Teas of finer quality are unchanged in price. An avalanche of the cheaper grades has made possible a slight reduction in that class of tea.

"SALADA" TEA

A Tea of Finer Quality

803

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Loring Ranger offers a reward of a hundred thousand dollars for the return of his missing daughter, Hope. He receives a communication from Hope's abductors telling him where to doposit a hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds. Ranger acts according to instructions.

Juarez Charlie, adventurer, is a warm friend of Loring's and he follows a clue to Hope's whereabouts which is furnished by a girl friend.

Hope is held prisoner in Dr. Bristow's sanitarium where she makes friends with Dr. Kelsey, another prisoner. They escape in Bristow's car, but the car is wrecked and the two take refuge in an abandoned house. Bristow traces them there and while Kelsey sleeps Hope surrenders to Bristow.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

The storm was lessening in violence, and Hope propped herself up on her pillows, determined to listen for any indications that might betoken Bristow's return.

But although she was not conscious of physical fatigue, she was mentally and emotionally exhausted, and before she knew it she slept.

When she awoke the next morning, a heavy gale was blowing from the sea, and the rain was coming down steadily.

Somewhere in this chain of circumstance which bound her, there must be a weak link.

But what was it? She was one, in a fixed place, this room; the others were three, and moved about at will—three acting in concert. Acting in concert! With the repetition of the words, a thrill ran over her from head to foot, and there came a flash of illumination.

If that unity, that close concord could be broken, if they got to arguing and disagreeing among themselves, it would inevitably mean postponement of action.

She looked at the little clock on the dressing table. It was growing late. Miss Copley would be in at any moment now. She must dress and be ready for her.

She was just putting the finishing touches to her toilet when the nurse entered with the breakfast tray.

As Anita saw Hope standing there fully dressed, she halted so abruptly that the dishes rattled on the tray. She put it down hastily, and looked at her patient with unconcealed amazement.

"You're not usually so spry,' she said sourly. "What did you fix your hair that way for?"

Hope affected astonishment at the question.

"Why, I always do it this way."

Anita scowled, but seemed unable to take her eyes off the girl.

"Eat your breakfast," she said peremptorily, and walking over to the window stood with her back to Hope, looking out on the rain-soaked grounds, biting her lip in absorbed cogitation.

Finally she turned, as Hope was finishing her coffee.

"I'll get your pencil and paper for you."

Hope objected, pushing out her hands pettishly.

'I never want to see them again," she said. "What would I do with pencil and paper? I have no one to write to."

Miss Copley gave her another long look, a peculiarly sinister one this time, and left the room.

A little later, Dr. Bristow knocked, unlocked the door, and came in. He was tubbed and dressed with his usual meticulous care, but he had not been able to obliterate the traces of worry and fatigue. He looked even more worn and harassed than Miss Copley. As she saw this, Hope's eyes brightened, her color bloomed.

'Good morning, doctor," she said blithely.

"Good morning." he stood gazing at her from under his heavy brows, the searching, comprehensive glance of the born diagnostician.

"I was tired last night, but I feel as fresh as paint this morning." Her tone was buoyant. "I remember things."

His remarkable eyes pierced her through and through, an inquisition; but she bore it unwaveringly.

At last he forced a smile.

"That's good," he said with an effort at heartiness. "What do you remember?"

"I remember going away with that crazy man. He told me not to go in to supper, to stay on the porch and wait for him. Then he took my arm, and ran down the steps and jumped into the car. I took the chauffeur's

A stinging blow on the cheek sent Hope staggering.

place, I don't know why. I didn't know I could drive. But I can," delightedly. "It's as easy as that!" She turned her hand over. "And I knew all the roads as well as if I'd been over them hundreds of times."

He rubbed his chin, still studying her.

"Did anyone stop you?" he asked so suddenly that if she had not been on guard it might have confused her.

"Yes; two men. They ran their car in front of us, and one of them came back. The crazy man told me to say I was Miss Copley. I am, too; Verna Copley. But the strange man thought I was Anita and gave me a package. The crazy man wouldn't let me keep it. He put it in his pocket, and told me to drive to the shore.

"Oh, it was fun! He said there were people after us, and I musn't let them get us. And then we heard some one coming, and he told me to turn off, and we ran into a tree and were thrown out. I thought he was dead. But a man on a motor-cycle came along, and pulled him from under the car, and said he would go for a doctor."

"And what happened then"

"The crazy man opened his eyes, and got up. He said we must run to the shore, and find a boat. But I knew the woods and the house, and I wanted to stay where we were. He wouldnt let me. He was rough and pulled me along. I'm afraid of the water at night, and I screamed. Then he swore, and let me go."

"You say you new that old house?" Bristow's tone was casual, but very winning.

"Yes. I wanted to go in it. But he wouldn't. He called it a trap."

"Didn't you live there once?"

"I dont know." Her forehead creased, as if the effort to recollect were painfully difficult. "But," positively, "I do know that house some way. There's a big attic full of boxes. It was nice to play there. Still I was glad to get home. Only," lowering her voice, and looking apprehensively toward the door, "she was cross. I don't like her. I hate her. Why don't you send her away, and let me stay with you?"

She came nearer, coaxing, entreating, her lips adorably pouted.

"You're so wise and kind. I like to be with you. I like to look at you. You wear such beautiful clothes."

She stroked the sleeve of his coat, as if its touch gave her a luxurious pleasure.

"And your neckties. That's the loveliest black pearl I ever saw." She touched it with her finger, and bent closer, so near him that her hair brushed his cheek.

A glorious creature! Bristow's breath came a little faster. Young, lovely, rich. How could he have been so blind, so obtuse to the possibilities of the situation?

And at this moment, Anita Copley chose to return to the room.

She stood inside the door, glancing from one to the other, varying emotions depicted on her face. Surprise. Suspicion deepening to comprehension. And then jealous anger.

Hope laughed gaily and clung to his hand. He smilingly released himself and left, without another glance at Anita.

"You're in love with him." The girl's face was elfishly acute, as she tauted her jailer. She knew that she was going beyond the danger-line, but she took that risk. The further she could goad Anita the better. "And he doesn't care that for you!" She brought her fingers together and then opened them, blowing off an imaginary speck. "He likes me! He likes me!"

She made an unexpected rush, and propelled Anita toward the mirror.

"Look at us! Look," her chin on the woman's shoulder.

Anita stood trance-like for an instant, enthralled by the two faces so like and yet so different, with all the terrible difference in Hope's favor.

And then, before the younger woman could realize her purpose, she whirled. There was one stinging blow on the cheek that sent Hope staggering. Others, a rain of them, followed.

"Now, you crazy loon!" in a gasping, threadlike snarl. "Keep still or I'll give you worse. Keep still, I tell you," as Hope crouched and whimpered. "I'll see about this! I'll see about this." She rushed from the room.

Hope caressed her bruised cheek, and smiled.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Hobo Bill sat in what he called the "parlor" of his suite in the sanitarium, an old man in a worn, velvet dressing-gown.

At twenty minutes after three, Bristow and Anita Copley came in together.

An ill-suppressed hysteria showed under Anita's efforts at composure. Higgins peered at them through his heavy-lensed spectacles.

"You're late," he croaked coldly. To his valet he gave a curt order: "Get out."

"Sorry," Bristow said, "but I had to wait for that potterer, Morton. He very seldom leaves the place, but today of all days he chose to depart on some errand of his own, and stayed over two hours. The time passed excitingly, though. Anita," contemptuously, "saw fit to become temperamental."

"Humph!" the old man grunted uncouthly. "You damn' fools don't understand that this is no time for child's play. We're in a bad fix, I tell you. A damn' bad fix."

"I don't see it," Bristow said coolly. "We've got the girl, and Kelsey's very happily drowned."

"And our hundred thousand in Liberty bonds along with him," mumbled the old man wryly.

"We'll get that back." Bristow spoke with consistent confidence. "The moment the body's recovered, I'll hear of it and be on the spot. Don't think that any lifeguard or clam digger can get away with that envelope. If I can't manage to lay hands on it myself, I'll see that it's turned over to the Coroner. I've already informed him that Kelsey robbed my safe when he made his attack on me."

(To be continued.)

ISSUE No. 40—'28

Colored Brothers Hold "Fall Fair"

Durban.—The first native agricultural show to be held in Zululand was staged recently in Eshowe. There were over 800 entries, chiefly from the mission stations throughout Zululand.

In the needlework section excellent work clothing was exhibited, and the machine work included dressmaking and men's clothing. Knitting, Hardanger work, English embroidery and crochet work were well represented.

The arts and crafts, carpentry, carving, clay modeling, basket work, etc., were another feature of the show as well as head work. The clay modeling of a group of cattle, including two Friesland bulls, a Zulu bull, a cow and an elephant, done by a young native boy, was the work of an artist. Tht poultry exhibits were good and included some well-bred Leghorns. Fruit, vegetables, jams and jellies were other exhibits which reflected credit to the exhibitors.

The show was held under the patronage of the Native Affairs Department and the Zululand Agricultural Society and was opened by the Chief Magistrate for Zululand.

Minard's Liniment cleanses cuts, etc.

This Year—Christmas in Europe

Special Sailings to
England—Ireland—Scotland—France—Belgium

It will be a wonderful treat to yourself and to the folks at home. You will enjoy your trip to the utmost, if you travel White Star.

Montreal-Glasgow-Belfast-Liverpool
Laurentic Nov. 24
Halifax-Plymouth-Cherbourg-Antwerp
Pennland Dec. 2
Lapland Dec. 9
Halifax-Glasgow-Belfast-Liverpool
Regina Dec. 15
Halifax-Queenstown-Liverpool
Baltic Dec. 10

For complete information, phone, write or call:
McGill Building, Montreal, P.Q.
55 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.
224 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.
108 Pr. William St., Saint John, N.B.
St. Paul Bldg., Halifax, N.S.
53 Dalhousie St., Quebec, P.Q. 258

WHITE STAR LINE
CANADIAN SERVICE

Radium Thief's Ruse Fails

Chance Telephone Call Upset Plan of Robber

The Paris police are looking for a man who came very near robbing a noted X-ray specialist of a valuable quantity of radium as well as other property. Chance alone prevented the long-prepared and ingenious plan of the thief from succeeding.

Some weeks ago the X-ray physician while motoring to Treport was stopped on a lonely road by a well-dressed stranger who said that his own car had broken down and asked for a lift. Although the other car was not in sight the doctor drove the stranger into Treport, and they are said to have made mutual confidences on th eway and exchanged cards at the end of the journey. In the course of this the stranger learned that the doctor intended to remain at Treport a fortnight.

Two days later the road acquaintance visited the doctor's home in Paris representing himself to be a confidential friend of the doctor who had asked him to bring his radium to Treport with other valuables. The stranger presented his own card which read "Comte de Quessen" together with the doctor's card. The servant in charge was properly impressed and was about to help the "Count" gather together the valuables required, when the telephone bell rang. It was the doctor telephoning from Treport. Naturally the servant mentioned the Comte de Quessen's presence and his mission, but when he turned from the phone the visitor, who had heard his words, had disappeared.

Radio Beacons Placed On Coast of Britain

London—The installation of radio beacon stations at suitable places around the coasts of the British Isles is proceeding rapidly.

Six stations have been erected and seven more have been ordered. Among those in operation, the Mersey Bar, Coningbeg and Spurn are on lightships, while those at Skerries, Round Island and Gasquets are on land.

Aviation in Iceland

The world's most northerly aviation company has been organized at Reykjavik, Iceland, for the purpose of maintaining communication between the capital and regions heretofore difficultcult of approach, according to the American-Scandinavian Review.

A misogynist said to a woman: "All this feminism is sheer nonsense. There isn't a woman alive who wouldn't rather be beautiful than intelligent." "That," said the woman, "is because so many men are stupid and so few blind."

NEW BEAUTY for YOUR CLOTHES
By Mae Martin

You can look attractive and stylish on less. Learn how to give new beauty and variety to your dresses and add individuality and charm to things around the home by the quick magic of home tinting and dyeing. Perfect results are possible only with Diamond Dyes. Each package represents the perfection of 50 years of dye-making. They never streak, spot or run. They are real dyes, like those used when the cloth was made.

Diamond Dyes are easy to use. The "know-how" is in the dyes. Fashionable tints appear like magic right over the out-of-style or faded colors. Insist on Diamond Dyes and save disappointment.

"Color Craft," my big new book of dollar-saving hints, will be sent you FREE. Write Mae Martin, Diamond Dyes, Windsor, Ontario.

Virtues of the Humble "Spud"

One may live on it indefinitely, with no other food except a little fat, says the writer of an editorial in The Journal of the American Medical Association (Chicago). In fact, popular as the potato is, he believes that we have not given it full credit for its dietetic value. As it may yield from twenty to thirty times the weight of wheat, barley or oats he regards its importance as a food supply in densely peopled regions as apparent. He writes:

"Next to corn it is our greatest food plant, and outside the corn-belt it is without a rival in North America, Europe, or Asia. An economist has remarked that if need be the potato may revolutionize the economic status of a great section of central North America from central Ohio to the forests of the Ontario highlands, and from Newfoundland to Michigan, Manitoba, Alberta and Alaska. He adds that if at any time any one fears the early approach of serious food shortage, let him consider the potato and take comfort. This article of food is second only to whea in the number of times a year that it is eaten in America, and in Europe it probably stands first. Analysis shows that it is close to wheat in actual food value, but it contains so much water that four times as much potato as wheat must be eaten in order to obtain the same amount of nourishment.

"Perhaps these tubers, sometimes called 'spuds,' have not acquired the dietary reputation to which their nutritive properties entitle them. The fuel value of the potato is as well utilized as that of most foods. The credit of whatever excellence it may possess is usually attributed to the starch content. Potatoes are, of course, predominantly a carbohydrate food, but the evidence is becoming more conclusive that the protein in the tubers, small though it may be in quantity, is by no means of inferior value. Hindhede and his coworkers in Denmark reported their ability to live over long periods of time on a diet in which the nitrogen was derived solely from whole potato. One person partook without detriment of a diet of between 4½ and nine pounds of potatoes daily, with some vegetable margarin, during nearly 300 days. This has led a physiologist to remark somewhat facetiously: 'What could be more simple than stocking the cellar with coal, potatoes and a tub of margarin! Who then would worry about the complexities of modern life?'

"The large-scale natural experiments of potato-eating nations seem to establish the high value of potato protein. The satisfactory value of tuberin, the globulin of potato, has been established anew by Kon at the Biochemical Laboratory in Cambridge, England. Furthermore, Kon and Klein, working in the State School of Hygiene at Warsaw, Poland, have described an experiment in which two adults, a man and a woman, lived for a period fo 167 days in nitrogen equilibrium and in good health on a diet in which the nitrogen was almost solely derived from the potato. Necessarily the daily intake of potatoes (which was supplemented with fats and a few fruits) was large. The digestion seems to have been excellent throughout the experiment, and both subjects felt well. It is reported, moreover, that they did not tire of the uniform potato diet, and that there was no craving for change. It is said that deficiency diseases are not common where the potato enters liberally into the diet. Such favorable reports give renewed assurance that the popular spud is endowed with nutrient merits for man and beast alike.

Make Better Bread
Ask your grocer for
ROYAL YEAST CAKES
STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS

The common people do not enter into war. They are dragged into it. —J. Kier Hardie.

Minard's Liniment for Every Pain.

Imported Shropshires
Ten two-year-old imported Shropshire rams, bred by Buttar.
W. A. Dryden or John Miller, Jr., Brooklin, Ontario

SIMONDS SAWS
Cross-cut, *Crescent Ground*, will saw 10% more timber, time and labor being equal, than any other made. This guarantee has never been challenged.
SIMONDS CANADA SAW CO., LIMITED,
ST. REMI STREET AND ACORN AVENUE, MONTREAL, QUE.
VANCOUVER, B.C. TORONTO, ONT. ST. JOHN, N.B. S-28-3

ASPIRIN

To break a cold harmlessly *and in a hurry* try an Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago! And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. Whenever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

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" trademark.