



The Royal Military College of Canada

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation, is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont.; or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont. H.Q. 94—5. 9—09.

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THE RED VIRGIN

BY G. FREDERICK TURNER

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

SHE knocked on the door, while Saunders concealed himself in a shadowed recess outside. A wild-looking, swarthy ruffian with a shock of black hair opened the door. His feet were pushed naked into leather slippers; his trousers were torn and greasy; his shirt was stained, ragged, and open at the throat; his large and hairy ears were adorned with silver rings. Savagery was writ plainly on his coarse features. He scanned her up and down, not without a kind of bestial admiration.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to see His Highness the Arch-duke Cyril of Wolfsnaden." Phoebe's voice was firmer than she could have conceived possible. She even contrived to smile.

"He is out," replied the man.

"Then I will wait."

"I shouldn't if I were you," was the blunt advice; "there is another of your sort upstairs. Maybe she mightn't give you too friendly a greeting."

"I will risk it," said Phoebe.

"But my orders are to admit no one."

"If His Highness learns that I have been here and refused admittance there will be trouble."

The man ran his unspeakable finger nails through his barbarous hair.

"That's likely enough," he conceded. "Anyway, you can't do much harm. Follow me—and mind your head against the beam."

Her guide led her to a door at the end of a passage, pointed silently to the portal, and disappeared down a steep staircase to the basement. What neither perceived was that Saunders had followed them like a shadow, and was standing soundless in the corridor.

For a moment Phoebe was afraid, and then in a second she was beyond fear. Her resolve was taken. It had cost much in the taking but, the struggle over, she resigned herself passively to whatever Fate had in store for her. Women are like that.

She knocked at the door, but apparently no one heard her. There was a gruff voice speaking within.

"But Your Majesty," it said, "His Highness's commands were explicit. He told me most definitely to escort you to a house in the Goose Market."

Phoebe had heard that voice twice before—once in the Concordia, once in the 'Persian Vault.' It was the voice of the big officer who had tried to force a duel on Herr Lugner in the hotel, and who had led the blood-thirsty attack on them in the disreputable dancing-saloon.

Then came a voice she had never heard, the voice of the ex-Queen.

"If I go," she said, "I take my son with me."

"That is against my instructions," answered the dragoon stubbornly.

"And this poor wounded fellow—"

"Is too ill to be moved. Your son can look after him, and our host, Birnbaum, after both."

"Birnbaum, an anarchist, a cut-throat!" protested the ex-Queen.

"If you think that," retorted Lacherberg, "you had best come with me."

"And leave my boy to the tender mercies of a criminal?" The ex-Queen began to weep. The weeping, from being soft and sobbing, grew to a shrill hysteria. Even Phoebe, who did not know the ex-Queen, realized that the tears were less a surrender to a creditable emotion than the weapon of a woman in difficulties. The ex-Queen loathed her present quarters with the loathing of a fastidious woman for extreme discomfort, but greater than her sense of discomfort was her new-born distrust of the Arch-duke. She read all sorts of mo-

tives—perhaps among them the correct one—in von Lacherberg's mission to withdraw her from the Krippel-Thor.

Phoebe felt that if she was to enter, the present moment was as opportune as any.

She turned the handle and pushed open the door. It disclosed a bleak chamber, smelling of stale food, cheap oil, and ancient dirt. Crazy shutters masked broken window-panes, but failed to exclude piercing draughts of icy air. Patches of plaster had fallen from the mildewed walls, and lay in crumbled heaps by the worm-eaten skirting. Cobwebs, and the things that make cobwebs, abounded. The sole attempts at decoration were printed reproductions, cut out from cheap journals, of well-known anarchists who had achieved notoriety by assassinating kings and presidents. Altogether it was about as disreputable a den as ever housed personages of birth and distinction.

Standing by a rickety table in the middle of the room were von Lacherberg and the ex-Queen. At the far end, in an alcove, partially concealed by a tattered, colourless curtain, lay the body of a man, bandaged, motionless, apparently insensible.

Phoebe's heart gave a leap, for she realized that that half-unseen figure must be the hero of her imaginings, Fritz of Friedrichsheim.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Mask Removed.

TO say that Phoebe's intrusion on the scene created surprise is to express the truth in terms of baldness and insufficiency.

The ex-Queen had never set eyes on her before, and had no conception why a fashionable dressed and remarkably beautiful young woman should put in a sudden and mysterious appearance in the house of the anarchist Birnbaum. Not being a good woman, a reason that had nothing to do with goodness soon suggested itself to her mind.

In the case of von Lacherberg, Phoebe's comely features struck a vaguely familiar note, but it was several seconds before he recalled in what connection, several more before recognition crept into his questioning eyes, several more again before the association of ideas prompted him to murmur the words, "Saunders' work," under his breath.

As regards the third individual, Fritz of Friedrichsheim, bandaged, aching, almost semi-conscious, the appearance of the lovely English girl in that infected den provoked feelings for which the term "surprise" is utterly and absurdly inadequate. He believed at first that he was the victim of delirium brought on by the rough usage to which he had been subjected. His head was still buzzing from a blow which would have cracked a thinner skull; his wounded wrist and head throbbed dully with hot pain. Till the amazing arrival of this vision of loveliness he had been about as miserable in mind and body as it is possible for a man to be. Everything seemed to speak of failure. Even Saunders, in whom he had trusted with an almost superstitious confidence, had failed. True, the Englishman had stopped Karl's abduction in one direction, but he had not been able to stop it in another and more dangerous one. Death, as likely as not, seemed the fate reserved both for his Sovereign and himself. He was no coward; he was, on the contrary, exceptionally brave, but the prospect of an early demise is not cheering when your bruised body is couched on a hard floor, and your battered head is pillowed on a scrap of evil-smelling carpet. And yet pain,

misery, and apprehension had been doing their silent, inevitable, purifying work. His thoughts had wandered to the girl with whom he had had such strange converse in the Bahnhofstrasse that afternoon, and he had realized that his feelings for her differed, not in degree but in kind, from any feelings he had ever entertained for any woman in the world. His oddly expressed belief that women were cats looking for the best home had dwindled to nothing in the hours of darkness and long-drawn suffering. He had felt that if Phoebe Perowne were at his side in his misery, a healing hand would have been laid on his brow, a pair of matchless eyes would have sent beams of cool starlight into the burning fever of his brain, a silver voice would have harmonized the shrilling discord of his tortured nerves. That was an aspect of womanhood he had never contemplated—the selfless ministry of pain. And then the thing imagined and longed for became suddenly the thing seen. It was not the mirage of delirium—he forced himself to realize that—it was the simple miracle of actuality. He stirred and tried to call out, but pain and weakness kept him mute and motionless. He lay still in the curtained shadow of the alcove, watching but unseen, strangely comforted and content because he could still see.

It was von Lacherberg who broke the silence that followed her entry.

"What do you want, Fraulein?" he asked gruffly.

"I want to see the Arch-duke," she replied, with a brave effort to appear confident.

"Why?"

Phoebe, obedient to her instructions, smiled.

"Lieutenant Hugo of the Artillery sent me," she replied softly.

For a moment von Lacherberg was silent. Then he blurted out:

"That's a lie."

Phoebe was disconcerted, visibly disconcerted, but the ex-Queen came momentarily to her rescue.

"I don't think it is a lie," she said. "From what I've seen of Lieutenant Hugo, and from what I know of the Arch-duke, I should think it is very likely to be true."

"Your Majesty is in error," said Lacherberg coldly. "I have just been in the company of Hugo and the Arch-duke, and I know that this girl has nothing to do with either. This person is English and a friend of Saunders, and is without doubt sent by him to spy on us."

"BUT how did they find out where we were?" asked the ex-Queen.

"How does Saunders find out anything and everything!" retorted the dragoon. "I don't know; but I've seen this girl in his company before, and I'll swear she's his agent."

"Then we must send her away at once," said Charlotte.

"Better retain her as a hostage," said von Lacherberg. "We're rich in hostages, if nothing else. The Pension Birnbaum is filling up nicely. Fraulein, please consider yourself our prisoner."

Phoebe experienced the bitter moment which comes to good triers when they have to accept inevitable defeat. She had done her utmost; she had taken the risk and played her part, but this sour old bully had seen through her trickery and laid bare her real character.

It was at this moment of despair, humiliation, and pardonable anxiety that she heard a step behind her, and, looking round, saw the massive, self-assured figure of the man who had conducted her on her perilous expedition. As by magic her confidence returned with a rush. How could there be danger or failure when this man