

The HIDDEN DOOR

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

SYNOPSIS: Collin Hewitt, calling himself Donald Howard, is about to land at Cap A l'Orage, on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He has asked about Joe Lasarre, to whom he must deliver a mysterious letter, and Germaine Tremblay, another passenger on the little steamboat, does not know him. But she tells Collin of a club not far away, where Lasarre might live. Collin is in peril from the Mask, New York gangster, and the situation is further complicated because Lasarre is in the employ of the Mask.

Chapter 13

CAP A L'ORAGE

THE club is about eight or nine miles by water farther on down the coast," Germaine went on, "at Rivière des Cascades, a salmon river. A millionaire from New York, named Kenniston, bought it some years ago and built what he calls his fishing club there."

Something unpleasant flashed through Collin's mind.

"Kenniston?" he asked, "Waldrow Kenniston?"

"Yes," Germaine replied "You know him, then?"

"No," he answered. "I've heard the name, that's all. But you know him, of course."

She shook her head.



Germaine was absorbed in the engine.

"I've never even seen him," she said. "They don't depend on the canned goods on Madame Prérier's shelves, and they never come to Cap A l'Orage. They have several big power boats that ferry them back and forth between the club and the Gaspé coast where they can get fresh supplies direct by rail—even from New York."

"I think Father was called down there once professionally. Anyway, I'll ask him if he knows whether there is anyone by the name of Lasarre there. And anyway, whether he does or not, though there is no road overland, there would be nothing to prevent you from going down there by motorboat to inquire for yourself."

"In that jolly little one of yours then, perhaps—with you?"

"Oh!" she mocked demurely, and then brightly: "Why, of course! Why not—some afternoon? But I must fly now! Look! We're almost in at the wharf. Those finishing touches, you know?"

He watched her as she sped along the deck and disappeared through the saloon entrance. Then his brows knotted. So Waldrow Kenniston owned a salmon river and had built a place down here!

It was quite true, as he had just told Germaine Tremblay, that he did not know Kenniston personally, but he knew, or least had heard, quite a lot about the other—not to Kenniston's credit. In the club mostly.

He searched back in his mind now, musing all he knew about Kenniston. Kenniston was still a young man. He was a plunger. Six or seven years ago he had inherited a fortune from his father. In short order he was on the verge of ruin.

Then three or four years ago he had blossomed out into full flower again, with apparently more money at his command than ever.

Collin laughed shortly to himself. Suppose it should turn out that Lasarre was a frequenter of Kenniston's "club"?

The Bonaventure's whistle boomed out raucously. Collin went down to his cabin to look after his gear.

CAP A L'ORAGE had not belied its name. For three days following the afternoon of Collin's arrival the weather had been unsettled and stormy, keeping him indoors except when, taking advantage of a few short-lived bursts of sunshine, Germaine Tremblay and he had gone for walks together. He had spent a great deal of time at Dr. Tremblay's house, otherwise the days would have been ones of unutterable ennui. As it was...

He struck a match, cupped his hands against the wind, and lighted a cigarette—his eyes on the girl in the stern of the motorboat beside him, who at the moment was bending over the engine with an oil can in her hand. He wished he could write her into a book and really picture her as she was; but his pen always stumbled over a girl—and so did his tongue.

He always addressed her sedately as Miss Tremblay, but he always thought of her as Germaine. He wondered if she, who always called him Mr. Howard, would like the name!

His eyes roved over the little craft—an open launch, save for its decked prow, under which one could store perishables in wet weather, or even manage to crawl in uncomfortably oneself if one were concerned

only with a dry skin and not with the handling of the boat.

SHE was still absorbed in the engine. His thoughts harked back over the last three days. Dr. Tremblay was quite on his feet again—so much so that he and his sister were planning a little recuperative trip over to Gaspé and then by motor around the peninsula, when the Belle Fleur, that made some of the south shore ports, came in tomorrow.

Collin liked Dr. Tremblay. Mentally he pictured the other now: a man of perhaps sixty with iron-gray hair, slim, unostentatiously particular about his dress and appearance—and always an air of courtliness about him that made one think of the manners of old France.

And Madame de Courval, the doctor's widowed sister—much like the doctor in her cordial and gracious manners, and much like Germaine in her high spirits. An unforgettable household—that included Antoinette, who had once been Germaine's nurse and was now the cook, and Antoinette's husband, Jacques, who was the man of all work about the house and who had been trained to serve at table.

A quaint, picturesque place, Cap A l'Orage—but still strange to him. No roads led out of Cap A l'Orage, either to the east or the west or the north—and its southernmost point was its own wharf. The village began and ended with its own three or four streets, except, of course, for a trail here and there that led into the woods for a short distance.

A little village that was all a world unto itself—except on the one too frequent steamer days. It was that way all along the coast. And the people! There was a charm about their frugal and simple lives, their unaffected friendliness, that was irresistible. There was Madame Prérier, for instance. True, the accommodations left something to be desired, but as for Madame Prérier herself, nothing was too much trouble for her.

His thoughts veered suddenly again, and a whimsical smile twisted his lips.

(Copyright, 1933, Frank L. Packard)

Tomorrow, Collin and Germaine are lost in a fog.

day to draw up a code of ethics under the agricultural adjustment act.

Expected to be approved before night was a tentative code providing for a 40-hour working week, minimum wage of 40 cents an hour, and regulations to remove unfair competition.

CHICAGO, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Representatives of 25,000 country grain elevators from coast to coast met to-

ARREST TWO IN BOND SCANDAL

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug. 11.—(AP)—Two arrests have been made in the

Kansas municipal bond scandal, at least \$958,000 in spurious bonds have been discovered and three state banks have been closed.

Leland Caldwell, an employe in the office of Ronald Finney, broker, was taken into custody last night on charges of having uttered \$3000 in forged bonds to the National bank of Topeka. Finney, previously arraigned on a similar charge, is al-

leged specifically to have uttered \$20,000 in spurious securities to the same bank.

Moon Prairie CCC
CAMP MOON PRAIRIE, Aug. 11.—(Sp.)—Several sub-camps have been

established by the forest service for Moon Prairie men. Seven men are constructing trails at Burrows's Peak; 15 are building telephone lines near Moquito ranger station, and five men are building a garage and wooden shed at Table Mountain lookout station.

A group of men was called out Tuesday evening to help fight fire at the fish hatchery near Butte Falls.

Charles J. Williams of Upper Trail creek was transferred to the Elk Creek camp last week.

A program of old-time music will be given over radio station KMEM Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock by three men of the camp under direction of Pat Graham, first cook of the camp.

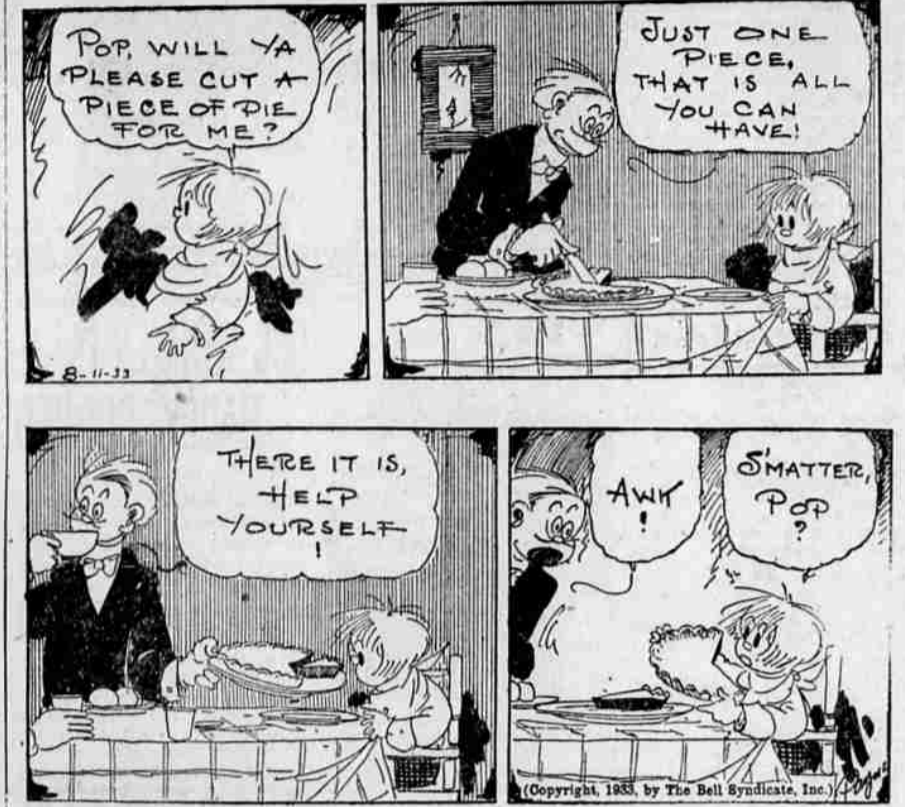
Sixty-six men, mostly from northern Indiana, accompanied by Captain Church and Lieutenant Wagner, visited Crater Lake national park July 22 and 23. Park rangers made the visit most interesting by pointing out the various points of interest.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 698.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Stand By For The Crash!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Sympathy From Jonathan

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—A Doctor For Sunburn!

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



Grain Elevator Code Drawn Up

CHICAGO, Aug. 11.—(AP)—Representatives of 25,000 country grain elevators from coast to coast met to-

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM

IN STEP WITH THE NATION

There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation