

manifest in every department of German activity, military and civilian.

At Cologne, they stopped over night. In this city of beautiful cathedrals, they were taken to a fashionable hotel. They were conducted through the brilliant reception room where the ladies were present in handsome gowns. It was all done for show, though, and once more they realized that they were being paraded as a final mark of humiliation before these ladies who looked scornfully on the "British swine" from behind jeweled lorgnettes. "We were a wild looking mob, I guess," said Barlow, "but we did not care. We were too happy for that. We had scarcely any clothes, and what we had were in rags. I had on a Russian peasant's bloomers, and our underwear was not only conspicuous, but much out of place."

The next day they strained their eyes for Holland. Presently they drew into the last station in Germany. The letters "R-O-S-E-N-D-A-H-L" leaped into view, and those letters have ever since stuck in the pigeon holes of their brain. They will never forget them. It meant that their guards would now leave them and that they were free again. As the train was gathering momentum out of the station, every one stuck their heads out of the car window and whipped out a steady stream of Canadian abuse. They called those guards everything—months of campaigning, hardship, misery and privation had given them rough tongues, and the way they lashed those Germans was certainly getting a lot off their chests. They fairly itched—they were lousy anyway—to get at them and send home blow after blow into the grubby faces and sleek bodies of those Huns. The German eyes snapped at the insults that came hurling back at

them. They were all the more mad because they could not fully understand.

Then the International Red Cross officials took them in charge, and when they reached Flushing the Hollanders were most kind to them.

Their most wonderful reception occurred as they were coming up the Thames. They were among the first prisoners exchanged, and from every saucy tug-boat and stately liner the whistles screeched a welcome, and the crowds on the shore and on the bridges cheered. Among their number were armless, legless men, blind men—all cripples for life. The blind were deprived of an inspiring spectacle, but they could feel the warmth of the reception, and it was reflected in their faces. On every hand kindly faces met their own, on which the seal of suffering had set indelible marks. They were tended and cared for beyond their hoping and asking. They had all dreamed of England while they were incarcerated in walls of stone. They had visions of the beauty of an English country lane, and of long peace and quiet, but they had never dreamed of such a grateful England.

And they were happy—happy beyond words.

By a strange coincidence, Barlow met a comrade from his battalion, Pte. J. Hudson, in England. The two came over to Canada together and have secured positions at one of the munition plants in Renfrew.

Hudson, too, fought with the gallant Montreal Highlanders. This was the battalion that was entirely cut off by the Germans in the village of St. Julien. They were in the trenches when the Germans hurled their offensive. They saw the fleeing Turcos and realized that it was a fight to the finish.

Then that Highland Battalion gave about the finest

exhibition of fighting power, against tremendous odds, as would be hard to find. They probably made history those four days and four nights when they fought without food or water.

In the general retirement they were surrounded and cut off, but still they fought on, and fought until the battalion was practically annihilated. When their trenches were blown up, they held the line with "reeking tube and iron shard" and fought on their nerve. There were deeds of gallantry performed by those kilties during those four fateful days that went unrecorded.

Hudson was wounded by shrapnel in the knee. He lay for five hours before the stretcher bearers got to him, but as he was wounded in the fighting behind St. Julien he fell into the hands of his friends.

Barlow "got his" in front of the village in the territory that was held by the Germans.

Pte. Hudson related incident after incident that told of the high courage of the British soldier in that ordeal, but the most striking was that of the wounded Tommy in Netley Hospital, England.

This soldier had been wounded in the second week of the war. He was one of the heroes of Mons. He had been in the hospital ever since and would probably spend the greater part of his shortened life in a hospital. This Tommy was minus both his legs, one arm and one eye.

He was a wreck of a man, but in his body there still pulsed life. Hudson asked him if he would not be better dead. "Oh, no, matey, life is still sweet," and he smiled and joked about his wounds that had tossed him down a broken semblance of a man.



# The Blind Man's Eyes.

By WILLIAM McHARG  
and EDWIN BALMER

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

**A**S a sudden eddy of the gale about the shed blew the ticket from old Sammy's cold fingers, the young man stooped to recover it. The wind blew off his cloth cap as he did so, and as he bent and straightened before old Sammy, the old man suddenly gasped; and while the traveller pulled on his cap, recovered his ticket and hurried down the platform to the train, the gateman stood staring after him as though trying to recall who the man presenting himself as Philip D. Eaton was.

Connery stepped beside the old man.

"Who is it, Sammy?" he demanded.

"Who?" Sammy repeated. His eyes were still fixed on the retreating figure. "Who? I don't know."

The gateman mumbled, repeating to himself the names of the famous, the great, the notorious, in his effort to fit one to the man who had just passed. Connery awaited the result, his gaze following Eaton until he disappeared aboard the train. No one else belated and bound for the Eastern Express was in sight. The president's order to the conductor and to the dispatcher simply had directed that Number Five would run one hour late; it must leave in five minutes; and Connery, guided by the impression the man last through the gate had made upon him and old Sammy both, had no doubt that the man for whom the train had been held was now on board.

For a last time, the conductor scrutinized old Sammy. The gateman's mumblings were clearly fruitless; if Eaton were not the man's real name, old Sammy was unable to find any other which fitted. As Connery watched, old Sammy gave it up. Connery went out to the train. The passengers who had been parading the platform had got aboard; the last five to arrive also had disappeared into the Pullmans, and their luggage had been thrown into the baggage car. Connery jumped aboard. He turned back into the observation car and then went forward into the next Pullman. In the aisle of this car the five whom Connery had just watched pass the gate were gathered about the Pullman conductor, claiming their reservations. Connery looked first at Eaton, who

stood beside his grips a little apart, but within hearing of the rest; and then, passing him, he joined the Pullman conductor.

## A DOUBLE MYSTERY

Warden, a Seattle capitalist belonging to the "Latron Crowd," is murdered while driving to meet a mysterious young man waiting at Warden's house.

Warden had told his wife this man had been mysteriously wronged. He was about to right the wrong when murdered. His death recalls "Latron," head of the "Latron Crowd," supposed to have been murdered years before by the same enemies.

The mysterious young man disappears when the dead man is brought in. He is advertised for, but cannot be found.

Meantime the famous No. 5 train from Seattle to Chicago is held one hour for some stranger who may present a card to Special Conductor Connery from the president of the road, entitling him to full authority over the movements of the train, if he wishes it.

Waiting at the station gate, Connery sees five persons board the train in this extra hour's delay. One is a blind man with two young people. A fourth is a young man, "Philip D. Eaton." A fifth is a plain (looking) business man.

Which holds the card? Is Eaton the young man Warden intended helping?

The three who had passed the gate first—the girl, the man with the glasses and the young man in the cutaway—it had now become clear were one party. They had had reservations made, apparently, in the name of Dorne; and these reservations were for a compartment and two sections in this car, the last of the four Pullmans. As they discussed the disposition of these, the girl's address to the spectacled man made plain that he was her father; her name, apparently, was Harriet; the young man in the cutaway coat was "Don" to her and "Avery" to her father. His relation, while intimate enough to permit him to address the girl as "Harry," was unflinchingly respectful to Mr. Dorne; and against them both Dorne won his way; his daughter was to occupy the drawing-room; he and Avery were to have sections in the open car.

"You have Sections One and Three, sir," the Pullman conductor told him. And Dorne directed the porter to put Avery's luggage in Section One, his own in Section Three.

**T**HE Englishman who had come by the Japanese steamer was unsupplied with a sleeping-car ticket; he accepted, after what seemed only an automatic and habitual debate on his part, Section Four in Car Three—the next car forward—and departed at the heels of the porter. Connery watched more closely, as now it came the turn of the young man whose ticket bore the name of Eaton. Like the Englishman with the same sort of ticket from Asia, Eaton had no reservation in the sleepers; he appeared, however, to have some preference as to where he slept.

"Give me a Three, if you have one," he requested of the Pullman conductor. His voice, Connery noted, was well modulated, rather deep, distinctly pleasant. At sound of it, Dorne, who with his daughter's help was settling himself in his section, turned and looked that way and said something in a low tone to the girl. Harriet Dorne also looked, and with her eyes on Eaton, Connery saw her reply inaudibly, rapidly and at some length.

"I can give you Three in Car Three, opposite the