You Can Try
"SALADA"
GREEN TEA 770
Write 'Salada', Toronto, for free sample.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

Monk turned the keys, but all at once forgot his purpose and cocked his ears attentively to rumors of excitement and confusion on the deck. The instinct of the seafaring man [illegible] Monk stiffened, grew rigid from head to foot.

One heard hurried feet, outcries, a sudden jangle of the engine-room telegraph. . . .

"Monsieur! monsieur!" Liane implored. "Open that box!"

The words were on her lips when she was thrown off her feet by a frightful shock which stopped the Sybarite dead in full career. The woman cannoned against Monk, shouldering him bodily aside.

Instinctively snatching at the box, Monk succeeded only in dragging it to the edge of the desk before a second shock seemed to make the yacht leap like a live thing stricken mortally.

The dispatch-box went to the floor, Liane Delorme was propelled headlong into a corner, Monk thrown to his knees, Phinuit lifted out of his chair and flung sprawling into the arms of Lanyard, who retained sufficien presence of mind to disarm Phinuit before that one guessed what he was about.

Of a sudden the engines ceased, and there was no more movement of any sort.

Lanyard had no means to measure how long that dumb suspense lasted. It seemed interminable. Eventually he saw Monk pick himself up and dash out.

As if he had only needed that vision of action to animate him, Lanyard threw Phinuit off, so that he staggered under the threat of his own pistol in Lanyard's hands. He lingered for a moment, then apparently realizing his danger, faded away into the saloon.

With a roughness dictated by the desperate extremity, Lanyard strode over to Liane Delorme, fairly jerked her to her feet, and thrust her stumbling into the saloon. Closing the door behind her, he shot its bolts.

He went to work swiftly then, in a fever of haste.

Stripping off coat and waistcoat, he took from the pocket of the latter the wallet that held his papers, then ripped open his shirt and unbuckled the money belt around his waist. Its pockets were ample and fitted with trustworthy fastenings and all but one, that held a few English sovereigns, were empty. The jewels of Madame de Montalais went into them as rapidly as his fingers could move.

Thus engaged, he heard a pistol explode in the saloon, and saw the polished writing-bed of the captain's desk scored by a bullet. A stream of bullets followed, one after another, boring the stout panels as if their consistency had been that of cheese.

Lanyard stepped out of their path and hugged the partition while he finished stuffing the jewels into the belt and, placing the thin wallet beneath it, strapped it tightly round him once more. . . .

Lanyard edged along the partition to the door, calculated the stand of the lunatic in the saloon from the angle at which the bullets were coming through, and emptied the pistol he had taken from Phinuit at the panels as fast as he could pull the trigger.

There was no more firing. . . .

He tossed aside the empty weapon, made sure of Popinot's on his hip, approached one of the deadlights, placed a chair, climbed upon it, and with infinite pains managed to wriggle and squirm head and shoulders through the opening.

After that he had to work his way round, inch by inch, until it seemed possible to drop into the sea and escape hitting the screw.

Ten minutes later the fingers of one hand—he was swimming on his side—at the bottom of his stroke touched pebbles.

He lowered his feet and waded through extensive shallows to a wide and sandy beach.

CHAPTER XXII.

FINIS.

The windows in his suite at the Walpole commanded a southward vista of Fifth avenue, whose enchantment was so potent that Lanyard, on the first day of this tenancy, thought it could never tire. Yet by noon of the third he was viewing it with the eyes of soul-destroying ennue.

Three days before, immediately on arriving, he had cabled Eve de Montalais.

"Mission successful," he had wired—"returning France by La Savoie in five days, having arranged safe transportation your property—please advise if you can meet me in Paris to receive same or your commands otherwise."

EMPTIED THE PISTOL AT THE PANEL.

And to this, silence only!

When the telephone did ring—toward noon of the third day, he fairly stumbled over himself in his haste to reach the instrument.

"Yes . . . Yes, at once."

His callers filed into the room with cheerfulness of mien, Liane Delorme first, then Monk, then Phinuit, rather bleached of color and wearing one arm in a sling; all very smart in clothes conspicuously new and costly as the avenue afforded, striking figures of contentment in prosperity.

"It is a pleasure indeed," Lanyard gravely acknowledged their several salutations.

"Be that as it may," said Phinuit—"here is the happy family reunited and ready to talk business."

"And no hard feelings, Monsieur Phinuit?"

'We don't want to pull any rough stuff on you, Lanyard."

"Rough stuff, monsieur? You mean, physical force?"

"Not exactly. I've got a couple of friends of mine from Headquarters waiting downstairs this very minute, ready and willing to cop out the honor of putting the Lone Wolf under arrest for stealing the Montalais jewels."

"But is it possible," Lanyard protested, "you still believe I am a thief at heart and interested in those jewels only to turn them to my own profit?"

He stared unbelievingly at the frosty eyes of Monk beneath their fatuously stubborn brows, at the hard, unyielding eyes of Phinuit.

"Well, well!" Lanyard pronounced in comic despair—"it passes understanding!

"Now I, in my turn, have the honor to inform you that I have had relays of detectives waiting in this hotel day and night, with instructions to guard the doors as soon as you were shown up to my rooms."

"He's lying," Monk insisted, putting a restraining hand on Phinuit's arm.

Lanyard crossed rapidly to the hall door and flung it open—and fell back a pace with a cry of amazement.

"Madame!" Lanyard gasped— Madame de Montalais!"

She entered with a gladness in her face that was carried out by the impulsive gesture with which she gave him her hands.

"My dear friend!" she cried happily—"I am so glad! And to think we have been guests of the same hotel for three livelong days and never knew it. I arrived by La Touraine Saturday, but your message, telegraphed back from Combe-Redonde, reached me not five minutes ago. I telephoned the desk, they told me the number of your room and—here I am!"

"But I cannot believe my senses!"

With unanimous consent Jules, Phinuit and Monk uprose and made for the door, only to find it blocked by a substantial form.

"Steady, gents!" he counseled coolly. "Orders are to let everybody in and nobody out."

For a moment they hung in doubt and consternation consulting one another with dismayed stares.

Grasping the situation, Eve de Montalais turned to the quartet eyes that glimmered in a face otherwise quite composed.

"But how surprising!" she declared. "Madame la Comtesse de Lorgnes—Monsieur Monk—Mr. Phinuit—how delightful to see you all again!"

The civility met with inadequate appreciation.

"Nothing could be more opportune," Lanyard declared; "for it is to this lady, Madame de Montalais, and to these gentlemen that you owe the recovery of your jewels."

"But how can I thank them?"

"Well," said Lanyard, "if you ask me, I believe they would be most grateful to be permitted to leave and keep their numerous and pressing appointments elsewhere."

"I am entirely of your mind, monsieur."

Lanyard nodded to the man in the doorway—"All right, Mr. Murray"—and he stood indifferently aside.

In silence the three men moved to the door and out. Phinuit with a brazen swagger, Jules without emotion visible, Monk with eyebrows adroop and flapping.

But Lanyard interposed when Liane Delorme would have followed.

"A moment, Liane, if you will be so good."

She paused, regarding him with a sombre and inscrutable face while he produced from his coat-pocket a fat envelope without endorsement.

"This is yours."

The woman murmured blankly: "Mine?"

He said in a guarded voice: "Papers I found in the safe in your library, that night. You are unwise to keep such papers, Liane. Good-bye."

Lifting the flap, the woman half withdrew the enclosure, recognized it at a glance, and crushed it in a convulsive grasp. For an instant she seemed about to speak, then bowed her head in dumb acknowledgement, and left the room.

Lanyard nodded to Mr. Murray, who amiably closed the door, keeping himself on the outside of it.

Eve de Montalais was eyeing him with an indulgent and amused glance.

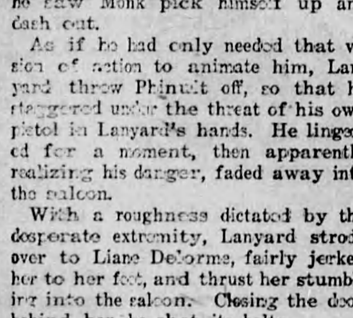
"That woman loves you, monsieur," she stated quietly.

He succeeded admirably in looking as if the thought was strange to him.

"One is sure madame must be mistaken."

"Ah, but I am not!" said Eve de Montalais. "Who should know better the signs that tell of woman's love for you, my dear?"

(The End.)



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As a result of some years experimenting, the Horticultural Division of the Dominion Experimental Farms has succeeded in isolating a variety of gooseberry which is practically thornless and spineless and bears fruit of a commercial size. The new variety has been named Spinefree and the fruit is of good quality, rather thick-skinned, bright red in color when ripe, and entirely free of prickles.

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The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

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Fashion

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THE COUNTRY

Sweet is it to forsake the noisy street
For a quiet path that wanders thro' a wood;
A path that knows not hurry, but attunes
All life to its own leisure; sweet to live,
Carless of time, in a wide solitude
Of deepest shade, thro' whose high rifts the sun
Sifts like a dust of silver flecked with green.
Sweet is it at all seasons, but most sweet
In the unspotted sheen of early spring,
When all the woods, even to the lowest shrub
That couches in their shadows, stand arrayed
In their full-foliaged glory. When the birds,
Stirred by the sunshine and the soul of spring,
In a sweet rivalry of rapture pour
Their feelings into song, and each to each,
Fling answering melodies diverse, but all
Divinely sweet. The air, serenly calm,
And dewy-warm with all wild woodland scents,
Here takes no stain, but every hour abides,
Like morn, in its first freshness, sweet and pure.

—J. C. M. Duncan.

Mountain Named After First Yukon Gold Commissioner

Mount Ogilvie on the International boundary between British Columbia and Alaska, is 7,700 feet high. According to the Geographic Board of Canada it is named after Mr. William Ogilvie, D.L.S., who in the early nineties made the field surveys and maps which were used as the basis for determining the present International boundary, and who was later the first Gold Commissioner of the Yukon.

Canada Leads Nickel Producers

Within the last forty years Canada has become the dominant factor in the nickel industry and now supplies 90 per cent. of the world's requirements of that metal from the mines in the vicinity of Sudbury, Ontario.

KEEP CHILDREN BUSY

Destructive Tendencies Are Turned to Useful Channels.

Herbert was what is generally known as a "destructive" child, and Miss N——, his kindergarten teacher, had been wondering for a week just what she was going to do about it. If she had been an old-fashioned teacher, she would simply have scolded or punished. But she was a new-fashioned teacher, and so she pondered.

Herbert was unusually "bad" on Monday morning. He had mashed little Jane's "cake" which she had so carefully made in the sand pile. He had kicked over Dicky's beautiful house of blocks and he had upset blue-eyed Marian's doll carriage, right after she had got her dolly all nicely tucked in.

Looking around for new fields to conquer, he saw some of the boys busily making boats at the work-bench, and he suddenly announced: "I want to make a boat, too." Miss N—— told him he would have to wait until there was room at the bench, which he patiently did. At length Teacher said, "Now it's Herbert's and John's turn at the bench"; and the two little chaps eagerly gathered together their wood and hammers and nails.

MOTIVE BACK OF REQUEST.

This was a first adventure at the work bench for both these boys, as they had but lately entered the school. Miss N—— consequently glanced in their direction shortly, and saw that Herbert was hammering away lustily, but that John, who was smaller and less vigorous about his work, was having rather a hard time. "Will you help John a little with the hammering, Herbert?" she suggested. "You do it so well." Herbert at once complied. When the boats were finished, both boys proudly exhibited them to their teacher. After due admiration Miss N—— turned to Herbert, saying, "That was nice of you to help John." At this remark, little John threw his arms around the bigger boy's neck, thus expressing his gratitude. A beatific expression shone in Herbert's face!

From that time on Miss N—— had no further trouble with Herbert. He had discovered that it is more fun to construct than to destroy, and that it is much more satisfying to help others than to spoil the results of their efforts.

Often parents meet this same problem. Mary breaks everything," and Jack takes everything to pieces," are frequently heard. Could not these parents adopt the methods that Miss N—— used with Herbert? Could they not give their "destructive" children plenty of materials with which to construct? I am confident they would see a quick change! If children write on the walls, why not give them paper upon which to write? If they tear up books, cannot old newspapers and magazines be substituted? Pieces of wood to hammer are much more acceptable than parlor furniture. Let us give active little hands all kinds of materials, such as plastercene, clay, sand, scissors, paste, crayons, paints, hammers, blocks, etc. Later on, there same boys and girls, too, will need work benches and well-made tools, and the girls, and perhaps the boys, will delight in all kinds of sewing materials.

ACTIVE, CURIOUS WANT TO BE BUSY.

Children are not naturally "destructive." They are active and curious and want to be busy, and they expend their constructive energy upon whatever comes easily to hand. If they have no other materials to use, they will use the furniture or their toys.

I know a boy who wanted to use his hands every minute. As he had very little other material, the clocks and the door knobs in his home were in constant jeopardy. His father considered him "bad" and destructive, and felt that a military school, where he would be "disciplined" was the best place for him. How unwise and unnecessary this treatment was: What this boy really needed was a work bench and tools, or better still, the privilege of joining a carpentry class!

If we want our children to take care of their toys, we must select playthings which they can manipulate, with which they can "do" something. The mechanical toys are interesting for a short while, but after they have held the stage for a time, the youngster, who always wants to be the star performer, either discards them entirely, or finds that the only really intreesting thing he can do with them is to take them to pieces to discover what makes the "wheels go round." Simple, strong, serviceable toys, which act as lay figures for the child's imagination, are what he wants and needs!

Taking care of a garden, or if this is out of the question, one or two plants, gives a child's activity a splendid outlet. Who would think of thoughtlessly stepping upon a tiny growing thing, after having had the joy of caring for and nurturing his own garden!

Not only will constructive activities of all kinds cure "destructiveness," but they will be of positive value as well. They will give an outlet to the child's desire to create; through working with materials he will acquire skill, judgment and accuracy, and he will learn concentration. His imagination also will be stimulated. Perhaps hidden talents will be discovered; he will certainly learn habits of industry, and best of all, he will get the peace and joy that come from achievement.

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