Full of Flavour "SALADA" TEA

T57

So why accept exhausted bulk tea.

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 Omar Khan, friend of Phil Abingdon, daughter of Sir Charles. Nadia, an Oriental, calls at the house of Nicol Brinn.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XIX.

[illegible]

Right left, a [illegible] pattering feet [illegible] Instantly he [illegible] divined the train. Leaving his tracks [illegible] his pursuers had [illegible] the station, believing that [illegible] in motion.

Paul Harley wi[illegible] off his coat in haste, and [illegible] as a rather smart [illegible] He leaped up, found [illegible] and opened the sash. In ten [illegible] he was in the room, and a [illegible] told him that he had [illegible] some piece of furniture. [illegible] coat, he sought [illegible] found the electric torch. He [illegible] the latter. No light came. [illegible] was broken. He drew a hissing [illegible] and began to grope about the [illegible] room. At last his hand touched [illegible] telephone, and taking it up:

"Hello!" he said. "Hello!"

"Yes," came the voice of the operator, "what hand?"

"My God! Police business. Up [illegible]

One, two, three seconds elapsed, [illegible]

"Hello!" came the voice of Innes.

"Did you hear?" said Harley, [illegible] the other's reply [illegible] by no means safe, Innes! I [illegible] the darkest corners of [illegible] Wessex! If he's [illegible] Tell him to [illegible]

[illegible] at the broken [illegible] speaker. Resting [illegible] the table, where he had found it, Harley reached into [illegible] pocket and snapped out his [illegible]

Dimly he could hear Innes speaking. He half turned, raised the pistol and knew a sudden intense pain at the back of his skull. A thousand lights—second suddenly to split the darkness. He felt himself sinking [illegible] an apparently bottomless pit.

CHAPTER XX.

CONFLICTING CLUES.

"Very news, Wessex?" asked Innes, sharply, starting up from his chair as the inspector entered the office.

Wessex shook his head, and sitting down took up and lighted a cigaret.

"News of a sort," he replied, slowly, "that nothing of any value, I am afraid. My assistant, Stokes, has disappointed himself."

"In what way?" asked Innes, dully, dropping back into his chair.

"Tonight Nicol Brinn had a visitor [illegible] a valuable witness. Stokes, like an idiot, allowed him to slip through his fingers and tried to arrest Brinn!"

"You say he tried to arrest him. What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that Nicol Brinn, leaving Stokes locked in his chambers, went out and completely disappeared!"

"But the woman!"

"Ah, the woman! There's the rub. If he had lain low and followed the woman, all might have been well. But who she was, where she came from, and where she has gone, we have no idea."

Innes stood up restlessly and began to drum his fingers upon the table edge. Presently he looked up, and:

"There's a shadow of hope," he said. "Rector—you know Rector?—had been detailed by the chief to cover the activities of Nicol Brinn. He has not reported to me so far to-night."

"You mean that he may be following him?" cried Wessex.

"It is quite possible—following either Nicol Brinn or the woman."

"My God, I hope you're right!—even though it makes the Criminal Investigation Department look a bit silly."

"Then," continued Innes, "there is something else which you should know. I heard to-day from a garage, with which Mr. Harley does business, that he hired a racing car last night. He has often used it before. It met him half-way along Pall Mall at seven o'clock, and he drove away in it in the direction of Trafalgar Square."

The telephone bell was ringing, and as Innes eagerly took up the receiver:

"Yes, yes, Mr. Innes speaking," he said, quickly. "Is that you, Rector?"

The voice of Rector, one of Paul Harley's assistants, answered him over the wire:

"I am speaking from Victoria Station, Mr. Innes."

"Yes!" said Innes. "Go ahead."

"A very odd-looking woman visited Mr. Nicol Brinn's chambers this evening. She was beautifully dressed, but wore the collar of her fur coat turned up about her face, so that it was difficult to see her. But somehow I think she was an Oriental."

"An Oriental!" exclaimed Innes.

"I waited for her to come out," Rector continued. "She had arrived in a cab, which was waiting, and I learned from the man that he had picked her up at Victoria Station."

"Yes?"

"She came out some time later in rather a hurry. In fact, I think there was no doubt that she was frightened. By this time I had another cab waiting."

"And where did she go?" asked Innes.

"Back to Victoria Station."

"Yes? Go on!"

"Unfortunately, Mr. Innes, my story does not go much further. I wasted very little time, you may be sure. But although no train had left from the South Eastern station, which she had entered, there was no sign of her anywhere. So that I can only suppose she ran through to the Brighton side, or possibly out to a cab which may have been waiting for her elsewhere."

"Is that all?" asked Innes, gloomily.

"That's all, Mr. Innes. But I thought I would report it."

"Quite right, Rector; you could do no more. Did you see anything of Detective Sergeant Stokes before you left Piccadilly?"

"Good evening," the Hindu said, speaking perfect English.

"I did," replied the other. "He also was intensely interested in Nicol Brinn's visitor. And about five minutes before she came out he went upstairs."

"Oh, I see. She came out almost immediately after Stokes had gone up?"

"Yes."

"Very well, Rector. Return to Piccadilly, and report to me as soon as possible."

Innes hung up the receiver.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SEVENTH KAMA.

As Nicol Brinn strolled out from the door below his chambers in Piccadilly, a hoarse voice made itself audible above his head.

"Police!" he heard over the roar of the traffic. "Help! Police!"

Detective Sergeant Stokes had come out upon the balcony. But up to the time that Nicol Brinn turned and proceeded in leisurely fashion in the direction of the Cavalry Club, the sergeant had not succeeded in attracting any attention.

Nicol Brinn knew that death was beckoning to him. He knew that his keen wit was the only weapon which could avail him to-night; and he knew that he must show himself a master of fence.

A lonely man, of few but enduring friendships, he had admitted but one love to his life, except the love of his mother. This one love for seven years he had sought to kill. But anything forceful enough to penetrate to the threshold of Nicol Brinn's soul was indestructible, even by Nicol Brinn himself.

Just outside the Cavalry Club a limousine was waiting, driven by a chauffeur who looked like some kind of Oriental. Nicol Brinn walked up to the man, and bending forward:

"Fire-Tongue," he said, in a low voice.

The chauffeur immediately descended and opened the door of the car. The interior was unlighted, but Nicol Brinn cast a comprehensive glance around ere entering. As he settled himself upon the cushions, the door was closed again, and he found himself in absolute darkness.

All the windows were curtained, or rather, as a rough investigation revealed, were closed with aluminum shutters which were immovable.

A moment later, as the car moved off, a lamp became lighted above him. Then he saw that several current periodicals were placed invitingly in the rack, as well as a box of very choice Egyptian cigarets.

Lighting a fresh cigar, Nicol Brinn drew a copy of the Sketch from the rack and studied the photographs of more or less pretty actresses with apparent contentment. He had finished the Sketch and was perusing the Bystander when, the car having climbed a steep hill and swerved sharply to the right, he heard the rustling of leaves, and divined that they were proceeding along a drive.

He replaced the paper in the rack, and took out his watch. Consulting it, he returned it to his pocket as the car stopped and the light went out.

The door, which, with its fellow, Nicol Brinn had discovered to be locked, was opened by the Oriental chauffeur, and Brinn descended upon the steps of a shadowed porch. The house door was open, and although there was no light within:

"Come this way," said a voice speaking out of the darkness.

Nicol Brinn entered a hallway the atmosphere of which seemed to be very hot.

"Allow me to take your hat and coat," continued the voice.

He was relieved of these, guided along a dark passage; and presently, an inner door being opened, he found himself in a small, barely furnished room where one shaded lamp burned upon a large writing table.

His conductor, who did not enter, closed the door quietly and Nicol Brinn found himself looking into the smiling face of a Hindu gentleman who sat at the table.

"Good evening," the Hindu said, speaking perfect English; "won't you sit down?"

(To be continued.)

Zoo Monkeys Fail To Get Excited

Show No Reaction to Seeing Gorilla on Screen

New York.—The monkeys up in Central Park Zoo do not care what their race does on the screen.

To learn whether monkeys recognized their likenesses on the screen a new motion picture "The Gorilla," was presented in the monkey-house recently.

Several scientists were to watch the reaction of the living monkeys. In their cages when they saw the huge gorilla on the screen. It was explained that if some of the more powerful living monkeys got excited they might tear down the bars of their cages and do other acts of violence. Guards were posted.

The total reaction of the monkeys at seeing the picture was:

One sat at the top of its cage watching a woman's red hat.

Four others went to sleep.

One sat in the corner of its cell—and it was the type supposed to go mad—munching at some fruit and gazing idly at a large rat.

The only excitement shown was when the lights were turned on. Then the monkeys whipped their trapezes and beat on the bar violently.

Last Week's Howler

Perpetrated by the boy who said a cynic was a place where you washed dishes.

The Browns were expecting a visit from their pastor. It was the custom of the latter to ask the small children of his flock three questions—their name, age, to test their knowledge of right and wrong, he asked them where bad little children went. Mary, the young daughter, had received full instructions from her parents and was quite ready to answer the questions. The minister arrived, and asked: "What's your name, little girl?" In her hurry to display her intelligence, Mary answered: "Mary, sir; five years old; go to hell."

Instalment paying makes the mouths shorter and the years longer.

Tested Recipes

Chocolate Cookies

To make delicious chocolate cookies cream one-half cup of shortening, add gradually one and one-half cups of sugar and then two eggs, well beaten. Melt two squares of chocolate over hot water, add one-fourth cup of hot water to the melted chocolate and add it to the first mixture. Dissolve one teaspoon of soda in one-half cup of sour cream; beat into the cooky mixture; add one teaspoon of vanilla; then stir in the flour, sifting one-half teaspoon of salt with the first cup. About five cups of flour will be needed to make the dough so that it can be rolled fairly thin. Bake cookies in a quick oven (375 degrees F.) for about ten minutes. The recipe makes six dozen.

Red Man Cookies

Beat two eggs, add one cup of sugar, two squares of chocolate, melted, one-half cup of butter and one-half cup of flour. Flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla and stir in one cup of broken nut meats. Bake in a well buttered square pan for about thirty minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) while hot, cut in two-inch squares with a hot knife. This recipe makes sixteen squares, and words simply fail us to try and tell how good they are!

Apple Cake

Sift two cups of flour, four teaspoons of baking powder, one-fourth cup of sugar and one-half teaspoon of salt. Blend with this one-third cup of shortening and stir in two-thirds cup of milk and one beaten egg. Spread over the bottom of a shallow buttered pan. Are, core and quarter ripe apples and press the quarters into the dough. Dredge well with sugar, sprinkle liberally with cinnamon and scatter currants over the top. Bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.), covering freely with apple jelly and bake ten minutes longer.

A Sour Milk Cake

1 cup of sugar, 3 tablespoons of butter, 6 tablespoons of cocoa, 1½ cups of sour milk, 1 teaspoon of soda, 2 cups of flour. Cream butter and sugar, add the cocoa and flour sifted together and then add the sour milk in which the soda has been dissolved. Beat well and bake in two layers in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for about twenty-five minutes.

Chocolate Mocha Filling

3 Tablespoons of melted butter, 1 cup of confectioners' sugar, 1 tablespoon of strong, cold coffee, 1 tablespoon of cocoa. Cream the butter and sugar, add the cocoa and mix with the coffee. Add more coffee or sugar if needed to make the right consistency to spread. Double the recipe if it is to be put on top as well as between the layers.

Dutch Cake

2/3 Cup sugar, ½ cup shortening, 1 egg, ¾ cups flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup raisins. Mix in the order given and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate over (350 degrees F.). When done make holes in the top and pour over it a filling made of 1 egg well beaten, 2/3 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon. Beat them well together, and when pouring over the top of the cake make sure that it runs down into the holes. Return to the oven for three or four minutes. This cake may be used as a coffee cake, although it is primarily a dessert.

Molasses Cake

¾ Cup shortening, 1 cup molasses, 1/3 cup sour milk or buttermilk, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 egg, 2¼ cups sifted flour, ½ teaspoon allspice. Melt the shortening, add the molasses and stir until thoroughly blended. Dissolve the soda in the sour milk and add to the first mixture, stirring well. Then add half of the flour and egg, beating well. Add the flour and the spices. Beat for two minutes and bake in a greased and floured loaf pan or in muffin pans. One-half cup of nut meats or raisins may be added.

Sponge Cake

Beat the yolks and whites of four eggs separately. Then beat one-half cup of sugar into each and then beat the two together. Stir in one cup of flour very lightly, add one teaspoon of vanilla or three-fourths of a teaspoon of lemon extract. Put in a cold oven and gradually turn on heat until the oven reaches 325 degrees F. Continue baking until when tested it is done. About one hour in all.

Caramel Nut Frosting

1¼ Cup brown sugar, ¼ cup white sugar, 1/3 cup cold water, whites of two eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1/3 cup English walnut meats. Boil the sugar and water until it threads—about 240 degrees F. Pour on to beaten egg whites, and beat until nearly cool. Put into double boiler until mixture becomes granular around edge of pan. Remove from the fire and beat until the mixture holds its shape. Add vanilla and chopped nuts and spread on cake. A simple butter cake is especially nice with this frosting.

Crumble Cakes

Broken pieces from sweet crackers, graham crackers or cake can be used to make these little cakes which are just the thing to serve with afternoon tea. Collect the odds and ends until there are enough to make a cup and a half when they are put through the meatchopper and proceed as follows: Cream three-eighths of a cup of butter and three-fourths of a cup of sugar. Add one egg, well beaten. Sift one cup of flour with one teaspoon of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon cloves and one-fourth teaspoon mace or nutmeg and add to the first mixture. Dissolve one-half teaspoon of soda in one-fourth cup of cold water. Stir this in and then add the one and one-half cups of crumbles. Drop by teaspoon about three inches apart on greased baking sheets and bake in a moderate oven until nicely browned.

Raisin Cream Pie

Sour cream and raisins combine to make an unusually delicious pie. To one cup of sugar add one cup of sour cream, one well beaten egg and one cup of seeded raisins which have been put through the meat grinder. Make a rather rich cream pie pan with this, put in the cream-raisin mixture and cover with an upper crust. Bake in a hot (450 degrees F.) oven until the crust is done about thirty minutes.

Chemung Brown Betty

This "upstate" Brown Betty is a variation of the standard recipe and has a distinctive flavor which is very pleasing. Cut dry bread into cubes and fry for a minute or two in hot butter. Slice apples very thin and sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon. Put alternating layers of fried bread and apples in a buttered baking dish, making the top layer of bread; dust the top liberally with sugar and cinnamon and bake in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) until the apples are thoroughly cooked.

In testing this recipe we found that moistening the ingredients slightly with milk improved it.

Maple Nut Pie

This pie is rich but wonderfully good. Mix together one cup of milk and one cup of maple syrup, add one beaten egg, one tablespoon of flour, one tablespoon of cornstarch (dissolve the last two in a little of the cold liquid before adding to the other ingredients) and one-half cup of chopped nut meats. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until thick, and continue cooking fifteen minutes longer. Pour into a baked crust and chill. Serve topped with whipped cream.

"I'm here, gentlemen," explained the pick-pocket to his fellow prisoners, "as the result of a moment of abstraction." "And I," chimed in the forger, "on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself." "And I," added the burglar, "through taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment."

Princess Secures Record Moose Head

Prince Michel and Princess Sturdza, of the Rumanian legation, Washington, with their big game trophies secured during a hunt on the borders of Jasper National Park, Alberta, Canada. Princess Sturdza is shown holding the record moose head, with a spread of sixty-one inches, the largest ever taken by a woman and one of the record heads for that district. The party also secured mountain sheep and mountain goats, heads of which are shown in the photograph, and intend returning another year to hunt grizzlies. — Canadian National Railways photo.

Advertising is National Asset

Enables Various Sections to Learn of Others

AT ADVERTISING CLUB

Can Help Unite British Empire, Speaker Believes

The important role played by advertising, not merely as a means of marketing goods, but as a factor in national life, as a means of cementing different units of a Dominion and bringing its far-flung members better to understand each other's problems, needs and aspirations, and in bringing the members of an Empire closer to each other so that they also might better understand each other's position on questions affecting the welfare of the whole community, was the theme of a address by Ald. Theodore Morgan, delivered at the weekly luncheon of the Advertising Club of Montreal recently.

He urged the great responsibility that developed on the advertising man, in view of his great opportunities for doing valuable educational work. The national advertising man was the only man in Canada whose production could be the eyes of every reader in Canada practically at the same time. The advertiser could carry messages to people who would probably never be reached through other channels.

National Asset.

Advertising was more than a means of promoting business, Ald. Morgan said. The vast resources of Canada were still little known to Canadians even, and much less to the outside world. With all Canada's many sectional differences and disputes, Canadians had one thing in common, the desire to promote and develop Canada's industry and agriculture.

The work of the national advertiser was almost the only educational publicity that reached all Canada at once. No editorial writer, for instance, could hope to reach all the readers in the country, as they could in the old Country. This threw a great responsibility on the national advertiser.

Need of Immigration.

Canada's need of immigration was well known and admitted. The R.C.M.P. had made it possible for the immigrant to settle in the most remote parts of Canada without the least fear of danger, yet few Canadians knew anything about it. That was because in the past only the mistakes of government were widely advertised. Governments today, however, were awakening to the value of nation-wide advertising. The British Navy was one of the greatest agencies for the advertising of Great Britain and British institutions.

The nation had to depend largely on the printed page for information. People could not often travel 3,000 miles to see the other fellow and find out what his needs and problems were. Advertising therefore was becoming an increasing factor in cementing Canadians together.

Use Enthusiasm.

If the enthusiasm of this young Canadian nation was wisely used, would go far toward solving her future problems and put an era of progress in world history by before Canada's prosperity an development unprecedented.

The things Canadians should be proud of had not in the past been sufficiently known to them. It was the duty of Canadian to think of Canada as a unit and of the Empire as a whole. And it was the duty of the national advertiser to help inform and educate the people of the country. In this sense, advertising was a vital factor in the improvement and welfare of the nation.

Every province had made valuable contributions to the life of the nation but none had given more great men to the country than Quebec. The country needed big men like Laurier to direct its affairs.

Educational Tours.

University educational trips, inter-provincial conferences, business conventions were valuable assets in helping the different parts of the country to know each other better. The tourist trade was a valuable factor and there should be a good fund expended on publicity to encourage this trade.

It was easy to arouse national consciousness when the nation's life was at stake. It was not so easy when all was peaceful and the provinces had other things to do but national advertising was one of the powerful means to be used to that end.

He urged the press to bear in mind how public opinion was influenced by the way they portrayed events. There never was a time when there was more need of statesmen in the editorial chairs. There was too much tendency to encourage Canadians to think along American lines.

He quoted Sir Alfred Mond's recent statements which foreshadowed a day when the world would have three commercial combinations, the United States, the European countries and the British Empire.

Advertising, wisely used, would go far to relieve present national ills in Canada and would go far to realizing Canada's development as a wealthy, powerful unit in the British Empire.

Arctic Islands Preserve

The area of wild life preserves set aside for the benefit of natives by the Department of the Interior, in the Northwest Territories, Canada, has been extended by taking in all islands north of the mainland between the 60th and the 141st degrees of longitude. This large area is now known as the Arctic Islands Preserve.

Be Sure You Get The Genuine GILLETT'S FLAKE LYE

Wilson Publishing Company

FLARED SKIRTS ARE [illegible]

Charmingly feminine is this [illegible] dress shown here, having [illegible] piece flared skirt attached [illegible] bodice and long dart [illegible] View A contrasting [illegible] lively [illegible] at the lower [illegible] skirt and to form a shaped [illegible] Pattern No. 1685 is [illegible] Small Woman and is in [illegible] and 20 years. Size 18 [illegible] requires 2⅝ yard [illegible] inch, [illegible] yard [illegible] inch contrasting [illegible] Price 20 cents the pattern.

The garments illustrated in Fashion Book are [illegible] for the [illegible] dressmaker, [illegible] who desires to [illegible] dependable [illegible] and economy will find [illegible] filled in our patterns. [illegible] book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address [illegible] giving number and size [illegible] patterns as you want them. [illegible] stamps or coin (coin preferred) [illegible] carefully for each pattern [illegible] address your order to Pattern Dept. Wilson Publishing Co., 73 Wellington St., Toronto. Patterns [illegible] return mail.

The Gingerbread Clown

[illegible] clown
[illegible] made of gingerbread
He got an icing coat.
That's colored white and [illegible]

We baked him in a pan
And filled him full of spice
We gave him raisin eyes
And nose and mouth and [illegible]

If I should eat my clown
He'd be quite gone, you [illegible]
And we couldn't use him
To trim our Christmas tree.

SMALL MATTER

(Wife, discovering typist on her husband's lap): So, at last I've found you out!

"Sh-h-h-h-h! Be calm now, wifie dear. This little girl is just a trifle hard of hearing, that's all."

"So our engagement is at an end," said the man. "It is," replied the girl. "I suppose you will return the engagement ring?" "Certainly, if you wish it. Call round some evening and pick it out."

PURITY FLOUR

BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING — Pies, Cakes, Buns and Bread — DOES ALL YOUR BAKING BEST