

The Wade KIDNAP Case

By Leslie Cargill

Published by Special Arrangement

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for hire," he told the Scotland Yard representative. "The two-seater drove up about five minutes to five. Shortly afterwards a man approached and handed over a letter. I was able to stop him, but he had been paid a small sum for his services and could provide no useful information. By this time I was ready to follow Mr. Broome and the lady in my taxi they had had too good a start, and I couldn't keep up."

"Bigley was quite sure the farm had had nothing to do with the kidnap, but they could soon verify his innocence. The flying squad had not been mobilized, and no other direct action had been taken as an arrest was out of the question."

"No use trying to blame anybody," Mosson said. "But I'd have liked something to have been done to establish the route taken by that car."

However, as admitted, it was useless complaining. Personally he was alarmed as to the possible consequences, though not too pessimistic about the safety of the couple. The best thing to hope for was that the kidnapers would be satisfied with their £25,000, deliver up their captive, and leave the authorities with the task of taking on again from this point.

Wade, at least, should be able to help with a knowledge of what they looked like, perhaps even to give stronger evidence of identification. At this stage the Assistant Commissioner's advice was indicated.

When it came to the point Captain Caythers had none to give. He was unusually angry. Some people in my position would accuse you of bungling," he snapped.

Mosson had never seen him in that state before. "Aren't you being unfair?" he remonstrated. "Nobody could have done more. The few and his girl were determined to carry out their own scheme, and I couldn't stop them. Nor could any of your most experienced men. It took hours to get my own bus on the road again, which shows what pains they'd been to."

Car Was Abandoned

Caythers relented somewhat. "Perhaps I was putting it a shade too strongly," he admitted. "This business is a damned sight too worrying—not as though we could set about straightening it out in a conventional manner. Right from the beginning it has been hole-and-corner."

"Do you think I ought to go back to my department and leave the rest to your experts?"

"Not yet. At any rate, you must have acquired local knowledge which

may come in useful. Get back to Epworth and await developments."

"What exactly do you wish me to do?"

"Heaven knows! Providing the crowd turns up, with Wade safe and sound, we can look forward to getting on the track. I hope so. The devil of it would be if none of them came home."

"You don't mean...?"

The Assistant Commissioner looked grave. "I'm afraid I do," he muttered. "Desperate men where such a huge sum of money is concerned. You know the old saying?"

"Dead men tell no tales?"

"That's the one. And we don't want this case to end up in murder, which wouldn't redound to our credit, seeing that the Yard was consulted almost at the outset."

"I should come off the worst," the Major hazarded.

Caythers looked grimmer than ever. "You certainly would," he agreed. "Now you'd better pull up your socks."

"Right! First of all, I'd better make a belated attempt to trace that two-seater."

"For the first time during the interview Caythers smiled. "It was found on a side road near a place called—er—Ketham, about eleven miles from Reigate."

(To be Continued)

The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company.

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Sudbury Star: A strip of bacon, used as a bookmark, was found in a late work of fiction returned to a Brooklyn library. So much for the sneer that there is no nourishment in the new literature.

North Whitney Mine Finds Values in Development

North Whitney Mines Ltd. is reported to be meeting encouragement in underground development on the 225-foot level. This fall a complete electrically operated mining plant was installed and the underground work got under way about a month ago.

Drifting is proceeding east from the crosscut along the old Keora break toward an area of high intensity indicated by a geophysical survey. Values of around \$10 are understood to have shown up in the last few rounds. Old workings tested the section above the present drifting at the 55 and 110-foot levels. Examination carried out last year indicated an 80-foot shoot on surface and 40 feet of ore grading about \$10, at \$35 gold, was reported on the 55-foot level. Subsequent work on the 110-foot level was reported to show a 50-foot section of vein carrying good values.

Development is also proceeding to test a north break reached in a 550-foot crosscut north from the present operating shaft. The crosscut was driven a number of years ago but a cave-in prevented any drifting being done. The current program has consisted of driving west to get around the cave-in and now a drift is advancing west toward a section where diamond drilling is reported to have revealed several porphyry intrusives and some gold values. The drift is in sediments north of the greenstone contact.

Operations at the property are under the supervision of Thos. W. Page.

Sudbury Star: Included among the deluxe type of hardships of war, we find a village 31 miles out of London with the local air raid shelter in a hotel wine cellar.



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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 DELBOS: 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.

BELLAIR 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.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

MAJOR MOSSON, employed in the legal department at New Scotland Yard, but also a successful "semi-amateur" detective, is told by the Assistant Commissioner, **CAPTAIN CAYTHERS,** to go down to Fairclough, the home of **SIR TIMOTHY WADE,** a self-made millionaire, in the village of Epworth in Surrey.

Sir Timothy has disappeared and is believed by his secretary, **BELLAIR BROOME,** to have been kidnapped. **BROOME** is engaged to the millionaire's niece, **FELICITE DELBOS.**

Broome receives three notes from Sir Timothy, one of which tells **Broome** to cash a cheque for £25,000 and hold the money in readiness for further instructions. The safe in which the money is stored is burgled, but the thief is disturbed by Sir Timothy's butler.

Mosson and **Broome** discover that a uniformed chauffeur brings the notes from Sir Timothy, and after a dangerous car chase their quarry stops in a Guildford street, alights and walks away.

The detectives lose track of the chauffeur. Then under a plan of the police a rendezvous is arranged with the kidnapers, but apparently they know of the police plans and do not attend.

Now read on!

Sir Timothy Mentions Police
The anticipated letter arrived the next morning exactly as forecast, bearing a perfectly genuine but unhelpful local postmark.

"Dear Broome," Sir Timothy wrote. "This time there must be no failure. Bring the parcel as previously directed to Reigate Station. Use the small car and drive yourself. Let Felicite come with you. My messenger will meet you at five o'clock on Wednesday. There must be no hidden policemen. I do not want them prying into my private affairs. Obey this without fail or something serious may occur.—T.M."

Several things about this were admittedly disturbing. There was the acknowledgement that police intervention was known. The concluding sentence was ominous. Worse still was bringing Felicite into the scheme.

Knowing Wade's very deep regard for the girl, it looked very much as though dreadful pressure was being put on the missing man to compel him to write in such a strain.

Felicite was more than willing to play her part, accepting it eagerly.

"Don't you think we ought to put it to Mosson," he countered.

"Certainly not!" Her eyes flashed angrily.

Major Mosson, coming late down to breakfast, surveyed them and beamed, coughing loudly to indicate his presence.

"We were—er—just discussing a plan of campaign," Broome stammered.

"H'm, so I should imagine." Knowing the mood the young man had been in of late, he rightly anticipated his taking some independent course of action, though not knowing quite how this might be accomplished. He saw the morning letters already sorted out into neat little piles and a thoughtful frown creased his forehead.

His own correspondence was uninteresting, except, perhaps a sarcastic reference to holiday-making from Assistant Commissioner Caythers, who desired to be informed how soon the legal department of New Scotland Yard could expect back its truant member.

"We can't detach you from your proper work much longer," he added. "So if you can't make a success of the Wade case you had better return to that sphere where your expert advice is of value."

"Anything, wrong?" Felicite asked.

"Did I look perturbed? Sorry. No, it is only my chief chiding me for continued failure. He'll be recalling me and sending down one of the more experienced chaps unless something happens."

"Oh!"

"You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"Not very much. We are happy to have you with us but..."

"It might help," Mosson said softly, "if you two young people gave up holding things back."

Broome started. "What's that?" he exclaimed.

"Holding things back, were the words if used. While not claiming to be a top flight detective, I should have been blind not to have noticed the way you've been getting into corners and holding secret conferences of late."

"Really, Major, it must be your imagination."

"Afraid not, Miss Delbos. It doesn't function very strongly at any time. Both of you were disconcerted when I came into the room this morning. Almost as though you'd heard some news you didn't want to share."

"Why should we feel that way?"

"Why? H'm. Because you'd rather trust the kidnapers than the police, of course. They offer to return Sir Timothy as soon as the ransom is paid. We, on the other hand, hope to round them up, and save the money as well. Simple, isn't it?"

"Very."

"Well, if you get a letter without telling me I can't do anything about it, can I?"

"No."

"Except, perhaps, to rely on your commonsense."

"Your schemes haven't worked out very satisfactorily." Broome was on the defensive. "All those policemen round the railway station, for example."

"Not my idea at all," Mosson retorted. "I admit following the chauffeur chap didn't pan out properly. That was as much through the accident of his coming face to face with us at the beginning and being led a dance. He was clever to lead us right up to a police station and then make a fresh bolt. Don't blame me."

"We don't, oh, we don't. Felicite said, with genuine contrition. "All the time you've been doing your best. But it is uncle I'm thinking of."

"Then, I have it, you intend to keep the letter to yourselves?"

"What letter?"

He sighed heavily. "Never mind, my breakfast will be getting cold. Such a pity."

Mosson "On the Carpet"

The pity was not bestowed on the spoiling meal, but on the fact that his work would be made more difficult in having to keep an eye on the young couple, lest they slipped off without taking such precautions as might be deemed necessary to the occasion.

Mosson felt quite sure of their intentions. Probably he would have acted similarly in such a situation. Officially he had no power to compel co-operation. If they insisted on playing the kidnapers' game it was their own concern. That they had received an additional communication was almost certain. Equally so was the intention to follow out such instructions as might be contained in it without reference to the police.

As an additional precaution he arranged for a day and night watch to be kept on Reigate railway station, merely because he thought that the original plan which had miscarried would eventually be attempted. It would actually be a subtle move to arrange the

meeting for a Sunday midday on the assumption that so complete a repetition would be unexpected.

Mosson realized his mistake on Wednesday afternoon. Felicite had excused herself at lunch on the grounds of a severe headache. She was pale enough to ally suspicion. Broome was in the library attending to secretarial duties.

"There is almost as much to do as if Sir Timothy was here," he said with a slight smile. "You would be surprised at the extent of my work."

"Then I won't disturb you for a few hours."

Actually it was only about an hour later that he discovered their absence. Smith had been sent out of the way with the limousine and the small car was missing from the garage. His own sports two-seater had been drained of petrol. Four flat tyres gave it a forlorn appearance. Mosson's language was a verbal reversion to his more unregenerate army days.

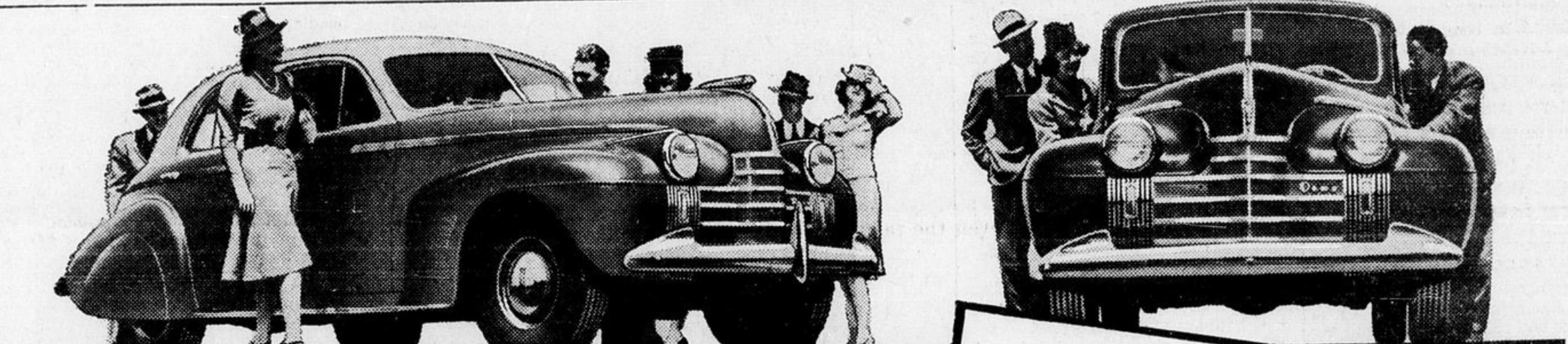
A lady's bicycle, in decay, offered an inefficient means of conveyance, and he decided to make his way to Reigate on the offchance of picking up the trail. Not that he was sure this was again to be the rendezvous, but it was better than inactivity.

On the main road he dumped the cycle in a ditch and hailed a bus, which dropped him in town about 10 minutes past five. Another five minutes on foot brought him to the station, where everything seemed normal. There was certainly no sign of Broome and Felicite.

Somewhat disconsolate, Mosson made his way to the police station, where his forebodings were confirmed.

Detective-Sergt. Bigley had already made his report. His instructions had been rather too vague, being merely to look out for the Wade limousine and use his own discretion according to circumstances. Actually he knew Broome and Miss Delbos by sight, so he was not put off by the appearance of the smaller car.

"I was with a taxi pretending to ply



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