BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Hope Ranger is abducted by a band of criminals. Her wealthy father, Loring Ranger, offers a reward of a hundred thousand dollars for the return of his daughter.

Ranger is friendly with an adventurer called Juarez Charlie. Charlie starts on a quiet hunt for Hope. The missing girl plots with Dr. George Kelsey to escape from the hospital where they are held prisoners. Together they ride away in Bristow's car, which is wrecked just outside Ranger's old abandoned home.

Following a clue given by a girl friend, Juarez Charlie rides toward Bristow's sanitarium on his motorcycle. He comes to the wrecked car and, finding Kelsey injured, rides for a physician.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"You hurt?" She could dimly see his white, frightened face. The motorcycle stood at the side of the road. "Want to get up? That's good." His hand was under her elbow, helping her to rise.

She stared blankly at the crumpled bulk of the overturned car, and then ran toward it, stifling a scream.

"Oh, where, where—?" she cried, and stopped.

Kelsey lay almost at her feet, motionless, half under the tonneau.

The man caught him by the shoulders and dragged him out. Hope dropped down beside him, moaning faintly. She lifted his head and it fell limply against her arm. The blood was running down over his temple, clotting his hair.

Juarez Charlie was running practiced hands over his body. "He's breathing," he said, but shook his head. "Looks to me like a fractured skull."

She forgot everything, their plight, was sent to capture them; and cried the probability that this stranger out, imploring him.

"Oh, go! Go for a doctor at once."

He jumped to the saddle, caught his spark almost immediately, and the jerky crackle of his machine was soon lost in the distance.

Hope made a pad of her own handkerchief, and taking Kelsey's from his pocket folded a bandage of it and bound it about his forehead. Then with his head on her lap, she waited, bending over him.

At last he stirred, there was a flutter of his lids, and he opened his eyes.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"The car turned over, and you were unconscious."

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm all right. I was only shaken up a little."

His eyes veered to the ruin of the car. "Good heavens! They've got us sure. To think that it's all ended so."

"No!" vehemently. "Not if you can walk. The house is near. It's an old place that my father owns," she explained. "I spent every summer here when I was a child. It's empty now; the old caretaker died about six months ago."

He got up and took a staggering step or two.

"Lean on me," she said quickly.

"I'll have to, I'm afraid."

A hedge loomed ahead of them. With some difficulty she guided him to a gap in it, and they slipped through. The house was only a short distance away.

"Wait!" she ran toward it, and circled to the rear, trying the windows as she went. He followed more slowly.

"Here's a broken pane!" she called excitiously.

Joinging her, he slipped his fingers through the jagged hole, unlocked the sash and pushed it up.

CHAPTER XIX.

Without waiting for Kelsey's rather shaky assistance, Hope clambered through the window. Following more slowly, he closed and relocked it.

Swaying on his feet, Kelsey reached out for some support and clutched a table.

She was untying the bandage, and he felt her light, cool fingers on his forehead.

She moved swiftly away from him, and he heard the sound of running water across the room. "I'm going to wet this handkerchief," she said, "here at the sink. This is the kitchen."

"Wait!" He got up and made his zig-zag way toward her. "Let me get my head under the faucet."

"Is the cut still bleeding?" she asked.

"No; the blood has clotted on it. It's only a scratch anyway. Ah!" He inhaled deeply and stood upright, brushing the water from his face. "I'm all right now."

"But it's dangerous drawing water," he said. "They'll know we've been here."

"Let it run a little," she suggested. "It will look as if it had been left so for a long time."

"That's so," he said. "And now we've got to plan our next move. You know this place, the house and grounds. They'll be here soon, and they're bound to track us to the house. We've got to get out. Is there any way we can throw them off?"

"We stay right here. They won't find us." There was an irrepressible, mischievous bubble in her low laughter. "Leave that to me. I know every inch of this place. Give me your matches."

"Hurry! We must hide now," she urged.

"You musn't strike a match here."

"Not here of course. But in the closet there. Quick—give them to me. Oh, don't be afraid. I shall close the door."

Here, as on their wild drive, she had taken the initiative, and still protesting, he reluctantly gave her the box.

She laughed again; and he heard a door open and close. A moment and she came back.

"Good hunting," she said. "I went after provisions and found a box of crackers and some jam. My father comes down here occasionally for the duck shooting, and I thought something might have been left.

"Now come with me." She slipped her free hand in his, and led him through what seemed to be a dining-room into the hall, and then up a flight of stairs.

Kelsey stopped. "What's your idea?" he asked. "To hide in the attic? That don't do. They'll make for that the first thing."

"We're not going to the attic. Come on." She tugged at his sleeve. "Don't stand there and argue. I know what I'm doing."

He yielded the point, and followed her without further remonstrance into a long, low-celled chamber which he assumed to be directly above the dining-room.

"Now you can rest for a moment," she said, guiding him into a chair. "Sit down. And, please, the matches again. Oh," anticipating his objection, "there will be no light that can be seen from the outside."

His eyes, accustomed to the darkness, made out a great stone fireplace at one side of the room. She passed it, a light, gliding shadow among shadows, and stood before the wall beyond, in front of an old-fashioned cupboard about two feet above the floor. She stepped into it. There was a tiny spurt of light as she struck a match.

By it, he saw her kneeling figure close to the dark wood which lined the back of the closet. One finger outstrtched, she was tapping the boards rapidly. Counting, was she?

The match went out. He heard her jump down, and she came toward him in an airy rush.

"Let me tell you. She forced herself to sober coherently. "This is an old, old house, built in the early days of the Colonies, when people had to be constantly on guard against the Indians and provide ways of escape. Can you make out that big, old-time chimney where the fireplace is? It runs up from the cellar and there is a fireplace just like this in the dining-room below, and another back of it in the kitchen which is in an ell or wing not quite so high as the main house.

"The chimney tapers gradually as it goes up, and so is narrower on this floor than on the one beneath. That leaves a space on either side of it up here, and the colonists utilized this as a hidden passage by which they could get to the rear of the house if the front was taken, or vice-versa. The entrance on this side is through that cupboard where you saw me. All you have to do is to slide back two of the boards, and you are inside. Then by passing around the chimney, you can get out through a similar opening into the attic of the kitchen wing. Once there, you must crawl across the rafters, drop through a scuttle into a small room over the kitchen, and from this down a stairway to the woodshed outside. But it will not be necessary for us to do all that. We shall simply hide in the passage-way until the search is over."

She took up the crackers and jam from a chair, and going back to the cupboard, stowed them in the aperture.

"Now I'll get some pillows to sit on. We'll be luxurious."

She gathered them up from a couch, and stuffed them also into the passage.

A thought pricked the bubble of his exultation. "But surely this is known all over the neighborhood?"

"No," positively. "My father showed it to me when I was about twelve years old. I had never heard a whisper of it before; and I would have, if it had been gossiped about. The servants would have been full of it."

Through the dead quiet of the night they heard the sound of a motor—more than one. They went to the window. Along the rough road they had come they saw headlights approaching, moons of orange through the fog. There was a stop where their car had crashed.

"Hurry! We must hide now," she urged.

He stepped up into the cupboard, and crept into the passage behind. She closed the cupboard door and slipped the concealing panel into place.

Sit down on the pillows, and we shan't make asound," she ordered.

Heavy thuds on a door below, reverberating through the house. Then the tramp of feet and the slamming of other doors. Men were on the stairs now. Passing the chamber door, they went on up another flight to the attic.

They came down at last to begin their search of this floor; and now they were in the room. The cupboard doors were jerked open; threads of light streaked through the cracks of the panel. Kelsey and Hope sat motionless, hardly daring to breathe, her hand clasped tight in his.

(To be continued.)

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CI 30

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ISSUE No. 36—'25

Find No Definite Cure for Cancer

Dr. Blackader Returns From Conference Held at Cardiff

"Canada is well equipped, and as far ahead as anyone else in the treatment of cancer and other diseases of this kind," stated Dr. A. Blackader, M.D., who returned from the Old Country, where he attended a medical conference in Cardiff. He said that a great many reports on cancer and consumption were received at the conference, but nothing was definite. The Blair-Bell "lead cure" was discussed, but was found to be only efficacious in certain forms of cancer. Other cures were discovered to be the same.

"It all comes to the same thing. We are really no further ahead now than we have been as far as cancer is concerned. What we are concentrating on at the present time is finding a preventive for the dread disease. England is looking for money for research just the same as we are in Canada, and for that matter, every other country is also seeking funds. We are waiting for some bright young man to come along who has hit on that one infinitesimal and elusive fact that will lead us to the solution. He will come along in time and then we will be able to go ahead and improve upon what he has done."

Canada is in reality a little further ahead than most other countries in the cure of tuberculosis, but again in this case the real solution of the problem was yet awaiting discovery. The conference in Cardiff had spent much of its time discussing midwifery, a sore point at the present time due to the enormous mortality rate throughout the world. Research in this connection is also being provided for on a large scale. The past year's mortality rate among mothers has aroused the medical profession to action in the matter, and further conferences on this subject will be held.

Dr. Blackader is editor of the Canadian Medical Journal.

Pilot Stultz showed that he is something of a philosopher, as well as a flier, when he remarked that among birds the parrots, which are the best talkers, are also the poorest fliers.

As a "hit and run" driver, Babe Ruth seems to be making another record.

Minard's Liniment for Every Pain.

Grateful Sheik Makes Desert Safe for Airmen

London—A curious story of a sheik's gratitude was told by Sir Hugh Trenchard, marshal of the Royal Air Force, to some students of the University of London in a lecture recently.

An expedition, he said, was sent across a desert. They were warned by tribesmen that if they ever returned they would do so stripped of everything. But on this trip the expedition picked up a wounded sheik in the desert and took him to a hospital 200 miles away. Two weeks later he was brought back, fit.

Ever since then whenever a Royal Air Force plane has had to descend in that part of the desert five or six silent horsemen have appeared at a distance of a few hundred yards and stood sentry all night, departing in the morning without ever coming nearer the machine.

Fashions

A Smartly Simple Frock

This chic little frock is suitable for play or school-time and will be found quite simple for the home modiste to fashion. Contrasting material may be used for the wide facing on the skirt, the front plait, belt, and bands on the long or short raglan sleeves. No. 1630 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch plain material, and ¾ yard contrasting; ¼ yard less for short sleeves. Price 20 cents 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.

King Liked Canadian Jam

By BLOWDEN DAVIES

Since childhood His Majesty King George has had the good old-fashioned habit of keeping a diary. While still a boy in his 'teens he joined the ranks of royal authors when the journals kept by himself and his brother, the young Duke of Clarence, were published after a long tour as middies in a naval vessel.

Some years ago these diaries of His Majesty's youth played a part in clearing up some points in dispute in the annals of Annapolis Royal in Nova Scotia. As a young man, then Prince George, he and some friends left the ship to which they were attached at Halifax and journeyed inland for sport and pleasure. In addition to the prince there were in the party Captain Francis Durrant, Lieutenant the Hon. S. Colville, R.N. (now A.D.C. to the King), Paymaster George A. F. C. Scales. They stayed three days in Annapolis in what is now Hillsdale House, went fishing in nearby rivers, drove to neighboring towns and investigated the ruined and deserted fort, abandoned thirty years previously by British troops.

During their stay the young officers had their afternoon tea, English fashion, at Hillsdale House. The hostess was famous for her cooking, and was notable even among the excellent Nova Scotian housewives. And the scones she served them were without doubt the best her hands could turn out. Sixteen years later, in 1900, Lieut. Colville returned, as Capt. Colville, Commander of H.M.S. Crescent, accompanied by another party of naval officers. They made their way back to the same old stopping place, and Capt. Colville asked if they could get some of the same kind of scones they had had in 1884!

Prince George's man found his way down into the cellars of the hospitable house and was so impressed with the great array of preserved fruits, jams, jellies and conserves that he told his royal master about them and urged him to pay a visit to the cellars to see with his own eyes the good housekeeper's handiwork. Prince George took the hint and asked permission to descend below stairs, and there he was properly impressed, also, by the gleaming rows of pots and jars.

Mr. L. M. Fortier, the custodian of the restored Fort Anne, in order to clear up the inaccuracies which surrounded the records of the king's youthful visit, wrote to His Majesty and explained the situation. The King, doubtless remembered the shining opalescent waters of Annapolis basin and the rosy pots of strawberry jam, and with the great good nature dug up his old diaries of more than two score years ago. He wrote Mr. Fortier the details of what he found there.

Thanks to his diary habit, Annapolis has an interesting and authentic bit of history confirmed by royal authority. Only last summer Fort Anne received from their Majesties two very handsome signed portraits to add to the fascinating collection already housed there.

"SALADA" TEA

357

In remote and distant parts of the world, fine teas are grown—wherever they grow these teas are procured for "SALADA" blends. The best the world produces is sold under the "SALADA" label. Millions know the satisfaction "SALADA" gives.

Practical Justice

Kansas City Park: Justice takes a practical turn in the decree of a California court admitting a youth to probation for three years on condition that for the period he support two children made fatherless by an automobile accident determined on trial as manslaughter. For the defendant there would be more onus in serving a prison term, but such a course would not relieve conditions that the revised decree ameliorates. One of the marked defects of punitive law is its lack of remedial influence. A defendant found guilty of criminal negligence is assessed a penalty by fine or loss of liberty, but innocent sufferers through his crime usually are without relief except in those rare instances when civil actions are maintained and reparations secured.

Minard's Liniment cleanses cuts, etc.

Canada's Financial Independence

New York Herald-Tribune: Canada has had its financial difficulties in the years since the war, but to-day, from a financial standpoint as well as from an economic standpoint, it stands on the threshold of the greatest prosperity that it has known. . . . To those who have watched the progress of Canada economically in recent years it will come as little surprise that the Minister of Finance is able to report that, while taxation is being steadily reduced on the one hand, the Government is able to discharge its outstanding indebtedness as it matures on the other. . . . Canada, as was in the case with the United States of 1914, while not yet a creditor nation, is in the position of a debtor nation that is reducing its old debts to foreign investors or is making new foreign investments of its own in a volume exceeding its new borrowings from abroad. No clearer indication could be asked than this of the Dominion's approaching financial independence.

British Speed Work On Final Link of World Radio Chain

Wireless Committee Recommends Erection of Plant at Canberra, Australia

London.—To forge the final link in a globe-circling wireless chain the installation of a superpower radio station at Canberra, Australia, has been recommended by the British Imperial Wireless Committee.

The new station would have a transmitting radius of 5,000 miles. The nearest British stations of similar power are at Singapore and Hongkong.

The central station in the empire's network of beam radio stations is at Hillmorton, near Rugby, England. From there circuits are now operated by the government to Bombay, India; Cape Town, South Africa; Montreal, Canada, and Melbourne, Australia. A short time ago beam radio service was established between Montreal and Melbourne.

Direct short-wave service between East Africa and England has just been opened in the colony of Kenya. It is planned to establish similar service to embrace Continental Europe and probably American destinations.

British wireless will also penetrate the jungles of Africa. The British East African Broadcasting Company, which holds the concession on the present service, is working on the problem of developing internal communication in Kenya and Uganda.

Joan, aged five, out to tea was puzzled when she saw the family bow their heads for grace. "What are you doing?" she said. "Giving thanks for our daily bread," she was told. "Don't you give thanks at home, Joan?". "No," said Joan, "we pay for our bread."

NURSES know, and doctors have declared there's *nothing* quite like Aspirin to relieve all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it *is* Aspirin the name Bayer should be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine—in red—is on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box:

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.

For Better Pickles

Make mustard pickles this year in your own clean kitchen. You can select the particular combination of vegetables you desire—make the pickles to your own high standards of quality, purity and flavour — win the admiration of your guests. More and more, every year, representative hostesses are making their own mustard pickles at home!

Write for FREE recipe book on pickles, salads, salad dressing, sandwich fillings, etc.

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Green Tomato Pickle

Boil together 2 lbs. white sugar, 1 qt. vinegar, 1 tablespoon stick cinnamon, 2 teaspoons whole cloves, 1 teaspoon allspice (whole), 1½ tablespoons Keen's Mustard. Pour mixture over 5 lbs. small green tomatoes. Let stand overnight. Drain off liquid and cook it until coats spoon. Add tomatoes and cook till clear. Seal in sterilized jars.

KEEN'S MUSTARD
Aids Digestion

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