

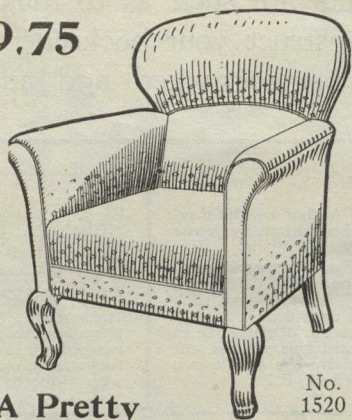
GIFT FURNITURE

IF YOU WANT TO GIVE A PRESENT THAT WILL BRING LASTING GRATITUDE, GIVE FURNITURE

Here are some hints to help you buy nice Furniture at little cost

English Fireside Easy Arm Chair \$9.75

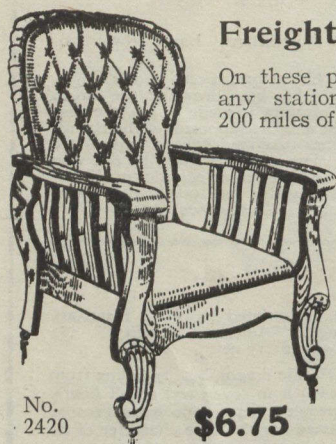
No. 1520—Just as illustrated on the right; A very cosy chair, spring seat; all over upholstered in shadow striped denim; solid oak legs. Easily worth \$15.00.



No. 1520

Freight Paid

On these pieces to any station within 200 miles of Toronto



No. 2420

\$6.75

A Pretty Parlor Rocker

No. 3555—As illustrated below. Frame of polished birch-mahogany, hand shaped. Spring seat, upholstered in nice assortment of French silks. Our special price is

\$8.95



No. 3555

For this Morris Chair

No. 2420—Just like cut above. Frame of quarter-cut oak, elaborately carved and polished. Spring seat and back covered in best grade moroccoline; back adjustable to four positions.

Catalogue "H"

Containing 500 other photographic illustrations of suitable Christmas-gift furniture will be sent free upon request.

The Adams Furniture Co. Limited,
Canada's Largest Home Furnishers
TORONTO, ONT.



THE COST OF A CRIME

Continued from page 20

you hear? I'll come and speak to Uncle Archie about you to-morrow in spite of you."

She laughed a little, and with a bewildering glance over her shoulder flitted away.

CHAPTER V.

A YEAR LATER.

LIDGATE got out at Clapton Station in the dusk of an autumn evening, and turned his steps in the direction of an obscure, quiet street, where he had to pay a call.

More than a year has elapsed since the disappearance of John Reedham from the ken of those who had known him. The few who had not forgotten him believed him dead.

In Burnham Road, Clapton, remote from the scene of her former happiness, Bessie Reedham lived the life of the solitary and struggling woman in London. She had not even the cloak of widowhood to protect her. She was still attractive, and looked astonishingly young; the year, therefore, had not been without its trials.

Of these trials she did not speak to any human being, least of all to Lidgate, though she knew him to be truly her friend.

But they did not meet often; they could not meet often because of that chance revelation made in the drawing-room at Norwood, when the blow had first fallen across Bessie Reedham's life.

Lidgate bitterly regretted that he had not been able to keep a better guard upon himself. There was now a barrier between them it would be difficult, if not impossible, to clear away.

He was going to her now, against his better judgment, impelled to it by a haunting intuition that she was in trouble of some sort.

He had no ground for that intuition, except his own certainty of it. She had not written to him, or indicated that she would like him to call. Yet there was no hesitation in his step as it approached the familiar house. It was one of a neat, small, uniform row of small dwellings, much sought after by the newly-wed of moderate means because of the pleasant gardens sloping at the back to the River Lea. It was this very garden that had attracted Bessie Reedham in her dreary search for a home suitable to her slender means. They had allowed her to keep the whole of her furniture; the more expensive articles she had sold, and furnished the small house with the simpler items, and had made it a home, albeit it was plain and simple and unpretentious. She had hoped to make it a home likewise to other people who would come to her as paying guests, and be glad, perhaps, to find something a little higher than the usual London boarding house.

Guests had come certainly, but most of them had proved unsatisfactory, exacting, some of them even dishonest. She had been disillusioned, and was now thankful to receive two city clerks who desired a respectable shelter more than a home, preferring to find their social environments outside. Her boy was now at home with her. In spite of her protestations, the Luttrells had kept him another year at Reigate, and after the summer term he had taken a situation in a shop at Clapton. This was a bitter pill for Bessie Reedham to swallow; but the lad had acted on his own initiative, and she had deemed it wiser to let him have his way. But her eye, quickened by love and anxiety, had discovered that he was not happy there, that his spirit was being crushed, and she was almost in despair.

In these dark days her thoughts had turned naturally to Lidgate, who had just returned from a three months' American tour.

It is possible that some spirit message went from her to him, and assured him that he would not be unwelcome at Clapton.

As he turned in at Burnham Road he saw a lad at the opposite corner, and, though he was greatly grown, he recognized Leslie.

He gave a low, quick whistle. "Hulloa, Leslie, old chap!" The boy stood still, peering through the dusk, uncertain of the voice. When he recognized Lidgate he seemed pleased, and

returned the grasp of his hand quite warmly.

The year had reassured Leslie, and his jealousy of Lidgate slept.

"I thought you were in America?" he said bluntly.

"I have only returned a few days. How are you, my boy?"

"I—oh, I'm quite well," he replied, but the falter in his voice seemed to belie his words. Lidgate detained him a moment, as he would have passed on to the house, ashamed, perhaps, of his brief emotion.

"Tell me what it is, lad. I am truly your friend, if you would only believe it," he said sincerely.

"I didn't want to show the white feather," said the lad bravely. "But I'm down on my luck, too. I've been paid off."

"But it was a poor job, Leslie, and never good enough; probably it will come a blessing in disguise," said Lidgate cheerily.

The lad's face brightened.

"I didn't think of it like that. It was only the money I thought of; eight shillings a week isn't much, is it, but it helps a good bit, mother says, more than you'd think."

Lidgate almost gasped.

Eight shillings a week! What did it represent to him—a few boxes of matches, a copper or a sixpence bestowed here and there for service rendered, and not to be taken into account at all. "How is your mother?" he asked, abruptly changing the theme.

"I'm afraid she isn't very well. It's been very hot in London this summer, and she has only two boarders at present. They pay very little; I know she is worried about the rent."

"Let's go in and see her, lad," said Lidgate, unable to bear any more.

"In a moment. I'd like to tell you how I came to get the sack to-day. I haven't done anything very bad, you know, and the master said he'd never had a sharper lad. But I was cheeky, I suppose. They said something about my father when we were at dinner upstairs, and I got mad, and hit out; with my tongue, I mean. I don't remember what I said exactly, but I know I could have killed them."

Lidgate's heart was full. The bright, eager face from which the rounded fulness of boyhood was so rapidly passing, the troubled eyes, the sensitive mouth, all appealed.

"Dear lad, you did right, quite right. Always cherish his memory, he was a good father to you."

"His memory, why do you say his memory?" he asked sharply. "He's still living, we shall see him again one day. Whatever you or anybody else may say I am sure of that, and so is mother."

Lidgate shook his head; Leslie put his hand on the gate and pushed it open. The brief warming of his heart towards Lidgate passed, and the old distrust returned.

They entered the house, and hearing two voices, Mrs. Reedham came out. That she was quite glad to see Lidgate was evidenced by the pleasure on her face. She had few, almost no friends now; those who thought of her with a passing pity did not come to tell her they remembered her, the world at large is only too anxious to forget those who have dropped into its byways.

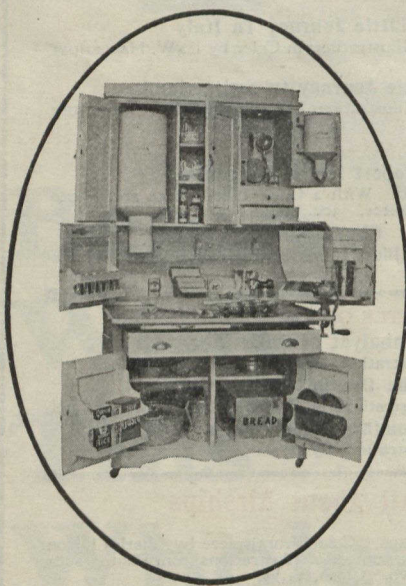
"Mother, I've had my tea, I only want to change and go out for an hour. You won't mind now Mr. Lidgate has come," said Leslie, and he saw with an added bitterness that she did not mind in the least, nay, that she would be glad to have some talk with the intruder alone.

He left the house without coming to the small sitting-room at the back they had reserved for their own use; his mother started when she heard the closing of the outer door.

"Leslie is out very happy where he is, Mr. Lidgate. I wish I could find another place for him."

"I will find him something to-morrow," replied Lidgate readily. "Personally, what I should like to do is to take him to London Wall, but James Currie would certainly object. There would not be any trouble with Sir Philip."

(To be continued)



An Ideal Christmas Gift

Here's a hint about that Christmas present—for wife, mother or sister—over which you've long been puzzling your brain: Give her a Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet—(a Christmas present of which anyone would be proud.) Handy, compact,

useful—you couldn't possibly give her *anything* which would be more truly appreciated, or which, in giving years of efficient service, would more frequently remind her of the giver.

Built For A Lifetime of Service

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet does away with kitchen drudgery and actually cuts kitchen work in half.

Handy and serviceable—fitted with every possible practical convenience—substantially made and beautifully finished.

Any good dealer will be pleased to show you the five handsome styles.

Booklet B mailed
upon request.



REGISTERED
Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co.
LIMITED
Hanover Ontario