At one time people could get only bulk tea—tea exposed to air—flat flavour—Then came "SALADA"—sealed in metal—full-flavoured—fresh—delicious—dust-free—now people use "SALADA". Four grades—75c to $1.05 per lb.

"SALADA" TEA

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Hope Ranger, daughter of wealthy parents, disappears after having luncheon at the Plaza with her best friend, Lucia Thorne. Loring Ranger calls upon his attorney, Eustice Higby, to assist him in locating his missing daughter.

Higby is a warm friend of the family and works to the best of his ability to find some trace of Hope. A reward is offered, but no word comes from the girl.

Juarez Charlie, rolling-stone adventurer, is a life-long friend of Ranger. He comes to offer his assistance in searching for Hope. Frank Bryan is private secretary to Ranger and greets Charlie when he calls at the office to see Ranger.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

"And then the reward. A hundred thousand dollars. Why doesn't somebody claim it? Or even ask a higher ransom? A month has passed, and I've held myself open to every sort of communication; but no demand has been made upon me.

"No," his tormented brain reasoned back to his first conclusion; "she is dead. Perhaps killed in an attempt to escape. Perhaps succumbing on their hands from the shock and terror of it all. But certainly dead."

Unnoticed by him in his agitation, Juarez Charlie had risen from his seat, and now stood close beside him.

"But it's all a mistake, Lorry," he whispered tensely, gripping Ranger firmly by the shoulder. "Your daughter is not dead. That is the message I was instructed to bring you. I was to tell you that she is alive and well."

CHAPTER V.

The news came too suddenly. Ranger's brain recorded the words but could not assimilate them.

"What? What?" His fingers bit into the flesh of Juarez Charlie's arm. "You're mad!" He was trying to protect himself from a disappointment he could not face. "You're mad!" he repeated.

Charlie wriggled free.

"I'm giving you the message exactly as I got it," he said soothingly but insistently. "Where your daughter is, I don't know, Lorry, or how to reach her. I have merely the word that she is alive and well. It may be wrong, but I don't believe it."

"But tell me, tell me—how did you hear? Who gave you this message?" Ranger stood up, too shaken nervously to sit still. "Where did it come from?"

"I cant tell you that. I don't know myself."

"Don't know?"—indignant, astonished reproach in the exclamation. "But that's idiocy. If you're not crazy, for heaven's sake explain." He began to plead, but broke off abruptly. "Oh, I see!" he mutered, his eyes narrowing. "It is a case of nothing for nothing. Well—" turning with thinly veiled contempt to the cheque-book lying on his desk— "I'm willing to pay if your information is authentic. Name your price and let's get down to business."

Charlie sat down again. "I suppose you're hardly to be blamed, with every come-on artist in the country trying to shake you down. But, honest, Lorry, I've told you all I know. I couldn't do any more if you were to slip me your entire wad, pipe factory and all."

While he talked, he had produced a wisp of paper and his little sack of tobacco, and was busying himself in rolling a cigaret. Now, as he lifted it to his lips to moisten the edge of the paper with his tongue, he spoke quickly, guardedly, out of the corner of his mouth.

"Is there any chance of our being overheard here? In a minute or two, step to that door and make sure there's no one listening to us. Not as if you were looking for anybody, you understand, but in a natural way. Make an excuse that you want something outside or that it's stuffy in here—anything of the sort."

So, a moment or two later, as Ranger paced back and forth across the floor, he suddenly flung open the door leading out of the office and almost knocked over his private secretary. The latter only saved himself by a dexterous backward jump.

"Why, Bryan!" Ranger stared at him. "What are you doing here?"

The secretary almost instantly recovered both his physical and mental balance.

"I was just about to knock," he said, coming forward in his usual deferential fashion. "Inspector Bailey has telephoned that they have another girl they would like you to look at. An aphasia victim, they found wandering round Washington Square this morning."

"An aphasia victim?" Ranger's eyes glinted with the reawakened hope so many times dashed in the last

The latter only saved himself by a dexterous backward jump.

few weeks by similar calls upon him for identification. "Certainly." He snatched up his hat. "I'll go right down. Does the inspector really think it could possibly be Hope?"

But Juarez Charlie threw himself in his way as he was hurrying toward the door.

"Now, look here, Lorry," he drawled, 'what's the use of getting yourself all excited over what's only another false alarm? If somebody has to go down and give her the once-over let Bryan there do it. I want you to come out with me and buy a hat."

"Buy a hat?"

'Yes; that was part of the message I was instructed to give you, but I hadn't come to it yet, you kept breaking in on me so."

"A part of the message?" Ranger eyed him doubtfully. Was the man daft?

"Sure!" Charlie nodded. "I was to say to you, 'Hope is alive and well; send her a hat'."

The private secretary turned with a start.

"Hope?" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to say, Juarez, that you have news of her?"

"Just what you heard." Charlie's habitual nonchalance was a bit stressed. "I was told to tell Loring here that his daughter was alive and well and that he was to send her a new hat."

"Yes; but who told you?" demanded the secretary excitedly. "Didn't you hold the messenger? If we can make him talk—"

"Exactly." Charlie slanted his eyebrows in an ironical grimace. "If! But as I've been trying to explain to the boss, Frank, I've no more idea who sent that message than I have of who invented apple pie. All I can tell you is that I found it chalked up on the front stoop of my boarding-house when I came out this morning, with no signature or mark of any kind to let me know where it came from.

"It was done in hobo language—the kind of signs you see marked up on box-cars and fences and freight-houses and the sides of barns when you are out on the road."

"Oh-h!" Bryan's tone indicated that for him the matter was dismissed. He turned to Ranger. "The sort of stuff we are getting constantly from cranks and notoriety-seekers. This is probably some yeggman's idea of a joke."

"No," disputed Charlie; "because of that part about the hat."

"The part about the hat? Why that's the very think that clinches it as absurd," sneered Bryan. "Would Miss Ranger by likely in a communication of this sort to ask her father for a hat? I'm surprised, Juarez, at a fellow of your shrewdness taking any stock in such an obvious fake."

"Oh, I don't pretend to be anything but a pitiable moron," disclaimed Charlie modestly; "and you are possibly quite right when you say that Miss Ranger would never think of asking for a hat. Still, I can see how a think of the kind might come in very handy to the folks who have got her. How so, you ask? Well, this way: Suppose they'd send back a photograph of her with that hat on? It would be pretty good proof—wouldn't it?—that she was just what they said she was, alive and well—about as good proof as anybody would want.

"So that's why I say," he observed pointedly, "that you'd better be chasing down to headquarters, if anybody is to go, and leave Loring to attend to this more likely lead and get the hat on its way as quickly as possible. Savez now, Frank?"

"That's my opinion, too," nodded Ranger, with an intimation not to be misunderstood, and the secretary, merely saying that he would look into the matter of the girl at police headquarters at once, left the room.

Juarez Charlie, rolling another cigaret, perched himself in the window and smoked until from his eyry he saw Bryan come out of the building and disappear in a subway entrance at Fourteenth Street.

"I've never got that fellow's number exactly," he muttered as he flipped the cigaret butt down to the street below and turned back toward the desk. "Chances are he's only a bit curious, but— Anyhow, I feel safer to have him out of the way.

"And now, if you'll set that door open, Loring, so that I can see if anybody else comes circulating around, I'll shake down a few things that I've been holding up my sleeve."

He paused a moment as if hesitating just how to begin; then, leaning forward, he spoke in a voice so carefully lowered that it was hardly more than a whisper.

"Lorry, what I am going to tell you is known to every 'gun' and grafter and worker in the so-called underworld, big or little; but it's mighty seldom spoken of even among themselves. The police don't know it. All they get on to is what their stool-pigeons tell 'em, and it would have to be a nervier snitch than any I've ever seen that would dare breathe this to a cop.

"Loring—" he drew a long breath like a swimmer about to make a live, then brought his words out with a rush—"you're daughter, I'm sorry to tell you, is in the hands of the 'Combine'."

"The 'Combine'?" repeated Ranger.

"Sh,' Charlie cautioned. "Not so loud."

"But what do you mean by the 'Combine'?" Ranger persisted, although he somewhat impatiently lowered his tone.

"Just what you'd imagine. An inside bunch that runs things—the same as in politics and finance."

"Are you trying to tell me—" Ranger showed his skepticism—"that crime has become an organized thing in this city controlled and directed by a board or group such as you rescribe?"

Charlie nodded vehemently.

(To be continued.)

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All in the Same Boat

London Daily Express (Ind. Con.): (In order to put the iron and steel industries and the cotton industry back on their feet, "even the banks," says Mr. Baldwin, will have to make sacrifices). Our British banks play their part well enough in assisting, and often in over-assisting, established industries and in financing "booms." No bank was heard to protest against what Mr. Baldwin called "the mess of 1919," when the amalgamation of Lancashire mills at absurdly inflated prices sowed the seeds of the present plight of the cotton trade. But, when, largely because of this over-capitalization, the industries thus distended begin to sag and collapse, our banks are the last to come to their rescue. They stand austerely aside, disclaim all responsibility for giving business men advice or assuming any control over the industries they have helped into the litch, and are quite clear that whoever else is going to suffer they are not.

Disarmament

J. L. Garvin in the London Observer (Ind.): Why has the cause of disarmament made no genuine progress? Because every nation feels and knows that the League by itself is no substitute for defence; that as yet it cannot offer sufficient security; that it has no power to guarantee the peace.

SEA STRAIGHTENS ROMANTIC TANGLES

When May Christie, whose novels and articles are read all over the North American continent, reaches an impasse with characters in her novels, she "sends them on an Atlantic voyage," to use her own words, because their tangles are unravelled on the ocean. Miss Christie, now married to J. S. Mazzavini, New York broker, is shown here on the White Star liner *Megantic* leaving for England after spending ten months on the North American continent in which time she wrote two 76,000 word novels, and forty-five articles.

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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.

Before the German-Irish filers return to their native lands, let it be recorded that the oft-used phrases are not "Deutschland Go Bragh" and "Erin Uber Alles."

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Museum Men to Seek Exhibits

Collections Will Be Made for Exhibition and Study

The National Museum of Canada will, according to announcement made by Dr. W. H. Collins, Acting Director, have several parties engaged in field work in eastern Canada during the season of 1928. Collections will be made for exhibition and for study, and scientific investigations will be carried on that cannot be conducted except in the field.

W. J. Wintemberg will search for remains of the extinct Red Indians of Newfoundland along the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the Starit of Belle Isle to Tadoussac. It is believed that the Red Indians formerly lived somewhere in Labrador peninsula, and did not cross into Newfoundland until a few centuries ago, when they were exterminated by white fishermen and by Indians from Nova Scotia. Along this north shore he expects to find remains also of other tribes, early Algonqian people who were perhaps the forefathers of the Indians living in this area today, and Eskimos who were found with Indians along this coast during the first days of French settlement.

C. M. Barbeau will study the ancient handicraft and designs of French Canada, in order to determine the extent of their influence on the arts and crafts of the various Indian tribes. It is thought that many, if not most of the patterns in bead and silk work hat appear on Indian specimens may not be aboriginal at all, but copied from European patterns.

To Visit Greenland

Dr. R. M. Anderson will accompany the SS. Beothic on the annual trip to Greenland, Ellesmere Island, Devon Island, Baffin Island and points in Hudson Strait, during the summer. At points of call he will collect zoological material for the Museum, obtain information on points of interest in those regions, and make arrangements with local residents for sending further desired material to the National Museum in the future.

P. A. Tavener and C. G. Harrold will spend the summer at various points along the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence collecting birds and co-operating with several other ornithologists in a water-bird census. Mr. Harrold spent some time during the latter part of April and early May near Davidson, Saskatchewan, collecting a series of sandhill and little brown cranes and other marsh birds for the Museum.

Dr. M. O. Malte expects to start in June for Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay on the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer Nascopie to collect botanical material and study northern plants in situ, in preparation for a comprehensive work on the flora of Arctic Canada.

Will Collect Mammals

Jos. Rochon, osteological preparator, is expected to spend about a month in the early fall collecting small mammals in parts of southern Quebec. His work in Quebec in 1927 resulted in an interesting collection of small mammals, including a specimen of the Least Weasel, not hitherto reported from that province.

C. L. Patch, J. Rochon, C. E. Johnson and D. Blakely will collect specimens and accessories locally for use in the habitat groups which are being prepared.

The Geological Survey contributes to the sections of geology, mineralogy and palaeonthology, but in addition special collecting parties are also sent out. This year A. T. McKinnon will collect mineral specimens in the Maritime Provinces, southern Quebec, and Cobalt district, Ontario. Some of the material is intended for addition to the Museum collections, but alarge quantity will be secured for making special collections, several hundreds of which are distributed yearly to educational institutions, mining companies and prospectors.

Dr. E. Poitevin will investigate mineralogical problems and collect specimens near Nicolet, southern Quebec, and in Cobalt district, Ontario.

A reliable antiseptic—Minard's.

Women and Men

Dr. W. H. D. Rouse in the London Morning Post (Cons.): In spite of votes, and all the imitation boys we see about, women and men are not the same. When women pretend to compete on equal terms with men, they are insincere. I see struggling crowds of them beside the omnibuses, and I never fight myself, I had rather walk; but if I did wish, I could easily knock aside the young ladies. If they are wise they will not push matters too far. They cannot have it both ways: both the struggle on equal terms, and the courtesy and reference which the monstrous regiment of men has made second nature to that contemptible sex.

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