

this was a most unlooked-for and unwelcome interference.

Tommy's previous resistance was as nothing to that he now offered the minions of the law. He fought like a demon. But it was no use. When they finally walked him off between them, the imprecations he hurled back at the Old Man and Junior Partner were, I give you my word, something awful.

There was a rather foolish silence after their departure. It was broken by the Stenographer.

"Cowards—cowards!" she sobbed, stamping her foot. "Mean, horrid, nasty cowards!"

"Now, my dear young lady, be reasonable—be reasonable," said one of the Directors. "Naturally you are very much agitated over this very disagreeable—er—incident, with its unexpected outcome. We really feel," he went on, despite the protesting glances from the Old Man and the J. P., "that some explanation is due the—ah—employees of the Company." So he proceeded to explain that one of the patrons of the vault having lost five hundred dollars out of his box, a well-guarded investigation had followed, and the disappearance of the money traced—at least every circumstance pointed—to Tommy. They were loth to believe, continued the Director, that such an error could have been committed by so faithful and long-trusted an employee as Thomas Muggins, but the facts were such as to force the conclusion that he was the culprit. Who had full charge of the vault? Mr. Muggins. Who besides the officers of the Company had access to the drawer where patrons left their keys, if they so desired, for their own convenience? Mr. Muggins. Blankensop himself had noticed suspicious actions on the part of Thomas the last time he opened the box before going away in the summer.

They had, however, in a spirit of kindness, wished to settle the matter quietly with Mr. Muggins. He stubbornly refused to regard the matter in this light, he refused to resign, denied the charge absolutely, and became, as we had seen, violent. The whole matter would have to be settled in another way, and without doubt great publicity. The Company trusted to the discretion of its employees, etc. But we remain unconvinced.

IV

At the Boarding-House

"I see," said the Theological Student that evening at dinner, addressing the Bookkeeper, "that you had some trouble down at your office to-day."

"Er—yes," said the Bookkeeper, remembering what Tommy had told him of the intimacy existing between the Theological Student and the Junior Partner. There was a carefully worded account of the affair in the evening papers.

That night the Stenographer had the toothache. She was about to slip across the hall to borrow Ex-Schoolma'am's camphor-bottle when she heard voices in subdued, but fierce, whispers.

"You white-livered scoundrel! I've a notion to choke the life out of your blank carcass!" said one.

"Don't kill me!" whimpered the other.

The Stenographer recognized the voices. She didn't come down to breakfast the next morning. The Theological Student plainly showed his disappointment. He hung around for a good while, thinking maybe she'd come. He was going away that night, he said, to the University, to enter for the three months' spring term. The Mystery volunteered the information that he, too, was leaving that night, and wouldn't be back for a week, maybe. A big box of roses came for the Stenographer from somebody. The Ex-Schoolma'am said it was the Theological Student. But I knew better. The Mystery sent it.

It was one o'clock in the morning the next day. The Stenographer was awakened by a confused noise—scuffling—oaths—a door banged to—then doors opening, and boarders' excited voices asking, "What's the matter?" "Who is it?"

The Stenographer hid her face in

the pillow and wished she were dead.

"I knew it all the time," announced the Ex-Schoolma'am, triumphantly, at breakfast the next morning, reading aloud from the Post:

IMPORTANT CAPTURE

Made by the Police Last Night!

Perpetrator of the Great Reception Robbery Taken Early This Morning.

At One O'clock This Morning the Thief is Tracked to His Lair! Living Under a Cloak of Respectability at Mrs. Sally Crunchem's Boarding-House!

V

At the Office

An atmosphere of deep gloom pervaded things that morning at the Office. The Stenographer looked pale and listless. The Old Man banged around, and looked disgruntled.

"Where's the J.P.?" asked the First Vice-President, coming in on his way down town.

"Not down yet," said the Old Man. "Wuxtra—all about the robbery!" yelled a newspaper boy in the hall.

The Stenographer went out and bought a paper. She opened it, and then gasped, "Wh—why—why—" and handed the paper to the Old Man. He stared at it with a purple face.

I ran out and got a paper for myself. Flaring headlines announced:

VILLAINY UNEARTHED!

Jekyll and Hyde Not in It!

Astounding Developments Follow First Arrest in Great Reception Robbery Case This Morning!

Prominent Citizen

Caught on Outbound Train Disguised as An Old Woman! Great Work of Detective Thornton!

Suddenly the old man toppled over on the floor. He had had a stroke. Someway, notwithstanding everything, we felt sorry, because the Old Man had honestly trusted the Junior Partner.

Tommy, of course, was released. The First-Vice President gave him a good position. Later Tommy grinned at me from the witness-stand. It all came out at the trial. All the boarders went, and so did most of us, as we had lost our jobs through the J.P.'s doings. The Company had gone to the wall. The Stenographer, however, had been employed as an expert shorthand-writer to take down the proceedings.

When the prisoners were brought in there was a decided sensation among the Boarders.

"Why," said the Ex-Schoolma'am, "it's the Theological Student."

It seems that the Junior Partner and the Theological Student had formed an effective combination, the latter, in his role as electrician, while fixing the lights in the vault, having taken the five hundred dollars from old Blankensop's box, the J.P. Having previously used the master key, and stuck Blankensop's key in the lock. All was then easy.

This, however, was only a minor circumstance. The Theological Student was wanted by the police in a dozen cities. He went up for life. The Junior Partner got off on a plea of moral degeneracy and incipient insanity, and his family put him in an asylum.

When the Theological Student was brought into the court-room one of the stenographers fainted. A big man came forward and carried her out.

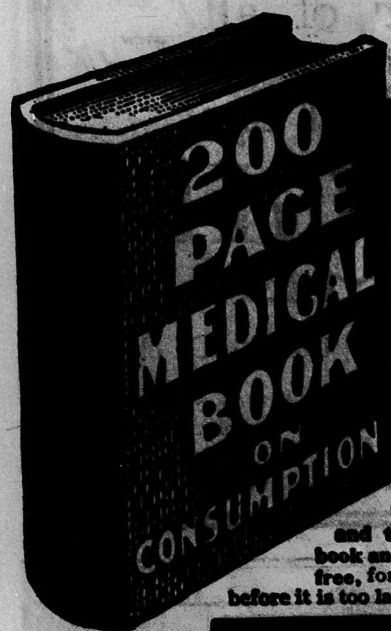
"My poor little sweetheart!" he murmured.

"I—I—thought it was you all the time!" she sobbed. "Where have you been all this week?"

"Why, down in Tennessee, visiting my mother," said the Mystery. He was Detective Thornton.

Sir Wilfred Laurier: In welcoming the Canadian Medical Association to the capital. I am glad to be able to say that at present I can snap my fingers at the doctors. Five years ago, when my health had been broken down, I got from the best medical experts of Canada, Great Britain and Paris one common prescription—"No Drugs, plenty of rest, and simple food." By following that advice I have completely recovered my health, and now look forward to several years more of hard work.

Consumption Book



FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case was hopeless.

Write at once to the **Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co.**, 683 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

CHAPPED HANDS

Baby's Own Soap

Best for Baby

Best for You

Why put up with Chapped Hands? when the use of **Baby's Own Soap** and careful drying is all that is necessary to keep your skin in perfect condition.

The fragrant creamy lather of Baby's Own Soap is permeated with minute globules of refined vegetable oils. These oils keep the skin soft and smooth and prevent your hands from becoming chapped and sore.

Albert Soaps, Limited, Montreal
Manufacturers.

STUBBORN DYSPEPSIA REMOVED BY

Rev. Arthur Goulding, B. D.

Chaplain, The Penitentiary, Stony Mountain, Manitoba, writes:—"It affords me very great pleasure in testifying to the merits of your invaluable medicine—K. D. C., which, if taken together with the pills is warranted to remove the most stubborn case of dyspepsia. I cannot say that I arrived at that stage when the disease had become chronic—but I have suffered intensely nevertheless. I had been under medical treatment for some time, with but little relief—when my attention was directed to your cure I tried it, and it has most effectually cured me."

