

arms away. If harm has come to my uncle, he will want careful looking after."

Two Mounted Policemen rode up at that moment, and at sight of the prostrate man, jumped off their horses.

"The very man we've been looking for!" one of them explained to Jim. "Well, he won't require handcuffs till he comes to. He's a foxy looking chap and no mistake. But you're wanted over there by Mr. Tapper. He's found a friend of yours, and unless you hurry up he'll bring down the rain shouting for you. Goodness, what lungs he has!"

And, sure enough, at that moment they heard a series of weird shouts that suggested some fresh horror of civilisation in the shape of a combined steam-siren and motor-horn.

Jim and Peter hurried off in the direction indicated, and as they ran they noted ample evidence of the complete rout of the enemy. Three of them lay prostrate on the ground, evidently badly wounded, while two or three more, looking grim and dishevelled, were being led handcuffed to an open space guarded by troopers. One or two of them seemed still to be giving trouble and objected to the handcuffs, but these fastidious miscreants got little sympathy from their smart