POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1908

THE LAW OF THE LAND

By FRED M. WHITE

"You saw it then?" Ralph gasped.
"When you were getting me the soda?
And you mean to say you didn't notice at the same time. . . . My good Joicey, I feel the old sensation coming over me again. If you will wait here for me I will get up and we will go and find the body.
. . . I mean that—what are you staring at me for?"

Joicey stammered out something. He

MAKE THIS ACCORDING

TO THE DIRECTIONS

Prepare It at Home by Shaking Ingradients Wall in a Rottle

was wondering, perhaps, whence came the ghastly expression on Ralph's wet face. And Ralph realized the need of caution. "I wouldn't get up if I were you, sir," Joicey said. "What you want is a sleeping draught, if I know anything about it. Let the where you are sir and I'll get.

son's possession; it might even happen that Enid's father might open it. On the whole, when Ralph thought the matter over, he deemed it more prudent to do nothing of the kind. It would be much more sensible if he wrote to Dick Charteris a few lines in a correspondence way.

asking if he could spare half an hour to discuss an important matter of business.

Filled with the resolution, Ralph turned and retraced his footsteps to the house.

There was nobody in the library, so that Ralph was able to write his letters without interference on the part of Barca. He felt that Barca was the very last man in the world he wished to see at that moment. It was not easy to stand the scrutiny of anybody just now, but to endure the searching gleam of those dark brown eyes set Ralph trembling. Distracted and upset as he was, he did not fail to note that his hand-writing was extremely shaky and he made three copies of the letter before he was satisfied with it. Then, when it was written, he changed his mind and deemed that it would be better to ask anid to come and see him. He smiled bitterly to himself as he marked his own indecision and fickleness of purpose. He did

BEAT HIS AGED AT SACKVILLE

Telling Speeches of Morrissy and Flemming

MOTHER TO DEATH

Crowded House Listens to Mrs. Caroline Hilton of Ohio, Yarmouth County, the Victim

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