

(Continued from yesterday)

"You're exceedingly well informed in family affairs, I must say," he retorted tartly. "Yes—~~forbidden~~ the ~~re~~ by the master of it (poor old!) and therefore—well, I'm not to say any more. It may implicate someone else who's entirely innocent, and you won't get my mouth open with a sledge-hammer and a nail!" "No and no necessity for it, either—gunder-headed young donkey!" he blurted Cleek amusingly. "For if you haven't given the whole show away, and I don't perfectly plain to everybody, you were meeting your sweethearts about to do so—then my name's Cleek—which, of course it isn't!—there's no telling but that you're

"Better actor that you make out! And this may be a blind" - but at present there's no 'cover' to draw, so we'll be off centering in the other direction up the scent's a bit stronger in young Aloud, he turned to the irate young man with a slight bow, and spoke in these words:-

"Well, if you won't, you won't. These are not the days of the thumbscrew and the rack, Captain Macdonald, and a man's tongue cannot be made to tell what he thinks, or what he knows, by confinement in a prison cell. And I don't think that's really necessary, in your case, do you, Mr. Narkema? So we'll let that pass for the present. But you must be prepared to give an account of your refusing to acquiesce in the facts of your presence here in the grounds of this place last night - you are obliged, in the maintenance of the Order, to put you upon your oaths."

"Thank very much."

Captain Muced-mad bowed, with much military courtesy, and then, turning to the others in that silent knot of spectators, made his way over to the side of Mead Duggan, and in whose eyes lurked the suspicion of a great fear, and laid his hand upon her arm.

He conversed for a moment or two in low tones, utterly oblivious of those others who were searching their faces with eagle eyes, while in the background Rose, who had been watching him, sent his handsome eyes searching each figure in that still throng for the one who had been a clue therein which would lift the pall of hateful suspicion from his own shoulders.

He surveyed them critically. It was an abominably personal sort of case, to say the least of it. And not

**ure's relief  
rrors of constipation!**

**allogg's Bran is nature's relief  
from the terrors of constipation!**

(ever make light of constipation  
one of its symptoms—there is no  
what disease you may be head-  
into! The one thing to do—  
EDIATELY—is to bring consti-  
tion to normal by taking  
cathartics; they cannot give  
lasting relief! Not with foods  
is a low bran content; they do not  
be the bran-bulk to do the work  
of the cathartics. The only con-  
muant relief in Kellogg's Bran  
is it ALL BRAN! Kellogg's  
scientifically prepared to relieve  
situation. It will relieve almost  
any case. You need it,  
r family needs it!  
But, you must eat Kellogg's Bran  
daily—each day! At least two  
times a day, with milk or cream  
out with each meal! And, eating  
Kellogg's Bran is a delight rather

than a hardship. It has a delicious,  
appealing nut-like flavor that wins the  
most fastidious appetite.

Every day when you eat Kellogg's  
Bran as a cereal, sprinkled on your  
favorite hot or cold cereal or cooked  
oatmeal, you are getting the best  
of the health every spoonful contains for  
you! Think how Kellogg's Bran is  
sweeping and cleansing the alimentary  
tract, removing all the toxic  
poisons and freeing your system from  
dangers of dreaded diseases! Your  
physician will recommend it.

Kellogg's Bran is extra-delicious  
made into countless bakery batches.

Recipe on page 10.

All grocers sell Kellogg's Bran; it  
is also obtainable at first-class hotels  
and clubs in individual packages. Ask  
for it at your restaurant.

much to his liking. But the element of mystery in the whole affair gripped his interest in spite of these other drawbacks.

Of course there was no truth in the cock-and-bull story of the Peasant Girl—that went without saying. But that it had been used as a “blind” to cover the real perpetrators of the crime was evident to his mind. And why two of them? For in each case death would have been caused instantaneously. He looked down at the spinning wheel standing there in the recess of the window, and tried to link the thing up with it. But there seemed no peg to hang a clue upon there. Obviously the thing had been “worked” with just such an idea to disguise its real purpose.

Then he thought of the letters that he had found in the desk, hidden away and yellowed with Time's fingers, and tied about with faded ribbon. And of a sudden something flashed across his face which, Mr. Narkom watching him as a cat does a mouse and knowing to a nicety what those expressions so often meant, made that worthy gentleman positively jump with excitement. Cleek smiled at him and shook a head over his eagerness. Then he turned to the rest of them.

"No need now to prolong this un-

pleasant and unhappy interview," he said quietly. "Mr. Duggan has given his parole, and also the worthy Captain over there. The Yard's men will do the rest. But I must renew my request that none of you leaves this house today, or goes beyond the walls of the garden, unless under special permission from Mr. Narkom or myself. Just for today, my friends. By tomorrow perhaps the riddle may be solved, or its end in sight. But for the next twenty-four hours I must beg your assistance, every one of you, to bring it to a successful and definite close."

His request had an immediate and almost eager response. For there was not one of that little band of anxious people who was not glad to be released from the unpleasant and searching questionings of the Law, as represented by this bland gentleman of the fine manner and the polished ways, who seemed, indeed, as good as they were ('if not better') and who met them upon the grounds of an equality which was hardly to be expected from one of his calling.

Maud and the Captain walked away together, conversing in low voices, their faces grave. Ross, Cynthia Debenham, and the young Dowd—lagging behind—remained, and favouring Celia with a look of venomous hatred cast back at him over her shoulder as she passed through the open door—turned toward the terrace, where they all sat down and discussed the thing from every point of view within their reach, and came to no definite ending at all; while Lady Pagan, and the young Dowd, with a pale, suggestive, room-filling face, bowed charmingly to each of the two men left in the room, and withdrew to the safety and peace of her own boudoir.

When the door had shut upon the lastest of them, Cleek began pacing the room excitedly, pulling at his chin and gnawing at his lower lip, which gesture he brought Mr. Nakorn to the conclusion that he was indulging in a "jolly good think."

"There's more in those letters than meets the eye," Cleek said aloud, apostrophizing the wall-paper and the fire-place in turn. "Hm. Not a doubt of it."

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IN  
CANADA.**

**Royal Yeast Cakes** reach the user in sealed air-tight waxed paper wrappers, each cake being wrapped by machinery—*not by hand* so that even after package has been opened, the cakes are protected from dust and other harmful contamination.



# ROYAL YEAST CAKES

it, "Jeannette," something Scotch in the favour of that, eh, Mr. Nankin?"


"Yes, that's my opinion, too. It wouldn't take a hammer and a nail to drive that fellow home, and I wouldn't care to let him stay fifteen years back."

"But it's the 'humming' sound' which gets me, I swear. Can't you drive that fellow home, or can't you drive that fellow home. Might be a dynamo, but there isn't a dynamo in the place, and no need to dynamo it. I'm sticking my foot on the dynamo's neck and kept pace with him up and down the narrow room."

"Anything that's going—with him in it—will find me on the spot, too, Tom. I'll be there, and I'll be there, and you're such a lightning-bug of a creature that there's not a soul on earth who can keep pace with you. Have you looked into that laundry-bill question? We were dickering about a while ago, and I took three paces his head and lagged behind."

face of it. We'll go for a prowl this afternoon, old friend, and see what new lands we can discover."

"All right. I'm your man, Cleek—the same as always," returned Mr. Narkom affectionately, as he slapped Cleek on the shoulder with his broad hand, and then slipped it about the



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"I have, But there's nothing doing there, as yet. The particular maid questioned has got a bilious attack this afternoon and can't go over the list for me. But I'm to hear tomorrow morning for certain. . . . It is rather a teaser for you, isn't it, only you must bear with me until I've made up my mind myself, and when that's done, I'll put 'em into your hands and you can wind 'em up for me into a tidy little ball. Let's get a move on now, there's a good fellow. By the way, who's the gully party now, eh?"

Mr. Narkom scratched his head perplexedly and let a full minute elapse before replying.

"It's chickens of a tangle, cocked up at it any way," he returned, looking down at the paper. "I could have sworn I saw a chicken. I could have sworn I saw a chicken." Captain Cleek looked at the paper. "Duggan has murdered his father for the simple motive of keeping his name in the will, and of course the name wasn't erased, after all, was it? That's a black point against him. But this flustery-bustery-Captain-Cleek with his lord-high-smighty ways rather took the wind out of my sails. And when you said you had encountered him last night, Cleek, you could have knocked me down with a feather. How did it happen?"

"I caught him running as hard as he could from the direction of the larns beyond this window, and fell

plump his to him as the best way to attract his attention," returned Clecklen serenely. "I thought it strange that he should be there at such a time. And he looked half-scared out of his wits too. Expected me to tell the household I suppose. Rather officious young chap. I must say—but I've a sneaking liking for him, all the same. Do you think he did the shooting, then?"

"Not a doubt of it!" Mr. Narkor was emphatic.

"Oh! And why, do you suppose?"

"Um—ah! Well, that's got to be discussed yet. Never know. Clecklen

"And you believe in the adage that 'empty vessels make the most sound'?" I take it?" rejoined Cleek with a smile.

"Well, perhaps you're right. Only I wouldn't call that young gentleman an empty vessel. . . . Anyhow, this evening will elucidate matters a little. For I'm going to remove that muffling fog."

the nonce, and substitute another one. And it ought to prove quite an enlightening job, too!"

So saying, he swung out of the court-  
yard, and reaching a helping hand up to Mr. Narkom, who came through less easily, perspiring at every pore. An  
suddenly Cleeks finger went up to his  
lips, and with a hasty "Hush!" for his  
weezy comrade, he drew back into the  
screen of the bushes, standing as still  
as a statue, all eyes, while the amaz-  
ing thing came to pass!

CHAPTER XVI

"Tens!"

Did you see that, Mr. Narkom? Did you see that?" rapped out Cleek excitedly, when—a few minutes later—he stepped free from the detaining bushes and beckoned the Superintendent from his hiding-place. "Recognize the cut of that lady—eh? And notice anything else about her?"

"Only that she looked like that Lady Paula Duggan who was here a few

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# Don't get run down—take OXO

minutes ago," rejoined Mr. Narkom breathlessly. "What wast had she got that black thing over her head for?— sort of veil, wasn't it? Couldn't see her face through— and gad! it flew lightly she stepped!"

(To be continued)

## FIFTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY.

A meeting of Alexandra No. 6 Temple of Honor and Temperance was held last evening in the Temple Building with S. E. Logan presiding. The meeting was the fifty-third anniversary of the lodge. An enjoyable programme was carried out by the following—Miss Hilda Williams, Miss Verta Roberts, Miss Madeline Irvine, Mrs. O. S. Dykeman, Mrs. T. F. Mearns, Mrs. F. E. Flewelling, Mrs. H. Whitney, Mrs. F. Brookings, G. Gigger, Mrs. H. K. Olmstead, H. F. Black, Mrs. S. S. Foshay, Miss Treacraft, Mrs. G. Gowan and Mrs. H. Vanwart.

The brain, in lower animals, is mere bunch of knobs.

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Fox Serge Sailor Suits .....	\$6.75
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A Special at .....	\$6.75
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Fancy Sport Model, leather buttons, at .....	\$11.75
Special Suits with two pairs trousers, at .....	\$12.00
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\$8.50, \$9.50, \$11.50, \$12.00, \$13.00 and \$14.00  
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