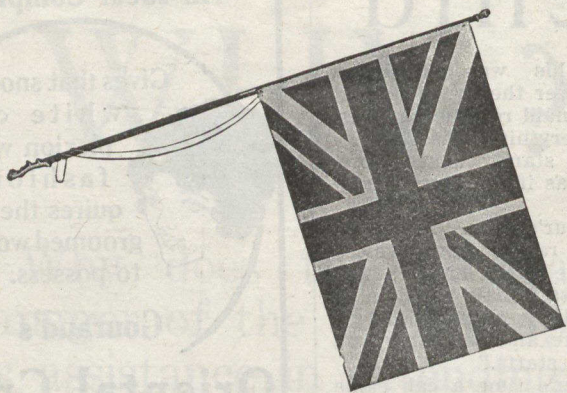




# Live Under the Old Flag

Not merely the flag that "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze"; but the flag that stands for liberty to every man, for freedom of the home, for the joy of democratic living.

## A FLAG FOR EVERY HOME.

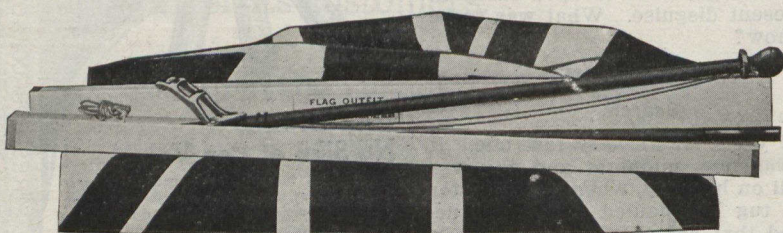
Living under the British or the Canadian flag does not mean merely the flag on the Town Hall, the Parliament Buildings and the Armouries. It means the flag directly over your door. Lots of people live under the flag that is owned by somebody else. They imagine that a flag must have a flag-pole on the lawn or on the roof. But the flag for every home means a flag that can be flung from any window, verandah-post or gable.

Believing this, THE CANADIAN COURIER has arranged to supply to its readers, suitable home flags at the moderate prices quoted below.

These flags are Made-in-Canada, and their wearing qualities are guaranteed by THE CANADIAN COURIER. They are cheap enough for the most modest purse and good enough for the wealthiest home.

## MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

All orders promptly filled by return mail. Send to-day, using coupon. No letter necessary if coupon is carefully filled out.



This Union Jack 32x48 inches, complete with pole (6 feet long), halyard, and window socket, at \$1.45, post paid, is a real bargain. It is designed to fly from an upstairs' window.

The Canadian Courier,  
Toronto, Canada.

## COUPON

Send me a flag. I have indicated with an X the one I want, and am remitting herewith the amount quoted above for this flag.

Name.....

## SIZES AND PRICES:

Address.....

Union Jack, 32x48 inches ..... 51 cents, Mail Post Paid  
(Canadian Ensign, same size, 5 cents extra.)

Union Jack, 32x48 inches (same flag as above), complete with pole  
(6 feet long), halyard and window socket, \$1.45, Mail Post Paid  
(Canadian Ensign, same size, 5 cents extra.)

Union Jack, 24x36 inches ..... 25 cents, Mail Post Paid

Union Jack, 20x28 inches ..... 20 cents, Mail Post Paid

Set of Allies' Flags, 7 in number, 15x20 inches, 70 cents, Mail Post Paid

They did so. Every hole and corner was ransacked, every locker turned out. Then they looked at one another, thoroughly mystified.

"As I hope you have proved to your own satisfaction that I am not harbouring a convict, I will thank you to leave my yacht," said Ronald, haughtily. "You have already delayed me a most unconscionable time. I told you at first that there was no convict on board."

"Where is he, then?" asked the warder.

"Where is who? Leave my yacht at once, and search anyone else's you may meet."

This gave the men a new idea; was it possible that they had mistaken the yacht in the darkness? They could not swear to Ronald himself, for he had put on a rough pilot coat and leggings, borrowed from the master, and looked very unlike himself in a shabby red cap lent by one of the men. They murmured an apology and withdrew from Ronald's yacht, but they cruised about all night, and then returned to Plymouth, thoroughly off their scent. They telegraphed to ports in all directions, but the only result of these messages was an answer, sent after some days, that a yacht answering the description of Ronald's had arrived at one of the southern ports of France, that one gentleman only had landed, and that the yacht, after being thoroughly overhauled by the police, had departed with no one on board save the master and crew.

Meantime Enid remained in her lodgings, a prey to the gravest anxiety. She did not dare to go out lest she should be followed and recognized; she would not sit even near the window. On leaving the yacht she had taken a cab, and bidden the man drive her to the north of Plymouth, dismissing him when it was quite dark, and making her way back to the rooms by a circuitous route.

How hateful all this secrecy seemed. She felt like a criminal herself, and wondered whether she had done either wisely or well in entering into these crooked paths. And she had not only entered into them herself, but, far worse pain, had dragged Ronald into them.

After several days had elapsed, she received a letter from him, bearing a foreign postmark. It was most cautiously worded, and stated only that he was travelling about by himself, that he was quite well and comfortable, and hoped that she was the same, as there was nothing for her to be anxious about now. He would write again soon.

SHE understood that Cornwallis had escaped, but how? Why was Ronald alone?

The days went by, each one more slowly than the last. Then came a letter written in French, but bearing the Willowbridge postmark. Her heart beat as she opened it; she felt afraid to read the contents.

H. J., it said, was in safe keeping; he was not abroad. At present, he, Ronald could give no particulars, neither could he come and see her this week; it was better not, but would she meet him at seven o'clock on Wednesday evening in next week at the entrance to the pier.

She replied in the affirmative. A load of anxiety was on her, for it was evident Cornwallis was not beyond the reach of his would-be captors. Where could he be, and why had Ronald left him alone?

But she was sure of one thing, and that was that Ronald had acted with the greatest wisdom and judgment; her faith in him was unbounded.

As to her postponed marriage, this fact, alas! did not trouble her. She acknowledged to herself with a sense of shame that when she had been told it could not take place she had experienced a sense of relief.

The weather was stormy and bitterly cold. She sat over a blazing fire hour after hour, holding a book in her lap, but seldom reading. Her thoughts were too harassing to allow her to sleep at night, while her appetite had failed entirely.

"Really, Miss," the landlady remonstrated, "you don't eat enough to keep a fly alive. Why don't you go out to try and get an appetite?"

"I am not well. I shall go out soon, and then perhaps my appetite will return," she replied with a smile and an effort at cheerfulness.

The long dreary days before Wednesday at last came to an end. She was at the entrance to the pier at the appointed time, but did not see Ronald. A man in groom's livery accosted her, saying: "Come into the carriage, Miss."

She hesitated, but he took her hand with a firm grip which seemed strangely familiar, and compelled her to enter a brougham standing near, seating himself beside her.

"Why, Mr. Westlake!" she exclaimed with glad surprise as they drove off. "I did not know you."

"I have taken a leaf out of your friend's book, though I must say I do not like a disguise. I thought it was safer to put on these clothes, which I bought in passing through London, that is to say I ordered my tailor to send them down to me. Now tell me how you have been. It is quite safe to talk, no one can overhear us."

She put aside his question impatiently.

"YOU must know that I am racked with anxiety. Where is Horace? What has become of him?"

"I will not keep you in suspense. When you told me you had seen the warder, I knew of course that we were all in grave danger. I made sure that the police would follow us, and I was at my wit's end to know what to do. No plan suggested itself to my mind until we had passed the breakwater. Then I suddenly remembered having gone over the lighthouse on the Hoe, and an idea occurred to me. I would take him to the Eddystone lighthouse, and ask the men to give him shelter."

"How could you have thought of such a thing?"

"I don't know. It was the only plan. I knew it was possible the men might not take him in, but I thought I would try. I told him of my suggestion, and he at once acceded. I don't think he is well, for he is strangely wanting in energy. I directed the skipper to steer for the Eddystone, and when we were near I had a small boat lowered and rowed him to the lighthouse myself. After some difficulty I succeeded in arousing the men's attention, and Cornwallis and I landed. I told them a gentleman was most anxious to spend a few days there. They said it was against the rules; visitors were allowed in the daytime, but not at night. Then I offered them money."

"How much?"

"Never mind. There were four men, and I offered them what I could well afford, which to them was a handsome sum."

"Well," said one, a handsome, burly man, "I don't call it no harm to have a visitor. If anyone comes, we can get him out of sight easy enough."

"This was just what I wanted; I added a few pounds extra, and the bargain was concluded. If Cornwallis had remained in the yacht he must infallibly have been taken." And he detailed what had occurred on board.

"What did Horace say when you left him?"

"He seemed very much cast down, but I hope he will cheer up. I have now to arrange for getting him away from the Eddystone, for I confess I do not see my way at all. Of course, I left him very hurriedly, and rowed back to the yacht as fast as possible."

"But how was it the men did not give information?"

He smiled, and she forbore to press the question. After a time he said: "The night was very dark; they did not know I went to the Eddystone, any of them. I suppose they thought I had put Cornwallis on board another vessel. But they had no reason for volunteering information, while they had a reason for pleasing me."

"What sums of money you are spending for us?"

"I shall probably be repaid some day—if I am not already repaid," he added. "Now you must tell me about yourself."

She told him of her dreary days, and how she had feared to go out. While she was speaking she drew near to him insensibly, and he clasp-