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"If there is one Canadian magazine I enjoy reading it is the Courier. It radiates with good, wholesome Canadian ideals, and is most certainly a national paper. It is time we as a nation within an Empire had a few traits of our own, and the Courier is working to that end."—H. Harley Selwin, care O. A. C., Guelph.

## CHARTER 1854

BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA HEAD OFFICES AND EIGHT BRANCHES IN TORONTO

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Eaton remained silent.

In his intensity, Santoine had lifted himself from his pillows. "Who is that man?" he challenged. "And what is that connection between you and me which, when the attack found and disabled me instead of you, told him that in swite of his micrake.

and disabled me instead of you, told him that—in spite of his mistake—his result had been accomplished? told him that, if I was dying, a repetition of the attack against you was unnecessary?"

Eaton knew that he had grown very pale; Harriet must be aware of the effect Santoine's words had on him, but he did not dare look at her now to see how much she was comprehending. All his attention was needed to defend himself against Santoine.

was needed to defend himself against Santoine.

"I don't understand." He fought to compose himself.

"It is perfectly plain," Santoine said patiently. "It was believed at first that I had been fatally hurt; it was even reported at one time—I understand—that I was dead; only intimate friends have been informed of my actual condition. Yesterday, for the first time, the newspapers announced the certainty of my recovery; and to-day an attack is made on you."

"There has been no opportunity for an attack on me before, if this was

an attack on me before, if this was an attack. On the train I was locked up under charge of the conductor."
"You have been off the train nearly

a week."
"But I have been kept here in your

"But I have been kept here in you house."

"You have been allowed to walk about the grounds."

"But I've been watched all the time; no one could have attacked me without being seen by your guards."

"They did not hesitate to attack you in sight of my daughter."

"But—"

"You are merely challenging my

"You are merely challenging my deductions! Will you reply to my questions?—tell me the connection between us?—who you are?"
"No."
"Game here!"

"Come here!"
"What?" said Eaton.
"Come here—close to me, beside the

bed."
Eaton hesitated, and then obeyed.
"Bend over!"
Eaton stooped, and the blind man's hands seized him. Instantly Eaton withdrew.
"Wait!" Santoine warned. "If you do not stay, I shall call help." One hand went to the bell beside his bed.

H ARRIET had risen; she met Eaton's gaze warningly and nodded to him to comply. He bent again over the bed. He felt the blind man's sensitive fingers searching his features, his head, his throat. Eaton gazed at Santoine's face while the fingers were examining him; he could see that Santoine was merely finding confirmation of an impression already gained from what had been told him about Eaton. Santoine showed nothing more than this confirmation; certainly he did not recognize Eaton. More than this, Eaton could not tell.

"Now your hands," Santoine ordered.

Eaton extended one hand and then the other; the blind man felt over them from wrists to the tips of the fingers; then he let himself sink back against the pillow, absorbed in thought.

thought.
Eaton straightened and looked at
Harriet where she was standing at
the foot of the bed; she, however,
was intently watching her father and
did not look Eaton's way.
"You may go," Santoine said at

"Go?" Eaton asked.
"You may leave the room. Blatchford will met you downstairs."
Santoine reached for the house telephone beside his bed—receiver and transmitter on one light bar and gave directions to have Blatchford await Eaton in the hall below.

(To be Continued.)

Czar Nicholas is said to sleep on camp bed when with his troops. He does that to make him feel like fighting, course. Ever try it?