So Truly Fine

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

T92

Drink it and you will say "Superb".

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The reformed cracksman, Michael Lanyard, knowns to the police as the Lone Wolf, is attempting to recover the stolen jewels of Eve de Montalais, the woman he loves. Lanyard, who met Eve in southern France, where he rescued her from robbery at the hands of the brutal Parisian Apache, Dupont, suspects a motoring party consisting of the American, Whitaker Monk; his secretary, Phinuit; the latter's brother, Jules, and the Count and Countess de Lorgnes. De Lorgnes is murdered by Dupont. Lanyard, searching Paris, finds the countess. He learns her real name is Liane Delorme and believes she has the jewels. He enters her house to discover the jewels, and finds her being throttled to death by Dupont, whom he routs after a terrific fight in which he is slightly hurt. Liane insists he stay for the night.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Lanyard sat up and took intelligent notice of the room. Phinuit chuckled, and consulted Monk in the tone of one reasonable man to his peer.

"It's plain to be seen he wants those jewels—means to have 'em. Do you know any way we can keep them from him?"

Monk moved his head slowly from side to side: "None."

"Then you agree with me, it would save us all a heap of trouble to let him have them without any more stalling?"

Monk quietly opened a false door in a pedestal of his desk. Lanyard could hear the spinning of a combination manipulated by Monk's long and bony fingers. And presently he saw Monk straighten up with a sizable steel dispatch-box in his hands, place this upon the desk, and unlock it with a key on his pocket ring.

"There," he announced with an easy gesture.

Lanyard rose and stood over the desk, investigating the contents of the dispatch-box. The collection of magnificent stones seemed to tally accurately with his mental memoranda of the discreption furnished by Eve de Montalais.

"This seems to be right," he said quietly, and closed the box. The automatic lock snapped fast.

"Now what do you say, brother dear?"

"Your debt to me is fully discharged, Liane. What is to prevent me from going ashore with these at once?"

"Nothing," said Phinuit, "but your own good sense."

"Ah!" said Lanyard—"ah!"—and looked from face to face.

"Do understand I am to consider myself your prisoner?"

"Oh, dear no!" said Captain Monk, inexpressibly pained by such crulity. Consider favorably an invitation to be our honored guest on the voyage to New York?"

Lanyard thought the matter over a little.

"Obviously, it would seem, you have not gone to all this trouble—lured me aboard this yacht—merely to amuse yourselves at my expense and then knock me on the head."

"Absurd!" Liane declared indignantly. "As if I would permit such a thing, who owe you so much!"

"Or look at it this way, monsieur," Monk put in with a courtly gesture: "When one has an adversary whom one respect, one wisely prefers to have himwhere one can watch him."

"More than that," said Liane with her most killing glance for Lanyard: "a dear friend."

But Lanyard was not to be put off by fair words and flattery.

"No," he said gravely: "but there is some deeper motive . . ."

He sought Phinuit's eyes, and Phinuit unexpectedly gave him an open-faced return.

"There is," he stater frankly.

"Then why not tell me—?"

"All in good time."

With characteristic abruptness Liane Delorme announced that she was sleepy, it had been for her a most fatiguing day. Captain Monk rang for the stewardess and gallantly escorted the lady to her door. Lanyard got up with Phinuit to bow her out, but instead of following her suit helped himself to a long whisky and soda.

"I'm afraid you've got a tendency to overestimate the guillibility of people in general," remarked Phinuit.

LANYARD SPENT HIS HOURS STUDYING THE CHIEF ENGINEER.

"Why this funny story of yours about wanting to get hold of the Montalais loot simply to slip it back to its owner?"

Lanyard felt a spasm of anger constrict his throat. Nevertheless his courteous smile persisted.

"I presume, Captain Monk, it's not too late to send a note ashore, posted? I don't in the least mind your reading it."

Monk shrugged his brows, found paper, even went so far as to dip the pen for Lanyard.

Lanyard wrote:

"Dear Madame de Montalais:

"I havenot forgotten my promise, but my days have been full since I left the chateau. And even now I must be brief: within an hour I sail for America, within a fortnight you may look for telegraphic advices from me, stating that your jewels are in my possession, and when I hope to be able to restore them to you.

"Believe me, dear madame,

"Devotedly your servant,

"Michael Lanyard."

Monk read and in silence passed this communication over to Phinuit, while Lanyard addressed the envelope.

"Quite in order," was Phinuit's verdict, accompanied by a yawn.

Lanyard folded, and affixed a stamp supplied by Monk, who meanwhile rang for a steward.

"Take this ashore and post it at once," he told the man who answered his summons.

"But seriously, Lanyard!" Phinuit protested with a pained expression. . . . We value your respect too much to let you go on thinking we have fallen for that hokum. We know you steered a direct course from London for the Chateau re Montalais."

"Monsieur sees too clearly . . ."

"What were you up to that night, pussyfooting about the chateau at two in the morning?"

"But this is positively uncanny! Monsieur knows everything."

"Why shouldn't I know about that?" Vanity rang in Phinuit's self-conscious chuckle. "Who'd you think laid you out that night?"

"Monsieur is not telling me—!"

"I guess I owe you an apology," Phinuit admitted. Hope I didn't jar you too much."

CHAPTER XIX

The Face in the Dark

In the early days of the voyage, Lanyard felt confident of outwitting his companions, but was unable to evolve a satisfactory plan to secure the jewels.

Not that he made the mistake of despising those two social malcontents, Phinuit and Jules, that rogue adventurer Monk, that grasping courtesan, Liane Delorme.

Lanyard accounted that quartet uncommonly clever, resourceful, audacious, unscrupulous, and potentially ruthless, utterly callous to compunctions when their interest were jeopardized.

But it was inconveivable that he should fail to outwit and frustrate them, who had the love and faith of Eve de Montalais to honor, cherish, and requite.

Trying to put himself in Liane's place, Lanyard believed that he would never have neglected the opportunity to steal away from Paris while he slept and leave him to gnaw his nails in the mortification of defeat. Why she had not done so, why she had permitted Monk and Phinuit to play their comedy of offering him the jewels, passed understanding.

But Lanyard felt assured Liane would not keep him waiting long for enlightenment as to her intentions.

Lanyard spent his hours studying the Sybarite and particularly the chief engineer, Mr. Mussey, a heavy drinker, untidy about his person and exacting about his engine-room, a veteran of his trade and—it was said—an ancient croney of Monk's.

One night at dinner Liane Delorme appeared in a summery toilette that would have made its mark on the beach of Deauville.

The woman looked years younger than when Lanyard had last seen her. Nobody would ever have believed her a day older than twenty-five, no one, that is to say, who had not watched youth ebb from her face as Lanyard had when he told her of the death of de Lorgnes.

Later that night on deck, pressure of a hand upon his own roused Lanyard to discover that Liane Delorme had seated herself beside him.

"I must have been dreaming," he said, apologetic. "You startled me."

"One could see that, my friend."

The woman spoke in quiet accents and let her hand linger upon his with its insistent reminder o the warm, living presence.

"It is that one grows bored, eh, cher ami?"

"Perhaps, Liane."

"Oh perhaps that one's thoughts are constantly at the Chateau de Montalais?"

"It amuses you, then, to shoot arrows into the air?"

"But naturally, I seek the reason, when I see you distrait and am onscious of your neglect."

"I think it is for me to complain of that! Always you are with your two companions; always I am alone."

"Do you imagine for an instant that I class you with such riffraff?"

"And who am I that you should hold me in higher rating than any other man?"

"You should know I do," the woman breathed, so low he barely caught the words.

"Think what I owe to you, Michael: and then consider this, that of all men whom I have known you alone have never asked for love."

He gave a quiet laugh. "There is too much humility in my heart."

"No," she said in a dull voice—"but you despise me. Do not deny it!" She shifted impatiently in her chair.

"I cannot hope to escape my fate!"

"But one imagines nobody can escape his fate."

"Men such as you, rare as you are, know how to cheat destiny; but women never. It is my fate to have learned too late to love you, Michael—"

"Ah, Liane, Liane!"

"But you hold me in too much contempt to be willing to recognize the truth."

"On the contrary, I admire you extremely, I think you are an incomparable actress."

"You see!" She offered a dispairing gesture to the stars. "It is not true What I say? I lay bare my heart to him, and he tells me that I act!"

"But my dear girl! surely you do not expect me to think otherwise?"

"I was a fool to expect anything from you," she returned bitterly—"you know too much about me."

Divided between annoyance and distaste, he was silent, nd all at once she threw herself half across the joined arms of their chairs, catching his shoulders with her hands, so that her half-clothed body rested on his bosom, and its scented warmth assailed his senses with the seduction whose power she knew so well.

(Continued in our next issue)

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In Paris

Paris—Glorified by all Paris Captain Charles Lindbergh was hailed by the entire populace of the capital, the mighty and the lowly, as the greatest hero that has arisen since the war. Never has a private citizen of alien land received such a demonstration of affection and admiration as the young aviator was accorded as he rode through the streets of Paris to receive the city's homage.

From morning until night his every hour was filled with marks of admiration. First he was received by Marshal Foch, then Marshal Joffre, both of whom welcomed him as though they were his grandfathers, beaming with pride at his achievement. He called upon a group of Belgian men wounded in the war; he lunched amid the great of the land as the guest of M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister. Then came the procession and visit to the city hall of Paris.

While in Newfoundland

The hunt for Captains Charles Nungesser and Francois Coli, missing French trans-Atlantic fliers, went forward at the same time with new hope born of a report that a crash which may have been that of a falling plane had been heard by two workmen near Placentia Bay.

The men, Henry Collins and his son, of Paradise Sound, an inlet of the bay, declared that on 10 o'clock of Monday morning, May 9, the day on which the Paris to New York fliers were due to pass over Newfoundland, they had heard a falling object followed b an explosion. A preliminary investigation failed to disclose the source of the sound.

A message received from Belleoram on the southern coast near St. Pierre Thursday, May 26, said the report that the crew of the Danish schooner Albert had sighted an airplane 80 miles off Cape Pine on the morning of May 9 was "apparently false." The schooner saw a flash of light on May 4, the message said, and heard the noise of an exhaust at the same time, but saw nothing on May 9.

DRIVER LICENSES AFTER JULY FIRST

Order-in-Council Places That Date for Start of Long-Talked Improvement.

REVENUE OVER $600,000.

Every motorist in Ontario will, after July 1st next, be required to carry a driver's license. An order-in-Council to this effect was passed recently at the Cabinet Council meeting of the Ferguson Government and announced recently. It fixed a fee of one dollar for the license and provides that it shall be valid until the end of 1928.

The proposal for a driver's license for motor car operators has been heralded for some time past by Hon. George S. Henry, Minister of Highways. The intention originally was to make it effective at the beginning of the present year, but clerical difficulties in the department prevented it being handled then, due to the rush incidental to the issuing of the motor license plates. It was stated at that time, however, that the license would come into force about mid-Summer.

The license will be granted automatically upon payment of the one dollar fee to experienced drivers, into which class all persons who have driven 500 miles, or for six months will be admitted. Inexperienced drivers will be required to pass the scrutiny of inspectors, who will be appointed by the department in the various centres of the province. Exmination by these inspectors will cost the individual who is securing his first permit one dollar, which will be retained by the inspector as his remuneration for his work.

The Government is estimating that it will issue an average of two drivers' permits for every motor vehicle in the province. On this basis the revenue from the licenses would be somewhat in excess of $600,000.

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Grace and charm are admirably combined in this attractive frock. Satin or flat crepe fashions the one-piece foundation and long sleeves gathered to narrow wrist-bands, while the yoke and gathered drapery are of figured material in View A. In View B the frock is made of georgette and the yoke is of all-over lace and the sleeves are omitted. No. 1593 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. figured, or 2⅜ yards when material has a right and wrong side for drapery and yoke. View B., size 36, requires 2¾ yards 39-inch, or 2¼ yards 54-inch material for dress; 1⅛ yards View A, size 36, requires 3½ yards 39-inch, or 2¼ yards 54-inch plain material, and 1½ yards 36 or 39-inch, 36 or 39-inch, or 2 yards when material has a right and wrong side for drapery; ⅜ yard 18-inch allover lace for yoke. Price 20c the pattern.

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JUTLAND DISASTER BEATTY'S FAULT

Rear Admiral Harper Does Not Hesitate to Score Popular Idol.

London—"The Truth About Jutland," Rear-Admiral John Ernest Harper's book, just published, of course is not Rear-Admiral Harper's famous official report of 1919 on the Battle of Jutland, which the eyes of the public has not yet seen, but which W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, promised the House of Commons last night shall be published as originally compiled and without amendment.

The most arresting of many arresting passages in Read-Admiral Harper's book is the following:

"Earl Beatty had made a fatal elementary mistake in dividing his forces so that he could engage only with part of them. This produced a result which can only be termed disastrous. It is an unpalatable—extremely unpalatable—but nevertheless indisputable fact that the British squadron, which was greatly superior in numbers and gun power, not only failed to defeat the weaker enemy, who made no effort to avoid action, but in the space of 50 minutes suffered what can only be described as partial defeat."

Read-Admiral Harper, describing the German battle fleet's arrival on the scene after preliminary operations, discusses Earl Jellicoe's deployment. "Hampered by inaccurate information and poor visibility," Rear-Admiral Harper finds the deployment to have been admirably conceived and executed, and he quotes German official history in support thereof.

The indecisiveness of the resulting engagement is attributed to poor visibility, the whole area being shrouded by sea mist and funnel and cordite smoke. "Nevertheless, from the moment the Grand Fleet intervened," the Rear-Admiral states, "the situation turned in our favor, only a series of hazardous manoeuvres saving the German's encirclement and destruction."

There is also some blame for the Admiralty for the German fleet's escape. Attention is drawn to an important wireless message from the German admiral, which was intercepted and decoded by the Admiralty, but was not conveyed to Earl Jellicoe until it was too late for him to alter his plans during the night, which otherwise he certainly would have done.

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The Small Speculator.

New York Journal of Commerce: The disposition of Americans to think in terms of capital values instead of in terms of current returns from investment affords a fertile field for the encouragement of the small speculator in stocks who would rather buy and sell than hold.

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