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The Origin of Common Expressions.

Cookery is responsible for many phrases we all use, such as "I settled his hash," "That cooked his goose," "He got into an awful stew," "I gave him a pretty roasting," and "He was done brown."

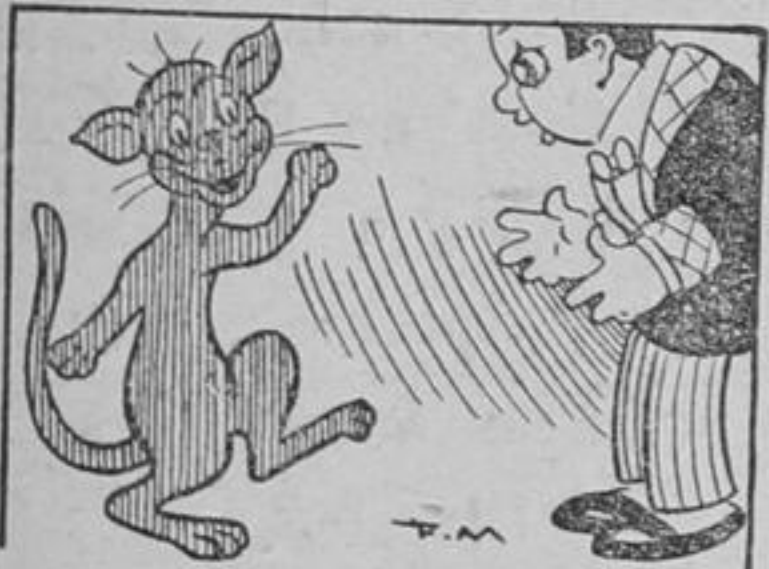
It is said that when Eric, King of Sweden, attacked a town with a mere handful of soldiers, the citizens in derision hung out a goose for them to shoot at. But finding that the affair was no joke they sent heralds to ask Eric what he really wanted. The King replied facetiously: "What I want is to cook your goose."

The question: "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" comes from an old play called "Speed the Plough." Farmer Ashfield gets so disgusted with his wife's constant references to Mrs. Grundy, a neighbor, that he breaks out: "Be quiet, wool ye?" Allus ding-ding Dame Grundy into my ears! What'll Mrs. Grundy say? What'll Mrs. Grundy think?

The farmer's words have passed into common speech, and the mythical Mrs. Grundy has become the censor of morals and the impersonation of prudishness.

The saying, "Like Dame Partington and her mop," is not heard very often nowadays. In November, 1824, a heavy gale drove a high tide into the seaside cottage of a Mrs. Partington, who lived at Sidmouth. When she saw the sea coming in she fetched her mop and labored vainly to mop it up!

How the famous wit, Sydney Smith, got hold of the story is not known, but he used it with tremendous effect. Speaking at a meeting against the rejection of the first Reform Bill of 1831, he compared the Lords, who had thrown out the people's Bill, to Dame Partington with her mop trying to push back the Atlantic Ocean.



Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat.

"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
Where have you been?"
"Down—hic!—in the cellar—
I've lived—hic!—like a queen!"
"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
What did you do there?"
"Well, I wa'n't eating mice,
And the question—hic!—ain't fair!"

Many Happy Returns.

At the close of a wedding breakfast a guest noted for his blunders rose to his feet, causing keen anxiety to all who knew him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I drink to the health of the bridegroom! May he see many days like this!"

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THE FLAVOR LASTS

ISSUE No. 39—23.

Tangled Trails

—BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

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CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

The first witnesses developed the movements of Cunningham during the evening of the twenty-third. He had dined at the City Club, and had left there after dinner to go to his apartment. To a club member dining with him he had mentioned an appointment at his rooms with a lady.

A rustling wave of excitement swept the benches. Those who had come to seek sensations had found their first thrill. Kirby drew in his breath sharply. He leaned forward, not to miss a word.

"Did he mention the name of the lady, Mr. Blanton?" asked the coroner, washing the backs of his hands with the palms.

"No."

"Or his business with her?"

"No. But he seemed to be annoyed."

Mr. Blanton also seemed to be annoyed. He had considered not mentioning this appointment, but his conscience would not let him hide it. None the less he resented the need of giving the public mores scandal about a fellow club member who was dead. He added an explanation. "My feeling was that it was some business matter being forced on him. He had been at Colorado Springs during the day and probably had been unable to see the lady earlier."

"Did he say so?"

"No, not exactly."

"What did he say to give you that impression?"

"I don't recall his words."

"Or the substance of them?"

"No. I had the impression, very strongly."

The coroner reproved him tartly.

"Please confine your testimony to facts and not to impressions, Mr. Blanton. Do you know at what time Mr. Cunningham left the City Club?"

"At 8.45."

"Precisely?"

"Precisely."

"That will do."

Exit Mr. Blanton from the chair and from the room, very promptly and very eagerly.

He was followed by a teller at the Rocky Mountain National Bank. He testified to only two facts—that he knew Cunningham and that the promoter had drawn two thousand dollars in bills on the day of his death.

A tenant at the Paradox Apartments was next called to the stand. The assistant district attorney examined him. He brought out only one fact of importance—that he had seen Cunningham enter the building a few minutes before nine o'clock.

The medical witnesses were introduced next. The police surgeon had reached the apartment at 10.30. The deceased had come to his death, in his judgment, from the effect of a bullet out of a .38 calibre revolver fired into his brain. He had been struck a blow on the head by some heavy instrument, but this in itself would probably not have proved fatal.

"How long do you think he had been dead when you first saw him?"

"Less than an hour." Answering questions, the police surgeon gave the technical medical reasons upon which he based his opinion. He described the wound.

The coroner washed the backs of his hands with his palms. Observing reporters noticed that he did this whenever he intended taking the examination into his own hands.

"Did anything peculiar about the wound impress you?" he asked.

"Yes. The forehead of the deceased was powder-marked."

"Showing that the weapon had been fired close to him?"

"Yes."

"Anything else?"

"One thing. The bullet slanted into the head toward the right."

"Where was the chair in which the deceased was seated? I mean in what part of the room?"

"Pushed close to the left-hand wall and parallel to it."

"Very close?"

"Touching it."

"Under the circumstances could the revolver have been fired so that the bullet could have taken the course it did if held in the right hand?"

"Hardly. Not unless it was held with extreme awkwardness."

"In your judgment, then, the revolver was fired by a left-handed person?"

"That is my opinion."

The coroner swelled like a turkey cock as he waved the attorney to take charge again.

Lane's heart drummed fast. He did not look across the room toward the girl in the blue tailored suit. But he saw her, just as clearly as though his eyes had been fastened on her. The detail that stood out in his imagination was the right arm set in splints and resting in a linen sling suspended from the neck.

Temporarily Rose McLean was left-handed.

"Was it possible that the deceased could have shot himself?"

"Do you mean, is it possible that somebody could have tied him to the chair after he was dead?"

"Yes."

The surgeon, taken by surprise, hesitated. "That's possible, certainly."

James Cunningham took the witness chair after the police officers who had

arrived at the scene of the tragedy with the surgeon had finished their testimony. One point brought out by the officers was that in the search of the rooms the two thousand dollars was not found. The oil broker gave information as to his uncle's affairs.

"You knew your uncle well?" the lawyer asked presently.

"Intimately."

"And were on good terms with him?"

"The best."

"Had he ever suggested to you that he might commit suicide?"

"Never," answered the oil broker with emphasis. "He was the last man in the world one would have associated with such a thought."

"Did he own a revolver?"

"No, not to my knowledge. He had an automatic."

"What calibre was it?"

"I'm not quite sure—about a .38, I think."

"When did you see it last?"

"I don't recollect."

The prosecuting attorney glanced at his notes.

"You are his next of kin?"

"My brother and I are his nephews. He had no nearer relatives."

"You are his only nephews—his only near relatives?"

Cunningham hesitated, for just the blinking of an eye. He did not want to bring Kirby into his testimony if he could help it. That might ultimately lead to his arrest.

"He had one other nephew."

"Living in Denver?"

"No."

"Where?"

"Somewhere in Wyoming, I think. We do not correspond."

"Do you know if he is there now?"

The witness dodged. "He lives there, I think."

"Do you happen to know where he is at the present moment?"

"Yes." The monosyllable fell reluctantly.

"Where?"

"In Denver."

"Not in this court-room?"

"Yes."

"What is the gentleman's name, Mr. Cunningham?"

"Kirby Lane."

"Will you point his out?"

James did so.

The lawyer faced the crowded benches. "I'll ask Mr. Lane to step forward and take a seat near the front. I may want to ask him a few questions later."

Kirby rose and came forward.

"To your knowledge, Mr. Cunningham, had your uncle any enemies?"

asked the attorney, continuing his examination.

"He was a man of positive opinions. Necessarily there were people who did not like him."

"Active enemies?"

"In a business sense, yes."

"But not in a personal sense?"

"I do not know of any. He may have had them. In going through his desk at the office I found a letter. Here it is."

The fat little coroner stood forward, took the letter, and read it. He handed it to one of the jury. It was read and passed around. The letter was the one the promoter had received from the Dry Valley rancher threatening his life if he ever appeared again in that part of the country.

"I notice that the letter is post-marked Denver," Cunningham suggested. "Whoever mailed it must have been in the city at the time."

"That's very important," the prosecuting attorney said. "Have you communicated the information to the police?"

"Yes."

"You do not know who wrote the letter?"

"I do not."

The coroner put the tips of his fingers and thumbs together and balanced on the balls of his feet. "Do you happen to know the name of the lady with whom your uncle had an appointment on the night of his death at his rooms?"

"No," answered the witness curtly.

"When was the last time you saw the deceased alive?"

"About three o'clock on the day before that of his death."

"Anything occur at that time throwing any light on what subsequently occurred?"

"Nothing whatever."



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Lb69

"Very good, Mr. Cunningham. You may be excused, if Mr. Johns is through with you, unless some member of the jury has a question he would like to ask."

One of the jury had. He was a dried-out wisp of a man wrinkled like a winter pipkin. "Was your uncle engaged to be married at the time of his death?" he piped.

There was a mild sensation in the room. Curious eyes swept toward the graceful, slender form of a veiled woman sitting at the extreme left of the room.

Cunningham flushed. The question seemed to him a gratuitous probe into the private affairs of the family. "I do not care to discuss that," he answered quietly.

"The witness may refuse to answer questions if he wishes," the coroner ruled.

Jack Cunningham was called to the stand. James had made an excellent witness. He was quiet, dignified, and yet forceful. Jack, on the other hand, was nervous and irritable. The first new point he developed was that on his last visit to the rooms of his uncle he had seen him throw downstairs a fat man with whom he had been scuffling. Shown Hull, he identified him as the man.

(To be continued.)

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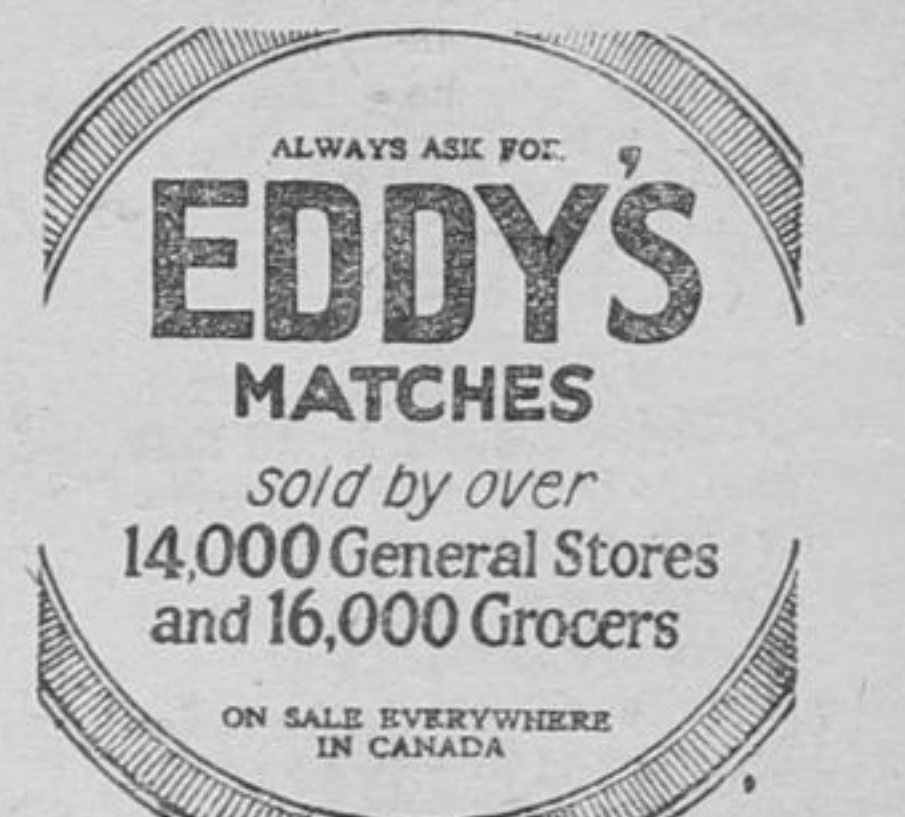
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"And so you work in the composing room? Isn't that fine?"
"I've been here ten years."
"Won't you sing something you've composed?"

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