Author of "Tiger Standish," "The Evil Chateau," Etc.

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YOU CAN START THE STORY TO-DAY!

This thrilling story commenced in the last issue of The Advance, but you can start the story here and now. The synopsis below gives a review of the chapters that have already been published. Here is the gist of the story as already published:—

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Paul Marve, an eccentric inventor and genius, perfects an implement of war so terrible that he imagines he has the world at his mercy. Being a fanatical lover of peace he offers this instrument of wholesale slaughter to the League of Nations. The various delegates consider him a madman and no attention is paid to the letters which he sends to the representatives of the Great Powers gathered in conclave at Geneva. With Marve is associated in his inventions and experiments, Philippe Jervais, formerly a professor at one of the universities, and a scientist of outstanding brilliance. Paul Marve's modest home is in charge of Elsie Norris, who calls him "uncle", and takes affectionate care of him. On his part he had affection for the girl, but his mind was taken up almost exclusively with his inventions and his passion for world peace. In addition he considered the "woman's place—the kitchen," and would not discuss politics with her. As to his inventions, she knew practically nothing about them, except that once when she questioned him, he broke out with the fierce words: "I am working for an invention to end war."

NOW, GO ON WITH THE STORY!

CHAPTER II

THE INSURANCE AGENT

Elsie half turned away. From inside the room which Paul Marve used as a laboratory there came the sound of voices. This meant that her uncle and his assistant, the elderly Jervais, were engaged in one of their seemingly interminable discussions concerning the work they were doing together. She knew that at such a moment it would be useless to interrupt them; both would be oblivious of everything except the matter under debate. She could not possibly disturb the inventor now; he would first of all lose his temper violently and then later be correspondingly contrite. Both sides of emotion were equally upsetting to her.

As she returned to the house through the underground passage which made the laboratory so secret a place, the girl gave a short laugh. What a fool she had shown herself that morning! What could have possessed her to think even for a moment that Paul Marve was likely to leave off the work which obsessed him to talk to—an insurance agent!

It was because the caller had appeared so forlorn and had such a dreadful cough—pointing, she felt certain, to consumption—that she had stopped to listen to his melancholy story. He represented, he told her in rapid and cultured French, one of the biggest industrial insurance companies of Paris. This company specialized in the insurance of house property of the smaller type. That was why—cough—he had called. He was—cough—working purely on a commission basis and—cough—doctor's bills were expensive. Might he inquire if she were the owner of the house No? Her uncle? Then would she be kind enough to arrange that he might have a short conversation with her uncle?

She had hesitated. She knew what she ought to say; she knew that in stopping to listen to this man at all she was disobeying one of the strictest rules of the house. Her uncle would be furious—he hated visitors of any description. Sometimes she found herself wondering if Paul Marve was not becoming slightly mad owing to this and other kinds. In any case she knew he would temporarily lose all his normal reasoning faculties if he learned that she had been disobeying his strictest orders.

Yet she could not banish sympathy for the caller. That was why she had taken the risk of leaving him in the room and going to the laboratory. To be trying to sell insurance—and on a commission basis! Could anything be more difficult? To have to go from door to door telling the same story day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year!

And now she had to turn back. She had to tell him that it was of no use. Her heart sank when she returned to the room. In the one easy chair that this living-room boasted he looked so frail and ill that she felt again the cruel injustice of life. He attempted to rise as she entered, but was forced to hang on to the arm of the chair.

"I am sorry . . ." She could not say any more.

He bowed to her very gallantly.

"I quite understand; my best thanks, mademoiselle."

Then he attempted to walk across the room.

She could not let him go like that.

"You are ill—I will get you some brandy."

When she had poured the spirit into a small glass and handed it to him, he gave a toast.

"To a very charming lady," he said, and then placing the glass on the table, raised her hand and put it to his lips.

When she looked up, he was gone.

That state of semi-trance which had obliterated her faculties so that she was not quite conscious of what was happening, lasted for some time. Even when she started to busy herself with the preparations for getting the frugal luncheon, her mind wandered from potatoes, cabbage, and the stringly fowl that she had bought the day before at a nearby open-air market, and she fell to thinking once again of the fate-striken insurance agent, who in spite of ill-health, had appeared to her as a gentleman of high degree.

* * *

Exactly twenty-four hours later, two men were engaged in earnest conversation in a small book-lined room hidden away at the end of a corridor in an inconspicuous cul-de-sac not far from Whitehall.

These two men afforded a striking contrast in many ways. The one who looked to be in his early forties showed in both his speech and manner that the fires which had caused him to have such a stormy and adventurous youth had by no means died down. Britain Hathaway had approached his present high and responsible position in the British Cabinet by devious routes, but he had got there all the same. Now, at the comparatively early age of forty-four, he was Minister of War—and the fact that Europe generally and Britain more particularly were beset with the gravest problems for the past fifty years uplifted rather than depressed him. In an age of mediocrity Brian Hathaway's personality stood out like a beacon light.

His companion, fifteen years older, was of a very different type. Grave, grim-featured, the tired eyes and lined face of Sir Harker Bellamy reflected the onerous nature of his work; as Chief of the Q.1. Branch of British Interlligence, Bellamy lived anxious days and even more anxious nights; for these were times when the very future of Britain seemed to be in the decision of the fates.

"Are you listening, Bellamy?" now inquired the War Minister sharply. To his astonishment (he had known the Chief of Q.1. only a short time) the Secret Service official had appeared to be dozing; certainly he had closed his eyes. "I hope I'm not boring you?" Hathaway continued ironically.

"Er—?" grunted the older man. "When you are my age you will perhaps be glad to close your eyes now and again. I've been up for two nights—not that that is the concern of anybody but myself, of course," the speaker concluded.

"I'm sorry," rapped out Hathaway impatiently, "but——"

He was interrupted by the lifting of a hand.

"I heard distinctly every word you have uttered since you entered this room ten minutes ago," rejoined Bellamy. "I will repeat them to you if you like. But here is the gist of what you have said."

To a slightly bewildered Cabinet Minister, the Chief of Q.1. proceeded: "You have been telling me that every delegate representing an important power at the present session of the League of Nations Assembly has received a communication which may or may not have been the work of a madman. The writer stated in that letter that unless every delegate works for the permanence of international peace he gives a solemn warning that he will use the power which he will shortly possess to blow every would-be belligerent nation to hell and back. In broad detail is that right?"

"Yes," confirmed the War Minister; "but you have forgotten one thing."

"Allow me to finish," continued Bellamy with a slight smile. Hathaway, in describing the interview subsequently to his private secretary, said that that smile reminded him of a grey wolf baring its fangs.

"The writer went on to say that when his 'power'—as he called it—was completed (as it would be shortly, he hoped) he would be willing to hand it over, on certain conditions to be set out later, to a small selected committee of the League of Nations, and he finished with these words: 'War is the curse of Cain. Its continued strength is the greatest evil that exists to-day. I am determined to save mankind from its horrors. If no one will help me I will do it alone.' This somewhat remarkable person signed himself 'The Destroyer'—a quaint conception since, if any credence can be placed on his gibberish, he is out to start the biggest slaughter that the world has ever seen."

The Minister for War leaned forward in his chair.

"Suppose he is right?" he said tensely.

"Go on," encourage the Intelligence Chief.

"You can see what I mean," continued the other irritably, "with scientific research developing as it is, there is no knowing what may not be conceived; there is practically no limit to these devlish war inventions."

"In this case I understand the idea is to stop war," corrected his listener. "But"—just as an explosion threatened—"I follow you, Hathaway."

The other shifted in his chair.

"What you have to do Bellamy is to find this 'Destroyer' fanatic. He must be questioned; we must know exactly what he has in mind; we must ascertain what danger he represents to us. Good Lord, man, the need is urgent—surely you must realize that?"

"I realize something else also," was the comment; "that is, that if we are interested in this man, other nations will be. Have you overlooked that fact?"

"Certainly not!" snapped the Minister of War; "that's just my point. You must find him, Bellamy."

"He has been found," was the answer.

Before Hathaway could make a reply to this startling announcement, the Intelligence Chief pressed a button on his desk. To the middle-aged secretary who answered the summons he said:

"Tell Mr. Renton I shall be glad to see him now."

"Yes, Sir Harker."

A minute later a young man of 26 or so walked into the room. He was athletic in build, carried himself well, and had about him a quiet assurance which was impressive.

"This is one of my agents—Mr. Renton, Peter, this is Mr. Hathaway, Minister for War. Now tell us, Renton, what happened in Paris?"

"I traced the writer of the letter to the Geneva delegates to a small house in the Paris suburb"—at this point Bellamy looked across at Hathaway and smiled. "His name——?"

"Never mind his name!" sharply cried the Chief of Q.1.

"But I want to know the man's name", said the Minister for War.

"This is an Intelligence question at present," he was reminded. "Carry on, Renton."

"The man is living in poverty-stricken circumstances. I called at the house representing myself to be an agent for a Paris insurance company specializing in 'covering' small property. I was unable to see the man himself, but saw a girl who told me she was his niece. I learned sufficient, however, to report to Q.23. As a result the man himself will be coming to London to-morrow."

Hathaway jumped up from his chair. In that moment he did not look his 44 years.

"This is wonderful, Bellamy!" he exclaimed. "How on earth was it managed?" But the young man to whom the question was addressed kept silent, his face expressionless.

"Oh, we have our ways and means of doing things," Bellamy said. "Directly I have anything more to tell you I will let you know."

The Minister for War took the hint. He had always heard that Bellamy was an autocrat, especially in his own office.

"Well, I cannot thank you enough," he said. "This will take a great weight off my mind."

* * *

When he had gone, Bellamy held out his hand to the younger man.

"Good work, Peter," he said.

"Thank you sir! By the way, there's something else I ought to tell you."

"Yes?"

The young Secret Service agent looked round before replying.

Then he dropped his voice to a lower key.

"Our old friend, 'The Priest,' is back in London," he stated.

When he looked up from lighting a cigarette he noticed that his superior was frowning. And he did not wonder.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

(The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company.)

Unknown Man Said to Have Thrown Self Under Train

A man whose identity was unknown at the time is said to have thrown himself under the wheels of a freight train at Sudbury on Friday last at noon, while a large number of people were the unwilling witnesses of the tragedy. Eyewitnesses said that he appeared to come along the track, let some of the cars pass, and then deliberately throw himself between the cars. Had the eyewitnesses not given this evidence the explanation of the tragedy would likely have been that the man was stealing a ride on the freight and fell between the cars. The only description given of the man by despatches last week was that he was about 45 years of age, was fairly well dressed, wore a light brown hat with the words "Kirkland Lake" in the sweat-band, had on dark coat and grey trousers; while there was an initial "S" on his belt.

Later:—The man referred to above has since been identified as Toivo Santo, a native of Finland, and a former employee of the Lake Shore Mines at Kirkland Lake. Fellow boarders at a boarding house in Sudbury made the identification. They say that the man had been ill and despondent lately.

Report of Superintendent of Children's Aid for July

The following is the report for July of A. G. Carson, local superintendent of the Cochrane District Children's Aid Society:

Applications for children for adoption	6
Office interviews	67
Interviews out of office	51
Complaints received	39
Investigations made	45
Children involved	47
Children in shelter	15
Children boarding out	28
Mail received	88
Mail sent out	115
Court attendance	8
Juvenile cases	15
Boys on probation from court	23
Investigations for other societies	5
Mileage travelled	823
Wards visited	31
Children placed in foster homes	1
Children committed to the industrial school	1
Cases under the Unmarried Parents Act	2

Urges Pasteurized Milk for Vacations

Health Authorities Refer to Safeguarding of Health in the Matter of Milk in Vacation Time.

Local health officers can make a family's vacation as happy; healthy and carefree as can sunshine, cool breezes and wholesome sports, if thoughtful parents will only take the trouble to avail themselves of the service he has been appointed by the Government to render, according to Dr. A. E. Berry, Sanitary Engineer of the Ontario Department of Health in a recent issue of "Health," the official journal of the Health League of Canada.

He strongly urges "every vacationist who recognizes the value of pasteurization to deal only with a dairy delivering an approved supply of pasteurized milk and cream."

The first duty of every parent during summer holidays, Dr. Berry insists, is "first to make sure of a safe milk supply, and this information can be secured from the local health officer."

"Intestinal disturbances and associated infections are too common at summer places," writes Dr. Berry, "and while many kinds of food may be involved, the use of an unsanitary or unsafe milk supply always looms as a danger of major proportions.

"The task of securing a satisfactory milk supply when on vacation presents no insurmountable difficulties. Two factors merit particular attention—cleanliness and safety. A third seems important to many, but is really of minor significance. This is richness and flavour. Unless milk contains a high proportion of cream it is not palatable to most people. There is, however, little difficulty in this part of the problem, especially when the dairyman is eager to get customers."

It may be said that the number of times raw milk is infected with disease germs is comparatively small," comments Dr. Berry, "but so also may it be said that a relatively small percentage of buildings are destroyed by fire. That is seldom a sufficient reason, however, for refraining from protecting valuable buildings by fire insurance."

The vacationist in an unfamiliar environment, according to Dr. Berry, may have a number of alternatives in the action he follows to secure safe milk.

"He will profit most," the articles states, "if he early acquires the knowledge and conviction that properly pasteurized milk is safe and nourishing. This simple heat treatment destroys all germs or organisms which might cause illness, and it accomplishes this without injuring the other properties of the milk.

"In spite of the objection which some people advance against the use of pasteurization, it has stood the test of time and has proven its value and usefulness the world over. The fact that it is accepted and recommended by health authorities in every country must be an effective answer to those who would confuse the issue and create doubts in the minds of consumers.

"The process is now so well tried and proven that any support of it would be quite unnecessary, were it not for the fact that arguments are continually heard purporting to prove something sinister and objectionable about the practice.

If a properly pasteurized supply cannot be secured, it can be processed in the home, states Dr. Berry, and the assurance of safety will be well worth any

'SALADA' TEA is delicious

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John I. Arscott Married at Toronto on July 21st

A despatch from Toronto last week says:—"The marriage took place quietly at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Keillor, 53 Colin avenue, on July 21st, of Miss Ida Elizabeth Lake, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John N. Lake, of Oakwood, Ontario, to Mr. John Ingram Arscott, of Timmins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Arscott, of Bobcaygeon, Ont. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. O. Cox of Mathieson, Ont. Little Miss Shirley Wood played the wedding music and during the singing of the register Mrs. Edythe Wood sang "When Song Is Sweet." The bride, given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Lester Lake, wore her travelling suit of tailored white wool, white accessories, with a corsage of dark red roses and valley lilies. Mrs. Cecil J. Smith was her attendant, in maize and orchid chiffon, maize accessories with corsage of corn flowers and Talisman roses. Mr. Cecil Smith was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Arscott left by boat for Montreal and points east. Upon their return they will reside in Timmins, Ont."

Codfish Bites Young Man and Death Results in N.S.

One of the most remarkable news items noted in a long time was in The Halifax Herald on Saturday. A bold headline on the front page says:—"Codfish Bites Man, Causing Death." One of James Gordon Bennett's definitions of news was given in the words: "If a dog bites a man that isn't news; but if a man bites a dog, that's news!" If a man biting a dog is news, then surely anything as unusual as a codfish biting a man, with death resulting as a consequence of the bite, must assuredly be news of the most outstanding type.

In the Nova Scotia case it seems that a codfish bit Forrest E. McDonald, the 18-year-old son of Mrs. McDonald, a widow living with her family at Necum Teuch, Nova Scotia. Apparently infection developed and soon the young man's life was despaired of. He was taken to the hospital, but his life could not be saved.

The death of Forrest McDonald adds another to the tragedies in recent years that have crowded upon this unfortunate widow. Just two years ago the young man's father died suddenly. He was seized with a sudden pain in the shoulder and collapsed with the pain. Inside of three hours the man was dead. Then just three months before that tragedy, Forrest's sister was taken seriously ill without apparent warning or premonition, and within a comparatively few minutes had passed away. The widow has two surviving sons, one 16 and the other 11. Neither is old enough to do much to provide for the needs of the family. Forrest had been the breadwinner and now he is gone. Mrs. McDonald says that she does not know how she will be able to get along. Forrest made the family living by fishing. He was fishing the other day and while he was lifting a big codfish from the water, the fish closed its jaws on his hand. There was a wound made on the young man's hand but he paid practically no attention to the injury. In a day or two he was forced to notice the injury. The wound had apparently become infected and the young man was in great pain. Eventually he went to the hospital for treatment. All possible was done for him, but all efforts were unavailing. Despite care and attention and skill, Forrest succumbed to the injuries received from the fish.

Magistrate Suggested Car Should be Off the Road

An accident at Elk Lake on June 14, when Fred Nelson was struck by an automobile and injured, had a sequel in Cobalt at the week-end, when Tennesse Batisse, Matachewan district man who owns the car, was convicted of reckless driving and fined $10 and costs by Magistrate Atkinson. The bench expressed the opinion, in suspending Batisse's permit for three months, that the car—a 1927 model which accused himself said had given him trouble and of which his mother said it was not running right—should be off the roads. Nelson was struck by the machine, the evidence disclosed, as it rounded a sharp curve.

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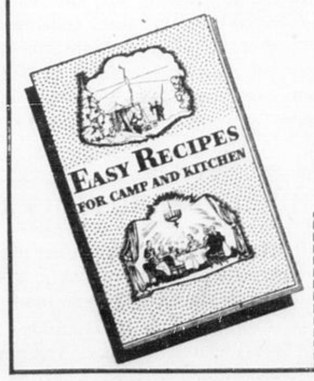

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