



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

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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 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.

Laroche succeeds in his purpose by uncoupling the last coach of the train in which the inventor and his niece are being taken by Peter Renton to London, and they are imprisoned in a secret room underneath a houseboat.

Their plight, however, has been observed by Renton's sister, SUSAN, also in the Secret Service, who has been tracking them unofficially by aeroplane.

CHAPTER VII THE MESSAGE It was a tense moment. Whoever the unknown might be on the other side of that strange, below-the-water room, he was a friend or, at least, it would appear so.

Peter, after listening, almost gave a shriek of joy. It was his sister! For this was the message he decoded from the Morse taps:

"This is Susan. I have been keeping track of you all day in my Moth. I heard all that Laroche said and I am now going away to get help. Keep your chin up, old son. Love Sue."

Sue! But how in the deuce had she got there? What was she doing so flagrantly disobeying orders like that? For some time she had been itching, he knew, to be put on to "something worth while," to use her own words, but Bellamy—and quite rightly so—had refused to listen to her. She wasn't old enough for one thing; a mere kid. As a matter of fact, he had done his best to put Susan off the idea of joining the department in any capacity at all, but it was no good; she just had to get a kick out of life (hence the Moth machine); and when he had remonstrated with her she had merely smiled back and said: "Greedy boy, do you want to hog all the fun?"

The tapping had ceased for some seconds before either of his two companions spoke.

"What was the meaning of those taps?" asked the girl.

"It was a message from a friend—another member of the British Intelligence. Our Secret Service isn't composed entirely of fools like myself, you know."

The laund went home. "I have been sorry ever since I said that, Mr. Renton; I hope you will forgive me."

"Gladly!" he replied, and thought, if the circumstances had been different, how easy it would have been for him to try to make her forget all her other worries. But in the meantime...

"Has your colleague gone to get help?" asked Marve, "and if so will he be in time?"

In the meanwhile, Susan went on her way through the darkness. It was a very unpleasant journey; she felt numb to the marrow and thoroughly uncomfortable in many other respects.

A moment later she was reproaching herself for harbouring such sentiments. She had asked for excitement, hadn't she? Very well, then, what was the good of growling now that it had been thrust in her way?

Besides, there was no time to be lost in self-reproach; her brother and the man who meant so much to England were close prisoners in that horrible below-the-water place and the sooner they were got out the better it would be for everyone concerned.

She had covered perhaps half the distance between the houseboat and the spot where she had left her clothes when she pulled herself up short. What was that noise behind? Someone appeared to be following her. Good Lord! If that was so, she would have to hurry!

Then a sense of strategy took the place of this first resolution. Stopping, she slithered to the ground and remained still. As a reward for this, she heard something or someone crashing heavily past at a distance of not more than six feet.

Who was it? Someone from the houseboat? Had she been seen? She realized quite well that a man like Laroche, especially in the present circumstances, when he had so much at stake, was not like to stand on ceremony. If she were captured—then she would share the same fate as the others; or perhaps a worse one...

It all came back to this; she must get to her clothes as quickly as possible. Cautiously raising her head, she listened for further interruptions—but none came. Then, she reassured herself; the man who had walked past was just some country yokel going home and choosing the river bank instead of the highroad. Yes, that must be it.

Three minutes later she had reached the dip where she had left her clothes and, with a maximum of haste and a minimum of care, she was putting them on. All the while a message was hammering itself through her brain. It was this: "Be quick! Be quick! Your brother may be dead...!"

New she was out on the road that ran alongside the river bank. Away over there to the right was the field in which she had descended. Would the Moth be all right? Had some fool meddled with it in any way? Her heart beating wildly, she started to run.

But she was not able to get very far. From behind there came a sound of running footsteps; on that lonely country road they took on a menace that was positively sinister.

Half turning, she saw that three men were pursuing her—and that the one in front was holding a revolver.

It was this man who called. "Stop, you fool, or I'll plug you," were his words.

Stop? when everything depended on her. No! Instead she swerved violently in case the man should carry out his threat and shoot, but in doing so her right foot tripped over a stone in the road, and the very speed at which she had been travelling sent her crashing to the ground. The force of the impact, indeed, knocked all the breath out of her momentarily.

And, before she could scramble to her feet, the pack was on her.

The man holding the revolver regarded her sardonically, whilst his two companions occupied themselves with holding her arms.

"Been doing a bit of listening in, eh?" His tone was rough and had a cruel edge to it. "Well, we have a very good way of dealing with listeners in... So, my dear," as she glared defiance at him, "you are not going to the houseboat."

although I'm thinking it would do you a lot of good to see what is going to happen to your brother. You are coming somewhere else—with me! A disfiguring leer accompanied the final words.

Susan's splendid nerves enabled her to reply: "I hope you realize what you are doing? This sort of thing is punished rather severely in England, you know."

He leered at her again. "Now I'll tell you something," was the reply: "you are old enough to have heard the saying 'First catch your hare, then kill it.'"

She continued to look at him. He had a hard, bestial type of face; she could expect no consideration from this man. That was evident. What position he occupied in the Laroche organization she didn't know of course—but one thing was evident: he was the master spy's confidante and had sufficient power to act on his own authority.

"Here is the car," announced one of the other men.

Coming nearer was the sound of a powerful car being driven at a high speed.

Another few seconds and it came into sight round the corner. It drew up with a grinding of brakes and stopped opposite the group.

"I am afraid we shall be obliged to put some handcuffs on you, Miss Renton," announced the leader. The next moment Susan felt her wrists cruelly imprisoned. She wanted to struggle, but it knew it would be useless; the only thing to be done now was to submit to fate and to wait until the luck might change. But as she thought how near she had been to victory a choking sob rose into her throat.

"Into the car, we must get away!" ordered the man in charge.

She was hustled into the back seat of a big limousine and then the car started off at a terrific speed.

CHAPTER VIII AT Q.1 Meanwhile, consternation prevailed in a certain room in a cold-desec off Whitehall. A small gathering of very distinguished people had been called; Sir Harker Bellamy was acting as an unwilling host to the Minister for War, the Foreign Secretary and the Prime Minister, in addition to several lesser State officials.

Brian Hathaway, His Majesty's Secretary of State for War, broke the silence which had fallen on the group by looking across at the chief of Q.1 and indulging in another tirade.

"But surely to God, Bellamy, something can be done? Don't you understand what must have happened?"

The Prime Minister coughed, but his younger colleague refused to be restrained.

"This disappearance can mean only one thing," continued Hathaway, "it—Bellamy cut in.

"I'm not quite such a damn fool as you seem to think," he said icily. "It means of course that Paul Marve is in the hands of the Ronstadtian Secret Service."

Three Hurt in Accidents at South End Last Week

Jock McCurdie Knocked Unconscious When Struck by Car. Barbara Hepburn has Arm Caught in Wringer. Ruth Steeves has Hand Cut by Bottle. Other News from South Porcupine and the Dome.

South Porcupine, Ont., August 22nd, 1936. Special to The Advance.

Mr. Milas Clark and his son, Garry, of Lakeview, South Porcupine, left for a two weeks' vacation on Wednesday, 19th.

While Mr. Covey, station telegrapher is on holiday, Mr. W. Brown, of Porquus Junction, is substituting.

Miss Valerie Rapsay, of Main Street, returned on Wednesday, 19th from London, Ont., where she has been for the past seven weeks.

Mr. W. Wattam, of the Dome Mines, accompanied by Mr. Frank Huggins, of town, left on Tuesday by car for Cape Breton, where they will spend a vacation.

Miss Grace Woodall is spending a vacation in Toronto. She left last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Miller of Bruce avenue, left on Wednesday for a two weeks' vacation to be spent in Pembroke.

Mrs. Went, senior, mother of Mr. Irvin Went, of Allen street, Connaught Hill, left on Tuesday for her home in Orillia. She has been spending a two months' vacation at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. Went.

Mr. Moreno Pucino is a patient in the General hospital, Toronto, where he has gone for medical treatment which will probably keep him in Toronto for some time. We all wish "Moreno" a speedy return to health.

We are glad to know that Mrs. John Newman, of Golden avenue, has recovered from her recent severe indisposition.

We are sorry to know that Miss Betty Sinclair is a patient in the Tisdale hospital, where she is suffering from a complete nervous collapse. We wish her a quick recovery.

Dr. and Mrs. Fitch, of Matachewan, were visiting Miss Verne Smythe, of the Tisdale hospital staff over the week-end.

Mr. W. D. Cochrane, of the Two-in-One Mine, was a patient for a few days in the Tisdale hospital during the past week.

Mrs. H. Blood and Mrs. W. W. Pearce, now of Cobalt, spent a few days in town visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Carruthers and little daughter left on Wednesday for a vacation to be spent in Manitoulin Island. They also intend to visit Sudbury, Toronto and Ottawa. Accompanying them on their trip were the guests who have been visiting them, Mr. and Mrs. Oran Carruthers and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Watson, of Ottawa.

Mr. Mansfield, senior, has left the Tisdale hospital, where he was a patient for a short while with an injured shoulder. He is now able to be home.

Mrs. Eric McKewen, who at one time resided on Connaught Hill, was in town last week, renewing old acquaintances here and at the Dome. She was a visitor at the home of her brother Dr. Weston of Schumacher.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Fairhurst have returned from an extended motor tour of the Maritime Provinces and Southern Ontario. They returned on Thursday last.

Mr. Neil Montrose left for Walkerville on Thursday, to visit relatives at Harrow and from there to Torquay in Saskatchewan where he will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Howey and two children of Kirkland Lake are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Montrose. They arrived on Thursday.

Mrs. Gilham, senior, has returned to the Dome Extension after a vacation spent in Kirkland Lake with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Jemmett.

Mr. Carl Fortune is quite sick at his home on Connaught Hill. We hope he will soon recover.

Mr. W. C. Smith and two sons, of Cobalt, are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Evans, of Connaught Hill. Little Barbara Hepburn had the mis-

fortune to catch her right arm between the rollers of a washing machine on Friday. While at a friend's house and left alone for a moment the child tried to put an article into the wringer and her arm was caught between the rollers. Although the child was very frightened and hurt she was given to understand no bones were broken.

A very beautiful thought of giving a "flower" to the living, instead of a wreath was demonstrated at a certain house in town on Wednesday afternoon. A tea was held at the home of Mrs. F. Wright and we take this opportunity of thanking all those ladies who were so very kind. Grateful thanks are extended to all of those who "added their flower." It is such things as this that give people fresh heart to carry on.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clay have taken up residence in a flat on Leighton street Connaught Hill.

Mr. Cliff Rowett, accompanied by Messrs. Joe Woods, Joe Mitchell and Arnold McGinn, left on Saturday by car for a two weeks' vacation in Toronto.

Mr. J. Stanlake, of the Dome Extension, left on Saturday for a two weeks' vacation to be spent in Detroit and other points south.

Little Ruth Steeves of town, had a nasty accident on Friday afternoon. She was running with a bottle in her hand and had the misfortune to fall and severely cut the vein in the left hand on the broken bottle, necessitating four stitches in her hand. An unknown gentleman picked the child up and rushed her to the doctor. Mr. and Mrs. Steeves would like to render their very great thanks to him for his assistance.

Mr. Dolan, of Toronto, has been a visitor at the home of his sister, Mrs. Arnold Bray, of town.

We are very sorry to hear that Mr. John Fell, of the Dome Mines, has been quite sick and hope he will soon recover his usual health.

There was a lacrosse game played at South Porcupine on Wednesday evening between South Porcupine and Timmins which resulted in a win for South Porcupine by the score of fifteen to nothing.

Miss Audrey Bowen, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. Jack Bowen, of town, has left again for her home in Toronto.

Mr. Walker was a visitor to Iroquois Falls over the week-end.

Archdeacon Woodall left for Cochrane on Saturday to return Sunday evening. Owing to his absence there was no service of communion at eight o'clock as is usual.

Mr. Ross Wilson, nephew of Mr. Billy Wilson, accompanied by Mr. Moore, of Barrie, were visitors in town on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Jordan and family of the Dome Mines, left for Timmins on Saturday. They are leaving to-day (Monday) for San Francisco. We are all very sorry to lose Mr. and Mrs. Jordan as they have been residents of the camp for 25 years. We wish them all success in their future life.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Owen, accompanied by Mrs. Owen, senior, of the Alex Mine, near Porquus Junction, were visitors to town on Wednesday.

Mr. J. Johnson, senior, of Owen Sound, his three daughters and two sons made a large party visiting the Porcupine camp and a large circle of friends. They were in camp on Wednesday. Among those in the party were: Mr. and Mrs. Ed Johnson, of Kemble; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brown, of Owen Sound; Mr. Jones, Mrs. Hewetson, Mrs. S. Brown and Mr. John Johnson, also all of Owen Sound. It was their first visit north and they were greatly impressed by all they saw in the camp.

On Friday evening at St. Paul's parish hall, the local lodge of the Rebekahs held a bridge drive. Unfortunately owing to so many people being away there was a very poor attendance. These ladies had gone to a great deal of trouble to provide a beautiful lunch and very nice prizes, but only three prizes were awarded. Mrs. W. Thomas of the Dome Extension, winning ladies first, a beautiful pair of pillow cases; and Mrs. LaForest (a table runner) for second prize. Mr. Lee Sauder received a double deck of cards as third prize.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mahan and three sons have been camping at Night Hawk Lake for the past ten days. They returned to town on Friday.

Mr. Dan McLeod and his brother, of Kirkland Lake, were visiting various friends in town on Thursday.

Mr. Jock McCurdie, of the Dome, whilst returning from work on Tuesday last was stepping out from behind the bus when he was knocked down by a car. He was knocked unconscious and taken to the Tisdale hospital. He received minor injuries to his hip and was allowed to return to his home the following day.

Owing to the severe rain on Saturday the game scheduled between the McIntyre and the Dome to be held at the Dome was called off, as was also the opening of the new ball grounds.

"The Most Unkindest Cut of All" South Porcupine, Aug. 20, 1936. (Not by Shakespeare, but something like that) More cruel than the cutworm's greedy bite. More subtle than the summer's long dry spell. Was that foul frost that bit the North last night. And shot my poor potatoes all to blazes. —P. M. S.

Fined for Setting Fire Without Permit

Settler Near Kapuskasing Assessed \$25 for Starting Bush Fire That Caused Trouble

A settler from Idington township, near Kapuskasing, was fined \$25 and costs, or one month in jail, when he came before Magistrate E. R. Tucker at Kapuskasing on a charge of setting out a bush fire without having the necessary permit required by law. This settler, Omer Demer, in clearing land, had started a fire, although he had been denied permission to do so by the fire rangers. The good judgment of the fire rangers in refusing a permit was proven by the fact that the fire became a genuine menace. The fire soon got out of control and spread to other property. For a time, the fire threatened to be a very serious affair. While men on the work of fire rangers and bush fire fighting were badly needed to combat bush fires in other sections of the district, some of them had to be taken away to fight the blaze started by Demer. Before the fire was checked a quantity of valuable pulpwood was destroyed.

The incident has many lessons for settlers in the North. For one thing, it would be well for the settlers to realize that the fire rangers will not refuse them permits to burn if there is no special danger. The fire rangers are really the friends of the settlers and any time they seem to be stern in enforcing regulations, it is always for the interests of the settlers themselves, and usually for the protection of property and lives. Another thing the settlers should specially note is that burning without permit, and particularly burning after a permit is refused, may have very unpleasant results. In the case tried at Kapuskasing the fine of \$25 and costs is a very heavy penalty for a settler. Such a penalty would only be imposed by Magistrate Tucker when he felt that stern lesson was demanded. Further, it should be noted that Magistrate Tucker said quite plainly that in future cases of this kind settlers charged before him with setting out bush fires contrary to the Forest Fire Prevention Act would be given jail terms without the option of a fine.

Birthday Party in Honour of Mrs. Frank Desermeaux

A birthday party was held held on Sunday evening at the home of Mrs. Peter Laverne, 80 Cameron street, in honour of her mother, Mrs. Frank Desermeaux, who celebrated her 76th birthday. Two of the out-of-town guests were Mrs. Desermeaux's sisters, Mrs. C. Paradis, of Sudbury, and Mrs. E. Soucie, of Maitava. Refreshments were served during the evening and a very enjoyable time was spent by the relatives and friends present, among these being:—Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Desermeaux, Mr. Lawrence Desermeaux, Messrs. Arnel and Eddy Desermeaux; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holden, of Schumacher; Mr. and Mrs. Bill Soucie, of Schumacher; Mr. and Mrs. Art Soucie, Mr. B. Snider, Mrs. Shields.

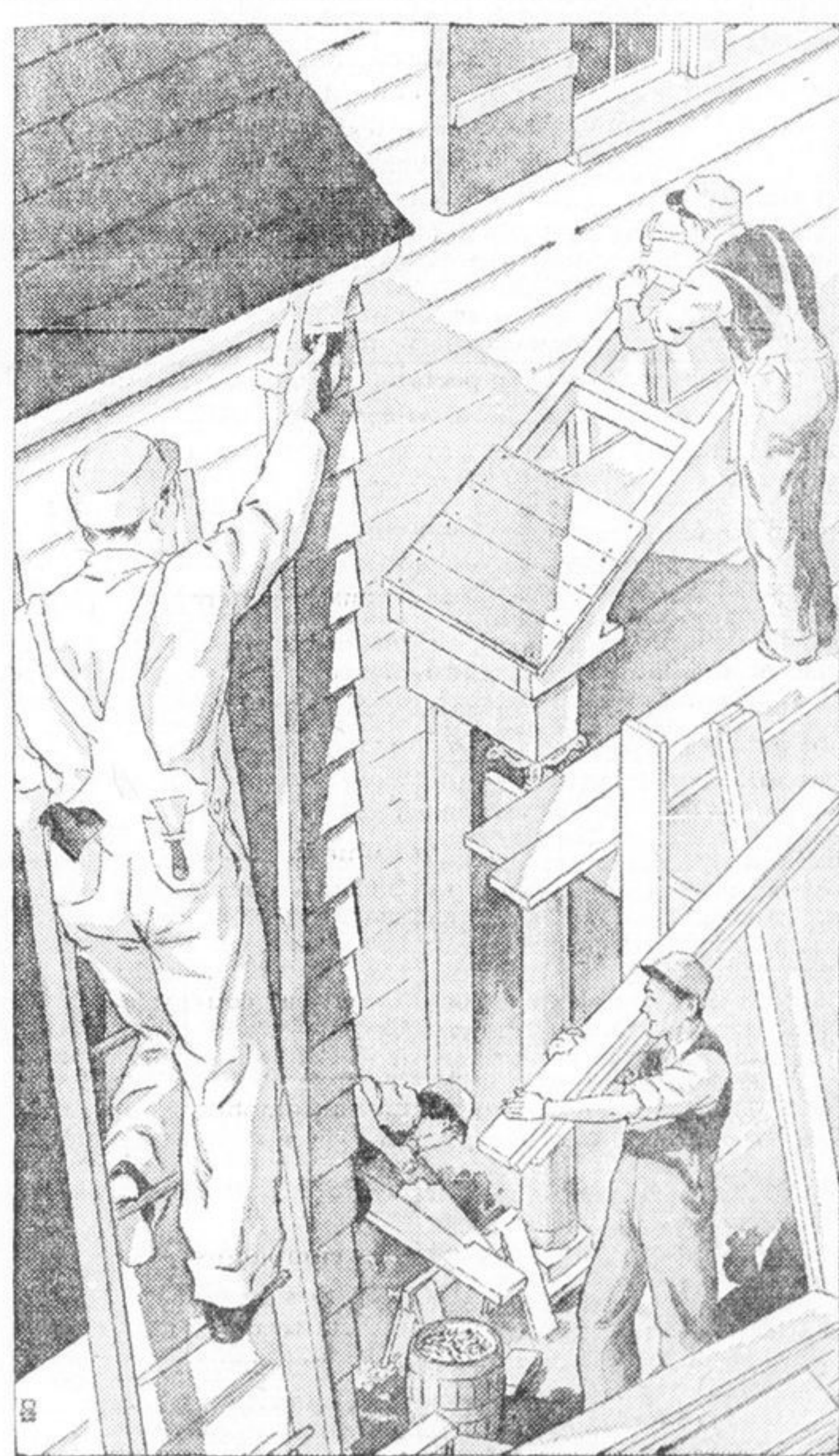
Sudbury Fire Chief Warns Council About Department

At a recent meeting of Sudbury city council, Fire Chief W. L. Andrews gave warning that he had neither the men nor the equipment that the city required. He foretold a disaster unless more men were added to the brigade and better equipment secured. At a recent fire at Sudbury there were not enough men for two lines of hose, and ladders, trucks, water pressure, alarm system, were all considered defective or inadequate. Council agreed with what the fire chief suggested and intended to do something about it when the fire chief presents a written report—provided, of course, that Hon. D. A. Croll will permit them. At the same time council thought that the Sudbury police force was also undermanned, and something should be done before it cost the city one way or another.

KOWKASH MINING RECORDER NOW LOCATED AT NAKINA

The Ontario Department of Mines has announced that the recording office for the Kowkash mining division has been permanently established at Nakina. Prior to February when a fire destroyed the office and part of the records, the headquarters for the division was stationed at Tashota. In the interval temporary offices have been at Port Arthur.

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