



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

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.

Another great power, Ronstadt, has had its eye on Marve, and it commissions a well-known figure in the international underworld, PIERRE LAROCHE, to capture Marve at Dover and take him back across the water to Ronstadt, where he shall be forced to deliver up his terrible secret.

Laroché 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. Changing into a bathing suit, she discovers the secret room and taps a message in Morse to the prisoners.

But Susan is captured by Laroché's spies before she can reach the houseboat to go for help. In the meantime members of the Cabinet and secret service discuss the situation.

CHAPTER IX

THE AMAZING IMPERSONATION

The time was five minutes to midnight. In that beneath-the-water room the three prisoners sat gripped by despair. None of them had spoken for several hours. Peter Renton's thoughts were particularly bitter; paralyzing fear besided him; if Susan had got away and had established connection with Q-1, help from Bellamy would have arrived long before this. There could be only one conclusion; his sister was sharing the same fate as himself and had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Yet if this was so, why had Laroché not arrived to make the announcement?

Up above in the saloon of the houseboat Laroché was raising his glass to toast the visitor he had been impatiently expecting. Oscar von Staltheim briefly nodded his acknowledgment. "I am sorry I could not arrive before," he said in the guttural tones Laroché knew so well. "But we at the Embassy are kept exceptionally busy," he said. "You realize that for yourself."

Laroché nodded, waiting to hear more. This soon came.

"You have the man Marve safely, you say?"

His companion smiled in what he considered to be justifiable triumph. "What I promise to do I generally accomplish—you should know that, von Staltheim," he returned. "Yes, I have the man Marve, and two lesser fry in the persons of a girl who calls herself his niece and"—here his eyes glistened—"a young British Secret Service agent who has given Ronstadt a good deal of trouble in the past. For instance a few months ago he returned to this country after spending no fewer than three months investigating the rearmament campaign along the Canadian frontier. I shall be reluctant to give that young man up."

The military attache smiled grimly. "You have done well, Laroché, and it would be churlish on my part to deny it. And now," rising, "I will relieve you of all your responsibility."

Laroché stared. "I don't quite understand," he said. "It is easy to explain. Directly your message arrived at the Embassy, I got

into communication with Pe. Kuhnreich was delighted—

"Naturally." Von Staltheim ignored the comment. "Shortly afterwards I received this special message from His Excellency. Shall I read it to you?"

"If you like." Beyond giving the other an unequivocal stare, von Staltheim did not answer, but, taking a paper from his pocket, read:

"My best thanks, Laroché should be complimented. You have my special orders concerning Marve. Shall expect you in Pe within 24 hours—Kuhnreich."

"You see, there's nothing to be done, except to obey. His Excellency appears to be resolute on one point—the man must be taken to Pe immediately. I have a fast machine waiting."

"You go by air?"

"Yes. And now—"

"One minute," interjected Laroché. "The agreement, I believe, was that I was to be paid the sum of twenty thousand English pounds. Correct me"—his voice was dangerously polite—"if I am wrong."

Von Staltheim did not debate the point.

"The money is waiting for you at the Embassy."

But the other did not appear to be satisfied.

"It would have been more convenient, for me, at least, if you had brought it with you."

It was then that the man who claimed to represent the world's most powerful dictator lost his patience.

"Silence!" he roared. "Do you realize to whom you are speaking?"

Laroché remained unimpressed.

"To the Ronstadtian military attache at the Court of St. James, Major Oscar von Staltheim. Yes, I know," he retorted.

"Good! I thought just now that you must be mad! Do you understand that I have the special confidence of Kuhnreich?"

"And I"—here the speaker smiled provokingly—"have the special confidence of"—he paused again—"myself."

Von Staltheim breathed heavily.

"Please inform me exactly what you mean by that?"

"It means that Kuhnreich or no Kuhnreich the man Marve does not leave this houseboat until I receive my payment—twenty thousand pounds, the original price, plus another hundred for being forced to lose my temper. You can take it or leave it, von Staltheim."

There was a moment's pause, then came the decision.

"Very well—"

"Does that mean you have brought the money?"

"I am not accustomed, even in this admirably-policed country, to carrying twenty thousand pounds about with me. But I have a cheque book," and he pulled it from his pocket as he spoke.

It was now Laroché who hesitated. He had no suspicion of the cheque itself; what irked him was the knowledge that the matter was now going to be taken out of his hands. Still, it had been an easy day's work and the payment was satisfactory.

"I'll take your cheque—make it out to bearer," he said.

"And now," stated the visitor, when he had passed the grey slip of paper across the table, "I should like to see the prisoners."

"Prisoners?" echoed Laroché. "Surely Kuhnreich does not want to be bothered with the girl and Renton?"

"My instructions were to take all three back with me to Pe," was the quick reply. "As you say yourself, this young fellow Renton has given us a great deal of trouble in the past, and it is time the account was squared."

The speaker pulled out his watch. "I can spare no further time," he said. "The air liner I have chartered leaves within an hour."

Laroché's quick-working mind made him ask yet another question.

"Can you manage them all on your own?"

"Easily. I presume you have taken ordinary precautions?"

"I have put handcuffs on all of them, if that is what you mean."

"Good. Then we will get to business. Lead the way please, my dear Laroché."

It was so unlike Oscar von Staltheim to evidence any sign of graciousness that the ex-priest stared.

"I will call the chief warder," he said with a grin that answered the smile on the other man's face.

A few seconds later Kuhn showed himself.

"And who the devil do you say this is?" thundered von Staltheim. It seemed that the unexpectedness of meeting such an apparition had momentarily shaken his nerve.

Laroché bowed like an impresario.

"This, my dear von Staltheim, is my major-domo, my chief of staff, my cook, my head waiter, and on occasion my personal persuader."

"Talk sense—what do you mean 'personal persuader'?"

"Call it torturer and you will not be far wrong," was the answer.

"Tell him to go first," was the military attache's comment.

The prisoners stared as the three men entered. The eyes of the girl lacked lustre, those of the inventor were haggard; only Peter Renton of the trio showed defiance.

"It seems that I am under the painful necessity of losing you, my dear people," announced Laroché in his most jolly tone. "This gentleman," glancing at von Staltheim who was standing a little behind him, "has come here tonight to take you off my hands. Aren't you curious to know your next destination, Mr. Renton?" the speaker went on goadingly.

But Renton was not to be drawn. He continued to stare not at Laroché but at the stranger. This man whom the ex-priest was introducing was a typical specimen of the Ronstadtian military caste; no mercy to be expected from that quarter.

Laroché went on with his talk.

"Since you are not interested, Renton, I will pass on the information to your companions. I am sure, Monsieur Marve, that you will be delighted to know that before 24 hours have passed you will be in the presence of the dictator of the great country I serve. You are, in short, to be taken to Pe where His Excellency, Herr Kuhnreich, is awaiting you with some impatience. I had hoped—alas for human aspirations—to have extracted the necessary information concerning your formula myself, but it was not to be. However, I pass you over to Major Oscar von Staltheim—"

"You fool," blazed the man standing at his back, "no names please!"

"But why?" returned the other man. "You must have made your arrangements so admirably that no hitch can possibly occur. And a good many people in England besides these three poor unfortunates are aware that you are Major Oscar von Staltheim, military attache for the Ronstadtian government at the Court of St. James."

His listener showed increasing impatience.

"Enough of this," he growled—"please send that man," pointing to the gigantic negro who had been eying Peter Renton with close attention, "outside to see that the coast is clear."

Somewhat surprisingly, Laroché stopped his conversational flow. "I will go myself," he stated.

Directly the door had closed behind the two, the military attache held up his hand.

If Peter Renton had not stepped heavily on her foot the girl would have given a shriek denoting excitement; as it was, she stared at the stranger as though, instead of being very solid flesh and blood, he had taken on the trappings of a ghost.

Renton did not speak; but his next action was eloquent enough; he turned round and so displayed his manacled wrists.

The mystery man nodded as though he appreciated the position, but before he could do anything Laroché had returned. The ex-priest was smiling evilly.

"The car is waiting," he stated, "there is no moon and silence and solitude abound. In short, the conditions would appear to be propitious for your leave-taking. But my dear von Staltheim, coming closer and staring into the other's face, 'I have had a change of heart as well as a change of mind.'"

"What in the devil's name are you talking about now?" roared the other.

Instead of replying immediately, Laroché made a sign to Kuhn, who took up a position by the door. It was not until the negro had thus constituted himself a formidable barrier to the outside world that Laroché made any attempt to explain himself. And when he did so he dwelt so lovingly on every word that he might have been said to caress the very syllables.

"I said a minute ago I had had a change of heart as well as a change of mind. It is true; when I stood on

the river bank just now and saw once again how beautiful nature was, how magnificent, how elevating, how inspiring—I felt, my dear von Staltheim, that I must make some attempt to reform my methods and change my life. It was a solemn moment, I can assure you."

"Come to the point," was the impatient rejoinder.

"And undergoing this change of heart, I experienced also a change of mind—but I believe I have said that before. In any case, I felt how wrong it would be for me to deliver up these three defenceless creatures—who are human beings like ourselves, my dear von Staltheim—so that they could be maltreated at the hands of the Ronstadt Secret Police."

"A traitor, eh?"

"No, not a traitor, my dear von Staltheim. Call me instead a reformed character. The brief communication I had with nature just now convinced me that I had dwelt in the ways of sin too long . . ."

He shot a question over his shoulder.

"You felt that way too, Kuhn, didn't you?"

The hideous negro grinned from ear to ear.

"Sure, boss."

Laroché smiled—and to the keenly watching Renton it seemed the most treacherous distortion of the human face that he had ever known.

"In short—" snapped von Staltheim.

"In short, my dear von Staltheim, I am not going to give these three persons up to you. On the other hand I intend to communicate immediately with the British government, to make complete confession of my previous misdoings and to throw myself on His Britannic Majesty's mercy. I am sure—especially in view of the information I can give the British Intelligence Department, at the head of which is my old friend Sir Harker Bellamy—that I shall be treated leniently."

If he expected the other to burst into a tornado of rage he was disappointed. On the contrary, von Staltheim became almost conciliatory.

"I am afraid your change of heart has come a little late in the day, Laroché," he stated. "I would point out to you the following facts. One, that you have recently committed a most serious crime on British soil—I am speaking, of course, from the English standpoint—two, that you have a long record of what you call 'misdoings' against you, and three, that you have in your possession a cheque signed by me valued at over twenty thousand pounds. Moreover—and you appear to have forgotten this point—the arm of Kuhnreich is long; it can reach you in any part of the world. Have you ignored that?"

"I have ignored nothing," was the answer.

"Then you still persist?"

"I still persist."

"Very well. Then, because I have to cover myself, I will ask you to do just one thing."

"And that?"

"I want you to sign a paper testifying that, although I came down here as arranged, you refused to hand me over the prisoners."

By this time, the speaker had taken from a waistcoat pocket a bulky-looking fountain pen.

"My dear von Staltheim—"

Laroché got no further. A scream of agony broke from his lips. For the fountain pen held by the supposed Major von Staltheim had turned itself into a tiny revolver loaded with an invisible but deadly gas.

The next instant pandemonium reigned.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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

Tribute to Former Citizen of the Camp

Comment on the Life and Character of the Late H. N. Joy, Pioneer Merchant of South Porcupine.

In a recent issue of The Advance reference was made to the death of H. N. Joy, a former resident of South Porcupine, and well known throughout this camp as a pioneer business man of the Porcupine area. The West Toronto Weekly last week had the following reference to the death, and this reference will undoubtedly be of much interest to many in Timmins and the Porcupine:—

Harry N. Joy's Death Mourned

"Death has removed another of West Toronto's loyal and valuable citizens in the person of Harry N. Joy. It was a shock to his many friends and associates. Enjoying fair health, but under orders to watch his activities, he went about his daily duties and tasks with a happy smile and a kind word for all who came within his path. He spoke the thoughts that were in his mind and always had the facts of the case to back his position. From years of experience, close observation, contact with humanity and business dealing, he had acquired a knowledge of human affairs and life. His opinions were valued and his support was sought by his friends and those who wanted to promote plans. His judgment was excellent and much appreciated.

"As a business man he made a place for himself in this community by dealing with the public and giving values. As a churchman he was looked upon by his fellow members as a leader who had caught the vision and was doing his duty as a follower of his Master. As a home man his life was ideal and he won the love and admiration of his family. As a community man he was ever ready to lend assistance to any enterprise that was worthy of his support. As a worker in the larger field of service to mankind he did his part. After 76 years of service, in business, church life, legislative halls, social service, community work and public life, he was laid to rest in Prospect cemetery on Monday afternoon, mourned by his many friends and fellow workers. His life was one that stood out because of his strong character and his excellent judgment. He passes on to his reward amid tears at the loss sustained here but with joy at the realization that he has not lived in vain. He leaves behind a long list of active participation in worth while constructions, in buildings, in business, in life.

"Service was held in High Park United Church on Monday conducted by the Rev. Dr. Avison and assisted by the Rev. Dr. Hincks. Both spoke very highly of the work accomplished and the character of their departed fellow worker. Pall bearers were W. W. Hurst, A. M. Smith, George Humphries, J. M. Hancock, W. P. Matthews and E. J. Halbert.

"Left to mourn his loss are a daughter, Mrs. Graham Robinson, and two sons, Flight Lieut. Clyde B. Joy, and Herbert Joy; two brothers, James R. of Toronto and P. Joy of Vancouver."

In the same issue of The West Toronto Weekly there is the following further reference:—

Stray Thoughts About Matters of Public Concern

(By A. B. Rice)

It has been said that the last sad offices paid to the dead are only useful as lectures to the living, but the lecture is eloquent and its usefulness is great when this community pays its last tribute to the memory of such a departed member as the late H. N. Joy. It is a reminder that:

Advertisement for Canada Dry. Text: "A safe, pure drink for the children. CANADA DRY. The Champagne of Ginger Ales. Now available in new handy home packages."

Advertisement for International Flower Show. Text: "International Flower Show September 12 to 20. Canadian growers of flowers, vegetables, and fruits will have the opportunity to compete in the first continuous exhibition devoted exclusively to horticulture that has ever been held. The occasion will be the International Horticultural Exposition, which will take place September 12 to 20, 1936, in the new International Amphitheatre at Chicago. Splendid facilities will be provided for the show and it will be staged by an advisory committee of prominent horticulturists. Its sponsors propose to give the same recognition to horticulture that for many years has been given to agriculture in the annual International Livestock Exposition at Chicago. Dr. G. I. Christie, president of the Ontario Agricultural College, expresses the belief that the exposition will have a strong appeal to many people throughout Canada. 'The opportunity to see and take part in a display of such magnitude, featuring the best production of the garden, will be not only a pleasure but a real education and help,' says Dr. Christie. 'It will be another great educational institution, where interested persons may enjoy the displays and visit and exchange views.' The chairman of the exposition's advisory committee, Dr. J. C. Blair, head of the horticultural department at the University of Illinois, states that since the exposition will be held just before frost, when gardens are in full bloom, it should have the widest possible popular appeal. There will be a place in the exposition for exhibits from everyone interested in any phase of horticulture, amateur, professional and commercial growers, nurserymen, florists, garden clubs, associations, institutions and educational agencies. Premium lists containing full details of the competitive classes will soon be ready for distribution to those addressing requests to the exposition headquarters at the Chicago Stock Yards. The management announces that work has been already received from 30 state colleges, the Ontario Agricultural College, and the United States Department of Agriculture that they will give active co-operation to the exposition; and 23 state and national horticultural societies have indicated that their members will participate as exhibitors. Try The Advance Want Advertisements"

Advertisement for Simms, Hooker & Drew. Text: "SIMMS, HOOKER & DREW. INSURANCE IN ALL BRANCHES. REAL ESTATE. Houses and Lots for Sale on Terms. DOMINION BANK BUILDING. Opposite Goldfields Hotel Block. TIMMINS. PHONE 112. Residence—PHONE 135"

Advertisement for Quaker Puffed Wheat. Text: "A MINUTE MOVIE featuring FRED STONE STARS OF THE RKO Radio Production 'THE FARMER IN THE DELL' with JEAN PARKER. 'Hollywood Adventure' with the Stars of 'THE FARMER IN THE DELL' an RKO Radio Production. SAY, THIS QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT TASTES GREAT! NO WONDER MOVIE STARS LIKE IT. YES—AND IT'S FULL OF FOOD-ENERGY. IT'S MADE OF WHOLE WHEAT. OH, DAD, YOU WERE GREAT! THE DIRECTOR SAYS YOU'RE GOING TO GET A CONTRACT! HE OUGHT TO GIVE YOU ONE—TO SEE THAT I EAT RIGHT! NOURISHING WHOLE WHEAT GRAINS 'SHOT FROM GUNS' GIVE QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT ALL ITS DELICIOUS, DOUBLE-CRISPED FLAVOR—THANKS TO THE RED AND BLUE PACKAGE THAT'S TRIPLE-SEALED TO GUARD FRESHNESS! QUAKER PUFFED RICE IS DELICIOUS, TOO—TRY IT!"

Advertisement for Upper Canada College. Text: "UPPER CANADA COLLEGE. TORONTO (Founded 1827). Upper School for Boys from 14-18. Preparatory School 8-14. For Boarders and Day Boys. Boys prepared for Business, Universities and Royal Military College. Diversified curriculum gives the benefit of continuous training from preparatory school to graduation, with special attention to vocation or profession chosen. 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 21st, at 9:15 a.m. T. W. L. MACDERMOT, M.A., Principal."