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'Fresh from the gardens'

THE KESTREL HOUSE MYSTERY

By T. C. H. JACOBS

SYNOPSIS

Henry Holt and his ward, Muriel Mainwaring, are staying at a Dartmoor farm. Holt's friend, Moineau, living at Kestrel House, is desirous that Muriel marry his nephew, Hayden Mercer, whom she dislikes. Several mysterious disappearances have been alarming the neighborhood.

Another leader at the farm, Percival Pycroft, and his valet, Fleck, try to unravel the mystery of Kestrel House. Hayden Mercer threatens Muriel because she refuses to marry him. Holt and Mercer engage in a struggle and both are killed.

Inspector Barnard steals into Kestrel House and is trapped by Moineau in his underground laboratory.

CHAPTER XXII—(Cont'd.)

Barnard listened as in a dream to the harsh voice as it continued: "Have you ever examined a drop of blood under the microscope? Probably you have. Well, then, you will know that blood contains myriads of minute corpuscles in a yellowish serum."

Moineau paused and pointed a long, skinny finger at the chief inspector helpless upon the table.

"Now, follow me carefully, Mr. Barnard, for we come to a really astonishing fact. The serum is congenial to its own corpuscles but will destroy the red cells of the blood of any other creature introduced into it. Now the degree of action of one kind of blood on another depends on the nearness of relationship of the two animals. The closer the relationship the less destructive the action. The blood of man, for instance, mingles quite peacefully with that of the anthropoid apes. So your ancestors were monkeys, after all, Mr. Barnard. . . . curious, is it not?"

"However, in my experiments, I found that blood played a very important part, had a vital connection with the quality of the life force, which, so that you will understand, I have called the soul. Before I discovered this I inclined to the belief that the life force of any living thing was simply a matter of degree, but fundamentally it was identical. I was first successful in collecting the vital force of a hound; this I retransmitted to a human being. But the effect was disastrous. I had wasted the body to the point of death, but while the experiment of retransmission restored the body, itself in a manner beyond my wildest expectations, the effect upon the delicate nerve cells of the brain, while vastly interesting, was disastrous. The subject assumed all the mental characteristics of the hound, and gave me so much trouble in keeping it under restraint, that I was reluctantly forced to destroy it. I worked hard to find the connecting link, and, as I have explained, I finally located it in the blood. Why it should be so I do not, at the moment, know, but on one point I am sure beyond doubt, the best results are obtained from human beings in perfect health, mentally and physically. I incline to the opinion that the former is the more important, and for that reason I prefer to have females for my subjects. A woman's brain is of finer material than that of a man, more delicate, capable of more subtle expression, though having less reserve of energy."

Moineau paused and licked his tongue across his dry, cracked lips. Barnard found the action strangely repulsive.

"I really must apologize for all the trouble which I fear my work has given both to yourself and your worthy assistants, but you will readily appreciate that the cause of science is vastly more important than a few lives, which, at best, can only run their brief span. You agree, of course?"

"Well, then, as I was explaining, the best results are obtained from those in perfect health. You yourself are a splendid specimen, you are in robust health, and mentally you are above the average of your kind, quite unlike a young man who was brought to me a short while ago, a drink-odden wretch, worse than usual."

less to me. It may interest you to know that this same young man was brought here in mistake for your good self. When my nephew suggested that you were interfering with certain matters which were engaging his attention, and that you were seen a suitable specimen for experiment, I decided to have you. The foolish fellows bungled the job and brought me the wrong man. However, that is now remedied, and we can proceed."

Barnard, for the first time in his life, knew real fear. He felt the hair fairly lifting upon his scalp as Moineau came to his side. But the force of the emotion dispelled the curious inertia which had kept him silent during the lecture. With an oath he strained savagely at his bonds, but he was held fast. Moineau drew back and regarded him in surprise.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Barnard," he reproved. "I thought you understood and appreciated the honor which I am about to do you."

"I'll appreciate the honor of handing you to the hangman," snarled Barnard. "You damned murderous lunatic. This place is surrounded by my men, do you understand? I can hear them breaking their way in. Listen, you maniac, and save yourself before it is too late."

Moineau chuckled, a dreadful, grating sound, scarcely human.

"No, no," he said confidently. "It is impossible to reach us here, we are far underground, between the house and the river gorge. I have arranged that this place shall be entirely secret. No, no, we shall not be disturbed."

He becked his head and turned to the bench, from which he took several coils. These he attached to the wires leading from the large cylinder immediately before Barnard. Then, apparently satisfied that their adjustment was correct, he walked with slow, dragging steps across the laboratory to a switch in the wall. As he pressed it there came the sound of machinery revolving somewhere outside. The noise increased in volume until it was almost deafening and then Moineau switched it off again. Barnard realized why the sounds he had heard on previous occasions were so muffled, they came from underground.

"All is well," announced the blind man, betraying signs of suppressed excitement. "I shall now place you in the cylinder, which will be rendered a semi-vacuum and, of course, completely sealed. I may say that the substance of which it is composed is an invention of mine."

In response to the slightest pressure, the cylinder swung over until it was on a level with Barnard's feet. The chief inspector exerted all his strength in a desperate effort to free himself as he felt the table move beneath him and he realized that he was being slowly slid into that ghastly cylinder of death. Moineau, quite unmoved, watched as his victim was propelled forward. He stepped across the room and pressed the switch and again the whirring of the machinery filled the confined space.

Barnard was almost completely in the cylinder when suddenly the machinery stopped and a second later the place was plunged into darkness. He heard a startled exclamation from Moineau and distinctly felt a draught of cold air circulating around his head, the only part of him not enclosed.

A bottle or some glass object smashed upon the floor, a door closed softly behind him, and again he was aware of that pungent odor which he had attributed to a poisonous gas.

With all the force of despair he opened his mouth and let out a bel-low.

"Blimey, gov-nor," said a voice, "he's still got a bit of puff left in him."

With startling suddenness the lights came on. Barnard twisted his head to stare with unbelieving eyes at a vision of Percival Pycroft standing in an opened doorway.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The effect of the second dose of gas and the reaction from his ordeal were too much for Barnard. As Pycroft dragged him from the cylinder he lapsed into unconsciousness.

When he came to his senses again he found himself lying on a divan in the very room in which he had first met Moineau. For some minutes he lay still, endeavoring to collect his thoughts. Somehow he had escaped from the mad scientist; he remembered now. Pycroft and Freddy Fleck had rescued him. But Fleck was a prisoner in Totnes jail. He brushed a hand across his eyes; he must be dreaming, or perhaps he was dead.

Someone moved a chair near him, and a voice spoke. Barnard closed his eyes again, for the voice was that of

CHAPTER XXIV.

"A death occurred in our family and I had to go in mourning. I could hardly afford to buy all black clothes, so decided to dye what I had. I consulted our druggist and he advised using Diamond Dyes. Everything came out beautifully; coats, wool dresses, stockings and all. I have since learned to appreciate the excellence of the black Diamond Dyes. I tried another black dye and the results were impossible. I had to get Diamond Dyes and do the work over. Recently I have tinted my curtains a beautiful raspberry shade and dyed a rug a lovely garnet with Diamond Dyes. They are real money savers—the finest dyes money can buy—I truly believe."

Mrs. A.K.L., Montreal.

MOURNING WARDROBE

ISSUE No. 40—31

Assistant Commissioner Sir Harry Chamberlain, his immediate chief. Something was desperately wrong with him; he must be suffering from—what was it?—hallucinations?

He felt the weight of a body on the end of the divan and again opened his eyes. It was the Assistant Commissioner! But before he could collect his startled senses sufficiently to speak, another figure appeared and stood smiling down at him. Was it Pycroft? He was altered somehow, had lost that innate grin and varied expression.

Barnard struggled up on one elbow and the Assistant Commissioner laughed outright at the expression on his face.

"By gad, he takes me for a ghost!" he said to Pycroft. "Feel my hand, Barnard; nothing spooky about that."

Barnard grasped the hand outstretched to him, and something like a sigh of relief escaped him. Then he glanced up at Pycroft with a puzzled frown.

"You are Mr. Pycroft?" he asked. The other smiled.

"No, Percy Pycroft is dead. I was sick of the ape, wasn't I?" A knock came at the door and Detective-Sergeant Trotter entered. He saluted the Assistant Commissioner and grinned to Barnard.

"We've taken Deaf and Dumb Charlie and the housekeeper woman, sir," he announced. "Unfortunately Moineau was in possession of poison, cyanide, I fancy."

"Killed himself?"

"Yes, sir, it was done before any of us could stop him."

"Blas! Anyone else?"

"No, sir."

(To be concluded.)

Songs For Such Nights

Who can stay in, the first bright night of Fall? Now the young wind has come down from the north, The cold of yellow Autumn like a cloak Loose-furled about him, moving without song. With quiet feet, so that you'd scarcely guess He's come; and yet I know he's whistling in The stirring tree-tops, softly, mockingly.

For on the sand the great hounds of the sea Werry in their leashes, straining to his call, And tireless, answering from hollow throats.

This is the wondrous season of deep skies, Now with cold clarity the white stars blaze, And brilliantly from arching heavens now Those who have leaped with mad eyes to near earth Are falling, tearing darkness with "hin fire."

How strange to find an angel at your door— But I shall bolt mine well with hand grown cold, And light a candle's flame inside.

I have seen enough of miracles tonight, —Mary Isabel Schorer in the N. Y. Times.

Winter Preparations

The first chilly days of October remind us that the time has come for us to put away the summer furnishings and get things in order for winter. Summer draperies and slipcovers can be washed and packed away untroubled. If all the hangings for each room are wrapped together and each package of curtains is labeled on the outside as to contents, the problem next spring will be simplified. The winter curtains which were put away clean in the spring can now be ironed if necessary and put up. Poreh and garden furniture can also be stored away. Protect each piece from dust by covering well with paper or heavy, unbleached-muslin covers. The summer rugs may be cleaned, rolled in heavy paper, and put away. When the rugs are being changed is an excellent time to wax and polish the floors. When the awnings and screens are taken down, brush them clean with a stiff brush. Wrap the awnings separately in heavy paper, indicate on labels the windows which they fit, and store them in a dry place. Check over the screens carefully for necessary repairs, and if the wire mesh is not of copper, go over the netting with a thin coat of oil to prevent rusting. If the screens have no identifying marks as to the windows they fit, mark them before storing. Remember to open the fireplace damper before lighting the first fire.

KING ALFRED'S PRAYER

Lord God, Almighty, Shaper, and Ruler of all creatures, we pray Thee of Thy great mercy to guide us to Thy will; to make our minds steadfast, to strengthen us against temptation, and to put far from us all unrighteousness.

Shield us from our foes, seen and unseen. Teach us that we may inwardly love Thee before all things with a clean mind and a clean body, for Thou art our Maker and our Redeemer, our Help and our Comfort, our Trust and our Hope. Amen.

REASON

Those who follow the banners of Reason are like the well-disciplined battalions, which, wearing a more sober uniform and making a less dazzling show than the light troops commanded by Imagination, enjoy more safety, and even more honor, in the conflicts of human life.—Scott.

GIFTS

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up that makes us rich.—H. Ward Beecher.

FRETTING

It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it is sternly repressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

CHARACTER

Nobility of character manifests itself at loop-holes when it is not provided with large doors.—Mary E. Wilkins.

So They Say

"Far better for all of us to go with tight belts into stability than with loose ones into confusion."—J. Ramsay MacDonald.

"Some women were born to sing, to bear children. I was born to make 'people laugh.'—Marie Dressler.

"Chastity is like a bank balance—something marvellous to treasure."—John Barrymore.

"No business man alive has borrowed more money than I."—Charles M. Schwab.

"What the world needs is a leader."—James J. Walker.

"This is the time to co-operate and not to criticize."—Newton D. Baker.

"Art and music are universal."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"The Americans and the Russians are in many ways the two most similar peoples on earth."—Albert Gleason.

"This is no time to be ever-cautious. This is the time for action."—Edward A. Filene.

"If I had my life to live over again I would be more patient and kindly."—August Heckscher.

"Soviet Russia is the best-run country on earth."—Lady Astor.

"America unites a powerful idealism with that practical turn of mind that aids the search of solutions."—Premier Laval.

"The belief that man can conquer his environment is the actual benefit Columbus conferred on humanity."—Struthers Burt.

"If a man were drowning to-day he would have to shout for help in German."—Sir Oswald Mosley.

"I have no thought whatever of entering politics."—Owen D. Young.

"We now understand the biological value of play as our fathers did not."—Sir J. Arthur Thomson.

"To understand facts is the best aid to memory."—Walter S. Gilford.

"This is an age of co-operation and no nation can be a law unto itself."—Norman H. Davis.

"Although the details are not the same, American and English mental landscapes are alike in the main."—Andre Maurois.

"A man ought to work as long as he wants to, and he ought to enjoy his work so much that he wants to work as long as he can."—Henry Ford.



The above photograph shows Captain R. G. Mallin, R.D., R.N.R., whose appointment as Commodore of the Cunard Line has just been announced. (Cunard Photo)

Barrie

"No one so obscure nowadays" (to quote Courage for the last time) "but that he can have a book about him." There have been several about James Matthew Barrie, and there will be more, both in his lifetime and in many years to come, when his books alone survive.

The title of that great work brings us up short against one fact about him which has been taken for granted. He is national, even international, for English-speaking America clamours for him, and already his work has passed into other tongues. Settling out from an obscure Scottish village, unfriended, almost self-taught (every Scot somehow gets a good education, but usually by his own efforts), he has walked through the wilderness of this world, so searchingly that he can tell us more about it than we can ever learn of ourselves. But do we even now know how or why he can thus speak to us?

He has called himself two men—McConnachie and the family solicitor—and I have said he is several. It may even be that the whole of Henry's description of Stevenson does apply equally to Barrie, if you add that Stevenson (except in some smaller sort in his poetry) never learns the utter joy of flying, as Barrie and Peter Pan learnt it, nor saw so far "beyond the paths of all the western stars"—far beyond the misty island in the Hebrides which his hidden in the soul of Scots exiles all over the world. If you turn Barrie into a London journalist, he will not be one a heart; he will beat against the walls till he is at large with the weapons of a leatrade added into him.

The trade, no doubt, clung to him, and often marred the clearness and liberty of his flight. It is a cocksure thing, this journalism. When you have been at it for a time, you know surely enough whether your manner is good or bad, accomplished or defective. But you may quite well be ignorant whether your matter be subtle or silly. Through that maze of Barrie eventually passed to the mass-shown in the two plays just explored. But it was never certain till they appeared that the imp of journalism would not spoil romance by a crude or even silly cock-headed. In the end, however, Barrie has given that portion of him wings, which journalists seldom have.—F. J. Harvey Darton, in "J. M. Barrie."

New Rules Suggested For Harmsworth Race

New York.—Recommendations which would make the competition for the Harmsworth trophy, premier speed boat racing event of the world, safer for the competitors and prevent any such occurrence as marred the last race at Detroit, have been made by Charles F. Chapman, of New York, to the three organizations under whose control the race is run.

Chapman, secretary of the Racing Commission of the American Power Boat Association, and a member of the International Commission which had charge of the last Harmsworth race, suggested 12 specific changes in the rules, the most important of which would prevent any more "false starts."

He suggested that the start be paced with the competing boats approaching the line abreast and at least 300 feet apart, instead of the present system which allows a boat to cross the starting line at full speed within five seconds of the fall of the last starting ball.

Another important change would limit each country to one boat, placing the Harmsworth competition on a basis similar to the international sailing race for the America's cup.

Another change would lengthen the course from five to ten miles, providing straight runs of three miles.

Vegetable Poison As Fish Bait

In its search for insecticides to control pests that are becoming increasingly resistant to the action of lead arsenate, lime sulphur, hydrogen cyanide and other long-relied-upon poisons, the United States Department of Agriculture has gone far afield—even to the study of methods by which the natives of tropical countries capture their fish. Plants, the essence of which, thrown into a stream, will stupefy fish so that they may be easily taken or speared, have yielded particularly good results when tested upon insects, according to R. C. Roark of the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils. Incidentally his report throws light on how a great deal of food reaches the table in lands south of the Temperate Zone.

In Costa Rica, for example, in the district about Turrialba, fish are usually killed by the Indians with bows and arrows, and it is a common sight to see hunters standing waist-deep in the streams waiting for their prey. At times, however, they use a shrub known locally as "barbasco." Their method is to erect a wild-cane barrier from bank to bank, and then, half a mile above it, to throw the plant into the water. Blinded by the poison which the water extracts from the leaves, the fish come to the surface, are carried down to the barrier and there presented as easy victims to the hunters.

In Ethiopia two fish poisons or intoxicants have been in use for many years, the more common of which is prepared from the seeds of a tree called barberra, which grows in high altitudes along the banks of streams. The powder of the seeds is spread on the surface of the water in the midst of the dry season when the current is slow and free of torrential mud. Sometimes the fish succumb quietly; at other times they are excited to intense activity.

In Malaya the tuba root is employed. By means of rubbing the roots to-

The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

What came before? After many adventures, Captain Jimmy lands in his plane at the Island of Formosa. He goes inland to see the camphor camps and the country of the head-hunters.

At last we reached a settlement of little huts with a big one for the manager. The camp boss was a young Japanese, who spoke English perfectly. He had a long white scar across his face, which he told us was a souvenir from a fight with a head-hunter.

A group of savage youths had raided his camp at dead of night, eager to bring back heads to their dusky maidens.

He objected to having his head cut off and, seizing an iron pot, bounced it off the skull of the leader. Some one threw a knife at him, just grazing his face, and then the head-hunters came on the run and the head-hunters vanished into the darkness.

After the camp foreman had told us the story of his fight with the head-hunters, he invited us to visit the camphor camp.

"This is the hut where I slept on the night of the attack," he said, with a grin that showed his white teeth, "and this," he continued, pointing to a large iron kettle that stood on a crude shelf, "is the pot that I bounced off the chief's head. One never knows when it might come in handy again."

What a life! Sleeping and working in the shadow of continual danger. Certainly the camphor camps are no place for a nervous person.

We walked down a trail through trees with big, thick green leaves, and finally arrived at a small clearing, where a number of fires were burning. Over each fire was a large pan of water and a barrel. Our guide explained that the barrels were filled with chips from the camphor trees and when steam from the boiling water passed through these chips, it took the camphor with it.



He then showed us how a bamboo pipe caught the steam from the barrels and carried it into clay chambers where it was cooled and turned back into water, in the way that steam from a kettle will turn to water on a cold window pane.

Some of the camphor crystallizes on the sides of the clay chamber and some drops to the bottom as oil. After that, they take the crude camphor and heat it again until it turns to vapor and steam and condense it until it is solid.

In another part of the camp they pressed it into little cakes and packed it in lead boxes, ready to send to Japan. The guide told us that most of the world's camphor supply comes from Formosa.

About a quarter of a mile from the camp, we came to a well beaten road, with a high wire fence on the far side of it. This fence was charged with electric current to keep out the head-hunters from the hills. Near the fence, someone had dug up a quantity of fresh earth.

"This," said our guide, "has been a night. The head-hunters tunneled under for a surprise attack when a patrol caught sight of them. We nabbed one, who was not quick enough to get back. We've sent him down to the jail for a while."

Later on we had a good look at him. He was a powerfully built fellow, with a square set of face and a low forehead. His eyes were shifty, crafty, like those of a fox. He was a hard looking customer and not the sort of person you would care to have prowling around on a dark night.

(To be continued)

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

Reversal

When I was child—at least in part, For never was I wholly child—I felt a woman in my heart, Too little reconciled. Bred in the flesh, bred in the bone, Hard on my hope eternally, Around my neck, like to a stone, That terrible maturity.

But when I knew a woman's state And should have ceased to be demure, Bewildered, lost, it was my fate To feel a child, and insecure. Around my neck, like to a stone, There is reversal meaningless. Bred in the flesh, bred in the bone, This terrible ingenueness.

—Dorothy Owens Pinkney.

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