

threw in the reverse and started to turn. Hugh shook his head. "That's no use."

"No," she agreed, and stopped the car again. Hugh stepped down on the ground. A man appeared on the other side of the ravine. He stood and stared at the burning span and, seeing the machine on the other side, he scrambled down the slope of the ravine. Eaton met him as he came up to the road again. The man was one of the artisans—a carpenter or jack-of-all-work—who had little cottages, with patches for garden, through the undivided acreage beyond the big estates. He had hastily and only partly dressed; he stared at Eaton's hurt with astonishment which increased as he gazed at the girl in the driving seat of the car. He did not recognize her except as one of the class to whom he owed employment; he pulled off his cap and stared back to Eaton with wonder.

"What's happened, sir? What's the matter?"

EATON did not answer, but Harriet now recognized the man. "Mr. Blatchford was shot to-night at Father's house, Dibley," she said. "Miss Santoine!" Dibley cried.

"We think the men went this way," she continued.

"Did you see any one pass?" Eaton challenged the man.

"In a motor, sir?"

"Yes; down this road in a motor."

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Just now, sir."

"Just now?"

"Not five minutes ago. Just before I saw the bridge on fire here."

"How was that?"

"I live there just beyond, near the road. I heard my pump going."

"Your pump?"

"Yes, sir. I've a pump in my front yard. There's no water piped through here, sir."

"Of course. Go on, Dibley."

"I looked out and saw a machine stopped out in the road. One man was pumping water into a bucket for another."

"Then what did you do?"

"Nothing, sir. I just watched them. Motor people often stop at my pump for water."

"I see. Go on."

"That's all about them, sir. I thought nothing about it—they wouldn't wake me to ask for water; they'd just take it. Then I saw the fire over there—"

"No; go back," Eaton interrupted. "First how many men were there in the car?"

"How many? Three, sir."

Eaton started. "Only three; you're sure?"

"Yes, sir; I could see them plain. There was the two at the pump; one more stayed in the car."

Eaton seized the man in his intentness. "You're sure there weren't any more, Dibley? Think; be sure! There weren't three more or even one more person hidden in the tonneau of the car?"

"The tonneau, sir?"

"The back seats, I mean."

"No, sir; I could see into the car. It was almost right below me, sir. My house has a room above; that's where I was sleeping."

"Then did you watch the men with the water?"

"Watch them, sir?"

"What they did with it; you're sure they didn't take it to the rear seat to give it to some one there. You see, we think one of the men was hurt," Eaton explained.

"No, sir. I'd noticed if they did that."

"Then did they put it into the radiator—here in front where motorists use water?"

Dibley stared. "No, sir; I didn't think of it then, but they didn't. They didn't put it into the car. They took it in their bucket with them. It was one of those folding buckets motor people have."

Eaton gazed at the man. "Only three, you are sure!" he repeated. "And none of them seemed to be hurt!"

"No, sir."

"Then they went off in the other direction from the bridge?"

"Yes, sir. I didn't notice the bridge burning till after they went. So I came down here."

Eaton let the man go. Dibley looked again at the girl and moved away a little. She turned to Eaton.

"What does that mean?" she called to him. "How many should there have been in the machine? What did they want with the water?"

"Six!" Eaton told her. "There should have been six in the machine, and one, at least, badly hurt!"

Dibley stood dully apart, staring at one and then at the other and next to the flaming bridge. He looked down the road. "There's another car coming," he announced. "Two cars!"

The double glare from the headlights of a motor shone through the tree-trunks as the car topped and came swiftly down a rise three quarters of a mile away and around the last turn back on the road; another pair of blinding lights followed. There was no doubt that this must be the pursuit from Santoine's house. Eaton stood beside Harriet, who had stayed in the driving-seat of the car.

"You know Dibley well, Harriet?" he asked.

"He's worked on our place. He's dependable," she answered.

Eaton put his hand over hers which still clung to the driving wheel. "I'm going just beside the road here," he said to her, quietly. "I'm armed, of course. If those are your people, you'd better go back with them. I'm sure they are; but I'll wait and see."

SHE caught at his hand. "No; no!" she cried. "You must get as far away as you can before they come! I'm going back to meet and hold them." She threw the car into the reverse, backed and turned it and brought it again, on the road. He came beside her again, putting out his hand; she seized it. Her hands for an instant clung to it, his to hers.

"You must go—quick!" she urged; "but how am I to know what becomes of you—where you are? Shall I hear from you—shall I ever see you?"

"No news will be good news," he said, "until—"

"Until what?"

"Until—" And again that unknown something which a thousand times—it seemed to her—had checked his word and action toward her made him pause; but nothing could completely bar them from one another now. "Until they catch and destroy me, or—until I come to you as—as you have never known me yet!"

An instant more she clung to him. The double head-lights flared into sight again upon the road, much nearer now and coming fast. She released him; he plunged into the bushes beside the road, and the damp, bare twigs lashed against one another at his passage; then she shot her car forward. But she had made only a few hundred yards when the first of the two cars met her. It turned to its right to pass, she turned the same way; the approaching car twisted to the left, she swung hers to oppose it. The two cars did not strike; they stopped, radiator to radiator, with rear wheels locked. The second car drew up behind the first. The glare of her headlights showed her both were full of armed men. Their headlights, revealing her to them, hushed suddenly their angry ejaculations. She recognized Avery in the first car; he leaped out and ran up to her.

"Harriet! In God's name, what are you doing here?"

She sat unmoved in her seat, gazing at him. Men leaping from the cars, ran past her down the road toward the ravine and the burning bridge. She longed to look once more in the direction in which Eaton had disappeared, but she did not. Avery reached up and over the side of the car and caught her arm, repeating his demand for an explanation. She could see, turning in her seat, the men who had run past surrounding Dibley on the road and questioning him. Avery, gaining no satisfaction from her, let go her arm; his hand dropped to the back of the seat and he drew it up quickly.

"Harriet, there's blood here!"

(Continued on page 30.)



The
Waltham

FOR THE ONLY GIRL!

PICTURE to yourself now the thrill of that moment she opens your gift parcel and beholds the token that conveys your appreciation of her and the sentiment of Christmas-tide. No gift other than a Waltham Convertible Wrist Watch is quite as worthy of her or as worthy of you. The little eye at the bottom of the case folds back out of sight and permits her to wear her Waltham in a variety of pleasing ways other than a Wrist Watch. May be had in 7, 15 and 17 jewel movements in solid gold or gold-filled cases at \$18 and up. Your Jeweller will gladly show you the new Walthams. Write for the booklet "Concerning a Timepiece."

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, MONTREAL



YOU can save Belgian lives!

Though you cannot fight and kill Germans, you can give and save some of their helpless Belgian victims, three million of whom must be fed or starve.

So little is needed to feed a Belgian family, and so economically are contributions handled by the Belgian Relief Commission, that there are very few of us who could not provide for at least one family through this winter, or till the end of the war.

\$2.50 a month—less than 10c. a day—will do it! How easily you could save that much from your little indulgences—and how much it would mean to some Belgian mother and her hungry little ones!

Wouldn't a little self-denial now be richly repaid by knowing, when the war is over, that you had done your part, and had saved precious lives for our unfortunate Allies?

Enroll your name to-day among those who are doing their bit in this way! Send your subscription weekly, monthly or in one lump sum to Local or Provincial Committees, or

Send Cheques
Payable to
Treasurer

Belgian Relief Fund

59 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

27

\$2.50 Feeds a Belgian Family One Month.