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SOLVING A MYSTERY

(Continued.)

Another friend, Carrick Venn, a student of medicine whom irremediable ill-health had kept from the practice of his profession, amused his leisure with experiments in physics, for the exercise of which he had set up a simple laboratory. Granice had the habit of dropping in to smoke a cigar with him on Sunday afternoons, and the friends generally sat in Venn's workshop, at the back of the old family house in Stuyvesant Square. Off this workshop was the cupboard of supplies, with its row of deadly bottles. Carrick Venn was an original, a man of restless curious tastes, and his place, on a Sunday, was often full of visitors; a cheerful crowd of journalists, scribblers, painters, experimenters in divers forms of expression. Coming and going among so many, it was easy enough to pass unperceived; and one afternoon Granice, arriving before Venn had returned home, found himself alone in the workshop, and quickly slipping into the cupboard, transferred the drug to his pocket.

But that had happened ten years ago; and Venn, poor fellow, was long since dead, of his dragging ailment. His old father was dead, too; the house in Stuyvesant Square had been turned into a boarding-house, and the shifting life of New York had passed its rapid sponge over every trade of their obscure little history. Even the optimistic McCarren seemed to acknowledge the helplessness of seeking for proof in that direction.

"And there's the third door slammed in our faces."

He shut the note-book, and throwing back his head, rested his bright inquisitive eyes on Granice's furrowed face.

"Look here, Mr. Granice—you see the weak spot, don't you?"

The other made a despairing motion.

"I see so many!"

"Yes, but the one that weakens the others. Why the deuce do you want this thing known? Why do you want to put your head into the noose?"

Granice looked at him hopelessly, trying to take the measure of his quick light irreverent mind. No one so full of cheerful animal life would believe in the craving for death as a sufficient motive, and Granice racked his brain for one more convincing. But suddenly he saw the reporter's face soften, and melt to a native sentimentalism.

"Mr. Granice—has the memory of it always haunted you?"

Granice stared a moment, and then leapt at the opening.

"That's it—the memory of it . . . always."

McCarren nodded vehemently.

"Dogged your steps, eh? Wouldn't let you sleep? The time came when you had to make a clean breast of it?"

"I had to. Can't you understand?"

The reporter struck his fist on the table.

"God, sir! I don't suppose there's

a human being with a drop of warm blood in him that can't picture the deadly horrors of remorse."

The Celt's imagination was aflame, and Granice mutely thanked him for the word. What neither Ascham nor Denver would accept as a conceivable motive the Irish reporter seized on as the most adequate; and, as he said, once one could find a convincing motive, the difficulties of the case became so many incentives to effort. "Remorse—remorse," he repeated, rolling the word under his tongue with an accent that was a clue to the psychology of the popular drama and Granice, perversely, said to himself:

"If I could only have struck that note I should have been running in six theatres at once."

He saw that from that moment McCarren's professional zeal would be fanned by emotional curiosity; and he profited by the fact to propose that they should dine together, and go afterward to some music-hall or theatre. It was becoming necessary to Granice to feel himself an object of pre-occupation, to find himself in another mind. He took a kind of gray penumbral pleasure in riveting McCarren's attention on his case; and to feign the grimaces of moral anguish became a passionately engrossing game. He had not entered a theatre for months; but he sat out the meaningless performance in rigid tolerance, sustained by the sense of the reporter's observation.

Between the acts, McCarren amused him with anecdotes about the audience; he knew every one by sight, and could lift the curtain from every physiognomy. Granice listened indulgently. He had lost all interest in his kind, but he knew that he was himself the real centre of McCarren's attention, and that every word the latter spoke had an indirect bearing on his own problem.

"See that fellow over there—the little dried-up man in the third row, pulling his moustache? His memoirs would be worth publishing," McCarren said suddenly in the last entrance.

Granice, following his glance, recognized the detective from Altonby's office. For a moment he had the thrilling sense that he was being shadowed.

"Caesar, if he could talk—" McCarren continued. "Know who he is, of course. Dr. John B. Stell, the biggest alienist in the country."

Granice, with a start, bent again between the heads in front of him.

"That man—the fourth from the aisle? You're mistaken. That is not Dr. Stell."

McCarren laughed.

"Well, I guess I've been in court enough to know Stell when I see him. He testifies in nearly all the big cases where they plead insanity."

A cold shiver ran down Granice's spine, but he repeated obstinately:

"That's not Dr. Stell."

"Not Stell? Why, man, I know him. Look—here he comes. If it is not Stell, he won't speak to me."

(To Be Continued.)

**TARIFF DISCUSSION
BEGINS THIS MONTH**

Washington, D. C., Oct. 17.—Expectation is that a beginning will be made with Canadian reciprocity negotiations before the end of the current month, and perhaps materially sooner. The proposal to hold negotiations at Ottawa has been favorably received here, for several reasons, and it is likely that the first meetings will occur here, although this is not certain.

Negotiations are expected to be protracted and will be likely, it is thought, to involve a good many questions, not all relating to the tariff.

Representatives of the State Department who are expected to be entrusted with the work of negotiations have been making close inquiries of late with reference to the fishery situation and this, it is presumed, has reference to the proposition to establish an understanding with Newfoundland as well as with Canada.

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The original is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price 35 cents.

PLASTER ROCK.

Oct. 17.—Mr. J. Brady returned from Perth on Friday night. He has been spending a few days there.

Mr. G. Ross, assistant bookkeeper for the Fraser Lumber Co., Ltd., has been sick for over a week, but we are glad to see him around again.

Mr. Donald Fraser, Jr., was in Perth on Friday last.

A new bell has been hung in the Presbyterian Church and we hope that this will stand the climate better than the last one. It was shipped here direct from Scotland.

Mr. James, of Andover, is here, fixing up the electric lights wires for the Fraser Lumber Co., Ltd.

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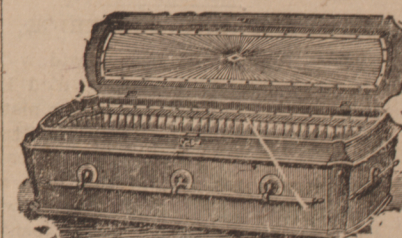
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