

will go by the side roads so as to come upon the inn quickly. I'll have a search warrant. If you think the lady is there, give us the signal. Then everything will depend upon our quickness. There is a risk. If we are not quick and quiet and sure—well, you know as well as I do that we may not find her alive. The old woman is crazy, she will stick at nothing!"

"Very well," said Mark briefly. "Benson, order the motor, the old one with the horn that is out of order. And remember, gentlemen, I want twenty minutes clear, before you interrupt me."

They shook hands with him gravely. When they heard the motor drive off Mr. Johnson took out his watch and laid it upon the table. "We have twenty minutes, gentlemen," he said, "and, if you don't mind, I'll get a wink of sleep."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE next thing which Christine remembered after being carried through the vaguely familiar door was a sense of violent sickness. She was so ill, and her head was so confused that she did not care where she was or what was happening. She was in a poorly lighted room, and there were other people there also, but that is all she knew before, the violence of the sickness over, she sank again into the healing unconsciousness of sleep. When she awoke she felt better, only very tired, very thirsty, and actually aware of very sore lips and aching mouth. She looked around her in bewilderment. She was lying, fully dressed, upon a small camp bed in a strange room with very low sides, and a ceiling which in the centre sloped upwards into a peak. High up in the wall, directly under the peak, was a small window, partly open. It was a room that she had never seen before, and she lay for a moment idly speculating about it. Then her sleep-filled eyes fell upon a bundle tied up in a dirty pillow-case lying on the floor, and with a rush memory came back. It had not been a terrible nightmare, after all! With a half sob the poor girl raised herself and looked around with frightened eyes. There was nothing very terrible to be seen—just a bare, oddly-shaped room—a storeroom evidently, for against both of the low side walls stood chests or wardrobes, and there were old trunks in the corners

Save for the wardrobes and the camp bed upon which Christine lay, there was absolutely no furniture in the room but a couple of rickety chairs. The one small window in the peak let in plenty of light and air. There were two doors; one small one at the back of the room, where the wall was very low, and one larger one in the side between two wardrobes. Christine's eyes were still upon this door when it opened and a young girl came in carrying a basin of water, a cake of soap and a towel.

"I thought you might like a wash when you woke up," she said in a matter of fact tone, and pulling one of the chairs, she arranged the basin upon it within reach of the bed.

Christine's heart gave a great bound of relief! Here was help at last!

"Oh!" she said, for, though speaking was difficult on account of her sore mouth, the gag had been removed. "Oh, I have been so frightened!"

The girl made no reply; did not seem even interested, and, with quick disappointment, Christine noticed that she was not a nice kind of girl at all. In the first place, she was not as young as she dressed, her face was hard, her eyes were lack-lustre, and her hair was terribly and undeniably bleached.

"You had better get up and take off that raincoat," she remarked, "but wait—" she went to the door and called, waited a moment, and came back again with the man of last night's nightmare beside her.

"She may as well get her coat and things off," she said to him. "You had better take charge of them and these," she indicated the pillow-case bundle.

Fully awake now, Christine's brain worked quickly. They were going to take everything away from her, everything that might leave a trace! Almost instinctively she felt for the bottle in her pocket, and while the girl talked to the man she managed to slip it unseen inside her blouse.

"There is only one glove," said the man, "and some bottles and a handkerchief in the raincoat pocket. Feel if they are still there."

The girl put her hand in the pocket and felt the bottles of glycerine and rose water. "They are here alright," she declared, and, not unkindly, she raised Christine and helped her to slip off the raincoat and the one remaining glove. Then she quietly unfastened the

little gold pin which held her collar, removed the collar itself, removed Christine's belt, and slipped the little turquoise ring off her finger. "I think we would notice at once if any of the other things were missing," she said, with a vulgar giggle. The man nodded, and taking the things and the bundle upon the floor, went out. The girl stayed, sitting upon the other chair, and watching Christine impassively while she washed.

"You have pretty hair," she remarked suddenly, "but I think mine is a little more yellow, if anything."

"It is very yellow," said Christine. The wash had done her good, the long sleep had quietened her overstrained nerves, and her courage was beginning to come back. "What time is it?" she asked.

"About noon. You slept all morning."

"Where am I?" demanded Christine.

"It doesn't matter, does it?"

"Why was I brought here, and what is wanted of me?"

"You can search me."

"When am I to be allowed to go home?"

"I'm sure I don't know." The girl stifled a yawn.

"See here," said Christine. "You must know that I am here against my will. When my friends find me it will mean penal servitude for you."

"Yes?"

"Yes. And they are certain to find me."

"Think so?"

"You are a girl like myself (it was not true, but Christine stretched the point), and you can't want any harm to come to me! If you will help me to get away I'll guarantee that you shall go unpunished and that you will receive reward."

"Your folks are rich, are they?" drawled the girl.

"They are rich enough to pay you."

"Sorry, but there's nothing doing."

"You refuse to help me?"

"Do you want something to eat?" The girl was evidently tired of the conversation. Christine realized that further appeal was useless, and as she was exceedingly hungry, said so.

"Well, I'll bring up breakfast. But let me give you a tip. Don't call out—not that it will wake any difference, but Granny will tie your mouth up again if you do." She went out, giggling, and

Christine heard the key turn in the lock.

Left alone she did not lose any time. First she examined the small door. It was strong and securely locked, and it opened apparently upon the roof on another portion of the house, for there was fresh air coming in through the crack at the bottom. Climbing upon a chair, Christine found that she could bring her eyes upon a level with the window sill, but the outside ledge was broad, and she could not see over it. All that she could see was the sky and trees, but from the quietness and the tinkle of a cow bell she knew she must be in the country. If she could drag the bed over to the window and stand the chair upon it she might be able to see more. The bed was light and easy to move, it was not much trouble to push it under the window. Quickly she placed the chair upon it and mounted. It seemed almost too good to be true! She could see out now over the outside ledge!—beneath her ran a long white road thickly lined with maples in the full glory of late autumn. With a sob of remembrance she thought of her childish play with Celia. "Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see anyone coming?" It seemed that she could almost hear Celia's voice replying, "Only the long road and the swaying grass and the dust before the wind!"

But there was someone coming! Far off down the road a buggy was approaching—a country top buggy, drawn by a heavy farm horse going very slowly. Christine caught her breath! Oh, if it would only hurry.

"Do you want me to lift you down?" enquired a sarcastic voice behind her.

Instinctively she drew in her head, and the next moment she was lifted off her swaying chair and deposited, not too gently, on the floor. Then, without a look at her or a word, the man drew the bed away, and mounting on the chair, began securing the window with an oblong of close lattice work which fitted the frame exactly, and which he very quickly screwed in securely.

"It is only wood," he said, as he stepped down, "but it's strong wood. Two like you could not budge it, and I advise you not to try. If you're caught at the window again, you will have to be—well, we'll see that you don't get a second chance."

(To be continued.)



"What's flour *gluten*, Bud?"
 "It's what makes your dough *rise*, Rose."
 "Yes"—she encouraged.
 Added Bud very sagely:
 "Makes it *rise* in the mixer and *expand* in the oven. It's the *elastic* part of flour—*absorbs* all the water and milk—and things."

Rose grew interested.
 "FIVE ROSES, said Bud, is exceedingly *rich* in gluten. I s'pose because it's *all* made from *Manitoba* wheat. Takes up a lot *more* water—makes those *fat* loaves—*lasts longer* too."
 "Saves *money*, doesn't it?" asked Rose.
 Bud in a big voice:
 "The fat loaf makes the fat pocketbook."
 Use FIVE ROSES *always*.
 And Rose said YES.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

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