

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 discovered 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, that is the story, all of it that took out to the world; but there was bitter strife and unbridled passion behind—so I have heard, for it all happened before I was married—indeed, your father was only a youth at Oakhurst at the time. Edward and his father had a terribly stormy interview in that little room where you saw the turned picture, and which was used by Edward as a painting-room, for he was an artist. From words, the two came to blows. The Squire struck his son, and, in mad anger, the son raised his hand against his own father, felling him to the ground."

"Oh, how dreadful!" murmured Lalla. "Yes, it was dreadful; almost too sad to be spoken of, save in the way of warning to those who come after. But such sins always carry their own punishment; only the pity of it is, that the innocent suffer as well as the guilty."

"What innocent people have suffered because Grantry and Uncle Edward quarrelled?" demanded Lalla, with wide-open eyes at the blow. "Grantry certainly was innocent, but that quarrel turned her into an almost broken-hearted invalid; and she has just hung on to life ever since, in the hope that some day before she dies, God will let her see again." Mrs. Trevor said, with a quiver of pity in her tones for the poor lady who had suffered so greatly. "Would Grantry forgive Uncle Edward if he came back now?" asked Lalla quickly.

"The Railways of Canada Draw to Your Attention the

NEW RAILWAY RATES!

FOR PASSENGERS

The advance on sleeping and parlor car tickets authorized in 1920 has been cut in half—the advance made on ordinary fares at that time having been completely taken off many months ago.

FOR SHIPPERS

The percentage of advance granted to the Railways in 1920 has been reduced ten points. In addition to a five point drop at the first of the year.

These changes became effective December 1st.

Your Cost of Living

YOUR cost of living should be directly affected. If it is not it is because (1) as the railways have pointed out before, the actual money paid for their services is an almost negligible factor in making prices, and because (2) even the huge sum now cut out of the railways' revenues and amounting to approximately—

\$25,000,000.00*

annually—becomes a very small fraction of a cent when split up among the billions upon billions of small and large articles which constitute the freight traffic of Canada during a year. And because

3) the Court which has the power to control railway rates is not able to direct who is or is not to get the benefit of reductions. In other words, whether these savings in railway charges are passed on to you—or whether they are absorbed in marketing, cannot be controlled either by the railways or the public.

BUT this fact remains: a very great sum of money—enough to build every year a small city, or a Quebec Bridge, or four hundred and fifty of the newest and most powerful locomotives—is now removed from the revenues of the Canadian Railways and should be reflected, at least to some extent, in the family budgets of all Canadians!

Whether your railways can continue to function without the revenue thus lost to them, is an experimental problem using the various managements. It depends largely on whether traffic keeps up or falls off—and whether costs rise or decline. But the managements are attempting the problem cheerfully and with determination to keep Canada's railway service the cheapest, mile for mile, and among the most efficient in the world!

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THE RAILWAY ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

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was for the time compelled to play the part of an invalid. Lalla struggled to a sitting posture among her pillows, the better to enjoy the little repeat, whilst the bright-eyed lizard crept out from its snug nest under the bolster, in order to discover what new diversions was to the fore.

"Oh, Mummy, look at the dear pet. Could it eat some of the biscuits crumbs, do you think?" "Insects are its proper food. We must take it down to the hot-house; there will be abundant scope for it there," Mrs. Trevor said, as, wrapped in a dressing gown, she sat beside the bed watching Lalla eating the strawberries.

At this moment a fly, which had been aimlessly buzzing about the room, attracted by the smell of the fruit, swooped down upon it; but almost before it had settled, the lizard's long tongue darted from its mouth, and the fate of that fly was decided beyond all chance of dispute. "What a clever little creature!" exclaimed Lalla, though she had shuddered at the speedy capture of the unfortunate fly. "Do lizards like anything else, besides eating insects and being kept warm, Mother?"

"Your father's lizards were fond of music, and he had a little old mandoline that he used to play for their especial amusement, and it was most funny to see how they enjoyed it."

"I wish I had a mandoline; what became of the one my father had?" asked Lalla, stretching out her arm for the lizard to run up to her shoulder.

"I have it still, and will get it out for you after breakfast. But now, and go to sleep again, for it is only dawn, I think you ought to lie down five o'clock."

Nothing loth, Lalla curled down on her pillows, and was soon fast asleep; whilst the lizard, tucked away in the warm bosom of her shoulder, slumbered also, dreaming perhaps of the fly it had swallowed. But Mrs. Trevor remained wide awake, thinking of the ordeal before her.

CHAPTER IV. A Surprise for the Squire.

Mrs. Trevor took her place at the breakfast-table with a beating heart. Gentle and quiet though she was, she was by no means deficient in courage; but it was not so much fear of the irate old Squire which made her quail this morning, as a sensitive reluctance to give him pain; and she shrank instinctively against dragging open the old wounds, that had smarted through so many weary years.

The Squire chanced to be in a particularly amiable frame of mind, the fact that Lalla showed no symptoms of having talks cold being especially comforting to him; for his own daughters had died of consumption whilst still in their teens, and he

was always worrying if his grand-daughter had the least little cough or cold.

"Plainly, Amy, the child is a chip off the old block, and takes after me, for there has never been any lung weakness on my side of the house, though Lady Alicia's family have been consumptive for generations past," he said, rubbing his hands with great glee as he took his place at table.

"Lalla does not take cold easily; but I think what saved her from taking a chill yesterday was the wisdom of that young sailor in wrapping her up in his coat. I am indeed deeply indebted to him," replied the little lady, sitting behind the silver coffee-pot, with a beating heart and fluttering pulses.

"So am I!" responded the Squire, helping himself to broiled kidneys, and commencing on his breakfast with an evident air of enjoyment. Then a thought struck him, and he turned to the vigilant Simpson, who hovered behind his chair, asking, "By the way, has the fellow come back for his coat yet?"

"No, sir," replied that functionary, and said no more, having caught a glance of warning from his mistress, which made him leave unuttered various dark suspicions and theories which he cherished concerning a man who was afraid to remain and claim a coat that was plainly his own property; unless, indeed, he had stolen it.

"That is funny," remarked the Squire, in a musing tone; "for even if the fellow had been so modest as to refuse a reward that he was plainly entitled to, it is queer that he should be willing to part with his coat. What sort of a man was he, Simpson?"

The butler instinctively glanced at Mrs. Trevor for instruction, and catching again that look of warning, answered stolidly, "I cannot describe him, sir; I was taken unawares."

"I should think you must have been, if you can't remember some of what he was like," said the Squire sarcastically, and then became again absorbed in his breakfast.

Meanwhile, from the other end of the table, Mrs. Trevor had by a silent sign communicated to the butler her desire that he should leave the room; and, catching up a dish that should serve as an excuse, the well-trained servant glided unobtrusively away, closing the door behind him—and the dreaded moment had come.

"Where has Simpson gone? demanded the Squire, a moment later. He always looked upon the butler as his own peculiar attendant, and if there were guests at table, then the parlor-maid had to come in and help wait, leaving Simpson to look after his master.

"I sent him away because I wanted to talk to you quite alone. I will wait upon you if you need anything," replied Mrs. Trevor, in a tremulous tone.

"Why not leave it until breakfast is over?" asked the Squire in surprise.

"Because I wanted to have my talk with you before you went to see Grantry," she answered, for it was his invariable custom to spend the first half-hour after breakfast in reading his letters to his invalid wife.

"Is there anything wrong—with the child, I mean?" he asked apprehensively, struck by the gravity of her tone.

"No; it is nothing to do with Lalla—not directly, at least; it is about the man who brought her home," said Mrs. Trevor, with a little gasp, wondering how she should manage to get out her next words.

"Well, what of him?" The Squire's tone was mystified, but from the renewed attention of his face, it was plain that his curiosity was excited.

"He was a very young man, hardly more than a boy, but Lalla tells me that he was the image of your son Edward; and that his voice reminded her of yours."

"Edward!" echoed the old man, letting his knife and fork clatter unheeded on to his plate, whilst he leaned back in his chair, with a strange, gray look on his face, which frightened his companion.

She rose at once from her place at the other end of the table, and came to stand beside him, gathering his limp, trembling hands into her own with a movement of dumb sympathy, which somehow eased the aching of his heart, caused through the unexpected stirring of the old sorrow.

"Father, I did not mean to hurt or grieve you, but I had to tell you myself, for someone else might have seen him—this sailor, I mean—who, noticing the likeness, might speak to you about it, and you all unprepared for the surprise," she said, her voice fluttering from the agitation of her heart.

"Thank you," he murmured faintly, then sat silent a moment to recover the shock, whilst Mrs. Trevor held his hands still clasped in her own.

"How did Lalla know he was like Edward; she has never seen her uncle?" queried the Squire abruptly, when he had, to use his own expression, "got his breath again."

(To be Continued.)

OTTAWA HAS INDIVIDUAL STRIKE

The new government at Ottawa, has a lockout on its hands, but it is one which has been inherited from its predecessors. It is not an extensive affair, being confined to one man but he of considerable importance. John Pearson, chief architect of the parliament buildings, has packed up and gone to Toronto. His return is said to be problematical. The rest of his staff remain. Mr. Pearson, it appears, had a dispute with the late government as to his commission. By the contract he was to receive 5 1/2 per cent. on the cost of the buildings up to five millions. Original estimates of cost have been doubled and Mr. Pearson now seeks a corresponding extension in the limits of his allowance. He was not able to get it and so has gone home. The buildings are largely completed save the great tower. On this, much work remains and also many details are to be worked out, architecturally. At the public works department it is believed that the chief architect will come back. If he does not it is said someone else will be engaged to finish the job.

INTERNATIONAL BOOSTERS OF TECHNICAL EDUCATION

The International Typographical Union has persistently and steadfastly set its face against specializing in our trade, asserting as a doctrine the half-educated artisan is the more easily made the victim of low wages and intolerable conditions. So that the printers of the country, denied that right when apprentices might have opportunity to perfect themselves in the compositor's art, the International Typographical Union created a committee on apprentices and supplemental education. The members of the committee are Bert G. Brady, Indianapolis, Ind.; James J. Hoban, Cleveland, Ohio; Charles Hertenstein, St. Louis, Mo.; James Tole, New York, N.Y.; John C. Harding, Chicago, Ill. The lessons in printing comprising the technical course are conducted by correspondence. The International Typographical Union expends thousands of dollars annually in promoting technical education. But this will be returned to the membership many times over in the way of increased wages. Good printers can command good wages, and we aim to make good printers better printers. The lessons are open to journeymen and apprentices. A letter to the secretary of the International Typographical Union will bring any information desired.

COMPERS ON DEBS' RELEASE.

Washington.—President Gompers made this statement on the release of Eugene Debs from the Atlanta prison: "It is gratifying that the president has taken action which will release Eugene V. Debs, and a large number of other war-time prisoners on Christmas day."

"The labor movement has been greatly interested in these cases and has taken the view that these prisoners should be released because the war having been long since ended, no requirement of justice called for further punishment. It is an act of justice that they should be freed."

"It is regrettable, however, a pardon was not issued for that would have maintained their citizenship."

PLUMBERS' STRIKE ENDS.

East St. Louis, Ill.—The plumbers strike that has been waged for nearly a year, has been satisfactorily adjusted.

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