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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

"but I suppose you had a good reason for missing that train?"

"I had a reason, but it was one of love, not duty," Laurie replied. "I am going to be absolutely frank with you, and tell you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!"

His cheeks were flushed and his eyes over-bright. The doctor felt his pulse and shook his head.

"I think we must put it off till tomorrow. You must take it easy until you get your strength up a little."

"Look here, doctor, I daresay you are right in the main, but for the moment you must give me my way. My brain won't rest—it has been asleep too long—and I shall never get right until the whole thing is threshed out. I have questioned my people, and though none of them wanted to tell me anything, I have gleaned a bit from one and a bit from another, and there appears to be nothing but hopeless muddle and trouble. So I'll tell you all I can remember and let you see what you can make of it. You'll give me your word of honour to keep it all to yourself?"

"Of course—on the understanding that there is no direct infringement of the law."

"THERE is none. This is what happened. I started for the ten-fifty-three up, with the intention of going straight back to Hounslow. At the station I remembered that I had left something behind—a photograph of Miss Leach, to whom I had just become privately engaged. She had written on it, so I did not care to think it might be found. The car had just turned out of the gates, but I thought I might catch it if I ran. When I reached the corner, it was a long way ahead. I decided to take the short cut, and calculated I had just time to reach home and get on to Woking for the train there.

"I ran most of the way, only slowing down a little when I came near the canal. Just after I passed Chevening Rise, by the trees that overhang the canal, I saw someone on the path that leads down to it. He had his back to me and seemed to be waiting for me to pass, as he was leaning against a tree, quite motionless. I recognized him at once, however. It was Mauleverer; I could swear to that. It struck me that he had reached the top of the path a minute before I came into sight, had seen me coming, and had retreated in order to deliberately avoid me. This seemed a little queer, and I wondered whether it had any connection with a certain episode of a few days before. The episode was this. I picked up a letter in the avenue one day, and as it had no beginning, and was signed only by an initial, I could not tell to whom it belonged. Possibly, I thought to one of the servants. I put it in my pocket, hardly liking to destroy it, and yet not wishing to make it public property because of the private nature of the contents. I had forgotten it for the moment, when I pulled it out, by mistake, an hour later, on the lawn. Theo picked it up and read out the signature, 'Yours till death, L.' It was a stupid thing to do, but she's only a child and I stopped her at once and took it away from her. To my surprise, Mauleverer claimed it and it occurred to me that he must be playing rather a double game because he had shown a good deal of preference for my sister, and I knew that my mother was quite prepared to allow them to be engaged. I probably showed him something of what I thought, for he was very short with me. Anyhow I wondered, when I saw him there at the canal path, whether he had been meeting anyone. I passed on and came to the bridge where, being absorbed and hurried, I did not see you until you suddenly stepped out from the shadows.

"Then you told me about the murder of Liz Bainton. You said to me—do you remember?—It is inexplicable, for she was as good as she was handsome. Those words struck me particularly, for I thought what a dastardly crime it must have been to strike down an innocent, trusting girl. Then you described the wound, and I was filled with horror, for I