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 Effective August 24th
 And Thereafter—Daily Except Sunday

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8:20 a.m. Toronto	ar. 9:15	7:15 p.m. Ottawa	ar. 8:00
9:30 a.m. Belleville	ar. 9:15	8:20 p.m. Belleville	ar. 8:00
10:40 a.m. Kingston	ar. 9:30	9:30 p.m. Kingston	ar. 8:45
1:40 p.m. Smith's Falls	ar. 1:45	10:40 p.m. Smith's Falls	ar. 9:45
6:20 p.m. OTTAWA	iv. 12:15	NOON	ar. 4:41

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 Rates \$2.00 per day, \$14.00 per week and up.
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BRITISH
 OF HEADQUARTERS
 BY MARION BARBER
 Supplied Exclusively in Canada by the British & Colonial Press, Limited, Toronto.

An angry wave swept Brit's face, but he controlled the impulse to fire a sharp retort. The momentary resentment he felt at feeling his ability assailed, passed without an outburst, and he returned to the discussion of the case entirely untroubled.

"I am not directing my energies exclusively toward Griswold," Brit in- formed. "I am probing the entire mystery, trying to drag from the tangled and contradictory circumstances something that will point unerringly toward the real thief. I believe that the traveling of the case is close at hand, therefore it is essential that I overlook nothing, no matter how in- note its bearing on the theft of the jewels."

"I appreciate the care and patience with which you are working," Mott said in a more moderate tone, "and I'll not hamper you in your work."

"Was Griswold born in this city?" suddenly flashed the detective.

"No, he's from somewhere in the South," the prosecutor replied. "At least, he told me so in college."

"How long has he been in business here?"

"About ten or fifteen years I should say."

"And you have known him intimately all that time?"

"Not intimately. We met occasionally, and of course, our attitude toward each other has been that of old college friends."

"He's been engaged in various enter- prises since leaving college, hasn't he?" Most of the ventures proved failures.

"You seem to know something of his business affairs," Mott said back.

"At present he's secretary of the Ingot's Trust Company," Brit con- tinued, disregarding the prosecutor's remark. "Do you know what salary he is receiving?"

"He gets \$10,000 a year," the at- torney informed him.

"So understood," said Brit.

"Well, what of it?" asked Mott.

"Anything significant in that?"

"No, only his fortune would be materially improved if he married Mrs. Missioner."

"And you believe the theft of her jewels would help his suit?" the prosecutor asked sarcastically.

"The detective volunteered no reply. With characteristic abruptness, he switched to Sands.

"If Sands has lost heavily in Wall Street we ought to look into it. He had equal opportunity with Griswold to steal the collarette," Mott smiled.

"By the way," he suddenly asked, "have you obtained any trace of the truth as to who manufactured the Maharanees?"

"I have found the manufacturer," Brit replied calmly.

"What?" The prosecutor bounded out of his chair as if released by a spring. "And you've withheld the information from me?"

"The manufacturer of the stone is useless as a witness. He's hopelessly insane."

"Has he thrown no light on the case at all?"

"Yes, some light," Brit admitted reluctantly. "He was not prepared to disclose his hand yet. In fact, he realized an abundance of work still was necessary before the result of the inquiry in the insane asylum could be shaped into tangible evidence against the man who had ordered the duplicate diamond."

"Doesn't he recall who ordered the duplicate?" the prosecutor asked.

"No," the detective replied. "He is in the last stage of dementia. But we searched his effects and found a sketch of the Maharanees drawn on the back of a visiting card."

"Triumphantly bent shot from Mott's eyes. He faced the detective, one hand extended in congratulation.

"I take back everything I said about your having botched the case, he offered apologetically. "Whatever the outcome, you certainly are close to the heart of the mystery. Brit, was it a man or a woman who ordered the stone?"

"The detective's hand slipped into the inner pocket of his coat. It produced a long envelope from which he took the card, passing it over to the prosecutor. Mott looked at the name engraved on the postcard with widening eyes. His lips extended until the mouth seemed a thin, shapeless slit. Suddenly his jaw opened and snapped, as if he had come to a quick determination.

"Sands!" he exclaimed. "So he ordered the 'fake Maharanees'! By George I now see the importance of Griswold's information with regard to his financial affairs. Sands is his hard in the market," he continued slowly as if viewing the case from a new angle. "He's hard up. Needs cash to cover his marginal. Has a duplicate necklace made. Of course, if he had the Maharanees counterfeited, he also had the rest of the paste gems manufactured." Mott was talking half to himself, but his words kindled a pleasant light in the detective's eyes.

"Sands has the motive for the crime, and he has the opportunity to commit it." The prosecutor's hand closed about Brit's palm. "I congratulate you," he finished.

"Not yet," the detective flashed back. "I've only hit the trail. It may lead to strange lanes."

He said nothing of the kidnapping in Central Park nor of the inferences he drew from the discovery of the card with the drawing on the back. Mott, however, kept his mind fixed on the important evidence.

"Sands is hard up for money; that's certain."

"Not altogether," interrupted the detective. "Have you seen the after- noon papers?"

"No," the prosecutor replied.

"From the pocket of his coat Brit

took a newspaper and pointed to the headlines of the first column.

"MORE THAN TWO MILLIONS FOR TUBERCULOSIS CURE"

"What has that to do with the diamond robbery?" Mott inquired.

"The Committee for the Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis," the detective read, "acknowledges receipt of the following amounts from the following donors." He pointed halfway down the column, and emphasizing each syllable, he said:

"The second largest individual donation and Mott grasped its significance instantly.

"He certainly didn't steal the necklace to raise money for the cure of tuberculosis," he commented. "And he certainly couldn't have afforded that big check if he needed money for stock speculation." He turned sharply to Brit. "What do you make of it?" he snapped.

"It is one of the guide-posts to the diamond theft," he pronounced.

"The book inquiry which the prosecutor bestowed on the detective remained unanswered. As if fearful of having committed some indiscretion, in giving even this meager hint of his thoughts, Brit rose, hastily and, with a parting hint as to the complexity of the case, swung through the door and vanished out of the room.

"Unsuccessfully," his footsteps took him to Headquarters, and into Manning's presence.

"Griswold was down here to see me about the case," the Chief informed him. "He tells me you induced Mott to postpone it for a month."

"That is true," the detective responded.

"Why?" demanded Manning.

"Because I'm reaching out for the real thief," Brit returned with increasing satisfaction. "I've got him, Manning. He can't get away."

"Well, who's the thief?" the Chief inquired tersely.

Brit averted his face to conceal the unbidden agitation that had suddenly sprung up within him. A new light gleamed in his eyes—a light not called up by the excitement of the chase. The mere tracking of criminals was part of the routine of his life; he followed the course of his trails unemotionally, like a well-oiled machine. But the contemplation of a human soul in distress, the consciousness of exciting talents in behalf of a woman who had touched his utmost pity, the knowledge that he alone stood between her and the living death that awaited her in State prison, increased the pulsation of his heart, thrilled him with a sense of noble purpose that was a new and agreeable excitement. When he had regarded his customary nonchalance he fixed his gaze on the Chief and, in a tone of cold indifference, said:

"The thinnest of veils is drawn between the thief and his complete exposure. I am not prepared to draw the veil aside yet. But it will be torn away shortly—very shortly. And then I'll stand revealed before the world."

"An mysterious as ever," the Chief commented with a show of impatience. "Go ahead in your own way."

CHAPTER XVII.
 A Pair of Thieves.

Two men, late on that February afternoon, were hastening eagerly along converging routes to the bachelor home of Brunton Sands. One was Sands himself. The other was Lieutenant Brit, Headquarters of the St. Barnabas apartment house, for he expected to find upon his arrival a note that should decide the whole future of his heart. Returning to his office early in the day, after the time spent with Mrs. Missioner, there had come upon him, as never before, his sense of loss and longing for the widow, a realization of what his loss for her meant to him. Sands was not given to excess of emotion. English by descent, very British in many ways, educated in one of the great public schools of the United Kingdom, he had been trained from boyhood to believe that the greatest proof of man's estate for which he is im- patient, lay in never giving way to feeling. His round head, broad shoulders, and strength of bone and sinew had carried him through school days that would have broken a boy with the smallest degree of temperament. A university course in America and three postgraduate years at Heidel- berg had hardened the granite the English scholastic training had baked upon his inner self. Superimposed on all those had followed the deindividuating experience of every man in the stress of industrial strife, and this had finished the process. Sands, so far as externals went, was about as unimpressionable as a torus sole; but deep within the man, in the still reaches where his thoughts throw off the veneer of civilization, he plunged into a wilderness of fancy that was his principal relaxation, and it was there that there existed sentiments as chivalrously romantic as any that ever actuated the finest squire of damsels.

Nightiest of all his hidden emotions was his love of Doria Missioner. He had loved her in her girlhood. He admired her in her glittering triumph as the wife of the multi-millionaire, Missioner, and from the days of her early widowhood he had loved her with an ardor that made the devotion of youth to maiden seem pale indeed.

A logical paradox was the result of his tardy recognition of his heart attitude toward her. As often happens in the case of a man who has repressed the romances of his real nature, who has incased himself in armor, proof against bombardment by whole flotillas of summer girls and flying squadrons of match-making mammae, Sands, in his love, had adopted in part the viewpoint of the other sex. His love of Doria had become, instead of merely an important incident in his career, the horizon boundary of his life, and the winning of her was the only thing he had not achieved that could take up, in his eyes, the dignity of an event. He had everything else—wealth, family, position, health, and strong mentality. All these things were of little value unless the posses-

sion of them could be crowned by the conquest of the beautiful widow's infinitely uncertain heart.

Sands' love had known his love for her was strong; but still he had seen her in the gloomy reception room of the gray prison shining as the comforter of the wrongfully accused girl to whom she was so loyal, he had not known the merciful degree of his love's strength. The thought of Doria in the golden glow of her blond loveliness, royally smiling in the tenderness of her devotion, the soul of Sands thrilled with a wild desire of possession that made him feel as if he had been through the well-known routine of his daily affairs, like a stranger in a land of strangers.

When he got to his office Sands, with the witless habit of always in some crises, swung forward to action. He set down and in terse and glowing phrases wrote a note to Boris Missioner in which he proposed to her the most of new and greater love that surged toward her from his innermost self. It was the first love-letter he had written since his said days—the first he ever had written that he had written in every line. When it was finished he opened two or three of the closely written pages and read again that he had greater love that surged toward her from his innermost self. It was the first love-letter he had written since his said days—the first he ever had written that he had written in every line. When it was finished he opened two or three of the closely written pages and read again that he had greater love that surged toward her from his innermost self. 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