

while the screaming Millie struggled to free herself from the grasp of his left.

The tussle seemed to go on for ages. Mary clung with all the force of two muscular young hands to the madman's right arm, making it impossible for him to get at the weapon he had concealed.

In the meantime she uttered short directions to Millie, who shrieked and shouted so lustily as to inspire the hope in Mary's mind that somebody would hear her.

And then, just when both the women felt themselves to be at the last gasp, when the madman, uttered short cries under his breath and lashed himself into fury, began to tighten his grasp of Millie, while her cries grew fainter, and when Mary felt her hands growing too weak to hold his stronger arm, there came suddenly to their ears a sound as of something heavy being flung down in the hall outside.

It was the forcing open of the basement door.

The next moment the door of the dining-room was flung open, and the man whom Mary had locked in the cellar burst into the room.

Not much longer was the issue in doubt.

The arrival of this all, fresh, strong, and thoroughly aware of the character of the man with whom he had to deal, turned the tables. Whipping out his own handkerchief, the new-comer, with the assistance of the two girls, who at once acted according to his instructions, seized the madman's hands and bound them together so tightly that he could not get them free. Then again, with the help of the two women, the unfortunate madman, who did not utter one word, but glared at them keenly, drawing deep breaths and fighting with the strength of two men, was forced into a chair, to which he was bound with the strong silken ropes which looped up the window-curtains.

The work of securing him was scarcely finished when the return of Miss Kenley upon her bicycle brought another ally. The Vicar's sister, who took in the terrible situation with but a few words, went back to the village for help, and before many minutes were over had brought half-a-dozen willing helpers, with whose assistance the unhappy lunatic was safely secured until

the authorities of the asylum from which he had escaped could be summoned by telephone from the nearest town.

In the meantime poor Mary only recovered from her distress at the struggle in which she had taken part to fall into another even more embarrassing at her treatment of her own ally.

She whispered her agonies to her aunt, who apologised for her niece's stupidity as well as she could.

The young man who was quite good-humored and highly amused by the adventure, frankly owned that the lady's mistake was brought about by his own fault.

"I had been attacked by this man in

the road," said he, "just as I was coming out of Scarfield Court, the place my father has taken a mile away from here."

Miss Kenley uttered an ejaculation of interest.

"Oh, are you one of the Wares," said she—"the new people at the Court?" "Yes; my name is Reginald Ware," said the young man, smiling. "As I say, I was attacked by this man, from whom I managed to wrench away a large knife he was carrying."

"Then that was what I saw in your hand! It was that that frightened me so," said poor Mary apologetically.

"I ought to have told you all about it at once," said Reginald Ware, who was quite as humble as she. "But I didn't like to alarm you by speaking about the madman, and I was only too glad to have managed to escape him, as I thought. I'm very, very sorry, and I only wish I'd had a little more sense, and then I should have saved you from this fright."

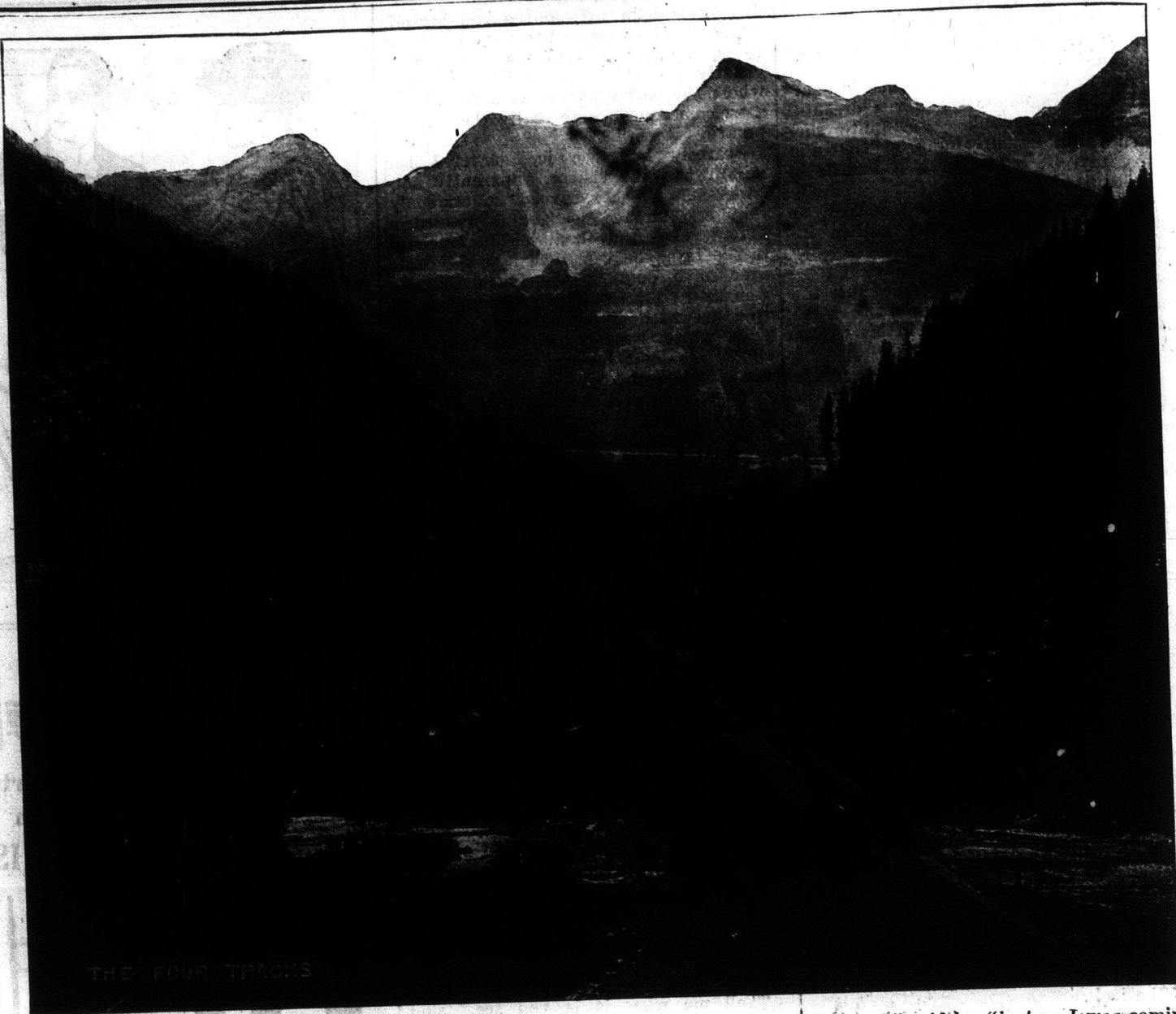
The young people, though they laughed at themselves and at each other, were rather interested in one another, too.

When the unfortunate Mr. Brewster was safely secured and taken back to the asylum, and the Vicar returned home and was introduced to young Mr. Ware, and informed of the adventure, Mary's father was rash enough to think it only right to express his sorrow for what his young neighbour had suffered by giving him a general invitation to call when he liked.

But not long afterwards Reginald Ware fell into the habit of dropping in so constantly that the Vicar began to wish that he could get rid of him.

Since then Miss Kenley has had to warn her brother that, when he does get rid of his too persistent young neighbour, he will have to make up his mind to get rid of his own daughter, too.

When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange place where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forearmed he can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.

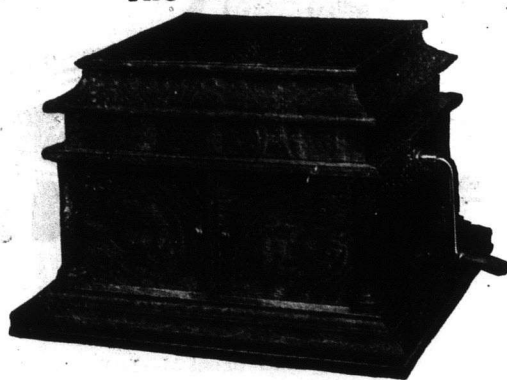


COLUMBIA

UNRIVALLED

\$25, \$39, \$58, \$80, etc.

The 1912 Model Hornless



Latest and best.

Wonderfully loud and perfect tone.

We want you to compare.

Why Pay \$100.00?

\$29, \$58, \$75, etc.

For those who still like the Horn Style of Talking . . . Machine.



Terms from \$5.00 Down and \$3.00 Monthly.

These Prices include a liberal supply of genuine Columbia records of your own choice. 30,000 Records in stock, including all your Favorite Songs, etc.

Nordica, Constantino, Bonci, Garden, Alice Neilsen, Cavalieri, Bismham, Zenatello, Emmy Destinn, etc., sing for the Columbia only.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO

295
PORTAGE AVE.
WINNIPEG.

LARGEST PIANO AND GRAPHOPHONE HOUSE IN CANADA.