

Free gasoline for thirty-three hundred miles—the Ford owner's saving in one year

The light, economical Ford with its smooth running engine averages about twenty-five miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Compare this with the gasoline consumption of the Sixteen-Miles-To-The-Gallon car.

Then figure the difference, having an eye on the present price of gasoline.

Six thousand miles is a fair season's travel. The Sixteen-Miles-To-The-Gallon car, going six thousand miles, burns up one hundred and thirty-five more gallons of gasoline than does the Ford going the same distance.

This means that the Ford owner saves enough during a single season to pay for his gasoline for an additional thirty-three hundred and seventy-five miles.

You can travel a year and a half in a Ford for what it costs you to travel one year in the Sixteen-Miles-To-The-Gallon car.

Ford Motor Company
OF CANADA, LIMITED.
FORD, ONT.

Ford Runabout \$480
Ford Touring - 530
Ford Coupelet - 730
Ford Sedan - 890
Ford Town Car 780
f. o. b. Ford, Ontario



All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.

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Single Room and Bath from \$3.00 up.
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Table D'Hôte and a la carte Meals at Moderate Prices.
CANADA'S FINEST HOTEL FRANK S. QUICK, Manager.

The Englishman started in spite of himself. "No, not prospecting. We were just knocking about."

"Ah, please pardon my mistake. The curiosity which I have just condemned recoils in my own face. I only happened to notice a piece of rock sticking out of one of your bags in the hotel. Last night I did not expect to be so fortunate in my travelling companion. You made a very short stay in Edmonton."

"Yes. I got an important telegram, and we had to leave very suddenly. In fact we just had time to catch the train, and no more."

"And now you return to England. You will pardon the assumption if I say that it is quite evident that you are English."

Pearson nodded. "Yes, by the first boat." Then he added, unconsciously: "We go by way of New York."

"In that case," said the stranger, thoughtfully, "it is quite possible that we shall meet in New York. I have often noticed that very strange and unexpected encounters take place in large cities. One is apt to meet the person one least expects to meet, and," he added, curiously, "one sometimes meets the person one most wishes to avoid."

HE relapsed into silence. His companion furtively examined the thin face, tanned a copper brown, the high cheek bones, the white, staring scar, the quick, dark eyes, the lean, sloping shoulders that so disguised their strength, and the long, loose, sinewy, prehensile hands. What there was behind all this he could not determine. But deep in his own soul some higher intelligence told him that here was the third person who had stretched Stepan Kolkoff dead in some act of treachery, whose steps he had heard in the night-time, who had driven that three-cornered hammer deep into the scheming brain of Nicolai, and who had saved two young lives on the icebound shore of Selwyn Lake. Again he studied the smooth face. There was no evidence of cruelty, but rather a calm, fixed, inflexible quality, with which this stranger would pursue a changeless course, unmoved by pity and unstirred by passion.

Later he spoke of all this to Natalie. "That man is neither cruel nor vindictive, and I don't believe he has a trace of ambition, either. He seems to me like some cool and perfectly balanced machine which has been designed for a certain purpose, and will do its work without a trace of variation. You can't get behind his eyes and guess what he is thinking of, but all the same I believe he has the face of a man who will play fair."

"Then if all that is true, what is the use of trying to escape him? It is out of the question."

"Do you remember what Nicolai said about men being able to lose themselves, not in the wilderness, but among many other men?"

She shook her head. "Others have tried to escape," she said, hopelessly. "Dearest, I don't forget what I said a little while ago, and you must not think that I would not risk anything to escape. You know I would give the rest of my life for a single year with you, but now there is only one thing that I see you can do. Would it not be better to go to him and ask him what he wants? It sounds strange, I know, in a free country, but only some are free in any country. If you went to the police and asked for protection, you would not need it in a week."

"Do you mean," said Pearson, hotly, "that I am to walk up to a man I have never seen before and ask him what he wants us to do?"

She nodded sorrowfully. "Then I am sorry, but I can't do it—at least," he hesitated, "I won't do it till I have tried again to throw him off the trail. Even then, if he does not drop out, I may take the affair into my own hands."

"You must not think of it. It would be the end of us both."

He sat, silent and stubborn, then suddenly blurted: "I'm not used to taking things lying down."

She gazed at him with love in her

eyes. This was a different Pearson from the one who had stared so hungrily into Florio's restaurant. The wilderness had set its seal on him. The lean figure had filled out, and superb strength was obvious in every movement and gesture. He seemed now a man who had found himself, and was armed and trained to strike back with vigour and return the buffets of the world.

"Darling," she said, gently, "we have not much more time left together. Shall we not be as happy as we can?"

For the next three days it was a strange journey. All the way down from the Northwest, the tall man shared the sleeping car. He ate when they ate. It gave them a curious sensation to look across the aisle and see him ordering his meals. Very rarely did their eyes meet, and when they did his lids always drooped and his glance turned away. Once or twice, scanning the smooth features, they noted an extraordinary expression in which determination and regret seemed to mingle. It was almost as though the stranger man had found himself.

Gradually there grew up in Pearson's mind that even though the tall man's orders were absolute, he might yet relent long enough to let them slip away in peace. This blossomed into a final resolve.

"I've thought it all out," he said, with grim determination, on the evening of the third day. "To-morrow morning we reach Toronto, and our car joins a new train at North Bay. It stops at a place called Bracebridge, about five hours after we change. We will slip out there and then come on to Toronto a day or two later. But we must get out just before reaching the city and come in by some other way. Then the thing will be not to go to a hotel at all, but to some very quiet boarding house in the suburbs. If we succeed in that, I defy any one to find us."

"And if any one does?" she breathed, with a strange light in her eyes.

"Then, if it's absolute and final and shows that our movements are absolutely known and understood, I'll do what you say."

For the rest of the evening they watched very carefully. He crawled into his berth and lay there, fully dressed, chuckling at the thought of the expression the tall man's face would bear in the morning. In the small hours he noted the time carefully, and rapped gently at the wooden partition at his head. Instantly there came an answering tap.

In three-quarters of an hour, Pearson, as he left the car with Natalie, glanced back along the narrow line of green curtains. There was neither stir nor sound. It appeared that every passenger was plunged in profound slumber. In another instant the conductor swung his lantern, the porter touched his cap, picked up his wooden stool, and swung nimbly on board as the train began to move. Pearson stood on the small station platform and put his arm around the girl's waist. Together they watched the red and green tail lamps swing through a curve and drop suddenly out of sight. His grasp tightened, and he pressed her to him.

"Beloved," he whispered, "this is the first step toward freedom and happiness."

AFTER a discreet wait of two days, they approached the city. Already the winter night had fallen darkly, and high overhead the reflection of the electric lights whitened the murky sky. It looked as though Toronto were illuminated in welcome of the two wanderers.

A small boarding house was found without difficulty. The curious glances of the landlady abruptly ceased when Pearson put a bill into her hands.

"Please make my sister as comfortable as you can. We have had a long journey, and she is very tired."

Next day they explored the western part of the city, keeping well away from the central section. Pearson