

THE MAELSTROM

BY FRANK FROST.
Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation
Department of Scotland Yard.

"A crook of the crookedest." He ran a wholesale factory for forged currency notes in the United States ten years ago. That was broken up, and he did five years in Sing Sing. He has been at the back of a lottery swindle since he came out, and Lord knows what else. We'd lost sight of him till I happened to get hold of this copy. That's the kind of man who's the husband of Miss Grey-Stratton.

"How did you find this out?" Menzies puffed reflectively. He had no intention of completely exposing his hand. He was certain that Peggy Grey-Stratton was the woman who had given Hallett the cheques and that the latter had deliberately refrained from identifying her. Moreover, he was also convinced that she had told the young man something at lunch, though whether she was, as he affected to believe, using him as a tool, he was not in his own mind certain.

The more he considered, the more he felt that she held the key to the mystery, if only she could be induced to speak. With him, with any official of police, she would be persuaded, was the one man who might win her confidence without exciting suspicion. So long as his sympathies remained with her he was unlikely to be persuaded. Therefore, if possible, his sympathies had to be alienated.

"Just common sense," growled Menzies, "ordinary common sense. I learned that she had a wedding-ring—though she didn't wear it—sent up to Somerset House to inspect the registry of marriages, and got this half an hour ago." He laid a hand gently on the young man's shoulder. "Better do as I advise. Anyway, take care of yourself."

He did not wait for an answer, but moved softly out of the room. He was wise enough to know when to stop. To say more might be to spoil things. Hallett might safely be left to his own reflections.

Hallett was a man whose brain as a rule worked very clearly. But now he was confused, and he strove vainly to reconcile reason with inclination. It seemed ages since the episode of the fog, years since he had looked into the pale oval of Peggy Grey-Stratton's face at lunch. Sight of the convincing proof of the marriage certificate, he could not think of her as a married woman. Anyway he told himself, if Menzies was right in that it did not follow that all his inferences were right. He had felt the ring of honesty in the story she had told him.

And yet the idea of the detective was plausible enough. He could see where things dovetailed. If he were stringing him she had been acute enough to tell him a series of half-truths. If she were a willing accomplice, as Menzies supposed, there was reason enough why she should mislead him.

He had met female adventuresses before—pretty, cultivated women, some of them—but he had not been impressed by them as he had been by her. But then the circumstances were different.

He pondered the matter as he drove back to his hotel. Suppose he did accept Menzies's version—and he admitted to himself that there was a considerable weight of probability on that point of view. He could not see why, in that event, he should become an unpaid amateur detective. The thought of spying on Peggy Grey-Stratton, adventuress or not, was entirely distasteful to him. He had no interest in the investigation. He had been dragged into the affair entirely by accident. Let the police do their work themselves.

It was in this mood that he arrived at his hotel and repulsed the newspaper men who were still blockading the entrance. He avoided the public rooms. He wanted to be alone. He went up to his private sitting-room. There it was that a note was brought to him. He tore it open ab-

sently and glanced at it mechanically. But at once his interest was aroused. It had been scribbled in pencil, apparently in haste:

I am in trouble. For God's sake, come and help me. I don't know to whom else to appeal. Call at 140 Ludford Road, Brixton, as soon as you can, but alone. Ask for me.

There was no signature, but Hallett needed none. He had never seen Peggy Grey-Stratton's writing, but the small, neat characters were beyond doubt to him. His resolution to stand aside was already being put to the test. He swayed the note in his hand while he recalled Menzies's warnings. He was an important witness. Already one attempt had been made to secure his silence. Was this a trap?

Yet, on the other hand, if the girl was being used to secure his silence, she could not know that he had changed his decision to stand by her. She must suppose—the conversation at lunch would have made her believe—that he had allied himself on her side. No; the letter was certainly genuine.

He impressed the address on his memory, and, tearing the letter into little bits dropped them into the waste-basket. Then he searched in his kit-bag till he found, at the bottom, a small automatic revolver and a packet of cartridges. He loaded the weapon carefully and dropped it in his jacket-pocket.

He had no idea where Brixton was, but a study of a street map gave him its location. He did not want to have to ask questions. He had come to have too much respect for Menzies's methods in following up a trail for that. For the same reason when he went out into the Strand he turned abruptly in his walk once or twice.

The useful little book of maps issued by the Underground Railways helped him on his next course. He went into a tube station and booked for Hampstead. At Leicester Square he changed for Piccadilly Circus. There he changed for Kennington Oval. By the time he emerged into the sunlight he was satisfied that if there had been any shadows on his trail he had thrown them off.

He had selected the Oval Station because the map had shown him that the district lay on the verge of Brixton. He was about to hail a taxi when his eye caught the label on one of the big electric cars swinging by. He jumped aboard.

Ludford Road proved to be a quiet road of small houses buried away at the back of Brixton Town Hall. It was a street that might very well have been inhabited solely by modern-salaried city clerks—retired, unobtrusive and respectable semi-detached villas, with neat squares of gardens behind iron railings. It was no street of mystery.

Hallett walked to the door of No. 140 and pressed the bell. It opened promptly, revealing a plump, shrewd ant-faced little woman with shrewd eyes and a strong mouth. Jimmie, whose right hand had been gripped round the automatic in his pocket-pocket, removed it hurriedly and lifted his hat.

"I wish to see Miss Olney, if I may," he said. The woman shook her head. "You have made a mistake. There's no one of that name here," she said, and Jimmie's last shred of suspicion vanished. If the note had been sent for a trap there was evidently no anxiety for him to walk into it. "Pardon me Miss Grey-Stratton. I should have said. My name is Hallett."

She smiled and flung the door wide. "Oh, yes. She is expecting you. Will you come in?" Jimmie passed into the narrow little hall and the door shut.

(To be continued.)

SOWING GOOD CLEAN SEED PAYS IN RESULTS

NET PROFITS FROM SAME AREA INCREASES BY PLANTING ONLY BEST SEED.

Increasing the acreage of crops grown on the farm does not always mean greater net profits. The latter, per acre, are very frequently quite small. If the yield, per acre, can be increased without raising the cost of production the increase in yield will all go towards increasing the net profits. Let us assume, that a farmer's wheat crop yields 24 bushels per acre, and that it takes 20 of the 24 bushels per acre to pay rent or interest on capital invested, and the cost of preparing the land, seed, harvesting, threshing, etc. This would leave 4 bushels from each acre as the net profit.

On a large proportion of Canadian farms uncleaned or improperly cleaned seed is sown. There is no excuse for sowing so much dirty and poorly graded seed. The fanning and grading can be done in the slack time and well ahead of the busy spring seeding. This grading would not add to the cost of producing of the crop and the larger yield secured would substantially increase or, in many instances, double the net profit. Experiments conducted with oats at Guelph over a period of seven years showed the following results:

Large seed 62 bush. per acre
Medium seed 54
Small seed 47

Similar experiments with wheat, barley, rye and peas gave much the same results in each case. The small, shrunken and split kernels are much more valuable for feed than for seed. Another great advantage obtained by fanning and grading the grain for seed is that weed seeds are cleaned out. One way to prevent having weeds crops is to sow seed grain free from weed seeds. One weed seed sown may mean thousands of weed seeds produced in the next crop. Many of our worst weeds produce thousands of seeds per plant.

SHE'S "AT IT," MEN!

Our wives and sisters and daughters will soon be "at it," if they are not already "at it."

By "at it" we mean, of course, housecleaning.

It is vain to admit that the masculine gender loves the neutral gender of a house torn and twisted. It is almost too much to admit that the masculine gender loves the feminine gender attired in a frowzy old cap and seen through a mist of dust.

But it has to be endured and those of us who can make our hearts work under such circumstances should be sympathetic to the feminine of the species in this ordeal of hers. It isn't easy work, and no matter how the male person himself may feel about it at the end of an imperfect day it's pretty safe to say that she seeks her pillow with tired limbs and aching muscles. Don't make her slumbers worse by tantalizing her with your own crochety remarks about the inconveniences her poor, doleful husband suffers.

Woman is instinctively an artist. She likes beautiful things more than you do, Mr. Man. You may dislike to come home to a house that has been through battle but not half as much as she does.

Housecleaning is a necessity—an absolute, total necessity, and she knows it. She knows that your health and your comfort depend on it. She knows that the children's health depends on it. She knows that the making of a home (the greatest word in the English language) depends on it.

And she house cleans, God bless her!

HOW TO BOOST YOUR TOWN

Praise it.
Improve it.
Talk about it.
Trade at home.
Be public-spirited.
Take a home pride in it.
Tell of its business men.
Remember it is your home.
Trade and induce others to trade here.

When strangers come to town use them well.
Don't call your best citizens frauds and imposters.
Support your local institutions that benefit your town.
Look ahead of self when all the town is to be considered.

Help the public officers do the most good for the most people.
Don't advertise in the local paper "to help the editor," but advertise to help yourself—Shoe and Leather Journal.

The flour milling industry gives employment to 6,360 males and 440 females, a total 7,400 employees, to whom is paid yearly wages amounting to \$5,083,270.

In 1919 Newfoundland exported goods to the value of \$36,784,616.

WHY THE CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY LINES DO NOT PAY

UNDER THIS HEADING A SERIES OF ARTICLES WILL BE PUBLISHED WHICH ARE ISSUED BY THE MANAGEMENT OF THE CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS. THE VIEWS EXPRESSED ARE THOSE OF THE RAILWAY OFFICIALS, AND NOT OF THIS PAPER.

There must be, of necessity, a certain bewilderment in the mind of the average citizen of Canada when he reads of what he regards as colossal deficits on our National Railways, and of the earning of a surplus above dividends by its private-owned competitor.

And yet, as all great things once were small, so all seemingly great problems become simple when stripped to proper classification and proportion.

The Canadian railways problem is that although freight rates and passenger fares have been increased, there is a deficit on the publicly-controlled lines in Canada, greater this year than last.

What are the factors making up such a condition?

The costs of operation are no greater, relatively, on Canadian National Railways than on any other great railway in United States or Canada. The problem of costs is no more the peculiar problem of Canadian National Railways than it is the peculiar problem of the Canadian Pacific, of the New York Central, or of the Pennsylvania Lines, which have been making such strenuous efforts lately to effect a reduction in certain departments. The increased costs factor is one that applies with equal force on any road from the Mexican boundary to the most northerly lines in Canada. It is not, then, the "Canadian National" problem.

The rates and fares allowed for the handling of tonnage on Canadian Railways are not too high, because it will be observed that the Canadian Pacific—mentioned because it has had time to mature in efficiency—reports less than half a million of dollars clear after paying its charges for 1920 on the operations of its railways and lake steamers. The great railways in United States are not earning enough money to get along comfortably. The rates are the same in Canada and United States, speaking generally (although in some respects Canadian railways' rates are lowest in the world), but there is less advantage from them in Canada than in United States because Canadian railways have to pay more for big items, such as coal, than American railways do.

Key to the Problem.

It is conceded that the Canadian Pacific Railway is well-managed and efficient, and yet all its efficiency would not have preserved it sufficient net earnings from its railway operations to pay its dividend if the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada had refused to permit the rates and fares to be raised. The tonnage—freight and passenger—available for the C. P. R. would not have sufficed to enable it to pay its way. Here then, surely, is the key to the Canadian railway problem. The increases in rates and fares saved the Canadian Pacific from operating loss because they produced from the available tonnage and passengers the sufficient increased earnings to meet the higher wage and other operating expense increases. Hence in the fixing of this rate and fare increase, the necessities of the Canadian Pacific Railway were considered as basic, and not those of the Canadian National. Had the latter been "considered" road, and the elimination of deficits the desired object, the rate increase would have been still

greater for, in that case, it would necessarily, have been based upon the tonnage available to C. N. R. on the one hand, and the expenses of C. N. R. on the other.

This brings us face to face with the core of the Canadian railway problem—available tonnage. Compare the position with that of a department store where the trade had to be built up. The proprietor would have to appoint his general office force, his department managers and a certain number of salespeople. He would occupy a pretentious building, which he would see was adequately stocked. There would not be a continuous succession of goods passing across his counters to customers. But his maintenance costs would go on just the same.

The difference between this picture and that of the situation of the Canadian National is largely one of degree. Its lines were, in great part, pioneer in character, designed in times of great prosperity to expand the productivity of the country. They were not described as necessary at all for the handling of Available Tonnage. There was reasonable expectation that the wave of immigration would continue, that settlement and production would expand, and that the expenditure on the lines would be justified in the enhanced prosperity of the Dominion as a whole. This is true of the purpose of those who, in good faith, projected the Canadian Northern, the National Transcontinental from Moncton to Winnipeg, and Grand Trunk Pacific.

The Canadian Pacific was complete as a transcontinental system in 1886, and has, therefore, been in business for 35 years. Settlement began, and expanded along its right-of-way. Towns were commenced, and marketing was organized to function by its lines. All of this meant production—tonnage—and it is that advantage in start that furnishes the density of traffic, both in freight and passenger business, the privately-owned lines gets along with today.

New Railways Started.

The C. N. R. lines were, of necessity, built in the unsettled—unopened—areas to the north of the first transcontinental. Even the idea that the north and west might be fertile was openly scoffed at. The road had to be built in the face of the rankest sort of pessimism on the one hand and visionary optimism on the other. But governments, both provincial and federal, knew that the mileage being laid down was to function chiefly to make possible the production of natural products by opening great areas to the labor of man and they backed the railways in some cases to the full extent of their financial resources.

Older Canadians will remember that the ideal was realized in great part. Towns spring up as by magic all over the territory served, and many of these new communities became cities. Settlers poured in. Products of the farms rolled over the rails to the head of the lakes where the C. N. R. soon had the largest consolidated grain elevator plant in the world. The sceptres were proved to have been wrong. The soil of the areas thus opened up was fertile—fertile beyond the dreams of optimists even. It was

so fertile that the Saskatchewan Valley lands the C. N. R. opened up, became the centre of what was known as "The Bread Basket of the Empire."

This success, as a matter of fact, encouraged the promotion of the Grand Trunk Pacific—National Transcontinental Railway development. It was felt that sufficient tonnage could be developed in Canada to support three transcontinental systems. The N. T. R. G. T. P. line was constructed from Moncton, N. B., to Prince Rupert, B. C., with a branch to Fort William and other branches to other centres in the prairie provinces. The C. N. R. lines were connected, back of Lake Superior, between east and west, and the main line extended from Edmonton through the Yellowhead Pass to Pacific tidewater at Vancouver.

Then War Came.

Canada then entered the war period. The tide of immigration stopped. The productive power of the nation was changed to suit the altered conditions. Some half million of our men went overseas and the majority of those remaining were busy with work calculated to advance the war effort. The era of expansion was closed and so also was the work of developing tonnage so necessary to the success of the plan under which the bulk of the new mileage was projected and built.

We, as Canadians, are in the position of having under our control a transportation manufacturing plant—the product being ton miles passenger miles, which near the movement of a ton of freight one mile and of a passenger one mile. But our plant cannot get enough raw material—tonnage—and passengers or a long enough movement of them to maintain its production at the economical point. The number of freight and passenger trains is not large enough to spread properly the maintenance charges, while the stationary and movable equipment is capable of handling a greater output with the addition of a slightly greater cost. One extra revenue train on the "National" Lines each way per day, would wipe out the deficit at the rates existing. The deficit, due to a shortage of tonnage available, can be removed by the necessary increase in tonnage, and by that only.

The question of management, then, is only as to the degree of efficiency in which the available tonnage is moved over the lines.

Could the deficit be any less? It is proposed to set out in this series, the comparison between the cost of maintenance of a mile of line on the C. N. R. and on the Canadian railways as a whole; the costs of securing traffic; the comparison of general expenses; the cost of maintaining power and rolling stock; and the cost of transporting people and their goods over the lines. These are the reasonable measured tests of efficiency as between the handling of traffic over one set of rails as compared with the same service over those of a competitor.

OH, DOCTOR, GIVE ME GAS!

"Tobbe," said the teacher sternly, "where were you yesterday?" "I had a toothache." "Has it stopped aching?" "I don't know. The dentist kept it."—American Legion Weekly.

There is some hope for the person who can laugh when he has a toothache. But the man who can laugh at you when you have a toothache is beneath words.—The Flour De Lis.

Dentist (about to extract a tooth): "Shall I give you gas, Madam?" Lady (sternly, absent-mindedly): "Yes—and charge it to my husband."—Rutgers.

"What course is Higgins in?" "Engineering in the College of Dentistry." "How come engineering in the College of Dentistry?" "He studies bridge-work."—Ohio Sun Dial.

Tony—"I can't chew this steak, honey." Tionette—"No wonder, your teeth are false."—Rutgers.

My dentist has an eagle eye. And vicious tools, he hacks with. He's clever but I've come to think He'd made a better blacksmith.—Vaudeville News.

—Topics of the Day Films.

NEW POLITICAL PARTY

Will Include Organized and Unorganized Labor in London.

Steps will be taken shortly to form a new Labor political party in London, which will include unorganized labor as well as organized labor. The Labor representation committee and the Independent Labor party are the two political Labor parties in the city at the present time.

It is stated that a mass meeting of workers will be called shortly for this purpose when the matter will be thoroughly discussed.

That Sudden, Sharp Pain

Which you experience at times can be removed. No woman has the right to suffer when she can obtain relief safely, certainly and promptly. Suppose you have headaches, backaches, extreme nervousness, low spirits and general good-for-nothing feelings at times? Your case is not hopeless. These symptoms are evidence that the delicate organism of the feminine body has become out of order and needs the help Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can bestow, this is what many women write Dr. Pierce, Pres. Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, N. Y. Many of your neighbors would say the same of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

TORONTO, ONT.—"Less than a year ago I was in a very poor state of health; my back ached dreadfully, and I could scarcely drag myself around to do my housework. I started to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and I cannot praise it too highly for the great benefit I received. My backache and pains disappeared entirely, and I soon was restored to perfect health. I know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best woman's medicine, for I have tried others that were recommended, and nothing has ever helped me so much as the Favorite Prescription." MRS. KATHLEEN WHILLANS, 13 Brookfield Street.

Send 10c. to Dr. Pierce's Laboratory in Bridgeburg, Ont., for a trial pkg. of Favorite Prescription Tablets.

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The volume of national advertising in the newspapers has increased more than 400 per cent in the past decade.

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