

their midst. Some went to Frederick's Arm and founded a settlement there, but each and all told as they went, the awful reason of the desertion of Weewacken. The news went down to Police Headquarters and after due time a man named Harvey came up to investigate the murder. He was very anxious about the case. The newspapers had been talking about the idiocy of the constables and the fearful, appalling state of lawlessness prevailing along the northern coast. A man had been killed on Hernando Island and they couldn't find out who did it. Another man had been murdered at White Stone Bay and they failed to bring the murderer to justice and there was talk that a Swede at Topaz Harbor and a Salvation Army man at Loughborough Inlet had disappeared under strong suspicion of foul play and also that several Indians were "mamaloused," so no wonder he felt that he must investigate this affair very thoroughly.

He questioned the Indians, and they all hid. Jim took to the woods and Harvey could not catch him, but he had learned that Bones with a sloop laden with whiskey had been the primary cause of all this woe. He determined to arrest him for selling liquor to Indians, and return to Vancouver with one prisoner at least. He traced him to Sam Ramsay's camp whither Bones had returned, and one evening the little steamer which had been chartered in the interests of justice, or rather the law, steamed into the bay.

The loggers came down to the beach to see what the strange boat wanted. They did not have to wait long. A small boat was lowered and as it neared the shore they recognized the man sitting in the stern. They all knew him personally. He nodded to all he knew, casting a suspicious eye on Bill whose face seemed familiar, but Bones vanished.

Bones knew a thing or two. He sneaked down to the sloop and prepared her for the reception of one of Her Majesty's policemen.

It made him sick to see good whiskey thrown over the side that way; but what was to be done? He comforted himself with a strong hope that he might recover it at low tide the next morning.

Harvey, the argus-eyed, spied the sloop.

"Whose sloop is that?" he asked.

"Mine," one of the men answered.

"Yours?" Harvey inquired. "Where did you get the money to buy a sloop? I ain't got time to talk to you though. Got more important business than the like of you. There's a Siwash killed."

The man felt the sarcasm of his remarks. "Damn old smart Aleck," he said, under his breath.

Harvey walked off and called on Sam Ramsay. "See here," he said to him, "I want to talk to you. Your men have liquor. Bones is round these parts up to his old trade, and for all that fellow's lying, Bones ain't sold him the *Mary Ann*. What I want you to tell me, is Bones here?"

"Yes, he's been here off and on for about a month," Sam answered.

"That's all right," the policeman said.

"You see that he's here in the morning, lumtra?" And he tapped him on the shoulder.

Sam sighed.

"Why don't you take him now and be done with it?" he asked.

Harvey laughed.

"That's not my plan," he said.

He was still searching for Jim and heard a rumor of his hiding place so he did not want to be bothered with Bones until he returned in the morning.

Sam escorted him down to the beach and then returned to the cook house. He did not mention Harvey's conversation to Bones. Perhaps, in the kindness of his heart, he thought that he would let Bones enjoy a night's rest undisturbed by the certainty of being taken prisoner. Bones glori- ed in the departure of the constable. "I tell you now," he said, "they don't dare to touch me. They knew I was going on this trip. I took no pains to hide it. I'll bet you five dollars that that there fellow on the *Swan* 'll go back and say he seen no sign of me."

"If he did see you," Ames said, "I'll bet agin' you that he'd twenty-five or fifty dollars of yours in his inside pocket."

Bones subsided but first muttered, "There aint a damn constable in British Columbia that I can't settle in two minutes."

The men looked rather sarcastic, but no one spoke. They all drank.

As the night wore on, one by one the men left the room, some going to their own dirty little shacks, but Bones and some kindred spirits remained until sleep and the whiskey overtook them and they dropped off into boozy slumbers.

Sam looked at them and congratulated himself that his task of jailer was such an easy one. He banged the door and tied up the latch with a bit of hay rope. The door had no lock.

The steamer returned in the morning and Bones was rudely awakened by a heavy hand shaking him by the shoulder.

"What's the matter?" he said and looked up. Then he knew and he tried to collect his scattered senses.

The loggers were much surprised to see Harvey back so soon. They had heard of the trouble at Weewacken. Bones said that he didn't believe in having anything to do with Siwashes.

"What was the row about?" someone asked. "Whiskey," was the laconic reply.

Here was Bones' opportunity for an all-round lie.

"That's what beats me," he said. "Here's men like us has to work like a dogoned mule while some fellow sneaks along, 'cruisin',' he says if you tackle him, and makes his pile a 'sellin' stuff he calls whiskey to the Indians. They don't know no better, makes them crazy for to drink and he makes off and no one knows or cares up here."

Bones heaved a maudlin sigh over the cruel fate of the hard working man and reached for the whiskey bottle.

Harvey took it out of his reach and said to him,

"From what I heard, I judged you were doing a little business in that line yourself." And he gave a meaning laugh.

"Now," said Bones, "you've been a pretty long time round these parts and have you ever caught me doing the like of that?"

"That's all right," Harvey answered; "but you're generally round somewhere near when this kind of thing is going on. Whiskey-dealing's getting too common in these parts, so you just get ready to come along with me."

"There's a mistake somewheres," said Bones.

But he went out with the constable.

"I don't ketch onto this at all," he

continued. "You ain't taking a Siwash's word agin a white man's, surely."

Harvey answered him never a word.

"The only thing I can make out is that it's the *Mary Ann* you've tracked," Bones said; "and see here, I don't like informing on a man, but it's Bill that's been up to the game. I seen him selling the stuff to the Indians. Leastways I accused him of it, but he said they was carrying it away to Tom Jones' camp. Like enough he lied."

"That don't work, Bones," Harvey replied. "It's not a likely yarn, though like as not he's in with you. Which way is he?"

Bones pointed it out to him and they turned in the direction of Bill's cabin.

Sam Ramsay was watching them.

They reached Bill's shack and kicked against the door, which the occupant of the house, disturbed at his morning toilet, threw open and demanded what was wanted.

Harvey answered him and there was silence for a moment. Then Sam Ramsay joined them.

"What's up with Bill?" he asked.

"He's in with Bones?" was the reply.

"That's a lie!" Sam remarked.

Sam was mad. Bill was a friend of his, and a fine worker; when whiskey and like temptations were out of his reach a man he could depend on. He needed him, and he wondered if he couldn't settle with the policeman. "Just step outside for a moment," he said. "I want to talk to you."

They went out, the policeman having constituted Bones guard over Bill. He himself watched over them both as he leaned against a wall and talked to Sam.

Bill did not respect Bones' position.

"This is some of your tomfoolery," he said, "but you don't play no fine tricks on me. I ain't the kind of an ass you generally tackle."

"You'd better shut up," Bones replied. "You're the almightiest liar on the coast and you're known as such. You've been in gaol before now, and like as not will be again. If you want to keep my mouth shut, you'll have to put some money into it, that's all."

Bill stood paralyzed for a moment by his brazen audacity.

"Why, Bones!" he said, with a foolish laugh. Bones laughed too, which snigger was his undoing. It roused the devil in Bill by its mocking devilishness. With one quick bound he was before him, and his hand, horny and strong, was on his throat.

The two men struggled together, but in a moment Bones managed to wrench his hand free and reached for his knife. Before he could drive the blow, Bill had seized it and it was quivering in his own bosom. The sharp prick of the steel, a keen, prodding pain, and then the warm blood oozing out over his flesh was all Bones was conscious of. With a curse for his murderer, he dropped at his feet and lay there, a motionless, sodden heap.

Bill was rather confused at first; then he saw what he had done. He turned and ran out of the cabin, down to the shore and jumped on the boom, leaping from log to log until he reached the sloop which had been moored at the furthestmost end. Bones had intended going on an expedition to Bute Inlet that very day, and she was ready for a voyage. He hustled on board. With eager hands he loosed the lines that held her and hoisted the sails. Then he seized the heavy oars and tried to hasten her progress: