

## CHAPTER II

### THE CLUE

'You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.'—MOORE.

As Jack Maclyn entered the superintendent's room, the golden gleams of a sunburst shot through the open window, and struck his clear-cut profile into silhouette against the cedar wainscot. He was a type of the real—strong with the strength that is born of gentleness, kind, honest, a man to trust. Hallam Dufft, sitting in a revolving chair, one foot resting on the edge of his desk, and his long, nervous fingers clasped behind his head, was a tangible embodiment of the ideal—a man full of aspirations and renunciations.

'When Christopher Sabel came to this asylum,' said the doctor, thoughtfully, 'he had been travelling about the world for some years, and during that time, except for occasional fits of melancholia, had remained to all appearances quite rational; but one day in Vancouver he suddenly grew violent, and it became necessary to place him at once under proper restraint.'

'Did you hear of any direct cause for the attack?'

'No, none whatsoever. The local doctors sent him to me, and after communicating with his relatives in