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INCORPORATED 1869

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Wheat and Barley Chop **\$25.00 per ton**
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See our Hay and Get our Prices before buying elsewhere
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If you want **Good, Heavy Feed** it will pay you to see this feed before you buy

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SMITH BROS., - DURHAM, ONT.

Within the Law

Continued from page 6.

ed thus. To gain a diversion, he reverted to his familiar bullying tactics. "Who shot Griggs?" he shouted. "My husband shot a burglar," Mary said languidly. "Was his name Griggs?" "Oh, you know better than that," Burke declared, truculently. "You see, we've traced the Maxim silencer. Garson himself bought it up in Hartford." For the first time, Mary was caught off her guard.

"But he told me"—she began, then checked herself.

"What did he tell you?" Burke questioned.

"He told me that he had never seen one. Surely, if he had had anything of the sort, he would have shown it to me."

Burke pressed the button on the desk, and when the doorman appeared, ordered that the prisoner be returned to her cell.

"I suppose," Mary said, "that it's useless for me to claim my constitutional rights, and demand to see a lawyer?"

"Yes," Burke agreed, "you've guessed it right, the first time."

Cassidy came hurrying in with a grin of satisfaction on his stolid face.

"Say, chief," the detective said with animation, "we've got Garson."

Burke asked Gilder and the district attorney to withdraw, while he should have a private conversation with the prisoner.

"Now," he said when they were alone together, "I'm going to be your friend."



"You ought to know, since you have arrested him."

"Are you?" Mary's tone was non-committal.

"Yes," Burke declared, heartily. "And I mean it! Give up the truth about young Gilder. I know he shot Griggs, of course. But I'm not taking any stock in that burglar story—not a little bit! No court would either."

What was really back of the killing? Was he jealous of Griggs? Well, that's what he might do then. He's always been a worthless young cub. A rotten deal like this would be about his gait, I guess. Tell me, now, why did he shoot Eddie Griggs?"

There was coarseness a-plenty in the inspector's pretense, but it possessed a solitary fundamental virtue; it played on the heart of the woman whom he questioned, aroused it to wrath in defense of her mate. In a second, all poise fled from this girl whose soul was blossoming in the bluest realization that a man loved her purely, unselfishly. Her words came stumbling in their haste.

"He didn't kill him! He didn't kill him!" she fairly hissed. "Why, he's the most wonderful man in the world. You shan't hurt him! Nobody shall hurt him! I'll fight to the end of my life for Dick Gilder!"

Burke was beaming joyously.

"Well, that's just what I thought," he said, with smug content. "And now, then, who did shoot Griggs? We've got every one of the gang. They're all crooks. See here," he went on, with a sudden change to the respectful in his manner, "why don't you start fresh? I'll give you every chance in the world. I'm dead on the level with you this time."

By now Mary had herself well in hand again vastly ashamed of the short period of self betrayal caused by the official's artifice against her heart. As she listened to the inspector's assurances, the mocking expression of her face was not encouraging to that astute individual, but he persevered manfully.

"Just you wait," he went on cheerfully, "and I'll prove to you that I'm on the level about this, that I'm really your friend. There was a letter came

for you to your apartment. My men brought it down to me. I've read it. Here it is. I'll read it to you!"

He picked up an envelope, which had been lying on the desk, and drew out the single sheet of paper it contained. Mary watched him, wondering much more than her expression revealed over this new development. Then, as she listened, quick interest touched her features to a new life.

This was the letter:

I can't go without telling you how sorry I am. There won't never be a time that I won't remember it was me got you sent up; that you did time in my place. I ain't going to forgive myself ever, and I swear I'm going straight always. Your true friend, HELEN MORRIS.

For once, Burke showed a certain delicacy. When he had finished the reading, he said nothing for a long minute.

Mary's eyes were luminous in the joy of the realization that for her, after all, rehabilitation might be in a measure possible, though nothing could ever repay the degradation of years infinitely worse than lost.

Burke's harsh voice, cadenced to a singular sympathy, broke in on her reverie of pleasure and of pain.

"You knew this?" he inquired.

"Yes, two days ago."

"Did you tell old Gilder?" he asked. Mary shook her head in negation.

"What would be the use?" she reminded him. "I had no proof. No one would believe me."

"They'd believe this. Why, this letter sets you clear. If old Gilder should see this letter, there's nothing he wouldn't do to make amends to you. He's a square guy himself. If it comes to that, even if he was hard on you. Why, this letter wipes out everything."

Then, the insistent question beating at his brain forced him to speak roughly, building hope on the letter's inestimable worth to the woman before him.

"Who killed Griggs?"

There was no reply. And, presently, he went on, half ashamed over his own intrigue against her.

"Say," he said, and, for once, his voice was curiously suppressed, "you tell me who shot Griggs, and I'll show this letter to old Gilder. Now, listen," he cried eagerly, "I give you my word of honor that anything you say in here is just between you and me." Unconsciously his eyes darted to the window, behind which the stenographer was busy with his notes.

That single involuntary glance was enough for the keen instinct of the woman to make a guess as to the verity.

"Just tip me off to the truth," Burke went on ingratiatingly, "and I'll get the necessary evidence in my own way. Now, there's nobody here but just you and me. Come on, now—put me wise!"

"Are you sure no one will ever know?"

"Nobody but you and me," Burke declared, all agog with anticipation of victory at last. "I give you my word!"

Mary met the gaze of the inspector fully. In the same instant, she flashed on him a smile that was dazzling, the smile of a woman triumphant in her mastery of the situation. Her face was radiant, luminous with honest mirth.

She spoke in a most casual voice, despite the dancing delight in her face. The tones were drawn in the matter of fact fashion of statement that leads a listener to answer without heed to the exact import of the question, unless very alert indeed. This is what she said:

"I'm not speaking loud enough, am I, stenographer?"

And that industrious writer of shorthand notes, absorbed in his task, answered instantly from his hidden place in the corridor.

"No, ma'am, not quite."

Mary laughed aloud, while Burke sat dumfounded. She rose swiftly and went to the nearest window and with a pull at the cord sent the shade flying upward. There was revealed the busy stenographer, bent over his pad. A groan of distress burst from him, and he fled the place in ignominious rout.

The smiling Mary was returned to her cell.

Continued next week

SUFFER NO LONGER! KEPHALDOL

HAS NOW COME TO CANADA.

Sufferers from Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headaches, Neuritis and kindred ailments may now find speedy, welcome relief and certain cure.

At last the victims of these torturing complaints—men and women whose lives are long-drawn-out agony—may look with hope—confidence—certainty—to pain's most glad departure.

In Kephaldol is now offered to Canadians, for the first time, a remedy which not only has medical endorsement for its efficacy, but is also guaranteed to be a perfectly safe pain-killer, containing nothing to injure the heart or any other bodily organ.

For colds, influenza, catarrh and similar complaints, Kephaldol is unequalled. A tablet or two taken at the first indication of trouble, will unfailingly check its development and restore health.

Get a tube of Kephaldol tablets from your druggist, or write for them to Kephaldol Limited, 31 Latour Street, Montreal.

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