

# Until You Try "SALADA"

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## Tangled Trails

—BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINES

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CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)  
"Yes, but—" Sanborn stopped, frowning, while he worked out what he had to say. "Horikawa wasn't killed right after yore uncle. Where was he while the police were huntin' for him everywhere? If he knew somethin' why didn't he come to bat with it? What was he waitin' for? An' if the folks that finally bumper him off knew he didn't aim to tell what he knew, whyfor did they figure they had to get rid of him?"  
"I can't answer your questions right off the reel, Cole. Mebbe I could guess at one or two answers, but they likely wouldn't be right. F'r instance, I could guess that he was here in this room from the time my uncle was killed till he met his own death."  
"In this room?"  
"In these apartments. Never left 'em, most likely. What's more, some one knew he was here an' kept him supplied with the daily papers."  
"Who?"  
"If I could tell you that I could tell you who killed him," answered Kirby with a grim, mirthless smile.  
"How do you know all that?"  
Lane told him of the mute testimony of the newspapers in the living-room. "Some one brought those papers to him every day," he added.  
"And then killed him. Does that look reasonable to you?"  
"We don't know the circumstances. Say, to make a long shot, that the Jap had been hired to kill my uncle by this other man, and say he was beginnin' to get ugly an' make threats. Or say Horikawa knew about the killin' of my uncle an' was hired by the other man to keep away. Then he learns from the papers that he's suspected, an' he gets anxious to go to the police with what he knows. Wouldn't there be reason enough then to kill him? The other man would have to do it to save himself."  
"I reckon," Cole harked back to a preceding suggestion. "The revenge theory won't hold water. If some friend of yore uncle knew the Jap had killed him he'd sick the law on him. He wouldn't pull off any private execution like this."  
Kirby accepted this. "That's true. There's another possibility. We've been forgettin' the two thousand dollars my uncle drew from the bank the day he was killed. If Horikawa an' some one else are guilty of the murder an' the theft, they might have quarreled later over the money. Perhaps the accomplice saw a chance to get away with the whole of it by gettin' rid of Horikawa."  
"Mebbeso. By what you tell me yore uncle was a big, two-fisted scrapper. It was a two-man job to handle him. This li'l' Jap never in the world did it alone. What it gets back to is that he was prob'ly in on it an' later for some reason his pardner gunned him."  
"Well, we'd better telephone for the police an' let them do some of the worryin'."  
Kirby stepped into the living-room, followed by his friend. He was about to reach for the receiver when an exclamation stopped him. Sanborn was standing before a small writing-desk, of which he had just let down the top. He had lifted idly a piece of blotting-paper and was gazing down at a sheet of paper with writing on it.  
"Looky here, Kirby," he called.  
In three strides Lane was beside him. His eyes, too, fastened on the sheet and found there the pot-hooks we have learned to associate with Chinese and Japanese chirography.  
"Shows he'd been makin' himself at home," the champion rough rider said. Lane picked up the paper. There were two or three sheets of the writing. "Might be a letter to his folks—or it might be—" His sentence flickered out. He was thinking. "I reckon I'll take this along with me an' have it translated, Cole."  
He put the sheets in his pocket after he had folded them. "You never can tell. I might as well know what this Horikawa was thinkin' about first off as the police. There's just an off chance he might 'a' seen Rose that night an' tells about it here."  
A moment later he was telephoning to the City Hall for the police.  
There was a sound of a key in the outer door. It opened, and the janitor of the Paradox stood in the doorway. "What you do here?" asked the little Japanese quickly.  
"We came in through the window," explained Kirby. "Thought mebbe the

man that killed my uncle slipped in here."  
"I hear you talk. I come in. You no business here."  
"True enough, Shibo. But we're not burglars an' we're here. Lucky we are too. We've found somethin'."  
"Mr. Jennings he in Chicago. He no like you here."  
"I want to show you somethin', Shibo. Come."  
Kirby led the way into the bedroom. Shibo looked at his countryman without a muscle of his impassive face twitching.  
"Some one killum plenty dead," he said evenly.  
"Quite plenty," Kirby agreed, watching his imperturbable Oriental face.  
The cattleman admitted to himself that what he did not know about Japanese habits of mind would fill a great many books.

### CHAPTER XXI.

JAMES LOSES HIS TEMPER.

Cole grinned whimsically at his friend.  
"Do we light out now or wait for the cops?" he asked.  
"We wait. They'd probably find out, anyhow, that we'd been here."  
Five minutes later a patrol wagon clanged up to the Paradox. A sergeant of police and two plainclothes men took the elevator. The sergeant, heading the party, stopped in the doorway of the apartment and let a hard, hostile eye travel up and down Lane's six feet.  
"Oh, it's you," he said suspiciously. Kirby smiled. "That's right, officer. We've met before, haven't we?"  
They had. The sergeant was the man who had arrested him at the coroner's inquest. It had annoyed him that the authorities had later released the prisoner on bond.  
"Have you touched the body or moved anything since you came?" the sergeant demanded.  
"No, sir, to both questions, except the telephone when I used it to reach headquarters."  
The officer made no answer. He and the detectives went into the bedroom, examined the dead valet's position and clothes, made a tour of the rooms, and came back to Lane.  
"Who's your friend?" asked the sergeant superciliously.  
"His name is Cole Sanborn."  
"The champion bronco buster?"  
"Yes."  
The sergeant looked at Sanborn with increased respect. His eyes went back to Kirby sullenly.  
"What you doing here?"  
"We were in my uncle's apartment lookin' things over. We stepped out on the fire escape an' happened to notice this window here was open a little. It just came over me that mebbe we might discover some evidence here. So I got in by the window, saw the body of the Jap, an' called my friend."  
"Some one hire you to hunt up evidence?" the officer wanted to know with heavy sarcasm.  
"I hired myself. My good name is involved. I'm goin' to see the murderer is brought to justice."  
"You are, eh?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, I'll say you could find him if anybody could."  
"You're entitled to your opinion, sergeant, just as I am to mine, but before we're through with this case you'll have to admit you've been wrong." Lane turned to his friend. "We'll go now, Cole, if you're ready."  
The sergeant glared at this cool customer who refused to be appalled at

the position in which he stood. He had half a mind to arrest the man again on the spot, but he was not sure enough of his ground. Not very long since he had missed a promotion by being overzealous. He did not want to make the same mistake twice.  
The Wyoming men walked across to Seventeenth Street and down it to the Equitable Building. James Cunningham was in his office.  
He looked up as they entered, a cold smile on his lips.  
"Ah, my energetic cousin," he said, with his habitual touch of irony. "What's in the wind now?"  
Kirby told him. Instantly James became grave. His irony vanished. In his face was a flicker almost of consternation at this follow-up murder. He might have been asking himself how much more trouble was coming.  
"We'll get the writing translated. You have it with you?" he said.  
His eyes ran over the pages Lane handed him. "I know a Jap we can get to read it for us, a reliable man, one who won't talk if we ask him not to."  
The broker's desk buzzer rang. He talked for a moment over the telephone, then hung up again.  
"Sorry," Cunningham said, "I'm going to be busy for an hour or two. Going to lunch with Miss Phyllis Harriman. She was Uncle James's fiancée, perhaps you know. There are some affairs of the estate to be arranged. I wonder if you could come back later this afternoon. Say about four o'clock. We'll take up then the business of the translation. I'll get in touch with a Japanese in the meantime."  
"Suits me. Shall I leave the writing here?"  
"Yes, if you will. Doesn't matter, of course, but since we have it I'll put it in the safe."  
(To be continued.)

### Razors and Royalty.

It is rather odd that at a time when beards are so much out of fashion his Majesty King George should wear one. In this respect he follows the example of Edward the Peacemaker, his father, who was the first of our sovereigns to wear a beard for nearly 300 years.  
We must travel back in history as far as Charles I. before coming to another bearded king. He was the last king, until what we call modern times, to wear a beard and "his own hair." Indeed, when George III. was on the throne no beard had been seen in England within living memory.  
Like our present king, Charles the First seems to have copied his father. James I's beard, too, had been, in a way, rather a novelty, because his three immediate predecessors had been a boy and two women.  
By the way, the predecessor and father of these three, Henry VIII., the much-discussed and much-married Tudor monarch, broke the record of a fairly long line of beardless kings by himself cultivating a beard, for none of his predecessors, from Henry V. to Henry VII., wore a beard.  
All the Saxon kings favored beards, but William the Norman only wore a moustache, as did his sons and several of their successors on the throne. But Richard the Lion Heart made beards fashionable again, for his brother John, Henry III., and the first three Edwards were all razorshy. Indeed, from 1066 to 1413 no clean-shaven king sat on the throne of England.  
To sum up, since the Norman Conquest, there have been thirteen beard-wearing kings, fourteen clean-shaven kings, and six who shaved the chin but not the upper lip.

Adding a New Customer.  
Visitor—"But, my dear, how have you succeeded in earning so much money?"  
Little Bess—"Oh, bein' paid for kisses an' takin' castor oil."  
Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.  
Doctor's Orders.  
"Have you any dog biscuits?" said Mrs. Jameson to the grocer.  
"Dog biscuits?" asked the grocer. "Yes, but what do you want them for? You don't keep a dog, do you?"  
"I know we don't," replied Mrs. Jameson, "but the doctor has ordered my husband to eat animal food."

A Long Job.  
The tickets for a certain Sunday-school annual tea had been distributed to the scholars, and the superintendent was surprised when a small boy inquired how it was he had not got one.  
The superintendent looked at the boy and said: "You don't attend the school!"  
"Oh, but I do," replied the boy.  
"When was the last time you came?" asked the superintendent.  
"Last treat day, sir," replied the boy.  
"Where have you been since?"  
"Please, sir, I—I—I've had a bad cold."

Some Strength.  
"You say she's a remarkably strong woman?"  
"She is indeed—strong enough to hold her tongue."

Haunted House.  
Here was a place where none would ever come  
For shelter, save as we did from the rain.  
We saw no ghost, yet, once outside again,  
Each wondered why the other should be dumb;  
For we had fronted nothing worse than gloom  
And ruin, and to our vision it was plain  
Where thrift, outshivering fear, had let remain  
Some chairs that were like skeletons of home.  
There were no trackless footsteps on the floor  
Above us, and there were no sounds elsewhere.  
But there was more than sound and there was more  
Than just an ax that once was in the air  
Between us and the chimney, long before  
Our time. So townsmen said who found her there.  
—Edwin Arlington Robinson.



A SIMPLE AND ALTOGETHER PLEASING FROCK.  
4527. Light gray chambray with bandings in blue would be good for this little model, or, brown linen with red embroidery. There is a choice of two sleeves with this style, a becoming "baby" puff sleeve, or one in flare effect.  
The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 4-year size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.  
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.  
Certainly Absent-minded.  
It was knocking-off time in an Irish shipyard, and one of the men shouted: "Any av you fellows ceen me waistcoat?"  
Pat looked around. "Why, shure, Murphy," he exclaimed, "ut's got it on you have."  
"Begorra, Pat," said Murphy, solemnly, "an' so Oi have. An ut's a good job you was noticin' the fact, otherwise Oi'd have gone home without it."

At the Summer Hotel.  
"The day is breaking."  
"A day here would break most anybody."  
Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.  
A Study in Fitness.  
Light, I love thee  
When Day is here;  
And, Twilight, thou  
When Love is near.  
Come softly Twilight,  
I hear Love's coming;  
Get thee gone, Day,  
With your whirring wings and your humming.  
—R. K. Dekky.

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