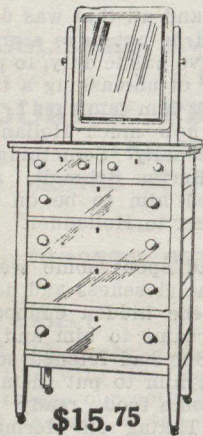


Good for bread,
good for pastry,
good for you.

PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread"



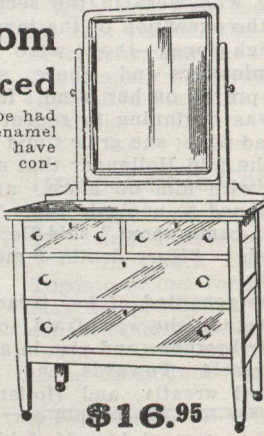
Dainty Bedroom Pieces Low Priced

This dresser or chiffonier may be had in either fumed oak or white enamel at the prices quoted. Both have high-class finish and interior construction. They are examples of the splendid values contained in our large illustrated

Catalogue No. 17

which we will be glad to send to anyone upon request. We pay freight charges to any station in Ontario.

The ADAMS
Furniture Co., Limited
TORONTO, ONT.



MADE ESPECIALLY
FOR AND WORN BY
THE BEST PEOPLE
EVERYWHERE



YOU CANNOT BUY
BETTER ANYWHERE
— Sold by the
Best Dealers —

CEETEE

UNDERWEAR

Economy and Excellence

Surely are important items in the choosing of food commodities, especially when the elimination of waste in the household economy should be rigidly observed.

MAGGI SOUPS

(Made in Switzerland)



are economical, a 5 cent Soup Tablet will make sufficient soup for three persons. Maggi Soups are excellent in quality and made in 20 distinctive flavours to please the most fastidious palates.

Suitable for all occasions. Palatable, Nutritious.

If your grocer cannot supply you write us

MACLURE & LANGLEY

LIMITED

Toronto

Montreal

Winnipeg

her, and she saw that it bore her name, she instantly guessed that it was connected with Max Hamilton; a fit of trembling seized her, and her fingers were shaking as she opened the envelope. When she read the words, her heart bounded rapturously—Max was free! But her heart almost at once contracted as she asked, How had he gained his liberty? Had his freedom been contrived or effected through the instrumentality of Captain Hollander? If it was so, she said dearly to herself, she must pay the stipulated price; if it were not—if Max had achieved his freedom without Hollander's help—then she, too, was free.

She wondered what Max meant by saying "tell nobody." The plain sense of the words was that she must keep the news to herself, but why? she mused. Surely, there was something mysterious here! For would not the news be welcomed by many people? Puzzled, she studied the telegram, and now she noticed that it was dated from a place called Ettelbruck; she had never heard of it, but it had a German sound. Was Max still in Germany? Had he been released by his captors? —it looked rather like it. "Ettelbruck!" Where was it exactly? She felt she must see; she turned back and consulted an atlas; after a while she found it, and saw that it was a town in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, and not in Germany at all.

Max, then, was free, and was on his way back to England; this was the great fact, gladness returned to her heart and in spite of doubts and fears persisted and remained her predominant feeling. In any case, the cruel torturing suspense was past. On the morrow, perhaps, Max would tell her all; and if not on the morrow, then, surely, on the next day. Peggy was not "all unhappy," as she looked forward to meeting him again.

RATHER earlier than the telegram which thus affected Peggy Willoughby, a somewhat similar telegram from Max had been received at the office of "The Day." It was addressed to Beaumont, and not to the paper itself; it therefore was not opened and read till after it had passed into the editor's own hands. The words were:

"Not for publication. Hope to reach London to-morrow evening. Hamilton."

Beaumont at once glanced at the name of the place whence the telegram had come, and noticing that it was from "Ettelbruck," and not knowing any more than Peggy knew where it was, looked it up in a gazetteer, and found it was in Luxemburg. Then he rang for a large map which showed with considerable detail that part of Europe and the adjoining countries. His strained eyes immediately noted that Ettelbruck was some thirty or forty miles from Treves, and, bearing in mind the words "Not for publication," he jumped to the conclusion that Max had succeeded in escaping into Grand Duchy.

"Another great story, perhaps," he thought, the journalistic instinct in the ascendant—not, however, that he did not rejoice that Max was free once more. But editors have rather a way of being editors first, and human beings afterwards. Yet the story was not precisely a "great story," in the newspaper sense, nor was it destined ever to appear in "The Day."

"You will be asked to describe the way in which you made your escape from Treves, but it will be better to leave it to the imagination of the people who question you," said Bertha Schmidt, as she was parting from Max on the outskirts of Echternach, whither she had safely piloted him. "You see you must not bring my name in at all—that would be fatal; no one must ever know what I have done; should it get to the ears of the heads in Berlin—"

She paused significantly, and then added:

"My life would not be worth a min-

ute's purchase. You must give me your promise."

"Yes, I promise," said Max. "I thoroughly understand your position, Bertha." Then he thanked her for all her extraordinary kindness to himself. But she would have none of his thanks, ever repeating the same formula, which justified her action in her own eyes as nothing else could have justified it:

"Because of the child!"

Max bade her farewell in the darkness of the night, and she strode off, as if fatigue were unknown to her, on the journey back to Treves and her little Fritz, who was sleeping peacefully during her absence. As the night immediately swallowed her up, Max thought with gratitude of her, and reflected on her curiously compounded character, in which were seen such strength and determination and resource as well as good in the midst of much that was tortuous and even malign. He realised to the full all that he owed to her, although she would not allow him to put it in that way; to her, it seemed the paying of a debt, the discharging of an overwhelming obligation.

Echternach, an old town with some five thousand inhabitants, and famous in Central Europe for its quaint annual pentecostal "Dancing Procession," had lights burning here and there in its streets, and in a few of its houses, and by their help he was able to follow the direction Bertha had given him for finding the "Hotel Bellevue," a place in which he had lunched when on a walking tour through that part of the Grand Duchy. Here he slept, and next morning took the earliest train by the little Prince Henri railway to Ettelbruck, which is on the main line running from the city of Luxemburg to Liege and Brussels. And from Ettelbruck he despatched the telegrams to Peggy Willoughby and the editor of "The Day."

Late in the same day he arrived in Brussels without mishap or even happenings of any sort in the least out of the common. It looked as if fate, having played him a scurvy trick, was trying to make up for it by being kind. In the afternoon of the next day he was in London, somewhat earlier than he had expected when he sent the telegrams, and he soon was closeted with Beaumont in the latter's familiar editorial sanctum. He would infinitely have preferred to go at once to see his sweetheart, but duty was duty, and therefore in this case his editor came before her.

"HOW did you manage to get out of Treves?" was one of the first questions Beaumont asked Max, and he was inclined to be vexed that the latter could not tell him. Max explained that he had promised to be silent on the matter, as it involved the safety of others who had assisted him to escape. And the editor, though grumblingly, had to accept Max's statement; he went near the mark, however, when he said, with a keen look, not devoid of humour:

"I'd bet a woman had some hand in your escape."

Max did not rise to this sally, nor did his face betray him. In another moment Beaumont was far too much interested, by what Max told him of all he had learned concerning Captain Hollander, even to remember his vexation, though he appeared very blank when Max said to him that his promise also prevented him from informing him of the source from which he had obtained the news. Then, he in his turn, gave Max some news, which also concerned Hollander.

"When I told you to go to Luxemburg, Max," said Beaumont, "it was because I had received word from a reliable person that Germany was about to seize and annex the Grand Duchy. Well, I thought the person was reliable. Who do you think it was?"

"Tell me," said Max.

"It was Captain Hollander, and I believed he was bound to know whether

(Continued on page 21.)