BEGIN HERE TODAY

Sir Dudley Glenister, accused of the murder of his cousin, James Glenister, is foiled in his attempt to destroy his enemy, Norman Slater, kept prisoner with his sweetheart, Kathleen Glenister, in an old mill. While James Wragge, Scotland Yard detective, assigned to the case, and Stephen Colne, interested in fastening the crime on Sir Dudley, spoil the filming of a picture of the burning old mill, which results in fatal injuries to "Miss Maud Blair," who on her death bed accuses Stephen Colne, former cabinet minister, of the murder of James Glenister.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"A fat lot I care about that," rejoined Miss Blair. "I only want to square accounts with a blackguard. And now you run away and play, little boy," she added. "With any luck you may be in time to see Sir Dudley's burning mill. I expect the loony and his fire expert are about somewhere."

With which she fainted.

John Grimes had been chafing her hands, but he dropped them and stood upright. His features were convulsed with horror.

"Fire at the mill house?" he murmured dully. "Do you know what she means?" He turned fiercely on his wife.

But Mrs. Grimes shook her grizzled head and mouthed a denial.

"That man-monkey shall tell me," cried the keeper, and he strode from the cottage, followed by Wragge, who unobtrusively attached himself to Mr. Colne again.

"May God forgive me!" groaned the keeper with sincerity. "I thought I was serving the family—not a fiend. He has got his cousin and her sweetheart shut up there!"

The deluded worshipper of the Glenister tradition started to run across the clearing, with Wommersley's troupe at his heels giving tongue like a pack of badly broken hounds on a false scent. In the turmoil caused by the accident to the leading lady the electrician had omitted to switch off the light, and the mill stood stark and silent, a ghost haunted memory of other days, in the artificial glow. Wragge glanced at it and decided that the stalwart game-keeper was competent to deal with a situation that had not yet arisen. Just now his duty lay nearer to hand—the hand that had once more taken quiet possession of the cabinet minister's arm.

He looked sideways at the refined and clever face that was almost cheek-by-jowl with his own. It was all sagged and drawn into unaccustomed lines that indicated tremendous emotion—emotion suggesting a well-nigh overwhelming dread under a control strained to snapping point.

Yet Wragge had looked on that face and quailed before it at intervals during the worst moments of his life. He would have been less than human if a note of triumph had not crept into his voice.

"Mr. Colne," he said, "I am under the disadvantage of holding no warrant, but I will take the responsibility of arresting you on suspicion for the murder of Mr. George Glenister on the 7th of June, 1919."

For a few seconds Mr. Colne did not answer. He seemed to be intent on watching the progress of John Grimes, who by now had almost reached the stepping-stones. The keeper had chosen that route to the mill as the shortest from the cottage, overlooking the fact that it would take more time to traverse than that across the top of the dam. The stepping-stones were in darkness, whereas the dam was in the full glare of Mr. Wommersley's electric projector.

The great statesman had the silver tones of his beautiful voice well under control when at last he broke the silence.

"What of yourself, Wragge?" he said quietly. "Have you counted the cost of the action you are proposing to take? The records of your early lapse from the straight path are still in being, remember."

"I have not forgotten, sir," replied the inspector gravely. Then he laughed a little and added: "There being no witnesses present, I do not mind confessing that I am hoping for great things from those records now that I have completed my case against you. The authorities will hold it to my credit that I have arrested a highly placed criminal in spite of the fact that he had this pull over me. My lapse, as you call it, was a mere trifle compared with yours, Mr. Colne, and I have atoned for it by years of faithful service to the state."

"I see," sneered the cabinet minister. "You funked my pull over you till you obtained a greater one over me. What a homily I should be able to deliver to Parliament on the moral rectitude of the police force. But see sere, Wragge, as man to man, if you really intend to brave the perils of your past, will ten thousand pounds and the chief constableship of a county induce you to abandon the idea?"

"Not on your life, sir. I have too many ignominious years of being bullied and browbeaten by you to wipe out," responded Wragge.

Mr. Colne sighed as one who deplores the folly of a feebler mind. Then a short gasp broke from him, to be echoed in a deeper exclamation from the detective. Preoccupied as they both were, the same thing had obtruded on their senses and distracted their attention simultaneously. Away beyond the mill-race another light had broken out which was not the steady glow of the Amphibian electric. Red flames were shooting from the door of the mill-house, licking tongues of fire struggling with a belching cloud of smoke.

John Grimes stood upright, his features were convulsed with horror.

John Grimes and his motley following had vanished in the darkness that enshrouded the stepping-stones, but a mighty roar from the keeper's lungs proclaimed that he knew he was too late. Wragge's grip may have relaxed owing to the diversion. Be that as it may, Mr. Colne wrenched himself free and, for a man of his years, ran with amazing swiftness toward the dam.

When he had covered some twenty yards he halted and called back: "There are lives to be saved. I shall do my best."

The mill was ablaze, and in the weird blend of smoke and fire round the door human figures were moving woldly, as in some fantastic dance. Wragge could not distinguish one from the other as he trod the slippery masonry, and the Right Honorable Stephen Colne had vanished into the heart of the elusive picture.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"SHEEP AND GOATS"

Alf Grinstead was met on the threshold of the upper room by Norman and Kathleen when he returned from his reconnaissance on the landing.

"We're up against it," he announced grimly. "The bart has set the blooming show afire. Got any water, miss?"

Kathleen pointed to the ewer and basin on the cheap washstand. The ewer was half full of clean water; the basin contained the rest, which she had used during the day. Alf, saturating the towels in the clean water, bound them round the girl's head and feet. Snatching a couple of sheets from the bed, he soaked them in the basin and made hoods for his master and himself.

"Now we will carry her down and out, sir," he said.

"Can you stand it, Kitty?" asked Norman.

"Rather!" the reply came gurgling through the wet towel.

So rapidly did they bear her down the stairs that the deep breath she drew on starting lasted her as long as she had to endure the smoke that rolled up the well of the staircase, and the rush across the blazing entry was accomplished with no greater damage than a scorched shoulder. As they passed through the outer door on to the bank of the mill-race they were met by John Grimes, gesticulating like a madman.

"Thank God!" he bellowed, recognizing Norman and Kathleen as they tore off their protective bandages. "Anyone left inside?"

"Sir Dudley is lying in the entry," replied Norman. "I kicked against someone on the floor and it couldn't have been anyone else."

The gamekeeper plunged into the furnace and was out again almost as soon as they realized his intention. His hair and eyebrows were on fire, but he extinguished them with an impatient gesture as soon as his hands were free of his load. For in his arms he carried the baronet of Beechwood Grange, as limp and helpless as a sack of potatoes and horribly burned in addition to the injuries inflicted by Alf. Mercifully he had lost all consciousness.

Grimes laid him tenderly down on the bank and was beginning to shout orders to the Wommersley crew to run for the doctor, when from the dam there came with a rush the Right Honorable Stephen Colne. He was out of breath and no one was surprised when he came to a standstill. The piercing eyes which had so often held the House in thrall were shining like those of a mystic who sees beyond the veil. He raised him right hand.

(To be continued.)

ISSUE No. 18—'28

Tom Heeney

New Zealand heavyweight fighter, who has been selected to fight Gene Tunney for world's honors some time in July.

GIDDAPS

"Now, tell me, what is the opposite of misery?"

"Happiness," said the class in unison.

"And sadness?" she asked.

"Gladness."

"And the opposite of woe?"

"Giddap!" shouted the enthusiastic class.

Minard's Liniment for falling hair.

"Petting Parties" In Mexico Bring Severe Penalty

Law Forbids It and Violation Means Arrest, Detention in Lock-Up and Then Fine

Mexico City.—"Petting parties" in Mexico are few and far between and the land of romance as pictured in books and short stories of young men who have brilliant and rapid courtships with flashing-eyes senoritas does not exist. There is a law which forbids such things as holding hands and petting parties in automobiles, and the penalty is arrest and jail temporarily for the offenders.

Should a policeman catch two young lovers in fond embrace, to headquarters they must go. The police desk sergeants are usually quite lenient with first offenders, and the youthfulness of the arrested parties brings only a fine of about five pesos ($2.50), but sometimes the amount can be raised if the offenders look prosperous.

STREETS BARRED TO WOMEN

The difficulties from the viewpoint of the higher social strata, come while waiting in a stuffy detention room to be fined, where every one is subjected to confinement, be he petter or murderer. And the girls do not escape these difficulties.

Moreover, women are not allowed on the streets of Mexico after early evening unless escorted by a male companion. There have been numerous cases of American women being arrested and taken to headquarters, where they were subjected to indignities.

There is a case of a young American boy who sat in a parked automobile with a pretty American girl. The policeman took them to headquarters, and rather than have the girl subjected to embarrassment by detention, the youth married her. Later the parents had the marriage annulled.

TAXICAB BLACKMAILERS.

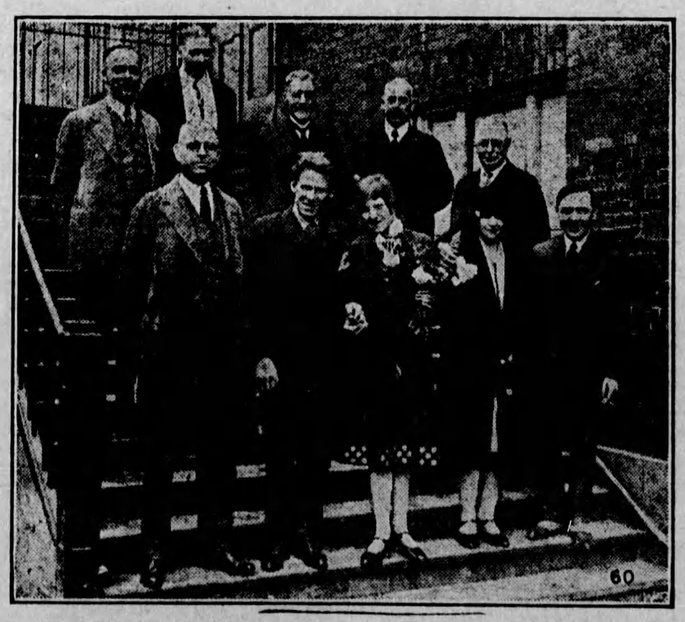
Even the taxi drivers are finding the code profitable. For instance, if a man should take a young woman to the theatre, then order a taxi to take her home, the driver puts up a case of blackmail. He informs the man it will cost just so much money not to take them to headquarters, where he will place a charge of immoral conduct against them. The escort usually pays up, for experience teaches him that often the driver's charge is sufficient to cause conviction. This trouble has recently become prevalent, according to reports.

The law against petters is usually inflexible and the policeman takes the offender to headquarters. There are no such things as patrol wagons in Mexico, and so, with the young woman on one side and the young man on the other, the police escort them to the nearest centre of justice.

Trees Draw Birds

Trees are the houses of the birds where they nest and live. Aside from their beauty and their song, the presence of birds is of incalculable value in assisting to maintain the balance of nature. Their consumption of destructive insects and slugs saves Canadian farmers and fruit-growers thousands of dollars a year.

Romance on C.P.R. Route



The Canadian spring had early influence upon Andrea Hansen, 21, and Neils Christian Nielsen, 23, handsome young Danish immigrant couple who, on arriving at Winnipeg, decided to marry and, with the assistance of the Canadian Pacific Railway Colonization Department officials, did so forthwith.

They had known each other in their homeland, Denmark, for many years and had even been sweethearts, but on departing for Canada they had harboured no romantite ideas of thoughts of marriage. Travelling as strangers in a strange land, they met and found happiness in each other's company during the journey, and furthermore discovered their destinations to be close together. On reaching Winnipeg on their west-bound trip they decided to marry, and the C.P.R. Colonization department officials did the rest.

Rev. N. Damskov, immigration chaplain, aided the groom in securing a special marriage license. His son Victor, a member of the colonization staff, hurriedly procured a fine bouquet from the florists as a gift to the bride from the company. An office adjacent to the Winnipeg immigration hall was cleared and prepared for the occasion. C. A. Van Scoy, head of the colonization department of th railway for Western Canada, volunteered to act as groomsman, and R. G. McNeillie, general passenger agent, to give the bride away; a group of twenty immigration and company officials gathered— and the stage was set for the ceremony, the first among newcomers for this season.

"Vil du have Andrea fur din ekta husfra?" asked Rev. N. Damskov.

"Ja!" responded Nielsen.

The chaplain pronounced a special prayer for their guidance as strangers in the new land, charged them to continue faithful to one another, repeated the Lord's prayer, gave the benediction, made the sign of the cross,—and Andrea and Neils Christian were declared man and wife.

They continued their journey westward that afternoon, two out of four hundred settlers,—Danes, Dutch, and English,—who were travelling at that time with the Canadian Pacific.

"SALADA" TEA

356

Nowhere else but in a "SALADA" package can you obtain such high quality tea for so low a price and be sure that such quality will continue. Try one package! If it does not please you, your grocer will gladly refund you your money.

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An attractive apron that slips over the head with wide straps that will not slip off the shoulders is shown in design No. 418. You'll find it especially easy to make, as it cuts entirely in one piece. Printed sateen, English prints, chintz, plain gingham, and striped percale are smart suggestions. Pattern is furnished in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 1⅞ yards of 32-inch material, with 7½ yards of binding. Price 20c the pattern.

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

How To Keep Fresh Fruit

The following good advice as to how to keep fresh fruit is given in the current issue of "Successful Farming", a highly practical farm monthly:—

"It is very common for farmers to keep their vegetables in sand over winter but few realize that fruits can be kept for a long time and the same way. Oranges, apples, lemons, and sweet potatoes can be kept fresh for months. The rinds being porous, the dry sand absorbs the liquid in the fruit that would otherwise cause decomposition. The fruit must not be wrapped in paper but let the bare rind come in contact with the sand. I have used sand for plums, pears, and other smooth-skinned fruits and found them to keep. I put a layer of sand about six inches thick, then the fruit, and then sand to cover them well, and so on, and find it handy to have fresh fruit on hand until late in the season. When buying fruit for packing I'm careful not to get any overripe or spoiled fruit."

Bobby: "Come on, Freddy! Me an' Jane's gonna play mama an' papa. Wanta be the little boy?" Freddy: Naw—I wanta be the lawyer."

The daffodil has replaced the leek as the national emblem of Wales. Probably no tears were shed.

The Harley-Davidson Single Cylinder Motorcycle is the greatest little machine that has been made. Safe to ride, easy to control, and most economical. Stands without a rival. 100 Miles to Gallon of Gasoline. Down Payment $105, Balance $22 per month for ten months. Price $305. Walter Andrews, Limited, 346 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Can't Explain It

Cape Town.—White people were admitted to the Hindu temple at Durban for the first time to watch the fire-walking ceremony which has just been held there.

An enormous bonfire was lit, and when many tons of firewood had been reduced to a wide carpet of glowing charcoal an orchestra of reed pipes and tomtoms began playing weird Indian music.

The "Soutris," or fire walkers, had silver pins stuck into their flesh and skewers pierced their tongues. They carried heavy burdens and some of them walked on nails which had been driven through the soles of their wooden sandals. A wild outburst of music arose, and they stepped fearlessly into the pit and walked across the fire.

Many of them crossed the red-hot layer of embers several times and seemed to feel no pain. Major Richards, Chief of Police, and two doctors then examined them. Not a burn or blister was to be found on the feet of the fire walkers. When the pins were withdrawn from their bodies there was no bleeding.

Major Richards and the doctors were garlanded and welcomed by the Hindu priest, who said that although the ceremony would never be understood by Europeans it was an age-old custom among the Hindus.

One of the doctors afterwards stated that he could not explain how the fire walkers escaped unhurt. They appeared to be in a sort of trance during the ceremony.

A reliable antiseptic—Minard's.

Lost Half His Weight.

"That Russian red says he lost half his weight while in prison."

"No doubt—they shaved his whiskers off while he was there."

We should never create by law what can be accomplished by morality.—Montesquieu.

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