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INSTALMENT XXII.

has, that's the end of our anxieties.

A frightened-looking young man with flaxen hair and pince-nez was ushered into the room. Pritchard greeted him brusquely.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "Sit down and tell us about it."

The young man appeared out of breath. He accepted the chair, however, and glanced a little doubtfully around.

"You can speak out," Pritchard assured him. "What's the trouble? Have you brought the packet?"

"I haven't had a chance," the newcomer explained nervously. "I doubt whether I ever shall have. There's something wrong down at the bank. I'm not sure that they haven't tumbled to it."

"What do you mean?" Pritchard asked sharply.

The young man wiped the perspiration from his forehead. A month ago he had been exactly according to pattern—a respectable plodding young man, well established in suburban social circles, an embryo golfer, one of the M. C.'s of the fortnightly subscription dances held at the Balam Institute. There was a girl, the chance of a rise next month, the management of a small branch always among the possibilities. All gone. A moment's subtle temptation, and now everything drifting away, the ground crumbling beneath his feet, all that smug but happy future fading into the clouds.

"I'd got the real packet in the next compartment to the dummy one," he recounted. "I didn't have a chance to get away with it before closing time. During the last few days Hubbard—that's our manager—seems to have had the jumps. He won't allow any one down in the vaults alone. He always sends two of us. I've tried all I could to break loose, but not a chance."

"I tried yesterday when Hubbard went out to lunch, but Grewcock—that's his deputy—came scowling up to me and asked what the devil I wanted breaking rules. Of course I had an excuse for wanting to do down, but it didn't help me."

"Yesterday they sent me down to the city. When I came back I found there'd been no end of a fuss. Someone from Scotland Yard had been with the boss. I heard them saying that it was the Chief Commissioner himself, and that he'd brought some one from the home office. While they were there, Hubbard visited the vaults himself. Just before closing time I had to go down to sort out some deeds. Mr. Grewcock went with me. The dummy packet which was in the compartment labeled 'Miss Brown' had gone."

"And what about the real one?" Pritchard demanded, his voice shaking with anxiety.

"That was there all right," the clerk replied. "I could see it through the wire doors. I put it in an empty compartment under 'C' instead of 'B'."

"Why couldn't you bring it?" Pritchard exclaimed.

"How could I?" the young man asked almost piteously. "Grewcock never let me out of his sight. It would have given the whole show away if I'd opened the other compartment. Besides, I'd nowhere to hide it. I did try to stay behind, but I hadn't a chance. Grewcock never took his eyes off me. Usually it is I who look up there. This afternoon he did it himself. I can't think why they're so suspicious, but there's something—I swear there's something wrong there."

"Were you at the bank until closing time?" Pritchard demanded.

"An hour after. I'm behind with my work. I can't settle down with this infernal business hanging about. That didn't make any difference though. The keys of the vault had gone already."

"The packet is still there then," Pritchard reflected. "There's no doubt about that."

"It's still there," the other agreed. "But don't you see? By this time the people who've got the dummy packet will have found out. I shan't dare to go to the bank in the morning. I wish to God I'd never come into this."

"Oh, shut up!" Pritchard exclaimed brutally. "You've got a couple of thousand pounds in cash—more than you'd have ever earned there if you'd slaved over your desk until doomsday. You can be off when you like, and there's no charge against you, either. You haven't stolen anything—you've just broken trust. You'd better clear out, if you can't get the packet. If we had a man on the job—"

The young clerk rose to his feet.

"I never promised to do more than I have done," he declared, with a trace of spirit. "I didn't mean to do as much. I came here to tell you how things were of my own accord. I wasn't obliged to."

"That's right," Pritchard agreed in a milder tone. "Have a drink and a cigar."

The young man drank a whisky and soda greedily.

"Then we may take it as an absolute certainty," Malakoff intervened, with a meaning glance at Bretskopf, "that the original packet is in the safe in South Audley street and will be there until opening time tomorrow morning."

"An absolute certainty," the other assented. "No one went down to the vaults again after Grewcock and I came out, and when I left the bank the keys had gone and the watchman was on duty."

Pritchard nodded.

"Well, we know where we are, at any rate, then," he said. "We won't detain you any longer. If you'd like a letter to some friends on the Continent—that is, if you want a job of any sort—"

"No!" the young man interrupted. "No more of this sort of business for me!"

He hastened off, Pritchard sat with his under lip thrust out, thinking deeply. Difficulties made a stronger man of him. From across the table Bretskopf, with folded arms, watched him steadily, a triumphant gleam of anticipation already shining in his eyes.

At a few minutes after 9 o'clock on the following morning, Miss Brown, who had just finished clearing up after her simple breakfast, was surprised to hear a tap at her door. She answered the summons and found a young man standing, hat in hand, upon the threshold, whom at first she scarcely recognized.

"I hope you haven't forgotten me, Miss Brown?" he said. "My name is Greatson—Eric Greatson, you know. I am Abel Deane's secretary. We danced at the Cosmopolitan one night."

"I remember you now," Miss Brown admitted. "But—"

"Of course, I know I'm intruding, coming at this hour of the morning," he interrupted eagerly, "but I want just one word with you, please. It is most important."

She allowed him to pass into the room a little ungraciously. Although she had only been up an hour, her bed was already made, the window had been opened, and the room itself was the picture of neatness. Nevertheless, Miss Brown had strict ideas with regard to the reception of visitors.

"It must be only one word, then," she insisted. "Neither my

friend nor I receives visitors here. What is it you want, please?"

He fidgeted with his hat. Miss Brown stood before him, cold and inhospitable. Knowing what a feeble explanation he must offer, he realized how hopeless his task was likely to prove.

"Miss Brown," he began, "I am compelled to remind you of something I know you don't wish to discuss. You have become involved in a matter which you do not understand in the least. It isn't your affair. You have been forced and cajoled into taking unfair risks in life."

Miss Brown's manner was as frigid as the wind that was whistling down the entry into the street outside.

"It appears to me," she said, "that you are interfering in a matter which is entirely my own concern. Please do not proceed any further."

"But I've got to," he persisted. "I can assure you I hate my errand. I wouldn't have come if there wasn't a grave reason for it. Some one—you, I believe—is going to a bank in South Audley street this morning to fetch away a packet which has been deposited there. I don't want you to go. I am here to stop your going if I can."

Miss Brown's blue eyes were large now with astonishment. She forgot for a moment to be angry. She looked at her visitor incredulously.

"You are here to stop my going to the bank about my own business this morning?" she repeated. "Have you suddenly taken leave of your senses, Mr. Greatson?"

"I daresay I have, to some extent," he groaned, "or I should have let things take their own course. I've been awake most of the night wondering what to do. I hoped that perhaps you might listen to me if you realized that I was in earnest. Do you believe that I am in earnest, Miss Brown?"

"I dare say you are," she admitted, "but that doesn't make any difference. I shall not tell you whether I am going to the bank or not. I will only tell you this in the hope of getting rid of you at once: If I have already planned to go, nothing that you could say would stop me. Do you want me to add that I resent interference from strangers? If I take advice it is from friends."

He looked at her with a pathetic little furrow of the brows.

"You are making me feel," he remarked, "that there is nothing left for me to do but to go down on all fours and crawl out."

"Then why don't you do it?" she asked.

"Because I want, if I can, to convince you that mine isn't just idle interest," he said, earnestly. "Serious harm is likely to happen to you if you go down to the bank this morning on the errand you are contemplating."

"And how do you know this?" she demanded. "How do you even come to know that I was thinking of going to the bank?"

"I learned it by accident, because I went down to a meeting of one of the subcommittees of our party with a message from Mr. Deane last night," he explained.

"The chief wanted Frankland down at the House, and I had to go there to fetch him. What was going on at the committee meeting I cannot tell you in detail. I am breaking confidence enough as it is when I beg you, as you value your life, not to leave this room until after 10 this morning. It isn't your affair. It's a cowardly thing to expose you, who are not concerned in any way, to a very real danger."

"I suppose you mean," she said, icily, "that some of your friends and associates are planning some sort of brutality to prevent my carrying out my duty?"

"It isn't your duty," he protested. "It's not your concern. And, as for my associates, I am not responsible for what they do. We have a cause to fight, and it must be fought in the way our chiefs decide."

"Are your friends, then," she asked, "proposing to waylay me? They have assaulted me once before, you know. A nice sort of way to conduct a campaign which is supposed to be in the cause of humanity!"

"Don't gibe, please," he begged. "Well, you can set your mind at rest," she assured him, "I am not going to the bank alone."

He shook his head.

Ten Years Ago
in Prince Rupert

November 28, 1923

A well known local youth was committed for trial by Magistrate McMordie in city police court this morning on a charge of shooting with intent. He has been released on \$2,000 bail pending trial in County Court.

The hospital board is considering instituting a drive for funds. The deficit so far this year is \$6,500.

The annual bazaar of the Ladies' Aid of First Presbyterian Church yesterday afternoon was a great success. Convener were: tea room, Mrs. S. Massey; home cooking, Mrs. D. McD. Hunter; jumble table, Mrs. Joe Greer; plain sewing, Mrs. T. M. Spencer; fancy work, Mrs. David Thomson. In the evening, there was a musical program.

"TRY A NIP TONIGHT"

Grant's
BEST PROCURABLE
Scotch Whisky

BOTTLED & GUARANTEED BY
William Grant & Sons Ltd.
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

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

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C-L-A-R-?
Sure! Clark's
Tomato Soup!

CLARK'S SOUPS

Just as sure as I can knock a ball farther than any kid in this street... this is CLARK'S TOMATO SOUP!

Some people say it's better to be late than never, but gee! when we are having Clark's Tomato Soup it's not much use being late... you may never get any!

Mother says she couldn't make better tomato soup herself... sister always brings Albert (that's her beau) home when we are having it and Pop, he says very little other than ask if there is any more.

All the goodness of big, red-ripe tomatoes. Nothing taken away—nothing added other than tasteful seasoning. It couldn't be anything but just delicious, wholesome soup. Your whole family will enjoy it!

CLARK'S SOUPS
Made in Canada
W. CLARK, LIMITED. Establishments at MONTREAL, P.Q., ST. REMI, P.Q., and HARROW, ONT.

TOMATO VEGETABLE OXTAIL
CHICKEN PEA GREEN PEA
MUTTON BROTH SCOTCH BROTH
MOCK TURTLE JULIENNE CELERY
MULLIGATAWNY CONSOMME

Victor
Records
Moanin' Low
from the Musical Comedy "The Little Show"
Fox Trot Leo Reisman and His Orchestra 22047

Little by Little
Fox Trot Bernie Cummins and His Orchestra 22088
Vocal Johnny Marvin 22076

Singin' in the Rain
from the motion picture "Hollywood Revue of 1929"
Fox Trot Gus Arnheim and His Orchestra 22012
Vocal Johnny Marvin 22057
Organ Jesse Crawford 22066

I Lift Up My Finger and Say Tweet! Tweet!
(England's comedy-dance sensation)
Fox Trot Jack Hyton and His Orchestra 22067
Johnny Marvin

Perhaps
Fox Trot Rudy Vallée and His Connecticut Yankees 22118

Am I Blue?
from the motion picture "On With the Show"
Fox Trot Nat Shilkret and The Victor Orchestra 22004

All the latest Red Real records by famous Victor Artists

of Canada, Limited
His Master's Voice
VE-22

RECORDS VICTROLAS AND ORTHOPHONIC
McRae Bros.
VICTOR RADIO RECEIVERS

PEPS

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS & INFLUENZA

Take Peps Tablets

To Be Continued Tomorrow

KEEP HENNESSY BRANDY HANDY

BOTTLED AT COGNAC, FRANCE

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Daily News Want Ads. Bring Quick Returns

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Saturday
At
FRASER & PAYNE'S
3rd Ave. and 6th St.

Xmas Specials

If you are interested in picking up some extraordinary values in gift merchandise, visit our store on Saturday and look our Dollar Day Values Over.

- 36 ONLY, IVORY-BROCADED SILK SCARFS—Assorted designs. For ladies or men. **\$1.00**
Price
- 5 DOZEN PRINTED GEORGETTE SCARFS—Assorted designs and colorings. Large size **\$1.00**
Large size
- 50 ONLY, SOLID LEATHER UNDER ARM PURSES—Not two alike. Extraordinary value at **\$1.00**
Extraordinary value at
- LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S CAMEL HAIR AND WOOL GLOVES—Made in England by Wolsey. Novelty turned back cuffs. 2 pairs for **\$1.00**
2 pairs for
- BOXED HANDKERCHIEFS—Lace trimmed, hand embroidered. A wonderful variety. **\$1.00**
3 boxes for
- RAYON SILK PRINCESS SLIPS—A splendid quality. Assorted shades and sizes. **\$1.00**
Price
- WINDOW PANELS—100 only. Fringed ends. 2 1-4 yards long. Assorted designs. **\$1.00**
2 for
- ELI-ELASTIC, PULL-ON GIRLS—10" deep with garfer supports. Extra special at **\$1.00**
Extra special at

Above are a few of the many Specials on Sale
DOLLAR DAY
It will pay you to look our windows over on Friday and see some of the values offered.

Fraser & Payne

District News

STEWART

At the annual meeting of the Stewart General Hospital Association, President Howard Campbell and the entire present board were re-elected for the coming year. Expenditure of the hospital for the year amounted to \$7,681.74. The fiscal year has been changed to end January 1 instead of November 1.

The shipment of ore made last week by the Premier Gold Mining Co. from the Porter-Idaho and Prosperity properties was valued at \$30,000, not at \$300,000 as originally reported.

The Power Corporation of Canada has completed work whereby the town of Stewart now receives its supply of electric light and power from the Dunwell mine. It is expected ample power will now be available for all local requirements.

The big chemical extinguisher of the local fire department has been removed from its old station in the Fire Hall to the Pool Hall for the winter.

Through the instrumentality of Dalby B. Morkill, a branch of the Model Airplane League of Vancouver has been formed here, about 20 members already being enrolled. The officers are: Flight commander, E. R. G. Richardson; lieutenant commander, C. McIntyre; sergeant at arms, William Thomey; recording officer, Murdoch McIntyre; equipment officer, Duncan Cameron; flight counsel, S. McNeil.

At the regular monthly meeting last Tuesday night of the Stewart Board of Trade, a letter was read from F. E. Woodside of Vancouver urging continuous boosting of the project of a highway to Alaska.

Mrs. Campbell, wife of Pat Campbell, Canadian customs officer at Thirteen Mile, and children, returned last week from a trip south.

George A. Hills has purchased the business of the Stewart Decorators from Fred Conroy.

Edward McQuade, who has been visiting for some time in Stewart, left last week on his return to Victoria.

John Russell left last week for a visit in Anyox.

Mrs. Allan Carolan left last week for her home in Vancouver, where she will visit until after the Christmas and New Year holiday season.

ALICE ARM

B. B. Brock, geologist at the Toric mine, is expected to return to Alice Arm this week from Vancouver with his bride, who was formerly Miss ...

Week-End Specials

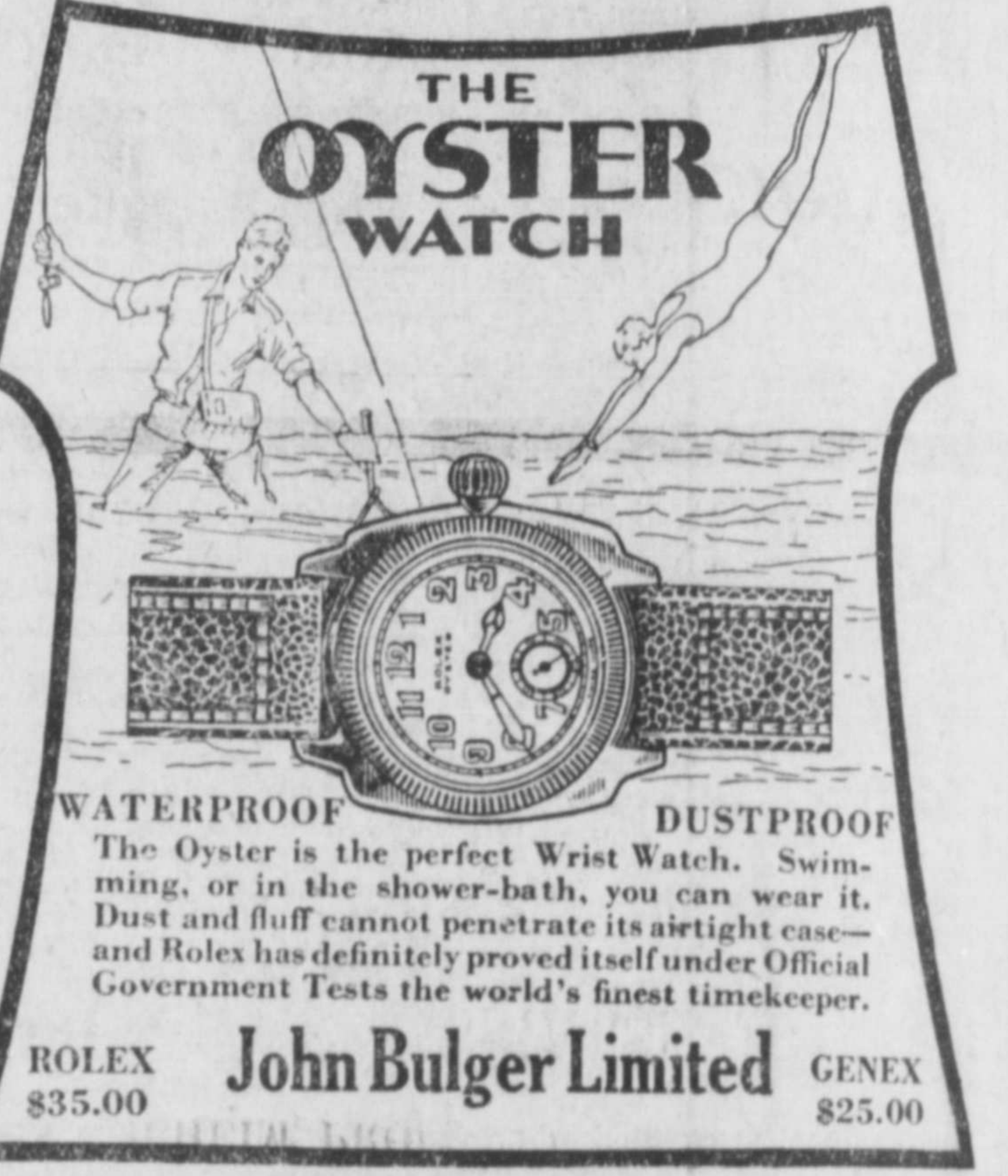
- SWIFT'S PICNIC HAM—Per lb. **25c**
- MALKIN'S BEST TOMATOES—2s. 3 tins **40c**
- SHREDDED WHEAT—2 pkgs. **25c**
- SWANSDOWN CAKE FLOUR—Pkg. **40c**
- NABOB RED PLUMS—2½s. 3 tins **65c**
- NABOB SLICED PEACHES—2s. 3 tins **70c**
- McINTOSH RED APPLS—Fancy. Per box **\$2.50**
- McINTOSH RED APPLS—C grade. Box **\$2.25**
- BUTTER—Golden Churn or Brookfield. 3 lbs. **\$1.40**
- EGGS—Fresh firsts. 2 doz. **\$1.25**
- JAP RICE—No. 1. 7 lbs. **50c**
- COLUMBIA PEAS—Sieve 5. 3 tins **40c**
- FANCY LAYER FIGS—2 lbs. **45c**
- BULK DATES—3 lbs. **25c**
- COLUMBIA PURE STRAWBERRY JAM—4-lb. tin **60c**
- KRAFT CHEESE—1-lb. pkg. **35c**
- GOLD MEDAL MALT EXTRACT—Tin **65c**
- JAP ORANGES—Per box **\$1.10**
- TOILET ROLLS—7 for **25c**

Alberta Market
P. GAMULA, Proprietor
Fifth Street. Phone 208

Capitol ENTERTAINMENT
THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
TWO SHOWS
7 and 9 p.m.

100 PER CENT TALKING PICTURES & MUSIC
EDDIE DOWLING, THE IDOL OF BROADWAY
In
'The Rainbow Man'
SINGING, DANCING, MIRTH AND TEARS
Comedies—
"Cold Shivers" and "Joe Cook at the Ball Game"
ADMISSION, 20c AND 65c; SATURDAY MATINEE, 15c AND 40c
AFTER THE MATINEE, EACH CHILD WILL RECEIVE A STICK OF GUM

THE OYSTER WATCH



WATERPROOF DUSTPROOF
The Oyster is the perfect Wrist Watch. Swimming, or in the shower-bath, you can wear it. Dust and fluff cannot penetrate its airtight case—and Rolex has definitely proved itself under Official Government Tests the world's finest timekeeper.

ROLEX **John Bulger Limited** GENEX
\$35.00 \$25.00

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A. SOLHEIM, PROP., RES. PHONE, RED 293
OPEN FOR BUSINESS NOV. 19
Acetylene Welding - Blacksmithing

Machine shop work of all descriptions; installation and overhauling of Diesel and gas engines and all kinds of machinery our specialty.

We Do the Installation of Semi-Diesel "Rap" Engines
With Full Guarantee From the Factory. Also
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We are specialists in Ford Service. Specially trained mechanics, special Ford repair equipment, and genuine Ford parts are your assurance that your service work will be well done. We give clean, careful, courteous service.

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FORD DEALERS
Third Avenue Phone 83

LINDSAY'S
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Phone 68
Cartage, Warehousing, and Distributing, Team or Motor Service
Coal, Sand and Gravel
We Specialize in Piano and Furniture Moving.

TELEPHONE 657
VALENTIN DAIRY FOR SKEENA BRAND
Creamery Butter & Cottage Cheese
FRESH PASTEURIZED MILK AND CREAM DAILY
Early Delivery Throughout the City

Buy from the Merchants That Advertise. Their Stock is Fresh.

Man in the Moon

and then calling him names because he sends in his bill.
The civic elections are on and Jake says he's going to vote for the party that gives away free beer. Here's to Jake!

Glasses seem to be necessary for some people. Jake says he can't drink out of a bottle any more.
A plumber is like a Scotsman.

Pretty soon we shall all be rushing after the plumber, I suppose.



For Real Comfort get a "Silent Night" Mattress
Spring-Filled (Nachman)

Such comfort and luxury as is built into these mattresses has seldom been found in any other. Just imagine! Four hundred and eighty four-inch springs in each mattress. No sagging! The well padded springs give to the weight of the body and induce a restfulness that is soothing and satisfying.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER OF 20 OF THESE SPLENDID

"Silent Night" Mattresses at the Special Price of \$23.50

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN PRINCE RUPERT BY
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Phone Black 120 Prince Rupert, B.C.

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Registered Optometrist

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Up-to-Date OPTICAL PARLOR
over the jewellery store

I now offer you an efficient and thorough optical service.
I assure you of careful, accurate and conscientious work.
If you do not need glasses, I will tell you so.
Have your eyes examined. The charges are very reasonable.
Entrance through the jewellery store or Phone 122 for appointments.