

*Yours is the  
responsibility for  
the purity of  
your family's  
food!*

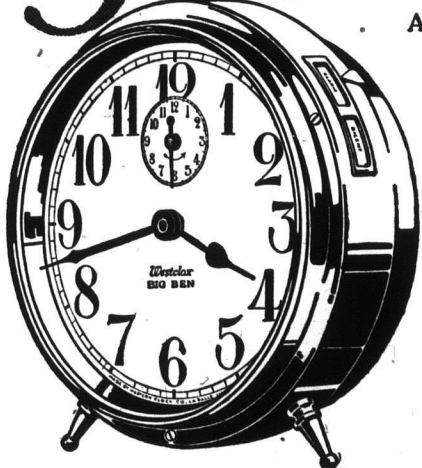
**Redpath  
SUGAR**

on bag or carton is proof positive that this important part of your supply is, beyond all question, absolutely pure. In buying your sugar by the name "REDPATH" you are fulfilling the trust reposed in you by husband and children.

**"Let REDPATH Sweeten It".**

**Big Ben**

A Westclox Alarm



**A Lifetime Friend**

**THE** Big Ben man in the evening of life enjoys ambition's contentful reward. Big Ben to him is a lifetime friend.

And you, in retrospect, at three-score-and-ten, will thank Big Ben of Westclox for each cheery morning call—his faithful comradeship through life—his

thrifty guarding of your hours.

"Good fellow, Big Ben, he helped me live on time!"

Big Ben of Westclox is respected by all—sentinel of time throughout the world. He's loyal, dependable and his ring is true—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, \$3.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A.

**Western Clock Co.**

Makers of Westclox

Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo and Sleep-Meter

"Forbes is wanted for murder," he said. "A Ruthenian girl near his school. Lock up carefully to-night. You should not be living alone here."

"But why should anyone suppose Mr. Forbes would murder a Ruthenian girl?"

"Jealousy. Her father wanted her to marry a countryman of his but she has been flirting with Forbes. To-day her Ruthenian lover was talking and laughing with her, at her father's house, when Forbes surprised them, he says, and shot the girl in a jealous rage."

With a hasty good night, the policeman was off.

Joan stood in the doorway until the sound of the horses' hoofs had quite died away; then she lowered the blinds, drew the curtains and locked the door.

"Come and have something to eat," she whispered. "But be careful not to speak loud, for this shack is so near the road that anyone passing could hear voices, and would wonder who was with me. And be careful not to let your shadow fall on the blind."

"I'll go," he whispered, "as soon as I have had some food. I'm famished."

"No, you must stay here to-night, perhaps for several days, until the first excitement has died away. I will sleep in the tent."

"No, I'll be off as soon as you think your neighbors have gone to bed."

"But the prairie is very open here; there is no bush to shelter in. Everyone along the trail will be on the watch for you; you must do as I say. But is it true you were flirting with this girl?"

"I swear to you—" he cried.

"Hush; for heaven's sake keep your voice down."

"I'm sorry," he whispered. "I'll be more careful. But you see how it is.

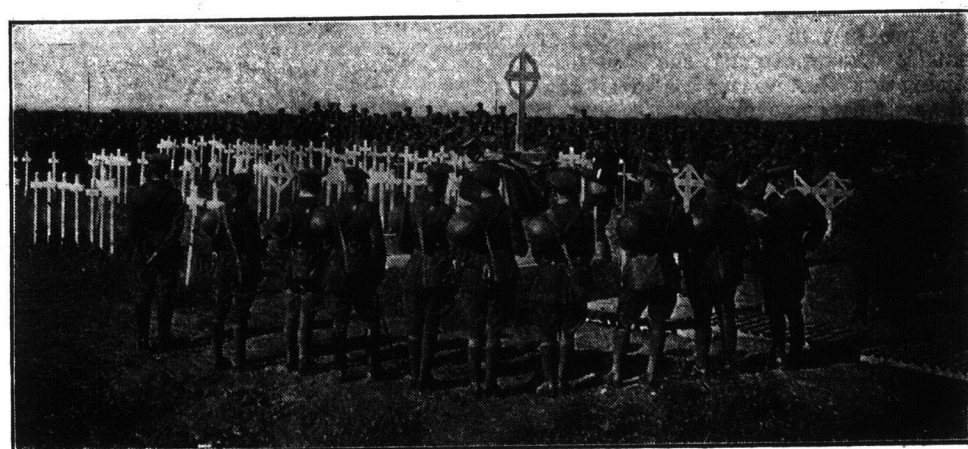
I do, and anything out of the ordinary would start them talking."

Taking her sweater, a knitted cap, and a box of matches, Joan went out to the tent. But she did not go to bed. Instead, she sat on the edge of the pallet until she was sure that no one was about at Boicjuk's. Striking a match, she glanced at her watch; it was just eleven.

Slipping on her sweater, and putting the matches in her pocket, Joan took her bicycle from the schoolhouse porch. She meant to ride over to Forbes' shack for the camera. She wheeled her bicycle until she had passed the brow of the hill, since the road was too rough to ride without a light. Then she lit her lamp, and rode as fast as she dared. There was a full moon, but the night was cloudy. After riding about eight miles she saw, a mile away, a large white building which she knew must be the school, and near it several thatched houses. She dismounted, put out her lamp, and hid the bicycle in a clump of trees near the road. The houses were all dark, but Joan left the road and struck across the fields. After stumbling over ploughed land, she at last reached the school. All looked quiet and deserted. Going softly to the shack, she turned the handle of the door. It was locked.

For a moment she was startled. Why was the door locked? "Oh, how stupid of me," she thought in a moment. "Of course the police would lock the place up. But it will be easy enough to get in at a window."

Going round to the back of the shack, she found, as she had expected, that the window was unfastened. In a moment she had opened it, and crawled through. The moonlight was bright enough to show her something dark on the shelf over the



Memorial service behind the lines to men of a Quebec regiment who fell on Vimy Ridge.

The sergeant seemed to believe that story; you think it may be true."

"There must be some reason for such a story," Joan said.

"There is no reason, I tell you. Tofan wanted to marry the girl; her father was on his side but she disliked him. Besides, she didn't want to marry anybody. She wanted to go to the city and get work in a laundry. She and her father quarreled all the time about Tonasco. Only last Sunday she told me that Tonasco had threatened her. So, when I saw him standing there with the gun, I knew what he meant to do. I had just snapped the camera when I looked up—"

"He was standing behind the girl?"

Joan interrupted.

"Yes; he shot her in the back."

"Then his picture must be on the film, as well as hers? There is your evidence."

"By Jove!" he said, "I never thought of that!"

"Where is that camera?"

"On the shelf over the window in my shack, where I always keep it. I took it and the gun home mechanically, and put them in the usual places."

"Will Tonasco think of the camera?" Joan asked. "Perhaps he has already destroyed it?"

"I don't think so. He's a stupid creature."

"Not so stupid in the story he told the police."

"Habit; his countrymen are accomplished liars."

"But you were stupid not to have thought of the camera."

"I suppose I was, but I was dazed by the suddenness of the affair."

"Well, I am going to bed now," Joan said. "Be careful not to make a noise, or to start a fire in the morning until I come in. The Doicjuks notice everything

second window; this, she thought, must be the camera. She crossed the room, and was reaching up to take it, when her hand fell to her side, and she stopped as if she had been shot. She listened. Yes, there it was again? This time there was no doubt of it. She was not alone in the shack; someone was snoring heavily on the bed at the other end of the room.

In a moment Joan's courage came back. "Now that I've got so far I will not go back without the camera," she said. She seized it, tiptoed across to the window, and was about to crawl out, when she heard steps approaching. A moment afterwards somebody tried the door. Hardly stopping to think what she did, Joan dropped to the ground, and rolled under the bed.

Somebody was shaking the door, and Joan heard voices speaking in Russian, but could not distinguish what was said. A few seconds later she heard someone crawling through the open window, then heavy steps crossed the floor, and she heard the door open. Another man entered.

"Light the lamp, Stepan," said the latter, speaking in Russian which Joan understood well. "Is the fool here?"

"Do you not hear him snoring like a pig?" asked the man called Stepan. "Yes, I thought so," he said, as, after lighting the lamp, he approached and leaned over the bed. "Dead drunk. Shall we try to wake him up, Vasil?"

"We must wake the fool up, and find out what has become of that camera. It's lucky the old man mentioned it to me. Tonasco is our brother, even though he is a fool, and if the police get hold of the camera, and develop that picture which the Englishman took just as Tonasco fired, we'll all go to jail. What a fool Tonasco was not to think of it! But