When You Can Buy "SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T30

Why be content with inferior tea.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

"Yes," I have been wondering whatever it could be. In fact, I rang up his office this morning, but learned that he was out. It was a serviette which he took away. Did you know that?"

"I did know it, Miss Abingdon. I called upon the analyst. I understand you were out when Mr. Harley came. May I ask who interviewed him?"

"He saw Benson and Mrs. Howett, the housekeeper."

"May I also see them?"

Both witnesses having been dismissed, he turned again to Phil Abingdon.

"The next step is clear enough," he said, brightly. "I'm off to South Lambeth Road. Tim[illegible]an Jones is the man we are looking for."

Bartering a more promising-looking cab than that in which he had come, Detective Inspector Wessex proceeded to 236 South Lambeth Road. He had knocked several times before the door was opened by the woman to whom the girl Jones had called on the occasion of Harley's visit.

"I am a police officer," said the detective inspector, "and I have called to see a woman named Jones formerly in the employ of Sir Charles Abingdon."

"She went away last night to a job in the country."

"Did she leave no address to which letters were to be forwarded?"

"No; she said she would write."

CHAPTER XV.

NAIDA.

Dusk was falling that evening. Gaily lighted cars offering glimpses of women in elaborate toilets and of their black-coated and white-shirted cavaliers thronged Piccadilly, bound for theatre or restaurant. The week-day shutters were pulled down, and the night life of London had commenced. The West End was in possession of an army of pleasure seekers. Nicol Brinn was not among their ranks.

"In," said Nicol Brinn.

Hoskins, the neat manservant, entered. "A lady to see you, sir."

Nicol Brinn turned in a flash.

"Name?"

"She gave none."

"English?"

"No, sir, a foreign lady."

"In."

The door was opened again, and Hoskins, standing just inside, announced: "The lady to see you, sir."

He stepped aside and bowed as a tall, slender woman entered the room. She wore a long wrap trimmed with fur, the collar turned up about her face. Three steps forward she took and stopped. Hoskins withdrew and closed the door.

At that, while Nicol Brinn watched her with completely transfigured features, the woman allowed the cloak to slip from her shoulders, and, raising her head, extended both her hands, uttering a subdued cry of greeting that was almost a sob. She was dark, with the darkness of the East, but beautiful with a beauty that was tragic.

"Naida!" breathed Nicol Brinn, huskily. "Naida!"

Her cloak lying forgotten upon the carpet, she advanced toward him.

She wore a robe that was distinctly Oriental without being in the slightest degree barbaric. Her skin was strangely fair, and jewels sparkled upon her fingers.

Their lips met, and for a moment they clung together, this woman of the East and man of the West, in utter transgression of that law which England's poet has laid down. It was a reunion speaking of a love so deep as to be sacred.

Lifting the woman in his arms lightly as a baby, he carried her to the settee between the two high windows and placed her there amid oriental cushions, where she looked like an Eastern queen. He knelt at her feet and, holding both her hands, looked into her face with that wondering expression in which there was something incredulous and something sorrowful, a look of great and selfless tenderness. The face of Naida was lighted up, and her big eyes filled with tears. Disengaging one of her jeweled hands, she ruffled Nicol Brinn's hair.

"You knew I would come?"

"How was I to know that you would see my message?"

She opened her closed left hand and smoothed out a scrap of torn paper which she held there. It was from the "Agony" column of that day's Times.

N. November 23, 1913.

N. B. See Telephone Directory.

"I told you long, long ago that I would come if ever you wanted me."

He seated himself beside her on the settee, and held her close. "My Naida!" he breathed softly.

"Ah, no, no!" she entreated. "Do you want to break my heart?"

He suddenly relaxed her, clenched his big hands, and stared down at the carpet. "You have broken mine."

Impulsively Naida threw her arms around his neck, coiling herself up lithely and characteristically beside him.

"My big sweetheart," she whispered, crooningly. "Don't say it—don't say it."

Turning, fiercely he seized her. "I won't let you go!" he cried, and there was a strange light in his eyes. "Before I was helpless, now I am not. This time you have come to me, and you shall stay."

"I trusted you, I trusted you!" she moaned.

Nicol Brinn clenched his teeth grimly for a moment, and then, holding her averted face very close to his own, he began to speak in a low, monotonous voice. "For seven years," he said, "I have tried to die, because without you I did not care to live. I have gone into the bad lands of the world and into the worst spots of those bad lands. Night and day your eyes have watched me, and I have wakened from dreams of your kisses and gone out to court murder. I have earned the reputation of being something more than human, but I am not. I have everything that life could give me except you. Now I have got you, and I am going to keep you."

Naida began to weep silently. The low, even voice of Nicol Brinn ceased. He could feel her quivering in his grasp; and, as she sobbed, slowly, slowly the fierce light faded from his eyes.

"Naida, my Naida, forgive me," he whispered.

She raised her face, looking up to him pathetically. "I came to you, I came to you," she moaned. "I promised long ago that I would come.

Her cloak lying forgotten, she advanced toward him.

What use is it, all this? You know, you know! Kill me if you like. How often have I asked you to kill me. It would be sweet to die in your arms. But what use to talk so? You are in great danger or you would not have asked me to come. If you don't know it, I tell you—you are in great danger."

Nicol Brinn released her, stood up, and began slowly to pace about the room. He deliberately averted his gaze from the settee. "Something has happened," he began, "which has changed everything. Because you are here I know that—someone else is here."

He was answered by a shuddering sigh, but he did not glance in the direction of the settee.

"In India I respected what you told me. Because you were strong, I loved you the more. Here in England I can no longer respect the accomplice of assassins."

"Assassins? What, is this something new?"

"With a man's religion, however bloodthirsty it may be, I don't quarrel so long as he sincerely believes in it. But for private assassination I have no time and no sympathy." It was the old Nicol Brinn who was speaking, coldly and incisively. "That—something we both know about—ever moved away from those Indian hills was a possibility I had never considered. When it was suddenly brought home to me that you, you, might be here in London, I almost went mad. But the thing that made me realize it was a horrible thing, a black, dastardly thing. See here."

He took both her hands and looked grimly into her face. "For seven years I have walked around with a silent tongue and a broken heart. All that is finished. I am going to speak."

"Ah, no, no!" She was on her feet, her face a mask of tragedy. "You swore to me, you swore to me!"

"No oath holds good in the face of murder."

"Is that why you bring me here? Is that what your message means?"

"My message means that because of—the thing you know about—I am suspected of the murder."

"Oh," moaned Naida, "what can I do, what can I do?"

"Give me permission to speak and stay here. Leave the rest to me."

She pressed her little hands against his shoulders.

"Listen! Oh, listen!"

"I shall listen to nothing."

"But you must—you must! I want to make you understand something. This morning I see your note in the papers. Every day, every day for seven whole long years, wherever I have been, I have looked. In the papers in India. Sometimes in the papers of France, of England."

"I never even dreamed that you left India," said Nicol Brinn, hoarsely. "It was through the Times of India that I said I would communicate with you."

"Once—we never left India. Now we do—sometimes. But listen. I prepared to come when—he—"

Nicol Brinn's clasp of Naida tightened cruelly.

"Oh, you hurt me!" she moaned. "Please let me speak. He gave me your name and told me to bring you!"

Nicol Brinn dropped his arms and stood, as a man amazed, watching her.

(To be continued.)

Callouses

Quick, safe, sure relief from painful callouses on the feet.

At all drug and shoe stores

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

Who is to Blame?

Pauline Herr Thomas.

To-day Jeanne rushed into the house crying, "Mother, Ned and Dolly threw my ring toss game into a tree." And yesterday, "Mother, Billy ran over my new teapot with his scooter." Still another time, "Mother, they've used up all my water colors and smashed the box."

"Oh, you hurt me!" she moaned. "Please let me speak. He gave me your name and told me to bring you!"

Nicol Brinn dropped his arms and stood, as a man amazed, watching her.

(To be continued.)

Here it is Again!

The Christian Science Monitor Points the Following Perennial Joke

Edmonton, Alta. — S. Cunningham of south Cooking Lake received a parcel of wheat in 1926 that had been taken from the tomb of King Tutankh-Amen in 1922. Mr. Cunningham planted this wheat on his Alberta farm last year and harvested a small crop from the Egyptian seed. This was resseded in the spring of 1927 and has yielded a heavy crop. The wheat produced is quite unlike the wheat grown in this country, as each stock has about 12 separate heads which branch out in a fan-like formation from the tip of the stalk.

The yield of this wheat from seed more than 3000 years old, is very heavy, as Mr. Cunningham counted 1144 grains on one stalk. This wheat from the tomb in the Valley of Kings is a bearded variety and similar in some respects to Durum. It would be more suitable for macaroon than for milling as it is a soft wheat, and the leaves are much broader than the ordinary leaf. Dr. P. Karrer, of Edmonton, planted seed received from Egypt some eight years ago and from an acre plot he harvested 37 bushels.

He Won.

At the Spinners' Arms one night, an argument arose as to who had been working with the same master the longest.

"I've been working under the same boss for forty years," declared one old miner.

"I think I can beat that," retorted Jenkins, "for it's my golden wedding next week."

Silence is Golden.

Lady—"You said this parrot was worth its weight in gold, and he hasn't said a word!"

Dealer — "Well, silence is golden, isn't it?"

A homesick Irishman had got a job as crossing guard for a railroad. The foreman handed him a red flag and a green flag, and told him, "Whenever you see a train coming, get out and wave the red flag." "Git away wid ye job!" exclaimed Pat; "me wave a red flag when Oi got a grane one handy. I'll starve first."

The preacher was talking about people who attend church for no better reason than to show off their best clothes. He concluded his homily with this tribute: "I am thankful to see it is obvious none of you have come here for that reason."

Indian Chief Treasured Perpetual Pass

An interesting incident is recalled by the recent celebrations in honor o fthe memory of Chief Crow Foot whose wisdom and farsightedness was largely responsible for the signing of the famous Treaty Number 7 which threw open a new empire in the west for settlement.

It was back in the '80's after the treaty with the Blackfeet Indians had been signed and about the time the Canadian Pacific Railway was pushing its lines of steel into the west. Chief Crow Foot had become known to William Van Horne, then general manager of the Canadian Pacific and as a token of the esteem held for the famous chief by the whites, he was presented with a perpetual pass over the railway company's lines. This pass became Crow Foot's most treasured possession and he exhibited it with pride among his tribesmen.

In some old records of the Company is proof of the old chief's gratitude. A letter to Vanflorne reads as follows:

"Great Chief of the Railway

"I salute you O Chief, O Great. I am pleased with railway koy, opening the road free to me. The chains and rich covering of your name, its wonderful power to open the road, show the greatness of your Chiefness. I have done.

"His
"Crow X Foot
Mark."

Intelligent Anticipation.

Check—"A man tried to pick my pockets in the street, but my wife prevented him."

Beck—"Did she grapple with him or just scream?"

Check — "Neither — She wasn't there."

Beck—"Then how could she prevent him?"

Check—"She had been through my pockets first."

Soon To Be Attained

The objective in the Chinese war appears to be the vanishing point.

Why Not Play Charades?

The game of charades is such an old favorite that it is well worth frequent revivals. There who compose the audience usually enjoy themselves quite as much as the actual participants, and by making changes in the performers from time to time there is opportunity for everyone to take an active part.

As a charade is a syllable puzzle presented either orally or in a series of tableau, any word chosen as a subject should have several syllables. Each syllable must constitute a word which can be used in its proper order as a single part of the entire charade to be presented in the final act or tableau. The word charade is said to come from an Italian word meaning to chatter, prattle, or to amuse by bright conversation. This is well carried out in the oral charade, as the chief requirement is a talent for what is known as "small talk" which serves as a background for the words used as subjects.

The game is played by selecting 3 or 4 persons to take part in the performance, the remainder of the group to constitute the audience and guess what word is being acted. The chosen ones retire to another room and decide upon the word for the charade.

Take the word "ingratiate," for instance. The performers confer as to the best way of presenting the first syllable, which would be "inn." The next syllable, "gray," would be a simple matter, the episode relating to a gray cat or a person by the name of Gray, or both. The more frequently the syllable is mentioned, the better. The third syllable, "she," could easily be used as an exclamation, and the final syllable "ate" or "eight" would finish the word. The entire word could be presented in tableau form showing a girl dressed in a gray dress and sitting at table eating. (in-gray-she-ate); or expressed orally by the players.

Care must be taken to mention the important word in each case clearly but not too obtrusively. The meaning is more concealed when syllables are used that form short words that can be spelled and defined in two different ways, though pronounced the same. The word "porcupine" may be amusingly presented by taking "pork" for the first syllable, "yew" for the second and "pine," either as a verb or a noun, for the final syllable. "Memento" is a favorite word with charade-players and so is "humiliate," as "Hugh" and "Milly" may be the names of two of the players and frequent repetition of the two words does not necessarily lead the audience to connect the names with the subject of the charade.

"Penmanship," "transformation," "detrimental," "souvenir," and "dictionary," are all excellent, as the syllable "tion" can always be treated as though spelled "shun" and phonetically the final syllable "ary" in any word may be taken as though its spelling were "abry." Two syllables may also be run together as in "debtrye-mental" and "son-veneer."

Such a game arouses much inventiveness as to methods of introducing the necessary words into a conversation, and the more amusing the dialogue is, the more entertainment is provided both for players and audience.

More Russian Bunk

Soviet Executes Three as Spies for Britain; Final Appeals for Ex-Millionaires Fail

Moscow.—Two brothers, Vladimir and Cyril Prove, and their brother-in-law, M. Korepanoff, once rated as millionaires, with high social connections, and one of them, Cyril, a noted sportsman, went to their death by order of the Soviet court. They paid the supreme penalty for alleged espionage in behalf of Great Britain.

The Soviet Government moved swiftly; both in the apprehension and execution of those who would betray the secrets of the State, the army and the navy to the Soviet's enemies. The trial of those whose activities are ferreted out by the police is usually concluded with all speed and no time is lost in carrying out the sentence of the Court.

Cyril Prove, weeping bitterly, begged for mercy. Vladimir tried as best he might to hold up his drooping shoulders when the head of the military tribunal of the Supreme Court ended all hope of appeal by declaring that the death sentence would stand.

The case, however, was appealed, but the All-Russian Executive rejected the plea, declining to grant clemency to the convicted men, who had hoped to benefit by the amnesty which will come into effect with the commencement of the tenth anniversary celebration of the founding of the Soviet Republic.

Attorneys of the men held out hope until the last minute, but their efforts failed. The Executive ruling was that their offense was among the gravest of all offenses against the Soviet Government.

The two brothers turned State's evidence, thus hoping their lives would be spared, and M. Korepanoff pleaded that he was not aware of the "espionage character" of questions put to him by Edward Charnock, First Secretary of the British Mission at Moscow. At the time, Korepanoff, though counsel to the War Commissariat, transacted mainly civil matters and he declared he knew few military secrets.

If you would achieve success in almost any line you happen to choose, say little and look unutterable things.

Taking Care of Household Linen

Every woman homekeeper takes a delight in her linen, but too often treats it badly by lack of realization of the care and protective measures it requires.

Many people blame the fabric when it begins to show signs of early wear. Generally speaking, the cause is to be sought in the laundering and probably it will be found that strong soap, soda, or soap powder have been used. Soda has the effect of dissolving the gum which binds together the fibers of the flax, and naturally, the linen wears badly. Rinsing, too, is of the greatest importance, for if soap is left in after washing, for if soap is left in causes a chemical action between the soap and the gum, and a change in color takes place which no amount of boiling will afterward repair.

From a famous Irish linen mill comes the statement that the following mixture for stiffening linen is much to be preferred to starch: Dissolve 1 ounce of gum arabic in half a pint of warm water. For use, add 1 tablespoonful of this solution to a quart of water. This mixture may be kept in stock. If the household soap is suspected of containing free alkali which will spoil the color of the linen, give it a test with litmus paper. Dissolve the soap in water and in it dip a piece of red litmus paper. If the paper changes to blue, their free alkali is there.

Careful laundering, however, is not enough. The linen cupboard must be beyond reproach, too. Extremes are bad for linen. A damp atmosphere will surely bring mildew, while the heat of a cupboard that contains a hot-water tank will turn it yellow and give it a tendency to become dry and brittle. Choose the happy mean and store linen in a cool room and in a chest or cupboard to which no ray of light can penetrate. Only so will it keep its snowy color. If linen is used only occasionally, it is a mistake to put it away with starch in it, for this will rot it.

The treatment of stains needs very careful consideration, for strong chemicals destroy the material. It is as well to remind women that many of the big linen firms have research departments, and if stains have proved obstinate and immovable, advice may be obtained from these departments upon application. Another service not too well known is the needlework laundry, which is intended for the first washing of elaborate handwork. It is handled by an expert at very reasonable cost, and the result is well worth the bother of dispatch.

Business Women's Needs

In clothes are being met by such creations as this navy blue cloth of supple qualities. The gored skirt achieves the flared motif that is ultra-smart.

Throw No Stones

School With Glass Walls Will Be Built in Berlin

Berlin.—The Siemens District of the German capital is to have an enormous new public school constructed practically entirely of glass.

According to the plans, the building will consist of a frame of steel and concrete, with outside walls of heavy plate glass. The partitions separating the classrooms will also consist of glass.

The idea is to bring as much sunlight cheer to the teachers and pupils as possible. To carry the cheerfulness still further, the new school will be surrounded by a beautiful park, visible from every section of the building, even the inside rooms. If the experiment is successful all new schools here will be built along the same lines.

Too Ladylike.

"Nonsense, Freddy, of course you'll have your hair cut."

Freddy—"I won't! It's too much like bein' a girl."

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Write your name and [illegible] ly, giving number and size of [illegible] patterns as you want. Enclose [illegible] stamps or coin (coin [illegible] it carefully) for each [illegible] address your order to Pa[illegible] Wilson Publishing Co., [illegible] West [illegible] laide St., Toronto. Patterns [illegible] return mail.

The New Negro

He scans the world with [illegible] fearless eyes,
Conscious within of power [illegible] since forgot;
At every step new man-made [illegible] rise
To bar his progress—let [illegible] them not.

He stands erect, though [illegible] round him crash,
Though thunder bursts and [illegible] surge and roll;
He laughs and forges on, while [illegible] nings flash,
Along the rocky pathway [illegible] goal.

Impassive as a Sphinx, he [illegible] ahead—
Foresees new empires rise [illegible] ones fall;
While castle-mad nations [illegible] blood to shed,
He sees God's finger writing [illegible] wall.

With soul awakened, wise and [illegible] he, stands,
Holding his destiny with [illegible]

J. E. McCa'll in [illegible]

Missing the Market.

Salesman—"I can highly [illegible] mend this car, sir. It glides along road so quietly that no one [illegible] it."

Mr. Newly Rich—"Eh? Has [illegible] any other make?"

WRIGLEY'S

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