Copyright, 1927, by E. Phillips Oppenheim

SYNOPSIS

Miss Edith Brown, pretty stenographer, whose life has held 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 and, 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 Dessiter, 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 gaze the body of a dead man lying behind a screen, the man Dessiter 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.

The next morning when she starts to the bank to place her precious documents in a safe-deposit box as instructed, she is attacked by ruffians and saves her bag only because she had strapped it to her wrist, and by the timely intervention of a stranger. She safely deposits her papers and then, glancing through the newspapers, sees a short account of the discovery of a dead man in Lombertson Square—and a two-line notice of Colonel Dessiter's death.

INSTALMENT IX.

"That is all outside my province," the young man assured her. "There is no institution in the world today which has not its secret service in one form or another. Naturally there is one attached to my political party, but it is only by the merest chance that I happened to know anything about their present activities. As I do, however," he went on, twisting his fingers nervously, "may I give you a word of advice?"

"It certainly seems to me," Miss Brown declared ingenuously, "that I shall need advice from some one or other soon."

"You have accomplished your mission, and you have no doubt—I hope you have—been well paid for it. Let it go at that. If those people want to make use of you again, don't let them. Our own people are pretty clever or they wouldn't have known all about you, but they are also, I am afraid, terribly unscrupulous, and though we seem to be lliving in law-abiding times, the whole world is bristling underneath. Keep out of it all, Miss Brown. Stick to your typing, and mind you this is very serious advice, put a seal upon your lips—forget."

He rose to his feet.

"Are you going?"

"I am afraid I must ask you to excuse me," he regretted. "I am due down at the house of commons in ten minutes, and one of the first duties of a secretary, you know, is punctuality. Will you remember my advice, Miss Brown?"

"I will try," she promised.

"And those dancing lessons?"

She shook her head.

"Nevertheless," he threatened, "I fear that you are going to find me a somewhat persistent person."

He took his leave gracefully, with even a touch of wistfulness in his farewell smile. Miss Brown sat alone and wondered about many things. In the lounge, beyond the little crowd of dancers, she caught a glimpse of Frances' pale profile. Mr. Frankland, redder than ever, obviously eloquent, was leaning forward from a chair by her side engaged in earnest conversation.

Miss Brown Remembers

Miss Brown remained demurely at the table to all appearance an interested spectator of the dancing and the general merriment. As a matter of fact, her recent conversation had carried her back to a very different world. She felt a sudden shivering revulsion to the gayety by which she was surrounded, the clamorous music, the hubbub of conversation, the continual popping of corks. Against her will her thoughts had been transported to those vivid and very different hours through which she had recently passed. The curtain rolled up before her. She was back again in the hard leather chair in the disordered room with the dead man behind the screen and the dying man confiding to her brain and fingers the achievement of his life. She heard the dry phrases recounting his day-by-day struggle, always the flame of his life flickering in the winds of death, a thousand menacing dangers against a single person whose sole weapons were courage, iron will, iron self-control. At that moment the whole adventure came back to her so vividly that she felt that word by word, page by page, she could have transcribed from memory scene after scene, page after page of that epic of secret history. She forgot entirely during that very brief lapse that she was Miss Brown, the modest little typist of Shepherd's Market. Her feet were planted in a greater and more terrible world, the atmosphere she breathed seemed spiced with danger and to savor of life and death. And then it all faded away like a flash. She looked up with a little start, suddenly aware that a man was standing by her table.

"Will you dance with me, please?" he begged.

For a moment, too surprised to answer, she found herself looking at him speechless. He was tall, thin, very pale, with a sad and thoughtful face which in those few seconds seemed somehow familiar to her. He was not a person of whom it seemed possible to be for a moment afraid, yet with her new-born suspicion of strangers, when she found words, was uncompromising in her refusal.

"Thank you very much," she said. "I do not dance often. I am quite content to wait for my friend."

He made no movement to depart. His fingers were twitching. He leaned lower over the table.

"You need not mind dancing with me," he confided. "I am a professional dancer here, and I am paid to dance with ladies who have no partner, but it is not only that—I wish to speak to you."

"You, too!" she exclaimed curiously. "What do you wish to speak about? Is there something you want to buy or steal from me?"

He flushed a little. From his careful choice of words and a slight, unrecognizable accent, she realized that he must be a foreigner.

"What I should more naturally wish," he told her, "would be to help you from those who desire to buy or steal your trust. Will you dance, please? Then we might talk without being overheard."

Miss Brown considered the matter. She had schooled herself not to trust to appearances, but if ever a young man looked honest, this one did. She rose hesitatingly to her feet, and from that moment his undoubted skill and the music took charge of affairs. She danced with a rare and ever increasing pleasure. When after two encores the music stopped she was breathless. She glanced toward her table, realized that Frances had not returned, and suffered herself to be led to a recess of the room in which were several easy-chairs. She waited until they were both ensconced and then faced him squarely.

"Now tell me," she insisted, "what you know about me and why you spoke to me as you did?"

"I know that you are Miss Edith Brown," he said. "a stenographer living in Shepherds Market, and that you were with Colonel Dessiter for several hours last evening."

She was frankly puzzled. It seemed to her that she had stumbled into a world in which strange things were always happening, but that this young man should have known of her adventure in Lombertson Square was a little more than ordinarily incomprehensible. She had arrived in a fog and left in a furniture van, and she could scarcely have been absolutely recognized from any description, even if there had been any one to describe her.

"You must tell me how you know that," she begged.

Another Mystery

He hesitated.

"I would rather not answer your question definitely. Will you let me tell you this? Colonel Dessiter has always been the friend of my family. I have had a message from him lately. I know, you see, that you have come into this great struggle, and there is something I want very much to say to you."

She stole a glance at him. He was very big and, but for the remains of his military training and a probably inherited ease of bearing, would have been a little clumsy. His eyes were as brown as hers were blue, his features irregular, his hair stubborn. He was distinctly pleasant to look at without being handsome according to any accepted standards.

"I am a Russian," he announced.

She drew a litte away.

"And therefore an exile and a bitter enemy of those who have destroyed my country," he went on.

She flushed with a momentary self-consciousness. She had a feeling that he was sensitive, and that her slight movement of revulsion had hurt him.

"I am like many other of my country people," he explained, "engaged in a struggle to earn a living. At night I dance here; in the daytime I serve at a restaurant. The hours which are my own I devote to another cause. It was that cause which once brought me into touch with Colonel Dessiter."

There were so many questions she would have liked to ask, notwithstanding her conviction as to his honesty, she dared not. She remained, therefore, silent and unresponsive, and she could see that he was disappointed.

"It was chance," he continued, after a brief pause, during which each had seemed to be listening to the music—"chance entirely which brought you, Miss Brown, from that very quiet life which I am sure that you led in Shepherd's Market, into this ghastly struggle To you the situation must be incredibly difficult. You do not know who are your friends and who are your enemies, but I want to ask you this; do you know who your companions of this evening are? Do you know the name of the man who sits now with your friend, and who he is."

"Not before they came and asked us to dance," Miss Brown replied hastily, a little flush of color again mounting to her cheeks. "I feel that it was indiscreet that we should have allowed them to come to the table, but you must believe me, it was for my friend's sake. She lives in the country and she is very lonely."

"She is very beautiful," the young man sighed.

"She is my dearest friend," Miss Brown continued. "It is for her sake that we came here this evening. When this man asked her to dance she consented. Then the other came and sat down at my table. I could scarcely prevent him. He behaved very nicely and it was he who told me who they were."

"The man who talked to you," he confided, "is worthy of all respect. He would be an honest enemy or an honest friend, and if ever the Communist Party—the respectable section of them, that is to say—attain any real power in this country it will be his chief who leads. But the other man—I could find, Miss Brown, no good work to say of him."

She looked him in the face.

"Tell me your name please," she begged.

"My name is Paul," he told her. "We who have lost our country have no further right to our names. You can call me Paul, or Mr. Paul, if you like."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

"Have you so far succeeded? Is your packet safe?"

STOMACH PAINS?

Get rid of them Permanently with "Fruit-a-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives" will rid you of gas, flatulence, or pain after eating, and make life worth living again. Mrs. Annie Glover, Ottawa, writes:

"A sufferer from indigestion, constipation, dreadful stomach pains, I tried 'Fruit-a-tives'. Soon these ills were a thing of the past."

"Fruit-a-tives" acts naturally on the system. Gently and quickly it strengthens the whole digestive tract. It awakens liver, bowels and kidneys, soothes the stomach. Get a 25c or 50c box at your druggist's today. End digestive troubles

SPORTITES

Sport Chat

With Billy Townsend well on his way up the lightweight ladder and Jimmy McLarnin probably in the welterweight climb now, Vancouver seems to have produced two potential boxing champs and it would not be surprising if one or both of them have not captured a belt before the coming winter's campaign is over depending, of course, whether or not the title holders will come down off their poles. To many, Townsend's great showing last Friday night when he was robbed of a decision over Tod Morgan, the junior lightweight champ, was considerable of a surprise. Few, even of his supporters, had any idea that he had a chance of outpointing Morgan. However, McLarnin's victory on this Monday night was not so much of a surprise for they have long figured that the young Vancouver Irishman was too good for the lightweight king. Townsend and McLarnin both seem to have a bright pugilistic future in store and it is to be hoped that the newer Townsend is as well handled as Jimmy has been these past few years.

Definite plans for a minor pro hockey league to be composed of Ontario teams and to be known as the Canadian Professional Hockey League, have been completed, Branford, Galt and Kitchener are sure starters, while it is probable that Stratford will have a team in the new circuit. Oshawa is building a new rink and is anxious to be included in the loop. While Guelph is talking of installing artificial ice. It is proposed to start the season early in December and the schedule will call for approximately 30 games, 15 at home and an equal number abroad. A number of amateur players have signified their intention of signing with clubs in the new circuit as they realize the chances of playing pro hockey in the higher leagues will be greater if they gain experience. The International Hockey League will also turn some of its players into the new circuit for seasoning.

GROTTO WINS GAME AGAIN

Had Decisive Margin Over Canadian Legion in Billiards Last Evening

Grotto was still going strong in the Billiard League last night when the tobacconists scored another big win, defeating Canadian Legion by an aggregate score of 1204 to 1047. Grotto won three of the five games and the high break of the evening was a run of 34 made by Jimmy Andrews.

Individual scores were as follows:

J. Andrews (Grotto), 250; F. G. Pyle (Canadian Legion, 202.

W. J. Nelson, 250; A. Murray, 157.

George Waugh, 245; Marcus Andrews, 250.

J. Hillman, 250; J. W. Scott, 188.

M. M. McLachlan, 209; G. P. Tinker, 250.

Team standings to date are as follows:

	G.	Ttl.	Av.
Grotto	5	5987	1197
Canadian Legion	5	5435	1087
Elks	4	4325	1081

STOCK QUOTATIONS

(Courtesy S. D. Johnston Co.)

Bayview, 2, 3.
Big Missouri, 73, 75.
Cork Province, 6¼, 6½.
Cotton Belt, 15, Nil.
Dunwell, Nil, 12.
Duthie Mines, 40, 44.
George Copper, 2.40, 2.50.
Golconda, 83, 85.
Grandview, 25, 28.
Independence, 5, 5½.
Inter. Coal & Coke, 32, 34.
Kootenay Florence, 9, 10.
Kootenay King, 14, 14½.
L. & L., 1, Nil.
Lucky Jim, 9, 10.
Mohawk, 2, 2½.
Morton Woolsey, 2½, 3.
Marmot River Gold, Nil, 2½.
Marmot Metals, Nil, 2½.
National Silver, 11, 12.
Noble Five, 45, 47.
Oregon Copper, 15, 16.
Pend Oreille, Nil, 2.80.
Premier, 1.70, 1.71.
Porter-Idaho, 22, 25.
Reeves Macdonald, 1.10, 1.12.
Rufus-Argenta, 10, 11.
Ruth-Hope, 26, 28.
Silver Crest, 5, 6½.
Silverado, 30, 36.
Snowflake, 15½, Nil.
Sunloch, Nil, 1.05.
Topley Richfield, 6, 7.
Whitewater, 26, 30.
Woodbine, 2½, 3.
Bluebird, 6, Nil.

Oils

A. P. Consolidated, 2.47, 2.48.
Calmont, 1.45, 1.48.
Dalhousie, 1.80, 1.85.
Devenish, Nil, 25.
Fabyan Pete, 8½, 9.
Home, 12.50, 12.65.
Freehold, 90, 93.
Hargal, 95, 1.00.
Sterling Pacific, 1.06, 1.08.
United, 81, 85.
Mercury, 70, 75.

Canadians in England Will Commemorate

LONDON, Nov. 6.—Six hundred members of the Canadian expeditionary forces living in England propose to commemorate the signing of the armistice by dining together here November 8. Lord Byng will preside and the 35 Victoria Cross men here for the British Legion dinner will attend the function.

NO HALIBUT TODAY

There was no halibut sale at the local fish exchange this morning, no boats being in with catches.

The County Court case of George Lucas vs. John Kaspar, in which a partnership accounting at Stewart is sought, came up before Judge F. McB. Young this afternoon and was adjourned until November 19.

League Basketball Opened Last Night in the Exhibition Hall With Three Fine Ga

League basketball opened last night in the Exhi Hall with three fine games which augur well for th cess of the sport here during the coming season. T was one senior league game which the Players Clu 20 to 19 from the Elks and two intermediate matche Naval Reserve winning one from the Canadian Na Railway by 26 to 24, while the High School beat Ba 37 to 20 in the other. Quite a large crowd witness games in which they took considerable interest.

The senior game was a very close affair, first on and then the other being during the play. To cap the Tom Kelsey scored on a shot just as the whistle break a 19-all tie. Both played well, with the Playe possibly putting up a better ing than might have been ed. R. B. Skinner was refe

The intermediate league between Naval Reserve and R. was also close and well despite the fact that the C fielded only two of its regula ers, the rest being junior latter played very well. game the score was also close all the way. Will Mitchell re

High School played pretty bination to win the most victory of the evening. The ers found it difficult to get in spite of the fact that the sess this winter the star p Harold Macdonald—who la was with the High School. Menzies was referee.

Oke Jackson was scorekee the evening and Johnson timekeeper.

Details of scoring were as f

Senior League

Elks—W. Lambie, 6; Geo chell, 5; Mike Budinich, Mitchell, 5; Joe Gosse, 1; Moore; total, 19.

Players' Club—W. Plom H. Heilbroner; Alex Mitche J. Smith, 4; Tom Kelsey Donaldson; A. B. Moore; to

Intermediate

Bankers—F. Burdette, 2; 2; S. Smith; J. Underw Scott, 8; C. Donaldson; donald, 8; total, 20.

High School—D. Morr Walter Johnson, 11; A. S R. Irvine, 2; Nakamoto, 8; total, 37.

R.C.N.V.R.—E. Dingwall, Unger; E. Pierce, 7; W. Hil Boulter; R. Nelson, 3; M total, 26.

C.N.R.—A. Skattebol, 2; F eron, 8; J. Comadina, 7; Doncette; W. Harold, 7; to

FOUR TEAMS IN LADIES' WHIST

Grotto Entry Withdrawn; Play Will Start on November 19

Grotto Ladies have withdrawn from the ladies' section of the Fraternal Whist League, leaving four teams now entered: Moose Ladies, Lief Erikson Ladies, Orange Ladies A and Orange Ladies B.

Play commences on November 19 and the schedule will be issued shortly.

BASKETBALL TIME TABLE

Tuesday, Nov. 5—Navy vs. C. N. R, High School vs. Bankers, Elks vs. Players Club.

FIRE AT TORONTO

TORONTO, Nov. 6:—C.N.R. Ice House here was completely destroyed by fire last night, the damage being estimated at $50,000.

Local Items

B. F. Messner, well known Smithers mining man, arrived in the city on the Prince Rupert this afternoon after a business trip to Vancouver and proceeded to the interior by train.

J. W. Smith, provincial government auctioneer, arrived in the city on the Prince Rupert this afternoon from Stewart and proceeded by train to Smithers on official business.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Stewart of Anyox, who have been on a two weeks' trip to Vancouver, are passengers returning to the smelter town aboard the Prince Rupert this afternoon.

Mrs. S. G. Lawrence of Stewart is a passenger aboard the Prince Rupert this afternoon returning north after a trip to Vancouver in charge of an injured miner who was taken south for treatment.

Jack Hartley, assistant port steward for Canadian National Steamships at Vancouver, arrived in the city from the south on the Prince Rupert this afternoon, being here on business in connection with the steamer Canadian Seigneur which has been tied up in the local dry dock. He is accompanied north by Mrs. Hartley who will make the round trip to Anyox and Stewart.

Richard Knox, assistant superintendent engineer, Canadian National Steamships, arrived in the city on the Prince Rupert this afternoon from Vancouver, being here in connection with the overhaul of the steamer Canadian Seigneur, which has been laid up in the local dry dock.

THE WEATHER

Haysport—Light wind, rain, 38.
Port Simpson—Light southeast wind, rain, 36.
Terrace—Light snow, calm, 31.
Rosswood—Light snow, calm, 30.
Alyansh—Cloudy, calm, 28.
Alice Arm—Cloudy, calm, 31.
Atlin—Cloudy, strong wind, 23.
Dawson—Cloudy, calm, 10.

SUITS! SUITS!

MADE TO ORDER

Cutting, Workmanship and Style All Guaranteed

SUITS STEAM CLEANED AND PRESSED

We Deliver to Any Part of the City.

Ling, the Tailor

Phone 649

Patrick Heads Coast Hoc

VANCOUVER, Nov. 6.— Patrick was re-elected pres the Coast Hockey League at nual meeting. The sched games opens November Victoria playing here.

Daily News "Classified" tising brings results.

MILK MIL

Fresh Pasteurized Milk Cream Daily.

EARLY DELIVERY Throughout the Cit

VALENTIN DAI

Telephone 657.

N. M. McLEA Boat Builde

Marine Ways SEAL COVE

I take you out of under roof where rain not trouble; build boat size or kind at surpri low prices.

Halibut, Pleasu Trolling Boats For Sale

I generally have a bo suit any requirements. ing spaces for boats' quarters. Agencies any gine required.

Repairs

Why pay more when work can be done for les better accomodation?

PHONE GREEN