It Will Delight You

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T31

Perfectly balanced—superb in flavour.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Sir Charles Abingdon engages Paul Harley, criminal investigator, to find out why Sir Charles is kept under surveillance by persons unknown to him. Harley dines at the Abingdon home. Sir Charles falls from his chair in a dying state. Abingdon's last words are "Nicol Brinn" and "Fire-Tongue."

Harley asks Brinn the meaning of "Fire-Tongue," but Brinn refuses to enlighten him.

Harley investigates the life of Ormuz Khan, friend of Phil Abingdon, daughter of Sir Charles. Naida, an Oriental, calls at the home of Nicol Brinn.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "If you follow the uphill road on the other side of the station until you come to the Manor Park—you will see the gates—and then branch off to the right, taking the road facing the gates. Hillside—that's the name of the house—is about a quarter of a mile along."

Dusk was beginning to fall and, although the nature of his proposed operations demanded secrecy, he recognized that every hour was precious. Accordingly he walked immediately back to the spot at which he had left the car and, following the porter's directions, drove over the line at the level crossing immediately beyond the station and proceeded up a tree-lined road until he found himself skirting the railing of an extensive tract of park land.

Presently heavy gates appeared in view, and then, to the right, another lane in which the growing dusk painted many shadows. He determined to drive on until he should find a suitable hiding place. And at a spot, as he presently learned, not a hundred yards from Hillside, he discovered an opening in the hedge which divided the road from a tilled field. Into this, without hesitation, he turned the car, backing in, in order that he might be ready for a flying start in case of emergency. Once more he set out on foot.

He proceeded with caution, walking softly close to the side of the road, and frequently pausing to listen. Advancing in this fashion, he found himself standing presently before an open gateway, and gazing along a drive which presented a vista of utter blackness. A faint sound reached his ear—the distant drone of a powerful engine. A big car was mounting the slope from Lower Claybury Station.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HARLEY—CONTINUED.

Not until Harley came within sight of the long, low, rambling Jacobean building, did he attempt to take cover. He scrambled up a tree and got astride of a wall. A swift survey by his electric torch of the ground on the other side revealed a jungle of weeds in either direction.

Suddenly, came an idea that was born of emergency. Swarming up the tree to where its dense foliage began, he perched upon a stout bough and waited.

Three minutes later came a blaze of light through the gathering darkness, and the car, which he had last seen at the Savoy, was turned into the drive and presently glided smoothly past his hiding place.

The interior lights were extinguished, so that he was unable to discern the occupants. The house itself was also unilluminated. And when the car pulled up before the porch, less than ten yards from his observation post, he could not have recognized the person who descended and entered Hillside. Indeed, only by the sound of the closing door did he know that they had gone in. But two figures were visible, discernible, and he judged them to be those of Ormuz Khan and his secretary. He waited patiently, and very long the limousine was turned in the little courtyard before the porch and driven out into the lane again. He did not fail to note that, the lane regained, the chauffeur headed, not toward Lower Claybury, but away from it.

He retained his position until the hum of the motor grew dim in the distance, and was about to descend when he detected the sound of a second approaching car!

This was another limousine, its most notable characteristic being that the blinds were drawn in all the windows.

On this occasion, when the chauffeur stepped around and opened the door, only one passenger alighted.

Presently the second car was driven away, pursuing the same direction as the first. Hot upon its departure came the drone of a third. The windows of the third car also exhibited drawn blinds. As it passed beneath him he stifled an exclamation of triumph. Vaguely, nebulously, the secret of this dread thing Fire-Tongue, which had uplifted its head in England, appeared before his mind's eye. It was only necessary for him to assure himself that the latest visitor had been admitted to the house before the next move became possible. Accordingly he changed his position, settling himself more comfortably upon the bough. And now he watched the three cars perform each two journeys to some spot or spots unknown, and, returning, deposit their passengers before the porch of Hillside. The limousine used by Ormuz Khan, upon its second appearance had partaken of the same peculiarity as the others: there were blinds drawn inside the windows.

Paul Harley believed that he understood precisely what this signified, and when, after listening intently in the stillness of the night, he failed to detect sounds of any other approach, he descended to the path and stole toward the dark house.

Passing gently from window to window, his quest ultimately earned its reward. Through a crack in one of the shutters a dim light shone out. At first he could hear nothing, but, his investigation being aided by the stillness of the night, he presently became aware that a voice was speaking within the room—deliberately, musically. The beating of his heart seemed to make his body throb to the very

He drew his automatic swiftly from his pocket.

finger tips. He had recognized the voice to be the voice of Ormuz Khan!

Now, his sense of hearing becoming attuned to the muffled tones, he began to make out syllables, words, and, finally, sentences.

"My God!" he whispered. He drew his automatic swiftly from his pocket, and, pressed against the wall beside the window, looked about him as a man looks who finds himself surrounded by enemies.

Paul Harley retreated step by step to the bushes. He held the pistol tightly clenched in his right hand.

He had heard his own death sentence pronounced and he knew that it was likely to be executed.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HARLEY—CONCLUDED.

He regained the curve of the drive without meeting any opposition. There, slipping the pistol into his pocket, he climbed rapidly up the tree from which he had watched the arrival of the three cars, climbed over the wall, and dropped into the weed jungle beyond. He crept stealthily forward to the gap where he had concealed the racer, drawing nearer and nearer to the bushes lining the lane.

His car had disappeared!

Feeling his way into the lane, he set out running for the highroad, his footsteps ringing out sharply upon the dusty way. The highroad gained, he turned, not to the left, but to the right, ran up the bank and threw himself flatly down upon it, lyink close to the hedge and watching the entrance to the lane.

A faint sound, so faint that only a man in deadly peril could have detected it, brought him up sharply. He crouched back against the hedge, looking behind him. For a long time he failed to observe anything. Then, against the comparatively high tone of the dusty road, he saw a silhouette—the head and shoulders of someone who peered out cautiously.

As Paul Harley had prayed would be the case, his pursuers evidently believed that he had turned in the direction of Lower Claybury. A vague, phantom figure, Harley saw the man wave his arm, whereupon a second man joined him—a third—and, finally, a fourth.

Harley clenched his teeth grimly, and as the ominous quartet began to move toward the left, he resumed his slow retreat to the right—going ever farther away, of necessity, from the only centre with which he was acquainted and from which he could hope to summon assistance. Finally, he reached the milestone resting almost against the railings of the Manor Park.

Drawing a deep breath, he sprang upon the milestone, succeeded in grasping the top of the high iron railings, and hauled himself up bodily.

Praying that the turf might be soft, he jumped. Fit though he was, and hardened by physical exercise, the impact almost stunned him.

In less than a minute he was on his feet again and looking alertly about him. Striking into the park land, turning to the left, and paralleling the highroad, he presently came out upon the roadway, along which, under shelter of a straggling hedge, he began to double back. In sight of the road dipping down to Lower Claybury he crossed, forcing his way through a second hedge thickly sown with thorns.

Badly torn, but careless of such minor injuries, he plunged heavily through a turnip field, and, bearing always to the left, came out finally upon the road leading to the station, and only some fifty yards from the bottom of the declivity.

A moment he paused, questioning the silence. He was unwilling to believe that he had outwitted his pursuers. Therefore, pistol in hand again, he descended to the foot of the hill.

Now came the hardest blow of all. The station was closed for the night. Nor was there any light in the signal box. Evidently no other train was due upon that branch line until some time in the early morning. The level crossing gate was open, but before breaking cover he paused a while to consider what he should do.

He made up his mind, and, darting out into the road, he ran across the line, turned sharply, and did not pause until he stood before the station master's window. Then his quick wits were put to their ultimate test.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Laura Knight

The first woman associate of the Royal Academy of England since its foundation in 1769. From orphaned poverty to artistic success.

Forests For the Future

Auckland Weekly News: A new record in the plantation of commercial soft woods was accomplished by the State Forest Service in the last financial year, the area planted having been 19,924 acres, exclusive of various experimental plantations representing another thousand acres. . . . In addition to its 20,000 acres, over 52,000 acres were planted by commercial companies and local authorities, making a total of 72,628 acres for the year. . . . No attempt has been made in the Forest Service report to forecast the whole range of development in the Dominion, but while commercial plantations have already reached a total of 70,000 acres, and State plantations nearly 100,000 acres, the State Department has set as its objective the planting of 200,000 acres in the next eight years. Its program for the current year is 25,000 acres, so that it may actually achieve a record for English-speaking countries, and if that rate can be maintained, the goal of 300,000 acres by 1935 should be reached.

Morocco

Paris Capital: After long negotiations, following repeated requests by Spain, in 1923 we weakly agreed to modify the Tangier statute to our own disadvantage and to the disadvantage of our ally, the Sultan. Britain and Spain, exultant that they had scored over us, put their signatures at the bottom of this 1923 agreement. Thereupon, as a direct consequence of the dangerous policy followed in the Rif by Spain, Abdel Krim attached us. We were compelled to make, both in 1925 and in 1926, great expenditure of man power and material to overcome it. We accomplished our task and, thanks to our blood and our gold, Spain knew what it was to have peace in a region where she had been fighting and losing for 400 years. And then an unexpected development! To thank us for having done the work which she had not been able to finish off until 1926, she asked us in 1927 to hand over Tangier and its zone entirely to her. . . . She is playing the game of Italy, who is always on the look-out for a chance to intervene in Morocco, and the game of Germany, who wants to reopen the whole question of the colonial mandates.

He had been trying all the evening to summon the courage to tell her. It was a thing that really required a great deal of intrepidity. She was his ideal. Slim, brown-eyed, beautiful golden hair. As he gazed at her he finally made up his mind. "Darling," he said, "I love you. If I asked you to be my wife, what would be the outcome?" "It depends," came the reply, "very much on the income."

It is suggested that London trams should be decked with flowers to advertise the tramways. Another notion is that pedestrians should carry wreaths to advertise motor-cars.

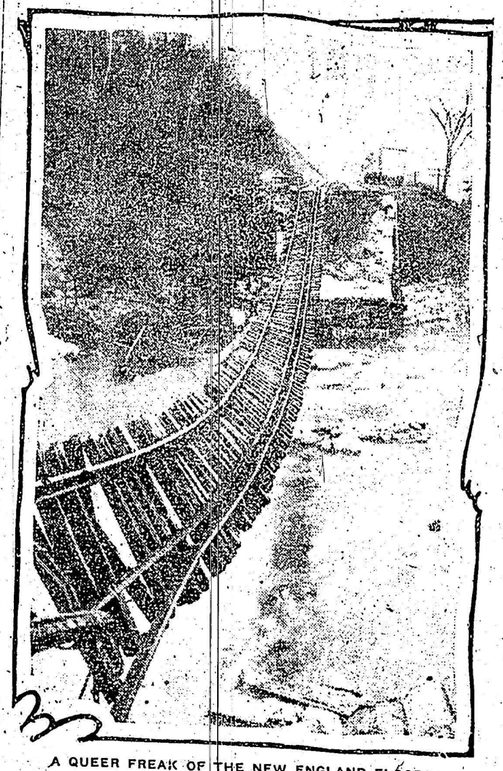
THAT 18TH AMENDMENT AGAIN

"Cortie have you gotten everything packed for your return to college?"

"I should say not. I haven't selected my pocket flask yet."

A music-hall artist who used to tour the provinces with a flock of performing ducks found managers no longer willing to book his show. After he had been "resting" for some time he received a telegram asking him to open on the following Monday at a variety theatre in the North of England. In reply he wired, "Regret cannot come. Have catch the artistes!"

Wash Out On the Line



A QUEER FREAK OF THE NEW ENGLAND FLOODS

A railway bridge washed out from under the tracks on the Boston & Albany line at Hoosic Junction, Mass., showing severity of damage.

Radio Attracts Varied Market

Even Silo Dealers Adding Line of Equipment—Electrical Shops Lead

Washington.—Even silo dealers and candy stores are retailing radio equipment nowadays, according to an analysis of returns made in a recent survey of radio stocks just compiled by the electric equipment division of the Commerce Department. Fifty-eight varieties of radio dealers were indicated: Coal dealers, farm implement stores, jewelers, grocories, seed stores, animal pet shops, and printers all sell radio.

Innumerable combinations such as furniture and hardware, sporting goods and music were found, in such cases the stores were listed under each classification involved. It is possible, in some communities, for a man to go into a plumber's shop and get his radio wants filled, while another man in another town can have his furnace fixed or buy a five-tube set at the same office.

Replies from 3546 dealers indicated their main business activities out of a total of 7718 received. Stores specializing in single lines totaled 2903, the remaining 643 carrying two or more lines. Of those stores selling radio to-day, electrical supply shops, with 26 per cent., lead the list in the survey; followed by radio stores, with 709, or 20 per cent. and hardware stores with 482 or 13 per cent. The next 10 in order are musical instruments, 8.5 per cent; automobiles, 5.3 per cent.; batteries and ignition supplies, 5.5; tires and tire repairs, 4.4; drugs, 4.1; garages, 4; furniture 3.6; general and department stores 3.3; service stations 1.3, and automobile accessories 1 per cent.

Good Grammar

"It's Me" Perfectly Good English, London Paper Answers Purists

Lond.—A challenge has been flung into the faces of the 222 American purists who are trying to make the American people say "It is I" when they want to say "It's me."

"It's me," according to the London Evening Standard, which prides itself on its good English, is correct, though it has been the subject of a very old controversy in England as well as in the United States.

"There are two ways of defending it," says the Standard's editorial. "One is to point out that 'me' here is not the accusative 'me,' but the equivalent, and probably a survival of the French 'moi.' Just as the French do not say 'C'est je' or, in answer, to a question simply 'Je!' we, unless we are ultra particular, do not say 'It's I' or simply 'I.' We say 'It's me' or 'Me!' and we do it for the same reasons and the same justification.

"The other way of defending it is to remark that language preceded grammarians and still takes precedence of them. The business of the grammarian is to observe, perhaps to explain, accomplished facts. But the facts themselves are outside his power. It is no more his business to say that any form commonly used is 'wrong' than it is the business of the biologist to assail with moral anger an unexpected mutation in a species of living things."

The rest of the forty-five taboos placed on incorrect expressions by the jury appear to have the approval of English authorities.

Another Pay Day, Too

George Eastman of Rochester made an elaborate argument on the subject of adding another month to our calendar year. Mr. Eastman expresses the belief that a thirteen months' year of four even weeks' each month would be better than our present twelve months year. He urges a world-wide conference on the subject in the hope that the new year might be put into effect in 1933.

Mr. Eastman may be right, casting up and subtracting and dividing all the things that may be said on either side of the argument. We confess we have made no survey of the subject that would warrant us in offering enlightenment on the theme. But if the world-wide conference is held we would, with apologies for injecting the small details of life into such an exalted issue, submit a phase of the question that dignified minds might overlook.

When we come to meet the monthly instalment on the motorcar, make the monthly payment on the radio, send a check for the monthly assessment on daughter's new piano, face the landlord for the rent on the first day of each month, and saunter nonchalantly into the bank to renew the thirty-day note for the third time, not to mention the monthly payments for the groceries and the shoes for the children, we form the impression, some way or other, that the first world conference on the subject of making a calender put too many first days of the month into it. Why would we add to our sorrow by inserting another one?—Kansas City Times.

"You never saw a man wearing a black eye because he minded his own business," remarks a writer. How about the prizefighter after a hot session in the ring?

The firm that refuses to hire flappers and employs none but elderly women deserves to be congratulated upon its ability to distinguish between them.

Vienna After Ten Years

While Soviet Russia is celebrating its tenth anniversary as a Communist state the city of Vienna is entering upon its tenth year under Socialist rule. It would be easy to carry the analogy between Russia and Vienna too far, but it is interesting to note that, while the former is the only great country governed according to the principles of communism, the latter is the only great city of the world in which the Socialist experiment has been conducted over a period long enough for any estimate to be made of its practical value.

Socialism was Vienna's answer to the chaos into which the proud capital of the Austro-Hungarian Empire was plunged by the World War. Ten years ago the city was starving. With the conclusion of peace the tiny Austrian state faced economic disaster. Only the direct intervention of the Allied owers, acting through the League of Nations, saved it from collapse. Vienna, once gay and prosperous, had to fight for its very life, for the Austria of which it was once the hub and center had so shrunk that it could not supply the needs of a great urban community, while the manufacturing interests of the capital had lost their markets. For Vienna something like Socialism, which would draw upon whatever wealth remained to its citizens for the resources to save its great working population, was probably the only thing which could have saved it.

To that extent at least the Socialist experiment has been successful. Vienna is still in existence and in many projects, such as its solution of the post-war housing problem, the city's Socialist administration has done admirable work. It is putting up a vigorous fight against most unfavorable economic conditions, and while all is not entirely well, as the riots last summer showed, the situation in Vienna to-day is cheerful as compared with that of some seven years ago.

On the larger problem of Vienna's economic future, both the Socialist government of the city and the Government of Austria are almost powerless. Vienna as a great city has lost its raison d'etre. It seems doomed. As seat of the Government of the old empire, as focal point for the economic activities of the extensive territories controlled by the Hapsburgs, there were many reasons why it should be the great city it was. To-day it remains a capital without a country, slowly but surely being forced to adapt itself to new and tragic circumstances.

Park Poets

I like to sit in Washington Square
Watching the gents with great long hair,
Writing their lofty and lyrical rhymes
For The World and The Tribune, The Sun and The Times;
Writing of nightingales, robins and crows,
Of dandies and dereliers, gangsters and bos;
Writing of women and of song and of wine,
Some of it foolish and some of it fine,
Some of it tragic and some of it tough,
Some of it strange and superfluous stuff.
For many a poet is wont to abuse
The subtle weird vehicles and models of the muse.

Harvey McKenzie, New York.

A beautiful actress became the possessor of an expensive pearl necklace. To mislead any housebreaker who might be inclined to carry her property away she made it a practice to leave the necklace lying carelessly upon her dressing-table beside a sheet of paper on which she had written: "These are imitation pearls. Keep me, real pearls in a safety vault." One night when she arriver home she discovered that her pearls were gone, and, in place of the note she had left beside them, she found this:—"I'm just a substitute. The burglar who is regularly assigned to this district is in prison."

THE SILENCE OF THE EMPIRE

"The eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month." So the war closed, and so such time will be remembered. And in all the world wherever his Majesty's subjects gather together a few brief moments of silence fall like a charm about the mourners gathered at the Cenotaph. At Westminster, in the heart of the Empire, they gather about the body of the Unknown Soldier. In all the dominions that make up the far-flung nation the prosaic daily duties are interrupted for a silence of two minutes. On the ships of his Majesty's navy in all the four corners of the earth when the circling sun arrives at the hour of eleven o'clock a silence falls upon the encircling deep.

So was it Friday, Nov. 11, before our own cenotaph at the City Hall. All about stood the throngs of those who remember each day in all the year, but who this day show in public their "proud and loving remembrance." The traffic of a great and busy city clambered through the streets. The clang of street cars and the rumbling wheels clattered over the rails. Motor cars honked and sped along the streets, and all the noise of busy bedlam sounded round about. The patient throng waited about a pile of stone heaped up with flowery wreaths and poppy sprays. As far as the eye could see stood a dense [illegible] people.

At both sides of the cenotaph [illegible] the wearers of the Silver Cross [illegible] the four corners stood a guard [illegible] from the Mississauga Horse [illegible] Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

The great clock began to strike [illegible] the hour. There was a vast sweeping off of hats and caps. The wearers of the Silver Cross rose [illegible] and bowed over in silent prayer. The rumbling traffic ceased, the honking of the passing cars was stopped. Gradually a stillness fell over the entire scene. The guards stood even stiffer to attention.

The memory of Mons to Mons [illegible] back in those brief moments. Each one remembered some one who fell over there. Thoughts dwelt on the early days in Ypres and St. Julien, swept over to the Somme eleven years ago, to Vimy Ridge in that drive on Easter morn, to Passchendaele and the awful ridges leading to its height, Amiens and Arras, Cambrai and Valenciennes.

A motor car moves, a street car clangs and starts away. The notes of the National Anthem break on the stillness, continue through and end. Again a great sweep of hats over the sea of heads. The sorrowing ones resume their places on the benches. The two minutes silence moves away.

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Fashions

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"When a girl appears shy at the mention of her age she generally is—from five to ten years."

She indignantly: "I'd like to [illegible] you kiss me again!" He: "All right, keep your eyes open this time."

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