

WHAT HAPPENED



AT MONTALBAN

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

WHAT HAPPENED AT Story
MOLLY BALSON: A young London nurse, specializing in the care of children.
SIR JOHN MONTALBAN: Head of the Montalban family nearly ninety years of age.
ROBERT MONTALBAN: His son, who has been master of the family seat for twenty years. He has three sons:
ROBERT, Junior, crippled in a road smash (unmarried).
RALPH (married).
CHARLES, 21 (unmarried).
and two unmarried daughters ELSIE and CLEONE.
BARBARA MONTALBAN: Wife of Ralph.
MALIA DAUNT: Met her death at Montalban in mysterious circumstances.
LAWRENCE SEVERN: Secretary-companion to the veteran Sir John.

CHAPTER XIII (Continued)

ROBERT LEARNS SOMETHING

The letter carried the printed address of the Institute in bold type. Molly read it through without enthusiasm, for she saw no new lead in its contents. The confidences of Nurse Hartley were brief.

"Dear Molly," she had written: "Since your visit I have developed a little curiosity of my own about our mutual friend Anne. It turns out that she left an address with Nurse Holt when she left here. Holt was no special friend of hers—she hadn't any here. She left the address in case any letters came for her. One or two did come occasionally, from South Africa, and Holt thinks they were from some sort of cousins on her mother's side. So, I suppose these cousins, whoever they are, will be her heirs."

"Holt has not the address long ago and can't remember it, but she knows it's somewhere in the wilds of Paddington."

"Not very informative, but I thought you'd want to know."

Molly put it into the pocket of her dress, minus the envelope, which was torn down one side.

That day was the first of a week in which the mercury rocketed to its highest level that summer. The lake shimmered very softly in a heat wave, and the topmost leaves of the willows wavered upward like flames in the quivering air. By mid-day the whole sky was like a golden basin full of uneasy, glittering vapour turned down upon the world. After lunch Baby Geoffrey slept almost naked under the silken canopy of his pram in the shady corner of the orchard, and his mother allowed for the first time out of the house, lay fast asleep in a hammock beside him, one hand stretched out and resting upon the side of the pram.

Barbara had changed for the better at a rate which encouraged Molly to believe that her further stay at Montalban would not be long. She had put on flesh, and her nerves were quieter, her hands no longer perpetually on the jump. Molly was pleased with the progress of both her charges.

In the deep end of the lake the greater part of the household was bathing. Molly could hear, faintly from beyond the wing of the house the splashing of the water, and voices raised in laughter. She left mother and child to their sleep. There was more entertainment to be had on the other side of the house.

The lake was dazzling, and the spurts of water which shot up at Elsie's inexperienced dive were golden, like champagne. On the balustrade above, making fun of her from a safe distance, sat Charles, radiantly boyish, with a towel twisted round his neck. Here was another Montalban who was hardly recognizable as the indirect victim of a recent murder case. Charles had made a quick recovery.

"Hullo, Nurse!" he said, as he came up. "Going in?"

Molly shook her head, laughing. "I can't swim a stroke. But I'd like to watch. It looks kind of cool and pleasant."

"Try it! It's not deep on the far side."

"Thanks, but my charges may wake up any minute."

Charles grew serious for a moment. His pleasant face was thoughtful and a little shy. "You know, you've done wonders for those two. They look different people now."

"Not my work," said Molly. "Just what happens to sensitive people when their worries dissolve. Barbara will be all right now that Ralph's safe for good."

"They're going to be all right," she added. "Both of them. Of course they are."

"But they'll miss you awfully when you go. Doctor Leonard hinted that it might not be long. You have your own work in London, of course. We shall all miss you. You've been nice to us."

Molly laughed, and was amazed to see him flush slowly, from chin to brow. "No really—I know we have queer ways of conveying appreciation, but we have appreciated you."

"I was only thinking how little I've really done," said Molly hastily.

Charles was halted from the centre of the lake, where Cleone stood upright upon the spit of sand in her red costume, from the waist upward above water. He answered with a shout, and sliding over the balustrade like an eel, slipped into the water with only the slightest hint of a splash. Presently he rose struggling and laughing and kicking spray, with Robert junior's arm folded neatly round his knees. A moment they spurred in a certain amount of sun-bright spray and then broke apart.

Of the two Robert was the swifter, the more graceful, the more silent. But when he drew into the shallows and stood upon his feet rising suddenly misshapen and halting out of the element in which he moved at ease and

with beauty, Molly had a sense of shock.

"Don't mind so much," said the voice of Severn, at her shoulder. "Robert doesn't."

She turned. He was in a striped bathing wrap, and his dark hair was wet.

"Go on, say it. I break all the rules. I was first in, and first out." He smiled. "Talking of Robert—"

"Where was I? I didn't know I'd said anything."

"The way you looked said a good deal. You know, it's too late to mind. He's a philosopher himself; he never wastes any time grieving over what could have been if—"

They sat down together upon the balustrade, side by side, watching the bobbing head of Cleone in his bright red cap like a scarlet lily multiplied in ripples. "It's singularly cruel," said Molly. "I think—you know he has the best mind in the house."

"And no body to speak of. Some people might regard that as a compensation. Maybe his mind has developed since that thing happened to him. I don't know. I didn't know him then."

Molly swung suddenly away from the balustrade. "Let's go for a stroll over the bridge, shall we? It's cooler under the trees. Unless, of course, you were going in to change? Sir John may be wanting you—"

"Sir John's fast asleep in the library with a silk handkerchief over his face, and not likely to move for hours yet. What about your patients?"

"In the orchard, asleep likewise. They won't miss me."

They walked the length of the terrace in silence, and over the hump-backed bridge, and away into a yew walk, cool and scented with centuries of rich growth, a semi-circular pleasure at the end of it, and a stone sea. There they sat down to talk, and for some time had nothing to say. Then Severn put a hand upon her arm suddenly, strongly looking at her with an unusual smile.

"Understand me. I have very little. I am very little. All my life I've done what I wished to do; it hasn't often been profitable; it hasn't always been rational, but I can say—I do say—it's never been particularly discreditable. Not by my standards, at least. In common language, I shall never get you or myself anywhere; I haven't any wish to get anywhere, in that meaning of the term. I can make money, and I can guarantee you loyalty. That's all. If you're for it well, if not, you've only to say so, and the offer can be forgotten."

She was silent, her arm quite still under his hand.

"You'll not pretend with me. I know you too well for this. We speak the same language."

"No no," she said quickly. "It wasn't that. I wasn't trying to think what to say—or how to say it. It's just that—you're offering me something else which you haven't mentioned."

"The threat of a murder trial?"

"Yes. I'm a person of definite ideas myself. We said we wouldn't talk of this—do you mind very much if we do, just for a moment? I'm fairly useful as I am now, fairly independent—fairly happy. I don't think I should be any of these as the widow of a convicted murderer. If you'll swear to defend yourself tooth and nail—at anyone's expense—I'm willing to risk it. But otherwise—well, what's the use of suggesting it?"

And Severn laughed long and gaily and with his whole heart, leaning back in the corner of the seat with closed eyes.

"You're amazing? Do you know?"

"I'm practical, Lawrence, please be serious. I've never been satisfied about you. I've never been sure that you would really fight for your life, in the last necessity."

"You needn't have worried," he said. "I'm human, too. Besides if you're willing to stand with me I shall have a good deal more reason to fight—and to be convincing, too."

"I do stand with you," said Molly, in the same low tone. "I always have ever since I met you."

She felt his hand upon her arm again, and turned, and smiled at him. "You always get your own way, don't you?"

They stayed in the pleasure for perhaps a quarter of an hour, and there was little said between them. They sat in quietude and contentment, touching each other.

It was not the way Molly had expected this thing to happen to her but it was strangely more satisfying than any thing she would have imagined, and in its undemonstrative understanding set apart from an ordinary courtship. Severn, after all, was himself unfeignedly.

"We'd better go back," she said at last, disengaging her hand gently from his. "Our charges will be waking up full of wants or something."

"But you'll come out here after dinner? Or better still, we'll go and climb the Keep. It's quieter there."

"Yes, I'll come if I can. Wait for me on the far bridge."

On the way back to the terrace she happened to put her hand into the pocket of her skirt, and instantly stopped dead, her brow furrowed, trying to remember what was missing. Severn was so positive in her mind that everything previous to Severn seemed worlds away.

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"I hardly know. Isn't it silly? There was something—"

She stopped, her face blank in dismay.

"Yes I do know. It was my letter. I had a letter from Nurse Hartley at Bournemouth, and like a fool I put it in my pocket. I must have dropped it out on the terrace when we sat down."

"It's of no consequence, is it? No one will read it."

Unfortunately it hasn't an envelope,

and the address is in rather bold type. There's nothing terribly criminal about it, of course, but still I'd rather no one knew I had any acquaintance there. We'd better go back and find it. Thank goodness the others are still in the lake."

By the time they reached the garden end of the bridge, however, it was clear that not all of the others were still in the lake. Cleone's red cap bobbed, and Elsie sat in the sandy shallows on the further shore, and the white shape of Charles moved leisurely under water almost beneath them; but the cripple Robert was halfway up the stone steps towards the terrace, labouring and slow. They quickened their pace to round the corner ahead of him, but the distance was too great. It was Robert who stood first upon the terrace. It was Robert who, before their very eyes stopped to pick up the folded white sheet of Molly's letter.

There was no question of reading it. The printed address stared at him and Molly could remember vividly the first phrase, in that big, bold hand of Nurse Hartley's:—

"Dear Molly:—Since your visit I have developed a little curiosity of my own—"

So much he could not fail to see, and she knew with what an impact it would strike his quick brain.

Robert looked up and met her eyes. His face was candid, his straight glance significant but calm.

"I think this must be your property," he said. "I'm afraid I couldn't help seeing where it came from. You don't mind?"

CHAPTER XIV
 HIGH DIVE

Molly held out her hand silently, and took the letter, and put it into her pocket, her eyes all the while dwelling steadily upon Robert's face. She knew was in her mind; so slight a thread as that had guessed the half of what this was all he needed. The name of an unusual name.

"Understand me. I have very little. I am very little. All my life I've done what I wished to do; it hasn't often been profitable; it hasn't always been rational, but I can say—I do say—it's never been particularly discreditable. Not by my standards, at least. In common language, I shall never get you or myself anywhere; I haven't any wish to get anywhere, in that meaning of the term. I can make money, and I can guarantee you loyalty. That's all. If you're for it well, if not, you've only to say so, and the offer can be forgotten."

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Mews in the artistic quarter—one lodging house in Earl's Court. We concluded that quite a large change in finance went to justify this drastic move. That Malia had taken black-and-probably two, in this house—pre-mal move out of at least one person, sumpably on the pretext of selling her interest in Charles—which, as you may remember she never did relinquish.

"Tell everything," said Molly. "We already knew one person had paid her money. What we found out—or verified is nearer the mark—is that there must have been another source. The money was too much to have come from the source we knew."

"This, also is in confidence," said Severn.

"Naturally."

"Sir John paid her five hundred pounds on the occasion of her second visit here. I was the agent of the transaction. I tried my best to dissuade him. You are at liberty, of course, to believe or disbelieve that, as you choose."

"I believe it. Why not? So you concluded someone else besides my grandfather had paid out blackmail. Yes, go on."

"We chose your father as the most probable person," Severn's voice was level and calm. "He saw her as a young girl sodden with cocaine, when her stepfather's car smashed you. He knew her when she came into the house as Charles' fiancée. He already knew why she mustn't marry Charles. Plenty of reasons—profound reasons. Who was so likely to have tried to buy her off?"

"And who so likely to have killed her—when it became plain that she wouldn't be bought off?"

"And when he found she had bled your grandfather into the bargain, Sir John admitted it to him on the day she was murdered. Who wouldn't have murdered her?"

"Don't worry!" said Severn. "Unless something quite unforeseen happens there'll be no case to answer. We're neither of us quite common or garden bunsbodies, digging in other people's allotments."

"I never thought so. But what puzzles me is, why did you go to so much trouble? If you're not police agents, what are you? Enthusiastic amateur detectives, evidently, but with what end in view?"

Severn smiled. "A very laudable end. No less than the prolonging of my life to its natural span. I happen to be a front-line suspect in the murder of Malia myself."

It was impossible to startle Robert but he looked up quickly then, full into Severn's grimly amused face. "Do you mean that? Why you? What have you to do with it, of all people?"

"It's a case of mistaken identity. Apparently Malia had a partner, in

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

The regular meeting of the town council was held ten years ago with Mayor Geo. S. Drew in the chair and

Councillors A. Caron, Dr. S. L. Honey, R. Richardson, J. T. Chenier, A. P. Dooley and J. Morrison present. Mayor Drew said that while he had not mentioned the matter to anyone else, he felt that the town should take some notice in the success of the Timmins Hockey Team. It was the first time that Timmins had won the Northern Ontario championship and the chance to go to Toronto to compete for the Allan Cup. The N. O. H. A. championship trophy had been paid for by the various teams of the North. In past years any town winning it had shown honour to its team in some way. He thought the Timmins team deserved some recognition for their good work during the season and for the publicity given the town. He thought the council might join with the Kiwanis Club to give the boys a banquet as a mark of appreciation, the town to defray the expenses of all outside the Kiwanis Club. The other members of council favoured the idea and it was left to Dr. Honey to make arrangements with the Kiwanis.

There were 20 business men of the town at the meeting called by the Kiwanis committee at the Empire Hotel. "Buy at Home" campaign. The business men present unanimously endorsed the Kiwanis proposal and pledged the fullest support. A great many other merchants were also in favour and it was believed that the plan would have the endorsement and support of all the business men of the town.

Helen Campbell, representing the Sudbury Collegiate and Technical School, won the annual district oratorical contest held at North Bay ten years ago. As a result the silver cup trophy given for this honour was sent to Sudbury for the second year. Phyllis Ross,

some discreditable business in France last year, who answered fairly well to my description. The theory is that we were partners again—to blackmail my family, of course—that she double-crossed me, and that I wiped her out."

(To be Continued)

of North Bay, was second in the contest. The five other contestants competing in the event were: Muriel Piche, Haileybury; Allan Orr, Cobalt; Grant Barron, Timmins H. & V. School; Pauline Simpson, Coniston; Rebecca Himmel, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. The general opinion of those present at the contest was that all the young orators did remarkably well and were entitled to great credit.

"The worst fears of Timmins are dashed," said The Advance ten years ago. "The Timmins Gold Diggers, are definitely out of hockey for this year. The National Sea Fleas, of Toronto, on Tuesday night further increased their lead over the Northern champions by handing them a 'duck egg', the pride of the Golden North emerging after the fray was over at the scoreless end of a nine-goal game and the Nationals had won the round by fourteen goals to one. Ardent supporters of the team had confidently expected that the Timmins sextette would, on Tuesday night, reverse the score, even though it was not possible to overcome the four-goal lead Nationals took with them to the second game, it was with disappointment that the results of the game were heard by radio broadcast or from fans calling Toronto to learn the results of the debacle, at the Maple Leaf Gardens on Tuesday night."

A party of seven enthusiastic hockey fans travelled to Toronto ten years ago by Airship from Timmins so as to be in Toronto for the second game between Timmins Hockey team and the National Sea Fleas in the Allan Cup games. The party had a speedy trip to the city, but on account of the snow on Wednesday were not able to return as expected. Among those taking the airship trip to Toronto were:—Rev. Fr. Theriault, Jas Scully, O. L. Evans, Gerald Martin, E. LaSalle, J. Stone.

The weekly luncheon of the Kiwanis Club ten years ago was unusually interesting. The speaker for the day was H. W. Darling, whose notable address on South America and particularly Venezuela was agreed by all to be one of the most interesting and informative heard by the club in a long time. He sketched the history, formation, government, politics, resources, industry

and people of the country in graphic way and the address was greatly appreciated and enjoyed. R. E. Dye introduced the speaker for the day.

Personal items in The Advance ten years ago included:—"Mrs. C. E. Alton returned this week after spending a few days with friends in Kirwland Lake." "Miss Mary McGregor, of Purdie Ont. is visiting at the Russel hotel." "Mr. and Mrs. W. Carlisle (formerly Miss Jessie Marshall) of Transvaal, South Africa, are visitors at Mrs. Carlisle's home."

Asks Council at Kirkland for Relief for Miners

The C.I.O. at Kirkland Lake has asked the council there for relief for the families of striking miners not yet employed. The province has distinctly refused relief in this case, saying that the rule is now that only unemployable persons are entitled to relief, and the men who went on strike are not unemployable. The union says it can not pay strike wages to the men for lack of funds. So those not taken back to work find themselves in serious situation. The condition is the more discouraging in view of the fact that probably over a thousand of the men who went on strike will never be able to get jobs at Kirkland, two of the mines having closed down when the strike started and others reducing their output. It is generally expected by those who are in position to know that only a small part of the men still out of work will be taken on by the mines, most of the concerns having pretty near their full quota of men in view of their reduced tonnage.

Judge Hayward Raps Plans Used by Toronto Assessor

In granting a number of appeals from assessments at Haileybury last week, Judge Hayward took occasion to rap the methods used by the Toronto man who made the re-assessment of property at Haileybury last year. Judge Hayward, in one case, said that the Toronto man either knew little about actual values or he made no proper attempt to inspect the properties before assessing them.

Toronto Telegram—Maybe the situation would improve if they started the rationing of spring poetry.

Men of 30, 40, 50
 PEP, VIM, VIGOR, Subnormal!
 Want normal pep, vim, vigor, vitality? Try Oxtrox Tonic Tablets. Contains tonic, stimulants, oxygen elements— aids to normal pep after 30, 40 or 50. Get a special introductory size for only 35¢. Try this aid to normal pep and vim today. For sale at all good drug stores.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Timmins and District business establishments enjoy a good patronage from the residents of this community because through the years they have earned the confidence of the public and are co-operating to retain it. You are invited to inspect the values offered by the firms listed below.

<p>AUTO SUPPLIES</p> <p>Pigeon Auto Wrecker and Garage NEW AND USED PARTS FOR ALL MAKES OF CARS 18 Mattagami Boulevard Phone 1351-W</p>	<p>CLEANERS</p> <p>Burton Cleaners 61 Kirby Avenue Phone 2930</p> <p>Let Us Take Care of the Clothes You Wear HATS CLEANED and BLOCKED 61 Kirby Avenue Phone 2930</p>	<p>GROCER</p> <p>Up to a Quality Not Down to a Price</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shawville Creamery Butter Bird's Eye Canned Foods Red Ribbon Beef McCartney's Chicken <p>E. L. URQUHART PHONE 2100</p>	<p>MEAT MARKET</p> <p>T-BONE — ROUND or SIRLOIN Steaks or Roasts 27c lb.</p> <p>Empire Market 35 Kimberley Ave. Phone 298</p>
<p>BAKERIES</p> <p>SAVE MONEY Ask for coupons redeemable on Bread and Pastry. Try our Famous Do-Nuts and French Pastry</p> <p>Bread 8c Loaf</p> <p>National Bakery 10 Pine St. S. Phone 1445</p>	<p>DAIRY</p> <p>Northland Producers Dairy Pasteurized Milk Cream Buttermilk The Farmer Owned Dairy 14 Birch St. N. Phone 3290</p>	<p>HOTELS</p> <p>Pearl Lake Hotel FRANK KLISANICH (prop.) Where Good Friends Meet PHONE 788 First Avenue, Schumacher</p>	<p>STORAGE</p> <p>United Movers New Heated Warehouse SEPARATE ROOM SYSTEM Phones 510 & 1733 270 Spruce St. S. Timmins</p>
<p>Schumacher Bakery The Home of Better Bread PASTRY AND CAKES OUR SPECIALTY 31 Wilson Avenue Phone 1069</p>	<p>ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES</p> <p>Lynch Appliance and Furniture Co. 39 Third Avenue Phone 1870 Exclusive dealers for Westinghouse True Temperature Controlled Refrigerators, Electric Ranges, Radios, Washers, Vacuum Cleaners, Etc. "THE HOME OF FINE FURNITURE"</p>	<p>INSURANCE</p> <p>CONSULT US FOR New Low Rates on Fire Insurance Auto Life Casualty</p> <p>P. J. Doyle 21 Cedar St. N. Phone 1339</p>	<p>TAILOR</p> <p>International Tailors Agents for TIP-TOP TAILORS and W. R. JOHNSTON 27 1/2 First Avenue Phone 1062 Schumacher</p>
<p>COAL AND WOOD DEALERS</p> <p>Mike Mirkovich Coal Dealer CLEAN FUEL CLEAN SERVICE 28 First Avenue Phone 658-M Schumacher</p>	<p>ELECTRIC MOTORS</p> <p>GEM ELECTRIC MOTOR SERVICE We repair all kinds of motors, washing machines, refrigerators, stokers, fans, car generators, etc. We also sell and exchange 25 and 60 cycle motors. We loan you a motor while repairing yours. 161 Spruce St. S. Phone 668</p>	<p>JEWELLER</p> <p>Swiss, Stella and Lorie Watches Reasonably Priced</p> <p>F. Bauman 27 Third Avenue Phone 1365</p>	<p>TAXI</p> <p>Dwyer's Taxi & Bus Line 24 HOUR SERVICE All Careful and Experienced Drivers Phone 350 F. D. DWYER Schumacher</p>
<p>J. Van Rassel General Building Contractor Coal and Wood Dealer OFFICE: 141 Main Ave., Timmins PHONE 583</p>	<p>FURNACE REPAIRS</p> <p>A. Vercival LICENSED FUMIGATOR Prevent Fires During Cold Months CHIMNEYS and FURNACES CLEANED 7 Cedar St. S. Phone 1675</p>	<p>LUMBER DEALER</p> <p>Rudolph-McChesney Lumber Co., Ltd. Manufacturers and Dealers in FOREST PRODUCTS ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER PULPWOOD MINING TIMBER Phone 584 Timmins</p>	<p>TRANSFER</p> <p>Leo's Transfer L. BOUGHARD (prop.) 123 Wilson Ave. Phone 334</p> <p>SLABS FOR SALE ORDER NOW</p>