

loosening the clasp of the child's hands from his, moved to the other man's side.

"Do you know this lady?" he said quickly, speaking, as before, in French. "The child with her seems to be English, do you know who they are?"

The stranger lifted his eyebrows with a gesture of extreme surprise, his shoulders went up in the movement that Tredman had begun to look upon as characteristic of him.

"I? How should I know them?" was the reply, "their pony carriage met my car—I have had the supreme misfortune to—destroy the carriage and injure the lady. But—we—are as one of your poets has said, 'Ships that pass in the night, and hail each other in passing.' Voila tout."

GILES'S quick ear noted that the man's English was as faultless as his French, though, from the orders given to the chauffeur, he judged him to be Russian.

"I beg your pardon," he said involuntarily, "I fancied—you looked at the lady as if you knew her. No doubt her little girl will be able to tell us who they are, and where they live."

"Is monsieur then preparing to make himself responsible for his countrywoman," the sardonic smile seemed to have translated itself into words, the blue eyes looked into Giles's grey ones, with a hint of amused contempt that made the younger man long to strike the cold, handsome face.

"Whether she is my countrywoman or no, I could not do less than help her to the best of my power,"

he answered, a ring of indignation in his voice, "the little girl cannot make arrangements, or take any responsibility. But no doubt you will do all that can be done for both mother and daughter, seeing that you—"

"That I—what?" the other interrupted with a sudden haughty gesture, and a quick drawing together of his brows, "that—I—what—monsieur?"

"That you were responsible for the accident, I was about to say," Giles answered, surprised at the resentment shown by his companion.

An uneasy laugh broke from the man's lips—he glanced along the road towards Aix, and something of his sangfroid seemed to have deserted him.

"Nothing would please me more than to do everything possible for—madame and the little girl," he said, "but—the doctor once here, and—the case put into the hands of the authorities—I must reluctantly go on my way. I have business of urgent, of vital importance—and I dare not let anything interfere with it. I shall be obliged—"

The sentence ended abruptly—the throb of the returning motor became audible, and in another moment, the great car, painted black, as Tredman now realized for the first time, drew up at the scene of the disaster. A brisk French doctor alighted, and glanced about him with bright, inquisitive eyes that instantaneously took in the whole situation, and rested on the Englishman's quiet face with an evident sense of relief.

"If monsieur will help me," he said, addressing himself to Tredman, "I will ascertain the extent of

the injuries, and then madame can no doubt be conveyed to Aix in the motor," the last words he spoke to the owner of the car, who still stood in the same immobile attitude which he had throughout adopted. Both men bowed in response, and Tredman and the French doctor were soon bending over the injured woman, intent upon their task.

"We must get her back to her hotel, or wherever she lives as fast as possible," the doctor murmured, after a brief examination, "she—" his eyes met Tredman's, and he lowered his voice as he caught sight of the child's anguished face, "she is terribly hurt, crushed—nearly to death—and—"

THERE was a faint movement of the woman's hand, the hand upon whose pulse the doctor's finger had just rested, and at the same instant her eyes opened, clouded now by an agony of pain.

"Tell—him—to—go," she gasped, "I—cannot—bear—" Only a breathless gasp ended her sentence, her lips grew more ashen, a grey shade crept over her face.

"We must not delay," the Frenchman said hurriedly, "if you will help me lift her into the car, we will get her as fast as we dare within reach of nurses and remedies, though she is almost past—"

His sentence remained unfinished. There was the noise of crunching wheels behind them, the throb of machinery, the whiz and shriek of the moving motor. And before either of the kneeling men could spring to his feet, before either could

(Continued on page 23.)

The Duke's Official Visit to Winnipeg

He Opens the Exhibition and Assists in Celebrating the Selkirk Centennial



Leaving the King Edward Hospital After the Formal Opening, July 11. Puzzle—Find the Princess.



The Illuminated City Hall at 10 minutes to Eleven.



Opening of the Canadian Industrial Exhibition, July 10. Left of the Duke, Mrs. Cameron, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor.



The Princess and the Duke on the Way to the Exhibition.