



Thrilling  
Mystery Story  
in 30 chapters

# INSTALLMENT TWENTY

## Awkward Moments

"I knew it," said Summers. "The Picaroon's card. It never fails to turn up wherever the Picaroon has been. He's made me eat a lot of crow with that card of his. There's an inscription on it, isn't there? Thought so. I know it by heart. This is how it runs: 'I trust you will pardon my little joke and—'"

And Summers, in a mocking tone that testified to many taunts and gibes, recited the inscription to the end. "That's the song, isn't it?"

"Not quite," Ferryman adjusted his glasses and studied the card. "The last part has been changed."

"Changed? Well, that's something new. How has it been changed?"

"The last sentence has been stricken out and something substituted in pencil. It reads, 'They will be returned to you on terms that will be communicated to you in due time.'"

"H'm," Summers stroked his jaw with his free hand. "That's a queer one. First time the Picaroon has sprung anything like that. Well, no matter. We'll soon iron out that little wrinkle. The pearls must be in his pocket. Don't leave the door, Carrigan! You search him, Mr. Ferryman, while I keep him covered. He's a slick bird—the slickest I ever ran up against."

Ferryman stepped forward reluctantly. "If he is the Mr. Dale who called here last night, I can't believe he is a criminal. Mr. Dale impressed me as a thorough gentleman."

Shaking his head slowly, Ferryman came forward. Promptly the Picaroon stepped directly behind the long library table.

"I resent this sort of treatment," he complained. "You call me strange names and make the most curious insinuations. I don't like it, and I will not be insulted."

"Keep still," growled Summers impatiently. "Can't you see, you're caught? Stalling won't do you any good. You're only wasting time. Of course, if you prefer, we'll search you at the station. You are going to be booked on a charge of murder, anyhow."

"Murder?" It was the voice of Martin Dale that spoke. The word slipped out before he could disguise it.

"Ah, that gave you a jolt, didn't it? You forgot your phony father for a moment. Might as well give in, Dale. I said I would get the Picaroon some day, and now I've got him. Didn't expect to get him for murder though." Again there was a faint trace of regret in his tone.

"Murder?" the Picaroon forced a laugh. His mind was in an uproar. Murder? It was beyond him. "I think you must have taken leave of your senses," he declared with a shrug. "Who has been murdered?"

"Mrs. Ferryman, but you know that. You were in this house the night she was murdered. Remember the cigar band?"

The Picaroon smiled serenely now. Did Summers expect to convict him on the strength of a cigar band? It was ridiculous, but at the same time he was impressed with the realization that Summers was not such a fool.

"Suppose you tell me one thing," Summers added. "How did you know the pearls were in that hole in the wall? You were in the room only a few minutes. You must have gone right straight to it. How did you know where to find the pearls?"

The Picaroon was silent. He perceived a surprise of some sort was on the way. Summers approached, with automatic sternly leveled, and he glided easily to the end of the table. Each moment gained might mean a reversal of the situation.

Summers growled irritably.

"Don't care to answer my question, eh? Then let me tell you something. I found the pearls yesterday afternoon—found them right in that hole over there. I showed them to Mr. Ferryman and he identified them immediately as belonging to his wife."

Dale started. A dim understanding was knocking at his brain. Somehow he had been mistaken. The pearls did not belong to Dr. Moffett, but to the murdered woman. But how, why? He looked at Ferryman, and Ferryman looked back at him with a suspicion of anger in his eyes.

"I don't care about the pearls," he was saying. "But the murderer—the murderer shall be punished."

If you killed her," and his voice, previously weak from heart-breaking grief, took on a firm and menacing quality, "then, Heaven help you, I'll bound you to your grave!"

The Picaroon's eyes fell. This was the most awkward, the most devastating moment in his career. The threats did not matter, but he had conceived a liking for Ferryman, and he did not relish being looked upon as the murderer of his wife.

"You are mistaken," he said quietly, fixing Ferryman with a level glance and again speaking in the accents of the Picaroon. "I swear I didn't murder your wife."

"Then how did you know where to look for the pearls?" Summers demanded. "As I told you, I found them in the hole yesterday, and Mr. Ferryman identified them. His wife had them with her when she disappeared four years ago, and she was wearing them the night she was murdered—the night you dropped the cigar band in the house."

The Picaroon was speechless again. The woman had worn the pearls the night she was murdered! He was conscious of something threatening closing in about him.

## The Cigarette

"I found the taxicab driver who took Mrs. Ferryman to this house in the night," Summers went on. "She wore a long wrap, parted in front, and he saw the pearls distinctly when she paid him his fare. She was murdered on account of those pearls. There was no other motive."

"The murderer followed her to this house. Probably he didn't intend to kill her, but we know how such things happen. She resisted him, screamed for help, and he lost his head. To silence her he killed her, grabbed the pearls and started running. But something interrupted him—I haven't discovered yet what it was—before he could get to the door. Murderers get panicky and do foolish things sometimes without realizing it."

"There he was, with the pearls in his pocket and his escape cut off, as he thought at the time. He dashed into the library and hid the pearls in the hole in the wall, meaning to come back for them later." Summers grinned complacently.

"Tonight he came back, and I was waiting for him. When I found the pearls yesterday, I suggested to Mr. Ferryman that he let them remain in the hole and that we keep a watch over the house. I convinced him it was the quickest and surest way to catch the murderer of his wife."

The Picaroon meditated. There were weak links in Summers' chain of reasoning, but on the whole he had made out a reasonable case.

"Now will you tell me," the captain jabbed the words at him, "how you knew the pearls were in that hole?"

The Picaroon smiled faintly. "I haven't admitted that I have the pearls," he protested. "You are asking many strange questions. Now let me ask one. How did the murderer know there was

a hole in the wall in which to hide the pearls? You tell me he had to hide them in a hurry. He had no time to search. How did he find the hole so conveniently? Are you in a position to tell me that?"

"Oh," said Summers easily, "the Picaroon has a special sense for queer hiding places. He can smell them in the dark."

"You flatter him. One more question, please. You say something frightened the murderer, deciding him to get rid of the pearls. How do you know? You haven't told us what frightened him. It merely fits your theory, doesn't it?"

For a moment Summers was nonplussed. A doubting impression came into Ferryman's eyes. "Something in that," he mumbled. "Your theory falls to pieces, Captain Summers, unless you can prove that the murderer had a good reason for hiding the pearls in a hurry?"

"Oh, my theory is all right. The officer on this beat knows that the house is unoccupied, except for an old caretaker. He has a habit of trying the outer door when he comes by here on his rounds. That was probably what frightened the murderer. Besides this man," and he indicated the Picaroon, "hasn't told us yet how he found the pearls so easily."

"True," Ferryman murmured, and his hard, accusing expression came back. "Perhaps you will tell us?"

The Picaroon had had time to recover a part of his composure. "You might ask Doctor Moffett," he lightly suggested. "Doctor—who?" Summers barked out.

"It is very peculiar," said Ferryman thoughtfully. "The Mr. Dale who called here last night was making inquiries about a certain Doctor Moffett. If this is the same Mr. Dale, as you seem to think, I am now inclined to believe that the inquiries were only a pretext."

"Of course!" Summers grunted with great certitude. "He was nosing around for the pearls last night. Oh, Carrigan," he called to the policeman at the door, "is that door locked?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, put the key in your pocket, and come here. We're going to settle this little matter right now. Get your gun ready."

The huge policeman drew his pistol from the holster and came toward the group at the table. The Picaroon's eyes narrowed. The steel jaws of the trap were closing. From one side of the table approached Summers, from the other Carrigan. Axelsson stood at the door while Ferryman looked grimly on.

"Get him, Carrigan!" Summers cried.

The policeman's heavy paw fell on the Picaroon's arm, but with an agile twist the quarry darted away. The only direction that offered unhampered movement was toward the corner in the back. It gave him but temporary respite, but each added moment of freedom might bring his salvation. Into the corner he sprang, swung a heavy chair in front of him, and confronted his pursuers with a challenging and faintly mocking smile.

"Idiot!" Summers snarled. "What do you think you are going to gain by that? Put the iron on him, Carrigan!"

With a purposeful air the big policeman drew a pair of heavy steel links from his pocket, but the massive chair blocked his progress. With his pistol in one hand and the manacles in the other, he sought to shove the obstruction away with his foot.

"Careful!" Summers cried. "Watch out!"

A very simple and yet quite astounding act on the Picaroon's part had inspired the warning cry. He had merely taken a flat case from his pocket and from it had extracted a cigarette. Now, with an air of utter unconcern, he struck a match, lighted the slender cylinder and began to smoke.

Carrigan desisted and stared at him, his lips dangling open in surprise. It was a most extraordinary thing for a cornered man to do.

"It's a trick!" Summers cried. "I know this bird. He's full of tricks."

"You are ridiculous, my friend," said the Picaroon. He held the cigarette between his fingers and blew the smoke toward the ceiling. "Surely you don't begrudge me a cigarette. It may be my last."

## CANADA BIDS FOR KEY-BOARD TITLE



Here are Irma Wright of Toronto (above), world's amateur champion typist, and Louise Marchese, of Vancouver, champion of Canada, who are practicing in an effort to win greater laurels at the twenty-fourth International Typewriting Contest at Toronto in September. Miss Wright aspires to the world's open title, and Miss Marchese to Miss Wright's international amateur crown.

## NATIVE SONS DEFEAT GYROS

Exhibition Game Last Night Was Featured By Many Hits and Runs

Owing to the fact that two of the Gyros' players had gone to Anyox with the Elks' ball team, the City League baseball game last night was postponed and an exhibition game was played. The game was a very poor exhibition in which the Sons of Canada defeated the Gyros 14-5. Brick Skinner was on the mound for the Service Club and got along fine for the first two innings, but in the third 15 batters faced him, and the Sons netted themselves 11 runs. The Sons turned the diamond into a race track, and with the Gyros throwing the ball all over the lot, had a royal time.

Eddie Smith did the hurling for the Sons, and had great difficulty in finding home plate at times. The Gyros also did some good hitting, getting several two-base smacks into left field.

On Thursday, however, a good game is promised, when the Sons and Elks battle it out for the league leadership.

## Sport Chat

A. D. Cruickshank of the Western Canada Airways Ltd. has reported the finding of a fine big game hunting section around Fishing Lake near the headwaters of the Finlay River north of Prince George. Bear, goats and sheep abound, he says. The lake can be reached in a few hours from Prince George by plane but is practically inaccessible by any other mode of travel.

The incomparable Babe Ruth, home run king, has set up a new record in the way of swat recently. At New York the other day he set a distance record for the driving of a ball when he sent the sphere a distance of 477 feet. A clout like that would look big sailing over the Acropolis Hill grounds past where the rock pile used to be.

For quick results try a "want-ad" in the Daily News.

## HOME RUNS IN BIG LEAGUES INEFFECTIVE

Two Teams Lost When One of Their Side Got Homers

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—Donohue held the Giants to five hits for Cincinnati yesterday. He pitched fine ball, bringing a well earned victory to his team.

Frederick's homer in the tenth gave Brooklyn the victory over Pittsburgh, the score being four to two.

Boston beat the league leading Chicago Cubs in 10 innings.

O'Doul's twenty-second homer failed to save his team from the onslaught of the St. Louis batters. Although Philadelphia made five runs, the opposing team got seven.

In the American League, Ruth hit his thirty-first homer but the Yankees could not match the hitting of Cleveland and they went down to defeat by a score of seven to eleven.

MacFayden held Chicago to three hits and Boston bunched hits in the first inning for the three runs the team got.

Walberg shut out Detroit with five hits while Simmons hit a homer in the sixth for Philadelphia.

Yesterday's scores were:

### National League

Cincinnati 5, New York 2.  
Pittsburgh 2, Brooklyn 4.  
Chicago 3, Boston 4.  
St. Louis 7, Philadelphia 5.

### American League

Philadelphia 6, Detroit 0.  
Cleveland 3, Chicago 0.  
New York 7, Cleveland 11.  
Washington 3, St. Louis 2.

## RUPERT WINNER BASEBALL GAME

Local Elks' Players Defeated Anyox by Score of 4 to 1 Yesterday Afternoon

Word has been received in the city that the local Elks' baseball team which is visiting the smelter town beat Anyox players in the first game yesterday by a score of 4 to 1. A second game is to be played this afternoon.

The local team, accompanied by a party of supporters, will return to the city on the Prince Charles Thursday morning.

## CATHOLICS GET A WINDFALL

VANCOUVER, Aug. 13.—By the will of Mrs. Annie McNeely, an old-time settler at Ladner, probated today, the bulk of the estate valued at \$558,000, is devoted to charity work in the Roman Catholic Church, mainly in British Columbia and her native province of Nova Scotia. After all bequests are settled the estate is bequeathed to the Roman Catholic archbishop of Vancouver to be used at his discretion in educational and charitable purposes in Vancouver diocese.

## FOREST FIRES ROUND SPOKANE

SPOKANE, Aug. 13.—The forest fire situation in eastern and central Washington is extremely serious. Hundreds of fires are burning with large property loss. The blaze at Dollar Mountain is being fought by 800 men, including 300 Doukhobors recruited from Grand Forks, B.C.

The fire has already razed 12,000 acres of valuable yellow pine timber. Hot weather and winds today fanned into fury blazes believed to have been under control.

At the big meeting last night special mention was made of the splendid theatre in which the meeting was held. This building was erected by a former Prince Rupert resident, M. Alivazoff, and is managed by a real old-timer of Prince Rupert and the comment of the visitors is a compliment to the men connected with the building.

## WINS KING'S PRIZE FOR CANADA



Here is the most recent portrait of Lieut. Col. R. M. Blane of Vancouver, who captured the King's Prize, the most coveted trophy for individual shooting in the world, at Bisley this year. Colonel Blair beat Lieut. Burke of Ottawa in the shoot-off in the final stage of the series.

## News of the Mines

### AROUND PRINCE RUPERT

Gold Found Early in This District; Georgia River Development Satisfactory; Working on Melvin Group

As early as 1848 gold was discovered in this district mining operations that year being started on the Queen Charlotte Islands and continued for a year or two before the enterprise was abandoned owing to the difficulties which the miners had to encounter. In 1850 Indians from the Skeena River brought gold to a Hudson Bay Co.'s post but an expedition which set out to find the course from which it came met with failure.

H. A. Heywood, one of the locators of the Terminus property on American Creek, has returned to Stewart from Victoria, where he spent most of the past winter, and intends working a crew throughout the summer on the property of the Heywood Mining & Development Co., consisting of 14 claims in the vicinity of the Mountain Boy and the American Creek Mining Co. on American Creek. The work will consist principally of stripping and surface cutting a series of veins that traverse the property. The ground is well situated and Mr. Heywood believes it will develop into a valuable property.

W. B. George, pioneer prospector and property owner of the Portland Canal district, returned outside recently after spending several months prospecting around the headwaters of the Stikine and Finlay Rivers, covering all the territory between those sections and Telegraph Creek. He uncovered quite a section of the great mineralized belt lying to the east of the contact between the sedimentaries and the third mineralized zone by which British Columbia is traversed.

Development is proceeding well of the Georgia River Gold Mines, Ltd. Diesel plants are now in operation delivering air to the machines in the tunnels. Three adits are being driven. No. 1 adit has now obtained a depth of 150 feet on the vein, No. 2 is 220 feet below this, and No. 3 200 feet further below. Results obtained from work last winter in No. 1 level fully justify this plan of development, which is applicable both to the mining of the southwest vein as well as to the exploitation of the Bullion vein and of the high grade shoots of ore which are known to exist in the main vein. A good deal of work has yet to be done in the way of providing improved camp and office facilities and the present plan is to centralize all this work at the engine room and portal of No. 3 adit, so that work may be carried on during the winter without suffering any loss of time or effort on account of adverse weather conditions.

The trail to the Black Hill property, near the head of Glacier Creek, was recently completed to an extent that enabled the establishment of a camp and the delivery of supplies so that development might start. The Northern Metals Holding Syndicate, which now controls the property, has a contract for further work on the trail, in order to convert it into a first-class pack trail.

Camp has been established on the Melvin group, adjoining the Porter Idaho on the north end of Marmot River, about 1000 feet from the Prosperity camp. A tunnel has been started with shifts working, extending to drift commenced last fall on vein carrying high grade ore. The present plan is to extend the drift for 200 to 250 feet and the drop down the hill and start tunnel to cut other veins that come out of the Porter Idaho and go into the Melvin. The work under the management of the Melvin Metals Co., which controls the Melvin.

There is great gratification in the central interior at the act of the provincial department of public works in calling for tenders for slashing and grubbing the route recently surveyed for the new road into the Omineca mining fields. It is understood that the government intends to expend \$30,000 on this new road project this season.

Since the sale of the Owen Lake mine by F. H. Taylor to the Timmins interests, a staking boom has developed in that central interior district, confined not only to the area adjacent to Owen Lake, but extending from the Babine to the Ootsa and Whitesail Lakes. In the vicinity of Francois Lake a number of prospectors are staking claims.

The management of the B. C. Silver property at Stewart reported that drift No. 636, corresponding to No. 4 level on the Premier, has been following a commercial vein shoot for 120 feet. The shoot probably stops ten feet in width with an average of \$22 per ton of gold and silver.

After selling two hundred million pounds of "SALADA" Tea in the thirty-five years of its existence, the Salada Tea Company has just established a new record by selling over two million pounds in the last seven weeks.