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

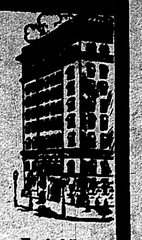
The Canadian Champion

MACKENZIE
The People's Druggist. MILTON

VOLUME 52. MILTON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1911. No. 29

BANK OF HAMILTON

Capital Paid Up ..... $ 2,750,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits .. 3,250,000
Total Assets 40,000,000



Many a fortune can be traced back to the day its owner deposited the first dollar in a Savings Account.

The one dollar affords an incentive to deposit more—and, as interest is added to principal, the small sum grows more and more rapidly, until it finally becomes a competence.

One Dollar will start an account with the Bank of Hamilton.

H. P. WANZER, Agent, Milton.

Head Office, HAMILTON.

COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1912

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.
1 Milton	Friday	10.30 a.m.	12	8	10	12	18	8
2 Oakville	Tuesday	12.30 p.m.	9	5	7	9	10	5
3 Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	10	6	8	10	11	6
4 Acton	Thursday	10.15 a.m.	11	7	9	11	12	7
5 Campbellville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	13	9	11	13	14	9
6 Burlington	Monday	11.00 a.m.	8	4	6	8	9	4

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; 3. Chas. C. Rae, Georgetown; 4. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. Wm. Frazer, Campbellville; 6. Samuel Lawless, 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, 8th January, 1st April, 2nd July and 7th October.

Audit of County Judge's Accounts, 8th January, 8th April, 8th July and 7th 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—No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. A post office notice to the contrary is not sufficient.

To subscribers in the United States—75c. a year in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Inch	1 w.	2 w.	1 mo.
1 inch	$ 1.00	$ 2.00	$ 3.00
2 inches	1.50	3.00	12.00
3 inches	2.00	4.00	7.00
4 inches	2.50	5.00	8.00
5 inches	3.00	6.00	9.00

Business Cards—Five lines or less, $5 per annum. The insertion of cards to be included by the year or other period to be measured by advertisement.

Advertisements without special instructions inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Any special notice in the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, association, or family, will be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

Notices of births and marriages free.

Transient advertisements, by contract, for clothing, dry goods, groceries, etc., not exceeding three times, $1 for 50 cents for each insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

W. PANTON,
Local and Prop.

LEGAL.

WILLIAM I. DICK,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Money to Loan, Office, Main St., Milton, Ont.

VERNON CHISHOLM,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Money to Loan, Office, Main St., Milton.

J. W. LITTLE, B.A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary to Loan, Office, Corner of Main and Navarre Streets, Milton.

DENTAL.

T. T. HARRIS, L.D.S.,
DENTIST, Graduate of Toronto University. Will be at his Milton Office on the last Wednesday of each month. Office: Bennett House.

MEDICAL.

H. A. McCOLL, M.B.,
Physician, and Surgeon. Office hours, to 1 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m. and 7 to 9 p.m. Office, two doors north of Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

MARSHALL E. GOWLAND, M.A., M.B.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.
Honor Graduate of Toronto University. Medalist of Trinity College.
OFFICE and residence, Corner of Main and Charles Sts., Milton.

H. WHEELER, Teacher of Music
Piano, Organ and Violin.
Adams Street, 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.

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.
Pastor's Class: Friday, at 7.30 p.m.
W. M. S.: First Monday of the month at 8 p.m
Ladies' Aid: Last Monday of the month at 3 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 7.30, p.m.
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. 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 at 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 alternately; commencing 2nd Sunday of January with Mass in Milton at 8.30.

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAL PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST.
6.57 a.m. (flag). 7.25 a.m. 10.26 a.m.
2.55 p.m. 5.30 p.m. 8.15 p.m.

GOING WEST.
8.43 a.m. 9.04 a.m. 3.33 p.m. 7.07 p.m.
8.25 p.m.

—SUNDAY—
West 9.04 a.m., 8.25 p.m. East 6.57 a.m., 8.15 p.m.

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

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

1911
NEW
WALL PAPERS
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

60 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 EDWOND WALK

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

Everybody's attention was abruptly diverted by Genevieve Cooper. Without a word to any one, she rose precipitately, glided noiselessly across the room to the alcove, and disappeared behind the curtains. Blank bewilderment brought me to my feet. What could have impelled her to this extraordinary move at such a critical stage? I started to follow her, but at that very instant the foreman started to announce the verdict.

Silence fell instantly. Maillot sat plucking aimlessly at the margin of a newspaper, the tiny fragments floating unheeded to the floor; while Miss Fluette, strikingly handsome with her transparent complexion, her red-brown hair, and clear hazel eyes, sat imperiously beside him, alone in her assurance as to the outcome.

The young man seemed to have forgotten her presence, so deep was his abstraction. In a little while he pushed the paper on one side, and began feeling idly in a pocket of his vest. His mood was distrait, and in a moment he produced something that glittered; something that made me start and rivet my attention upon him.

The something was a broad gold ring. He toyed with it for a moment, one of the little hands in mine. All apparently wholly absorbed. Then he most at once I was gladdened and slipped it upon the middle finger of relieved by seeing the sweet face break his right hand!

The ring seemed to fit perfectly. He into one of its lovely smiles.

"What was it?" I asked, anxiously turned the hand over and back a number of times, inspecting the ornament from different angles of vision. After which, seemingly satisfied with his critical survey, he removed it from the finger and returned it to his pocket.

I studied the young man in perplexity. Here I had two rings on two different right hands: what was I to conclude from—

But events were moving swiftly, almost to the verge of confusion.

"We, the jury," read the foreman, with the tremulous, irresolute air of a man unaccustomed to forensic exercises, "find that Felix Page came to his death from a blow on the head, administered with some blunt instrument in the hands of—"

He got so far. At that instant a piercing feminine shriek rose in some remote part of the house. Coming as it did at such a juncture, when all present were hanging in suspense upon the words as they fell from the foreman's lips, it produced much the same effect as might have followed the explosion of a bomb in the company's midst. Miss Fluette gasped, and her face went as white as ashes. Maillot and Fluette were both instantly upon their feet, startled and tense.

The scream was a thrilling, prolonged note of horror. For one electric second my blood seemed to chill in my veins. The cry swelled in a quavering crescendo, lingered with the persistence of terror, then abruptly ceased, like the cutting off of a shrieking steam-jet.

For one awful moment everybody sat or stood as if petrified. If a bomb had exploded it might have passed unnoticed. Then, with a wild, unnerving recollection of Genevieve, I rushed to the door.

"Don't let a soul stir from this room!" I hoarsely shouted to Dr. De Breen.

In the next instant I had plunged into the hall, brushed aside the stupefied policeman there, and was taking the stairs four at a time.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Face in the Alcove

The first thing I noticed as I sped up the stairs was the absence of Stodger from his post in the upper hall, where I had last seen him. Only a few minutes previously I had peeped into the lower hall to satisfy myself that everything was right; at that time he was leaning on the balustrade, engaged in a desultory conversation with Officer Morrison, stationed below. But in a moment I understood.

The bath room door stood wide open, and on the floor lay Miss Cooper—lifeless, was my first horrified thought. Stodger, with the best of intentions and the least possible capacity for carrying them out, knelt helplessly beside her, under the delusion that he was rendering first aid.

Instantly I lifted the still form from the floor and pillowed the sunny brown tresses in the hollow of my arm. How light she was! How soft! How lovely and tender! It was wonderful—a sublime revelation—thus to feel the actual contact of her warm, yielding body.

But, Heaven knows, I didn't stop to analyze my feelings at the time. For a while I was shaken, panic-stricken, utterly unable to do more than stare numbly down at the sweet pale face, framed in its nimbus of wavy brown hair. I got a grip on myself, though, and Stodger was sent flying to fetch Miss Fluette.

She came quickly enough, wondering and alarmed; and when she beheld me holding her cousin, would have snatched her from me—with what biting words I can only imagine.

But for once in her life, at least, that proud, wilful young lady bowed without a murmur to the tone of authority, for one brief moment she stared at me astounded, and in the next, as comprehension dawned, melted. It is hard to say which of her two attitudes was the more impressive: the flaming anger provoked by the sight of the unconscious girl in my arms, or the tenderly sweet manner with which she presently turned to minister to her. The voice which bade me leave Genevieve to her care was actually gentle. Very reluctantly, I relinquished my burden into the kind

Before I closed the door, however, I jersely charged Miss Belle to give me as soon as possible the explanation of the mystery.

The door closed, I turned upon my unoffending associate rather angrily I'm ashamed to say; but Stodger's good-nature was imperturbable. He could tell me absolutely nothing that threw light upon whatever terrifying experience Miss Cooper had undergone.

He had remained at the spot where I had last seen him, he said; a position he had assumed purposely, because from there he had a view of practically the entire second floor. He had opened all the doors so that the slightest sound or movement in any of the chambers could not fail to attract his attention. Immediately behind him by simply turning his head, he could see through the bath room, across the landing at the top of the rear stairs and into the small sewing-room beyond. To right and left—east and west—the corridor extended the width of the house, and an intruder could have gained access to any of the rooms only by passing the watcher.

The sudden piercing scream, Stodger protested, had startled and astonished him as much as it had anybody. He wheeled round to find the bath room door so nearly closed that it was impossible to glimpse what lay beyond until he had again opened it; which he had done promptly, he declared, to behold only Miss Cooper. She was lying on the floor in a dead faint.

Miss Belle called to me, after a minute or two of anxious waiting, and I hastened into the bath room. Genevieve was so far recovered that she was able to look wonderingly up at her cousin. Her face was white and drawn. Her cousin was upon one knee, supporting her upon the other and holding her tightly.

I knelt upon the other side, taking one of the little hands in mine. All apparently wholly absorbed. Then he slipped it upon the middle finger of his right hand!

I knew that you could not leave the room right then," she explained, the color coming quickly back to her cheek; "I remembered our pact, and I thought I saw an opportunity of being really of assistance. It is not to be wondered at that nobody else saw what I did. It all happened so swiftly. By the merest chance I glanced toward the alcove, and at that very instant the curtains parted sufficiently for me to see a face." Again she shuddered.

"Mr. Swift, it was the most hideous face I ever looked upon. Had I been alone in the library doubtless it would have terrified me even then. But instantly it disappeared, and without a thought of being afraid, I hastened to investigate.

"As I got to the conservatory I saw the door at the farther end just closing. It didn't slam—there wasn't a sound—but simply closed quickly before my eyes. Never for a moment did it occur to me that I ought to be cautious; that closing door only made me run the faster to learn who or what had closed it.

"Well, when I opened it, and the same thing repeated in the bedroom beyond—a door closing, apparently from its own volition. The same thing happened with the door opening into the rear hall.

"It was maddening to be just so far behind and unable to gain the fraction of a second which would enable me to find out who was fleeing from me in such haste—maddening to be rewarded with no more than a procession of closing doors.

"The chase continued on up the rear stairs, to the landing between the bath room and the small room at the back; there for the first time I felt a miss-giving, and I hesitated. I was out of breath, my heart was pounding until my ears roared; everything else was so deathly still.

"A glance told me that the room was empty of any living presence. Cautiously I pushed open the bath room door, but it was too dark to see inside.

"Was the door into the hall shut?" I interrupted quickly, remembering that Stodger believed it to be open.

"Yes. I entered a bit timidly, a little reassured by the fact that the door was closed. Then—then, before I had time to make another move, two hands fiercely clutched my throat. I was fighting as hard as I could; but—I was helpless. I'm ashamed to say; but Stodger's good-nature was imperturbable. He could tell me absolutely nothing that threw light upon whatever terrifying experience Miss Cooper had undergone.

"I was thrown violently against the wall, and one of the hands tried to grasp my throat. I was fighting as hard as I could; but—I was helpless. "Then I screamed. I put my whole soul into it. Everything slipped away from me, I knew nothing more until Belle was holding me in her arms and I felt her dabbing my face with water.

"Dear girl, don't look so tragic; I'm all right now."

While Genevieve hung close at my side, the inquest waited until I had search-ed the place from cellar to garret. But never a trace of the mysterious intruder did I find. When I became satisfied that he had safely made his escape I asked Genevieve to describe the face.

"I'm afraid I can't," she returned hesitatingly. "I had such a lightning like glimpse of it. Still, in a general way, it was very swarthy and wrinkled—quite ape-like. The lower part was covered with a short, curling, sparse black beard; the eyes were like"—she searched for a simile—"like a snake's."

"That's graphic enough," I said; "but the description fits no countenance that I can now call to mind."

"What can it mean?" she asked wonderingly.

"It means," I grimly replied, "that I guessed right: the ruby is in this house. And I'm going to have a time keeping it here, too, until I find it myself."

The one mistake of the intruder, whoever he might be, had been in peeping between the alcove curtains; of course he had been reconnoitring only; but a person who could move through the house so noiselessly might easily have accomplished, without discovery, whatever errand brought him there.

The idea was positively uncanny and far from pleasant to dwell upon. Stodger's hearing may not have been remarkably acute, but if my life depended upon shutting the door so close behind him and not attracting his attention, why, I should have hesitated long before essaying the performance. To have the ruby lifted from under the very noses of the watchers—while they were wide awake, too—would in all truth be a sorry ending of our search for it.

For the nonce, however, the mysterious face introduced only an additional problem; one upon which I had but little time, just at present, to bestow thought. The drama in the library had been interrupted at its most crucial stage. It was all-important that at least one phase of the case be brought to a termination, however unsatisfactory that termination might be; before anything else should be undertaken.

After explanations had been made and order restored, the foreman did not proceed, as might have been expected, by reading the verdict. Instead he jerked his head sideways toward Miss Cooper.

"Mr. Coroner," he said, "we'd like to ask the young lady some questions."

He was a poor specimen, that foreman; one of your little, officious, merdling busybodies, as aggravating as the buzzing of a persistent fly.

"If they are pertinent to the inquiry," said Dr. De Breen, "it is not only proper, but your duty to ask them. The young lady will be sworn."

At this unexpected demand she darted a startled glance from the foreman to Dr. De Breen, and then looked at me—as I joyfully fancied, for guidance and support.

I nodded—she couldn't avoid the ordeal—and she bowed in acknowledgment of the oath, which the doctor rattled off as if it were all one long word.

And just here I am unable to refrain from pointing out how small an incident will sometimes afford the turning-point for a momentous crisis; such an illustration is presently to follow.

When interrupted by Genevieve's shriek of terror the foreman had been in the very midst of pronouncing the concluding phrase of the verdict. Had it not been for the strange face, had the venturesome girl not followed the face's owner, who could say how differently events might not have turned out? For I know now that the first verdict was quite different from the one finally read.

The catechism which Genevieve was required to undergo follows:

"What is your name?"

"Clara Genevieve Cooper."

"How old are you?"

"I was twenty-one in December."

"We would like to know, Miss Cooper, what relation, if any, you bear to the witness Maillot?"

"Merely that of a friend."

"How about him and the other young lady?"—an interrogation which instantly made Miss Belle flush and bridle. But the witness was fully equal to the occasion.

"I would n't undertake to speak for them," she replied composedly.

The succeeding questions brought out the relationship between the two girls, and also established Miss Fluette's identity. Something akin to a sensation prevailed in the jury-box for a few seconds after the six good men and true realized that the handsome gentleman with the white hair and dark beard was no other than the celebrated "wheat king." Their manner toward his niece underwent a sudden transformation; their attitude became more respectful.

Miss Cooper was dismissed, and Maillot was recalled. He denied any formal engagement between himself and Miss Fluette; but it soon became apparent, both from his manner and her growing vexation, pretty precisely what the relations between them really were. The jury learned that the young man's quest of the Fate Paternoster ruby had not been undertaken without the stimulus of a very warm-hearted devotion.

Maillot was left sitting in the witness-chair while a new verdict was made out. It formally charged the young man with the murder of his uncle.

I afterward learned, by questioning the self-important foreman, that the first verdict had been an open one. The demand for Miss Cooper's testimony had been prompted by the diversion—I am using his own word—she had occasioned when she left the room, and afterward threw the proceedings into wild disorder by her scream. The interrupted verdict had failed to hold Maillot only by the narrowest margin. Miss Cooper's adventure had served to turn the scale against him.

"Look here," I demanded warmly, "don't you believe what she said?"

He smiled with an air of such superior knowledge that I very nearly cuffed his ears.

"Oh, I don't blame the young lady! —dear me, no!" he said, with a smirk. "Loyalty, you know. What do you think of it?"

I had turned to move away, much disgusted; but I lingered long enough to look him over curiously.

"What's your name?" I bluntly demanded.

"Griggs—Samuel B. Griggs."

"I think, Mr. Samuel B. Griggs—if you really want to know—that you're a damned idiot."

CHAPTER XVII.

Prison Doors

As I recall the scene that brilliant winter morning in the Page library, one detail stands out so much more prominently than all the rest, that the really important aspects are quite overshadowed in my memory, and notwithstanding the surprising nature of Alfred Fluette's deportment, I am obliged to produce a reasonably correct portrayal of what actually transpired. But one's memory is apt to play strange and unaccountable tricks, and mine is no exception. The best mental image I can recall is distorted, all out of drawing, as the artists say; I can see only Belle Fluette.

After the accusation fell from the foreman's lips, I quite suddenly became aware of the fact that she was standing rigidly erect, one hand strained to her bosom, the other clenched tightly against her cheek. Every vestige of color had flown from her face, leaving it as white as marble.

But her eyes! It is her eyes that still haunt me. They burned with a light of dispair so profound that no mere human note could even feebly yield a hint of it; and behind the despair, plucking and tearing at her heart-strings, lay a misery unutterable. She alone had remained serene by confident of the outcome, and now being the least prepared for it, the shock to her high-strung susceptibilities was more keenly poignant than human flesh could endure. She presented the appearance of one stunned, of one beaten and buffeted to stupefaction, yet through it all still sensible of an anguish that wrenched her very soul.

There was no outcry, no spoken word; but in a moment a tremor ran over her slender form, her knees gave way, and with one last desperate effort she tried to reach Maillot. Even as she turned to him, before a move could be made to sustain her, she tottered and fell prone upon her face. One extended hand clutched once at the young man's foot, then relaxed and grew still. It was as if her last conscious thought had been governed by a fitting impulse to seek the support of even so mean an assurance of his presence.

In a flash the lover was kneeling at his sweetheart's side, pressing her white face to his bosom in a wild embrace. He called to her frantically, coaxed her with endearments, wholly oblivious of his shocked audience. He assured her in choked, incoherent phrases that all was well with him; but he spoke to deaf ears.

Dr. De Breen, direct and practical, brought him to his senses with a sharp command.

Maillot reluctantly yielded Belle to Genevieve and the doctor. Not for a moment did a thought of his own trouble enter his head, I am sure, and he did not remove his tense look of anxiety from her face until Dr. De Breen convincingly declared that she was only in a swoon.

"Best thing for her, just now," said he, crisply; "she can't think. Furthermore, she needs a sedative to keep her from thinking for a while." Then to her father:

"Here, you, you take her home on the double-quick. Have in your physician. Let her cousin get her in bed."

It is likely that Alfred Fluette had not been addressed for many a day with such cavalier brusqueness, and overpowering indeed must have been his emotions now that he did not notice the Doctor's abrupt manner. Even his daughter's condition seemed to produce only a momentary impression upon him; for by the time Maillot, and Dr. De Breen had conveyed the limp girl to a divan, where Genevieve continued to minister to her, he was excitedly striving to catch the doctor's attention.

"Listen to me, sir," he commanded, his voice trembling, "you are the one in authority here; this young man must not be remanded to jail."

Dr. De Breen stopped short and fixed him with a look of surprise. And I was not a little surprised myself. Knowing how bitterly opposed he had been to Maillot's attentions to Miss Belle, what was I to think? Did the manner in which the shock had prostrated her—had literally felled her to the floor—open his eyes to the depth of their attachment, and at the same time touched his heart with pity? His concern could not have been more pronounced if the young fellow had been his own son placed in similar jeopardy. Or,—and here was my predominating thought—did he have the best reasons for knowing that Maillot was innocent?

During the brief pause in which Dr. De Breen coolly surveyed him—for the perverse glasses observing their proper function—he recovered something of his equipoise.

"See here, Doctor," he went on more calmly, "I am not familiar enough with the procedure in—er—in criminal cases to know just what I want to say. But is the next step imprisonment for Mr. Maillot?"

"It is," snapped the doctor.

"Then I will go his bond—in any amount; but he must not go—"

"My dear sir," Dr. De Breen interrupted, with asperity, "a prisoner under charge of first degree murder cannot be admitted to bail; not even by the court having jurisdiction if his case, much less I. The police are now responsible for the young man's movements."

He deliberately turned his back upon the millionaire speculator, and strode away. Years after that scene, Dr. De Breen confided to me that Fluette had given him the impression that he was hinting at a bribe.

The words, however, seemed to strike Mr. Fluette like a physical blow. He winced perceptibly, and his face worked with agitation. But he rose splendidly to the occasion. In a second or so his customary commanding dignity returned, and his keen glance. He wheeled upon Maillot at the instant that much distressed young man was persuaded by Genevieve to leave Belle's side.

"Maillot," said he, in a firm voice, "I sincerely regret any hard feelings I may have entertained for you in the past. You are not only a courageous young man, but an innocent one, and no one, therefore, that is being made to suffer a grievous wrong. I wish to say so here publicly; I wish, too, to say publicly that I mean to see that you have at your disposal the best legal talent procurable."

Maillot's reception of this offer was peculiar. He looked the man squarely in the eyes for an instant; then his lips twisted into a mocking smile. He nodded his head ever so slightly, but the movement was unmistakably a curt rejection.

"Thank you," he said dryly, his voice low and even. "But I intend getting out of this scrape myself, Mr. Fluette; I don't wish to occasion you any future embarrassment. Please don't mistake my meaning."

Fluette made no further effort, and it was impossible to determine just how the rebuff—it was no less—affected him; he had himself well in hand, now. He began preparations for conveying home his still unconscious daughter, and before they departed I contrived to have a private word with Genevieve. Her face was very tragic.

"I must see you alone—as soon as possible," I said hurriedly.

"I can't leave Belle," she whispered. "What is it?"

"My first request from my lieutenant," I chided, smiling down at her.

"Don't!" she pleaded. "I shall come. Where? When?"

Dear me, no. I'll do the coming; it's only 'when?'"

"To-morrow?" she suggested doubtfully. "You know, we're all so upset. And Belle—" The dear girl nearly broke down. Yes, do come," she murmured tearfully, "as early as you can; everything depends upon you, now."

I caught her hand. "Please don't worry," I whispered; "everything will come out right. I can't bear to see you suffer. Will eight o'clock be too early?"

"No."

"I'll not say 'Be brave,' for you're the bravest girl in the world; but please don't fret and worry. Here's your coachman. Good-bye."

She smiled wanly. "I sha'n't," she said. "Good-bye—till to-morrow morning."

She pressed my hand and ran lightly out.

Maillot now came over to where I was standing. He was very pale, his face was drawn with lines of suffering (more for Miss Belle than on his own account, beyond doubt), but his manner was quite composed. In fact, his demeanor was more subdued—chastened, as it were—than I had seen it at any time during our brief acquaintance.

"Well, it's over," he remarked bitterly.

"Don't be an ass," I returned. "If you are innocent, nothing worse can happen."

He smiled whimsically, quickly taking me up.

"And if guilty, the worst is yet to come, eh? Well, at any rate, I'm your prisoner."

"Not necessarily mine," I said.

"By preference. I can't stand for those rough-neck cops, and Stodger as a custodian is a joke. I'd be too strongly tempted to dump him into the first handy snow-drift, and cut loose. I don't suppose you'll insist on any row about handcuffs and all that sort of thing?"

Notwithstanding his pretence of humorous indifference, there was a question in his tone, and he peered at me a bit anxiously. I grinned.

"I don't know," I said. "I won't take any chances on being dumped into a snow-drift."

"Rot! You know I couldn't if I wanted to."

"Mr. Fluette could have helped you, Maillot."

I looked at him narrowly. He shrugged his shoulders, merely, and produced and lighted a cigarette.

"Let's go," he said, flipping the match away.

Stodger was left on guard at the Page place. My prisoner and I walk d to a car and proceeded to police headquarters.

His attitude, naturally enough, was one of extreme dejection; nevertheless I tried to cheer him up—vainly—and when opportunity offered I also tried to get some light upon the ring episode.

"It doesn't do for me to express an opinion one way or another as to your probable guilt or innocence, Maillot," said at one time; "but I can tell you this much for your encouragement.

"Since the murder, several developments have turned up which convince me that there's a deal more in the ... than either you or I can at present conceive. You can keep it in mind that I see more work ahead than I did immediately after quizzing you and Burke Wednesday morning. . . . By the way, that ring you slipped upon your finger this morning, whose is it?"

For a second he frowned with an air of trying to recall the incident. Suddenly his face cleared.

"Did you notice that?" he returned, with perfect composure. "It's mine—was my mother's wedding ring."

I was watching him intently. He met my regard with a level look.

"In the habit of wearing it?" I asked.

"Sometimes."

"See here," I came to the point with abrupt directness. "You appreciate quite as much as I do the significance of that broad band of gold on the middle finger of your right hand. Why did you put it there at such a time?"

He sat silent.

"You've become mighty close-mouthed all at once," sharply urged.

He gave me a little half-smile, and glanced away.

"By advice of counsel I refuse to talk," said he, quietly.

"If you are the counsel, you have a fool for a client—and vice versa," I retorted. "I suppose, too, that you refuse any assistance that I—"

Instantly his assumed indifference vanished.

"By no means," stopping me with considerable warmth. "If there's any way out of this rotten mess it's you that must get me out. My hands are litterally tied, now. And—Swift," he hesitated; his face clouded and his voice suddenly dropped, "I—I simply can't say anything more, old chap."

"So," I quietly observed, "you, too, are worried about Fluette."

He started as if stung.

"My God, Swift!" he began, and stopped. He sat staring at me a moment in utter dismay, then his disturbed look wandered to a window.

"You're too devilish sharp," he muttered.

"Lucky for you that I am," retorted I, cheerfully. "This is a bad tangle that we're caught in, Maillot."

He said nothing more. By the time we reached our destination he was prepared to enter philosophically upon his period of confinement, whether it should prove long or short. As I turned to depart I noticed that he was following me with a wistful look.

"I'll see that you are kept posted about the young lady," I told him; which elicited a deep sigh of relief and a fervent word of thanks.

Again I was preparing to leave him, the turnkey standing by and impatiently jingling the ring of big brass keys which was suspended from his arm, when the prisoner called me back. He searched my eyes earnestly.

"Swift," he began, "as I said before, I'm helpless now to fight for myself. But I want to warn you you against that devil Burke. I know nothing further than that he has been in the habit of visiting Mr. Fluette and of being closeted with him for hours at a time. The subject of those long conferences Mr. Fluette has kept strictly to himself, evading all of Belle's inquiries and attempts to make him talk about the fellow. Burke is repulsive to her—for which you can't blame her—and her curiosity over a man like him and a man like her father having anything in common is quite natural. It is odd, you know.

"That's not what I intended saying, though." He paused and eyed me keenly an instant. "If anything turns up that drags Mr. Fluette into this business, you will find that Burke's the one who has tangled him. Watch Burke."

Then the heavy steel door clanged to between us.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Fight in the Dark

After the cell door closed upon Royal Maillot I returned at once to the house of tragedy, whose evil genius was promising to play havoc with the lives of so many of the living; and as I approached the bleak, austere old mansion something in its silent and inanimate exterior seemed to reproach my advance up the gravel walk. My steps lagged, and at that I drew to a halt.

Cold and clear and snappy as the day was, still there was something oppressive in the air that hung about the house of death. I looked at the lifeless windows, Staring vacantly, utterly expressionless of the activity moving tragic drama that had been enacted behind them, failing to foreshadow what was yet to transpire here, they all at once brought forcibly to my mind Alexander Burke. This did his eyes hide, instead of disclosing the workings within.

That the mind of this man was secret and evil I could now no longer doubt. Felix Page had been a cruel man, physically and mentally; yet Alexander Burke, sly and soft-spoken and soft-footed, ever alert and observant, and bitter ... mole, in darkness, had undermined him, and—the conviction grew—had brought about his cruel death.

In what way? What fantastic machination was he so laboriously revolving? What engine was he ingenious to bring down in ruin the lives of others? And why? Coward at heart, was, had he at no time worked in the broad light of day?

(To be Continued)

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.

TOWER OF PISA THREATENED

The leaning tower of Pisa is in great danger of falling. So imminent is the danger that the authorities have ordered that the bells in its cupola shall keep silence until the foundations have been made secure, it being feared that the bells may cause by their ringing the destruction of the architectural marvel.

A CLASSIC ON CONSUMPTION

Words of a Prominent Canadian Citizen as He Has Viewed the War Against Consumption

"Men, women, and children are all being mowed down every day by this fell disease—consumption—and it is a mistake."

These words of Mr. Edward Gurney, spoken at a gathering in Muskoka a year ago, may be fittingly termed a classic on consumption.

The records of the Muskoka Sanatorium, as do those of other institutions of a like kind, on this continent and in Europe, show very clearly that this much dreaded disease can be, and is being conquered by the treatment followed in any well-managed sanatorium. In our own Province, within the time that the hospitals in Muskoka have been in existence, the death-rate from consumption has been reduced twenty-five per cent.

The life-saving possibilities of the sanatorium in Canada are limited only by the means required to carry on and extend the work. For this reason we very cheerfully ask our readers to help in the great and growing work that is being done at Muskoka.

It is a fine statement for the trustees of the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives to be able to make, that from the month of April, 1902, when this institution was first opened, up to the present day, not a single patient has ever been refused admission to this hospital because unable to pay.

Mr. W. J. Gage, Chairman of the Executive Committee, 84 Spadina Ave., or the Sec.-Treas., 347 King W., Toronto, will gladly receive and acknowledge contributions.