

particularly remark my man. I may not recognize him, you know."

But Monsieur Charles reiterated his opinion that the affair would be easy. And suddenly the cab swept into the Gare du Nord, and to Jimmie's intense horror and perplexity the porter who came to its side was the very man to whose care had been entrusted the wickerwork hamper, and who now, at sight of him betrayed hearty and respectful recognition of a very generous patron. Here, indeed, was a disconcerting situation!

CHAPTER XI.

The Porter—and the Goose.

JIMMIE brought the Trickett shrewdness and readiness of resource to bear on that situation with a sharpness that surprised himself. He hustled Monsieur Charles out of the cab, thrust money, whether much or little he knew not, into the hand of the chauffeur, motioned the too attentive and friendly porter aside, and hurried his companion into the hall, as if there was not a moment to lose in whatever they were doing. But Monsieur Charles' keen little eyes turned backward in the direction of the porter.

"That man there, monsieur," he said. "He seemed to be well acquainted with you. Is he, perhaps, the miscreant to whom you entrusted my lost goose?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Jimmy, bestowing an indifferent glance on the porter, who hovered in the wake. "Not the same man at all, quite another person. You see I—I'm so often in Paris that lots of porters know me—I—I always tip them pretty well, you know, and the beggars are always on the look out. Well, now, here we are! I say, Monsieur Charles!"

Jimmie had unconsciously slipped into English. To his surprise Monsieur Charles answered him in the same tongue, speaking it fluently.

"I am here, Monsieur Trickett. What then?" he asked.

"What do you say if we—" began Jimmie, desperately clutching at the first straw that presented itself—"what do you say if—the fact is, I'm getting a bit hungry. What do you say to our taking our dejeuner before we commence our inquiries? It's nearly noon, monsieur."

Monsieur Charles hesitated. A moment later he gave in.

"I am agreeable to your wishes, Monsieur Trickett," he answered. "Certainly an hour more or less will make no great difference. And I took my coffee at an unusually early hour this morning."

"Come on, then," said Jimmy, greatly relieved. "Perhaps you know of a good place close by?"

Monsieur Charles did know of a good place, a most excellent place, immediately adjacent to the station. He led Jimmie to it: Jimmie, full of a deep design, carefully selected a table close to a window which commanded the street. He ordered a sumptuous dejeuner, commanded a wine which Monsieur Charles specially recommended, and devoted himself to seeing to his guest's comfort. Under the influence of good food and sound wine, Monsieur Charles became friendly and confidential—confidential, that is, in the sense of taking great interest in his host.

"You know Paris well, then, monsieur?" he asked.

"Pretty middling," answered Jimmie. "Often drop over, you know."

"Just so, monsieur. And if I wish to see you before you leave, on the matter of this lost goose, where shall I find you?"

"Oh, I always put up at the Grand Hotel," replied Jimmie carelessly, only to wish the next moment that he had kept his address to himself. "But that goose, now? You won't be utterly desolated if it doesn't turn up?"

Monsieur Charles adjusted his napkin under his unshaven chin. His face became solemn.

"Monsieur," he said, "a present, denoting thoughtfulness, remembrance, affection, from one relation to another, is a serious thing, even if the present take the form of the body of a bird not remarkable for wisdom. I should consider myself an ingrate, Monsieur

Trickett, if I did not trace my goose to—wherever it may be."

"Quite so, quite so, admirable sentiments!" said Jimmie. "We'll do our best, Monsieur Charles, of course. Excellent wine, this."

Monsieur Charles was about to deliver his opinion on the subject of wine when Jimmy suddenly started from his seat and made for the door, napkin in hand and bareheaded.

"Man I know just passed!" he exclaimed. "Want to see him. Excuse me one moment, monsieur, don't wait!"

He darted out of the cafe and into the street before his guest could reply. And in the street Jimmie pocketed his napkin, turned the corner, and hurried to the station, caring nothing for the fact that he was without hat on a cold autumn morning, or that people observed him with wonder.

The situation was desperate. See that confounded porter he must, and at once. He was sufficiently aware of Monsieur Charles' keenness of observation to know he had noticed the man. Probably, however, he, Jimmie, might strive to throw him off the scent—he would find that man and extract information from him, would learn, at any rate, that Jimmie knew more of the wickerwork hamper than he had confessed to. That must be stopped; the porter's lips must be sealed. It was fortunate, thought Jimmie, that money could do many things—here he would have to buy silence with it.

He darted into the station, looking wildly and anxiously about him. Presently he caught sight of the porter who was still idling about. Jimmie beckoned him aside.

"You remember me?" he said, breathlessly.

"Perfectly, monsieur," replied the porter. "I had the honour to serve monsieur last night."

"You saw me just now with a man who wears—"

"I observed monsieur's friend," interrupted the porter. "I know him, By sight, monsieur, when he travels to England."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jimmie. "Well, if he should come here asking you any questions about last night, about me, about the young lady who was with me, about the luggage you took charge of and despatched—you—understand!—you know nothing whatever about anything? Eh?"

THE porter, who possessed a sinister countenance and a vile squint, smiled horribly as he looked at Jimmie with comprehension. Jimmie let him see the glint of a couple of gold coins.

"You know—nothing," repeated Jimmie. "You never saw any luggage. Eh?"

"Monsieur puts the matter admirably. I know nothing. I am dumb, blind. In fact, I was not there," said the porter.

Jimmie slipped the coins into his hand.

"Don't forget!" he commanded.

"Monsieur may rely on my discretion," said the recipient of the gold. "I understand perfectly, monsieur. Monsieur could not have entrusted his confidence to one more discreet than myself. Thanks, then, monsieur. Rest tranquil!"

Jimmie hurried back to the cafe. He was now easier of mind, and he contrived to make himself more agreeable to his guest, heartily wishing at the same time that something would occur to prevent Monsieur Charles' further investigations. But he soon discovered that his companion's ideas ran in only one direction.

"Monsieur is acquainted with the young lady whom we saw this morning?" remarked Monsieur Charles, relapsing into his native language over his cigarette and the petit verre with which Jimmie insisted on finishing the repast. The young lady who is assistant in London to madame my good sister-in-law."

"Acquainted with her—yes," replied Jimmie laconically.

"Monsieur is perhaps Ma'amselle's fiancé?" suggested Monsieur Charles.

"Nothing of the sort!" said Jimmie. "I only know the young lady from hav-

(Continued on page 21.)

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President.

JOHN AIRD, General Manager.

H. V. F. JONES, Ass't. General Manager.

CAPITAL, \$15,000,000

RESERVE FUND, \$13,500,000

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor.

Trust Company Charges

Charges for Trust Company service are usually the same as would be allowed for similar service by an individual. They are never more. Unless otherwise arranged, the Trust Company has its fees fixed by the Court, and accepts whatever compensation the Surrogate Judge may set. Trust Company service excels that rendered by individuals, not in expense, but in effectiveness.

Write for Folder:—"By Way of Comparison."

National Trust Company Limited

Capital Paid-up,
\$1,500,000.

Reserve,
\$1,500,000.

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your family, and cannot be bought, sold, or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5,000.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARS.

For further information and literature apply to

FRED J. DARCH, S.S.

E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.

Temple Building

TORONTO.



As light as lager, but better for you.

"MADE IN CANADA"

COSGRAVES (CHILL-PROOF) PALE ALE

An absolutely pure food product, used intelligently, has a definite purpose in your home—in every home.

For over half a century the Cosgrave label has meant the best in hop and malt beverages.