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SYNOPSIS

Miss Edith Brown, pretty stenographer, is lifted from her dull life of routine into a land of adventure and romance by chance bit of dictation which she takes down from the lips of a man who says he is dying—Colonel Dessiter. The next morning, when she starts to the bank to place her notes and other documents with which she has been entrusted in a safe-deposit box as instructed, she is attacked by ruffians and saves her bag only because she has strapped it to her wrist. She finds her acquaintance eagerly sought after by people of all sorts. Noel Frankland she likes least, although her chum, Frances Austin, does not snub his uncouth advances. However, Frances finds a real admirer and Edith a partial confidant in a young Russian, who describes himself merely as "Paul" and invites the girls to the restaurant where he and his parents gain a bare living to which he adds a pittance earned as a professional dancer. Then after a mysterious invitation to a party from the Princess Strepoff she is again vainly importuned to disclose her secret. Finally, through a newspaper ad in code, she is summoned to a secret chamber in one of the Government buildings, where a certain John Glyde produces her notes, which she had instructed the bank to deliver to no one but herself, and bids her transfer them when to her amazement, she finds the notebook pages blank, both realize that her documents have been tampered with. Then it dawns on Miss Brown that John Glyde is none other than Dessiter himself. His death had been announced to throw his enemies off the track, and immediately he enlists her help to thwart any scheme to get her notes into the opponents' hands. It is disclosed that the money has an accomplice who exchanged her book in the bank vaults for a bogus one. Dessiter gives her instructions to get the real documents as soon as the bank opens next morning, but a mysterious warning from Eric Greston, supposed to be in the opponents' camp, and an unusual accident delays her arrival and as she approaches the bank a great explosion wrecks the building and spreads

INSTALMENT XXV.

How It Happened

At a few minutes after 4 that afternoon, Miss Brown, piloted by the stalwart commissioner who had fetched her mounted to the topmost floor of the great building in Whitehall, climbed the final flight of stairs and was ushered into the stronghold which had become Dessiter's temporary home. He welcomed her with a faint, mirthless smile. "Nerves shaken up?" he inquired. "I haven't been feeling very well," she admitted. "You see, I was near enough—" He checked her kindly. "I know all about it," he interrupted. "It was a very terrible affair. Now, will you open that packet upon the table?" She gave a little cry. There it was, neatly tied up in brown paper, with a great red seal in one corner and a knot in the string which she remembered perfectly well. She cut the fastenings at once with a pair of scissors which he handed to her. A single glance was sufficient. "My book!" she exclaimed. "The real one! The letters are here, too, in the pocket!" He nodded. "It was handed over to an agent of mine an hour ago," he confided. "The vaults were almost untouched. Do you feel like hearing exactly what did happen?" "Please."

NOT THE SAME PERSON AT ALL

'Fruit-a-tives' Stopped Pain and Terrible Dizziness



Mrs. ODINE GODIN

It seems almost a miracle—the way "Fruit-a-tives" benefits women suffering at the change of life. "I was obliged to go to bed because of the terrible dizziness, pain and weakness," writes Mrs. Odine Godin of Paquetville, N.B. "During this trying time 'Fruit-a-tives' proved a godsend to me, and now I am in perfect health. Every woman should follow my example and take 'Fruit-a-tives', and they would surely get the wonderful relief that I did." Try it. Your dealer has this wonderful fruit medicine—25c and 50c. a box.

eyes sought the vision in the murky sky.

"I had been directed to a house in a notorious quarter of Shanghai which I visited as arranged. I imagined my disguise perfect, but the woman who lit my opium pipe was Fan-te-shi, famous throughout the district as the sometime mistress of Kreslem, the first secretary in Shanghai of the International League. I could see her watching me through her slits of eyes, and once, under pretext of stroking my hand, she looked at my fingernails. When she got up to go I knew what purpose was in her mind, and I drew her back. I took her into my confidence, told her what she already guessed. In the end she accepted a thousand taels and she introduced me to Kreslem himself as a merchant of importance from an up-river settlement. I announced myself as a reactionary having a son a student, and was invited to the meeting that night. It was there I first heard the propaganda expounded red hot. I gathered that after my departure—which owing to a chance word I heard, was rather hurried—my bona fides was questioned, and shortly afterwards Fan-te-shi disappeared. A Chinaman passing through the next street, who declared that he came from the province which I had claimed, was found dead in the street the next morning."

Cold words set down in solid black type. Not a syllable to add to their dramatic import, not a line to create background or atmosphere, yet unimagined Miss Brown seemed to see it all—the underground room with its sickening odors, the singsong voices, the rustling of loose garments and the patter of soft feet, the suspicious glances, Dessiter himself, threading his way through the labyrinths of the quarter seeking safety with his hand under his loosely flowing coat, listening for the footsteps of a follower, knowing that any moment might come the flash of steel before his eyes.

And the man accosted by two wayfarers, questioned about his business there, unlicked in his replies, lying on his back in moment later with a knife in his chest, wondering with his passing breath, with true Oriental fatalism, whence came the death blow. "Going all right?" Dessiter asked again. And again Miss Brown nodded. Again she bent over her calligraphic signs and her fingers flashed under the greenhatched light. Back to Europe now, back to more sordid surroundings where tragedy moved unaccompanied by romance. There was one paragraph even here though full of vivid reality: "The woman posing as a Princess was everywhere received and her house was the rendezvous of all Bucharest. She was in reality the mistress of a famous leader of the people and was working entirely at his bidding, as I learned from letters which came into my possession, and which I passed on just in time to the Chief of the Police. There is very little doubt that in another week or so she would have succeeded in her campaign. The cathedral and the royal palace would both have been blown up and with the armed mob of peasants once in the city the revolution would have become an accomplished fact. The so-called Princess shot herself, when she realized that the police were at the door."

The task was complete at last. There were twenty-nine sheets, a list of names, a list of addresses and a packet of letters. She pinned the former together with careful fingers while Dessiter came and stood over her. Two copies he folded up and locked away in the safe, together with the packet of letters. The third he placed in a long envelope, scribbled a few lines of inclosure and carefully sealed the flap. Then he spoke down the telephone. "In case any one should arrive for that envelope before you leave, Miss Brown," he said, "it would be better for you not to appear to recognize him even if you do. There are times just now when it is dangerous for Mahomet to go to the mountain, so the mountain comes in from Downing Street. How much have you understood. I wonder of what you have been transcribing?"

"I have understood a certain amount of course," Miss Brown admitted. "I am very ignorant, though, of politics and social questions. Sometimes the papers seem to be trying to frighten us, but I have never believed I don't think any ordinary person does really—that there was any real chance of a revolution in this country."

"I don't think there is now," he agreed. "We shall strike first. On the other hand, I am able actually to prove what was really meant behind all this foreign propaganda. It is up to the government to act, of course. If they don't, they have only themselves to thank for what may happen."

"I think I ought to tell you," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "that there is one name I've noticed—the name of a man I know."

"Who is it?" "Mr. Noel Frankland. I met him with a Mr. Eric Greston."

"How did you come across them?" "The girl I share my bed-sitting room with came up from the country one night a few weeks ago," she confided. "She was very depressed and we dined together at the Cosmopolitan. These two men were opposite, and Mr. Frankland asked her to dance. Then his friend came over and spoke to me."

"So you do that sort of thing?"

FIGHT RICKETS! Give Your Children SCOTT'S EMULSION COD-LIVER OIL MADE TASTY

he asked with brusque contempt. "I have never done it before," she answered, the color rising in her cheeks. "neither, I believe, has my friend. She finds her life in the country very dull, and she wanted very badly to dance. It was the night I met Mr. Paul, who is a professional dancer there and seemed to know who I was, and spoke to me about you."

"Paul is a dear, good fellow," Dessiter declared. "He was at Lomberton Square after you were there—the night I died," he added with a little chuckle. "I have nothing against young Greston either. He has his convictions and he lives up to them. He is one of those theorists who make an impossible cause seem possible until it comes to putting it into practice. Frankland, on the other hand, is a man to be mistrusted. He poses as being between the two sections of the party, but at heart he is an extremist, and unscrupulous."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Sport Chat

Events scheduled for the coming week are as follows:

Monday — Cribbage League: Moose vs Orange; Eagles vs Sawmill; Cold Storage vs New Empress; K of C vs Operators; C. N. R. vs Grotto; P. R. Hotel vs Oddfellows.

Tuesday — Billiards: Canadian Legion vs Elks.

Wednesday — Whist League: C. N. R. vs Oddfellows.

Thursday — Billiards: Canadian Legion vs Grotto.

Friday — St. Andrew's Carpet Bowls: A. McLeod vs M. Andrews rinks.

Basketball: Senior: Elks vs Players' Club; Intermediate: High School vs Big Four; Ladies' Toller vs Maple Leafs.

The boxing business in Vancouver is apparently pretty dead for a while according to Andy Lytle, sports editor of the Vancouver Sun who writes as follows: "Indications are not lacking that the recent slump in the stock market connoted a similar weak tendency in Cauliflower exchanges hereabouts. In fact the Seattle exchange has closed its doors because boxing is illegal in the state of Washington. Tacoma and Belingham cities, staging shows regularly are of course not in the same state or else the boys have been phenageling in Seattle. One never knows. But I gather from our cauliflower tucker that John Finley Allen, who always operates on margin is about frozen out. Billy Townsend, until of late quite common stock indeed, is now highly preferred and not only has he sold John Finley short, but he has placed the treacherous waters of the Georgian gulf between himself and his former cauliflower mentor, who isn't a swimmer, whatever other sappy tendencies he may display."

Moreover Mr. Allen's life is further saddened by inability to locate his persistent partner in cauliflower operations, one Mr. Al. Bloom, who put Mr. Allen's last bull movement into a state of near-panic by summoning lawyers and accountants to his aid and insisting on supervision of all payoffs. Mr. Allen is preparing to gamble with Al Foreman and Billy Townsend Inc. that the customers will purchase enough stock in a movement to bring them together on the floor of the pit to enable him to reward them in the style to which both would like to be accustomed and to escape, even with just one tiny cauliflower share for himself. But, should the forces of the missing Mr. Bloom sweep down on the market just as he gets it bulled up again Cauliflower Common might become more bearish than ever. Thus, at this writing, there is no telling how the market will go. If there are many more breaks our present good dukes of boxing may be turned into a commission for the regulation of ping pong.

PREMIER AT OCEAN FALLS

Hon. Dr. S. F. Tolmie, Premier of British Columbia, Hon. R. H. Pooley, attorney general, and Hon. S. L. Howe, provincial secretary, embarked at Ocean Falls aboard the Prince Charles today for Victoria after a brief visit to the paper town district.

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

CLARK'S SOUPS advertisement featuring a man's face and a can of soup. Text includes: 'A-ha-a-a!', 'NOT exactly his regular face... but who couldn't forgive any ordinary, everyday man for giving way to his feelings when a plate of steaming, tempting CLARK'S CHICKEN SOUP is placed before him.', 'Plump chickens... healthy chickens... the kind there used to be when the old open fire in the kitchen did all the cooking... a juicy, tender chicken swinging to and fro... the flames eagerly licking around it... the gravy oozing out... A-a-a-ah! a soup made from chickens such as those... wouldn't you love... don't you crave it... then, why don't you have it? It's here... CLARK'S CHICKEN SOUP!'. 'W. CLARK, LIMITED. Establishments at MONTREAL, P.Q., ST. REMI, P.Q., and HARROW, ONT.'

MAPLE LEAFS WON SATURDAY OVER DETROIT

Fight Closes Game Between Boston and Pittsburgh and Boys Given Major

TORONTO, Dec. 2.—The Maple Leafs won the second victory of the season Saturday defeating Detroit in the National Hockey League when the puck bounded off several Detroit and Toronto sticks into the goal in the first period.

Nels Stewart battled three goals into Ottawa's net to give Montreal a victory over the Senators, the league leaders, in their second straight defeat. Ottawa took a goal lead in the opening period while Cline Benedict was suffering a stomach ailment. He retired at the end of the period and was replaced in goal by Walsh.

The Canadiens outplayed New York Americans to win. Boston overwhelmed Pittsburgh. Lowrey of Pittsburgh and McKay of Boston got major penalties when they mixed it near the game's end.

Hamilton Tigers Rugby Champions

HAMILTON, Ont., Dec. 2.—The Tigers annexed the second successive Dominion rugby championship Saturday defeating Regina Rough Riders 14 to 3.

Children Coughed Day and Night

Mrs. Claude Benyard, Benyard, Sask., writes: "The children were coughing day and night. 'A friend told me she had used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and had received good results, so I bought a bottle of it, and in a short time the kiddies were all over their cold and coughing. 'I have no hesitation in saying it is the best I have ever used, and I will always keep a bottle of it on hand in case of need.' Price, 35c a bottle; large family size 60c; at all druggists and dealers; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

WEEK-END HOCKEY WAS VERY KEEN

CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—Grabbing the jump with two goals early in the first period, Chicago Black Hawks defeated the world hockey champion Boston Bruins before a big crowd Saturday night. It was Boston's second defeat of the season.

At Detroit the lowly Cougars defeated the New York Rangers in a scramble during the last half of the fast game that turned into a frantic final period. Scores were:

Sunday N. Y. Rangers 3, Detroit 4. Boston 1, Chicago 3.

Saturday Montreal 3, Ottawa 2. N. Y. Americans 1, Canadiens 3. Detroit 0, Toronto 1. Boston 6, Pittsburgh 2.

January Named as Temperance Month

Pledge Signing to Be Sponsored by Prince Rupert Ministerial Association

The Prince Rupert Ministerial Association, at its regular monthly meeting in First United Church this morning, Rev. John H. Hanson, the president, in the chair, passed the following resolution: "That we, as an association, agree to use the month of January for a temperance campaign and pledge signing among the young people of our churches."

Basketball Scorers

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Senior League: A. Mitchell (PC) 45, E. Ratchford (32) 42, W. Mitchell (E) 40, V. Meagher (PC) 40, D. Kelsey (PC) 39, T. Gurvich (32) 37, E. J. Smith (PC) 33, W. Lambie (E) 26, D. Frizell (PC) 18, H. Macdonald (E) 16, J. Gosse (E) 14, S. Gurvich (32) 15, M. Budinich (E) 8, C. Ross (32) 9, A. Moore (PC) 7, V. Menzle (32) 7, B. Stalker (32) 6, G. Mitchell (E) 5, B. Wendle (32) 3, V. Moore (E) 2, W. Plommer (PC) 2.

COUNTY COURT SITTING TODAY

County Court was in regular monthly session before Judge McE. Young this morning for the filing of cases. The most of the filings coming up were adjourned until the January court.

Date will be fixed for a month in an action in which old Prince Rupert Towing & Salvage Co. is suing H. J. Brant and Don Yelf for \$548.50 for towing services. Williams, Manson & Gonzales are counsel for plaintiff company and McFarlane & Co. of Victoria for the defendants.

Two actions of A. L. Evin Smithers vs E. G. Bellican Houston for building repairs and plumbing bills will be heard January 20. Patmore & Patmore are counsel for the plaintiff, Williams, Manson & Gonzales defendant.

J. J. Hepner of Burns Lake has three actions before the court January 27 being set as the date of hearing for them all. In one case A. H. Silk is sued for breach of contract while the third is an interpleader action over a boiler under a tie contract. A. M. Bell and H. J. Jewell being the defendants. Patmore & Patmore are counsel for Hepner and Williams, Manson & Gonzales various defendants.

The case of Hanson vs Dalby which repayment is claimed, money alleged to have been lent is to be spoken to later. An order was made to the Packers to pay out money to a Christianiansen & Son in a garnishee action against Albert Hood.

The Smith vs Gurvich automobile collision damage case has been further adjourned.

ZERO TODAY AT DAWSON

Zero weather is reported from Dawson by the Government Telegraphs in their annual report. It was snowing at Stewart in the Yukon Territory and above at Carmacks. Winter weather is reported everywhere in the B.C. report following: Prince Rupert — Foggy, temperature, 35.

George H. Halse, managing director of the B. C. Telephone Vancouver, left after spending a couple of days in the city. It was understood that Mr. Halse's company would be willing to purchase the local telephone system if the city were willing to sell.