

was the head of the gang, turns out to be an escaped convict, which accounts for the false beard he was wearing."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the other. "I always thought there was something od dabout him. He always seemed so active for so old a man."

"He's about the same age as yourself," said the police-officer. "And I'm afraid it is not much to the credit of the Mounted Police that we did not unravel his disguise sooner. But, Burleigh, I owe you a thousand apologies for my suspicion of you. I hope you'll understand that what I did I only did in the interests of justice."

The two men's hands met in a hearty grip.

"And," said Norman Burleigh, "there's a bit more of misunderstanding I want to put right. Nelly Redwood and I have been the best of chums, but nothing else. I am engaged to the dearest girl in the world, who is coming out from England to marry me. And Nelly knows all about it—she is to be the bridesmaid."

"Perhaps," said Inspector Combrone. "Anyhow, she has told me what a jealous fool I've been."

Nelly was not bridesmaid after all, for a few weeks later there was a double wedding at Manatchee, when Burleigh married his fiancée from England, and Nelly was the other bride.

Mrs. Combrone has solemnly vowed that she will never again help suspected persons to escape from her husband's clutches, but asserts that if she hadn't done so on a celebrated occasion, she would probably not be so happy as she is now.

