I have told nothing," he muttered, "nothing!"

Hon. T. B. McQuesten at North Bay To-day

To Confer with Engineers and Members on Works Programme for North

According to word from North Bay, Hon. T. B. McQuesten, Minister of Highways for Ontario, in whose department the administration of Northern roads now rests, will be at North Bay to-day (Monday) to confer with district engineers from all over the North and also with members for the various constituencies in the North, in regard to the programme of work on roads this year in the North. The meeting will be held in the Empire hotel at North Bay and it is understood that the road programme for the North will be drafted at this meeting.

Hon. Mr. McQuesten is to be accompanied by R. M. Smith, deputy minister of highways, and also C. H. Meader, former chief engineer of the Dept. of Northern Development. Mr. Meader is now on the staff of the Highways Dept. The members of the Legislature expected to be at to-day's meeting at North Bay include: J. Harry Marceau, Nipissing; E. A. Lapierre, Sudbury; John Rowlandson, South Cochrane; J. A. Bazel, North Cochrane; W. G. Nixon, Temiskaming; W. L. Miller, Fort-Goma-Manitowlin; J. E. Crawford, Port William; Charles W. Cox, Port Arthur; Dr. A. D. Roberts, Sault Ste. Marie; J. Frank Kelly, Muskoka-Ontario, and Dr. M. T. Armstrong, Parry Sound.

It is naturally expected that the meeting to-day will be a lively one, as the various members will all be pressing for roadwork in their own constituencies, while the total amount of money to be expended is limited. It is well known that in each constituency there is great need for considerable pressing work to put the roads in proper condition. At the same time the restriction on the funds cannot be ignored, so the room for argument would seem to be unlimited. Despite all this, however, it is actually hoped to conclude the conference to-day. Whether this will be possible or not is a matter for conjecture.

Some time ago it was announced that Hon. Mr. McQuesten would make a tour of the North to familiarize himself with the roads of the North. It is hoped in many quarters that this necessary tour of the North will follow the conference on Monday, but against this is the report that after the conference Hon. Mr. McQuesten will return to Toronto.

There is a movement at New Liskeard to establish a town band there. The plan is being sponsored by the New Liskeard Kiwanis Club so there is a good chance of it being carried out successfully. Some years ago New Liskeard had a nice town band and those who remember its value and advantage to the community must wonder how a town gets along without a good band. Certainly the town is the poorer for its lack of a good band. Every town of any size should have a good town band. Of course it costs something in money, time, effort and public support to have a town band, but it is worth it—and more.

Ambulance Brigade Social on Saturday

Good Attendance and Interesting Programme at Event in the Hollinger Recreation Hall.

There was a very good attendance on Saturday night at the social event held by the St. John Ambulance Brigade, Timmins Division, in the Hollinger Recreation hall on Saturday evening. Needless to say all present enjoyed themselves quite thoroughly all through the evening's programme.

Among the features of the evening's entertainment were solos by Miss Peggy Bellamy and A. Bellamy, these numbers being much appreciated.

T. Nixon, in his entertaining tricks of magic and sleight of hand, won round after round of applause. All his tricks were skillfully done and roused considerable interest as usual. His young assistants added to the entertainment by "beating him to" some of the good ones, but he even profited by that through his ability to turn all things to magic. Texas Anne gave some cowboy songs that pleased the crowd, while her yodelling number made a specially big hit.

In addition to the programme of entertainment noted above, dancing was enjoyed. The music for the dancing, both round and square, was provided by Messrs. Charlebois, Bresnow and Devine.

The ladies served a very fine line of refreshments, this being among the parts of the evening specially enjoyed. Privates Carpenter and E. Briggs of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, Timmins Division, had charge of the event, and were congratulated on all sides on the decided success and enjoyment of the evening.

Follow Feelings in Smoking Habit

By Shakes

"Smoking does not do a great deal of good but it does not do a great deal of harm."
This is the expressed opinion of Albert G. Ingalls, associate editor of Scientific American and one of the few men who has troubled himself to gather scientific information on the tobacco habit. He smokes himself, as he says, do most editors. But he has tried not to let this influence his thoughts on smoking to too great an extent.

From time to time smoking has been put down as one of the great scourges of the human race. Fanatics attribute such things as cancer of the tongue, toxic effects on the brain, muscular tremor, jumpiness, irritability, neuralgia, vertigo, insomnia, headache, lowered mental efficiency, deafness, high or low blood pressure, and a host of other discouraging conditions to the effect of tobacco.

There have been surveys made of scholarship students and the figures at first appeared to bear out the anti-tobacco people's idea. For certainly there were more non-smokers among the universities' most brilliant students. But someone else came along with the equally plausible suggestion that the students who did not smoke were of the kind who weren't sociable, and smoking is a social habit. The ones who did smoke wouldn't make good scholars anyway.

Then there has been a tremendous lot of stuff written on the poison—nicotine. "A pack of cigarettes," Professor Mendenhall has said, "is a pack of rest." Nicotine when consumed as it is in cigarettes, is a mild sedative—it induces a sort of rest that some people feel they require in one form or another. Most smokers, when they feel they have been smoking too heavily, ease off. This establishes a sort of balance. Mr. Ingalls believes, that is seldom upset by the normally intelligent smoker. In other words, your own feelings are your best guide as to whether or not smoking is doing harm. Definite effects are noticed—effects that do not jibe well with athletic endeavour. Smoking does increase the pulse rate and increases the blood pressure at least temporarily.

The big argument at present going on in scientific circles that have regard for the tobacco habit concerns the substance used to retain moisture in cigarettes. Familiar American brands use small amounts of glycerine, and this, it has been proven, is a much greater throat irritant than diethylene glycol, which does the same job in a cigarette performed by the glycerine. The reason why tobacco firms do not change to the better substance is said to be that they do not wish to try to change the tastes of the American public in tobacco smoking. It might prove disastrous for the firm that first set about making the change, for undoubtedly the flavour of the cigarette would be slightly altered.

Change in Car Markers Planned for Next Year

According to a statement made last week at Toronto by Hon. T. B. McQuesten, Minister of Highways for Ontario, there will be no prefix letters on auto markers next year. The new plan to be tried out is to have the letters placed inside the numbers. For example a car that would be F-6125 this year will apparently be 61F25 next year. On the face of it, the new plan does not appear to have any particular virtue, though no doubt there is good reason for its use. It is also said that next year's license plates will be red letters on a white background. Hon. Mr. McQuesten says that he and the registrar of automobiles are working on a plan to give medical men a distinguishing number.

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2
Large
Bottles
30c
(plus deposit)

2
Large
Bottles
30c
(plus deposit)

1 Beautiful Banded TUMBLER Free

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Timmins -- Schumacher -- South Porcupine

SODA FOUNTAIN FOR SALE

Hardly used and good as new, 6-foot marble top, 7 pumps, 5 fruit jars, heavy porcelain covered, four ice cream and one cooling compartment complete with coils ready to hook up to compressor. Sell \$410.00 F.O.B. North Bay, Ont. Cost \$950.00. New three years ago. Used by summer account only. Terms apply direct to:

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LAUNDRY

Jos. A. Bradette, M.P., Says Collectors' Might be Mobbed

Referring to an address by Jos. A. Bradette, M.P., at the annual motor banquet held recently at Halleybury by the Temiskaming Motor League, The New Liskeard Speaker says:—
"Joseph A. Bradette, M.P. for Cochrane, who was one of the speakers at the annual banquet of the Temiskaming Motor League here on Tuesday night, told the gathering that he had been asked to name a few likely men among his constituents who could be appointed as collectors of radio license fees in that section of the North Country. He declined to make any recommendations because, he said, they would be sure to be either "crucified or murdered" if they so much as suggested the payment of the fee to any radio fan in the North Country."
"Nevertheless, Mr. Bradette is determined to carry on his fight for better conditions in the North. He sees hope, also, and gave it as his belief that before another year has passed the North Country will have the same service that is available to other sections of the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. In his campaign for better radio service he has received splendid support from the weekly newspapers of the North, he said, and he asked the continued support of all citizens in the campaign for better consideration of the needs of the outlying districts, where in many cases the radio is the only means of entertainment available to the people."

Officers Elected for the Ontario Conservatives

The following officers were elected last week at the convention held in Toronto by the Ontario Liberal-Conservative Association:
Honorary presidents, Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, Hon. George S. Henry and John R. MacNicol, M.P.
President, W. H. Ireland, Trenton.
1st vice-president, Mayor Cecil Frost, Lindsay.
2nd vice-president, Mrs. Arthur Van-Koughnet, Toronto.
3rd vice-president, James Sanderson, Kemptonville.
4th vice-president, Alderman Edra Sanders, St. Thomas.
Auditors, Mrs. George Gooch, Toronto and Major Bagot, Pembroke.
Treasurer, Argue Martin, K.C., Hamilton.
Secretary (by acclamation), W. G. Clysdale, Toronto.

London Advertiser:—Desirable as it might be in many ways for Canada to annex the United States, most Canadians will agree with Senator George P. Graham that the Dominion is too busy right now to take on the problems of our neighbours to the south.

Naval Doctor's Device to Fix Degree of Intoxication

A United States naval doctor, Lt.-Commander W. W. Hall, is reported from Washington, D.C., as having perfected devices for scientifically deciding the degree of intoxication of any man—and, presumably, any woman—at any given time. His test system has been christened the "sousometer" by the newspapers and though the whole thing is not very clear to the layman as yet, it is hoped that the device is all that the doctor orders and that it may come into general use. It would be of special value to the police and magistrates, and might do away with a lot of bitter argument. The more intoxicated a man may be the more likely he is to be sure he is almost dead sober. If he could be brought to accept the decision of the "sousometer," this might yet be a happy world for policemen. In the case of those charged with being drunk in charge of a car the device should prove invaluable. Doctors differ, but a "sousometer" should give the same diagnosis for one man as for another, according to the degree of his

spification. Dr. Hall or Lieut.-Commander Hall, or both, as the case may be, would appear to have staggered onto one of the most important discoveries of this scientific age.

In the "United States Naval Medical Bulletin," he reviewed clinical evidence by which intoxication might be determined and described methods for chemical determination of the concentration of alcohol in the blood, breath or other body fluids.

The chemical findings of the tests were classified as:

- Less than one milligram of alcohol per cubic centimeter: "Dry and decent."
- One to two milligrams: "Delighted and devilish."
- Two to three milligrams: "Delinquent and disgusting."
- Three to four milligrams: "Dizzy and delirious."
- Four to five milligrams: "Dazed and dejected."
- More than five milligrams: "Dead drunk."

Washington Post:—Blessed are the peacemakers, they will never be unemployed.

FISH STORY WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF



Some anglers spent a great deal of time and money to get their hands on a husky little trout like this one, but Mr. J. B. Thomson, well-known Vancouver business man, has one all his own. This trout, now more than fourteen inches long, was caught on a bent hook by Mr. Thomson's son several years ago, and has been in the Thomson garden pool ever since. He is very aggressive and takes food away from the other fish. On one occasion he killed an unwary goldfish which has stolen a juicy worm. He rises to Mr. Thomson's whistle, however, and will come right out of the water for a tidbit as this photo shows.