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BUTTER ADVANCES IN VANCOUVER
VANCOUVER, Nov. 16 — (CP) Effective Monday, butter will cost four cents more a pound in Vancouver stores. Beginning Monday, prices will rise to a new range of 65 to 67 cents.

SIX-FOOT FATHOM
A fathom, used as a unit of measurement in sea depth, is six feet.

ANCIENT METAL CRAFT
Wire-making is one of the most ancient of the metal working craft.

Rural Adventure

By Cameron Dockery
CHAPTER XV

The next afternoon Lotus had the satisfaction of watching Aline Cartier and her grand-aunt depart bag and baggage for New Orleans. Her nerves were as taut as piano wires, and when a figure appeared in the French window leading from the gallery, she sprang up with an eager cry, thinking it was Lawrence again.

The cry died in her throat—the interloper was Curtis Corbin. "Stacy, to put it kindly," he said sarcastically, "is inclined to be a little too trusting. He admitted to me that he had told you of my desire for him to marry Aline Cartier, and my reason for it. It's quite possible that you repeated this to her."

Suddenly, the high, thin scream of a Negroess rent the air! "Mistah Corbin! Mistah Corbin! Flah!"

Corbin jerked, as though being shaken roughly from a hypnotic spell. "What has happened now? Those stupid servants?"

He strode to the door, flung it open.

A trembling Negroess stood there, her face almost white with panic.

"Mistah Corbin, sir, theah's a fish in the zoo, sir. It growin' faw."

He swore vehemently and jerked a finger at Lotus. "Come along, I may need you." Then he plunged down the stairs.

One of the Negroes had connected the garden hose and was playing it on the fire through the bars and meshing of the boat's cage. It seemed to have almost no effect, and Lotus guessed that the sawdust had been well soaked with kerosene. The smoke coiling from it looked black and oily.

The sight of the stream of water appeared to throw Corbin into a frenzy. "Turn that off, you fool!" he shouted.

"You bloody fool!" Corbin swore. "Don't you realize there's a million dollars worth of stuff in there? The fire and water will ruin it if we don't get it out!"

Corbin shot him a venomous look then tossed him a revolver he surprisingly drew from a shoulder holster beneath his coat.

"All right you lily-livered coward! I'll get it myself. You cover the snake." He grabbed Lotus' arm.

"Come on girl, you can help."

"Thank God, it's safe, Well I guess that's all."

"Yes Corbin that is all."

The three of them spun around at the sound of the strange stern voice.

Stu Lawrence stood behind them, a revolver in each hand. He was backed up by three grimaced members of the Federal Narcotic Squad.

Lachene and Corbin were behind her so she couldn't read their faces but Corbin's voice was cold with undisguised fury.

"You can't prove I sold any of it."

"We don't have to and anyway we knew you wouldn't lower yourself to peddling the stuff. Your type always lets someone else do the dirty work. It never fails."

"I suppose you have that someone too?" It was a sneer.

"Right. We bagged quite an odd assortment of characters on that other island an hour ago. The German officer wouldn't talk—he's a cool customer—but Balch squealed like a stuck pig, he spilled everything."

They were seated in the spacious old living room at Belle Fleur—Lotus, Stacy, Lawrence and a few of the FBI men.

"You see," Stacy said, "My step-father and I never pretended any real affection for each other, he loved my mother as much as I did. She was the one person I've ever seen him truly gentle and kind with, and he kept me around because he could use me."

"Then you knew what was going on, Corbin?"

"Yes, there's no use pretending I didn't. Balch came to Dad with this proposition from the German officer. He'd been one of those who escaped on an unsundered Nazi sub with millions in German gold. He wasn't a Nazi but a fanatical German and he had the idea of softening up the American people by making dope friends of them. It was a plan to demoralize and make them easy marks for German propaganda and the next war."

"Like the scheme the Japs used in China," Lawrence said.

A week later Lotus Ames sat on the edge of the pool in Chloe Duval's patio and absentmindedly stroked the ears of one of Mamselle's numerous feline companions.

"Will you forgive me for deceiving you, Mamselle?" Chloe nodded understandingly.

"But of course, mon ami, est ce your work, non?"

"Yes, but we did make use of you. Even that letter Valette Fondeau wrote was at the price of a lightened jail sentence."

A little tinkling laugh answered her. "I thought eet sounded much too friendly for Valette. You see, we quarrelled last time we met, but she has a tempestuous nature, so I thought she might have forgotten eet. Non, I am not angry weeth you, rather am I sad at losing you. You should do some thing with that golden voice of yours ma Cherie."

"I'm afraid there won't be many opportunities to make use of it in this sort of work."

"Eh, bien, perhaps you weel be using eet to seeng lullabies, then. That young Mr. Lawrence has a look een hees eyes for you."

(To Be Continued)



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