

then turn in all his evidence to the police. Yes, he ought to—but—

An ineffably sweet fragrance of English roses just then was wafted to them from the garden and away off in a wood somewhere near the river a nightingale was singing. And Sheila was so fair, so young, had walked such a little way along the dark path of crime! McCartney thought he heard a little sob. Her head was bent, the golden hair so near his lips he could have—

Another sob? His throat tightened. "Don't—please," he said. "I—I'll not be hard on you. But, of course, these others—"

She looked up quickly. Gladness unspeakable seemed to flash from her eyes. The look—or something—went to his head. "Then—you're letting me off? Truly?"

"Yes, but against my better judgment. I'll surely report the gang that's in there now. But you—"

"Well?"

"Can buy me off with a kiss."

He heard a sharp intake of breath on her part, then an hysterical little sob. How dainty and alluring she was. Her blue eyes now black as night wavered up to his and fell. She bit her lips, hesitating evidently between indignation and amusement.

"Just—a kiss?" she murmured, provocatively.

"A kiss and a promise," he amended.

"A promise?"

"That you'll cut out this crooked work. You're a nice little girl and young and very bright and smart. If this is your first mis-step there's a chance to recoup and—and reform. I'm talking to you as I would to—well, to a sister—"

"Oh!"

"And I'm your friend always. Cut loose from that gang. I don't suppose you can get back the jewelry—the jade vase, the pearls and the pictures and other stuff now but if you'll tell me where you sold them—"

She was gazing at him, transfixed.

"Oh, yes, I know every move you made to-night up till the moment you rolled away in the cab. I—"

"Who are you? What are you?" she broke in, clutching at him half frantically.

"You're not a—"

"A detective? No, I'm just a crazy meddler. I came into these grounds three nights in succession in quest of that ball, and the sight of a young waitress I knew snooping about with a grip, waiting for a chance to get into the house unobserved roused my natural curiosity. That's all."

"Oh!" in relief.

"By the way how did you get in each time?" he asked, curiously. "I mean into the grounds. That's what I can't seem to understand."

"Oh, that's easy," said Sheila lightly. "There's a tiny break in the dividing fence between here and next door. It's used by the dog I think and it's hidden by a little bush. I would have gone out that way to-night, but I was afraid I'd be seen crossing the lawn. I don't think they were here when I first came in (I mean to get my handkerchief), and, of course—oh, there they go now!" she whispered suddenly.

For two shadows were skimming over the grass toward the gates, in full view of the two watchers in the maze.

"We mustn't let them get away like that," cried McCartney, swinging open the picket gate, with determination.

Sheila planted herself in his way and pushed him back.

"Let them go, please. Arresting them for housebreaking would only mix things up awfully."

"But, good heavens!"

"In about five minutes you and I can get out now, but let them get away clear."

"But robbers—burglars—"

"They're not ordinary burglars. They wouldn't touch jewels or money for they're the emissaries of probably the richest man in London. What they came for was—papers."

"Papers!" and for a moment fresh doubts of her assailed him.

"If you'll promise on your honor not to tell I'll explain it all," said the girl. "I guess I'll have to, anyway, seeing you know what you do."

"Well?" he suggested in a non-committal tone. "I'll try to be a good listener—if not a believer."

She laughed quietly, and then sobering, said:

"It's all very simple, and it's the old story of capital versus labor, plus a dark horse. My brother, Sir Peter Desmond, is the dark horse in the coming election."

Uncle Pat left Peter this place on condition he went into parliament in support of labor, but poor Uncle Pat had left some problems along with his property. He was hot-headed and indiscreet and there were incriminating documents in his possession that he hadn't had time to destroy I suppose. (He died of heart failure at his desk, you see.) So I came to the city incognito and played servant girl next door to wait for a chance to get at Uncle Pat's safe. My brother, who was in the south of France for his health, agreed to all this. He had to. There was no other way. We weren't sure whether the servants could be trusted. The other side might bribe them or something. I learned the combination from my brother. And I studied the habits of the three servants. We got word from a trusted advisor that an attempt was to be made to secure these papers in order to help defeat my brother's election. Peter himself ought to have burnt the papers but he foolishly let them lie in the safe thinking they didn't amount to much. We're all of Irish descent and apt I suppose to laugh at danger. The

danger was very real, though. Peter, already suspected as the labor candidate, hadn't a chance to come in under such a cloud, and labor needs just such advocates as he so sorely! Peter already has a reputation for oratory. He's bound to win out."

They had walked to the big stone lodge gates and now passed through and bent their steps toward the boarding house.

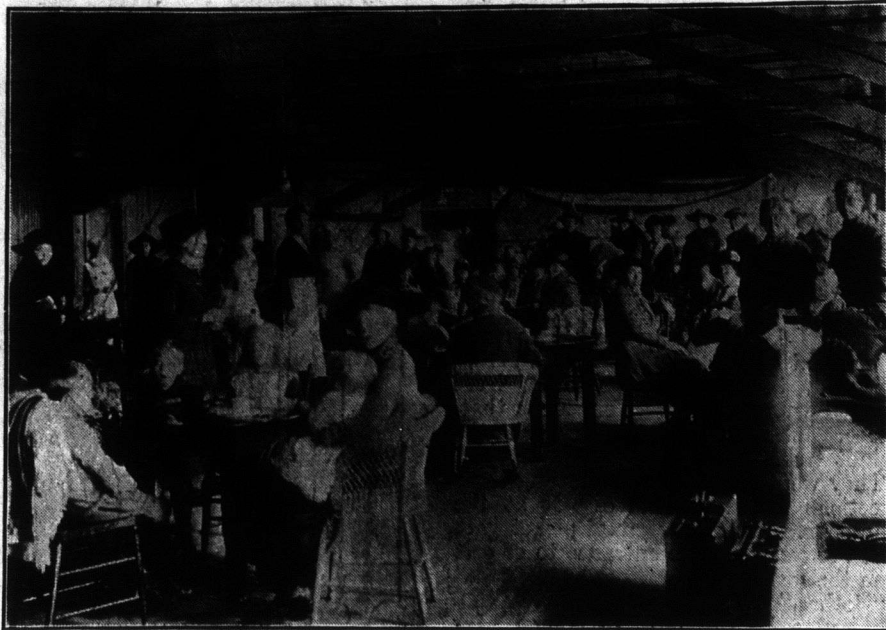
"And the man at the corner?" said McCartney, finding voice.

"Was Peter. He landed in England three days ago to prepare his speeches quietly and at his leisure. I saw him off to the coast to-night where he opens his campaign in a day or two."

"But the jewelry and other stuff?"

"Merely taken as a blind in case I should be caught. It was old family stuff, not so very valuable. The main thing was to get those papers away."

Under the elms they paused but for what purpose it would be idle to guess. Possibly there were yet more explanations to be made.



CANADA'S WELCOME TO SOLDIERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN  
Parties enjoying the rest-room for mothers and children at St. John, N.B.

## Harry MacGregor's New Life

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Dr. Elgin Adams Blakely

**D**ORA, I wish you were going to college this fall," remarked Harry MacGregor, as he walked home from school with Miss MacLean.

"If I were clever like you, I might have gained a year in my high school course and have taken my examination with you."

"That's a modest little speech for a young lady who always stands first in her class. It is well for me that we are not in the same year."

Harry had passed the university matriculation examination at the Beausejour high school, winning a scholarship.

"Come in. I want to beat you again at lawn tennis before you go away," said Dora.

At the end of a lively game, she waved her racquet exclaiming triumphantly, "I'm the champion and it's too dark to play any longer."

"You have the best of it this time. I'm off to-morrow but will be home Friday night," said Harry, leaving the court.

"Good-by."

"By by; see that you capture another hundred dollar scholarship, this year." She watched him walk down the beautifully decorated grounds to the road, where he lifted his hat as he disappeared behind the trees.

He went to the city the next day and was warmly greeted at Trinity College by Dr. Sterling, the principal, who grasped his hand after he signed the roll, saying, "that prize you won is a fine letter of introduction here. Allow me to congratulate you."

"Thank you very much."

"We shall look for something good at the end of the year."

"I shall endeavor to do my best, Doctor."

A fine front room, nicely furnished, having a good outlook was assigned him. After opening his grip, he sat down by his little table and for the first time in his life he felt that he was alone. It suddenly dawned on him that he must make his own

way in the world and he quickly responded, "I can do it."

The class work started with a swing and he stood well in all of his subjects.

Just before Christmas, the Trinity boys had their biggest struggle. They met St. John's College team who were champions of the football league and through Harry's fine playing they won the match.

"Let's go into the Queen's Hotel," urged the boys on their way home.

Harry demurred at first saying, "Dr. Sterling would be displeased."

"Come along. You don't have to take anything."

As they entered the hotel rotunda a

prominent citizen caught sight of them. He was most enthusiastic in his congratulations and said, "I am proud to wear old Trinity's colors to-day boys. You must all come out to the bar. I want to drink the health of the champions."

The boys pulled Harry along with them and managed to mix his drink. As a result, it was not long before he did not know how many glasses he had taken. He became gloriously drunk and had to be driven to the college in a cab. This hurt him more than words can tell. He lost self-respect, but when he found that Dr. Sterling had not learned of his escapade, he braced up and did not care so much.

During the two weeks' holidays at home, he frequently saw Dora, at the skating rinks and evening parties given in his honor and resolved to break away from his bad companions.

Returning to college, he was endeavoring to carry out his good resolution, but was having a hard time. Dr. Sterling realizing the situation called to him one day as he was going out from the lecture: "MacGregor, come to my private room, after your class exercises are over."

The boys heard him speak to Harry and crowded around him, shouting, "so the 'Prof.' is getting after you, is he?"

"Don't get down in your boots, old boy, we've all been there and some of us more than once."

The faithful teacher warned him of his danger and in his kindly yet decided way admonished him: "You must quit those bad boys, Harry, and choose a better class of associates. You should do what you can to help them, but don't chum with them."

"How can I do that and still mingle in the class work and sports?"

"You have a wrong idea, if you think it is necessary to do as they do to be popular. Let this be your motto: 'Do right if you have to stand alone.'"

The term closed with the Trinity football team champion of the Intercollegiate series and young MacGregor upheld the good name of his college by winning two scholarships in the university examinations.

He spent his vacation on his father's ranch, which was an ideal place, beautifully situated on the Brokenhead River, commanding a fine view, near the progressive town of Beausejour. He divided his time between helping the hired man on the farm, working up a muscle as he called it, fishing and hunting. The evenings usually found him up town leading the boys in their sports, or over to MacLean's enjoying a game of lawn tennis with Dora.

Thus happily and uneventfully passed the time, till the morning of the last day, when he was crossing the Brokenhead, he saw a large fish, a sturgeon, glide along under the bridge in the deep water.

Knowing it would experience difficulties in getting up stream, as there were a number of shallow places, he ran home and got a spear and a rope. He quickly came back and in passing MacLean's house, called out, "Dora! Come down to the river and help me catch the biggest

Sold at the same fair  
price as before the war.

## INSTANT POSTUM

Its fine flavor appeals to  
tea and coffee drinkers.

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*Not a Bit of Waste*