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The Canada Business College  
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Canada's greatest school of Shortland and Business training.  
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THE UNDOING OF A DOUBT  
BY HUGO ST. FINISTERRE, M.D.  
AUTHOR OF "WHO'S WHO" ETC. ETC.

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No doubt lingered in my mind that the negro intended treachery. If not, why had he failed to call me, as he promised? I was mildly astonished that he had not robbed me in my sleep, but accounted for that on the theory that he intended to deliver me intact to the white men who were hunting for me. This fancy became more reasonable when I reflected that Pete must be an object of suspicion to his neighbors because of his numerous forays upon their property. In what more effectual way could he square himself with them than by delivering me into their hands? He had gone forth to open communication with them, and as soon as he could do so would bring them to the cabin, where I should have been caught like a rat in a trap.

I stepped to the small window on the right and peeped out. The small clearing stretched away to the wood and showed no sign of a living person. The same view met my eye from the opposite window. Then I lifted the latch and looked along the trail over which we had come to the building. That, too, was equally devoid of persons, but the chickens were industriously scratching the ground in quest of their breakfast, as much at home as if with their rightful owners.

Feeling that every passing minute was of value, I drew the door fully open, stepped forth and latched it after me. A hurried glance on every hand failed to show any cause for additional alarm, and I walked rapidly over the path toward the creek where the dugout had been left.

There was danger of meeting Pete at any moment. I resolved if I did so to charge him directly with playing me false and if he proved ugly or attempted to detain me to use one of the remaining charges in my revolver upon him, but I reached the stream without sight of him.

I had passed, debating the best course to take, when I heard the murmur of voices in the undergrowth on my left, the sounds indicating that two persons at least were approaching the spot where I stood. I instantly stepped out of the trail and crouched among the dense undergrowth, where I was invisible unless the parties continued across the path. Drawing my revolver, I prepared for the contingency.

The fear of being detected held me so low in the shrubbery that I could not see either of the men, though I recognized their voices as those of Pete and of Cy Walters. By some means the two had established communication, and doubtless other members of the man hunt were within call.

The two continued talking, but to my exasperation it was in such low tones that it was impossible to distinguish a syllable. This was the more remarkable when it is remembered that I was within a bicent's toss of where I was crouching. Perhaps I should have heard enough to catch the drift of their conversation had they not changed their position by moving farther along the path in the direction of the cabin. Waiting several minutes, I ventured to steal forward a few paces into the trail in the hope of catching sight of them and making my own position more advantageous. Unfortunately, however, a turn in the path shut them from sight, and I dared not approach any nearer through fear of betraying myself.

Ah, if in the light of after-events I had caught but a single sentence of that extraordinary conversation going on so near me!

At that moment the distant baying of a hound sounded through the swamp. There was no mistaking the hideous sound nor could there be any doubt of the fact that the brute was on my trail. Moreover, now that the man hunters had been given time to gather and formulate their plans they were sure to provide themselves with more than one of the frightful creatures.

The warning could not pass unheeded. The dogs would follow my foot-steps straight to the twisted tree and then up the creek to where I had entered the dugout of the negro Pete. Cy Walters was already in the company of the African, so that the trail to where I was crouching at this instant was as



I could not see either of the men straight as a string. Furthermore, no matter what direction I took, except that by water, I could not elude the dogs.

But the best means in the world was at hand. I decided to enter the stream with my clothing and swimming an indefinite distance, and there was no

call to do so when the dugout was within arm's reach.  
With no hesitation, I shoved the clumsy structure clear, picked up the paddle and balanced myself within. The boat was of awkward build, but it was easy to paddle through the water with its leeward current. Being convinced that by going up stream I would enter deeper into the swamp, I headed the craft in the opposite direction. I was determined to reach the open country, instead of hiding in the wood to perish of starvation.

For some minutes I paddled as vigorously as possible consistent with silence. I could not forget that my relentless enemy and the owner of the craft were but a few rods away and were liable at any time to notice its departure. It was evident that the two would soon visit me as prisoner while I slept. Finding I had gone, they would suspect the course taken, while the absence of the dugout could leave no doubt of the means used.

Thus, with every incentive for haste, I swayed the paddle first on one side and then on the other and with the slight help from the current made good progress. It was not to be forgotten, however, that I had doubled on my own trail, so to speak, and was approaching the curved tree which had served me as a bridge in crossing the stream. My pursuers must use the same means, and it would be an awkward complication if we should arrive at the same moment. Because of this feature I slowed my progress as I drew near the spot.

My calculation was well made, for, upon creeping around the bend I had fixed upon in my mind as affording the view, the old looking tree came into sight, resembling a gigantic sleigh runner, pointing toward the sky. Backing water, I held the boat motionless and listened.

The stillness was unbroken. But for that one cry of the distant bloodhound and the voice of the two men I might have believed I was the only inhabitant of the hundreds of miles of dismal swamp.

Prudence required that I should run the boat under the bank and keep of sight until my pursuers had passed. The time was short, and I was too precious to do so. My dread was of Cy Walters and the negro Pete. They must soon discover my flight and would hasten along the bank in pursuit. True, they would have no means of telling which direction I had taken, and therefore would probably search in both directions. But I could not be sure they would not be able to tell, and I was doubtful, though both were accustomed to a life that made them experts at that sort of thing.

Halting for only a few seconds, I decided to push on and gain all the distance possible while the opportunity was mine. My head of the creek should be nearer, with my nerves keyed to the highest pitch and my sense of hearing strained to the utmost. Nothing alarming was seen or heard, and I shot beneath the misshapen trunk, holding my breath and with compressed lips.

But the danger was imminent until the next bend of the creek should be passed and the natural bridge was out of sight behind me. I had not far to go and bent all my energies to the task, not looking back until I was almost on the turn. Then I turned my head, and as I did so saw that I had been discovered.

## CHAPTER XVI.

I had been discovered not by a man, but by one of my four footed pursuers. The bloodhound had trailed me straight to the curving tree, along whose trunk he trotted with a sure foot, when he caught sight of the dugout and myself.

## Baggage man's Backache

A Berlin Baggage man Recommends Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

Hauling heavy trunks and lifting heavy trunks strains the back and injures the delicate fibres of the kidneys.

No wonder so many baggage men complain of backache and kidney troubles.

For baggage man's backache, as well as for all kinds of backache, kidney, bladder and urinary troubles, there is no remedy equal to Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.  
Read what Mr. Geo. Bremner, baggage man, G. T. R. station, Berlin, Ont., has to say about them: "For three or four years I have suffered from a severe backache due to kidney trouble. I have tried all kinds of kidney remedies, but am forced to say until I procured a bottle of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets of A. J. Ross, druggist, I never had much relief. The tablets, however, soon took hold, and the result is comfort again. I am only too pleased to recommend them as easy, safe and sure."

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are 50 cents a box at all druggists. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

he stopped, and without emitting any cry stared wonderingly at me.

If ever there was a puzzled dog, it was that particular specimen. As I have remarked, the species ranks low in intelligence, and there was something in the situation that was beyond the comprehension of that brute. He had been put on the trail of a fugitive fleeing on foot and had done his work so well that he speedily reached the place where I crossed the stream. When in the act of following up the scent, he caught sight of me.

No doubt he asked himself whether it was possible I was the gentleman wanted. Marvellous as is the power of those animals, it could not have revealed to this one that I was the man whom he was trailing, because of which he stared at me in mute wonderment, while he pondered the question. What he ought to have done was to announce his predicament by some sort of howl and brought his masters to the spot, but the animal didn't know enough for that. He must have decided that his duty was to attend strictly to the business on which he was engaged, for, withdrawing his gaze, he trotted the remaining brief distance and jumped heavily to the ground. At that moment he emitted a howl and pressed his pursuit of me by taking a course directly the opposite of the true one.

Having thrown all my enemies to the rear for the time being, I must quickly decide upon my future course.

Anxious as I was to get out of the swamp and reach the open country, it was manifest that I would surrender an immense advantage when I did so. The news of the escape of the supposed horse thief, Hank Beyer, had spread through the country by this time, and doubtless searching parties were scattered over a space of many miles. Nothing rouses the bloodthirstiness of a mob more than the hunt for a victim with success delayed. If the fugitive can remain beyond reach for several days, their passions are likely to cool, but for a time it is a raging volcano.

It will be noted that there was no possibility of following me even with the help of the finest bloodhounds that had ever been trained. So long as I remained on the water the brutes were powerless. I could land at any point I chose, and the dogs might grope for hours before finding me, or they might do so in much less time than that. To disembark and leave the dugout to show where I had done so would be to surrender all chances of ultimate escape.

The plan I fixed upon while paddling down stream was simple. It was to land at what seemed to be a suitable point, and then set the boat adrift. It would float a greater or less distance without betraying the spot where it and I had parted company.

The problem, however, remained to decide upon the best place to do this, for it will be remembered that I was wholly ignorant of the location and of Black Man's swamp. But, reasoning from the scant knowledge picked up the previous night, I inferred that I was near the boundary of the dismal tract. The time had not yet come for me to leave it altogether, and since each side of the creek was overgrown with undergrowth I carefully ran the dugout close to shore and under the impenetrable curtain. The branches were secured and arranged around me with a care that would have done credit to an American Indian. By parting the interstices immediately in front of the screen I could look out upon the vast width of the river, and then set the boat adrift. It would be observed by any one on the opposite bank or who might be navigating another craft past my hiding place, while behind me the dense vegetation was equally friendly.

For the first time I felt safe. Even if my pursuers should suspect my artifice they would have to push the matter until they came directly upon the dugout itself. That they should succeed upon the first attempt was out of the question. I could rest and meditate for awhile in peace.

Great Caesar, but wasn't I hungry! Although I had eaten but one regular meal, I felt as if famishing. The plain food would have been a godsend. I could devour anything edible and would have masticated and swallowed the leaves on the branches and the bark on the trees had I not been afraid of serious consequences. I was so unacquainted with the flora of those southern swamps, but knew they contained a great deal of noxious vegetation that was as likely to prove fatal as the tools of our northern states. So I resolutely repressed my craving, though ready to do almost anything desperate that promised to relieve the gnawing hunger.

Some 15 minutes of profound silence passed, during which I wondered at hearing nothing of the baying of the hounds. The pursuers must have reached a conclusion by that time and probably the means of my flight had been discovered long before.

Sh! Something stirred among the bushes on the opposite bank. Perhaps it was a hopping bird or some animal making his way stealthily among the vegetation, but it was safer to set it down as one of my enemies.

Again the gentle stir fell on my ears, and I softly parted the bushes before my face and peeped out. As I did so I saw Cy Walters, who had come to the edge of the creek and was peering first down stream and then across to the spot where I was hiding. He was so near that I kept the peephole at the smallest dimensions possible through fear that those keen eyes would detect me. He wore the same slouch hat and his grizzled beard covered his face and breast. He held his Winchester in his right hand, while with his left he kept the bushes apart to gain an unobstructed view. One huge booted foot was thrust so far forward that the water covered the foot.

"Confound you!" was my thought. "I should be justified in serving you as I did that bloodhound in the clearing. You are seeking the life of an innocent man, and he would serve you right to take yours."

To be Continued.

## What is

## CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## Castoria.

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## Castoria.

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3. We are doing business on our own reputation, not of our predecessors.  
4. Our records show more actual cures than all the other specialists combined.  
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