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tears came into his eyes.

ever get the paper?

Her earnest eyes were full of pleading and reluctantly Gordon to my office for a moment. Luckily they hadn't handcuffed me. I went to You're a brick," he said, "to be in-terested in me at all and I'm terribly they my desk, and the men stayed, at the

back of the room. "While I was fussing about my desk I hit upon an idea. With one eye on "Then do as I say-begin at the

beginning to tell me." "How do we know but that somethe men, I slowly unscrewed the incandescent globe from my desk lamp,

one is in that next room? Do you know where the other door leads and tossed it against the rear walltheir backs were toward it. It smashed, of course, and at the smash they both turned to see what caused

ly.

"Wait a minute," said June quick-ly, "I'll look in the outer office. Mr. Lamar's confidential clerk may be there. Don't move till I come back." shut, and ran up the fire escape to the her way to the door June hurroof.' riedly laid her gloves and wrist bag "Great!" applauded June, her right

on Lamar's desk, half-subcon-sciously noting at the same time a

of the imaginary thief, and at June's instance Lamar promptly joined him. This was just what June was waiting for. She ran to the paper-strewn desk, seized the coveted receipt, gave it a quick, keen glance, and hid it in urely fune, holding out the receipt. her dress. Then her eyes on the door, she hurpaper and reading it.

ried to the safe. Its door was open, as Farwell had left it, when he took out the Gordon papers to show to La-mar. With trembling fingers she snatched up a bundle of bank notes, the noise. In that instant I leaped stuck those in her dress also, and out of the open window, jammed it started back to her place. Then she was scourged on by

at his quarry, when Gordon feinted and drove his clenched fist into his eaned out eagerly. "What luck?" he said uneasily. "If I looked as happy as I feel, you foe's throat just below the point of the jaw.

wouldn't have to ask," smiled . It was the first good blow of the whole scrimmage. And it did its work. The detective reeled backward, trod "Hooray!" cried Gordon, opening the on thin air and catapulted into the Then he looked at June and road, where he landed on his head the and one shoulder. There Gordon left him, with never

"You are a wonder," he said in a low voice. "I can never repay you you marvelous girl! How did you a look back. His whole thought was centred upon getting far enough away so that he might safely leave The happy light died out of June's the cab without fear of being tracked down.

Finally, nearing a park entrance, he slowed to a normal pace, and then stopped. No one seemed to notice absence, on to his job?

"Why Mary," cried June, "what earth is the matter with you? Y

Oh!" wringing her hands a crumpling her face up into a mask of

bade the nurse. "and tell me all about it--I'm sure it isn't as bad as you

that was going on inside the house Lamar slowly passed by; his head bert, his face haggard and drawn. He

said aloud. "She is as holy as-as my own mother. She is above suspicio As far above suspicion as a saint in a cathedral. And yet-and yet-ever circumstance points to her as-as-

> "Tomorrow!" he muttered, half h dread, half in triumph, "yes, that is it.

ARE ADVENTUROUS CHAPS

Empire, Where the Shells Are Falling Thickest.

has not been seen in the countryside of late, and I have hardly seen for a whole year a single tramp of recruit-ing age pass my way who looked physically fit. Most tramps are possessed Evidently she did 'arn her own livin'. for Rosic became his faithful lurcher, a pal, he told me, he could alof the spirit of adventure, and Snowey was no exception to the rule. Tho he ways depend upon, for whenever Snowey took up "fresh lodgings for the night" (which meant sleeping on the roadside thru sheer inability to

did not own a foot of land, yet Eng-land—the England of green lanes dappled with primroses, and pheasant-baunted woods—was to him home and country; for did he not know them walk any further), "Rosie would se more intimately than many a landed proprietor?

no copper ever touched him." In a weak moment I had give "Snowey" (his hair, by the way, you will imagine was very fair) was of the fighting order. Of this I can give you proof; for did he not boast he would "take my measurement" one day, when, losing patience over his drink-ing habits, I put somebody else, in his besence on to bis iob? his modesty broke down. It happened

I was away from my farm when the over a snaring compe

handcuffs that lay there. pair of With a little shudder she passed them by, and slowly opening the cf-

There, with his back to her, sat Gage, the confidenital clerk, busily writing and serenely unconscious that anyone was looking at him. June oftly closed and locked the door. Gorden gave a nervous glance ound, then began: "The whole thing in a nutshell is

the The Farwell Corporation retained that they might 'legally' defraud their employes of co-operative profits.

When I found what they were up to I rebelled and tried to expose the crooked deal-so, of course, they've had it in for me ever since.

ere was only one thing to dotell the workers about it-the who had expected to be profiteyes. sharers and were dupes instead. So got a crowd of them in the courtard one day and told them the whole

Some of 'em believed me, most of

them didn't-or at least were doubtful. In the middle of it the watchman and a patrolman or two came to what it was all about, broke up the crowd with night sticks and pushed me off, threatening me with artest for 'starting a riot.' You see I was helpless. The corporation blocked me," muttered Gordon, bitterly. "Then, not content with that, they ruined me financially.

"One day I was in my office when

"His Old Cunning, Sneaking Face

the receiver, get my hat and hurry

grinning hypocrite, greeting me as if

ing in good faith!

Grinning at Me."

uminous and thoughtful. Her fingers were toying with the pair of handcuffs on the desk, and suddenly she picked them up and looked at them. Then, as her gaze took in her own hand, her face was suffused with a rush of color. There was the dreaded Red Circle, burning all too clearly against the white flesh. At that moment someone turned the

handle of the door leading to the outer office. At the sound Gordon raised his head

and met the frightened look in June's "I'm going to give myself up, any.

way," he said indifferently. "No! NO!" whispered June ve-

hemently. "You musth't give your up now! I'm going to help you!" "You mustn't give yourself Then the knock came a second time, followed by a little pause, and after that the sound of retreating footsteps. June moved quickly to the hall door and Gordon followed. June opened the door and looked out into the hall -then suddenly drew back, shutting and locking the door.

"It's Gage!" she whispered breath-lessly. "And he's making for this door, now!"

Before the words were fairly out of her mouth, the hall door was tried. A moment later there was a crash of splintered glass and Gage peered into the office thru the jagged opening his determined elbow had made. He saw no one, however, for the very good reason that June and Gordon were flattening themselves against the wall on

the side nearest the door. Gage then decided to reach thru the opening and unlock the door from the June, catching a glimpse of his

entering arm, slipped quickly to the desk and picked up the handcuffs, then tiptoed hurriedly to the door as Gage's hand groped for the key. An instant nore and she had deftly snapped one of the handcuffs around Gage's wrist and with trembling fingers snapped

the other on the door knob. June caught her wrist bag and gloves from the desk and, signaling to Gordon to follow her, unlocked the outer office, door and slipped into the cor-

As they hurried on-with Gordon a off in the rear-June nervously thrust her right hand into his glove; she didn't intend to have Gordon or anyone else see that throbbing Red Circle.

Outside the office building June halt-ed and looked up and down the street in search of a taxicab. Presently one appeared and she held up her hand to stop it. As it drew alongside the curb she and Gordon got in and drove

Lord! He's with Lamar!"

is better.'

away "All right, so far." said June. "Now aimed. for our next move." "Look!" exclaimed Gordon, elutch-

ng June's hand, unconsciously pressing to June, waving the bag before her as its Red Circle. "Look! There's Farhe entered the office. "Oh thank you, Mr. Lamar! I knew well! Farwell, just ahead of us! Good

you would find it for me if any mortal "Don't worry," whispered June, recould: I'm a million times grateful turning the pressure of his hand reas- to you!"

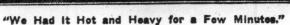
Farwell rang me up. 'I want to see suringly. "It's going to be all right-""Let n you at once,' he said. 'We are wrong couldn't have happened better! I'll get Lamar." "Let me go home with you," pleaded htem both now! I'm going to jump

"Oh, no, really--I'll be perfectly all right myself," answered June, "Anyway, I shall insist on taking "It didn't take me long to hang up out and join them, and I want you to the receiver, get my hat and hurry stay in the cab and wait for me a lit-over to his office. There he was, the the way up the street. Or. no, the park ou down to the door,"

" said June, reluctantly, ood looking Tenderly after "All right. I were a long lost friend. He waved me to a chair, and then took out a pa-per and placed ft airily on a desk leaf, better. Lamar and Farwell, deep in conver-sation, did not notice the sound of footsteps behind them, and so, had no back to rejoin Farwell, the time to a chair, and then he went back to rejoin Farwell, the time to a chair should be the sound of back to rejoin Farwell, the time to a chair should be the sound of back to rejoin Farwell, the time to a chair should be the sound of back to rejoin Farwell, the time to a chair should be the sound of back to rejoin Farwell, the sound the sound the sound the sound the sound the sound be sound the sound

per and placed it arily on a desk lear, footsteps behind them, and so, had ho back to rejoin ratwen, and told me to read it. All the time he kept one hand on the thing, but I, like a fool, thought nothing of that—I was idiot enough to believe he was act-

mar, who shook hands cagerly, his office.



another mad impulse. Going to the "Don't ask me how I got it," she murmured. "The only thanks I wish table she picked up a couple of sheets of plain letter paper, folded them toof plain letter paper, folded them to-gether and tore them into rude circles. Her eyes gleamed oddly as she picked up a pen and, sitting down, began to what I am. Now you must go, and so must I; but first, I want you to ac-cept this little roll of money—it may come in handy." As she spoke she print something on one of the circles. XI. opened her wrist bag, and handed him some bank notes-not those she

Looking over her shoulder at every other letter, she finished her printing. had taken from the safe. Then she put the plain white circle on "I can't take this." stammered Gorthe dark blotting pad, got up, ran to don. the safe and hung the printed circle on the knob. With a sigh of satisfacme already!" tion, she went back to the anteroom and collapsed into a chair, resuming. June firmly. "You don't know how much you may need it, nor how soon." her air of fright and exhaustion.

"Since you insist, We'll call it a loan," said Gordon, reluctantly pock-During their wild-goose chase Lamar d Farwell met the returning secreeting the money-"and thank you a ary and they all came down the hall million times." gether, talking excitedly. With a hurried handshake and good-

While they were talking, Lamar, true by June disappeared, Gordon looked his trade, was looking; so it was he about for his driver, who presently slouched into view, half asleep. Evisho found June's bag in the dark corof the hall, dently he had found the grass very "Here's the bag, anyhow!" he ex-

soothing and comfortable to his rheu-"The man must have dropped matic old bones. it when he ran! See what Santa Claus "Time to drive on, my son," said brought for a good little girl!" he called Gordon. "All right, boss," yawned the driver.

"Jes' soon's I crank 'er up." Then he ambled around to the front of the cab and began to turn crank. As the engine started to buzz hopefully, Gordon, still nervous and on the lookout, saw and recognized a

plainclothes detective, who was running toward the cab.

It took Gordon barely a second to leap to the steering wheel, knock the

sleepy driver to one side and send the car forward, The plainclothes man was just foo

quick for him, however, and managed to leap onto the running board as the

machine moved off. Gordon put the car at fullspeed, and thanked his stars that he was ambidexterous. Steering a bit wildly with his left hand, he suddeniy leaned

"You have done too much for

"You can, and you must," answered

him, so he got out quickly, and leaving the park, made for the downtown district. He still had his hard-won "receipt," and he felt that an indexed

and he felt that as long as it was in existence, even the it was in his own possession, his liberty was more or ess in danger. Just then he passed by a vacant lor, and he saw what he needed most-

a bonfire! Tearing the receipt into tiny pieces, he threw them on the fire and watch-

ed them burn until every scrap had vanished into unrecognizable ashes. Then he gave a long sigh of relief squared his shoulders to the world and continued on his way.

Is it strange that his thoughts is it strange that his thoughts should turn to June, the girl who had done so much for him? He would have been less jubilant if he could have guessed the new complications have guessed the new complications in which she was just then entangled. After leaving Gordon in the park, June had gone straight home and up-stairs to her boudoir. There were still signs of the hurried return to town—an empty trunk, and some ar-ticles of clothing jying around; and she wondered idly what Mary had been about, not to put the room in better shape.

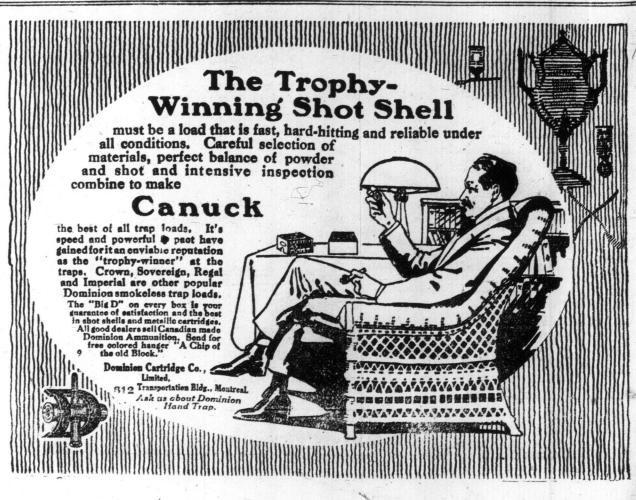
ter shape. June never liked a messy room, so she went right on into her "den," be fore taking off her hat, "What awful man?" June's face

what awith man? June's race went white. "You can't mean--" "Yes," went on Mary huskily, "it's him! That 'Smiling Sam' Eagan we thought we was rid of for good'n' all!" "Not here?" panted June in stark forror

"He's right here in this house-we brought him with us! He made Yama put him into the big wardrobe trunkand when I started to unpack it, there he was, with his old cunning sneakusual "I leave it to you, sir," coupled with a request for leave to doss in the ing face grinning at me as sassy as

sobered alventurer turned up to re-sume his hedge-trimming, but, meet-ing him on the road some time after- "There's Bill," he said with d "he's got his name put in them p "There's Bill," he said with disgust, "he's got his name put in them papers. wards, I asked him if he still wished It don't do to have your name in the to measure me for a new suit of papers" (and he looked at me with wards, I asked him if he still wished to measure me for a new suit of clothes. He expressed his sorrow 'or his language, which surprised me, for when Snowey, under the influence of drink, knocked down a man in the hayfield, and I advised him to apolo-tice be add that the be hod "more and I apple and the set a snare agin you any day' He set and the state that he hod "more and I advised him to apologise, he said that he had "never one, and I set one, and I'd a rabbit a spologised to no one" in his life. mine a couple of hours afore he ad a Uttering an untruth-for which Hea- flick in hisn."

they were in the wrong! "Well, I ain't a-goin' to— Strewth!" affirmed this owner of a brawny fist. That was the summer when he turned up with his red pocket-hand- of them." Possibly his sympathies kerchief with white spots, greeting were due to his predatory instincts. me with the statement that he was "Sufficient unto the day is the evil me with the statement that he was "Sufficient unto the day is the evil going to build my hayrick-after he had refreshed himself with ""arf a ite, tho unspoken text. When, for in-



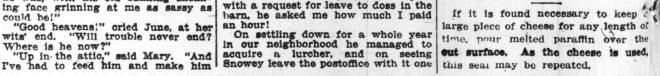
ven forgive me—I told him that gentlemen always apologised when they were in the wrong! "Well, I ain't a-goin' to— Strewth!" of land and was an incorrigible poach-

or, in all political crises, he abetted the backwoodsman, possibly he felt "one

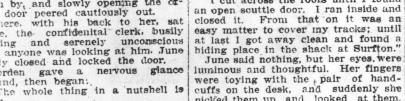
I answered, shortly. "Carn't I? I know you—you, you put me into them blinking papers. Wait till I've 'ad 'arf a pint!" Well, perhaps Snowey is now doing the national debt. I says it ain't. Bill says it 'as. Now, 'as it? That's

Wait till I've 'ad 'arf a pint!" Like a boat in a choppy sea he crossed the hayfield en route for the village. At midday he returned to my field-gate, only to fall ingloriously be-hind the hedge to sleep the sleep of tho unsteady for the rest of the day. But I liked Snowey, in spite of his intemperance. Tho only a tramp, when sober he stood up for the dignity of labor. Upon the first occasion that he presented himself to me for work, to my astonishment, instead of the usual "I leave it to you, sir," coupled

TO KEEP CHEESE FROM DRYING.







hiding place in the shack at Surfton. June said nothing, but her eyes, were