

Rich in body and delicate as blossoms in its flavour

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

THE KESTREL HOUSE MYSTERY

By T. C. H. JACOBS

SYNOPSIS

Henry Holt and his ward, Muriel Manning, are staying at a Dartmouth farm. Holt's friend, Blaineau, living at Kestrel House, is desirous that Muriel marry his nephew, Hayden Mercer, whom she dislikes.

A series of mysterious disappearances has been alarming the neighborhood. Miss Page, the vicar's daughter, being the latest victim.

Another hearer at the farm, Percival Fycroft, and his sister, Flack, discover a secret underground passage to Kestrel House. Inspector Barnard steals into Kestrel House and runs into a crook, Slick Samuels, who gives some interesting information. Later Samuels is found stabbed to death. Fycroft disappears. Hayden Mercer threatens Muriel and her refusal to marry him, and she is attacked in the moor by Darkey Mullen. Barnard appears and overpowers Mullen, then lays a charge of murder against him.

CHAPTER XX

Darkey Mullen, dumb with terror and rage, listened to the measured tones of the Scotland Yard man as he charged him with attempted murder of Flack and being concerned with others in printing false Bank of England notes.

Mullen's mind was one which was incapable of holding more than one idea at a time, irrespective of value. For the moment he forgot the first, terrible charge, Barnard was all wrong on the third, it wasn't Bank of England notes, and the fact amused him strangely. But when the voice of the local inspector reading over the charge came to him, it roused full consciousness of his position. For the next three minutes the men on duty in the charge room found their time fully occupied. They subdued him at last, and he was taken on a stretcher to the ambulance waiting to convey him to the hospital.

Flack, after being charged with aiding Fycroft in his escape, was conducted to the cells. Barnard followed him in and gave instructions that he was not to be interrupted.

"Now then, Flack," he said, seating himself and motioning the prisoner to do likewise, "you're up against it, come straight with me and I'll see what can be done for you."

Flack grinned, a cheeky, impudent grin.

"Cut it out," he said, "nix doing, Barnard. You want to know where the gov'nor is hanging out, eh? Well, it's where you won't find him. You want to know who the gov'nor is, well, ask me sunnink else, 'cos I ain't got the tail end of a notion. If you got the idea that he done that Slick Samuels job, you're barmy. And you can keep on asking me questions till I go to sleep, and you won't git no answers."

For fully thirty minutes Barnard bullied, threatened and cajoled, but Flack continued to grin and say nothing. Finally the chief inspector gave it up. Like Darkey Mullen, he must be left to cool his heels a little longer.

He tried again later in the afternoon with a similar result. Flack was adamant.

"Ain't a bit of good, Barnard," he grinned. "I'm saying nothing that'll let the gov'nor in, and that's straight."

"You'll get five years if you get a Jay, Flack," said Barnard.

"That'll be nice," jeered Flack, undaunted, and the inspector knew that he would not speak.

Not caring to risk a similar result with his other prisoner, he left Trotter in charge and returned by car to the Blue Bear with the intention of making a bold bid in the morning.

But at three o'clock fear had done its work. Darkey Mullen indicated to Detective Sergeant Trotter, sitting by his bed, that he had a few words to say.

Under the gentle but persistent promptings of the experienced sergeant a tale was unfolded which shocked even the blasé police officer.

Henry Holt was sorting papers in his bedroom when the news of Muriel's adventure and of the two arrests made by Barnard was brought to him by a wide-eyed Mary Jane, almost inarticulate with excitement.

Very deliberately he tied the papers into a neat bundle, placed them in his trunk and locked it. On his face was an expression of deadly calm as he slipped the heavy automatic into an inside pocket of his coat; it was the expression of a man who by some dreadful upheaval of his soul had lost his capacity for fear.

He found his ward in the dining room and by a miracle of dissimulation appeared his former, cheerful self. He listened with an expression of well simulated consternation as she told him the story, gave detailed instructions to Mrs. French as to the manner in which his ward was to be looked after and expressed his intention of going for the doctor. Muriel tried to dissuade him, assuring him that she was none the worse for a little rough handling, but Holt appeared

determined and she let him go, feeling herself too fatigued to argue.

Holt walked down to the Blue Bear and telephoned to the doctor in the next village. He then climbed the hill and set off for Kestrel House. All his actions were characterized with such a deliberation of movement as to be almost automatic.

Darkey Mullen had been captured; sooner or later the police would persuade him to talk. Mullen was a coward at heart, and then the game would be up. But before that happened he had to make sure of one thing at least.

Mullen had seen, acting under instructions when he had assaulted Muriel. Hayden Mercer had no intention of waiting the seven days he had stated; he had realized that the girl's word was final. Mullen's absence would raise the alarm at Kestrel House and someone would come out to find him and Holt anticipated that that someone would be Mercer.

As he approached nearer to his destination he became more cautious, and when at last he reached the hill overlooking the plantation he sat down behind a rock to wait.

At last he was going to get even with the man who had made his life a living hell, who had threatened his ward with a ghastly fate and meant to put that threat into execution. As he crouched behind the boulder he marvelled that he had stood it so long, that he had been such a poor, cowardly creature as ever to have contemplated selling a young, pure girl to save his own miserable skin.

A hot blush of rage overspread his cheeks as he thought of the indignity to which his ward had been subjected. He saw again the marks around his ward's mouth where the filthy fingers of the half-caste had bruised her, and he cursed Mercer savagely.

Something moved among the trees opposite and he immediately became alert. The automatic came from his pocket, he pushed up the safety catch and eased himself into a more comfortable position. Presently he recognized Hayden Mercer and his heart was fluttered with a cold fury which sent an effort he controlled himself, he must keep his head cool and his hand steady.

Mercer came slowly from the plantation and crossed the bridge. Would he continue up the hill or take the track along the valley? Holt watched him pause as if undecided which route to follow, and then coming to a decision he turned back and commenced to walk along the river bank.

Holt swore softly to himself; he would be forced to keep him in sight until he could get within range. If he had come up the hill he would have shot him easily without danger of missing. He had never been a good shot, and it was some years since he had used a revolver.

His jaw set grimly as he crawled from behind the rock and followed his quarry, keeping well under cover, though there was small danger of the other seeing him from the valley. When they were almost abreast of the tor where Mullen had been hiding, Mercer stopped. A winding track led up the steep slope, rough and offering a precarious foothold.

Holt's heart filled with a savage joy as he saw his man turn toward it. Here, even better than at the other place, he could shoot down upon Mercer and make sure of hitting him. He crept forward until he was able to obtain a clear view of the track. Well within range it wound up directly beneath him.

Snatching himself behind a clump of gorse growing at the very edge he waited. Several times Mercer passed out of sight as the track wound under overhanging ledges, but at last he came to the final turn.

Holt raised his revolver, looked along the sights, had time to notice how steady was his hand, and then he pressed the trigger. He heard Mercer give a gasp of mingled pain and astonishment so clearly that it sounded right beside him, saw him spring around and disappear over the ledge. He had shot low, too low he feared, to have killed him outright. He had to make sure or his time was worse than wasted.

Cautionously testing the ground, Holt climbed slowly down the precipitous path. A false step would have sent him crashing upon the rocks beneath and he had no wish to be killed until he had made certain of Mercer's death. After that he was totally indifferent to what happened to him, at best he could only hope for a long term of penal servitude.

Reaching the place where his enemy had been standing, he peered over the ledge, but he could not see him. Immediately below was a mass of gorse, and tall bracken; probably he had fallen into it and was thus concealed from view. He continued his cautious descent, pausing now and then to listen, but no sounds came up to him.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



A tremendously good looking "double duty" costume that has found a definite place in smart woman's wardrobe.

It meets any afternoon occasion. But that's not all, just remove your jacket, and you're ready for dining and dancing in the evening.

This charming model has many possibilities. It can be carried out in gaily printed crepe silk or in plain crepe silk.

Perhaps a little more formal is lace or chiffon print. And then again, you'll like the dress of chiffon, rind with the jacket of sheer velvet.

Very chic and wearable is the upper part of the dress in white crepe with black crepe silk.

Style No. 3130 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

The 16-year size requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material with 1 yard of 2½-inch ribbon for bow.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Miniature Skyscraper To Be Erected in Rome

Rome—Rome is to have a skyscraper, a very modest one of 12 or 14 storeys, which will be, nevertheless, the tallest office building in the city. The matter has caused much newspaper discussion, and violent criticisms have resulted over the attempt to erect a type of architecture unknown to Rome for which there is no precedent.

Architect Armando Brasini, the designer of the baby skyscraper, has been under fire for his plan and "attempts to introduce into Rome transitional architectural styles, which may be all right and necessary in New York, but quite out of place in Rome with its mixture of Renaissance and baroque architecture."

The building is to provide offices for the National Insurance Society which specializes in workmen's compensation insurance. In spite of the protests of the purists and conservatives, the municipality has refused to veto the construction of the new building.

Discretion

Though a man has all other perfections and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.—Addison.

In order to learn, we must attend; in order to profit by what we have learnt, we must think.—Coleridge.

HOMILY ON GIVING

The following is a comment of a colored preacher on the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive":

"I've known many a church die 'cause it didn't gibe enuf, but I never know'd a church die 'cause it gibe too much. Dey didn't die dat way. Brethren, hes any of you know'd a church to die 'cause it gibe too much? If you do, jeh let me know, an' I'll climb by de soft light of de moon to its moss-cover'd roof, and I'll stan' dar, an' lift my han' to heaven, an' say, 'Blessed are de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

Temper

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—Addison.

Righteousness

An uneducated population may be degraded; a population educated, but not in righteousness, will be un governable. The one may be slaves, the other must be tyrants.—Henry Melvill.

Platinum

By R. Mercant, in Chambers' Journal

When platinum was first discovered by the Spanish in what is now Columbia, it was thought to be of little or no value. It was first discovered in Europe in the Ural Mountains in Russia. It has recently been mined in Canada, and was discovered, in rock formation, in South Africa, in 1924. This last discovery has changed the whole world aspect of the precious metal, for with the growth in production, further uses and prices have been created. With the added output of the Frood mines in Canada, there is now an over-production of platinum.

Platinum is of a lustrous white or tin color. In its properties it is unique. It will neither rust nor tarnish, and to melt it a heat of 1750 deg. C. is required, the oxyhydrogen jet serving the purpose. One of the hardest known substances, it is readily malleable and so ductile that wire no thicker than a spider's web can be drawn from it. It offers great resistance to all acids, but can be dissolved in aqua-regia, a combination of hydrochloric and nitric acids.

The crude mineral composite—the rock in its unrefined state—contains some or all of a number of metals, every one of them precious, and extracted in the process of refining; they consist of iridium, palladium, osmium, rhodium, ruthenium, and gold, the iridium being worth about \$150 per troy ounce, and the most valuable.

Platinum and metals of the same uses during the last two or three years have found many commercial uses. The jewelry trade uses the largest proportion of it. The electrical industry comes next, using it for contact points, wires, and thermocouples. It has been used, almost since its discovery, in the chemical laboratory. A dental industry, which uses about fair amount of platinum; it used in the three times as much palladium.

Platinum and iridium together make the hardest known substance and, as a combination, are used for the contact points of the ignition systems of aeroplane and other petrol engines. No substitute metal will serve the purpose so well. This combination of metals is, in fact, indispensable of reliable high-class engines.

Palladium is used extensively for jewelry, especially for producing rainbow effects when combined with gold and silver. Palladium gives to the metal the colors of the spectrum.

Rhodium is used to harden platinum for jewelry and as an alloy for thermocouple wire. The only commercial use for osmium is as a tip for the points of gold pen nibs, where the hardness withstands the constant abrasion of writing, and the chemical inertness resists any chemical action of the ink with which it is constantly in contact.

Before the war Russia produced from two to three hundred thousand ounces of platinum annually, about ninety per cent. of the world's total of that time. Now the world's production is again approximately three hundred thousand ounces, of which Russia contributes probably one-half; Colombia, South Africa, and Canada follow in close succession. Most of the Canadian platinum is obtained from the treatment of the Sabury copper-nickel matte.

During the war government action was induced by the growing shortage and great importance of platinum, not only for electric appliances controlling the firing of big guns, but also in the manufacture of fuming sulphuric acid, a basis of high explosives. The price rose to a hundred dollars an ounce during the war, and afterwards to \$125, where it remained until 1925; it has since fallen to about a fifth of that figure.

Platinum jewelry is not stamped in England as gold articles are. In Canada and the United States the word "platinum" cannot be applied to any articles of merchandise unless at least 95 per cent. of the metallic content is platinum; the trademark of the manufacturer must be applied to all articles of platinum.

Many new uses are being found for platinum. One of the most interesting is that being suggested by economists—that platinum be used, with gold, as a basis for world currency.

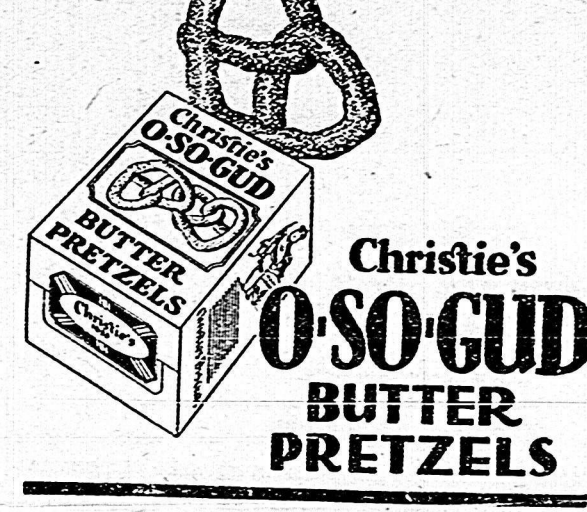
Justice is the bread of the nation; it is always hungry for it.—Chateaubriand.

THOUGHTS

Thought engenders thought. Place one idea on paper, another will follow it, and still another; until you have written a page; you cannot fathom your mind; there is a well of thought there which has no bottom; the more you draw from it, the more fruitful it will be.

Girls should set a good example if they want young men to follow them.

Crisp..... Salty.... Crunchy



Christie's O-So-Gud BUTTER PRETZELS

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

What came before Captain Jimmy sees a Chinese pirate junk trying to sink another ship and goes to the rescue in his plane. He swoops down in a surprise attack and leaves the junk in a disabled condition.

The last we saw of her, she seemed to be half full of water. Whether she ever made the shore of China in the stiffening breeze, is doubtful. Meanwhile, we circled back toward the little ship. Something white and dense rose from her decks. Smoked! Then a flash of red flame. Sure enough—these villains had set her afire.

As we circled over the doomed vessel, large clouds of heavy white smoke drifted from the decks. Then, to our dismay, we noticed that the pirates had cut every life boat loose before they fled from the ship, thus taking away the crew's only means of escape.

Back we headed for the freighter and as we passed I dropped a note on her decks. "Ship on fire. No lifeboats. Hurry."

But the captain of the freighter needed no warning. Steam up, he drove his ship with all possible speed. Meanwhile, we circled around and waited, for the water was now too rough to alight.

Fire at sea is a beautiful sight and a dreadful one too. In some way it is like a fire in the country. Unless someone catches it at first, it is almost impossible to put it out, and all you can do is to stand by and watch it burn.

The stern of the little ship now began to blaze brightly and the passengers turned like a mob of fighting madmen, pushing and shoving to get away. Here, the value of discipline and training showed up— for, in contrast to the frenzied rush of the passengers, the ship's officers remained cool and collected.

Meanwhile, the freighter drew near, the captain manoeuvring his ship so it would approach from the windward of the burning boat. The wind would then be driving the smoke away from the freighter.

For a few minutes we could not understand his plan, then it became clear. He swung his bow around and made it fast to the bow of the burning ship. In a minute more he was taking the passengers off and none too soon for the little ship was fast becoming a raging furnace.

Meanwhile, we spotted a patch of nice smooth water to the lee of the freighter and quickly alighted. In a few minutes the derrick swung us up to the deck and we rushed forward to help in the rescue.

The first sight that greeted our eyes Chung—hanging on for dear life to the nozzle of a fire hose, with a big Filipino sailor helping him. Just then, one of the ship's officers called the sailor who went away and left only Chung to handle the hose.

These high pressure hoses will wiggle and squirm like snakes and it takes two strong men to control them. You can guess what happened. Once the sailor let go, the hose became alive. Chung didn't dare let go for fear it would fly up and hit him—and he simply couldn't steer it.

Scottie and I rushed forward to help Chung and despite the seriousness of the situation, we had to laugh at the funny picture of all those Chinese scrambling away to escape getting drowned by Chung and his hose.

(To be continued.)

Note: any of our young readers writing to "Captain Jimmy", 2010 Star Building, Toronto, will receive his signed photo free.

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk

The health-giving, delicious drink for children and grown-ups. Pound and Half Pound tins at your grocers.

Costly

"How much do you want for that big dog?" asked the prospective dog owner.

"Five dollars, sir," replied the dealer.

"How much for that small fellow over there, then?"

"Ten dollars."

"And for that very tiny one?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"The customer looked puzzled.

"Then how much will it cost if I don't buy a dog at all?" he asked.

Test of Character

The test of character is not the contour of the head, though bumps near their place and their meaning; nor is it the gint of the eye, the set of the jaw, or the promptness with which questions are answered. The final test of character is the issue of the life, the words of the mouth, the meditations of the heart, and the deeds the hands find to do.

Great Things

Some would be thought to do great things who are but tools and instruments, like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ when he only blew the bellows.

GILLETT'S Flake Lye

cleans floors, walls ... everything in the kitchen



Full strength for Sink Drains Full strength for the toilet bowl In solution for all general cleaning

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