BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Sir Charles Abingdon engages Paul Harley, criminal investigator, to solve the mystery of constant surveillance of Sir Charles. While Harley is dining at the Abingdon home Sir Charles falls from his chair in a dying condition. Dr. McMurdoch pronounces death due to heart failure. Harley insists Sir Charles was poisoned. The last words uttered by Abingdon are "Nicol Brinn" and "Fire-Tongue." Harley asks Brinn to explain the meaning of "Fire-Tongue." Brinn refuses to divulge the secret. Ormuz Khan, Oriental, is a friend of Phil Abingdon, daughter of Sir Charles. While Harley is shadowing the home of Ormuz Khan he is discovered by the Oriental and imprisoned in the house.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Cont'd.)

Phil laughed, and accepting the arm of Ormuz Khan, walked into a very English-looking library, followed by Rama Dass and Mrs. McMurdoch.

Rama Dass had taken charge of the ladies' cloaks in the hall, and in spite of the typical English environment in which she found herself, Phil sat very near to Mrs. McMurdoch on a settee, scarcely listening to the conversation, and taking no part in it.

Then a gong sounded and the party went in to lunch.

A white-robed Hindu waited at table, and Phil discovered his movements to be unpleasantly silent. This waiting presently grew unendurable, and:

"I hope Mr. Harley is safe," she said, in a rather unnatural tone. "Surely he should have returned by now?"

Ormuz Khan shrugged his slight shoulders and glanced at a diamond-studded wrist watch which he wore.

Nevertheless, luncheon terminated, and Harley had not appeared.

"You have sometimes expressed a desire," said Ormuz Khan, "to see the interior of a Persian house. Permit me to show you the only really characteristic room which I allow myself in my English home."

Endeavoring to conceal her great anxiety, Phil allowed herself to be conducted by the Persian to an apartment which realized her dreams of that Orient which she had never visited.

Ormuz Khan conducted her to a wonderful carven chair over which a leopard's skin was draped and there she seated herself.

She became aware of a heavy perfume of hyacinths and presently observed that there were many bowls of those flowers set upon little tables, and in niches in the wall.

She wanted to look away but found herself looking steadily into the coal-black eyes of Ormuz Khan.

Phil became aware that a sort of dreamy abstraction was creeping over her, when, in upon this mood came a sound which stimulated her weakening powers of resistance.

Dimly, for all the windows of the room were closed, she heard a car come up and stop before the house. It aroused her from the curious condition of lethargy into which she was falling. She turned her head sharply aside, the physical reflection of a mental effort to remove her gaze from the long, magnetic eyes of Ormuz Khan. And:

"Do you think that is Mr. Harley?" she asked, and failed to recognize her own voice.

"Possibly," returned the Persian, speaking very gently.

With one ivory hand he touched his face for a moment, the only expression of disappointment which he allowed himself.

"May I ask you to go and enquire?" continued Phil, now wholly mistress of herself again. "I am wondering, too, what can have become of Mrs. McMurdoch."

"I will find out," said Ormuz Khan.

He rose, his every movement possessing a sort of feline grace. He bowed and walked out of the room. Phil Abingdon heard in the distance a motor restarted and the car being driven away from Hillside. She stood up restlessly.

Someone was rapping upon one of the long, masked windows! Phil Abingdon started back with a smothered exclamation.

"Quick!" came a high, cool voice, "open this window. You are in danger."

The voice was odd, peculiar, but of one thing she was certain. It was not the voice of an Oriental. Furthermore, it held a note of command and something, too, which inspired trust.

She looked quickly about her to make sure that she was alone. And then running swiftly to the window from which the sound had come, she moved a heavy gilded fastening which closed it, and threw open the heavy leaves.

A narrow terrace was revealed with a shrubbery beyond; and standing on the terrace was a tall, thin man wearing a light coat over evening dress. He looked pale, gaunt, and unshaven, and although the regard of his light eyes was almost dreamy, there was something very tense in his pose.

"I am Nicol Brinn," said the stranger. "I knew your father. You have walked into a trap. I am here to get you out of it. Can you drive?"

"Yes."

"Come right out."

It was wildly bizarre, almost unbelievable. Phil Abingdon had experienced in her own person the insidious power of Ormuz Khan. She now found herself under the spell of a personality at least as forceful, although in a totally different way. She found herself running through a winding path amid bushes, piloted by this strange, unshaven man, to whom on sight she had given her trust unquestioningly!

"When we reach the car," he said over his shoulder, "ask no questions—head for home, and don't stop for anything—on two legs or on four. That's the first thing—most important; then, when you know you're safe, telephone Scotland Yard to send a raid squad down by road, and do it quick."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The events which led to the presence of Mr. Nicol Brinn at so opportune a moment were—consistent with the character of that remarkable man—of a sensational nature.

Having commandeered the car from the door of the Cavalry Club, he had immediately, by a mental process which many perils had perfected, dismissed the question of rightful ownership from his mind.

Jamming his hat tightly upon his head, he settled down at the wheel, drawing up rather closer to the limousine as the chase lay through crowded thoroughfares and keeping his quarry comfortably in sight across Westminster Bridge and through the outskirts of London.

Presently at a fork in the road he saw that the driver of the limousine had swung to the left, taking the low road, that to the right offering a steep gradient. The high road was the direct road to Lower Claybury, the low road a detour to the same.

Nicol Brinn mentally reviewed the intervening countryside, and taking a gambler's chance, took the road up the hill. He knew exactly what he was about, and he knew that the powerful engine would eat up the slope with ease.

Its behavior exceeded his expectations, and he found himself mounting the acclivity at racing speed. At its highest point, the road, skirting a hilltop, offered an extensive view of the valley below. Here Nicol Brinn pulled up and, descending, watched and listened.

In the stillness he could plainly hear the other automobile humming steadily along the lowland road below. He concentrated his mind upon the latter part of that strange journey, striving to recall any details which had marked it immediately preceding the time when he had detected the rustling of leaves and knew that they had entered a carriage drive.

Yes, there had been a short but steep hill; and immediately before this

"I am Nicol Brinn," said the stranger.

the car had passed over a deeply rutted road, or he had a sudden inspiration—over a level crossing.

He knew of just such a hilly road immediately behind Lower Claybury station. Indeed, it was that by which he should be compelled to descend if he continue to pursue his present route to the town. He could think of no large, detached house, the Manor Park excepted, which corresponded to the one which he sought. But that in taking the high road he had acted even more wisely than he knew, he was now firmly convinced.

He determined to proceed as far as the park gates as speedily as possible. Therefore, returning to the wheel, he sent the car along the now level road at top speed, so that the railings of the Manor Park, when presently he found himself skirting the grounds, had the semblance of a continuous iron fence wherever the moonlight touched them.

He passed the head of the road dipping down to Lower Claybury, but forty yards beyond pulled up and descended. Again he stood listening, and:

"Good!" he muttered.

He could hear the other car laboring up the slope. He ran along to the corner of the lane, and, crouching close under the bushes, waited for its appearance. As he had supposed, the chauffeur turned the car to the right.

"Good!" muttered Nicol Brinn again.

There was a baggage-rack immediately above the number plate. Upon this Nicol Brinn sprang with the agility of a wildcat, settling himself upon his perilous perch before the engine had had time to gather speed.

When presently the car turned into the drive of Hillside, Nicol Brinn dropped off and dived into the bushes on the right of the path. From this hiding place he saw the automobile driven around the front of the house to the garage, which was built out from the east wing. Not daring to pursue his investigations until the chauffeur had retired, he sought a more comfortable spot near a corner of the lawn and there, behind a bank of neglected flowers, lay down, watching the man's shadowy figure moving about in the garage.

Although he was some distance from the doors, he could see that there was a second car in the place—a low, torpedo-bodied racer, painted battleship gray. This sight turned his thoughts in another direction

(To be continued.)

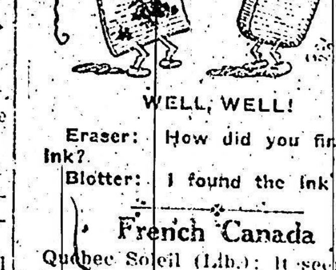
Pioneer Sport

IKE MILLS, winner of last year's dog derby at La Pas, has entered for the 90-mile event with dog sleds to run off in connection with the winter carnival in the Rocky Mountains National Park at Banff.

The Virgin Islands A Colonial Problem

It's a good thing our cousins to the south have not an Extensive Colonial development. Imagine Britain having an article such as the following appear in one of its foremost magazines:

"Our smallest colonial possessions, the Virgin Islands with a total land area of 132 square miles, in spite of their seeming insignificance are causing economic problems of considerable magnitude," states Thomas H. Dickinson, author and economist, in December "Current History." "Nowhere under the American flag is the system of feudalism so strongly entrenched as it is in these islands and nowhere is the price for maintaining it being exacted so inexorably. On the one hand, there is a body of negro labor but a few years removed from actual slavery—lazy, ignorant, predacious and undependable; preferring to live on starvation subsistence rather than work. On the other, a small group of hereditary landowners, twenty-one families owning 80 per cent. of the largest island. . . Unused land is not taxed, pasture land is taxed 13 cents an acre, but cultivated land is taxed 70 cents an acre. Therefore two-thirds of the land lies idle. . . Since large contributions from the United States Treasury are necessary each year to maintain the colonial government $70,150 in 1926—and since a large proportion of the population is migrating from the islands each year, it is obvious that a stringent program of reconstruction is needed."



WELL, WELL!

Eraser: How did you find the Ink?

Blotter: I found the ink well!

French Canada

Quebec Soleil (Lib.): It seems certain that the French-Canadian race, which has been supple enough to learn Anglo-Saxon and American business methods, has sufficiently gained its own character, to guaranteed of its permanence. Its civil, religious, educational and social institutions are solidly placed in the present, with their roots deep down in the past. If it can acquire intellectual superiority at the same time as it achieves material solidity, it will attain its ideal of a French nation within the Canadian state.

Canadian Rockies Well Known

There is one feature about the Canadian Rockies that has not been appreciated as yet in this country; and that is the reputation these mountain ranges have with the most experienced mountain climbers of the world. It will surprise some to learn that many parts of the Rocky mountains are exceedingly well known in Europe and in the United States, and that men who have for years spent their holidays in the Alps are now coming to Canada year by year.

Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.—Shattering all previous records since pre-war days, building permits in this city for the past ten months reached a total of 176 and a value of $1,194,544. They included two hotels, one warehouse, school additions, apartment blocks, modern residences and garages.

The workman had come to see to the drains, and lingered for days over the job. The old lady of the house, impatient at their slowness, told the foreman just what she thought of him. Indignant, he replied: "Be careful what you say, madam, or I shall sue you for damages." "Very well, then," came the answer, "I shall damn you for sewages."

Wilson Publishing Company

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Extremely smart is the coat shown here for the Junior Miss. The two-piece sleeves are finished with shaped cuffs, and there are useful patch pockets and a long shawl collar. No. 1693 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch, or 1⅞ yards 54-inch material, and the same amount of lining. Price 20c the pattern.

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Is Smoking Harmful?

Smoking has been a constant habit among men during the past three centuries. It is impossible to find the least evidence that the habit has any adverse effect upon longevity, but, on the other hand, experience shows that tobacco smoke temporarily but considerably handicaps a competitor in the more strenuous athletic pursuits.

For example, even if a man is in good training, a morning pipe affects his "wind" if he wants to go "all out" in a game of rugby football or a hard face in the afternoon. This means extra strain upon the heart.

Many youngsters impair their health and athletic careers by smoking pipe after pipe every day. Later in life, however, moderate smoking seems to do most men little, if any, harm. The effect of tobacco upon women in particular is not yet known.

Tonopah and Chicago

Reno Gazette: Down at Tonopah a few days ago a desert character, one "Two Gun" Smith, paraded the camp with the announcement he had $3,000,000 in money and that he meant to give half of it to King George, so he could come to this country and live. He was committed to the insane asylum by his fellow citizens. Over in Chicago William Hale Thompson paraded the city with banners declaring he was going to drive King George out of the school books and public libraries, and they elected him mayor. The complex is the same. The difference between the two cities is that Tonopah knows a lunatic when she sees one.

Freud Believes Religion is Dying

No Longer Able to Guide Man Toward Moral Perfection, Says Psychoanalyst

Worried About America

Berlin—In his new book, "The Future of an Illusion," Sigmund Freud, founder of psychoanalysis, attempts to show that the days of religious education are numbered and that religion is no longer able to guide mankind toward moral perfection.

Religion, according to Freud, is mere illusion. Gods, he says, were created by man. Psychoanalysis, he asserts, has spread the knowledge of this in widening circles. "Nevertheless, he declares, this knowledge is dangerous.

"As long as the oppressed masses could be maintained in the belief," he says, "that one still believes in God, everything was all right. But they certainly will learn that one does no more. An outburst of anti-social passions will be the consequence. It is man refrained from killing his neighbor for the sole reason that God has forbidden killing and will avenge it, he undoubtedly will kill him as soon as he learns that there is no God and that his punishment is not to be feared."

The remedy to this, Freud thinks, is a new system of education which will teach morals without referring to divine justice, punishment or reward. The child must be taught, he says, not to fear God, but to regard the welfare of society as the supreme end of individual life.

Two countries seem to captivate the old scholar's attention as he sets forth his rather casual ideas about religion. One is Russia and the other America.

In Russia some of Freud's theories have already been put into practice. All public education there is irreligious, and attempts have been made in Moscow and elsewhere to apply psychoanalysis as a method of educating normal youth. Freud admires Russia's effort to reform education but he does not think that Russian methods could be applied in other European countries.

Freud is aware that the future of mankind largely depends on America, but he seems somewhat alarmed by America's attitude toward "science." In Freud's opinion, this attitude is embodied by the Dayton trial. Freud is ironical about "God's own country" and he deplores the predominance of religion in American public life.

He tries to give an explanation of it in his own manner and finds that religion in America is playing the role of a narcotic. Prohibition, he says, deprived the American masses of means to escape the monotony of daily life and to seek oblivion in drunkenness. The new impetus of religious propaganda shows that there is demand for a new narcotic. Religion is being offered as a substitute for stimulants, he says. "We need not be curious to know the results of this experiment," he observes sarcastically.

On the other hand, he admits that America's religious attitude is sincere. "Pious America," he says, "pretends being God's own country. This is doubtless true as one of the ways in which man venerates divinity."

Farm Crop Return $1,141,367,100

Ottawa, Canada.—The total value of the principal field crops of Canada in 1927 is estimated at $1,141,367,100, an increase of $35,839,100 compared with the value in 1926, according to a recent report issued by the Canadian Government Bureau of Statistics.

The total for 1927 is made up of the following items: wheat, $452,602,000; oats, $231,295,000; barley, $63,668,600; rye, $12,668,500; flaxseed, $7,379,000; other grains (peas, beans, buckwheat, mixed grains and corn for husking, $47,752,000; potatoes, $[illegible],279,000; hay and clover and alfalfa, $201,215,000; root and fodder crops (turnips, etc., grain hay, fodder corn and sugar beets), $68,508,000.

For the three prairie provinces Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta the total value of the five principal grains are as follows: wheat, $419,969,000; oats, $127,1[illegible],000; barley, $47,492,000; rye, $10,8[illegible],000; flaxseed, $7,173,000.

That's Different

"Help! Help!" cried an Italian laborer from near the tide flats of the Harlem River.

"What's the matter, there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Help! Bringa da shov'! Bringa da peek. Gio stuck in da mud."

"How far?"

"Up to da knees."

"Let him walk out."

"No! No! He wronga end up!"

She Took the Hint.

Eve—"I think a man should give his wife plenty of rope."

Ernest—"Yeh! I did with mine and she skipped."—Boston Transcript.

Montreal, Quebec.—According to the report of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, for the first ten months of the current year, the value of exports of pulp and paper amounted to $144,775,700, as compared with $142,737,970 in the corresponding months of 1926. Exports of pulpwood this year has been above those of last year at $14,645,[illegible], as compared with $12,590,638 for the same period of 1926.

"SALADA" sealed in air-tight metal is the modern tea—dust-free—pure—fresh—delicious. Sold by all grocers, 75c to $1.05 per lb. Bulk tea, with dust weighed in, is a relic of the old days—new methods have displaced it.

"SALADA" TEA

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Coffee Flavored Dainties

Molasses Cake

To make soft molasses cake use three-fourths cup of butter, one cup brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of cold strong coffee, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in the molasses, two eggs, one teaspoon each of allspice, cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg and three cups of sifted flour. Mix in the order given and bake in layers in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for twenty-five or thirty minutes. Cover with chocolate icing.

Rich Spice Cake

Two cups of brown sugar, one cup of shortening, two eggs, one cup of cold coffee, one cup of chopped raisins, three cups of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, three-fourths teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cloves, one teaspoon of cinnamon and one teaspoon of nutmeg. Mix in the usual way and pour in a greased loaf tin. Bake at 340 degrees for about fifty minutes. Mocha icing.

Coffee Washington Pie

Two cups of flour, sifted, one cup of sugar, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream of tartar and a pinch of salt. Sift all together. Break an egg into a measuring cup, fill up the cup with milk and stir well into the dry ingredients, then add three tablespoons of butter, melted, stir and bake in two layers. For the coffee filling use two cups of cold strained coffee, two-thirds cup of sugar, two tablespoons of butter and two tablespoons each of corn starch and cocoa, mixed with cold coffee. Cook in a double boiler until it has thickened, add one teaspoon of vanilla, cool and spread between the layers of cake. Dust the top of the cake with powdered sugar.

Coffee Butter Cake

The yolks of two eggs, one-half cup of molasses and one-half cup of very strong black coffee, to which add one-half pound of butter beaten to a cream with one cup of light brown sugar. Next add one-half each teaspoon of cinnamon, cloves and salt. Beat the mixture until light and creamy. Stir in two and one-half cups of flour and one teaspoon of soda dissolved in one-half cup of sour milk. Just before pouring into layer cake tins add the stiffly beaten whites of the two eggs.

Filling:—Two beaten eggs mixed with one cup of granulated sugar, three teaspoons of flour, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, one-half cup of strong coffee, two squares of melted chocolate and one cup of sweet milk. Cook this mixture in a double boiler for ten minutes. Remove from the stove and beat in one-half cup of butter creamed with one-fourth cup of confectioner's sugar. When cool flavor with vanilla and stir in one cup of chopped seeded raisins.

Mocha Tort

Combine in the order given one tablespoon of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, three-fourths cup of strong coffee, two teaspoons of baking powder and two cups of flour.

Bake in a loaf and serve with one-half pint of cream, one-fourth cup of cocoa and a little sugar beaten together.

French Cocoa Cakes

Cream one-third cup of butter and add gradually three-fourths cup of brown sugar. Then beat in a few drops at a time three-fourths cup of strong coffee. Flavor with one-half teaspoon of vanilla extract. Place a layer of lady fingers dipped in coffee in the bottom of a narrow dish or mold, put a layer of the mocha cream on top and continue the layers until ingredients are all used, having lady fingers on top. (About two dozen lady fingers will be required.) Put a weight on top of dish and leave over night in the refrigerator. To serve slice thinly and serve with ice cream or fruit.

British Settlers for Canada

Washington Post: "The Canadian Government, anxious to build up the population of the Dominion and, at the same time, to attract the right and desired kind of immigrants, is offering, through its official press bureau in London, a number of facilities to intending British settlers. . . . The inducements held out to the British to settle in Canada are certainly very great. To what extent they will avail themselves of the offers made remains to be seen. At any rate it is an infinitely better way of carrying for the surplus population of the motherland than the system of birth control and restriction recently advocated publicly by the British Minister of Health.

Some families go right on spending money for beefsteak and flour when they haven't a fur coat on the premises.—North Adams (Mass.) Herald.

King Coal Regains Throne in Austria

Railroads Announce They Intend to Abandon All Plans for Electrification

Steam Power is Cheaper

[illegible]—A King has been restored to a throne in Austria—King Coal. [illegible] other crowned heads, Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, have lost their thrones, perhaps forever. King Coal also lost his throne during the [illegible] times of the post-war [illegible] regained his rule. At least [illegible] announcement of the Austrian Federal Railroads, in which they [illegible] their intention to abandon [illegible] electrification of the railroads from Salzburg to Vienna [illegible] Graz to Vienna, must be [illegible] a victory for His Majesty.

[illegible] concerning the difference [illegible] present prices between electric [illegible] steam haulage on railroads [illegible] the Federal Railroads [illegible] electric traction [illegible] hydro-electric [illegible] motive method of [illegible] with steam power.

Coal Locked to Electricity.

[illegible]

Expansion [illegible]

[illegible]

Loan From League.

[illegible]

What makes Betty [illegible] that husband of hers? [illegible] It's that I [illegible]

[illegible] my young assistant [illegible] to be fond of dining out. [illegible] Mrs. Church Pillar [illegible] them as epicures.

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PREMIERS

Canada's Leading [illegible]

Premier King [illegible]

Nova Scotia [illegible]