



SEND A BOX ON CHRISTMAS EVE

The most appropriate present you could think of and one that is sure to be received with pleasure and appreciation.

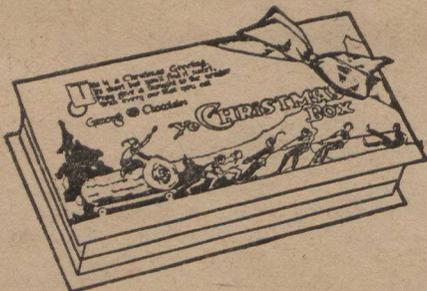
Ganong's Chocolates

in a new and beautifully designed Christmas Box with a charming greeting in verse on the top

ye CHRISTMAS BOX

filled with an assortment of the finest chocolates made.

A gift that is sure to please your friends.



Sold in 1 lb., 2 lb.,
3 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes

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AT THE CAMP

Master-Mason is the favorite tobacco not only on account of its great smoking qualities and fragrance, but owing to its being convenient, handy, easy to carry, easy to cut, and always in prime condition for smoking. All sportsmen are smokers and the most critical among them smoke Master-Mason.

SMOKE
Master *Mason*

"IT'S GOOD TOBACCO"

Try it yourself and you will find it

Equal by test to the very best,
Much better than all the rest.

Say MASTER-MASON to your dealer—he knows.

PRICE: 15 CTS. THE ROCK CITY TOBACCO CO., LIMITED

OUR ADVERTISING POLICY

We will not, knowingly or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favour if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

Advertising Manager, Canadian Courier

I did. He wired me in the cipher we had sometimes used in communicating with each other, but not knowing what name I was using on the train he addressed it to himself, confident that if a telegram reached the train addressed to 'Lawrence Hillward' I would understand and claim it.

"Of course, I could not follow his instructions and leave the train; we were snowed in. Besides, I could not imagine how anybody could have followed me onto the train, as I had taken pains to prevent that very thing by being the last passenger to get aboard it."

"The man whom the gateman saw did not follow you; he merely watched you get on the train and notified two others, who took the train at Spokane. They had planned to get rid of you after you left Seattle so as to run less risk of your death being connected with that of Warden. It was my presence which made it necessary for them to make the desperate attempt to kill you on the train."

"Then I understand. The other telegram was sent me, of course, by Edith from Chicago, when she learned here that you were using the name of Dorne on your way home. I learned from her when I got here that the documents relating to the Latron properties, which I had decided you did not have with you, were being sent you through Warden's office. Through Edith I learned that they had reached you and had been put in the safe. I managed to communicate with Hillward at the country club, and that night he brought me the means of forcing the safe."

EATON felt himself flushing again, as he looked at Harriet. Did she resent his having used her in that way? He saw only sympathy in her face.

"My daughter told me that she helped you to that extent," Santoine offered, "and I understood later what must have been your reason for asking her to take you out that night."

"When I reached the study," Eaton continued, "I found others already there. The light of an electric torch flashed on the face of one of them and I recognized the man as Latron—the man for whose murder I had been convicted and sentenced! Edith tells me that you know the rest."

There was silence in the room for several minutes. Santoine again felt for Eaton's hand and pressed it. "We've tired you out," he said. "You must rest."

"You must sleep, Hugh, if you can," Edith urged.

Eaton obediently closed his eyes, but opened them at once to look for Harriet. She had moved out of his line of vision.

Santoine rose; he stood an instant waiting for his daughter, then suddenly he comprehended that she was no longer in the room. "Mr. Hillward, I must ask your help," he said, and he went out with Hillward guiding him.

Eaton, turning anxiously on his pillow and looking about the room, saw no one but his sister. He had known when Harriet moved away from beside the bed; but he had not suspected that she was leaving the room. Now suddenly a great fear filled him, *why did Miss Santoine go away?*

Why did she go, Edith? he questioned. "You must sleep, Hugh," his sister answered only.

Harriet, when she slipped out of the room, had gone downstairs. She could not have forced herself to leave before she had heard Hugh's story, and she could not define definitely even to herself what the feeling had been that had made her leave as soon as he had finished; but she sensed the reason vaguely. Hugh had told her two days before, "I will come back to you as you have never known me yet"—and it had proved true. She had known him as a man in fear, constrained, carefully guarding himself against others and against betrayal by himself; a man to whom all the world seemed opposed; so that her sympathy—and afterward something more than her sympathy—had gone out to him. To that repressed and threatened man, she had told all she felt toward him, revealing her feel-