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AT 20 PER CENT. DISCOUNTS

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FAIRWEATHERS' FURS are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

2nd—The values offered are unusually good for this season of the year.

3rd—Exacting critics admit that our furs at regular prices are the best value offered in Canada.

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50 inches long; fine broadcloth shell, hamster lined; Russian otter collar and lapels. Regular \$50.00 for.....

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\$68.00

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CHILDREN'S COATS

Children's White Lamb Coats. Regular \$12.00 for.....

\$9.60

Children's White Coney Coats. Regular \$10.00 for.....

\$8.00

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Crusoe looked round with interest; hesitated; came slowly towards me. I opened the gate, and slowly withdrew the paper bag. He followed me silently, and, for him, almost swiftly down a shady path that led round the garden to the disused stable already mentioned.

I entered, so did he. With a snort of joy he seized upon the sausage, swallowed it at one gulp, and immediately composed himself to sleep on a convenient bundle of straw. I withdrew, locking the door behind me, and went in to lunch, feeling that I thoroughly deserved it.

I explained what I had done to my aunt.

"We hold Crusoe as a hostage, Aunt Matilda," I said. "I shall keep him imprisoned in the stable, and shall feed him myself on a plain yet sufficient diet. I must ask you to warn the maids on no account to feed or go near him, and not to mention to any outsider that we have got him here."

Aunt Matilda promised to do as I asked. For herself, she said, she did not wish to see the wretched creature, and would be only too glad to leave the entire responsibility of him in my hands.

The following days were uneventful, and I will pass them quickly by. I myself was beginning to tire slightly of the dog trouble. It had, of course, its amusing side, and I was having a very pleasant holiday, but I felt myself losing interest, and I am bound to say that I thought more than once that I noticed the same feeling in my aunt. For instance, when we were conversing on the chances of getting Joseph back, she would change the subject with something like abruptness. I scarcely understood it.

I put it down at the time to overwrought feelings, little suspecting the true cause.

It was, I think, on the fourth day of Crusoe's captivity that I noticed a falling off in my prisoner's appetite. I had put him on an allowance of two biscuits a day—one in the morning, and one in the evening—and I had hitherto found him extremely ready to devour even this plain fare.

But going after dinner to give him his frugal meal I found Crusoe sleeping—a most unusual thing for him to do at meal times. With some little difficulty I woke him; he looked with an air of sleepy contempt at the biscuit and at me; then ostentatiously turning his back on me he went to sleep again.

I went into the house, and over a cigar I pondered this development.

Clearly Crusoe had been got at. Someone, dissatisfied with the quantity or quality of food he was getting, had augmented it with a private supply. The problem was—who? I could not dismiss from my mind Amelia's undoubted interest in Mr. Nicholls. It seemed only too clear. She must have betrayed our secret to the chauffeur, and in obedience to his prompting, given Crusoe a square meal. It was nine o'clock, and my aunt had already retired to bed, but I decided to interview Amelia, and wring the truth from her at once. I rang the bell.

"Amelia," I began sternly, when she arrived, "when your mistress told you that I had shut the general's St. Bernard up in the stable, she told you also, I believe, to be careful not to mention the fact to anyone not a member of the household. Amelia," I said, "have you obeyed those instructions?"

Here Amelia began to weep.

"I do not wish to be hard on you," I proceeded, "but if you have disobeyed them I am bound to tell you that you have placed me in a very difficult position. But I do not want to get you into trouble, and if you will make a clean breast of it, I will do my best to screen you."

This noble offer only intensified Amelia's woe. She sobbed dismally.

"Come now, control yourself, Amelia," I said sharply. "You are making yourself positively plain." The sobs immediately began to decrease. "What would Mr. Nicholls say if he could see you now?"

This had the effect of stopping the tears, but Amelia flared up at me.

"Which I haven't seen him these four days," she said.

"Not seen him since Joseph disappeared?" I exclaimed. "I hope you are speaking the truth, I sincerely do. But this is what I want to know. How is it that Crusoe, shut up in the stable has been fed today by some unauthorized person? Do you know anything about it?"

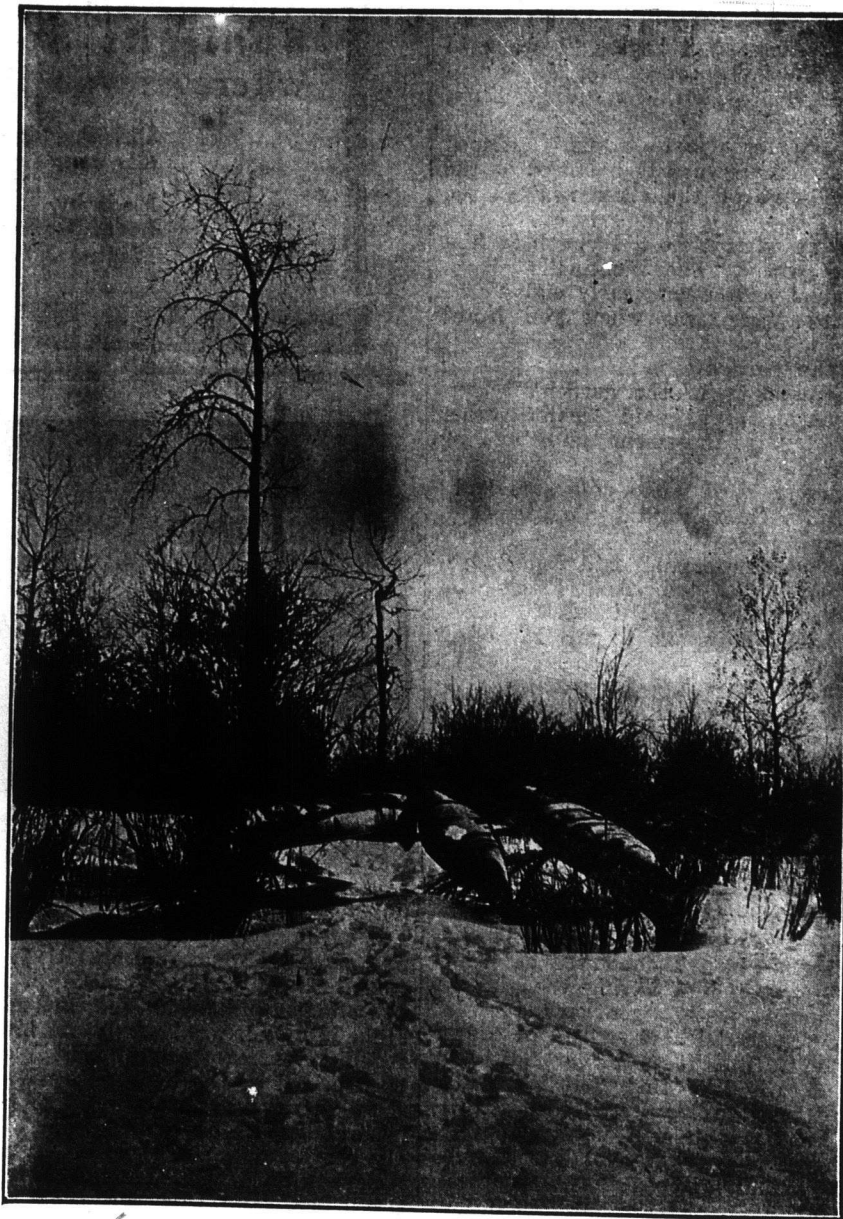
"If he 'as been," said Amelia, guard-

aunt had decided that she preferred to keep the general's dog rather than have her own back, she would certainly do so. And any difficulty in the path would have to be bridged by me.

I ought to have remembered, of course, that the darkest hour comes before the dawn, and that every detective, when on the point of giving up the problem he is trying to unravel, has a wonderful stroke of luck which makes everything plain sailing. As it was, I lost many hours of sleep, and when breakfast time arrived my nerves were still so shaky that I was actually punctual.

My aunt's rubicund face was cheerful and calm as ever, and she poured out the coffee with a commendably steady hand. I did not fail to notice, however, that her indoor shoes were slightly wet with the morning dew, betraying to my trained mind mind that she had started thus early in the day on her path of deception. Yet her composure was perfect; it would have done credit to a murderer.

The morning passed without event. I watched my aunt eat an excellent lunch,



Canoes laid up for the winter.

edly, "Mr. Nicholls doesn't know anything about it."

"But you do, Amelia," I said. "Come now, who is responsible?"

"I can't tell you, sir," said Amelia, flatly.

"You must."

"I shan't then," she replied.

"Very well, Amelia. If you defy me I shall have to speak to your mistress."

Then the essential feminine that lies dormant even in a housemaid, spoke.

"Ask 'er who fed Crusoe," she said with a meaning look, and was gone.

This sudden revelation was such a shock to me that my hand positively trembled as I measured out a whisky and soda. When I had drunk it I felt more able to face the situation.

Briefly, it was this. My aunt was clandestinely feeding, or causing to be fed, the dog of her enemy.

It all became clear to me as I set my wits to work on this curious fact. First a visit to the captive, prompted by mere feminine curiosity; second, pity for a fallen foe; third, a comparison of Joseph and Crusoe; and after that, the deluge.

One thing was quite certain. If my

and endured her affectionate reproaches for my own lack of appetite. Then over an unsatisfactory pipe my resolve was taken.

Come of it what might, I would beard the general in his den, and bring the wretched business to an end. If my diplomacy resulted in the recovery of the old love and the loss of the new, Aunt Matilda would have only herself to thank.

With a firm step and a thumping pulse I rang the front door bell at The Welkin at three precisely. At three-two I was facing the general in his smoking-room.

"What do you want, sir?" asked the general ferociously, his moustache positively bristling with military aggressiveness.

"Thanks, very much," I returned mildly. "I think I will join you in a whisky and soda." So saying, I helped myself.

"Sit down and give an account of yourself," shouted the general, his face purple with rage.

"I was born," I replied politely, "in 1878. Educated first at an excellent school kept by a maiden lady named