



BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Sir Charles Abingdon engaged Paul Harley, criminal investigator, to solve the mystery of constant surveillance of Sir Charles. While Harley is dining at the Abingdon home, Sir Charles calls 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 were "Fire-Tongue." Harley asks Brinn and "Fire-Tongue" Brinn refuses to divulge the secret. While Harley is shadowing the home of Ormuz Khan he is discovered by the Oriental and made a prisoner in the house. Phil Abingdon is also brought to the home of Ormuz Khan. Nicol Brinn, who lives in the house of the mysterious Oriental.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

Very cautiously he withdrew to the drive again, retracing his steps to the lane, and walking back to the spot where he had left the borrowed car, all the time peering about him to right and left. He was looking for a temporary garage for the car, but one from which, if necessary, he could depart in a hurry. The shell of an ancient barn, roofless and desolate, presently invited inspection and, as a result, a few minutes later Colonel Lord Wolverhampton's luxurious automobile was housed for the night in these strange quarters.

When Nicol Brinn returned to Hillside, he found the garage locked and the lights extinguished. He rolled his cigar from corner to corner of his mouth, staring reflectively with lack-lustre eyes at the silent house before him. In the moonlight it made a peaceful picture enough. A cautious tour of the place revealed a lighted window upon the first floor, standing in the shadow of an old apple tree. Nicol Brinn watched the blind of this window minute after minute, patiently waiting for a shadow to appear upon it, and at last his patience was rewarded. A shadow appeared—the shadow of a woman.

Nicol Brinn dropped his cigar at his feet and got his heel upon it. A bitter-sweet memory which had been with him for seven years arose again in his mind. There is a kind of mountain owl in certain parts of northern India which possesses a curiously high, plaintive note. He wondered if he could remember and reproduce that note.

He made the attempt, repeating the cry three times. At the third repetition the light in the first-floor window went out. He heard the sound of the door being opened. Then a voice called in a plaintive tone, the sweetest music in the world for the man who listened below—spoke softly:

"Naid!" he called. "Come down to me. You must. Don't answer. I will wait here."

"I promise you will let me return!" he insisted.

"I promise."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CATASTROPHE.

The first faint speck of morning was appearing through the trees which surrounded Hillside, and two figures upon a rustic bench in the little orchard adjoining the house. A pair inconspicuous enough—this dark-eyed Eastern woman, wrapped in a long fur cloak, and Nicol Brinn, gaunt, thin, and looking like a man who has been through a long and arduous journey.

"Look," whispered Naid, "it is the dawn. I must go."

Nicol Brinn clenched his teeth slightly but made no reply.

"I promise," she said, and although her voice was very tender she strove to detach his arm, which was hooked about her shoulders.

He nodded grimly.

"I'll keep my word. I made a contract with hell with my eyes open, and I'll stick to it." He stood up suddenly. "Go back, Naid!" he said.

"Go back! You have my promise, love, and I'm going to take it. I see a way, and I'm going to take it. 'What do you mean?' she cried, standing up and clutching his arm.

"Never mind." His tone was cool again. "Just go back."

"You would not?" she began.

"I never broke my word in my life, and I never mean to go to begin with. You live, I stay silent."

In the growing light Naid looked about her anxiously. Then, throwing her arms impulsively around Brinn, she kissed him—a caress that was passionate but sexless; rather the kiss of a mother who parts with a beloved son than that which a woman bestows upon the man she loves; an act of renunciation.

He uttered a low cry and would have seized her in his arms but, lithe as evading him, she turned, stifling a sob, and darted away through the trees toward the house.

For long he stood looking after her, fists clenched and his face very gray in the morning light. He groaned and, turning aside, made his way through the shrubbery to the high-road.

It had become necessary to a murderer for he had learned for what reason and by whom means Sir Charles Abingdon had been assassinated. He had even learned the identity of his assassin; had learned that the dreaded being called Fire-Tongue in India was known and respected throughout the civilized world as His Excellency Ormuz Khan!

Paul Harley had learned these things also, and now at this very hour Paul Harley lay a captive in Hillside. Naid had assured him that

Paul Harley was alive and safe. It had been decided that his death would lead to the destruction of the movement, but pressure was being brought upon him to ensure his silence.

Yes, he, Nicol Brinn, was bound and manacled to a gang of assassins, and because his tongue was tied, because the woman he loved better than anything in the world was actually a member of the murderous group, he must pace the deserted country lanes inactive; he must hold his hand, although he might jump on the resources of New Scotland Yard by phoning from Lower Claybury station!

Through life his word had been his bond, and Nicol Brinn was incapable of compromising with his conscience. But the direct way was barred to him. Nevertheless, no task could appall the inflexible spirit of the man, and he had registered a silent vow that Ormuz Khan should never leave England alive.

Not a soul was astir yet upon the country roads, and sitting down upon a grassy bank, Nicol Brinn lit one of his black cigars, which in times of stress were his food and drink, upon which if necessary he could carry on for forty-eight hours from now.

In connection with his plan for capturing Harley, Ormuz Khan had gone to London by rail on the previous night, departing from Lower Claybury station at about the time that Colonel Lord Wolverhampton came out of the Cavalry Club to discover his car was missing. This same car was now a source of some anxiety to Nicol Brinn, for its discovery by a passing laborer in the deserted barn seemed highly probable.

However, he had matters of greater urgency to think about, not the least of these being the necessity of concealing his presence in the neighborhood of Hillside.

His genius for fitting cover, perfected upon many a big game expedition, enabled him successfully to accomplish the feat; so that, when the limousine, which he had watched go by during the morning, returned shortly after noon the lack-lustre bushes near the entrance to the drive. Instinct told him that the pretty girl with whom Ormuz Khan was deep in conversation could be none other than Phil Abingdon, and the identity of her companion he could

not even guess. On the other hand, that this poisonous handsome Hindu, who bent forward so solicitously toward his charming traveling companion, was none other than the dreaded Fire-Tongue, he did not doubt.

When later, the limousine departed again, at great risk of detection he ran across a corner of the lawn to peer into the limo, in order that he might obtain a glimpse of its occupant. This proved to be none other than Phil Abingdon's elderly companion. She had apparently been taken ill, and a dignified Hindu gentleman, wearing gold-rimmed pince-nez, was in attendance.

Nicol Brinn clenched his jaws hard. The girl had fallen into a trap. He turned rapidly, facing the house.

At last he came to the shadowy verandah with its four sightless windows backed by faintly carved screens. He stepped up to the first of these and pressed his ear against the glass.

He was with him, for almost immediately he detected the smooth, musical voice speaking in the room beyond. A woman's voice answered, and, listening intently, he detected the sound of a closing door.

Thereupon he acted: with the result, as has appeared, that Phil Abingdon, breathless, without her furs, she had ever been in her life, presently found herself driving a luxurious car out of a roofless barn on to the high-road, and down the slope to Claybury station.

It was at about this time, or a little later, that Paul Harley put into execution a project which he had formed. The ventilation above the divan, which he had determined to be the spy-hole through which his every movement was watched, had an ornamental framework studded with metal knobs. He had recently discovered an electric bell-push in the centre panel of the massive door of his prison.

He pressed this bell and waited. Perhaps two minutes elapsed. Then the glass doors beyond the gilded screen were drawn open, and the now familiar voice spoke:

"Mr. Paul Harley?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have made my final decision."

"And that is?"

"I agree."



GILLEX
FOR ALL CLEANING



Turban, Scarf and Cuffs
Ermine trim sets off this attractive walking suit by Worth.

Instruments in London's Subway Record Accidents

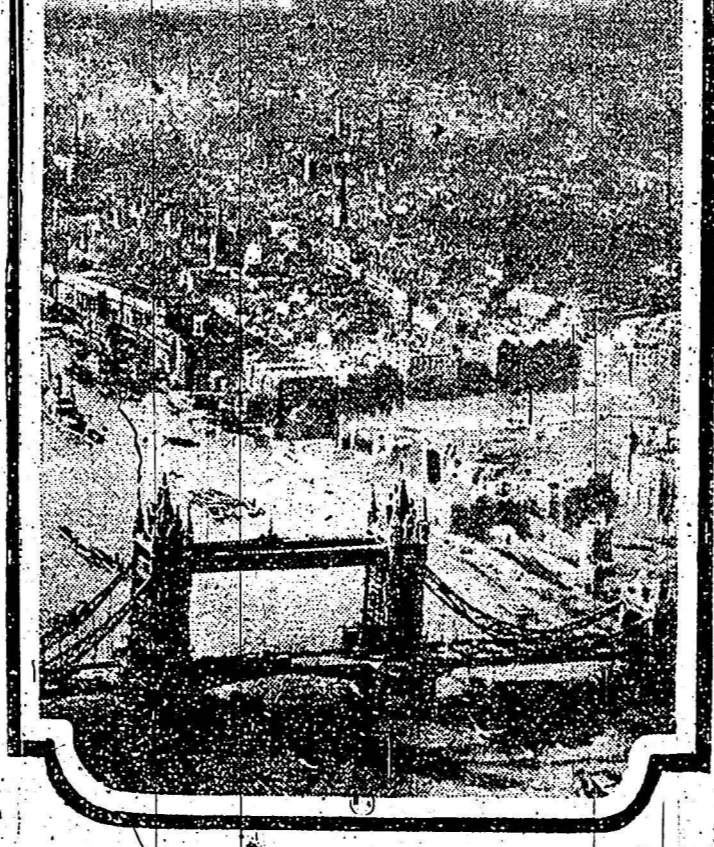
London.—By installing instruments described as "news-recorders," Lord Ashfield, American born director of London's subway system, hopes to cut to a minimum the delays following accidents in the tubes. These machines will state first the mishap's nature; second, where it occurred; third, what caused it; fourth, the changes necessary to correct it.

The dials on these recording clocks on paper cover twenty-four hours, rotating at clock speed, and are electrically connected with a contact lever on the track. A train passing a certain point makes electrical contact, which causes a small kind of hammer to strike the dial's fringe and as the hours go by the fringe reveals a series of the markings. If transportation is not functioning properly the gap is shown on the dial.

Not So Intimate.
Jack—"I hear Bill has a habit of talking to himself when he's alone."
Jim—"I'm sure I don't know it."
Annie—"Why, I thought you two were intimate friends."
Jim—"Yes, but I was never with him when he was alone." Good Hardware.

Confusing.
The study had returned from his first piano lesson. As he flowed, he said to his mother: "Oh, guess I'll get used to it. But there are so many mangle-ribbles on the paper it's hard to choose, he right one."

She. "Do you think those are advances in heaven?" He: "I don't think so. You can't get a divorce without a lawyer, you know."



AN UNUSUAL VIEW
The superlative city, London, viewed from the clouds. Tower Bridge and the Tower of London are the most conspicuous landmarks.

Book That Could Rebuild St. Paul's

Magnificent Work of British Architect Just Published

London.—A monumental work, so detailed in drawings and measurements that if St. Paul's fell down tomorrow, it could be rebuilt from this book, is about to be published.

Its great value lies in the 32 wonderful drawings, which show Wren's masterpiece in plan, section, and elevation, and with exterior and interior views.

It is the work of Arthur F. E. Poley, of Hampton Hill, silver medalist of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

A reporter saw the proof sheets of this stupendous effort. They constitute a complete art exhibition in 32 reproductions. No one, even a close student of the architecture of St. Paul's, can have any conception of the intricate beauty of our great metropolitan cathedral until he has studied these elaborate drawings, made in circumstances entirely exceptional.

The book, which consists of 40 pages of letterpress and the drawings, with a highly appreciative introduction by Sir Reginald Blomfield, B.A., is bound in half-cloth with leather sides. On the outside is a gold representation of the front of the cathedral, realistic and exact, with infinite detail, all flashing up in splendid relief as the light falls off it, a masterpiece of the engraver's art.

YOUTH'S AMBITION.
A romance of real endeavor lies behind this book. When the authorities of St. Paul's in 1908, were restoring the western portion, Mr. Poley, an ambitious young architect winning his spurs, intended trying for the silver medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects. The idea of sending in a drawing showing this portico appealed to him.

Dean Gregory gave him permission to mount the scaffolding, take full measurements, and proceed with his drawing. The result did not win the coveted medal, but came afterwards, but, infused with the wonder of Wren's mighty monument, the architect has since seized every opportunity of working on the cathedral's beauties.

The result, says Sir Reginald Blomfield, "is worthy of the splendid building." It has at length done justice to St. Paul's in a series of 32 plates, which seem to me, in their accuracy and precision of draughtsmanship, quite the best thing of its kind that has been done in this country.

His drawings are a welcome return to the fine and scholarly technique of the eighteenth century. The publication of this stupendous effort was one that no publisher could be found to tackle. Mr. Poley, undismayed, set about the job of publishing under his own name. Difficultly after difficulty has been surmounted; the price is \$52 for each of a hundred copies, to be numbered and autographed, \$37 per copy after publication, and \$30 to subscribers beforehand.

The Queen heads the list of subscribers.

Rogers Raises Wind
Berkeley Hills, Cal., Dec. 25.—You have all heard of the tremendous success of a bank called the Bank of Italy. Well in yesterday's papers was a very unique statement by its founder, Mr. (Frank) Rogers. He said he was making a personal fortune from it. Didn't want to, that he only wanted to help other people, and wanted to die poor. Well, when I read that I went right down to his main bank to see how he would help other people. I put in a bid for a loan, to try and do all I could to make him die poor, and the funny part about it is this: this fellow is on the level with it, he really is pricing it. I got the loan, so hurry up and get in, everybody, before he turns banker.—Will Rogers.

Blindly joining the mob won't get you far.

Traders Thrive At British Fair, 770 Years Old

Barnet Exhibition, Begun by Henry III, Retains Early Character as Mart and Center of Amusement

DEALERS ACTIVE

London.—American fairs which now are announcing with the pride of approaching grandeur their fortieth or fiftieth annual exhibitions cannot compare in point of venerability with Barnet Fair, which has just ended. It was first held in 1157 by direction of Henry III, and has never missed a year since, except during the Great Plague, which began after the fire of 1664 and caused the postponement of the mart for the succeeding two years.

There are no permanent buildings for the fair. Indeed, it is not always held on the same location, and if the London suburbs grow for a few more years, the post-war rate it is quite likely that no ground will be found for it. This year it was held in three fields, one devoted to cattle, one to horses and donkeys and one to the midway. The latter area was not sufficient to accommodate all the booths, which spread out into several nooks and corners near the city road.

On the grounds were about a dozen kiosk displays, and these showed one of the few inconspicuous aspects of the fair, some of them being motorized and at least one train of them being drawn by a traction engine. The concessionary dealers showed but little interest in the fair, but they included a multitude of children all incessantly busy.

No folk in England would be complete without his eccentric shyness, but to be accurate in description they must be called "Grand Old-fashioned Sages." And "arty and tactful" were on the grounds to the number of 30,000, according to estimates. They wandered about, fished the wings and merry-go-rounds, ate jellied peas and crabs, and altogether enjoyed themselves much in the same manner as their ancestors 770 years ago.

A Close Call
Crew of Blazing Ship, a Torch in the Night, Saved in South Seas by Passing Steamer

San Francisco.—Stratched from the shadow of death after a futile battle against flames which destroyed the motor schooner, Duke Crane, far out in the South Seas, officers of the vessel arrived the last day of the year to tell of their almost miraculous rescue through the chance passing of a steamer.

The blazing craft in the dark of the night attracted attention of the liner Niagara, thirty-five miles away, and the white officers and nine native crew members, who were saved, the Duke Crane sank, the funeral pyre of a South Sea Islander who lost his life battling the flames.

"We were at breakfast Dec. 19, dining aboard of Fanning Island, when we heard an explosion," said Captain Fleming C. Hudson. "A can of gasoline had exploded in the engine-room and the whole place became a mass of flames."

"Two native officers, Imbo and Ito, were inside, and I don't see how they ever got out. Imbo, a barefoot savage Islander, was a hero. His own body was badly burned, but he crawled on deck dragging poor Duke, who died shortly afterward."

"We had no wireless and were 310 miles from land. We couldn't reach the pumps. The cargo and fuel tanks must have caught fire. We couldn't stop the engines and the ship churned ahead for three hours. We were in the engine room, but had to get out at all costs. We didn't have buckets of water. We didn't stop for fifteen hours and three days that foot of water in the holds when we left."

"Two lifeboats were provisioned and we went out at 2:30 the next morning. It was dark and raining. The whole ship was shuddering to burn and we hoped some one might see it, though these are lonely seas. In the darkness the steamer Niagara saw the flames thirty-five miles away. We fired distress rockets. She looked nearly blind, but she came to us. The body of Duke was put aboard the Crane. The nine other natives in the crew were sent home to Suva and the Niagara landed the white sailors at Honohulu."

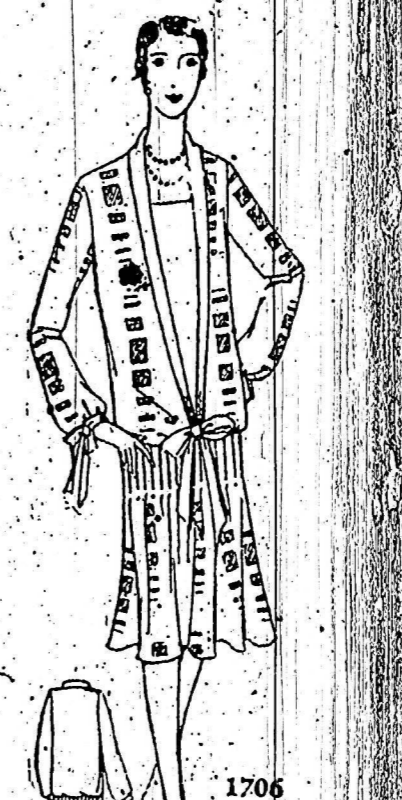
PURITY FLOUR
BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING — Pies, Cakes, Buns and Bread — DOES ALL YOUR BAKING KING BEST

You may not be able to sell it. A great many such a tea is on the market. The finest Orange Pekoe Blend in every grocer's store.



Wilson Publishing Company

Fashion



FITTED HIPLINE

The charming frock shown here is a bloused frock with a deep, shabby front finished with a collar that hangs over the shoulders. The two-piece skirt tucked at the top to achieve a soft effect below the blousing, and long sleeves are gathered at the wrists. No. 1706 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. It requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch or 4 yards 44-inch material, and 7 1/2 yards 27-inch contrasting. Price 25c pattern.

The secret of distinctive dress is good taste rather than a lavish expenditure of money. Every woman should want to make her own dress, and the home dressmaker will find designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book to be practical and stylish, maintaining the spirit of the latest fashions. Price 75c the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of patterns as you want. Enclose 25c in stamps or coin (coin preferred), and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Avenue, Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

A Smile With Canada

Confessing admiration that Canada's finest laugh at him when he proposed that the world come when Canada would walk southward and conquer the United States, Morley Roberts, English traveler and author, finds that his cleverly written book, "On the Trail," his thesis is that a happy northern nation will come a great step strong in the regions south of the 50th day that economic pressure will force it to expand southward.

As a variation upon an old theme, Mr. Roberts' prophecy is an amusing and refreshing. Roberts is most of the time a humorist, but in this other direction, there has done necessary harm. What Mr. Roberts says on the subject is about as sensible as what any other prophet of expansion has ever said. After all, the proposal that Canada should annex the United States is about as reasonable as the proposal that the United States should annex Canada, the one has about as much chance of taking place as the other.

If our Canadian friends laughed at the Englishman's suggestion we could not blame them. The realm of international politics has too little humor as it is, and such a priceless opportunity for merriment ought not to be lost. Any suggestion has been taken too seriously. It is good to have it dragged out and revealed for the ridiculous thing it is. —N.Y. Times.

PURE PLEASURE
I have enjoyed your book. What a beautiful illustration of the life of a man. Mr. Smith's story is a pleasure and nothing else.

Differing
"I wish you were a man," said the woman to her husband. "I wish you were a woman," said the man to his wife.

The System
"You will be well," said the doctor to the patient. "Yes, very. She works a theory that you can find who you want when you don't want to go where it works." —Packing Show.

Two Women in America



Wilson Publishing Company

Canadian Homes Impress Baldwin

English Residents are Urged to Keep Ugliness from Roads

London.—Premier St. Lawrence is personally opening the new highway by-pass road recently opened by the beauty of the surrounding country, and the road on which the English residents are urged to keep ugliness from roads.

Speaking of the new highway, Mr. Baldwin said: "Nothing that we have ever done in the past has done more to improve the country than this. It is a beautiful road, and it is a great credit to the English residents who have kept it so clean and beautiful."

The Premier said that the new highway was a great improvement on the old road, and that it was a great credit to the English residents who have kept it so clean and beautiful.

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