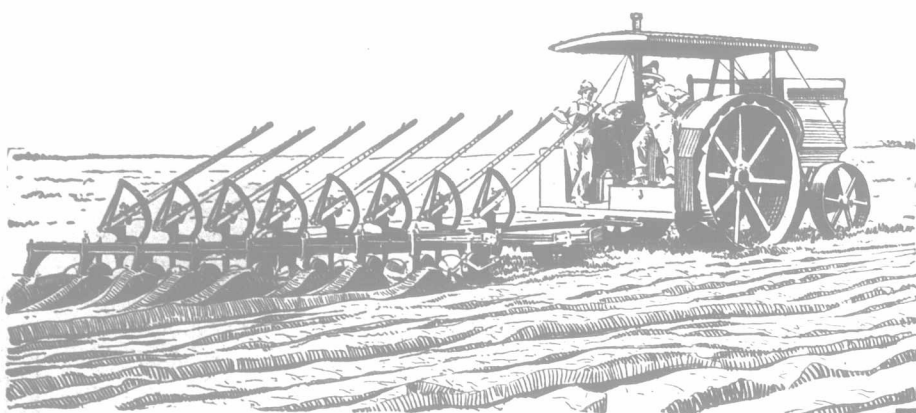




"Just Work"

IHC tractors are built for "just work." Whether that work be plowing, preparing and planting a seed bed, harvesting, threshing, irrigating, ditching, hauling, road making, well drilling, or the many other things that a tractor will do, the steadiest worker is an

IHC Kerosene-Gasoline Tractor

Is overtime demanded—the IHC tractor never tires; is the load a heavy one—the IHC has plenty of reserve power; is the work dusty and dirty—the IHC has no exposed bearings or rapidly moving parts to be injured. It carries its own daily supply of fuel. It may be set close to a stack without reference to the direction of the wind, without danger of fire, and, with all these advantages, it has done, is doing, and will do more work in less time at lower cost, and will last longer than any other tractor you can buy. These are statements of fact, backed by records made in actual use both in contest fields and on real farms.

Investigate tractor farming. Learn how you can profitably use an IHC tractor. Get all the facts from the IHC local agent. He will point out the many IHC tractor features and advantages in design, materials, and construction. He will tell you about the complete IHC line, which includes gasoline and kerosene tractors, 12, 15, 20, 25, and 45-H. P. in several styles, and horizontal and vertical general purpose engines, stationary or mounted on skids or trucks, air-cooled or water-cooled, 1 to 50-H. P. See him or write the nearest branch house for catalogue.

CANADIAN BRANCH HOUSES

International Harvester Company of America (Incorporated)

At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

IHC Service Bureau

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizers, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to IHC Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U.S.A.

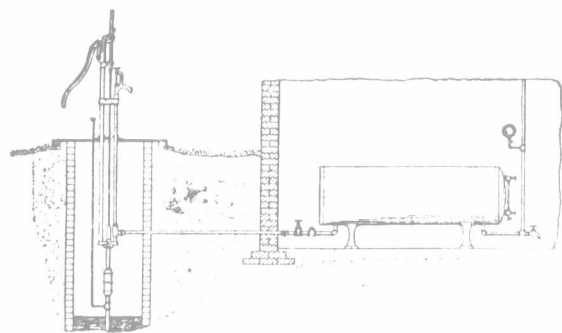


Make your home attractive by giving it the handsome and lasting protection of Sherwin-Williams Paint. SWP is made of pure materials, carefully mixed and ground by powerful machinery, and is sold only in full Imperial Measure Cans. A merchant in your town sells

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

Heller-Aller Pneumatic Water Supply System



solves the problem and makes it possible to have running water anywhere in the house, stable or yard, for all domestic purposes, and for fire protection. The cost is so low that almost every country resident can afford to install it. Operated by windmill, electric motor, gasoline engine or by hand power. Write for information.

THE HELLER-ALLER CO., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

that whilst she kept Chauvelin in sight, Percy's fate might still be hanging in the balance.

Desgas had left Chauvelin moodily pacing up and down the room, whilst he himself waited outside for the return of the man, whom he had sent in search of Reuben. Thus several minutes went by. Chauvelin was evidently devoured with impatience. Apparently he trusted no one; this last trick played upon him by the daring Scarlet Pimpernel had made him suddenly doubtful of success, unless he himself was there to watch, direct and superintend the capture of this impudent Englishman.

About five minutes later, Desgas returned, followed by an elderly Jew, in a dirty, threadbare gaberdine, worn greasy across the shoulders. His red hair, which he wore after the fashion of the Polish Jews, with the corkscrew curls each side of his face, was plentifully sprinkled with grey—a general coating of grime about his cheeks and his chin gave him a peculiarly dirty and loathsome appearance. He had the habitual stoop, those of his race affected in mock humility in past centuries, before the dawn of equality and freedom in matters of faith, and he walked behind Desgas with the peculiar shuffling gait, which has remained the characteristic of the Jew trader in continental Europe to this day.

Chauvelin, who had all the Frenchman's prejudice against the despised race, motioned to the fellow to keep at a respectful distance. The group of the three men were standing just underneath the hanging oil-lamp, and Marguerite had a clear view of them all.

"Is this the man?" asked Chauvelin. "No, citizen," replied Desgas, "Reuben could not be found, so presumably his cart has gone with the stranger; but this man here seems to know something, which he is willing to sell for a consideration."

"Ah!" said Chauvelin, turning away with disgust from the loathsome specimen of humanity before him.

The Jew, with characteristic patience, stood humbly on one side, leaning on a thick knotted staff, his greasy, broad-brimmed hat casting a deep shadow over his grimy face, waiting for the noble Excellency to deign to put some questions to him.

"The citizen tells me," said Chauvelin, "that you know something of my friend, the tall Englishman, whom I desire to meet. . . . Morbleu! keep your distance, man," he added hurriedly, as the Jew took a quick and eager step forward.

"Yes, your Excellency," replied the Jew, who spoke the language with that peculiar lisp, which denotes Eastern origin. "I and Reuben Goldstein met a tall Englishman, on the road, close by here this evening."

"Did you speak to him?" "He spoke to us, your Excellency. He wanted to know if he could hire a horse and cart to go down along the St. Martin Road, to a place he wanted to reach to-night."

"What did you say?" "I did not say anything," said the Jew in an injured tone, "Reuben Goldstein, that accursed traitor, that son of Belial . . ."

"Cut that short, man," interrupted Chauvelin, roughly, "and go on with your story."

"He took the words out of my mouth, your Excellency; when I was about to offer the wealthy Englishman my horse and cart, to take him wheresoever he chose, Reuben had already spoken, and offered his half-starved nag and his broken-down cart."

"And what did the Englishman do?" "He listened to Reuben Goldstein, your Excellency, and put his hand in his pocket then and there, and took out a handful of gold, which he showed to that descendant of Belzebub, telling him that all that would be his, if the horse and cart were ready for him by eleven o'clock."

"And, of course, the horse and cart were ready?"

"Well! they were ready in a manner, so to speak, your Excellency. Reuben's nag was lame as usual; she refused to budge at first. It was only after a time and with plenty of kicks that she at last could be made to move," said the Jew with a malicious chuckle.

"Then they started?" "Yes, they started about five minutes ago. I was disgusted with the whole

ger's folly. An Englishman too!—He ought to have known Reuben's nag was not fit to drive."

"But if he had no choice?"

"No choice, your Excellency?" protested the Jew, in a rasping voice, "did I not repeat to him a dozen times that my horse and cart would take him quicker, and more comfortably than Reuben's bag of bones. He would not listen. Reuben is such a liar, and has such insinuating ways. The stranger was deceived. If he was in a hurry, he would have had better value for his money by taking my cart."

"You have a horse and cart too, then?" asked Chauvelin, peremptorily.

"Aye! that I have, your Excellency, and if your Excellency wants to drive . . ."

"Do you happen to know which way my friend went in Reuben Goldstein's cart?"

Thoughtfully the Jew rubbed his dirty chin. Marguerite's heart was beating well-nigh to bursting. She had heard the peremptory question; she looked anxiously at the Jew, but could not read his face beneath the shadow of his broad-brimmed hat. Vaguely she felt somehow as if he held Percy's fate in his long, dirty hands.

There was a long pause, whilst Chauvelin frowned impatiently, at the stooping figure before him; at last the Jew slowly put his hand in his breast pocket, and drew out from its capacious depths a number of silver coins. He gazed at them thoughtfully, then remarked, in a quiet tone of voice,—

"This is what the tall stranger gave me, when he drove away with Reuben, for holding my tongue about him, and his doings."

Chauvelin shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"How much is there there?" he asked.

"Twenty francs, your Excellency," replied the Jew, "and I have been an honest man all my life."

Chauvelin without further comment took a few pieces of gold out of his own pocket, and leaving them in the palm of his hand, he allowed them to jingle as he held them out towards the Jew.

"How many gold pieces are there in the palm of my hand?" he asked quietly.

Evidently he had no desire to terrorize the man, but to conciliate him, for his own purposes, for his manner was pleasant and suave. No doubt he feared that threats of the guillotine, and various other persuasive methods of that type, might addle the old man's brains, and that he would be more likely to be useful through greed of gain than through terror of death.

The eyes of the Jew shot a quick, keen glance at the gold in his interlocutor's hand.

"At least five, I should say, your Excellency," he replied obsequiously.

"Enough, do you think, to loosen that honest tongue of yours?"

"What does your Excellency wish to know?"

"Whether your horse and cart can take me to where I can find my friend the tall stranger, who has driven off in Reuben Goldstein's cart?"

"My horse and cart can take your Honour there, where you please."

"To a place called the Pere Blanchard's hut?"

"Your Honour has guessed?" said the Jew in astonishment.

"You know the place?"

"I know it, your Honour."

"Which road leads to it?"

"The St. Martin Road, your Honour, then a footpath from there to the cliffs."

"You know the road?" repeated Chauvelin, roughly.

"Every stone, every blade of grass, your Honour," replied the Jew quietly.

Chauvelin, without another word, threw the five pieces of gold one by one before the Jew, who knelt down, and on his hands and knees struggled to collect them. One rolled away, and he had some trouble to get it, for it had lodged underneath the dresser. Chauvelin quietly waited while the old man scrambled on the floor to find the piece of gold.

When the Jew was again on his feet, Chauvelin said,—

"How soon can your horse and cart be ready?"

"They are ready now, your Honour."

"Where?"

"Not ten metres from this door. Will your Excellency deign to look?"

"I don't want to see it. How far can you drive me in it?"