"SALADA" TEA

358

Dark-skinned natives—glowing sunlight—cool mountain tops—great ships ploughing through tropic seas—these things all come to mind when a cup of "SALADA" is steaming before you. Such flavour—such fragrance. Try "SALADA".

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Hope Ranger, daughter of wealthy parents, disappears, after having luncheon at the Plaza with her best friend, Lucia Thorne. Hope promises her mother that she will phone to her from her tailor's at 3 o'clock. Evening comes with no word from Hope. Mrs. Ranger feels alarmed and calls Hope's father from a dinner engagement. Ranger calls Eustice Higby, his attorney, who is a warm friend of the family, and asks his assistance in locating Hope. Higby goes to the Thorne residence to question Lucia.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

It seemed for a time though, that his promised interrogation of Lucia would have to be deferred; for an reaching the house, he rang repeatedly without arousing any response, and when a sleepy servant finally appeared to answer the bell, it required all his powers of persuasion to gain admittance.

But when Mrs. Thorne came down and he had explained the nature of his errand, she readily grasped the situation, and as soon as Lucia could make a hasty toilet, sent her into the room alone.

The girl, he had to confess, seemed appalled at the news her mother had brought her and genuinely alarmed for Hope's safety.

Hope had been in fine spirits at luncheon, she said, and they had talked of a dozen things—Lucia's recent trip abroad, clothes, mutual acquaintances, both men and girls, their plans for the summer. She had teased Hope about two or three men, but Hope had merely shrugged her shoulders and laughed 'I'd be lonesome, Lucia," she had said, "if some one wasn't anxious to pet me; but marriage! I haven't seen the man I'd marry yet, not for a farm." When they parted, it was with an arrangement to see each other the next afternoon, and Hope had given not the slightest suggestion of anything unusual on hand. She had said something about going to the tailor's, and possibly doing a bit of shopping before she went home; that was all.

This left Higby no recourse to appeal to the police; and here he proved himself, on one score at least, a true prophet. The five thousand dollars reward he offered furnished all the incentive required to set the department going at full steam.

Within 12 hours the movements of Hope Ranger were known to a certainty from the time she left her father's door at 25 minutes after 12 until a quarter past three that afternoon.

Leaving home, she had walked down the east side of the Avenue. At 15 minutes to one o'clock, she had stopped at a florist's and bought a gardenia. Then she had crossed at Fifty-ninth Street and met her friends at the Plaza, and had gone with Lucia Thorne into the dining-room, remained there an hour, and left the Thornes at 10 minutes past two. At half past two, she had bought a veil in a millinery and dressmaking establishment on Fifty-Seventh Street, and had been recognized and called by name by the saleswoman. From there she had gone to a bookstore and asked for a book which she had previously ordered.

She was next seen at the soda-water counter of a fruit-and-sweets shop, where she ordered a maple sundae. It was then exactly 10 minutes after three, the clerk being able to fix the time so definitely from the fact that just after he had set Miss Ranger's order before her, a disturbance had been created by a customer at the cashier's desk over a question of correct change. The altercation had become so heated that the manager of the place had been summoned.

Miss Ranger, like every one else in the shop, had turned to watch the incident, and then, when it had been settled she finished her sundae and went out.

And from that point, the investigators ran into a blank wall.

After four days of assiduous effort on the part of the Police Department, aided now by an army of private detectives, no clue had been unearthed to indicate what had become of her or whither she had gone.

Mrs. Ranger was by this time under the care of physicians, ill from grief and worry; and her husband, his face lined and haggard, his straight shoulders bowed, looked 20 years older. Even Eustace Higby showed the effects of the strain.

In desperation they decided to make the facts public, and every newspaper in the country was filled with descriptions of the missing girl.

CHAPTER IV.

Ranger's pipes are known all over the world. Buy a pipe—clay, calabash, meerschaum, brier-root or whatnot, and in whatever part of the globe—and the chances are ten to one that "Ranger & Co., Makers" will be found stamped on it.

The factory and salesrooms occupy a block on Seventh Avenue near Fourteenth Street, and there, as a matter of habit, Ranger continued to go daily in an attempt to win some surcease from anxiety by absorbing himself in the accustomed routine.

He laid his hand on Ranger's shoulder.

So ready was he to listen to every wild story or suggestion offered him that it had been found necessary to post guards before his office door to protect him from the invasion of cranks and impostors.

Thus, one morning, Number One of the cordon peremptorily halted a caller who had attempted to stroll by him, and who now, with too much assurance to be pleasing said that he wished to see "Ranger."

The off-hand manner, as well as the lack of the prefix of "Mister," annoyed the guard. Neither did he find the stranger's appearance prepossessing. Dark, lean, his clothes unpressed, his hat tilted, the man swaggered before him.

"Ranger, eh?"—with heavy sarcasm. "Well, I got to tell you that the boss is busy this morning and can't see anybody—even you."

The visitor shifted his hat to another and more disreputable angle, took an old pipe from his pocket and began to fill it.

"You're new here, my lad; that's plain. But, if you're in doubt take my name, either to Frank Bryan or Loring himself.

The guard scowled, but wavered in his decision to throw the man out. He trusted his own impressions more than he did this airy certainty of welcome. Yet the fellow seemed so confoundedly sure.

He covered his hesitation with truculent repartee.

"Well, s'posin' I do? Who shall I say it is that wants the boss—Lloyd George or Herbert Hoover?"

"Neither." The man flicked a raveling from his sleeve. "He'll probably see me quicker if you give it to him straight. Just say my good man, that Juarez Charlie is here."

Juarez Charlie! In the face of such a designation, Number One felt his original estimate of the man fully justified. And yet there was something in that dark, obscure glance, in the jeering smile on the glib mouth that overrode his settled judgment. Uncertainly he scratched his jaw.

"I don't know but what I'll take a chance on you," he finally decided. "You ain't so much worse than a lot I've had to let get by. But listen here—" with a return of authority—"if I get in wrong, you'd better not wait. I'm coming back, and if they don't want you, I'll just naturally wipe up the street with you."

As he came into the presence of Ranger's private secretary, Frank Bryan, the impulse that had led him to take in the name of the rakish visitor weakened, and he stood shuffling his feet, uncertain what to say.

"Mr. Bryan, sir, there's a—a party out there, that wants to see Mr. Ranger. He said to tell you or Mr. Ranger that Juarez Charlie—"

"Juarez Charlie!" the secretary snapped. "Why didn't you say so? Show him into the private office at once."

The bewildered guard returned to his post.

"This way, Mister," he beckoned with disgruntled civility.

"Never mind." He waved Number One aside. "I know the way."

He passed on, a privileged character, exchanging a word or two with different employes in the outer office and nodding familiarly to others; for, rolling-stone adventurer though he was, grafer and swindler as he was suspected of being, Juarez Charlie was welcome here to come and go as he pleased.

He and Loring Ranger had been boys together.

More than once the successful manufacturer had urged his old associate to take a position with him, offering Charlie his choice either inside the factory or on the road; for it was Ranger's firm belief that the vagabond, if he would only devote himself to it, would make an incomparable salesman.

But Charlie always evaded these efforts at rehabilitation.

His especial gifts were various; perhaps the less said about them the better. He employed them when he felt like it and when opportunity offered; loafed when he felt like it; traveled constantly about the country—sometimes first class, sometimes in the company of yeggs and hoboes—boasted that he had a more comprehensive knowledge of the United States than any other man within its borders, and regarded life on the whole with a cynical, good-humored philosophy which no exigency could daunt or misfortune overwhelm.

There was an unwonted tug of sympathy at Charlie's wrinkled heart, and on a sudden impulse he stepped over and laid his hand on Ranger's shoulder.

"Tough luck, Lorry!" he said huskily. "But don't give way like this, old boy. Brace up; it isn't—it isn't as if your little girl were gone for good."

The friendly touch, the sincerity of feeling in his tone brought an unexpected response. A tremor ran through the manufacturer's bent frame; then, with a groan, he dropped his head in his hands.

"It's no use, Charlie." His voice came brokenly. "No use to try and deceive myself. She is gone for good."

He turned away to hide his working face, then twisted round and began to talk rapidly. Here at last was some one to whom he could lay bare all that was in his mind.

"Look at the facts, Charlie. Look at the facts. It's a month yesterday since Hope went away—was taken away, I mean—and in all that time not a word from her—not a word of her. Only this horrible silence—like a thick black curtain meeting me everywhere I turn.

(To be continued.)

Several generations of two or three Japanese families have kept records of dates when bamboo bloomed, and it is found that certain sorts flower once in 120 years simultaneously with others which flower once in sixty years.

Even a bandwagon needs harmony to make it successful.

For Rheumatism Minard's Liniment.

DASHING MODEL

Georgette in effective stripes and coloring contributes a decorative note to a charming model with yoke and waistline in pointed outline at front. The cascading jabot is made of plain georgette in harmonizing shade. For the 36-inch size 3½ yards of 36-inch material with ¼ yard of 27-inch contrasting is sufficient to make it. Style No. 825 comes in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Chiffon, silk crepe, printed georgette crepe, washable crepe de chine, crepe satin and canton faille crepe are smart suggestions. Price 20c the pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

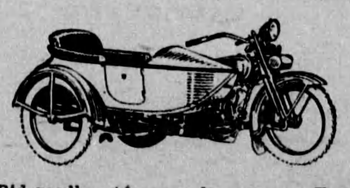
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

A reliable antiseptic—Minard's.

The Commonwealth of Nations

London Daily Express (Ind. Con.): Simply as a small island in the northern seas Great Britain may not cut an enormous figure in history. But she will be everlastingly remembered as the pivot of a great commonwealth of sister states. It is among them that her destiny lies. They are the security for her fame, her influence, and her well-being. Without them she would be a lesser Holland. With them and by their support and co-operation she will always remain the first of Powers. The Englishman who does not always think of himself and his country as first of all units in a mighty sisterhood of nations has no right to call himself British.

The hydrostatic equipment of the whale enables it to alter its buoyancy at will. When it wishes to sink it compress its lungs and the blow-hole valves yield to the pressure; to rise it expands its body.



Bid goodbye to every day scenes. Forget the crowded streets and city din; see the things you've longed to see; visit the places you've read about; hit the open road that beckons to fun and adventure, for a week, a month or a year. WALTER ANDREWS LIMITED, 346 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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Do You Tire of Chicken in the Same Old Way

If any one dish can be considered as representative of Canada, it is probably roast chicken, with broiled chicken running a close second. But even the most fervent Canadian would tire of an exclusive diet of either. And as for husbands; once a week is usually sufficient to raise a howl of protest. The best way to quiet him is to serve your chicken in some new form. Here are alluring variations on the white meat, second joint, drum stick theme:

Chicken Escallop, Brittany Style.

Brown pieces of cooked chicken, including the smaller joints, in a little pork fat if possible. Arrange in a large, shallow casserole, sprinkle with salt and a little pepper and dot liberally with butter. Add quartered small tomatoes previously dipped in flour mixed with sugar and salt and sauteed. Top with a thin layer of highly seasoned cooked rice, mixed with pimento and shreds of parsley and onion. Dot with butter and set in a hot oven until lightly browned.

Chicken Hyeres (One-Dish Course)

On rounds of hot buttered toast, place two thin slices of crisp bacon, crosswise. Arrange on each a neat serving a fried or oven-broiled chicken or cooked fowl), and add thin slices of small tomatoes dipped in French dressing. Garnish with rounds of fried hominy and little piles of asparagus, and pour melted butter or mock Hollandaise around.

Chicken, Havana Style.

Cook a cup of rice in meat stock with bits of onion, season highly and color slightly with tumeric. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter when done. Joint a large tender chicken in small neat pieces for serving. Salt and dot generously with butter, and oven broil, spread in a shallow pan. When tender and lightly browned, remove from the pan and put in dry cooked rice to absorb remaining juice and butter. Arrange the rice and choicest parts of the chicken in a large casserole as follows: layer of rice, chicken, good-sized dice or string of pimiento. Repeat until dish is full, dotting layers and top liberally with butter. Set in oven until well blended and very hot.

One of the strange paradoxes in sport is to be found in the fact that nine men in a shell make an eight-oared crew.

It is not understood that Mr. Tunney has invited Professor Phelps to officiate at his next pugilistic party, but it does seem as if they might get harmoniously together somewhere, some time, for a study of the Ring and the Book.—Providence Journal.

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Gum-Dipping is an exclusive Firestone process. It insulates and impregnates every fibre of every cord with rubber and prevents the cords from chafing against each other.

In ordinary tires these cords are uninsulated. In flexing they chafe against each other, causing internal heat and friction which softens the rubber, causing blowouts and tire failure.

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Young Girl (reading newspaper): "Oh, grandma, isn't this murder case thrilling?" Her Grandmother: "Ah, my dear, murders are not what they used to be in my young days."

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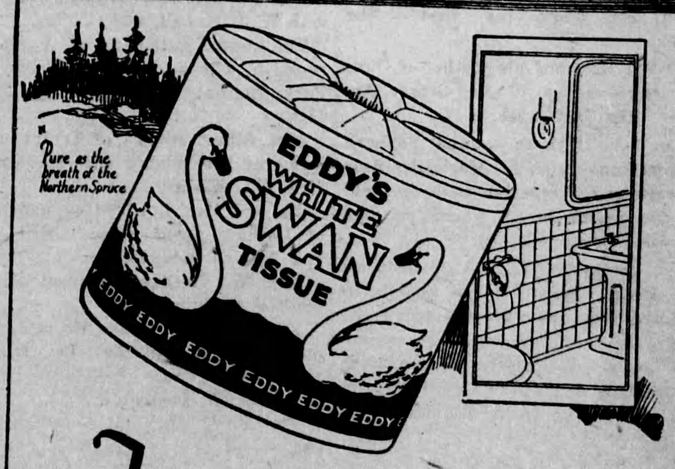

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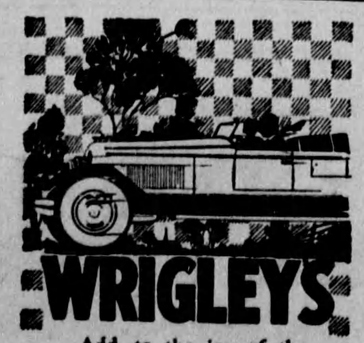

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