TOUGH LUCK

"Waiter!"
"Yessir!"
"What is this?"
"Filet of sole, sir."
"Oh, well, I say, you might ... away with you, and bring me ... tender portion of the upper part ... boot, with the buttons removed."

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Mr. Argew.—"Ah, me! Life is ... of contradictions!"
Mrs. Argew.—"And I say it isn't."

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VOLUME 52. MILTON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1912. No. 32

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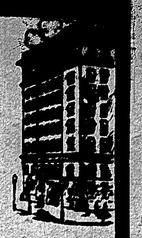

Head Office, HAMILTON.

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	13	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. Rae, Georgetown; 4, R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5, Wm. Frazer, Campbellville; 6, Samuel Laird, Burlington.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 11th January and 10th September 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.

Court of Revision and Court of Appeal for the Assessment of Real Property, 8th January, 8th April, 8th July and 7th October.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 8th January, 8th April, 8th July and 7th October.

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

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Editor and Proprietor.

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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.
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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.
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Travellers' Guide.

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6.57 a.m. (flag). 7.25 a.m. 10.26 a.m. 2.55 p.m. 5.39 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.

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THE Paternoster Ruby

BY CHARLES EDMOND WALK

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

One gathers the idea, after reading it all, that his rage was that of a cave-man who returns from the day's hunt to find that his home in the hillside cliff has been despoiled. One thing stands out clear and unmistakable from that hour his life was embittered, his character warped with the shattering of his ideals. He registered a solemn vow of vengeance against Alfred Fluette, then disappeared.

So much for this portion of the report. Nothing in the subsequent relations of the two men was now obscure.

And here, too, we are given a new light upon Alexander Burke, oiling door-hinges that he might the better spy upon his employer, patiently working out the combination of the hidden safe and running to Alfred Fluette with the old love-letters and mementos—for a price, of course—playing the vindictiveness of the one against the hatred and fear of the other, and scrupling not to gain profit for himself whenever and whenever he might.

But it is proverbial that woman invariably reserves the most interesting and important item for the postscript. And it was so with Genevieve's report I quote the concluding paragraphs in toto.

On the very first day of my arrival, and from the very first person to whom I confided the nature of my errand, I received the surprising intelligence that I was not the first to pursue similar inquiries in Merton. Said my informant: "Why, there was a man here two or three weeks ago, trying to find out all he could about the Pages and the Coopers and the Fluettes. Has some one of them died and left a lot of money?"

I did not think so much of it the first time, but when my second victim told me the same thing, I sat up and began to take notice. Then I extended my inquiries so as to cover my mysterious predecessor.

I soon found out that he had ingratiated himself with everybody in Merton who could give him a scrap of information, and that his inquiries were all directed to one end; namely, the family histories of the Pages, the Coopers, and the Fluettes.

Then, from all the people I could find who had seen and talked to this man, I obtained a description of his appearance and (where they were remembered) his personal peculiarities. One description photographed him for me:

"A tall, lean, lanky feller—real sandy—hair, eyes, eyelashes, eyebrows—no, he didn't have no eyebrows; but all the rest was the same light yaller color. He was pale and sickly lookin' —poor mani—and you couldn't tell what he was a-lookin' at when he talked to a body. Any kin o' yours?"

Who was my mysterious predecessor in the field, if he were not Alexander Burke?

Who, indeed!

CHAPTER XXIII

Burke Unbosoms.

Eight o'clock Thursday morning: an hour before Fanshawe had heard with a sigh of relief that I would take his place that morning. I had since been kicking my heels opposite the rooming house where Alexander Burke had his lodgings.

At the hour mentioned Burke appeared. I retreated into a sheltering doorway, and watched him.

He stood for a moment upon the top step, darting quick glances up and down the street, and intently scanning the few pedestrians who were abroad at the time. Then he came rapidly down the steps, and turned toward the city.

The snow muffled my tread, and he didn't hear my approach—didn't know of my presence until I tapped him upon the shoulder.

"Mr. Burke," said I, "I want you."

With a quick intake of breath, which sounded like the hiss of a snake, he slowed round and fixed me with his expressionless eyes. Also—to complete the simile—his head reared back, like a snake's when it is about to strike. I don't believe that I ever before found such a keen pleasure in arresting a man.

"Want me!" he gasped. "What for?"

"Yes, you." I could not entirely hide my satisfaction. "And because you have reached the end of your rope. I don't intend to stand here and argue about it, either."

In a moment the man was calm—all except his gloved hand. A man's hands will, nine times out of ten, betray him in spite of himself. Burke's fingers were twitching, folding and unfolding without cessation.

"Swift," he whispered vindictively, "you'll regret this—so help me God, you will. Curse you! Why do you persecute me? I'll go with you—of course I shall; how can I help myself when I'm at the mercy of a brute of a giant, like you?"

"Then shut up, and come along. I'll just keep a hand under your arm until we get to headquarters. . . . Never mind!" as he made a move to unbutton his overcoat. "It's cold enough to keep covered." I had struck down the stealthy hand with considerable vigor, and he winced with pain. The pale eyes flashed a malignant look at me, and straightway became inscrutable again.

Not another word was said until we stood before the clerk at the Central Office. The matter-of-fact way in which he picked up a pen and poised it over the police docket, the callous indifference with which he inquired the prisoner's name and the nature of the charge, made Burke flinch for the first time.

"Wait, Johnson!" I said suddenly to the clerk, as if on second thought. "I don't believe I'll docket this man yet; I want to keep the pinch quiet for a while."

The game was familiar to Johnson; he laid aside the pen as indifferently as he had taken it up, and returned to his interrupted perusal of the morning paper.

"You come with me," I said to Burke.

I conducted him to the little room behind the Captain's private office—scene of many a heart-to-heart conference—and pushed him toward one of the two chairs which constituted the room's sole furnishing. It was a dim, silent, disheartening place, and I was resolved to have no mercy upon the man whom at last I had succeeded in getting into a position where I could handle him.

"Burke," I began, "I'm not going to mince matters or stand for any quibbling or lying. I have you right where I want you, and whatever leniency you may receive will depend entirely upon your frankness. This is your chance—the last one."

No doubt my expression and manner were grim; I meant them to be and there was no doubt that my obvious confidence in my position impressed the ex-secretary, for the fingers grew more agile, and he licked his dry lips again and again.

"What am I charged with?" he demanded, in a shaking voice.

"Nothing as yet." I returned cheerfully. "You doubtless noticed that I dispensed with that little formality. Do you know what that means? Just this: no one knows you are here; there is a certain small cell below stairs, dark as Egypt, provided expressly for recalcitrant individuals. You could lie there for a year, and nobody be a whit the wiser. I, for one, wouldn't care how long you stayed."

"Swift," the fellow stammered, "this—this is outrageous."

"Perhaps," agreed I, carelessly, surveying him with a narrowed look. "I'm not here to excuse police methods; they're not very gentle, I'll admit; but when we deal with crooks we're obliged to hand them the only treatment they're amenable to.

"Burke, you can't excite one bit of pity or sympathy in me for you, for I know you to be a cold-blooded, treacherous scoundrel, and whatever you have coming to you is only what you deserve. I'm fixed to put you through as a principal in the murder of Page—sit down!" I thundered at him, for he had started to rise from his seat. He dropped back limply. "You wait till I'm through. Your chance is coming in just about a minute. I promise not to interrupt—as long as you tell a straightforward story.

"As I said," I went on, "I'm prepared to put you through as one of the principals; the bare fact of your arrest should be enough to convince you of my readiness.

"However, while I haven't any desire to spare you, we are in the habit of trading leniency to a rascal who is willing to turn State's evidence. It's a plain business proposition."

I imagined that he perked up a bit at this.

"Ah, then you are not so sure," he seemed to muse; "you would have me convict myself for your precious benefit."

"Maybe you can judge better before I have finished," returned I, unmoved. "You need not tell me anything about yourself, but I do need a few facts to complete my case against the others who were involved in this crime. It's up to you."

I retreated a step, folded my arms and stood watching him—and waiting. I knew that he couldn't tell the truth without filling in the gaps in his own case. I never am deterred by any compunction over the methods I am sometimes obliged to use to make an individual, whom I know deserves no consideration, speak. With a knave like Burke I would as lief resort to thumb-screws, the boot, the rack, or even to choking the words from him as to trust to persuasion alone. To tell the truth, my preference lies with the means first enumerated: they are much more prompt and direct. The worst indictment that one may bring against the old-time torture is that it was not applied with judgment and discrimination, nor always confined to legitimate ends. I fear that I shock you. But I am not by any means a cruel, blood-thirsty person, I merely speak from long years of experience. Whenever I hear a misguided soul deploring the so-called "third degree"—why, I have something in pickle for him.

This, however, is not the place to open the pickle-jar.

Perhaps, though, Burke's suffering was as poignant as if his ordeal were physical. How restlessly the man's slender, bloodless fingers curled and uncurled! Still, his self-control was wonderful; his white face remained indecipherable, the pale eyes stared at me unblinkingly and without mirroring a single emotion that I could discern. Then the change came so quickly that it almost caught me off my guard.

One hand shot to his bosom. When it reappeared something flashed dully in the dim light. At the same time, with a cat-like spring he was out of his chair and upon me.

I concentrated all my attention upon the hand that held the murderous knife. I caught it as it lunged at me; then, with a quick twist, I bent it backward and behind him, until he groaned with pain. The long-bladed knife clattered to the floor, and I shoved him roughly away from me. Then I picked up the weapon.

The fellow acted for all the world like a whipped and cowed panther. He brought up violently against the wall, where, in a stooping posture, he commenced running to and fro the width of the room, spitting and snarling venomously. The pale eyes were no longer blank. The pupils had widened, and the look of them was deadly.

I smiled with quiet satisfaction, for I knew that Burke was—as we specify it in police parlance—"coming through."

After a while he quieted, and at last stood panting in the corner farthest away from me. I pointed to the chair.

"Sit down," I said, precisely as if he hadn't tried his best to murder me but a minute before.

He moved slowly—fearfully—toward the chair, and sank into it. His head was dropped forward, his shoulders were bowed, and the fingers were no longer restless. All the man's defences were at last down.

"Now, then, Burke," I went on calmly, "I suppose we are ready to get down to business?"

He muttered inaudibly, without raising his head.

"What's that?"—sharply.

"You devil!" he whispered.

"Yes, yes, I know. I've heard that from you before. I don't care to hear it again." I advanced and stood threateningly over him.

"Look at me," I sternly commanded. Slowly he raised his head until his eyes met mine. The pallid mask was pinched, and it were a look of torment.

"Once for all, Burke, are you going to speak? I suppose the quietness with which I uttered it was ominous to the wretch. "Or will I be obliged to drag you to that cell of which I spoke?"

With a quick gesture, he outspread his arms.

"Enough, Swift, enough!" he cried, in a hoarse, distressed voice. "I know when I'm beaten; I'll give up. What do you want?"

"Good," without alteration of tone or manner. "Let's go to a pleasanter place." And we went into the Captain's private room, where a stenographer sat concealed by a screen.

Burke dropped into a chair. I thrust my hands into my coat pockets, and as I slowly paced to and fro, addressed him.

"I'll tell my story. When I'm wrong you may correct me. See that you do it, too, because you won't know when I'm testing you or when I am really ignorant of the facts. You see how much I trust you, Mr. Burke.

"To begin at the beginning, your first treacherous act toward your employer was when you determined to steal the Paternoster ruby, and started in to hunt for it. You had your work all cut out for you, too, Burke; Felix Page was no fool; he wouldn't trust the safekeeping of so valuable an object even to his confidential clerk, nor could that clerk search for it with impunity.

"You've been gifted with the same brand of patience, though, Burke, that keeps a cat glued to a rat-hole for hours upon end; you bided your time. And you never let an opportunity slip by you, either.

"Felix Page was in the habit of talking to himself—a trait not uncommon to people who live much to themselves—so you oiled the door-hinges in order that you might steal upon him undetected, from any part of the house, and listen to his self-communings. No wonder, when you talked with me, that you were fearful of the curtained alcove!

"But I'll be brief. By and by you learned of the hidden safe; then—still with infinite patience—you set about trying to discover its combination. You succeeded."

I halted abruptly in front of him.

"Burke, the opening of that safe door was a revelation; it offered new possibilities which must have overwhelmed you. What did you think when your eyes first fell upon those old love mementos from Clara Cooper to Felix Page? Don't look astonished so soon; wait till I'm done. I'll have no difficulty convincing you that my case against you is pretty complete.

"But your find was extremely aggravating, for you were afraid to make use of it. Without doubt, Alfred Fluette would give a pretty penny to get them from Felix Page. But you lacked sand to brave Page's wrath.

"Then what did you do?" I paused to eye him a moment. "Why, you went down to Merton and dug up all the old family skeletons. Now you were surer of your ground; you were ready to levy tribute—blackmail—not from Page, though, because he would have promptly kicked you out—but again your nerve failed you. Their was where you have fallen down, Burke, all the way through. You carried a letter or two to Fluette to prove your claims; then, before their loss was discovered, you brought them back again, and replaced them in the safe. Oh, old man, in his lifetime, inspired a wholesome fear of him in your soul."

Then, circumstantially, I detailed as a statement of the case, my reconstruction of the tragic night, concluding with his hiding the ruby in the bar of soap. At this point I suddenly wheeled upon him, and asked point-blank:

"Tell me what you were doing in Mr. Page's bedroom Friday night, and what it was that surprised you there?"

He stared at me in amazement. He had been, whilst I was talking, slowly regaining his self-possession—crawling into himself, as it were, and pulling down the blinds; and now, when he spoke, it was with something of his old manner.

"Swift, the biggest blunder was in underestimating your intelligence. I thought I could play hob with you; but I was a fool." His face gave me a certain impression of slyness, which I didn't at all like.

"Careful, now," I sharply warned.

He sat silent for a moment, then spoke.

"I'm not taking any more chances, Swift; don't worry. . . . What was I doing Friday night? I was hunting for the ruby."

"Look here," — impatiently. "I thought you had trifled enough."

He raised a protesting hand.

"Let me finish. Friday was the first time since Mr. Page's death that I have managed to shake off the man who has been following me. When I became convinced that I really had succeeded in doing so, I stayed under cover until nightfall; then—well, you yourself have said that I'm an opportunist. I didn't know the cake of soap had been removed from the bath room; then I discovered it was not there I supposed you had found the ruby's hiding place, and that you had concealed it elsewhere. I was trying to find it, when—when somebody came in."

"One of the Japanese," I supplied.

"They're not Japanese," he corrected, with a provoking air of superior knowledge. "They are Burmese."

"Whatever they are, you have been playing them and Fluette against each other. Burke, I suppose you can't help lying; it comes easier for you than telling the truth. You know that those fellows managed to steal the bar of soap—"

"While you were watching it," he interpolated.

"—and," I went on, ignoring the thrust, "they notified you and Fluette of the fact Friday morning."

"Yes," he said slowly, after a pause, "they told us they had secured the bar of soap."

"If that's so," I fixed him with a level look, "why did the intelligence office send you?"

"You draw your conclusions so admirably that you ought to be able to supply the answer to that question yourself."

"I'm not here for that purpose,"—curtly. "Come, speak up."

He sat for a long while silent; then,—

"Well," said he, "it would come as a shock to any man to be bluntly told that he had just been deprived of a fortune. Mr. Fluette, confident that he was within a step of securing the stone, blamed me with being the cause of his disappointment."

The fellow's demeanor angered me beyond endurance.

"Burke," I cried heatedly, "do you think you can make me believe that a man of Alfred Fluette's calibre would purchase the Paternoster ruby from you, knowing that it was not yours to sell? Bah!" I was filled with disgust.

"Ah, Swift, Swift," the rogue said, complacently wagging his head at me, "there are some things of which even you are ignorant.

"Here is one of them—listen: the Paternoster ruby was no more Felix Page's than it is yours or mine. It is the property of the King of Burmah; it was stolen from him years ago, and he Burmese nobleman who is at present in this country with his retinue—"

"Then-bye-yen," I said quietly, and at the satisfaction of beholding Mr. Burke favor me with a startled glance.

"Yes," he pursued, with considerably less assurance, "that's his name."

"And one of the 'retinue,' as you are pleased to call his gang of thugs, is that hideous, misshapen monster that shrieks like a ghoul. I suppose that he too was hunting for the ruby Friday night—after having stolen it the night before." My sarcasm failed to touch Burke. He shuddered, saying:

"The dwarf? He's a mute—Tshen's slave. Tongue's been torn out. And—truly—believe me; you may easily verify what I say—Tshen is the properly accredited representative of the King of Burma, invested with full power and authority to dispose of the stone. Does the fact that it was stolen from his royal master—that it has for some years been out of the king's possession—in any way lessen or invalidate his right to it? Surely you would not dispute that?"

"I don't propose debating the matter with you." And then I pointed out: "If his claim is good, there are the courts."

Burke's shoulders twitched in a tiny shrug.

"Who can fathom the Oriental mind?" said he, oracularly.

I swung on my heel squarely away from him; I had no more patience for such shuffling with words.

"You come with me," I said curtly; "I'll at least get you straight on the police docket—since you seem to prefer it to frankness."

He was out of his chair like a flash.

"No—no—no, Swift!" he implored. "I swear I'm telling the truth. Not that!—not that!" He hesitated a second.

"It wasn't the ruby that was in the bar of soap"—the words literally dragged themselves from his lips. "I thought it was. But it was only the paste imitation."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Confession

I stared at Burke in speechless amazement. The tremendous possibilities opened up by this revelation left me bewildered. But the wave of joy which suddenly swept over me was unmistakable.

"Then, how—" I began, and stopped.

If I could not understand, it was only too clear that Burke could not tell me what I wanted to know; for it was also plain that he too was utterly at a loss to account for the circumstance. This, then, had been the intelligence imparted by the Burman on Friday morning, which had so upset Fluette and Burke.

But, again, why in the first place should Burke have informed the Burmese of the supposed gem's hiding-place? And how could it have been the replica instead of the real stone? The whole thing was fraught with many perplexities; something here, which I could not seize upon, flaunted itself in obscurity, and if I wanted to learn more from Burke it would not do for him to discover how far I was at sea. Was it possible that he still fostered the hope of getting his fingers upon the real gem?

I was again surveying him with a cold, suspicious eye.

"Burke," I said, "just how did you come to put the gem—or the paste replica—in the soap?"

For a long time he sat contemplating his hand, first the back and then the palm, and then closing the fingers and scrutinizing the nails. Finally, with another shrug and a little gesture in which I read resignation, he said:

"I might as well tell it. As you say, I knew the jewel-box—and I honestly thought it contained the ruby—and the Clara Cooper letters were in the safe, and I never had an opportunity to take them till Tuesday night a week ago. The assurance that Page was going to Duluth that night, combined with the backing Tshen would give me, put me in a position where I could take the ruby and defy Page. I was so sure that Page was going to Duluth that night that I arranged a meeting between Fluette and the Burman at Page's house.

"For you surmised correctly when you declared that Fluette would not buy the ruby on the strength of my representations alone. The purpose of that meeting was to convince Fluette of the good faith of Tshen's claim to the stone, whereupon I was to procure it from the safe—the letters, too—and he was to pay over a certain sum of money for them."

"How much?" I bluntly demanded.

"Two hundred thousand dollars."

So this was the reason why Alfred Fluette must needs help himself to Genevieve's patrimony. That rapacious monster, the Wheat Pit, had exhausted all of his legitimate resources, and so mad was his obsession that he scrupled not to steal.

I entertained only hard feelings for him at that moment. He had not bought the ruby, however, and doubtless Genevieve's fortune was still intact.

"Go on," I commanded curtly. "What happened then?"

"Well, Maillot's arrival demoralized everything. Fluette was to come at ten o'clock, and Tshen at ten-thirty. I didn't know what to do. I had no way of getting them word at that time of night, and I soon realized that Page had given over the trip. I contrived, however, to smuggle all of them up to my room, without anybody being the wiser.

"I explained the state of affairs, and assured them that I would fulfil my part of the agreement as soon as Page and Maillot retired and the house grew quiet.

"Some time after eleven I heard Page and Maillot coming up-stairs. The light was out in my room, and, peering through the crack of my door, I watched Page bid Maillot good-night. The old man was holding a lighted candle in one hand and the small leather box in the other. I know it was the ruby he showed Maillot—"

"I suppose you were in the curtained alcove while he and Maillot were talking," I interrupted.

"Not all the time; I didn't dare be. The old man was as sharp as a fox. He didn't trust anybody.

"However, I carried out my part of the programme, all right, but just as I reached the top of the stairs I felt the magnetism of somebody's presence. I looked back and saw Page—he looked positively diabolical—following me. How he enjoyed catching anybody in such a predicament!"

"And then?"

"Well, then—why, I must have lost my head. I started for my room, but the old man commanded me to stop, and I stopped. People generally did when Page told them to. Fluette heard him and came into the hall to learn what was the matter. Page could not see him then because of the angle in the corridor, and the old man paused by the etagere to light the candle in the iron candlestick.

"After that the old man walked right up to me and held out his hand for the box and the bundle of letters; but before I had time to give them to him, Fluette rushed in between us. His appearance startled the old man so that he recoiled a pace or two. This gave Fluette the opportunity he needed to take the things from me. He smiled at Page, and said:

"'By God, Felix Page, you sha'n't thwart me this time; for once the upper hand of you, and I've got to keep it.' Fluette, you see, ad put his mean to the time while waiting y room listening to Tshen's story examining his credentials.

"That infuriated Page so that he went clear off his head. He set down the iron candlestick upon the floor, and plunged right into Fluette. Quicker than you can think, they were wrestling furiously for the box and the bundle of letters.

"I ran into my room and told Tshen what was going on. Three of his party were with him, and they were all as excited that I could scarcely do anything with them. Next I ran back into the hall, where the two men were still struggling and threshing about. They saved their breath for their exertions, each trying with might and main to wrest the precious package from the other.

"All at once the jewel-box was wrenched open. The ruby—or what I thought was the ruby—flew out and fell at my feet. I stooped in a flash and picked it up. As I straightened upright, I saw that Page had succeeded in recovering the jewel-case, although no third person might assume; let her hear it coming from her father's unwilling lips.

"Papa!" She was approaching quickly. How youthful and self reliant her voice sounded! The sweet, girlish soprano jarred painfully upon at least two of our tense, waiting group. And Belle continued to advance all unsuspectingly.

"Papa, where are you? Why don't you answer?"

Genevieve ran over to her uncle and laid one arm across his bowed shoulders.

"Uncle! Uncle!" She shook him, striving in an agitated way to rouse him to a sense of realization. "Uncle! Sit up! Don't go all to pieces this way! Belle is at the door!"

And sure enough, as the brute figure painfully straightened a little, up sounded upon the hall, clear and Belle's fresh young voice again called:

"Are you in there, papa? May I come in?"

Genevieve drew suddenly back to a shadowed corner, wringing her hands with a helpless, despairing gesture. Fluette rose unsteadily to his feet. Then the door opened, and Belle stood framed in the doorway.

The man's look darted feverishly between the two girls—Genevieve well nigh overcome, while the smile on Belle's handsome face quickly gave way to an expression of bewilderment, and then to a dawning one of alarm. Next she rushed into the room and stopped abruptly. Bending a look of anxious inquiry first upon her mother, and then upon me, she finally confronted her father.

"Papa," she faltered, her voice quaking with the fear that suddenly gripped her heart, "what is it? What does this mean?" Then, as she started blindly toward him, she uttered one piercing, agonizing cry—"Papa!"

Unconsciously he brushed aside her beseeching arms. He did not answer her directly; his words were a response to the charge that I had not yet made.

"Man, you are right," he said huskily, "it is my conscience. It is not you that accuse me, but the pure eyes of these two innocent girls—the unspoken reproach of that broken, white-haired woman who sits in silence up stairs—these fling the charge into my face—sear it into my very soul—every minute of the day and night.

"Take me. I am guilty. It was I who killed Felix Page."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Thimble, Thimble—"

It is needless to dwell upon the scene in Alfred Fluette's study; I shall take up merely such details as constitute an integral part of this memoir and hurry along.

After Genevieve had led Belle away Mr. Fluette quickly mastered himself. The bitter moment of the confession once passed, it seemed as if his soul had been relieved of a great burden, and he talked to me with comparative unreserve. But his appearance was a pitiable contrast with what it had been before he wandered in devious ways. He was crushed in mein one of hopeless submission, whatever the future might have in store for him.

To be continued.

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Mothers who have once used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones always keep them in the house. They realize the value of the Tablets in banishing baby's illness when it comes, or better still, in warding off illness by giving him an occasional dose of the Tablets to keep his stomach and bowels regular. Concerning them Mrs. Isaac McDonald, Nappan, N.S., writes:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and would not now be without them as they are the very best medicine I know of for little ones." The Tablets are sold at 25 cents a box from medicine dealers or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It is reported that Sir William Meredith will be appointed by Royal commission to investigate the Farmers Bank affairs.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.
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