

BROCKLEBANK'S ADVENTURE



By
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AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE SQUEAKY VOICE," ETC.
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Ten minutes afterwards, they stepped ashore opposite Leduc's at the head of the 'Old Port.' Guichard carried one bag, Jacquot another, and Brocklebank a bundle wrapped in a coat. They left Farley and his companion to settle with the cross and sleepy-eyed youth who had been waiting for the boat. During that ten minutes, neither had spoken, but Brocklebank flashed Jacquot's torch upon the face of the pseudo-steward and kept it there, photographing upon his memory the features of a man of forty, with a strongly marked scar on his left cheek, shifty light eyes, a greish complexion, and a blue tint about his chin. After Brocklebank had told him that he was a poisonous reptile, a sneak-thief, and several other things, he felt much better.

"Now for that heavenly hotel," said Brocklebank, as he shot up the almost deserted Canabiere in a cab beside Pamela. At the Terminus he got a room for her on the second floor and one for himself near by.

"I will sign the register first, Pamela," said he.

"Why?"

"Because I don't wish you to sign as Pamela Harrison, and—"

"Very well, Mr. Brocklebank. But make haste."

Brocklebank, however, did not make haste. Instead, he pointed out to the clerk a name on the register.

"I see you have my friend, Mr. Charles Stubbs, staying here," said he.

"Yes, Monsieur. Mr. Stubbs came in to-night."

"How curious. I thought he was far away on a motoring tour. Did he come in his car?"

"Yes, Monsieur. I believe he did, about an hour ago."

"Sir Arthur Ackerton still here?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Ah, well perhaps I'll see them both in the morning. Here you are, Pamela."

"Thank you, Mr. Brocklebank." She accentuated the title.

"You seem to know half the people in the world, and they're all in Marselles to-night," said she, going up in the elevator. "Who's Mr. Stubbs?"

"Never heard of him."

"But you even knew his front name?"

"He's the last Englishman who registered to-night," said Brocklebank. "I wanted to know whether he came in a car. If I'd asked whether he had grey hair, I'd have given myself away, wouldn't I? There thirteen—here's your room."

Brocklebank walked in ahead of her as the man switched on the lights.

"Monsieur is in forty-three," said the man.

"Thanks. Good night."

Brocklebank shut the door. Pamela

signed sank to the couch at the foot of her bed, and looked up at him.

Bandit on Guard

"Well, Bandit," said she, "there's no upper berth here; so—good night."

"Good night, Pamela. Sleep well. If anybody tries to dope you in the night, just yell 'Bandit!' will you?"

"No. I'll ring the bell for the chambermaid, Bandit. Good night."

The peculiarity of the rooms on this floor as he had observed when he visited Sir Arthur Ackerton, was that the front door gave on to a small dressing room, with the bedroom beyond. A most convenient arrangement, but with Yellow Dogs and Mystery Men about Brocklebank came to the conclusion that he did not approve of it.

When Harrison in New York had said "If you have to stay at an hotel sleep on her door-mat," he had taken it for a figure of speech. But—

"Pamela, I'm coming back in a quarter of an hour to see you're all right."

"You're doing nothing of the sort, Bandit."

"Well, that's so. I mean I'm coming to hear whether you're all right. Bolt your bedroom door. Do it now. I'm taking the outside key. A quarter of an hour—"

And Brocklebank stayed to hear no more protests. He went to his own room, removed his boots, and at the end of the quarter of an hour took an eider-down and a pillow and carried them to the dressing room of 39. He spread them on the floor.

"Pamela, are you all right?" said he, knocking.

"Quite Bandit. Go away. Nearly asleep."

Brocklebank made a loud noise in shutting the outer door and none at all in depositing himself on the eider-down with his big body across the foot of the bedroom door. He did not think that he would be able to sleep at all. Yet he must certainly have slept, for a sensation of light through his eyelids brought him wide awake. A momentary sensation. Darkness again immediately, but in the darkness a sound—metal on metal. The latch of a door? "Sir Arthur!"

Ackerton was in pyjamas, his grey hair tousled, his feet bare.

"What are you prowling about here in the small hours of the night?" he asked, and Brocklebank saw the same merry twinkle that had lit up his eyes two nights ago. "And what's that you've got?"

Whereupon Brocklebank noticed on the first time that he carrying a bedroom slipper—the soft thing he had clutched in his hand and forgotten in the excitement of the chase. He held it up when Ackerton pointed.

"Damn!" said he.

"Looking for Cinderella, Bill? Gosh!—she's got a foot as big as the Ugly Sister's!" he chaffed, taking it from Brocklebank.

"Look here, Bill—take my advice; leave Cinderella to me. I'll see she gets her slipper back."

Brocklebank looked down at Ackerton's bare feet, but said nothing. This man's aplomb was too solid for him.

"Which way d'you think she went?" asked Ackerton.

"She came this way Sir Arthur, without a doubt."

"Well, I'm going this way, so you leave her to me. Good-night again, Bill. I should go to bed if I were you."

And Ackerton strode down the right-hand corridor towards his room, taking the slipper with him. Brocklebank stood staring, saw him enter his room, and then turned back to No. 39. Here was another facet of the Ackerton conundrum to puzzle him.

A light was on in Pamela's bedroom. It shone through the fanlight. The noises of the chase had not seemed notably loud to him, but were evidently loud enough to disturb her. He bided his doormat out of the way and knocked.

"Are you all right, Pamela?" he called.

"Is that you Bandit? Wait a minute." The door opened to reveal Pamela with her coat buttoned over her pyjamas. Brocklebank exclaimed at the sight of the pistol in her hand.

"You've missed the boat, Bandit," said she, grinning at him. "Excitement's all over."

"Oh?" said Brocklebank. "Has there been some excitement?"

"Gollys. You couldn't have locked the outside door, for somebody's been having a football match in the dressing room. That woke me up. So I got this out from under the pillow ready to shoot when they burst in. No burst. I think they must have gone into the next room, because I heard them banging on that door over there."

"Door? Where?"

"Behind the wardrobe."

Brocklebank went to the corner where she pointed; a hitherto unnoticed door connecting with the next room, the wardrobe pushed against, bolts fastened; it seemed not to have been used for years.

"Your neighbour was disturbed by the row in here, I expect, Pamela. Just banged to make you hold your hush."

"Perhaps. But your hotel's not nearly so much like paradise as you led me to believe, Bandit. And why are you all dressed up?"

"No gear with me, so I just lay down in my clothes. Now, bolt the door again and get back to bed I'm going to doss down in the dressing room. No argument about it, young woman. Good-night, Pamela. It's half-past three. You've got to be up by nine."

This time Brocklebank locked the other door. His little trap had failed. Cinderella had vanished very quickly, switching off the light as she went. But as he had observed, the switch was at the corner. On the whole he did not think Cinderella lived next door. He thought Cinderella lived in the same corridor as Sir Arthur Ackerton.

Ackerton's eyes seemed to be twinkling at him as he fell asleep for the second time.

**CHAPTER V
En Route for London**

A huge train, the eleven o'clock rapide. A busy platform. Piles of baggage. Hundreds of passengers. Brocklebank and Pamela leaned out of the window of a premiere, looking down upon Guichard, spick and span in his blue suit, looking up admiringly at the girl and affectionately at Brocklebank.

"Two days, Bill," he was saying; "too short a visit after five years. When will you come again?"

"When le bon Dieu thinks so, Raoul."

"Tenez!—the little hotel at Port-Miou, the very place for your lune de miel?"

"Yes, lovely, I promise, Raoul. When I have a honeymoon I will certainly spend it at Port-Miou . . . Well, I'm damned!"

Two men had passed, hurrying along the platform behind Raoul. They had raised their hats; Farley and the man with the scar on his cheek.

Guichard, following Brocklebank's glance, exclaimed:

"The Yellow Dog? Saprist! He has the phlegm—what!"

The pair disappeared among the crowd towards the front of the train. Officials passed up and down, urging passengers to take their places. A bell rang. A locomotive whistle blew. Guichard began to recede, hands were waved, the station disappeared. Brocklebank drew up the window. Pamela sat in her corner. He settled himself opposite.

"Well, Pamela?" said he.

"Well, Bandit?" said she.

"Do you know it's less than twelve hours since I first set eyes on you?"

"Is it? What are hours?—come to that, it's even less since I first set eyes on you."

"Well, it seems like a lifetime to me."

"Flatterer!"

"You can be exasperating can't you? I feel as if I've known you since you were that high."

"Small enough to shake the life out of, I suppose."

Brocklebank sighed. "If we're going to spar all day—"

"We aren't. I can see what's going to happen, Bandit. You're going to growl yourself to sleep in that corner. The steward in multi's coming along to give me some more hashish, and Mr. Farley's going to kidnap me, and you'll have to return that money to my uncle."

But it was Pamela who went to sleep, Brocklebank was Brocklebank, who summoned the conductor and procured a cushion to place behind her head. Of all which attentions, Pamela seemed to be as unconscious as perhaps she was of Brocklebank's musing eyes upon her for two full hours.

You missed in repose that look of confidence and competence which the portrait gave you. Instead you got an impression of more youth. Her figure was not the petite, cuddly kind of figure, but it had nice lines. The trouble with Pamela was that though you knew quite well what you thought about her, you had no idea what she thought about you. Well, the little hotel at Port-Miou was certainly an idea. Yet an idea to linger on. You lingered on it. But how did you know that some other fellow wasn't in the running? Good lord! There must be dozens of 'em. Even Farley, she hinted, had made himself obnoxious.

"A penny for 'em, Bandit!"

Advance Made in War on Tuberculosis

(Continued from Page One)

H. W. Darling, president and treasurer of the committee; Mrs. S. C. Platus, vice-president; Miss Katrine Morin, vice-president; and Mrs. C. Abrams, secretary. Any in Timmings who do not receive stamps by the end of this week and who want to contribute to the "war on tuberculosis" campaign, are asked to telephone Dr. Russell's office.

The letters the committee members received from New Canadians of the district, a large number of whom have already contributed, are encouraging to say the least. That these people appreciate what is being done here to wipe out tuberculosis is obvious.

A dollar will look after one child, it is now conceded. Thousands of Timmings school children have now been tested; more hundreds at least will have to be tested next year if the work is to be successful. Then there are X-rays to be taken where tests show a trace of the disease; and treatments to bring them back to complete health. All this, done at as low a cost as possible (doctors and others give their time free of charge and special low rates have been obtained for everything else), still runs into money in a town like Timmings.

The battle is well begun now.

Don't let the lack of a few dollars weaken the attack. The victory here over the disease will be an achievement of which Timmings people may be proud—and happy, to know that their children are safe.

Winter May be fun for skiers But it's no fun for the Housewife Who does her own Laundry

No wonder women dread winter with all its extra work—But there's no need to tolerate the work and inconvenience of washday—no need to hang out clothes in the cold—no need to track snow into the house—no need to tear icy clothes from the line and drape them all over the house to dry.

No need to give a second thought to washday at all. Simply phone the laundry and leave it all to them. Your things will be returned perfectly clean and carefully ironed—all ready to wear. Why put up with winter washdays when the Timmings New Method Laundry will do your work for you? The cost is very low. Call the laundry this week.

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"CLOTHES of QUALITY"

Special Representative

He will be here on **Fri. Nov. 27th and Sat. Nov. 28th**

IT IS A PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE this experienced stylist of "Clothes of Quality".

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TIMMINS

Leniency of Later Law Learned by Local Lions

Counsellor Kerr Contributes Concise, Clever Conglomeration of Cogent Comment on Queer Quirks of Community Customs in Crime and Criminal Convictions

One Saturday night a Mrs. Flynn whose husband was in the ranks of the unemployed and who had several hungry children at home, visited a little butcher shop. She had no money. One thought was uppermost in her mind—she must have money to feed those kiddies.

So she stole—stole a whole leg of mutton from under the butcher's eyes. All this happened in England in the year 1750, modern as the situation may seem.

She told her pitiful story in court but the jury could see nothing else for it; she was judged guilty. A kindly judge made the fine as low as he could—one shilling. The poor woman couldn't raise even that trifle.

So the jury paid the fine.

Butcher Wasn't Satisfied

But that didn't satisfy the butcher. He still hadn't got back his leg of mutton, high though it must have been by that time.

The magistrate agreed that the mutton should be returned and searched out the policeman who had arrested Ann Flynn.

A new problem then arose—the policeman had taken the mutton as the spoils of war and he and his family had fared well that week.

The officer of the law was hailed to court, admitted his misdemeanor. The magistrate imposed a fine. But the policeman was out of funds.

So the magistrate had to pay for the mutton.

How the Law Changed

That was just one of the stories told at Lions Club on Thursday evening by Chas. H. Kerr, when he told of the progress of law, trial and punishment. In the 12th and 14th century, for instance, there was no court. A man believed to have been responsible for an infringement of the law was simply brought to a public square where he faced a tribunal made up of the "important" men of the area. He had no opportunity to defend himself. Sometimes his case was decided by a red hot iron. If, when burned on the chest, he screamed, he was guilty; if he bore the iron without wincing, he was innocent. At other times, if he could thrust his arm into boiling oil without showing signs of pain, he was innocent; otherwise it "proved" his guilt.

Punishments of Old

Punishments were out of proportion to the crime in the old days, Mr. Kerr made it clear, as he told the story of Jack Sheppard, notorious highwayman of the early 18th century. Caught several times, he managed to escape often. Finally, he was executed. His brother, who was guilty of the same offence, but was less notorious, had his hand burned as punishment for his misdeeds.

The year 1750 saw the beginning of the change in the attitude of the law. From then on there had been steady progress. Until 1890, a man charged with murder or manslaughter was not allowed to give evidence on his own behalf. In 1895, such a man won the right to appeal to a higher court.

J. E. Brunette thanked Mr. Kerr for his address on behalf of the Lions.

The Thursday meeting was in charge of the newer members of the club with J. M. Belanger as chairman for the occasion. As penalty for arriving late, Lions Walter Greaves, Dr. Ray Hughes, Fred Oomen and Jack Grady sang a

successful events sponsored by the Porcupine District Pipe Band, attracted enough people for 61 tables of whist, crowding the hall to capacity.

One of the features of the evening was the presentation made to Miss Ina Adamson, a member of the band, who leaves this week with her mother, Mrs. Jack Adamson, for a trip to Scotland. P. Arnot, president of the band, made the presentation.

Prizes at whist were won by: Mrs. P. Whitford, Mrs. Sangster, Miss Jean Towers, Edward H. Smith, Jack Farrer and Mrs. Sleep. Following the games, refreshments were served and after that, dancing was enjoyed until 1:30. Herman Walters, pianist, and David Gordon, violinist, supplied the music.

During the evening, the band appeared in uniform to play a number of selections.

Dr. J.H.A. Macdonald
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TOWNSHIP OF TISDALE

Nomination Meeting

I hereby give notice that the Annual Meeting for the Nominations of Candidates for the office of Reeve and Councillors for the Township of Tisdale, for year 1937 will be held in

**COUNCIL CHAMBERS
SOUTH PORCUPINE**

Friday, Nov. 27

Between the Hours of One and Two o'clock in the afternoon

In the event of a poll being required the following will be the polling places:

- Polling Sub-Division No. 1—A to D—Public School, South Porcupine
- Polling Sub-Division No. 1—E to H—Public School, South Porcupine
- Polling Sub-Division No. 1—I to N—Public School, South Porcupine
- Polling Sub-Division No. 1—O to S—Public School, South Porcupine
- Polling Sub-Division No. 1—T to Z—Public School, South Porcupine
- Polling Sub-Division No. 2—A to L—Public School, Dome Mines
- Polling Sub-Division No. 2—M to Z—Public School, Dome Mines
- Polling Sub-Division No. 3—A to D—Public School, Schumacher
- Polling Sub-Division No. 3—E to G—Public School, Schumacher
- Polling Sub-Division No. 3—H to K—Public School, Schumacher
- Polling Sub-Division No. 3—L to O—Public School, Schumacher
- Polling Sub-Division No. 3—P to S—Public School, Schumacher
- Polling Sub-Division No. 3—T to Z—Public School, Schumacher
- Polling Sub-Division No. 4—314 Pine Street South
- Polling Sub-Division No. 5—51 Tuke Street, Gillies Lake

Dated at South Porcupine this 15th day of November, 1936.

FRANK C. EVANS,
Clerk of Municipality of the Township of Tisdale.