

ed by her son, a young man of twenty-five who works at the Docks. She was extremely reticent at first, until I told her that I had met her daughter and had officiated at the funeral service, to which her son came. She is a wonderfully self-controlled woman, and only shed a few tears when speaking of her grief, reproaching herself for having allowed the girl to leave home and go away to look after the old grandmother. She said, "It seemed to be our duty at the time; but it was a lonely place for a young girl to be living in, and I blame myself for letting her go." Then we spoke together of the mystery surrounding the case, and I asked her if Lisbeth had any lover or admirer who might have been jealous of such a handsome girl. The mother said: "No, we always kept ourselves to ourselves, and Liz did not care for the sort of young men she met, living as we do here. I never encouraged my son to bring any of his mates to the house; they're rather a rough lot down at the Docks, and we've known better days, so I didn't wish my daughter to associate with people of that sort!" I expressed my surprise again that such a good-looking girl should have had no suitable admirers, and then Mrs. Bainton admitted reluctantly that there had been one man—a sailor—who had become very friendly with her son, a year or so before, coming home with him several times to tea. She said she would rather not mention his name, adding: "He used to pay Liz compliments, as any sailor might do. He'd travelled a lot, and was very entertaining, but we did not think much about him until the day he came to say good-bye. Then he spoke out very straightforward to the girl, before my son and me, said he loved her, and would work hard to make a good home for her when he came back, if she'd wait for him. Liz told him she hadn't any thoughts of getting married, and they parted quite friendly. The next day a ring came by post to her; blue forget-me-nots on it, but no word who sent it. She guessed it was my son's friend, but he'd gone by that time, so she could not return it—and she asked me to put it away. I've got it still." After that I asked Mrs. Bainton to describe this man. She said he was a big, burly individual, dark and black-eyed, a rollicking sort of jolly fellow who always had his joke and was very lavish to his friends—so her son told her—in giving drinks and so forth. She believed her son had a snapshot of them somewhere, taken together in a group with the rest of the crew who were going out East. I begged her to let me see it, but at that she suddenly took alarm, and asked me not to mention what she had told me, as her son had forbidden her to speak of it. He said, "We don't want any talking about our private affairs, especially about my poor Liz."

"ALL this seems to point conclusively, in my mind, to the motive for the crime. You told me yourself you bought that curious Chinese knife from a sailor, and here we find the connecting link—a sailor-love who went away to the East, after sending the girl a ring. There can be no doubt he had returned to this country and followed her to the place where she was living. Report gives it that she had a gentleman admirer—and there at once you find the elementary passions aroused, if the two men came in contact."

"I send you this communication to use as you please, knowing the distress of mind suffered by you and all your family. A shadow has rested over your house which God in His mercy will dispel, bringing the light of joy and gladness to you again. With kindest remembrances to your wife and daughters, Yours very sincerely,

JOHN HASSALL."

Mr. Pridham folded the letter and put it back into its envelope; his hands trembled and he was unable to speak. But his wife found words to express her first thoughts—"And people have dared to think our boy had some part in this wicked crime!"

Horatio, you must set to work at once to find that sailor and bring it home to him. Spare no expense."

He rose impatiently. "I'm not likely to count the cost in clearing our name from the smallest suspicion—but how are they to bring it home to the right man? The police have scoured the country for any clue. He must have gone straight away after selling the knife, or surely someone would have seen him and known he was here."

"NOT necessarily. Such men can be very cunning. The police must begin all over again. But there are the girls coming across the lawn. We won't say anything about this to them."

"Why not? We have no reason to be secret about it. The more it's talked about, the better for us, Selina." Mr. Pridham was turning over the rest of his correspondence abstractedly, now he gave an exclamation and tore open another letter. His wife walked away to the window, to intercept their daughters, before they broke in upon their tete-a-tete. Then she heard a loud, excited "Hallo!" and looked back to see Mr. Pridham elated, with flushed face. "It never rains but it pours! It's come at last—what I've toiled and moiled to get—and now it seems like Dead Sea Fruit, bitter to the taste."

"What has come, Horatio?"

"The title we've wanted. This is an intimation that I can have a baronetcy by the paying for it. And now I can't accept—"

"Can't accept—and why not, I should like to know?" Mrs. Pridham was her own imperious self again. "Can't accept, indeed! What are you talking about, Horatio?"

"How can I accept a title with this trouble still hanging over us—Laurie in his state—and no clear proof that he's an innocent man. We're not in the position at present to put ourselves forward in the public eye!"

"Rubbish! you will accept the title at once, Horatio, and let everyone see that we are not mere nobodies, to be slighted and ignored. It will be the best proof to the world that there is no cloud hanging over our name. Nothing succeeds like success! And you'll find there will only be sympathy and consideration for Sir Horatio and Lady Pridham in their son's long illness—without any reference to outside events. Trust me—I know!"

"I believe you do, old lady!" Then, with a chuckle, he corrected himself. "My lady, I should say—and, as usual, your ladyship gets her way."

With a smile of triumph, Mrs. Pridham stepped out on to the terrace. "Girls!" she called to Theo and Agnes, slowly crossing the lawn, "come and congratulate your father. He's got his baronetcy, as we expected!"

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

Two, plus six, makes eight, and in the occult world eight is an undesirable number—two circles united that together form an impasse.

Laurie was sitting up in an arm-chair when Dr. Fraser arrived next day.

"I've had a most wayward and unmanageable patient," said the nurse with a smile; "he simply wouldn't stay in bed. Insisted on getting up and says he must go back to duty at the end of the week."

"When one has lost a whole slice out of one's life," said Laurie soberly, one wants to make up for it as soon as possible. I feel a malingering as it is. I wonder what the Colonel thinks about me by this time!"

"He knows of your illness," said Fraser. "He can hardly court-martial you as a deserter."

"There is no excuse for me really," Laurie observed, "but from his letters to my father he is going to let me off. I had no right, you see, to run myself to the last moment. I ought to have gone up by the ten-fifty-three. Then none of this would have happened."

The nurse had finished patting his pillows and arranging various accessories of comfort within his reach; and took her departure now, leaving the two to their talk.

"That's true," remarked Fraser,

## The Pick of the Bulb World

All our bulbs are grown for us especially and are personally selected by the James Carter & Co. experts.

Thorough tests, both before exportation, and at the Carter establishment at Raynes Park, London, assure sound, healthy bulbs of the very highest quality. Our Tulips and Narcissus are exceptionally hardy and well suited to the Canadian climate.

## Carters Bulbs

are unequalled for bowl or bed culture.

The Carter catalogue and handbook—"Bulbs"—illustrates and describes the choicest varieties of Tulips, Narcissus, Daffodils, Crocus, and many others. It lists all well-known favorites and many exclusive kinds not to be had elsewhere. Complimentary copy on request. Write for it to-day.

**CARTERS TESTED SEEDS INC.**

133B King St. East : Toronto

## Electric Service

Means comfort, convenience, economy, and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of housekeeping is eliminated by electricity.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

At our showrooms all these devices are ready for your inspection. Competent demonstrators will operate and explain them for you.

**The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited**

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

12 Adelaide St. E.

Telephone Adelaide 404

## THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your Family and cannot be bought, sold or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5000

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARS

For further information and literature apply to

FRED J. DARCH, S.S.

E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.

Temple Building

TORONTO

## THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

#### NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT. (7%) PER ANNUM upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending the 31st of August, 1914, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Tuesday the 1st of September, 1914. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of August, 1914, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,

JAMES MASON,

General Manager.

Toronto, July 22nd, 1914.