Watch our Christmas windows, they will interest you. Something for everyone. Everything new.
MACKENZIE'S
The People's Druggist. MILTON.

The

VOLUME 52. MILTON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1911. No. 26

BANK OF HAMILTON

Capital Paid Up ..... $ 2,760,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits. 3,250,000
Total Assets 40,000,000

The average man or woman seldom develops the habit of saving until a Savings Account has been opened. The possession of such an account acts as an incentive, your natural desire to see the fund grow encourages that tendency. No matter how little you can afford to lay aside from the weekly wage, open a Savings Account in the Bank of Hamilton.

Head Office, HAMILTON.

H. P. WANZER, Agent, Milton.

COUNTY OF HALTON LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR FOR 1911

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	1912 Jan.	Mar.
Milton	Tuesday	10 a.m.	10	14	12	14	15	10	12	8
Oakville	Thursday	10 a.m.	12	11	10	11	12	9	9	6
Georgetown	Wednesday	10 a.m.	11	15	10	12	12	8	10	6
Acton	Thursday	10 a.m.	11	16	11	13	14	9	11	7
Campbellville	Saturday	10 a.m.	14	14	13	15	16	11	13	9
Burlington	Monday	10 a.m.	9	11	8	4	11	6	8	4

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF OFFICERS: Chas. C. Roe, Georgetown, K.C., Judge; Wm. Paxton, Milton; J. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; H. Edward Dennis, Burlington, K.C., County Attorney; H. M. Vahl, Acton; Jno. Wm. Frazer, Campbellville.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 12th June and 12th December.

County Court sittings without Jury, 4th April and 3rd October, and so often at other times as may be required for the despatch of business.

County Court sittings, Division Court Business: 9th January, 3rd April, 3rd July and 2nd October.

Audit of Division Courts: 10th April, 4th July and 3rd October.

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

Canadian Champion
PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
At the Office of Publication,
MAIN ST., MILTON, ONT.

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

To Subscribers in Arrears: No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. A prompt notice to discontinue is not sufficient.

To subscribers in the United States: $1.50 a year, $1.50 if paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES

Space	Time	Contract	Transient
1 Column	1 year	$200.00	$1.00 per inch
1 Column	6 mos.	120.00	1.00
1 Column	3 mos.	70.00	1.00
1 Column	1 mo.	30.00	1.00
1 Column	1 week	10.00	1.00

Business Cards of ten lines or less, $10.00 per annum. The minimum price for any space occupied is one inch or a solid nonpareil.

Advertisements without a specified number of insertions are inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Any special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual company, association, or fund, will be considered as an ordinary advertisement, and charged accordingly.

Notices of births, deaths and marriages, free each.

Transient advertisements, ten cents per line for the first insertion and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

W. PAXTON, Proprietor.

Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH
REV. D. S. HOUCK, 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.
Tutor's Class: Friday, at 7.00 p.m.
W. M. S.: First Monday at the month at 3 p.m.
Junior Aid: Last Monday of the month at 4 p.m.

KNOX CHURCH
REV. W. M. MCKAY, Minister.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p. m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.45 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 7.00 p.m.
Y. P. M.S. meets on the second Wednesday of each month at 3 p.m.
Junior Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4.30 p.m.

GRACE CHURCH
REV. G. MCQUILLIN, Rector.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p.m.
Holy Communion: 1st Sunday of each month and mid-day and 3rd Sunday at 8 a.m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
REV. FATHER SAVAGE.
MILTON AND TRAFALGAR—2nd Sunday, 8.30 and 11.00 alternatively; commencing 2nd Sunday of January with Mass in Milton at 8.30.

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAL PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST.
No. 37 a.m. (flag). 7.25 a.m. 10.23 a.m.
No. 1 2.55 p.m. 5.30 p.m. 8.15 p.m.

GOING WEST.
No. 36 a.m. 9.01 a.m. 3.33 p.m. 7.07 p.m.
No. 2 8.25 p. m.

—SUNDAY—
Westbound 9.01 a.m., 8.25 p.m. Eastbound 6.57 a.m., 8.15 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
(H. & N. W. Division.)

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
7.15 a.m.	4.45 p.m.
10.25 a.m.	8.35 p.m.

LEGAL.

WILLIAM I. DICK,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Money to loan on Mortgage. Office: Upstairs over Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

VICTOR CHISHOLM,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Money to loan. Office: Upstairs over Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

J. W. ELLIOTT, B.A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Money to Loan. Office: First door south of Mansion House, Milton. Winn & Co's law office, Toronto.

DENTAL.

T. T. HARRIS, L.D.S.,
DENTIST, Oakville, will be at Milton on the last Wednesday of each month, at Mansion House.

MEDICAL.

H. A. McCOLL, M.D.,
Physician, and Surgeon, Coroner, office hours, to 9 a.m., 1 to 2 p.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. Office, two doors east of Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

MARSHALL E. GOWLAND, M.A., M.B.
(TORONTO.)
Honor Graduate and Silver Medalist of Toronto University.
OFFICE and residence, corner of Main and Charles Sts., Milton.

H. WHEELER, Teacher of Music
Piano, Organ and Violin.
Address—Sarah St., Milton

Sam Henson
East Mary St., MILTON
Carpenter, Contractor,
Kitchen Cabinets made to order.
Repairs, etc. Estimates given.

Private Funds
to loan on good farm security at 5 per cent. Interest payable yearly or half-yearly.
WILLIAM I. DICK,
Barrister, Milton.

1911
NEW
WALLPAPERS
Canadian and American
The Finest Shown in Milton, from 5c. to $3.00 per roll.
Leathers, Burlaps (dyed or oil coated), also fine samples of Mouldings—in fact, all kinds of fancy decorations.
LET ME CALL AND SHOW YOU MY SAMPLES.
FRANK PEAREN,
Art Decorator

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Clubbing Offer
With Champion—
Daily Globe $4.25
Mail and Empire 4.25
Weekly Globe 1.75

THE Paternoster Ruby

BY CHARLES EDMOND WALK

Supplied exclusively in Canada by the British & Colonial Press Limited, Toronto.

And the last I saw of him, as he went away, he was still feeling aimlessly for the silken cord, the while his mind was intent upon something else. A queer, congenial chap was Wentworth De Breen, and as keen and fine-strung, despite his absentmindedness, as is said to be the bridge leading across to Mahomet's paradise. He had a whim for dabbling in such puzzles as my calling now and then brought me face to face with; and before I got through with Mr. Page and his ruby, this hobby of the doctor's was to supply me with an invaluable bit of evidence.

I carried the removal permit to Mr. Ulysses White, and then betook myself to a more thorough examination of the tragedy's surroundings.

First of all I went again to the untidy bedroom and the closet above the concealed safe.

A careful and methodical search brought very little to light which I thought might subsequently be of use to me. I examined the safe carefully with an idea of discovering a secret compartment; but there was none. The position of the safe itself, evidently, had been considered sufficient by private by the builders.

I paused for a moment beside an old-fashioned walnut table which stood close by the bed's head. Its top had been covered at some remote period with artificial leather, which was held around the edges by a strip or braid of similar material, the whole made secure by ornamental brass headed tacks placed at intervals of two or three inches.

In the dust on the imitation leather cover was an oblong imprint which, the instant I perceived it, I was seized with a caprice to measure. Its dimensions proved to be just four by three and one-half inches.

Now, this mark in the dust was so manifestly fresh, and its size and shape so suggestive, that before I was well aware of the mental operation, my mind had already accounted for its presence there.

After Mr. Page had obtained the ruby from the safe last night, he had, for some reason, paused by this table before returning to Maillot in the library, and had laid the box thereon. Why? He had retained the candle, which he was at the time carrying, for there was no indication in the dust that he had temporarily relieved himself of that object. Had he turned aside to get something from the bed?—or maybe from the table?

The first mentioned, though unmade since it had last been slept in, was not disarranged in the way one would be obliged to disturb it in getting at the usual places of concealment, and it was hardly likely that Mr. Page would have taken the pains to obliterate any such indications.

As for the table, it had no drawer, than it warranted, I turned to the dresser. The only detail here worth a passing notice was a small pasteboard box containing a number of .38 calibre cartridges. Originally there had been fifty in the box. I counted them. Six were missing; just the number required to charge the cylinder of most revolvers of the same calibre. However, there was no revolver; nor did my entire examination of the apartment avail to bring one to light.

At last,—just as I was turning to leave the room—I received a shock which, for the time being, fairly paralyzed me.

As I have already recorded, the room in which I now was occupied that portion of the ground floor immediately behind the conservatory, and in the wing containing the library—that is, the eastern wing, as the house fronted south. Two large windows, small paned and opening on hinges, afforded light and ventilation. It was through one of these that my surprise came.

On entering the room I had drawn aside one of the blinds, and had done so without more than the most casual glance outward, because I had already thoroughly inspected the premises contiguous to the house.

But now, as I lifted my hand to draw the blind over the window again, I happened to look at the snow beneath the window. In a flash I froze, my outstretched hand remained suspended in mid-air.

When Burke, Maillot, and I had been in this room an hour or so earlier, the snow was then like an unsullied tablet upon which no character had been written; but since that time—during the very minutes I had been busy in this room, perhaps—it had received a record. Somebody with unusually small feet—small enough to be a woman's—had walked around from the front of the house to the window. After looking in—possibly at me in serious conversation upon my investigation—the mysterious prowler had departed again, but not as he had come. The retreating footsteps extended away at a right angle from the house, and at a short distance disappeared among some shrubbery.

A moment's reflection made me feel sure that only my presence in the room had forestalled a rather perilous undertaking. Why should anybody want to look in, simply, and why adopt such a compromising means of entering, if the temptation had not been extraordinarily powerful?

My hesitation was but momentary. I flung open the window, leaped out, and commenced running along the trail of the daring, unknown visitor. The visit had been so recent that I was spurred by a faint hope of overtaking the fellow.

I had not proceeded far before I heard a shout from the house. I glanced back without slacking, and I saw Stodger staring at me in amazement from an up-stair window. Motioning to him to remain where he was, I coupled to follow the foot-trail. When I did I was more than ever puzzled. The trail led me to the back door of the house, where the footprints ceased as if the person had suddenly taken wings to himself.

As soon as the bushes screened me from the house, I arrived at a point where the trail presented a new aspect: the distance between the impressions noticeably widened, signifying that my unknown caller had broken into a run the instant the shrubbery concealed him fro mthe house. I quickened my pace.

The chase led me to a low stone wall marking the boundary of the premises across some vacant lots, to the intersection of two streets, where the presence of a trolley line discouraged further pursuit.

On one of the corners, however, stood a grocery of the suburban variety, and when I arrived hatless and without an overcoat, the grocer came out, and eyed me curiously.

"Did you see anybody just ahead of me come this way?" I panted.

"Yep," returned the grocer. "Fellow came running across these lots not five minutes ago. Three other fellows waiting for him on the corner here."

"Three others!" I exclaimed. I hadn't the least idea what it all meant.

"Yep," said the grocer. "When he came there were four. The whole bunch caught a down car. They was Chinpmen."

I could not no more than vent my bewilderment in ejaculations.

"Chinamen!" I cried.

"Or Japs," remarked the grocer. "Come to think of it, they must've been Japs; they didn't have no pigtails."

Well, there was nothing else for me to do but to turn round and go back the way I had come. The grocer could tell me no more, and I was completely stumped. Why four Chinese—or Japs—should be interested in my movements in the Page house I could not in the least imagine.

But one thing was certain. I had skirted the border of some secret, desperate enterprise. It challenged directly all my powers and capabilities. I was irritated, nettled, not at my inability to fathom the mystery at once, but at a species of mental numbness which prevented me from even conjecturing a plausible theory to account for the strange episode.

I strode along in a deep, moody revery, unconsciously scanning each in turn of the absurdly small footprints. I vaulted the low wall into the Page premises, and before I had fairly recovered my balance, I pounced upon a folded sheet of paper which lay in the snow on one side of the trail.

I unfolded it. The sheet bore a roughly sketched floor plan of some house's interior. There was a wide hall, a square stair-well, and three or four rooms. One of the rooms—the one at once I uttered a little cry. This was a second-floor plan of the very house I had been exploring. Although I had not been up-stairs yet, I had seen enough of the relative positions of the different rooms to recognize the one indicated by the cross.

It was the bath room.

CHAPTER X.

The Second Story

The reader will have observed, very likely, that up to the present I have made no mention of a close examination of the second story, nor, moreover, of having ascended the stairs above the balcony-like landing with its grewsome burden.

Such was indeed the case; and while my failure in this regard might argue neglect, or at least a strange lack of system, I can only point out that the entire sequence of events, from the moment of my arrival in the house, had been most unusual.

It is rare that so many divagations become inevitable. I was obliged to acquaint myself with the circumstances as they forced themselves upon me, and not as if I had been free to ferret them out in accordance with any customary course of procedure. All along I had been impatient to get up-stairs; but first one thing and then another had arisen, demanding immediate attention. We shall soon learn, however, how my search in the second story was rewarded. While the results may appear not very significant, they were nevertheless of vast importance in pointing a way to the riddle's answer.

For, mind, although I was reasonably sure that the ruby represented motive for the murder, I had been in a number of reasons for being that this motive involved a of infinitely farther-reaching than determination of some common or housebreaker to secure the If I wanted to fix responsibility Mr. Page's cruel death, I would obliged to lay bare the controlling in all its ramifications. Either Maillot or Burke was the murderer, it was at this stage of consequence that the State's Attorney be given light upon every fact in the tragedy; and as this was my business, it is not surprising that I was animated with an ambition to make a thorough job of the matter.

And furthermore, I was satisfied that the Paternoster ruby had not yet been removed from the house, wherever the murderer might be—a belief which I was very shortly to have strengthened by seemingly unimportant incidents. The trail in the snow was one of these confirmatory incidents, although I had no occasion yet to so regard it.

While it was my first duty, therefore, to discover the murderer, I saw no reason why I should not at the same time find the well-nigh priceless gem, inasmuch as I hoped that the latter would point definitely to the former.

The ruby had disappeared between eleven o'clock last night and the time of Stodger's arrival—shortly before three in the morning. One of the two men who had passed the night in the house might have secreted it. Their presence offered the most plausible explanation.

Was Maillot the one? His fantastic story was certainly a strain upon one's credulity I must confess, yet, at the time—in penetrating a man's outer verity of his purpose. In justice to him, I can not emphasize too strongly how convincing had been every utterance of his, the which I have been at some pains to record. And then, I did not attribute the freshly oiled condition of the rifled safe to Maillot. The next step was to ascertain the exact hour of the murder. When I did I was more than ever puzzled. The hour was one at which I was supposed to be in the house myself, and I was not at all certain that I could account satisfactorily for my movements during that period. Maillot had not been in the house at that hour, and yet, if a search of Burke's premises and belongings revealed no trace of the missing gem, I would look to some alibi to clear me at hand.

And this was a fact after my own heart. I could shield Maillot indefinitely, if I chose, after my own conscience, when I would be alone and at liberty to pursue my quest with the least likelihood of being disturbed.

If the ruby were really here, I meant to remain pretty close to it until it came to light, or else have a dependable substitute take my place when it should become necessary for me to go abroad. It was this determination which led to the scar that will disfigure my face as long as I live.

The erstwhile secretary submitted without demur to an examination of his clothing, and without any change of expression that I could perceive. The pale eyes followed my movements with a blank, if curious stare (though Stodger maintains that they did not cease for an instant regarding him), and I was glad enough to see the fellow depart, after I had privately passed word to Stodger not to lose Burke until another man could relieve him.

The flight of stairs above the landing gave upon a hall which—except ing in the front, where there was a large diamond-paned window—entirely surrounded the stair-well, and was continued by a lateral passage connecting the gables or wings.

One leaning over the balustrade at the top looked down the ascending stairs, the balcony midway up, and a good portion of the spacious hall below. The lateral hall gave access to all the rooms on the second floor.

Arriving at the head of the stairs, I first gave my attention to the etagere. This piece of furniture was simply a pedestal of shelves, without sides, front, or back, so that to tilt on the shelves there had been no soap at all. it in any direction far out of the perpendicular would mean to spill its there are some queer ways of burden of old newspapers and periodicals.

Maybe it would have been convenient in a musicroom, but situated where it was it was certainly in the way of anybody using the stairs. If a person unfamiliar with the house should ascend the stairs in the dark, the instant he turned at the top he must almost inevitably collide with it—a circumstance which I was to have brought home to me a few nights later, with consequences which missed being fatal by only the slenderest margins. But after all, I concluded, if a stranger missed it only by a miracle it might have served a double purpose here; no one slept in the second story, ordinarily, and it would make a good burglar alarm, as well as a repository for the iron candlestick and the sea-shell match receptacle.

From the point where it now leaned against the balusters to the lateral corridor or hall, there were many little details to arrest and stimulate my curiosity. The carpet between these two points plainly showed signs of a recent struggle, and at the western vortex of the angle formed by the balustrade surrounding the stair well, innumerable drops of congealed paraffin were scattered widely over the floor.

And the railing itself also held a record. Stout as were the uprights sustaining it, it had received the impact of a body sufficiently heavy to throw it askew. At this point on the railing there was a deep triangular dent, destined to assume a high place in solving the problem of Felix Page's murder.

When I stood directly in front of the bath room door, I could look down over the balustrade to the landing—the body had been removed to a more suitable place—and I could also see the front door and most of the first floor hall.

A dozen or so feet west of the stairs well two floors opened upon the lateral passage. They were directly opposite each other; the front room having been the one occupied by Maillot the previous night, while the other was Burke's.

Now as I allowed my glance to rove along the dim-lighted hall in the direction of the two bedchambers, it was at once arrested by some small—and at the distance, indistinguishable—object lying in the centre of the floor a few feet beyond the two doors. I went and picked it up.

It was the shabby leather jewel-case.

But now it bore many indications of extremely rough usage. It was not only open, but empty; the lid was bent, twisted out of shape, and hanging precariously by one damaged hinge. The leather was freshly torn and scratched, while the inner lining of faded satin had been slit in a number of places. I contrived after some manipulation to get the box into a semblance of its former shape, and then slipped it into a pocket of my coat.

Neither Maillot's room nor Burke's revealed anything of much consequence. In the former I noted the open wardrobe door, and, owing to its position relative to the bed, was obliged to admit the likelihood of Maillot's accident. In the other room in a small leather satchel, were the papers by which Burke accounted for his presence. They were of no interest to me. I turned them over to Mr. White, who, with the other gentlemen, was just departing.

With a feeling of lively anticipation I entered the bath room. I had forgotten that this room alone had been designated by a distinguishing mark on the chart which I had found while following the mysterious footprints. But I discovered nothing to justify my hopes. The place was monotonous like other bath rooms in which I have been. I gave it an exceptionally thorough overhauling, then went carefully over it once more—even resorting to my magnifying glass from time to time—but all to no purpose, in a room was discouragingly wanting in anything that might be regarded as a clew.

In the end I fell to musing over a bar of common laundry soap on the stationary wash-stand. It was simply sible not to contrast this humble article—for it was of a bigness and coarse yellowness to suggest the largest possible quantity for the smallest price—with the dead man's wealth, and to wonder a little at such a

You
will like the fine flavor of Red Rose Tea. It has the cup goodness that comes only from Red Rose quality—the reason why it holds first place in thousands of Canadian homes. Will you try it.

RED ROSE TEA "It's good tea"
NEVER SOLD IN BULK
Your Grocer Will Recommend It 85

[illegible] the building, opposite the door, which showed no mark of violence. Well, Maillot did not have the key. And now, if a search of Burke's person and belongings revealed no the former, extra key, I would look to some alibi close at hand.

And this was a fact after my own heart. I could shield Maillot indefinitely, if I chose, after my own conscience, when I would be alone and at liberty to pursue my quest with the least likelihood of being disturbed.

If the ruby were really here, I meant to remain pretty close to it until it came to light, or else have a dependable substitute take my place when it should become necessary for me to go abroad. It was this determination which led to the scar that will disfigure my face as long as I live.

The erstwhile secretary submitted without demur to an examination of his clothing, and without any change of expression that I could perceive. The pale eyes followed my movements with a blank, if curious stare (though Stodger maintains that they did not cease for an instant regarding him), and I was glad enough to see the fellow depart, after I had privately passed word to Stodger not to lose Burke until another man could relieve him.

The flight of stairs above the landing gave upon a hall which—except ing in the front, where there was a large diamond-paned window—entirely surrounded the stair-well, and was continued by a lateral passage connecting the gables or wings.

One leaning over the balustrade at the top looked down the ascending stairs, the balcony midway up, and a good portion of the spacious hall below. The lateral hall gave access to all the rooms on the second floor.

Arriving at the head of the stairs, I first gave my attention to the etagere. This piece of furniture was simply a pedestal of shelves, without sides, front, or back, so that to tilt on the shelves there had been no soap at all. it in any direction far out of the perpendicular would mean to spill its there are some queer ways of burden of old newspapers and periodicals.

Maybe it would have been convenient in a musicroom, but situated where it was it was certainly in the way of anybody using the stairs. If a person unfamiliar with the house should ascend the stairs in the dark, the instant he turned at the top he must almost inevitably collide with it—a circumstance which I was to have brought home to me a few nights later, with consequences which missed being fatal by only the slenderest margins. But after all, I concluded, if a stranger missed it only by a miracle it might have served a double purpose here; no one slept in the second story, ordinarily, and it would make a good burglar alarm, as well as a repository for the iron candlestick and the sea-shell match receptacle.

From the point where it now leaned against the balusters to the lateral corridor or hall, there were many little details to arrest and stimulate my curiosity. The carpet between these two points plainly showed signs of a recent struggle, and at the western vortex of the angle formed by the balustrade surrounding the stair well, innumerable drops of congealed paraffin were scattered widely over the floor.

And the railing itself also held a record. Stout as were the uprights sustaining it, it had received the impact of a body sufficiently heavy to throw it askew. At this point on the railing there was a deep triangular dent, destined to assume a high place in solving the problem of Felix Page's murder.

When I stood directly in front of the bath room door, I could look down over the balustrade to the landing—the body had been removed to a more suitable place—and I could also see the front door and most of the first floor hall.

A dozen or so feet west of the stairs well two floors opened upon the lateral passage. They were directly opposite each other; the front room having been the one occupied by Maillot the previous night, while the other was Burke's.

Now as I allowed my glance to rove along the dim-lighted hall in the direction of the two bedchambers, it was at once arrested by some small—and at the distance, indistinguishable—object lying in the centre of the floor a few feet beyond the two doors. I went and picked it up.

It was the shabby leather jewel-case.

But now it bore many indications of extremely rough usage. It was not only open, but empty; the lid was bent, twisted out of shape, and hanging precariously by one damaged hinge. The leather was freshly torn and scratched, while the inner lining of faded satin had been slit in a number of places. I contrived after some manipulation to get the box into a semblance of its former shape, and then slipped it into a pocket of my coat.

Neither Maillot's room nor Burke's revealed anything of much consequence. In the former I noted the open wardrobe door, and, owing to its position relative to the bed, was obliged to admit the likelihood of Maillot's accident. In the other room in a small leather satchel, were the papers by which Burke accounted for his presence. They were of no interest to me. I turned them over to Mr. White, who, with the other gentlemen, was just departing.

With a feeling of lively anticipation I entered the bath room. I had forgotten that this room alone had been designated by a distinguishing mark on the chart which I had found while following the mysterious footprints. But I discovered nothing to justify my hopes. The place was monotonous like other bath rooms in which I have been. I gave it an exceptionally thorough overhauling, then went carefully over it once more—even resorting to my magnifying glass from time to time—but all to no purpose, in a room was discouragingly wanting in anything that might be regarded as a clew.

In the end I fell to musing over a bar of common laundry soap on the stationary wash-stand. It was simply sible not to contrast this humble article—for it was of a bigness and coarse yellowness to suggest the largest possible quantity for the smallest price—with the dead man's wealth, and to wonder a little at such

petty economies as were signified by the use of the paraffin candles, the absence of servants, and by some other details of the menage, which perhaps I have already mentioned.

I recalled, with a smile, that Burke had smelled of laundry soap, and that there had been no soap at all. there are some queer ways of getting wealth; but I contend that of them, to deny oneself the commonest comforts of existence is the hardest to understand. A philosophy of living is involved utterly incomprehensible to me.

Passing through the bath room, I emerged upon the landing of the rear stairs. Across the lansing was another small room, which contained besides a dust-mantled sewing machine, nothing but some broken and worn-out furniture.

I followed the stairway to the bottom, and about half-way down found a bit of flattened paraffin about the size of my thumb nail.

After re-ascending these stairs I stood once more looking idly down over the balustrade, going over in Burke steps into the hall, and looking for the puzzle which nothing in the light of his own candle. I had been set for me to bring together. It is at this point that Royal Maillot springs from his bed, collides with the old gentleman facing no longer a thief merely, but a man with murder in his heart.

Which door had it been: Maillot's, or Burke's, or yet some other door?

Once more we are given a strong indication that Felix Page knew the man, for he and the assassin in limbo do not immediately close in combat. Not yet. Some words certainly pass. The taper in the heavy iron candlestick must burn long enough to account not only for the drops of paraffin scattered about over the floor, but those that ran like congealing tears down the side.

I could fancy the outraged and mystified old gentleman demanding an explanation, and before long exploding with wrath, the thief standing hopelessly convicted—caught "with the goods."

Suddenly the struggle is precipitated by the infuriated householder endeavoring to recover his property. We may safely assume that it was by no gentle means that he sought to do this, and at once the battle wages to and fro between the head of the stairs and the lateral passage, quite up to the bath room door. The thief is striving to retain the leather box, the other to wrest it from him.

It is pretty certain, too, that the old gentleman hastily put down the iron candlestick before he grasped the box—on the floor, somewhere near the western angle of the balustrade—and in the end, as the combat in one of its uncertain revolutions sweeps past it, the thief frees himself with a desperate effort, snatches it from the floor, and becomes an assassin in actu.

The dull impact of the blow, as the scene is blinded by sudden darkness; the crash of the body against the railing; the dominant jar when the body strikes upon the landing below—and the dark deed is accomplished.

What next follows?

Panic on the part of the murderer, we may be sure, as he stands one second in a stupor of horror at what he has done; then he must have flown—whither?

It is at this juncture that Alexander Burke steps into the hall, and beholds the combination, and took not only the ruby, but everything else the strong-box contained.

But cautious as the thief is, some disturbing noise penetrates to the sleeper's consciousness; in fancy we may see the old man—fox, pirate of the pit, as he had been called—starting broad awake, fearless, every faculty alert and strained to catch the betraying sounds.

In a moment he bestirs himself to ascertain what is afoot in his house at so unseemly an hour. Noiselessly he enters the hall from the library, in time to behold the marauder—by the latter's own candle flame. I was positive of his identity, as he came down the stairs.

And here the tragic episode departs from the realm of conjecture, at this stage it

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

that a dainty, refined little lady should be, that I could have remained indefinitely watching her.

But I'm so glad to say that I did not. I found my tongue by and by, and voiced some inane remark to the effect that she might most assuredly "come up," if she had the least inclination to do so, but, on the other hand, that I was more than willing to "come down." Which I did, when she made known her choice by sitting down in the settle Stodger and I had occupied some hours earlier.

But I moved down the steps deep in meditation. Great as had been my surprise when the opening front door disclosed Miss Cooper, I was not long in surmising why she had come, and I was more than a trifle reluctant to discuss the brutal details of the tragedy with a lady so obviously gentle and refined. The subject was so utterly foreign to anything within her experience that I felt she could harken to and review the different aspects of the crime only with shuddering aversion. But, dear me, how incapable is any man of estimating a woman's fortitude!

While I descended to her, she continued to talk—the merest bit flurried, perhaps, but with a direct, fearless glance which the dullest comprehension must have understood.

"I suppose I should have rapped," she was saying; "but who was here to open the door? Poor Mr. Page! Poor man! How terrible it is!"

She was a little awed, and seemed glad when at last I stood confronting her.

As if it were the most natural thing in the world to do, she made room on the settle for me to sit beside her. I did so, awkwardly enough. There was not the slightest trace of coquetry in her conduct, she was entirely free from the least indication of affectation, and I could not do otherwise than meet her in the same spirit, although I apprehended some difficult moments before she ended some difficult moments before our colloquy should be finished. Her errand must indeed be urgent that she should alone brave this house of death.

After a minute of hesitation on her part, during which she sat with downcast eyes while I took a base advantage of the opportunity to drink in her loveliness, she abruptly faced me. Her countenance reflected an expression of determination, tempered by the wistfulness of uncertainty and doubt.

"Mr. Swift," she began, in a straightforward manner, "it was simply impossible for me not to have sought for you out—if not here, then at the police station, or wherever it is you make your headquarters."

I remarked that a message would have brought me speedily to her.

"Oh, no!" in quick protestation. "There is no place where we could have been private—to-day. And, besides, I wouldn't have put you to so much trouble."

"Trouble!" I interrupted. "I would have been only too glad."

She smiled at my warmth, proceeding:

"Anyhow, I succeeded in finding you alone; now tell me—truly—am I bothering you?"

"Truly, you are not bothering me in the least. I can fancy nothing nicer than sitting just like this and talking—with you. It's so—so—"

"Comfy?"—archly.

"Exactly. But that's a woman's word; I never would have thought of it."

The handsome eyes flashed a look at me which made me hastily revise my opinion that she was entirely free from any trace of coquetry.

"I didn't come here to listen to nice things," she said, smiling into my eyes; "I'm awfully serious."

And in very truth, the straightway grew grave. She drew a long breath, and sat suddenly more upright, questioning me with a look. Such fine, honest eyes!

Her first spoken interrogation was direct enough, in all conscience; while I was expecting some such inquisition, I was by no means prepared with an immediate answer.

"I want to know, Mr. Swift,—is it going to appear that Royal Maillot murdered his uncle?"

She spoke very quietly, but, too, very earnestly. Murder is an ugly word. It marvelled that she did not shrink from it.

"Why are you so anxious to know, Miss Cooper?" I temporized—"out of friendship for Mr. Maillot?"

"No," frankly meeting my intent look, "though that would be a sufficient reason." She paused a moment, biting her under lip in the intensity of her musing. Then,—

"Mr. Swift, I'm going to be perfectly candid with you; I'm going to lay bare my mind—and my feelings. I pray that you will do the same by me. Am I presuming too much?"

Lay bare my feelings—great heavens! She would have thought me crazy. In a sense, Torquemada himself could scarcely have made me more uncomfortable; but I would not have had that delightful tete-a-tete broken in upon for anything in the world.

"I realized this morning," she proceeded, after I had clumsily begged her to, "that Royal is in a desperate plight, though why or how he came to be I can't understand.

To be continued.

The Duke of Connaught paid a brief visit to Kingston on his return journey and presented the Royal Humane medal to Cadet Leach at the R. M. C. for saving six lives on the Georgian Bay.