

THE CLAIM JUMPERS

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 14.

"Jee-ru-sa-lem!" Cain whispered. "He was still staring when the waggon rolled up to the door, but Dominique rose to the occasion. Small red devil, cattle-thief, general bad man, a city dude couldn't have bowed with more politeness."

"It is Madame, the proprietress? She is welcome. We are the caretakers of Monsieur Huggins. Madame has doubtless heard of us? She will find that all things are in order. She has not heard of us? It is an oversight of Monsieur Huggins, surely, but what matters?"

"Cain, however, was first to get action. His big hands closed around the woman's waist and he lifted her out easily as if she'd been a fly. Then, one by one, he set the children beside her. The last, a small tot of a girl, looked into his face, and seeing something there that was not to be read by a man's dull eye, she slid a soft little arm about his neck and clung there on his bosom, like a small vine to an oak. So, holding her, he led the mother and kiddies into the cabin, while uttering awkward words of welcome."

"You'll come in, too, for dinner?" he said, looking back at us.

"Big giant that he was, it was a sight to see him, with the little girl on his knee, gently questioning the mother, while Dominique flew around setting on dinner. There wasn't much to her story. Practically, she had paid Huggins her all for the land."

"Jest enough left for bread and seed," she said, smiling bravely up at Cain. "Jimmy there, is fourteen an' dreadful strong for his age. We'll manage the crop between us, an' the children will come in useful, planting and digging potatoes. If we on'y had a cow—" she sighed, "—jes' for the milk; you kin do so much, cooking, if you have milk."

"I saw Dominique glance at Cain. With all their scraps and fights, them two hardy rascals loved each other; knew each other so well that speech was almost unnecessary. Cain hard-

ly more than glanced up from the strand of yellow hair that he was winding round his big forefinger. That was sufficient.

"What!" Dominique simulated surprise. "Did not Monsieur Huggins mention the cows?"

"Cows?" she exclaimed, delightfully flustered. "You don't mean to say—"

"Dominique threw me a comical glance. 'Another trick of the Huggins! It is his way of not permitting the left hand to know what his right hand does. Five cows go with the place.' Once more he glanced at Cain."

"—an' twenty head of young cattle," the big man finished.

"Also," Dominique's green eye twinkled maliciously, "there is of hay, one hundred tons to carry the stock over winter. Yes, Doctor, we will go out an' feed your team."

* * * * *

"That was rare and delicate," Doc' Green observed when, an hour later, we were bowling back to town. "He knew she had to get even with her feelings, and so marched us off to the stable."

"Right in line was the last careful act them two rogues performed next morning. As the Doc' and I stood, after breakfast on the hotel verandah, the two came riding in with their packs and blankets. Leaning over, Cain handed the Doctor a paper, a deed, regularly drawn and signed, making over all rights, squatter or other, to land and cattle on Section Thirty-Three, to Elizabeth Smith for the consideration of one dollar paid that day to Dominique Riel and Cain McGregor."

"Borrowed it of her this morning," Cain grinned. "All you've got to do, Doc', is to get in and record the deed." Then, smiling sheepishly, the two rode on, down the street, out over the far prairies on the trail that was to end in a double grave at La-toche."

MAN WHO PUT THE WORLD RIGHT

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15.

achieved for one purpose, and that is the dispersion of their money to the working classes. Don't you agree?"

"My chief and I were just discussing that," said the inspector.

"As you know, I am the editor of a paper which is the greatest Conservative organ of the day—a paper that is run in the interests of capital, that condemns Socialism and everything to do with it. Yet my personal views are absolutely opposed to this policy—do you hear distinctly?"

"Yes."

"I resolved to split up those great accumulations of wealth. . . . I meant to put the world right, to make man equal to man. The only way was the destruction of the millionaires. . . . A woman came to me to-night—Mrs. Stokes—whose husband had been warned—and she—d'you hear?"

"Yes!" almost shrieked Inspector Taylor.

"I love her—I have always loved her. She loves her husband—and I couldn't—"

"Go on—for God's sake, go on!" exclaimed the inspector.

"My breath is going—I have drunk the poison with which I murdered Meadows, by sending him a specimen of a new wine with which I said I was connected, and wanted him to

help me float. It is no less efficacious than the infernal machine that went to Goodyear's and—I can't last long—but I found that Mrs. Stokes loved her husband with every breath in her body, and—I couldn't go on with it!"

"Speak, man, speak, tell me all of it!" gasped Inspector Taylor.

"I did it—I sent those letters to myself to arrest suspicion—I killed them to split up those hoarded millions. I did it, I alone did it!"

The words melted into a gurgle, and the inspector heard the sound of a heavy fall.

The press marvelled for a week over the extraordinary death of an editor whose paper had been to the foremost in endeavouring to unravel the chain of murders. That he should have been killed with the same poison that struck down the others astonished the younger journalists in their colossal wisdom.

But Scotland Yard has its secrets, and this is one of them.

Forehand.

LITTLE Alice was crying bitterly, and, on being questioned, confessed to having received a slap from one of her playfellows. "You should have returned it," said the questioner. "Oh, I returned it before!" answered the little girl.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



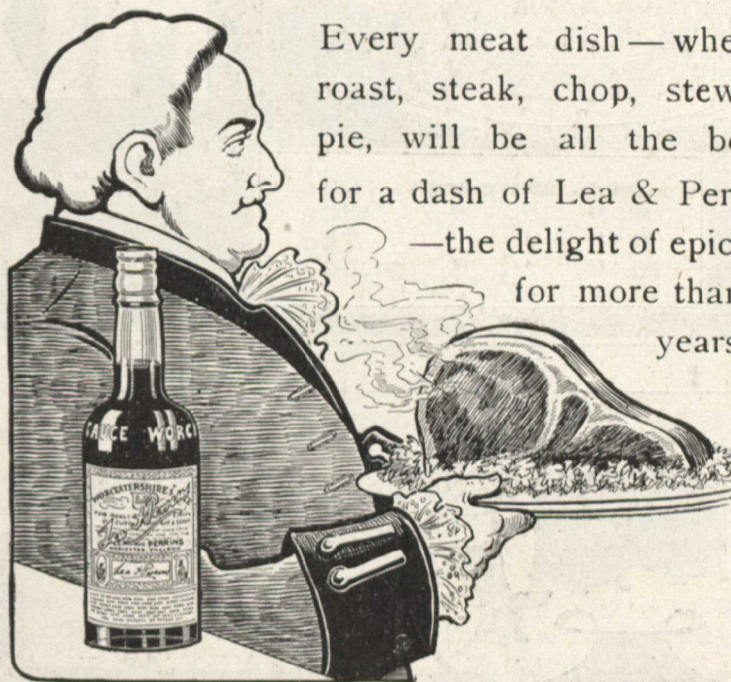
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