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SYNOPSIS

Miss Edith Brown, pretty stenographer, is lifted from her dull life of routine into a land of adventure and romance by a chance bit of dictation which she takes down from the lips of a man who says he is dying—Colonel Dessiter. The next morning, when she starts to the bank to place her notes and other documents with which she has been entrusted in a safe-deposit box as instructed, she is attacked by ruffians and saves her bag only because she has strapped it to her wrist. She finds her acquaintance eagerly sought after by people of all sorts. Noel Frankland she likes least, although her chum, Frances Austin, does not snub his uncouth advances. However, Frances finds a real admirer and Edith a partial confidant in a young Russian, who describes himself merely as "Paul" and invites the girls to the restaurant where he and his parents gain a bare living to which he adds a pittance earned as a professional dancer. Then after a mysterious invitation to a party from the Princess Strepoff she is again vainly importuned to disclose her secret. Finally, through a newspaper ad in code, she is summoned to a secret chamber in one of the Government buildings where a certain John Glyde produces her notes, which she had instructed the bank to deliver to no one but herself, and bids her transcribe them. When, to her amazement, she finds the notebook pages blank, both realize that her documents have been tampered with. Then it dawns on Miss Brown that John Glyde is none other than Dessiter himself. His death had been announced to throw his enemies off the track, and immediately he enlists her help to thwart any scheme to get her notes into the opponents' hands. It is disclosed that the enemy has an accomplice who exchanged her book in the bank vaults for a bogus one. Dessiter gives her instructions to get the real documents as soon as the bank opens next morning, but a mysterious warning from Eric Greatson, supposed to be in the opponents' camp, and an unusual accident delays her arrival and as she approaches the bank a great explosion wrecks the building and spreads havoc in all directions.

INSTALLMENT XXVI.

"There is something else which I must tell you," Miss Brown continued. "This morning Mr. Greatson came to my rooms."  
"He visits you there?" Dessiter exclaimed abruptly.  
"He has never been near them before. Neither my friend nor I receive any visitors there. He came to beg me not to go to the bank."  
"So he knew!" Dessiter muttered. "That's news to me. I thought that what they call the action branch was supposed to run their business entirely apart from the general party."  
"I suppose he must have known," Miss Brown conceded reluctantly. "I absolutely refused to change my plans. Then, while I was getting into the car, a man came up and stabbed the tire."  
"I heard of that," Dessiter reflected.

"It made us between five and ten minutes late in starting. I suppose that is the only reason I wasn't blown to pieces."

Her eyes met Dessiter's. For a man whose acquaintance with women and their ways was scant, he was swift to realize their faint gleam of reproach. He smiled at her very kindly.

"Please don't believe that I haven't thought of that," he begged. "Your safety was my first question, my first thought."

She flushed a little, absurdly pleased.

"I suppose you thought I ought to have mentioned it directly you came in," he went on. "Well, it was there, where it should have been. Then I saw how perfectly self-composed you were, and I left it. There's a fever about this work, you know?"

"I know," she murmured.

"So young Greatson is an admirer?" he continued after a moment's pause.

"Isn't that what it is called in your world?"

"If he is he has not mentioned it," Miss Brown replied. "What is it called in your world, Colonel Dessiter?"

"How the devil do I know?" he retorted testily. "You have a fair idea of what my life has been like during the last two or three years. Do you think there has been any time for phandering in it?"

Miss Brown considered the matter composedly.

"One can scarcely tell," she decided. "These are the records, I imagine, of your public work, not of your private life."

"They are the records of both," he snapped.

"This Fan-te-shi," Miss Brown murmured with her eyes upon the ceiling. "She appears to have been an acquaintance."

"Of course she was. Women like that are useful. One drinks with them and flirts with them, gives them bon-bons and jewelry. Occasionally one learns what one wants from them."

"It seems a little brutal to care for women only for what you can get out of them," she remarked.

"What the devil are you cross-questioning me for?" he demanded.

Miss Brown was suddenly confused. When she came to think it

over she was horrified at herself. She rose to her feet.

"If there is no more typing," she began.

"Sit down," he interrupted.

Miss Brown, notwithstanding her new humility, hesitated. She withdrew the hand she had stretched out for her coat, but she did not sit down.

"Listen," he went on. "I've been wanting an opportunity to talk to you. You're in this thing now. I had to trust some one when I thought I might be going to die, and by good luck it turned out to be you. Are you willing to stay in?"

"Please explain," Miss Brown begged, with a little flutter at her heart.

"As my secretary I've got an official department now, you know, and yours will be a semi-official appointment. Three hundred a year and your keep when we're travelling, pension if you stay long enough and compensation to your relatives if you get it in the neck like I nearly did. What are you hesitating about?"

"I didn't like being sworn at just now," Miss Brown ventured.

"You shouldn't have been so damned irritating, then," was the blunt reply.

She had a retort ready, but it remained unuttered. There was a twinkle in his eyes, a curve at the corners of his lips which seemed suddenly to humanize her prospective employer. Miss Brown felt

hind her head, looked across the room.

"Edith," she murmured, "sometimes your intelligence astonishes me."

"Are you dining with Mr. Frankland?"

"I am not. To tell you the truth my vanity is a little piqued. Mr. Frankland has—retreated—the since He hasn't been down this week or written."

"So much the better," Miss Brown declared severely. "I call him a most objectionable person."

"So do I, as a matter of fact," Frances yawned. "He thinks of nothing else except his wretched speeches and his influence with the working classes. I don't like men who are too much in earnest about anything in life except me. If only some nice man knew," she reflected, "how unsettled I am, how receptive, how easy a victim I should be to any one with a little affection to give and a little tact to use in the displaying of it, why I think I should be besieged. I have a new gray frock, Edith—it's really that new shade of smoke color—all the things that go with it, and some silk stockings to match I bought coming up from the station. You could put it all in a handkerchief case, and I have a coiffeur coming here in exactly twenty minutes. Can we get him a cocktail? It's the great Maurice, and I hear he never goes twice to a place unless he's offered a cocktail."

"Not a drop of alcohol on the premises," Miss Brown replied. "You know that, Frances. Could he do my hair as well?"

"He'd make an awful mess of it," Frances assured her. "These hairdressers have no knack of handling fine, simple hair like yours. I shouldn't let him touch it if I were you. The way you arrange it yourself, with those baby blue eyes underneath and your funny demure little mouth, gives you individuality at any rate. You may not be striking looking, Miss Brown, but if any one takes the trouble to look at you—well, you're quite worth it. Can I have a bath?"

"You can if you have sixpence to put in the slot."

Miss Brown shook her head.

"I heard something about it before I left my work," she admitted. "And I'm not sure that it was the police who were so clever after all. Many arrests?"

"Not one yet. The warehouse was deserted and the man who threw the bombs was blown into small pieces. It seems a senseless sort of affair."

Miss Brown shivered a little.

"Go and have your bath," she suggested. "I may have one afterward while your hairdresser's here."

"Go and have yours first. The man will be furious if I keep him waiting, and you know how I like to sleep."

Miss Brown dutifully departed. When she reappeared clad in her dressing gown the hairdresser had already arrived. With the necessity of a suspended toilette before her, she curled herself up in an easy-chair.

He had a great deal to say about the morning's excitement.

"Felt the ground rock beneath my feet," he told them both. "I was shaving a customer—a thing I don't often do, but it was Lord Ritchley, a very old client. I very nearly cut him, too—a thing that hasn't happened to me for fifteen years. You've heard the latest, I suppose?"

"We've heard nothing except what's in the papers," Frances confessed.

Maurice assumed an air of mystery.

"Even if they bring off this universal strike it won't do what they think it will. I went to a meeting the other night," he went on confidentially. "There was a young man, Mr. Eric Greatson who spoke. Never heard such nonsense in my life. It was all kind of poetry stuff and imagine things—not a word that was a bit of good to a workingman."

The two girls exchanged quiet glances.

"Mr. Eric Greatson is supposed to be a very clever man," Miss Brown observed.

"He may be clever in his own way," the man acknowledged, "which may be in writing verses for those to enjoy who understand them, or it may be in writing novels which he's quite right to call romances, because there isn't a word of truth in them, but as for any sort of help to the ordinary workman, there wasn't anything of that sort tumbling out of his mouth."

He stood back and surveyed his handiwork. Frances made a little grimace at herself in the glass. It was an intelligent, almost a beautiful face, notwithstanding the "lightly discontented curve of the mouth."

"You've made me look a shade less ugly," she admitted.

"I've made you look in the fashion, madam," was the self-satisfied reply. "And that's what you sent for me for. I wish your friend would spare me ten minutes. I'd cut her hair so that her best friends wouldn't know her."

Miss Brown shook her head.

"You couldn't make me look fashionable."

"Not worth while trying, either," Frances declared. "We girls all look like a flock of sheep nowadays."

The hair dresser, who was secretly of the same opinion, packed up and took his leave. The two girls completed their toilettes in leisurely fashion, and in due course started off on their expedition.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Lady Rhonnda Is On Warpath In Defending Women

LONDON, Dec. 3.—Lady Rhonnda, one of the most prominent business women of the country and a director of thirty companies, led England's unemployed femininity in a counter-attack on J. H. Thomas, lord privy seal and minister of employment. He, in a speech to the house of commons, had denounced "women pin money workers" as "economically unfair and against the interests of the nation. "No legislation can cure it," he said. "It is a question of moral responsibility. The number of women engaged in industry today doing work that men did before the war is very substantial—women that need not be so employed."

Lady Rhonnda retorted with: "It is strange that Mr. Thomas, a Socialist, should be advocating idleness for any section of the community. It is ridiculous to say that it is against the interests of the nation for women to work. Everyone either works or is kept by some one else. My own experience in business is that few women are engaged in it on a pin money basis. Most of them work because they need the money."

No Elsie Books For the Sailors

TORONTO, Ont., Dec. 3.—When looking over books with a view to giving donations to the Navy League it is well to remember that "sailors are not interested in the 'Elsie books.' A dismayed provincial convener of the league found it necessary (when appealing for donations) to ask for a little discrimination in offerings.

A local bookseller maintains he has a steady demand for "Elsie" books around Christmas time, the devoted maiden aunt being still persuaded that girls read them. But, at any rate, sailors don't, and the nieces should remember this, the convener suggested.

Painful Boils One After The Other Broke Out On Arms

Miss K. Rudd, 1100 Victoria Drive, Vancouver, B.C., writes:—"About a year ago I was troubled with boils. They broke out on my arms, and no sooner was one healed than another would come to take its place. I suffered great pain with them, and tried different medicines and ointments, but they did me no good."

"I was advised to take

**BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS**

and, my, what relief I got; soon my skin was as clear as before."

Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Frances swung herself off the bed.

"I've been reading about this awful outrage in South Audley Street," she observed. "Did you hear it?"

"Yes, I heard the explosion," Miss Brown admitted. "Every one did round here. A great many windows were broken in Curzon Street."

"The police seem to have been pretty clever about it," Frances went on. "They've found the factory already where the bombs were stored—raided it this evening."

"Was it in Tooley Street?"

"How the mischief did you know? You've seen the stop press of the Evening Standard, I suppose."

She lifted her blue eyes to his.

"I shan't mind at all," she promised. "I'm not really a coward."

"If I didn't know that," he growled as he touched the bell upon his way back to his easy-chair, "I shouldn't be making you this offer. Nine o'clock tomorrow morning, please, and bring some clothes. You may be going out of town."

"What sort of clothes?"

"How the de—mischief should I know what you wear?" he answered. "I beg your pardon—I mean, how should I know? Bring anything."

"Am I going to China?" she ventured.

"No, Camberley."

Frances Again

Miss Brown arrived home escorted again, somewhat to her discomfort, in a Government car, to find Frances in pronounced negligence, lying upon her bed, smoking a cigarette and reading the evening paper.

"Once more," the latter confessed, throwing down the newspaper and stretching herself, "the chickens have been too many for me. I need an antidote. What is the natural antidote, Edith, to feeding chickens and disposing of their dismembered remains?"

"Dancing, dining and flirting, I suppose," Miss Brown observed, taking off her coat.

Frances raised herself lazily, and with her hands clasped be-

hind her head, looked across the room.

"Edith," she murmured, "sometimes your intelligence astonishes me."

"Are you dining with Mr. Frankland?"

"I am not. To tell you the truth my vanity is a little piqued. Mr. Frankland has—retreated—the since He hasn't been down this week or written."

"So much the better," Miss Brown declared severely. "I call him a most objectionable person."

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very weak and very acquiescent. She sat down.

"I didn't really hesitate," she confided. "There is nothing I should like so much in the world as to be your secretary, and go on with the work."

He came over and laid his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"That's all right, then," he said. "I'll try to keep you out of mischief, but you won't mind if there is a certain amount of risk now and then?"

She lifted her blue eyes to his.

"I shan't mind at all," she promised. "I'm not really a coward."

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Call in and inspect the big stock for yourself.

It will please you just to feel the sleek softness of the beautiful fur and it will please us to show you them.

William Goldbloom, the Fur Man

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NEXT BANK OF MONTREAL

Robin Hood FLOUR

Better Bread - Better Cakes - Better Pies



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