

"I want to ask you, sir, to advance me a year's salary so that I can engage the best chemist in Montreal to come on here and make a thorough investigation of this whole business. I'm not satisfied. I know the case looks black against her, but she sha'n't want for aid if I can help her. I'll tell you, sir," the foreman went on, "I believe the man got that sickness from the bleaching-powder 'still.'"

"Utter nonsense, Hart! We don't use arsenic in the entire works."

"All I can say, sir, is this: I remember once when I first came here going into one of the 'stills' to clean it out, that I felt quite qualmish and had to get right out."

"Never heard of any one getting sick in one of the 'stills' or retorts all the time I have been at this business, and that is over thirty years, Hart," emphatically exclaimed Mr. Mason.

"Well, sir, it is either the 'still' or one of those doctors," just as emphatically declared the foreman.

"Hart, what do you mean" questioned Mr. Mason excitedly.

"I mean, Mr. Mason," and Walter Hart brought his fist down hard on the manager's desk, "I mean, first of all, that I love that woman and firmly believe in her innocence. I know she has had a miserable life with that dead brute of a husband. I wanted her to leave him long ago. Then I mean," and his chin shot out, "that there are two alternatives to this business: either the man got his death in that 'still,' or,"—he hesitated for an instant as if he were about to make a serious charge—"that doctor who attended Byrne gave him the arsenic himself," and the foreman held a steady gaze at the astonished manager.

"Hart, now you are going too far. Your heart is getting away with your usually level head," replied the perturbed manager.

"Not a bit of it. I'll tell you more, sir—but this is all in the utmost confidence. Do not breathe a word of it to any one, not even to the wife of your bosom, for the town is pretty well worked up over this affair, and I venture to say that as soon as Mary Byrne goes free they will cheer her."

The manager, now intensely interested, promised absolute secrecy.

"On the plea that I wanted to engage a lawyer for her, I was allowed to see Mary for a few minutes to-day. She told me the attending doctor had passed Byrne for \$5,000 for some life insurance company about a month before he was taken ill, but that she did not know anything about where the policy was, or in what company he was insured. She also said the doctor had tried to