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SYNOPSIS

Miss Edith Brown, pretty stenographer, whose life has been little beyond the dull routine of everyday typing, sits down on a quiet doorstep to get her bearings when she finds herself lost in a dense fog. Suddenly the door opens and a man, evidently a house servant, confronts her. As he catches sight of her portable typewriter case, asks her whether she will come in and take some dictation, and his manner indicates that the job is one not without adventure—probably risk. Eagerly welcoming a peep into the land of romance for which her whole life has been starving, Miss Brown steps across the threshold and within finds a man suffering from a serious wound, who turns out to be Colonel Desitter, renowned explorer. He dictates an extraordinary story to her—but only after a warning that her whole life may be affected by her taking down these notes—a story of world adventure, intrigue and conspiracy the portent of which hardly penetrates her consciousness before the last note is set down. Then he discloses to her the body of a dead man lying behind a screen, the man Desitter has killed as his arch enemy gave him a mortal wound from which he himself says he will not recover. With detailed instructions and caution on what she shall do with her notes and other papers he entrusts to her, he dismisses her in the care of the servant, Mergen, and a strong bodyguard mysteriously conducts her to her home and sees that she is locked safely in her room for the night.

INSTALMENT EIGHT

The Dancing Partner

They dined at a large and popular restaurant, where, before the war, the sight of two young women at a table alone would have caused a great deal of remark. An epicure might have found fault with the somewhat stereotyped meal with which they were served, but to the two girls, whose evening repast consisted generally of scrambled eggs with tea, or some kindred variation, everything seemed delicious. When the coffee was brought, and Frances had lit her cigarette—Miss Brown never smoked—they were in a state of post-prandial content almost masculine. Frances' feet were beating time to the music.

"I warn you, dear little mother propriety," she said, "that if any one comes who looks in any way decent and asks me to dance, I shall accept."

Miss Brown's expression was grave.

"It's hard luck not knowing any men here, Frances," she said, "and you dance so beautifully, but I don't think I'd do that. You can't tell what sort of person you might get mixed up with."

Frances smiled a little bitterly across the table.

"What does it matter?" she demanded scornfully. "What does it matter what one does? I'm nearly 30 years old, and half the good times I might have had in life I haven't had because there have been things connected with them which one shouldn't do, or isn't supposed to do. I'm fed up with it, Edith. You come and look after my chickens for a time and see how you'd feel."

"It's out of doors," Miss Brown argued, "it's a healthy life and a beautiful country."

"Oh, shut up," was the curt rejoinder. "Don't be grandmotherly, Edith. You live much more intensively than I do—you could even have a secret and keep it," she added with a note of aggrieved meaning in her tone—"but we're made of the same stuff, really. We're neither of us content—at least I know I'm not, and I don't think you are, although you're too modest to ask yourself why. . . . I've made a conquest, and I'm going to be

FAINT, DIZZY SPELLS Had To Sleep Propped Up In Bed

Mrs. Norman Bishop, Salisbury, N.B., writes:—"I was troubled with faint and dizzy spells and when I would lie down I would suffer terribly with smothering spells. I got so bad I had to sleep propped up in bed."

"My doctor said I was my heart and nerves, and that I needed a good heart tonic."

"I was advised to take



and I had not taken one box when I could lie down and sleep like a child. Price, 50c. a box at all druggists and dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

asked to dance. I'm not quite sure about him, but there doesn't seem to be any one else."

Miss Brown looked critically across at the opposite table, and permitted herself a slight frown of disapproval. Two men had been dining there alone, and the one to whom Frances had evidently alluded was already upon his feet, straightening his tie with obvious self-consciousness. He was a big man with a florid complexion and unruly hair. His evening clothes fitted him badly, and he had the air of being in ill accord with his surroundings. Nevertheless, notwithstanding his coarseness of feature and somewhat pompous carriage, there was power in his face of a sort, in his straight, full mouth, shaggy eyebrows and firm jaw. His companion was of an altogether different type. He was much younger; he wore tortoise shell rimmed spectacles, and he presented a thoughtful, almost a scholarly ap-

pearance. His connection with the other man was hard to divine.

"I don't care much for your admirer," Miss Brown confessed.

"Neither do I particularly," Frances agreed. "He doesn't look as though he could dance very well. However, he seems to be my fate."

The heavy-set man was already indeed approaching their table. He concealed his lack of poise by a casualness of manner which bordered upon familiarity.

"Young lady care to dance?" he suggested, standing in front of Frances and looking down at her.

She rose to her feet after a moment's genuine hesitation. Miss Brown followed them with curious eyes. The man danced well enough in somewhat lumbering fashion, and was apparently ready of speech now the ice was broken.

Then Miss Brown's attention was called to her own affairs. The younger man had risen from his place and approached her. There was no awkwardness about his manner—rather a charming smile as he bowed slightly.

"I am so sorry," he said, "that I cannot follow my friend's example. I unfortunately do not dance. I wondered whether you would permit me to sit with you for a moment while you are alone?"

Even Miss Brown could find nothing to object to in the suggestion. She rather liked the young man's tone and manner, too.

"Please do," she begged. "I am so glad for my friend to be able to dance. I suppose it is the custom in these places nowadays," she went on tentatively, "to dance without an introduction?"

A Communist

The young man smiled gravely. "I imagine so," he agreed. "To tell you the truth, I do not frequent this type of restaurant very much. It was necessary for me to have a talk upon affairs with my friend, and as he has to go to Manchester early tomorrow morning, we decided to dine together. I am afraid if the choice had been left to me I should have taken him to my club. He had a different idea, however. Is this a favorite place of yours?"

"I have been here twice before when my friend has been up from the country," Miss Brown replied. "We have never danced, though."

"Hard luck on you that I'm such a duffer," the young man remarked. "A great deal of my work has to be done at night. I have to be down at the House of Commons with my chief."

"That sounds very interesting," the young man said.

"My work is interesting," he admitted. "I'm private secretary to Abel Deane."

Miss Brown's forehead was slightly puckered. She looked across at him doubtfully.

"Isn't Mr. Deane the leader of the Communist Party?" she inquired.

He nodded assent.

"And a very excellent leader, too," he declared, "although I say it who am his secretary. I suppose you think Communism sounds very terrible?"

"I don't like what I have heard about it," Miss Brown confessed.

"Naturally. Yet the principles of Communism appeal to some even among the most intelligent. I was at Oxford and I was fortunate enough to take quite an exceptional degree. I was certainly reckoned among the intellectuals, and, although, of course, no creed of life can be altogether satisfactory, I am content to call myself a Communist. I know every one is frightened of the name, but ten years ago it was the same if one ventured to call oneself a Socialist. Yet the Socialists have had their turn at governing the country, and haven't done so badly."

"They only governed on sufferance," Miss Brown ventured. "One doesn't know what they would have done with a free hand."

"The restraint imposed by an opposition is one excellent feature of our system of government," the young man pointed out. "By the by, my name is Greatson—Eric Greatson. And yours?"

"Just Miss Brown?"

"Miss Edith Brown?"

"We can now consider ourselves introduced," the young man declared. "As I presume your friend

frankly nowadays. Can't imagine why people aren't a little more original."

"We can't all be Communist members of parliament and plan revolutions," Frances observed.

"Who said anything about revolutions?" Frankland demanded brusquely. "That isn't our way of thinking at all, and if I had to rely upon my salary as an M. P. I should be in a pretty mess. What about it once more, Miss Frances, eh?" he added, laying down his cigarette.

"Yes, well, dance if you like," she consented, "but my name is Austin—Miss Austin."

Frankland chuckled, but his protest died away at the sight of something in his companion's expression.

"All right," he conceded, a little sulkily. "It's going to be 'Miss Frankland' though before very long. And afterward 'Frances'."

"You may be a prophet," she acknowledged, "but I prefer intimacies to be arrived at by stages, and I am going to ask you not to hold me quite so tightly," she added.

He whispered a clumsy compliment in her ear as they moved away. Miss Brown fancied that she caught an expression of distaste in the face of her vis-à-vis.

"I suppose your friend, Mr. Frankland, is a very clever man," she remarked. "I am afraid I do not like him very much."

"He is scarcely to be judged from a social point of view," was Greatson's apologetic comment.

"I suppose he has a great deal of power," Miss Brown reflected. "Isn't it he who will decide whether this terrible series of strikes comes off?"

"Not he alone. There are the trades unions to be considered, you know. There are grave differences

of opinion between them and some of the Communist leaders. It depends entirely upon whether they come together or not what happens."

"And will they come together?" The young man shook his head reproachfully.

"I cannot answer a question like that, Miss Brown," he replied. "It is very seldom indeed that I discuss politics with any one."

"But surely it doesn't matter with me?" she protested.

"Political intrigue"

He took off his spectacles and wiped them. Then he looked at her earnestly.

"There are members of my party," he assured her, "who would think that I was doing a very indiscreet thing by even sitting at a table with Miss Edith Brown, of Shepherd's Market."

Miss Brown was genuinely astonished.

"Good gracious, why?" she exclaimed, her blue eyes wide open. "What can you or any member of your party know about me?"

The young man smiled—not at all a displeasing smile.

"Even the cult of espionage," he observed cryptically, "has profited during the last few years by all these scientific discoveries. It is difficult nowadays to avoid knowledge."

Miss Brown on the whole stood the shock very well. She had become at once very much on her guard.

"But I am only a typist," she protested. "I count for nothing. I know nothing whatever about politics. I seldom even read the papers."

He smiled at her once more.

"Let me make a guess," he said. "I would surmise that up till an early hour yesterday afternoon your statement would have been unreservedly true. Since then you have fulfilled other functions."

"What do you mean?" Miss Brown demanded, her heart beating a little more quickly.

"You have associated yourself definitely with a certain cause," he continued, "and with a certain amount of ingenuity you have carried out a difficult commission. Having gone so far who knows how much further you may go."

"So you belong to those people who have set spies to watch an insignificant person like me," Miss Brown scoffed.

"Little Theatre"

EDMONTON, Nov. 5.—Sir Barry Jackson, founder of the Little Theatre at Birmingham is to lecture here tonight on the Little Theatre movement.

While he has unqualified praise for the anti-war pact Sir Robert says the peace of the world can not be secured by treaties alone nor can it be maintained by force.

League Table

Grotto 135 84 51 84
Operators 135 74 61 74
Moose 135 73 62 73
Eagles 135 70 65 70
P. Rupert Hotel 135 69 66 69
Cold Storage 135 69 66 69
I. O. O. F. 135 69 66 69
New Empress 135 64 71 64
C. N. R. A. 135 63 72 63
Seal Cove 135 62 73 62
K. of C. 135 61 74 61
Orange Lodge 135 52 88 52

Nina Gurvich

Going Strong

Local Boxer Took Easy Decision

Last Night: Bronson Hunt Scored Knockout

A wire received today by his family states that Nina Gurvich of this city won easily in the main event of a smoker at Vancouver last night. Bronson Hunt, also of this city, won a fight by the knockout route.

Previously, Nina won two fights at Vancouver by knocking his opponents out.

In the main event of a recent boxing tournament at Prince George, Tom Rice was declared the winner when his opponent, Young Swift, left the ring, claiming a foul, and could not be induced to return. There were six other good bouts, the best of which was that between Tommy Harris and Cecil Hartley, ex-welterweight champ. It was an exhibition no-decision bout. Following the tournament, Rice issued a challenge to meet Hartley in a ten-round bout this month.

The curtain will ring up this evening at the Exhibition Hall on what is expected to be a very interesting local basketball season. The Elks and Players' Club will meet in the Senior League, and Naval Reserve vs. C.N.R. and Bankers vs. High School in Intermediate League. The first Ladies' League game of the season will be next Friday evening when Toller's meet Drill Team. Talent is said to be evenly divided up in the various divisions of the hoop game here this winter and good entertainment is promised the fans.

Grotto and Canadian Legion meet tonight in the billiard league with line-ups as follows:

Nelson (Grotto) vs. Pyle (Canadian Legion)

J. Andrews vs. Murray

Waugh vs. M. Andrew

Hillman vs. Tinker

McLachlan vs. Scott.

The same foundation which assures ordered liberty and justice in a modern civilized state must be created on an international scale if peace is to endure.

"The education and idealism of the people, their inherited respect for law, and their determination to maintain order and justice against crime and lawlessness," he says, "are the real foundations upon which stable government rests. In the world there must be an international public opinion upon which will be established between the nations the entrenchment of public right and justice."

"The treaty to outlaw war is a splendid gesture, the wonderful effects of which will doubtless be apparent in the future; but beyond and in addition to this the nations must be led into the habit and practice of peaceful determination of all international controversies. It is in this task that the League of Nations finds its highest usefulness and therein it renders a service which treaties alone cannot supply. This Treaty gives a firm assurance that in such service the co-operation of the United States will more and more be manifested in the future."

POOR OLD U.S.

A small boy was taken by his father to Washington to visit Congress. He was much interested in the chaplain, who always opened the sessions with a prayer. Both in the Senate and the House he had observed the procedure. Finally, he asked:

"Bapa, why does the minister come in every day and pray for Congress?"

"You've got it all wrong, son," replied his father. "The minister comes in every day, looks over Congress, and then prays for the country."—Outlook.

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Grotto Is Still Leading In Crib

Operators Are in Second Place Now With Moose in Third Position

Prince Rupert Cribbage League results last night were as follows: Moose 15, Seal Cove Sawmill 12, K. of C. 10, New Empress 17, Cold Storage 13, Operators 14, P. Rupert Hotel 12, Grotto 15, I. O. O. F. 16, C. N. R. A. 11.

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BORDEN AT BIG MEET IN KYOTO

Institute of Pacific Relations Hears Lucid Exposition of Dominion's Development

KYOTO, Japan, Nov. 5.—Canada's growth in international stature in the past two years formed the subject of a memorandum by Sir Robert Borden, P.C., G.C.M.G., K.C., D.C.L., L.L.D., former premier of Canada, chairman of the executive council, Canadian Institute of External Affairs and member of the Pacific Council, read before the Institute of Pacific Relations now in session here.

The object was to lay before the international body the extent of Canada's international relations and their development since the last conference in 1927.

Among the notable developments Sir Robert placed Canada's adherence to the multilateral pact for the renunciation of war, her recent adherence to the optional clause in the statutes of the Permanent Court of International Justice and the exchange of ministers between Canada and France and between Canada and Japan.

The memorandum refers to the I'm Alone case as "the first major question of general international importance affecting Canada that has emerged since the appointment of a Canadian Minister to the United States of America."

Correspondence between the two countries carried on through the Canadian minister resulted "most satisfactorily in an agreement to refer the relevant questions to arbitration under Article 4 of the Treaty of 1924 made between His Britannic Majesty and the United States respecting the regulation of the Liquor Traffic."

Powers of States

Continuing his outline of the case of the Canadian schooner sunk by United States coast guard boats, Sir Robert writes:

"Article 1 of this treaty re-affirmed the intention of the High Contracting Parties to uphold the three-mile limit for territorial waters. By Article 2 His Majesty agreed to raise no objection to the boarding and search by the United States of British vessels within such a distance from the United States coast as the vessel in question could traverse in one hour; or to the condemnation of any such vessel which appeared to have committed or to be committing an offence against the prohibition laws of the United States; and Article 4 provides that any claim by a British vessel for compensation on the grounds that it has suffered loss or injury through the improper or unreasonable exercise of the rights conferred by Article 2—shall be referred for the joint consideration of two persons, one of whom shall be nominated by each of the High Contracting Parties."

"The diplomatic correspondence on the subject between Canada and the United States is admirable in tone, and the questions of fact and law presented are set out lucidly and temperately on each side."

While he has unqualified praise for the anti-war pact Sir Robert says the peace of the world can not be secured by treaties alone nor can it be maintained by force.

SPORTS

Nick Gurvich and Eddie Johnson, local boxers, figured on the card of a boxing tournament in the Cavalry Club at Vancouver last Wednesday night. Gurvich was pitted against Ray Luscombe of New Westminster in the duce spot while Johnson scrapped with Jack McGan of Vancouver in the curtain raiser. The main event was between Russ McMillan and Allan Fosten, Vancouver flyweights.

Wilfrid Ward, backer of Phil Scott, the English heavyweight, announces that he is prepared to guarantee Jack Sharkey \$250,000 for an open air bout next spring in London for the world's championship, also putting up a wager of \$25,000 that Scott would win. Johnny Buckley, Sharkey's manager, says he is quite willing to accept the offer.

Lakelse Lake near Terrace seems to be justifying its location as a game resort and there is a great variety of wild life there this fall. Ducks and geese are very plentiful but wild going to continuous hunting and there are also a large number of grouse. Bear are very plentiful and are seen daily while a big cow moose was recently sighted. Wild swan also abound.

Men's and ladies' teams have been entered in the Senior basketball league at Smithers, and, in order to take care of them, the schedule of play has been amended. The senior divisions now comprise four teams each and, with intertown games at regular intervals, it is expected interest in the hoop game will be considerably increased in the interior town. The first half of the season will close on December 17.

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