

BROCKLEBANK'S ADVENTURE



By **R. A. J. WALLING**

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE SQUEAKY VOICE," ETC.

(CONTINUED FROM MONDAY)

"And of course you don't expect me to satisfy your curiosity. If you do I shan't. But I'm quite content, on my terms, to let it remain a private matter. Unless you give me the terms, it will become a public matter in"—Brocklebank glanced at his watch—"in I said ten minutes, but make it a quarter of an hour."

"Henry—"
Charles's face had gone pale again, and his voice was agonized.
"Leave it to me, Charles, I tell you!" said Henry with a touch of anger.
"Mr. Brocklebank, your charges are ridiculous, but I prefer to avoid publicity if possible. What do you want?"

For answer, Brocklebank stepped to the fireplace and pressed the bell-push. He counted the seconds—a full half minute before he saw the handle of the door turn. The man who had handed round the beer almost fell into the room. Teeth chattering, he tried to speak.

"Get over there and sit down, my man, and shut your mouth. Have you got the keys of the bedrooms? No? Very well."

"My terms are very simple. They are that Charles shall go up and release George and Pamela, and bring them down here, and that they shall decide whether I give the word or not. There are exactly 12 minutes left. Expedition is indicated."

"Henry—" said Charles, with agitation.
Henry nodded. "Get on with it," he said.

Charles hurried to the door.
"One moment, Charles," Brocklebank followed him and stood in the doorway.
"Straight upstairs, please with no diversions right or left, and no noise. Straight upstairs and be down in two minutes with your—er—guests."
Charles went.

Meanwhile, Henry lounged in his chair, Farley gazed at the window, and the underling gaped with open mouth at Brocklebank. They heard opening doors and distant voices. Within the two minutes Harrison hurried down, Pamela at his heels.

"Hello, Brocklebank!" he said. "On the mark as usual?"
"Pass in," said Brocklebank.
"Thank you, Bandit," Pamela whispered as she went by. Charles said nothing. Brocklebank closed the door, locked it, stood by it.

"BANDIT SEES STARS"
"Now first, Miss Pamela, will you come and take two guns out of my right-hand pocket, keep one and give the other to your uncle? Thank you. Let us stand here by the door. Charles please go back to your—er—pew."
Brocklebank's mouth twitched as Charles gave him an outraged glance.
"Well, Henry," said Harrison, "what did I tell you? Elusive—eh?"

Henry did not reply. He gazed pensively at Farley and the black window behind him. "Wasn't the next item on the programme?"
Henry pointed a finger at Brocklebank. Harrison turned.

"Up to you sir," Brocklebank said. "I sent for you and Miss Pamela as one condition of a—shall I call it a truce? I made this person an offer. Either I would blow up the whole show at a quarter to ten or you must be called in to decide what should be done. No concern of mine except to see they've got a free choice. Do what you please. These persons can't prevent you; I've seen to that. There's a car ready for you outside if you wish to leave. You can take two of my four men. Three of us will be quite enough to deal with this bunch till you're away."

"Ah," said Harrison. "So that's how we stand? Tables seem to be turned, Henry, eh? What about it?"
Henry shrugged his shoulders.
"Your card," said he.

"Same lead as before, Henry. You can either give it up or take the consequences if Prilenko's letter gets to its destination before Thursday, as it will."
"What about this blustering, violent fellow and his guns and his threats? You know, George, this kind of thing."
"My dear fellow, you asked for it, or allowed your thugs to ask for it. Brocklebank himself quite understands that this is a private matter between you and me. That's so Brocklebank?"

"Of course," said Brocklebank. "A private war without frontiers or rules of any kind is a new one on me; but you certainly made it clear from the start. You wished me to escort Miss Pamela to London and deliver her to you. All I've done is to try to carry out that contract. If I've had to be rough it has been only with people who tried to stop me."
"Well, that's so," said Harrison.
"Now, Henry, do we take the pot?"

"You do what you damn well please, George. I'm not saying anything. So far as I'm concerned, the war's still on. If you get away I shall have you again. And I'll bet you Prilenko's letter never gets home. Can't make you out, George. Turning pious at your time of life! Anyhow, there you are with your three gun, like a bunch of gangsters. Here we are with no guns at all, and no idea of using guns if we had 'em. I've done."

"Yes, Henry. I don't like guns myself," Harrison looked at his weapon.
"Here, Brocklebank—take 'em back."
"You aren't quite mad, are you?" Brocklebank asked. "Do you know where I got these?"

"It don't matter. No use to me. I'd never use one anyway. Put 'em all away. This is a war without shooting."
"But Rovigo—" said Brocklebank, dropping the pistols into his pocket.
"Henry assures me he knew nothing about that. I believe Henry. A battle of wits between Henry and me. He won the first round; we win the second. Now, Brocklebank, you say you've got a car. Unlock the door; stay here with Pamela while I get my bag. Then we'll quit."

"Miss Pamela—" "Better do it, Bandit," said Pamela.
Brocklebank turned with a gesture of resignation. He saw the beer-server goggling at him as he bent to unlock the door and pulled it open. He saw a million stars as if the firmament were exploding. He saw nothing more, and he

did not hear the shriek that Pamela gave.
The sun, shining into a bedroom next morning, awakened a Brocklebank extremely sorry for himself and in a lamentable state of despair. His head decorated with a swelling as big as a pigeon's egg, ached atrociously. Someone had taken from him the chauffeur's coat and cap and left his own garments. Someone had dressed his injury. His belongings were undisturbed. But he was alone in the house. Of Henry and his satellites, of Harrison and Pamela, not a trace.
Only one thing could have happened: Henry, with hidden reinforcements, had turned the tables on Harrison. He swore softly to himself when he thought of Harrison's quixotic nonsense about the guns.

In the next two hours Brocklebank wandered all over this extraordinary house, so immaculately appointed but quite deserted, and thought hard. He wondered whether to disregard to the jury of the private war and call in the police; or to forget Pamela, call it a day and take his two thousand dollars down to Gloucestershire; or to follow the lure of Pamela's eyes and do a little sleuthing for himself. Still wondering, he took a bath in the shining white bathroom next the room where he had awakened. It did him a world of good. It made him feel hungry. He descended to the ground floor to forage for food. The dining room had been tidied up. Not a vestige of the picnic meal. Nothing in the sideboard.
A sleek kitchen, equipped with everything conceivable for cooking—but nothing that could conceivably be cooked.
An immaculate pantry, with nothing in it that could be eaten—except, eureka! a few biscuits at the bottom of a tin.
Brocklebank annexed this prize, ate all the biscuits, drank two glasses of water and felt better. There was a sort of half-humorous nicety about him. If this was Henry's house, he did not mean to beholden to Henry for a meal. He put a shilling on the corner of the table before he left. He had no idea how important that nicety was to be.

At a quarter past six he stood in the hall, his suitcase on the floor beside him, looking at the telephone. He resolved to ask the Exchange for the correct time, and rang. He rang three times and got no answer. That settled the question.
The wire had been cut somewhere. He was not intended to communicate from that house, which suggested that when the house was evacuated Harrison was not top dog, but Henry.
When he stepped out and pulled the door behind him, Brocklebank had made up his mind to follow the career of a private detective till Thursday—and as long after that as might be necessary to discover Pamela's other name.
At the back of his mind grew the idea that whatever it was he might persuade her to change it.

At a quarter to seven, with the sun shining in his eyes, Brocklebank loomed over a little old man leaning on the garden gate of a lodge.
"Mornin', sir?"
"Morning, Tom," said Brocklebank. "Surprised to see me?"
The old man peered into his face.
"Why—it ain't Mr. Bill, is it?"
"Sure thing, Tom."
"You could knock me down with a feather. I ain't seen you in years. Thought you was gone foreign."
"—And wonder why the dickens I turn up before the fields are aired, and who I've been fighting, and lots more, I guess," said Brocklebank. "The fact is, Tom, Sir Arthur told me to come down for a week-end, and I meant to get here last night; but I had a crash—"
"Ah—they damned motors, Mr. Bill! But Sir Arthur's away. He's gone foreign, too."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dogs Follow Children to School at Kirkland Lake

There used to be a school poem about the lamb that followed Mary to school. But that was in another day and in effeminate times. It's different these days, and especially at Kirkland Lake. In that he-man town even the youngsters would not be bothered with anything so tame as a lamb. In other words Kirkland Lake seems to have gone to the dogs.
One dozen dogs which assemble daily on the school grounds at Kirkland Lake are a source of grief to the police. The dogs line up at recess and want to march into the school with the children. Teachers say the canines "get a little growly" when they try to "shoo" them away. None of the children at the school admit ownership of the dogs, which are nevertheless on friendly terms with the children but resent being chased by the teachers.

Girl Guide Bazaar Proves Big Success

Booths Artistically Decorated. Many Attractive Features.

The fifth annual bazaar of the Timmings 51st I.O.D.E. Girl Guides proved a pleasing success. The event was held in St. Matthew's church basement on Saturday from 3 to 6 p.m., and attracted a good attendance, all being very pleased with the success of the effort by the girls. The Girl Guides on their part ask that special thanks be extended to Mrs. Traver, Regent of the I.O.D.E., and to Mrs. D. Maxwell for their kind assistance at the event.

The hall was specially decorated for the occasion and this added much to the attractiveness of the event. Each booth also had special decorations, and all were well conducted and well patronized.

The tea room, sponsored by the I. O. D. E., was decorated in mauve and yellow, with tea roses on the table. The proceeds from this department were divided between the five Girl Guide groups in town.

The general booth, looked after by the 51st I. O. D. E. Co., was decorated in blue and silver and made a very pleasing showing, as well as attracting buyers.

The Doughnut booth (46th I.O.D.E. Co.) was decorated in green and gold, and there was steady demand for the pleasing product of this booth.

The Fish Pond, conducted by the Brownies of the 46th and 51st packs, was in the form of a "wishing well," in green and black, and proved especially popular.

The candy booth, decorated in red and white, was in charge of the Second Cub Pack of St. Matthew's and its goods appealed to all.

The bake table, decorated in pink and white, was in charge of the 51st I. O. D. E. Co., and proved one of the most popular of the booths for the day.

Hockey Lottery Lands Two Men in Court at Sudbury

According to despatches last week from Sudbury, a hockey pool on Nickel Belt League games that went astray when the operators failed to come across with the \$100 prize brought Harry Costello and Arthur Seymour into city police court at Sudbury on Wednesday morning on a charge of conducting a lottery. Complaints were made to the Copper Cliff police when the prize was not forthcoming, resulting in charges being laid against Costello and Seymour. Evidence given at the hearing this morning showed that tickets were sold for \$1 each and the \$100 prize was to be awarded to the person holding the nearest to the correct score. An unstated number of persons bought the tickets but failed to receive any award.

The money involved in the pool was confiscated by the police and the two men were placed on suspended sentence by Magistrate Willard Cooper.

Mail Delivery System Not Perfect Yet at Kirkland

The Northern News of Kirkland Lake publishes a lengthy editorial counselling patience and forbearance on the part of the general public in reference to the new mail delivery system in that town. It is admitted that the delivery so far is by no means perfect and in human nature can scarcely be expected to be so. The Northern News, however, thinks it will greatly improve and that the public can help greatly along this line. The Northern News, in addition to the editorial has the following paragraph:

"Failure of citizens to provide mail boxes at the street line and to notify out-of-town newspapers and correspondents of change of address, is largely blamed by postal officials for recent congestion and trouble at the new post office. Letter carriers have been greatly delayed in making their rounds, and some complaints have been unreasonable. It is admitted that some of the delays are not caused by the public, but those who have been through the experience state that there is always congestion and a certain amount of trouble in opening a new post office."

Why Stop People Getting Old License Plate Numbers?

Despatches from Toronto recount with apparent unholy satisfaction the idea that the Ontario Highway Department has frustrated the designs of some motorists in the province to secure what are termed freak signs. It is suggested that some motorists have a regular mania for such car license plates as "T42," "ME4U," and so on. The scheme whereby the department is supposed to have made it impossible for motorists to secure these sign combinations seem as difficult to understand as the mania to obtain the odd signs. It is hard to see why there is any necessity for attempting to frustrate the wishes of these people who crave freak license plates. It seems that the government might easily find something more important than bothering about such unimportant things as the choice of license plate numbers. How is the public injured in any way by the odd desire of some to have odd number plates? If there is anything wrong with the plates in question, why were they issued at all? Or is this another form of Soviet regimentation? As a matter of fact it would appear that the man who gets some particularly outstanding number, either because of its oddity or for other reason, gives special hostages against doing anything wrong with his car, on account of the very unusual style of his number. If the government directed its attention to giving the people of the North decent treat-

ment in the matter of roads, there would be little time or energy to waste "frustrating" people who adopt an innocent fad. Even if superior folk may call the fad foolish, it is no more ridiculous than deliberate waste of effort in trying to circumvent people in harmless frolics.

Human Touches at Sudbury at Naturalization Court

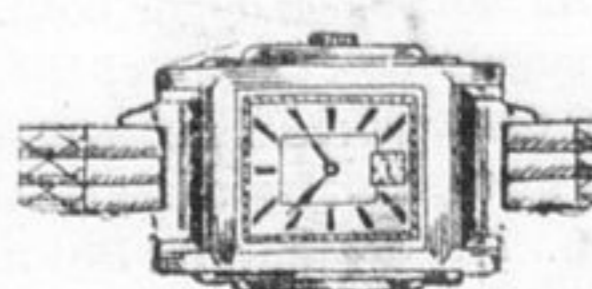
There were a number of human touches at the court sitting in Sudbury last week in regard to naturalization of new Canadians. Judge Proulx held the court and showed interest and sympathy that was a pleasing human touch in itself. There were incidents, gay and grave, amusing and depressing. One Ukrainian applied for naturalization. The judge noted that he had red hair, which is rare for a Ukrainian. He mentioned the fact, and the Ukrainian beamed at him. "Not very often you see it, eh?" he said. "They are nearly all blonde, I'm one in a thousand," he answered. One other applicant said he worked at the Creighton Mins. "Who's the superintendent there?" he was asked. "Mackenzie King," was the reply. He was given his papers. Still another man said he was married, "and my wife live with me now. She got tired of the other fellow. She find I'm the best." He was given his naturalization papers. Another applicant fairly beamed as he replied that he had the papers partly ready to bring his wife out to this country the minute he was naturalized. The reply of another man was not so happy. "I note by your application that you are a widow," said the judge. "Yes, sir," replied the applicant. "I brought my wife over in the spring. She died in the summer. It is hard." "I'm sorry," said the judge, as he passed the application. A man 73 years of age wanted to be naturalized so that he would be a Canadian citizen. "Sure you are not thinking of the old age pension?" the judge queried. "You think I'm crazy?" said the man. "I've got a nice little house. If I get the pension the government gets my house. No, sir, I don't want any pension."

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Interesting Curios Found in Mattawa Store Recently

In a general clean-up and renovation of a Mattawa general store last week some interesting old curios were brought to light. One was a package, dust-laden and ancient looking, which on being opened was found to contain 12 boxes of old-fashioned sulphur matches. This package was found on a beam of the store and had apparently rested undisturbed for over 30 years. Isaac Tongue, the manager of the store, was able to show that the matches must have been placed on the beam at least 31 years ago. In the meantime they had received more than one dripping of water from one cause or another, as the package plainly showed, yet the matches were as good as ever—though modern folk would not think that good enough. Anyway they would light as well as sulphur matches ever did and make as big an

odour. Another find in the clean-up was a pound of pressed tea—the kind made specially for the Yukon. The "block" of tea still bore the initials "Y.T." signifying Yukon Territory. The pound of tea was pressed into a plug like tobacco, to make it easy to carry. It is said that this "pound plug of tea" was brought to Mattawa over 50 years ago as a curiosity. At the time the tea was brought to Mattawa it is said that in the Yukon it was selling at \$15 a pound.

Regular Meeting of the Porcupine Chapter R.N.A.O.

The regular monthly meeting of the Porcupine Chapter of the R.N.A.O. will be held in St. Mary's hospital, Tuesday, Dec. 8th, at 8 p.m. All members are invited to be present.

Fort Frances Times:—When it comes to juggling with figures, financial experts have nothing on the inventors of fashions.

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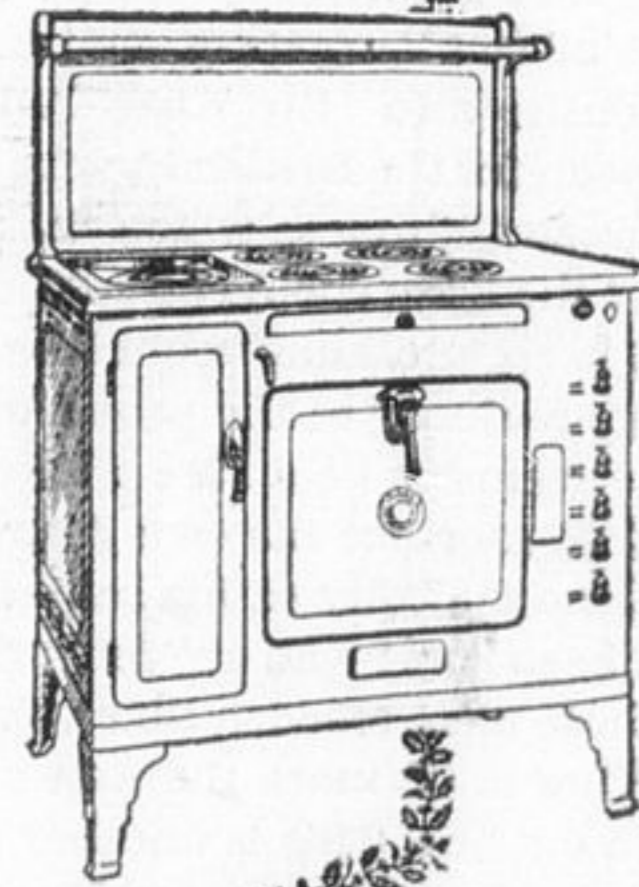
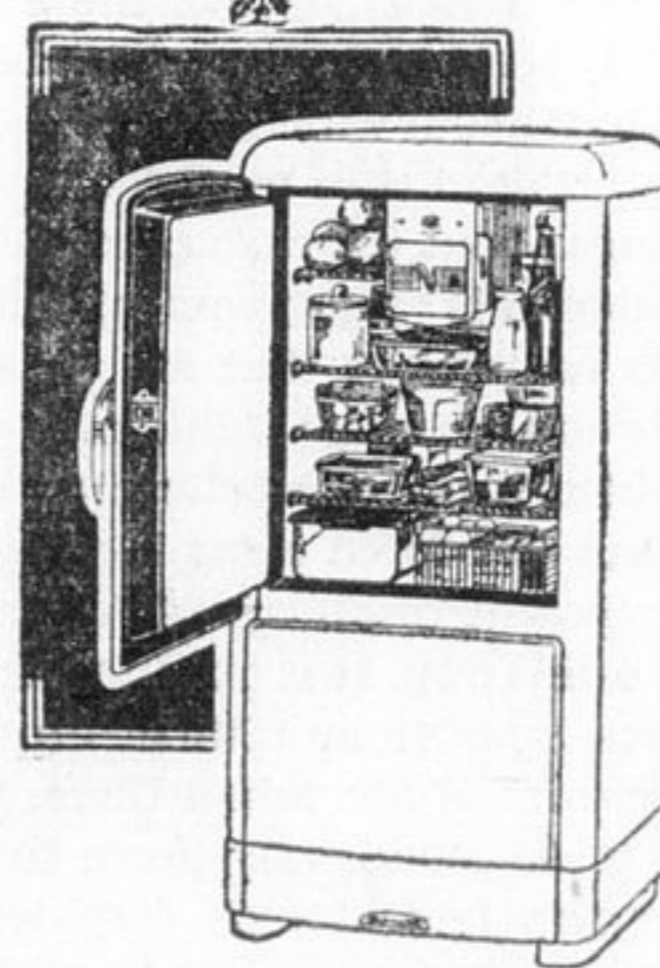
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