

EBONY TORSO

By John C. Woodiwiss

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MISS FERRIER'S INVITATION

Seven-thirty had just struck the same evening, when Hopton, peering from the shadows of a convenient doorway in Close-st., where he was sheltering with Divisional Detective-Inspector Carlingford, saw a short middle-aged woman come quickly along the narrow pavement and, stopping before the side door of number 14, insert her key in the lock. It was the woman they had been waiting for and the two officers crept silently forward and managed to intercept their victim at the very moment she was about to enter the house.

"Good evening, madam; you're Miss Ferrier, I believe?"

Hopton's voice, calm as it was, made her swing around with a sharp intake of breath.

"Oh, how you startled me! Yes, I'm Miss Ferrier," she replied, her eyes filled with terror as she noticed the two menacing figures before her. "I didn't hear you."

"Sorry," smiled the Inspector. "But

we're police officers, and we'd like to ask you one or two questions concerning the murder of Mrs. Gertrude Galesbourne, alias Abershaw."

"She's been murdered?" cried the woman with horrified emphasis on the last sinister word.

"At 197 Cheddar Buildings, this morning," amplified the Detective. "And we believe you can help us with a few facts. I'm Detective Inspector Hopton of the C.I.D."

"I'm afraid I can't help you much because I only knew her very slightly, Inspector," replied Miss Ferrier. "But perhaps you'll come in?"

There was almost a note of relief in her voice as she gave the invitation, as if she were thankful to escape entering the flat alone, and soon the officers were sitting on either side of a cosy gas fire, while Miss Ferrier stood on the hearth and intimated that she was ready to answer their questions.

CHAPTER XI WHO IS RED DAVE?

"Now, Miss Ferrier," remarked the Detective as he stood idly examining an ash tray which stood on the mantelpiece, "I want you to tell me all you know concerning the late Mrs. Galesbourne."

There was a painful pause as if she were trying to decide in her mind exactly how much her questioner already knew.

"Don't you think it'd be far better to put your cards on the table, Miss Ferrier?" suggested Hopton calmly. "I'm afraid the game's up, and I needn't warn you that you are in considerable personal danger"

The suggestion of danger was an artful ruse, and it worked in a remarkable way, for she rose to the bait before he could complete the sentence.

"Oh, I can't stand it any longer! This awful suspense!" she cried hysterically as she fell sobbing into an armchair. "It can't possibly hurt anyone now Gertrude's dead."

Hopton took a quick glance at Carlingford, who winked knowingly.

"I think it would be far better to let the police help you. We know about this creature who left the footprint on the scaffolding outside your window."

"Red Dave?" cried Miss Ferrier, looking up with a terror-stricken face. "You know about him?"

"A certain amount," agreed the detective guardedly. "What's the idea in leaving these animal footprints?"

"It's a blind, inspector," she replied with a shudder. "You know the horrible cunning of madness?"

"Red Dave's mad, then?" asked Carlingford.

"A homicidal maniac! Tom Galesbourne little thought what a fiend he was loosing on the world. The suspense is ghastly, inspector; he's so agile he can climb anywhere. You never know when you're going to see him peering in at you!" she cried with a shudder.

"Um!—not particularly pleasant," Hopton agreed. "He nearly strangled me on one occasion; but from the fleeting glimpse I got, he appeared to be a large animal."

"He was wearing his stage disguise," replied Miss Ferrier eagerly. "He used to be known on the music-halls as the 'Human Ape'. He was a trapeze artist, you see, which explains the way he can climb, and he used to be disguised as a gorilla."

"So that's the secret of the animal Galesbourne smuggled across from Australia?" commented Carlingford.

"Yes," nodded the woman. "It was all right until—"

She paused abruptly, as if she were giving too much away.

"Until—?" prompted Hopton eagerly.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied in a low tone. "But this terrible creature went mad suddenly, and became like the fierce beast he had so often represented. Tom couldn't control him any longer, and Red Dave turned on him and nearly killed him. Since then he's been after us. He's already murdered two—"

"Two of Galesbourne's gang?" inquired Hopton. "This creature is out for revenge? Is that what you mean?"

"That's it," nodded Miss Ferrier. "It's no use trying to hide things up any longer. I'm one of Galesbourne's gang, and Red Dave's after us."

"But why didn't he try to kill you last night if he got as far as the scaffolding outside your window?" asked the detective.

"I can't say," she answered with a shudder.

Hopton made no comment, but nodded, and took a cigarette case from his pocket.

"Do you mind if I smoke, Miss Ferrier?" he asked, offering it to her.

"No thanks, inspector, I never smoke; but please light up."

"Thanks," he replied, passing a cigarette to Carlingford, "but I prefer a pipe."

"Well, don't mind me, please," the inspector smiled his thanks, and slowly filled his pipe.

"You're a non-smoker then?" he continued. "Rather unusual for a lady in these days?"

"I've never started."

"Splendid! Now, reverting to this Red Dave creature, Miss Ferrier, we were just discussing the reason why he failed to attempt your life last night. You've no explanation as to why he didn't try to kill you?"

"None whatever. I can only suppose my luck was in."

"It's never struck you that he mayn't have been after you at all?" asked Hopton with pointed emphasis, as he carefully noted her reactions.

"STICK 'EM UP!"

Miss Ferrier started perceptibly and blushed crimson.

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you," she began, but the detective broke in sharply.

"Red Dave was after your friend—the man who was here last night."

"Man?" she parried hopelessly. "What do you mean?"

"I don't care to add anything yet, Miss Ferrier, except to remind you that shielding a person accused of attempted murder, from justice, is a serious offence."

"I still don't follow you, inspector," she answered defiantly. "Please explain."

"Further explanation is unnecessary at this stage," he returned. "But don't say I haven't warned you."

During this conversation the detective had noticed the woman's eyes darting towards the clock with an anxious expression which made him suspicious.

"I won't, inspector," she answered. "And now, if you've finished what you've got to say, I have some work to do."

"I'm sorry to trouble you, madam," he replied, "but I should be glad if you would accompany one of my men to Kennington Mortuary and identify certain items of clothing as having belonged to the late Mrs. Galesbourne."

"I'm afraid that's quite impossible to-night," she snapped back. "I've already told you I have some important work—"

"It would only take an hour. I have a car outside for you," he urged.

"Sorry, it can't be done. I can't possibly go to-night."

"I'm afraid I must insist, madam," he retorted coldly.

There was an electric pause as she stared at him furiously.

"Well, if it's absolutely necessary I suppose I'll have to do as you ask," she replied at last. "Only I must run down to the 'phone-box outside and put off a friend who was coming here to-night."

"I'm sorry, Miss Ferrier, but that's quite out of the question," he smiled grimly. "To be completely frank, I don't want your friend to disappoint you. I want to see him myself when he arrives here."

"How dare you!" she cried, bristling with rage as she realized she was hopelessly caught. "I shall report this to the Commissioner: It's an absolute outrage."

"Just as you please," he answered coldly. "I'll call up one of my men and you'll oblige me by starting for

Kennington at once."

"Oh, very well," she agreed defiantly. "But I warn you, I'll make trouble about this! It's nothing but 'Third Degree'."

The detective smiled broadly at this outburst, and had risen to open the door when, without warning, a heavy portiere curtain which covered a small alcove by the left of the fire was suddenly ripped aside and he found himself gazing down the barrel of an ugly-looking automatic pistol held in the determined hand of the pseudo-priest, Galesbourne.

"Keep away from that door, Hopton, and stick 'em up, both of you!" he cried menacingly, as two pairs of hands shot up above the police officer's heads. "Get me a length of rope, Girle, and we'll tie 'em up. The first one who makes a move, stops a bullet; remember, I'm desperate . . . and I'm an excellent revolver shot!"

The woman hurried out of the room leaving the three men in a dramatic silence which was finally broken by the croak.

"I knew the game was up, Hopton," he remarked between his clenched teeth. "I was obvious we'd made a slip somewhere and that you'd got on to the idea I was hiding here. May I ask what gave us away?"

"Well, Galesbourne, if you particularly want to know, it was the 10 burnt-out stub-ends of Egyptian cigarettes in that ash-tray on the mantelpiece. You must really start smoking a more ordinary kind of fat than Egyptians. As soon as I noticed the name on those stub-ends, I remembered you once invited me to have one of that particular brand at St. Luke's Vicarage, and as only about one man in three thousand smokes such an expensive cigarette, the fact that you'd been here wasn't hard to reach . . . especially as I discovered Miss Ferrier doesn't smoke. You may remember I offered her a cigarette just now in order to test that important point, and she refused it."

"Um, that was clever of you, Inspector," said Galesbourne with sarcastic approval. "It's a pity the Metropolitan Police Force will be deprived of your services."

"What the game?" cried Carlingford, who had stood all this time silent and impotent with astonishment.

"My life against yours!" cried the croak fiercely.

"You mean you're going to do us in?" questioned the Divisional Inspector.

"Vulgarily expressed, yes," nodded the supposed parson. "I've no choice."

"You realize, of course, that you're cornered, Galesbourne," remarked Hopton casually. "You'll never get out of this house. Our men are all round—they're even on the roof."

"So I gathered from your confident manner," the croak assured him. "And that's exactly why I've no time to waste."

As he spoke, Miss Ferrier returned with a length of stout clothes-line and stood waiting for orders.

"Now then, my dear," Galesbourne went on, "grab hold of this gun and don't be afraid to press the trigger if either of these men moves or kicks up a row. You're a good shot I know, and won't miss."

He handed the pistol to her, and snatching up the rope began to secure Carlingford's legs with a thoroughness that showed he was no novice in the gentle art of knotting and lashing.

(To be Continued)

If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

"The Italian in England" is a dramatic monologue by Robert Browning that, perhaps, not as well known as others of his works. It tells a story, and emphasizes the character of two people who become real in the imagination of the reader as he follows the tale to its end. In to-day's issue will be quoted the first two verses of this poem by the beloved English author whose memory is commemorated by a district in London on York Street known as "The Browning Settlement." The final verses will appear in Thursday's issue of The Advance.

The Italian in England
(by Robert Browning)

That second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds through the country-side
Breathed hot and instant on my trace;
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys have
plucked
The fire-flies from the roof above,
Bright creeping through the moss they
love.
—How long it seems since Charles was
lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and
crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal-fires; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess,
Thinking on Metternich our friend,
And Charles' miserable end,
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize; you know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
These I let pass in jingling line,
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village; too
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group
To help, I knew; when these had passed
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance: she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stooped apart
One instant, rapidly glanced round;
And saw me beckon from the ground;
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
She picked my glove up while she
stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that; my glove lay at her breast;
Then I drew breath; they disappeared:
It was for Italy I feared.

At first sight of her eyes, I said,
"I am that man upon whose head
They fix the price, because I hate
The Austrians over us; the State
Will give you gold—oh, gold so much,
If you betray me to their clutch,
And be your death, for aught I know,
If once they find you saved their foe.
Now, you must bring me food and drink,
And also paper, pen and ink,
And carry safe what I should write
To Padua, which you'll reach at night
Before the Duomo shuts; go in,
And wait till Tenebrae begin;
Walk to the Third Confessional,
Between the pillar and the wall,
And kneeling whisper, WHENCE
COMES PEACE?
Say it a second time, then cease;
And if the voice inside returns,
FROM CHRIST AND FREEDOM
WHAT CONCERNS
THE CAUSE OF PEACE?—for answer
slip
My letter where you place your lip;
Then come back happy we have done
Our mother service—I, the son,
As you the daughter of our land!"



That Body of Hours

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

SNORING—CAUSE AND CURE

When we think of disturbing noises it is the automobile horn, the locomotive whistle, the siren of the ambulance or the fire truck that we have in mind. Noise is so harmful to the body and brain that all over the world—London, New York, Paris, Berlin, and in smaller cities—laws are now in force to lessen all noises. Noises keep the nerves tense the nerves keep the muscles tense, so that in a noisy factory or office, fatigue or tiredness comes on sooner because tenseness of the muscles tires just as if one were working. Naturally, also if one is kept alert by noise there is not much chance for rest or sleep.

However all noise is not outdoors and one of the most disturbing noises—to others—is snoring. Snoring has been measured by the audiometer in sound units, the decibel, which is the smallest sound that can be heard by the normal ear. This machine shows that the sound of the average snore is 40 decibels which is equal to the sound of a noisy office or automobile.

In Hygeia, a few months ago, Margaret McEachern stated that, according to careful estimates, one out of every eight persons snore more or less regularly, and no doubt every person snores occasionally.

What is the cause of snoring and what can be done about it?
There are many causes of snoring but most cases are due to some obstruction to the breathing—enlarged turbinate bones, bending to one side of the septum (the bone and cartilage partition between the nostrils), adenoids in children. Many cases are due to lying on the back and letting the mouth drop open.

The "noise" from snoring is due to vibrations while breathing in and out of the soft palate and the uvula (the little portion of flesh hanging between the tonsils or the place where the tonsils have been).

Lying on the left side when the left side of the nose is "blocked" and the right side when the right side of the nose is blocked, prevents snoring because it allows the wing or side of the nose to drop down leaving more air space because nostril becomes more widely open.

However as Margaret McEachern points out, the best plan to cure the "snores" is to have him visit the family physician or the nose and throat specialist and have obstruction corrected.

HEALTH BOOKLETS AVAILABLE

Eight helpful booklets by Dr. Barton are now available for readers of the Porcupine Advance. They are: Eating Your Way to Health; Why Worry About Your Heart?; Neurosis; The Common Cold; Overweight and Unhealthy; Allergy or Being Sensitive to Foods and Other Substances; Scourge (gonorrhoea and syphilis); and How is Your Blood Pressure? These booklets may be obtained by sending Ten Cents for each one desired to The Bell Library, 247 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y., mentioning the name of The Advance, Timmins.

North Bay Nugget—Test flights to and from Northern Ontario airfields indicate that North Bay will soon be swung into this important transportation. Early September should see "Wings Over the Gateway City."



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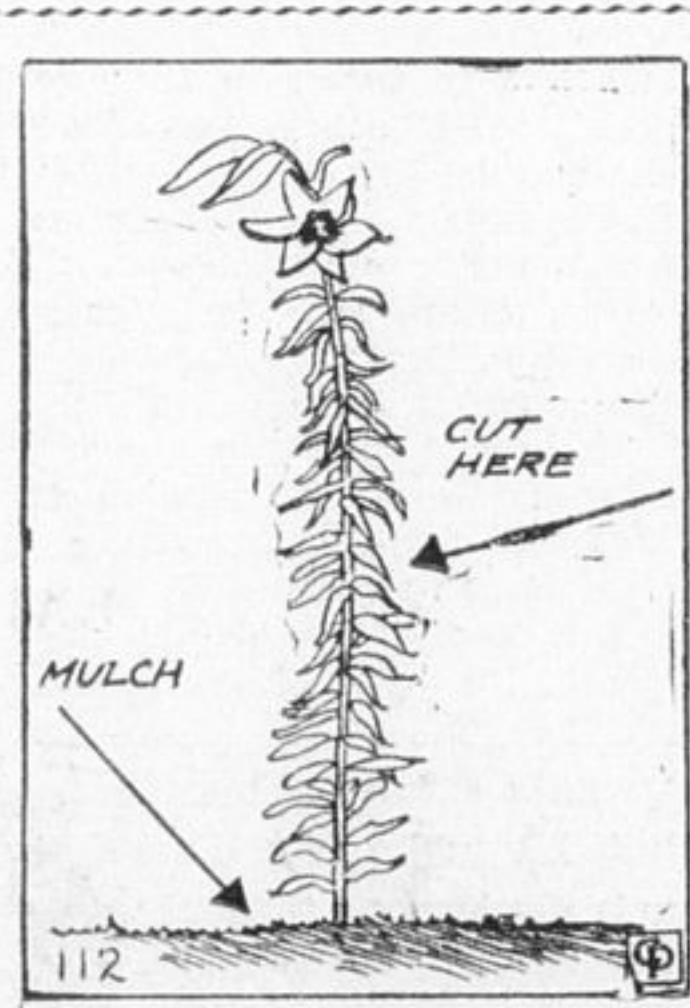
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Weekly Garden-Graph

by DEAN HALLIDAY



Summer care for lilies.

Lilies need special care during the hot, dry spells of summer. The soil in which they grow should be kept cool and slightly moist. If the lily roots are shaded by the foliage of other plants growing nearby or if they have a ground cover over them it may prove to be enough protection. When the lilies stand by themselves in full sun, then the soil about them should be well mulched. Granulated peat, or even grass clippings will serve.

As shown in the Garden-Graph when cutting lilies for indoor decoration or when the blooms have faded, leave about half of each stem and its foliage to manufacture food for the bulb. This method of cutting assures large blooms for next year. If cut back just as the blooms begin to fade many lilies will produce blooms again later in the season.

The newer draft zinnias, now available in a wide variety of colours are especially desirable to use in the well-drained spots fully exposed to the sun.

For lawns and general garden sprinkling a thorough soaking once a week is better than daily light sprinklings.

Chatham News—At a gathering of specialists a noted scalp authority related that people who do not become bald before they are sixty grow an average of 1,650,000 hairs. But there is one advantage in being bald—you don't have to count the hairs.



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