

Hour after hour the *Avenger* special edition was, as Gault had promised, being distributed in tens and hundreds of thousands, so that all the audience of the nation might be able to judge of his fitness to represent them as President.

But Brand was wondering, incoherently, how long there should be shadows on the earth to shelter dragons; how long there should be darkness to breed foul creatures such as Gault, warring against mankind. Shadow is but a circumstance of Time cast by the waves of the sea, by clouds, by night, by wandering bodies in the fields of space, that men may know how beautiful is the light. Likewise, in the glory of the Almighty, men's souls cast a shadow called sin; yet there shall come a time when the shadows will pass away, and Light prevail.

So the dawn broke upon that day of reckoning, the clouds drifted asunder as the red sun rose to light a black Atlantic, a snowy continent, to shine upon the windows of the Metropolis, awakening the people from their sleep.

At their breakfast tables the people read, indifferent first, curious, interested, chuckling over choice bits of scandal—enthralled, amazed, affrighted, panic-stricken as the truth came home to them. Leaders discredited, financial credits impugned—Marshal! Gault none other than Rex Clewston! Everything evil in organized labour, everything foul in organized capital, everything sinister in the commonwealth centred in this master of crime; this great philanthropist, who, as chief of the Reform Party aspired to the Presidency of the Republic.

But the daylight was pouring now into this pit of darkness, the sun was rising unclouded upon the State, and in God's sunshine there is no place for dragons.

Brand looked down from the window and saw a crowd