





—is great for clean-ing plain or painted wooden floors. oil-cloth or linoleum. It is better and more economical than soap or any other material for cleaning every-thing throughout the house.

21000000 Old Dutch Cleanser

Not yet had he done murder. With speals unbacked by each could con-her to uplift and strengthen him he ceivably procure free sleep from him. could not do it now. So long as life moved a shirtsleeved, notably una-bid's cleased memory should able clean, and perked his thumb toward with him, hunted though he was and the inner regions.

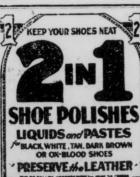
For a few minutes physical pain and mental anguish kept the fugitive awake, but gradually exhaustion clanned its due; his ideas and senea-tions grew vague and uncertain, and noisert

tions grew vague and uncertain, and heyslept. He awoke suddenly, not under standing where he was, sat up on the punk, and blinked around him. The place was full of unfortunates, most of them shoring and greaning dole-lully. So thick and heavy had the air become in that tight-closed pit of social misery that the one or two incandescents burning there scened dimmed thereby. The clock on the farther wall marked nine-twelve. Ar-thur had slept four hours like one dead.

tarther wall marked nine-twelve. Ar-thur had slept four hours like one dead. With returning plenitude of con-paint in his arm had wakened him, resplit the splitts and wrapplins, it had continued to swell. The bone had been broken some twenty hours be-force the splitts and wrapplins. It had continued to swell. The bone had been broken some twenty hours be-tore the splitts and wrapplins. It had continued to swell. The bone had been broken some twenty hours be-tore the splitts and wrapplins. It adjust that and wrapplins it with it. Arthur realized as he sat there in the edge of the bunk, feeling of the arm and peoring at It by the says light, that serious developments were forward. "I'm itable to lose this," he mu-tion do it quick!" I muardly ne cursed the luck which, playing him as a cut plays a mouse, had let him escape only with this in-jury, which might yet drag him down to explure and to death. Were any in-vestigation of his hurt made, it must have. The impasse bound up ap-plining before him. All stones out forms the back of vis him-Nelsou, the cold, calm, scien-

tific man whose testimony had finally convicted him; Nelson, the imper-sonall Nelson, who had admitted on planation of those half dozen gray -xe ou pung souspes sig inqu purshe squ hairs found in the clutching dead fin-sers of old man Mackenzie. Nelson!

planetion of those half dozen gray as ou put outputs sty inti pites sty hairs found in the clutching dead fin-sers of old man Mackensie. Nelaol The ldca of Nelaon possessed him widdenly and with strange power. Once more he weighed the half-for-muinted plan he had already enter-tained--the plan of taking the gray wig to the doctor, of telling his story, of driving home its truth upon that child and calculating brain, of calist-ing the scientist in his cauce. A forlorn hop? Maybe. Nelson, largely responsible for having sent Arthur away for life--would he, could he now afford to reverse his opinions and champion a man he had heipad dam? Could selentific honesty and ethical uprightness so far overbalance the natural human pride of opinion? Arthur's mind and body were in no condition for analysis All that he realized his deter, suffering tor-ment on that dirty cot in the doss-house, was that the idea of Nelson, of the use at the the idea of Nelson, of the disting in a main fixed the sou-ment on that dirty cot in the doss-house, was that the idea of Nelson, of the wig of justification, had suldonly obsessed him once more: and that moreover, he stood in direst need of medical attention. Enough! Arthur's decision, swiftly male, settled into firm mold with equal swiftness. Standing up, he drew his clothing on again and fixed the sou-waster down close over his tellitle stubble of prison-cut hair. Nobody noticed him in that sad place; none questioned and none card. He sat down again, hauled on the bench-comber's huge seq-boats and clumped to the door. At the right Hill sat yawning over a pink sporting paper and inhaling a clarette. A lif-the row of buits stood on his greasy desk, upright like tenpins. He gazed at Arthur with a watery eye, scratched his bristing chin, and then resumed his bristing chin, and then res





HARLAND NELSON, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon. A maid in cap and apron presently opened the door, surveyed this rough-ind shook her head. Her yoke was order than the night wind, which was naturing Ariau's teeth, as she an-nounced: and

chattering Arinur's teelh, as she an-nounced: "The doctor's hours are from seven to mine. You can't see him to night." "A doctor's hours are whenever he's needed, reforted the fugitive. "I must see him!" The maid stared at the sound of this kind of voice at capterssion in the mouth of a longshoreman, but stood firm. "You can't!" "I can, and will!" He pushed past her into the hall. "Go and tell him it's urzent!" "He's got company to-night, and---" "He'd leave anything in he knew who was here. Go get him!" Fairly ourplayed and dominated, the month shut the outer door, peered a moment with indecision at this ex-traordinary visitor, then waved a hand at the curtained docrway on her right. "Seen into the office, please," bade the.

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Out of this house, and save yourself! You may yot ascupe by High. be-maining, you are loat!" Arthur stopped in his pacing, fac-od the door and took one step to-ward it. His face had gone paler than over. As ih is chill be alivered, Lite or death—which was it to be? On this cast of the coin of Fate ho might win all or lose all. Fight mennt that he never could be justified. It meant an admission of blood-guiltiness. Remaining, tell-ity his story and trusting to the facts the fact. Racked by terrible emo-tions. Arthur stood undecided, with a heart that bed by terrible emo-tions. Arthur stood undecided, with a heart that beat so thick and fast is tront. Then suddenly he decided: Fight! He could not face the issue. His story was too frail, the only bit of evidence in his favor too tenous to warrant gambling his life upon it. In a court-room again any tenth-rate entorney could riddle it and fling it

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to derision. And on this had he pin-ned his fuith? A sudden revulsion of feeling swent over him. A branded fuglive he had heen, was and still must be. Safety for him could mean nothing, but the safety of the hidden and the fueeing. To stand, to turn, to fight meant anni-hilation. Fully decided now, he tiptoed to-ward the office-door as queely as his big boots would let him. Now he was almost there. A moment more and he would be in the hall, through it, out of the door and away. But he did not enter the hall. Instead, with a look of wonder, as-tonishment, and incredulity on his wan face, he grasped the jamb of the door with his let hand. and stood there listening at the crack in the portiere. Teople wers coming down the stairs. He heard then distinctly. Their foot-tals sounds I particular it was that had their voices, too, were clearly audible. One voice in particular it was that had the transfield him, it at had party and him such a stord has they anguish. It was the voice of a woman. It was the voice of Endd Chamber-hin. (To be continued.)

