

Thrilling  
Mystery Story  
in 30 chapters

# THE GREEN SHADOW

by HERMAN LANDON

SYNOPSIS

While Captain Summers is meditating on the escapades of "The Picaroon," whom he is convinced is really his friend, Martin Dale, Mr. Alexander Ferryman calls and requests the strange happenings at 262 Bank Street, the house next to the one in which he lives, be investigated. Axelson, a watchman employed by Ferryman to guard the house in which he lived before he moved next door after his wife had deserted him, has heard footsteps and seen an eerie green light. Just as Ferryman is showing the captain a picture of his wife, the telephone rings and a voice tells of finding a woman's body at 262 Bank Street. Summers and Ferryman hurry there.

"The Picaroon," who preys upon the rich and then offers the return of his loot on the payment of 10 per cent of its value to charity, has written a note to Adele Castle, requesting a meeting in Central Park. Adele has had a terrifying experience. She was taken to a strange house where, through a queer green light, she could glimpse only the outline of a man calling himself Dr. Moffett, who tells her he holds evidence which would convict her father of being connected with a crooked financial deal and send him to prison. Mr. Castle tells Adele Dr. Moffett demands blackmail of \$100,000.

Summers continues his investigations and finds a band from a Verona, the special sort of cigar Martin Dale smokes. The captain and Dale meet in a restaurant and save that Dale seems to know something about a green light and admits that there are few Veronas in the country. Summers learns nothing.

Adele and Dale meet. He tells her he was present during her strange interview with Dr. Moffett, which took place at 262 Bank Street, and promises to help her.

INSTALMENT THIRTEEN

Axelson Explains

Dale dropped the subject. "Well, let's hear what you know about Miss Conway. Don't tell me you didn't know that Miss Conway and Mrs. Ferryman were the same person, because when I first mentioned her name you were so startled I could have knocked you down with a feather."

Axelson appeared acutely distressed. He fidgeted, shifted his weight from one foot to another and mopped the perspiration from his forehead. Gradually he grew calmer. A semblance of his former dignity came back.

"You did surprise me, sir," he confessed. "I thought I was the only man alive who knew about that. The police haven't got an inkling of the fact. Mr. Ferryman hasn't either. I don't see how you got hold of the secret."

"Never mind that. How long had Miss Conway, or Mrs. Ferryman. Been back in town?"

"Only a few months, sir."

"How did it happen Mr. Ferryman never saw her during those months?"

"Because she kept out of his sight. You see, there were reasons—"

"Well, go on."

Axelson swallowed hard. Again he straightened his bent figure and fixed his interlocutor with a look of feeble defiance. "I've said enough—too much, maybe, I've nothing more to tell. I've sunk pretty low, I guess, but there's a limit. I've got a few shreds of honor left, and I am hanging on to them. You can do your damndest, sir, but I won't say any more."

been one and the same person. The mystery of her return and the events that led up to her death appeared securely locked up within Axelson's grizzled head. He knew no more about Doctor Moffett than he had known before. His search for the explanation of the green light had been fruitless.

His forehead puckered in thought. Absently he glanced along the wood paneling at one side of the room. Suddenly his roving eyes paused and contracted. Was there a flaw in the woodwork or could it mean—

The opening of the door scattered his thoughts. He turned quickly away from the object of his contemplation. In the doorway stood a tall, white-faced man with a stricken look in his eyes. His dignified garb hung loosely about a figure that appeared to have suddenly lost all its elasticity. For a little he stood there, gazing about him in a weary and somewhat near-sighted manner, and then his eyes fixed on Dale with a more or less questioning expression.

"Who is this gentleman?" he inquired of Axelson.

"I don't know, Mr. Ferryman. He hasn't told me his name. He has been inquiring about a Doctor Moffett."

"Doctor Moffett?" The name fell in slack and lifeless tones from Mr. Ferryman's lips. He shook his head. "You may go, Axelson. I'll attend to the gentleman."

Axelson departed, but at the door he paused for a moment, and his eyes signaled a message to Dale. A slight nod was the response.

With a dragging step Mr. Ferryman came forward and surveyed the visitor with lusterless eyes. The inspection seemed to satisfy him.

"Axelson told me you were inquiring for some one," he said courteously, but in a flat and tired voice.

"I am sorry to intrude at a time like this, Mr. Ferryman," Dale answered him. "I have heard of your bereavement. I had no intention of disturbing you. In fact, I didn't expect to find you here. It was my impression that you lived next door. My name, by the way, is Dale."

"Sit down, Mr. Dale," said the older man gently. "You need not apologize. As a matter of fact, this is the first time in nearly four years that I have set foot inside this house." He sighed heavily. "Whom were you inquiring for?"

"A certain Dr. Moffett."

"Moffett—Moffett?" Mr. Ferryman shook his finely shaped head. "No. I never heard the name before. What led you to think you would find him here?"

Dale considered for a moment, and he decided to be at least partially frank. "I realize this is no time to inflict other people's tribulations on you, Mr. Ferryman, but it is a rather pressing matter. A certain young lady had an unpleasant interview with this Doctor Moffett yesterday morning, and she has reason to believe that the interview took place in this house."

Wainscoting  
Mr. Ferryman opened his sorrowful eyes inquiringly. "She thinks it took place here. I don't understand."

"Strange as it may seem, she was brought to the scene of the interview in a manner that made it impossible for her to discover the address. She is almost positive that this is the house, however."

"Very strange. There is no Doctor Moffett here. There never has been, as far as I am aware. Who is the young lady, if I may ask?"

Dale hesitated briefly. He had not been entirely frank so far. He knew positively that this was the house in which Adele Castle had met Doctor Moffett, but to say so would involve endless explanations. He could see no harm, however, in replying with candor to the last question.

"Her name is Miss Adele Castle."

Mr. Ferryman was surprised. "Not a relative of Virgil Ellsworth Castle?"

"His daughter."

"Dear me! And Miss Castle thinks she met Doctor Moffett here? Most extraordinary! She must be mistaken. It doesn't seem possible. But, wait! Axelson tells me a number of strange things have been going on here—trespassing, thievery, mysterious sounds in the night. But you say this was in the daytime?"

"About 10 o'clock yesterday morning."

Mr. Ferryman stroked his forehead as if to arrange his thoughts. "I was in Mount Vernon yesterday morning, visiting a sick friend. Some one might have taken advantage—"

"But Axelson was here. He is old, but alert and reliable. I don't understand it. Why such things should be going on in my house is beyond me. You say the interview was of an unpleasant character?"

"Extremely so," Dale considered again. The bereaved man exuded a gentle sympathy that inspired confidence. "Miss Castle's father, through no fault of his own, has found himself in a compromising position. This mysterious Dr. Moffett is taking advantage of it to blackmail him, and he is trying to intimidate the father through the daughter. I am telling you this in strictest confidence, of course."

"You can trust me, Mr. Dale. This is surprising news, indeed. Virgil Ellsworth Castle a victim of blackmailers! Astonishing! I don't know Mr. Castle personally, but his reputation is unimpeachable. Blackmailers at work in my house! It's incredible—yet it may be so. I feel as if I were in part responsible."

"Oh, no, Mr. Ferryman. No blame could possibly attach to you," Dale rose and extended his hand. "Forgive me for worrying you with such a matter at this time."

They shook hands.

"If I can do anything to assist Miss Castle, please command me," the older man murmured. His face was full of grief, but the eyes held a smile of kindly sympathy and encouragement. "Good night, Mr. Dale."

Dale turned away. For a moment his eyes rested on the wainscoting at one side of the room. Something appeared to engage his attention for a moment, and then he took his departure. The moment he stepped out in the clear, crisp autumnal evening, a load of depression seemed to slip from his shoulders. He inhaled deeply as he walked to the end of the block, crossed over to the other side, and walked back until he stood in a shadowy doorway opposite No. 262 Bank street, where he waited.

Soon the light in the library went out. The house seemed to fall into an uneasy slumber. The front door opened, a tall figure with bowed head and dragging gait walked down the steps, proceeded a few paces on the sidewalk, then turned into the adjoining house.

Dale waited only a few moments longer. He appeared to struggle with a temptation that might have had its source in a certain peculiarity in the handsome wainscoting of the library. But the struggle was brief.

"No, not tonight," was his decision.

Then, the evening being beautiful, with an invigorating tang in the air, he walked home.

RIFLE SHOOTING

Royal Arms Cup Is Up for Competition Next Week

R. W. Cameron won the spoon yesterday at the weekly shoot at McNicholl Creek, owing to M. M. Lamb and W. Brass being handicapped for seven points each.

Next week, in addition to the regular shoot, the Royal Arms Cup will be shot for and awarded to the one who makes the best 10 shots in the 600-yard race. The following are yesterday's points:

Tl.	
W. W. Lamb	28 30 30—88
W. Brass	20 34 32—86
R. W. Cameron	31 28 25—84
L. H. Howarth	26 29 25—80
R. McLennan	22 24 25—71
H. B. Eastman	22 26 19—67
A. H. Young	24 22 20—66

Sport Chat

The team representing the Thistles in the football match this evening against Empress is to be Smith, Haig, Jack, Mitchell, Hadden, Wood, Harrison Budinich, Baptie, Mitchell, Campbell. The spares are Campbell and Macdonald.

There was great disappointment among many yesterday at the weather conditions which interfered with the sports at the Moose picnic. Had it been a fine day, there would have been a record attendance. As it was, many who intended to do so, did not go, and others who went to Digby Island, soon returned.

CLEVELAND WON; MADE NINE RUNS IN NINTH INNING

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—The Yankees won the opener from Cleveland behind Tom Zachary's fine pitching yesterday, but Herb Pennock and others cracked up in the second, which Cleveland won by scoring nine runs in the ninth inning.

Chicago increased the lead of that club to six and a half games by beating Brooklyn.

Scores follow:

National League  
Philadelphia 1, Cincinnati 7.  
Brooklyn 4, Chicago 6.  
Boston 0, St. Louis 5.

American League  
Chicago 0, Boston 8.  
Cleveland 8-14, New York, 12-6.  
Detroit 10-13, Washington 5-11.

Saturday  
National League  
Philadelphia 1, Cincinnati 2.  
Brooklyn 2, Chicago 12.  
Boston 5, St. Louis 7.

American League  
Chicago 15, Boston 14.  
St. Louis 8, Philadelphia 8,  
rain in eighth.

Other games, rain.

GOLF GAME AT ACROPOLIS WAS NOVEL EVENT

The final event in the entertainment of the members of the Canadian Fisheries Association was one of the most enjoyable of the convention. It was a golf game arranged and conducted by Lieut.-Col. J. W. Nicholls. The players used sticks cut in the woods and the balls used were large water polo balls.

There was lots of fun and the boys' band provided excellent music. Prizes were won by Messrs. Jolicoeur for the first and Gould for the booby prize.

INJURED PLAYERS ARE BACK IN THE GAME

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—They always come back for more.

Tommy Thevenow, with a badly crushed leg, was threatened with permanent disability in April. He is now playing good ball for the Phillies.

Fred Roe, the Texas polo star, was near death two years ago after his pony had fallen upon him. He recently played brilliantly for the Shelburne four, finalist in the competition for a Long Island club championship.

POOR WEATHER FOR MOOSE PICNIC BUT RACES CARRIED OUT

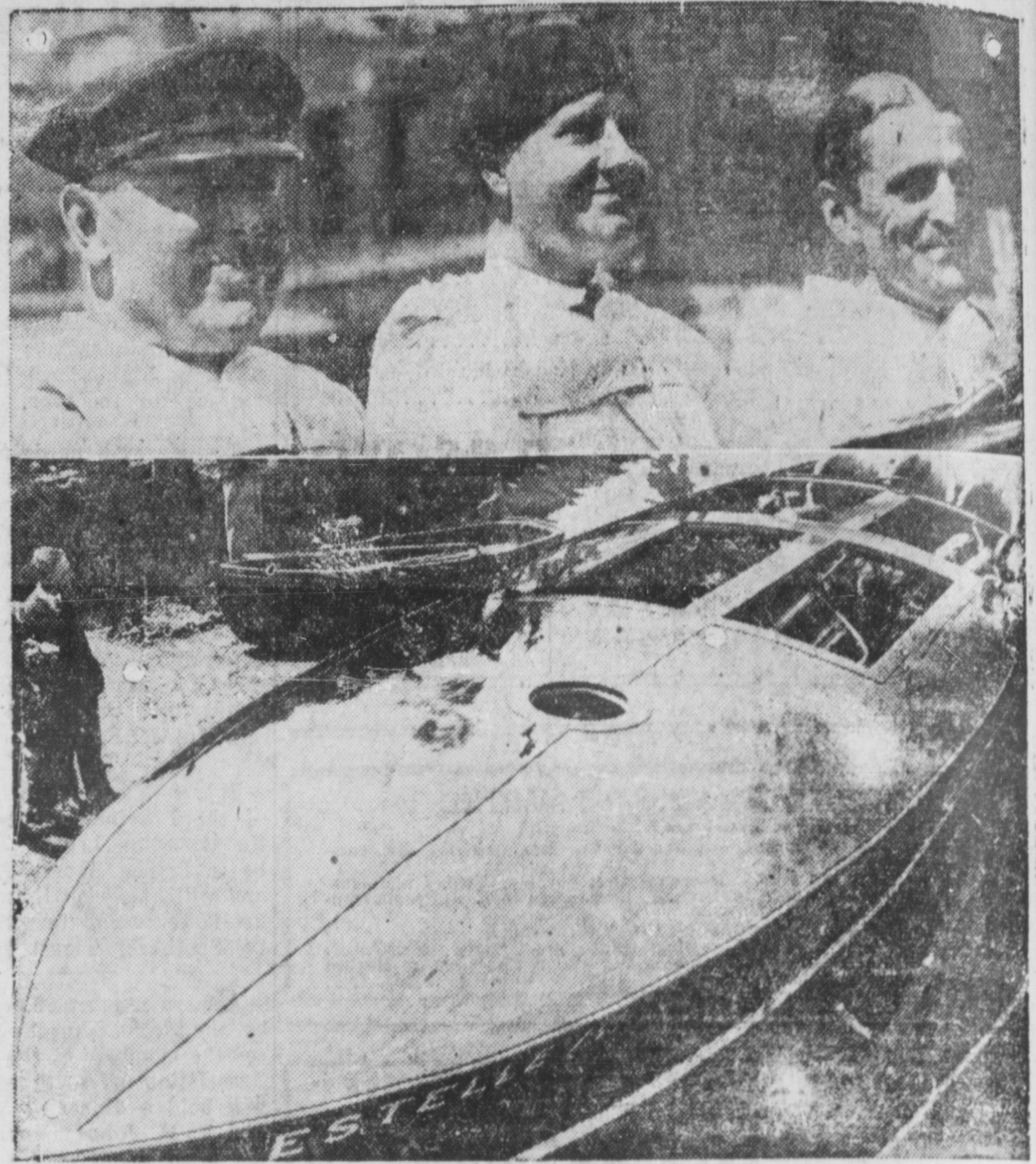
The annual Moose picnic was carried through yesterday after several previous postponements in a drizzling rain which interfered a good deal with the enjoyment. The following were the winners of the races:

Prize winners follow:  
Children up to 4 years: George Weir, J. Robbie, B. Long.  
Boys, 4 to 6 years: J. McLean, Louis Dutton, Roi Judge.

Girls, 4 to 6 years: Annie Postulo, Helen Clarke, Betty Barber.  
Girls, 6 to 8 years: Marion Erickson, Annie Postulo, O. Kjuuo.  
Boys, 6 to 8 years: Alex Baillie, Helge Hollustun, J. Grinson.  
Boys, 8 to 10 years: W. Roma, J. Johnson, H. Anderson.  
Girls, 8 to 10 years: J. Gomez, Betty Wood, A. Blain.

Boys, 10 to 12 years: D. Gomez, S. Dominato, A. McPhee.  
Girls, 12 to 14 years: G. Welle, Mickey Casey, T. Postulo.  
Boys, 14 to 16: S. Dominato, J. Gillis, Allen Hale.  
Girls, 14 to 16: T. Postulo, D. Pritchard, Francis Yager.

Boys, over 16 years: J. Gillis, D. Gomez, Allen Hale.  
Girls, over 16 years: M. Mus-sallem, D. Pritchard, Theodore Postulo.  
Mixed, three-legged race: Joe Ratchford, Marie Mussallem; J. and boat.



BRITAIN'S NEW THREAT FOR SPEEDBOAT HONORS  
Above is the "world's fastest speedboat" which Miss M. B. Carstairs, the well known British motor boat racer, has had built at Cowes, Isle of Wight, and with which she hopes to bring back to England the British International Motor Boat Trophy, which is at present held by the United States. This boat, shown below, is called "Estelle IV," and is of 3,000 h.p. Above is Miss Carstairs, centre, with J. Harris, left, and Captain Campbell Marshall, right, who will pilot the new boat.

HALF CROP ON THE PRAIRIES

Peace River Bright Spot In Alberta Situation

WINNIPEG, Aug. 5.—With the rapid approach of harvest throughout the Western provinces, the hot, dry weather of the past week has not improved the crop outlook in any respect, according to the fourteenth weekly crop report of the C.N.R. sections which had previously reported conditions fair, now complain of a too rapid ripening of crops, with a consequent depreciated outlook, unless relieved by rain. Other areas which have suffered persistently from drought during the growing season, appear now to be able to more accurately appraise their losses and to determine which crops shall be ploughed down and which shall be left for threshing.

The remarkable thing this year, is that crops are as good as they are.

Cutting of rye and barley has commenced in Manitoba and will be general for the latter part of the week. A few cases of wheat cutting are noted in Manitoba, which has been hot and dry through the province and wheat is not filling normally except at Swan River, where an average crop is still possible and at Russell where a three-quarter crop is anticipated. The general outlook is for a half crop.

Summerfallow wheat is holding its own fairly well, this factor contributing to the patchy conditions frequently reported on in all sections where some good, many bad and a few indifferent stands are obvious.

Northern Saskatchewan has suffered somewhat from the heat during the week. Yorkton, Asquith, Dodsland, Brooksby and Tisdale subdivisions would welcome rain and relief from the hot weather. Many central and southern points, having long since despaired of securing crops are now concerned over the feed outlook. Rosetown subdivision

H. Pritchard, Dorothy Pritchard; Mr. and Mrs. D. Brown.  
Married Women's Race (first prize only, donated by Messrs. Malkins Ltd., hamper): Mrs. R. Long, Mrs. Yager, Mrs. Brown.  
Men's walking race: C. Lemon, J. Judge, R. Long.  
Women's blindfold race: Mrs. R. Long, Bessy Derry, Mrs. Brown.  
The Moose wish to thank Geo. Bushby for the loan of a scow and boat.

has fair prospects for wheat except on lighter lands, but requires rain for filling. Summer-fallow wheat from Tichfield to Eaton is likewise promising but oats are very poor. Some farmers have had to haul water for their stock.

The bright spot in the Alberta situation appears in the Peace River country. Here crops continue in a favorable condition with harvest about three weeks away. Athabaska subdivision should also harvest a normal crop at practically all points. Vegreville subdivisions appear to have improved somewhat and some fair wheat will be harvested.

In Central Alberta, however, things are in a bad shape. The yield will be very low and the feed situation is already assuming rather serious proportions.

FOREST FIRES NUMBER 103

VICTORIA, Aug. 5.—The number of forest fires in British Columbia this year so far is 103, the greatest number on record. The weather conditions are declared to be extremely hazardous and the weather conditions are still remaining hot and unfavorable to fire fighters.

Vancouver reports 206, Prince Rupert 123, Prince George 6, Kamloops 77, and Cariboo 50. The heaviest loss ever had in the interior. Other scattered timber loss is particularly heavy but there is no official estimate.

EXTRACTS FROM VICKERS' DIARY—1752  
2nd of a Series

Judges of good liquor in many lands have echoed the opinion of this old English Merchant. Far will you travel to find the equal of this excellent Gin.

"Brother John who doth travel the road hath writ me that a Merchant in the service of Mr. Josiah Billings, Ship's Chandler of great renown in Liverpool, hath bestowed high praise upon the quality, flavour and strength of Vickers' London Dry Gin. Many cases have been contracted for, to be billed to agents abroad—good tidings."

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