



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. While Harley is shadowing the home of Ormuz Khan he is discovered by the house. Phil Abingdon is also brought to the home of Ormuz Khan. Nicol Brinn watches outside the house of the mysterious Oriental.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

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 Wolverham'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 rapped at the door, starting 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 owner of the window minute after minute, 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 set 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 produce 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 window gently opened. Then a voice—a voice which held the sweetest music in the world for the man who listened below—spoke softly.

"Nicol!"

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

"Promise you will let me return?" He hesitated.

"Promise!"

"I promise."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CATASTROPHE.

The first faint spears of morning creeping through the trees which surrounded Hillside revealed 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, coat unbuttoned, fantastic in his evening dress, revealed now in the gray morning light.

"Look!" whispered Naida. "It is the dawn. I must go!"

Nicol Brinn clenched his teeth tightly but made no reply.

"You promised," she said, and although her voice was very tender she strove to detach his arms, which were locked 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, Naida!" he said. "Go back!"

"You have my promise, now, and I'm helpless. But at last 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 never now I'm not going to begin. While you live I stay silent."

In the growing light Naida looked about her affrightedly. 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, lithely 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.

He had become necessary to a murder; for he had learned for what reason and by what 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. Naida has 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, Nicol Brinn, was found and managed 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 summon 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 Nicol Brinn alive.

Not a soul was astray yet upon the country roads, and sitting down upon a grassy bank, Nicol Brinn lighted 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 upon end.

In connection with his plan for coercing Harley, Ormuz Khan had gone to London by rail on the previous night, departing from Lower Claybury station at about the time that young Lord Wolverham came out of the Cavalry Club to discover his car to be 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 taking 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 shortly after noon, returned, he was peering out through the 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, but the identity of her companion he could



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

Instruments in London's Subway Record Accidents

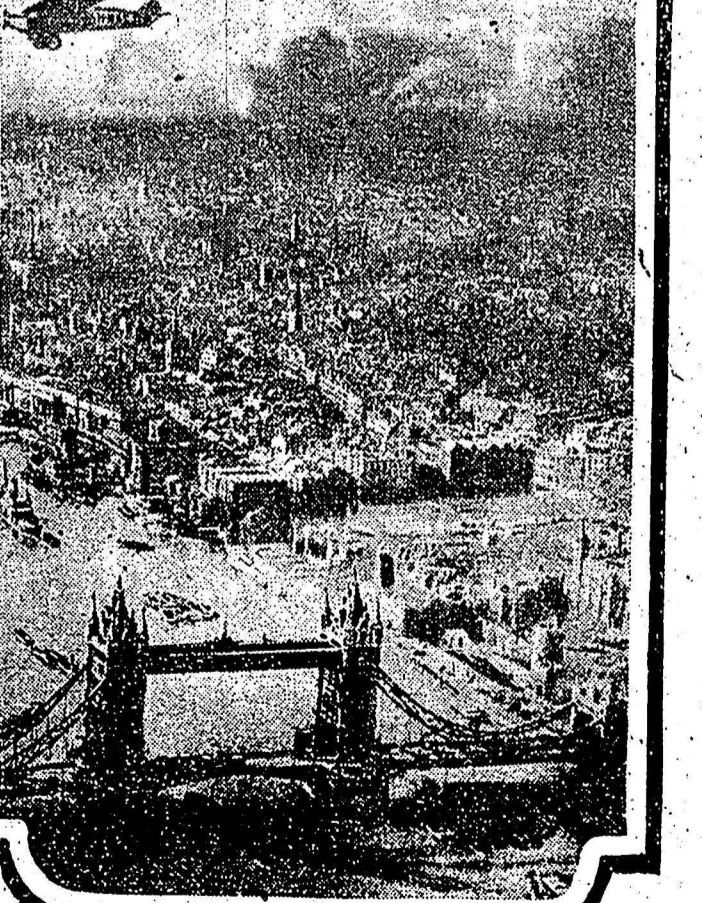
London.—By installing instruments described as "news recorders," Lord Ashfield, American born director of London's subway system, hopes to cut to a minimum the delays following accidents in the tubes. These machines will state first the mishap's nature, second, where it occurred; third, what caused it, 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."
Jack—"Why, I thought you two were intimate friends."
Jim—"Yes, but I was never with him when he was alone."—Good Hardware.

Confusing.
The caddy had returned from his first piano lesson. Asked how he liked it, he replied: "Oh, I guess I'll get used to it. But there are so many mashie-niblicks on the paper it's hard to choose the right one."

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



AN UNUSUAL VIEW
The supergiant 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 St. Paul'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 32 drawings, with a highly appropriate introduction by Sir Reginald Blomfield, B.A., is bound in half-morocco with buckram sides. On the outside is a gold representation of the front of St. Paul's, realistic and exact, with infinite detail, all flashing up in splendid relief as the light falls on 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 the drawing. The result did not win the coveted medal, that 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." He has at length done justice to St. Paul's in a series of 32 plates, which seems 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. Difficult after difficulty has been surmounted; the price is \$62 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.

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Traders Thrive At British Fair, 770 Years Old

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

DEALERS ACTIVE.

London.—American fairs which now are announcing with the pride of approaching senility their fortieth or fiftieth annual exhibitions cannot compare in point of venerability with Barnet Fair, which has just ended. It was first held in 1167 by direction of Henry II, 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 it will be found far from likely that no room 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 main road.

On the grounds were about a dozen Egyptian caravans, and these showed one of the few incongruous aspects of the fair, some of them being motorized and at least one train of them being drawn by a traction engine. The caravan dwellers showed but little trace of real Egyptian blood, but they included a multitude of children, all incredibly dirty.

No folk holiday in England would be complete without its cocknutt shys, but to be accurate in description they must be called "Grand Cockeret Bowling Saloons."

And "arry and arriet" were on the grounds to the number of 30,000, according to estimates. They wandered about, tried the wings and merry-go-rounds, ate jellied eels and crabs, and altogether enjoyed themselves much in the same manner as their ancestors did 770 years ago.

A Close Call

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

San Francisco.—Snatched from the shadow of death after a futile battle against flames which destroyed the motor schooner Doris Crane far out in the South Seas, officers of the vessel arrived the last day of the year to report 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 members of the crew were saved. The Doris Crane sank, the funeral pyre of a South Sea islander who lost his life battling the oncoming flames.

"We were at about Dec. 19, nine days out of Fanning Island, when we heard an explosion," said Captain Hiram C. Davidson. "A can of gasoline had exploded in the engine-room and the whole place became a mass of flames."

"Two native officers, Inaita and Reval, were inside, and I don't see how they ever got out. Inaita, a barrel of kumara, and I, were the only ones left badly burned, he struggled out on deck dragging poor Reval, who died shortly afterward."

"We had no wireless and were 310 miles from land. We couldn't reach the pumps. The copra cargo and fuel tanks must have caught fire. We couldn't stop the engines and the ship shrouded ahead for three hours. We reached the engine room, bored holes in the decks and all hands got busy with buckets of water. We didn't stop for nineteen hours and there was three feet of water in the holds when we left."

"Two lifeboats were provisioned and we went over at 2:30 the next morning."

"It was dark and choppy. The whole ship was heaving to 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 mighty good as she came up to us."

"The body of Reval was left aboard the Crane. The nine other natives in the crew were sent home to Suva and Honolulu. The white officers, at the Niagara, landed the white officers at Honolulu."

Rogers Raises Wind

Beverly Hills, Cal., Dec. 23.—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. Gianini. He said he was making no 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 that this fellow is on the level with it, he really is practicing 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.

A Smile With Canada

Confessing astonishment that Canadians laughed at him when he predicted the time would come when Canada would walk southward and annex the United States, Morley Roberts, English traveler and author, holds fast to his view in his book "On the Old Trail." His thesis is that a hardy northern nation will some day grow so strong in the regions south of Hudson Bay that economic pressure will force it to expand southward.

As a variation upon an old theme Mr. Roberts' prophecy is amusing and refreshing. Witherto most of the other diction, where it has done unnecessary harm. What Mr. Roberts says on the subject is not as sensible as what any other prophet of annexation 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 place as much chance of taking place as the other.

If our Canadian friends laughed at the Englishman's suggestion we of the States can afford to smile with 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. Annexation is a scarecrow which has sometimes been taken too seriously; it is good to have it dragged out and revealed for the ridiculous thing it is.

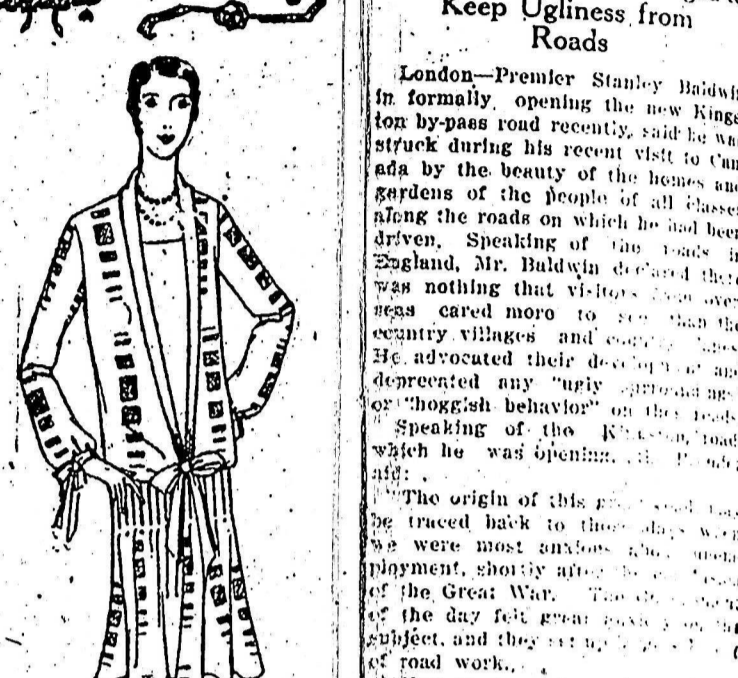
—N.Y. Times.

Visitor: "So you remember me again? You're not a forgetful little boy are you?" Little Boy: "Oh, no—last time you gave me two whillings."

"SALADA" Orange Pekoe Blend in every store, but most good grocers sell it. A great many people do not realize that such a tea is on the market. "SALADA" is much the finest Orange Pekoe Blend you can buy.



Wilson Publishing Company Fashion



1706

FITTED HIGHLIGHT.

The charming frock shown here has a blouse bodice with a deep V-shaped front finished with a collar that terminates in a tie with a bow and loose hanging ends. The two-piece skirt is tucked at the top to achieve a snug effect below the blousing, and the long sleeves are gathered to wrists. No. 1706 is in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Skirt requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch material, and 3/4 yard 27-inch contrasting. Price 26c the pattern.

The secret of distinctive dress lies in good taste rather than a lavish expenditure of money. Every woman should want to make her own clothes, and the home dressmaker will find the designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book to be practical and simple, yet maintaining the spirit of the mode of the moment. Price of the book 10c the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of each pattern as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred) and address your order to Patter Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

PURE PLEASURE
Enraged Dad: What business have you kissing my daughter, and Occupying Youth: No business whatever, Mr. Smith—she is pure pleasure and nothing else.

A Difference.
Madam—"I wish you wouldn't say 'I'll work, Bridget, it's my duty.'"
Bridget—"I wasn't working, Madam, I was only slinging."

The System.
Brown—"Your wife is very particular, isn't she?"
Jones—"Yes, very. She works on the theory that you can find whatever you want when you don't want it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it."—Passing Show.

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Why do you worry?

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Castor

Jungle Vet

Which Animals Live

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