IN FERTILE ANTICOSTI.

and In the Gulf of St. Lawrence ing Transformed Into Homes of Peace and Plenty.

estling in the Gulf of St. Lawce, off the east coast of Quebec, which province it is a part, lies the ile island of Anticosti. The island interesting because so little is genlly known of it; and because so ny wrong impressions have gone oad with reference to it.

When, in December, 1895, H. Menier the French chocolate king, purased the island, many wild rumors e set afloat with regard to the al- d purposes for which it had been uired, says a writer in the Mont- Standard. The most sensational these was that a Canadian Monte lo was to be established there, and the new proprietor of the elonga- piece of territory would have unputed sway over it, politically and erwise, even greater than that en- d by Prince Monaco over his ld-famed domain. The keen imation of many American writers responsible for much circumstan- detail that was published in the ted States, and, as stories lose ing by repeating, some very exagant flights of fancy were inced in. But what has happened e that time, and what is still hapning, is in keeping with the onl march of industrial progress ch the whole of Canada is mak-

ntil a comparatively few years ago t was known of Anticosti from the of Champlain may be said to been traditional rather than hiscal, for the very few references to the old records and manuscripts practically valueless to the histor-

ior to the first treaty of Paris the Lawrence and all its islands had taken over by the victorious Eng- But, owing to many complaints g made of depredations and outs being committed by the New landers on the Island of Anti- the Magdalen Islands and on Labrador coast, it became neces- to do something for the protec- of the inhabitants.

Headquarters of Squadron.

afoundland being a naval com- and headquarters of the North rican squadron, was selected as most convenient government to ol the territory referred to and equently Anticosti, the Magdalen nds, and the Labrador coast were, ebruary 10, 1763, annexed to New- dland. Sir Hugh Palliser was nor of Newfoundland at the time, did his best under the existing umstances, but Anticosti had no or, was almost wholly uninhabit- nd very little visited.

ter, complaints came from the rican, Nova Scotian and Cana- colonists against the strict fish- egulations of Sir Hugh Palliser, so, by the Quebec Act of 1774, osti was returned to Canada.

aders and Eskimos continued to Anticosti on account of the valu- salmon fisheries, but still the is- was practically without inhabit- Then, during a hundred years, ots of the island were acquired private individuals until it had tically all been absorbed. In 1833 e were a good many heirs, and in r to secure their individual shares had the island sold by the sher-

Formed Joint Stock Company.

was purchased by a Mr. Stock- who formed a joint stock com- which was called "The Gover- and Company of the Island of osti." This, however, did not matters so far as the develop- of the island was concerned. Up time no attempt was made to p, and although the new pany predicted many improve- it accomplished practicall ing, and in less the com d into liquidation.

liquidator, a Mr. K. nt a representative from farm out such fa with the ownership d, but this brought i enue. In 1895 a Mr. Desi ed an option on the Isla for sale to Mr. Menier, and of that year, upon t of Mr. Dujardin- expired, the deed was passed. Mi nier took possession the followin ing

Is Being Transformed.

radually the Island of Anticost ages starting out of the waters o Gulf in its primeval state of wild rugged grandeur, is now being sformed into a land of homes and nty. Thousands of acres of land e been cleared, and the soil is ved of excellent quality; roads and ges have been built and sawmills lobster and salmon canning fac- s are in full operation. Canadian ry proper is repeating itself on gulf island.

breakwater nearly a mile long has constructed, and lighthouses, of n make to island and general navi- y have gone up at Ellis Bay, ery miles from Fox Bay is the hable water power of Vanreal. ge it is proposed to establish a p mill for the island is thickly ded with pulp wood as well as the large spruce. There are more n a million and a half acres of this and other land.

The Island's Capital.

is what may be termed its capital. It is here that a handsome villa has been erected Mr. Menier, and along the road ich runs from this port to English the lands have been cleared, ns established, and the husband- is contributing his labor towards general prosperity. Fifteen famil- from the Old Country took up ence during the summer just past, others will follow as soon as the d is cleared.

e winter population of the island ut 400, but hundreds come from maintained each summer to take up work in the various lines of ry, and the number is ever in- ing. The cod, lobster and salmon ries during the year are said to been very good.

to the development of the great ron goes on, and island, hill shore land are all contributing to our too-long delayed prosper-

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Safe Medicine for Children.

In buying a cough medicine for children never be afraid to buy Chamber- s Cough Remedy. There is no ger from it, and relief is always sure llow. It is intended especially for ghs, colds, croup and whooping gh, and there is no better medicine the world for these diseases. It is only a certain cure for croup, but, en given as soon as the croupy cough pears, will prevent the attack. hooping cough is not dangerous when s remedy is given as directed. It tains no opium or other harmful gs, and may be given as confidently a baby as to an adult. For sale by druggists.

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loan on good farm security at 5 per nt. Interest payable yearly or half-arly.

WILLIAM I. DICK,
Barrister, Milton.

The Canadian Champion

VOLUME 46. MILTON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1907. No. 32

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, - Hamilton.

CAPITAL ALL PAID UP	$2,500,000
RESERVE FUND	2,500,000
TOTAL ASSETS OVER	30,000,000

Deposits of $1.00 and upwards received. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, added twice a year. Deposits can be withdrawn without formality or delay. Farmers' notes discounted. Sale notes supplied on request. General Banking business transacted. Business done by mail.

H. P. WANZER, Agent.

COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1907.

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	1908 Jan.
1 Milton	Friday	10.30 a.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10
2 Oakville	Tuesday	12.30 p.m.	8	7	7	9	10	5	7
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	9	6	8	10	11	6	8
4 Acton	Thursday	10.15 a.m.	10	7	9	11	12	7	9
5 Campbellville	Saturday	9.30 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11
6 Burlington	Monday	11.00 a.m.	7	4	6	8	9	4	6

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; 3. Lachlan Grant, Georgetown; 4. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. W. I. Dick (pro tem), Milton; 6. O. T. Springer, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 11th June and 10th December, on opening days at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 2nd April and 1st October, and so often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

County Court Sittings—formerly Terms—7th January, 1st April, 2nd July and 7th October.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 2nd January, 2nd April, 3rd July and 1st October.

By order **W. I. DICK, Milton,**
Clerk of the Peace.

Canadian Champion

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At the Office of Publication,
MAIN ST., MILTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—$1.50 a year. $1.00 if paid in advance.

TO SUBSCRIBERS—No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. A post-office notice to discontinue is not sufficient.

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Space.	1 YR	6 MO	3 MO.	1 MO.
1 Column	$60 00	$35 00	$20 00	$7 00
½ Column	35 00	20 00	12 00	3 50
⅓ Column	20 00	12 00	7 00	2 50
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Notices of births, deaths and marriages, 25c. each.

Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line, except those of lost, strayed, stolen, and wants, which will be inserted at 20 cents for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

WM. PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

LEGAL.

D. DEWAR,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Conveyancer, &c. Agent for Sun Fire Insurance and Sun Savings and Loan Companies. Money to loan at lowest rates. Office—Dewar's Block, Milton.

C. E. HOLLINRAKE, B.A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public. Money to loan. Office: Over Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

WILLIAM I. DICK,
(County Crown Attorney)
Barrister, Solicitor and Conveyancer. Money to loan. Office—Court House, Milton, Ont.

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Barrister, Solicitor, &c., Notary Public. Money to loan at lowest rates. Office—next door to Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

J. W. ELLIOTT, B.A.,
Barrister, &c., Notary Public. Money to loan. Office—First door east of Messrs. Winn & Co's shoe factory, Main-st., Milton.

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Work called for and delivered if necessary.

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Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH
REV. T. C. BENNETT, B.A., Pastor.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School and Bible Class: 2.30 p.m.
Epworth League—Monday, at 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
Pastor's Class: Friday, at 7.30 p.m.

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REV. W. M. MCKAY, Minister.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
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W.F.M.S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 3 p.m.
The Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4.30 p.m.

GRACE CHURCH
REV. A. J. BELT, M.A., Rector.
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Sunday School: 3 p.m.
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Friday evening service, 7.30 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S R. C.
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Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST.				
9.22 a.m.	9.03 a.m.	11.15 a.m.	8.10 p.m	
GOING WEST.				
9.03 a.m.	5.24 p.m.	6.50 p.m.	9.06 p.m	
—SUNDAY—				
West 9.02 a.m., 9.07 p.m. East 7.22 a.m., 8.01 p.m				

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
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GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
8.35 a.m.	6.10 p.m.	10.15 a.m.	8.35 p.m

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1907

WALL PAPERS

THE BEST VALUE EVER SHOWN.

Come and make arrangements early for your spring work.

FRANK PEAREN,
Art Decorator

- - The - - Crimson Blind

BY FRED M. WHITE

Author of "Tregarthen's Wife," "The Robe of Lucifer," Etc.

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"Some trick of Dr. Bell's, perhaps," Merritt suggested.

"Bell suspects nothing. He is absolutely friendly to me. He could not disguise his feelings like that. Upon my word I was never so utterly at sea before in all my life. And as for Littimer, why, he has just made a fresh will more in my favor than the old one. But I'll find out. I'll get to the bottom of this business if it costs me a fortune."

He frowned moodily at his boots; he turned the thing over in his mind until his brain was dazed and muddled. The Rembrandt had been stolen, and yet there was the Rembrandt in its place. Was anything more amazing and puzzling? And nobody else seemed in the least troubled about it. Henson was more than puzzled; deep down in his heart he was frightened.

"I must keep my eyes open," he said. "I must watch night and day. Do you suppose Miss Lee noticed anything when she called to-day?"

"Not a bit of it," said Merritt, confidently. "She came to see me; she had no eyes for anybody but your humble servant. Where did she get my address from? Why, didn't you introduce me to the lady yourself, and didn't I tell her I was staying at Moreton Wells for a time? I'm goin' to live in clover for a bit, my pippin. Cigars and champagne, wine and all the rest of it."

"I wish you were at the bottom of the sea before you came here," Henson growled. "You mind and be careful what you're doing with the champagne. They don't drink by the tumbler in the society you are in now, remember. Just one or two glasses and no more. If you take too much and let your tongue run you will find your stay here pretty short."

Apparently the hint was not lost on Merritt, for dinner found him in a chastened mood. His natural audacity was depressed by the splendor and luxury around him; the moral atmosphere held him down. There were so many knives and forks and glasses on the table—such a deal of food that was absolutely strange to him. The butler behind made him shiver. Hitherto in Merritt's investigations into great houses he had fought particularly shy of butlers and coachmen and upper servants of that kind. The butler's sniff and his cold suggestion as to hock slightly raised Merritt's combative spirit. And the champagne was poor, thin stuff after all. A jorum of gin and water, or a mug of beer, was what Merritt's soul longed for.

And what a lot of plate there was on the table and sideboard! Some of it was gold, too. Merritt's greedy professional eye appraised the collection at some hundreds of pounds—hundreds of pounds—that is, after the stuff had been disposed of. In imagination he had already drugged the butler and was stuffing the plate into his bag.

Henson said very little. He was too busily engaged in watching his confederate. He wished from the bottom of his heart now that Chris had never seen Merritt. She was smiling at him now and apparently hanging on every word. Henson had seen society ladies doing this kind of thing before with well-concealed contempt. So long as people liked to play his game for him he had no objection. But this was quite different. Merritt had warmed a little under the influence of his fifth glass of champagne, but his eye looked lovingly and longingly in the direction of a silver spirit-stand on the side board.

The dinner came to an end at length, to Henson's great relief, and presently the whole party wandered out to the terrace. Bell dropped behind with Curis.

"Now is your time," he whispered. "Henson dare not lose sight of Merritt before he goes to bed, and I'll keep the latter out here for a good long spell. I've muffled the striker of the telephone so that the bell will make no noise when you get your call back from Brighton, so that you must be near enough to the instrument to hear the click of the striker. Make haste."

Chris dropped back to the library and rapidly fluttered over the leaves of the "Telephone Directory." She found what she wanted at length and asked to be put on to Brighton. Then she sat down in an armchair in the darkness close under the telephone, prepared to wait patiently. She could just see the men on the terrace, could catch the dull glow red of their cigars.

Her patience was not unduly tried. At the end of a quarter of an hour the striker clicked furiously Chris reached for the receiver and lay back comfortably in her chair with the diaphragm to her ear. "Are you there?" she asked, quietly. "Is that you, Mr. Steel?"

To her great relief the answering voice was Steel's own. He seemed to be a little puzzled as to who his questioner was.

"Can't you guess?" Chris replied. "This is not the first time I have had you called. You have not forgotten 218, Brunswick Square, yet?"

Chris smiled as he heard Steel's sudden exclamation.

"So you are my fair friend whom I saw in the dark?" he said. "Yes, I recognize your voice now. You are Miss Chris—well, I won't mention the name aloud, because people might ask what a well-regulated corpse meant by rousing respectable people up at midnight. I hope you are not going to get me into trouble again."

"No, but I am going to ask your advice and assistance. I want you to be so good as to give me the plot of a story after I have told you the details. And you are to scheme the thing out at once, please, because delay is dangerous, Dr. Bell——"

"What's that? Will you tell me where you are speaking from?"

"I am at present located at Littimer Castle. Yes, Dr. Bell is here. Do you want him?"

"I should think so," Steel exclaimed. "Please tell him at once that the man who was found here half dead—you know the man I mean—got up and dressed himself in the absence of the nurse and walked out of the hospital in this weather. Since then he has not been seen or heard of. I have been trying to call everywhere. Will you tell him at once that I will be down by the first train?"

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Chris hurried back again. A whispered word satisfied her that Steel was still at the other end.

"Dr. Bell starts as early as possible to-morrow," she said. "If you will listen carefully I will give you a brief outline of all that has happened since I have been here."

Chris proceeded to tell her story succinctly and briefly. From little sounds and signs she could tell that Steel was greatly interested. The story of the man with the thumb fascinated him. It appealed to his professional instincts.

"And what do you want to do with him?" Steel asked.

"Well, you see, I have him in my power," Chris explained. "We can get the other Rembrandt any time we like now, but that is quite a minor consideration. What I want is for Merritt to know that I can have him arrested at any time for stealing my star. It's Enid's star, as a matter of fact; but that is a detail."

"An important one, surely," Steel's voice came thin and clear. "Suppose that our dear friend chances to recognize it? . . . No, don't ring off yet."

"I'm not. Oh, you are speaking to the Exchange people. . . . Yes, yes; I shall be a long time yet. . . . Are you there? Well, Henson has never seen the star. Enid bought it just before the great trouble came, and afterward she never had the heart to wear it."

"I understand. You want Merritt to know this?"

"Well, I do and I don't," Chris explained. "I am anxious not to frighten the man. I want to get him in my power, and I want to prove to him that it would be to his advantage for him to come over to my side. Suppose that Enid gave it out that the star had been stolen? And suppose that I could save him at the critical moment? I shouldn't think of him thinking that I had stolen the star in the first place. That is why I am asking you as a novelist to help me."

"You would have made an excellent novelist yourself," David said, admiringly. "Give me five minutes. . . . Are you there? I fancy I have it. Can you hear me? That's better. I'll see Miss Gates the first thing in the morning and get her to go over to Longdean and see you, sister. . . . Confound it, don't cut us off yet. What does it matter so long as the messages are paid for? Nobody else wants the line. Well, I may for an hour more. . . . Are you there? Very sorry; it's the fault of the Post Office people. Here is the plot in a nutshell. Your sister has lost a diamond star. She gives a minute description of it to the police, and drops a hint to the effect that she believes it was taken away by mistake—in other words, was stolen—from her in London by a chance acquaintance called Christabel Lee——"

"Ah," Chris cried, "how clever you are!"

"I have long suspected it," the thin voice went on, drily. "The full description of the star will be printed in the Police Gazette, a copy of which every respectable pawnbroker receives regularly. I suppose the people where the star was pawned are respectable?"

"Highly so. They have quite a Bond Street establishment attached."

"So much the better. They will see the advertisement, and they will communicate with the police. The Reverend James Merritt will be arrested——"

"I don't quite like that," Chris suggested.

"Oh, it's necessary. He will be arrested at the castle. Knowing his antecedents, the police will not stand upon any ceremony with him. You will be filled with remorse. You have plunged back into a career of crime again a being who was slowly climbing into the straight path once more. You take the blame upon yourself—it was at your instigation that Merritt pawned the——"

"But, really, Mr. Steel——"

"Oh, I know. But the end justifies the means. You save Mr. Merritt, there is a bond of sympathy between you, he will regard you as a great light in his intersecting profession. You saved him because you had appropriated the matter afterwards. Don't be afraid; I'll tell the telephone people not to cut us off till I ring. Please go at once."

The voice was urgent, not to say imperative. Chris dropped the receiver into its space and crept into the darkness of the terrace.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Bell seemed to know by intuition that Chris required him, or perhaps he caught a glimpse of her white dress from the terrace. Anyway, he strolled leisurely in her direction.

"Something has happened?" he whispered, as he came up.

"Well, yes," Chris replied, "though I should like to know how you guessed that. I had no difficulty in getting Mr. Steel on the telephone, but he would say nothing directly he heard that you were here beyond a peremptory request that you were to be told at once that Van Sneck has gone."

"Gone!" Bell echoed, blankly. "What do you mean by that?"

"He has disappeared from the hospital at Brighton to-day. Mr. Steel thinks they were extra busy, or something of that kind. Anyway, Van Sneck got up and dressed himself and left the hospital without being observed. It seems extraordinary to me."

"And yet quite possible," Bell said, thoughtfully. "Van Sneck had practically recovered from the flesh wounds; it was the injury to his head that was the worst part. He resembled an irresponsible lunatic more than anything else. Steel wants me, of course?"

"He suggests that you should go down to Brighton without delay."

"All right, I'll make some excuse to take the first train in the morning. We've got a fine start of Henson, and that's a good thing. If Van Sneck comes within his net we shall have a deal of trouble. I had hoped to get permission to operate on Van Sneck, and relied upon him to solve the mystery. And now you had better go back to your telephone."

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"Ah," Chris cried, "how clever you are!"

"I have long suspected it," the thin voice went on, drily. "The full description of the star will be printed in the Police Gazette, a copy of which every respectable pawnbroker receives regularly. I suppose the people where the star was pawned are respectable?"

"Highly so. They have quite a Bond Street establishment attached."

"So much the better. They will see the advertisement, and they will communicate with the police. The Reverend James Merritt will be arrested——"

"I don't quite like that," Chris suggested.

"Oh, it's necessary. He will be arrested at the castle. Knowing his antecedents, the police will not stand upon any ceremony with him. You will be filled with remorse. You have plunged back into a career of crime again a being who was slowly climbing into the straight path once more. You take the blame upon yourself—it was at your instigation that Merritt pawned the——"

"But, really, Mr. Steel——"

"Oh, I know. But the end justifies the means. You save Mr. Merritt, there is a bond of sympathy between you, he will regard you as a great light in his intersecting profession. You saved him because you had appropriated the

"And go to gaol instead of Mr. Merritt?"

"Not a bit of it. The star you deemed to be yours. You had one very like it when you saw Miss Henson, when you were staying in London at the same hotel. By some means the jewels got mixed. You are confident that an exchange has been made. Also you are confident that if Miss Henson will search her jewel-case she will find a valuable star that does not belong to her. Miss Henson does so, she is distressed beyond measure, she offers all kinds of apologies. Exit the police. You need not tell Merritt how you get out of the difficulty, and thus you increase his respect for you. There, that would make a very ingenious and plausible magazine story. It should be more convincing in real life."

"Capital!" Chris murmured. "What an advantage it is to have novelist to advised one! Many, many thanks for all your kindness. Good-night!"

Chris rang off with a certain sense of relief. It was some time later before she had a chance of conveying to Bell what had happened. He listened gravely to all that Chris had to say.

"Just the sort of feather-brained idea that would occur to a novelist," he said. "For my part, I should prefer to confront Merritt with his theft, and keep the upper hand of him that way."

"And he would mistrust me and betray me at the first opportunity. Besides, in that case, he would know at once that I wanted to get to the bottom of his connection with Reginald. Mr. Steel's plan may be bizarre, but it is safe."

"I never thought of that," Bell admitted. "I begin to imagine that you are more astute than I gave you credit for, which is saying a great deal."

Chris was down early the following morning, only to find Bell at breakfast with every sign of making an early departure. He was very sorry, he explained, gravely, to his host and Chris, but his letters gave him no option. He would come back in a day or two if he might. A moment later Henson came into the room, ostentatiously studying a Bradshaw.

"And where are you going?" Littimer asked. "Why do you all abandon me? Reginald, do you mean to say that you are going to refuse me the light of your countenance?"

"Is Dr. Bell going, too?" Henson asked, with just a suggestion of uneasiness. "I mean—er——"

"Business," Bell said. "I came here at great personal inconvenience. And you?"

"London," Henson replied. "A meeting to-day that I cannot get out of. A couple of letters by this morning's post have decided me."

Chris said nothing; she appeared to be quite indifferent until she had a chance to speak to Bell alone. She looked a little anxious.

"He has found out about Van Sneck," she said. "Truly he is a marvellous man! And he had no letters this morning. I opened the post-bag personally. But I'm glad he's going, because I shall have James Merritt all to myself."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

On the whole Mr. James Merritt, ex-convict and now humanitarian, was enjoying himself immensely. He did not sleep at the castle, for Lord Littimer drew the line there, but he contrived to get most of his meals under that hospitable roof, and spent a deal of time there. It was by no means the first time he had been "taken up" by the aristocracy since his conversion, and his shyness was wearing off. Moreover, Henson had given his henchman strict instructions to keep his eyes open with a vie wof getting at the bottom of the Rembrandt mystery.

Still, there is always a crumpled rose-leaf somewhere, and Merritt had his. A few days after Henson departed so hurriedly from town the stolen Rembrandt disappeared from Merritt's rooms. Nobody knew anything about it; the thing had vanished, leaving no trace of the thief behind. Perhaps Merritt would have been less easy in Littimer's society had he known that the missing print was securely locked away in the latter's strong room. Still, had Merritt been acquainted with the classics, carpe diem would like as not have been his favorite motto. He declined to worry over the matter until Henson's return. It was not for him to know, yet, that Chris had actually gone over to Moreton Wells, and during the absence of Merritt's landlady, calmly walked into the house and taken the picture away.

"You are going to see some fun presently," she said, coolly, to the astonished Littimer, as she laid the missing picture before him. "No, I shall not tell you anything more at present. You shall hear the whole story when Reginald Henson stands in the pillory before you. You know now that Henson was at the bottom of the plot to destroy Dr. Bell's character?"

"I always felt that our Reginald was a great scoundrel," Littimer purred over his cigarette. "And if you succeed in exposing him thoroughly I shall watch the performance with the greatest possible pleasure. I am not curious, my dear young lady, but I would give sixpence to know who you are."

"Keep your sixpence," Chris laughed, "and you'll know all in good time. All I ask is not to be astonished at anything that happens."

Littimer averred that he had long since lost the power of astonishment. There was a brightness and restlessness about Chris to-day that considerably added to her charms. It was nearly a week now since Bell and Henson had departed, and in the meantime Chris had heard nothing from Longdean. Half an hour before a telegram had arrived to the effect that a gentleman in a blue coat might be expected at Littimer Castle at any moment. The police were coming, and Merritt was late today. If Merritt failed to turn up the whole situation would be spoilt. It was with a feeling of unutterable relief that Chris saw him coming up the drive.

"Come on the terrace," she said. "I have something very serious to say to you. Mr. Merritt, you have got us both into very serious trouble. Why did you do it?"

"Ain't done nothing," Merritt said, doggedly. He repeated the old formula. "What's up?"

"Er—it's about my diamond star," said Chris. "I lost it a few days ago. If I had known what was going to happen I should have put up with my loss. But I made inquiries through the police without saying a word to anybody, and now I find the star was pawned in Moreton Wells."

"Oh, lor'," Merritt gasped. "You don't mean to say the police know that, miss?"

"Indeed I do. You see, once I allowed matters to go out of my hands I was powerless. The case now rests entirely with the police. And I am informed that they may come here and arrest you at any moment. I fear there is no escape for you—you pawned the thing yourself in your own name. What a thousand pities you yielded to sudden temptation."

"But I found it," Merritt whined. "I'll take my oath as I found it under the terrace. I—I was rambling along the cliffs one day and I found it. And I didn't know it was yours. If I had known it was yours, I'd never have gone and done no such a thing."

Chris shook her head sadly.

"And just as you were getting on so nicely," she said.

"That's it," Merritt whined, brokenly. "Just as I was properly spoofing everybody as I—I mean just as I was getting used to a better life. But you can save me, miss; you can say as you were hard up for money and that, knowing as I knew the ropes, you got me to pawn it for you. Put it in that way and there's not a policeman in England as can touch me."

"I had thought of it," Chris said, with a pretty assumption of distress. "But, but—Mr. Merritt, I have a terrible confession to make. It was not I who started the police: it was somebody else. You see, the star was not my property at all. I—I got it in London."

Mr. Merritt looked up with involuntary admiration.

"You don't mean to say as you nicked it?" he asked. "Well, well."

Chris bent her face lower to conceal her agitation. Her shoulders were heaving, but not with emotion. The warmth of Merritt's admiration had moved her to silent laughter, and she had made the exact impression that she had desired.

"I have telegraphed to the lady, who is more or less of a friend of mine," she said. "I have urged her to take no further steps in the matter. I fancy that she is a good and kind girl and that—but a reply might come at any time."

There was a reply on the way now, as Chris knew perfectly well. The whole thing had been carefully arranged and planned to the moment by Steel and the others.

"I dare say they'll let you down easy," Merritt said, disconsolately; "but it'll be hot for me. I've copped it too many times before, you see."

"Yes, I see," Chris said, thoughtfully. "Mr. Merritt, I have made up my mind: if I had not—er—borrowed that star, it would not have been lost, and you would not have found it, and there would have been no trouble. My conscience would not rest if I allowed you to be dragged back into the old life again. I am going to save you—I am going to tell the police that you pawned that star for me at my instigation."

Merritt was touched even to tears. There was not an atom of chivalry in the rascal's composition. He had little or no heed for the trouble that his companion appeared to be piling up for himself, but he was touched to the depths of his soul. Here was a clever girl, who in her own way appeared to be a member of his profession, who was prepared to sacrifice herself to save another. Self-sacrifice is a beautiful and tender thing, and Merritt had no intention of thwarting it.

"Do that, and I'm your pal for life," he said, huskily. "And I never went back on a pal yet. Ask anybody as really knows me. 'Takin' as I do you weren't one of us, neither. I'd give a trifle to know what your little game is here, eh?"

Chris smiled meaningly. Merritt's delusion was distinctly to be fostered.

"You shall help me then, presently," she said in a mysterious whisper. "Help me and keep your owl counsel, and there will be the biggest job you ever had in your life. Only let you and I get out of this mess, and we shall see what we shall see presently."

Merritt looked speechless admiration. He had read of this class of high-toned criminals in the gutter stories peddled by certain publishers, but he had never hoped to meet one in the flesh. He was still gazing open-mouthed at Chris as two men came along the avenue. They were both in plain clothes, but they had "policeman" writ large all over them.

"Cops, for a million," Merritt gurgled, with a pallid face. "You can tell 'em when you're asleep. And they are after me; they're coming this way. I'll be all right presently."

"I hope so," Chris said, with a curling lip. "You look guilty enough now."

Merritt explained that it was merely the first emotion, and would pass off presently. Nor did he boast in vain. He was quite cool as the officers came up and called him by name.

"That's me," Merritt said. "What's the trouble?"

One of the officers explained. He had no warrant, he said, but all the same he would have to trouble Mr. Merritt to accompany him to Moreton Wells. A diamond star not yet definitely identified had been handed over to the police, the same having been pawned by James Merritt.

"That's quite right," Merritt said, cheerfully. "I pawned it for this young lady, here—Miss Lee. Of course, if it is not her property, why, then——"

The officer was palpably taken back. He knew more than he cared to say. The star had been pledged by Merritt, as he cheerfully admitted, but the owner of the star had lost the