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"LILY WHITE" is a pure white Corn Syrup, not as pronounced in flavor as "Crown Brand". *Your Grocer has both Brands, in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins—or can easily get them for you.*

The Canada Starch Co. Limited, Montreal

The Green Seal

By CHARLES EDMONDS WALK

Author of "The Silver Blade," "The Paternoster Ruby," "The Time Lock," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd).

"Mr. Ferris!" she said, breathlessly. "What in the world does it all mean? I'm afraid of that man! Can the missing man be James Strang, do you believe?"

"Lord bless you," I returned despairingly, "I can believe anything, yet I'm positive of nothing. I don't know what to think."

On the one hand was her vanished correspondence, a situation in itself strange enough in all conscience, and on the other was the inexplicable affair of the diamond. Now it seemed more than possible that Strang and the person who sent me the parcel were one and the same.

This line of reasoning at once suggested something else. Was it not possible that Strang, being aware of Miss Fox's whereabouts, had intended the diamond for her, and consigned it to me in escrow until the question of her identity was determined, meaning to send also a letter of explanation? Then why had not that letter been sent to me? The combination of circumstances loomed ominously.

After some moments of reflection I said:

"I am in a difficult position, Miss Fox. The truth is, I withheld information from that fellow because I had a strong hunch that he is not the sort to be trusted with anything really vital, particularly if he should get the idea that the confidence offered opportunities for gain. May be I am altogether wrong. May be I'm misjudging him and doing him an injustice. If so, if anything really has happened to Strang, and I should be instrumental in frustrating the police's efforts to find him, I'll never forgive myself."

At this juncture our tete-a-tete was broken in upon, and the day afforded no further opportunity for discussing the matter.

The development of what I had come to regard as our mystery, I might as well explain here, progressed only by fits and starts, as it were, occurring as a series of interludes during days that were otherwise devoted to the exacting demands of my profession, and I have purposely refrained from mentioning business matters because they unnecessarily interrupt a chronicle of happenings that were quite irrelevant to them. But from the view-point of you who are reading these lines it is the business details that are immaterial and retarding, except as they directly affect my story. Therefore, on a principle similar to that with which the toper quiets his conscience, that "whiskey and business will not mix," we shall henceforth dispense with business.

It was Thursday that witnessed the incidents last recounted. Nothing more happened until the following Saturday evening, at which time matters assumed a thrilling aspect that ill-accorded with my inadventurous habits of mind.

After dinner I encountered Meyer Hardwick at the club where I reside, and of which he also is a member. I did not in the least mince matters in taxing him with his treatment of Miss Fox.

He was at first not a little surprised, and next, when he realized how much in earnest I was, he became all at once uncomfortable and ill at ease, I was gratified at observing.

"Looky here, Ferris," he blustered at last, "you take a tip from me and keep out of this thing. I'm saying this for your own good. I can't tell you how I got the information, but she's Steve Willets's daughter all right, all right. Not that that fact alone prejudices me against her, y' understand, but there are circumstances connected with the fact of her being Steve Willets's daughter that make her as dangerous as dynamite to her friends. I'm not saying a word against Miss Fox personally—not on your life!—she's a ripping fine girl, and I can't express how sorry I am for her; but—"

His patronizing manner enraged me.

"Yes, 'but,'" I took him up when he stopped; "that's a poor refuge for a candid, forthright, two-fisted man to avail himself of. You'll either explain what you mean, or let me carry away the opinion that you are a blackguard and a coward."

These were rough words, but I meant them. I was mad clear through and Hardwick knew it. There was one second during which a savage personal assault hung over me as imminently as my next heart-beat, but it didn't come. Hardwick owned some gentlemanly instincts and at least a modicum of common sense, else he could not have been the prosperous man of affairs that he was.

Abruptly the first flush of red-hot anger died in him, and he looked at me queerly.

"Ferris, you're right," he said in a troubled tone that took me by surprise. "It does seem to anybody not knowing the facts a rotten way to treat a decent girl, and Lois Fox is a mighty sight more than that. But, Ferris, think what you will, here's all I can tell you: I had it put to me to get rid of a certain stenographer, or else see Kenton-Hardwick plunged into all sorts of difficulties—mebbe thrown into bankruptcy—smashed—wiped out—the devil knows what. The stenographer happened to be Miss Fox.

I stared at him in speechless amazement; but there was no questioning the man's sincerity.

"Hardwick," I exclaimed at last, "do you realize what an utterly preposterous thing you are expecting me to believe? What can there possibly be in common between a girl who has to drudge for her living and your big concern, that could place it in such jeopardy as you have described? Nonsense!"

He was writhing in an agony of embarrassment. He twisted this way and that, and suddenly jerked out his handkerchief and violently mopped his face and forehead with it, though the lounge was cool and comfortable.

"By heavens, Ferris!" he spluttered, "it's a fact. I—I can't say anything more. It's the very deuce, I know; but I can't explain."

I surveyed him a second longer; then all at once the cause of his agitation burst upon me.

"Hardwick," said I wonderingly, "you are in a panic of fright."

He stared wildly at me a moment, then rushed away without another word.

I dropped helplessly into a chair. What a muddle! Was a sane man ever before called upon to grapple with eventualities so completely deranged, so purposeless, beginning without cause and rushing to no definite end? Yet withal they were dangerous, like some intricate machinery running wild.

My perplexed reflections were broken in upon by a page coming to my corner and notifying me that I was wanted at the telephone. An unfamiliar, nervous, masculine voice told me that one of my wealthiest clients had been taken suddenly ill, that his condition was grave, and that he wanted to see me forthwith. My informant explained that he was the butler, and added that an automobile already had been dispatched to fetch me.

I glanced at my watch and saw that it was but ten-twenty; the night was yet young. I had no occasion to be suspicious, so I got my hat and coat and went outside, where already a limousine car stood purring at the curb. I could not see much of the chaffeur; but as he seemed to be in a desperate hurry, the reason for haste being apparent enough, I did not hesitate.

Somebody inside threw open the limousine door. I stepped in. Simultaneously the car started and the door banked to.

Next instant I was in darkness and struggling futilely in a grip that rendered me powerless.

CHAPTER VII.

So wholly undreamed of had been any idea of kidnapping, or whatever motive lay behind this outrageous assault, that I could not have been more completely taken unawares. My first efforts at resistance were instinctive, purposeless, and represented only so much wasted power. My wits, however, were quickened to an unwonted activity, and they spun almost an instantaneous conception of my predicament.

The moment I bent to enter the limousine, some sort of heavy cloth had been thrown over my head and the ends quickly twisted, drawing the fabric tight; I could hardly breathe, let alone raise an outcry. At the same time, I had been violently jerked inside and against the soft seat cushions, where I was pinned by a vise-like grasp on either arm that rendered me completely helpless; the door had slammed shut and the machine darted away at high speed. The whole thing had happened in a second, and the next second doubtless saw us a square away from the San Gabriel Club, bound I knew not wither. I hadn't the remotest conception of direction, my belief in this respect being governed, through the subsequent lurching twists and turns, by the way the machine had been pointing when I entered it.

I soon stopped struggling and attempted to express my feelings vocally; but this also was unsatisfactory and exceedingly discomforting by reason of the smothering folds of cloth that enveloped my head, and I soon grew quiet. I needed all the breath I could pump into my lungs to keep from suffocating. Moreover the fact that my most furious efforts and protests elicited not the slightest response, was in itself sufficient to excite apprehension.

After the first shock of surprise, my next sensation was one of dumb wonderment that such a thing could have happened at all, and that I, a self-respecting, dignified, peace-loving member of the bar, should have been singled out of a whole cityful for such a melodramatically-staged adventure.

What did my unseen captors mean to do with me, that they were willing to risk so reckless an undertaking? Were they whisking me away to some convenient spot for the purpose of slitting my throat without fear of interruption? Or was this simply an elaborate scheme for robbery? A minute or two must determine; but why should I be selected for robbery?

And then the diamond flashed into my mind.

I steadied at once; my mentality sprang keenly alert to meet the emergency, with the gem as the basis of my speculations, I began to draw inferences from the few facts at hand.

The enveloping folds of cloth served the double purpose of muffling any outcry I might attempt, and also of effectively blindfolding me; in the fraction of time between the opening of the limousine door and the obscuring of my vision, I had noticed that the windows were covered with curtains: thus I on the inside could be a witness to nothing that occurred, just as nobody in the street could glimpse what went on as the automobile sped by.

The car held perhaps four persons besides myself. So far I had not been in the least hurt physically, the only force used having been to overcome resistance on my part, and now that I had ceased to struggle the hands holding me measurably relaxed their grip on arms and legs, though I was sensible of the fact that they remained in instant readiness to check the first signs of renewed opposition on my part.

The entire plot, manifestly, had been carefully planned, its every detail thought out and prepared for beforehand, and I soon became convinced that submission for the present would be the better course for me to adopt. The ruse had been absurdly simple and easy of accomplishment.

I realized that I must be watchful to let nothing escape me by which afterwards I might identify my captors: they must speak sooner or later, if not to me at least among themselves, and I would have one or more voices to remember; the covering might accidentally be removed, enabling me to catch a glimpse of their features—almost any trifling incident, in short, might afford me an opportunity.

But no opportunity presented itself. I heard no voice; of those with me I saw nothing. There were whisperings aplenty, but so slight as to suggest the speaker's lips held close to an attentive ear.

Then all at once I stiffened. A hand slipped into one of my pockets. And as if taking this for a signal of renewed opposition, the deterring grasp once more closed tightly upon my arms and legs. One of the rascals, indeed, must have been kneeling upon the car floor and hugging my shins close to him.

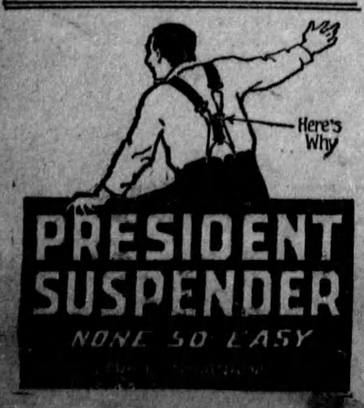
The searching hand moved swiftly but systematically; it left no part of my attire or person unexplored. Everything in my pockets was removed—handkerchief, watch, keys, pen, pencil, penknife, bill-fold, memorandum-book, and all letters and papers. I heard a rustling of paper and a repetition of the faint whispering, by which I guessed they were deliberately reading and discussing every scrap of writing found. Mentally I conned over the contents of these various letters and memoranda, and while there were some things I would not have taken pains to advertise, I recalled with a feeling of relief that I carried nothing referring in any way to the diamond. There was the key to my safe-deposit box, to be sure, but that would scarcely be of avail to anybody except myself.

The whispered discussion continued for some time, and then it abruptly ended. Much to my astonishment, I all at once realized that my possessions were being returned to me, each item being methodically restored to the pocket from which it had been taken. This accomplished there was a sudden shifting of position. I was pushed forward; the cloth was drawn tighter about my head; it was tied behind.

Without warning the machine came to a grinding stop. I heard the door open. I was just beginning to speculate upon the nature of our destination and their final disposition of me, when I found myself in a sitting position upon the ground, which was hard and unyielding and composed entirely of projecting lumps with sharp points and jagged edges.

I had been deliberately pitched out, and with a spluttering roar the car had immediately dashed away.

(To be continued.)



From Erin's Green Isle

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S GREEN SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to All True Irishmen.

Sir Hiram Shaw Wickinson, Kt., has been appointed a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Londonderry.

Lieut.-Colonel C. J. Burke, Royal Flying Corps, an Irish officer, has had the honor of being received by the King, who invested him with the insignia of a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order.

The Marchioness of Waterford presided at a large meeting held in Kilkenny Court House for the purpose of establishing a branch depot in Kilkenny for making bandages, etc., for use in war hospitals.

It has been announced in Dublin that by instructions of Major-General Friend, commanding the forces in Ireland, the police have served notice on Mr. Ernest Blythe, Mr. Liam Mellons and Mr. Pim (known as "A. Newman"), requesting them to leave Ireland immediately.

When a fire engine was going to an outbreak of fire at Bloomfield Factory, Belfast, it knocked down a man named George Robinson, who was so seriously injured that he died shortly afterwards.

The death is reported at Durham, Natal, of Mr. Samuel Joseph Goulding, son of the late Mr. Samuel Goulding, of Dublin. Mr. Goulding, Jun., rendered invaluable service to the local Defence Rifle Association.

A disastrous fire occurred in Belfast, resulting in the destruction of the Dufferin Dock shed, some 60,000 bags of flour, the gift from Canada, and a large quantity of hay. The damage is estimated at over $250,000.

Second Lieutenant Bernard Convey, of Dublin, attached 2nd Battalion, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, has been killed in action in Flanders. He was the son of a former Chief Clerk to the Maryborough District Asylum.

For stating that he had met and drank with the commander and crew of a German submarine at Waterville, a man named Michael Farrell was sentenced to one month's hard labor at Berehaven, under the Defence of the Realm Act.

Sir Crawford McCullough, J.P., Lord Mayor of Belfast, has received a communication from the Minister of Munitions stating that arrangements have been made with the Board of Trade for continuing the work of enrolling war munition volunteers.

ALFONSO'S READY SILENCER.

An Amusing Story of a Visit the Spanish King Paid.

Few of those who recently read in the newspapers that King Alfonso of Spain had celebrated his twenty-ninth birthday remembered that this young monarch has reigned longer than any other European sovereign except the King of Montenegro and the Emperor of Austria. Alfonso was born a king, and has reigned all the twenty-nine years of his life. Pearsn's Weekly tells an amusing story of a visit he once paid, when he was little more than a boy, to a small Spanish town that is noted for a certain delicious kind of candy that is as sticky as it is palatable.

When the young king arrived, a deputation of the townsfolk waited on him and presented him with a huge box of the famous candy. At the same time a pompous man stepped forward with a large roll of paper in his hand, which he began to open. It was a loyal address, and evidently a very long one.

Now, King Alfonso loathes listening to addresses, so as the big man advanced, he handed round the box of candy among the deputation and made the would-be reader take a particularly large piece. Of course etiquette forbade him to refuse. As he worked his jaws up and down, his teeth stuck in the candy, and he could no more have read the address than he could have flown into the air!

There were only 354 days in the year 1752.

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Try it—it's delicious. BLACK GREEN or MIXED.

PRACTICAL FARMING

Requisites of a Good Horse.

The first requisites of a good driver are a cool head and a watchful eye, with ready fingers and the quick understanding of the needs and requirements of his horse. He must also be ready to detect any object by the roadside which would be likely to annoy the horse and grasp at a glance the character of the road that lies ahead of him.

No quick-tempered, loud-voiced man can expect to have a quiet, obedient horse; and the undue haste of the quick-tempered driver to correct what seems to him misbehavior, is one of the reasons why so many horses are dangerous to drive. Much of this abuse, however, to which the horse is subjected, arises more from sheer ignorance and carelessness than from wanton cruelty.

Before starting on a long drive you should examine the horse, the harness and the vehicle—the bit should be as easy a one as possible, the harness must be comfortable and well fitting. Do not use a check rein if the road is long and hilly, but should one be necessary then loosen the head of the horse before ascending a hill, when going over muddy roads, and also whenever you stop, as it is natural for a horse to lower his head when he makes an extra exertion, and also to droop it when he is resting.

A horse should not only be allowed to walk slowly along steep and muddy parts of the road, but also occasionally on level ground; the change from one set of muscles to another rests him. When your horse begins to feel fatigued he will strike one of his hoofs against the ankle opposite, often bruising and cutting it.

As it is generally one of the hind ankles, an ankle boot should be worn during a long drive, even if it is unnecessary on other occasions.

Two other indispensable articles on a long drive are a wooden scraper for removing foam and a hoof-pick for dislodging stones. For one who is often on the road it is also useful to have a few pieces of rope and some brass wire, as with these in his possession anyone with ingenuity can quickly repair ordinary damages to the harness or carriage.

Horses, when traveling, should have water given to them frequently in reasonable quantities—if you drive slowly for a while after watering your horse, no injurious results will follow, and they may be refreshed by a few mouthfuls of grain, hay or grass. Should you chance to stop where there is a strong breeze blowing, put a light blanket on your horse, even if the weather is warm.

Do not, at any part of a long trip yield to the temptation of racing with passing vehicles, for the quickening of a horse's steady road pace to a racing gait heats him unnecessarily, and if done frequently is very fatiguing.

Remember always that your mood communicates itself to your horse. Be gentle, cheerful and patient in your manner toward him and allow him to derive as much comfort as possible from the drive, as you yourself expect.

Nowadays farmers are beginning to awaken to the fact that it takes strong horses to do good work on the farm. The fact that almost any horse can be made to do something at farm work is no valid excuse for men who profess to have their own interests at heart to persist in breeding horses that nobody wants, not even themselves.

In the fields a big team makes haste by the width of the furrow or swath they cut.

There is pleasure and inspiration in the business of breeding and handling high class horses.

Bear in mind in breeding horses that it is just as essential to breed good feet on to them as to get weight and blood in them. The pure-bred mare is a good investment to the small farmer, and if he will allow her to share the work of the place she will do nearly as much work as a gelding, and raise a good colt besides.

A well-bred mare to a stallion of the best type will bring a colt worth as much at weaning-time as a grade colt would bring at maturity, sometimes a lot more.

One Thing.

Officer—So, Mrs. Casey, ye wint to the aviation meet. An' did ye ondershtand the aeroplanes?

Mrs. Casey—Shure, an' I did; but there was wan thing I didn't git through me head, sir, and that was what holds thim up!

Nelson's last words in the cockpit of the Victory were, "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

Willie Spoke.

Sister—"Come, Willie, and take your powder like a little man. You never hear me make any complaint about a trifle like that." Willie—"Neither would I if I could daub it on my face like you do. It's swallowing the stuff that I don't like."

Sir Edward Carson once referred in Parliament to "the gentleman I see behind me."

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