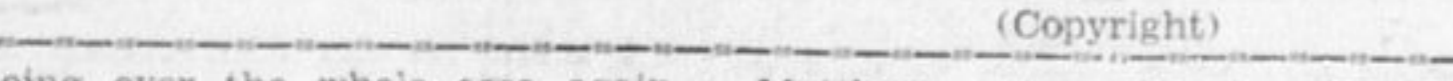


# Death goes by bus

by Leslie Cargill



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"Going over the whole case again, sir?"  
"From A to Z. This time there is going to be no mistake. Here is all the evidence any court will need. This is a copy of the resume I have submitted to the Chief Constable. The prosecution will from it, I presume."  
"Sort of counsel's brief, Superintendent?"  
"Exactly. Now don't let your attention wander because I want your helpful criticism."  
"I'm all ears."  
"Good! To get the right angle we've got to go back at least to the Bradham robbery in America—and long before that to gather up certain of the strings. Some of them are not directly connected, but the side issues have got to be considered in case they lead us astray."  
"Wouldn't it be best to confine yourself to the murder and what led up to it, sir? The other matters are red herrings across the trail."  
"That's what I've done, Matthews. But the other things keep on intruding. First of all we have to take into account the existence of a gang, highly organized. The master-criminal is a very real menace, as we know—though the idea is often pooh-poohed. Wainwright was undoubtedly the head of a band of crooks. Not that he sat at home like the spider in his web, waiting for good things to turn up. He went and did the jobs himself."  
"As in the Bradham business?"  
"Precisely. From the full report, now to hand from America, we can appreciate the cleverness of that robbery. It could only have been successful in the States, where big-crime is as spectacular as big-business."  
"Mr. Sharpe would have been vastly amused at the expressions used by Superintendent Maxley."  
"But the method doesn't matter," the speaker continued. "It was smart enough to succeed, and they were able to get out of the country with the loot. Which reminds me that extradition papers are on the way. Smith's liberty will be short and sweet."  
"Why let him go then?"  
"Can't keep him on the murder charge and officially the Bradham robbery is not yet any concern of ours. Oh, he's being watched all right. As soon as we get the tip it'll be no trouble to pull him in."  
"Let's hope you're right, sir. Personally I'm a bit nervous."  
"What about?"  
"Matthews hesitated. "Of course, it's only a vague idea, and you don't take much account of that sort of thing. He's a dangerous character."  
"Not on your life. Sharpe was right in saying he wasn't the killing type. Remember how the conductor fellow, Withers, put the wind up him about carrying a gun. No, Smith will rob and run, but he won't get violent."  
"Mm!" Matthews was still dubious. "Who can tell how he's feeling now? Pretty sore, I'll bet."  
"So I suppose. But don't imagine he'll have time to do anything if he wants to. I'd have liked to have made the big arrest myself, or sent you along, but it wasn't possible with the court sitting to-day. Something might have gone wrong. Inspector Hilliard and Detective Collis can be relied upon to attend to the other end."  
"Suppose there's a rough house?"  
"What's that matter? It helps to confirm guilt."  
**THROWN FROM THE TRAIN**  
Suddenly the telephone jangled harshly. Maxley picked up the receiver, listened intently to a fairly lengthy conversation which he only interrupted with monosyllabic brevity. "Thank you very much," he exclaimed at last. He was smiling grimly when he replaced the instrument.  
"That," he explained, "was the station-master at Langborough. Hilliard slung a message out of the train asking him to phone me at once."  
"What train?"  
"Why, to London, of course. Didn't you expect it? Smith caught the first available one out, as I thought. He wants to have a few words with Gardopoulos."  
"Then there will be dirty work?"  
"Not necessarily. Anyway, our men will be just behind to put a stop to it."  
"I thought Hilliard and Collis had been sent on to make the arrest?"  
Maxley grinned. "Did you?" he returned. "As all roads leads to the same place, I just put them on the track of friend Smith. So much easier, killing two birds with one stone."  
"That's what I'm afraid of," Maxley remonstrated.  
"What?"  
"Killing the two birds. Now we've got to wait patiently for news from London, I suppose."  
"Hardly." The Superintendent dragged out his massive ugly watch. "There is a very fast train in twenty minutes which makes up some of the lost time. We reach London little more than an hour later than the rest."

Matthews rose, almost reluctantly. "Couldn't we have taken up the chase immediately Smith was released?" he asked. "That would surely have been the best way."  
"My dear chap, where are your wits? We're too well known. It would have alarmed our man. Crosswords don't seem to have sharpened your detective abilities."  
Biting his lip with vexation at what seemed a well-merited gibe, Matthews followed his chief to the waiting car. Not until he was comfortably seated and they were on the way to the station did he think of a reply, and then it was too late. Morrison Sharpe would have had it in a flash, but Matthews had not yet cultivated the ability to think ahead. For what had occurred to him was that in similar circumstances the puzzle-master would have been in London first waiting for the arrival of Smith instead of following well behind.  
They were a moody pair as the express rushed southwards. Maxley was not nearly so easy in his mind as he pretended. Both of them knew that if they had acted indiscreetly it was going to be a bad day's work for everybody.  
So many things could go wrong, particularly if they had misread the character of John Smith.

"What ees thees? I do not understand."  
"Exactly my trouble. I was just wondering whether you were really going to kill me in cold blood or not."  
"I keel you dead in one minute."  
"Why the delay?"  
The man was puzzled. His hesitation could be sensed. Then he hardened. "You say my prayers—yes, no?"  
"In one minute? My dear sir, that is a very short respite."  
"Five minutes for you then. That is time to say many prayers. See, here is my watch. With it I time the minutes while you ask forgiveness for your sins."  
"Worse and worse. There are so many of them that I should want a couple of hours at least."  
Gardopoulos bared his teeth. His fingers tightened so that it seemed as if he was about to press the trigger in a fit of rage. It was no use talking. Mr. Sharpe had rather hoped that a little badinage would ease the situation, instead of which it only increased the danger.  
There was another card he might play. Murderers are notoriously vain, and the Greek might be prevailed upon to enlarge on the circumstances which culminated in the shooting of Caleb Wainwright. Help might come if only he could hold out long enough.  
To his chagrin the Greek was not to be drawn into conversation. Every effort to get him to talk about the crime ended in failure. At intervals there came a growled "One minute... a minute and a half... two minutes..."  
So this was to be end of a fascinating adventure. It was annoying because the game was not quite concluded. Mr. Sharpe began to suffer a further uneasiness. Maxley might bungle after all. He hated that idea.  
"Two minutes and a half... three minutes..."  
"How do you manage to accomplish the shooting without anyone noticing?" he pressed desperately.  
"Still Gardopoulos kept off the beat. Three minutes and a half... four minutes..."  
"A DESPERATE BID"  
Only one chance remained and Mr. Sharpe tried it. If the worst came to the worst it was better to be shot at in the heat of the moment than in cold blood. Concluding that Gardopoulos announcing the penultimate half minute announcing the penultimate half minute the little man conceived a plan. His adversary would expect some attempt to evade death when his set limit expired, but it was likely that just previously his

mind would wander—imagining perhaps, the horror he was about to undergo.  
"Four and a half min..." and before the word was completed the table crashed over as Morrison Sharpe skipped nimbly to one side.  
Gardopoulos fired and the bullet splattered with an ugly sound on the wall behind where the little man had been standing. Taken by surprise at the sudden movement, the Greek had started so much that he would have missed his target in any event.  
Before he could use the firearm again a hard head rammed into the pit of his stomach, sending him to the ground groaning. It was no occasion for gentlemanly tactics—not that Mr. Sharpe had any intention of keeping to any rules of sportsmanship. While the winded man was struggling to rise his opponent gathered all his strength into the accomplishment of a mighty jump which landed him feet first where his head had first struck.  
That ought to have finished the fight, and would have done had not the Greek managed to retain possession of the weapon. It is doubtful if he fired again intentionally. More probably the second doubling up caused him to press the trigger involuntarily. Whether that was the case or not Mr. Sharpe certainly experienced a sensation as if he had been clubbed on the arm by a mighty giant, after which his limb went numb. Later he was to learn that it was only a flesh wound.  
Gardopoulos was slowly pulling himself together in the meantime. Fortunately the nature of the attack had dazed him too much to make him formidable—as yet, although the wounding was a telling point in his favour as soon as he began to realize it.  
Hesitatingly at first, then more certainly, the wicked barrel quested for a victim. The two men were only a few paces from each other and it depended entirely on who recovered sufficiently first to decide the outcome of the strange fight.  
Mr. Sharpe forgot his damaged arm. All he knew was a burning resentment at being hurt. Never before had anyone deliberately inflicted pain on him and the knowledge rankled far more than he would have expected. Primitive passions overwhelmed him, making him unmindful of the odds against him.  
Gardopoulos hardly knew what he was doing. He had turned a sickly green colour. His breathing became a series of gulps. But he, too, was beginning to think.  
Morrison Sharpe got ahead once more. Some time or other he had found a passing interest in la savate—that old style French foot boxing. Even that has traditions of fair play which went by the board as Mr. Sharpe lashed out.  
The toe of his shoe neatly kicked away the revolver and a second effort snapped a bone in the man's wrist, causing him to yelp with agony. And it was only a beginning. Kick after kick thudded against his shins, on knee cap and other parts of his body—anywhere that came handy.  
By way of variation were blows by clenched fist, but these were feeble in comparison. Mr. Sharpe was not built as a boxer, nor indeed as a fighting man of any kind. He gave a great display of unrestrained violence because he waded in with such determination.  
True, one arm hung impotently at his side, but the other was going like a flail, reinforced by thrashing legs and butting head. Gardopoulos simply faded out as an effective enemy. As he went down Sharpe finished him off by bang-

ing his head on the floor by which time the Greek was not at all a pretty sight.  
Not that the other had come through unscathed. In addition to his injured arm, blood was running freely from his nose and there was an ugly cut over the right eye.  
Standing upright, he surveyed the fallen enemy, grimly conscious that there had been a certain amount of fierce enjoyment in the primitive tussle. He also realized that he was feeling weak from loss of blood.  
A handkerchief helped to staunch the flow from his arm, after an anguished ten minutes spent in wriggling out of his jacket. Staggering to a chair, he collapsed into a state of semi-consciousness from which he was hardly roused by another entrant.  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Visiting Val d'Or as Good as a Trip Around the World

(By Y. B. in Val d'Or News)  
"Come to Val d'Or and save \$800 on a trip round the world." So would our Chamber of Commerce say on page 1 of its booklet, "Visiting Val d'Or." If we had a Chamber of Commerce and if the chamber had a booklet. For here you will find Austrians, men from the Bahamas, Celts, Danes, Oxoniens, Frenchmen, Germans, Hungarians, Jews, Swedes, Turks, conglomerated in a heterogeneity of rick, tailor, soldier of fortune, sailor, rich man, poor man and beggarman, living in the closest harmony, and true spirit of brotherhood, as though international conditions did not exist, and the most important problem of the day was whose shirt machine paid off the biggest percentage.  
Saint and sinner, banker, spinner, they are all here forgetting the past, building for the future. Pioneers all, forerunners perhaps of a great city that some day will rise as a perpetual monument to their courage and labour.  
Some sort of civilization they have already acquired for in the last few hours a bread war has been raging as only organized business can wage. Bread has come down a cent a loaf until now you see it advertised at five cents, and further reductions may be made if necessary, we are told. Liquor, and beer, according to law, is not for this community, but men of Val d'Or are often thirsty, and thirst must be satisfied; hence no matter where you may be in town a short walk will bring you to a stimulating filling station.  
From the amount of hustling and cars running wild, it would be safe to say that this metropolis has more taxis per capita than any other city on the North American continent. Nor is this the only means of transportation. Dog teams, the like of which would gladden the heart of any Hollywood producer, are quite the style, useful and cheap, besides which the horse and sleigh your grandfather knew are still in use in this beehive of activity.  
One learns quickly in this oasis. That man who just passed us; last week was down and out, nothing in view, his claims looked hopeless. To-day he has the world at his feet, a \$30,000 option on his property, and ten per cent. of all shares issued. The chap who just nodded to us is now top in the moneyed ranks. He came to town just eight months ago, his sole possession a quart bottle of cut rum. To-day he still has his bottle, but 10,000 green simoleons are its offspring.  
The worried gent who looks so forlorn, and reminds you of a whirling

## Death on Monday at North Bay of Mrs. John Brennan

(From North Bay Nugget)  
A well known and highly respected resident of North Bay for the past 35 years, Mrs. John Brennan died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Urquhart, 64 Gorman street, early Saturday morning, March 20, after an illness of about two months. The deceased woman was in her 78th year.  
Friends and relatives gathered at the Pro-Cathedral of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary at 9 o'clock this morning, Monday, to pay final tribute to Mrs. Brennan. Rev. J. C. Humphrey officiated at Requiem High Mass. Interment was in St. Mary's cemetery.  
Pallbearers were Alex Urquhart, Kenneth Urquhart, J. P. Jennings, Francis Brennan, Frank St. Louis and Leonard Cook.  
Attending the funeral from the out of the city were L. W. Brennan, Elk Lake; Dr. A. P. Brennan, Timmins; Miss Mary Urquhart, Swastika; M. J. Brennan and Francis Brennan, Timmins. Formerly Miss Anne Gauthier, Eganville, the deceased woman married the late John Brennan at Mattawa about 55 years ago. She resided in Eganville and Sheenboro before coming to North Bay 35 years ago.  
Mrs. Brennan was a member of the Altar Society and the Ladies' Auxiliary to St. Joseph's General hospital. The numerous floral and spiritual tributes received testified to the high regard in which she was held by all who knew her.  
Predeceased by her husband, five years ago, Mrs. Brennan is survived by four of her 11 children. Three sons, L. W. Brennan, Elk Lake; Dr. A. P. Brennan, Timmins, and Michael Brennan, Timmins, and one daughter, Mrs. Urquhart, North Bay, survive. Two sons, Thomas and Martin died overseas during the Great War.

## A CARD PARTY

Aspirants of Catholic Women's League will be held  
**Wednes., March 31**  
at 8 p.m. in the basement of the Church of the Nativity  
The hope chest will be given away during the evening to holder of the lucky ticket.

## Some Bogus Half-Dollars Circulated in Sudbury

There were outside reports last week of a "flood" of counterfeit fifty-cent pieces in Sudbury. Enquiry of the Sudbury police, however, revealed the fact that three bogus silver 'halves' had been taken out of circulation in Sudbury. Banks and merchants denied any flood of bogus coins. The three bogus coins picked up by the police were captured about a month ago and so the outside stories had a good chance to grow. Next thing you know there will be "vigilantes" reported in Sudbury. However, it is not a bad idea for merchants and others to be on the watch all the time for any counterfeit money. When in doubt it is well to submit the money to the banks or to the police. Following such a plan counterfeit money has little chance to get into circulation, and the chances are increased for capturing any who try to pass bogus coins or bills.

Sudbury Star:—More dinosaur tracks found in Massachusetts lead to the assumption that someone in the neighbourhood had built a better mouse trap.

St. Mary's Journal-Argus:—The new maid was talking about her various relations. "Yes, mum," she said, "my sister and me ain't no mere alike than if we wasn't us; and she's just as different as me, only the other way."

LISTEN...  
on Sunday to  
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INSPIRING PROGRAM  
SUNDAY - 5.45 P.M. E.S.T.  
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