

EBONY TORSO

By John C. Woodiwiss

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RAID IMPENDING

He was going down to his car when Morrell came running after him.

"Excuse me, sir," he cried, "but Kennington Station want you urgently on the phone."

"All right, Sergeant; I'll come at once," he replied. "It's lucky I hadn't left the building."

He ran up the stairs, entered his room and took up the receiver.

"Inspector Hopton speaking," he began smartly.

"Oh, good morning, sir," came the voice from the other end of the line. "This is Sergeant Jones of the Kennington Station speaking. We've got a Mrs. Woolston here, offering to give information concerning the Galesbourne couple, and the old man you want, for the attempted murder at Rotherhithe last week."

"Who is she?" enquired the detective, scarcely able to conceal his excitement.

"She's a lodging house keeper, sir, and lives at 197, Cheddar Buildings, Kennington," replied his informant. "The parties you want to know about took lodgings with her last Tuesday under the name of Foote. She says their behaviour made her suspicious, as they never left the house during the daytime, and she finally recognized them from their descriptions which we have posted up outside the station."

"Excellent," Sergeant," commented the detective, noting the name and address. "Send her along at once, if you please."

"Very good sir," answered the other and rang off.

Mrs. Woolston was a typical example of the poorer London lodging house keeper. She was tall, angular and excessively thin with a mop of grey hair screwed into a bun at the back of her head. She wore a long raincoat over a black shirt, and a pair of shoes which seemed to pinch her badly, while a queer creation of feathers and faded chenille covered her head. The unusual surroundings obviously disconcerted her and she fidgeted nervously with her antiquated umbrella and black leather bag.

"Good morning, Mrs. Woolston," began Hopton pleasantly. "Sorry to bring you along here, but we're anxious to waste no time."

"Oh, that's all right, sir," replied the landlady obligingly. "Only I'll ask you not to keep me too long, because there's dinner to be cooked you know."

"I understand," nodded the detective. "Now please tell me about this Mr. and Mrs. Foote."

"Oh, they're ever so queer, Inspector," she replied promptly. "Specially the old gentleman."

"In what way queer?"

"Never go out, they don't, 'ceptin' at night. Don't seem natur'l to me."

"They've got good reason for keeping indoors, if they're the people we hope," the detective assured her. "Can you describe them to me?"

Whatever defects Mrs. Woolston may have had in looks were amply compensated for by her wealth of expressive vocabulary and, by the time she'd been talking for five minutes, Hopton was completely satisfied as to the identity of her lodgers, and felt it time to check her flood of eloquence.

"Thank you, Mrs. Woolston, that'll do," he interrupted as she paused for breath. "there's no doubt they're the people we want. Now the only thing to do is to decide on some plan for

arresting them without causing too much fuss."

"Fuss, sir?" The landlady raised her heavy eyebrows in astonished inquiry.

"Well," said the detective, "they're desperate characters, you know. And especially the younger man."

"Yes, 'e looks a pretty tough customer, now you come to mention it, Inspector," she agreed. "I don't want me front room smashed up; I've not even paid for all the furniture yet."

Hopton thoughtfully reviewed the situation.

"Well, I think the only way to avoid trouble is to take 'em by surprise," he announced. "You go home and get your midday meal. And while they're eating, you can let in half a dozen of us, and we'll arrest 'em before they can put up much resistance."

"That's a good idea, sir," agreed the woman enthusiastically. "You can wait in the lane at the back of my place behind the wall, and I'll wave me 'andkerchief to show you when I'm ready. They'll be eatin' about one."

"Righto," Mrs. Woolston, replied Hopton as he rose and rang the bell. "We'll be there at exactly one. Only be very careful not to arouse their suspicions in any way as they're almost certain to be armed, and the consequences might be serious."

"I only wish I'd never let 'em come," grumbled the landlady peevishly. "I wouldn't be forced to take such 'riff-raff in at all if me 'usband 'adn't lost 'is job."

"I'm very sorry for you, Mrs. Woolston," the detective assured her as Morrell entered. "But it won't do to have dangerous characters like that at large. If you do your part properly there's nothing to fear."

"Well, I'll do me best, sir," replied the woman gloomily, as she followed Morrell to the door. "Good mornin' sir."

"Good morning," repeated Hopton and, as soon as she had gone, he took up the receiver and made his arrangements for the impending raid.

OFFICIAL AMBUSH

About half-past twelve the same morning, a number of plain-clothes police officers began to concentrate unobtrusively in the lane behind Mrs. Woolston's house, 197, Cheddar Buildings, Kennington.

It was a narrow alley, with a high wall on either side intersected with a number of wooden back doors belonging to the houses. A good deal of litter had been blown along its surface by a bitter east wind that made the attackers shiver.

Hopton who was in charge of the raid had carefully studied his men so as to prevent all possibility of the criminals slipping through the cordon, and now stood, watch in hand, waiting for the landlady's signal, to make his swoop.

The minute hand of the Detective's watch crept slowly up the dial and reached the quarter to one, but still no signal came.

"I hope nothing's gone wrong!" he remarked to his subordinate. "I shan't wait about after the hour's struck."

"I shouldn't do anything yet sir," advised the sergeant. "Thank goodness all those kids are clearing off to dinner. We don't want a crowd about if there's any trouble."

"No," agreed Hopton. "You'd better get hold of Sergeant Gratton and tell him to put a couple of uniform men at the end of this lane to keep back the crowd, as soon as we move off."

"Very good, sir," nodded the other, crossing the road to carry the message to several other loungers who were standing outside a public house and apparently engaged in a heart to heart talk about the possible winner of the two-thirty.

The detective had turned to watch him, when the back door of 197 was cautiously opened, and the face of Mrs. Woolston appeared. To Hopton's annoyance, the woman no sooner saw him than she darted along the lane and grabbed him hysterically by the arm.

"Oh, do please come at once, Inspector," she cried, almost in tears. "I'm sure something's wrong—somethin' terrible I'm afraid."

"What d'you mean?" he questioned angrily. "Come on, pull yourself together, woman! You'll give the whole game away if you go on like this in the street. What is the matter?"

His tone checked the landlady's outburst, and she went on more calmly: "The two men went out this mornin' an' they 'aven't come back yet, and left Mrs. Foote alone in the sittin' room. Everything was very quiet, an' after a while, I thought I'd better make an excuse and see wot she was up to, so I went along pretendin' to look if the fire wanted mendin'."

"Well, what then?" Hopton broke in impatiently.

"I found the door locked, and couldn't make no 'ear, although I banged on it ever so loud," she replied. "I wasn't really surprised at that, 'cos they often used to turn the key, but when I couldn't get no answer, I began to get the wind up, especially as there weren't no sound of anyone movin'."

"But why the dickens didn't you call a policeman at once?" questioned the Inspector sharply. "If you'd suspicions."

"You remember you told me not to do anything until you turned up as you didn't want 'em frightened? So I thought it'd be better to wait till you got 'ere, sir," returned Mrs. Woolston apologetically. "You was so particular on that point."

"How long has she been locked in?" cried the detective, beckoning to Morrell and the other men.

"Nearly an 'our, sir, I daresay."

"And you haven't heard any noise of her moving about?"

"Not a sound, Inspector," agreed the landlady. "I think you ought to do somethin' at once."

"All right," nodded Hopton, turning to his men. "Come on lads, we'd better get busy! Show us the way Mrs. Woolston."

"Follow me, then," cried the woman, leading the officers through the back door and across the small yard.

Cautiously they followed their guide up a steep flight of stairs until they at last came into a wide hall that smelt unpleasantly of cooking.

"That's the door," whispered Mrs. Woolston hoarsely, as she pointed to the entrance of the front sitting-room.

"Thanks," nodded the Inspector. "You go down stairs again," and as the woman retreated precipitately, he took a pace forward and tapped sharply on the panel.

THE KILLER AGAIN!

No reply answered the summons and Hopton, having repeated his knock, turned the handle and put his shoulder against the door. It proved to be surprisingly strong, but Sergeant Morrell joined in the attack and taking a short run at the obstacle, burst it open. Silently they paused on the threshold to take in the gruesome scene.

In front of the fire which was burnt almost out, lay the body of Mrs. Galesbourne in a pool of blood. Her face was buried in the woolen mat, while the handle of a long knife jutted out from between her shoulder blades as if it had been driven in with ghastly force from behind.

Hopton leapt across the room and turned the woman on to her side, but found that she was already beyond all human aid. He replaced her gently in the position in which he had found her and carefully examined the dagger. It was of Oriental manufacture, and so firmly embedded that he had some trouble withdrawing it. It proved to be a singular weapon, weighted in such a way that it could be thrown with deadly accuracy. There could be little doubt that the unsuspecting victim had been struck down by an assassin who had hurled the dagger from the door.

In front of her lay small pile of letters, stamped and ready for posting. Hopton pounced on these and opened the first. It contained only a short message written in a neat careful hand.

"Dear Frank,"

This is to wish you good-bye in case I don't get another chance to write. We are in a desperate situation and are gradually being ringed in by enemies. I. has been a bit too clever this time, and unless we can get abroad again very soon, I'm afraid it's all up with us. You know everything, and can understand what I feel. God bless you, always your loving,

GERTIE

This letter was directed to Frank Newton, Esq., at an address in Tenby, Pembrokeshire. The next was even more dramatic, and ran as follows:—

"Dear Girlie,

For God's sake take care! Leave London if possible. We can't shake that devil off. Tom spotted him yesterday, and we are making frantic efforts to do a flit. I'm nearly mad with worry. God help us all!

Yours, Gertie."

This was addressed to Miss Ferrier, Flat 4, 14 Close Street, w.7.

It took little reasoning to understand from these letters that the tragedy had not come unexpectedly and that the supposed parson and his wife were being remorselessly hunted down by some enemy from whom they were making desperate attempts to escape. . . . an enemy who had somehow managed to get into the house in the absence of the two men and kill the woman.

The weapon with which the murder had been done was clearly a weighted knife of the type used by professional knife-throwers. Hopton recognized it as being the weapon which had been used in the famous Circus murder, for he had been engaged on that crime as a junior officer under Detective-Inspector Nadin and had taken a prominent part in bringing the murderer, Karl Siemann, a young German juggler, to justice.

This fact set him thinking and he immediately remembered that the sailor, Prosser, had told him Galesbourne and his wife were connected with the music hall business in Australia, a point which the Australian police had been able to verify. The facts seemed to connect in a remarkable way, for the dead woman's letters showed she and her companions were well aware that some enemy was trailing them. Who could this enemy be? Hopton argued it was someone who had been associated with them in the show business—someone who had given terrible proof of his dexterity at knife throwing and, since this person was alluded to in the masculine gender, that he must be a man.

As he pondered over the problem, the solution suddenly came to him. The animal which the pair had brought over in their cabin on the "Pacific" from Melbourne with such care and secrecy, was not a gorilla at all, but a man. Detail after detail fitted into logical order as he reconstructed the chain of tragic events. The care with which the supposed animal was guarded all during the voyage, its strange disappearance on arrival at Tibby, the coincidence of its never being recaptured, and that its body was never recovered from the Thames, the discreet withdrawal of the action for damages against the shipping company and Galesbourne's obvious desire to avoid anything in the nature of a public inquiry into the loss of his pet.

The case was gradually taking shape. Galesbourne had deliberately smuggled a man into England at a time just prior to the Vicar of St. Luke's nervous breakdown. It was a suggestive fact that the music hall artist from Melbourne bore a remarkable resemblance to one another; so suggestive that the Detective felt certain that he had suspected from the first was a true answer to the riddle. The Australian had got rid of his priestly double and taken his place!

Again all the facts bore out his hypothesis. The nervous breakdown, followed by loss of memory was the obvious solution to the question of a novice carrying out the duties of a parish priest; it would account for his absence from services at St. Luke's and his inability to recognize the friends and church workers connected with the saintly man he had decided to impersonate. It was the very idea which would occur to a cunning and desperate criminal.

(To Be Continued)



That Body of Yours

(by James W. Barton, M.D.)

Sun to Be Avoided by Some

It must come as a shock to many to be told that the rays of the sun may not only not be of help to everybody but can be actually harmful to some individuals. And if there is one disease where we have thought the rays of the sun were helpful, it is in tuberculosis.

Dr. B. Hudson, London, in "Tuberculosis" states that the sun is a powerful means of treating certain disorders, especially beneficial in cases of surgical tuberculosis and certain other chronic surgical conditions that are not tuberculous, but "patients with tuberculosis of the lungs should never be allowed to take sun baths, as they are definitely dangerous."

Sun bathing however may be used when of the surgical type—knee, hip—where the process is slow and just in the one place. It is also useful in chronic pleurisy when the process is quite slow. Unsupervised sun bathing can certainly light up (make it start again) an unsuspected tuberculous spot on the lung.

Sun treatment consists in the gradual exposure of the body to the light, not the heat, of the sun, and patients who are taking sun baths should be surrounded by a circulation of free air. This is why sun bathing on the beach is so helpful to those who are free from tuberculosis. Sun treatment should always be supervised and controlled by a medical practitioner. The aim of sun bathing is not burning but tanning. Gradual tanning, not burning, is thus the keynote of the treatment as severe burning really poisons the system.

When tuberculosis is of the scattered type—different spots in the lung, and especially if the patient has "feverish" attacks, exposure to the sun should be strictly avoided, as it is likely to spread the condition.

However, even in tuberculosis of the lungs, when a patient whose progress is slow in becoming cured, sun bathing may be tried as it may give a little stimulus or increased action which, by stirring up the body's defences, may bring about an earlier cure.

Now the above information does not mean that the sun is not helpful because, as a matter of fact, we do not get enough of it. The sun builds up the blood by increasing the amount of iron in it, stirs up and removes con-

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gestion everywhere in the body, prevents "rickets" in children, and raises the morale and well being of all of us. But, when active lung tuberculosis is present or any condition causing a rise of temperature, the patient should not be exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

The Common Cold

Are you bothered with colds three or four times a year? Have you ever stopped to consider the consequences? Send for Dr. Barton's illuminating booklet entitled "The Common Cold," No. 104, the ailment that receives so little attention yet may be as dangerous as being attacked by a hungry lion. Enclose ten cents to cover cost of service and handling, and send your request to the Bell Library, 247 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y., mentioning The Advance, Timmins.

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One Plan for Helping Return to Good Days

Suggests that Canadian Government Follow Britain's Lead.

(From Globe and Mail)

It is obvious that whatever policies would cause an upward trend in building totals in Canada would kill two bad birds with one stone. One bad bird is unemployment and the other bad bird is the extra taxes which have to be levied in order to give relief to the unemployed persons and their dependents.

The last official report made public at Ottawa yesterday shows the grand total of all receiving Government aid to have dropped from 1,024,000 in April to 961,000 in May, and it is to be hoped that there have been further reductions in June.

In May, 1937, those receiving Government aid were 1,038,000, so that there has not been much reduction in the meantime, which is not much a matter for surprise in view of the sharp recession in the United States and its effect in Canada. The totals look more encouraging, however, when it is realized that they included 382,000 farmers and dependents on relief in May, a drop of 10,000 from April, but an increase of 82,000 from May, 1937, because of short crops in Saskatchewan and elsewhere in Western Canada. If the expected good crops bring about a sharp cut in this total there will be a worthwhile reduction.

Non-agricultural aid was given to 579,000 persons in May, compared with 632,000 in April and 738,000 in May, 1937. That is a real reduction but there were still unemployed in that total 154,000 fully employable persons now on relief. That was 15,000 less than in April and 61,000 less than in May, 1937, which was supposed to be an active period, and it seems to show the problem gradually yielding to attack. Increase in building has had some result, but if we could take up all the slack of unemployed in the building trades the past record for building in Canada would still be beyond immediate capacity to reach.

Government aid on a large scale is not the answer. It was tried in England and it had a very bad effect on building until at last the Government got out of the way of the building industry. The consequent wonderful revival of building in England was based

primarily on the fact that there was a great shortage of suitable houses, but the revival did not come until it was a worthwhile outlet for money. From April, 1931, to September, 1937, 1,823,677 new houses were built in Great Britain, and that is more than the Registrar-General estimated would be needed in the 1931 census. The great stimulus came from the years of industrial recovery to which building itself added its quota. It was also greatly helped by the fact that these were years when the cost of living was abnormally low. The combination was irresistible in producing a building boom. The new houses include 800,000 for people who broke away from existing families. The rate of building has naturally slackened recently with the slackening in the rate of industrial activity because people have courage enough to lackle the problems of home purchase and ownership, attractive as these are, only when the future has an aspect of stability. It is apparent that the 800,000 homes mentioned would not have been built otherwise.

It is, of course, apparent that the rate of building mentioned could not have been maintained if it had not been for mortgage money readily available and laws which made such investment relatively safe. The problem in Canada is not the lack of money but to restore the validity of mortgage instruments so that the money will be made available. Some people think that the success of building societies in the United States and England shows that such societies in Canada would be the answer, but these could only grow up and be successful in a country where reasonable contracts are upheld according to their terms. We have a situation now on this continent where there are billions of dollars of money afraid to venture far from home because of the loosening of the legislative conscience in these matters. Restore contract validity and the money would be available on good terms.

Everybody's Money Aided Home Building in Britain

Just how quickly the savings of citizens will flow into this type of investment can be seen by a consideration of what Britishers did to finance the 3,000,000 houses constructed since 1918. There are no moratoria in Britain, no ways provided by which the principal and interest can be arbitrarily reduced and so there have been provided huge amounts of money for building at rates which are moderate indeed because building loans have proved to be a desirable investment.

Of the 3,000,000 houses built since 1918 about 1,700,000 have been bought with the aid of building societies, according to figures given at the annual conference of British building societies by the Chairman, Walter Harvey. There has been a tremendous increase in assets during the period since the Great War but a drop in the number of societies from 1,336 in 1918 to 977 in 1937. There are five times as many members now as in 1918 including 3-

474,351 members, share investors and borrowers but the total of mortgage advances has gone up from \$34 millions in 1918 to \$984 millions at the end of 1937.

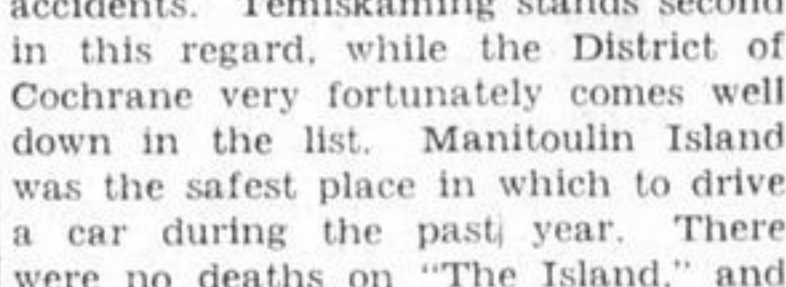
How was the money obtained? The shares held went up from \$250 millions in 1918 to \$2,588.3 millions and the deposits from \$70.4 millions to \$693.2 millions. Mortgages held advanced from \$266 millions to \$3,180.3 millions. Total assets at \$3,510 millions are more than ten times the 1918 total. In other words, everybody with a bit of money was a potential factor in the accomplishment.

The volume of repayments is now growing and it is hard to put the repaid money out into investments which will permit paying the liberal returns on shares and deposits hitherto paid. The societies are anxious for the Government to employ their resources in slum elimination and other public projects. They are not likely to seek investment for growing surpluses in Canada or elsewhere until the laws and practices here have shaken loose from every taint of the depression psychosis. But, in that case, there would be plenty of Canadian money for new building.

Sudbury District Leads North Land in Auto Deaths

Sudbury district has the far-from-enniviable distinction of having the largest death toll in the North from auto accidents. Temiskaming stands second in this regard, while the District of Cochrane very fortunately comes well down in the list. Manitoulin Island was the safest place in which to drive a car during the past year. There were no deaths on "The Island," and there were only eleven accidents all told, with five people injured. Thunder Bay had the most deaths' (15). The city of Sudbury had 48 auto accidents with seven fatalities and 53 others injured. In the Sudbury district there were another 258 car accidents with twenty-six deaths and 137 injured. Muskoka in 1937 made a good record in the matter of car accidents with thirty-three accidents, three fatalities and fifty-six injured. Temiskaming was well down the list for total number of accidents but high up in the number of deaths from car accidents, 79 injured and 20 deaths. Sudbury city is credited with having a total of 8,250 licensed autos.

Stratford Beacon-Herald:—Some 68,000,000 phone calls are made every day in the United States. How many dates result is matter for conjecture.



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