



The Great Laroche
 Author of "Tiger Standish," "The Evil Chateau," Etc.
 Published by Special Arrangement

Sydney Howard

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. But, 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.

But Sir Harker Bellamy, head of the important branch of the British Intelligence, "Q-1," persuades the British Cabinet to have Marve over from Paris so that he may discuss his invention with various experts. Previous to this, the hero of the story, Peter Renton establishes contact with Marve and thereby meets the inventor's niece—the heroine of the story—Elsie Norris.

After reporting to Sir Harker, Renton adds, "Our old friend 'the Priest' is back in London!"

(Now Read On)
CHAPTER III

There was a silence.

Then:

"Are you certain?" asked Bellamy, and his voice had a rasping sound. By the intonation Renton knew that his chief was gravely perturbed.

The young Secret Service agent drew at his cigarette.

"I don't say I would be prepared to swear to it, sir, but all the same I'd be willing to take a small shade of odds. It was when I got into the train at Victoria Underground—"

"When was this?"

"Oh, about an hour ago. As I was saying, it was when I got into the Tube that I imagined I felt someone staring at me from behind. You know, sir, how one gets that impression in this job?"

Bellamy gave him a grim smile.

"I ought to, considering I've been in the Intelligence Service for nearly thirty years now. . . . But go on. What happened?"

"Of course," continued the younger man, "I didn't give anything away; I just walked into the train and sat down."

"And 'The Priest'?"

"Well, if it was the blighter, he kept himself under cover. Anyway, when I took a good look round the compartment, no one in any way suspicious was on view except a fellow who kept his paper up covering his face. The thought did cross my mind to call his bluff, but I restrained myself." The speaker laughed. "I gave the fellow a run for his money, in any case; I got out at Charing Cross, and for the next forty minutes changed trains until I must have covered half of London!"

"You have not more evidence?"

"No. It may, of course, have been a mistake on my part—but you know, sir, how that swine carries a sort of 'smell' about with him. Ever since I ran across him in that affair in Greek Street, I have always had the impression that I could sense his presence a mile off."

Sir Harker Bellamy tapped with his fingernails on the desk in front of him.

"It's possible," he said slowly as

though speaking to himself. "In fact, it's more than possible. 'The Priest' is just the type to be engaged on a thing like this; he has been lying low too long for my piece of mind. The last I heard of him was in Vienna—but that's six months ago now. Well, my boy, we can't do anything more at the moment—but I need scarcely tell you, I think, to keep your wits about you and your eyes well skinned. There are one or two accounts to be settled between you and 'The Priest'—and Laroche is not the man to let them remain unpaid."

"I know that, sir—will there be anything else to-day?"

"No, I'll let you know when I want you again."

"Very good, sir."

After the young agent had left the room, Bellamy rang the bell on his desk. "I want the Laroche file," he told his secretary.

Five minutes later he was engrossed in turning the pages of a voluminous secret file which had been placed on his desk.

The top page read as under:

Pierre Laroche, alias "The Priest." A most dangerous spy and criminal. War originally a priest, but was dismissed from the Church owing to a particularly unsavory scandal. Born in France 1886. For the past seven years has worked exclusively for the Underground Branch of the Ronstadt Secret Service. A man of culture and education, but will use any means to further his ends. Was associated for some time with Rahusen when the latter was chief resident agent for Ronstadt in London. Particulars of various activities under this heading will be found in the following pages. Is a master of disguise, but, by some queer ironic streak, prefers clerical garb. . . .

For the next half hour the chief of Q-1 engaged himself in making notes on the pad, and instructed his secretary to have these typed immediately. Then he leaned back in his chair, produced a short briar pipe, much burnt down on one side, filled the bowl with some villancous-looking dark plug tobacco and smoked like a man who is completely lost in his reflections.

A doughty battler, the news which his young agent had brought him was very perturbing. Although he had adopted a more or less cynical manner in the presence of the War Minister, no one knew better than Bellamy the grave possibilities that lay behind this new development in the troubled history of European international affairs. With every nation urging its chemists and scientists generally to develop and perfect new instruments of warfare—each more terrible than the last—it was quite conceivable that this mysterious inventor who signed his communication by the macabre designation of "The Destroyer" was not engaged on some preposterous practical joke, but was in deadly earnest. Bellamy hated war as much as any other sane man, but he was realist enough to know that so long as human nature remained human nature, for just so long was it impossible to banish the hideous possibility of war

and to ensure permanent peace. The various dictators of Europe were seeing to that. . . .

The trouble rested not with this man himself, but with the knowledge that was possibly locked in his brain. The Secret Service of every nation would be out to "get" him so that his secret, terrific as this might be, could be placed at the service of their country. Q 23, the most able man in his Department had, like young Renton, done his work well. He had achieved the almost-impossible in securing the promise of Paul Marve to come to London to have a discussion with the British Cabinet. But directly the man set foot on English soil, he would be surrounded by some of the most dangerous men living. Responsible as he had pledged himself for the safety of the inventor, Bellamy knew from his long experience how grave would be the responsibility resting on his shoulders.

But there it was; he must do his best and trust to luck. Being human, he could do no more.

But "The Priest" . . .

The man whose reported presence in London had caused him so much concern was seated at that very moment in a room in the Ronstadt Embassy in Portland Place. Dressed in a well-cut suit of dark grey, he appeared, with his thin, sensitive, cultured face, the quintessence of respectability. It was only when one looked into his eyes that the true character of Pierre Laroche ("The Great Laroche" as he liked to be heard described when one of his more grandiloquently successful essays into crime were being discussed) revealed itself.

Opposite him sat his physical antithesis: a man with a gross scarred face and a neck whose fat oozed almost obscenely over his collar. This was Major Oscar Stalheim, the Ronstadtian military attaché.

Stalheim was speaking.

"This is something very big—so big that Herr Kuhnreich, our glorious chieftain, has issued strictest instructions on the matter. No mistakes must be made: if they are made, the results would be the cruel lips parted to show the gleam of huge, white teeth—"unfortunate."

Laroche knew his man, and so far from showing himself unduly impressed, he politely put up a manueced hand to hide a yawn.

"When, my dear Stalheim, have I made any mistakes, whilst working for your interesting country?" he inquired.

A grunt was the only answer.

"Be assured that what I have promised to do shall be done," continued the ex-priest. "All arrangements have been made and I do not think that they will fail."

"They had better not," growled the military attaché. Stalheim was wondering how much longer Grosber, the chief of the Secret Police in Manke the Capital, would continue to employ this man. Laroche had been outstandingly successful; it was true, in the various underground commissions he had been given for Ronstadt—but there was another side to the question: this man during the course of the past three

years, the most important and critical years of the recent history of the country now ruled by Kuhnreich, a dictator who was as merciless as he was efficient, had learned a very great deal about the workings of the Secret Police. Perhaps he had learned too much for national safety—there was always that risk when employing a person of Laroche's type. But that was for the future; so far as the present business was concerned the instructions he, as head of the Ronstadtian espionage system in Great Britain has received, were very definite and Laroche had to be placed in charge of this extremely delicate mission.

"Well, if there's nothing else, I think I'll be going," said the visitor, rising and examining the immaculate nails of his right hand.

Stalheim merely grunted. It was a habit he had. Pierre Laroche, who hated the man, reflected, as he walked out of the room, what a pleasant task it would be to kill this hog one day.

When he had nothing better to do, perhaps he would . . .

England!

The miracle had happened, the unbelievable had come to pass! Elsie, staring at the dirty white cliffs which she knew represented Dover, felt a lump rise in her throat. She had prayed for this moment, but had never thought that her wish would be granted.

But, then, all the events of the past few hours had been strange. Two days before—that was the evening of the same afternoon as the cough-racked insurance agent had called—her uncle, after supper, had made a surprising announcement.

"You must keep this secret," he had said, "but to-morrow I go to England."

She had gasped.

"England?"

"London, perhaps I should have said," replied Paul Marve. "You will stay here and—"

For the first time since she had come to Paris she rebelled.

"No!" she cried, clenching her hands until she felt the nails hard against the palms. "If you are going to London, Uncle, I am going with you. It's what I've kept hoping for . . . praying . . ."

The force of her feelings made her stop.

The inventor looked at her in amazement. His face bore the expression of a man who had suddenly awakened to a surprising truth.

"Is it possible that you are not happy with me, petite?" he said.

Never before had her uncle spoken to her in such a tone and Elsie's naturally warm heart was touched.

"Yes, I have been happy . . . but oh, to see London again! Uncle, I must go; you will take me?"

He had smiled back.

"I'm going on a secret mission this time—a mission that carries with it danger; I should not like to expose you to that risk, my dear . . . Yet, perhaps, as his mind returned to some strange occurrences of the past few weeks, the knowledge of which he had kept from the girl—"it might be better for you to be with me than to stay here alone."

They were fateful words—words almost of foreboding—but she was used to statements that in the mouth of anyone but Paul Marve would have frightened her. As it was she went across to him and threw her arms round his neck.

"Uncle, you are a darling!" she exclaimed.

And now they were on the boat—not merely on the boat but approaching Dover; within half an hour she would be stepping on English soil. She still could not get over the wonder of it!

A voice broke in on her meditation.

"Elsie, I want to talk to you."

It was her uncle. He looked very ill. A bad sailor, he had gone below directly they had left Calais.

"Yet, Uncle?"

He drew her aside, away from any possible listener.

Looking earnestly into her face, he said: "If anything should happen to me whilst I am in England, go straight to the man whose name and address I've written on this sheet of paper. He will protect you. Memorize the name and address and then tear the paper into tiny fragments. Don't think I am stupid; from the moment I step ashore at Dover I shall be surrounded by enemies.

She could do nothing but gape at him. All her lovely dreams were shattered.

"Are you certain about that, Uncle?" she asked tremulously.

"Yes. But I shall beat them all."

She turned away. Tears were blurring her vision, and through them the Dover cliffs seemed a portent of evil instead of a prospect of happiness.

TO BE CONTINUED

August Clearance of Used Washers

1 APEX PORCELAIN Looks Like New	27.50	2 CONNOR WRINGER IRONERS Regular \$49.50, only	29.50
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Beatty Bros. Washer Store

33 THIRD AVE. TIMMINS OPEN EVENINGS

Genius Won't Sell Great Invention

(By SHAKES)

There has been a horror among the poor people of the southern United States that some day a man might invent a machine that could pick cotton as quickly and efficiently as they themselves can. The mechanical cotton picker would deprive them of what little they have.

The horror will emerge on southern cotton fields very soon now, will replace hundreds of thousands of workers, will do the job more cheaply and it's said, better. Once the cotton machine appears on one plantation and proves its usefulness, other growers dare not lag behind. More costly picking would ruin their business.

The genius from whose mind came this most complex of agricultural implements knew what he was doing. He knew his great machine could work untold hardships among the already oppressed poor of the South. Yet he was driven on by a creative instinct to complete his task.

Offers have come flooding in on him for the rights to manufacture the cotton picker. Hundreds of thousands of dollars, cash, have been waved before his eyes. Yet he has held fast to his original scheme—a unique idea.

He reasons that the profits from his invention, less the small amount he requires to live comfortably for the rest of his days, should go to those from whom the machine will take their livelihood. And he hopes to make the solution just as simple as that. Cotton picking machines will not flood the South. They will come gradually into use; and just as gradually, the profits of machine manufacture will be used to set up the poor as self supporting farmers.

Inventors like to feel that their work is really of some value to the world at large. Man believed blindly for a century that the machine would free him from toil, would bring the world to a machine-run utopia. Here at last is an inventor who looks beyond the immediate success of his machine and the pleasure of seeing it sweep through the country doing a job more quickly than human hands can.

Lions Club Told About Life in Hudson Bay Area

Armin Boas, Formerly a Teacher in the Far North, Gives Graphic Story of the People and the Hudson and James Bay Country. Lions Complete Arrangements for Big Events This Week.

The Lions club members learned something on Thursday of life in Ontario's far north where there have been settlements of English and French people for nearly two centuries. Armin Boas, formerly a teacher in the James and Hudson bay areas, was the speaker.

He told them of his first trip to James Bay from Winnipeg when he was taken to Mile 96 on the T. & N. O. extension, then put in a canoe for the trip of 130 miles from the Moose river. When he arrived at Moose Factory, in the spring, the river was rising rapidly. He was given the front room in a house so that he should be the first to hear the water lapping round the door and give the alarm that it was time to clear out. In some places, he said, the Moose river rises as much as 30 feet, covering many of the islands in the river and making the Moose appear like a great turbid stream miles in width.

Hay, oats, barley and many kinds of vegetables have been grown in the James Bay region for more than a century and a half. Well kept alluvial fields may still be seen about the posts of the Hudson's Bay company.

The Indian and Eskimo languages are easy to learn, Mr. Boas said, since there are not a large number of syllables and the small vocabulary is built from simple combinations of these. Both tongues may be written in syllables, a form of writing introduced by a missionary in the north many years ago and since extended for use through the entire sub-Arctic and Arctic regions.

Mr. Boas had a number of photographs of the people and land of James and Hudson Bays.

Announcement was made that the committees in charge had completed arrangements for the Lions Summer Frolic to be held at the Riverside pavilion on Friday of this week and for the International football match, to be played between the Scottish and English at McIntyre park this Wednesday evening.

Accidental Death Is Verdict at Falls

Jury's Finding in Electrocutation at Twin Falls. Items of Interest from Iroquois Falls

A verdict of accidental death was returned Friday evening by the coroner's jury investigating the death of Charles Mulvey, 19-year-old youth, who was electrocuted at Twin Falls a week ago last Monday. Mulvey's body was found hanging on wires leading to the switch operating the motor driven saw Mulvey had been using, by his nephew, Lloyd Cosgrove, who had been working with Mulvey and had left for a minute to find out what time it was. Cosgrove immediately called his father, who was working nearby and immediately turned off the switch and tried artificial respiration. G. J. Thistlethwaite, Abitibi Power and Paper Company electrical superintendent, testified to having checked the equipment and found no flaw in the equipment itself. The wires leading to the switch-box, however, were spongy and it was these wires which Mulvey had grasped. Residents of Twin Falls use the saw to cut their wood, obtaining the electricity from the Twin Falls power house. Coroner W. J. Grummett presided.

Rev. D. H. Woodhouse, formerly pastor of the United Church here, now located at Markham, Ontario, motored up Thursday, and will spend three weeks or so visiting in town. Miss Dorcas Bell, Toronto, formerly of the Falls, accompanied him, and will visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Willson.

R. Johnston, J. Beaudoin Sr. and J. Beaudoin, Jr., returned Thursday from Watabeag Lake, where they spent three days fishing.

Fred Stables was elected president of the Iroquois Falls Horticultural Association at a meeting of the directors held in the court house Thursday evening. Mr. Stables succeeds Mr. G. B. Foley, who recently left town to take another position at Smooth Rock Falls.

Mr. J. Cuthell left Friday for Muskoka, where he will spend a week on vacation.

Miss M. Brackenbury, who spent the summer with Mr. and Mrs. O. Shaw-Hamilton will leave Tuesday en route to her home at Surbiton, Surrey, England.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wynnes and family left Saturday on a motor trip to Huntsville and Sudbury.

Only two cases were tried by Magistrate E. R. Tucker here Thursday. One was a drunk charge, a fine being paid; the other was a non-support charge, resulting in a one year's suspended sentence, providing the accused takes care of his wife.

Post Office to be Opened at McWatters Mine, Que.

Word from North Bay last week was to the effect that a new post office will be opened at the McWatters Mine property in Pontiac township, near Rouyn, Quebec. Charles Edward Thibault has been appointed postmaster. The new office is expected to be opened around the fifteenth of this month. It will serve the McWatters Mine and a number of other properties in the area. It is said that about 50 families, as well as around two hundred single men will be served by the new office. "The office will be served daily by stage from Rouyn. The main industry of the area is mining. As the mines in the section give every appearance of permanence and are likely to grow, the new post office is being opened to serve the apparent needs. The post office department is evidently keeping an eye on the mining developments of the North and establishing post offices where the needs seem to require it.

MUSICAL FEATURES AT THE EXHIBITION THIS YEAR

The ever popular Strolling Troubadors, foreign groups of vocalists and instrumentalists in national costume, will again be a Canadian National Exhibition highlight this year on Music Day.

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 Dunnville Welland Buffalo
 Galt Woodstock London
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 and return
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 (By T. & N. O. Train No. 2 and Connections)
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 Sunday, August 23
 Tickets Good in Coaches only
 No Baggage Checked
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Fifteen Entrance Scholarships have been founded in memory of the "Old Boys" who fell in the Great War. Special Preparatory School Bursaries are open to younger boys. Scholarship and Bursary examinations are held in April of each year.

For prospectus and further information, apply to the Secretary.

Autumn Term opens Wednesday, September 9th, at 9:15 a.m.

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We would advise early appointments

Remodel South End Consumers' Building

Increase in Business at South Porcupine Store Requires Changes.

Announcement is made this week by the management of the Consumers Co-operative Society, Ltd., to the effect that extensive renovating and enlargements will take place at their South Porcupine branch store. The front of the store will be modernized and the interior remodelled. Work has already commenced on the alterations. With its usual progressiveness and foresight the Consumers Co-operative is meeting the enlarged business at the branch. There is an ever-increasing volume of business at the South Porcupine Consumers Co-operative Store and it is to keep pace with this progress and the general development of the community that these changes are being made. Hundreds of persons, mainly heads of families, are members of the Consumers Society at South Porcupine, and the Society is ready to meet the growing requirements in the best possible way.

Former Sudbury Man Dies Under Train at Kapuskasing

As the result of injuries received when a westbound C.N.R. freight train passed over his legs, John Stefanyseyn, formerly of Sudbury, died at Kapuskasing last week. He only lived a few hours after the accident. It is thought that he was riding the freight train with the plan of getting back to Winnipeg where his wife resides. He had been east looking for work and had apparently been unable to secure a permanent position of any kind. The theory is that he slipped from the car he was riding and got under the wheels of the train. The train was being switched in the yards at Kapuskasing when the accident occurred. R.C.M.P. Constable Staples who is on duty with C.N.R. trains thought he heard shouts and moans under the train and on investigation he found the unfortunate man under the truck of one of the freight cars. Stefanyseyn was hurried to the hospital but was so badly injured that little could be one for him.