

# By The Law of Tooth and Talon

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

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**Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.**  
Louie 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 part. 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 in the hotel hall encountered Lebrun.

## CHAPTER VII.

**A Game of Hide and Seek.**  
Around the turn of the hall Charlton paused. He knew that Lebrun had not recognized him. In fact, he was not at all sure that the other even knew him. Instantly he made up his mind that he would try to learn what had brought "The Gray Wolf" to this place. If, as Charlton suspected, Lebrun and Vogel were concerned in the disappearance of Judge Graham, then "The Gray Wolf" probably had come to the hotel to see "The Gray Wolf."

These suspicions were confirmed when, poking his head cautiously around the turn of the hallway, the Government agent saw Lebrun at the door of the girl's room. Evidently they were acquainted, for her door stood open and both she and the man were plainly outlined against the square of light from the windows of her rooms streaming through the doorway.

Charlton observed that they seemed to be in argument of some kind, although their voices did not carry to him. He edged himself past the corner of the hall and, keeping his back against the wall, inched along in their direction. He saw Lebrun attempt to push past her into the room, saw her thrust him back and attempt to close the door. "The Gray Wolf" foot shoved between door and jamb, saw him throw his weight against the door and force it inward. Then he was inside the room and the door closed behind him.

As Charlton, running noiselessly on the balls of his feet, hurried to the door his ears caught the click of a key being turned in the lock. A moment later he was crouched beside the door, one eye watching the hallway against the appearance of witnesses to his eavesdropping, his ear pressed tight against the panels.

"So, little one, you do not permit men to visit your room," Lebrun was saying in his oily manner. "Well, permission or no permission, I am here. I couldn't stay away. Your hair, your eyes, your adorable mouth, all called to me with the voice of the tempter. And I am only a man. I yielded and I came."

"Give me that key," demanded the girl savagely. Lebrun laughed. "Later, perhaps. Not now. First, I propose to be repaid for paying you a call. Your lips are alluring, my dear. Come now, a little kiss or two and I am your slave."

"No," indignation, wrath, were in her tone. "Then I fear I must take them. That is our motto, you know. Get what you want any way you can—without trouble, if possible; by force, if necessary. What's a little kiss or so between us now? You belong to the Inner Council. Charlton pricked up his ears. "And you are one of us. Free love is one of our tenets and the strongest are those who love best. I am quite wild about you, girl. It will take a strong man to wrest you from me, and your lover Vogel is not here to attempt it!"

Evidently he sought to lay hands upon her, for to Charlton's ears came the sound of a stifling slap, then the noise of a struggle.

"You d—d little she-devil," grated Lebrun. "D—n you, quit your scratching."

Charlton sprang to his feet. His blood boiled within him. Inborn chivalry, handed down through generations of ancestors who had been gentlemen, urged him to the rescue of this girl in distress. In the very act of thrusting his shoulder against the door he paused abruptly. Duty demanded that he should not permit Lebrun to learn that the Government man was interested in him. Instinct and manhood and indignation of the strongest kind threatened to send him crashing through the door to manhandle this cur who had taken advantage of a woman. Within his breast the struggle was terrific, almost as great as that whose tumult reached him from within the room.

Charlton was saved from making a decision of any kind. He heard steps coming up the stairway. Surely, whoever was approaching would hear the noise of furniture being overturned,

of waterbowl and pitcher being smashed upon the floor. The Government agent vanished in the opposite direction. Over his shoulder he saw the form of a man who bulked large in the corner of the hall, stop, then fairly dash to the door of the girl's room and sent it bursting from its hinges with two blows of his powerful shoulders.

With a roar like that of a maddened bull! the newcomer sprang through the opening. Instantly there was the vicious crack of an automatic, a wisp of smoke fluttered through the doorway into the hall, the acrid smell of gunpowder was wafted to Charlton's nostrils. Then a human body was catapulted out of the room and sprawled out upon the floor in a huddled heap. Charlton was wondering whether the man were dead, when he arose, shook his fist in the direction of the smashed door, cut loose with a volley of curses and fairly loped toward the stairs.

The Government agent tarried only long enough to hear the girl's sobbing, "Oh, Louis! he was strangling me," and the grunter's growled reply, "Then he heard the sound of a multitude of approaching footsteps and discreetly vanished down a back stairway."

"Evidently our friend Lebrun had a little surprise sprung on him," he said to himself, smiling grimly. "Oh, well, when rogues fall out it is pretty near time for honest men to collect."

Charlton was very well satisfied with what he had learned by his visit to Stella Lathrop, although he had not expected to have several things revealed to him at one swoop. He had learned that Vogel was back in town, that Stella and Lebrun were both members of some organization called the Inner Council, that Vogel and "The Gray Wolf" for some reason, however, Vogel had returned when Lebrun did not expect him. Verily, the cards were falling right for Charlton. He decided that the next move was to return to Inspector Griffin's office and camp there until the detectives who were trailing Lebrun reported. He was satisfied, too, that Griffin's men by this time had learned that Vogel was in his old haunts and were shadowing him. At any rate he would play safe and telephone.

"Got both of your men under surveillance," reported Griffin as soon as he had recognized the Government agent's voice over the wire. "I think you had better come down and roost here for a while unless you have something better to do."

"I was just about to do that very thing," replied Charlton. Just as fast as he could get there he was in Griffin's office. But they sat and talked while the clock on the wall ticked off an hour and a half before the call they were expecting came. Several times the telephone bell tinkled and Griffin answered, but it was only some of his men on other duties calling up to report or ask for instructions. Charlton fidgeted uneasily and smoked two heavy cigars from the inspector's box, one after the other, although he knew from experience that they would most likely upset him.

"What has been done about those I.W.W. and Bolshevik birds who were to be sentenced by Judge Graham Monday?" asked Griffin in one of the frequent breaks in conversation.

"Sent back to jail for the time being," was the reply. "Of course some other judge could sentence them, but there seems to be a disposition to keep them in storage until Judge Graham, who tried them, is found. It's funny, Billy, but some powerful influences have been at work in behalf of those fellows. We had the goods on them in any one of half a dozen charges—obstructing the draft, seditious remarks, spreading enemy propaganda, violating the espionage act more than once, and so on—but it was one of the hardest cases to get a conviction. I ever worked on. Some one behind them spent money like water trying to get them free. I'll bet some desperate efforts were made to pull a packed jury on us and I would not have been a bit surprised if the jury had split and been unable to reach a verdict."

"I suppose they were safely on the road to Leavenworth now," remarked the inspector. "They will be if Judge Graham is the one who passes sentence on them. He hates people who break Federal statutes worse than his Satanic majesty is commonly reported to hate holy water, and I'll bet that disloyalty in his eyes is the unpardonable sin the ministers talk about. Ah, there goes the telephone again."

He clapped the receiver to his ear. Then his eyes brightened, he turned to face Charlton and nodded. While the Federal agent virtually held down a seat of needles and needles the inspector asked questions and listened intently to the replies. Then, with a satisfied smile, he hung up.

"It was the boys who are after Vogel," he said. "They were outside the hotel and, in fact, had got in touch with the two men trailing Lebrun when an automobile drove up and out hopped Vogel. I didn't know before that he could drive a car. I must remember that. Perhaps it will help solve some of these motor car thefts."

"Oh, forget it, and tell me something," implored Charlton.

"Right," agreed the inspector. "Well, as soon as Vogel had gone into the hotel (you know he has a room there), the boys strolled over and took a squint at the car. They saw it was all dirty and muddy. Must have just come in from the country. Shortly after Vogel went in, Lebrun came out in the devil of a hurry, hopping mad and holding a bloody handker-

chief to his nose. Then Vogel came out a few minutes later, jumped into his car and drove like mad to a garage around the corner, where he ordered gasoline enough to fill the tank, oil in the crankcase and water in the radiator. Said he'd be back after it at once. He went then to another room he rents near by. The boys may be changed clothes and that it appeared to them that he looked pretty wide around the waist. They think he strapped a couple of guns to himself. When they telephoned he was back in front of the hotel with the car all ready for a run.

"How are your men going to keep track of him?" cried Charlton.

Griffin grinned. "Trust them," he replied. "They're sitting in a police car without any identifying marks right this minute unless Vogel has loved. It's one of those sixty-horsepower fellows we bought the other day to chase bandits in, and guaranteed to run the wheels off anything in this neck of the woods."

"Well, here's luck to them," said Charlton. "I wonder what Lebrun is doing? I'll bet a little money that there'll be some action soon."

They weren't left in doubt for long, almost immediately the telephone rang again and the man trailing "The Gray Wolf" reported that he had rushed home from the hotel after the encounter with Vogel, run out his roadster and departed north with a motorcycle policeman in pursuit.

Another hour the old clock ticked off and Griffin and Charlton had just agreed that they would go some place and have dinner together when the telephone again rang and their hopes came tumbling about their ears.

Vogel, too, had driven north and with him in the car was Stella Lathrop. The police car with two complacent detectives had easily kept him in sight until beyond the city limits, then a blowout had sent the pursuers over the side of the road into a ditch. The crestfallen and disappointed sleuth who was telephoning reported that several minutes later a rakish roadster had passed the wreck traveling sixty miles an hour and that far in the rear, outdistanced but still trying, the motorcycle policeman was a poor second.

## The Fallow Fields.

Let the fields lie fallow  
Bare and brown.  
Let the great winds stride over them,  
And the snow come down.  
Let them lie open to the sun,  
To the patient rain,  
And the dews whitening them  
E'er they yield again.

Plow in the sturdy weeds,  
The common flower,  
Let their wild vigor yield  
A lusty dower.  
Then after sun and snow,  
After dew and sleet,  
From the earth will spring the green  
Flame of the wheat.

**Tradition in Navies.**  
The navies of the world are peculiar in their traditions and customs. The wide collar on the seaman's shirt remains, though the grease-slashed queue has long been forgotten. The American man-o-war's man wears a black neckerchief because the British sailor put it on as a badge of mourning for Lord Nelson; the three white braids on his collar are similarly adopted in token of memory of Nelson's victories at Copenhagen, the Battle of the Nile and Trafalgar.

He has put a star in each corner of that queue-guarding collar, and he holds to some other peculiar ideas, which other services share, but the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimack, the morning of Sunday, March 9, fifty-nine years ago, is remembered and memorialized by all the great battleships of the world's navies without regard to nation, recognized as introducing the greatest improvements and reforms in the structure of fighting ships since ships were built.

Canada has over 38,000 miles of railway, or one mile for every 224 persons.

**Milard's Liniment for Burns, etc.**

## Preserving the Graceful Antelope

Half a century ago countless antelope roamed the prairies of Canada, the United States and Mexico; to-day it is doubtful whether there are 15,000 of these graceful little animals in all this vast area, though in past years reliable observers have seen several thousand in a single day.

Mr. Thompson-Seton has estimated that, at the time of first settlement of the west, the range of the antelope covered two million square miles, and that there were no less than twenty million of these animals.

The rifle and the advance of agriculture have done their work. One writer, in describing the antelope herds of the "seventies," says "the prairie seemed to vibrate with the galloping of these swift little creatures, and they were slaughtered to such an extent that their outstretched carcasses were piled in heaps like cord-wood."

The antelope is one of the most graceful animals; it is scarcely more than three feet high at the shoulder, and is fleetest than the swiftest greyhound. It is feared, however, that while the antelope is absolutely protected in the western provinces, it is too late for the species to recover. The Dominion Parks Branch is endeavoring to save the antelope in preserves. In but one of these, however, is success reported. A herd of the little



# About the HOUSE

**The Vision.**  
Play beside the hearthstone, Little Lad of mine,  
Scamper through the garden though you trample flowers,  
Learn to love the home nest, every shrub and vine

This is all my logging, through the passing hours,  
Bring to me your troubles, bring to me your joy,  
Share with me your secrets, sure I understand,  
Happily thus I keep you, still my little boy

'Till you cross the portal, into Manhood's land.  
Noise of drum and timbrel, noise of shout and song,  
Every sport and pastime that you call delight,  
Well glad am I to hear them for the day were long

Had I no such memory, left with me at night,  
Home and hearth and mother, all belong to you  
Let them only serve you, training heart and hand  
'Till a gallant laddie, strong and staunch and true

You shall cross the portal into Manhood's land.  
**Building the New Home.**  
In building a new house the first consideration is the location. The site for the home must be dry. It would be interesting to know how much of the illness of the world may be traced back to damp buildings. Probably, with the exception of bad food, no other one thing is at the bottom of so much ill health as dampness in the building where most of one's time is spent. Catarrh, anaemia, rheumatism, tuberculosis, may be the result of living in a damp house. And if a robust constitution, coupled with outdoor work, prevents the occurrence of any actual illness such as these, at least the body is robbed of much needed vitality. Besides the injury to health, dampness in a building hastens its deterioration.

In choosing a site, then, look for a location which promises a dry foundation. Bed rock, of course, is ideal, but this is not always to be found where the home must stand. Sand and gravel is next best, with clay the poorest foundation soil of all. If there is no other choice, the excavating should be carried well below the frost line. If you do not know by previous digging the exact nature of the soil, find out what it is before deciding definitely on the site of the house.

If possible, build the home on a knoll where it will receive sun and air from all sides. The old way of building your home in the midst of a grove is passed. We know now that such a course invites dampness and tuberculosis. This does not mean that there is to be no shade. A few trees located so as to shut off the fiercest sun in midsummer, or perhaps to break the cold winter winds, add to the comfort of the family and looks of the place.

Of course, the direction the house faces must be decided by the location of the farm. A south or an east face are considered the best, but if north or west must be our choice, the rooms may be planned so as to place those where we spend the most time on the sunny side of the house. Put your own sleeping-rooms on the south or east. The spare room, which is seldom used, can have the bleak north corner. For a farm home in Ontario I should choose the south side of the house for the kitchen. Our prevailing winds are from the west, therefore a southwest corner will give you the breeze, and you will have the sunshine to brighten your working room.

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The next question is material. Shall we have brick, cement, concrete blocks, stucco, field stone, frame, or a combination of one or two? Some material which will not need to be painted is desirable, unless the first cost actually prevents using it. Frame houses do not cost so much—or have not in the past—but when the cost of painting every few years is considered, it is a question if the frame house does not cost more in the end.

Field stone is an enduring material, and if you have it yours, is inexpensive although the cost of laying is somewhat greater than the expense of putting up brick. Brick is the ideal building material according to many. It absorbs less moisture than stone, dries quicker, and is a poor conductor of heat.

In building your basement, plan for plenty of windows to come in the proper location for your purpose. The basement should be aired as religiously as the house, especially if a part of it is used to store vegetables. Many cases of epidemics in neighborhoods have been traced to unventilated vegetable cellars beneath old houses. Then if you are to have a modern house with furnace and laundry in the basement, provide for windows through which coal may be put into the coal bin, and light thrown on the furnace. A window over the laundry tubs is an absolute necessity for successful washing. If you are to have laundry and furnace, separate the two by a solid concrete wall, otherwise your washroom will be always flecked with coal soot. The best location for the cistern is below the basement floor.

The location of the furnace must be considered. If a hot-air furnace is used it is thought to give better results if placed about the centre of the basement. This does away with any extra long pipes. If hot water or steam are used, the plant may be put in a corner of the basement. An outside chimney saves planning rooms to conceal it, but wastes heat. Decide which is most important to you, symmetrical rooms, or the small amount of heat lost by having the chimney run up the outside wall. If you are to have a fireplace, the chimney must

have a separate flue. Arrange to have an ash pit for the fireplace built into the chimney, with a door in the basement for the removal of ashes.

Whether you expect to have electricity right away or not, have the house wired for electricity when it is built. If women are to stay on the farm they must have the work made lighter, and there is no cheaper nor more efficient helper than electricity, even if you are going to have acetylene or gasoline for lighting, plan on electricity for power. It will cost very little extra while building and if you should sell the farm, the knowledge that the house is wired will not hurt the sale.

**Milard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.**  
**Powdered Fish as Food.**  
When shark livers have been pressed for "cod-liver oil," or in other cases where oil is derived by like means from various fishes, there is left over a residue called "cake," which is commonly utilized as fertilizer.

A Japanese, Sadakichi Satow, has developed a process whereby this cake can be made available for human food. The material is dried in a high vacuum at low temperature and ground to powder. An enzyme (mordant) is added, to render the albuminous part of it soluble; the latter is then extracted with water, reduced to dryness by evaporation in vacuo and again powdered by grinding.

The albuminous extract thus obtained in powdered form is available for the making of soups and for other culinary uses. It is, of course, very nourishing.

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As patriotic Canadians your sympathetic co-operation is sought in the important work of conserving the lives and property of our people from destruction by fire.

The inspection is planned to take place throughout the Province during the week of May 2nd. The primary object of this inspection is to draw attention to hazardous conditions in the homes and have the fire menace removed or corrected by the house-holders.

The housing problem makes the protection of dwellings of paramount importance.  
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