BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Loring Ranger offers a hundred thousand dollars reward for the return of his missing daughter, Hope. He is assisted in his search by his attorney, Eustice Higby, and by his lifelong friend, Juarez Charlie, adventurer.

Charlie tells Loring that he feels certain Hope is held prisoner by a group of criinals called the "Combine." A message comes to Ranger telling him to buy a hat for Hope and leave it at a specified place. Frank Bryan is Ranger's private secretary.

George Kelsey is detained at a private sanatarium and he meets and visits with a girl who closely resembles a nurse named Copley. Dr. Bristow is the superintendent of the institution.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

A responsive shiver passed over her shoulders.

"There was no use acting as if I hadn't taken it all in," Kelsey resumed; "and I didn't hesitate to express myself. I was leaving at once, I told him; didn't care to be hooked up with a bunch of crooks. Bristow didn't bluster any; just smiled in that maddening, superior way of his and when I finished, condescended to explain. He had been humoring a lunatic, he said; my experience should have taught me the necessity of sometimes doing that. The story of the stolen jewels was pure dementia, but interesting as an example of unusual coherence.

"He made the thing plausible enough but it didn't sink in as he expected. I'd heard the two of them talk. There wasn't any make-believe about it; they were right down to business. Actual names and addresses were given and written down. And the alleged patient was allowed to depart free.

"So I stood my ground, and bluntly told him that I didn't consider the circumstances open to misinterpretation.

"Bristow began tapping on the arm of his chair, but he was as cool as ever. "It looks as if your usefulness here is over,' he agreed. 'I regret it. You would have been a valuable man.'"

"Speak a little lower," she cautioned.

"Thanks, I forgot for the moment. Well, I left him then, and went up to my room. I've told you how I attempted to get away and failed. After that, I tried to get to Bristow again, but he wouldn't see me. So I turned to Morton."

"Morton?" she repeated interrogatively.

"Yes, the other house physician. He's a quiet, non-committal sort of a fellow. I didn't go into the whole thing with him; just told him I'd had a falling out with Bristow and resigned, but that when I attempted to leave the place, I'd been prevented.

"He didn't show any surprise. He'd been primed. Just listened, and said now and then, 'I'm sorry,' or 'Too bad.' I didn't get his attitude at the time. My idea then was, that he was too keen on his job to take sides. But I gained a clearer light on him when I finally talked to Bristow.

"He was all ready for me, and didn't waste any time in laying his cards on the table.

"'It's for your own sake that I have taken these restrictive measures,' he said in his best professional manner. 'I'm not easily fooled, yet I confess I had no suspicions of you. But your violent outbreak and the persistent way you have clung to your delusions leave only one course open to me. Do you remember any great shock or accident in your life?'

"I saw where he was heading, and boiled over.

"'No shock like finding you a scoundrel and a thief!' I jumped up from my chair. 'Of course I see your game, Doctor. I know too much for my health, and therefore you are prescribing a rest for me here under your eye.'

"He looked at me without moving a muscle, patient still, but a little stern.

"'In the last few days,' he said, 'I've gathered considerable information about your past life. You are, I find, an Australian, an actor born in Melbourne. Your name is not Kelsey but Haworth, James Haworth.'

"That was a bit too thick, and I told him so. The devil listened to me quietly, never altering his expression. He was the grave, kind medical adviser.

"'You say, "What rot!" and say it quite seriously,' he came back at me; 'for yours is a case of dual personality. You started life as a young physician. Something occurred, a shock of some sort. Your secondary personality asserted itself, and you became an actor. This continued for a time and then the doctor personality reasserted itself and you came to this country. In neither of these states is there any remembrance of the other. There may eventually occur—and I think I can help you in such a crisis—a struggle between the two personalities, and it will then devolve upon you to decide which one you wish to retain, definitely putting the other away. In the meantime, I feel it my duty to keep you under observation.'"

While he talked Kelsey was aware that the girl was following his narra-

She held the picture up for him to see.

tive with almost feverish intentness, and he wondered again at her self-control.

"Careful!" he warned quickly. "Miss Copley has come out and is looking for you." He slouched back on the bench, looking more bored and gloomily abstracted than ever.

The nurse crossed the lawn swiftly, her face darkening as she caught sight of the two on the rustic seat.

"Verna!" she called. "Verna!" There was an anxiety bordering on panic in her harsh, unmodulated voice.

The girl did not respond at once. Then she started and looked about her, as if she had just returned from a far country and the present surroundings were unfomiliar. But at another, "Verna!" she rose obediently and held out the note-book and pencil.

"Look," she said; "see all I've written. He," with a gesture toward Kelsey, "gave me the book and pencil."

"How nice." The nurse was composed again. "Now give them back to him dear, and come in the house. I have a hat I want you to try on."

CHAPTER IX.

Juarez Charlie was beginning to feel oppressed and uneasy. Three days had passed since the hat was taken out of Ranger's car, and there had been no succeeding developments. Again and again he had explored the straggling neighborhood where he lived, searching each fence-pose and hoarding for another of those cabalistic communications, but without success.

On the fourth morning as, after another fruitless hunt, he brought out the motorcycle which Ranger had insisted on his accepting in order to faciltate his movements, and prepared to start for town, he had the air of a discredited prophet who has lost honor even with himself.

As he drew up before the entrance to Loring's office the outer guard to whom he was now a familiar figure waved him along toward the the office with the jocular announcement that the boss had been just on the point of sending out a general alarm for him.

Glumly he pushed up the corridor and opened the office door; then stopped short on the threshold and began awkwardly to back away.

Inside, Ranger and Eustace Higby, the attorney, were in earnest discussion over a letter which Higby held in his hand; while over by the window stood Mrs. Ranger intently studying a photograph.

The slight noise made by Charlie's intrusion and his mumbled apologies for blundering into a family group roused the three from their preoccupation; and Ranger, stepping quickly over, caught the retreating Juarez by the arm and drew him into the room.

"It's come, Charlie!" His eyes were shining. "Just as you said it would, old boy. A photograph and the demand for money. Found them on my desk when we came back from lunch."

He pulled Charlie across the room to his wife.

"Mary Lou, this is Charlie."

She dragged her gaze from the snap-shot, and held the picture up for him to see.

"It's the hat all right." He tried to throw some enthusiasm into his voice; but this atmosphere of jubilation left him feeling dry and meager. It was, as he told himself, too darned premature. Charlie had his superstitions.

"Yes; and it's Hope, too," Ranger declared. "We couldn't be fooled on that point."

"Oh, yes; it is certainly Hope." Mrs. Ranger's voice trembled with emotion. "How can we ever thank you, Mr. —?" She hesitated, flushing faintly. She felt that she ought to know his name, and yet she could not remember ever having heard her husband use it. She compromised hastily on "Mr. Juarez."

"I'm mighty glad to have the chance of meeting you, Mr. Juarez." Higby held out his hand. "You've been the sole person to throw any light on the puzzle."

"That absurd hat!" Mrs. Ranger smiled deprecatingly. "And yet you were right about it, Mr. Juarez. It does prove conclusively that the picture was taken within a day or two, doesn't it?"

"They snapped her when she wasn't expecting it, I guess," Charlie explained; "and she's laughing at herself in that sky-piece."

To Charlie's relief Ranger reminded him just then that he had not yet read the letter.

He took it, ran over it perfunctorily, and laid it back on the desk without comment.

"Well, what do you think?" Ranger was growing a little impatient at this indirectness.

"Seems fairly plain," he said. "They tell you, if you leave $100,000 under a railroad crossing on the Lone Hill road at four o'clock tomorrow afternoon, your daughter will be returned; and they warn you that if you fail, or try to doublecross them in any way, you'll never see her again. That's about all there is to it, so far as I can see."

Higby, more astute than the others, realized that he was not going to be led into expressing his real opinion in the presence of Mrs. Ranger, and tactfully succeeded in getting her to leave with him.

(To be continued.)

WITHOUT A NET

By KENNETH F. LEE

The Missus and I had enjoyed a hair-raising downhill ride on a railroad "gas-buggy" that morning, the Section Crew from Kennebago taking us down to the trail that led in to John's Pond, a distance of three miles, in much less than the same number of minutes.

We had supplies for a couple of days in our light packs, and both carried flyrods, for John's Pond has a reputation in that part of the country for harboring large and succulent trout with fierce appetites, and we were bound to investigate the reports.

The trail, after it left the railroad right-of-way, led up through a dense alder run, and before we got fairly started, a heavy thunderstorm came up and the alder leaves displayed a very unpleasant capability for catching and holding water. That is, they held it until we brushed against them, and then showed a decided tendency to freely baptize both of us. We were soaked to our hides long before we came out into the little clearing at the foot of the pond.

I found an old "tin" rowboat partly hidden in the underbrush, and a pair of oars that had quite obviously been serving as a lunch for the porcupines. The handles were chewed nearly through, but we decided that maybe they could be used, so we stowed our packs in the bow of the craft and started up toward the head of the pond, where I had been told we should find a log camp.

Didja ever row a "tin" boat that has been in use for upwards of thirty years? A tin boat with collapsible ribs that have been "collapsed" ever since the Spanish-American War? If you haven't, it is of very little use to try and convey any real idea of what this experience was like.

Every time I so much as wiggled an oar, that cockeyed boat let out a series of wails that reminded me of the time "Square-Head Oleson" went on a drunk accompanied by an accordion that he swiped from the cook at the lumber-camp where he was employed.

I would take a little pull at the oars. "Ee-onk! Ee-awnk! EE-Onk!" would go the blessed boat . . . and the Missus would glare at me just as tho' she plum' knew I was doin' it a-purpose.

Our trip up the pond was a sort of triumphal march, the boat furnishing the music, and by the time we got to the landing in front of the camp we both knew that "Ee-onk" tune by heart. I have no doubt all the wild things within five miles of the pond were in a state of nervous prostration. I nearly was, anyway. But the little log cabin, with its shingled porch and rustic furniture, did much to dispel the gathering gloom. After we had started a crackling blaze in the rusted stove and ascertained that there was plenty of dry bedding for one of the bunks, we began to feel comfortable.

"If the trout are here, we're all set!" I announced, hastily stringing up my light flyrod and selecting a Silver Doctor, a Royal Coachman and a Brown Hackle, with which formidable trio it was my intention to pry the lid off that pond immediately. Listen, Brother Fisherman: When an Ontario trout refuses to do business with at least one of the three flies mentioned, its time to get busy with worms if you wanta eat fish.

We climbed aboard the "Halleluja Ferry" and "Ee-onked" our way across a little cove over to where a big stream entered the lake. Here lily-pads dotted the surface of the calm water, and now and again we would see a quick splash, followed by slow-widening circles, that told a tale of feeding trout. It sure looked promisin'.

About the second cast, my flies droppinggently into a clear space amongst the pads, a big trout surged up at the dropper and came clear of the water, the little barbless hook biting deep into his jaw as he fell back with a splash. Then we had a circus which lasted maybe three busy minutes, after which the Big Boy was ready for the net. But, Damnit! There was no net. In our hurry to get started that morning we had come away without it. So I tried lifting the trout into the boat by the delicate, tapered leader. He gave a coupla swift shimmyin' wriggles which lifted his weight of the barbless. . . probably put a derisive fin to his nose, an' went away from there silently and swiftly. Not so good! We mourned.

To make a bad matter even more so I lost three big, fat trout, one after the other. . . and we were getting hungrier all the time. Of course, we had bacon and beans and similar fodder in our packs, but we had come to John's Pond to eat trout . . . and trout we were going to eat.

Well, we tried slipping a hand over the trouts' heads and clutching 'em around the neck, but that proved to be a lot like trying to catch the greased pig at the county fair. Next we tried tipping the tin boat over until its gunwale was nearly in the water and sliding the trout in over the side, but about the first crack out of the box a big "lunker" changed his mind at the crucial moment and dived under the boat, twisting the tip of my pet Cross rod until I had mysterics for fear it would break.

Right there I quit. "We'll eat bacon!" I declared, "There isn't a trout in this part of liberty-lovin' Canada that I'd bust that rod for." My heartfelt sentiments didn't make the least bit of a hit with the Missus, and she said so right out loud. "We'll go back and make a net . . . or a gaff, or something . . . but we're going to have trout for supper. I didn't walk 'way in here, and get nearly drowned, just to eat bacon," she declared firmly.

It has not taken me ten years to learn that arguing with one's Better Three-fourths is lost motion . . . so back we went, "Ee . . onkin'" to beat the band, all the way to camp. There we rummaged around for upwards of half an hour in search of materials from which to improvise a net. Just as I was about to quit cold, the Missus got her eye on one o those wire broilers with two handles, the kind that are used to scorch steak with over open coals. "That's just what we want!" she piped up enthusiastically, waving the broiler triumphantly over her head.

I couldn't see that her discovery had made much difference in our chances for a trout supper . . . not then. But we got into the tin music box and went back to the trout pool and sarted in casting all over again. It was nearly dark, and the big trout were coming up into the shallows from the cool depths of the pond; the lily-pads boiled with them. They had their reputed appetites right along, too.

My first rise was a daisy, an active, heavy fish that slashed out of the water with my dropper fly solidly in his jaw. No fish was ever handled more painstakingly than that gentleman, for I could anticipate the way he would smell in a sizzling pan of bacon-fat.

He put up a gallant fight, but at length came rolling his pink sides toward the boat, where the Missus awaited him, holding the wire broiler down into the water, its sides gaping, and both her hands gripping the handles firmly. I slid the big trout carefully along the surface, holding hard on the rod-butt to keep his head out of water, and the lady brought that blessed broiler up ever so gently, clamped the handles together . . . and boosted Mr. Trout right up into the boat in one smooth swoop. Hot Diggety Dawg! We both let out Comanche whoops and nearly upset the boat in our joy.

After we had recovered our usual pose I whacked the big trout over the head with the hilt of my belt-knife, and then settled down to fish in earnest. We got all the trout we needed in short order, and after I had a dozen or so the Missus took her turn . . . and let me assure you, brothers, she slings a mean fly, and can handle a big fish as well, or maybe a little better, than the nominal Boss of the Lee family.

We quit at dark, and that night we sat by the little stove and gloaed over the string of trout, and listened to a pair of Bobcats cussin' each other out in the swamp behind the cabin. After we had turned in for the night a big porcupine climbed up on the porch and started gnawing the wooden box that held our catch, and I had to take the flashlight and a chunk of stove-wood and go out and argue with him briefly, after which I chased him into the brush at the end of the porch and went back to bed. In about twenty minutes, or perhaps half an hour, two more "porkys" made their appearance on the porch, and took up the good work where their dear departed had left off. I chased that pair, too, and, after that, we went to sleep and slept like a pair of wooden Injuns till dawn.

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"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

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Peking Now Peiping

As soon as the Chinese Nationalists completed their conquest of the territory north of the Yangtze it became evident that drastic changes would be made. All vestiges of the old regime in Peking, it was decided, should be swept away and the last trace of the Manchu dynasty obliterated. It is therefore not surprising that Peking is to be renamed Peiping, and that the province in which it is situated, Chihli, is to become Hopeh, which means north of the Yellow River. The change is significant of the gradual disappearance of old Chinese conservatism, which began to go with the abandonment of the pigtail.

Peking, like St. Petersburg, later Petrograd, and ultimately Leningrad, was destined to take a subordinate place in the affairs of the country. It had been losing prestige in proportion to the rise of the southerners. Regret its disappearance as the northerners may, they will find consolation in the step which, it may be hoped, it marks toward a unified China and toward the establishment of a single responsible government, lack of which has constituted a serious drawback to progress in China.

The Laborer and His Hire

Manitoba Free Press (Lib.): There are indications that the Government is learning, albeit with great reluctance, that the glory of holding a Government job is not sufficient compensation for men whose talents command good salaries in the industrial world. When an indispensable scientific worker is lost by the Government to a business concern—usually in the United States, so that the loss is both governmental and national—it is ridiculous that the defence should be made that the Government was powerless in the matter because, under the civil service classification, this indispensable worker was in receipt of the maximum salary permitted. Research is more necessary to the Government of Canada than to any business concern inside or outside the country. The Government has far more money than the business and educational institutions that are constantly raiding the service and carrying off its best men; and it can stop this practice at will.

Sunburn? Use Minard's Liniment.

The Peace River

Vancouver Province (Ind. Cons.): The Peace River knot can not be cut as easily as the Hudson Bay one was. In the latter case, it was a question of deciding which of two points should be aimed at. The Peace River question is much more complex. The Peace River district is not a point, but an empire. No one railway will serve it adequately. It will require a network, and the question to decide is the location of the main line which will afford the best outlet for this network.

Farm equipment production dropped last year from $461,399,528 to $4459,574,443 in value. The trend to mechanized farming is indicated by the sale of 20,000 more tractors and the more than trebling of harvester-thresher machines since 1925.

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Frills of narrow lace wide insertion and shirrings, result in a frock whose lovely daintiness might well adorn any little girl from two to eight years of age. It is an easily-made frock, with the front and back shirred to a narrow band, which in turn is joined to the lower edge of the front and back yokes, forming a square neck. The sleeves are just little cap affairs edged with narrow lace to match the neck. A wide band of insertion is set into the skirt at the top of the hem. Then, there are little panties which accompany this frock, the legs of which are gathered in knee-bands edged with lace, and the upper part finished with a band to button onto a waist. No. 1321 is in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 years requires 2½ yards 32 or 36-inch material for bloomers and dress; or 1½ yards for dress without bloomers; 2½ yards narrow lace, and 1½ yards wide insertion. Price 20 cents.

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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.

It is not Mr. Bernard Shaw or Mr. H. G. Wells, but the late Lord Northcliffe, who has done the most to form the character of the post-war generation.—Lord Burnham.

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