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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 Damsy'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.

CHAPTER III.

The Kidnapping of Judge Graham. Vogel turned the trick for which "The Gray Wolf" had employed him on Saturday night, as scheduled, but it was not until Monday that the newspapers discovered and blazoned abroad the fact that Judge Alonzo Graham, of the Circuit Court, had disappeared. It was the juiciest morsel of news in months. For Judge Graham was more than a local character. He was nationally known and talked about, and even in foreign lands his name was one to conjure with.

No man ever graced a Federal Court with more prominence. Absolutely honest and fearless, he was the terror of evil-doers who ran afoul of the Government. All defendants before him received absolutely the same kind of treatment. He fined law-breaking trusts millions of dollars with the same equanimity with which he gave out thirty day sentences to petty offenders. He had a biting sarcasm at his command which he exercised with equal impartiality on all those to whom he was indebted, bringing home their derelictions. Malefactors of great wealth and poor wretches who had made missteps through ignorance shivered alike when Fate decreed Judge Graham should try them. For they knew how useless it was to lie to him, to try to exculpate themselves for smashing the statutes of the country. His keen eye and keener intuition enabled him to single out the true from the false with marvelous perspicacity, and woe be to the unfortunate who enmeshed himself in falsehoods.

Disloyalty in any form was anathema to Judge Graham. Slackers and traitors, Bolshevists, anarchists or I. W. W. could expect no mercy at his hands. One daring group of agitators had cast a bomb into his courtroom with intent to intimidate him, and he had scarcely halted the case when they were trying, except to inquire if any one had been hurt.

His disappearance, of course, took precedence over all other news of the day, not only in the city where he resided, but all over the country. Of clues as to when and where he had gone there was none. He had left his home for the usual after-dinner stroll, unarmed and unguarded in spite of the fact that not a week passed but that his mail brought threats, all of which were consigned to the wastebasket with no more than a casual thought.

It was no uncommon thing for him to be out for hours in the evening, wrestling with some mental problem of the cases before him, then to return home and retire without arousing the rest of the household. Hence no alarm was felt for him until long past his usual breakfast hour on Sunday when it was found that his bed had not been slept in. Within an hour both police and Federal agents were intensely hunting for a clue that would point them on the trail of his kidnapers. For upon the theory that he had been abducted, all were agreed. Revenge, it was advanced, alone could be the motive, and both papers and officials scouted the possibility that he had been slain.

For once, both newspapers and officials were right. Even while the city was being combed for him, Judge Alonzo Graham was being detained in a tumble-down shack that once had been a trapper's home, in a thick

woods several miles beyond the city limits. He lay bound and gagged upon a cot in the moldy basement while two huskies of Vogel's choosing mounted guard over the only exit to the place. The jurist had been trussed up lightly because it was desired to keep him a captive and still not injure him. He had been gagged because his captors had no desire to take him under the blistering denunciation they felt sure would be the result of his ability to utter a word. They took further precautions, too, against his ever being able to identify them by hiding their faces behind masks when they entered his dungeon to feed him.

His abduction had been extremely easy. A big, high-powered automobile, containing three men, had purloined along the street behind him as he took his evening constitutional, until he had passed a dark spot at the side of a vacant lot. Then the car had drawn swiftly up to the curb, two men had sprung upon the Judge, muffled his head in a blanket, thrown him into the car and it had sped away, but well within the legal speed limit, to the shack. Not once during the ride or afterwards, had any of his captors spoken a word to him. When his gag was removed for administering food the first time his keepers had steeled themselves for a tirade, but none had come. The Judge was a shrewd person and, realizing that they expected an outburst, none had followed. He had outguessed them.

It was getting dark Sunday evening when the Judge had a caller. The interview took place in the gloomy cellar after the guards had removed his gag and departed. "Judge Graham, your word of honor that you will not attempt to escape by the use of your bonds, is not sufficient to cause the removal of your bonds," opened the visitor. Those acquainted with "The Gray Wolf" would have recognized the voice. "You'll not get it," snorted the prisoner. "Just as you please," was the reply. "I had merely thought to make you more comfortable, and your word I would consider just as binding as your ropes. It is very important that you do not return to the city for a few days, and if your promise is not forthcoming to make no effort to escape. Guards and bounds must serve the same purpose."

Judge Graham did not deign to reply. He lay quietly upon his back, by no means uncomfortable, for only his hands and feet were tied, and the ropes did not chafe him. "To-morrow certain men are to come before you for sentence on charges of inciting sedition upon which they have been convicted in your court. I will not say that you did not give them a fair trial as it is possible to give men when the court, the district attorney, the jurors, the newspapers and a great majority of the public generally are all prejudiced against them. Their own attorneys, even, defended them only half-heartedly, though, as some of us see it, their only crime was to speak openly, and with the freedom guaranteed them by the Constitution of this country, their beliefs upon certain matters."

"The Constitution of this country does not give freedom of speech to those who vilify it," retorted the jurist, hotly. "It does not permit freedom of action to those who trample upon the flag of our country and would substitute the red flag of anarchy, of terrorism, the emblem that ranks on a par with the skull and the crossbones of the pirate."

Lebrun shrugged his shoulders. "I will try and be patient with you, Judge Graham," he said, slowly. "There is nothing to be gained by arguing the matter with you. Your views and mine are as far apart as the poles. They can never be drawn any closer. There is, however, a matter that must be discussed with you. Judge Graham, those men must not be sent to prison!"

"Must not! Those are words that no man can say to me when I am pursuing my duty." "Nevertheless, I repeat them. Those men must not be sent to prison. Their liberty is essential to certain persons, who are willing to go to any extremes to help them retain it."

"No man's requirements are above those of the Government, sir. These men have defied the Government. They must pay the penalty."

Judge Graham, upon the decision which you make here to-night may depend the well being of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men, women and

children of this country. It is not because I am a lawyer that I am not affected. Those men shall never go to prison. It is within your power to pass sentence upon them and to make that sentence a fine. The statutes give to the court the option of a fine or imprisonment, or both. Wait, hear me out. That fine may be the heaviest you may choose to impose. It will be paid, gladly, cheerfully. In return for this concession you get your life."

"I do not choose to barter with you for my life, sir." "Life is sweet, Judge. It is not to be cast aside lightly. You are a man comparatively in his prime, with many years of usefulness before you." "No years could be useful to me if the price of them were the betrayal of my country. If that is all you have to offer, I will reach to the farthest corners of the earth and sustain by the powers of right and justice, it will smite you to the ground and with you all others who speak as you do."

"Judge, a few moments ago I mentioned that not only your life but the lives of hundreds, perhaps millions, are involved in this thing. Already, behind the wall, there has come into life a spirit that is spreading by leaps and bounds, a power that is mightier than the Government of this country or the governments of all the world. It is for that power that I speak. Kings and potentates may well tremble before it. If those men are sent to prison that power will be loosed in all its wrath to set them free again. Riots and bloodshed, governments overthrown, a conflagration that will set the world afire again may well follow. And upon your head will rest the blame for it all. Are you ready to accept the responsibility?"

"Ready and willing," roared the now angry judge. "You preach the evil doctrines of Bolshevism at me, the creed of murder and pillage and loot, the law of tooth and talon, the gospel of Judas Iscariot. Man and boy, I have served my country for nearly half a century and I do not intend to betray her now. Upon your head and not mine, rests the blame if the things you predict come to pass; upon your head and those of the other traitors and rascals who gather under the red banner."

"Holy Writ has it that, 'The fool hath said in his heart that there is no God.' You are a fool, sir, a 4-n fool! Your mouth says that there is no God to prevent the accomplishment of the things you predict. Your heart tells you that you lie. No man can stack himself up against that which is right and win. Now, sir, either unloose these cords and let me go or go ahead with your little murder. You cannot intimidate me."

He had slight hopes of that, Judge Graham. I may have expected to compel you to see the gravity of the matter the way that I see it, but I might have known. You are a brave man, Judge Graham, and bear the reputation of being one above reproach. But it is an axiom that every man has his price. Name yours. It will be paid without question."

"I have no price, sir." "How about your son?" "My son! What about my son?" "Have you the right to decree death for him, a death by slow, lingering torture, a torture beside which that of the Inquisition pales into insignificance? We will bring your son here and before your very eyes, Judge Graham, he will suffer such agonies as mortal man never has suffered before. You will hear from his lips, the lips which you kissed when they were but minutes old, agonizing cries and pleadings. What then?"

"You have chosen my weak spot, my son, I see," returned the Judge, calmly. "But not even there, sir, can you pierce my armor. Do as you say and my answer will be the same. When his country needed him I cheerfully gave that son to his country and my country, and I would have given ten thousand sons had I had them. He could not have died more gloriously on the field of battle than he could die in this rat-infested cellar if it is for his country. Bring him here, if you dare, and from his lips, as well as mine, you will get the same answer that you get now—you and all your dirty crew can go to hell, sir."

He writhed in indignation and strove by pure strength to gasp the bindings from his arms while within him torrential emotions raged with the mad desire to rise and smite the beast who had insulted his honor with his proposals. Then he sank back weakly upon his cot. But when he raised his eyes in defiance again "The Gray Wolf" was gone.

(To be continued.)

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The Prolific Emus.

The Earl of Dunraven has a magnificent country seat, Dunraven Castle, and Lord Lyons once sent him there a gift of a pair of emus.

These emus were named after their giver, and, as they were rare birds, a great desire prevailed at Dunraven Castle that they should propagate. This desire ran from the Earl on down to the very stable boys.

One day the Earl was giving a stately luncheon when a footman rushed in, wild with excitement.

"Your lordship—oh, your lordship," he panted, "Lord Lyons has laid an egg."

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Save Money on Repairs.

In this time of high costs, when economy is obligatory with the most of us, there are many little ways by which a dollar or two could often be saved if we only knew how to do various simple things.

You know by bitter experience how much money small repairs run into. One of the most annoying troubles is to have the faucets in the kitchen or the bathroom leak or not allow the water to flow. It is not always necessary to send for a plumber to remedy this. Often all that is needed is a new washer that you can buy for five cents. Any person with common sense can put on a faucet if the water is first turned off. The fixture which controls this is usually under the sink or in the cellar. Unscrew the faucet, take out the worn washer, put in the new one, screw the faucet on again, turn on your water, and nine chances out of ten you will find everything all right.

If your gas burner gives a bad flickering light, try unscrewing the tip and cleaning it out. Perhaps the obstruction is farther up, so while the burner is off rap sharply once or twice on the long curved pipe, as this will remove any rust or dust that may have lodged and be obstructing the flow of gas.

If you break a handle off a dresser or sideboard drawer all you have to do is to take the exact measurement of the old handle and buy a new one and screw it in place. If you cannot match the old handle, put on a whole new set.

If the window sticks and will not open after a day or two of rain, hit it smartly all around the casing with a hammer. If this will not start it pour a very little hot water where it sticks at the sill, and when once it is open rub the sides well with kitchen soap before you close. Do the same to a refractory bureau drawer.

If a tile is loose in the bathroom or a hole knocked in the wall, plaster of paris and water mixed together to form a paste will fix it. It can be used to cement in the tile and to fill up the hole. In the latter case, smooth it over with the side of a stick or a bit of board, and when it is dry take a piece of wall paper matching the pattern that has been destroyed and stick it on the wall with flour paste or ready prepared photo paste.

If your carpet sweeper will not work properly, probably it is dirty. Before you send it away to be repaired try giving the bearings a bath with kerosene to clean out old gummy oil and dust. Often the trouble is with the screws which hold the brush, which constant jarring has loosened, and all they need is tightening with a screw-driver. If these things do not help, then the carpet sweeper needs a new pair of rubber rollers.

Often a big bill for repairs can be saved by giving the verandah a little needed attention. In all wooden houses one of the first places for the wood-work to decay is in the joints such as those found in verandah railings, pedestals, columns, etc. Such things are generally set in place by fitting small shaped pieces of wood around their bases, and as the rain soaks

the swelling of the wood causes such pieces to spread apart, which allows the next rainstorm to soak the base of the column. A small amount of white lead, and also some putty to mix with it, will save considerable damage if it is applied in time. Then a little paint of the right color may be used to cover this joint—not only for appearance, but for preserving the mixture in the opening. Wherever a nail or screw hole appears in the verandah floor, at once fill it up with the material just mentioned. With care a porch floor should last for years. No skill is required to make such repairs—in fact, the housewife can easily do so. I have seen cases where 25 cents' worth of white lead and putty and a little paint have saved many dollars in repairs.

In many homes the leaders which carry the water from the gutters and roofs are cemented at the ground level into tile pipes, which carry the water underground, either to the gutter, as is customary, or to a safe distance. In time the cement loosens, then falls out, and foreign substances get into the tile pipes underground and stop them up, making a large repair bill. The other day I watched a man try for one whole day to rid a pipe line of some obstruction. A little cement and a few small stones would have prevented any damage, and the man of the house could have made the repairs.

First Sunset and Star-Rise.

When Adam's eyes, childwise Through the leaves of Paradise First saw the sun sink In glory over earth's brink, Mute amazement awed his gaze; But as anon he walked the dew, More solemn still his wonder grew, When Night in hers his hand drew And, leaning over Heaven's black bars, Looked at him with all her stars.

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Sweet words, Are like the voices of returning birds Filling the soul with summer.

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