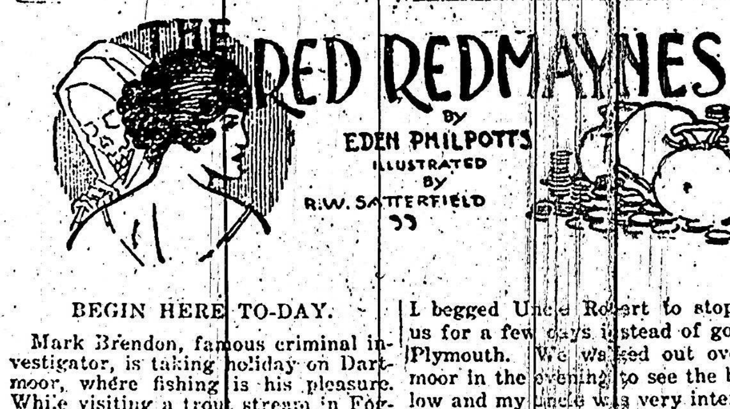

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Mark Brendon, famous criminal investigator, is taking holiday on Dartmoor, where fishing is his pleasure. While visiting a trout stream in Foggintor Quarry, Mark holds conversation with a man clad conspicuously in Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers and a red waistcoat with brass buttons. The stranger's hair and huge mustaches are fiery red in color.

Later Brendon receives a letter from Jenny Pendean asking him to investigate the disappearance of her husband. Mark goes to call at Jenny's home and learns that the man he met in the quarry is Robert Redmayne, uncle to Jenny and suspected of murdering Michael Pendean, who also is missing. Robert Redmayne and his two brothers are Jenny's three living relatives.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"The war altered everything and created a painful breach between my future husband and my Uncle Robert. The latter instantly volunteered and rejoiced in the opportunity to seek adventure.

"My husband had no mind for active warfare. He was delicately built and of a gentle temperament. Uncle Robert, however, made a personal thing of it.

"He represented the situation to his brothers, and Uncle Bendigo—who had just retired, but who, belonging to the Naval Reserve, now joined up and took charge of some mine sweepers—wrote very strongly as to what he thought was Michael's duty. From [illegible] Uncle Albert also declared his [illegible] to the same purpose, and though [illegible] their attitude, the decision, [illegible] rested with Michael, not [illegible]. He was only five-and-twenty, then and he had no desire but to do his duty. There was nobody [illegible] him and, perceiving the danger of opposing my uncles' wishes, he yielded and volunteered.

"But he was refused. A doctor declared that a heart murmur made the necessary training quite impossible and I thanked God when I heard it. At my own wish Michael married me and I informed my uncles that he had done so. Relations were strained all round after that, but I did not care; and my husband only lived to please me. The Prince of Wales had been instrumental in starting a big moss depot for the preparation of surgical dressings; and both my husband and I joined this station.

"For nearly two years we stuck to this task, lodging here with Mrs. Gerry. During that time I fell in love with Dartmoor and begged my husband to build me a bungalow up here when the war was ended, if he could afford to do so. His pilchard trade with Italy practically came to an end after the summer of 1914. But the company of Pendean & Trecarrow owned some good little steamers and these were soon very valuable. So Michael, who had [illegible] to care for Dartmoor as much as I did, presently took steps and succeeded in obtaining a long lease of a beautiful and sheltered spot near Foggintor Quarries a few miles from here.

"Meanwhile, I had heard nothing from my uncles, though I had seen Uncle Robert's name in the paper among those who had won the D.S.O. Michael advised me to leave the question of my money until after the war, and so I did. We began our bungalow last year and came back to live with Mrs. Gerry until it should be completed.

"Six months ago I wrote to Uncle Albert in Italy and he told me that he should deliberate the proposition, but he still much resented my marriage. I wrote to Uncle Bendigo at Dartmouth also, who was now in his new home; but while not particularly angry with me, his reply spoke slightingly of my dear husband.

A week ago I was walking out of the post-office, when who should suddenly stop in front of me on a motor bicycle but Uncle Robert. I waited only to see him dismount and set his machine on a rest before the post-office. Then I approached him. He was lodging at Paignton, down on Torbay, for the summer months, and he hinted that he was engaged to be married.

"He had been to seen an old war comrade at Two Bridges, two miles from here, and meant to lunch at the Duchy Hotel and then proceed to Plymouth; but I prevailed upon him at last to come and share our midday meal, and I was able to tell him things about Michael which promised to change his unfriendly attitude. When my husband returned from the bungalow I brought them together again. Michael was on his defence instantly; but he never harbored a grievance very long and when he saw that Uncle Bob was not unfriendly and very interested to hear he had won the O.B.E. for his valuable services at the depot, Michael showed a ready inclination to forget and forgive the past.

"I think that was almost the happiest day of my life and, with my anxiety much modified, I was able to study Uncle Robert a little. He seemed unchanged, save that he talked louder and was more excitable than ever. The war had given him wide, new interests; he was a captain and intended, if he could, to stop in the army. He had escaped marvelously on many fields and seen much service. During the last few weeks before the armistice, he succumbed to gassing and was invalided; though, before that, he had also been out of action from shell shock for two months.

"He talked for hours about the war and what he had done to win his honors; and we noticed particularly a feature of his conversation. His memory failed him sometimes.

"Michael explained to me afterward that this defect was a serious thing and probably indicated some brain trouble which might get worse.

I begged Uncle Robert to stop with us for a few days instead of going to Plymouth. We walked out over the moor in the evening to see the bungalow and my uncle was very interested.

"He stopped on and liked to lend a hand with the building sometimes after the builders had gone. He and Michael often spent hours of these long evenings there together; and I would take out tea to them.

"Uncle Robert had told us about his engagement to a young woman, the sister of a comrade in the war. She was stopping at Paignton with her parents and he was now going to return to her. He made us promise to come to Paignton next August for the Torbay Regatta; and in secret I begged him to write to both my other uncles and explain that he was now satisfied Michael had done his bit in the war.

"Last night Uncle Robert and Michael went, after an early tea, to the bungalow, but I did not accompany them on this occasion. They ran round by road on Uncle Robert's motor bicycle, my husband sitting behind him, as he always did.

"Supper time came and neither of them appeared. [illegible] speaking of last night now. I did not bother till midnight, but then I grew frightened. I went to the police station, saw Inspector Halfyard, and told him that my husband and uncle had not come back from Foggintor and that I was anxious about them."

Mrs. Pendean stopped and Brendon rose.

She shook his hand and a fleeting ghost of a smile, infinitely pathetic but unconscious, touched her face.

At the police station a car was waiting for Mark and in twenty minutes he had reached Foggintor.

Inspector Halfyard rose as Brendon appeared, came forward, and shook hands.

"Have you searched the quarries?"

"Come out to the bungalow and I'll tell you what there is to tell. There's

"When my husband returned from the bungalow I brought them together."

been a murder all right, but we're more likely to find the murderer than his victim."

They went out together and soon stood in the building.

"Now let's have the story from where you came in," said Brendon, and Inspector Halfyard told his tale.

"Somewhere about a quarter after midnight I was knocked up. Down I came and Constable Ford, on duty at the time, told me that Mrs. Pendean was wishful to see me.

"Her husband and her uncle, Captain Redmayne, had gone to the bungalow, as they often did after working hours, to carry on a bit; but at midnight they hadn't come home, and she was put about for 'em. Hearing of the motor bike, I thought there might have been a breakdown, if not an accident, so I told Ford to knock up another chap and go down along the road. Which they did do—and Ford came back at half after three with ugly news that they'd seen nobody, but they'd found a great pool of blood inside the bungalow—as if somebody had been sticking a pig there. 'Twas daylight by then and I motored out instanter.

"I looked round very carefully for anything in the nature of a clue, but I couldn't see so much as a button. The quarrymen don't work here because this place hasn't been open for more than a hundred years; but they go to Duke's quarry down at Merivale, and most of 'em have push bikes to take 'em to and from their job.

"At their cottages on my way back to breakfast, I got some information of a very definite kind. Two men told the same tale and they hadn't met before they told it. One was Jim Bassett, under foreman at Duke's quarry, and one was Ringrose, the water bailiff who lives in the end cottage. Bassett was smoking at his door at ten o'clock and Robert Redmayne came alone, pushing his motor bicycle till he reached the road. And behind the saddle he had a big sack fastened to the machine.

"Bassett wished him 'good night' and he returned the compliment; and half a mile down the by-road, Ringrose also passed him."

Inspector Halfyard stopped.

"Did Ringrose also report the sack behind the motor bicycle?" asked Brendon.

"He did."

(To be continued.)

Fishy Singing.

"What a glorious voice—what a soul in her singing," whispered the gushing lady to the bored critic sitting next to her, as the soprano on the platform gave forth her not too musical strains. And the critic answered darkly—"I thought of flounder, but sole never occurred to me."

YOUR OWN BOOK-PLATES

We should treat books as if they were our very best friends, for though they cannot speak, yet they give us many messages to help and cheer. Everyone ought to have a library, even if it starts with only a small collection of books. Start a little library of your own and add to it as often as possible, perhaps having a special bank which you can call your "book bank," and saving extra money to buy books for your library.

Perhaps you have a bookcase all your own for your books, or, maybe, it is one special shelf which belongs to you, but either way, that is the place to start your library. Get a notebook, and in it write the name of each one of your books, with the name of the author. As you get new books, write the list in your catalogue, which is what your notebook really will become, and write down also the date when you received your books.

For Book Lovers.

As you buy and treasure your books, you will surely want to make some bookplates for them. These are slips of paper which you paste in each book to show to whom the book belongs, and are often very artistic and unusual, especially when designed by people who love books. Some day you may want to buy some very beautiful bookplates for your most precious books, but at present it will be more fun to make some.

Cut white or colored paper into four-inch squares, or if you want a different style, cut oblong pieces about five inches long by three inches wide. Print your full name near the top of the paper. Find a tiny picture to paste under this, spacing it in about the middle of your bookplate. This may be a picture of a ship, a fireplace, a book or any pretty scene. If it is not colored, you may like to paint it or color it with crayons. A snapshot of yourself would look well here, or a picture of your home, but, of course, it must be small.

At the bottom of your bookplate you may print the date, or a line or a short verse about books or reading. Perhaps you will have room for the date and the name of your city and province printed in small letters under a two-line verse. Try and make the bookplate very neat and space your lettering and picture so that it gives a pretty effect.

Variety in Bookplates.

Make as many bookplates as you have books, and when they are done paste one in the front of each book, inside the front cover. Your bookplates may be made all alike, or each one may be different. It would be interesting to have certain sets for your story books and others for your books of travel, poetry and study books. Try and make the style of your bookplate suit the character of the book in which you are going to use it.

When your library is well started, and your catalogue made, and each one of your books is well cared for, with a pretty bookplate which you have made yourself in the front of every book in your library, you will understand better what Longfellow meant when he wrote:

"The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces."

"Himself He Could Not Save."

How many noble lives has that One, inspired of whom it was said, "He saved others — himself he cannot save!" One of the finest of such stories has come recently from the island of Madagascar.

Doctor Moss was a British man born in Madagascar, and after a medical course in Edinburgh he gave himself to the service of the Malagasy for thirty-five years. At last, worn and half-sick, gray and thin, he went at the call of the London Missionary Society to begin work on the shores of an inland lake. There he spent himself for the sick in their poor houses. But always he dreamed of the day when he could build for them a hospital.

One day, utterly spent with his toil, he accepted an invitation to take a long-earned rest in a lovely forest home that belonged to two old friends. There, in the quiet, his strength began to revive. But very quickly his retreat was discovered, and news was brought to him that plague had broken out round his station. Weary as he was, he could not resist the call and returned at once to fling himself into the tremendous task of beating the plague. One day he saw and attended forty sick people; another day he spent in and out of the homes of the suffering; the third day he performed two operations, but in the midst of the third operation his strength gave out utterly. In a week he was dead of the plague.

As he died he told those about him not to think of him as dead. "The real I has not perished," he said. But the very day he died work began on the hospital of his dreams, which the Malagasy have turned into a memorial of their noble friend. His burial brought out a great company. French, English and Malagasy, Catholics and Protestants, high officials and simple natives, all crowded to do him honor. They laid him to rest in the heart of that French colony for which he had given his life without stint and so willingly. His memory will be a bond of union forever for three peoples. He saved others, but himself he could not save. What urgent need this world has for such true followers of the Christ.

Salt in Silver Mining.

Common salt is used in the recovery of silver from its ore.

Poet Worked for Education.

Whittier paid for his education by making slippers at 25 cents a pair.

Warwickshire.

Why will your mind for ever go
To meads in sunny Greece?
Our song-birds have as fine a flow,
Our sheep as fair a fleece:
Among our hills the honey-bee,
And in the leaning pear—
I tell you there is Arcady
In leafy Warwickshire.

Our maids can match Diana's shape,
And thread the woodland way;
They sing, and from the trees escape
Birds musical as they:
As Orpheus once Eurydice,
The thrush he draws my dear—
I tell you there is Arcady
In leafy Wawickshire.

Apollo's in the winding lane!
And Cupid with his smile
Comes splendidly across the plain
To walk with us a mile:
The milkmaid's kiss, the country peace
Delight us living here.
Content to traffic all of Greece
For leafy Warwickshire.

—Norman Gale.

The Short Cut.

"That old doctrine about honesty being the best policy may have been all right in the past, but it is out of date now," remarked Bob Hampton cynically.

"Is, hey?" grunted old Turner Gill.

"Well, rather. Of course, I wouldn't want to be an out-and-out crook, but I've made up my mind that a man can be too conscientious for his own good. I have noticed that a man is pretty generally measured by the amount of money he is able to get, if his practices aren't too rank. The man who believes in 'getting his while the getting is good' gathers in more 'worms' than the proverbial early bird. The man who is shrewd enough to 'cut bases' in the game of life without the umpire's catching him is the one who has the most runs marked up to his credit. He lives well, stands high in the community, has plenty of friends, and when he dies the preacher 'gives him a free ticket to heaven' the same as if he had walked in the straight and narrow path all his life."

"Tickets to heaven are not at the disposal of the ministry, Bob, and the surface of a stream doesn't show the depth of mud at the bottom. The man who gets what he wants by a short cut that leaves out the mile-posts of honesty and righteousness will find he has lost his way as sure as right is right and God is God. By no system of mathematics can we compute the value of a clear conscience, and all the money and fame and pleasure in the world are not a fair price to offer a man in exchange for his self-respect. A man must live with himself twenty-four hours a day and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; and no man is good company for himself who is not on the level. A man may steal money or fame or praise or preferment, but peace of mind must be honestly earned. The unrighteous may prosper for a season and seem to be contented, but at the harvest a man must reap that which he has sown. It is not what men think about us, but what God knows about us, that counts. However long the payment may be deferred, and whatever flowers may strew the intermediate pathway, you'll find, in the end, 'the wages of sin is death.'"

Two Epitaphs.

I.

I fell in battle; you, allowed to live,
Now sigh to find each day more fugitive.
I knew alone unwearied work and play;
You die a little every hasting day.

II.

Here lies in peace, a simple soldier's dust;
Waste not a tear; he thought the cause was just.
Haply he pities you, who, passing by,
Live for no cause for which you'd dare to die.

— W. K. H.

THE HANDICAP OF NO HANDICAPS

Life would seem grand and glorious if there were no handicaps in it. But handicaps there are, and often they seem as crosses for us to bear. Handicaps are multitudinous and of great variety. Some are inconsequential, but to the individual may seem as absolute barriers to the attainment of the desired objective. Some are self-imposed, but others are real handicaps which people bear up under, and struggle hard to overcome. But, of all handicaps, none are as insiduous, as destructive of the desire of attainment as no handicaps at all.

Even in agriculture the lack of handicaps is a detriment. A traveler in the west compared the fruit growing methods out where the sun sets, with ours. Our methods seem primitive and careless in comparison. The reason given by this observer was that in the west they had so many cultural handicaps that they had to do everything right, or failure would result. Their methods have to be intense in order to grow the highest quality product, which, when it is grown, has a further handicap in freight rates to overcome.

There is no doubt that our nearness to markets, favorable climatic and soil conditions have made it too easy to grow fruit. We are not compelled to use the most efficient methods we know of.

The road to success is not the easy way. Obstacles must be overcome to get ahead. Sometimes one thinks he has no obstacles or handicaps, when he really has. Therefore, it often pays to think over the things which are standing in the way of success. If one is not making a go of things, there is something in the way. It pays to seek out that thing, and then work to overcome it. Most every one of us can find pleny of these handicaps in our farm practice. They are worth giving thought to.

Even Unto the Second Childhood.

Miss Passay—"You should see all my Christmas gifts—right from Santa Claus! He never forgets any of us children."

Miss Sharpe—"So good of him to remember there's a second childhood, I think."

Her Bread as Good as His Dough.

Hubby—"There's no use talking, you can't make bread like mother used to make!"

Wifie—"Without any talk at all, you can't make dough like father used to make—so there!"

The armor used by Joan of Arc was especially made for her in Tours.

BABIES WOULDN'T LISTEN TO MOTHER.

Talking things over—Teddy: "Would have been wise to let the loaves alone." Eddie: "Maw's not as foolish as she seemed to be."

Mother Bruin looked at the two tempting crusty loaves which had been thrown into the arena with a sniff of suspicion. "Think you can fool an old-timer like me," she growled disdainfully, dwelling thoughtfully on the stupid arrogance of man. But Master Teddy Bear and his twin brother Eddie were not so wise in the ways of the world. They made a dash for the luscious morsels.

"Leave that alone, don't you know it isn't the regular grub hour?" rumbled Lady Bear. Disregarding parental authority with a haughty stare and a disparaging "What can Maw know about these things," Teddy and Eddie, like Napoleon's army, marched on to defeat. They seized the loaves and bang went the gate!

Cut off from home and mother! Loud were the cries of remorse and grief as the two cubs were bundled in to a crate to be shipped to Liverpool while in a lone cage there was a wailing and gnashing of teeth as a bereaved mother paced about in anger, resolved never again to under-estimate the power of an enemy.

But in their long voyage to Montreal and then across the Atlantic on board the Canadian Pacific liner Montclare, Teddy and Eddie had a real foster mother in the Dominion Express Company, under whose kind attention they were conducted right up to the London Zoo.

With the baby bears went six racoons, six coyotes and fifteen chipmonks, all intended for the London Zoo. Toronto expects in return only a few bar-headed geese, a comb duck, a couple of leopards, two Rheas (a variety of ostrich), and a Barbary sheep. The curator of the London Zoo hopes Toronto will get what it hopes for, but in the meantime he has been unable to fill the order.

In the Tea Cup

the full charm of

"SALADA"

TEA

H636

is revealed. The flavor is pure, fresh and fragrant. Try it. Black, Mixed or Green Blends.

Surnames and Their Origin

CRANE

Variation—Crain.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—A place, also a nickname.

The manner in which such a family name as Crane could have originated is likely to be puzzling to the casually curious, for certainly the crane was not a common enough bird in England of the middle ages to have occurred to to a man's associates in that period when various descriptive phrases came into use to differentiate one individual from others bearing the same given name.

There might have been exceptional cases here and there of dealers in rare animals who could have gotten the surname from the fact that they sold cranes. But that would not account for the very many families which today bear the name. It might also, and undoubtedly was, in some instances, conferred upon a man as a nickname, and from this develop into a family name.

But the explanation, in the vast majority of cases, lies in a custom quite widespread in the middle ages, and now all but forgotten, except where the owner of a little inn, restaurant or curio shop desires to lend an air of quaintness and antiquity to his business. The custom was that of placing outside his door a sign bearing the picture of some animal or article. Lettered signs were little used, because the bulk of the population could not read. But the pictures was a distinguishing mark to the uneducated as well as the educated eye. It was not uncommon, on busy streets, to see a veritable menagerie on the signs of the shops and inns of a single square. It was much easier to refer to a man simply as "Geoffrey Crane" than as "Geoffrey at the sign of the Crane." Hence the modern form of the name, though [illegible] period it was preceded by "de" [illegible] the).

BRYAN.

Variations—Bryant, Briant, Breen, Brien, [illegible].
Racial Origin—Norman-French.
Source—A given name.

[illegible]

Unchangeable Manhood.

These to the end of time shall mark the man:
Courage to face the changing tides of life;
The will to meet and bear his share of strife
And wrest from it what victory he can.

Custom and fashion may make new demands,
But honest laughter and the cheerful smile
Shall, to the world's last hour, remain in style,
And men shall love the mind which understands.

The gentleman shall always gentle be
Whatever laws the government may make,
These things shall stand till life's last thread shall break:
Honor, and faith and mirth and courtesy.

A thousand years from now, though life seems strange,
He shall be loved who brothers when he can,
A noble spirit shall proclaim the man,
For what is truly noble cannot change.

Edgar A. Guest.

"Travels With a Donkey."

R. L. S. has just taken me on a whimsical journey. Over dusty roads and rock-strewn parapets, we followed the pattering hoofs of Modestine. In my dull city fashion I tried to see the country through the calm, observant eyes of my guide, keen alike to linger over an antiquity or to propose a merry fancy. Whether our path wound toilsome peak or loitered by orchard stream, whether it stumbled among the strongholds of firm-lipped sectarianism or palely glided toward the winking windows of a dusk-filled valley, it was ever the same R. L. S. beside me. In all our vagrancies he viewed the scenes with the same immeasurable calm. How like spice to it all was the piquancy of his deep philosophy; and yet it was something warmer than a philosophy, rather a tranquil-surfaced love of God and His creation which no bluster of creed could ruffle. The visions he conjured up were as refreshing as mountain springs and elusive as the dipples in their eddies. What would you not give to leave this hobbling worldliness and stride forth on such a pilgrimage to the shrines of simplicity—to lie o' nights by some Camisard shepherd's path with the starset heavens your panorama and the purl of moon-silvered streams your lullaby? Poor reader who would not, I pity you; dear friend who could not rejoice with me, for I have been with Stevenson through the Cevennes!

What About Monday?

A Jew owed an Aberdonian five shillings. The Aberdonian, getting anxious, called on him one day and suggested a settlement.

The Jew was profuse in his apologies.

"I meant to call and pay last Saturday," he said, "but I remembered it was my Sunday and I couldn't be so irreligious. Then, next day I meant to pay, but again I remembered it was your Sunday, and I didn't want to offend your feelings."

"Verra kind o' ye, Mr. Moses," came the reply, "but thank goodness we've baith got a Monday!"

FOR THE JUNIOR MISS.

Frocks for the junior miss are very smart [illegible] velveteen this season and [illegible] double share of smartness if they [illegible] long sleeve and end with a flare [illegible]. Two godets at the front and an inverted plait at the side [illegible] responsible for the flare in this attractive model. A becoming round collar [illegible] a tie with strings at the ends to fasten at the front. The godets may be omitted and a simple straight-line frock fashioned from pattern No. 1070, which is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 years requires [illegible] yards 36-inch or 2½ yards 40-inch material. Price 20 cents.

Our new Fashion Book contains many styles showing how to dress boys and girls. Simplicity is the rule for well-dressed children. Clothes of character and individuality for the junior [illegible] are hard to buy, but easy to make with our patterns. A small amount of money spent on good materials, cut on simple lines, will give children the privilege of wearing adorable things. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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 Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

The Cause.

The palm is naught to the dauntless,
And the cause is more and more.

— Richard Havey.