

# The Wade KIDNAP Case

By Leslie Cargill

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### PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

**Sir Timothy Wade:** dubbed "Tim the Teaman" by the irreverent. Self-made millionaire, with hobby of growing orchids. Nearing sixty years of age, but wiry. He is the victim of a kidnapping plot which later involves his niece.

**Felicite Delbes:** Tall, slim and blonde; unexpectedly English in appearance and outlook, despite her French name. Sir Timothy's sister married a Frenchman, but the daughter was orphaned at an early age and has been brought up by her uncle.

**Bellaire Broome:** Private secretary to Sir Timothy. Also tall, but dark. Precise in his habits until aroused, when he becomes a man of action. He is in love with Felicite, who returns his affection.

**Major Mosson:** employed in the Legal Department of New Scotland Yard. A pleasant man without mannerisms. Is called upon by the C.I.D. because his experience is valuable, and in its early stages, the case requires very tactful handling.

**Captain Caythers:** Scotland Yard Assistant Commissioner. Quiet, incisive, and efficient, but with a sense of humour, and known on occasions to employ unorthodox methods. Friendly with Mosson, and knowing just how much rope to allow his colleague.

**"The Chief," alias "Mr. Brown":** Was a high Army officer in the war, but, after reverses and disappointments, turns his organizing talents to crime. Ruthless, but not cruel. With him are three other disgruntled Army men, each a specialist in his particular way.

### CHAPTER I

**CLUE OF THE BROKEN ORCHID**

Major Mosson was hurrying along the corridor to his department tucked away in the rabbit warren of offices which make up the interior of that much-criticized architectural curiosity known as New Scotland Yard. It was not unusual for him to be seen moving at a smart pace, for like most consistently unpunctual people, he was generally trying to make up for lost time.

Presumably the Major's executive duties were important, though it was a

standing joke that nobody knew what they were, particularly the departmental chief.

Somebody was just coming out of the Assistant Commissioner's room as he passed, and the Major muttered a brief apology to mark the occasion of a collision narrowly missed. Captain Caythers came to the door at that moment and stood watching his recent caller stalk away. And that was exceptional, though it might indicate parting with a close friend—or perhaps mean that his suspicions were aroused.

"Late again," he quizzed. As his face cleared at the sight of Major Mosson there was apparently no intention of serious complaint. "Come inside a minute, will you? That is if your pressing work can afford to wait a little longer!"

"As a matter of fact I have rather a lot to do, but . . ."

"But you don't mind procrastinating if a suitable excuse can be found, eh? Seriously, I'd like to have a little chat."

He led the way back into his barely furnished office and began pacing up and down, while Major Mosson made himself as comfortable as possible in a chair that was not designed to tempt callers to overstay their time.

"That fellow you barged into outside was Bellaire Broome," Caythers remarked frowning.

"Thanks!"

"Eh?"

"I thought you were contributing a new specimen to my collection of odd names."

"That's a queer hobby. First time I've heard about it. Hang it, you're trying to be funny."

Mosson grinned. "Well, it was a trifle queer to be dragged into your august presence and presented with an apparently inconsequential scrap of information. Now I am here, wouldn't it be as well to get it off your chest at once?"

"That is the idea," Caythers said. "Somehow or other you always stimulate my thought processes. Goodness knows why?"

"Sort of stooge, old man. All great detectives need a Dr. Watson."

"Myes! Maybe that's right. But Broome has come here with a story which, frankly, I find incredible. You've heard of Sir Timothy Wade?"

"Tim Wade the teaman?"

"That's him, though it isn't a good descriptive nickname. Ranks as one of the wealthiest of our commercial princes. Consistently refuses to accept higher honours than a knighthood. . . ."

"Because a peerage would cost more to keep up!"

"Maybe! Anyway, he isn't in the front rank of philanthropists, although noted as a good employer, because it pays to have satisfied workpeople. Not that all these details have anything to do with the business. Suppose, however, that he was kidnapped?"

"Has he been?" Mosson demanded, visibly startled.

"I don't know. Bellaire Broome thinks so."

"Huh! Another crank with a fancy yarn!"

"He didn't strike me that way. We get dozens of imaginative stories told us here most days, as you know. But somehow it is always possible to tell the crazy creatures by the way they look and behave. Broome betrays none of these symptoms. I saw him without hesitation as he is Wade's confidential secretary, and he insisted on coming straight to the fountain head, so to speak."

"Thanks for letting me be the basin in which your precious splashes drip," Mosson murmured.

Caythers flung himself down in his swing chair so heavily that it sprang back alarmingly. "I'm not in a mood for joking," he snapped. "If there's anything in the story there's going to be the devil to pay! If there isn't it will stir up trouble, anyway. That's where you come in. Wade wasn't even in our effective area, but down at his place in Surrey, so I can't delegate one of the regular officers to the job. Why not take a few days off and nose around. Strictly unofficially, of course, although as a Scotland Yard executive you'll be readily acceptable to Broome. But don't make a mess of things by antagonizing the local force. You know how they hate us butting in without invitation."

"Now isn't that nice of you! First I'm appointed stooge-in-ordinary, then I'm promoted to the position of whipping boy. If anything goes wrong you can blame the poor inquisitive semi-amateur, but if all is well, Assistant-

Commissioner Caythers gets the praise."

**Berenice Steps In**

"That isn't quite what I intended," Caythers hastened to explain. "You've got tact and a natural flair for detective work, or else luck walks beside you when you poke your finger in the police pie."

"The metaphor is somewhat mixed, but I see what you're driving at," Mosson replied. "Not that you need apologize. Obviously, a fellow so eminent as Tim Wade is entitled to special attention. As for me, I'm always ready to turn my back on my collection of filing cabinets, with or without due cause. Tell me some more!"

"There isn't much. Wade is a notoriously methodical man, yet he leaves home unexpectedly and secretly, sending a note several hours later saying he's decided to take a holiday. Might be a whim of a middle-aged person who suddenly tires of the daily round. We get dozens of such instances."

"Usually an excuse to get away from the family, eh?"

"But Wade happens to be a bachelor."

Mosson whistled. "That's different," he agreed. "No family or financial handicaps. What about the note?"

"Might be forged. There's another explanation."

"Written under threat, you mean? Quite a customary resort of kidnapers, I believe!"

Caythers scowled ferociously. "Such crimes are rare in this country," he said. "Personally I have never dealt with one involving an adult. But I believe in other countries where they are more common the method you suggest is used. Anyway, here's the message; read it for yourself."

"Is it the original?" Mosson asked, taking the sheet of paper held out for inspection.

"Yes. There is a matching envelope," he said. "I see! Good quality paper. Expensive, by the texture. Written with a fountain pen by the look of the consistent lettering. No sign of quaver. . . ."

"Wade isn't the sort of chap to get into a funk," Caythers remarked. "By the way, you seem to be able to make quite a lot out of that note. Rather more than I had, as a matter of fact."

"Must be my natural flair coming out. You can't attribute it to sheer luck this time."

He read the brief note aloud: "Dear Broome—Have decided to cut adrift for a few days and take a holiday. Please carry on as usual until you hear from me. T. W."

"Quite friendly," he commented. "The initials, I take it, are customary in writing to Broome?"

"Every darned thing is normal except the tranquility and Odontoglossum, Berenice Parlane."

"Ah, cherchez la femme," "Odontoglossum," Caythers said severely, "is the botanical label for some sort of orchid."

"Somebody's been telling you!"

"Broome. That happens to be one of the points he makes. Wade has one passion and that is the cultivation of orchids. The Berenice Parlane is a newly acquired specimen, very rare and expensive, and the apple of his eye. The hanging basket in which it grew was found on the floor of the tortoise house, apparently having been torn away from its hook."

"You can't go and bag a fellow out of a greenhouse," Mosson objected. "Too awkward place to stage a crime. Too many windows."

"Don't jump to conclusions. We don't know that a crime has been committed yet."

"Oh, but there has," the major said gently.

"Hunches have no place at Scotland Yard."

"You forget I'm not a pukka detective, but only the amateur who comes into show you experts where to get off. Miss Berenice persuades me. Besides, I've just had a squirt at the envelope lying on your desk. The stamp is stuck with a darned sight too much geometrical nicety in the corner. Just like I should stick it if I wanted to affix an already cancelled stamp steamed off another letter. You don't notice then that the postmark doesn't go round and round in a complete circle?"

Caythers snatched up the envelope and examined it intently. "One up on you, he remarked. "Of course we'd have spotted it later, but I hadn't submitted it to close inspection. These old-fashioned date stamps are only used at the smaller offices, so we can check up on your idea. Posted in—Bentonforks, or something like that."

"Benton, Yorks," Mosson amended. "Little village right up beyond Richmond. The Yorkshire Richmond, of course. And didn't you say something about this letter having been delivered a few hours after Wade left the house?"

"Same afternoon."

"Well, it would take at least a day to make the journey between Benton and London. Incidentally it's the first mention made of this being a morning job."

"We hadn't got so far as admitting anything was wrong. Now it really does begin to look fishy," Mosson was studying the stamp with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. "Date too smudgy to be helpful," he announced.

Sudbury Star—The last we heard, the fellow who used to name Pullman cars had gone over to shades of fingernail lacquer, and was doing very well.

### Boys Being Drilled in Police Work at Rouyn

Rouyn, Nov. 11. — Rouyn will soon have a full fledged junior police force. The boys are having regular drill and are attending lectures.

At present ten boys from the Protestant school and ten boys from St. Michael's Roman Catholic school are in training. They are 12 years old and up.

The Rouyn Kiwanis Club is strongly backing this move and will supply the equipment necessary—the boys will wear Sam Brownes and arm bands with the initials R.J.P.F.

Rouyn is the first town in the north country (either Quebec or Ontario) to start this movement, which is, however, meeting with great success elsewhere in Canada, and in the U.S.A.

One of the main duties of the boys will be to assist in the safety first movement, and as Rouyn has already got quite an enviable record—no fatal accidents with in the town limits in 1938—it is expected that it will become a model community from the traffic regulation observance point of view.

### Britain Out to Win Whatever the Price, Says Bristol Man

No "Grousing" in England. / All of One Mind — "Our Country First."

Mayor H. Weeks, of Englehart, has been kind enough to send The Advance a letter he has just received from his brother. "I thought it might be of interest to the readers of your paper," Mayor Weeks writes. Undoubtedly, it will be, and what is more, it is not too much to say that it will also be a genuine inspiration to all who read it, showing as it does that the British spirit and the loyalty to the ideas of freedom and the right still live in the heart of the Empire. "This country is out to win, no matter what the price may be!"

The letter in part, written from Bristol, England, is as follows:—"Well, since I wrote you last, we are well into a second war, which is bad luck on our generation to be mixed up in two World Wars. Still, it was unavoidable and brought about only by one madman, and now we have to see it through, but at what cost, God only knows."

"This bastard Hitler is alone responsible and if it had not been for the Western Powers calling a halt he was after for world domination, and after digesting Poland, France and ourselves were next on the menu, and later on the Dominions and colonies, and U.S.A. would have been on the list. If the world is to be saved from dictators, England and France are the only people to stop it, and they are holding the last line for civilization, and any English-speaking people, who do not help in every possible way, will have something to think about in the days to come. The conditions here are extraordinary; the whole country is an armed camp, and consists of nothing but vast armament factories, airdromes and soldiers. Everything is controlled and rationed. Income tax 7s 6d in the pound, and taxes put on anything that can produce money. Anyone who has a stock of anything, such as furniture, food, stores, drapery, etc., has to pay the Government an insurance against war risks, of four per cent per annum, so a man who has a stock of \$10,000 has to pay \$400 per annum for this alone. At the same time it is impossible to insure the property against the same risks, so really it is a straight tax."

"Petrol is 1s 9d per gal.; a bottle of whisky costs 14s 9d. All the large towns and cities, such as London, Birmingham, Manchester, have been evacuated by the ministry, and industries have spread themselves all over the country. Every hotel of size has been commandeered by the various ministries. The Admiralty, for instance, is parked in Bath; Imperial Airways Ministries, Bristol, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Droitwich, etc., are in the same boat, and there is not a sizable hotel left in any reasonable safe distance. This has got the last war stone cold for organization which has been going on at full speed for the past three years. The Government has known all along (although they have done all possible for peace) that this was coming, as sure as we know that the seasons are coming around, and had to face the inevitable. Poland or not, Hitler had fixed the day that he was going to hand in their number, just the same as the Czechs. He never expected France or England to fight, which has upset all his calculations, and at the moment he is in a nice mess. He does not want a world war, and expected to get away with the bluff, as in the past, but this time he has to face facts. To show the mentality of the man, he had his submarines at sea a fortnight before he marched into Poland, which clearly shows what he intended, and that peace, except at his price, was out of the question."

"Well, I have given you as much war details as possible but get this, brother: This country is out to win, whatever the price may be. We have got no moaners here, and the whole country is united and everyone is doing all they can for the common cause."

"I have not heard a soul who has 'groused' whether it be the young man just called up, the middle-aged man whose business gradually bust, or the old man living on his hard-earned savings, whose income tax is bumped up to 7s 6d in the pound as a start off. They are all of one mind. Our Country First."

"My people are living in the South, pleasant than here, and I have only left here twice since the war started. Have been busy the whole time doing war work."

"Incidentally, I have built a proper

### SIFTING THE NEWS

By Hugh Murphy

Queen Wilhelmina, of the Netherlands, was asked to come to Berlin once by the former Imperial Kaiser. During the visit the then young and comely queen reviewed the Prussian Hussars along with the German Emperor.

"They are all over eight feet tall Your Majesty," said the Kaiser ominously.

"And we can flood the streets of Amsterdam to a depth of nine feet Your Majesty," purlily responded Wilhelmina.

It looks as though Holland is going to have to let her friend the sea in to greet the Germans when they come. Because they apparently mean to come. Queen Wilhelmina may not have to flood the streets nine feet deep however. The modern mechanized army would be slowed down to a walk, or possibly to a swim, by water deep enough to reach up to the hubs of the tanks and cars.

The Dutch and the Belgians, to a lesser extent, have a strong friend in their system of canals. Use of water may prove more effective in stopping the Nazis than their armies.

Following are excerpts from letters from China. They will prove that the war there is progressing quite nicely despite lack of attention from us whose attentions are now centred on the European theatre of action.

"On Monday, Sept. 11, a squadron of about 27 Japanese planes bombed the crowded city of Luchow. About half the bombs were heavy demolition and half were incendiary. The bombing was directed at the centre of the commercial section of the city, without regard to military objectives, of which there are one or two a long distance from the city."

"Fires were started in six or seven sections and unfortunately the wind blew strongly from the burning area towards part of the city which had escaped the bombing causing much additional damage. The part of the city in the triangle made by the north city wall and the two rivers is completely destroyed."

"The United Church of Canada has a large establishment on a high piece of ground beside the river. These buildings were singled out for bombing and two heavy demolition bombs scored direct hits on the hospital and another landed in the garden of the missionary residences, breaking the houses badly and killing three cows. A fourth bomb hit the church across the street from the residences and demolished about half of it. Fortunately the roof stayed on and the building is now being used as a refuge centre for about 100 homeless families."

The trials of raising a family in an area that is under constant threat of being bombed are told by Mrs. W. Jolliffe, wife of the Missionary head of the United Church Press Bureau in China. "We know we are sure to be bombed sooner or later. The atmosphere has been on our side apparently. The moonlight times have been clouded but we cannot count on this so surely that we would keep the children here, and in any case, each alarm gets us out of bed from two to three hours in the middle of the night. That is hardly conducive to study even if the children do think it a lark."

The fact that it actually is no "lark" is well brought out in the letter from Mrs. Jolliffe to her sons: "It is full moon time and that means raining night," she says. "Days do not matter because we can go on with our duties and run to cover but night before last we were up from 11.30 to 4.30. The planes were coming in relays so that the "all clear" did not sound until morning. Without becoming less careful we are becoming more care-free. Last night we all got to bed by 9.30 and the air raid alarm sounded by 11.30 so we got up and dressed and opened windows and saw the way clear to the dug out. The "all-clear" did not sound until 4 o'clock but we were able to have a sleep. The night before we were not because there were constant intimations of the nearness of the planes—could hear the bombs and see the tracer bullets, etc."

"Life is going along well here but the European war lies heavy on our hearts and has very serious repercussions on the situation here. There is evidence of the people losing heart—mainly because of self-seeking leaders. If Kiang could have a free hand and full support the country could stand out indefinitely but with intrigue and treachery in the government it is difficult to carry on effectively."

which has made it safer and more air raid shelter in the cellar, a "bolt hole" when we are raided. All over the city are underground air raid shelters to hold anything from 350 to 500 persons each, so you can imagine it is impossible to forget there is a war on here."

### Charming Wedding at Church of the Nativity Saturday Afternoon

Miss Olga Pottoski and Mr. Joe Adamo United in Marriage. Wedding Dinner Served at the Home of the Bride's Parents. Reception Held in the Evening.

One of the season's loveliest weddings was solemnized at the Church of Nativity on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock when Miss Olga Pottoski, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pottoski, of 218 Balsam street north, became the bride of Mr. Joe Adamo, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Adamo, of Sault Ste. Marie. The Rev. Fr. Leo Madry performed the marriage ceremony, and Mr. Geo. Hale presided at the organ.

Entering the church on the arm of her father, who gave her in marriage, the bride made a very lovely picture in a bridal gown of white glazed chiffon, with chenille-effect floral design. It was made on Empire lines, with a high Queen Anne collar, long leg of mutton sleeves, and the long fitted lines of the gown falling into a short train. She wore a floor-length veil of white embroidered tulle, caught in a corner of orange blossoms, and carried pink roses and lily-of-the-valley, with call lilies in an arm bouquet.

Miss Olga Bozzer was the maid-of-honour, charming in a gown of Queen's blue taffeta, fashioned with short puffed sleeves, shirred bodice, long fitted waistline, and full flared skirt. She wore a flowered taffeta cap, with blue shoulder length net veil, white satin slippers and white gloves, and carried a bouquet of pink roses and lily-of-the-valley.

Miss Lorraine Cousineau, as bridesmaid, was attractively attired in powder blue net, fashioned identically to that worn by the maid-of-honour, a matching flowered cap, and a bouquet of pink roses and lily-of-the-valley.

The two little flower-girls, Misses Sarah Adamo, sister of the groom, and Margaret Ann Murray, wore charming little frocks, the former in white organza and the latter in Queen's blue taffeta. They wore matching hats and carried nosegays of mixed flowers.

The groom was attended by Messrs. Rock Gentile and George Pottoski, brother of the bride.

Following the ceremony, a wedding dinner was served at the home of the bride's parents, 218 Balsam street north, where a large number of friends of the popular bride and groom gathered to extend their best wishes and to present them with many lively gifts.

Mrs. Pottoski, mother of the bride, chose for the occasion an ensemble in turquoise blue crepe, while Mrs. Adamo, mother of the groom, of Sault Ste. Marie, was also becomingly attired.

Later in the evening, a reception was held the bride donning a gown of powder blue net, with a short bolero jacket and trimming of tiny pink bows.

Mr. and Mrs. Adamo will reside at 218 Balsam street north.

Out-of-town guests at the wedding included Mrs. Adamo and little Miss Sarah Adamo, of Sault Ste. Marie, and Mrs. Kubicki, aunt of the bride, of Hamilton.

Prior to her marriage, the popular bride was entertained at several showers, and received many lovely gifts.

**Take It!**

(From The Montreal Star)

It happened at a wild party. Shortly after midnight, a jealous wife went round looking for her husband. Finally she found him sitting in the kitchen, with a heavy blonde perched on his lap. So big was this blonde that, as she sat on the man's lap she practically concealed him from view.

The jealous wife faced the blonde.

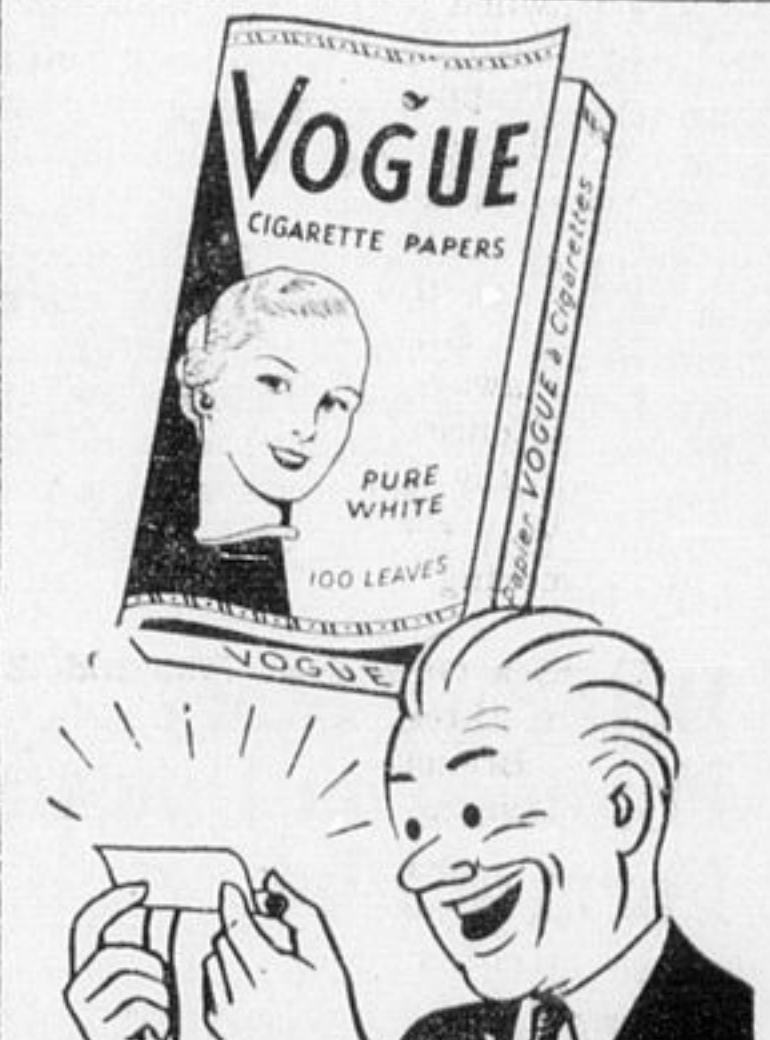
"Pardon me," she stated, icily, "but you happen to be sitting on a married man's lap!"

The blonde arose hurriedly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she apologized. "I didn't know this seat was taken!"

### To-day's Stocks

Aldermac	41
Aunor	2.20
Base Metals	2.2A
Beattie	1.12
Bidgood	1.13
Bralorne	10.85
Broulan Porcupine	44 1/2
Buffalo Ankerite	7.50
Canadian Malartic	6.80
Central Patricia	2.30
Coniags	1.60
Coniaurum	1.65
Dome	30.25
Hollinger	14.50
International Nickel	47.50
Kerr Addison	1.97
Kirkland Lake	1.37
Leitch	80
Lake Shore	30.00
Little Long Lac	3.10
McLeod Cockshutt	2.10
Macassa	4.45
McIntyre	58.00
McKenzie Red Lake	1.27
Mining Corporation	1.28
Moneta	90
Naybob	14
Noranda	75.00
Nipissing	1.35
O'Brien	1.51
Paymaster	2.05
Pickie Crow	34
Pioneer	4.25
Preston East Dome	2.25
Premier	1.95
San Antonio	1.50
Sherritt Gordon	1.76
Sullivan Con.	1.25
Sullivan Con.	76
Sylvanite	2.95
Siscoe	84
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White Amulet	5.90
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