



CHAPTER XVII  
If Mearcroft had expected his news to create a sensation, he was not disappointed. Both Phyllis and Jimmy stared at him in almost incredulous amazement, and the girl grew pale, so pale that Mearcroft feared that he had been too abrupt. But it was only that she pictured again that deep, dark pit, whose greedy maw had so nearly swallowed her up. And now Cartwright—Cartwright of all people!

"How on earth did it happen?" they asked with one accord.  
The detective shrugged his shoulders. "Heaven knows!" was his frank rejoinder. "As a matter of fact I happened to go up to the Manor House fairly early this morning—I wanted to have a word with George Cartwright regarding that boy's story of having met him on the cliff the other day—and when I got there, found a mild commotion going on in the household because George Cartwright couldn't be found. I was just beginning to wonder whether, for reasons of his own, he might have flitted, when one of the maids rushed in from the garden to say that the cover was off the well, and the ground all round it churned up and trampled."

"On discovering this, it appeared that she had rushed off to the lodge to tell Kelly, only to be informed by the latter's wife that he wasn't in—that, in fact, she hadn't seen him since he went out about eleven the night before."  
"Naturally, I proceeded to the well and found that the state of the ground corroborated what she said. A heavy shower of rain yesterday afternoon had left the ground soft and miry, and it was evident that someone had been trampling it up to some purpose. Moreover, on the rim of the well I noticed something that the girl had missed."  
"I sent down to the village for a ball of twine, and then lowered an electric torch into the well—my word, it's some depth, too—and before the torch reached the water it showed me what I thought it possible I might see."  
"Caught by his clothes from a projection at water level was a man's body—

at least—was destined quickly to be taken off their minds. When they drew up at the police station which was Mearcroft's headquarters in the village, the stout Dodson, who was tending his beloved fuschias, handed the inspector a telegram.  
The latter slit it open and then passed it to his two companions.  
"What did it tell you?" he smiled.  
It read as follows:—  
"Am on the track of Kelly. Baring."

CHAPTER XVIII  
On the evening that saw Jimmy and Phyllis arrive in London, Tubby Baring was spending a not very happy time at Roma Cleft, Dr. Cottle, who manifestly disapproved of the former's expedition, had marked this disapproval by being very curt to Tubby all day and retiring to bed even earlier than usual at night. Marjorie, also, had withdrawn the light of her presence, having had a tiff with Tubby that afternoon which had not been healed.  
Tubby, trying to read—an exercise for which he was not renowned—considered bleakly going to bed too. He missed Jimmy and wondered what on earth had taken him and Phyllis to town. They might have told him, he considered, their omission to do so plunging him still deeper into the unaccustomed mood of self-pity into which he had sunk.

A glance out of the open window, however, showed him that it was a fine warm night—just the night for a stroll with Marjorie if that young lady hadn't been in one of the unreasonable, feminine moods to which even the best of girls seem prone at times. Tubby tossed down his book. Very well, he decided, if Marjorie chose to debar herself from the pleasure of a walk by retiring to bed in the sulks, he would go by himself.

For no particular reason, save that that way was as good as any other, he sauntered up towards the Manor House, and he had just reached the gates, when he heard the sound of voices, subdued yet evidently engaged in altercation. Two men were emerging from the lodge, Cartwright himself, and Kelly, as Tubby guessed at once. It was a sentence from the former which reached Tubby's ears.  
"You scoundrel," he was saying, "so you mean to bleed me, eh?"  
"I know what I know," came the dogged reply, "and so does the missus. So, if you don't want others to know, you've got to pay."

All along, Tubby had never felt more certain of anything in his life than that George Cartwright was a bad egg, and bearing in mind the many things that had happened lately it seemed to him an occasion when a little eavesdropping was not only justifiable but essential. The two men were moving away, and, except for those two sentences, their voices had become an indistinguishable burr.  
Quietly he pushed against the gate, and to his surprise found it unlocked. He was saved the necessity of climbing the wall this time.  
Slipping inside, he tiptoed after them, hurrying in order to reach a point from which he could hear some more of their conversation.

He was hastening along the path when instinct, some sixth sense of danger more than anything else, made him pause. Right in his way lay a deeper shadow into which he had been on the point of planting his foot when this instinct made him draw back. Bending down, he drew a sharp breath. It was no shadow but an empty void, the void of an uncovered well.  
Tubby's first feeling was one of indignation more than anything else. He had heard nothing of course, regarding Phyllis Laleham's nightmare adventure with this same well.  
"Careless devils," he muttered angrily "to leave that open. Anyone might pitch down it who didn't know it was there."

He had another cause for annoyance, too. The delay, short as it was, enabled the men he was following to reach the edge of the open lawn, across which they were cutting, and Tubby realized that to attempt to follow them into the open unseen was hopeless. It appeared that he would have to be content with the scrap of conversation he had already overheard.  
Resigned upon this point, he looked round for some covering to the well, but failed to find it although it was concealed not far away from him in the bushes. Then he proceeded, as he put it to himself, to "scout round a bit."

A shed adjoining the lodge attracted his attention. In it he could just make out the dim outlines of two bicycles, one of the motor variety, and an ordinary "push" cycle. Neither of much account, it appeared to him just then, though in this he was wrong.  
He was, indeed, about to slip out again, rather disappointed at the turn affairs had taken, when he heard Cartwright and his lodge-keeper returning. At once he dived under cover of the bushes, for he had no desire to be caught. With all his natural self-confidence he doubted his ability to tackle them both single-handed.  
This time there was no doubt that they were not only quarrelling, but quarrelling violently, and as they came up to the well it seemed to Tubby as

if Cartwright gave the lodge-keeper a deliberate push. At all events the man swayed, stumbled, and almost pitched into it. But he recovered himself, and next instant was at the other's throat.  
Then began what, while it lasted, was a regular dog-fight. But it didn't last long. Tubby saw Kelly's arm rise and descend, heard the dull thud of a blow, watched Cartwright crumple beneath it—and then, before he could even think of intervening, came the last grim horror. The lodge-keeper caught his master's sagging body and hurled it head foremost into the well.  
To the ears of both men there rose at length the distant splash, and then, muttering inarticulate things under his breath, the murderer made for the shed and dragged out the cycle.  
Whereat Tubby came out of his trance. He sprang from the bushes and called on Kelly to stop, but the latter, as if frenzied by this revelation that there had been an eye-witness to his dreadful deed, dashed with his machine into the road.  
He was just about to mount, when Tubby reached him. But this time the latter was not destined to repeat his former victory over the lodge-keeper. A vicious uppercut from Kelly sent him sprawling on his back.  
It was a minute or two before he scrambled up—to find another cyclist who had dismounted and was regarding him solemnly.  
For an instant the bemused Tubby thought it was still Kelly. Then he grasped him by the arm.  
"Did you see a fellow riding off?" he asked.  
The newcomer nodded and pointed down the road.  
"Aye, maister, Oi did. A-peddalling like tumb, 'e were."  
"Then," urged Tubby, "I want you to go straight to P.C. Dodson and tell him that Mr. Cartwright's been thrown into his own well. I'm going after the chap that threw him there."  
Tearing back into the grounds, he lugged the motorcycle from its shed. It was a machine of ancient vintage but it responded nobly to the kick starter. The cyclist was still standing watching him when he let in the clutch.  
"Hurry!" Tubby cried, and disappeared.  
The cyclist chuckled. Unknown to Tubby, his mentality approximated to that of the proverbial village idiot.  
"Ho, ho, ho," he growled, "that be a good 'un, that be Maister Cartwright, drowned in his well—when 'e ain't got a well, as I ever 'eard of. Wonder what policeman would say if Oi got 'im out o' bed with that 'un? And 'tain't the first o' April neither! No, no, young feller, you don't catch Oi!"  
Pleased at his own cuteness, he remounted and cycled home.  
So Tubby's message was never delivered.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Funeral of J. E. O'Grady**  
Brother of Mrs. Pascoe  
The Halleyburian last week had the following reference to the death of John E. O'Grady at Halleybury, the late Mr. O'Grady being a brother of Mrs. Pascoe, of Timmins:—  
"The funeral of the late John E. O'Grady, a prospector of the early days who died in St. Michael's hospital, Toronto, on Sunday last, was held yesterday from the home of his brother, Martin O'Grady, Meddian avenue. The service was conducted in Holy Cross Cathedral, by Rev. Father Renaud, P.P., and interment was made in the Roman Catholic cemetery. Mr. O'Grady had been taken ill in September last and, after some weeks in hospital at Kirkland Lake, was taken to Toronto. His death was not unexpected. The late Mr. O'Grady, who was 67 years of age and unmarried, was born in Renfrew county and came north in the early days of the Cobalt boom. He prospected in various sections and followed the mining industry during the greater part of his time, with the exception of a few years on a farm near Charlton. His death makes the first break in a family of 14, there being eight brothers and five sisters surviving. Two brothers, Thos. and Joseph, live in Renfrew, Wm. and Roderick are farming at Charlton. Martin is an old resident of Halleybury and the three others, Neil, Dan and Michael, are in Western Canada. The sisters are Mrs. Forhan of Winnipeg, Miss Elizabeth and Mrs. Kerwin of Killaloe, Mrs. Pascoe, Timmins, and Ellen in Sault Ste. Marie."

**Kirkland Man Denies Shooting at Police**  
Mike Pisarina Committed for Trial on Four Separate Charges.

Arraigned on four separate counts of attempted murder, shooting with intent to kill, carrying concealed weapons and resisting arrest, Leonti Pisaruic, alias Mike Pisarina, Kirkland Lake, was committed for trial on all charges by Magistrate Atkinson in police court at Kirkland Lake last week.  
Pisarina, who did not deny having shot and wounded Steve Bodnar, and attempting to shoot Mary Gruzalis, emphatically denied having discharged his gun, a .32 calibre automatic, at Sergt. Peter Cairns, of Teek Township police, in an attempt to evade arrest. "It is all lies when they say I shot at policemen," he repeated, several times during the hearing.  
Steve Bodnar, the gun wielder's intended victim, took the stand still wearing a small bandage around the wound in his head inflicted in the affray.

**Hit by Buckshot**  
"He jumped out at us as we were walking down the street, from between two houses," he said. "Before I knew what was happening he pointed the gun at me and fired twice. The first shot hit me in the head and I fell stunned."  
"Where the other shot went he did not know," Mary Gruzalis, Bodnar's companion at the time, explained how, after seeing her companion fall, Pisarina chased her into a nearby house, cornered her in the hallway and tried to kill her too.  
"He threw his arms around my neck, put the gun against my chest and pulled the trigger," she said. Going into further details of her terrifying experience, Mary Gruzalis told the court that when the gun missed fire, Pisarina spent some time trying to make it work, finally giving up and running away when a man entered the house in answer to her screams.  
Following a two-day hunt in the bush surrounding the town, the fugitive was finally located at a shack in the bush at the foot of Main street.

**Constable's Story**  
"I went there and after knocking on the door heard a voice say, 'Wait a minute,' Sergeant Cairns told the court as the fourth charge was being reviewed. "Pisarina opened the door and I told him he had better come quietly, as the place was surrounded with police. I also told him that he had done a 'bad job' of shooting Bodnar and did not have to fear murder charges. He replied 'O.K.' and stepped back, as I thought, to get a coat or something. "Instead, he grabbed up the gun and fired."  
"I fired three shots after him and gave chase, but lost him in the bush after we had gone about a mile. He was later taken into custody by Constable Tom Johnson."

**Case Against Kirkland Man Dismissed in Court**  
The charge of manslaughter against Lyle McCrimmon in connection with the death of Mike Cusick in an automobile accident a week ago on the Noranda-Kirkland highway was dismissed last week by Magistrate Atkinson when the case came before him in the Kirkland Lake police court. Magistrate Atkinson found there did not seem to be any criminal negligence on the part of McCrimmon, but that Cusick was himself negligent in opening the left rear door of the parked automobile in which he had been sitting and attempting to alight on the centre part of the roadway in face of the approaching traffic. Just as Cusick was attempting to alight the motor car driven by McCrimmon came along and Cusick was struck on the head by the door which was thrown back against him with terrific force. Cusick died shortly after from the injuries received.

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**Matachewan Hub Mines Starting Big Campaign**  
Officials of Matachewan Hub Pioneer Mines state that negotiations have been completed with American interests whereby funds will be provided for a large development campaign at the property in the Matachewan area. Arrangements are being made to start diamond drilling and underground development.  
An electric survey has been completed and indicates gold values in some 16 mineralized breaks. It is planned to determine possibilities in these areas by diamond drilling. H. A. Steven, B.Sc., will be in charge of operations at the property.  
Mail and Empire—It is a melancholy thought that in a fortnight or so the days will begin to grow shorter.

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