

wind was boisterous, the night was not cold. She felt as though the singing of the wind would lull her to sleep.

But there was her father to be considered. Then she could not help recalling David's remark, "People will talk." If possible, she must get home before her absence was trumpeted far and wide.

She sprang to her feet, and began searching for an opening in the fence, at length she discovered a place through which she managed to scramble.

She now found herself in what seemed an open plain. Behind was the black mass of the woods through which she had come; in front an empty void. For awhile she stood still, and tried to pierce the darkness.

Away on the horizon she fancied she saw a faint patch of light. Yes, there could be no doubt about it. The glow was there—steady, warm, reassuring. "That is Oxford," she said to herself; "but—oh, how far away."

Nevertheless, the faint glow in the sky was like new life to her. It was her pillar of fire by which she could steer her course.

Re-tying her torn veil over her battered hat, and buttoning her coat, which the fence had torn loose, she set off down a long grass-grown field, the wind blowing fiercely in her face.

Three extensive fields she crossed in this way, negotiating the fences with more recklessness than skill. Then she caught her toe in something, and fell; tried to recover herself, and fell again, rolled over and over, and then a sudden stop, which left her unconscious, with her face upturned to the sky.

Meanwhile David Wiggs was chasing shadows in a fury of rage and despair. He felt more angry, more humiliated, more absolutely chagrined than ever in his life before. How easily she had deceived him! What a simpleton he had been not to see through the ruse!

With what confidence he had gone out swinging the lamp. If he had found a dwelling-house, he would not have told her.

He chuckled as he got near the car, and an evil light crept into his pale blue eyes. "She will not be so high and mighty the next time I propose to her," he said to himself. "She will be glad to take me on my own terms."

He dropped the lamp into its place when he reached the car, then softly pulled open the door, and stepped inside. He was not surprised that he could not see anything, for his eyes had been a little blinded by the glare of the lamp.

"I'm back again, little one," he said in his most dulcet tones. "I hope you've not been frightened?" And he waited a moment for her to answer.

"What! Not grown sulky, I hope? For after all, dear, it's not my fault. I've done everything that mortal man—"

He did not finish the sentence, however. He was on his knees on the floor of the car, groping wildly about him. A moment later he struck a match, then he bolted out of the car as though he had been shot.

"What a blithering idiot I have been!" he reflected; and he commenced to run at his top speed. "She can't have gone far," he said to himself; "she hasn't had time, and, fortunately, she has no choice of roads. I'm bound to overtake her in a few minutes."

It did not occur to him that she might be hiding in the ditch or behind the hedge; that she had plunged into the gloomy recesses of the woods was an idea he would have scouted had it been suggested to him.

He pulled up sharp where the road branched into two, and began to wipe the perspiration from his forehead with his sleeve.

"She's done me," he reflected angrily, "done me brown. I've been an awful ass after all."

For several moments he stood in a listening attitude, but he could hear nothing but the roaring of the wind in the trees.

"She'll no doubt try to make tracks for home, though the chances are she'll never get there on a night like this. Anyhow, I'd better try to arrive before her. If I can get in my story first, I shall have the pull."

He knew where he was quite well. He had motored and cycled over the whole district again and again. It would be a long tramp, but he could do it all right.

With this idea in his mind, he started off at a swinging pace, and after an hour's hard tramp found himself on the main road which runs from Oxford to Birmingham.

A little later he got a lift in a carrier's wagon, and so found himself at his destination a little after ten o'clock. He felt very nervous and ill at ease as he neared Rose Villa.

When he reached the garden gate he noticed that the door was wide open. For a few moments he leaned against the

post and waited. Satisfied as he was that he had a good story to tell, he was nevertheless conscious of its insufficiency. He was afraid lest the old man should discover the motive that lay at the back.

A shadow at length fell on the doorstep; then her father appeared, his white hair lying loose and tumbled on his forehead. David could not help wondering how often he had come to the door during the last four or five hours, and a pang of remorse shot through him.

Pushing open the gate, he walked unsteadily up the garden path.

CHAPTER XI

BART'S QUEST

THE professor rushed forward with an eager exclamation and both hands outstretched.

"Is that you, David Wiggs?"

"Yes, Dr. Marsden."

"But where's Eve?" the professor demanded excitedly. "How is she not with you? Is she hurt?"

"Is she not here?" asked David, "she started off on her own. When I've told you everything you'll understand."

"But why did you lose sight of her?"

"That's what I'll explain in a moment," and he followed the old man into the house.

"We were on our way back and somehow or another I must have taken a wrong turn. You know how quickly it got dark. The road was not so good as it ought to have been, and I could not discover any familiar landmark. Then something began to go wrong with the engine, and you may judge how horrified I was when I discovered that we had run short of petrol."

(To be continued.)

They all want more

And no wonder! Here is a thick, nourishing, strengthening soup, prepared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce.

The manufacturers of Edwards' Soup are soup-makers and nothing else. They are large and close buyers, and by specialising in this way for over 25 years, they have been able to produce an assortment of soups of the highest merit at a price within the reach of all.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

5c. per packet.

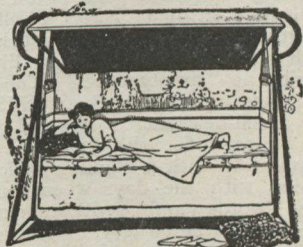
Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' Soup, too, is also an excellent addition to your own soups. It imparts strength, colour, nourishment and flavour; it improves the skill of those who make, and the appetites of those who eat. Edwards' Soup is made in Ireland.

1206

S.H.B.

The "IDEAL" Hammo-Couch



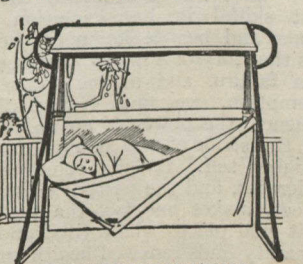
ON THE LAWN
Always in the shade—always comfortable. How different from the old "half-moon" kind.



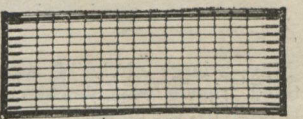
ON THE PORCH
Can be suspended from ceiling. Room and strength enough to hold three or four persons.



IN THE CAMP
A portable bed that keeps you off the ground—wind protection all round.



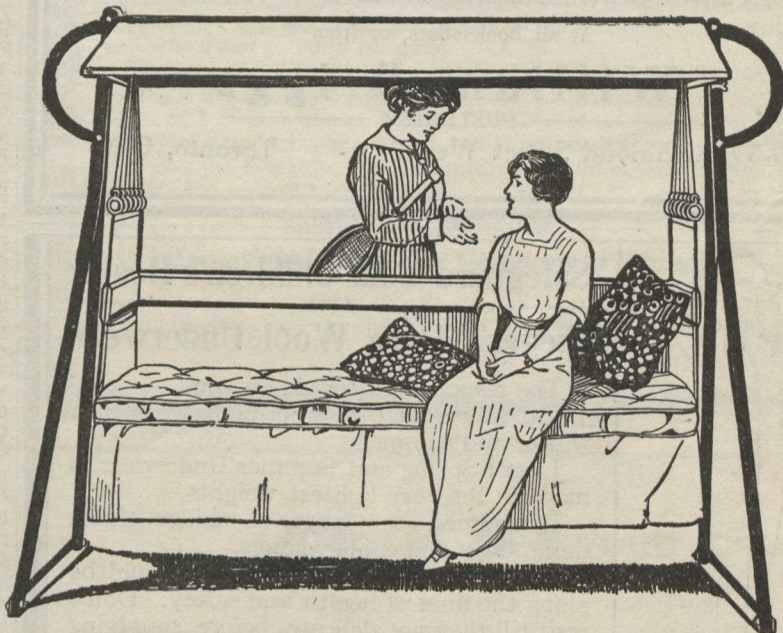
THE BABY BUNTING
A smaller size, for baby's out-door naps. Wind-shield all round keeps him safe and comfortable.



THE SPRING
Famous Simmons fabric, with fourteen spirals at each end. Strong, resilient. Experience has demonstrated superiority of this construction.



THE FRAME
Note construction. 1½-inch steel tubing, supporting spring from ends, leaving no unyielding edge. Strongest and most comfortable.



Compare the "IDEAL" Hammo-Couch with any other "couch hammock" offered you. You'll find it excels in every point of comfort, strength and durability. For example:

Frame of the "IDEAL" Hammo-Couch is round 1¼ inch steel tubing, connected at the ends with angle steel. (See illustration below.) Other couch hammocks have an uncomfortable, insecure wooden frame, which may break under weight of several persons.

Spring in the "IDEAL" Hammo-Couch is the famous Simmons fabric—suspended from the ends, free of frame, no contact with hard edges as on other kinds. Every move of occupant yields ease and rest.

The back of the "IDEAL" Hammo-Couch is just right height for perfect comfort. A light slat, concealed in top edge of wind-shield, gives sure support. Other kinds have an unsupported, "baggy" flap, which you cannot lean against.

Seat is just the right width for either sitting or reclining position. Other kinds are suitable only for one person lying down. Mattress cushion is 3 inches thick, filled with soft, sanitary cotton. High quality, khaki-colored duck is used throughout. Magazine pockets securely sewed and riveted to each end of couch. Adjustable canopy sun-shade is another exclusive feature.

Length is 6 feet; width, 2 feet 2 inches. Sold with the steel frame support for use on lawn, or without frame when to be hung from verandah roof.

Easily carried from place to place.

Write for Free Booklet H 11 and name of store where you can see one.



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JEFFERSON AVENUE, TORONTO

The genuine Hammo Couch bears this Trade Mark. Be sure it is on the one you buy.