

the dangers of keeping bad company, and you turned a deaf ear. It grieves me to do it, but hold out your lily-white hands."

In as few words as possible Jim explained how Poddy had really been their friend and fought on their side, and evidently glad enough to do it, the policeman allowed the one-time suspect to go, and went off in search of more prisoners.

In two minutes more Jim and Peter approached the little group where an officer of Mounted Police stood with Tapper and a spare, grey-haired man whose face bore traces of recent privation and anxiety. He was John Thorne, and Tapper had made short work of his guard, who had meditated walking him over the brink of the cliff in order to get rid of him for good and all.

"Jim," said the stranger as he came forward and shook hands, "you're like what your father was, my boy. And to think that we should meet like this!"

But that was all he trusted himself to say just then, and he greeted Peter Dick in silence.

Then Tapper spoke to the Police Inspector, doubtless as much to distract attention from the meeting as aught else. He said:

"What I can't make out, Irwin, is why you led me to understand that you believed what that