

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS... THERAPY... LAUNDERING DONE WITHOUT ACID... DR. DeVAN'S FRENCH PILLS... PHOSPHOROL FOR MEN...

THE FOURTH ESTATE

Novelized by FREDERICK R. TOOMBS From the Great Play of the Same Name by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford.

He led her out of the room. Brand spoke to McHenry. "Did you hear, Mac?" he asked. "He won't decide to run it."

"That's the best first page ever made up in America," said McHenry, with justifiable professional pride. Brand was inconsolable.

"I've been working ten years for just this thing," he said, "something so plain that even children would see what the big thieves are doing."

"You go home!" Brand suddenly ordered McHenry. "What?" was the surprised exclamation. "I said go home!"

Brand's face was beginning to twitch nervously. He stood in the middle of the composing room, under the flooding white glare from a sixty-four candle power electric light, and clenched and unclenched his hands, not daring to look McHenry squarely in the face.

The night editor began to guess what was passing through Brand's mind. "Yes, but," he began to protest—"but"

Brand cut him short, saying agitatedly: "I am still managing editor." McHenry now realized plainly that the intensely earnest Brand had decided to run the story that very night regardless of Nolan's attitude.

Brand could give an answer to this last question, even if he had intended to do so, Nolan broke in on the pair. "Mr. Nolan," began Brand, "you have heard the whole story of this miserable affair, both sides of it—Brand's and my own, from our own lips. Whatever defense or explanation Bartelmy gave you I don't know. But, so far as I am concerned, I told you the facts and the truth. You must believe it. Therefore why do you or how in heaven's name can you hesitate?"

Michael Nolan's face shone with the light of determination. "Wheeler, my boy," he said, "I have learned much from you. I have needed contact with such a man as you. I have led a rough life for most of my career. When I rose to be chairman of the Street Railway Workers' union I did so simply through my ruggedness of character, my ability to master men. Then I was driven out into the world, an outcast, and became a day laborer in the mines. When the day came that I owned my own mine it was again a case of fight, fight, fight, for the lawless claim jumpers threatened me above ground, and the lawless floods assailed me below ground. So in the life I led I did not get the opportunity to study or even become familiar with the important questions and the problems that confront the men that guide the policy of newspapers."

tor's little office, the coin of vintage from which she had previously been able to hear all that took place in the composing room. Bartelmy proceeded directly to the form before which the two editors were working, and Brand saw that he must undergo another unpleasant encounter before the presses began to whirl off his story. He glanced impatiently at the clock and raised his brows questioningly to the judge.

"Mr. Brand, has Mr. Nolan been here tonight?" asked Bartelmy. "Yes." "Have you received instructions about this story?"

"What were those instructions? Is the story to be printed?" "I am not at liberty to discuss with any outside person the communications I receive from the owner, but I will add for your information that the story will be on the press in a very few minutes."

At this latest declaration of Brand's Judith could restrain herself no longer. She rushed through the doorway, across the grimy floor, regardless of the flowing train of her silk gown. Brand rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes as though they were deceiving him.

"Good God, it is Judith!" he exclaimed. Then he turned to his assistant. "Here, Mac, hurry—take this form away." The girl's face and eyes were aglow with the effects of the nervous strain under which she labored on that epoch making and epoch breaking night before the startled night shift of the Advance.

"Wheeler, you're not going to use that picture?" she pleaded. "Take the form away," again ordered Brand, his voice almost failing him. "No, no; don't send it! Wait, wait!" She threw herself over the ink form, her arms outstretched.

Brand tried to draw her away. "Judith, please!" he protested. "They can't have"—She was hysterical. "Go to lunch, boys," ordered Brand to the typesetters. "We'll miss the mail," protested McHenry.

"I don't care. Go to lunch." The compositors ceased work at the linotypes and, wondering and whispering, slowly filed out. "Judith," Brand besought her, "won't you?" "Listen to me, Wheeler," she broke in. "I know everything. Father has told me everything about—his—gull. You understand what it means to me—what he is to me. You must spare him for me!"

"Judith, it's impossible." "But it is the human thing to do. Oh, forget these ideals. Be just to a man—a man who loves a woman and protects her. You do love me, I know, in spite of everything that you've done."

"Yes, I love you!" he cried fervently. "And Wheeler, dear, I've not changed," she told him fondly. "I can see how right you mean to be in what you are trying to do, but in this you are wrong. Whatever my father may have done, his intentions were honest. He had been involved by others and when he tried to extricate himself it was too late. They, not he, were guilty. It was for their sakes, not his own, that he offered you that money, so you see you are wrong. Why, Wheeler, if you belonged to me and committed a crime I would die to shield you from the penalty."

Brand answered her quickly. "That is wrong reasoning." "No, no; it is right. That must always be," she cried. "It is like—like a law of life. Can't you see that too? I belong to you. Yes, I belong to you, and you should shield me. You must feel toward my father as he were your own because he is mine. It's not possible that you would do this thing to your own father. Think of him that way—your own father! You'll not refuse it. I'll make it up to you with all my love for all the rest of life! Wheeler, say you will do what I ask." She broke down completely and sobbed brokenly, leaning across the form. "Oh, say you will do what I ask!" Brand tried to raise her, but she clung to him frenziedly. "Judith, for God's sake, don't!" he said. "Yes, yes; you must, you shall!" She

The judge had drawn a few steps away from the pair during the scene between them. He viewed with calculating satisfaction the battle that his daughter was waging so valiantly in his behalf, and he had felt that not even the young scold Brand could resist this powerful and final appeal of the girl he loved. At his daughter's last outcry he drew near to the editor.

"Brand, are you human?" he demanded strongly, pointing to the prostrated girl with his walking stick. "Human, human, Judge Bartelmy!" he exclaimed. "You are true to yourself to the end. You bring your daughter here so that by torturing me with the sight of her suffering you may escape the penalty of your thievery. I was willing she should think me heartless to spare her the greater pain of knowing you as you are. But now you bring her here in her innocence to repeat to me your lies. You're dragging her, dragging her down to your own level, just as you did her mother before her. If she lets you go on using her it will be with her eyes open."

Judith raised her head amazedly. "What are you saying?" she asked. Brand turned to her and then to the judge. "Why, he's lied to you just as he's lied all his life. He told you he was trying to shield others. He lied. He never shielded any one but himself. Judge Bartelmy, the power of men like you must be destroyed. When justice is corrupted the nation rots. If I keep silent about you and your methods I become your accomplice; I betray my trust just as you have betrayed yours."

Bartelmy raised his hand deprecatingly. Brand, however, drew a deep breath and went resolutely on. He spoke to both the girl and the judge. "Judith, if at the cost of my life I could spare you this grief I would do it gladly. But even that would do no good. You would always despise me for falling when my test came and at



More Doctor's Etiquette. London, July 30.—A telegram from Blackpool says a young man is lying in the Victoria hospital, hovering between life and death, with a bullet imbedded in his spine, who could not be operated on for several hours yesterday owing to a dispute as to professional etiquette between the doctors in the habit of attending the patients there.

This state of affairs was referred to at the police court, when James Hargreaves, a retired solicitor, was charged with attempting to murder Frank Hinchcliffe, a solicitor's clerk, by shooting him with a revolver while Hinchcliffe attempted to serve a writ.

After evidence as to the shooting had been given, Mr. Callis, by whom Hinchcliffe was employed, said the boy's life was hanging by a thread. There were surgeons in the town who, he probably had saved him, but a ridiculous dispute at the hospital prevented the doctors from going there.

"Melon Cutting" a "Crime." Toronto, July 30.—What newspapers have a word to say about the intimated intention of the Canadian Pacific railway to cut another melon in the interests of its shareholders? Every addition to capitalization which does not mean a dollar for dollar of actual benefit to the road is a crime not only against the straight shareholders, but against the people of Canada. It is these prospective melons which are eagerly awaited by the speculators and gamblers who are ready to cut them the gamble of the stock exchanges. Will the government never get down to recognize that the rights and interests of the people and of the shareholders will never be properly conserved until the processes which result in over-capitalization are curbed and controlled?

A Profitable Dog. A real estate man had been out in the country to look at a piece of property, and the old farmer accompanied him back to town to close the deal. After travelling several miles the farmer was much surprised to see his dog crawl from under the seat, for he had no idea that it had followed him. The train slowed up at a junction the farmer put the dog off the car and chased him away.

"That's too nice a dog to lose," remarked the real estate man. "Does he know the way home?" "Does he?" echoed the old farmer. "Why, mister, I've sold that dog four times."

tion in which most men in his position would have indulged. To the last he was the cool, polished, suave hypocrite that he had been in the gaining, when those who sought to loot the public for private gain found him a willing tool.

"He is right," Bartelmy said to Judith. "He has told you the truth tonight—the absolute truth." He looked at his watch. "Six hours, did you say, Mr. Brand?" he asked.

Brand had gathered Judith in his arms. She sighed contentedly as she laid her head upon his shoulder. "Yes," he answered the judge. Judge Bartelmy stood watching the united couple for a moment before he turned and walked away, muttering as he went: "Six hours. One may travel far in these days in that time."

The great ship heaved and lunged through the giant seas that swept over her bows, out of the freezing night, out of the cold northeast. The captain and the first officer, lashed to opposite ends of the lofty bridge, choked in the flying spume of wind riven midocean.

Somewhere a deep toned bell told of the hour in the sailors' accustomed fashion. From somewhere out of the depths of the vast groaning fabric tumbled the men of the watch who were now to go on duty to relieve their storm beaten fellows.

And somewhere down in the shivering, rearing hull a gaunt faced, hollow eyed man lay on the saffron hued velvet cushions of a narrow couch at the side of a luxurious stateroom. He was fully dressed in spite of the lateness of the hour and of the fact that he was sleeping—just as he had been the night before. He tossed uneasily. Sometimes he threw his hands out convulsively as though to ward off a threatening danger. He began to talk incoherently. The ship rolled, and a tray containing dishes and an evening meal that had gone untouched crashed to the floor. "The press—the printing press—has started," he muttered disjointedly as the sound of the breaking dishes penetrated into his wearied brain. His hand instinctively crept under one of the cushions. It grasped and for a moment fumbled with a blue steel object, which it drew weakly forth—a revolver. The shock of the cold steel roused the sleeper. He opened his eyes and gazed fascinatedly at the instrument of death. With a cry of terror he relaxed his fingers, and the object dropped to the floor. He groaned the groan of a lost soul in the anguish of his never ceasing torture. He turned his face to the wall and tried in vain to close his eyes in sleep.

Judgment had been pronounced in the case of "JUDGE BARTELMY VERSUS THE PEOPLE, WHEELER BRAND AND THE ADVANCE."

The thought of the happy moments that she had spent with Wheeler, building air castles for their future when they would be man and wife, came over her. It swept down the wall of reserve and determination with which she had deemed it necessary to surround herself. She halted and gazed steadfastly into her father's face. Slowly she raised her hands and pressed them against her cheeks as though horror-stricken. Then she turned, rushed impulsively back to Wheeler Brand, and, bending tensely toward him, she searched his strong young face as best her tear dimmed eyes would let her. He returned her gaze unflinchingly.

Judge Bartelmy saw the girl's struggle to decide between the father who had dishonored her name and the lover who meant a life of happiness, purity, success and inspiration. He was wise enough in the ways of the world to know that again was Brand to prove a victor over him.

The girl stood immovable a moment. Then she extended her arm toward her lover. Judith Bartelmy had made her choice.

The judge's features showed but little of the storm into which his emotions had been plunged. His years of practiced self control had come to his aid and enabled him to face the ruin of his career and his life and his name without the frenzied demonstra-

EFFICIENT—Semi-Steel firepot has straight sides—ashes can't cling. You get with McClary's Sunshine Furnace a clear fire and more heat from same coal. See the McClary dealer or write for booklet. James McParland, Agent, 339-341 King St. East.

A Comfortable, Speedy and Well Equipped LAUNCH FOR CHARTER Boat Builder A. C. KNAPP Boat Livery Ontario St. East, Kingston.

HOT, is it? Well, why don't you buy one of our Electric Fans. Lowest prices in the city. Halliday's Electric Shop 843 KING ST.

NEW YORK FRUIT STORE Fresh strawberries and cherries daily. Sweet Oranges, 20c, 25c, 30c, 40c and 50c a dozen. 314 Princess St. Phone 1405

COAL The kind you are looking is the kind we sell Scranton Coal is good coal and we guarantee prompt delivery Booth & Co. Foot of West Street

Poisonous Matches In less than two years it will be unlawful to buy or to use poisonous white phosphorus matches Everybody should begin to use EDDY'S NON-POISONOUS "Sesquin Matches" And thus ensure safety in the home.

HERCULES REGISTERED BED SPRINGS Be Fair To Yourself The bed you sleep on determines, to a great extent, your mental and bodily efficiency during the day. Whether your duties be heavy or light you owe it to yourself to take proper rest, and the dealer who would consult your comfort before all other considerations, will be quick to recommend the "Hercules" spring bed as the best made. The Gold Medal Felt Mattress Made of pure Cotton Felt, will complete a wholesome, healthy bed. Manufactured By The Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co. Toronto Montreal Winnipeg R. J. REID 230 Princess St. JAMES REID 354 Princess St.

AUTOS FOR HIRE At Bibby's Garage Moderate Charges Residence Phone 201 Garage, 917

Zbar's Ice Cream Parlor Our ice cream is made of pure cream. We deliver promptly to all parts of the city. All reasonable fruits. Phone 1128 280 Princess St.

BUILDERS! Have You Tried GYPSUM WALL PLASTER? It Saves Time. P. WALSH 58-57 Bayrock Street

DO NOT RENT. WHY NOT BUY? We have some great bargains. Two bungalows with 6 rooms, good locality, at \$1500. Two houses, \$1600, good locality. Apply to THE KINGSTON BUILDERS' SUPPLY CO. 2nd Floor, Room 4, King Edward Building

Fresh Caught Salmo.. Live Lobster Dominion Fish Co. PHONE 699

Furniture Special WANTS ON LIVING ROOM PIECES. ROCKERS, EASY CHAIRS, COUCHES, DAVENPORTS. CARD, LIBRARY AND CENTER TABLES, ANY FINISH R. J. REID Leading Undertaker, Phone 977