



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

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There was a murmur of voices outside the room, and the woman smirked as cries of "Sally! Where are you, Sally?" came to her.

"Here he is," she stated. "He can't do without his Sally."

With an assumption of coquetry which Elsie thought was as grotesque as it was horrible, the virago went to the door.

Within a minute she had returned with Laroche.

The latter crossed the stone floor until he stood looking down on the niece of the man whose secret he had tried so hard to secure.

"If you didn't possess such energetic would-be rescuers, Miss Norris," he said in a not-unkindly tone, "I, on my part, should not be put to the necessity of forcing you to make such hurried departures."

She started to try to plead with him. "What is the good of keeping me here? I've told you I know nothing about my uncle's work. Don't you believe me?"

He turned away without replying; and instantly Elsie knew she had made a mistake; the mention of her uncle had made the master-criminal brood over his failure.

Laroche turned quickly and in doing so his eye caught the still-inert figure of Susan Renton.

"What's the matter with her?" he demanded of the woman he had called Sally.

"I don't know; she's been like that ever since she got here—perhaps she's dead; I haven't troubled to find out," was the unconcerned reply.

"Take her away and get old Macintosh on the telephone."

It was when the woman had jerked Susan to her feet that Elsie's nerves gave way.

"Leave her alone, you beast!" she shouted; "leave her alone—you've tortured her enough!"

"Dear me," said Laroche, "how touching it is to see one woman have so much consideration for another! But you mistake my intention, my dear Miss Norris. Macintosh is the name of my personal physician; I am anxious for him to examine Miss Renton in case she is seriously ill. If that is unfortunately the case, I can promise you that your friend will receive every attention." He signed to the woman and the latter half-dragged, half-carried Susan out of the room.

"And now I expect you would like some supper?" he went on. "Directly Sally is free she will bring you some food."

"Thank you," she murmured contritely. If only he would go! On the table where she had placed it before answering the call was the woman's poniard. Once she could reach it she might be able to cut the bonds that imprisoned her wrists. And once her hands were free she would make a dash for liberty. Help must be obtained from somewhere; she could not leave Susan in the power of these fiends.

Waiting only until she could hear Laroche's footsteps receding in the distance, she walked across to the table. It was not until she had contrived after many ludicrously unsuccessful efforts to get the handle of the dagger between her teeth, that she realized this achievement would be entirely useless unless she could get at least one hand free.

The sense of shock caused her to go rigid—and with that physical and mental shrinking as it were, the miracle happened: the cords binding her wrists

actually appeared to be less tight!

How she struggled—with the desperation born of fear urging her on! In what appeared to her to be an infinitude of time, but which in reality was only a couple of minutes, she was able to free her right hand. A few strokes of the dagger—both sides of which she found were almost razor-edged—and the rest of the thin cords which had been substituted for the handcuffs formerly used (why she had not been able to understand) fell away.

Free! With the dagger still in her right hand she threw her arms aloft; she might have been a priestess calling her people to victory!

It was not until this first feeling of exultation had passed that she stopped herself just in time from giving a shout of joy; in her haste the woman Laroche had called "Sally" had left the door open!

Now was her chance; she would never get a better opportunity. With her heart in her mouth, she raced along the dark passageway and climbed what she imagined was the servants' staircase. At any moment she expected to hear a challenging voice, to feel a restraining hand—but no, nothing happened. Nothing until she arrived on what was evidently the ground floor of the house.

This long, wide hall was handsomely furnished; moreover, to right and left were well-appointed rooms; it was difficult to believe that the rooms below those stairs were put to the vile uses she knew them to be.

She was only a dozen yards away now from the front door. If only she could reach it! She was half-way across the hall, when a voice caused her to stop; it came from a room on the right, the door of which was partly open.

"voSsesshfi;pwRh usechil" RHITES she heard Laroche say.

Terror almost forced her to stumble. Then she rallied, gripping the poniard more tightly, she swore she would kill the first person who touched her. Escape now—at least through the front door—seemed impossible; but perhaps she could open a window in one of the rooms—this one on the left, for instance.

Had she been seen? She didn't think so; otherwise there would have been an outcry from either Laroche or his dreadful henchman.

"I shall be in the study. Show him in when he arrives."

It was Laroche giving a second instruction to Sally; then, as she hid herself behind some curtains at the further end of the room, she heard him walking across the hall.

The footsteps came nearer and nearer. They no longer sounded clearly defined as at first; but this, she reflected, could be explained by the fact that the man was walking on carpet—the carpet of that very room.

A sigh of satisfaction followed a sound indicative of the man having sat in a chair. She actually heard him humming a tune a moment later; it was the refrain of a musical comedy song that had been popular two years before, she recalled it because she had possessed the gramophone record of the number.

What appalling bad luck! She felt like bursting into tears. Of all the rooms available to have selected this one—which the master criminal evidently reserved for his special use!

She had to see what was happening. With infinite caution she pulled one of

the curtains sufficiently aside to allow her a peep-hole.

This is what she saw: the back of Laroche was only a few feet away from her. If she possessed sufficient courage she could creep out and plunge the dagger into her enemy's body—perhaps before he could turn to defend himself. When she recalled all the agony that this brute-beast had caused—not only to her but to Susan and Peter Renton—she was terribly tempted. Killing such a creature as Laroche would come under the category of a good deed, surely?

Two things prevented her from translating thought into action. The first was the fact that she noticed there was a mirror on the other side of the room. If he looked up Laroche—at this moment busy writing—might see her. The second was the knowledge that her first duty was to try to obtain help for her fellow-prisoner, Susan Renton.

Laroche continued to hum his tune. But he stopped when a knock came on the door. Afraid to run any further risks, Elsie took her eye away from the peephole.

"A gentleman," she heard a voice say. "Someone else was coming into that room—the man Laroche had been expecting, no doubt. And what was happening below stairs all this time? Where was the woman Sally? And why hadn't she given the alarm on finding that one of the prisoners had vanished?"

Gripped by a fresh wave of terror caused by these thoughts, Elsie heard Laroche rise from his chair and give greeting to his visitor.

"Good-evening, your Excellency," he said.

"Good-evening, Laroche," came the curt response.

"Your Excellency." The hidden watcher tried to puzzle out to whom this reference might refer. Suddenly, knowledge came; the man Laroche was receiving that night could be none other than the Ronstadtian Military Attaché in London, Major Von Staltheim—the real Von Staltheim this time, and not, she felt certain, the French Secret agent Jacquard, who had impersonated him in such a marvellous manner on the houseboat on the River Hamble.

"I got your message, Laroche," she heard the visitor say, "and although it's damnably annoying chasing you about in this way, I have come along because of a special cable I have received from Herr Kuhnreich. I have to tell you from him that he is extremely annoyed at the non-success so far achieved. Here are his strict orders"—Elsie heard the crackling of a paper before the voice continued: "Please see that formula of Marve is obtained without delay. Military developments demand this. I intend to occupy the demilitarized zone of Caronia within 24 hours. This is very secret and should be divulged to no one outside your personal staff."

"Well, there is the message," the voice concluded; "now what do you propose?"

"The last information I heard was to the effect that Marve is dead. I suggest, your Excellency that you telegraph that news to Herr Kuhnreich."

An impatient grunt was the immediate answer.

"You know what he is—he won't listen to anything sensible. Once he's got an idea firmly fixed in his mind, nothing can dislodge it. He considers himself above all earthly things—the mere death of a man, even of a man like Marve, must not militate against his plans."

"We might make an attempt to kidnap Marve?" suggested Laroche; "but I don't see what good his corpse would be—even to Kuhnreich."

"Well, we must do something," returned the other.

Elsie Norris behind the curtains realized a tremendous truth; that was that she was listening to a plot that might change the whole face of Europe. Somehow or other, she had to get that information to Sir Harker Bellamy, the Chief of the British Intelligence.

But how?

(To be Continued)

INJURED WHILE AT WORK IN NEW LISKEARD MILL

Jack Sommerville, 32, employee of Hill-Clark-Francis Limited at New Liskeard, met with a painful accident in the door and sash department of the mill last week when his hand came in contact with a dapper machine with which he was working. His left hand was completely severed above the wrist.

First aid was rendered Sommerville before being removed to the Red Cross hospital, where his condition is reported as good.

Fellow employees fail to understand how the accident occurred, as the machine was well protected by guards. Sommerville was engaged at grooving a sash when the accident took place. He had only been employed a short while. It is believed his home is in North Bay.

Sudbury Star:—Well, it's nice weather we've been having, we're afraid!

Travelers Advised in Regard to Meals

Good Nature at Meals Helps a Lot to Happy Digestion.

There seem to be two attitudes on the part of travelers. One is a spontaneous enjoyment of all that is new and different; the other is a bored tolerance interspersed with fault-finding. This spirit of criticism is especially evident to the fellow passengers in a dipping car and many times meals which would have been relished by the majority are spoiled by remarks of the few.

Train travel is so comfortable today that one's equilibrium should not be disturbed. If you are one of those people who dislikes anything not exactly like you serve it at home, you had better stay at home. If you are somewhat of an epicure, your best bet is to order a la carte because the table d'hote meals are cooked in fairly large quantities which, of necessity, must be prepared ahead. The discriminating person prefers a few simple dishes cooked to order to the several courses offered on the regular dinner.

A great deal of traveling has taught me that certain things are always satisfactory. Starting with breakfast—a petulant time for many—it is a good plan to ask the waiter to bring you a pot of coffee immediately. By the time it appears you are ready with your order. Ready-to-eat cereals with fruit in season are always good. This is the best meal in which to include bran or whole wheat because a day on the train is an inactive one. Ask for crisp bacon if you want it well done and specify thin or thick toast, buttered or plain.

Eat a light luncheon because the afternoon seems long and you really don't need much energy when riding. A salad bowl is featured on some railroads and can always be obtained. If you like to mix the dressing yourself, order oil, vinegar, chili sauce or other condiments and an extra dish in which to blend it. The fruit and cereal combination is delicious for luncheon or an oyster stew and celery.

There are several things usually on the dinner menu which are standardized so that you know exactly what you will get. Tomato juice, clam broth (hot or cold), steamed brown bread, figs in syrup, fig pudding and plum pudding are examples. Satisfactory dishes to order are steaks, chops, ham with eggs and eggs any style.

The eating rules for being comfortable on a long train ride are to eat rather light meals and to order what you want with a knowledge of the kind of dishes you can depend on. Don't scold the waiter for poor food because the steward, the chef and the supervising steward in the road's terminal offices are all responsible. Remember too the restricted space for cooking and marvel that so many people can be fed in a comparatively short time.

A safe day's menu would be: for

breakfast, sliced bananas with corn flakes, scrambled eggs, Melba toast and coffee; for luncheon clear soup or tomato juice, salad bowl, bran muffins, cantaloupe; for dinner, clam bouillon, broiled ham, baked squash, hearts of lettuce (mix your own dressing) and fig pudding.

Above all, cultivate a tolerant attitude of mind. Copy the woman who ordered cold roast beef in the diner. When it arrived, she saw that it was very rare and she did not like pink beef so she put on her dark glasses and ate it.

Communism, Under Aliases, Still Working in Canada

(From Mail and Empire)

The Industrial Worker, official organ of the Education Labour Press, is carrying on a valuable work against the activities of Communists in this country. By exposing the efforts of the Bolsheviks to control the regular labour unions by boring from within it is doing a service which organized labour appreciates. In its latest issue the Industrial Worker declares:


"In this issue, and in issues to come, the thousands of interested readers of this organ of anti-Communism are told and will be told, of the many kinds of media through which Communism is operating in this great country—Canada."

"Proof is given here of the control that the Communist party of Canada exercises over the Progressive Veterans' Association and the strange hold it seeks to secure over all veterans' organizations in Canada with a view to raising a great army of malcontents who will place Communism and its aims above sane and constitutional government."


"The cartoon on this page and the many fact-studded articles now in the course of preparation will show how the Communist Party of Canada is working among and through many apparently harmless organizations such as the League Against War and Fascism, the Canadian Youth Congress, the Canadian Labour Defence League and the Ukrainian Labour Farmer Temple Association."

"The job of the Industrial worker is to rouse public opinion again Communism in Canada and it will work at that job to the best of its ability and with all the resources it can command and through any channels it can rightfully use."

It is a matter of common knowledge to well-informed people that the Canadian Communist organization, more or less financed from Moscow, is very busy in the mining areas and other parts of the Dominion, and under certain aliases to inculcate the weak-minded with the Bolshevik doctrine of revolution. The whole purpose of the movement is to upset the institutions of the country by means of force and violence. So widespread has been the abolition of democracy to make way for Leftist and Rightist dictatorships that human liberty has disappeared except under the British flag, in the

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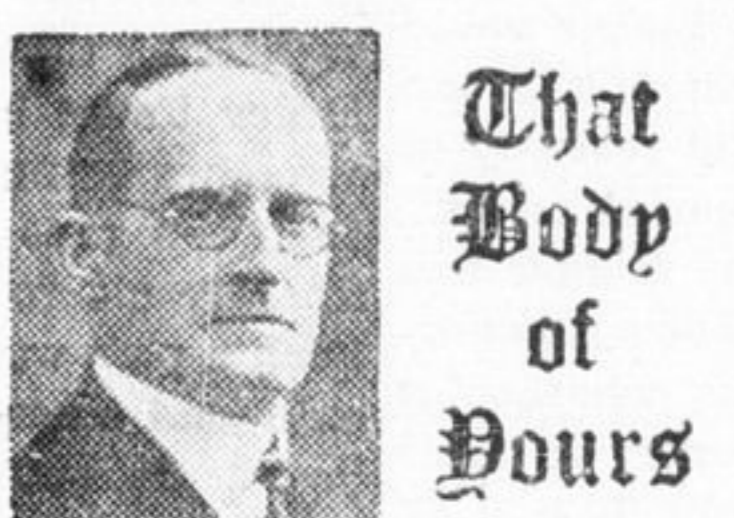


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Former Post Office Clerk Sentenced to Four Months

Justice was tempered with mercy in the case of Conrad Desabrois, of Rouyn, former post office cashier at Noranda post office, when he was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for theft from the post office building. At the time of the robbery particulars were given in The Advance. The post office safe was opened and some \$500 taken, attempt being made to have it appear that robbers had entered the building and robbed the safe. Because Desabrois was the only one who had the combination of the safe and at the same time had opportunity to commit the robbery, suspicion soon fastened upon him. Some of the money was found in his room and he was arrested and charged. He was understood to have made a complete confession to the police. When he appeared in court last week he pleaded guilty. It was shown that full restitution had been made. The amount of money involved in the robbery was \$545.



By James W. Barton, M.D., Toronto

Getting Hearing Aids That Are Satisfactory

One of the mistakes physicians, including myself, seem to be making is in stating that certain individuals are deaf when, as a matter of fact, they may have some degree of hearing. We are told that when there is partial deafness only, we should say that he or she is "hard of hearing."

As a matter of fact hard of hearing is a more accurate method of describing the condition. Besides, when we thus describe a patient's condition, there is not the same hopelessness about it.

It is stated that many of those who are hard of hearing can be helped by hearing aids is very gratifying, because an individual who hears little or nothing of conversation, music, or voices on screen, radio or stage is apt to become moody or melancholy.

However there appears to be differences in the amount of help that these hearing aids can give and differences also in the service rendered by the different manufacturers. You can readily see that if an individual, hard of hearing, spends money for a hearing aid which becomes unsatisfactory in a short time, or if the manufacturer gives poor service when the aid needs repairing, then he is apt to believe that all the hearing aids are little if any good.

In Great Britain the National Institute for the Deaf is doing valuable work in protecting the public against fraud. It has issued for the information of the "deaf" a booklet entitled "The Choice of Hearing Aids."

The deaf are advised in the first instance to take medical advice as to whether an aid is likely to be beneficial. The Institute maintains a list of firms on which the deaf can rely for guidance and fair dealing. These firms have agreed to allow an extended trial at home of any instrument subject to payment of only 5 per cent. of its value. Thus the deaf can avoid being gulled by misleading advertisements and circulars of firms who refuse this home trial and who decline to make any adjustment if the aid sold proves unsatisfactory.

The Society for the Hard of Hearing, New York City, will give similar service to those seeking value and service. (Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act.)

College Graduates Now Swinging Toward Mining

At Toronto last week President H. J. Cody, of the University of Toronto, announced there was a 10 per cent. increase in registration in the faculty of applied science and engineering over last year.

"For some years, the greatest increase has been in chemical engineering, but this year the swing is to mining," he said. "Mining companies are picking up our graduates as soon as they finish university due to the tremendous development of the industry in the north country."

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Popularity of Bagpipes Increasing in Canada

(Windsor Star)

Business notes from the recently concluded Canadian National Exhibition include the interesting that officials in charge of the Scottish Development Council's booth have taken a large number of orders for bagpipes. Their chief difficulty, it is reported, was to prevent potential buyers from picking up the pipes on display and blowing them about the building.

A few years hence, one assumes from this, bagpipes players will be almost as numerous as pianists or saxophone blowers. If it turns out this way there will be no dull spells in this country. Some persons may object, but the majority will cheer, because after all, the pipe is a grand instrument.

Eganville Leader:—With things as they are in Europe, says a commentator, ex-Kaiser Wilhelm must get a lot of satisfaction these long summer evenings chucking over his memories of the days when people thought he was crazy.

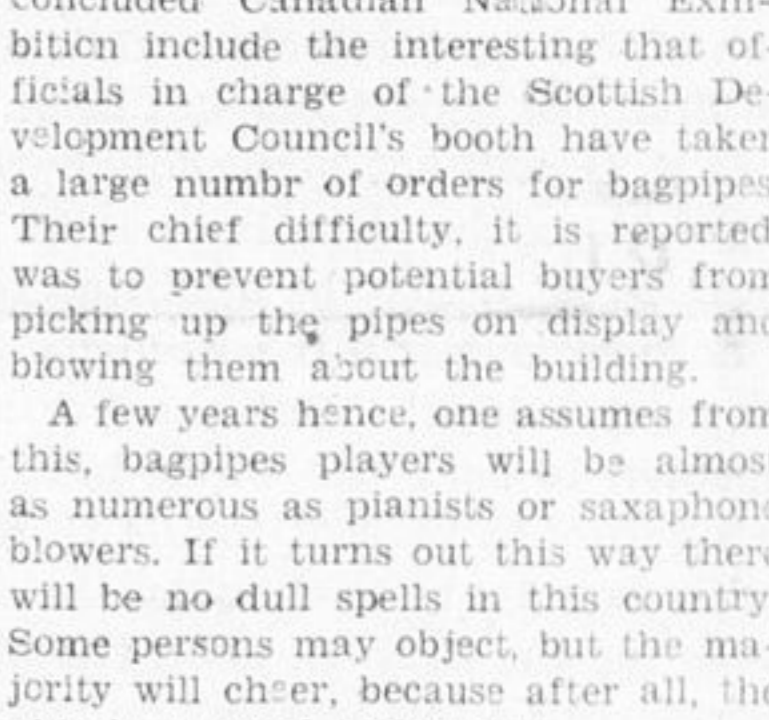
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