## Clogged-Up Liver Causes Headache

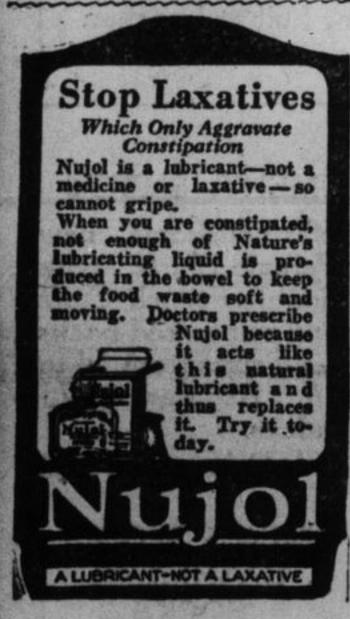
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Sir Adam Beck blames government laxity in enforcing contracts with timber contractors in north for losses

on Hydro development at Cameron



(Continued From Our Last Issue)

Antony tried to put himself in Cayley's place-Cayley, when Antony had first discovered him, hammering at the door and crying, "Let me in!" Whatever had happened inside the office, whoever had killed Robert, Cayley knew all about it, and knew that Mark was not inside, and had not escaped by the window. But it was necessary to Cayley's plans-to Mark's plans if they were acting in concert-that he should be thought so to have escaped. At some time, then, while he was hammering (the key in his pocket) at the locked door he must suddenly have remembered —with what a shock!—that a mistake had been made. A window had

not been left open! And then Antony's sudden appearancel Here was a complication. And Antony suggesting that they should try the window! Why, the window was just what he wanted to avoid. No wonder he had seemed dazed at

Ah, and here at last was the explanation why they had gone the longest way round-and yet run. It was Cayley's only chance of getting a start on Antony, of getting to the windows first, of working them open somehow before Antony caught him up. Even if that were impossible, he must get there first, just to make

So he had run. But Antony had kept up with him. They had broken in the window together, and gone into the office. But Cayley was not done yet. There was the dressingroom window! But quietly, quietly. Antony mustn't hear.

And Antony didn't hear. Indeed; he had played up to Cayley splendidly. Not only had he called attention to the open window, but he had carefully explained to Cayley why Mark had chosen this particular win- START, "CAYLEY!" dow in preference to the office win dow. And Cayley had agreed that it some new color, some new gleam something else? And where was probably that was the reason. How

he must have chuckled to himself! They were outside on the lawn brain could not get hold of it. mystery to solve.

where is he now?"

stopped and repeated slowly, "She heard him-at least she says she did. But if he was there, he came out again by the door."

"Where it led Mark. The passage."

ing there all the time?" repeated his question, and then with pulled. The shelves swung open an effort he came out of his thoughts toward them.

and answered him. "We'd better make certain. Could row way." out letting him see you?"

"You wait." Antony's head shot up suddenly, it down into the blackness, "Why, that was what Mark said."

have made a mistake, Bill? She did in front of them.

"Mark had an extraordinary char-

"Rather high-pitched, you know, viously longing to do so. ind-well, one can't explain, but-"

"Well, rather like this, you know rattled these words off in Mark's voice, and then laughed, and added in his natural voice, "I say, that

was really rather good." Antony nodded quickly. "That ly. "Exactly."

"Yes." He got up and squeezed Bill's arm. "Well just go and see about Cayley, and then we'll get moving. I shall be in the library."

direction of the pond. This was

glorious fun; this was life. The immediate program could hardly be bet-To Antony, who was older and wh realized into what deep waters they were getting, it did not seem fun.

But it was amazingly interesting

It was like looking at an opal, and



TURNING ROUND WITH

of light reflected, and yet never real- Gillingham? Water, water everyly seeing the opal as a whole. His where-

was listening openmouthed to his almost had it . . and then turned thing at the pond, are they?" friend's theory of yesterday's hap-penings. It only gave them another life than Bill, but he had never seen Something off their minds when murder before, and this which was they can say they've done it." "What's that?" said Antony.

in his mind now, and to which he
"Mark. Where's Mark? If he was afraid to listen, was not just and said "Yes," and went back to it never went into the office at all, then the hot-blooded killing which any again. He was just getting to the man may come to if he lose control. place. "I don't say that he never went into the office. In fact, he must have gone. Eisle heard him." He looked again—but it was all out of the corner of his eye he glanced at the shelf looked again—but it was all out of of sermons as he came. Bill saw

CHAPTER XIV

THE had come back, and had re-"Well, but where does that lead | ported, rather breathless, that Cayley was still at the pond. They stood in front of the row of "Do you mean that he's been hid- sermons. Antony took down the Reverend Theodore Ussher's famous

"By Jove!" said Bill, "It is a naryou be a sleuth-hound, Bill-one of There was an opening about those that travel on their stomachs yard square in front of them, which Then . a happy smile came on his very noiselessly? I mean, could you had something the look of a brick get near enough to the pond to make fireplace, a fireplace raised about two sure that Cayley is still there, with feet from the ground. But, save for one row of bricks in front, the floor "Rather!" He got up eagerly, of it was emptiness. Antony took a

"Look," he whispered to the eager Bill. "The steps begin down there. Six feet down." "Yes. What Elsie heard him say." He flashed his torch up again. There was a handhold of fron, a sort

"Cayley helped her, I think. . . . It's funny." "Shall I go first?" asked Bill, of "I think I will, if you don't mind

get back again, first. It really wouldn't be fair on the Inspector if we got stuck down here for the rest of our lives. He's got enough to do trying to find Mark, but if he has to find you and me as well-" Antony sat down on the ledge of bricks, swung his feet over, and sat there for a moment, his legs dangling. He flashed his torch into the darkness again, so as to make sure where the steps began; then returned it to his pocket, seized the staple in front of him and swung himself down. His feet touched the steps beneath him, and he let go. "Is it all right?" said Bill anxious-

"Righto," he said. "Go on." "Well, we'll just make sure we can

"All right. I'll just go down to the bottom of the steps and back. Stay there."

The light shone down by his feet. His head began to disappear. For a little while Bill, craning down the opening, could still see faint splashes of light, and could hear slow uncertain footsteps; for a little longer he could fancy that he saw and heard them; then he was alone. . . . Well, not quite alone. There was a sudden voice in the hall outside.

"Good Lord!" said Bill, turning round with a start, "Cayley!" If he was not so quick in thought as Antony, he was quick enough in action. Thought was not demanded now. To close the secret door safe'y but noiselessly, to make sure that the books were in the right places, to move away to another row of shelves -the difficulty was not to decide what to do, but to do all this in five seconds rather than in six.

"Ah, there you are," said Cayley from the doorway. looking up from the fourth volume of "The Life and Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge." "Have they fin-

"Finished what?" "The pond," said Bill, wondering why he was reading Coleridge on such a fine afternoon. Desperately he tried to think of a good reason . . . verifying a quotation—an argument with Antony-that would do. But what quotation? "Oh, no. They're still at it.

Where's Gillingham?" "The Ancient Mariner"-water, water, everywhere-or was that

"Tony? Oh, he's about some agin now, Bill and Antony, and Bill But there were moments when he where. They aren't finding any-

> that glance and wondered. Was there anything there to give away

"I was just looking up a quotation," be drawled, "Tony and I had a bet about it. You know that thing -about-er-water, water every. where, and-er-not a drop to Antony was silent until Bill had volume, and felt for the spring. Bill dered to himself, were they betting

"'Nor any drop to drink,' to be

"Quite sure?" he said.

trouble. That's what the bet was torch from his pocket and flashed about. He closed in its shelf, and began to feel for his pipe and tobacco. "I was a fool to bet with Tony," he added. "He always knows that sort

of thing." So far, so good. But here was "Yes . . . I suppose she couldn't of large iron staple, in the bricks Cayley still in the library, and there was Antony, all unsuspecting, in "You swing off from there," said the passage. When Antony came back he would not be surprised to "She couldn't have mistaken his Bill. "At least, I suppose you do back he would not be surprised to voice, if that's what you mean." I wonder how Ruth Norris liked find the door closed, because the whole object of his going had been the inside. At any moment, then, the bookshelf might swing back and show Antony's bead in the gap. A

Antony shook his head with a nice surprise for Cayley! (Continued in Our Next Issue)

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the interests of Henry Ford and the

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eers Co-operative Bank for a finish

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# DESERT LAKE.

Oct. 4 .- The hot dry spell has hunt the grass and gardens greatly. Some of the farmers have dug their potatoes and report a good crop. Mrs. J. N. Abrams, suffering from an abcess en her ear, is some better. Visitors: Miss Winnifred Steadman with her grandparents; Willett Babcock and family at J. Campbell's; Van Abrams and family at his father's, J. N. Abram's; Mrs. Conroy at A Page's. Mr. and Mrs. E. Page and other friends motored to Kingston. Marshall Wager is at his sister's, Mrs. E. Page.

From the

Countryside

Frontenac

BROOKSIDE.

Oct. 4 .- Farmers are busy cutting corn and filling silos. Many from here attended the afternoon and evening sessions at Harrowsmith on Sunday, which was observed as rally day. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Joyner, Glenburnie, spent the week-end with the former's sister, Mrs. F. Wallace. John McCormick made a business trip into the city on Tuesday. Mrs. James Shangraw had the misfortune to fall and Grateful to Premier Drury suffer a severe injury. Her condition is improving slowly. Mr. and Mrs. Heaslip, Oct. 9 .- All along the line Barle Boyce spent Sunday evening the people have been showing their at the former's parents, Hartington. appreciation of Premier's Drury's ac- Miss May McLean, teacher at Echo tion in taking relief measures. Mayor Lake, motored to her home here on Kormon of Englehart especially paid Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Freetribute, saying, "We have the best man visited D. Smith's, Yarker, reman going. He doesn't wait for cently, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shortts, wires, but comes right out." At the Newburgh, spent Sunday at W. Walclose of the meeting at Englehart lace's, and M. Ellerbeck at F. Walmany women and children refugees lace's.

Lennox & Addington

SELBY.

Oct. 4 .- Rev. Mr. Anderson refight on Wall Street has become turned home on Tuesday from Toronto where he was attending con-Plot to kidnep Irish president is ference. A number attended the funeral on Sunday of the late Mr. Morgan, formerly of this place. A young son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Miles on Monday night, Misses Florence and Vera Ballance left last week for Kingston where they will attend Queen's. Miss Ethel Fate and Ross McConnell were married on Wednesday, Miss Grace Hudgin 1 evending a few days at Bwetzerville with Miss Annie Waters. Mrs. Mc-Kim and Miss Myrtle Coolidge are mproving after their recent illness. Mr. and Mrs. D. Denfson and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold spent Sunday at Center-

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> Band t Holds Up Party. Montreal, Oct. 9 .- Swooping down n three girls and four men who were

City Hall avenue, a hold-up may Winnipeg, Oct. 9.—Strong pressure masked and armed, lined up the re-

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harg declined to discuss the suggesaring a party Friday night at 61



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