

The SEVEN DIALS MYSTERY

By Agatha Christie

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INSTALLMENT XXXVIII

(Continued)

Alfred Gets Warning

The journey to London was without adventure, except such as was habitually provided by Bundle's driving. They left the car at a garage and proceeded direct to the Seven Dials Club.

The door was opened to them by Alfred. Bundle pushed her way past him without ceremony and Loraine followed.

"Oh, my lady!"

Alfred turned chalk white. "I've come to warn you because you did me a good turn the other night," went on Bundle rapidly. "There's a warrant out for Mr. Mosgorovsky and the best thing you can do is to clear out of here as quick as you can. If you're not found here, they won't bother you. Here's ten pounds to help you get away somewhere."

In three minutes' time an incoherent and badly scared Alfred had left 14 Hunstanton Street with only one idea in his head—never to return.

"Well, I've managed that all

right," said Bundle with satisfaction.

"Was it necessary to be so—well, drastic?" Loraine demurred.

"It's safer," said Bundle. "I don't know what Jimmy and Bill are up to, but we don't want Alfred coming back in the middle of it and wrecking everything. Hallo, here they are. Well, they haven't wasted much time. Probably watching around the corner to see Alfred leave. Go down and open the door to them, Loraine."

Loraine obeyed. Jimmy Thesieger alighted from the driving seat.

"You stop there for a moment, Bill," he said. "Blow the horn if you think any one's watching the place."

He ran up the steps and banged the door behind him. He looked pink and elated.

"Hallo, Bundle, there you are. Now then, we've got to get down to it. Where's the key of the room you got into last time?"

"It was one of the downstairs keys. We'd better bring the lot up."

"Right you are, but be quick. Time's short."

The key was easily found, the balze-lined door swung back and the three entered. The room was exactly as Bundle had seen it before, with the seven chairs grouped round the table. Jimmy surveyed it for a minute or two in silence. Then his eye went to the two cupboards.

"Which is the cupboard you hid in Bundle?"

"This one."

Jimmy went to it and flung the door open. The same collection of miscellaneous glassware covered the shelves.

"Out" but Not Dead

"We shall have to shift all this stuff," he murmured. "Run down

and get Bill, Loraine. There's no need for him to keep watch outside any longer."

Loraine ran off.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Bundle impatiently.

Jimmy was down on his knees, trying to peer through the crack of the other cupboard door.

"Wait till Bill comes and you shall hear the whole story. This is his staff work—and a jolly creditable bit of work it is. Hallo—what's Loraine flying up the stairs for as though she'd got a mad bull after her?"

Loraine was indeed racing up the stairs as fast as she could. She burst in upon them with an ashen face and terror in her eyes.

"Bill—Bill—oh, Bundle—Bill!"

"What about Bill?"

Jimmy caught her by the shoulder.

"For God's sake, Loraine, what's happened?"

"Bill—I think he's dead—he's in the car still—but he doesn't move or speak. I'm sure he's dead."

Jimmy muttered an oath and sprang for the stairs, Bundle behind him, her heart pounding unevenly and an awful feeling of desolation spreading over her.

Bill—dead? Oh, no! Oh, no! Not that. Please God—not that.

Together she and Jimmy reached the car. Loraine behind them.

Jimmy peered under the hood, Bill was sitting as he had left him, leaning back. But his eyes were closed and Jimmy's pull at his arm brought no response.

"I can't understand it," muttered Jimmy. "But he's not dead. Cheer up, Bundle. Look here, we've got to get him into the house. Let's pray to goodness no policeman comes along. If any one says anything, he's our sick friend we're helping into the house."

Between the three of them they

got Bill into the house without much difficulty, and without attracting much attention, save for an unshaven gentleman who said sympathetically:

"Gennenman's 'ad a couple, I shee," and nodded his head sapiently.

"Into the little back room downstairs," said Jimmy. "There's a sofa there."

They got him safely onto the sofa and Bundle knelt down beside him and took his limp wrist in her hand.

"His pulse is beating," she said.

"What is the matter with him?"

"He was all right when I left him just now," said Jimmy. "I wonder if some one's managed to inject some stuff into him. It would be easily done—just a prick. The man might have been asking him the time. There's only one thing for it, I must get a doctor at once. You stay here and look after him."

He hurried to the door, then paused.

(To Be Continued.)

Lumberman Named Mayor of Grande Prairie in Peace

GRADE PRAIRIE, Feb. 15—R. A. McMillan, manager of the Frontier Lumber Co., has been elected mayor of Grande Prairie for the year 1930 by acclamation, no candidates having offered to oppose him. He succeeds William Sharpe, who was retired as chief magistrate after six years' good service.

E. E. Gregg, assistant district forester, has been on a trip this week to Smithers and other interior points on official duties.

ARREST DETAILS

Further Particulars in Connection With Taking of Suspected Counterfeiter

Further particulars have been received here of the arrest last Saturday night on a train westbound from Prince George of Nicolai Martynowicz, who is charged with having forged bank notes in his possession and to whom, it is believed, a valise containing nitro-glycerine, loaded revolvers, explosives and ammunition, which was found in the local baggage room this week, belonged.

The arrest of Martynowicz, who is a Russian-Pole and claims to be thirty-five years of age, was made by an officer on the train after he had presented suspicious looking currency to Conductor T. M. Spencer for payment of fare to Smithers. The man was taken from the train at Vanderhoof and returned to Prince George. He actually had no baggage with him, although the valise, found on another seat, was believed to have been his.

Martynowicz first was brought to police attention through the dropping on the street in Prince George of a Dominion of Canada one dollar note, and two pieces of white paper on which off-sets of the face and back of the note had been made. On the bank note and the printed paper there was a strong odor of something like lysol. The bank note had evidently been saturated in the lysol so that the printed colors were loosened sufficiently to transfer them to the white paper, making a very faint negative of the face and back of the bank note. The effect

of the chemical was evident on the note, as the colors were somewhat bleached out of it.

The bank note and the two negatives of it were taken to Sergeant Service of the provincial police, with a description of the man who had dropped them, and the sergeant decided to look the man up and see what his specialty was. A watch was kept at the train to see if the suspect boarded it, and a plain-clothes man was a passenger to watch developments from that side.

Martynowicz slipped on the train, but omitted the formality of purchasing a ticket. The conductor was tipped off to the police move and given a description of Martynowicz. When he went through the train Martynowicz tendered him two five-dollar notes in payment for a passage to Smithers. The notes were genuine, but one of them had been faded out, and there was the same strong odor of lysol. The arrest of Martynowicz followed. He had very little money on his person but he had two Dominion one dollar notes which appeared to have been subjected to some unusual treatment, in addition to the five-dollar Canadian Bank of Commerce note which had been tendered to the conductor in payment of the fare.

Peace River Names Officers of Board Of Trade For 1930

PEACE RIVER, Feb. 15—Max Zabel has been elected president of the Peace River Board of Trade. C. L. Gray is the new vice-president, while the executive consists of J. A. Caw, H. E. Jerry, C. W. Frederick, D. J. Johnston, J. R. Taylor and Page Rideout.



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The One Minute Hair Dressing

At All Drug Stores - Thirty Cents

W. A. Tolmie, auditor for Pacific Salvage Co., sailed for Vancouver last night on his better part of a week's official duties.

Victor Micro-Synchronous Radio in a beautiful new cabinet

VICTOR Dealers have just received this graceful model of new design in walnut. Its two doors, when open, reveal the exclusive Victor illuminated full vision dial, and the distinctive speaker grille; and when closed, they conceal these features with their own beauty of matched woods.

This splendid new model contains all the performance features of Victor Micro-Synchronous Radio and, above all, gives you Victor's supreme tone quality. Convince yourself of its supremacy. Ask any Victor Dealer to give you the "Victor Tone Demonstration." Five minutes of listening will put the facts before you in words and music.

Any Victor Dealer will deliver Victor Micro-Synchronous Radio, R-34, at once on Convenient Payments — And remember, the Victor trademark protects you when you own a Victor Radio.



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