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AM-BUK

"RUB IT IN"

Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table.

With the opening of the new Canadian Pacific Line another milestone has been reached in the history of our town.

The following time table will be in effect until further notice:

Read down	Read up
9 a.m. 2.55 p.m. lv Walk'r n'r 10.05 p.m. 1.25 p.m.	1.15 p.m. 4.45 p.m. ar. Walk'r n'r 7.55 p.m.
10 3.25 3.55	1.35 5.15
11 3.35 4.10	1.45 5.30
12 3.50 4.30	2.00 5.45
13 4.05 4.55	2.15 6.00
14 4.20 5.15	2.30 6.15
15 4.35 5.35	2.45 6.30
16 4.50 5.55	3.00 6.45
17 5.10 6.15	3.15 7.05
18 5.30 6.35	3.35 7.25
19 5.50 6.55	3.55 7.45
20 6.10 7.15	4.15 8.05
21 6.30 7.35	4.35 8.25
22 6.50 7.55	4.55 8.45
23 7.10 8.15	5.15 9.05
24 7.30 8.35	5.35 9.25
25 7.50 8.55	5.55 9.45
26 8.10 9.15	6.15 10.05
27 8.30 9.35	6.35 10.25
28 8.50 9.55	6.55 10.45
29 9.10 10.15	7.15 11.05
30 9.30 10.35	7.35 11.25

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C. McArthur

"I thought of taking you to see the ruins of the old castle of Lochrain," said Kenrith over his shoulder. "It will be a good spin, and there's a little inn close by where they will give us tea. Oxford and I have been there once or twice."

The girls answered that they would be delighted, and Hilary began to tell Elspeth something of the history of the ruin they would see—an old stronghold destroyed in the days of Mary Stuart. But Elspeth scarcely heard the story, which would have held her interest at any other time. She had looked forward intensely to this afternoon's pleasure given her by Kenrith, and enjoyed with him so near her; but now that the experience had begun, it was spoiled for her by the strange thoughts which would come into her head. Why had the Countess looked so startled on hearing that she was to be in the car? Why had she tried to dissuade her from going, and only ceased her arguments when told that if Elspeth stayed at home, Lady Hilary would not doubt be obliged to do so, too? Why had she laughed as if in amusement because Captain Oxford was not to be of the party, and why had she seemed almost savagely pleased to know that Lady Hilary would be in his place?

"The Countess doesn't like Lady Hilary," Elspeth said to herself. "She cares for Mr. Trowbridge, and has the air of considering him her property. Now, he has fallen in love with Lady Hilary. Any one can see that—indeed, every one does see it, and talks about it, much to Lady Hilary's disgust, especially as her mother encourages him, because he is supposed to be so tremendously rich. I believe the Countess would be glad to have some harm come to Lady Hilary. She's a foreigner, and a strange, passionate creature, capable of evil, I believe, if it were to further her own ends or injure an enemy. Perhaps it is horrid of me to think that, as she is so kind, and seems to have taken such a fancy to me, yet I can't help feeling it's true about her. But even if she would like to harm that sweet girl, why should she have been so pleased to know Lady Hilary was going motoring with Mr. Kenrith? I suppose it must have been because she knew that now she'd be sure to have Mr. Trowbridge to herself, even if he had planned to be with Lady Hilary. That must be it. She must have known he had some idea to propose an excuse to be in Lady Hilary's society, and that would perhaps be enough to account for the look on his face when he saw Lady Hilary in the car just now. And yet—and yet—it was more than a look of disappointment. It was actual horror. And then, the chauffeur's accident? Was that a coincidence—or something more strange? What can it all mean? Or does it mean nothing, except that my imagination has grown morbid, and taken to conjuring up sensational things?"

A voice within herself seemed to answer Elspeth's forebodings with a warning. A vague sense of responsibility on her. She felt a dejection of responsibility, as if she ought to say something, do something, while there was time to prevent a calamity. Still, she kept silence. Mr. Kenrith would only think her foolish and cowardly if she said: "Please stop the motor. Because Countess Radeplolski didn't want me to come out with you, and because Mr. Trowbridge looked distressed at seeing Lady Hilary in the car, I have a presentiment that something dreadful is going to happen." "Perhaps every one feels much the same when they are motoring for the first time," she told herself. "I have the idea that I should be glorying in it if it hadn't been for the Countess and Mr. Trowbridge; but maybe I shouldn't. Maybe this is only part of the experience."

Just at this instant Kenrith halted turned his head for a second to ask: "How do you like it, Miss Dean? You're not frightened, I hope?" Then Elspeth felt that not for anything in the world would she have said "Yes." "I think it's glorious," she answered bravely, though still the inward monitor whispered "Tell him to stop the car. Tell him to stop the car."

Now they were coming to a steep and winding descent, and all Kenrith's attention was needed for his driving. He spoke no more, and the girls were at liberty to be silent or talk together.

"You don't look very happy," Hilary said. "I believe you are terrified, after all. As for me, I don't think I should much care to provide I ran myself to think of, if Mr. Kenrith drove straight into that wall of rock just ahead."

"How can you say that?" exclaimed Elspeth. "You, who are so beautiful and young, and so much loved—you have everything of the best that life can give."

"How little you know," answered Hilary bitterly. "What good does it do one to be young, if one has nothing to hope for, of joy in the future? What good to be loved, if one can't hope to spend one's days with those one cares for most?"

"There's always hope," replied Elspeth. "until one is old."

"I feel old, though I'm not twenty yet," Hilary said. "I know I oughtn't to talk in this way to anyone, but I am so miserable, and if it were not for you, I should have no one to confide in. I should really be glad to die, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Oh, unless I could suddenly come into a lot of money, or—find a few jewels like Mr. Kenrith's, which he

shown sharply to her own needs. She scrambled to her feet, swaying giddily for a moment, with sky and treetops whirling before her eyes; but in a few seconds she was able to walk, though rather unsteadily, and pushing her way through the bracken, crushed by her fall, she came out upon the road, and almost upon Hilary Vane, who was kneeling beside John Kenrith.

As she knelt there in the dust the girl's back was turned toward Elspeth, and she was so absorbed in what she was doing that she did not hear the rustling of the tall bracken. She had opened the coat of the unconscious man, who was lying close to the big, broken motor car, with his face stained with blood. Busily her little hands were searching, searching for something, and her whole heart was in the work.

Elspeth stood still, unable to speak, unable to move. But the spell was broken by the stealthy whirr of an electric car coming along the road by which they had traveled from Lochrain. It was close upon them, and, as Elspeth turned with a start, she saw Trowbridge stop the automobile and leap out.

Beside him the Countess Radeplolski was sitting, but when the car had come to a rest she left it quickly and ran forward. Seeing Hilary kneeling beside Kenrith she gave a low cry which sounded strangely in Elspeth's ears. There was, or she fancied it, a ring of anger and the bitterness of disappointment.

Trowbridge sprang to Lady Hilary, and, as she struggled to her feet, he caught her in his arms. With a moan she let her head fall limply against his breast, and Elspeth saw that she had fainted.

Quickly the thought flashed through her mind that if Hilary knew she could not bear to rest in this man's arms. He bent over her, muttering something, and Elspeth uttered an exclamation just in time to prevent

"Mr. Trowbridge! Has he spoken already?"

"Last night he spoke to mother. She likes him tremendously. He told her all about his circumstances. He is very rich and he is good as told her that, if he once had his promise, he would help her in any way."

"You won't give it to him? You can't!" exclaimed Elspeth.

"I don't know what I shall do. I'm afraid I must. There seems no alternative. Oh, I would beg or steal, I believe, if I could only get the money which could save us in some other way."

Elspeth would have answered, would have tried to bid the girl have courage, and wait upon events, when suddenly the car swerved; there was a grinding crash of wood, a sensation, as if a wheel were giving way, an instant of cold fear with no desire to scream, and then—a cessation of everything. The world stopped for her.

"Is this death? Have I died, and solved the great mystery? Am I on the threshold of a new life?" Slowly, falteringly, the words formed themselves in Elspeth's brain.

She was conscious of no suffering; she scarcely remembered what she had passed through, yet the impression of some tremendous experience just undergone, floated dimly in her mind. Either her eyes were open, and she saw nothing but a soft green and golden light changing and pulsing, else it was an illusion, a waking dream.

"I must have died, for I seem to



C.R.A.

"Miss Dean will not leave Lady Hilary him from touching the beautiful disordered hair of the girl with his lips. "Give her to me," she commanded peremptorily. Trowbridge and the Countess saw her now for the first time, and without a word the man obeyed. He laid Hilary down on the crushed bracken by the roadside and Elspeth knelt close to the white, still figure.

"Mr. Kenrith—he is not dead?" she stammered.

Trowbridge gave her no answer, except to stoop over the motionless body of the man. The Countess, too, bent down, half kneeling, and as the two were between Elspeth and Kenrith, she could no longer see him lying beside his broken car.

It seemed many moments before Trowbridge spoke, though perhaps not twice sixty minutes passed.

"No, he's not dead," the answer came at last. "I can feel his heart beating. If only I could have made you hear in the avenue, as you drove out, this needn't have happened. I saw that the near driving wheel was out of shape, as the car went by, and called out; but I could make none of you hear, though I took a short cut through the park, and ran after you until I saw there was no hope of catching you up. Then I hurried back, thinking to get one of the hotel motors, to follow, but luckily Lady Ardcliffe's electric car was at the door ready to take her out with the Countess. I've driven the same same kind, and she let me take it, though she wouldn't come, and I don't think she half understood what I meant. The chauffeur—a stupid young animal—stood by like a stock, staring as if he thought me mad, as I spun off with his auto. I hoped to overtake you before anything had happened, but I was just too late. He wheel is matchwood and the car badly smashed. It's a miracle you weren't all killed."

"Mr. Kenrith's head is bleeding," said the Countess. "You had better try to lift him into Lady Ardcliffe's automobile, Mr. Trowbridge, and get him home, where he can be taken charge of by the doctor. Miss Dean could hold his head on her lap, for he oughtn't to be left alone, while you drive; and I can stay here with Lady Hilary till you come back for her. She doesn't seem to be hurt at all."

To Elspeth's surprise, Trowbridge laughed, a singularly hateful laugh. "Oh, you are very kind," he said, "very unselfish, but I will not trouble you, thanks. Miss Dean will not leave Lady Hilary."

As he spoke Elspeth saw his eyes and those of the Countess meet with a look of defiance and understanding. "I hope," said the Countess, "that you will not repeat your decision." Her voice and her eyes were like steel. For the moment, she was no longer beautiful, but hideous, though she had evidently remembered Elspeth's presence, and was striving for self-control.

"She has some plan," was the thought that flashed through the girl's head, "some plan by which she means to make her escape."

To be continued.

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