

THE GOLDEN SANDS RIDDLE

By Alexander Campbell

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—THE PLAN IN A NUTSHELL—

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Wishes to Announce the Opening of a New GARAGE at FIRST AVENUE
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ALL GRADES of QUALITY COAL
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VISIT OUR NEW UP-TO-DATE Jewellery Store
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JUST RECEIVED! SHIPMENT OF **NEW DRESSES**
Every new style is included. All Sizes and Colours See these Charming Creations to-day.
PRICED AT ONLY **\$6.95**
Our Complete Stock of Ladies' Wear Reduced.
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IT WILL PAY YOU TO LOOK OVER OUR Winter Coats
A style and fit for every figure. Our prices are hard to beat.
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Try Our **SPECIAL SUNDAY DINNERS**
You'll Enjoy Our Delicious Meals
The Fern Cottage
THIRD AVE. TIMMINS

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WE CARRY A COMPLETE STOCK OF—
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All Sizes and Widths
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QUALITY WEAR
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MANUFACTURERS of Highest Quality Beverages
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SEE THE MANY VALUES We have to offer in **Used Furniture**
We also Specialize in **Light Delivery and Transfer**
FOR FAST EFFICIENT SERVICE
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MIKES FURNITURE
18 Cedar Street North Phone 3185

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Win a New Suit or Coat For \$1.00
Every purchaser of a tailored to measure suit or coat is entitled to share in our Free Suit Offer. Take advantage of this opportunity to-day
W. T. Montgomery
3 Cedar St. N. Phone 915
Cleaning — Pressing — Alterations

Characters in the Story
PETER CROSBY: Young mining engineer taking a modest seaside holiday when the story opens.
SIR JOHN CARR: A South African gold mining magnate; widower, rather pompous and purse-proud, but sound of heart.
LUCY CARR: His only child, a very attractive girl in the early twenties.
TERENCE PARRY: A rich young acquaintance of the Carrs'. A man of great charm and good looks.
FRANCIS GOULD: Sir John Carr's secretary. Silent, reserved; much occupied with his work and with mining statistics.
MR. XOSA: A coloured man of European education, short of stature, but a giant in detective skill.

CHAPTER XXV
PARRY'S HOUR STRIKES
Sir John Carr appeared at breakfast, looking tired and ill. He confessed that he had slept very little.
"It has been a shock," he confessed. "I couldn't get to sleep for thinking of Gould—out there somewhere, being hunted down. Why, he'd been with me for years. Even now, I can scarcely credit it."
Terry broke an uncomfortable silence. Despite his vigil, he looked remarkably fresh. Peter, who felt as though he had been pulled through a threshing machine, envied his vigour, and apparently unaffected appetite.
"It's all too horrible!" said Lucy. She shuddered. "I wonder—if they've caught him yet?"
Terry spoke briskly. "Look here, there's no point in brooding about it. It's a perfectly marvellous morning. I'll tell you what we'll do. There's a pretty little place, Tartary Rock, a few miles along the coast. I recommend Sir John to spend the day quietly, here in the hotel. I'll drive Peter and Lucy to Tartary Rock. We'll have a swim, do a spot of exploring, and wend our way peacefully home. It'll take our minds off this beastly business."
Peter found himself admitting that Sir John's plan was eminently sane. "I think you're right. A rest will do me good." He smiled wryly. "Not as young as I was, I'm afraid. You young people go off and enjoy yourselves."
After breakfast Terry drove Sir John's big car round to the front of the hotel, and ordered Peter and Lucy into the back seats.
As they left the town, Peter stole a glance at the girl, sitting so close to him, the wind playing gently on her fair hair. They began to talk, and Peter resolved to divert her mind from recent events.
But it was Terry who carried the day. He kept up a continual, high-spirited chatter, merging at times into light-hearted nonsense. Every mile under the wheels seemed to place the tragedy farther behind them.
The road turned and twisted, always keeping the blue sea in sight. On their right, wooded country swept across a wide plateau to the foot of blue, scrub-covered hills in the distance.
"Tartary Rock!" said Terry, and pointed to where the sea had carved a bay out of the land, and in the centre of the bay a large reddish rock rose out of the water, gleaming dully in the sun.
Terry parked the car with its nose buried in a bush, to afford it the maximum shade. They stood on the lip of a cliff, looking directly down on the strange red rock. A narrow path zig-zagged to the sands.
Terry threw himself down on the turf. "Glorious!" he said, and gazed up into the blue depths of the sky. "We'll go for a swim presently, but not now. I feel lazy." He cocked an amused eye at the pair. "I intend to doze and think noble thoughts," he declared. "You two might prefer a stroll, and leave me to my meditations."
Peter thought the hint too direct by half. But Lucy responded readily. She started nimbly down the narrow path.
"Go on, you ass!" hissed Terry at the still hesitant Peter.
He grinned infectiously. Peter smiled back, and followed Lucy down the path.
Terry, left alone, smoked lazily for a few minutes. Then he stubbed out his cigarette carefully in the grass, rolled over leisurely on his stomach, and watched the progress of the other two. They were descending to the beach together, laughing light-heartedly as Peter helped the girl over the rough places.
Terry watched them, and smiled. It was rather a grim little smile. His lazy good humour suddenly disappeared. The brown eyes seemed suddenly to be flecked with yellow, the face tense and considerably less pleasing.
He rose to his feet, thrust his hands into the pockets of his white flannels, and strolled towards Sir John's car.
The big limousine had a built-in luggage compartment at the rear, large enough to hold a couple of good-sized trunks. Terry contemplated it, put a hand in his pocket and drew out a bunch of keys. He bent over the luggage compartment and carefully inserted a key in the lock.
He hesitated, and glanced round cautiously. The heat of the morning had increased. The sun beat down out of a fierce blue sky. And everything was still. From where he stood, Terry could see along the shore, a long ribbon of gleaming white sand, and back along the road they had come, another white ribbon that wound between green country, its level surface broken here and there by little clumps of scrub and aloes.
There was nothing in sight. On the sands, two figures picked their way along, absurdly foreshortened and diminished from his height; but Terry knew that although he could see Lucy and Peter, they could not see him.
With a quick twist he turned the key in the lock of the car's luggage

compartment. Then he raised the heavy metal cover until the steel rod which held it in place had straightened out and clicked into rigidity.
He smiled into the face of Francis Gould.
Gould lay cramped up in the space generally occupied by his employer's luggage. His knees were almost up to his chin. And his hands and feet were securely bound. A gag had been thrust into his mouth, making more repellent than ever his palled unshaven face. In the scrimmage of the night before, he had lost his thick spectacles; his weak eyes glared at Terry. He made muzzling sounds through the gag.
"Hallo, Ghoul," said Terry pleasantly, and Gould writhed in a fresh paroxysm of fury as he heard the nickname which Terry garded him. He made noises, and the young man listened attentively.
"No doubt you think it is I who am the ghoul," observed Terry. "And I admit you've got some cause for complaint. But then, if it hadn't been for my prompt action, the police would probably have had you by now, where—You look funny." He told Gould, giggling. "Very funny! But I mustn't waste time. I've a lot to do."
CHAPTER XXVI
A DIABOLOICAL PLAN
Parry cast another look round him. Then, confident that he was unobserved, he lifted Gould again with the same astonishing ease, slung him over his shoulder, and tramped stolidly over the grass to the spot where Lucy and Peter had left him.
A small tree grew a little distance back from the edge of the cliff. Terry nodded his satisfaction.
"That will do."
He deposited Gould against the tree, sitting up, with his back to the trunk. He surveyed him carefully and thoughtfully, like a photographer who is posing a subject for a picture. Then he locked down towards the sands.
Lucy and Peter had wandered to the water's edge. They were standing together their backs to the cliff, looking out over the shimmering water. Terry frowned. "A bit too near—" he murmured. As though he had heard, Peter parted from Lucy and walked a few yards farther along the beach; and Lucy remained where she was.
Terry smiled his boyish little smile. "Perfect," he murmured in his boyish patter. "Oh, simply scrumptious!"
He sank down until he was lying flat in the grass, and peered at the figures on the sands, like a man measuring distances. Then he turned his head slightly to one side, and grinned delightedly at Gould.
"D'you know what I'm going to do?" He was bursting with glee. Gould stared back with a widening horror in his eyes.
"You're the murderer, you know," Terry told him. "That's firmly planted in everyone's head. If they catch you, they'll hang you by the neck until you're dead." He giggled excitedly. "I know all about it, you see, because they hanged my father. . . . It not nice Ghoul." He shook his sleek head mournfully. "A rotten end. But don't worry. They shan't do it to you."
He jerked his head. "Crosby is down there on the beach—with Lucy!" His handsome face contorted for a moment in a spasm of rage, then he was tranquil again. "He's within easy pistol range; and you're going to shoot him!"
He paused, and smiled as though relishing the thought.
"At least, that's what they'll think, my good Ghoul. People always think the way I want them to. You're an escaping murderer, you see, but you've got a grudge against all the people you know. You're a killer. You tried to kill me last night, so it's perfectly natural that you should try to kill Peter and Lucy."
"And you won't be able to deny it. Because you'll be dead too."
There's going to be a terrific struggle, here on the edge of the cliff, between you and me so that Lucy can see it. And in the struggle the gun you've just fired at Crosby is going to go off, and the second bullet is going to kill you.
"And when you're dead, I'll take off those ropes and remove your gag, so that no one will ever have any unkind thoughts about what really happened."
The gentle voice that had unfolded this fantastic plan, stopped. There was no doubt now about the terror in Gould's eyes. He watched Terry, fascinated.
Terry turned his head towards the beach. If Gould had any doubt about Parry being serious, it was dispelled as something metallic flashed in the sun. Terry had drawn a pistol from his pocket, and putting it between his hands to ensure perfect steadiness, he was taking a very deliberate aim.
The shot sent echoes ringing round the bay and out to sea. Lucy Carr gave a cry of alarm. Then she raised her hands to her mouth to suppress a scream.
"Peter!" she cried.
He was clutching his left arm with his right hand, and swaying on his feet. Under the hand a patch of crimson was growing.
She ran towards him and steadied him.
He tried to smile in spite of his surprise.
"Someone trying to do me in. Don't bother now. Might—try again. Down—behind the rocks."
Even through the haze of shock and pain that was fading from his sight, and his senses, he was able to admire the cool self-possession which now replaced her first alarm.
She seized his uninjured arm, and together they half-ran, half staggered

to the shelter of slippery green boulders at the edge of the sea. Behind these they crouched, lying in six inches of swirling salt water.
He said anxiously: "You'll be wet through."
Lucy laughed.
"I'd rather be wet than dead," she replied. She was peering up at the cliffs. "It came from there, I think. Difficult to tell because of the echoes. How is the arm?"
Peter had dashed salt water against his face. It revived him.
"Just a flesh wound. I don't think it will bleed much. But what are we going to do? We can't stay here. And what can have happened to Terry? D'you think they've got him too?"
Lucy shook her head. She was peering up at the cliffs. In that moment her woman's intuition had been at work.
Parry's foul plan had gone completely awry.
In the second that he squeezed the trigger of the pistol, something flashed through the air and struck the side of his head.
It was Xosa's black stick.
Suddenly, the cliff top seemed alive with men.
Terry staggered to his feet, holding his head, and found himself confronting Xosa.
The little Bantu bent and retrieved his stick. Then he gave Terry a little bow.
"Thousand apologies," he murmured. "Thought force would be unnecessary. But you were too quick." He smiled, and his gentle round black face held nothing but admiration. "You have given good hunt. Trap, however, is now closed. Sorry."
And Terry laughed suddenly, so that Inspector Quayle and his men, treading heavily on Xosa's heels, stopped and stared.
"I believe you mean it," Terry was his old elegant self. His handsome face was cool, impudent and assured. "You little black devil!" But there was no rancour in his tone. "Anyway, you were too late. I got Crosby!"
Xosa glanced briefly over the cliff. Then he shook his head. "Happy to inform you that that stain is not on your soul. Miss Carr and Mr. Crosby are sheltering behind rocks in what must be uncomfortable position, doubtless fearing further attack. But they appear to be unharmed."
He stepped to the edge of the cliff, so that he was silhouetted against the skyline and clearly visible from the beach, and waved an arm.
"That'll do," said Inspector Quayle, to Terry. His voice was grim. "Terence Parry. I arrest you for the murders of Guy Monte, a European, and of a native known as Tickey Charlie. There will probably be an additional charge of attempted murder. I must warn you—"
"Spare me the formula, Inspector," Terry sounded consummately bored. "I suppose you brought the handcuffs. Let's get it over."
He thrust out his hands carelessly. Inspector Quayle stepped forward—and stopped.
The pistol had magically reappeared in Terry's hands.
He grinned delightedly at the grim-faced men.
"Oh, my dear chaps! My neat work with the knives should have warned you. I'm pretty quick with my hands. I slipped the gun up my sleeve before I staggered so picturesquely to my feet."
He shook his head at them gently.
"Have no fears. I suppose I could get two or three of you before you got me. But what would be the use? And you probably have wives and families . . ."
"Nor am I going to try to escape. You'd probably get me in the end. I'd be bruised and hurt and humiliated in a chase." So I prefer to end it this way.
Before any of them could divine his intentions, he had flung the gun at the inspector's feet. Then he stepped to the edge of the cliff. Mr. Xosa, who was nearest him, might have been able to stop him. But Mr. Xosa remained where he was, his eyes inscrutable, and merely watched. . . .
And Terry put his hands like a diver taking a plunge, and no more dangerous height than a springboard over a swimming bath, and jumped. . . .
"Case finished," said Mr. Xosa.
(To be Continued)

Short Change Artist Operated at Rouyn, Que.
A man giving his name as Claude Richardson, his age as 53, and his home as Montreal, pleaded guilty last week at Rouyn to "short-changing" Rouyn merchants, there being six charges against him. When arrested, Richardson had \$245.00 on his person. Police believe that only a few of the possible charges were reported to the police. The way he did the trick is outlined as follows:—
He would walk into a store, make a small purchase, and pay for it with a twenty dollar bill. Reigning a somewhat intoxicated condition, he would flash another big roll of bills as the clerk handed him back change for the twenty. Remarking that he had "too much money," he would then peel off ten dollars in smaller change and ask the clerk to give him a ten dollar bill. So far so good, and the clerk would plunk the ten dollar bill down on the counter. Then came the catch. Richardson would quickly pick up the ten dollar bill, put it in with his own still-plaintful roll, peel it off again with another ten dollars in smaller bills and ask for his twenty dollar bill back again. The rather complicated transaction was meant to confuse the clerk, and about three times out of five it would work. Getting back the bill, Richardson would then beat a hasty retreat from the store before the clerk had time to realize that he was on the wrong end of the deal by ten dollars.