'Fresh from the gardens'

### TEBBBBBBBBB**BBB**BBBBBBBB THE KESTREL HOUSE MYSTERY

-R-T-C ENACOBS

Jour experience. That shock not lose anything last night?"

"Certainly not, sir," snapped Holt angrily. "Tre already made that perfectly plain. What are you now try-ling to the latest victim.

Another boarder at the farm, Percival Pyecroft, with his valet Flack discovers a verret underground passage to Kestrel House and a locket belonging to Monipal Pyecroft and Flack deliberated by assault Holt on the moor and extract proceeding the second passage of the process of

Rapidly Pyecroft told him of the loss of the parcel and of Holt's early loss of the parcel and of Holt's carly morning visit to Kestrel House. Flack swore blasphemously as he vigorously scratched the grey stubble which crowned his head.

As a unought," he murmured. Suddenly his eyes narrowed and he changed his tone completely. Reaching over the table he grasped Holt by the coat lapel:

"Gosh, guvnor," he exclaimed,
"some slick guy that! Maybe Barnard's got a nark trailing wot we
ain't spotted."

Pyperfer.

Pyecroft shock his head: "No, he's nothing to do with the police; but I wouldn't mind laying

good edds that he's the advance guard of the Bergen crowd. If so, m''ad, things will be decidedly heetic."
Flack's little eyes sparkled with ex-

"You've hit it, guv'nor. Darkey Mullen has double crossed 'em and they're out for blood. S'truth, and they'll git it too! Wot we going to

"Let 'em all come," smiled Pyecroft, shrugging his broad shoulders, "We'll beat 'em, Flack, eh?"

"Sure, guv'nor," grinned Flack, though the new menace left him una very dangerous man. He considered the matter from all angles as he walked back to his lodgings, but the more he thought about it the less the prospect appealed.

When Pyecroft arrived down to breakfast he found that Holt and Muriel Mainwa ing had practically completed their meal. The former im mediately arose and was on the point of leaving the room when Mary Jane announced Trotter.

Grasping his hat firmly with both

hands the detective sergeant stood hesitating upon the threshold:

"Oh, good morning, sergeant," beamed Holt, "anything I can do for "Morning, sir," rumbled Trotter

step down and see him some time this norring if convenient." "Why, certainly, sergeant. I'll . .

"Why, certainly, sergeant. I'll er ... come right along now, that suit you?"

"Thank you, sir, it will."
Henry Holt walked down the village to the Blue Board and endeavored tracucessfully to pump the sergeant, but that adept at the art of evasion talked a lot and told him nothing. They found Barnard mard had expected, and he nodded grimly.

"Every humble seel finder at the end.

It is great to be the in any drudgery.

To be a seeker is to sect next to a finder.

To be a seeker is to sect next to a finder. found Barnard writing in his room, and he dismissed his subordinate with a curt nod.

"Sit down, Mr. Holt," he invited, indicating a chair placed so that while the inspector's face remained more er shadow his visitor was blink-

ing in the strong sunlight.

For some moments ne went on writing, then looking up suddenly he said: "I was out on the moor this morn ing, Mr. Holt, having a look over the spot where you were molested."
Holt smiled and nodded:

"Early bird catching the worm, ch! Did you . . . er . . discover a clue?"
"Yes, I did, Mr. Holt," replied Barnard with slow deliberation, staring at him intently. Holt found himself staring into the coldest eyes he had ever seen. He still smiled, but it was the fixed, mechanical smile of a man very much on his guard.

"I lound," went on Barnard in his n.easured tones, "that something hapwas that of public hangman. pened last night of which I was no made aware; was, in fact, deliberately misinformed."

Holt raised his eyebrows in questioning surprise, but remained silent. Barnard continued more slowly and impressively than before:

You have something to tell me, Mr. Holt." "Me?" exclaimed Holt with well-

simulated surprise. "What can I tell Barnard did not immediately reply,

was stolen from you. I am prepared to make adequate allowances for the

gaaaaaa**aaaaaaa** 

"As I thought," he murmured.

"Now, come straight, Holt; what was it? You've told me a lie and we both know it. I'm giving you a chance to put matters square; take it."

Holt made a sudden movement, so convulsive as almost to be epileptic, but Barnard held him firmly in the

"Is that your last word?" he de mandea calmly.
"Yes," barked Holt.

Barnard let go his hold on the other's coat and leaned back in his other's coat and leaned back in his chair, his finger tips pressed together, and his head inclined toward the ceil-ing. Holt ran a finger round the in-side of his collar, and found it sticky. Little beads of perspiration damped his forehead and his fingers twitched as he brushed them over it. The action was not lost upon the inspector, though he was not looking at him.

Holt got up from his chair and took his hat from the table, but Barnard motioned him to be scated. Holt sat down again.
"You know that I saw you leaving

Kestrel House this morning?"
"Doubtless you did," replied Holt who had been prepared for this. "If that is the reason for the manner in "the chief sent be along to ask you to step down and see him some time this is easily explained. I went over to ssure my friend Moineau that no harm had befallen me. You know how

grimiy.

"Very well, Mr. Holt, I will not de tain you any longer. I apologize for my rudeness to you."
"You have been rude, sir," said

Holt, "but I suppose you have your duty to do, and it is sometimes diffi-

Barnard walked slowly across th

"Yes, Mr. Holt, I have my duty to "Yes, Mr. Holt, I have my duty to do, and I'm just wondering if I should warn you and your friend against a certain man."
"Who is that?" asked Holt quickly,

thinking at once for some reason, of Pyecroft. "An Initow blacksmith and a spare

time hobby, Mr Hort. His name i Rankin. Good day." Henry Holt lurched against the stair rail outside, and stumbled, rather than walked down, for the spare-time hobby of the Instew blacksmith

CHAPTER XIV.

"I reckon you're taking a risk, chief breaking into this place without a warrant; what'll happen if old man Moineau spots you?"

Barnard shrugged his shoulders: "There'll be some strange faces in heaven . . . and one of them will be mine. If I hadn't taken risks in my time I'd still have been pounding a

Barnard did not immediately reply, but remained staring at his visitor, as immovable as a statue and as free from outward emotion. When at last he spoke there was a cold menace in his voice that affected Holt as if with physical chill.

"I've been doing a lot of guessing lately, Mr. Holt, now I want the truth You told me last night that nothing You told me last night that nothing pavement in Limeho noon Mercer had come over to Barrows r'arm. His warning to Holt had

trel House people into some sort of

The effect of his words on Holt had The effect of his words on Holt had been more startling than he had anticipated and urged him to strike quickly. He was determined to extra plore the inside of this sinister maniform and wrest its secret from the dreadful owner. He turned to Trotter, leaning against a tree and hardly er, leaning against a tree and barely risible in the abysmal darkness of the plantation on a moorless night.

"You understraid, Trotter, if I'm not out again within the boar go back and get on to Mr. Medway, or if you an't get him, then Sergeant Drew." "Sure, chief."

"Good, I'm going on now."

(To be continued.)

#### Entering An Atoll

I had already seen several coral eefs at Mangareva, but this was the first time I had been near an atoil, it was like fairyland! For about a cable's length I followed the submarine reef that surrounded the atoil, and was only perceptible by the emeraid green color of the water. Every now and then enormous blocks of dazzlingly white coral stood out of the sea as though tossed up by some gig-antic eruption. What struck me most of all was the translucent blueness of the air, the marvelously delicate ward, Murlil has now passed; did you or did you to the wing not lose anything last night?"

of the air, the marvelously delicate hue of the sky above the lagoon, and the violent contrast of green tree-desirous that

tops and vivid blue sky.

The sea was breaking heavily on the coral. The coastline of the atoll was far from presenting the regular appearance shown in the charts; it was a succession of bays and little points, not continuous, but broken into little islands separated from each other by miniature channels. Toward noon I was oposite the Ngarue Channel. Now was the Holt, secretly shaken and scarcely knowing what he was doing, pulled his eyes off Barnard as if they had been snapped away by steel springs.

The inspector nodded slowly, his the flood, thus profiting by its as time to verify some of my theories. Every skipper I had talked to had advised me to enter at slack water

there, and the sea sweeping in with an enormous swell. There was no sign of a buoy to mark the channel, and I had to trust entirely to the compass to get my bearings. breeze was light, but when I actually reached the entrance the current raced me onward at a speed of eight knots.

This was really most impressive.
The reefs seemed very close on either side. The water boiled and swirled and the Firecrest did not answer to the helm. Ahead were several large lumps of sunk coral. In the middle of the channel my boat the coral of the channel my boat the coral of the channel my boat the coral of the coral of the channel my boat the coral of the coral "I'm waiting," he said, quietly.

"Then damn well wait," exploded the infuriated Holt, "you try your third degree methods on me, and because you so confuse me that I look away from your infernal eyes, you call me a liar, and worse. This ... this is ... er ... outrageous, and I shall report you to your Head Office."

Barnard continued to stare at him unthinkingly. many dangerous reefs just below the surface. Navigation was now in-creasingly difficult, and I had constantly to leave the tiller to go forward and make cut the various coral builders which the chart indicated under particularly melodious names -Mapiropiro, Otikaia, Temarii, Temahine, Nekatautau. Before long I cast anchor off the little village of Ngarumaova, happy to have sur-mounted such difficulties and to have undergone an unforgettable experience.-Allan Gerbault, in "In Quest of the Sun."

Thoughts from Cromwell God's worst is far above the

In the good pleasure of God there llone is rest.

Subtlety may deceive you, integity never will. Every humble seeker shall be

finder at the end. It is great to be the Lord's servant

in any drudgery. To be a seeker is to be of the best

There is nothing to be feared but our own sloth and sin.

The Search

What I go seeking how should I

To any chance inquirer tell, Who to myself can make reply Only in symbol, knowing not

What I have lost?-a birdlike thing Flown out of words and to be sough Not only in wide fields of thought, Where is no mark for wandering. -David Stevens, in the Glasgow

Herald.



"Do you think life will ever be on a higher plane?" "Sure; airplanes will soon be as common as automobiles are now."

Not long ago a seed company re-ceived the following order: "Please send me one dozen strawberry seeds,

Where the City of Washington now not been made without consideration, stands, prehistoria Indians had a ville had a double object in view, and lage of considerable importance, a To do some of them was to stampede the Kesssort of local capital for the region, pentance.

## What New York





A snappy ensemble with heaps of lash and chic. The jacket is in the popular hip length that is so becoming to most figures. The trousers are fitted with tucks at the waistline. The wide fiar-ing legs move with the same grace as a skirt.

The tuck-in blouse has a youthful This smart pajama ensemble Style No. 2521 may be had in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches

It is suitable for the hostess, for counging or for resort for beach wear. jars of strawb For the bostess, it's adorable in is 15 minutes.

oyal blue crepe silk with roman stripe silk blouse. For lounging, a gay printed creps silk is practical. For beach, linen prints a d shantung show Paris chie.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Write your name and address plain , giving number and size of such tterns as you want. Enclose 20c in

Twenty-One "Don'ts"

To Better Conditions Philadelphia-William Guggenheim, New York financier and philanthropist offered a 16-rule plan "for the return of better times"

The 16 rule plan follows:

Don't produce commodities at

Don't manufacture at a loss. Don't discourage capital. Don't interfere in European

Don't withhold credit where needed in America, if the risk is a fair

Don't withhold credit where needed in a foreign country, if the risk is a fair one.

Don't lower the tariff except for reciprocal trade pacts with other

Don't hold back on foreign trade,

but go out and get it. Don't buy stocks of questionable value and merit.

Don't get panicky—things will come out all right. Infuse the nation with the spirit f a man like former President William McKinley.

Infuse the nation with the spirit

of a man like former Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

When business expansion begin to well overtake depression, see that inflation is avoided.

Sling Similar to David's Used By Indian Tribe in Minnesota

St. Paul, Minn.—Civilization makes slow progress on the Pigeon River Indian Reservation, hidden away in the northeast tip of Minnesota, with the Pigeon River its northern boundary and the rugged north shore of Lake Superior its southern.

Among a collection of tools and deapons recently acquired from the by the Minnesota State His terical Society is a leather sling of It's just ten years since we pattern similar to that with which I cannot tell a lie." David slew Goliath. I cannot tell a lie."



"Don't forget the waiter, sir." "I don't think I'm likely to, you are the worst that ever happened."

To do so no more is the truest re-

### **Cut Preserve Costs** In Berry Season

Short Boil Method Gives More Jars At Lower Cost-

Less Labor Strawberry season reaches its peak in Canada about the end of June, the big wholesale market gardeners say. And that will be jelly making time, for the careful housewife who knows that the best jams and jellies are made when the season is at its hight, the berries clear red in color, rich in faror, and not too ripe.
Strawberries have not yielded to

the general overproduction this sea-son. So the thrifty bomemaker will look for methods to make the fruit go as far as possible in stocking the empty fruit shelves for next winter's To prevent waste of fruit by too

long boiling of jams and jellies is the greatest single saving the housewife dan make. When she cuts down the length of time required to concentrate the jelly-making substance work, and increases the number of jars of

jam or jelly she obtains from the came quantity of berries. As everyone knows, strawberry jelly is almost impossible to make even with very long boiling. But the new economical short-boil recipes give a luscious. clear red jelly, and almost twice as many jars of fruit as the old method would. This is equally t-ue in making that delicious strawberry jam that overyone loves.

An illustration of the cost of mak ing strawberry jam by the long and short boil methods shows most clearly the economy of time, labor, and money by using the newer process. And this process is always sure, never the gamble that attended the long hours of work over a hot stove by the old meth-

To make six eight-ounce jars of strawberry jam by the long boil method requires two quarts of strawberries, at approximately 30c, two pounds of sugar at 6c a pound, and at least 30 minutes boiling. The total cost of the fam would be about 72c, or 12c a And the jam would be dark in color, rather syruppy in flavor instead of having the tang of the fresh fruit.

Using the same amount of berries, 10 eight-ounce jars of strawberry jam may be made by the new short boil method. The secret is—supply the deficiency of jelly-making : ubstance in the ripe fruit by adding pure bottled pectin. And the time to make up ten jars of strawberry jam by this method

The quantity of sugar has to be in creased to thicken the fruit not boiled Relieving Motor Tension

Ruth L. Frankel

Ruth L. Frankel

"I wish I could teach Mary to eat the total cost per glass only 9 3.10 tents, against 12 cents by the long boil methods, and this does not take into account the saving of fuel and labor with the new recipe. The reaway, but even this does not increase patterns as you want. Encrose 200 in cents, against 12 cents by the long stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap boil methods, and this does not take into account the saving of fuel and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over the hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Bol hard for 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in ½ cup of bottled pec-tin. Then stir and skim by turns for just five minutes to cool slightly to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. If preferred, the fruit may be sliced instead of crushed and then 4½ cups of pre-pared fruit is required, instead of the 4 cups (2 quarts) used in the above

Don't overburden with taxes, the railroads, as they are necessary for our welfare.

Don't fear to increase taxes where better distribution is advisable.

Don't discourage our shipping in
Don't discourage our shipping in
To make that masterpiece of culing when she reaches that strained point and walk once or twice around the will take the kinks out of her legs, and let her come back thoroughly or grind about 2 quarts of fully ripe berries. Place fruit in jelly relaxed enough to be able to continue her meal."

Measure 74 curs of sugar, and juice "It doesn't sound logical to me," an
With never a squirm, while a delighted with a strained point the table.

"Just go enough to get the kinks out of your legs," suggested Mother, and after two turns a pleased little girl relaxed enough to be able to continue her meal."

Measure 74 curs of sugar, and juice "It doesn't sound logical to me," an-To make that masterpiece of culin-Measure 7½ cups of sugar, and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over "test fire and at once add one bottle of pectin, stirring con-stantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffii hot felly at once. This makes 11 eight ounce glasses of felly. And, in-stead of throwing out the crushed berries in the jelly bag, make them up in to jam by the first recipe given above.

#### The Census Man

The Census Man came round to-day. A diplomatic youth, Said he: "Take heed to what you say Tell nothing but the truth. Io asked my name and my address, How much I earned per week, What property did I possess, What language did I speak?

told him what he wished to know, Explained my sex was male. He took my word that that was so, My wife then told her tale. "He's forty years of age," she said,
"And thirty-five am I,

That Census Man was full of fun, But crafty as a fox,
He saw that Jim, our stalwart son, Stood six feet in his socks. The Census Man looked up at Jim, And quite serenely smiled, aid he: "You must be proud of him, He's such a hefty child." -J. R. Bissette, Montreal

Adventure

i.e. ler go to Italy and let her go to I'll plant a bed of pale pink phlox, Zinnias and hollyhocks, Petunias and four-o'clockss, And gayly stay at home!

-Merab Eberle.



After exceping from the eceny's

dapper little Chinese officer.

We were more surprised than ever.

General Lu had been our friend and helper from the beginning of our trip. Now he had placed us under arrest. "On what charge are we arrest-ed?" I asked.

ed?" I asked.

"Kidnapping Colonel Fong," responded the little officer.

We were bundled into an army truck and rushed through the streets with the siren screaming. In no time we arrived at the palace of

time we arrived at the paiace of General Lu.
General Lu welcomed me gravely, shaking hands with himself in Chinese fashion, and then dismissed the orderly. Then he unfolded a plan so guazing that I binched my. plan so amazing that I pinched mypian so amazing tinat i pinened my-self to see if I were really awake. He had SOLD OUT—cat you beat that? SOLD OUT—his office as a General. Someone had paid him a that? SOLD OUT—his office as a Scheral. Someone had paid him a writing to "Captain Jimmy", 2010 great stack of money to quit—and Star Bldg., Toronto, will receive his being a business man first, he had signed photo free.

his came before: Captain Jimmy and cocepted. To you and I this would ventures while tryine over China. After excaping from handits and accept solers they finally had their plane at the military have from which they started, proposition. Why shouldn't one take and are greeted with an unexpected surprise.

a job as General, and after making a success of it, sell out? I must have looked shocked, which

After exciping from the enemy's soldiers, we pushed the plane to an attitude of several thousand feet, and headed straight for Shanghai. It was still early in the morning when we sighted the familiar tying field, spread out like a small green handkerchief in the early sunlight. Heading the plane down in a wide spiral, we rolled to a stop outside the airdrome.

Then to cur a maze ment, a Lieutenant and a cetachmeni of soldiers drove up and told us we were under arrest. We were dumfounded. "By who's orders are we under arrest?" I asked.

"General Lu's orders," replied the "General Lu's orderr," replied the apper little Chinese officer.

We were more surprised than ever.

Working secretly in a special guard-

ed hangar, we fashioned our plane into the weirdest looking dragon you ever saw. Trail-

ing out back was a long canvas tail, that floated straight out when we

were in the air.

In the daytime it was a
wild looking.
plane, but at night it was positively
terrifying. So much so, that when
Fu Hsu the interretty area. Fu Hsu, the interpreter entered the hanger after dark one night, he nearly passed out entirely. Actually fainted, and I thought we would never bring him around.

(To be continued.)

### Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grownups. - . Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

and stops eating altogether. It doesn't begins to swing her feet and kick the

pecause it is cooked only about two minutes. Here is the recipe:

Grind two quarts of fully ripe berries, or crush completely one layer at it mo so that each berry is reduced to a pulp. Measure 7 cups (3 lbs.) or spinach."

We spinach."

"Hm!" answered Cousin Jane, who accumulated energy. And you'll find it less nerve-wracking for you, if you well. I wonder if it's just a case of plete activity, such as walking around the table, than if you fight here.

"Of what?" activity with a walking around the table, than if you fight here.

"Of what?" asked Mrs. Jones.
"Motor tension. You see small children have the greatest possible difficulty in sitting still. Even some adults find it hard. You've seen the crowd at the ball game rise up and becan to kick the table and to force. adults find it hard. You've seen the crowd at the ball game rise up and stretch at the seventh inning. That's to relieve cramped muscles. And that's for adults. Little children find it much "Wouldn't you rather walk around the wind of more difficult to sit still than grown ups. In fact, for some it is next to impossible to remain in one position for more than a few minutes."

"But they have to identify the property of the

"But they have to sit at their meals," "Why don't you let Mary get down chair, and Mary started trotting round

old who can eat beautifully shouldn't West 40th Street, New York City. be such a problem, I'm : ure."

These articles
"No. She shouldn't," admitted Cous- in our columns.

Large Fortunes

and Sullivan"), who holds the recorwhich is surprising, considering how little he earned in the first forty years or so of his long literary life. The idea that writing is a poor trade

dates back from the Grub St. period of the earth eighteenth century. But copular authors did very well from that time onward. Scott gained a large fortune by his poems and novels, lost it in the collapse of Constable's pub-lishing house, and made another for une in the six years before he died Byron received \$10,000 for two cantos f "Childe Harold"; Thackeray, in a letter to Mrs. Brookfield, admitted to earning \$50,000 in a single year. Even ie "serious" writers could sometime prosper. Messrs. Longmans still have the original cheque for \$100,000 which hey paid Macaulay for His History.

labor with the new recipe. The resulting jam is sparkling red in color, matter what she has either. She besulting jam is sparkling red in color, matter what she has either. She behaves the same whether it is ice cream
haves the same whether it is ice cream
have the same whether it is ice cre

the table, than if you fight her and

At her mother's smile and nod, the

"It doesn't sound logical to me," an swered the mother, "but I've scolded and nagged and punished and coaxed until I'm beside myself. A forested until I'm beside myself. A four-year- National Kindergarten Association, 8 These articles are appearing weekly

# Modern Authors

London. - Arnold Bennett's estate probably amounted to \$500,000. Arnold Bennett's income must have run well into five figures for a good many years before his death, and he was a shrewd business man who invested his savings carefully. If he did leave! \$509,000 it would not be the largest of literary fortunes amassed in this country. It is not more than the amount left by Stanley Weyman, the novelist, nd somewhat less than that bequeath ed by Sir W. S. Gilbert (of "Gilbert believe, with \$565,000. Dickens left about \$450,000, and Hardy as much

On the whole, however, literature

for the favored few-is probably a more profitable business than ever it was before. There must be at least Do Not Starve was before. There must be at least half a dozen novelists and dramatists in England whose incomes would com-Provident Writers Gather Up pare favorably with those of the leaders of the Bar or the most successful practitioners in Harley Street.

> Preserving, Wild Flowers June is the month of flowers, and nany readers will be starting to collect and preserve the wild flowers which they find on their week-end rambles. One method of drying them is to place them on a layer of clean soft sand in a box, and then cover them up with more sand. They will

take a few weeks to dry and will then

e ready to mount.



TRADE MARK REQ. Made in Canada.

ISSUE No. 27-31