

mote corners as to what they would do for another half-back if Winston did not turn up in time for the match. Harvey, of the seconds, was not nearly so good a man as Winston.

The police were notified of his disappearance, and the surrounding country scoured, but with no result. Nothing had been found out up till noon on the following day.

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Rex Winston was awakened by a rattling on the window; he jumped out of bed and went quietly towards it. Ford stirred restlessly, but did not wake. When Winston reached the window he saw a couple of men below, who beckoned excitedly to him.

He leaned out of the window, which had been open all night, and asked in a low voice what they wanted. The two men told him that they had a message for him from home, saying that his mother was desperately ill, and that he had better go to her immediately.

Never suspecting, Winston told them to wait a moment, and he would come down. He dressed noiselessly, and going to the window, he got out. By the aid of the water pipe he managed to get down safely. But before he could turn round after reaching the ground, he was grabbed from behind, while a cloth was jammed into his mouth to prevent his calling for aid.

Winston was soon trussed up like a turkey, and the rascals half carried, had dragged him away.

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The Glyndon team had started for the field of battle. No one could have been feeling more miserable than Dicky Ford, unless, perhaps, Rex Winston.

The Head had seriously thought of calling off the game on account of this strange affair, but the team had persuaded him not to do so.

St. Simon's had put off their centre half to even up with Glyndon, as Harvey had not been put on in Winston's place.

Soon the two fourteens were out on the field, running through their signals, preparatory to the game.

Suddenly shouts were heard from the vicinity of the gate, where a few Glyndonites were standing. Then gradually the shouts grew to cheers, and they came running towards the dressing-room, hustling along in their midst—the long-lost Winston.

Ford bucked his way through the crowd to his chum, and throwing his arms about him, danced round and round for sheer joy.

In the meantime one of the boys had gone to get Winston's football outfit. As soon as he came back with them, Winston was hustled into the dressing room, and as many as could squeezed into it after him. But Rex refused to tell anything about his adventure until after the game.

Then the game was started. St. Simon's half was restored to his place, now that Glyndon were not a man short. Barely had the game commenced when the Saints scored a touch down, which they failed to convert. It looked as if St. Simon's would have it all their own way.

No one scored again till the second half, when Glyndon kicked a dead line. From the cheering one would think that Glyndon had won.

About ten minutes before time the ball was in Glyndon's possession down near their opponents' line. The score stood 5 to 1 in St. Simon's favor. Glyndon were trying to buck over. They were less than a yard from the line. It was now or never. Both teams piled up in one great heap of humanity, and when they were unpiled Ford was found with the ball, less than an inch over the line. A Glyndon man waved his arms, and this was a signal for the loudest cheering that had been heard within miles of that place for years. The try was converted, ending the game. Glyndon 7, St. Simon's 5.

Each fellow on the team was carried off shoulder high, but the greatest enthusiasm was about Ford and Winston.

Then, and not till then, did Winston tell about his disappearance.

He had been carried off by the two men to a barn on a farm about two miles from the college. He was locked in there, and food was brought from time to time by a little girl. Win-