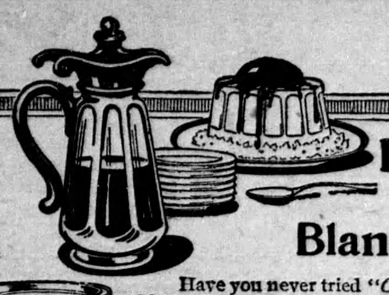

Delicious with Blanc Mange

Have you never tried *"Crown Brand"* with Blanc Mange and other Corn Starch Puddings? They seem to blend perfectly—each improves the other—together, they make simple, inexpensive desserts, that everyone says are "simply delicious".

EDWARDSBURG
"CROWN BRAND"
CORN SYRUP

is ready to serve over all kinds of Puddings—makes a new and attractive dish of such an old favorite as Baked Apples—is far cheaper than butter or preserves when spread on bread—and is best for Candy-making.

"LILY-WHITE" is a pure white Corn Syrup—more delicate in flavor than *"Crown Brand"*. Perhaps you would prefer it.

ASK YOUR GROCER—IN 2, 5, 10 AND 20 LB. TINS.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED
Head Office - Montreal 30

The Green Seal

By CHARLES EDMONDS WALK

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

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd).

There now could be no doubting that the two unrecognizable passengers were determined not to lose any of my movements. The circumstance had ceased to be merely curious; it was becoming positively disquieting.

"Don't worry," my companion counseled. "Just leave it to me. I'll nail them guys before—"

He broke off with an exclamation of surprise. He was staring backward, then all at once he slewed round and curtly commanded our chauffeur to stop, which he did so promptly that I was pitched forward.

"What yuh make o' that?" he askme under his breath.

My companion's manner already had impelled me to look backward too. We had just crossed Alameda Street. The gray car was drawing in to the curb where a man was advancing rapidly from the sidewalk to meet it. Obviously he had signalled it to stop.

The tonneau door swung open, the movements of all three being now marked by nervous haste, and the newcomer was climbing in when Struber was stung to action. He suddenly turned to our chauffeur with a sharp command that made that young man obey on the instant.

"Here, you! Swing this machine round and rush that gray auto like you meant to knock it off the street. Move! Hurry!"

Our car circled and speeded up. Already the other machine was itself gathering headway, coming toward us manifestly with the intention of turning into Alameda Street before we could get close to it. Struber was fidgeting with impatience. He stormed at our driver:

"Beat it, you boob! Beat it! It's a cinch you'll never get pinched for fast driving."

The gray car skidded into Alameda Street, and darted away with its muffler open. An instant later we crossed behind them, and I barely glimpsed one of the figures in the tonneau derisively waving a hand at us.

It was plain that our slower machine could never hope to overtake the gray racer, and Struber once more drew us to a halt. He seemed not in the least disappointed or put out, however, by our failure.

"Well," said I, "you missed them. And now they know that I know they've been following me."

The detective produced a soiled and tattered envelope and a stub of pencil. He jotted something down as he laconically returned:

"But I lamped the number. That's all I wanted."

I dismissed the taxi and we separated at the entrance to the building where my office was situated. Two or three clients were impatiently waiting my return, and Stub handed me a slip of paper bearing several telephone numbers that I was expected to call up on my arrival.

For the next half-hour I was absorbed in business. As soon as the last caller was gotten rid of I called the first of the numbers, which proved to be the Spring Street jewelers where Aarsten was employed. Within a second or two after I had announced my name I recognized the Dutchman's voice.

"What you t'ink, Mr. Ferris. I found the regord of your diamond," he said. "You'd nefer guess who the other fellow was that brought the uncut stone to Opzoomer Brothers — the big, jolly fellow, I mean."

I assured him that I was not good at guessing.

"Ferris," came the surprising information.

"What!" I yelled. "Do you mean my father?"

"Ah! That, now, I can't tell you. I just wrote down the last names — Willets—Ferris—like that. I don't regollect whether I efer heard the first names."

All at once Aartsen's oft-repeated phrase, "the big, jolly fellow," took on a new and suggestive meaning. My father had been a large man, of genial disposition, fond of his joke, and as far as it went the phrase fitted him.

"Describe the man more particularly, Aartsen," I eagerly requested. And the details which came back over the wire tended more and more to establish the astonishing possibility.

But, after all, why should the circumstance be so improbable, though it remain astonishing beyond the power of words to describe—that one of the men with the diamond was my father?

At any rate, the idea immediately set my brain to a piecing together of some of the loose ends, and for a few seconds after I had hung up I sat at my desk in a state of high excitement, while my thoughts fairly flew.

There were my father's long years in China and his familiarity with the country and language; I knew little enough of the history of that period of his life, and almost anything might be possible.

I considered that everything that had happened possessed a Chinese, or at least an Oriental flavor. First of all, the ring and its ivory receptacle, which had been my father's, were unquestionably of Chinese workmanship. Next came the diamond in a box that was a duplicate of the ring box, and on top of that was Lois's box—Lois Fox, the daughter of Steve Willets. Then Willets himself is discovered masquerading as a Chinese: what was his connection with the mystery?

He must have been led to my office safe by either the ring or the diamond, which latter possibility at once suggested that he had been in touch with the person who had mailed it to me.

Then, going back to Miss Fox again there was her mysterious correspondent hailing from the Far East and the surmise that he and the anonymous sender of the diamond were the same: right here, it seemed to me, one link anyhow ought to be found.

Advancing a step farther, James Strang had failed to appear at a stipulated time; apparently he had vanished in thin air. Then, on the day he was expected, at almost the hour, a man calling himself "S. Willets" appeared at the Republic Hotel, gave his place of residence as Johore, and then in turn disappeared.

That my father, in some unaccountable way, should be involved was a startling suggestion, and before I called the next number I was sensible of a strong premonition that matters were approaching a crisis.

Only one other of the calls has any bearing upon my story. It proved to be a brother lawyer who had been moved purely out of curiosity to question me about something of which, until he brought it to my attention, I was ignorant.

"Say," he shouted at me, "don't you ever read the Times personal column?"

"No," was my reply. "What's on your mind?"

"Well," my friend bluntly advised, "one addressed to you appeared all last week. This morning it is worded differently. Better look 'em up."

That morning's issue of the Times still lay upon my desk; I sent Stub out for that of the day before. Although I immediately turned to the second advertisement (the one already at hand), I give them here in the order of their appearance.

I may add that I read them with a distinct shock of amazement, and straightway started off on another frenzied but futile excursion of speculation. Here is the first one:

PERSONAL — Brice Ferris, attorney. Please acknowledge immediately through this column receipt of valuable mail parcel.

This was the personal that had appeared several times—on five successive days, I afterwards ascertained. The one of that morning was similarly addressed, but it seemed to indicate a conflict of purposes somewhere. It was worded thus:

PERSONAL—Brice Ferris, attorney. Pay no attention to advertisement about valuable mail parcel. Only persons interested now know it is safe. James Strang.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the day of the attack upon Mrs. Fox there were two more happenings that demand some attention, and then this narrative takes a stride forward to the first week in May. The interim is thus casually dismissed because nothing of importance fell; it was as if everything had come a standstill—as if the mystery were not to offer another single development.

I saw Struber almost every day during the period. He was always busy, seemingly accomplishing nothing, yet never was downcast or discouraged. He grew unaccountably reticent, merely hinting at strange and unimaginable surprises that were in store for all of us. I assumed that this attitude was a pose behind which he hid a consciousness of defeat and failure.

Late in the afternoon of the day in question, however, the detective sauntered into my office with an affectation of careless indifference that quickened my curiosity more than if he had been excited and eager.

I surveyed him expectantly, and somewhat testily told him to throw away the cigar he was smoking. He did so, cheerfully, and wrinkled his nose at me when I handed him a cigar that was at least endurable.

"I've nailed the owner o' the gray auto," he announced without preamble. Doubtless it is apparent by this time that a marked characteristic of Struber's was his unexpectedness. I waited, and in a moment he added:

"It's Mr. Meyer Hardwick's machine. Know him?"

I stared my bewilderment. "Meyer Hardwick's machine! Why on earth should he be so interested in my movements?"

Struber shrugged his shoulders. "'T is kinda funny, ain't it? But it wasn't Hardwick that was shadowin' you. A pair o' private bulls from Frisco was a-usin' his auto; I haven't learned yet what their drag with him is. It's a sure thing he ain't runnin' any taxi livery. These two sleuths has blew across the Mojave to where they come from, and Hardwick has been out o' town a couple o' days—up in the mountains fishin', they say at the company's office. Now what do yuh make o' that?"

I could make nothing of it. I remembered Hardwick's surprising show of feeling when I took him to task for his treatment of Lois Fox. And then I remembered the two personals. I rallied Struber for having failed to see them.

For the barest fraction of a second he looked crestfallen, but immediately his jaunty self-assurance returned.

"Yep, I missed 'em," he confessed. "The L. A. papers don't carry personals every day, like as if this was New York or Chi., so it ain't a regular thing for us to tag 'em. One on me. But, say, Mr. Ferris, I'm beginning to see a lot I didn't see before. . . . Adios."

He was moving briskly toward the door when I halted him.

"Here, you tell me what you have in mind before you go. I'm sufficiently in the dark as it is."

He paused and considered, inspecting the inside of his hat.

"Nope," he decided at last, "I won't tell you nothing now. I may be dead wrong about what's stirring in my skull, and till I know better I can always look wise."

And so he left me.

The second happening does not have to be treated at length, yet it can not be lightly dismissed. During the night of the day on which Mrs. Fox was attacked, she died. The anæsthetic, it would seem, searched out an unsuspected weakness of the heart, and next morning Lois discovered that her aunt was dead. A tenant was found for the cottage; Miss Fox moved to a down-town rooming-house; and on the third day she was back at the office—a trifle paler, a trifle more subdued, her eyes tender with a light of added suffering. My heart bled for her."

An immediate effect of Mrs. Fox's death was to transform the police's lukewarm search for a burglar into a determined effort to run down a dangerous assassin.

Nothing of note, however, occurred until the first week in May; and then, one morning, came the incident which now I regard as the first careless act of our unknown opponents—for want of a better designation I call them such.

I was engaged in my private room when I was attracted by a strange feminine voice. It wasn't a pleasant voice; it rasped and jarred and seemed somehow out of place. I went to the connecting door and beheld a stout woman in a shabby, cheap velvet dress. She was perhaps fifty, but her coarseness of feature and bold manner erased any veneration which her sex and years might otherwise have commanded.

She had opened a sample-case upon the end of one of the tables nearest Miss Fox's typewriter desk and was displaying an assortment of worthless perfumes, toilet soaps and cosmetics in gaudy wrappers, and despite Stub's tart reminders that canvassing was not allowed in the building, and Miss Fox's undisguised repugnance of the woman, she was exploiting their questionable virtues with a rude, familiar loquacity that suggested liquor.

Miss Fox's attitude, naturally enough, was anything but encouraging, and I was on the point of interfering and relieving her of the embarrassment of the unpleasant woman's persistence, when the situation took a turn that made me pause and prick up my ears.

Without warning, and without the least cessation of her leering talk extolling her wares, she suddenly swept everything back into the case and snapped it shut. Then she laid a card upon Miss Fox's desk.

"If I can't persuade you, dearie, to try any of my unsurpassed pre'rations," she glibly pursued, "I can anyway give you an opportunity to help some friend—perhaps, eh, my dear? I pos'tively remove all disfigurements, such as birthmarks, warts, wens, moles, tattoo-marks and every sort of blemish, restoring the skin to its original perfection.

"D'ye know of anybody disfigured, say, by a hideous tattoo-mark, dearie? Just tell 'em Madame Carcassi can remove it—wipe it out like you'd erase a chalk mark on a blackboard—and all without pain or inconvenience or interference with engagements."

Lois had drawn back and was staring at her with a sort of fascination. The woman happened to glance around and became aware of my presence. Doubtless I was eyeing her with extreme distaste and for a second she was disconcerted; but only for a second, for at once she leered at me in a way meant to be ingratiating and came and gave me one of her cards also.

(To be continued.)

—GOOD DIGESTION—
When your digestion is faulty, weakness and pain are certain and disease is invited.

Mother Seigel's Syrup corrects and stimulates the digestive organs, and banishes the many ailments which arise from indigestion.

FOR 40 YEARS THE STANDARD REMEDY

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

FOR STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLE

7015

At all Druggists, or direct on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00. The large bottle contains three times as much as the smaller. A. J. WHITE & CO. LIMITED, Craig Street West Montreal.

ARMY DESERTIONS IN JAPAN.

Many Commit Suicide Rather Than Face Courtmartial.

The frequency of army desertion, as well as suicide of some of the deserters, is causing some concern among the Japanese military authorities. Statistics show that during last year there were 956 cases of desertion, of which 93 per cent. were common soldiers. Tokio leads other cities with 184 cases, while there were 112 cases at Osaka. Out of the total, 258 soldiers were brought before the military court and punished, while 698 deserters voluntarily surrendered before the three days' grace had expired.

The increase of suicide among deserters is believed to be due to the reduction of days of grace during the war from six to three days, the deserter sometimes preferring to kill himself than face the shame of courtmartial. Deserters who surrender before the three days expire are restored to the service with a light admonition. If they delay their return they become fugitives and are peremptorily punished on their arrest by the military court.

German Officer, Would-be Bomber

Lieut. Robert Fay, German Army, who confessed he was in America to attempt to destroy Allied munition ships.

To the Man Higher Up.

Do you ever stop to think
As your pen dips in the ink
Which will separate some fellow
from his job,
What an awful thing 'twill be
When your letter he shall see—
How his anxious heart will palpitate and throb?

How about the little tot—
Do you think of it or not?
And the wife depending on him for
her bread;
And does something seem to say
That they need his little pay?
Does such a thought e'er travel
through your head?

Do you think of him I wonder—
Of the man who's serving under,
Whose destiny you hold in your
right hand?
Is your thought upon him then,
As you dip in ink your pen
Which will cast him out upon this
frigid land?

Is he old and grey and bent?
Could he never save a cent
That would help to keep his little
family now?
Was he lucky, just like you?
Is he honest, brave and true?
And did you take the word of So-and-So?

Does it ever seem to you,
That just what he's going through
May be meted out to you some day
in kind?
Is your love for self alone?
Is your heart as hard as stone?
Do you ever have your fellow-man
in mind?

Do you ever, in despair,
Kneel down and say a prayer?
Or, do you never, never think of
God at all?
He has prospered you, old boy,
Gave you health and wealth and joy;
So be careful when the axe you
must let fall.

When war was declared, white people of all nationalities in German colonies only numbered about 25,000.

Of course, you can buy cheaper teas, but

"SALADA"

is undoubtedly the most economical and what appears to be 'cheap' in price will prove to be extravagant in use. The fresh young leaves of "Salada" will yield you generous value for your money. B115

Calf Diphtheria.

Calf diphtheria is due to a specific infection, and is always a serious matter. The trouble may appear with calves from three to five days old. Such calves refuse to drink milk or suck. They show more or less discharge of saliva from the mouth. These patches gradually develop into ulcers covered with a dead, granular or cheesy mass, which does not peel easily from the raw surface underneath. There is considerable rise of temperature and an offensive odor from the mouth. The trouble may easily extend to neighboring parts, to the lining membrane of the nose, and then there appears a yellowish discharge. In some cases the lining membrane of the digestive tract is similarly affected and then there is tendency to diarrhœa. Little pigs show similar symptoms.

So far as now known the germ is a normal inhabitant of the intestines of healthy hogs and cattle and probably always virulent. When the disease is prevalent, the virus is, of course, scattered everywhere. Very young animals are most easily and most seriously affected, but cases have been reported in calves and pigs six or eight months old, and even occasionally in adult cattle and adult hogs.

The sores may be cleaned with two per cent. creolin in warm water, and then treated with Lugol's solution, applied twice a day to the ulcers. Permanganate of potash may also be used, two ounces to each gallon of water; made up fresh each time, as the mixture cannot be kept from day to day. Either treatment should be given to valuable animals about twice a day for from four to six days.

Frequent and thorough disinfection of calf-pens and calf-yards is one of the first essentials in management.

Unsafe Lanterns.

The season of shortened daylight brings its own peculiar fire dangers. One of these is the use of the lantern about farm buildings. Of recent years, owing to competition, a low-priced lantern, which is a serious fire menace, has been placed upon the market. Instead of being securely screwed on the oil reservoir, the burner is simply slipped on, with the result that if the lantern is upset, the burner comes off and the oil is allowed to run out upon the lighted wick. The result is either an explosion or a serious blaze and unless speedily checked, damage to life and property.

Poultry and Fruit.

If the hens have the run of an orchard they will not render as good service in protecting the trees from injurious insects as they will if confined in yards around the trees. While the orchard should be utilized, it gives much opportunity to the fowls to work over a large surface, which may to a certain extent lessen their vigilance around the trees. The old maxim is "Bring your chickens to your tree, keep them there, and they will destroy more insects than in any other way." The suggestion is a good one if not inflicting extra expense for fencing, but it is possible that some kind of movable fence should answer the purpose, as the fowls need not be confined except early in the season.

Pride in the Country.

We hear the term "civic pride" in the city. It applies just as much to the country resident. It means the pride that causes you to keep your premises clean and sightly and presentable to the stranger or passerby. And then you yourself might get some pleasure out of a well-kept farm.

Measured by the common standard, keeping your farm tidy actually adds dollars to its value and to the value of the products you have for sale. Let's clean up and stop breeding trouble on our farms.

The inhabitants of the United Kingdom receive, on an average, about seventy-five letters each a year.

FOR colds in the chest or sore throats, for rheumatism or stiffness; for sprains and cramps, "Vaseline" Capsicum brings quick relief.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
CAPSICUM
Petroleum Jelly.
Made in Canada

It does all that a mustard plaster will do. Is cleaner, easier to apply, and will not blister the skin. There are many other "Vaseline" preparations—simple home remedies that should be in every family—"Vaseline" Carbolated, an antiseptic dressing for cuts, insect bites, etc.; Analgic "Vaseline," for neuralgia and headaches; pure "Vaseline," for piles, chilblains, etc., and others.

AVOID SUBSTITUTES. Insist on "Vaseline" in original packages bearing the name, CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Consolidated. For sale at all Chemists and General Stores. Free booklet on request.

CHESEBROUGH MF'G CO.
(Consolidated)
1880 CHABOT AVE., MONTREAL

War upon Pain!

Pain is a visitor to every home and usually it comes quite unexpectedly. But you are prepared for every emergency if you keep a small bottle of Sloan's Liniment handy. It is the greatest *pain killer* ever discovered.

Simply laid on the skin—no rubbing required—It drives the pain away instantly. It is really wonderful.

Sloan's Liniment

KILLS PAIN

for RHEUMATISM SPRAINS SORE MUSCLES