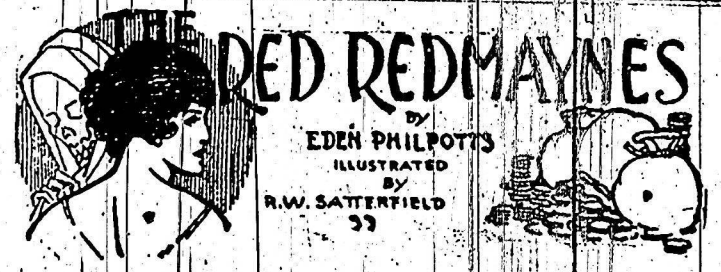


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REDMAYNES
 EDEN PHIPPS
 ILLUSTRATED BY
 R.W. SATTERTFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY.
 Mark Brendon, famous criminal investigator, is taking a holiday on Dartmoor. While on his way to Foggin Quarry, to visit a trout stream, his path is crossed by a girl so beautiful that she holds his attention until she passes out of his mind. Mark continues on his way and sets about his sport.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.
 Brendon read the letter again, studied it read eagerly, and observed that a tear had blurred the middle of the page. Once more he said, "John!" and turned his head. A big man clad in a Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers and a red waistcoat, with brass buttons, came into the quarry and stood to chat with Mark. The stranger's hair and his large pair of spectacles show they red in color. Upon returning home Mark bears the news of a murder and receives a letter from Jenny Pendean asking him to investigate the mystery of her missing husband.

CHAPTER II.
THE PROBLEM STATES.
 As Mark entered the girl rose and ran in his face an astonishment which seemed not much to surprise her, for she was used to admiration, and knew that her beauty startled men.
 Brendon, though he felt his heart beat quicker at his discovery, soon had himself in hand. He spoke with tact and sympathy, feeling himself already committed to serve her with all his wit and strength.

"Mrs. Pendean," he said, "I am very glad that you learned I was in Princeton and it will be a privilege to serve you if I can."
 "Perhaps it was selfish to ask you in your holidays," she said, "But I can throw no light at all," she said. "It has been like a thunder-bolt and I still find my mind refusing to accept the story that they have brought to me."
 "Sit down and tell me some account of yourself," said Mr. Pendean. "You cannot have been married very long."
 "Four years."
 "He showed astonishment," he explained, "though I'm told I do not look so much as that."
 "Indeed not, I should have guessed

died in Australia and, lately, I became engaged to Michael Pendean."
 "I had loved Michael devotedly for a year before he asked me to marry him. But when I told my Uncle Robert what had happened he chose to disapprove and considered that I had made a serious mistake. My future husband's parents were dead. His father had been the head of a firm called Pendean & Teecrow, whose business was the importation of silks and fabrics to Italy. But Michael, though he had never succeeded his father in the business, took no interest in it. It gave him an income, but his own interests were in a mechanical direction.

"On the death of my grandfather it was found that he had written a peculiar will; and we also learned that his fortune would prove considerably smaller than his sons expected. However, he left rather more than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds into the world by the will of Uncle Albert, my grandfather's eldest living son. He told Uncle Albert to divide the total proceeds of the estate between himself and his two brothers as his judgment should dictate, for he knew that Albert was a man of suppelous honor and would justly by all means divide the fortune into three equal parts.

"To be continued."

Salt Water for Teeth.
 "The best thing to use for the daily cleansing of the teeth is salt water—a teaspoonful of kitchen salt in one-third of a tumbler of water," said Dr. Harry Baldwin, surgeon-dentist in the King, in a recent lecture. Pastes and powders, he continued, might be used on occasion, but should be avoided. If the edges of the gums are sore, they should be rubbed with a tooth-brush night and morning. Although pyorrhea does not cause pain, it is a serious disease that might eat through the bone of the jaws and penetrate to the nose.

Mapping the Sky.
 A remarkable piece of mechanism has just been completed after four years of hard work at a machine that reproduces the entire starry sky on the inside of a great white dome. Seventy-two projecting lanterns are used; forty-two project the stars, and the remaining thirty project the names of the stars.

Surnames and Their Origin

COSTER.
 Variations—Coistar.
 Racial Origin—Dutch.
 Source—An occupation.
 This is one of those family names on which you might do a great deal of thinking, and then go wrong. It's deceptive because the spelling in which it does not indicate the language, in which it was developed, which is Dutch, but substitute an initial "C" for the "K" and it does not look quite so English. Like such a very heavy proportion of Dutch family names, it was originally descriptive of the bearer's occupation, and in this case it was one of those occupations which might readily pass down from father to son in some quiet and traditional little village, and so by imperceptible stages change from mere description to a real, hereditary family name.

WORLD GRAIN MARKETING RECORD ON PRAIRIES.
 With the grain movement in the West at its peak, a world record in grain marketing was reached on Thursday, November 19, when 3,447, 824 bushels of all grains were marketed on Canadian Pacific Railway lines in Western Canada. On November 20, 3,559,000 bushels were marketed during the twenty-four hours, bettering the world record of the day before. The nearest approach to these figures occurred in the banner year 1915, when on October 15 of that year 3,406,000 bushels were marketed.

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Perfectly straight of line is the foundation of this crepe-satin dress, with a little softening fairness gathered in on the shoulders, where the back comes over to meet the front. The triple flounciness, fashioned from the full side of the material—are slightly fuller at the sides and back than in the front, where they are split allowing the narrow belt to show through. The buckle arrangement fastening to one side is bound with the dull side of the satin. Narrow bands extending into tabs, hold the gathered fulness of the long sleeves snugly to the wrists. No. 1239 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust only. Size 38 bust requires 5 1/2 yards. Price 20c. Yards 54-inch material. Price 20c.

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 (cash preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Give oil added to putty will prevent its hardening.

STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

Well Matched.
 The well-known humorous writer, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, writes the following story about his friend, Sir James Barrie, whose shy, he tells us, is irrevocable.
 "Once, says Mr. Jerome, a beautiful and nervous young lady was taken by Sir James to dinner. With the fish course Barrie broke the silence.
 "Have you ever been to Egypt?"
 "The young lady was too startled to answer immediately. It was necessary for her to collect herself before replying. While waiting for the entrance, she turned to him.
 "No," she answered in nervous tones.
 Barrie made no comment. He went on with his dinner. At the end of the course, directly overlooking her now, she turned to him again.
 "Have you?"
 A far-away expression came into Barrie's great, deep eyes.
 "Yes," he replied.
 After that they both lapsed into silence.

Needlessly Alarmed.
 The well-known author, Mr. H. G. Wells, will never willingly submit himself to an interview.
 One day recently, while he was walking in a country lane near his home, he espied a keen-visaged, alert-looking man coming quickly towards him.
 "The stranger looked every inch a journalist and he was about to be interviewed, Mr. Wells dodged down a convenient by-path."
 But the stranger would not be taken off and he doggedly followed his broken hedge and across a meadow, at last running him to earth behind a haystack.
 Resigning himself to his fate, the author turned and faced his tormentor.
 "And you've come to anchor at my old man," said the latter cheerfully.
 "Please tell me where I can find a pill. I'm dying for a glass of beer."

Monotonous Diet.
 Mr. Joseph Keating, the playwright and novelist, was born and brought up in a Welsh colliery village, where he toiled hard at manual labor all his early days.
 He was a member of what was known locally as the "Irish Colony," and he tells an amusing story illustrating the primitive style of living they had perforce to put up with.
 The humble blazer (he says) was staple diet in poor times.
 A good-natured Irish lodger asked his landlord to read out his bill to him. He said he was paying her for his week's board. She put on her spectacles, held up the piece of paper, and began: "Monday morning, breakfast, one blazer."
 "Monday dinner, two blazers."
 "Monday supper, one blazer."
 "Tuesday morning, breakfast, one blazer."
 "Tuesday dinner, two blazers."
 "Tuesday supper, one blazer."
 "Wednesday morning, breakfast, one blazer."
 "Wednesday dinner, two blazers."
 "Wednesday supper, one blazer."
 "Ma'am," he interrupted, "blot out the blazers, and put down a whale!"

A Viceroy's Lament.
 It is to be hoped that Mr. Edward Wood will find the etiquette of viceroy life less irksome than the dreary life of London, which he complained in his letters from India that the worst part of being a Viceroy is "that I cannot be for one second alone."
 I sit in the private corner of my private room, and I look through the window there, and two sentinels standing outside over me. If I open the door here, two females are crouching at the threshold.
 If I go up or down stairs an A.D.C. and three unpronounceable beings in white and red night gowns, with dark faces, rush after me. If I steal out of my room by the back door I look round and find myself continually followed by a full of Indian persons.

Are You Bald?
 If powerful electric lights string over a barren lawn can force grass to rapid growth, why should not similar treatment make hair grow on a bald head? Dr. Andreas Christian claims that bald heads may be covered, and beards coaxed on clean-shaven faces by the use of strong artificial light.

Never Saw the Sun.
 There is no record that anyone ever saw the sun shine on Agattu island in the western Aleutians.

What is the difference between a seamstress and a groom? One mends the tear, the other tends the mice.

"I WANT TO BE HAPPY!"

I do not know the joys of people who grow old in their lives. Life is varied enough for us to keep interested. I do not know the joys of people who are of average age.
 "The world is full of a number of things. I'm sure we should all be as happy as King," wrote T. L. Stewart him in to dinner. With the fish course Barrie broke the silence.
 "Have you ever been to Egypt?"
 "The young lady was too startled to answer immediately. It was necessary for her to collect herself before replying. While waiting for the entrance, she turned to him.
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