

# By The Law of Tooth and Talon

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

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**Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.**  
Louise Vogel, a notorious criminal, is offered \$5,000 by Lebrun to kidnap Judge Graham, terror of evil-doers. As Lebrun leaves "Silver Danny's" saloon, he is observed by Ralph Charlton of the Department of Justice who has dubbed him "The Gray Wolf." Vogel takes the \$1,000 given him to bind the compact to Stella Lathrop, a country girl he had found starving in the city and befriended. Stella is now earning honest wages in a factory and refuses to marry Vogel unless he gives up his evil ways. She has, however, fallen a convert to Bolshevism. Vogel carries out his pact. Judge Graham lies bound in a shack some miles out of the city. "The Gray Wolf" demands that the judge should let certain prisoners off with merely a fine. Threats of death for himself and torture for his son have no weight with the just Judge. Charlton becomes suspicious of "The Gray Wolf" and Vogel. Stella Lathrop joins the Inner Council. Charlton visited Stella to find out if she knew of Vogel's whereabouts, and when leaving the hotel saw Lebrun break into her room and Vogel rush to her rescue. Lebrun got the worst of the fight and pursued Vogel and Stella in a motor car to the hut where Judge Graham is imprisoned, but was frightened into turning to the city. Stella insisted upon taking the unconscious judge with them in their flight to safety. Charlton, invades the Inner Council under guise of a messenger from headquarters.

## CHAPTER X.

### Lebrun Exposes His Hand.

"I am afraid I have overplayed things," confessed Lebrun when he had joined Charlton in the street and they had sought a secluded bench in a near-by park.

"Overplayed?" echoed Charlton. "I thought your plans were remarkably concise and well formed. I can't see where you have attempted too much."

"No, because you do not know everything, Morris." Thus Charlton had introduced himself, that being his middle name. "I have confided many things to the Inner Council, but in others I have played a lone hand. It was safer, I judged, not to let too many know everything. You never know whether the person in whom you confide is square or not. Some one might upset plans."

"You are perfectly right," agreed the Government man. "Tell the wrong person and it might get to the Government and that would mean prison for some one. There is not much sympathy with disloyalty just now. The people are prone to forgive and forget easily. They fight bravely and without shrinking. But after the fight they are magnanimous, they cherish no ill-will, they meet the one-time enemy more than halfway."

"Pools," sneered "The Gray Wolf." "That is what makes it so easy to scheme and plot and plan their destruction. They let Germany work her will in this country without lifting a finger to stop her. Von Bernstorff, Von Papen, Von Rintelen, all of the Kaiser's master spies, pulled the wool over the eyes of the Government for months. Not a one of them paid the penalty. In Europe it would have been different. Detection one day, conviction the next, a firing squad the next."

"That is just why the American people are in no mood to be trifled with now," said Charlton. "They trusted Germany, and Germany betrayed that trust. She honeycombed the nation with spies and informers; she drove the United States into the war. America and the Allies have won the war, but the American people are not disposed in the slightest to forget now. Bolshevism will not be received with open arms. A hint of disloyalty or plotting against America now may quite easily mean the firing squad on this side of the Atlantic."

"Do not mention it, I beg you," said Lebrun with a shudder. "I confess I have not slept well. Thus far no suspicion has been aroused against me. I am sure, but were we to slip I can quite easily see where there would be a hundred, yes a thousand, hands turned against me."

"You mentioned having overplayed yourself," reminded the Government man, who had been merely toying with this unsuspecting schemer. The attitude of Lebrun had indicated to him that now was the psychological moment to extract from this arch-plotter a great deal of information important to the Government. Lebrun had reached the point where he felt it necessary to confide in some one and he figured there was no one so safe as this supposed messenger and trusted agent of the Bolshevik leaders.

"He was right and I knew it. He had me. Then he told me that the only condition under which he would return the money was for me to prevent him from going to prison if he were convicted."

"I don't care how you go about it," he said. "I don't want to go to the penitentiary, but if I do go, I want to know that I will be paid for it. When I get out, there may be no Bolsheviks left. Probably there won't be. And a million and a quarter will be a nice little stake to have waiting."

Lebrun was talking fast and excitedly. Evidently he was highly wrought up. Charlton realized that the man must have been under a terrific strain. His life would pay if the Bolsheviks discovered that their money was gone. As Neilson had told him, they never would believe that Lebrun had been hoodwinked and had not had a hand in its disappearance.

"Then what did you do?" prompted Charlton, wondering if he were not going to waken soon and find that all this was only a dream. He resorted to

the time-worn expedient of pinching himself to verify the fact that Lebrun was actually narrating these secrets to him.

"What could I do?" asked "The Gray Wolf" pitilessly. "I spent thousands of my own money to try and save him from conviction. If it had been any one but Judge Graham I might have tried even to bribe the court. But... was no use. Then, just a few days before the time set for the passing of sentence, I sent Neilson another note telling him that I had done my best and begging him to turn the money over to me. And what do you think was his reply? Just three words, scrawled on a piece of dirty paper. 'Go to h—!' were the words. I was fairly desperate, and as a last resort I hired a gangster to kidnap Judge Graham!" He made the statement dramatically.

Charlton hoped that his exclamation conveyed enough surprise to satisfy "The Gray Wolf." He had known all the time that the statement was coming and he had been trying to work himself up to the proper pitch.

"Yes, I had the Judge kidnapped. I threatened him with death, with seeing his son tortured before his eyes, with everything I could think of that would move him. I offered him any amount he might name if he would find some way to keep Neilson and the others from the penitentiary."

"What did he reply?"

"He told me just what Neilson did. He told me to go to hell," wailed Lebrun. Charlton almost laughed aloud. He had imagination and he knew Judge Graham. The mental picture of the old fire-eater telling "The Gray Wolf" to seek a warmer climate was mirth-producing. But the Government man choked down his amusement and inquired gravely where the Judge was now. Strive as he would to make the question seem trivial, he feared that Lebrun might detect the impatience with which he hung upon the next words.

"You don't know?" Charlton, stung into real surprise, seized the other's arm. "Did you have him killed? Did he escape? Why, man alive, how could you be so careless?"

"It was all because of a woman," confessed Lebrun, "an ignorant little fool who hung around lapping up everything in the radical lines. Ignorant, mountain-bred little tigris. But beautiful! Oh, my friend, you should have seen her. Such glorious auburn hair! Such big, soulful eyes! Such a kissable mouth!"

"Don't rave, man, don't rave," begged Charlton. "Get on with your story." He himself had fallen under the spell of Stella's beauty, and he did not care to have it discussed by this scheming scoundrel.

"The woman I hired to kidnap the Judge was her lover," said Lebrun. Charlton steeled himself to keep from driving the lie back down the throat of "The Gray Wolf." But he held himself in check by a well-nigh superhuman effort. "I thought to hold a club over him by having her admitted to the Inner Council."

And to put himself in a position to work his will with the girl, thought Charlton, to whom this part of the tale was an old story.

"Then she grew angry at me," Lebrun glossed over his attempt to take advantage of Stella. "I was calling at her room to tell of a meeting of the Council at which we were to discuss plans for using her as an emissary among the crooks of the city. This brute of a lover of hers," again Charlton took a grip upon himself, "happened in and attacked me."

"Then I realized that they held me in their power. They had but to tell the police I had kidnapped Judge Graham and where he was hidden. The infernal old man had seen me, too, when I talked to him. He could identify me as the man who had threatened him. I was in a tight fix. I got my motorcar and drove like mad out to the house where he was being held by two of this thug's hirelings. But the man and the girl were there ahead of me. He drove me off with his revolver. That was this afternoon. I am afraid to go back. What shall I do?"

He asked the question as a child would an adult.

"If you wish to go out there now I will accompany you." Charlton hoped his eagerness for the trip was not apparent. "You say you have a car."

"Wait here. I will have it on the corner in ten minutes."

"Better still, I will go with you." The Federal agent was of no mind to let "The Gray Wolf" get away from him and, alone, have an opportunity to reflect that he had confided in an absolute stranger.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

## About the House

The Cooking Lesson.

There's some that say I'm hard to please. (There, beat the batter light!)

Well, nothing spells eternal peace so much as starting right.

Some say a man must do his work, no matter what or when;

I'm thinking all the doing doesn't fall upon the men.

(Child! Mercy me! Your griddle's hot. This spoon will hold enough. It used to thrill me like a song to see the edges puff.)

Oh, yes, they shake their heads and say it's hard to get a start;

Well, half the battle's over if a woman knows her part.

But, child, don't think the cook-books hold the whole you have to know.

The magic secret doesn't lie all in the biscuit dough.

You've got to sing about your work, and when the hour is late,

Just set your supper ready and go down beside the gate;

The early stars, the whitest plum, the pinkest apple trees!

(My first was such another batch, as crispy brown as these.)

When he comes whistling through the woods, along the dusking pike—Land, pancakes mixed with sentiment! Whoever heard the like?

The Clothes Moth.

There are more than one species of clothes moth that riddle our Sunday-best and make it unfit for wear, but the one doing the most damage is known as the case-making clothes moth. The destructive work of the larvae of the clothes moths is only too well known when, during the summer months, they show their fondness for furs, woollens, carpets and clothes. The little yellowish or buff-colored moths may be seen at times fitting about the room, attracted to lights at night, or perhaps disturbed in their usual haunts in the folds of garments or curtains. They themselves are quite harmless and eat no food, as they possess only rudimentary mouths. The damage caused by these pests is then limited to the feeding at larval stage.

The case-making clothes moth makes a tiny transportable case for its protection and when it feeds, carries this around with it. The larva is one-bodied, that is, there is only one generation a year. The time of year that the larvae are present, to create havoc in garments, furs, feathers and carpets, is from June to August. At other times, it is said, no fear need be had. The moth is about

half an inch long between the tips of the wings and dies right after the egg-laying is completed. The minute, almost invisible eggs are laid on material that will serve as food for the newly-hatched larvae. Sometimes they are laid in cracks in trunks so that the young larvae can enter and enjoy a nice quiet existence among the materials within.

Many experiments with various substances have been tried against both the adult moths and the larvae, as well as the eggs. Some of the results are mentioned below.

Naphthalene—This substance is a coal-tar product and very easy to obtain. It has been found to be uniformly effective in protecting woolen garments from being eaten by these pests and also in killing both the larvae and adults. The fumes from this product seem to be the agent that makes these pests succumb. It was found also that the insect eggs treated with this material did not hatch.

Camphor—Gum camphor used at the rate of five ounces to five cubic feet of space was effective in varying degrees. It is not as efficient as is the naphthalene and costs quite a lot more.

Red-cedar Chest—During an experiment to determine the killing properties of a red-cedar chest, seventy adult moths were liberated within it and at the end of sixty days not one of them was alive. The same experiment was tried again two years later using the same chest, and the same results were obtained. Red-cedar chips and shavings, while not altogether efficient in killing the moths and keeping them from laying their eggs, will probably act as a deterrent to keep moths away from garments treated this way.

Pyrethrum—Pyrethrum was very effective, killing one hundred per cent. of the moths, when used at the rate of four parts of the pyrethrum to ninety-six parts of flour. It is also very effective against the larvae. Clothing can be protected if thoroughly dusted with pyrethrum powder.

Nicotine and Powdered Tobacco—Neither of these materials were found to be very destructive to the larvae when used at ordinary strengths and if used strong enough to kill them the price would be almost prohibitive.

Cloves and oil of lavender were effective in protecting flannel from the egg-laying moth, while some materials that helped to control the larvae were ninety-five per cent. ethyl alcohol as a spray, cloves used as a dust, and sodium fluoride as a dust. Materials that were ineffective against the larvae were allspice, angelica root, borax, eucalyptus leaves, formaldehyde, white hellebore, lavender flowers, lead carbonate, lead oxide, lime, sodium bicarbonate. Sulphur fumigation has proven to be a very good way of killing the adults and larvae on a large scale. Formaldehyde is useless.

A general suggestion on control measures would be to carefully examine and brush every garment before it is put away for the summer and

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then either apply naphthalene or pyrethrum. Clothing that is frequently brushed is not very apt to become infested.

### Correct Way to Sew on a Button.

With double thread sew through cloth and button with knot between button and cloth. Now place a pin between the thread and button, drawing the thread tightly over it. Sew over the pin until the button is as firmly attached as you wish. Then bring the needle up between the thread and wind several wrappings of thread about that which holds the button, sew back through the cloth, fasten the thread, and remove the pin. Buttons sewed on in this way are always loose enough to be easily buttoned.

### A Prayer in Spring.

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers to-day;  
And give us not to think so far away  
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here  
All simply in the springing of the year.

Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,  
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;  
And make us happy in the happy bees,  
That swarm dilating round the perfect trees.

And make us happy in the darting bird  
That suddenly above the bees is heard,  
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,  
And off a blossom in mid-air stands still.

For this is love, and nothing else is love,  
The which it is reserved for God above  
To sanctify to what far ends He will,  
But which it only needs that we fulfill.

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### Spiders' Webs as Fishing-Nets.

Spiders' webs are used as fishing nets by the natives of a little village called Waley, in New Guinea.  
The spider is about the size of a small hazel-nut, but its dark and hairy brown legs spread to about two inches. The web it spins is about six feet in diameter, and its mesh is very strong.  
The natives set up long bamboos bent over into a loop at the end, and in a very short time the spider weaves a web on these frames so kindly left for him, and the Papuan has his net made "while he waits."

The mesh at the outside of the web is about one inch square, and gets smaller and smaller until near the centre it is only, perhaps, one-eighth of an inch.

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