

# EBONY TORSO

By John C. Woodiwiss

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### SAVED BY THE MURDERER

Hopton stood watching impotently, waiting a favourable moment to make a sudden leap at their female antagonist, in the hope of wresting the gun from her; but she was too alert for him—so alert that he knew the slightest hostile movement would mean instant death.

"That's got his legs," panted the sham priest as he tightened the knots. "When we've got these two fools roped up, we'll put 'em in the cupboard with a bandage soaked in chloroform over their faces. There'll be no noise that way—just an easy, painless death, friend Hopton—a nice long sleep from which there'll be no waking up," and he chuckled evilly at his cunning.

The detective saw that Carlingford was almost secured, and that unless he could act at once he would soon be equally powerless. He had almost decided to risk the consequences of a sudden rush, when from outside in the street came three quick blasts from a motor horn, the signal he had arranged with Morrell, who had been left in charge, to warn him something unusual was going on.

Galesbourne had turned from Carlingford and stood with his back to the window, stooping for the rope to tie his second enemy, when there came a terrific crash of glass as the wide panes shattered into a thousand pieces. So sudden was the interruption that both the bogus parson and his accomplice swung round to see the crouching figure of a man poised on the scaffolding outside, his face plainly visible in the brilliant light of the room—a terrible, malevolent face with black elf-locks upon the forehead and wild, mad eyes.

The actors in this drama stood petrified with astonishment, and then, quick as thought, there was a flash of steel from outside the window, as with a wild, half-human cry, the creature swung back his arm and flung a knife at the man he hated. Galesbourne saw it, and hurled himself on the floor in the nick of time as the heavy weapon whizzed over him and buried itself quivering in the wall, while, at the same instant, the woman recovered her nerve and fired at the intruder, who instantly disappeared with another terrible cry. And at that moment Detective Inspector Hopton, seizing his opportunity, flung himself forward and knocked the pistol from her grasp.

Galesbourne was far from being beaten. He leapt to his feet and attacked the detective, while his accomplices tried to snatch up the weapon, in which attempt, however, she was frustrated by Carlingford who, seeing his comrade's peril, flung himself off the chair on which he was sitting and lay on the pistol while the desperate woman kicked wildly at his face and body.

Backward and forward struggled the two men, reducing tables and chairs

to matchwood as each strained and panted for mastery. From below came the smashing of woodwork as the front door crashed inward before the invading police, and the thud of their footfalls could be heard on the stairs.

Galesbourne had gripped the detective's collar in an iron grasp and was slowly choking him into submission, when a wild scream from the woman told him the door was burst open and he was dragged backwards by Morrell and half a dozen other officers who crowded into the room. Even against such heavy odds the desperado man continued to struggle so violently that it was not until the handcuffs had creaked upon his wrists that he ceased his efforts and stood, beaten, a picture of baffled rage, with bloodshot eyes and foam-flecked lips.

"Well, you've got me this time, curse you, Hopton!" he snarled as the detective rose, panting, from the floor.

"Got that chap, Morrell?" inquired the Inspector, pointing to the window.

"No, sir, he climbed up one of the scaffold poles on to the roof. They're after him, though, and I expect they've got him by now."

"Come on, then!" cried Hopton. "Get the ropes off Mr. Carlingford and have the prisoners put under lock and key as soon as possible; I must get after that chap on the roof. He mustn't escape whatever happens," and leaving his men to carry out his orders, he ran downstairs and out into the street.

The whole thoroughfare was crowded with police, and a surging mass of on-lookers, who stood gazing upwards and pointing excitedly. Hopton grabbed the nearest constable by the arm and inquired if Red Dave had been taken.

"No, I don't think so, sir," replied the man. "We saw 'im dodge round behind the chimney-stack there, just now, with two men after 'im, but that was the last we've seen."

The detective waited anxiously to see if there was any sign of the chase; but though he could hear an occasional shout from the climbers, nothing definite occurred, and he was at last joined by Carlingford, who had been released from his bonds and was thirsting for vengeance.

"Got him?" he questioned anxiously.

"No, not yet," answered the Scotland Yard man tersely, his eyes glued to the line of roofs. "Giving 'em a good run for their money by the look of things. Hello, look here!"

The last exclamation was caused by a figure which had moved from the dark shadow of a line of chimneys and darted across to a new shelter as its place was taken by that of a uniformed pursuer.

"He's still up there, Carlingford," cried Hopton, forgetting all animosity in the thrill of the chase. "They're bound to get him now... nothing can stop 'em arresting him!"

"Bit optimistic, aren't you, Inspector?"

A quiet, sarcastic voice broke in upon the conversation, and both officers swung sharply round to find Sir Hallard Costigan standing behind them, monocle in eye.

"The Chief Joins in Personally, I think you'll have the devil's own job to get him down from there," he commented abstractedly. "I think it's so dangerous, in fact, that I've rung up the fire brigade to stand

by with a hose in case we've got to bring him down that way."

As he finished speaking there came a spurt of flame from the roof, followed by a dull report, and one of the pursuers was seen to fall forward on the slates.

"You see?" the Commissioner explained. "He's armed, and we're going to have endless trouble in dislodging him. You'd better call off the men, and try to bring him down with the hose or a gas bomb. We daren't risk valuable lives like this, Hopton."

"Very good, sir," agreed the detective, doubling away to give the necessary instructions.

My inmost heart I had a friend. However, if I pleased to spend Real wishes on myself—say, three—I know at least what one should be; I would grasp Meternich until I felt his red wet throat distil In blood thro' these two hands; and next.

Nor much for that am I perplexed— Charles, perjured traitor, for his part. Should die slow of a broken heart Under his new employers: last— Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast

Do I grow old and out of strength. If I resolved to seek at length My father's house again, how scared They all would look, and unprepared!

My brothers live in Austria's pay. —Disowned me long ago, men say; And all my early mates who used To praise me so—perhaps induced More than one early step of mine— Are turning wise; while some opine "Freedom grows License," some suspect "Haste breeds Delay," and recollect They always said, such premature Beginnings never could endure! So, with a sullen "all's for best," The land seems settling to its rest. I think, then, I should wish to stand This evening in that dear, lost land, Over the sea the thousand miles, And know if yet that woman smiles With the calm smile; some little farm She lives in there, no doubt; what harm If I sat on the door-side bench, And, while her spindle made a trench, Fantasticly in the dust, Inquired of all her fortunes—just Her children's ages and their names, And what may be her husband's aims For each of them. I'd talk this out, And sit there, for an hour about, Then kiss her hand once more, and lay Mine on her head, and go my way.

In an incredibly short space of time the Commissioner's high-powered car containing Sir Hallard, his driver, and the two officers, was hurtling through a series of intricate streets towards Wimbledon, its crew eager to be in time for the desperate chase which must inevitably follow.

By a stroke of good fortune they picked up a police car at the Plough, Clapham, and, by almost superhuman feats of steering on the part of the man at the wheel, managed to keep behind it. They followed it through Wimbledon, Surbiton and Esher, and had almost reached Byfleet, when they were held up by a crowd of people grouped round an overturned car at the roadside. Both cars pulled up smartly and the Commissioner and his subordinates jumped out and joined the throng round the capsized machine.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**If You Like Books**  
(By A. H.)

In Monday's Advance were quoted the first two verses of Robert Browning's "The Italian in England." These first two verses told of the adventures of an Italian gentleman upon whose head a price was offered by the government, and who was hiding in an old aqueduct that he had come to know as a boy. Finally hunger made the man come out of hiding to signal a passing peasant girl, to whom he told his mission, and of whom he asked aid. Today, the poem continues:

Three mornings more, she took her stand  
In the same place, with the same eyes;  
I was no surer of sunrise

**SALLY'S SALLIES**

Some women buy their clothes on the instalment system and wear them the same way.

Than of her coming; we conferred Of her own prospects, and I heard She had a lover—stout and tall, She said—then let her eyelids fall, "He could do much"—as if some doubt Entered her heart—then, passing out, "She could not speak for others, who Had other thoughts; herself she knew": And so she brought me drink and food. After four days, the scouts pursued Another path; at last arrived The help my Paduan friends contrived To furnish me: she brought the news. For the first time I could not choose But kiss her hand, and lay my own Upon her head—"This faith was shown To Italy, our mother; she Uses my hand and blesses thee!" She followed down to the seashore; I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought Concerning—much less wished for— aught Beside the good of Italy. For which I live and mean to die! I never was in love; and since Charles proved false, nothing could convince

My inmost heart I had a friend. However, if I pleased to spend Real wishes on myself—say, three—I know at least what one should be; I would grasp Meternich until I felt his red wet throat distil In blood thro' these two hands; and next.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

**June Production of Gold in Province**  
Porcupine Well in Lead For First Six Months.

The following is the review of the Ontario Dept. of Mines on the Ontario producing gold mines by fields for the month of June:

Porcupine (12) — Buffalo-Ankerite, Coniarrum, Delnite, Dome, Hollinger, Hollinger (Ross), Mace, McIntyre, Moneta, Naybob, Pamour, Paymaster.

Kirkland Lake (13)—Bidgood, Golden Gate, Kerr-Addison, Kirkland Lake Gold, Lake Shore, Macassa, Morris-Kirkland, Omega, Raven River, Sylvanite, Teck-Hughes, Toburn, Wright Hargreaves.

Matachewan (2)—Matachewan Consolidated, Young-Davidson.

Sudbury (2)—Lebel Oro, New Golden Rose.

Algoma Dist. (2)—Algold, Algoma Summit.

Thunder Bay Dist. (10)—Bankfield, Hard Rock, Leitch, Little Long Lac, MacLeod-Cockshutt, Northern Empire, Sand River, Sturgeon River, St. Anthony, Tombill.

Patricia Portion (6)—Central Patricia, Gold Eagle, Howey, McKenzie Red Lake, Pickle Crow, Red Lake Gold Shores.

Kenora and Rainy River District (1) —Wendigo.

The value of the gold produced by Ontario's gold mines during June as reported to the Ontario Department of Mines totalled \$8,203,982 as against \$8,252,574 in the previous month. While the figures are somewhat lower, due to the shorter period in June, the daily rate of production showed improvement. The grand total for the first six months exclusive of the by-product gold from the nickel-copper industry was \$47,067,043 as compared with \$43,024,229 or an improvement of more than 9 1/2 per cent., while the tonnage milled rose from 4,078,951 to 4,533,016 tons.

In the Kirkland-Larder area the Golden Gate resumed production after being idle for many years. Another newcomer was the Sachigo River Exploration Company in Patricia, which turned over its 35-ton mill on May 17th. The statistics from this property however were not available at the time of writing and are not included below.

The average daily rate of milling in June was 26,013 tons as against 26,138 tons in May and 25,093 in April. Producing gold mines (including the Sachigo) numbered 49 in June, and this total will be increased during the present month by the Cline Mine, south of Iochals which expected to commence milling about July 25th. The Magnet Mine in the Little Long Lac area is expected to commence shipping its ore to the Tombill mill for treatment.

Monthly Output of Ontario Gold Mines 1937-38

	1937	1938
	Value	Value
Porcupine Belt:		
First Quarter	\$ 9,602,593	\$10,393,055
April	3,072,697	3,535,146
May	3,206,201	3,583,219
June	3,245,556	3,597,067
Total	19,127,047	21,108,487
Kirkland Lake Belt:		
First Quarter	8,726,179	8,525,464
April	2,911,285	2,941,015
May	3,023,121	3,133,104
June	2,940,535	3,101,726
Total	17,601,120	17,701,299
Matachewan:		
First Quarter	399,724	485,457
April	144,729	162,216
May	164,202	167,066
June	156,308	177,339
Total	864,963	992,378
Northwestern Ont.:		
First Quarter	2,595,512	3,458,352
April	850,877	1,109,792
May	922,275	1,369,185
June	1,062,435	1,327,550
Total	5,431,099	7,264,879
Total for Ontario:		
First Quarter	21,324,088	22,862,318
April	6,979,588	7,748,169
May	7,315,799	8,252,574
June	7,404,834	8,203,982
Grand Total	43,024,229	47,067,043

Toronto Telegram:—Millions of ants have swarmed into a residence in York Township. And that's no picnic.

Globe and Mail:—Frank Corrigan successfully defends Ottawa and District golf championship. These are great days for the Corrigans.

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**Medal for T. & N. O. Agent at Swastika**

Golden Tribute for Quarter Century of Notable Service on Railway.

Kirkland Lake, July 27.—Recognition of 25 years of continuous service to his company was made to E. M. (Eddie) Murphy, station agent at the Swastika T. & N. O. station, last week by the Order of Railway Telegraphers when he received a gold medal for passing the quarter-century mark of service.

Eddie first worked in Swastika when he was temporarily at the key in 1915 on a relief job. Four years later, in 1918, he became a permanent resident of Swastika to curtail his roaming of the T. & N. O. line. Approximately ten years after coming to Swastika Mr. Murphy was made station agent at the Swastika junction, a job which he holds to-day.

A lot of changes and advancements of the road have been watched by the Swastika official in his time with the company. He has seen the road grow from Cobalt up to the Porcupine district, before there was a Kirkland Lake and only a whistle stop at Swastika. He has seen the Nipissing Central Branch stretch its twin lines of steel rail into the Kirkland Lake district and beyond and into Quebec.

Eddie, as he is known around the

Swastika section, came into the North around the beginning of the century and took up residence in Northern Ontario. In 1910 he got the job in the freight sheds and held that position until 1913 when he started pounding the key at the Liskeard depot.

Shortly after starting in the telegraph division he was sent to the booming town of South Porcupine to relieve for a short time and then he came back to the farming town. In the intervening time between 1913 and 1915 Mr. Murphy's job was mostly one of relieving as he did sending and receiving work in Timmins, Schumacher and New Liskeard in the two years.

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Toronto Telegram:—In his youth, says a writer, Dr. Manion was a lively chap. Even then, the future surgeon was something of a cut-up.

Sudbury Star:—There is an acute housing shortage in Timmins, which can only be actually relieved in the event of some assurance of an easing of the taxation burden on real estate.



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SAVE MONEY by getting Canada Dry in the easy-to-carry handy home cartons... The Champagne of Ginger Ales is Canada's world-famous Ambassador of Good Cheer and by far the largest-selling ginger ale in Canada.  
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"IT'S PURE AND WHOLESOME"

**"OH, MISTER TIRE MAN!"**  
— SAID THE GIRL AT THE WHEEL

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**"It's the GOODYEAR G-3"**  
— SAID THE TIRE MAN

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Ask to see the GOODYEAR LIFE GUARD—let us show you how little it will cost to make your car completely safe from blowout danger.

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