Judge the quality of Green Tea by the colour of the brew when poured into your cup before cream is added. The paler the colour the finer the Green Tea. Compare any other Green Tea with "SALADA"—None can equal it in flavour, point, or clearness. Only 38c per ½-lb.

"SALADA" GREEN TEA 209

The SKELETON FINGER

by Headon Hall

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Sir Dudley Glenister, accused of murdering his cousin, James Glenister, arranges with a moving picture company to burn an old mill on his estate, in which he is holding Norman Slater, an enemy, a prisoner. He visits Slater, just prior to setting fire to the building, with the intention of using a horse-whip on the captive, but Alf, a friend as Slater, and Slater's sweetheart, Kathleen Glenister, also a prisoner in the mill, breaks into Dudley's plans and rescues the prisoners.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXV.—(Cont'd.)

"I'll pin my hat on," said Kathleen briskly.

But before she had accomplished the feat Alf, growling like an angry mastiff, spring to the door and Norman uttered a cry of dismay.

For a waft of acrid smoke had drifted into the room and from below there reached them the crackle of flames.

"He's done us!" said Alf. "My fault for being soft hearted. I ought to have put him right out and not been so bally kind."

"Anyhow," remarked Kathleen calmly, "it will be plain proof that he murdered George. I told Hinkley what he had threatened to do. If he isn't hanged for that murder he will be for this."

A fierce exaltation shone in the girl's face. The two men looked at her with awe. In the hour of her own extremity, while a furnace raged in the one exit from the mill and death was very near to her, she could only think of the vengeance she had striven so hard to win and yet hoped might fall.

"I'm glad you feel like that, Miss," said Alf, with a note of restrained admiration blended with pity. "It'll make what's coming to you come easier."

Then he ran out on to the landing and peered over the rotting balustrade down the well of the staircase. The pungent fumes nearly choked him.

"The only chance," he coughed and ran back into the room.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HEROISM OF MR. COLNE.

We parted from Inspector Wragge and Mr. Stephen Colne as they started from Colnbrook Towers to walk through the woods to the clearing, where the statesman had promised the detective evidence of Sir Dudley's guilt, and it has been shown that these two men, each eminent in his own calling, reached their destination at the critical moment when Mr. Fabian Wommersley's electric apparatus had been turned on.

The pedestrians halted at the unexpected sight, Wragge casting a sidelong glance at his companion as if to make sure that it was as great a surprise to Mr. Colne as it was to himself.

"A queer go," said the inspector thoughtfully. "Is this what you brought me along for, sir?"

"No-o-o," was the long-drawn reply, "What do you make of it?"

"Picture artists faking a film," said Wragge, and for once his tone lacked the deference he habitually used toward the cabinet minister. And he added with a still more marked absence of respect: "Looks a bit rocky, sir, for this wonderful evidence of yours that's going to dish the Beechwood baronet. This show couldn't have been started without his sanction, and murderers don't squirt electricity on their guilty secrets."

"What had we better do?" said Mr. Colne feebly.

"Why, join the crowd and probe the mystery," said Wragge.

So it was that they advanced into the beam projected by the Amphibian Syndicate's apparatus, incidentally so frightening "Miss Maud Blair" that in her sudden start she canted over the millwheel on which she was posed and got herself jammed by it against the masonry of the dam. Unconscious of the part they had played in causing the catastrophe, they stood on the bank watching Mr. Wommersley's curious antics.

It was only when the tall man rushed out on to the dam that the inspector grasped that there had been an accident, and when John Grimes brought his daughter to the bank and laid her down Wragge stiffened in all his fibres as he recognized the injured actress as Mrs. Simon Trickey of Lipscombe Road, Brixton. At the instant of his own recognition he was conscious that Mr. Colne convulsively gripped his arm. Wragge was at pains to conceal the thrill of excitement that was nearly destroying his composure.

"He's done us," said Alf. "My fault for being soft-hearted."

"You know the woman, sir?" he asked, tuning his voice to an incurious note.

"I know her?" queried Mr. Colne as if in defence of his dignity. He laughed a little, as if it was a case for amusement rather than resentment. "I am afraid that I have neglected my opportunities, Wragge, for cultivating cinema professionals—if I ever had any."

The inspector's hand stole gently under his companion's arm, as though to guide him nearer the casualty.

"It seemed not impossible that you might know her, sir, for if I am not mistaken she is a native of these parts," said Wragge, "the daughter of Sir Dudley's keeper—the man who has just brought her to the bank."

"Miss Maud Blair" had fainted, and John Grimes, clumsily trying to restore her to consciousness, only recognized her as the cabinet minister and the detective drew near.

"My God! it's our Sally," broke from the big man in velveteen.

The astonished cry brought back Mr. Wommersley's leading lady from shadowland. The long-lashed eyes, which had been such an asset in many a film, fluttered open. But it was not upon the rugged face bending over her that they settled. Their puzzled gaze passed John Grimes and fixed the right honorable gentleman who was so very, very gently being compelled by Inspector Wragge to toe the mark.

"Hullo, Steve!" she sighed. "How are you, old boy? It's nice of you to come and see me die. Sympathy's better than money when you've got to take your last call. Oh, my poor side!"

For the fraction of a second the pressure of Inspector Wragge's hand on Mr. Colne's arm was not quite so gentle, but it relaxed immediately.

"The lady ought not to lie out here," said the detective with authority. "How about taking her to that cottage?"

"Seeing as she's my darter that's where I'm going to take her," said John Grimes through his clenched teeth, and picking up the limp form as though it were a feather, he bore it in his strong arms toward the red blind at the other side of the clearing. Mr. Fabian Wommersley and his satelites trailed behind.

Wragge appeared to hesitate for a moment and then, without referring to the queer words uttered by the injured woman to his illustrious companion, he steered the latter toward the cottage. Mr. Colne's lips were twitching, but he also ignored the familiar mode of address adopted toward him by one with whom he had just disavowed a previous acquaintance. It may be that he held it beneath his dignity to notice seriously what might have been only the babble of delirium.

Wragge halted on the fringe of the cinema people clustered at the cottage door. Again a brief indecision seemed to master him, and it was with an air of reluctance that he at last released the statesamn's arm.

"If you will wait here, sir, I won't keep you a minute," he said. "Then we will resume the matter of procuring evidence against Sir Dudley Glenister."

Wragge pushed his way through Wommersley's men and, passing into the cottage, entered the living room, where "Miss Blair" had been laid on a horse-hair couch. The great Fabian was incoherently trying to explain himself and his doings to the girl's parents, who were bending ocer her and paying no heed to him. Her eyes were shinging feverishly, but there was a glint of mischief in them as they rested on the inspector.

"Hullo, here's the 'tec!" she shrilled. "The 'tec that come mouching after Simon. What have you done with the real villain of the piece, old son—the blighter you were with outside? Don't let him slip you, for you'll never catch him again. He knows the game is up, now that I'm knocked out, and I'm jolly glad it is."

"I am sorry to intrude," said Wragge, addressing the keeper and his wife. "I am a detective officer from Scotland Yard and I want to ask your daughter two questions. I have nothing whatever against her personally."

John and Judith Grimes whispered to each other and stood aside.

"It'll ease her conscience maybe, if she's dying," said the keeper.

Wragge stooped down and put his questions—only a few words to each. The first was answered at once with a nod and an impudent smile. The second required longer reflection and a painfully whispered sentence or two.

"Thank you, madam," said the detective, rising. "You have greatly aided the cause of justice."

(To be continued.)

A Strong Man.

"He's a marvelously strong man, eh?"

"I should say. Everywhere he goes he takes his wife on his arm."

Master—"I am sorry to say, Jones, that your composition is unworthy of you. The information is faulty and the style crude." Jones—"My father will be angry when he hears that." Master—"Well, you must tell him you'll do much better next time." Jones—"Do better, sir? Dad can't do better than that."

Approximately 28,000 men and women turned their backs on the farm in South Dakota to attend agricultural short courses and then turned back to the farm better equipped to face their problems.

Mr. Hangoff—"Why, no. Whatever put such an idea in your head?" Bobby—"Pa did. I heard his say to Ma a little while ago, 'I guess Lil'll get his scalp to-night. She's gone up t'put her war paint on'."

ISSUE No. 17—28

Fashion

OUTSTANDING SMARTNESS

An interesting type with bolero front and deep V-opening completed with vestee. The lower edge of the bolero is finished with applied bands. The skirt at front shows the new circular fulness, the back is straight in one piece and the set-in sleeves are dart-fitted. Style No. 916 is stunning made of the two surfaces of black crepe satin, one of the new supple woollens, two tones of georgette crepe, or printed and plain silk crepe. Sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch, or 3 yards 54inch material; ⅝ yard 20-inch white and ¾ yard 32-inch striped material. Price 20c the pattern.

Many styles of smart apparel may be found in our Fashion Book. Our resigners originate their patterns in the heart of the style centres, and their creations are those of tested popularity, brought within the means of the average woman. Price of the book 10c the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

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 Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Repairing Famous Keeps Chief Busy

Venuses get New Noses while Dignified Queen Consorts with Nymphs

London.—The 2,000 statuary casts of the famous folk of history and mythology which were vanished from the rystal Palace during the war are back on exhibition again, but they are not quite the same as they used to be and as classified now they make strange company.

In a room supposed to be sacred to Grecian statuary, Queen Victoria is found turning, perhaps for sympathy to Cleopatra. Gladstone beholds the backs of a dozen beauttiful women, while Disraeli is almost lost among four Venuses, a couple of Eves, Lady Godiva and some nymphs about to enter invisible baths.

Joseph Cheek, superintendent, nurse and surgeon for all statues, busts and models in the palace, admits that the classification might be improved, but explains that he has had a big job the last seven years getting them all to light again and repairing the damage done when they were hustled out to make room for war-time occupation of the palace.

"I have put together beauties that have been broken into bits, to say nothing of providing new noses for old Venuses by the score,' he said, "and making ears and feet and arms and legs for all sorts and conditions of nymphs, ancient heroes and Victorian statesman. The most difficult task is fingers. But I have made so many hundreds of them now that I merely take one look where the missing finger was and go straight away and make another that will fit on correctly.

"Don't worry about the classification,. We'll get them all placed right in time."

Keep Minard's Liniment handy.

Nothing to Fear From Lightning Says Engineer

Chance of Being Struck in Your Home is One in Several Million, He Estimates

CITY DWELLERS SAFE

The next time the lightning flashes and baby cries and mother shivers and you swallow hard and tell Johnny pooh, pooh, there is nothing to be afraid of, and then duck your own head under the bedclothes—don't. You are right. There is nothing to be afraid of. The chance of a person being struck in his home is one in several million.

And if you chance to be at your desk in some downtown skyscraper, the lightning cannot reach you.

You have the assurance for this of R. M. Spurck, an engineer of the new switchgear plant of the General Electric Company at Philadelphia, in charge of the high voltage testing of circuit breakers, where arcs of artificial lightning at from fifteen to twenty feet are played over apparatus to make sure there are no defects and that it will withstand conditions when put into service, out in the open in natural lightning areas. "Shooting a million volts into circuit breakers to thoroughly thest them before leaving the factory is not mere guess work. The fundamentals are based on studies made in the company's laboratories, field observations and the classic work of the late Dr. Steinmetx," Mr. Spurck said.

If you reside on the top of a hill with no trees about, you are in a comparatively perilous position. Such a house is likely to be struck once every 100 years. But if you live in the average city home, with houses of equal height about you, lightning is apt to single you out about once every 1,000 years. As for the residents in the house perched upon the hill, the chance is one in several million that they will be struck by the bolt that comes once every 100 years.

The bolt might tear up the roof, or even set it afire, but likely would get no closer to you. It would encounter the electric house wiring and would be carried, impotent, to the ground. Or it would hop onto the plumbing system and docilely speed off into the earth.

The safest place in your house is anywhere except where these lightning conductors are centered. Most plumbing and heating pipes run up and down in the middle of the house. Keep away from the walls in which they run. Do not stand between two metal objects, such as a heating radiator and the plumbing pipes. There is nothing wrong with the superstition that bed is a safe place.

In the modern steel office building, lightning can't even get the roof. Most roofs of such buildings are metal and are purposely brought in contact at some point with the steel framework and this circuit absorbs and carries off any lightning that may chance to shoot down.

Perhaps the question of the efficacy of lightning rods has never been fully settled in the public mind. Lightning rods are now to be seen chiefly in the country. There is a lightning rod on nearly every house in the cities, though it may not be visible to the eye. Every plumbing system has an air vent—a pipe—that runs upward to, if not through, the roof. It serves exactly as the lightning rod which pricks the air on the farmer's house.

THERE is nothing that has ever taken Aspirin's place as an antidote for pain. It is safe, or physicians wouldn't use it, and endorse its use by others. Sure, or several million users would have turned to something else. But get the real Aspirin (at any drugstore) with Bayer on the box, and the word *genuine* printed in red:

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trade mark.

There is far more MAGIC BAKING POWDER used in Canada than of all other brands combined

MADE IN CANADA
NO ALUM

E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CAN.

"What did Jack mean when he told you he and I were engaged tentatively?"

"Well—he said, if he married you on his salary you'd have to live in a tent."

Minard's Liniment for cuts and bruises.

"Name this child,' said the Vicar at the christening. "Luthy,' thir," answered the lisping mother. "Never will I baptize a child with the name of Lucifer!" said the Vicar. "Matthew, John I baptize thee . . ." and the baby girl was borne away with Christian, but hardly suitable, names.

That Iowa man who eleven years ago knew nothing of farming and who has just retired from the soil with a competence says he did it by using diligence and economy. Digging right down to it still pays.

Firestone Dealers

Are Trained and Equipped to Save You Money and Serve You Better

Firestone sells tires only through regular established dealers---the outstanding tire merchants in every community. This great manufacturing organization---controlling raw materials in primary markets---having branches and distributors in all parts of Canada, assuring fresh, clean stocks and quick, efficient distribution---is behind every dealer. Firestone Dealers know tire construction and tire service, having been trained at Dealer Educational Meetings.

Firestone Dealers have the latest equipment; the knowledge---the Firestone spirit and idea of service. No other dealer can give you the same values and serve you so well.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
Hamilton, Ontario

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

Firestone Builds the Only Gum-Dipped Tires

PURITY FLOUR

BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING — Pies, Cakes, Buns and Bread — DOES ALL YOUR BAKING BEST