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GEO. SPOTTON, President

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2 yds. long 27 ins. wide	.25c pr.
2 1/2 "	.30c "
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3 1/2 "	.50c "
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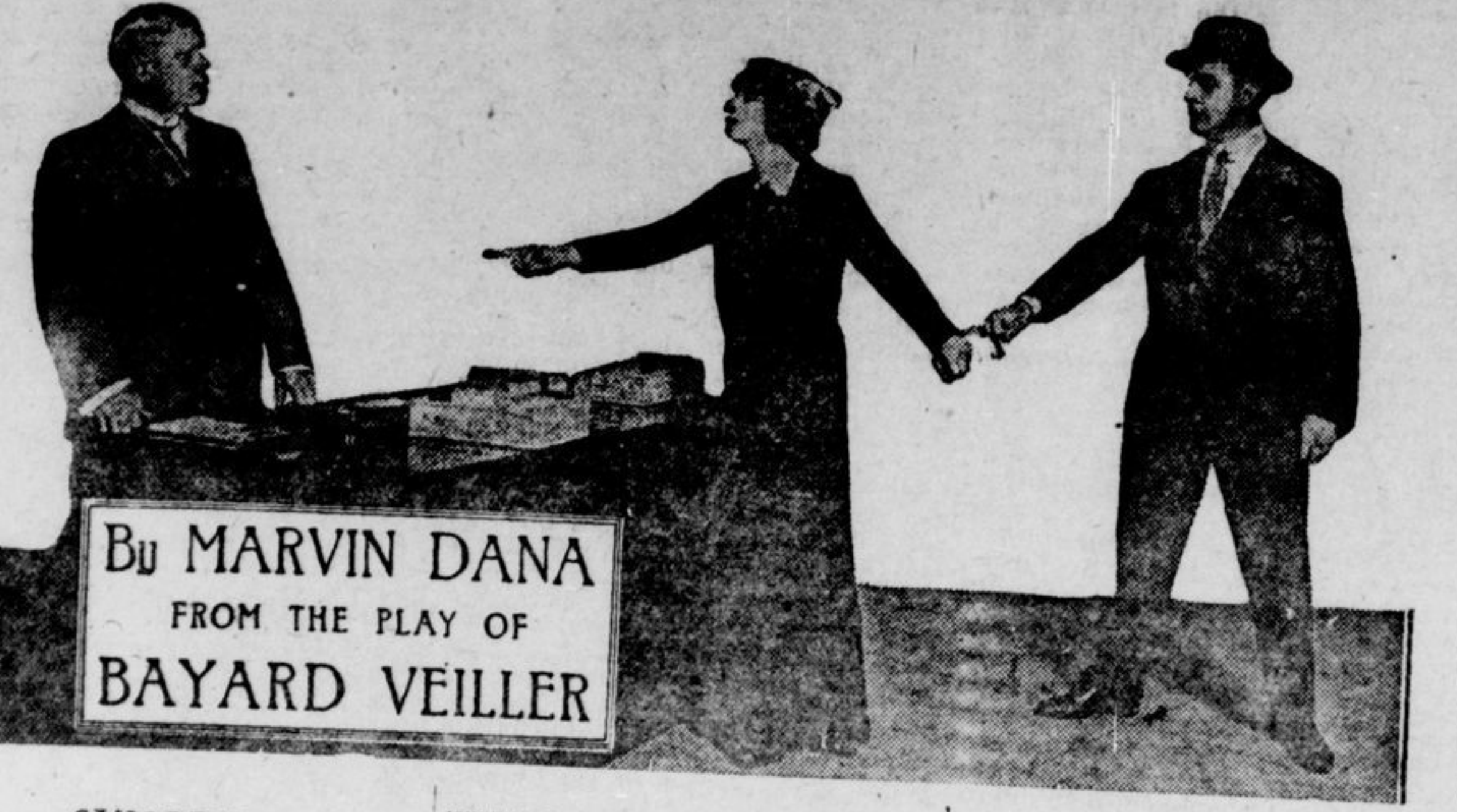
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WITHIN THE LAW



SYNOPSIS

Mary Turner, a department store clerk, sentenced to prison for three years for a theft she did not commit.

Edward Gilder, owner of the department store, consents to see Mary before she goes to prison, expecting her to confess.

Mary protests her innocence to Gilder and begs him to pay better wages to his clerks to save them from temptation.

After three years in prison Mary is freed, but the police prevent her holding positions. She jumps into the river to end her life, but is rescued by Joe Garson, a former.

Mary forms a partnership with Garson and his gang, by which they must risk claims in a legal manner, keeping "within the law."

Mary is warned by the police to leave town after she has formed the acquaintance of Richard Gilder, her former employer's son.

Helen Morris, the girl who had committed the theft for which Mary was imprisoned, sees Mary and confesses her guilt.

Mary marries Dick Gilder without his father's knowledge and then refuses to sail for Europe with him.

Joe Garson, against Mary's protest, agrees with Eddie Griggs, another crook, to help commit a burglary in Gilder's home.

Edward Gilder sees his son's bride and tries to induce her to give up her husband. Dick refuses to leave her even when she tells him she is an ex-convict.

Inspector Burke calls on Gilder and tells him that a burglary at his home that night has been arranged through Griggs, a stool pigeon, to trap Mary Turner and her gang.

Garson and his gang break into Gilder's home and are followed by Mary, who is told of the proposed burglary. While they are there Dick returns home.

Garson learns that Griggs had helped put up the job on him, and he kills Griggs with a noiseless revolver. Inspector Burke arrives, finding only Mary and Dick with Griggs' body.

Mary and Dick are arrested after Mary says Dick killed Griggs, a burglar. Other members of the gang are arrested and "sweated" by Burke.

Inspector Burke has interviews with Aggie Lynch, a member of Mary's gang, and Mary, in which he gets little information.

Joe Garson, who has been arrested, is taken to Burke's office, from where he sees his pals taken to cells. The sight upsets his nerves.

When Burke calls Mary in and tells her she is under arrest for the murder of Griggs, Garson admits he killed the stool pigeon.

Garson, rather proud of his notoriety, is taken to the rogues' gallery to be photographed. Mary and Dick, left together, are soon in each other's arms.

CHAPTER III.
The Victim of the Law.
Y ES, Gilder did know. The mention of the name was like a spail in the effect it wrought on the attitude of the irritated owner of the store. Instantly his expression changed.

"How extremely awkward!" he cried, and there was a very real concern in his voice. He regarded Smithson kindly, whereas that rather pulling gentleman once again assumed his martial bearing. "You were quite right in coming to me." For a moment he was silent, plunged in thought. Finally he spoke with the decisiveness characteristic of him. "Of course there's nothing we can do. Just put the stuff back on the counter and let her go."

But Smithson had not yet wholly unburdened himself. He again cleared his throat nervously.

"She's very angry, Mr. Gilder," he announced timidly. "She—er—she demands an explanation."

The owner of the store half rose from his chair, then threw himself back with an exclamation of disgust.

"God bless my soul!" he cried. Again he fell silent, considering the situation which Smithson had presented. At last, however, he mastered his irritation to some degree and spoke his command briefly. "Well, Smithson, apologize to her. It can't be helped."

When Smithson had left the office Gilder turned to his secretary.

"Take this," he directed, and he forth with dictated the following letter:

J. W. Gaskell, Esq., Central National Bank, New York.

My Dear Mr. Gaskell—I feel that I should be doing less than my duty as a man if I did not let you know at once that Mrs. Gaskell is in urgent need of medical attention. She came into our store today, and—

He paused for a moment. "No, put it this way," he said finally:

We found her wandering about our store today in a very nervous condition. In her excitement she carried away about \$100 worth of rare lace. Not recognizing her, our store detective detained her for a short time. Fortunately for us all, Mrs.



"The district attorney told me to bring this girl here."

visitors, then he spoke curtly to the secretary.

"You may go, Sarah. I will ring when I wish you again."

There followed an interval of silence while the secretary was leaving the office and the girl with her warden stood waiting on his pleasure. Gilder cleared his throat twice in an embarrassed effort to find some way to speak to the girl.

"My girl," Gilder said gently—his hard voice was softened by an honest regret—"my girl, I am sorry about this."

"You should be!" came the instant answer.

"Come, come!" Gilder exclaimed testily. "That's no tone to take with me!"

"Why? What sort of tone do you expect me to take?" came the retort in the listless voice.

"I expected a decent amount of humility from one in your position."

Life quickened swiftly in the drooping form of the girl. She stood suddenly erect, and her face lost its bleakness of pallor. The eyes opened wide and looked straight into those of the man who had employed her.

"Would you be humble," she demanded, and now her voice was become softly musical, yet forbidding, too, with a note of passion, "would you be humble if you were going to prison for three years for something you didn't do?"

"Don't mind her, sir," Cassidy said. He meant to make his manner very reassuring. "They all say that. They are innocent, of course! Yep, they all say it. It don't do 'em any good, but just the same they all swear they're innocent. They keep it up to the very last, no matter how right they've been got."

The voice of the girl rang clear. There was a note of insistence that

carried a curious dignity of its own. The very simplicity of her statement might have had a power to convince one who listened without prejudice, although the words themselves were of the trite sort that any protesting criminal might utter.

"I tell you I didn't do it!" Gilder himself felt the surge of emotion that swung through those moments, but he would not yield to it.

"What's the use of all this pretense?" he demanded sharply. "You were given a fair trial, and there's an end of it."

"Oh, no, I wasn't! Why, if the trial had been fair I shouldn't be here. Do

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ADDRESS DR. R. V. PIERCE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

you call it fair when the lawyer I had was only a boy—one whom the court told me to take, a boy trying his first case, my case, that meant the ruin of my life? My lawyer! Why, he was just getting experience—getting it at my expense!"

Continued next week.

TRAVERTON.
Inspector Wm. Allen is to fill Zion's pulpit next Sunday.

Stewart McNally arrived home from Saskatchewan on Monday. He spent a week in Toronto on the way home.

On Friday last, in Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Summers was born boy No. 2. Congratulations. It makes Grandpa J. McNally as frisky as a colt.

The warm hours on Friday and Saturday enabled John Timmins and your scribe to get the south side of their old log homes resingled. The farmer boys are getting to be good carpenters.

Mr. P. Fogarty has been a sufferer for some weeks with a sore eye, that is extremely painful. We wish for him a speedy recovery.

The young folk of the neighborhood are busy getting up dialogues for the Christmas concert and have lots of fun in so doing.

This neighborhood extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Firth of Edge Hill over the birth of their first born. It's a fine boy, too.

Miss Lizzie Lauder spent part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. James D. Nelson, on the 4th concession.

Councillor Young has a big force of men and teams at present working on the fill at the new bridge. Mr. Contractor, before the weather grows wintry.

Mr. C. McArthur has the first coat of plaster on his big home.

WONDERFUL VALUE.
The best dollar's worth offered to-day is a year's subscription to The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal. Any home now receiving that paper is missing a treat for every member of the family—from grandfather or father down to the youngest tot. Try it for a year and you will be convinced. The Publishers will refund your money if you are not satisfied. It is certainly worth your while to try it for one year.

Montreal is to have a new opera house for the 1914-15 season.

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