So Truly Fine

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Triumphs of M. Jonquelle

by MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

M. Jonquelle, greatest of French detectives, faced the man with steel fingers, Lord Valleys, the powerful, half-Slav, half-English, nobleman who performed so brilliantly on the piano and who had recently succeeded to the wealth and title of his murdered uncle, Lord Winton.

Three lives had stood between Valleys and the title. But both of Lord Winton's sons were killed in the war and his granddaughter, the only heir, an American, was barred from the position by English law.

Lord Valleys tells M. Jonquelle that his uncle was stabbed to death while Valleys was visiting him. Valleys says he was down in the wine cellar at the time of the slaying but that circumstantial evidence caused the English authorities to charge him with murder.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER III.

Lord Valleys got up.

"It was to be expected, monsieur, that the English court under these circumstances would try me for the murder of Lord Winton. I had both the motive and the opportunity to accomlpish it, and the circumstances were, to say the least, indicative.

"To my surprise, this manservant, Staley, came forward to establish the fact that the wine-cellar was little less than a straw-rick, and this Metropolitan police officer appeared to say that he had seen the hansom leaving Lord Winton's door shortly before the fire was discovered. These facts indicated the truth of my statement.

"A further fact brought out by my legal advisers established with mathematical accuracy the fact that I had not dealt Lord Winton the blow that ejected him out of life. The wound which had caused his death had been made with the small blade of a knife.

"The police found in my pocket a knife with a small blade, a blade of about the width of the wound. No evidence of blood was found on this knife, but the police professed to believe that it had been carefully washed. They thought traces of moisture remained on it. The case seemed convincing, I myself realized its gravity, and but for one fact a conviction might have followed.

"The autopsy showed that the wound which had caused the death of Lord Winton was seven inches deep. The handle of the knife with which it had been accomplished had not entered the wound. The wound was no longer than the width of the small knife-blade at its exterior point.

Lord Valleys suddenly extended his hand, like one who puts down something that is finished.

"And I was therefore acquitted . . . You know, monsieur, what the English law-courts say: 'A man may lie, but circumstances cannot.' I may have lied, and Lord Winton's manservant and the Metropolitan police who saw the hansom drive away on that night; but the science of mathematics could not lie. A wound seven inches deep could not be made with a knife-blade four inches long. And the case ended."

He went over to a table, got a tortoise-shell box delicately inlaid with silver, opened it and presented it to Monsieur Jonquelle.

"You will have a cigarette, monsieur?" he said.

Monsieur Jonquelle took the cigarette, and Lord Valleys went back to the chair.

Then suddenly, as out of some inciting memory, the man's voice changed.

"A moment ago, monsieur, when I mentioned the arrival of the visitor at Lord Winton's house, and the doubt of the English court of that fact, you said it was true. How do you know that it was true, if I may be permitted to inquire?"

The Prefect of Police balanced the cigarette a moment in his fingers before he replied.

"I know your statement about the hansom is true, monsieur, because I know who it was that came to Lord Winton on that night. And, monsieur, it is on behalf of this person that I have come to you to-day."

Lord Valleys was astonished, but he did not move, and his expression did not change.

"You amaze me," he said. "Upon what mission from this mysterious person could you come to me?"

"Upon the same mission," replied the Prefect of Police, "with which that person went on the fatal night to Lord Winton's house in Covent Garden. Lord Winton promised to do a certain thing for this, as you call it, 'mysterious person.' He died before it could be carried out, and I have now come to you to fulfill it. I trust, monsieur, that you will not deny me."

Monsieur Jonquelle rose. He took a folded, legal paper out of his pockets and presented it to Lord Valleys.

"Monsieur," he said, "Lord Winton promised to execute this indenture. He died before his signature could be attached to it. I must ask you to execute it in his stead."

Suddenly, as once before on this morning, Lord Valleys, who had been seated the instant before, was now, with no motion that seemed visible to the eye, standing on his feet. He came forward, took the paper which Monsieur Jonquelle held in his hand, and going over to the table, unfolded it and stooped over it. He was some time in an inspection of the document, and in the meartime Monsieur Jonquelle had made a gesture, as one of flicking the ashes from a cigarette through the open window into the Bois de Boulogne. The two young men in their animated discussion instantly crossed the street and entered the house.

Presently Lord Valleys rose from his stooped posture. He was shaken with astonishment, but there was of this astonishment no visible element either in his appearance of in his voice.

"Monsieur," he said, "this is a deed drawn by an English solicitor, conveying all of Lord Winton's estates in England to his granddaughter, Barbara Westridge. Why, monsieur, should I convey these estates to this American girl? They have descended to me by inheritance. One does not alienate his lands without a cause."

"I will suggest a reason," replied Monsieur Jonquelle. "This is in accordance with Lord Winton's promise. You stand now in Lord Winton's stead, and as I have said, you have received his benefits, and you should assume his obligations."

Lord Valleys smiled—that vague smile which seemed not to disturb the features of his face. He folded the deed together in his hand.

"You must permit me to decline, monsieur," he said.

He paused a moment, and the background of his face hardened.

"And you must overlook it, monsieur," he said, "if I feel that your whole suggestion with respect to this matter is not convincing. This girl could not have assassinated Lord Winton."

"She could not," replied Monsieur Jonquelle. "Lord Winton was killed by some powerful assassin who seized him, compressed his body and drove in the knife."

He turned now toward Lord Valleys, his face firm.

"Monsieur," he said, "will you carry out the obligation of Lord Winton and leave the matter of his assassin a mystery, or will you refuse it and have that mystery solved?"

The man at the table looked strangely at Monsieur Jonquelle. He had the aspect of a creature of great strength, concerned always with overcoming it. He was puzzled and disturbed, but his voice did not change.

"You know, then, the assassin of Lord Winton?"

"I do," replied the Prefect. "Shall I name him to you?"

The man made again the vague gesture with his white, steel fingers.

"You may keep the secret of the name, monsieur," he said, "if you will be kind enough to tell me the thing that indicated to you the name."

"With pleasure," replied Monsieur Jonquelle. "You have said that the English criminal courts are stupid, and I have concurred in that opinion. Observe, monsieur, the evidence of that stupidity. This criminal court could not understand how a knife-blade four inches long could inflict a direct wound seven inches deep. They measured the knife-blade and the wound, these English, and wrote it down impossible. . . . But you, monsieur, who are Slav, and I who am Latin, would hardly arrive at this conclusion. For we would reflect that a knife-blade four inches long, driven into the soft tissues of the body compressed together by the impact of a powerful blow might easily leave a wound measuring seven inches in length behind it—when that compression was released and the tissues relaxed. It is a fact, monsieur, that the Service de la Surete has frequently demonstrated."

The man at the table was motionless, as in some indecision. He did not change. He remained only in a sort of dreadful immobility, and he seemed in this immobility to consider some desperate hazard. He was awakened by the two young men from the Bois de Boulogne, who now entered the drawing-room.

"Monsieur," said the voice of the Prefect of Police, "I feared that I might not be your equal in all directions, and I have asked these two agents of the Service to come up. They will also be useful as witnesses to the indenture."

"You purchased, monsieur," he said, "a thing that you already possess."

Lord Valleys made no reply. He opened a drawer of the table, took out a pen and attached his signature to the deed—waited until the witnesses had signed it, blotted it carefully and folding it together, handed it to the Prefect of Police.

"I purchase immunity," he said, "from a second trial before the English criminal court!"

Monsieur Jonquelle received the indenture and put it into his pocket. He took up his gloves, his hat, his stick; then he smiled.

"You purchased, monsieur," he said, "a thing that you already possess. It is the law of England that one who has been acquitted of a crime cannot again be tried in her courts for it!"

Another triumph of M. Jonquil, "The Laughter of Allah," will follow this.

ISSUE No. 23—'27.

Canadians and the Quota.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Canada and the United States are too good friends to permit themselves to be drawn into hostile relations by the ill-considered ruling of an American official. Inasmuch, however, as the United States was the nation which started the trouble it seems to be up to the United States to end it. . . . Eight thousand Canadians working in American border cities cannot be deemed a menace. Eight thousand Canadians deprived of their livelihood by the arbitrary ruling of an American official might become the source of incalculable harm.

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DRIVER LICENSES AFTER JULY FIRST

Order-in-Council Places That Date for Start of Long-Talked Improvement.

REVENUE OVER $600,000.

Every motorist in Ontario will, after July 1st next, be required to carry a driver's license. An order-in-Council to this effect was passed recently at the Cabinet Council meeting of the Ferguson Government and announced recently. It fixed a fee of one dollar for the license and provides that it shall be valid until the end of 1928.

The proposal for a driver's license for motor car operators has been heralded for some time past by Hon. George S. Henry, Minister of Highways. The intention originally was to make it effective at the beginning of the present year, but clerical difficulties in the department prevented it being handled then, due to the rush incidental to the issuing of the motor license plates. It was stated at that time, however, that the license would come into force about mid-Summer.

The license will be granted automatically upon payment of the one dollar fee to experienced drivers, into which class all persons who have driven 500 miles, or for six months will be admitted. Inexperienced drivers will be required to pass the scrutiny of inspectors, who will be appointed by the department in the various centres of the province. Exmination by these inspectors will cost the individual who is securing his first permit one dollar, which will be retained by the inspector as his remuneration for his work.

The Government is estimating that it will issue an average of two drivers' permits for every motor vehicle in the province. On this basis the revenue from the licenses would be somewhat in excess of $600,000.

JUTLAND DISASTER BEATTY'S FAULT

Rear Admiral Harper Does Not Hesitate to Score Popular Idol.

London—"The Truth About Jutland," Rear-Admiral John Ernest Harper's book, just published, of course is not Rear-Admiral Harper's famous official report of 1919 on the Battle of Jutland, which the eyes of the public has not yet seen, but which W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, promised the House of Commons last night shall be published as originally compiled and without amendment.

The most arresting of many arresting passages in Read-Admiral Harper's book is the following:

"Earl Beatty had made a fatal elementary mistake in dividing his forces so that he could engage only with part of them. This produced a result which can only be termed disastrous. It is an unpalatable—extremely unpalatable—but nevertheless indisputable fact that the British squadron, which was greatly superior in numbers and gun power, not only failed to defeat the weaker enemy, who made no effort to avoid action, but in the space of 50 minutes suffered what can only be described as partial defeat."

Read-Admiral Harper, describing the German battle fleet's arrival on the scene after preliminary operations, discusses Earl Jellicoe's deployment. "Hampered by inaccurate information and poor visibility," Rear-Admiral Harper finds the deployment to have been admirably conceived and executed, and he quotes German official history in support thereof.

The indecisiveness of the resulting engagement is attributed to poor visibility, the whole area being shrouded by sea mist and funnel and cordite smoke. "Nevertheless, from the moment the Grand Fleet intervened," the Rear-Admiral states, "the situation turned in our favor, only a series of hazardous manoeuvres saving the German's encirclement and destruction."

There is also some blame for the Admiralty for the German fleet's escape. Attention is drawn to an important wireless message from the German admiral, which was intercepted and decoded by the Admiralty, but was not conveyed to Earl Jellicoe until it was too late for him to alter his plans during the night, which otherwise he certainly would have done.

The Entente Cordiale.

Boston Transcript: There is every reason to believe that in great matters Britain and France desire and propose to keep together, and this love feast at Buckingham Palace will help them to do so. It will do the two nations good to have their representatives under distinguished circumstances, use the word "entente" over and over again. Even at its least, the meeting is a plain intimation to the rest of Europe that the lion and the cock are still walking together—that hostile schemers can build no hopes on a break between them.

Campers—Take Minard's with you.

FLOOD CONDITIONS STILL GRAVE

Even Though the Mississippi Levels Have Started to Fall.

Believed of additional pressure by the McCrea levee break, the Mississippi continued to fall at all points south of Old River.

The stage here was 19.7 feet Saturday, a drop of two-tenths of a foot in the last twenty-four hours.

With all concern of Mississippi levees practically at a rest, the official machinery of the state and the nation to-night was being devoted almost entirely to the relief of refugees in the camps of Central Louisiana, and in furthering the evacuation of the additional doomed territory in the sugar region. Governor Simpson is making an investigation of the refugee camp at Lafayette, and he will personally supervise the removal of surplus refugees from that point to the new camp at Crowley.

The rapid rise of waters in the south of the sugar country sent the total number of refugees at Lafayette to almost 20,000. This, the authorities said, created a condition of congestion and necessitates the removal of part of them.

Wilson Publishing Company

A SMART SCHOOLTIME FROCK.

Pactical yet decidedly smart is this attractive one-piece frock having the two-piece effect. The box-plaited skirt is joined to the bodice and the sleeves may be long and gathered to narrow wrist-bands, or short. A becoming round collar finishes the neck and a trim belt fastens with a buckle in front. No. 1604 is in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. View A, size 8, requires 1 yard 39-inch plain material, and 1¾ yards figured. View B, size 8, requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch, or 2 yards 54-inch plain material, and ¼ yard 39-inch contrasting. Price 20c the pattern.

Home sewing brings nice clothes within the reach of all, and to follow the mode is delightful when it can be done so easily and economically by following the styles pictured in our new Fashion Book. A chart accompanying each pattern shows the material as it appears when cut out. Every detail is explained so that the inexperienced sewer can bake without difficulty an attractive dress. Price of the book 10c the copy.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

The Weaker Sex.

Providence Journal: Atlantic City is reported to have abandoned the censorship of bathing costumes. Experience seems to indicate that while you can censor some things all the time and other things some of the time, it is futile to expect to censor feminine dress any of the time.

Clear, Ah!

There was a young lady named Clara,
Whose boy said he knew no one fairer;
Everything went on well,
As their letters would tell—
Till a note came commencing "Dear Sarah."

Learn From Canada.

Cincinnati Times-Star: Despite the fact that in Quebec the French Catholics and British Protestants living side by side, present a problem both religious and lingual, intolerance is far less rife than in the United States. The question of Prohibition has wisely been left to the provinces, and each is deciding the question according to the wishes of its inhabitants. The result is an adaptation of laws to the demands of the several democracies; and general sobriety exists except for visitors from the United States. We can learn much from Canada. And we will.

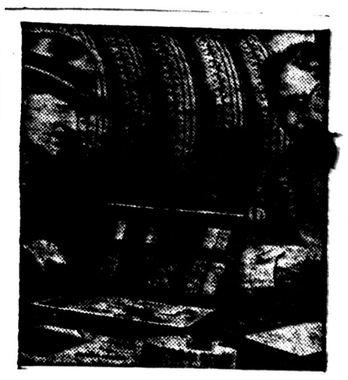
One Canal Enough.

New Haven Journal-Courier: As things go in this expensive and shifting world, the Panama canal is a thing sufficiently permanent. When people wish to reach the Pacific and cannot on account of congestion, it will be time enough to duplicate water ways. One door ought to be enough for a barn.

A deputation visited a jeweller's shop. "We want to buy a solid silver coffee pot for presentation to our member of Parliament," said the spokesman. "In that case, sir," suggested the jeweller, "you want something with a long spout."

Ease sunburn with Minard's Liniment.

Wife—"Did you notice the chinchilla coat on the woman sitting in front of us at church this morning?" Husband—"Er—no. Afraid I was dozing most of the time." Wife—"A lot of good the service did you!"



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