

Only Fine, Flavoury Teas
are used to produce the famous

"SALADA"

blends. Every leaf is fresh, fragrant
full of its natural deliciousness. Sold
in sealed packets only. B 107

THE CABLEMAN

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

"This!" said Montague. "I know you, and I know that if the facts were so, you wouldn't be sitting there saying them. You'd have given yourself up to the police, if they would take you! You would have called yourself a murderer, and given your friends a damned uneasy time of it proving to you that you weren't! That you are sitting here quietly, scooping the pudding out of a custard apple with a spoon is proof enough for me that you had nothing to do with it."

"You are right," said Mona. "I hadn't. I think that Carrington had himself well in hand in the talk he had with me. His mood was a mixture of sham, pathos and calm cynicism. If either or us was excited, it was I, not he. Besides, the place where I met him was ten miles from the place where his body was found. I believe that the doctor was right; it was overexertion which killed him."

"Or if it was overexcitement, someone else did the exciting—afterwards," said the circusman eagerly.

"Yes."
"Then," said Montague angrily, "what do you mean by frightening me like this? Why couldn't you have said so in the beginning, instead of hinting at horrors in this way?"

"You said that there was something that you didn't like. You couldn't tell me what it was, so I tried to tell you."

"You didn't suppose that I meant that!"

"I didn't know what you meant. I don't quite know yet."

Montague drummed the table with his fingers. Then he said:

"There's no doubt that the money was yours, is there?"

"The twenty thousand? None."
"Then I suppose it's all right; you are entitled to have it; but I don't like the way it has come to you. Can't you see what my feeling is? Whatever it was that killed him, those diamonds seem like the price of his life."

"The price has not been paid to me."

"What!" cried Montague. "Steady! How's that?"

"I do not even know that it is true that he had those diamonds at all. If he had, none of them have come into my hands. The £50 I offer you is clean money. You can take it in perfect confidence that not a penny of it comes from the man who died by the Caldeira de Morte."

"How did you get it?"

Mona smiled. "At present," she said, "I don't suppose to say. Why not? Perhaps for the same reason that I refused to tell Mr. Scarborough what my private business was on the night of Richmond Carrington's death. He suspected me."

"But I don't," cried Montague in distress.

"No, I don't think that you do. But I have my whims. When the Carrington mystery has been cleared up, ask me again, and I'll tell you. Meanwhile you'll take my cheque?"

"Not I!"
"Why not?"

"Because I don't count that you owe it to me. I've explained all that. Besides, hang it all, you know, I had another plan in my head! But," he added doubtfully, "there's no good of mentioning it now. I've had my loss. As I told you, I shall take my profit out of the advertisement I shall turn it into."

"I don't think you can do that," said Mona quietly. "I told you not to reckon that in your estimate, you know. You won't be able to do it, because I give you notice now that I shall not perform again. A month's notice or a month's wages on either side were our terms, weren't they? I will pay you the forfeit now."

Montague looked at her with twitching lips.

"You mean that?" he asked quietly.

"Yes."
He broke into a short laugh.

"Then," he said grimly, "you have ruined me after all."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Since it's settled that I'm to be ruined," said Val B. Montague gloomily, "I may as well tell you about that other plan at which I hinted just now. You'll laugh. I was thinking of a partnership. Now smile."

Mona de la Mar did not smile. She gave him a quick look, and asked:

"A partnership? You and I? On what terms?"

"Marriage, and pool the profits," said Montague simply. "Ridiculous notion wasn't it?"

"What put it into your head?"
"Dunno! Expect I've got kind of fond of you in the last two years. Say, why don't you blaze out at me?"

"Why should I?"
"Don't you feel you want to?"
"No."

Val B. Montague looked relieved. "That so?" he said. "Then I guess you don't think I've insulted you by mentioning it. I was afraid you would. When a woman's rich enough to throw cheques about—which seems to be your case, though I don't understand how it's happened—she generally thinks an offer of marriage from a man like me pretty insulting. I don't speak from experience, mind you; but I've taken notice of other cases, and it's generally so. Sure you don't want to blaze?"

"Certain," said Mona, and then she added, smiling: "I've never had an offer of marriage before; perhaps that's why."

"Oh, you'll get plenty, now that you are rich!"

"But not from Val B. Montague?"

"Well, no. Not from Val B. Montague," said the circus-man, grinning. "Thought I was that sort of skunk, did you?"

"I think," said Mona quickly, "that you are one of the best fellows I have ever known. Now tell me why you said I had ruined you."

"It's pretty plain, isn't it? My capital isn't big, and isn't distensible; it's too small to swallow a loss of four or five hundred pounds without choking, and it won't stretch to the bite. I thought I could get my own back by booming you in the West Coast towns, but you've put a stopper on that. No, luck's against me, and has been ever since we came here. There's Varney now. I expect he'll be giving me a month's notice soon; or more likely, taking a wrinkle from you, and handing me a month's pay instead. The Combination is breaking up. I've said so pretty often lately, and thought I was only telling a lie. But it's the truth."

His tone was as mournful as if he spoke of the demise of a pal. The hushed voice suggested the gloom of funerals. Mona had difficulty in repressing a smile.

"Why should Phil Varney leave you?" she asked. "Has he threatened to do so?"

"Threatened, no! I'd know how to talk to him if he did. But he's developed a sudden and suspicious interest in fruit farming. He'll stay in San Miguel, marry the Davis girl, and grow pine-apples for export to Covent Garden. You know as well as I do, that he's up at the Casa Davis every day. I had hopes that Davis would show him the door, but instead of that the old man seems to have taken a fancy to him. No, no; it's no good disguising the thing. My family's deserting me."

Mona thought for a minute. Then she said:

"I've changed my mind. If it means ruin to you, I won't be the first to push you over. I'll stick to you."

"You've given me notice," said Montague; but a gleam of hope lighted the gloom of his aspect, and straightened the droop of his mouth.

"I withdraw it. Unless you'll take my £450 to cover the losses?"

Montague shook his head. "Very well then," said Mona. "I shall stay with you till the end of the tour. But we'd better be clear. About that offer of partnership—?"

"I never made it," said Montague, quickly.

"No, but—"

"And I'm not going to make it. What do you take me for?"

"A fool in some things," said Mona laughing, "and a gentleman in all the rest. Very well, we understand each other. The offer was never made. Now let's change the subject. Mr. Scarborough passed along the street just now, and looked up at the window. He saw me, and took his hat off. I think he's coming here. I wonder what he wants."

Scarborough came into the room almost as she finished speaking, and advanced to the table in the window. Montague rose and held out his hand.

"Mr. Scarborough, sir," he said, in his usual fantastic manner—the manner which during his long discussion with Mona had never appeared—"I am very glad to see you. It's a dry day—what may I offer you as an antidote to the atmospheric aridity? Do you know if I were a superstitious man, I should think that your fate and mine were curiously linked somehow? As I am not I merely remark that life offers strange coincidences. Colare—kummel—whiskey and soda?"

Scarborough sat down beside the girl.

"Nothing, thanks," he said. "But what is the coincidence?"

"That you and I always seem to meet at a crisis in my affairs. The first occasion was, you remember, when I was making up my mind whether the clown or the ringmaster would have to go; the second, when the Sea-Horse was missing from the harbor yonder, and I didn't know where she was; the third—" he paused.

"Ah, well, the third crisis has been safely bridged. You won't drink? I'm in the mood for standing champagne just now."

"No, thanks," said Scarborough again. "Too early, you know. I came up here in the search for information."

"Anything that I can tell you—" Montague began.

"Miss Ryan possesses the knowledge that I want," said Scarborough.

Val B. Montague rose took his hat from a peg.

"I understand you, sir," he said, "I am the unnecessary unit of our trio. I will go. But if you will allow me to give you a hint—you will?—then it's this: if you hope to obtain information of any sort from the lady before you, don't try to bully her into giving it! As we used to say at the Boston academy where, as I have just now told Miss De la Mar, I learned my manners as an extra—experta crede! I have the honor to wish you a pro-

perous issue to your attempt, and a, and a very good afternoon."

With a bow to Mona, he left them, and went out of the room humming an air. Val B. Montague had passed through his crisis, and was his own man again.

Mona de la Mar turned to Scarborough with a smile.

"Well?" she asked.

"I want you to tell me what sort of person Mrs. Carrington is."

She gave him a steady look, and answered.

"Telling me your reason for wanting to know. Please understand that Montague is right, I give no information on compulsion."

"I don't know whether my reason is one that will appeal to you. I am working for love—to help the girl I love," said Scarborough simply. "Is the reason good?"

"To a woman, the one excellent reason!" said Mona, smiling. "And I think you are clever enough to know that, or you would not have begun like this. How will it help your love to know about Mrs. Carrington?"

"Anything that leads to a solution of the mystery that surrounds Richmond Carrington's death will help me," said Scarborough. "Or, at any rate, I think it will."

"Then, why don't you ask the daughter herself?"

"It would be no use."

(To be Continued.)

POULTRY RAISER'S CHANCE.

Present Market Outlook Warrants Greatly Increased Production During 1916.

From present indications Great Britain will require all the eggs and poultry Canada can produce during 1916. Last year, as a result of greatly increased production, Canada was able to ship to Great Britain the largest quantity of eggs exported since 1902, and at the same time reduced her imports for home consumption by nearly a million dozen.

Canadian eggs have found favor on the British market, and the prospects are that, providing they are available, much larger quantities will be shipped this year. The unusually high prices prevailing at the present time are largely due to this anticipated export demand.

Prices for poultry are also high, and will likely continue so for the rest of the season. Last fall and winter all the surplus Canadian poultry was exported at highly profitable prices. Between fifty and sixty cars of live poultry were shipped from Western Ontario to the Eastern States alone, and in the Maritime Provinces, particularly in Prince Edward Island, the export demand for canned poultry has greatly enhanced prices to producers.

Although some uneasiness has existed on the part of the trade as regards transportation facilities in view of the high freight rates and the shortage of boats, it is now reasonably certain that an even greater demand for Canadian poultry and eggs will occur this year. It is important, therefore, that every poultry producer takes steps to profit thereby, by hatching as many chickens as possible this spring.

Now is the time, by hatching early, by hatching everything possible in the month of May, to guard against the marketing of so much small, undersized, poorly finished poultry, which annually becomes a drug on the market in the fall of the year. Again it is only by hatching now, and giving the chickens every possible chance to thrive and grow, that a maximum of eggs can be obtained in the winter time.

Given their proportionate amount of attention, the growing of poultry brings quick and profitable returns to the farmer. With the increasing cost of meats, milk, butter, etc., there is a constantly increasing demand for poultry and eggs. The labor problem is not critical, as the boys and girls on the farm can readily take care of



The Secret of Flaky Pie Crust

It's in our Recipe Book—with a lot of other recipes for making good pies. But—we're going to tell you right here how *always* to have the top crust fine and flaky—see how to give the under crust just right, even when using fresh fruit. Just use part

BENSON'S CORN STARCH

Instead of all wheat flour. Try it, and prove it. Get a package of BENSON'S at your grocer's, and write to our Montreal Office for copy of our new recipe book, "Desserts and Candies" that tells how.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, 218 FORT WILLIAM.

the poultry. The cost of feed is nominal, prices for poultry and eggs are high, the highest, in fact, for many years. It is obvious, therefore, that Canadians have a patriotic, as well as an economic duty to perform in making the year 1916 the banner year for poultry production in Canada.

FROM A HOSPITAL COT.

By Carl Hawes Butman.

At first they said I was dyin',
But I prayed to my God not to go,
There's the folks bock 'ome and Jimmie;
I've been missin' 'em lately, you know.
I fought best I could in the trenches,
Do you think that I wants to be 'ere?
But wot could I do? I was shot through and through.
An' they ordered me back to the rear.

We'd 'ad an 'ard fight with the Deutschers;
I must 'ave plugged forty or more,
Orders came to advance on the beggars—
I must 'ave got 'it in the fore.
But I never knowed that until later,
When I woke in a 'ospital cot,
With a nurse fussin' round, 'andy some'ow;
I was clean, but the fever burned 'ot.

To-day I'm more fit an' quite 'opeful,
That last charge—it ain't 'arf been told;
We'd been waitin' and waitin', most tiresome,
With weather first 'ot and then cold.
When it rained you were wet to your middle,
You couldn't keep dry an' stay whole;
Everyone was clear out of tobacco,
And the stench from the field 'urt your soul.

Well, the charge come at last, on a Sunday,
We was up an' away at the sign,
'Twas me and Jimmie, me Bunkie,
Were a-leadin' that khaki-clad line.
There was bullets and shrapnel a-plenty—
Small wonder we didn't all die,
But we fired from prone on our bellies
At nothin' mostly, an' 'igh.
—From The Canadian Magazine for May.

A Great Loss.

"So your car was stolen?"
"Yes."
"I wouldn't worry; perhaps it will be recovered."
"I'm not worrying about the car; that was insured. But I had six gallons of gasoline in the tank and I can't afford to stand that loss."

GOOD DIGESTION
When your digestion is faulty, weakness and pain are certain and disease is invited.

FOR 40 YEARS THE STANDARD REMEDY

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

FOR STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLE


At all Druggists, or direct on receipt of price, 50c. and \$1.00. The large bottle contains three times as much as the smaller. A. J. WHITE & CO. LIMITED, Craig Street West Montreal.

TRAINING DISTEMPER

Ever heard of this? Yes of course you did, but under a different name. You have seen it in cases where the horse was "over-trained," worked a little too fast and regular. The nervous system gets the shock after the voluntary muscular system has been taxed too heavily. The trouble starts in the mucous surface, and the digestive apparatus, too, must then be impaired. He begins to cough when the glands are materially affected.

"SPOHN'S"

Is your true salvation. It restores the appetite and normal functions of the whole system. The action in such cases is remarkably rapid and sure for recovery when you use this remedy according to instructions with each bottle. By the bottle, or dozen. Sold by all good druggists, horse goods houses, or express prepaid by manufacturers—**SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind.**



2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

Contain no acid and thus keep the leather soft, protecting it against cracking. They combine liquid and paste in a paste form and require only half the effort for a brilliant lasting shine. Easy to use for all the family—children and adults. Shine your shoes at home and keep them neat.

F. F. DALLEY CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
HAMILTON - CANADA

BLACK-WHITE-TAN 10¢ KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT