

"And When Fate Summons"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.

for a neat shot had told. Three to win!

Manning braced himself for the effort. The right wing caught the puck and passed, the centre took it up the ice, till the point blocked him; then suddenly he sent it to the left wing. Reaching far out Manning caught it, and put it in with a side shot. "Hurrah for the stranger," called the crowd, and Manning tingled with pleasure.

It was a hard fight, Like a field of standing grain the crowd swayed over the boards and back again as the forwards wheeled up and down the ice. It was a rough game, and the penalty bench was kept well filled. Now the centre was ruled off, and his loss meant much to the team. Tarlton made a determined rush, but the goal was steady, stopping the puck with stick, pads, feet. Presently Manning had the puck. How they managed it without the centre he hardly knew, but a happy shot caught the Tarlton goal's heel, and the puck bounced in.

"One more, oh—oh just one more!" was the cry, but that one more seemed the impossible thing. The stranger was a marked man; constant tripping and checking were telling on him, and his shots went wide. Breathing hard, he leaned on his stick in the momentary pause while an offside was called back. Dimly he heard his name, and looked up. The Lanky One, in his excitement forgetting his pledge of secrecy, was shouting hoarsely, "Manning! Go it, Manning!" The words set him on fire, and on the instant he saw his opportunity. Disentangling the puck from a melee of sticks and feet, he started up the ice. A stick was suddenly thrust in front of his feet; with an agility which he would hardly have thought possible he hurdled it, and dashed on, never hearing the cheers. The other forwards had not been able to keep up, there was no one to pass to, so he tried the goal himself, with a long, quick shot. The goal-keeper made a wild swoop with his stick, but the puck had slipped in past his feet. Then the bell rang; the game was over.

The Banville crowd went mad with joy. With wild yells of sheer gladness and hoarse cheers for the team they surged over the ice. They tossed the stranger, wrung his hand, and slapped his back, till the Lanky One came to his relief. "Gee, but you played great!" he shouted, his dull eyes on fire with enthusiasm. "Come on, the boys are goin' up to the hotel."

OF the celebration that followed Banville still speaks with pride, as a fitting climax to the glorious victory. The captain had let the team into the secret, and the name of Smith was greeted with uproarious and mirthful enthusiasm. Late that night, as Smith, the substitute hockey player, alias Bob Manning the star, alias Richard Manning, K.C., fell into bed, he murmured delightedly, "What a night!"

In the morning, when the Lanky One came around to the hotel, "to see Man—that is, Smith," as he confided to the clerk, he was greeted with the laconic answer, "He's gone." "Yes," continued "Charlie," "he had to go by the early train, I don't know where to, somewhere along the Centreville line."

In Centreville Richard Manning, K.C., was making shift with an ancient gown, and apologising for an accident by which his own had been forgotten. It was noticed that he seemed rather tired. "He must be getting old to let a railway journey bother him," thought his client, but

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