

The Great Laroche



Sudney Holder

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

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(Concluded from Thursday)

Contrary to his expectation, Sturm did not dismiss him. With the result: he was present at a conversation which was to represent the biggest scoop that he had obtained since he had insinuated himself into the intimate service of a nation on whom Great Britain was keeping a very special eye.

"We must be prepared for the worst, my dear Sturm," said the Chief of the Secret Police as he sat down and lit a black cigar. "What will happen to some of us in that sad event, I scarcely like to contemplate—the real tussle for power will be between you and Heigel, of course," he went on as though stating a fact that admitted of no argument.

"This thin, almost aethetic face set in immovable lines, Sturm waited without making any comment. Grosber, whose weakness it was at times of stress, to imbibe rather more freely than a man in his position probably should have done, had called with the obvious intention of talking frankly. The Minister for Propaganda, who was not only a vegetarian, but a staunch teetotaler watched him with a covert look of disdain. This was so carefully masked that the garrulous Grosber apparently did not notice it.

"I must say," continued Grosber, "that I have a certain sympathy with Boehn—no, don't misunderstand me, my dear Sturm," he continued quickly, as though realizing that a very terrible significance might be placed upon his remark; "I merely meant that if ever a man was faced with the labours of Hercules, it was the departed Chancellor of the Exchequer. He shouldered a titanic load for years and—of this, I do not think there can be any doubt, my dear Minister for Propaganda—his brain must have become turned in the process. At least, that is what the doctors are saying. It may be a charitable conclusion—who knows?"

"The flood was stemmed for a time. The Chief of Secret Police sat back in his chair, pulling heavily at his cigar. Now it was Sturm's turn.

"Yes, that is the best way of looking at it," observed the Minister for Propaganda in a tone of piety; "for what man, being sane, would so far invoke the wrath of God as to try to injure our beloved Chieftain?"

Grosber burst into a roar of raucous laughter.

"You're not directing a mass meeting now, Sturm—well it will be damned funny to see how you and Heigel fight it out. I can say that with the utmost confidence," he went on "because I know that whoever wins will want me to be by his side?" A second roar of laughter filled the room.

As all the world knew of the secret antagonism between the Minister for Propaganda and the Minister for Air, Grosber was not divulging any great confidence—but how the coarse reference this conflict for power rankled with the Minister for Propaganda was shown by the flush that appeared on Sturm's pallid cheeks.

"You always had a keen sense of humour, Grosber," he said in a voice that he tried to keep well under control, "but I would remind you that if you have nothing more important to say than that, I happen to be very busy just now." He pointed to his littered desk.

"Oh, I won't keep you for more than another few minutes," returned the garrulous Grosber; "only I was inter-

ested to see how your genius would react to this extraordinary position that has arisen. For months past now, you have been regaling the public with prophecies of the glorious days that were ahead. But don't you realize, my dear Sturm, that should the Chieftain die—yet, we must face that possibility however awful it may be—all the war plans that have been in preparation will be just so much waste paper; With all due respect to both of you, I cannot imagine that either Heigel or your good self will be able to sway the populace to the same extent as Karl Kuhnreich. I am willing to bet you this; that the Moderates will have their way if Kuhnreich should die. And, of course, the fact that the Chieftain was assassinated by a man who had gone insane trying to save his country from national bankruptcy will tell heavily in their favour. By the way," he broke off, "if I may venture to make a suggestion, a good deal of money could be saved by calling off that sabotage plot in England—don't you agree?"

Sturm looked at the speaker before turning to his secretary:

"You will understand, Grose, that not a word of this conversation must be repeated outside this room."

"I understand, Herr Sturm," replied Heinrich Grose most respectfully.

"Yes, a good deal of money would be saved in that direction," repeated the Chief of Secret Police; "if you may remember, I was never very much in favour of it. It seemed a grotesque thing to attempt and yet—who knows?—it may have come off. With England fully occupied in other directions, a good deal of useful work in blowing up railway stations and poisoning reservoirs might have been done . . . but to tell you the truth, Sturm, I never had much faith in Von Staltheim—neither did I have much confidence in his theory that England could be stampeded. In any case, I am recalling Laroche to mind. I thought I would let you know that in case you might want him for work here in Pe."

Shortly after this, the speaker departed.

Back in the room in his Whitehall headquarters, Sir Harker Bellamy sprang forward as the telephone rang and took off the receiver. He listened for a few moments and then turned to Peter Renton.

"Take this in shorthand, Renton—it's a code call from Pe. It sounds like Peter's voice."

After the lengthy message had been decoded, Peter turned in triumph to his superior.

"You are right, sir—the Marve business must have been merely a cloak for this thing which was infinitely bigger"—and he proceeded to deal out a succinct synopsis of the gigantic plot which Arthur Peters in the guise of Heinrich Grose had been able to gather that night. According to the information he had managed to telephone, the Ronstadt Secret Service had built up during the past six months a gigantic organization of agents in England which, at a given signal, would have got to work causing chaos and devastation in various directions; railway stations would have been destroyed, reservoirs poisoned, aerodromes fired and, generally speaking, these men and women were to play merry hell generally.

"Well, we shall know what to do now, and, what is more, we can relieve the mind of the Prime Minister," com-

mented Bellamy; "although—as a slow smile spread over his face—"I think when we come to investigate further that the majority of the people in this organization have been kept more or less under cover for some time. I never like to interfere with other people's liberties until they over-reach themselves," continued the speaker, "but now I feel that the time has arrived when we may reach out and haul in one or two. The rest will not greatly matter."

For the first time since he had become a member of Q.I. Peter Renton did a most undignified thing. Reaching out, he slapped his superior heartily on the back.

"You old devil!" he cried. "Why didn't you tell me about that before?"

"Never like to speak until I am sure of my facts," was the answer.

Before Renton could comment on this the telephone rang again. This time it was Scotland Yard.

"Lellant speaking," said a well-known voice. "This is just to report that the man Laroche, together with several members of his gang, have been arrested to-night in a house near Hampstead Heath. Miss Norris, the niece of your inventor friend, is quite safe and well. My compliments to Sir Harker Bellamy—and tell him that I am always willing to help him out when he falls down on a job."

The speaker rang off before the few comprehensive words of the man he had good-humouredly criticized had expended their full force.

It was not until he had reached home and was slipping his key into the lock, that Peter realized there was still something to be done. Elsie Norris was safe—and he would be seeing her in the morning—but what about Susan; That swine Laroche! He would see him in the morning and force the truth out of him.

"Who's that muttering to himself?" called a voice, and then Peter went completely mad.

"Sue, where are you, you little imp!"

He tore into the second bedroom, and there, sitting calmly up in bed, was his long-lost sister.

The story she had to tell was quickly unfolded.

Taken away by the woman, Ruby Trost, from the house on Hampstead Heath, she had managed to outwit this dreadful hag by the simple expedient of still pretending to be stupid through want of sleep—and, after knocking the hag out with a blow of her fist, had opened the door of the car, jumped but at the risk of breaking a leg, and had disappeared into the Regent st. crowd.

"If you hadn't been in such a hurry to get away from Laroche yourself, old boy, I'd have done as much for you," was the calm manner in which she concluded her story.

"By the way, what's happened to Elsie Norris?"

"I'm seeing her to-morrow," replied her brother.

"In case you have forgotten the fact, I'm quite good at being a bridesmaid," mischievously smiled the girl in the bed.

THE END.

Interesting Items of Iroquois Falls News

Rod and Gun Club Quarters Being Repaired and Improved Other I. F. News.

Iroquois Falls, Ont., October 22, 1936. Special To The Advance.

Provincial Constable J. Allan Stringer and Game and Fisheries Department Overseer Evan White, accompanied by Charles Parr, formerly district fire ranger, now employed by the Abitibi Power and Paper Co. Woods department, left Monday en route to the Lightning River area, where they are searching for Dan Willens, Halleybury prospector, missing since August. The party made its way to the head of Abitibi Lake by means of boats loaned by the Abitibi Company. Constable Stringer had previously searched the area in company with a number of other prospectors.

Lorne Newman and W. Osborne left Sunday night for the Temagami district on a deer hunting trip.

About 20 members of Abitibi Chapter No. 223 G.R.C., motored to Timmins Wednesday evening to take part in a "Definition" night, in the form of a competition between Timmins and Iroquois Falls members.

Mrs. W. Brydge is spending the week in Kirkland Lake where her husband, Bill Brydge, manager of the Kirkland Lake arena, is ill.

In the second game of the badminton club team tournament, held Tuesday evening, Miss M. Spence's team defeated Miss A. Wilkes' by a 17-11 score. The game tentatively scheduled for Monday night, being a postponement of last Wednesday's game, was again postponed.

Extensive repairs, including re-roofing and enlarging the clubroom are being made to the Iroquois Falls and District Rod and Gun Club quarters on Devonshire avenue. It is expected the repairs will be completed in time for the annual meeting and election of officers on November 2.

The regular meeting of Abitibi Chapter No. 223 G.R.C., will be held Friday night when the chapter will put on the M.M. degree.

A meeting of the Diocese of Moosonee Synod will be held in Montclair Friday morning.

The office of Frank K. Ebbitt, town clerk and treasurer, has been moved to its former location in the Abitibi Power and Paper Co. employment office building. Mr. Ebbitt's office was recently moved to new quarters in the remodelled town hall building but due to the new court room being made larger was again moved to its former location.

Sudden Death in City of James Heppleston

Former Popular Citizen of Timmins Passed Away at Dinner Friday.

There will be genuine regret among North at the news from Toronto that an old friend in Timmins and the week-end that James Heppleston had died in that city on Friday. Death was due to a heart attack that suddenly overcame him while he was at dinner with two friends in a downtown hotel. Medical aid was at once summoned, but he was beyond medical aid.

The late James Heppleston was well known in the North, being a popular resident of Timmins for many years in the earliest days of the town. He was private secretary for A. S. Fuller during the years the latter conducted a brokerage business in Timmins, and when Mr. Fuller sold out to Hamilton B. Willis, Mr. Heppleston became manager of the Timmins branch. Later when the A. E. Moysey Co. took over the Hamilton B. Willis business Mr. Heppleston was continued here as the manager of the Timmins branch. His promotion was rapid with the Moysey firm and in a few years he was making his way in the head office at Toronto, eventually being a material interest in the business. In 1928 he was elected a member of the Standard Stock and Mining Exchange in Toronto. For the past four years he had been general manager of the firm of Rittenhouse and Hamilton, of Toronto. While in Timmins Mr. Heppleston, in addition to the keen interest he gave to mining, was an active follower of hockey, baseball and other sports, and gave freely of his time and money for the benefit of these sports. In other public and semi-public activities he proved himself a useful citizen of the town and of the North. Some fourteen years ago he was married at Timmins to Miss Laura Brazeau, daughter of Mr.

Funeral of James Foley at Douglas Last Week

A despatch last week from Douglas, Renfrew County, says:—"Sincere regret was manifested in the recent death of James Foley, widely-known miner and prospector whose death occurred following an illness of one month. Requiem high mass was chanted at Matheson by Rev. Father Leduc of Ramore, following which the body was brought to Douglas for interment. Born in Pine Valley, 54 years ago, he was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Foley. Leaving home at an early age, he went to the West and later spent some years in both Southern and Northern Ontario, finally making his home a Matheson. Chief mourners and survivors are his widow, formerly Miss Bridget Kenneley, of Adamston; a brother, Michael John Foley, of Douglas, and a sister, Mrs. James McKenniry, of Ottawa. A large number of spiritual offerings and floral tributes were received from friends and relatives."

Average Criminal Shown to be a Cheap Specimen

(Detroit Saturday Night)

The International Association of Chief of Police, which held its convention recently, presented an interesting study of the average American criminal. A number of our leading criminologists, pooling their knowledge and experience, reached the following conclusion:

The average criminal in the United States is between 17 and 24 years old. He is essentially vain and lazy, with a moderate education. He has an inferiority complex which he tries to mask with a false bravado that leads him into crime. He is a city youth, comes from a home where the parents have separated, and is largely motivated by a desire to impress the girl friend with flashy wealth.

Such, according to those who ought to know, is the average American criminal. A pretty sorry specimen, and surely no candidate for heroic laurels. Lately, thanks to the G-men and others, the business of making heroes out of criminals has not been so good. The word seems to be getting around that the bad boys are not such glamorous figures at all.

Government to Make Survey of Waterways in the North

A complete survey of Northern Ontario waterways to discover how they may be improved to make mature but inaccessible timber stands available to pulpwood operators, has been ordered by Premier Mitchell Hepburn.

As he revealed that the government expected approximately 600,000 cords of pulpwood would be cut this season, yielding the provincial treasury some \$900,000 in stumpage dues, the Premier emphasized that his policy was to ensure continuous cutting in huge areas where timber had gone beyond maturity.

To insure continuous cutting, he explained that the government is requiring operators who get permits to post a cash deposit equivalent to one-fifth of the estimated stumpage dues. If the operators fail to renew their contracts and to cut the area clean to allow for second growth, their deposit would be forfeited.

Furthermore, the government will not permit United States paper mills to cut pulpwood on Ontario Crown lands, except through a Canadian operator, or a company formed in Canada. By this means, the government would be able to maintain complete authority over operations.

Death of Mrs. Wharton at Schumacher on Friday

Mrs. Herbert Wharton, of 9 Pine street, Schumacher, died there early Friday morning. She had been seriously ill only for a short time. In addition to her husband, four children survive her in Schumacher, and a sister, Mrs. H. Dobson. Mrs. Wharton was born in Lincolnshire England, and has lived in Schumacher for the past ten years. Other relatives live in England.

The funeral service was held this afternoon at two o'clock from the family home. Burial was at the South Porcupine cemetery.

Acting as guardian to a pretty young woman during a trip across Europe seemed like a simple enough job to Bill Brocklebank

But Bill didn't know what he was in for when he took that assignment. The girl was the niece of a powerful New York financier, engaged at the moment in a private "money war." Pamela, for that is this brave modern young woman's name, was carrying "something precious" to her father and it became Bill's job to see that both the girl and the package were delivered safely in London. Did he succeed?

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The Porcupine Advance

THE Newspaper of the Porcupine

BOY SCOUTS IN TIMMINS



The weekly get-together of 6th Timmins Troop was called at 7.15. The attendance and dues were taken from the newly-organized patrols. The Beavers won the game of dodge ball that was played with no regards to silence. The patrols went to their corners to be checked over by the patrol leaders. After this our troop leader took signalling with the troop.

Everyone enjoyed blind boxing although they were knocked around a little. Scouter Fisher gave us a talk on our Halloween social for next week. Every Scout is to bring a friend who is not in the Cubs or Scouts. A Court of Honour was called for at Scouter Fisher's next evening.

The meeting closed at 9 p.m. The flag was lowered, followed by Scout's Silence.

The Patrol Leaders and Seconds of the new patrols are: Beavers, Bill Dawson, second, Donald Clark; Owls, Ted Fitzgerald, second, Bill Hodgins; Bees, Herby Langdon, second Bud MacNanara; Panthers, Keith Cook, second, Eric "Barny" Burnes; Troop Leader, Cyril Knell; Scribe, Ronald Tonkins.

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Shop Here for Hallowe'en Needs

This year Twaddle's are preparing for Hallowe'en in a big way, with every item you may need to make your Hallowe'en party a big success. Children too will find everything they need in the way of masks, half-masks, etc.

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Scottish Newspaper Asks Square Deal for the King

(Aberdeen (Scotland) Bon Accord)

Now that the King has gone, the people of the north-east of Scotland might gather together and listen to a little plain speaking.

Obviously, the head of the State is the head of the State at all times and in all circumstances; the King can never at any moment of his life cease to be King; the Royal prerogative of mercy cannot be exercised in his own favour!

Does it follow from this that he can have no private life, no freedom from peering eyes, no escape from clattering tongues? Must the King be denied the ordinary human rights and privileges that the humblest of his subjects enjoy? If he goes to church, may he not go in peace? If he rearranges his domestic establishments, may he not do so without the whole world being invited to discuss the changes which, as head of his own house, he thinks necessary and right?

If he chooses his own friends, must he submit to the censorship of Tom, Dick and Harry, and of their wives and

sisters and cousins and aunts? Is the King a slave of a freeman? Is he a kind of constitutionally exalted serf whose own manhood counts for nothing and whose will must be subordinated down to the smallest detail of his personal life, to the whims and caprices of the man in the street and the old women in the drawingroom?

If that is the position, then, indeed, we may well pray, "God save the King!" But this is supposed to be a democratic age and King Edward is supposed to be a democratic sovereign. If democracy means anything, it means that the individual must be free to order his own personal life in his own way; and if His Majesty has any personal life at all, we are at a loss to understand why democracy, which is jealous of its own rights, should so persistently active in pushing its nose into his purely personal and private affairs.

The working-man's home, we are told, is his castle; if that is so, is there any reason why the King's castle should not be his home, and as inviolate from curious eyes and the Paul Prying of publicity-mongers as the ordinary citizen's domestic hearth?

Let us play the game all round; let us be particularly scrupulous in playing it by the one man in the Kingdom who cannot hit back. We have a King who stands head and shoulders above all the monarchs of the world as a distinctive personality, a man who is intellectually alive and full of the milk of human kindness; and his people, who love him, will enhance that gift and certify it by ceasing to obtrude upon his privacy—and by diligent attention to their own business.

Ottawa Journal:—Pay as you go, but try to save enough to get back on.



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God gives the grazing ox his feed;
He quickly hears the lamb's low cry;
But men who taste His finest wheat
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