

JULY 8, 1916

Enright sighed and lighted a cigarette. A look of unbelief, of bewilderment came into Calderlynn's face. He leaned over to the reporter, his clenched hands on the desk. "I wish you'd explain yourself, Enright. What went wrong?" "Biggins," the young man leaned back, the cigarette dangling from his mouth at an acute angle. "Biggins went wrong. He turned down the proposition."

Calderlynn smiled incredulously. "Biggins wouldn't take the money?" "Biggins wouldn't do a thing. Old man Black talked himself blue in the face; broke down and cried like a baby. He offered Biggins, one million, two million, three million—just as true as I'm sitting here, he did—and Biggins turned him down flat."

The District Attorney seated himself on the edge of the desk, his head lowered and his teeth set. It was Judge Brady who next spoke. "Mr. Biggins objected to the penitentiary part of the agreement, possibly?" Enright started up and began to pace the floor. "The penitentiary? Why, Biggins objected to a mere formal arrest. And you should have heard the way old man Black talked! He promised Biggins anything and everything. He said he'd have Biggins get off scot free, that he'd manage it somehow—kidnap him, if necessary—and give him anything in God's world he wanted, if only Biggins would let himself be caught in the act of bribing a dummy depositor in the fundamental. But Biggins was incorruptible."

Enright broke into a mirthless laugh. "Yes," he continued, "Biggins turned it down. That contemptible little shyster that's been doing dirt in law and dirt in politics for ten years in this town; that miserable little skunk whose record makes the man in the moon hold his nose; that little grafter that can't walk into any decent home without setting the burglar alarms ringing—Biggins stood there with a gasp, halo around his head and angels' wings sprouting out of his shoulder-blades. He's spoiled the biggest scoop of the year."

The thoroughly indignant young man ended his tirade in a violent fit of coughing, and subsided into his chair. The District Attorney chuckled and snapped his fingers. "Well, never mind Biggins. At any rate, we've got the Fundamental people, and if—" "But," interposed the Judge, "you were so positive about Biggins. You assured me, Mr. Calderlynn, that you were certain of being able to send him up for a term of years. Perhaps he got wind of your scheme."

"That's impossible, Judge Brady. Enright and I and a confidential clerk were the only persons concerned. He couldn't have guessed at my frame-up. But, anyhow, the Fundamental people—" "Pardon me," the Judge resumed, "but I am not in the least interested in the Fundamental people." He arose slowly and twice paced the hearthrug, his white head bent in thought. Then he crossed to the door. "I am going to leave you to yourselves for a few minutes, gentlemen. I want to find out if Brownings is right."

He smiled at the look of amazement that came into the faces of his guests; then he quietly left the room. "Brownings?" Calderlynn queried, frankly nonplused. "Forget it," Enright grinned. "I never yet met a retired justice that wasn't dippy on some fool thing or other."

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without hardship to even the poorest taxpayer. But the indulgence of such speculations by the practical legislator, who must also be a practical politician, is awkwardly checked by the fear that he may find himself indicted by the fearsome public for daring to suggest a diversion of the fund sacred to its great god before whose nightly blazing altars are enacted scenes and dances not unworthy of his "gold-crowned, wine-flushed" prototype of old Athens.

RUSSELL AND HELL A VALUABLE BROCHURE
Pastor Russell, in one of his late preachments declared that Hell, as Catholics conceive it, a place of eternal torments, was invented in the "dark ages." We think that the Pastor should define the time of the "dark ages," and narrate the reasons why they were so-called. We would respectfully refer the pastor to Dr. Walsh's book: "The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries."

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mean by the Forty Hours' devotion and other well-known devotions, such as those to the Sacred Heart and May devotions; to be able to explain about sodalities, their origin and uses; societies, processions, the Sacraments; and she should be especially strong on the doctrines and rulings of the Church in regard to marriage and divorce. She escapes well if she is not put on the rack about the Inquisition at least once a year; and as for indulgences, the amount of "facts that ain't so," as Dr. Walsh is fond of saying, which a misguided non-Catholic can accumulate about indulgences, is one of the crosses which Catholic girls sometimes have to bear.

