

EBONY TORSO

By John C. Woodiwiss

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DEATH OF RED DAVE

There were already several police on the scene, and Sir Hallard quickly recognized Inspector Mitchell, chief of the mobile section examining the wreckage. Mitchell turned and saluted as he came up.

"Good evening, sir," he said. "Nasty smash here."

One look sufficed Sir Hallard that this was a stolen car, number GA 1249.

"What's happened to the driver?" he inquired. "Have you got him?"

"No sir, two of our cars picked him up near Surbiton. . . . had a devil of a chase after him and eventually had to 'bump' him. The sports car went over but he was thrown clear and got away into that copse of trees. There's a whole crowd of officers and civilians after him."

"But the fellow's armed and a desperate criminal," protested Sir Hallard. "No sir, we picked up his gun on the road; it must have slipped out of his pocket in the smash."

"Which way did he go?" asked Hopton sharply.

"Over to the left, and into that wood," directed the mobile officer.

"Come on, Carlingford," cried the Scotland Yard man, leading the way up to the bank. "We've got to be in at the death!"

It was inky black in the woods, but the two men ran cautiously forward, guided by distant cries to the pursuers ahead of them, until they came up with the main body of police who were extended in a long line which pressed relentlessly forward, covering every inch of the ground with conscientious thoroughness. The two inspectors joined in the hunt, and had covered several hundred yards when the beam from one of the officer's lamps picked out the crouching figure of a man behind some blackberry bushes and he gave a warning cry. The monstrosity must have seen the game was up, and with a half human yell, he leapt from behind the cover and ran swiftly away.

"Come on lads," yelled the officer, charging after the fugitive. Don't lose sight of him again. The canal's just ahead; we've got him far and square this time. He can't escape!"

They surged on, never losing sight of the criminal, until the trees began to thin out and they could dimly see the gleam of water ahead. The dwarf had seen it too, and paused irresolutely searching for a way of escape. . . . then he swung round to the right and leapt forward like a stag.

"Good gracious!" yelled the officer, as he realized the fugitive's intentions. "He's making for the electric pylon over there! Look out, you fool, you'll get electrocuted!"

But the warning came to late, for the dwarf darted on and, leaping upwards, caught at the iron girder of the pylon which towered over him, carrying the electric power cable across the canal. He scrambled up it, like some fantastically malformed spider, the rays of the officer's torches focussed on him. It will never be known whether he intended to get across the canal by this perilous bridge, or if his aim was deliberate suicide; but as he reached the point immediately below the line of huge insulators, he paused and, holding on with one hand, half turned and shook his disengaged fist in a gesture of fierce defiance at the crowd of baffled, yelling pursuers at the foot of the pylon. Then with a quick movement, he swung himself upward and gripped the wires above his head. There was no flash, but the body writhed in mortal agony as it received the terrific charge of electricity, and then hung lifeless and inert. It was all over in the flicker of an eyelid.

"Well," remarked Carlingford grimly, as he turned away. "that saves the hangman a job."

It was some time before the unfortunate man's body could be got down and the police were able to examine it. Apart from a long burn on the face and the extreme contortion of the facial

muscles, the corpse appeared to have sustained little visible injury. It was only on closer examination that Hopton realized how dreadfully malformed the unfortunate creature was. The spine was frightfully bowed and the arms so unnaturally long that they added to the fellow's simian appearance. Even in death the dwarf seemed malevolent, for his lips were drawn back as if in a snarl of hate. They placed the body on an improvised stretcher and carried it back through the wood to the ambulance.

CHAPTER XII GALESBOURNE'S STORY

The same night, Sir Hallard Costigan, Hopton and Carlingford had an interview with Galesbourne. The prisoner was brought in by a warder and sat at the end of a long table. He looked white and ill and was obviously suffering from the terrible nerve strain of the past few weeks. Sir Hallard began the conversation.

"I understand that you've made a request to see these two officers and make a statement in their presence, Galesbourne," he said, fixing his monocle in his eye and subjecting the prisoner to a detailed scrutiny.

"Yes, Sir Hallard," replied the sham padre in a low tone. "I've quite realized the game's up, and I'm particularly anxious that my friend Miss Ferris and Mr. Smith should be cleared from all suspicion of murder."

"I see," nodded the chief. "But, before you begin, it's my duty to warn you that everything you say will be taken down and may be used as evidence against you at some future date. Perhaps you'd prefer to see a solicitor before making your statement?"

"No thank you, sir," said Galesbourne with a decided shake of his head. "I prefer to settle things up now."

"Very well," agreed the commissioner. "We're all attention," and he signed to the constable with a note book in front of him, to take down all that followed.

"In the first place, Sir Hallard," began the prisoner, "I am a very wronged and embittered man. I am the son of Mr. Francis Young Galesbourne by his second wife, Mary Brownlee, who was a servant in his employment. Mr. Francis Galesbourne therefore had two children, myself and a son by his first wife, who afterwards became the Rev. Charles Galesbourne."

"Go on," nodded the commissioner. "My father deserted my mother in Australia and I was born at Melbourne, where she died, and christened Thomas Kendall Brownlee, after my mother's maiden name."

"I managed to scrape a good education but had to fight for existence alone."

He looked at the serious faces before him and cleared his throat before going on.

"I knew nothing of my father until I examined some of mother's papers, and I can tell you it was a pretty ghastly shock."

"Must have been," agreed the Commissioner sympathetically.

"That started me thinking, gentlemen. I made a few enquiries and found that, compared to me, my brother was living in the lap of luxury; educated at Eton and Oxford, and amply provided for, while I was little better than a tramp. That made me sore, and I took an oath that I'd get my proper share one day! With that idea firmly fixed in my brain it wasn't long before I managed to work my passage to England and start hunting for my kind and generous father."

"Was that before the war?" asked Carlingford.

"Yes," said the prisoner. "I found the old man was dead, and that his other son, who was a few years my senior, had entered the church and was a curate at St. Luke's. . . . so I looked him up and told him about myself. Now here's the point, gentlemen; the vicar was a fanatic as well as a saint.

He argued that I'd enough to live on and was convinced he must share his inheritance with the poor rather than with his own flesh and blood! But I was determined to force justice out of him! I'm not going to mince matters. I blackmailed him for every copper I could, and from that time on I lived a bit more like my rich father's son."

"Were you still in London?" asked Hopton.

"No," replied the sham padre. "I was only to glad to get back to Australia, for Galesbourne was too absorbed in his parish work, and Smith—who had been my father's servant, and was now working for him—was particularly nasty to me and did everything in his power to make mischief between me and my brother."

"Oh, so Smith was with him as long ago as that?" Sir Hallard interjected.

"Yes," agreed the prisoner. "He was a widower, with a daughter called Gertrude, and she was the only decent one on the lot as far as I was concerned. She was very good to me and eventually we fell in love with each other and got secretly married, much to her father's."

"So Mrs. Galesbourne, alias Mrs. Clara Abershaw, was Smith's daughter?" asked Sir Hallard, screwing his monocle more firmly into his eye.

"She was, poor darling," returned Galesbourne softly. "And a finer wife no man ever had in this wide world, sir. After our marriage, my brother agreed to make me a proper allowance, provided I kept out of the old country; you see, it was awkward having me about, for, by some trick of fate, we were extraordinarily alike in looks and voice."

"I see," remarked Hopton. "So back to Australia we went, Gertrude and I, and a pretty hard struggle we had, until I thought of going into the music hall business. Galesbourne would conveniently forget about us, or else Smith saw that we never got the letters, anyhow he never paid up unless pressure was used; so we rouged it through all the little towns of Australia until we dropped across a poor little hunchbacked monstrosity called Dave Reynolds, or 'Red Dave' as he was known in the business because of his complexion."

"The Human Ape?" asked Carlingford.

"Yes, Inspector," agreed the crook with a wan smile. "The poor little devil was an eccentric character, but one of the finest trapeze artists I ever saw, and he somehow took to me from the first. We toured the country as the 'Human Ape Act,' and for a time our show clocked money."

"With Red Dave disguised as a gorilla?" questioned the commissioner.

(To be continued)

Weekly Garden-Graph by DEAN HALLIDAY



Keeping pine trees compact

Pine trees develop a long tap root. This helps to anchor them as well as assist them in reaching deep into the ground for moisture. This is also the reason pine trees grow best in a location having good drainage. Only a few varieties of pines will grow well in wet soil.

When pines are grown in a hedge-row or when an especially compact growth is desired, they should be disbudded as shown in the Garden-Graph. Removing the central or terminal bud causes the side buds to spread apart and form a much more dense growth.

Cutting back the growth of the previous year to a strong bud or branchlet means a much thicker growth will follow on each part of the tree thus treated.

Spring flowering bulbs which are to be planted this fall should be selected and ordered now while the impressions of last spring's display are fresh in mind, and the dealers' stocks complete, especially if the newer and better sorts are desired.

The tulip bulbs which have been stored away should be examined and cleaned now so as to provide information about how many will be usable this fall. Only sound, bright, full-sized bulbs are worth saving and these should be kept in a warm dry place in well-ventilated containers.

Carter Glass:—"People as a whole are not so essentially happy now as they were in those comparatively simple days of my youth."

Smiles:—"You want a job as a harrowing packer? Have you had any experience?" "Yes; I've been a street car conductor."

HUGHES AWARDED MEDAL FOR FLIGHT



In recognition of his recent historic globe-circling flight, Howard Hughes, millionaire sportsman-pilot, was awarded the "Cross of Honor" of the United States Flag association by Col. James A. Moss, president-general of the association. Hughes' four globe-circling companions received the Flag Medal of the association.



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

GASTROSCOPE ENABLES PHYSICIAN TO SEE LINING OF STOMACH

While the x-rays have been and are of great help to the physician in learning the cause of symptoms in various organs, to be able to see inside the organ with the eye itself is even more help.

For some years now instruments have been in use to see inside the bladder, the bronchial tubes and the rectum—lower end of the large intestine. One of the latest instruments of this kind to be perfected is the gastroscope which enables the physician to see inside the stomach and thus learn whether an inflammation of the lining (gastritis) is present, and also whether or not an ulcer or a cancer is present.

An interesting editorial on the development and usefulness of the gastroscope appeared in the Journal of the American Medical Association some months ago.

"The clearness or the view is remarkable. The normal mucous membrane or lining of the stomach presents a brilliant picture—glistening bright orange-red. Gastric stomach ulcer presents a yellow or grayish white floor and a sharp edge. In malignant ulcer or cancer the floor is dark brown and the edge is ragged and irregular, the surrounding mucous membrane (lining of the stomach) appears hard and often grayish white rather than orange-red."

If the gastroscope makes everything so clear to see, why should it not take the place of the X-ray entirely?

In the opinion of stomach and intestinal specialists both the gastroscope and the X-ray have their special uses. If the gastroscopes were used earlier when two symptoms of indigestion occur in those who are middle-aged, early cases of cancer would be discovered.

"Every patient over thirty-five years of age who suffers with loss of appetite or significant loss of weight and in whom there is no other explanation for the symptoms should be submitted to an examination by both the gastroscope and the X-ray." By these examinations the death rate from operating on cancer of the stomach would be greatly lowered because no operation would be attempted on those patients in whom the gastroscope examination showed a wide spread cancer.

But the greatest field of usefulness of the gastroscope is in gastritis—in-

That Body of Yours

Dr. Barton's latest booklet entitled 'Scourge' with reliable information regarding the two most dreaded social diseases, gonorrhoea and syphilis, is now available. Know the facts, protect yourself, and save endless worry. Address your request to Dr. J.W. Barton, The Bell Library, 247 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y., enclosing Ten Cents to cover cost of service and handling, and mention The Advance, Timmins.

Report on Industrial Waters in the Dominion

Facts of both popular and technical interest on the part played by water used as disclosed in a recently issued report entitled "Industrial Waters in Canada" (Interim Report No. 3) by H. A. Leverin, Bureau of Mines, Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa.

In some cases, the report reveals, the quantities of water used by different industries are hundreds of times those of any other raw material used in the particular process. The water consumption of a fair-sized pulp or paper mill, for instance, or of a large concentrating plant would be adequate to supply an medium-large Canadian city.

In mining, water has been the main agent for separating the precious metals and the ores from their gangues since the earliest time. A case is cited of one large western flotation plant which alone uses more than 3,200,000 gallons of water daily.

The report is chiefly a discussion of the effect of certain impurities in waters on different industrial processes, more especially in the mining, pulp and paper, textile, soap manufacturing, ice-making, brewing and distillery, tanning, sugar, bakery, and canning industries.

It follows the general trend of the two previous reports, one covering the work completed in 1934 and 1935, and the other the work carried out in 1936, and deals with the quality of the surface waters and civic supplies for Western Canada from Sault Ste. Marie west to the Columbia River, British Columbia; the northern Ontario mining areas; and Abitibi and Mattagami rivers, with tributaries, as far north as Smoky Falls.

Complete analyses are included of 49 samples of surface water from key stations on the large lakes and rivers that are of industrial importance, and partial analyses of 84 public water supplies for alkalinity, total hardness, and calcium and magnesium hardness.

Copies of the report may be obtained

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First Wedding in Sacred Heart Church

Miss Theresa Di Guiseppi and Mr. Primo Del Bel United in Marriage.

Rev. Fr. Fontana officiated on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock at the first wedding to be held in the new Italian Sacred Heart Church, when he united in marriage Theresa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Palmirino Di Guiseppi, and Mr. Primo Del Bel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Enrico Del Bel, of Duparquet, Quebec. A very large number of friends of the popular young couple were present at the church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with madonna lilies and other flowers.

Suitable wedding music was played by Miss Dolores Piero at the organ, and Miss Cora Amadio sang "Ave Maria," during the ceremony.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride was lovely in a gown of heavy white taffeta, made on princess lines, with shirred bodice and neckline, and short shirred sleeves. She wore a diamond necklace and matching earrings, gift from her mother, and a beautiful ring given her by her father. Her veil was a floor-length embroidered tulle, caught in a coronet of lilies-of-the-valley, and she carried a large bouquet of madonna lilies and white roses.

Mrs. Aldo Varano, as matron of honour, was charming in a gown of heavy rose taffeta, with full flared skirt and short bolero jacket. She wore a erpe turban to match, with a shoulder length deep rose veil, and carried a bouquet of pink roses.

Mr. Aldo Varano attended the groom as best man.

Little Miss Lena Deangelis, of Kirkland Lake, was flower-girl, daintily attired in pink organza, with Peter Pan collar and a matching panache hat, adorned with lilies-of-the-valley. Two little boys, Master Enso Del Bel and Master Reno Repetto, also attended the bride and groom, being attired in white sailor suits.

After the ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, 223 Pine street south. The bride's mother received the guests, becomingly attired in a street-length dress of brown crepe, with white accessories and a corsage of white car-

nations. She was assisted by Mrs. Del Bel, mother of the groom, who chose for the occasion a street-length dress of blue chiffon with white accessories, and corsage of white carnations. Later in the day a wedding dinner was served, and in the evening the bride and groom received their friends at a reception.

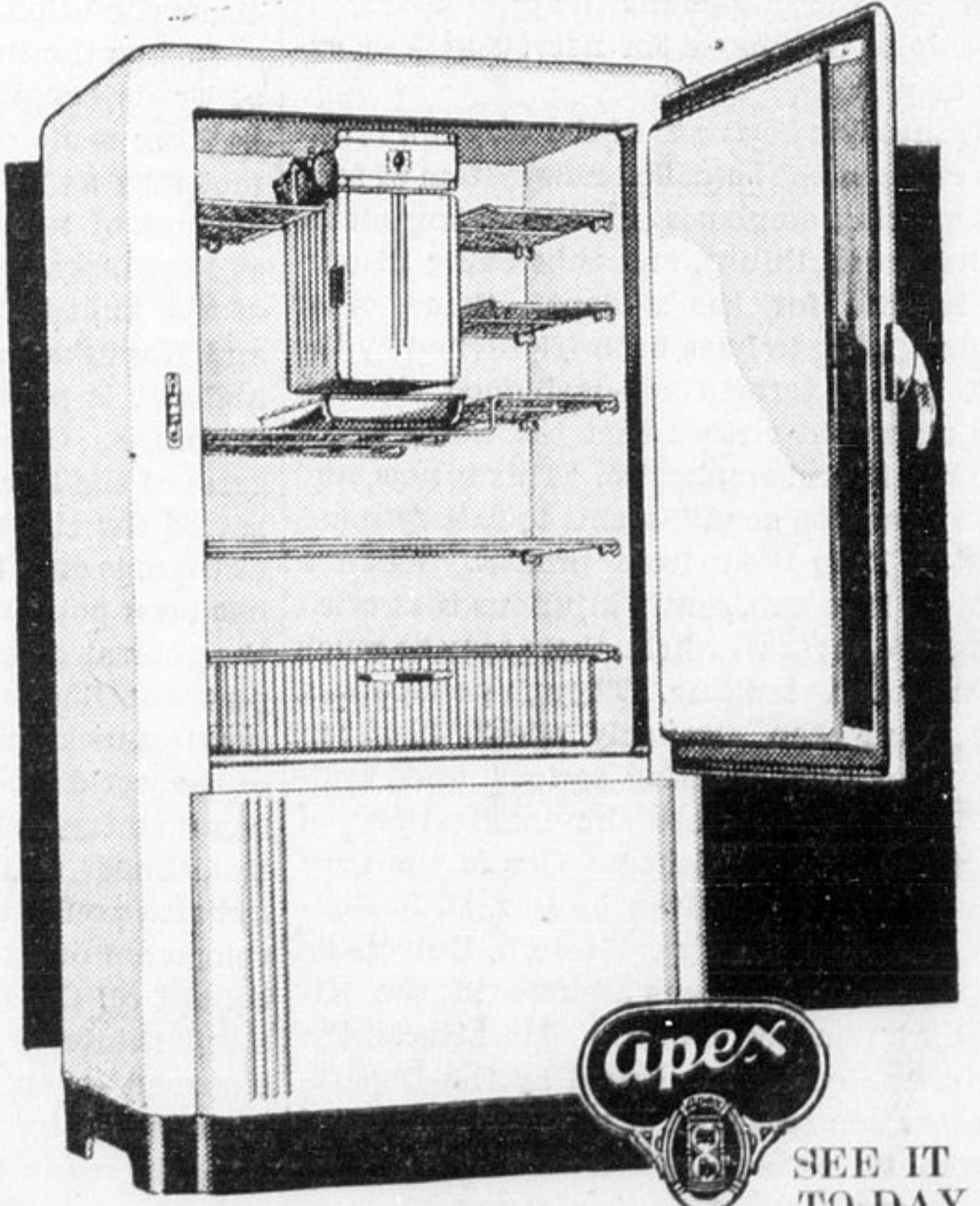
Out of town guests at the wedding were Mr. Pete Mangini, of New Kensington, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. Del Bel, of Duparquet, and Mr. and Mrs. Deangelis, of Kirkland Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Del Bel have taken up residence at 256 Cedar street south.

Globe and Mail:—The once celebrated "Shanghai liar" is not dead, as had been reported, but seems to have taken up his residence in Germany for the production of rumors likely to be useful to Hitler.

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