

OUR NEW SERIAL

The Captives of the Kaid

By B. MARCHANT

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Thirteen-year-old Lalla was the only one who never shrank from her grandfather, Squire Trevor, of Oakhurst Manor. One day when visiting the picture gallery with one of the maids she came across a picture, turned face to the wall. The maid told her it was the picture of the squire's eldest son, who had been drowned by his father, and had never been heard of since. The picture was turned for Lalla to see. What a nice kind face he had. "Perhaps if he had come back you would never be heiress of the Manor," said the maid. During a thunder storm Lalla is lost in the woods. She is found by a young sailor lad, who carries her towards home.

"Yes, oh, I am glad we are so near home, for I am sure your arms must be aching dreadfully. This path will lead us round through the shrubbery straight to the front entrance," Lalla said, with a sigh of relief, for despite the thick pilot coat which she was wrapped in, her damp garments made her feel chill and uncomfortable, whilst her sprained ankle was beginning to hurt horribly. "The front entrance? Isn't there some back door I could carry you to?" the sailor asked, with an accent of dismay.

"The back doors are all round on the farther side of the house, and we should have to skirt the tennis lawn and the roseary," she answered wearily, and he, seeing how white and exhausted she looked, made no more demur, but strode on with a quick, firm step, his face setting into stern, rigid lines, as the path through the shrubbery ended abruptly in the carriage-drive, almost close to the stately front entrance.

Mounting the steps, he gripped her burden a little tighter with one arm, and momentarily freeing the other hand, he pulled the great bell chain with such a vigorous jerk, that it clanged loudly, sending its echoes all through the quiet house.

The old butler himself hurried to open the door, under the impression that some very grand personage had arrived; and was startled and scandalized as being confronted by a careless young man, who thrust a big bundle into his arms, saying with breathless haste, "Your young lady has hurt herself, and I have brought her home." Then, turning quickly, the sailor came down the steps, disappearing into the shrubbery path.

CHAPTER IV.

Why did he go? Why, he never said good-bye to me—did not even tell his name, and exclaimed Lalla, in great distress, mingled with chagrin.

"Miss Lalla!" cried the solemn butler, with such a violent start of amazement that he almost dropped her on the door-mat; for she had been too much bewildered by the unceremonious manner in which the bundle had been thrust into his arms to recognize her at the first glance, "whatever have you been doing to yourself, miss?"

But Lalla broke into stormy wailing, sobbing from misery, pain, and disappointment. A maid servant, hearing the noise, came running into the hall, speedily followed by more maids, and Mrs. Trevor, who was becoming keenly anxious at the long continued absence of her daughter, and Esther, though she had tried to console herself with the thought that they had taken shelter somewhere from the storm.

"My darling, what is the matter, and where have you been? Why, you are soaking wet, and have no frock on!" said Mrs. Trevor, looking as bewildered as the rest.

But Lalla sobbed on, saying things in jerky, incoherent gasps, which no one could understand.

"He never said good-bye—oh, it was too bad—and he hasn't even got a coat, because he gave it me as I was so cold—and I've hurt my foot!" "You poor little dear!" said the upper-housemaid sympathetically, at once crving herself, for Lalla was a great favourite with the servants. Then she began to draw the rough pilot-coat away from the child's sodden, clinging garments, but sprang up suddenly with a wild shriek of alarm.

The other maids screamed too; the butler moved hastily a step farther into the background; and even Mrs. Trevor looked apprehensive, as a brown head was poked out of a pocket of the coat in which Lalla was wrapped, and the bright-eyed lizard looked about it with an inquisitive

morning you will be too stiff to lift your hand to your head.

"I must go to my mistress first; she's very angry with me!" asked Esther, whose teeth were chattering as well from wear as from cold.

"No, Miss Lalla has kept sticking to it that it was until she found fault that she went away from you and got lost, and Mrs. Trevor is more reasonable than most ladies. But I don't say that you may not get it not when the affair comes to the ears of the Squire. It may even end in your having to leave, so don't say I haven't warned you," said cook, who was rather a job's comforter.

"That is what I have been afraid of ever since I woke up and found Miss Lalla gone. I can't think what made her drop so sound asleep, unless it was the storm coming up, which made her feel so heavy," Esther replied, tears coming into her eyes and ruling down her cheeks.

"She has been very happy at the Manor and it would have been hard to leave in any case, but it is so strange, in disguise would be a shame intolerable to be borne. Then she burst out suddenly, 'What's the matter?'"

"Don't, Miss Lalla, don't touch the horrid little thing; perhaps it will bite you," screamed the upper-housemaid.

"Be careful, my darling, it is strange to you, and, besides, we don't know what it is," Mrs. Trevor interposed.

"I don't hold with zoological animals myself," murmured the butler, retreating still farther into the background; and being too intent on escaping from the dangerous proximity to heed where he was going, he brought his head with a tremendous crack against the protruding corner of the carved oak balustrade.

Lalla had no fear, however, and held out her hand so coaxingly to the lizard, that the little creature, divining her intentions to be friendly, ran up her arm, and nestled cooingly on her neck.

"Oh, mother, what a darling it is! May I keep it for my very own?" cried Lalla, with a pink flush of excitement in the cheeks which had been so pale before.

"But I don't understand where it came from; and, my dear child, before I hear a word more of explanation, I must get you out of these wet clothes, and into a warm bed," Mrs. Trevor said, conscious of the risk Lalla was running by remaining in her drenched garments.

While this was being done, Esther came tearing into the house, almost beside herself with terror, declaring that Miss Lalla must have been run off by poachers, as she and the gamekeepers had been searching the grounds for her for more than two hours, but could find no trace of her in any direction.

"Miss Lalla is safe upstairs, and being put to bed by her mother," began cook, and would have gone on to explain the condition in which the child had been brought home, but Esther gave her no opportunity, bursting out instead in agitated tones:

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gave a start of recognition, and cried out so sharply, that she awoke to find herself in her own white bed, with the gray light of early dawn stealing in at the windows.

CHAPTER V.

In the Dawning. Squire Trevor had been from home on the day of Lalla's adventure in the wood, not returning until late, when he heard from his daughter-in-law of the child being brought home by a kindly, but eccentric, stranger, who had not even stayed to reclaim his coat, or the pet lizard, which had his abode in a basket.

"That is what I have been afraid of ever since I woke up and found Miss Lalla gone. I can't think what made her drop so sound asleep, unless it was the storm coming up, which made her feel so heavy," Esther replied, tears coming into her eyes and ruling down her cheeks.

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when Lalla, starting up from her very vivid dream, called out in excited tones, "Mother! Mother! I've found him out! I know now who it is that my sailor is like."

The ringing voice of her child awoke Mrs. Trevor, who, in the first confusion of her sudden recall from deep sleep, decided that Lalla was delicious, and slipping quickly from her bed, endeavored to soothe the little girl into quiet again.

"Hush, darling! Lie down. Nothing will hurt you, for mother is here; and see, I will give you something nice to drink."

"I'm not thirsty, thank you, or frightened, either; but I have just remembered who that nice sailor man was like, and I wanted to tell you before I forgot again. Did you mind being waked up in such a hurry, Mummy?"

"No, dearie, I was only afraid that you were feverish and ill," replied Mrs. Trevor, who had by this time succeeded in satisfying herself that the color in Lalla's cheeks was the natural rose hue of a healthy awakening from sleep, and not a feverish flush at all.

"No, I am not ill a bit, thank you. Mother, only my foot is stiff and sore; but I've been dreaming about Uncle Edward, and then I remembered that sailor was just exactly like him," Lalla said, nodding her head with great vigor.

"But, Lalla, you have never seen your Uncle Edward," Mrs. Trevor replied, in great surprise, beginning to worry anew lest she was mistaken, and that Lalla might, after all, be wandering in delirium.

"Yes, I have—I mean I have seen his picture—and he was about the nicest-looking man I have ever seen, except the sailor who brought me home, and they are as much alike as if they were brothers," the little girl asserted, with another sage wag of her head, with its tumbled golden hair.

"I have never seen it. I did not even know there was a portrait of him in the house," admitted Mrs. Trevor, in surprise.

"There is a big picture that always hangs with its face to the wall, in a little room, opening from the picture-gallery," Esther said, it was my Uncle Edward, and turned it round for me to look at," explained Lalla.

"That little room at the end of the gallery? Oh, Lalla, did you go in there?" exclaimed Mrs. Trevor, in a tone of dismayed surprise.

"Yes, was it wrong? The door was a little way open, and we both went in—Esther and I—there was no one to tell us that we must not go."

"The door was open, you say? How very strange! Your grandfather must have gone into it, and forgotten to shut the door when he came out again. Why, I have never

heard of that door being opened in all the years since I have lived here," Mrs. Trevor said, in a solemn, hushed tone, as if she were speaking of some house or room where the dead lay awaiting burial.

"Wait, you tell me all about it, Mummy dear," coaxed Lalla; "I am not the least bit sleepy now, and if you come into my bed with me, you won't be cold."

Mrs. Trevor crept into the bed beside her daughter, for the summer dawn was chill. "I suppose you will hear the whole story some day, and you might as well hear it from me as from anyone else; but it is not a pleasant tale," she said, as she laid her head on the pillow, and Lalla crept into her arms.

"Never mind if it isn't a happy story, mother. It is sure to be interesting, seeing that it is all about my own people. Esther told me a little, all that she knew, I suppose. She said that grandfather wanted to marry Uncle Edward to a lady whom uncle did not like, and so they quarrelled, and uncle went away, never to be heard of again."

"(To be Continued.)"

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FOR

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I am an independent Candidate for mayoralty honors and am paying my own publicity expenses.

I am prepared to sympathetically deal with all labor problems in a business way consistent with your interests.

You are not satisfied with last year's administration—you cannot vote for my opponents. Give me your chance this year and you will be satisfied with the results.

I expect of the all of the Railroad Brotherhood vote because I have been a worker among them. All other Unions should vote for

W. K. McMANUS

FOR

MAYOR 1922

PAPERMAKERS TO OPPOSE REDUCTIONS

Representatives of eleven big paper manufacturing companies in the United States and Canada met spokesmen for their employees at a hearing at New York before an arbitration board appointed to pass on proposed wage reductions. An adjournment until January 4 was taken after several hours of discussion.

Spokesmen for the manufacturers told the board, which is headed by Judge Frank Irvine of Illinois, that cuts of approximately 25 per cent were necessitated by the condition of the industry and depressed market prices.

This contention was opposed by representatives of the International Brotherhood of Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers, New York. They represented the union at a meeting of the board of arbitration, at which manufacturers involved in the arbitration proceedings also were present.

The arbitration board, which made a tour of the papermaking towns early this fall, called a session in order that there could be further discussion before the board officially acts on the manufacturers' proposal to reduce wages in the mills of companies, which, with the unions involved, agreed to arbitration as a means of ending the strike called last May. The International Paper Company is not a party to the arbitration agreement.

ans, as well as members of the paper makers' craft.

Moral and financial support was pledged the union paper makers of the International Paper Company, who have been on strike for the last eight months; by representatives of unions affiliated with the paper making industry.

Mr. Carey, with John P. Bork, president of the International Brotherhood of Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers, New York. They represented the union at a meeting of the board of arbitration, at which manufacturers involved in the arbitration proceedings also were present.

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Important

Joseph Kent has come out in to the open to lead the fight against the City of Ottawa taking over and operating the O. E. Railway. He believes that it would be a mistake and lead to higher fares, higher taxes, and poorer service.

Toronto City RAISED the fare on the Toronto Street Railway THE DAY IT WAS TAKEN OVER FROM THE COMPANY FROM 5c to 7c.

MOREOVER IT IS EXPECTED THAT THERE WILL BE ANOTHER RAISE IN FARE IN TORONTO WITHIN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS.

Ottawa has a satisfactory service.

Ottawa has a 5c FARE!

Let us stick to it!!!

If we do we can watch Toronto and be glad that we had a man with enough courage to lead the fight against a scheme that has tremendous possibilities for harm. A scheme full of risks!

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for Mayor

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CONTROLLER FOR 1922

and be assured that your interests will be protected. "Jack" has always been friendly to the wage-earners and is entitled to your support.

as



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FOR CONTROLLER

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A woman's voice is needed in our city administration.

Buy No Railway--

Let well enough alone. Try to keep a five cent fare and get the required extensions that the people have been waiting on for sometime. Why gamble with Six Millions of Dollars (\$6,000,000) when there is no guarantee of any improvement over what we have at the present time? Why take the risk which I uncalled for?

THE ANSWER IS--

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AND SAFEGUARD YOUR INTERESTS