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You want the best when starting in the new home. Above all, you want that home to be snug and warm and comfortable.

You are sure of warmth and comfort with a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater.

The Perfection is the best and most reliable heater made.

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PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater, or write for descriptive circular direct to any agency of

The Queen City Oil Company, Limited

CLOSE QUARTERS;

OR, THE HOUSE IN THE RUE BARBETTE

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd)

Even the self-possessed Turk could not conceal his amazement at the manner in which his strange visitor conducted himself.

"That is a point we have not yet decided," he said. "We are strangely unwilling to take the life of such a brave man as yourself. If we were assured of your silence, we would even be disposed to permit you to escape this time, with a solemn warning not to cross our path again. But we feel that clemency is out of the question. There is one hope—a slight one, it is true—which may permit us to gag you and tie you securely in this room, where you will be left in peace for at least forty-eight hours, after which time a telegram can be dispatched to any address you choose to supply us with. But really, owing to unforeseen circumstances, this chance of a reprieve is remote. It wholly depends upon the arrival, or otherwise, at this house, of a gentleman whom we expect at 11.15."

Brett leaned forward in his chair and took out his watch. The other misunderstood his movement, and each of the other three promptly produced a revolver.

Brett laughed quite heartily. "Really, gentlemen," he cried, "your nervousness is ludicrous."

He saw that he yet had five minutes' grace before his self-constituted judges would proceed to execute their sentence. As for the Turks, they were manifestly ashamed of having betrayed such trepidation, and they replaced the weapons so readily staged.

"That is a point in my favor," thought Brett. "Next time, if I do wish to reach my revolver, I may be able to get the draw on them first."

"During the interval" said Hussein-ul-Mulk suavely, "is there anything you wish to do—any letters to write or that sort of thing?"

"No," said Brett, "I do not think so; it seems to me that you have thoroughly misunderstood the purpose of this meeting. I came here in order to obtain from you particulars which will lead to the release of Mr. Talbot and redeem his character in the eyes of his superiors. I did not come here to be killed, Hussein-ul-Mulk. I am not going to be killed. If you touch a hair of my head you will only leave this house for a prison, and subsequently for the gallows. And so, you see, you are talking childishly when you dangle these threats and preliminaries to immediate execution before my eyes. It is not you, but I, who will dictate the terms on which we part. It may perhaps interest you to explain this new phase of the situation to your fellow-countrymen, and the matter will also serve to dissipate the few minutes yet that have to elapse before 11.15."

Hussein-ul-Mulk made no direct reply to this remarkable speech. That it impressed him was quite evident from his manner. Forthwith an animated but subdued conversation took place between the triumvirate.

While it was in progress a peculiar knock was heard on the outside door of the apartment.

"Ah! he come," said Hussein-ul-Mulk in French. He left the room in order to meet the new arrival. He returned without delay, bringing with him a man very different from those whom Brett had encountered thus far in connection with the crime. This was a dapper little Frenchman, wizened, yellow-skinned, black-haired, and dressed almost in the extreme of fashion. He at once addressed himself to the barrister.

"They tell me, my friend," he said, "that you have thrust your finger into the pie which the friends of his Majesty the Sultan are preparing for him. It is a bad business. You are too soon for the banquet. The result is that your poor little finger may get burnt, as the pie is still being cooked."

The man smiled maliciously at his feeble witticism, and Brett instantly took his measure as a member of the gang of flash thieves which infest Paris. He knew that such a ruffian was both pitiless and cowardly. Whatever the outcome of the situation which faced him, he would not stoop to conciliatory methods with this despicable rascal.

"I suppose," he said, "that the only part of the affair which concerns you is the robbery."

"Well, and what if it is?"

"I can only say that your political friends will be well advised to keep a close eye on you, for you would rob them just as soon as the persons against whom they have employed you."

The little thief laughed cynically. "You are right, mon vieux, I would be delighted to have the chance. But this time it is impossible. The stones are too big. They are worth—pouf!—millions of francs, so I must be content to receive my pay, which is good."

"Have you intrusted the Sultan's diamonds to the care of a scamp like this?" said Brett, addressing himself to Hussein, and inwardly resolving that unless the conversation by chance took a turn favorable to himself, he would forthwith open fire on the gang and endeavor to escape.

"Yes," cried the conspirator with a savage laugh. "You have never seen them, Mr. Brett? Here they are. To many men the sight would be a pleasant one. To you it should be terrible, for the arrival of these diamonds at this moment means that you must die."

So saying, he produced from an inner pocket of his frock-coat a large, plain morocco case. The pressure of a spring caused the lid to fly back, revealing to the eyes of those in the room a collection of diamonds marvelous by reason of the size and magnificence of each stone.

In the center reposed the Imperial diamond itself. For an instant Brett reflected that whilst the other men were fascinated by the spectacle he would have a good opportunity to shoot some of them without mercy and make a dash for liberty.

But at the same moment there came to him an odd thought. His friend the jeweller of the Rue de la Paix had not given him a lesson in vain during the previous afternoon.

The barrister suspected—in fact, he was almost sure—that the gems now flaunting their half-revealed glories in the light of the day—for not one of them had undergone the final process peculiar to the diamond cutters trade—were not the real stones stolen from Albert Gate but well-fabricated substitutes.

(To be continued.)

A MARTYR TO HEADACHES?

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will make life comfortable for you again.

They relieve the worst headache in 30 minutes or less. 31

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RED.

It's the Red Blood Corpuscles that Proper Food Makes.

An Ohio woman says Grape-Nuts food gave her good red blood and restored the roses of youth to a complexion that had been muddy and blotchy. She says:

"For 10 years I had stomach trouble which produced a breaking out on my face. The doctors gave it a long Latin name, but their medicines failed to cure it. Along with this I had frequent headaches, nervousness and usually pain in my stomach after meals.

"I got disgusted with the drugs, stopped them and coffee off short, and quit eating everything but fruit and Grape-Nuts, with Postum for my table beverage.

"The headaches, stomach trouble and nervous weakness disappeared almost like magic, which showed that when the cause was removed and good food and drink used nature was ready to help.

"My blood was purified and my complexion became like a young girl's, while my weight was increased from 90 to 120 pounds in a few months—good, solid, firm flesh, where it used to be soft and flabby.

"I recommended Grape-Nuts and Postum to one of my friends, who was afflicted as I had been. She followed my advice, and in a short time was restored to complete health, and in about 8 months her weight increased from 100 to 148 pounds.

"Our doctor, observing the effect of Grape-Nuts and Postum in our cases, declared, the other day, that he would hereafter prescribe these food products for gastritis." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Young Wife—Arthur, dearest, how do they arrange these pickles in the bottle so nicely? Young Husband—They pile the pickles up, Petsy, and then blow the bottle around them.

Paste this in your bonnet, girls: You can never tell what sort of husband a man will make by the brand of love letters he writes.

One Hundred Dollars in Gold given away

For completing the known name of a person prominent in Canada whose name consists of 9 letters, the first of which is "C" and the last "T" as—
C.....T

The above amount will be divided into 18 prizes as follows:—

First Prize	$25.00	in Gold
Second Prize	15.00	" "
Third Prize	10.00	" "
Fourth Prize	5.00	" "

and the next twelve will each receive $2.50 in gold.

The first person sending in the correct name will receive the first prize, and others sending in correct answers will receive the other prizes in the order in which their answers are received, also to the party sending in the correct answer next to last one received we will give $5.00, and to the last $10.00.

CONTEST COMMENCES NOV. 13TH, 1911, AND ENDS DEC. 30th, 1911, BOTH DAYS INCLUSIVE. LETTERS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE EITHER BEFORE 13TH NOV., 1911, OR AFTER 30TH DEC., 1911, WILL NOT BE COUNTED.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING CONTEST:

You have one answer with each ONE POUND PACKAGE or TWO HALF POUND PACKAGES OF "MELAGAMA" TEA or COFFEE you buy. All you have to do is to steam label off the Tea Lead or from the Coffee tins, send the two end pieces of the Tea Labels, or the portion of the Coffee Labels with picture of children on it, along with your answer, giving name and address in full, and send to "MELAGAMA," Dept. "B," 45 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. (Answers unlimited, try early and often).

NO EMPLOYEES OR IMMEDIATE RELATIVES WILL BE ALLOWED TO ENTER CONTEST.

Answers will be numbered in consecutive order as they are received, and at the expiration of the contest, the prizes will be awarded by a committee of disinterested persons, and the list of prize winners will be given in this paper.

MELAGAMA TEA and COFFEE PACKED AND BLENDED BY THE OLD ESTABLISHED FIRM OF **MINTO BROS. TORONTO.**

On the Farm

FEEDING THE CALF.

The subject of calf feeding never grows old. Possibly more interest is taken to-day in formulating the right ration for a calf than ever before. We have learned, says Hoard's Dairyman, that through certain combinations of feed, large, strong, vigorous calves may be grown and when the right practices are followed there is very little danger of losing a calf. Professor T. L. Haecker of the Minnesota Experiment Station has spent many years in studying the calf-diet and he answers the following inquiry in Farm, Stock and Home:

"Would like a good ration for feeding young calves that must drink separated milk? Have clover hay, clover and timothy mixed, shorts, bran and oil meal."

To build body a liberal supply of protein is required and all the feeds mentioned are good for young stock and for milk production. For calves clover hay and grain mixture may be composed of two parts each of bran and shorts and one part of oil meal. It would also be well to add two parts of corn meal as it is easily digested and adds the carbohydrates needed. No matter how carefully the feed is balanced the calves will not thrive satisfactorily unless the milk is fed with great regularity as to quantity and temperature. They should also be fed out of clean pails. They should be fed in small stanchions when the milk is given. This should be followed by a little grain feed so they will not get in the habit of sucking each other's ears. They should be fed hay out of a rack so they will not get it under their feet. If calves are given only as much as they will eat up clean they will learn not to muss over and waste their feed. With properly cured feed in right quantity every thing will be cleaned up in a short time.

Recently the writer inspected the mangers of 38 calves born the last week in May and in only one was there any feed left. They have always been fed in stanchion, each having its own manger and the hay, grain and silage weighed out to each calf. Everything is eaten and the manger licked clean. They have the proper habit. In another barn another lot of young things have always been fed in an open manger. One of these calves will waste more feed than the 37 fed in stanchions will waste in a week.

The writer has for thirty years made a special study of calf rearing and has made it a practice to daily personally inspect them and note their behaviour. Regularity in all things, clean mangers, clean quarters, uniformity in quantity of feed, are the fundamentals in successful animal rearing.

Soon we will have some 50 newborn calves to rear. We have choice upland prairie hay, corn, oats, bran and oil meal. We will also have a limited supply of skimmilk. These feeds may seem ample, but experience has shown that it is best to have on hand blood meal and bone meal. So half a ton of the former and a ton of the latter have been added to our store of feed. A teaspoonful of blood meal in a small mess of milk gives satisfactory results, notwithstanding the fact that it costs $65 per ton. They also have access to a mixture of salt and bone meal, equal parts. If they grow rapidly, they need the bone for building bone. Having access to this mixture, they never get in the habit of gnawing boards and bark. Persons rearing colts also should bear this in mind. In fact, all animals in gestation should have access to it.

THE PROFIT IN A COLT.

In spite of the electric car, the automobile and other motive power, horses have increased in price commensurate with other farm animals. Every farmer should have a number of young horses growing and coming on for home use and for sale.

A colt can be grown as easily and cheaply as a calf, and at the same time the mare which mothers it will make a half team for general farm work. The writer has a team of young mares of nearly the same size and age. During this last season one of them has raised a colt now worth at least $75, while the other mare working by her side has raised none. The mare with the colt has done exactly the same work as the mare which has no colt and now at the close of the early summer's work she is in as good condition as her mate, with both on the same feed and care.

A colt, of course, is some bother and consumes some feed. The same is true in growing any domestic animals. But with a little patience in the handling of the mare and foal, a mare doing general farm work, should raise two colts every three years and do about as well as with none. The colt will represent at least 100 per cent. profit on the money and labor invested in it.

PUGGINS AND POPPETT.

"Well, well, what's the matter, Tiddle Toddle Toddlekins?" said big brother Dick, as he saw his small sister sitting in the big arm-chair looking very disconsolate.

"O Dick," said the little girl, whose name was really Gertrude, but who was called "Trudie" for short, and "Tiddle Toddle Toddlekins" when Dick wanted to tease a little, "I'm so worried about Puggins and Poppett, the little kittens Mrs. Spencer gave me. Their mother died, and the poor little things are too young to drink milk themselves. We must find some way to feed them, but I've tried all sorts of things, and I can't teach them to drink. They are getting so thin I don't know what to do."

Dick thought a minute, and then he said, "Come on, Trudie; I know the very thing." He ran up-stairs to his room, and pretty soon came back with something in his hand. "Now," he said, "come out where the kittens are, and let's see if I can get them to drink."

First they went to the kitchen and heated a cup of milk, not really hot, but just nice and warm. Then Dick and Trudie went out to the shed, where the two little motherless kittens were in their box. Really, they were very thin, for, as Trudie said, they had eaten nothing for two days. Dick took one of the little kittens up, and then Trudie saw that what he had in his hand was a nice, new, clean fountain-pen filler or medicine-dropper. He filled the dropper with the warm milk and put one end in kitty's mouth. He then pressed the rubber end of the dropper, and kitty tasted the warm milk in her mouth. How she did claw and struggle to get more milk!

Trudie held her in her arms and Dick fed her milk until she was satisfied. Then Trudie put her back in the box, and the other kitten was fed in the same way. Trudie fed them milk in this way for several days, until they learned to drink milk out of a saucer.

The kittens are sleek, grown-up cats now, and well able to take care of themselves. They have forgotten all about how they used to take milk out of a medicine-dropper, but Trudie has not forgotten, and she thinks Dick is the nicest brother in the world. I rather think that Puggins and Poppett think so, too.

57 YEARS EXPERIENCE

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Once make a comparison with other Sugars and you will not be satisfied with any but Redpath.

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