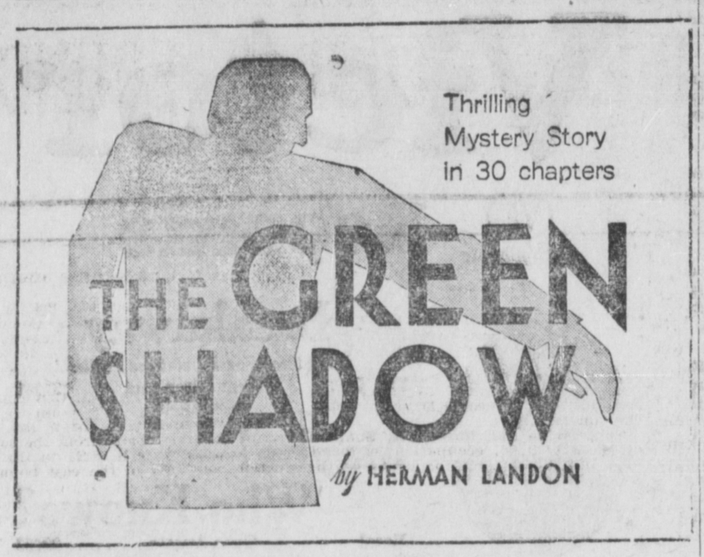

INSTALLMENT XXVIII.

He got up from the chair, swayed a little, stroked his brow as if suffering from a slight headache, and looked out over the room. Still there was no caballero in sight. The room was becoming insufferably hot and stuffy. Unsteadily he made his way through the eddying crowd. In the hall outside he removed his mask while he wiped the moisture from his forehead, then replaced it again.

Now he moved to the window at the farther end and drew the fresh air into his lungs. Leaning out only slightly, so that his head barely showed beyond the window frame, he looked down into the black cavern below, then to the side. On a balcony about 20 feet away he descried two dim figures. A scarcely audible word was brought to him by a slight puff of wind:

"Satisfied?"

It was Joan of Arc speaking, of course. From the one little word he could make a fairly accurate guess as to the trend of the conversation on the balcony. He tried to hear more, but the rest was indistinguishable. Again he scanned the black depth below, then left the window and, disdaining the elevators, sought the stairs. It would not matter greatly if he should meet any one. On this particular night almost any sort of conduct would pass unquestioned at the Vandermoore. He descended 16 flights, then stepped to a hall window which was directly beneath the window above.

For an instant he looked back. The long hall, flanked by doors on either side, was deserted. In the ceiling glowed a row of frosted lights. Cautiously he leaned over the sill and looked down. He strained eyes and ears. From this lower level he could distinguish the flagged surface of the court. He saw a row of milk cans, a stack of packing cases, a cat slinking across the murky space, but there was neither sound nor movement.

Disappointed, and wondering if he had reasoned falsely, he let his eyes slant upward along the wall. High up was a series of projections, like birds' nests clinging to a sheer cliff. One of them, he knew, was the bancony on which Miss Castle and Joan of Arc were standing, but at this distance he could not determine the exact one.

Again he looked down, straining ears and eyes, still loath to think that he had made a mistake. Again, as his pupils responded to the lower darkness, the objects down there began to take shape. Back and forth his eyes roved, searching every foot of space and presently they fastened on a point near the stack of packing cases. A blur, scarcely distinguishable from its background, riveted his attention. It was a formless thing at first, only a slight shade blacker than the darkness which framed it.

"Protective coloring!" he mused.

His eyes began to ache from the intense strain. Little by little the blurry thing began to differentiate itself from its surroundings. A shape stood out vaguely from the shadowy masses. He gave a surprised start. Then, leaning a little lower over the sill, he formed a tube with his hands and whistled softly. Something stirred in response. A pair of eyes seemed to be peering upward.

"A dog!" Dale thought. "My hat off to you, Dr. Moffett. You have trained him for this job, of course—rehearsed him very likely. Great idea."

Dale grew thoughtful. He could admire the cleverness of an adversary, even a despicable one like Dr. Moffett. He saw the plan clearly now. When the packet dropped from the balcony the dog would clutch it in his jaws, and, by a prearranged route, slink off to a waiting car and a waiting master somewhere in the neighborhood. There were hundreds of cars parked in the vicinity of the Vandermoore tonight. Nobody would suspect a dog of mischief. If seen in the act, he would merely excite admiration for his cleverness.

Suddenly Dale jerked up his head. A slight scraping sound like that of a window being cautiously raised, had reached his ears. He glanced upward along the wall, most of it dark but with here and there an isolated light. From a dark window a little to the side and a few floors higher up a head protruded. A dim light fell on it from the window just above, and Dale could see it was a man's head. The man was looking upward, toward the row of balconies at the top, perhaps at the very balcony where Miss Castle and Joan of Arc were.

Dale nodded. In addition to the dog there would be a watcher, of course, waiting to see if there should be a hitch in the proceedings. As well as he could in the dim light, Dale studied the shape of the head and the long blond wig which framed it. Evidently the watcher was one of the merrymakers. And Dale thought he had seen that blond head before.

On the Trail of the Caballero

The head turned. For an instant Dale caught a vague glimpse of a face, and then the head disappeared within the window.

"The caballero—Paul Ainsworth!" he mumbled. He was still gazing rigidly at the window from which the wigged head had projected. One, two, three. It was three floors above his own level. That would be the thirteenth floor, just midway between the ground and the roof. The window was the fifth from the central hall in a horizontal direction.

With the locality clearly fixed in his mind, he went to the stairs, ran up three flights, and turned into the transverse corridor at the left. He counted the doors as he passed them. At the fifth from the turn he stopped, and the metal figures on the upper panel told him it was No. 1325.

He waited a moment. There was no sign of life in the hall. The orchestral din on the top floor was scarcely audible here. After a moment's hesitation he turned the knob gently. The door must have been left unlocked in preparation for a quick retreat if necessary, for it swung easily inward. He held it open a bit and listened, but no sounds came from the interior. He touched his hair, his mask, his purple-trimmed robe, and without a sound stepped inside.

Silently he moved forward, approaching the window, only a gray blur in the darkness encompassed by the four walls. Only a few steps he moved, across a rug that deadened the sound of his footsteps, then stopped. In the gloom he could hear some one breathing, and he traced the sound to a point near the window. He waited a little, not quite certain how to proceed, and presently his eyes turned in another direction. Again he heard a subdued intake of breath. There were two watchers in the room.

Holding his own breath he moved back a few steps. There was a sound of movement in the front of the room. A man's head and shoulders were silhouetted against the window. For a moment the man leaned out and glanced upward.

"Annie is taking her time," a voice mumbled. Dale recognized the voice in an instant. The speaker was Paul Ainsworth. The Annie referred to could be none other than Joan of Arc.

"Annie is wise," another voice remarked. It was low and distinct, and it sounded vaguely familiar to Dale, yet he could not identify it." She knows we're playing this game to the tune of one hundred thousand berries. It pays to go slow and move carefully. Anyhow, there's no hurry. This party will last till daylight."

Ainsworth mumbled something under his breath. Dale was searching his memory for a clue to the other speaker's identity. He was certain he had heard the voice somewhere before.

"One hundred thousand," the same voic wnete on. s'tI" naicel W qRp oH voice went on. "It's a nice little grubstake. Too bad it's got to be split five ways.

"Five ways," Dale thought. That meant there were five in the blackmailing band. He tried to check them off by name: Dr. Moffett, alias Paul Ainsworth, Annie, Axelson. Miss Conway was not to be counted, for she was dead. Who were the other two? The answer eluded him, but by way of compensation the other speaker's name suddenly flashed through his mind. Axelson, of course!

Again a shadow appeared at the window. Ainsworth was looking up at the balcony.

"Wish she would hurry," he mumbled peevishly, moving away from the window again. "Can't imagine what's delaying her."

"Miss Castle probably wants to look the papers over," Axelson suggested. "A lot of good it will do her! If I say it myself, I did a good job copying those papers. Even if she knows Forrester's handwriting—and I'll bet she doesn't—she won't be able to tell them from the originals."

Dale started a little. So the papers were merely copies! Well, he had suspected something of the sort. The originals, of course, were to be retained by Dr. Moffett and used by him for the purpose of further extortion.

"Oh, don't crow," said Ainsworth with his usual surliness. "I'll admit you are clever at that sort of thing, but don't forget that a lot of clever forgers are wasting their talents behind prison bars."

"So are a lot of clever blackmailers," Axelson retorted.

A pause fell. Dale was getting a deeper and more comprehensive insight into Ainsworth's despicable character. There seemed to be no limits to the man's villainy. Even while his heart ached for Miss Castle such an exhibition of treachery and infamy filled him with loathing.

"Are you sure Miss Castle came here alone?" Ainsworth asked in an undertone.

"Positive. Not worrying?"

"I'm just wondering if she is quite as simple as she looks. I think she would be capable of playing a trick on us."

"What can she do? We've taken precautions against every sort of surprise she can possibly spring on us, haven't we? I don't see where there's any room for trickery. Annie won't even touch the money. Miss Castle will just drop it over the railing, and Caesar will do the rest."

"Caesar," Dale thought. That was the dog, of course.

Another pause came, then Ainsworth asked: "Did you see the man in the white toga with the purple border?"

"Oh, you mean the cockeyed one?"

"I'm not so sure he was as cockeyed as he looked. He danced with Miss Castle, and afterward he took her out on the balcony. I don't like the way he acted."

"She had to dance with somebody, didn't she? And it's the most natural thing in the world to step out for a bit of fresh air after a dance."

Dale smiled. It was a lucky thing he had selected a mask that concealed more of his features than the ordinary mask did. His muscles were beginning to feel the strain of remaining motionless for so long. He moved a foot cautiously.

"It's all right," Axelson was saying. "You're just nervous tonight. Everything is going all right. We'll trim Castle good and hard, and then we go after Ferryman, eh? Ferryman is rich. Not so rich as Castle, but he's got a lot of coin salted away. And he owes me something for the way he gave me the air. I'd like to——"

He stopped and caught his breath sharply. Dale's foot, as he moved it to ease his cramped position, had struck against something.

"Say, did you hear that?" Axelson exclaimed in a hoarse whisper.

"Sh!" Ainsworth whispered back.

Dale sensed two pairs of eyes and ears straining in his direction. He moved back and ran his hand along the wall until he found the light switch. A little click sounded, but no lights came on. The bulbs had either been removed from the sockets or partly unscrewed to forestall the very thing he had attempted to do."

"It's a plant!" Axelson cried hoarsely. "We've got to stop it! Quick—the signal!"

A match flared up. Then came a sizzling sound like that of a frying pan over a fire. A small streak of flame shot up over the window sill. Then two pairs of feet scurried quickly across the floor. The door slammed.

With a soft chuckle Dale stepped forward and fumbled for the light fixture. As he had suspected, the bulb had been partly unscrewed to break the connection. He gave it a few twists and a bright light came on. He saw a spacious room, an open travelling bag on the floor, a few toilet articles on the dressing table.

He acted in great haste now, as if each second were precious. He took two newspapers, saturated them with ink from a bottle on the writing desk, formed them into a small, compact bundle, tied a string around it, and held it at arm's length. A small, steady trickle of ink fell from the package.

Smiling, he stepped to the window. He looked down for a moment, then let the ink-dripping package drop to the ground.

"Caesar will do the rest," he chuckled softly as he ran quickly from the room.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

"TRY A NIP TONIGHT"

Grant's
BEST PROCURABLE
Scotch Whisky!
BOTTLED & GUARANTEED BY
William Grant & Sons Ltd
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
TRADE MARK
DISTILLERIES
THE GLENFIDDICH AND BALVENIE-GLENLIVET DUFFTOWN SCOTLAND

The Original Label — look for it at the Vendor's and insist on GRANT'S "BEST PROCURABLE"

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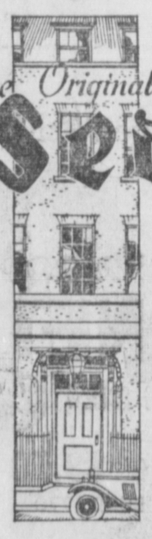
Numbers made famous by Quality

10

Due to the long list of famous men who have occupied "No. 10 Downing Street" as Premiers of England—this humble sounding address is probably the world's most famous street number.



The Original
Seagram
83
RYE WHISKEY

Another famous number is Seagram's "83", the premier Rye whiskey.

Bottled from the oldest stocks of whiskey in Canada, the Government strip tells the story.

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DECLARES OLD METHOD OF TRAVELLING SLOW

W. J. Crawford, the well known transfer and cartage man of Stewart, who returned this morning after a brief visit to the city, is so enthused over the prospects of the flying game that he declares they will soon have a regular air taxi service in Stewart. "The old methods are too slow for me," he declares.

CHICAGO CUBS GOING STRONG

Lead of Nine and a Half Games Over Pittsburgh Pirates Should Be Enough Now

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—The Chicago Cubs outslugged the Phillies, gathering sixteen runs, but gained no ground over the Pittsburgh Pirates, who also won. The lead of the Cubs is now nine and a half games, which should be safe enough.

Jimmy Wilson's homer in the fourth with one on was the margin of victory when St. Louis Cardinals beat the Boston Braves.

Brooklyn scored nine runs in the third inning, getting thirteen altogether.

American League

In the American League, St. Louis Brown raked three New York Yankee pitchers to win with fifteen hits against seven scattered wallops which failed to score a single run for New York.

Mose Grove lost his fourth game of the season by one run.

There were three White Sox errors in one inning when Chicago met Philadelphia.

Yesterday's scores:

National League

Pittsburgh 6, New York 2.
Cincinnati 9, Brooklyn 13.
Chicago 16, Philadelphia 7.
St. Louis 5, Boston 4.

American League

Philadelphia 3, Chicago 4.
Washington 6, Detroit 1.
New York 0, St. Louis 10.
Boston at Cleveland, rain.

BIG LEAGUE STANDINGS

National League

	W.	L.	Pct.
Chicago	77	36	.681
Pittsburgh	67	47	.588
New York	63	55	.534
St. Louis	58	58	.500
Brooklyn	53	63	.457
Cincinnati	50	67	.527
Philadelphia	48	67	.417
Boston	57	70	.402

American League

	W	L.	Pct.
Philadelphia	83	36	.697
New York	69	46	.600
Cleveland	61	55	.526
St. Louis	62	57	.521
Detroit	56	63	.471
Washington	51	64	.443
Chicago	47	72	.396
Boston	40	76	.345

EMPRESS WINS SOCCER MATCH

Took Regiment Into Camp By Score of Two to One In League Fixture Last Evening

The football season reopened after the rain last night, when the Empress Social Club defeated Regiment two to one in the league schedule for the Mobley Cup. The game was a well contested one but, owing to cold weather conditions, the attendance of fans was small.

There was no scoring in the first half but soon after the opening of the second, Regimental enthusiasm soared high when Norrington scored for the soldiers with a pretty shot. It was not long before Nick Chenoski equalized and then Marks gave the Empress Club what was to prove the winning goal.

William Barton was referee and Alex Clapperton and Sam Currie acted as linesmen.

The standing to date in the league competition is as follows:

	W	L	Pts
Thistles	2	0	4
Empress	2	1	4
Regiment	0	3	0

SUPT.'S OFFICE WON SOFTBALL

Still Has Chance to Play Off in Canadian National League

In a scheduled softball game last night, the Superintendent's Office turned the tables on the Drydock, by beating them 9 to 7 in an evenly divided contest. This win for the Superintendent's Office still keeps it in the running for the play-off in the second half. Jackson and Morrison played a very nice game for the Office, while Smith and Reid showed up best for the Drydock.

The teams were:

Office—Holroyd, Harold, Morrison, Jackson, Lauton, Summers, Smith, White, Strachan.

Drydock—Gawthorne, Howe, Kelsey, Smith, McKeown, McFee, Reid McKenzie.

The league standing for the second half of the season is as follows:

	W.	L.	Pct.
Station	5	2	.714
Drydock	5	3	.625
Sup't's Office	3	4	.429
Round House	1	6	.143

BASEBALL

Tonight at 6:45. S. O. C. vs. Gyros.

DISTANT RELATIVE

Golfing Husband—So I took my iron—you know what an iron is?

Wife—Of course, I've curled my own hair for years.

a Purveyor of Health

DR. DANIEL R. HODGEN, an eminent physician, says that Beer is a valuable Food for Health, Strength and Vitality; because it is easily digested and assimilated. It nourishes and invigorates the system.

The use of Beer is to be encouraged, not only as an aid to digestion, because it tends to increase the flow of digestive fluids and because of its highly nourishing reaction without any deleterious effects upon the human system.

The undermentioned Beers are properly prepared. They are guaranteed to be absolutely pure. To safeguard the public they are constantly tested by Analytical Chemists employed by the B.C. Liquor Control Board.

For sale in all Government Liquor Stores and Beer Parlors.

PILSENER LAGER
PHOENIX EXPORT LAGER
BLUE RIBBON EXPORT

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5th of a Series
EXTRACTS FROM VICKERS' DIARY—1752

DIARY
WED-NOV. 4th 1752

"Tarrying awhile at Southampton Brother John did find occasion to exchange scholarly compliments in French, with a liquor merchant of Le Havre. This worthy man did blend with our Vickers' Gin a cordial named vermouth; which did make a most palatable appetizer. Guests in the Coffee Room of the Mariners Inn pronounced the mixture a rare treat."

Since that far day, people the world over have approved the mixture of Vickers' Gin, with Vermouth and Bitters . . . the perfect ingredients of a Martini Cocktail.

VICKERS'
FINEST LONDON DRY
GIN
REPUTED QUART $3.25
ESTABLISHED BY
JOSEPH & JOHN VICKERS & CO., Ltd.
LONDON 1750 ENGLAND

This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or by the Government of British Columbia.

Sport Chat

Native Sons of Canada, league leaders, with six wins and four losses, and Gyro Club, tailenders, with five wins and six losses, are billed to meet this evening in the City Baseball League. It may be the last match before next week's Exhibition sporting activities and a good game is expected. A Gyro win at this time would create an even more close and interesting situation in the league standing and the service men are reputed to be out to put themselves in the running for league honors by taking advantage of this opportunity. On account of recent rain, it would appear necessary now to continue league baseball after Fair Week for a few games at least.

Rube Marquard, recently appointed manager of the Jacksonville, Fla., team, has been pitching professional baseball since he was 15 years old. His father, a Cleveland, O., contractor, objected to Rube's choice of the diamond profession, so Rube left home with 25 cents and rode the brake beams to Waterloo, Ia., where he got his first job. John J. McGraw of the Giants paid $11,000 for the southpaw pitcher in 1908, and that was a record price then.

IT PROFITETH A MAN

A famous merchant was asked about his success and about his contest help. He said:

"The secret is: treat your men and your employees just alike. Keep them busy or they lose interest."—The Grocer.

Our classified section may be of special interest to you today.