

BROCKLEBANK'S ADVENTURE



By
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AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE SQUEAKY VOICE," ETC.
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"Just that," said Tolefree. My urgent wish is to have Mr. Benson removed from the premises at once, and by you, and without discussion. If not, I call the police to take charge of him."

"I must say, Tolefree—"

"Well, if you must, you will, Brocklebank, will you fetch the officer?"

Brocklebank started for the door.

"Stop!" cried Worth. "We'll have this out another time, Tolefree. Now, Benson—"

"That's better. Au revoir, Sir Henry, and a pleasant drive to—Eastbourne, was it? Brocklebank, will you kindly see Sir Henry to his car and then come back to me?"

Brocklebank, gun in hand, brought up the tail of the procession—through the yard. A car waited tenantless. The little squirt climbed into the drivers' seat, Sir Henry into the back. He leaned out of the window to say to Brocklebank at the gate:

"Mr. Brocklebank, I'm a nasty man when I'm crossed."

"I believe you," said Brocklebank. "You are anyhow. Good night, Sir Henry, and pleasant dreams."

Worth snorted, wound up the window; the car started. As Brocklebank watched it away, the patient taxi crawled down the road. He hailed it.

"Hope we shan't be long now," said he. "You can pull up here and wait."

Back to the kitchen. Tolefree stood at the door of the cellar stairs, looking down. A bulb was lit at the bottom, showing a closed door.

"Curious," said Tolefree. He turned to Brocklebank. "Well, let's see. Keep your gun in evidence. I'll go first."

Brocklebank followed silently. Twelve steps. A little square well at the bottom. The door facing them was not

"Damn!—I'll not wait!"

Brocklebank pushed past Tolefree and threw the door wide open, saying, "Pamela!—are you here?"

Then he swore another loud oath. The cellar had only one occupant. A figure sitting crouched over the table, head in hands, was there. It was the man with narrow eyes and the clipped moustache he had first seen in the dining car of the P.L.M. rapide.

"Farley!" he cried. "What the hell—"

But it was clear enough that Henry had carried out his resolution; he had put Farley under the charge of Norrie or Rogivo, or both. And it was Farley's cache they had discovered, not Harrison's. But then—Pamela's mute message—

"Mr. Farley, never mind anything else for the moment," said Tolefree. "Where is George and where is Miss Pamela?"

Farley shook his head.

"You don't know? But they've been here! When did they go?"

"Who are you? What d'you want here? Are you the police?" said Farley.

"No, but if you wish I can soon get the police. Better be candid. Tell us as shortly as you can what's happened."

Disregarding Tolefree, Farley turned to Brocklebank. "How the devil did you get in, and what's become of that thing Norrie?"

"We've taken care of Norrie," said Brocklebank; "he won't worry you."

"Ten for heaven's sake let's get out of this damned hole."

"Whose house is it?" Brocklebank demanded.

"Whose? Didn't you know? Mine."

"Yours—!"

"I see—I see!" said Tolefree. "Very ingenious indeed. Introduce me to your host, Brocklebank."

"This is Tolefree; working with me. But carry on, Farley. Get upstairs."

Farley strode past them and led the way. "Come through to the dining-

room. I'll tell you what I can. Brocklebank. I owe you that much. But you know there's a point I won't pass whatever you do."

Enraged, resentful, he would not carry his grievance beyond that certain point. No impatience in Brocklebank, no subtlety in Tolefree, during the strange ten minutes they spent in his dining room, would make him.

Farley bore no grudge against Brocklebank for "knocking in," though if Brocklebank had kept out he would not now have been a prisoner in his own house and the business would have gone off as slick as a whistle. Save for his miscalculation of Brocklebank, the scheme was perfect. Wolston Manor empty and at his disposal—Mrs. Farley and her servant sent away from Ladywell Park, leaving Farley's house as a second line of defence in emergency—everything timed to a hair. But when Brocklebank happened at Wolston Manor in so unexpected a fashion, it looked for a while as if the game was up. And—

"That was a nasty crack, Brocklebank. I hope you aren't feeling it too badly?"

Thus Farley, surprisingly.

"Better," said Brocklebank. "I'm just a bit curious to know how I got it."

It was just as he had guessed. While they were arguing and disputing in the dining room, Benson had fallen to wondering about Norrie's continued absence, wandered round the place looking for him, and found him tied up with Rogivo in the garage.

"Of course, he united them, and when you unlocked the door to let George out they were there waiting and knocked you sprawling—or at least Norrie did; he hit you on the point with his left, and over the head with his right. Henry was furious. He hates violence—nearly blew Norrie's head off. But naturally it was all up with George and Pamela. We made you as comfortable as we could. Pamela tied up your head. Then

we left in two cars, and came here. They've kept me in that damned cellar all day. I understood George and Pamela were locked in a room upstairs. I heard some movements when it fell dark, and I believe Henry and Charles went off with them."

"Yes, Farley!" cried Brocklebank. "But where?—where?"

"I can't tell you. And if I could I wouldn't. You know that, Brocklebank."

"Ten, the police—" Tolefree suggested.

"Police? Don't talk through your hat! Even if the police could find him, George would send 'em packing. The police count nothing in this."

"I mean that the police would trail your friends for us in next to no time, and that's all we want—to discover where they've gone."

"I daresay. Well, you'll get no help from me," declared Farley.

"In that case, I think, Brocklebank, we'll be moving on," Tolefree said. "No doubt Mr. Farley will inform his friends how grateful he is to us for liberating him."

"No!" cried Farley. "Damn you. I know Brocklebank thinks I'm dirt. But I'm not so dirty as that. I'm not taking sides against them, but I'm certainly not doing anything to queer you, Brocklebank. I've had enough. You can believe it or not. If you've settled Norrie, then I stay here."

"Norrie! Gosh!" Brocklebank exclaimed. "I'd forgotten him."

"I fear," said Tolefree, "Mr. Norrie will catch cold if he camps out on the grass much longer. But we must leave Mr. Farley to deal with that. I should think he could now make any terms he liked with his willful gaffer. For us, Brocklebank, time presses—"

CHAPTER XI
Miss Emmerson Proves Difficult

Brocklebank, getting out of his taxi at Felton's hotel at half-past one in the morning, was admitted by the Ancient One, who asked whether he would require anything more to-night, sir. But all Brocklebank required was a long sleep.

To undress and lie between sheets was the nearest thing to a dream of Paradise. Before leaving for Gravesend, Tolefree had reconciled him to a night of inaction by various comforting reflections about Pamela.

That Pamela was a resourceful young woman;

That she was in danger of nothing more alarming than a temporary restraint of liberty;

That it was still a long way to Thursday;

That her thoughts in durance vile were probably running fondly on her Bandit.

But, above all, that he, Tolefree, had resolved, if Gravesend yielded nothing, to take warlike and decisive action tomorrow, however unpleasant the results to any eminent persons whatever.

Brocklebank did sleep. He slept for eight hours. It was half-past nine before he yawned himself into the bathroom. At half-past ten he was looking up at the outward face of No. 14, Nottingham Gardens, Chelsea.

Looking rather dubiously. This was a large house in a row of like houses, all set out in flats.

"Was you looking for somebody sir?" asked the elevator man.

"Yes," said Brocklebank. "Not sure this is the right house, though. But wait—"

He made a desperate plunge. "Here she is—Miss K. Emmerson. Know if Miss Emmerson's in?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Miss Emmerson never goes out in the morning. Take you up?"

"Thanks!" said Brocklebank.

The signature of the pencilled note to Pamela certainly began with a K—for Katherine, or Kathleen, or some such thing, if it wasn't just a nickname. He might be going to make an ass of himself; but—

"Third door on the left, sir—Miss Emmerson's flat."

Neck or nothing! He pressed the bell-push.

Inside, Miss Emmerson (she presumed) banged a door open and shouted. "Is that the Stores? Put it down. I'm not dressed. I'll take it in presently," and banged a door fast again.

Fortunately Miss Emmerson was a quick dresser, or a sketchy one, or she urgently needed what the Stores had not sent, for in less than three minutes Brocklebank heard her approach the door carolling.

It opened to frame for him the picture of a young lady with her rather reddish short hair in charming disorder, a cigarette between her fingers, and a dressing-gown flowing insufficiently round her to conceal a suit of black silk pyjamas.

"Hello, Kat!" said Brocklebank. In his neck-or-nothing mood. "I'm a bit early, eh?"

"You've certainly said it!" declared Miss Emmerson, pulling the dressing-gown round her slight figure. "Which are you? Where did we meet? Not last night—I'm positive you weren't there."

Brocklebank admitted that he wasn't—much to his regret he could not get there. Miss Emmerson was puzzled.

"And what do you want?"

"Talk with Miss Emmerson."

The red head shook vigorously.

"It concerns Pam—"

"Pam!" exclaimed Miss Emmerson, stiffening into alert attention.

"And the awful man who persecuted her, Miss Emmerson?"

"Pam? What's happened to Pam? Come in, will you?"

Brocklebank found himself in a painter's studio—and from an easel in the middle of the room, Pamela was looking at him, Pamela in embryo, Pamela all grey and black and white and vague; but unmistakably Pamela.

"Gosh!—Pamela," said he. "Who did that, Miss Emmerson?"

"Guilty," she answered, giving him a curious glance. "Better take a chair. And to begin with—who are you?"

"William Brocklebank, of Ault in Gloucestershire, late of New York— which of course means nothing to you;

and any way I'm of no consequence whatever. I happen to have met Pamela—"

"Where?" she shot at him.

"At Marseilles."

"When?"

"On Friday night. I met her there at the request of her uncle and escorted her to London. We got here on Sunday afternoon."

"What's that? You mean to say that Pam's in London?—and hasn't come home?—or let me know?"

Miss Emmerson's arched eyebrows expressed an extremity of scepticism. Brocklebank jumped at her questions. "Home?—here?—is this Pamela's home?"

Miss Emmerson's blue eyes looked very straight into Brocklebank's.

"I am not going to answer questions. You're not sufficiently explained. I like the look of you—"

Brocklebank bowed with mock ceremony.

"But why did you come here? How did you know of this place? Hear of me? What do you know about Kat and Pam? All that comes of your question?"

"Which question?"

"Didn't you ask whether this was Pamela's home?"

"Miss Emmerson—I'm entirely at your mercy. There are three things I came hoping to learn from you. First—the thing I've asked: Is this Pamela's home when she's in London? Next has any letter from abroad been delivered for her here, within, say, the past fortnight? And last, but it will seem extremely assured to you—"

"No doubt, I expect it will. But what is it?"

"It's this: What's Pamela's surname?"

Miss Emmerson's reaction to this was sudden if not surprising. She rocketed to the door and fung it open.

"That's the way out, Mr. William Brocklebank," said she.

"I observed it as I came in." Brocklebank sat still. "I also noticed that you have a telephone in the hall. Stay there near it, if you wish."

"Ah—the telephone," exclaimed Miss Emmerson. "Now I know—it was you who telephoned here for Pamela this morning."

Brocklebank shook his head. "No—didn't know you had one."

"Aren't you here trying to pry out something about a letter?" Brocklebank started and his jaw dropped. "Of course!—you can't put it across me, Mr. Brocklebank."

"I implore you, Miss Emmerson, not to attribute evil designs to me, Pamela's in danger. I'm the only person who can get her out of it. And I can't do it without your help. I mentioned just now an awful man who'd been pestering Pamela. You know something about him—"

"Well—"

"You know Pamela went on a journey to the Levant or thereabouts three or four weeks ago—"

"Well, well?—"

"I don't know whether she told you why she went, or why I was asked to intercept her on the way home. But I'll tell you this: that man and his associates were dogging her steps. After Marseilles I contrived to keep 'em off till we reached London. Half an hour after we got here she was kidnapped—"

"What?—"

"Yes. It sounds fantastic. But she's now in their hands. I'm in this position, Miss Emmerson. By a chapter of accidents and a miscalculation on the part of her uncle, I've never heard Pamela's real name. I know her as Miss Pamela Harrison—"

"Ah!—you know as far as that!"

"Yes—but it's not far enough. I'm trying to trace a girl whose name I don't know. Hopeless—you agree?"

"Let me have a good look at you, Mr. William Brocklebank. If all this is true, how did you find out about me—my address—even my nickname? Tell me that."

"Quite simple. When Pamela was spirited away—she left her things at the hotel—Felton's where we were to have met her uncle. A note written at this address apparently before she started her journey—of course it must have been, was rammed into the pocket—and it was signed 'Kat,' telling her that the awful man was calling at half past four in the afternoon. I took it to be a warning to keep away if she wished to avoid him, that it had been left for her by 'Kat,' and that therefore she probably lived here—"

"And I was beginning to think you honest!" interrupted Miss Emmerson.

"Continue to think so, Miss Emmerson. But tell me had Pamela given you any idea that she was doing a dangerous thing on that journey of hers?"

"Dangerous? She said she was going to bulldoze—but, no, Mr. Brocklebank, I'm not going to answer."

"I'll complete the answer for you. Going to bulldoze some comic old politician out in the East. As for the danger, I suppose Pamela rather like a spice of danger. She did the bulldozing all right. Then the yellow dog and his cronies got busy. I saved her from one attempt at kidnapping when they'd doped her and were taking her off unconscious—well, I'd better tell you the whole thing. Then perhaps you'll believe me honest."

Brocklebank got away from Nottingham Gardens at half past eleven. By that time he had a certificate of honesty from Miss Emmerson, and answers to his three questions:

Pamela at home in London shared this flat with her. No letter from a foreign place had reached Nottingham Gardens while she was away;

Her full name was Pamela Harrison-Clifford, and her uncle was Mr. George Harrison-Clifford, of Bystock House, Caterham, a mining engineer, who had made a lot of money abroad.

He told his news excitedly to Tolefree, who waited for him at Felton's. A good piece of work, Tolefree thought. The identification of Harrison-Clifford might prove to be important—

"I should jolly well think so!" grumbled Brocklebank.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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New Method

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Trapping to be Made More Humanitarian

Present Methods of Trapping Declared to be Cruel.

Legislation is sought by the Canadian Association for the Protection of Fur Bearers which would prevent the use of the cruel steel trap in catching animals whose skins eventually become beautiful fur coats. This announcement was made at Toronto last week by Prof. Arthur Stevenson, of the Applied Mathematics Department of the University of Toronto who is President of the Toronto branch of the newly-formed organization, whose object is to prevent cruelty to wild animals.

The extreme cruelty of the present trapping methods is—or at least should be—well known to all Canadians, and the serious depletion of our wild life through ruthless trapping has been a matter of concern to others besides humanitarians," said Prof. Stevenson. "Statistics show that some 6,000,000 fur-bearing animals are trapped each year in this country alone.

"Our association aims to investigate and report on the various suggested remedies, and hopes to create a strong public opinion which will demand legislation prohibiting the use of inhumane trapping methods. All of those who are interested are invited to participate by joining the association. The subscription is purely nominal."

Other officers of the Toronto branch are the Secretary, Miss Olive Latimer, 163 Delaware Avenue (telephone Lombard 7341) and the Treasurer, John E. Whiting, 401 Carlton Street. The headquarters of the Canadian Association is at Ottawa, under the direction of the Honorary Secretary, Dr. Charles D. Niven started the movement some years ago "to protect the wild fur-bearing animals of Canada from a lingering death in the steel trap, and from extermination in those regions where they constitute a most valuable national asset."

The Association, reports Toronto President Stevenson, has grown with the years, and while the local response has been excellent, it hoped that more interest will be shown in the future, when it is planned to press for legislation from the Provincial Government.

A similar movement was inaugurated in the United States by the late Com-

mander Edward Breck, who founded the United States Anti-Steel Trap League. Breck himself was at one time a trapper, but the inhumanity of the business disgusted him so much that he sought remedial action on a national scale. In Canada, an example cited of a similar case is that of the famed Indian, Grey Owl, a one-time steel trapper, who gave up the work entirely.

Three alternatives to the steel trap are suggested by Prof. Stevenson, they are:

1. Use of the products of fur farms, rather than those of wild animals caught in traps.
 2. Employment of a humane trap either one that is designed to kill instantly, or the box trap.
 3. The most radical of them all—give up the use of fur from wild animals and use substitutes.
- As to humane traps, Prof. Stevenson said box trap was considered such when frequently visited, so that a trapped animal did not starve. He pointed out that under present conditions animals often are left for weeks in traps in which they are caught. They are in great pain and suffer starvation. Literature the association has printed cited such specific cases with names and dates. Prof. Stevenson mentioned the steel pole trap—possibly the most inhuman ever conceived. By this method of catching an animal, a steel trap is attached to the branch of the tree, and the branch fastened to the ground. When the animal walks into the trap, releasing it, the victim is left suspended by the paws in mid-air; sometimes for days at a time.
- "That is the sort of thing that makes animal-lovers very angry, and the sort of thing we, through this association aim to prevent," said Prof. Stevenson. "I might quote Commander Breck, who said, the steel trap is an instrument of torture which does not kill at once, but causes long-drawn-out agony. It is the most awful horror in the history of the world." And my own opinion is that some day it will be relegated to the museums, as have the instruments of torture used in the dark ages."
- Yarmouth Telegram—Sidney Skol-sky reports through the venerable Motion Picture Herald witnessing a scene in which Groucho Marx, on Hollywood Boulevard, meets an actress whom he greatly dislikes. "I never forget a face," cracks Groucho. "But I'm going to make an exception in your case."



Greetings!

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