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148 PRINCESS STREET

THAT YEAR OF FREEDOM

BY MILDRED BARBOUR

THE TOOL

"I thought so!"

The policeman regarded the find that the laprobe had concealed with triumphant satisfaction.

Even Nan, cold with terror, could read the glaring label on one of the bottles that the carelessly wrapping revealed. It said, in bold, black letters: WHITE HORSE—Scotch.

She glanced quickly at Devitt. He was staring straight ahead, his mouth drawn into a grim line.

"I had my suspicions all right and when I saw this girl—"

Devitt broke in quickly.

"She knew nothing about it. She's innocent—just a friend I was taking for a drive."

"A friend who probably draped that laprobe so niftily over them bottles," the officer added grimly. "I seen her before in a party where there was booze. Last week, wasn't it?" he demanded of Nan. "Was it you furnished your boy friends with hooch that night?"

Devitt was staring. Nan explained desperately.

"Sure. She's always innocent. It's a fine thing to be a lady." The policeman swung himself into the car.

"Drive to the Second Precinct and mind, no funny business, young man."

For the second time, Nan found herself going to the station house accompanied by an officer of the law. She was ready to faint with fright and humiliation.

"I tell you the girl's innocent," Devitt tossed over his shoulder as he threaded his way through the traffic.

"Aw, tell it to Sweeney," the officer returned in disgust. "Do you mean to tell me you could put that stuff in the car without her lamping it?"

"I took her for a walk while it was being loaded—"

"Yeah," scornfully, "and where did you say it was loaded?"

Devitt's lips closed hard.

"I've said enough."

"You'll say a lot more, young man, when the sergeant starts to talk to you," the officer promised.

Out of the corner of his mouth, Devitt said to Nan:—

"Can you get bail for us both? For heaven's sake don't let the bosses know I'm pinched, if you can manage it some other way. Because if anything happens at the two places, they'll hook it onto me and my goose'll be cooked for good."

"Hey, what's this?" the policeman leaned menacingly between them, but Nan had caught Devitt's hurried words. She nodded, wondering desperately where she was ever to raise money for bail, even if there was a possibility of her getting out.

The scene at the station house remained mercifully hazy forever after in her memory. She was too terrified and ashamed of her plight to be fully

conscious of what was going on about her. There were staring, curious faces, grim faces of the attendants, a corpulent, red-faced man in uniform behind a high desk who bawled things at her and Devitt. She was shringingly conscious of an official hand close to her elbow. She heard herself answering questions, after several impatient repetitions, and knew that her voice was shaking and scarcely audible. In the midst of it all, she caught herself wondering irrelevantly how a guilty person would feel, if innocence made one as terrified as she.

After what seemed an endless delay, while she sat fighting for self control, her hat brim pulled as low over her eyes as she could manage it, and her chin sunk concealingly into the fur collar of her wrap, she found that she was to be allowed to obtain bail for Devitt—if she could. For herself there was to be only a fine in view of her innocence, which no amount of questioning could break down. It would take every penny she had in the world to get herself free and where to find the necessary funds for Devitt, was a problem that overwhelmed her with its hopelessness.

Apparently he had no money where it could be reached. He didn't want her, for some reason, to appeal to the managers of the cabarets he served.

Little by little, as she sat there waiting for the winding up of the red tape of the law, everything became clear to her. Devitt's befriending of her, his presence each evening in the cabarets, the inexhaustible flask, the mysterious drives in the country and the perpetual break downs of his car, necessitating stopping at country garages—it was all a part of his clever, bootlegging scheme.

She, pretty, young, refined, as far removed in appearance from the underworld as the poles, had been a blind for his activities. His careful chaperonage of her had provided excuse for his nightly presence at the restaurants where he secured patrons. Her presence in his car allayed suspicion of anything more sinister than a nice young man taking his best girl out to drive. Engine and fire trouble proved adequate excuse for the stops at the garages where he loaded his contraband, from what source, Nan never knew.

She, innocent, trusting, grateful for his friendship, had been his tool—the shield of a dangerous industry!

And now, disillusioned, hating him, fearing him, she had to find a means of getting him out of his trouble. She was afraid to refuse. He could, if he chose—and she was beginning to realize his unscrupulousness even if he had protested her innocence so that she might go free to rescue him—incurmate her falsely, but inexorably.

That evening, in desperation, she did the only thing she could think of—she wired Caroline Prescott for funds.

(To be continued)

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Victor Talking Machine Company of Canada Limited

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

One four-lettered word for money is "jack," but that isn't the word used in this puzzle.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13											
15											
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34
35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46
48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72

- Horizontal.
- Money.
 - Pattern.
 - Street car.
 - Doorkeeper of monastery.
 - Rubbing (the body).
 - Employed.
 - Locked.
 - Old.
 - To scatter.
 - Lair.
 - Native metal.
 - Measure of area.
 - Drunkard.
 - Twice.
 - Myself.
 - Secured.
 - Tailor.
 - Friend.
 - Twenty-four hours.
 - Title.
 - Eminent.
 - To go.
 - Colored.
 - To go.
 - Earth.
 - Every.
 - Inclination.
 - Indian tribe.
 - Regulated.
 - One in cards (pL).
 - Energy.
 - To prohibit.
- Vertical.
- Bravery.
 - Animal similar to a donkey.
 - Let it stand.
 - Felt.
 - To annoy.
 - Colored.
 - To go.
 - So be it.
 - Boy.
 - Emperors.
 - Anger.
 - Er.
 - Songs.
 - Still.
 - Drone bee.
22. To lubricate.
24. Baked.
26. Label.
27. Wooden club used for baseball.
28. Conquers.
29. Company.
32. Single seed.
33. Lost color.
34. To move rhythmically.
36. Falsehood.
38. Drooping tree.
37. Small grass pod vegetable.
43. Belief.
44. To rap lightly.
45. To immerse.
47. Forced air through the nose.
49. Harbor.
51. Neither's affinity.
54. Mirror.
55. To put on.
57. Related.
59. Hat material.
60. Coal pit.
61. To walk through the water.
63. To labor.
65. To perish.
66. Sifted.
67. Allowed.
69. Unit.

LOSE-TAP-PORT ARE ROBIN DOE DEER TAT BOWL Y RIP T OAP L R DEFENDS Y SERENE ADENIA APE VAT EON DEPOSE ASTELY L PAROLES A A BET R WAN M GAIN ADD RAGE ER SPEAK MAT DADO TRY CEDE

8-12

Answer To Wednesday's Crossword Puzzle.

BUMPER HAY CROP.

Has Been Harvested in the Ardoch Neighborhood.

Ardoch, Aug. 12.—The haying occupation is nearing completion and a bumper crop was harvested. Mrs. Michael Weber returned, to-day, from attending the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Patrick Henrietta, in Perth. Mr. Weber and son, M.G., accompanied her. Miss Iola Smith visited friends in Danbigh last week.

James Perry, North Bay; Mrs. L. Ranger and daughter, Edith, and son, Adam, of Green Mountain, motored to J. G. Fraser's to spend the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Schonauer and child, Toronto, recently visited the latter's parents in Harlowe and are at present at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schonauer.

James Derue and family were in Kingston for the week-end, also at J. Shultz's, Harrowsmith. Miss A. M. Fraser is holidaying with her aunt, Mrs. C. Seeley, Smithville, N.Y. She also visited Miss Helen Brown on Wolfe Island. Miss Edna Glaeser, Denbigh, and Carl Weinicke, Rochester, N.Y., spent Sunday with friends here.

William Gilmour, who is suffering from rheumatism, has engaged Oscar Perry, Fernleigh, for cheese-maker. Nicholas Weber was a Sunday visitor at A. Jeanneret's. Mrs. Walter Pfau, Kitchener, who arrived for the funeral of the late Miss Margaret Scullion, remained a few days to visit other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Hartman spent Sunday at Frank Gorr's of "The Mountain." R. W. Connor, Vennachan, spent over-night at J. G. Fraser's enroute to Kingston Hospital where he expects to undergo an operation. Mrs. John Kingston and son, Elmer, Prescott, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Watkins, also other relatives.

Wives are of two kinds: Those who think everything their husbands do is right, and those who think that everything their husbands do is wrong.

Years ago men discovered that the world isn't flat, after all, and that didn't kill Christianity.

RADIO

- FRIDAY, AUGUST 14TH.
- CNRA, Moncton, Can. (318). 9 p.m.—Mrs. Leo Cormier, soprano; Mrs. F. Thompson, soprano; Mrs. Harold M. Price, contralto; Mrs. I. C. Rand, pianist; Gladys McCoy, elocutionist; Mrs. J. T. MacKinnon, soprano; J. T. MacKinnon, tenor; T. W. Stenhouse, baritone; Venner Trites, mandolinist; Stuart Stubbs, tenor; Point Ukelele orchestra; CNRA dance orchestra; Walter Neale.
- CNRT, Toronto, Ont. (357). 6.30 p.m.—Luigi Romanelli and his King Edward hotel concert orchestra. 9.30 p.m.—Ye Olde Tyme Village quartette; Daisy La Rush McAdam, soprano; Pearl Carter, reader; Jessie Butt and A. C. Chapman; A. C. Chapman, tenor; Helen Reddick, pianist; W. C. Norris, bass; Fred Alexander, concertina soloist. 11.30 p.m.—Luigi Romanelli and his King Edward hotel dance orchestra.
- WCAE, Pittsburgh, Pa. (461). 6.30 p.m.—Dinner concert, William Penn hotel. 7.30 p.m.—Uncle Kaybee. 8 p.m.—Address. 8.30 p.m.—Studio concert. 10 p.m.—Sander's Inn dance music.
- WCAU, Philadelphia, Pa. (278). 6.30 p.m.—Billy Hayes and his Cathy Tea Garden dance orchestra. 10.30 p.m.—Jack Myers and his Musical Architects dance orchestra.
- KIWW, Chicago, Ill. (896). 6 p.m.—Congress Hotel. 8.30 p.m.—Evening American studio. 9 p.m.—Midnight revue; Chicago Evening American; Paul White-man's Collegians; Albert Hay Mallette, organist.
- WGY, Schenectady, N.Y. (379). 6 p.m.—Albany Strand theatre orchestra; Floyd H. Walter, organist. 8.35 p.m.—WGY studio programme; Maggie Howard Morse, soprano; Jerry Mirate, pianist. 7.35 p.m.—New York Philharmonic orchestra. 9.30 p.m.—Colonial male quartette; Alma Skaine, violinist; Mrs. Thomas R. Briggs, pianist.
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