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THE SNARE

BY RAFAEL SABATINI.

The Master Tale-Teller, Author of "Bardelys the Magnificent," Another Stirring Story of Adventure and Love in a New Setting—The Peninsular War.

WHO'S WHO.

Richard Butler, lieutenant in the Irish Dragoons during Wellington's campaign in Portugal, commits an offence during a drunken revelry, arousing the resentment of Portuguese officials. He disappears from his regiment.

Terence O'Moy, brother-in-law of Butler, and adjutant-general, is compelled to promise that Dick will be shot when taken.

Una O'Moy, Sir Terence's young wife, conceals her brother Dick.

Capt. Ned Tremayne, O'Moy's secretary, promises to help get Dick out of the country. Tremayne is in love with Sylvia Armytage, but Sir Terence is jealous of his friendship with Lady O'Moy. Tremayne is found stooping over the body of Count Samoval, who has been killed in a duel by Sir Terence, and is accused of the killing. He cannot clear himself without revealing the fact that Dick Butler is in hiding.

Colquhoun Grant, Wellington's secret agent, arrives on the scene in time to hear Sir Terence order Tremayne under arrest for disobeying Wellington's enactment against duelling.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RELENTLESS HOSTILITY.

Major Swan's address for the prosecution presented the facts, properly marshalled so as to make up a dangerous case against the prisoner.

There remained only one point to be settled, he declared. Evidence had been placed before the court showing that Tremayne had come to Monsanto at twenty minutes to twelve, and there was abundant evidence to show that he was found kneeling beside the body of the dead man at ten minutes past twelve—the body being quite warm at the time, proving that he had fallen but an instant before the arrival of Mullins.

Unless Capt. Mullins could account for the manner in which he had spent that half hour, Major Swan did not perceive what conclusion the court could reach other than that Capt. Tremayne was guilty of the death of Count Samoval.

Upon that conclusion the major sat down to mop a brow that was perspiring freely, and Capt. Tremayne rose slowly to address the court in reply to the prosecution.

He spoke easily, fluently and calmly, a man seemingly self-controlled. He reiterated his statement that he was not guilty of the crime charged against him. He appealed to the court, asking whether they considered it likely that he would choose the garden of an adjutant-general's quarters in which to conduct a duel in direct disobedience to Lord Wellington's enactment.

"Common sense alone," he declared, "should straightway acquit me on the grounds of the locality alone, and I am astonished that it should be necessary for me to account for my movements during the half hour in question."

He paused. So far his clear reasoning had held and impressed the court. This he saw plainly written on the faces of all, with one exception. Sir Terence watched him malevolently, sardonically, with curling lip. It gave him pause now that he stood upon the threshold of falsehood. He hesitated to step from the solid ground of reason on to the uncertain bogland of mendacity.

"There was," he resumed slowly, "a certain matter connected with the commissary-general's department which was of the greatest urgency. It was connected with some tents for Gen. Picton's division at Celorico. It occurred to me that night that it would be better dealt with at once, so that the documents relating to it could go forward early on Monday morning to the commissary-general. Accordingly, I returned to Monsanto, entered the official quarters, and was engaged upon that task when a cry from the garden reached my ears and I ran out at once to see what might have occasioned it. I found Count Samoval either just dead or just dying, and I had scarcely made the discovery when Mullins, the butler, came out of the residential wing, as he testified. That, sirs, is all that I know of the death of Count Samoval," he ended and resumed his seat.

There was a silence for a moment, broken only by the rustle of the president's notes as he briefly looked them over as a preliminary to addressing the court. And then suddenly, grating harshly upon that silence, came the voice of O'Moy.

"Might I suggest, Sir Henry, that before we hear you three of the witnesses be recalled? They are Sergt. Flynn, Privates Bates and Mullins."

The president looked round in surprise as he became conscious of Sir Terence's relentless hostility to the accused. However, the request was in order, and the president gave way.

CHAPTER XXIV.

O'MOY'S STATEMENT.

Sergt. Flynn was the first of the witnesses recalled at Sir Terence's request, and it was Sir Terence who took up his re-examination.

"You said, I think, that you were standing in the guardroom doorway when Capt. Tremayne passed you at 11:40 on the night of the 28th?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, did you observe which way Capt. Tremayne went—whether he went along the passage leading to the garden or up the stairs to the offices?"

"No, sir. Capt. Tremayne turned the corner, and was out of my sight."

Sir Terence's lips parted with a snap of impatience.

"Very well," he said curtly. "We will pass on. After the body of Count Samoval had been removed from the courtyard, did Mullins, my butler, come to you?"

"Yes, Sir Terence."

"What was the message? Please tell the court."

"He brought me a letter with instructions that it was to be forwarded first thing in the morning to the commissary-general's office."

"That is all I wish to ask," O'Moy intimated.

Came Private Bates next, and Sir Terence proceeded to question him.

"You said in your evidence that Capt. Tremayne arrived at Monsanto between half-past eleven and twenty minutes to twelve?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is quite in agreement with the evidence of your sergeant. Now tell the court where you were during the half-hour that followed—until you heard the guard being turned out by the sergeant?"

"Pacing in front of quarters, sir."

"Did you notice the windows of the building at all during that time?"

"They were in darkness, sir."

O'Moy's eyes gleamed. "All of them?"

"Certainly, sir, all of them."

"That will do."

Private Bates retired, and Mullins was recalled.

"You told the court," O'Moy addressed the witness Mullins, consulting his notes as he did so, "that on the night on which Count Samoval met his death, I sent you to take a letter to the sergeant of the guard, an urgent letter which was to be forwarded to its destination first thing on the following morning. This is correct, is it not?"

"It is, sir."

Sir Terence signified that he had no more to ask, and the president invited the prisoner to question the witness, to receive the prisoner's unvarying refusal.

And now O'Moy rose in his place to announce that he had himself a further statement to make to the court.

"You have heard from Sergt. Flynn and my butler, Mullins, that the letter carried from me by the latter to the former on the night of the 28th was a letter for the commissary-general. That communication concerned a complaint from headquarters on the subject of the tents supplied to the 3d Division—Sir Thomas Picton's—at Celorico. The documents concerned that complaint—that is to say, the documents upon which we are to presume that the prisoner was at work during the half-hour in question—were at the time in my possession in my own private study and in another wing of the building altogether."

CHAPTER XXV.

HE SHIELDS A WOMAN.

Sir Terence sat down amid a rustling stir that ran through the court, but was instantly summoned to his feet again by the president.

"A moment, Sir Terence. The prisoner will no doubt desire to question you on that statement." And he looked with serious eyes at Capt. Tremayne.

"I have no questions for Sir Terence, sir," was his answer.

Indeed, what question could he have asked? The falsehoods he had uttered had woven themselves into a rope about his neck, and he stood before his brother officers now in an agony of shame, a man discredited, as he believed.

"Very well, sir." The president paused, and then added: "The court will be glad to hear you in answer to the further evidence adduced to refute your statement in your own defence."

"I have nothing further to say, sir," was Tremayne's answer.

And now Col. Fletcher leaned forward to exhort him. "Capt. Tremayne," he said, "let me beg you to realize the serious position in which you are placed."

"I assure you, sir, that I realize it fully."

"Do you realize that the statements you have made to account for your movements during the half-hour that you were at Monsanto have been disproved? Do you realize what inference the court will be compelled to draw from this?"

"The court must draw whatever inference it pleases," answered the captain without heat.

"Then, Capt. Tremayne," said the president, "the court will pass to the consideration of its finding. For the last time, sir, before I order your removal, let me add my own to the exhortations already adressed to you, that you should speak."

For a long moment Capt. Tremayne stood there in tense, expectant silence. Lady O'Moy he knew to be in court, behind him. She had heard that his fate hung perhaps upon whether Richard Butler's presence were to be betrayed or not. Let her decide.

And then, because no woman's voice broke the silence to proclaim at once his innocence, he spoke at last.

"I thank you, sir. Indeed, I am very grateful to the court for the consideration it has shown me. I appreciate it deeply, but I have nothing more to say."

And then, when all seemed lost, a woman's voice rang out at last:

"But I have!"

Its sharp, almost strident note acted like an electric discharge upon the court but no member of the assembly was more deeply stricken than Capt. Tremayne. In his excitement he turned, to see Miss Armytage standing there, her white face stamped with purpose.

"I can tell you why Capt. Tremayne is silent," she cried. "I can tell you whom he shields."

"Oh, God!" gasped Lady O'Moy, wondering through her anguish how Sylvia could have become possessed of her secret.

"Miss Armytage—I implore you!" cried Tremayne.

And then the heavy voice of O'Moy crashed in:

"Let her speak. Let us have the truth—the truth!"

"And you shall have it," answered Miss Armytage. "Capt. Tremayne keeps silent to shield a woman—his mistress. Capt. Tremayne spent that half-hour at Monsanto in her room."

And then the voice of O'Moy on the note of terrible triumph sounded again.

"Ah, but it is the truth at last. We have it now. Her name! Her name!" he shouted. "Who was this woman?"

Miss Armytage's answer was as a bludgeon stroke to his ferocious exultation.

"Myself. Capt. Tremayne was with me."

(To be continued.)

LADY MAUD HOARE MAKES WOMAN'S LONGEST FLIGHT.

Sir Samuel Hoare, British Air Minister, and Lady Maud Hoare, who are flying from England to India. The England-India flight, nearly 11,000 miles, which Sir Samuel is making to inaugurate the new air line being opened this month by Imperial Airways between Cairo and Karachi, will be the longest ever made by a woman.

Surnames and Their Origin

MacRAITH.

Variations — MacIlwraith, MacIlrevie, Revie, MacIlreach, MacIlriach, MacIlleriach, Reoch, Riach.

Racial Origin—Scottish.

Source—A nickname.

The first thing to note about this family name of MacRaith is that it has no connection whatever with the Irish family name of MacGrath, which is really a variation of Magrath, though the spelling is almost identical, and you would be more likely to think MacRaith connected with the Irish name than with its other Scottish forms.

The original Gaelic form of the name is 'Mac-Gille-Riabhaich,' and its meaning is roughly "descendant of the freckled man." All of the present forms of the name are either phonetic spellings or true Anglicized forms. Such forms as Reoch, Riach and Revie are more likely to represent Lowland variations of the Highland name than anything else.

The MacRaiths, according to tradition, were the hereditary bards to the chiefs of the Clan Donald North, and the seat of the sept was in Trotternish.

FULHAM.

Racial Origin—English.

Source—A locality.

You would guess a long time before you figured out what modern word is the equivalent of the syllable "ful" in the family name of Fulham.

The family name itself, of course, is but the development of a place name, that of Fulham, a village on the river Thames. Such family names, as has been stated in other articles in this series, were in the first instance, but mere references to places of residence or former residence used to distinguish one individual from others bearing the same given names. It was only gradually that such purely descriptive surnames became crystallized into hereditary family names.

But the village of Fulham derived its name from two old Anglo-Saxon words, "fullen" and "ham." The meaning of the latter is no puzzle. It meant a village or a group of buildings, in short a hamlet ("ham-let" being a "small ham").

"Fullen" was simply the plural of the old Anglo-Saxon word meaning "fowl," and from which, in fact, our modern word "fowl" has come.

The Postman's Load.

(A postman's load should not exceed 35 pounds in weight.—Official order.)

Stated in terms of avoirdupois,
It's thirty-five pounds, they say—
But what of its load of sorrows and joys,
Which only the heart can weigh?

The tear-splashed letter with sombre edge,
That is light enough on the scale,
May enter the heart like an iron wedge,
Or strike like a fist of mail.

In the postman's load are cheques and "checks"
That are heavy with joy or despair;
And maybe a letter that makes or wrecks
The romance of some love-drawn pair.

There are tidings of marriage, tidings of birth,
And the first lines of lover to lass,
Nestling in among pictures that mock them with mirth,
Or sandwiched with bills for the gas.

Still they can't handle loads of sorrows and joys,
So they portion it out in avoirdupois.

—O. P. T.

She—"Mother had her face lifted again."

He—"And you had your dress lifted another two inches."

Advice.

Be not always speaking of yourself. Be not forward. Listen when spoken to. Avoid old sayings and vulgarisms. Be choice in your compliments. Command your temper and your countenance. Never acknowledge an enemy or see an affront if you can help it. Doubt him who swears to the truth of a thing. Dare be singular in a right cause; be not ashamed to refuse. Never appear to be in a hurry. Neglect not an old acquaintance. Make no one in company feel his inferiority. Avoid punning and mimicry. Talk not long at a time. Tell no long or doubtful stories. Hold no one by the button when speaking. Forestall not a slow speaker. Say not all you think. Give not your advice unasked. Remember few jokes will bear repeating. Learn the character of the company before you say much.

Laurier Memorial Ready for Casting.

Paris.—The original of the statue of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to be erected on Parliament Hill at Ottawa, has been completed by the Montreal sculptor, Brunet, now living here, who was commissioned to undertake the work by the Canadian Government a year ago. Casting of the statue proper will be commenced immediately. It is understood that Premier Mackenzie King, while in Paris some weeks ago, made several suggestions to Brunet. Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Premier of Quebec, and Philippe Roy, Canadian Commissioner-General in Paris, have expressed their satisfaction with the artist's work.

The unveiling of the statue has been arranged for July 1, in connection with the celebration of the diamond jubilee of Confederation. It has been suggested that at the same time Premier King might plant two poplar trees behind the statue, to soften the prospect in front of the buildings.

Senator Joseph M. Wilson, of Montreal, has intimated that he will present a replica of the bust of the statue to Laurier House, Ottawa.

A little English girl named Margaret Clarke this year celebrated her seventh birthday on the seventh day of the seventh month, and she is the seventh daughter of a seventh child. If there is anything in lucky numbers—and seven is proverbially lucky—this young lady must be marked for an extraordinary career.

CANADA'S TRADE

Canadian trade continues to expand at a gratifying rate and in a gratifying manner. The grand total of Dominion business for the twelve months ending August, 1926, amounted to $2,327,199,145, as compared with $1,923,448,764 in the previous twelve months, an increase for the latter period of $403,750,381. Exports in 1926 amounted $1,357,907,914 as compared with $1,105,765,722 in the previous year, and imports to $969,281,231 as compared with $817,683,042. In the twelve months the favorable trade balance was increased from $288,082,680 to $388,616,683.

An analysis of the twelve months trade reveals two very pronounced tendencies at the present time. The countries of the British Empire are purchasing a steadily increasing quantity of Canadian products while Canada is purchasing to a greater extent from foreign countries. An obvious desideratum for a readjustment just now is an increase of exports from countries of the British Empire to the Dominion.

In the twelve months under review Canadian imports from countries within the Empire rose from $196,638,893 to $209,387,104, while Canadian exports to those countries rose from $480,685,268 to $606,742,393. Canada's favorable balance in trade with the British Empire was increased from $284,046,370 to $397,355,159. Of the increased exports more than four-fifths were taken by the United Kingdom, exports to that market rising from $464,509,957 to $512,061,822. At the same time Canadian imports from the United Kingdom rose from $154,457,625 to $163,349,513.

Exports to Foreign Countries.

The total exports of Canadian produce to foreign countries for the twelve months rose from $612,480,395 to $737,226,515, while Canada's imports from foreign countries went up from $621,044,144 to $759,904,127. In the year Canada's unfavorable trade balance in this connection was increased from $8,563,749 to $22,677,612. It is obvious that in this case the increase in imports was greater than in the shipments of Canadian goods.

The great bulk of non-Empire trade is, of course, carried on with the United States, and this country is responsible for the greater part of the increase in import trade while it can only be credited with a small share in the increase in Canadian exports. Exports from Canada to the United States in the period under review rose from $430,791,651 to $473,136,407, while Canadian imports from the United States in the same period went up from $524,543,123 to $642,961,188. It is thus apparent that while the United States increased her sales to Canada by $118,000,000 out of the total of $135,000,000 for all foreign countries, of the Dominion's increase of $125,000,000 in exports to foreign countries the United States was accountable for only $43,000,000.

Setting the Table.

Setting the table is like visiting strange lands.
I lay the cloth: damask from Donegal;
I can see the pale imprint of shamrock and fern
In its frosted surface;
Silver and steel from Birmingham
And the fiery fields of Sheffield;
Salt from the sea coast, tasting of sea winds and sea foam;
Pepper from Zanzibar, black with the tropic sun;
Sugar from Cuba and the clattering canes of the Caribby;
Bread from Saskatchewan and the still gold prairie seas;
Olives from Italy and the ancient groves of the Orient;
Maybe figs from Smyrna, dates from Algiers.
Nuts from Brazil, oranges from California,
And a round red cheese from Edam,
As we wipe off the travel stains
In little brass bowls from Bagdad.
It seems that all the ends of the earth
Have met at my table.

—Lloyd Roberts.

Anything that's almost right is wrong.

The Man.

I grudge no man his form of prayer,
I quarrel not with any creed;
This world has room enough to spare
For all the roads which upward lead.
A kindly heart is always fair
No matter what its caste or breed.

Who plays the friend from day to day,
Who sometimes puts himself aside
To smooth another's troubled way,
Who scorns the arrogance of pride
However he may choose to pray,
I'm sure will never be denied.

For man must live his life on earth,
Where hate and sin and wrong abound.
'Tis here the soul must prove its worth,
'Tis here the strength of it is found,
And he has justified his birth
Who plants one rose on barren ground.

The test is: Is he kind and true,
Too big to play the brute or cheat?
In all he does and tries to do
Is he a man men like to meet?
If so, I say, when life is through
He need not fear the judgment seat.

—Edgar A. Guest.

The Lively Serpent.

An old but interesting experiment is thus arranged. Take a circular piece of thick paper, or moderately stiff cardboard, about nine inches in diameter, and, beginning at the outside with a sharp knife, or scissors, cut it out in gradually thickening lines, getting narrower nearer the centre, and ending in a fine point, exactly like an uncoiled ammonite shell. Then, with the aid of a few water-colors or crayons, make it as artistic looking a serpent as you can, and to its tail attach a thread a yard or two in length.

On allowing it to hang freely by the thread the paper will form an ascending spiral, with the head pointing downward, and about a foot lower than the tail, if the paper be of the proper stiffness. If the end of the thread be now fastened to the roof, or held up so that the serpent shall hang right over a gas or lamp flame, high enough not to catch fire, it will spin round and round like a screw till the thread has got so much twisted that it can no longer move freely.

Whose Ocean Is It?

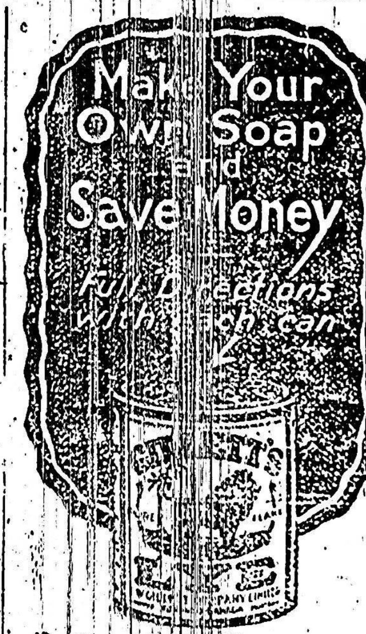
It was an Englishman who told the following story at a recent gathering in New York:

"When the German fleet was interned at Scapa Flow," he said, "some of the sailors of the All-Highest were distributed for safekeeping on board British warships. One day a British tar knocked down a German sailor and proceeded to give him a thorough thrashing. When he was hauled off his prostrate opponent and asked to give an explanation of his conduct, he did so in the following words: 'Well, sir, I was standin' 'ere on the deck botherin' nobody, and this 'Einie, 'e comes up and calls me a nalsty name, and I does nothink. Then he calls me another nalsty name, and I does nothink. Then he walks to the side of the ship, he does, and he spits in our ocean, and I 'ad to let 'im 'ave it.'"

She—"What's your idea of a petting party?"

He—"A party who pets, of course."

In the proportion of the total power demand met by water-power Canada occupies a unique position. The Census of Central Electric Power Stations shows that 95 per cent. of the total installation is in hydraulic plant and that this furnishes over 98 per cent. of the total output.



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INTERIOR WOODWORK AND BUILT-IN FURNITURE

Floors and doors, base and picture moulding, window and door trim, panel work, cupboards and shelving involve many different kinds of wood. The finishes and effects obtainable from different kinds should be carefully considered from the viewpoint of cost and utility. For floors, oak, pine, fir, birch and maple are all suitable, but some are more desirable than others.

Woodwork or millwork should not be brought into the building until the plaster is perfectly dry. Unless this precaution is rigidly observed you are apt to be confronted with open joints, twisted trim, doors that won't close and windows that stick.

Built-in furniture of all kinds is growing in favor with home-builders for many reasons. For one thing it may be appropriately designed in relation to the rest of the woodwork in the house, and hence gives closer harmony to the entire household scheme and its architectural expression. Furthermore, if properly constructed in the first place, it is usually more durable than movable furniture, partly because it is not so much handled or moved about for purposes of cleaning and so forth. And finally, it is more economical, both in money and space, for the materials may be purchased in the one outlay when the home is being erected and fitted into nooks and corners which would otherwise entail only slightly less labor to finish.

Make Your Plumbing Safe, Sanitary and Satisfactory.

If your plumbing system and fixtures are up to standard at the outset your first cost is likely to be your last. If properly installed there should be few leaks, freeze-ups or other breaks, constantly adding to upkeep. Remember that your plumbing system is not unlike a transportation system. There is a main or trunk line with connecting lines converging into a terminal. This trunk line is usually a four-inch cast iron pipe running from basement to roof. In the basement there is a connection with a sewer or a septic tank to take care of discharge from this "stack," as it is called, which usually protrudes through the roof about a foot to permit a constant flow of fresh air to ventilate your plumbing system.

Traps in the basement, to prevent sewer gas and other odors, provide further escapement below. These traps ... at a ... between ... prevents ...

If your ... distinct ... need of ... the place of ... the ... is ... cost.

Septic tanks ... ground ... or the ... the ... posal first, where ... sinks to the bottom ... overflow into another chamber ... through a further ... are carried through ... just below the ground level. The solids ... to liquids and are carried off ... purified by the action of the soil. The tanks, which are provided with clean-out covers, require cleaning only at long intervals. They are simple and quite sanitary, but should be chosen with care and with regard to the character of the soil, the size of the family, the size of the plumbing system and the slope of the ground in your neighborhood.