



INSTALMENT XXXIII

**The Voice of the Dead**

The room grew curiously silent. The ticking of the clock was the only sound, and even that had a muffled quality. Minutes passed, and still the cloistral quietude reigned undisturbed. A frozen silence seemed to have fallen over the occupants of the room. A crooked, mechanical grin hung slackly on Gossler's lips while he peered quite keenly at Dale out of his obdurate eyes.

Dale smiled. Were they actually hoping to wear down his nerves by such shallow hocus-pocus? It might have been something of a strain on a guilty conscience, but Dale's conscience was clear as far as the murder of Mrs. Ferryman was concerned. His only sensation, now that he knew that Miss Castle would soon be out of danger was one of curiosity. He knew surprise was coming, that it might be sprung any moment now, and he wondered what it would be.

Again he glanced up at the clock. The silence had continued unbroken for twenty minutes. The Stamford officers must have reached the house in the woods by this time. He hoped they would not bungle the search and that they would not be turned away with glib pretenses that all was in proper order.

The massive head across the table inclined in a slight nod. Gossler appeared to be signaling to some one in the back of the room. Footsteps approached Dale's chair, breaking the long pause. He glanced over his shoulder. Some one was approaching from behind carrying an object concealed beneath a rubber hood.

It was placed directly in front of him, and then an attachment like that worn by a switchboard operator was clamped down over his head. Two circular objects pressed lightly against his ears.

He gazed at the mysterious hooded object on the table. The surprise had arrived at last, but its nature was still obscure. A whirring sounded in his ears, and then he sat suddenly erect, every nerve and muscle straining. A scream rang in his ears:

"Martin Dale—the Picaroon—he shot me!" A horrible groan, a hoarse, almost tortured breath, and then: "My pearls—"

The words broke off and seemed to hang suspended in an awful silence. Then another hideous groan.

Dale sat spellbound. The scream, the hoarse, shrill exclamations, the gasps and groans—all were horribly realistic. And then the hollow silence at the end, even more gruesome than what went before. He stared at the hooded object. It seemed alive with anguish and dread. A phonographic recorder of some sort, perhaps. But that voice and those screams and groans sounded as if torn from a person in an ecstasy of terror and pain, with approaching death injecting its grim, husky note into each heart-piercing sound.

A little pause came. Dale stirred uneasily, and then he sat tense and motionless again while the ghastly sounds were repeated. Time after time, with short intervals of silence, the screams and frenzied shouts re-echoed in his ears. And then, gradually, the horror lessened by sheer repetition, feasting their own purpose by overdoing it. The voice within the hooded thing was spending its capacity for injecting dread and shattering nerves.

Dale still listened, but he listened critically now, studying each sound, weighing every syllable of anguish. His gray eyes narrowed slightly. Beneath the screams, the groans and the shrill exclamations, there was a dull undertone which at first his ears could scarcely grasp. It was a muffled sound, an

distant rumble that was distinct from the agonized human voice. He strained his ears. There it came again, the dull, far-away vibration that was like a feeble orchestral accompaniment to the rest. In a moment he had it. Thunder!

He smiled faintly. Then the earpieces were removed and the hood was jerked from the object on the table. Doubtless it was intended to serve as a highly dramatic touch, but he merely shrugged his shoulders.

"As I thought. A dictaphone."

"That was Mrs. Ferryman's voice you heard," Gossler jabbed at him.

"She accused you with her dying breath," Summers shouted in his ear.

"She recognized you as Martin Dale and as the Picaroon," Gossler thundered.

"That's why you killed her," Summers bawled. "You were afraid she would tell."

"You took her pearls," Gossler yelled. "Then you murdered her."

"But the shot didn't kill her immediately," Summers roared. "She lingered a few minutes. All she could think of was that her murderer shouldn't go unpunished."

"And so, with her last breath, she spoke his name in this old dictaphone," Gossler rasped out.

"It was under the table together with several other articles that Mr. Ferryman had left there since he used that room as his study."

"She was down on the floor, dying," Summers cried. "She was throwing out her hands in agony. Her fingers closed around something. It was the speaking tube of this dictaphone. She knew at once what it was. She worked in an office once. She spoke in the mouthpiece, using all the strength she could summon—and she said enough to send you to the chair."

Summers paused for breath.

"This afternoon I found the dictaphone under the table, with the speaking tube hanging down to the floor. I'd seen it the first time I was in the room, just after the body was found, but thought nothing of it. This afternoon I thought I'd see if there was a record in it. It was just a hunch—"

Gossler thrust out a chubby forefinger at Dale. "You killed her! You can't deny it!"

"Her own voice is accusing you," Summers cried out.

"Ferryman has identified the voice as his wife's," Gossler shouted.

"The case is complete."

"You might as well confess."

So it went on. Each in turn the two inquisitors hurled accusations and denunciations at Dale. Their voices grew hoarse. They perspired freely. Their intimidating gestures became a little limp. In desperation, as they saw Dale's cool demeanor, they raised their voices and resorted to more violent gesticulations.

Dale sat back, his arms comfortably folded, and smiled complacently. Summers, completely out of breath, turned to an officer who had approached his chair. The officer whispered something in his ear. The captain mopped his steaming face.

"So, you lied!" he exclaimed.

"What's that?" Dale demanded, his bland composure instantly gone. A dread premonition knocked at his brain.

"We've just heard from the Stamford police. They found the house—searched it from attic to cellar." Summers chorled sarcastically. "They found no young lady in distress—only a feeble old man. So much for your—no, you don't!"

He jerked a pistol from his pocket. Dale had sprung up and looked as if contemplating a leap for the door or one of the windows. With a sturdy thrust the

officer stationed behind him down again. With a grunt Summers placed the pistol in front of him on the table.

"I knew all the time it was only a stall," he muttered.

With a look of resignation Dale leaned back in the chair again, but his brain was at fever heat. The inquisition began anew, all the more violent for the breathing spell. Questions were hurled. Thunderous denunciations crackled in the air. Dale forced a smile that masked his turbulent fears.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

Local Items

F. G. Dawson sails this afternoon on the Prince Charles for Vancouver.

P. J. Cote of the B. C. Packers arrived in the city on the Prince Charles this morning from Watun River.

Mrs. Annie Ruttan of Massett arrived on the Prince Charles this morning from the islands to spend a few days in town.

Alfred Adams and sons of Massett arrived in the city on the Prince Charles this morning from the islands to attend the fair.

J. A. Neill, who has been in the service of the B. C. Packers on the Skeena River, left by this morning's train for St. Paul, Minn.

Arthur Robertson, well known Massett sawmill operator, is a visitor in the city, having arrived from the islands on the Prince Charles this morning.

Mrs. J. C. Brady and son returned to the city on the Prince Charles this morning after having made the round trip to Stewart, Anyox and Massett Inlet.

A. L. Pritchard, who has been in the service of the fisheries department at Port Clements, is a passenger aboard the Prince Charles today bound for Vancouver.

T. D. Pattullo M.L.A., who has been spending the past two weeks visiting his constituents in the city and district, will sail this afternoon by the Prince Charles on his return to Victoria.

Gordon Singer, who has been spending the summer vacation at Massett with his father, Porter Singer, is a passenger aboard the Prince Charles today bound for Vancouver where he will resume his studies.

Three sons of A. P. Allison, well known Queen Charlotte Island log exporter, are passengers aboard the Prince Charles today returning to Vancouver after having spent the past two weeks on the islands.

George Ringstad, manager of Port Edward cannery, and Mrs. Ringstad, and daughters, arrived in the city from the Skeena River on yesterday afternoon's train and will sail tomorrow night on the Princess Mary for their homes in Bellingham.

Mrs. John Dybhavn and son and daughter returned to the city on the Prince Charles this morning, after having spent the past two or three weeks at Old Massett with Mr. Dybhavn, who is personally in charge of the canning operations of the Massett Cannery there.

L. C. Jacobs, construction manager of the Power Corporation of Canada, after spending the past week in the city, will sail tomorrow afternoon on the Prince George for Stewart where he will spend a few days, returning here next Tuesday en route to his headquarters in Montreal. Mr. Jacobs expects to visit here frequently in the course of the Corporation's construction work in connection with Falls River hydroelectric development.

The attendance at the exhibition this year is quite up to expectations and, indeed, is exceeding many past years. Last night there was a large audience in the hall when there was a vaudeville program in which Capt. George Ash, Miss Myfanwy Campbell and her dancers, and the Three Naths participated. The attendance at the Ocean Falls-Prince Rupert baseball game yesterday afternoon was disappointing, due, no doubt, to unsettled weather conditions.

# McArthur's Shoe Store

## Annual Sale

Our Annual Sale is rapidly nearing its close and now is your last chance to secure quality footwear at bargain prices. Many lines in our big stock are now further reduced. Here are some of the specials we are offering for Friday and Saturday:

### Ladies' Shoes

Ladies' Shoes in black and colors. Straps and ties. Regular values to \$7.00.

Annual Sale Price ..... **\$2.95**



### Children's Shoes

We Have a Large Assortment of

CHILDREN'S SHOES AND SLIPPERS

Every Line is Reduced in Price.

### Men's Shoes



Odd lines in Men's Dress Shoes in black and brown.

Annual Sale Price ..... **\$3.95 AND \$4.95**

### Boys' School Boots

In black and brown calf, including Leckie, Valentine and Martin and other makes.

Sale Price ..... **\$2.95**

### The Hart Shoe for Ladies

We have pleasure in announcing the arrival of a large shipment of the Hart Shoe, the finest shoes made in Canada for ladies. This is the first time Hart Shoes for Ladies have been sold in Prince Rupert. These shoes are made of selected materials and are of the finest workmanship possible. We have them in three-button cut-outs, black and brown kid, black ties, patent ties, biege ties and Nature Tread black kid oxfords. We have them on display in our store and invite your inspection.

## McARTHUR'S SHOE STORE

THIRD AVENUE, PRINCE RUPERT

### ADDRESS OF SIR HENRY THORNTON TO PRINCE RUPERT BOARD OF TRADE AND GYRO CLUB WAS STIMULATING.

(Continued from page one).

The railway would use what influence it had to secure the shipping of grain this way.

#### Will Not Be Sold

Referring to the suggestion that the line might be sold to the C.P.R., Sir Henry said every now and then there was a proposal of some kind to try to bring about the dismemberment of the C.N.R. He assured the people here, however, that it could be done only over his dead body and that of other officials.

In regard to the development of business on the Pacific, Sir Henry said they admitted they might have given more intensive administrative care to that section of their business. They were setting this right by the appointment of A. E. Warren as vice-president with executive powers in the west and the further appointment of D. T. Cappel to Vancouver and of Colonel Hyam as assistant to the president with jurisdiction throughout British Columbia. He assured the gathering that the business of the railway would be in sympathetic hands.

Referring then to the steamship services, Sir Henry mentioned incidentally that the services were being strengthened by the addition of new vessels and this would contribute to the welfare of Prince Rupert.

#### Salmon Distributing

The company proposed to make Prince Rupert the principal salmon distributing point on the

coast. He expected that very soon practically all the salmon would be shipped from this point.

Operation of the drydock was continuing and the company would continue to send ships here. Already they were paying out \$800 a day in wages. The addition of a quarter of a million dollars worth of work was already planned, in addition to that now in hand, which would keep the dock busy.

Sir Henry said he hoped to bring a big steamship organization to this coast and while Prince Rupert would not be the only port used, he expected a good share of the business would come here. He mentioned this to show that the Canadian National was not neglectful of the interests of Prince Rupert. He would like the people here to feel that if the C.N. had a baby anywhere this was it.

Sir Henry thanked the people of Prince Rupert for their patience and assured them of his good will and co-operation in the future.

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