Fine Quality

"SALADA" TEA

208

3 to 4 cups to each cent's worth of tea.

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.

CO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Ah, Michael, my Michael!" Liane cried. It is so real to me, so true, so overwhelming, the greatest thing of all! How can it be otherwise to you? . . . No: do not think I complain. But, oh my dear! were I only able to make you understand, think what life would be to us, to you and me. You with your wit, your strength, your skill, your poise—I with my great love to inspire and sustain you—what a pair we should make! Think, Michael—think!"

"Why, I think two things," said Lanyard: "First, that you deserve to be soundly kissed." He kissed her, but with discretion, and firmly put her from him. "Then"—his tone took on a note of earnestness—"that if what you have said is true, it is a pity, and I am sorry, Liane, very sorry. And, if it is not true, that the comedy was well played. Shall we let it rest at that, my dear,"

Half lifting her, he helped her back into her chair, and as she turned her face away, struggling for mastery of her emotion, true or feigned, he sat back, found his cigaret case, and clipping a cigaret between his lips, felt about for a match.

As he struck the light he heard a sudden, soft swish of draperies as the woman rose.

Moving toward the saloon companionway, she passed him swiftly, without a word, her head bended, a hand pressing a handkerchief to her lips. Forgetful, he followed her swaying figure with puzzled gaze till admonished by the flame that crept toward his fingertips. He put it to his cigaret. At the second puff he heard a choking gasp, and looked up again.

The woman stood alone, en silhouette against the glow of the companionway, her arms thrust out as if to ward off some threatened danger. A second cry broke from her lips, shrill with terror, she tottered and fell as, dropping his cigaret, Lanyard ran to her.

His vision dazzled by the flame of the match, he sought in vain for any cause for her apparent fright. For all he could see, the deck was as empty as he had presumed it to be all through their conversation.

"Popinot!" she cried. "Popinot—he was there—I saw him—standing there!"

A trembling arm indicated the starboard deck just forward of the companion housing. But of course, when Lanyard looked, there was no one there . . . if there had ever been . . .

"Impossible!" Phinuit commented when told of the Apache's appearance.

"Nonsense," Monk added, speaking directly to Liane.

She had recovered much of her composure, enough to enable her to shrug her disdain of such stupidity.

"I tell you only what my two eyes saw."

"And I tell you, while that assassin is at liberty aboard this yacht, not one of our lives is worth a sou—no, not one!"

"Oh, we shall search." Monk gave in as one who indulges a childish whim. "But I can tell you now what we'll find—or won't."

"Then heaven help us all!" Liane went swiftly to the door of her room, but there hesitated, looking back in appeal to Lanyard. "I am afraid . ."

"Let me have a look round first."

And when Lanyard had satisfied himself there was nobody concealed in any part of Liane's suite, and had been rewarded with a glance of gratitude—"I shall lock myself in, of

SHE TOTTERED AND FELL.

course," the woman said from the threshold—"and I have my pistol, too."

Lanyard, scrutinizing the deck with the flashlamp, stooped, picked up something, and offered it on an outspread palm upon which he trained the clear electric beam.

"Cigaret stub?" Monk said, and sniffed.

"A cigaret manufactured by the French Regie. Who that uses this part of the deck would be apt to insult his palate with such a cigaret?"

Then you believe it was Popinot, too?"

"I believe you would do well to make the search you have promised thorough and immediate."

"Plenty of time," Monk replied wearily. "I'll turn this old tub inside out, if you insist, in the morning."

Whether or not sleep brought Monk better counsel, the morning's ransacking of the vessel and the examination of her crew proved more painstaking than Lanyard had expected. And the upshot was precisely as Monk had foretold, nothing. He reported drily to this effect at an informal conference in his quarters after luncheon.

"Now," Monk announced with a little bow, "for what, one imagines, Mr. Phinuit would term the Elaborate Idea!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE TRAP FOR THE WOLF.

"They are such, monsieur," Monk said with that deliberation which becomes a dimplomatic personage—"your talents are such that you can, if you will, become invaluable to us."

Phinuit chuckled outright at Lanyard's look of polite obstuseness.

"Never sail a straight course—can you, skipper?—when you can get there by tacking. Let me act as interpreter. Mr. Lanyard: this giddy association of malefactors here present has the honor to invite you to become a full-fledged working member and stockholder of equal interest with the rest of us, participating in all benefits of the organization, including police protection. And as added inducement we're willing to waive initiation fee and dues. Do I make myself clear?"

Lanyard lifted his meditative gaze to the face of Phinuit.

"I find something lacking . . . You have shown me but one side of the coin. What is the reverse? You have forgotten to name the penalty which would attach to a possible refusal."

"I guess it's safe to leave that to your imagination."

"There would be a penalty, however?"

"Well, naturally, if you're not with us, you're against us. And to take that stand would oblige us, as a simple matter of self-preservation, to defend ourselves with every means at our command."

"Means which," Lanyard murmured, "you prefer not to name."

"Well, one doesn't like to be crude."

"I have my answer, monsieur—and many thanks. The parallel is complete."

With a dim smile playing in his eyes and twitching at the corners of his lips, Lanyard leaned back and studied the deck beams. Liane Delorme sat up with a movement of sharp uneasiness.

"Of what, my friend, are you thinking?"

"I am marveling at something everybody knows—that history does repeat itself."

The woman made a sudden hissing sound, of breath drawn shortly between closed teeth. "I hope not!" she sight. "You see, my friend, I think I know what is in your mind, memories of old times . . ."

"True: I am thinking of those days when the Pack hunted the Lone Wolf in Paris, and made him much the same offer as you have made to-night. . . . The Pack, you should know, messieurs, was the name assumed by an association of Parisian criminals, ambitious like you, who had grown envious of the Lone Wolf's success, and wished to persuade him to run with them."

"And what happened?" Phinuit inquired.

"As memory serves, I told them they could all go plumb to hell."

"Well," Phinuit hazarded with a good show of confidence, "I guess you won't tell us to go plumb to hell, will you?"

"No; I promise to be more original than that. You shall have your answer by the time we make our landfall—perhaps before."

Lanyard went to bed, the last night out, leaving a noisy gathering in the saloon, and read himself drowsy. Then turning out his light he slept. Some time later he found himself insantaneously awake, and alert, with a clear head and every faculty on the qui vive.

He felt a presence, and knew that it waited, stirless, within arm's-length of his head. Without much concern, he thought of Popinot, that "phantom Popinot" of Monk's deresive naming.

Well, if the vision Liane had seen on deck had taken material form here in his stateroom, Lanyard presumed it meant another fight, and the last, to a finish, that is to say, to a death.

He heard a whisper, or rather a mutter, a voice he could not place in its present pitch.

"Awake, Monsieur Delorme?" it said. "Hush Don't make a row, and never mind the light."

His astonishment was so overpowering that instinctively his tensed muscles relaxed and his hand fell back upon the bedding.

"It's me—Mussey."

Lanyard echoed witlessly: "Mussey?"

"I had to have a bit of a talk with you without anybody's catching on."

"Well," Lanyard said, "I'm damned!"

"Look here . . ." The mutter stumbled. "I want to ask a personal question. Is or isn't your right name Lanyard, Michael Lanyard?"

"That's an unusual name, Michael Lanyard," cautiously replied its proprietor. "How did you get hold of it?"

"They say it's the right name of the Lone Wolf. Guess I don't have to tell you who the Lone Wolf is."

"'They say'? Who, please, are 'they'?"

"Oh, there's a lot of talk going around the ship. You know how it is, a crew will gossip. And they've got enough excuse this cruise."

This was constructively evasive. Lanyard wondered who had betrayed him.

(To be continued.)

ISSUE No. 24—'27.

Ease sunburn with Minard's Liniment.

Twinkle, Twinkle.

1st Fish—"What a nice clear night it is."

2nd Fish—"Yes, all the star-fish are out!"

A foreigner might find it hard to explain why commencement should mark the end of college days.

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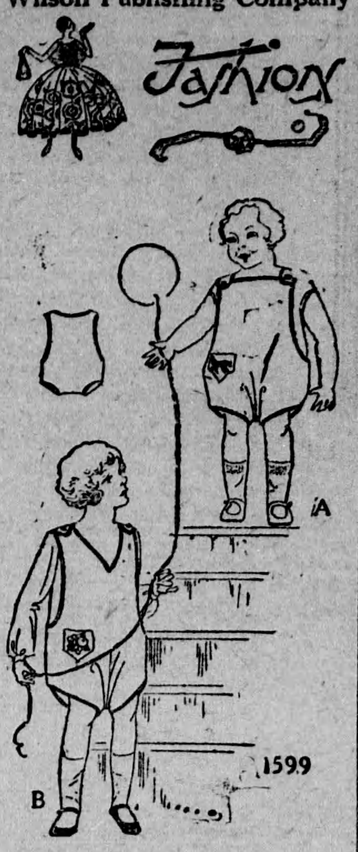

A NEW COVERALL.

Any boy or girl will find enjoyment in wearing the attractive one-piece coverall shown here. The back buttons onto the front at the shoulders and the neck may be either square or V-shaped. Contrasting material is used to bind the edges and the patch-pocket is embroiered in an attractive design. No. 1599 is in sizes 1, 2 and 4 years. Size 2 requires 1⅝ yards 27 or 32-inch material, and ⅜ yard 27-inch contrasting for binding. Price 20 cents the pattern.

The Transfer Design is No. 1168. Price 25 cents the pattern.

Home sewing brings nice clothes within the reach of all, and to follow the mode is delightful when it can be done so easily and economically by following the styles pictured in our new Fashion Book. A chart accompanying each pattern shows the material as it appears when cut out. Every detail is explained so that the inexperienced sewer can make without difficulty an attractive dress. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

GOOD ADVICE.

Former Premiers Urge Men of City to Get Allotments to Cultivate.

London—Two former Prime Ministers who, speaking politically and figuratively, are expert "fence menders" and "tillers of the soil"—David Lloyd George and J. Ramsay Macdonald—have issued their opinions on gardening for the benefit of the National Union of Allotment Holders which is to open an exhibition here next September.

Mr. Lloyd George states that "backyards are a poor substitute for gardens. But every town can, by making proper provision for allotments, make good a fundamental defect in the organization of towns as we have allowed them to come into existence in the British Isles. No town can think that it has done its duty to its inhabitants until it has provided for all of its citizens who need plots of land, so that they can find both recreation and profit in digging the ground and gathering the fruits of the earth.

"The time has passed when so great a movement can be satisfied with existing on sufferance. Land for allotments should be permanently marked down for that use and no other. Our towns everywhere should take pride in providing security of tenure for allotments as in finding sites for houses and open spaces. I hope Parliament in the near future will take adequate measures to establish the allotment movement on a permanent basis."

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's statement is to the effect that: "Allotments are not only good for the production of food—a very necessary thing in itself—but they are the most delightful recreation and labor, and have a fine effect on the personal qualities and special characters of men. As a rival attraction to the flashy and degrading allurements of town life, they are incomparable.

"I wish every man had a bit of ground, loved to take a spade in his hand, and was privileged to see the fruit of his labor and his skill manifesting itself in the flowers and fruits of the earth."

Campers—Take Minard's with you.

"The Man of the Caverns."

There was a mysterious place in France which few people ever dared go near. This was a large cavern with great black depths. One day a man was lowered into that cavern and to everyone's astonishment he came up again to tell about it.

He said there were wonderful rocks there and colored icicles sparkling with beautiful colors, so that the cavern which people had supposed so ugly was discovered to be one of nature's pleasant surprises.

Prof. Edouard Martel is now an elderly man with white hair and a pleasant fact. For 50 years he has been exploring the caves and caverns of the world, and studying the underground lakes in various countries. He was born in France and is known there as "The Man of Caverns."

Besides being an explorer Professor Martel is also an inventor. When he found a need for special equipment in his work, he was not satisfied until he had perfected the necessary articles. He has perfected a leather canoe, which is strong and waterproof and also light enough to be easily carried by one man. When he works in the caverns he wears a suit of clothes which he invented to protect him from sharp rocks and which will not tear on rough ledges. He wears a cap of padded leather which is a protection against falling rocks. This is also his own idea.

Before he descends into his chosen underground spot, he carefully studies all conditions of the cave and vicinity. He was only 10 years old when he mastered his geography and he now is thoroughly acquainted with the geology and topography of the land where he works.

When he is ready to descend he seats himself on a piece of board tied at the end of a rope and several men hold the other end at the mouth of the cave and unwind the rope gradually until he reaches the bottom. He has a telephone strapped around his neck and on reaching the bottom he proceeds on foot, aided by a guide rope attached to his belt. The telephone wire runs through this rope.

His equipment consists among other things of rope ladders, gas mask, barometers, thermometers, a specially prepared chocolate, matches, candles, field telephones, jack-knives and rubber boots.

Professor Hartel's unusual life work in being a cavern pioneer has aided other explorers and also given important discoveries and facts about the earth to those who are constantly studying along this line.

Candlelighted Woods.

At this time of the spring one of the beautiful sights of the heavily forested regions of British Columbia is to be found in the Douglas fir trees lighted with multitudes of new twigs of tender green needles growing out from the older darker portions of the branches. Just now the shoots average three or four inches in length, are light jade or apple green in color, with touches of yellow. Whether looked at in shadow or sunshine the effect of the tasseled stems dotting the dark green masses of foliage is that of millions of lighted candles.

If you enter a grove it is like stepping into a temple illuminated with tapers. The paths and trails are bordered and arched with groups of these softly glowing green fires.

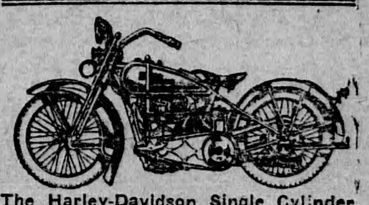
The impression of candlelighted woods is accentuated in the lower landscapes by the many dogwood trees, now covered with white clouds of blossoming, and by the profusion of Scottish broom. The vivid golden yellow flowers of this shrub are so thick that at a distance each shrub seems to be a solid mass of flaming beauty. They cover the fields and slopes in some sections and seem to almost outdo the sun in flooding the world with golden loveliness.

"Saxpense?" said Sandy to an Edinburgh chemist, who had charged him that amount for a packet of sulphur, "why, man, I get it for fourpence in Glasgow." "Aye," said the chemist, "an' for a' I care ye can gang awa' tae anither place where ye can get as much sulphur s ye want for maething."

The Entente Cordiale.

London Daily Mail (Ind. Cons.): It was not caprice or acident that brought England and France together after a century of bickering. It was the sense of common danger, which might be averted by their united strength. It is even believed by most Continental authorities on the diplomacy of the weeks immediately preceding the war that had France and Britain been joined in a definite alliance Germany would never have launched the attack which brought an the world that immense catastrophe. To-day the two nations stand side by side, with a third comrade and ally in the great nation of Twentieth Century Italy. They must never again be divided.

A debating star shines best when his points are clear.



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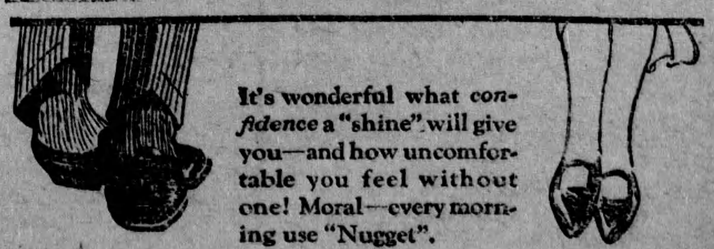

It's wonderful what confidence a "shine" will give you—and how uncomfortable you feel without one! Moral—every morning use "Nugget".

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