SWALLOWED UP

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

Illustrated by R. W. Satterfield.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Hope Ranger is missing after eating luncheon with friends at the Plaza. Loring Ranger offers a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the return of his daughter.

Hope is a prisoner in the sanitarium of Dr. Bristow. Dr. George Kelsey also is detained there because he knows of criminal transactions of Bristow.

Hope and Kelsey manage to escape in Bristow's car. They drive to an abandoned house. Kelsey falls asleep and Hope hears Bristow's voice in the yard and knows they have been followed. She surrenders to Bristow and tells him that Kelsey has abandoned her. When Kelsey awakens he finds Juarez Charlie, adventurer, and close friend of Ranger, in the room with him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Now this is where you sit up and listen." Charlie tapped Kelsey twice on the chest with a hortatory forefinger. "While I was eating breakfast an unexpceted caller dropped in to the jial to see me, an old bird that I sized up for a doctor. I win. He is one, named Creamer, the original man who wandered all around Robin Hood's barn. But what I made out of it was, that my man-eating constable had got word to him about your accident, and Creamer'd doddered off to the scene of disaster about three hours late.

"There he finds Bristow, who has recovered from a desperate attack made upon him by a violent homicidal maniac. That's you.

"Well, of course Creamer had to get all the gruesome details; and then he remembered—he's Main Street's walking historical society—that this place, the old Rose house he called it, had some nook built into it, where in the cheery, old times the family used to hide when the Indians wanted to put a kick in their parties by having a friendly little massacre of the palefaces.

"That sets Bristow afire. He's all for finding it, when just then the girl turns up. No doubt but what she's been trailing around through the woods; her skirt and shoes were wet and muddy.

"Creamer says you stole a boat and got off, and must have capsized in the storm. Several boats were found adrift this morning, two of them bottom up.

"The minute that Frank Bryan came in I saw that he was in bad shape. He's a cold fish, and I couldn't flatter myself that he had worried to skin and bones overnight about my fix. I'd been nursing a hunch about him for some time, though, and this looked like a moment to put the screws on him. It worked.

"There he sat, shaking and crying, calling himself bad names and muttering about suicide.

"I told him that was all right; go to it. Little by little, I got it out of him." Charlie's thin mouth clamped "Kelsey, he was in on that damned abduction."

"What?" Kelsey cried. "Mr. Ranger's private secretary?"

"Yes; just that. Yet Frank's not bad, nor is he particularly weak, either. Frank was caught with all four feet in a trap. He's the good young man, with the bad younger brother.

"The Combine—that's the gang that's got Hope—needed him; so they framed the brother, which wasn't hard to do as the goods on him were there to get. Then they closed down on Frank. He was told that all they wanted was fifty thousand dollars, which Ranger would never miss, and the girl would be held in comfort until it was paid. If Frank didn't care to assist, brother would go to Sing Sing for thirty or forty years. Frank caved. Some dope was slipped into Hope's ice cream soda while she and every one else in that fruit shop was watching a row in front of the cashier's desk. And when she walked out, the drug was beginning to work. She was growing groggy, and naturally when Bryan came forward she let him help her into the limousine at the curb."

"But I still don't see—" Kelsey had followed every word, his brow growing more furrowed as Charlie went on. "How could they know that she would go into that shop, and order the soda?"

"They didn't. But a thing like that wasn't pulled off in a hurry. They had an inside man, Bryan says, named Fitch, whose business it was to find out about Hope's movements, and tip them off when she was to be out alone. Then they were ready to spring any one of half a dozen schemes, whichever was the best under the circumstances.

"Well, to go back, I told Frank about the escape, and them getting her again; and he said it was funny, if the girl really was Hope, that she didn't make for the hiding place in the old house, instead of taking to the woods. I got keyed up then, and he tells me all about it. Ranger had shown it to him once, when they were down here together. Then he falls to moaning and sobbing again, and I tell him that I am going to get the girl, but I don't want Ranger in on it yet; and if he'll keep his mouth shut about what he knows, I'll padlock mine about him. Silence for silence.

"Just as we were stepping out into the blessed sunlight of freedom—only it was raining—my eye fell on a high board fence across the street from the hoose-gow; and, lifesized and prominent, a glad message of 'Welcome to Our City,' stares back at me. It's

"Beat it for the Far West or have your throat slit."

chalked up in hobo language; and let me tell you, that he who read was very apt to run. It said: 'Beat it for the Far West at once, or you'll have your throat slit.'

"There was a nice little knot of onlookers there, waiting to see the prisoner shake off his chains; and I knew the Combine would have some innocent bystander on hand to make sure I got the friendly word. So I fell over against Bryan, acting scared to death, and a minute later told Simonds that he wouldn't see me again in these parts, as I was off for sunny California, and intended to stay there.

"Then I went with Bryan to the train, checked my motorcycle to New York, rode up the line for three stations, hopped a freight back again, dropped off, and making my way through these rain-soaked woods, sneaked into the house.

"Look here, Kelsey, is there one human soul in that hospital you can trust, or think you can?"

Kelsey reflected.

"Morton," he said, "the house physician. I could trust him, if we were able to convince him that Bristow is crooked."

"We've got to get him here then, without his knowing who we are; and I'll undertake to convince him. You see, we must have some one inside the place who'll find out for us what they'r planning. Think hard, Kelsey; what will bring him here? Some girl he is interested in?"

Kelsey dismissed this, palms down. "That wouldn't bring him; science is all he cares for. Wait a minute," a light flashed over his face. "I helped him write a letter to one of the medical journals, rebutting the statements in an article by a Dr. Jonas Crayshaw. He was tremendously worked up about it Why couldn't we get word to him that Dr. Crayshaw is down here writing an answer and would like to have a talk with him?"

"Great!" Charlie thumped Kelsey between the shoulders. "I'll take a chance and sneak out to the nearest farm house and telephone him in the character of Dr. Crayshaw, asking him not to mention my presence here to any one as I am working against time and must have the strictest seclusion."

"But it's dangerous for you to show yourself around here," Kelsey said. Maybe I—?"

"I'll show just as little of myself as possible, believe me," Charlie answered. "And if I don't come back, you'd better just lie low here until night, and then try to reach Ranger."

He paused, and ran his hands through his hair.

"I don't know but what I'd better call up Lorry after all." He wavered. "We've got to have money. Morton may need it in the hospital to buy a spy or so. Lord! I hate it. Lorry might queer everything."

Kelsey gave a little jump, and smiled for the first time.

"Don't let the lack of funds worry you," he said; and drew from his pocket the package of bonds, spreading them fan-wise on the table.

"A hundred thousand dollars!" Charlie gaped at them. "Jumping Jehosophat! Why, it's Ranger's ransom-money. Where did you get it?"

Kelsey told him, Charlie jigging the while and cutting fantastic pigeon-wings.

CHAPTER XXIII.

When Hope drove back through the hospital grounds and walked between two men up the steps, down which she had flown a few hours before palpitating with her splendid dreams of freedom, she was hardly conscious of the ignominious contrast.

Anita Copley met her in the hall, and in that full dazzle of light surveyed her gloatingly, a cruel sweeping glance that took in the girl from head to foot.

She caught Hope by the arm and led her upstairs to her room, thrusting her in through the door before her. Hope tottered to a chair and fell into it.

"Come, get undressed," Anita ordered.

Hope twisted petulantly, and let her head fall back again. But Miss Copley caught her by the wrist and jerked her to her feet.

Whimpering, Hope rubbed her arm.

"So dark in the woods," she sighed. "We walked and walked, and ran and ran."

Hope lay down docilely, and almost immediately seemed to fall asleep.

Anita, after lowering the light, seated herself where she could keep her eyes on both her charge and the door. She sat upright, nerves and muscles rigid, listening for some activity below. Once she rose precipitately and stepping softly past Hope's bed, opened the door and listened. Coming back, she took up the same waiting attitude, and pressed her hands distractedly to her temples.

Over an hour, surely almost two, must have passed; and they had not brought Kelsey back.

At last the woman could bear her vigil no longer. She got up again, bent over Hope to assure herself that she was asleep, then turning down the light to a spark, went out, locking the door behind her.

(To be continued.)

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UE. No. 39—'28

Attracting Tourists

Quebec City—Assurance of good food is to be added to the list of attractions offered to the tourist by the Province of Quebec. Wihout good food, touring is reduced to a discouraging experience. Gastronomy appeals to all classes. The people of France long ago learned this and their good cooking attracts more tourists than any scenic attractions the country has to offer.

The Minister of Roads for the Province of Quebec, Hon. J. L. Perron, is determined that tourists visiting Quebec shall not only have good roads to travel over when they motor, but good food at the hotels where they stay. For some time past he has been insisting on an improvement in the standard of hotels throughout the province. As a further step in this campaign has has arranged to have courses in cooking available for those who may be considering employment either actually employed in hotels or in such establishments. The courses in the fine art of cooking are to be given free by eperts at the Provincial Household Service School in Montreal. Each class will number 25 and the first of the two weeks courses is scheduled for next April.

And so next summer the tourist in Quebec, may, after a motor trip through a stretch of scenic beauty or a rich farming area, halt at a wayside inn and find there the meal his or her discriminating palate yearns for, served "a la Perron."

This idea of cooking classes marks a new departure in the Provincial Government's bid for tourists that will certainly be appealing. It is one that may ultimately be more widely adopted.

Tourists Aid Development

The tourist is often the fore-runner of the homemaker and investor. He visits the country and sees with his own eyes the character of its people and resources, and if he later returns to settle or invest he is able to do both in a more satisfactory manner.

The Kicking Horse Trail

The Kicking Horse Trail commences at Lake Louise, in Rocky Mountains National Park, Alberta, crosses the Great Divide and follows the Kicking Horse River to Field, British Columbia, Yoho park headquarters. From here access is easy to the beautiful Yoho valley. The road then continues along the Kicking Horse canyon and on to Golden, British Columbia. This motor way, which is the second transmontane highway to be build across the Central Rockies, unlocked the gates of Yoho park to the outside motor world.

Minard's Liniment cleanses cuts, etc.

Rhodes Scholars Give Oxford Fund

American Association Takes Means to Express Gratitude for Advantages

New York.—The American Trust Fund for Oxford University, said to be the first international educational endowment of its kind ever established, has just been founded here by the Association of American Rhodes Scholars.

The establishment of the fun is the outgrowth of a movement launched among the Rhodes scholars in the United States recently to give tangible expression to their gratitude for the educational advantages received at Oxford under the scholarships established by Cecil Rhodes.

Although the original fund has been contributed by one-time Rhodes students, the endowment is open to contributions from any person interested in international education. Income from the trust is to be used for whatever purposes are found to be the most beneficial to the University.

The deed of trust was executed by Franklin F. Russell, secretary of the Association of American Rhodes Scholars, and one of the originators of the scheme. The Bank of the Manhattan Company was named trustee in the deed. John W. Davis, formerly Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and J. D. Scott, British consul in New York, both signed the deed as witnesses.

Sunshine On London Bridge

The bright morning sun of summer heated the eastern parapet of London Bridge; I stayed in the recess to acknowledge it. The smooth water was a broad sheen of light, the built-up river flowed calm and silent by a thousand doors, rippling only where the stream chafed against a chain. Red pennants drooped, gilded vanes gleamed on polished masts, black-pitched hulls glistened like a black rooks feathers in sunlight; the clear air cut ou tthe forward angles of the warehouses, the shadowed wharves were quiet in shadow that carried light; far down the ships that were hauling out moved in repose, and with the stream floated away into the summer mist. There was a faint blue color in the air hovering between the built-up banks, against the lit walls, in the hollows of the houses. The swallows wheeled and climbed, twittered and glided downwards. Burning on, the great sun stood in the sky, heating the parapet, glowing steadily upon me as when I rested in the narrow valley grooved out in prehistoric times. Burning on steadfast, and ever present as my thought. Lighting the broad river, the broad walls; lighting the least speck of dust; lighting the great heaven; gleaming on my finger-nail. The fixed point of day—the sun.—Richard Jeffries.

Canada–England as U.S. Customers

The United States sold $74,000,000 worth more goods to Canada in fiscal year 1928 than in 1927, and $163,000,000 more than in 1926, according to a survey printed in the "Boston News Bureau," C. W. Barron's financial newspaper. "Exports totaled $862,000,000, the previous year they were $788,000,000 and in 1925 $648,000,000," this article continues.

"The 1928 exports across the border are the largest for any year other than during the period of war inflation. They are more than 2½ times greater than the average for years just preceding the war.

"Canada's purchases during 1928 make her America's leading customer, displacing England for the first time. This is partly the result of a decline in our exports to England. In 1928 we sold that country goods worth $809,000,000, or $53,000,000 less than the Canadian total. In 1917, however, England purchased American goods to the value of $973,000,000, against $788,000,000 for Canada."

"What's a nectarine, Mazie?"
"Must be a peach that necks."

We must never throw away a bushel a few grains of chaff; on the contrary, we may sometimes profitably receive a of truth because it happens to contain bushel of chaff for the few grains of truth it may contain.—Dean Stanley.

Sociological eperts claim China hasn't waked up yet. It has been having a terrible nightmare, then.—Nashville Banner.

"Orange Pekoe" is only the name given to a size of leaf—Some good, many poor, Orange Pekoes are sold—The most economical and yet the finest flavoured is "SALADA" Orange Pekoe—Sealed in metal—pure—fresh—delicious—43c per ½-lb.

"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

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London Mail to Rio by Air Gains a Week

London.—The weekly air mail service to South America has achieved a remarkable success, a week being saved on letters from London to Rio de Janiero. The first return mail has arrived here, having left the Argentine on Aug. 31, and Rio a day later. That sent from London also reached River Platte in 12 days instead of the usual 18 to 19.

The claim is thus made that it is the quickest commercial mail ever delivered over this 6,000-mile journey. The route is from Paris by airplane to Dakar, West Africa, and on to Cape Verde Islands. Thence a fast steamer goes to Fernando de Noronha Island, whence an airplane starts for Rio and Buenos Aires.

Chile and Bolivia mails are also using the route.

Co-operators and Their Savings

A Trade Unionist in the Empire Review (London): There is at least one very good reason why the co-operative movement should not be affiliated to the Labor party. The co-operative movement is essentially opposed to both municipalization and nationalization, especially of the distributive trades, both of which are principal planks in the Labor party's platform. The co-operative societies have built up a vast trading and manufacturing business — the annual retail sales amount to the stupendous sum of £185,000,000. Is it likely that the 5,186,000 shareholders would agree to the municipalization and nationalization of the wonderful business they have built up? When the Labor party says that it represents the great trade union and co-operative movements, it states that which is not a fact. It represents only a minority of either, but, partly through the apathy of the rank and file, and partly through wire-pulling intrigue on the parts of the Parliamentary careerists, the Labor party is still enabled to extract large sums of money (made up of the contributions of trade unionists and the dividends of co-operators) from both movements.

Censorship of the Mind

Spectator (London): (At the request of the Home Secretary, Mr. Jonathan Cape, the publisher, has discontinued publication of a recent novel.) Is the novelist in future to be handed a list of subjects he may deal with? In writing of a psychological subject, must he first ascertain if his treatment of the matter meets with approval in high places? . . . Freedom of speech and the free circulation of thoughts are very precious possessions, and, without attempting to minimize the dangers of their abuse, they act as a safety-valve. It may be better to wash dirty linen in public and discuss social ills openly rather than to bury our heads in the sand and pretend they do not exist. . . . . (But) to claim that because a book portrays a sordid but existing side of contemporary life it has a right to appear is a doctrine to which we cannot subscribe. There are things which it is better not to talk about. . . . . Right thinking is the prelude to right living. Our minds mus have inhibitions and restraints just as much as our bodies. . . . The Home Secretary acted wisely in asking Mr. Cape to withdraw the book.

Minard's Liniment for Every Pain.

Most any golfer, poor or rich,
Would never count the cost
Could he but buy a golf ball which
Would bark when it was lost.
—Answers.

I had one such, but 'twas a frost;
Like an ungrateful hound
The ball that barks when it is lost
Will bite when it is found.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Over $900,000,000 is invested in hydro-electric power plants in Canada and it is estimated that $80,000,000 is being spent this year in addtiional development.

All records for this year's harvest season were broken recently on the Thacker farm at Burdett, Alberta, where 67 bushels of wheat per acre were threshed on 80 acres.

TORONTO HOTELS
Elliott and Victoria
Church & Shuter Sts. 56 Yonge St.
In the Shopping District

A Royal Accident

Tear in Prince George's Pants Halts San. Barbara Dinner Dance

Santa Barbara, Cal.—The tale of a tear in a pair of royal trousers that held up a dinner dance temporarily is going the rounds among those who have entertained Prince George of England during the visit of his warship to this port.

A snag on a rustic bench ruined the royal nether garments during a dance given for the Prince and other officers of H.M.S. Durban.

Dancing was stopped and a hurry up call for needle and thread was sent out while brother officers escorted Prince George to an ante-room. In a few moments the garment was thrust through the door for a maid to mend. The Prince resumed his interrupted dancing program somewhat later.

Barred from flying to Hollywood to visit the film colony, the Prince motored down instead, at the invitation of Lily Damita, rench film star. They were guests of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford at dinner last night.

Miss Damita said she met the Prince in Paris more than a year ago while he and his brother, the Prince of Wales, were visiting there.

Injured Dog Visits Doctor

An interested reader of "Our Dumb Animals," John J. Shaw, M.D., of Plymouth, Mass., writes of the following incident which occurred several years ago:

Coming home one day from my round of professional calls, my wife informed my that a large black dog had been lying on the front piazza all the forenoon. Just then my son came in from school. Being like most boys, fond of dogs, he immediately went out to see the visitor. He soon returned and reported that the dog was hurt; so I went out and on examination found a hind leg broken. The dog made no objection to the examination and setting of the broken bone, which must have been more or less painful as was indicated by occasional groans. He seemed to try to accommodate himself to our needs in applying splints and bandages. After we had finished our work he went away (on three legs), but came back the next day with the splints a little out of place. We made the necessary changes, adding surgeons' plaster to insure permanence. On his next call, a few days later, we found everything in place and the leg doing well. We found later that he belonged to a poor colored woman not far away. I have always wondered if he read my sign.

If a crooked stick is before us, you need not explain how crooked it is. Lay a straight one down by the side of it and the work will be done. Preach the truth and error will stand abashed in its presence.—Dr. C. H. Spurgeon.

MOST people know this absolute antidote for pain, but are you careful to say Bayer when you buy it? And do you always give a glance to see Bayer on the box—and the word *genuine* printed in red? It isn't the genuine Aspirin without it! A drug-store always has Bayer, with the proven directions tucked in every 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 the "Bayer Cross" trade mark.