

The quality of Salada is the only premium offered

# "SALADA"

## TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'



START HERE TODAY

Peter DeWolfe has been warned to stay away from Brena Selcoss or he will "vanish like the others." He meets her in London and she tells him her story: When but a very young girl her father died, leaving her an orphan. She went to St. Louis to marry Dick Hennepin, but he failed to put in an appearance, and has not been heard of since. Then she returned to her former boarding house in Dallas, Texas, and Hennepin's boss, Compton Parmalee, marries her. Parmalee is very eccentric and has a fear that he is always being followed. He, too, vanishes. Peter DeWolfe determines to get at the mystery. He sails for America and visits the Parmalee house on the Hudson where he finds evidences in an old book of Aztec lore which leads him to make a trip to an ancient Aztec "lost" city. Brena has followed him from England and insists on accompanying him on the journey.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

At last they came to the crumbling walls and the gaping mouth of the ancient gateway. The sun was still sending down its heat in throbbing layers over the desert. It slanted down from the West following the angle of declivity of the wall of rock behind the ruin that mounted up in ragged overhanging crags of red and brown.

Upon the base of this rock, rudely smoothed and carved, was the symbol of the feathered serpent.

Brena clutched Peter's forearm. "It did have a meaning then!" she exclaimed.

"A terrible meaning, Brena," said Peter.

Amidst the gigantic proportions of desert, sky and cliff, this figure of the Mayan god—a symbol brought from the lands of the Central Americas by a craven tribe fleeing from its enemies—had looked down with its heathen eyes upon the growth of a city around an oasis, around a flowing giant spring.

It had seen perhaps in the coming and going of generations within that fortified pueblo, strange rites, barbaric human sacrifice, the march of a little pomp and power, moving funerals, the dance of naked priests with painted yellow bodies, the endless stream of laborers bending under their loads of water carried from the well to irrigation ditches, the harvest, the miracles of water.

But perhaps it had seen too the day when a subterranean shift had driven the underground water course away, and in a night drained out the life-maintaining supply of five thousand panic-stricken praying men and women and their lamenting priests.

Perhaps, if tradition were right, it knew where the treasures of that city had been hid away.

"You are not going into it alone?" said Brena. "I will go with you!"



Keep awake with **WRIGLEY'S**

Drowsiness is dangerous.

Weary miles seem shorter and the day is brightened when you have Wrigley's with you.

Its sugar peeps you up. Its delicious flavor adds to any enjoyment.

A five cent package is safety insurance



Aids digestion, too!

ISSUE No. 17—'30

"It isn't right, Brena! I do not know what we shall find."

He looked at the opening in the high wall as if it were the maw of Destiny opened to belch forth upon them a sentence.

"Tell me, Peter—are there dangers there? Do you know?"

"I only guess," he answered. "I think there are none. I think, Brena, that beyond that wall there is freedom for us—life for us—a message for us."

"I must go with you."

He nodded.

At the entrance he stopped, gazing down at the ground—the film, the blanket of fine dust. He uttered an exclamation.

"What do you see, Peter?"

"I see a record in the sand."

"What record?"

"We shall see more," he said grimly. "Come."

In the centre of the enclosure, there was one monument of permanence; it was the great well-curb of mighty slabs hewn from the rock of the cliffs.

Towards this memorial of tragedy, of death, of decay, of the insignificance of time, of the inconsequence of an age of man, Brena and Peter, like two creatures of a moment of life, walked with solemn, awed faces.

"What?" said Peter suddenly. "Have you your nerve? Look!"

He pointed to a pile of charred bones lying close to the well. Among them was a piece of human skull blackened as if by fire.

"Wait," Peter commanded.

He went forward, bent over the grisly pile, kicked the sand that surrounded it, and, stooping down, gathered a number of objects into the cup of his hand.

"This was no prehistoric man," he said solemnly. "See! The eyelets and the nails of shoes. The owner long ago vanished. Here are two mother of pearl buttons, a pocket knife, coins. This man lost his life, many years ago."

Brena tried to speak, wetting her lips with the tip of her tongue.

"There are things of gold, too," said Peter. "Keep your nerve, dear. Look at this!"

He held out in his trembling fingers a signet ring with an H deeply engraved upon it.

"That!" exclaimed Brena with horror. "It was his!—Jim Hennepin's. This is—he?"

"Yes."

Brena moved toward the pile of bones half consumed by fire; then she stopped and looked away.

"He was killed," she said. "He was shot or 'tabbed.'"

"No," replied Peter grimly. "It was worse than that—more ghastly. He was killed. But it was not by a human hand."

"Brena, I want you to stand here by this old well without walking away from it a moment," said Peter, taking her by the shoulders and looking squarely into her dark eyes. "I'm going to leave you alone a minute. It's not pleasant. I want you to do it just the same."

"Where are you going?"

"Outside the wall again. I've seen something there that you did not see."

Brena shivered.

"Don't be afraid, dear," he said. "We have had—both of us—the lesson of futile fear. Once we told each other that fear was a crime—a terrible waste. We are on the verge of learning how terrible a waste it can be."

She put her hands in his; with a smile she said, "You see, Peter, I am in the dark, dear. But just the same I'll do as you tell me."

He disappeared outside the old wall, and as he vanished, so vanished all that attached her to the living world.

There was no sound, no motion within the range of the senses; the place of death was still. Not even a

horned toad, like a piece of dried and shrivelled cactus skin, drew trail upon the dust. Brena felt as if she too had become incapable of movement and of sound; she had a sense of being transformed into stone—an adamant statue of a woman, carved from rock, waiting beside the waterless well under the beating sun, the cloudless infinity of sky, the cliff, until the crack of doom.

From the table lands above a lonely buzzard came swooping down on wide, black wings, dipping and turning, with one eye cocked down, as if sometime before he had picked bones in this enclosure and had returned to the scene of gruesome feasts.

Black, ill-omened, carrion creature that he was, Brena felt glad that he had come—a thing of life and motion—into this place of vast dimensions filled by the silences and rigidity of death.

She watched the magnificent grace and power of his flight until Peter's voice broke the silence again, and flapping toward the west, the bird began to circle up whence he had come.

"Brena," said Peter, who came to her with an expression drawn as if with some stress within.

"Yes?"

"Sit down with me here where these blocks cast a shadow, dear. I will show you what I have found—a thing like the writing of a giant finger of justice—here in the desert. But first I want to tell you a tale, Brena—revolting and terrible."

"Tell me," she said, sitting with her elbows on her knees.

"It is of surprising brevity, Brena," he asserted. "Its simplicity is the thing that makes ridiculous the many things I expected, all the nightmares of the unknown. I stumbled on to the trail. I used my head. That's all."

He stopped to think.

"And yet the simplicity is hideous!" he said.

Brena glanced toward all that remained of Jim Hennepin of Virginia—the blackened, fleshless relics of his existence.

"He deserved it, perhaps," said Peter pointing. "He tried to cash in his knowledge."

"You told me last night of the superstition of buried treasure here," she said. "You mean that?"

"No, not exactly," said Peter. "I picked up the trail in the house where Parmalee took you. Two old books; and maps of this country and of this place were missing from both. One Parmalee took when he went away. The other? Well, I began to wonder about the other."

"You thought it must have been used—before?"

"Yes. It had been used and probably destroyed. It was used by one man to lure another to his death!"

Brena leaned forward.

"I began to be sure, Brena, when I found that expert knowledge pronounced that the writing on a cheque made out by the one man who led the other to his death here was written by the same hand that, with an attempt to disguise, had written the words, 'This Sign,' on the scrap of paper Jim Hennepin left with you and that you gave me. I'd better tell you that when I first took that cheque it was because your indorsement was on it. I wasn't sure, Brena—of anybody."

"I understand," she said. "I understand. And the scrap of paper was a part of the bait?"

Peter raised his hand as if to say that he wished to go on in his own way.

"It was chance, too, that led me to the motive for ridding the world of Hennepin. That miserable man had become a menace. He knew too much! He knew of a long series of embezzlements from a certain estate in Texas. A capitalist had bought vast quantities of something—on speculation—and his agent after his death deceived the executors as to the extent of his holdings. I have had a clue from an old account book sifted to the bottom."

"And Jim Hennepin knew?"

"Knew and began a merciless blackmail, threatening ruin. I can see him now, insatiable, hungry, losing in speculations, asking for more, hounding a man who was balancing between success and failure and always hinting at bankruptcy and the penitentiary."

Peter went on. He told of the probability that Compton Parmalee, the hounded man, a physical coward, but resourceful and ingenious, had come upon an old volume describing this lost city of the desert. There were traditions of vast wealth hidden there. Parmalee had pretended to the possession of knowledge confirming it. He had shown old letter, the scrap of paper with the Kuk-ul-can symbol. He wanted to take the blackmailer to a place from which he would never come back.

"To kill him?" asked Brena.

"No," replied Peter. "He hadn't the courage. He feared that. He feared the work. He feared the result. He had a better way!"

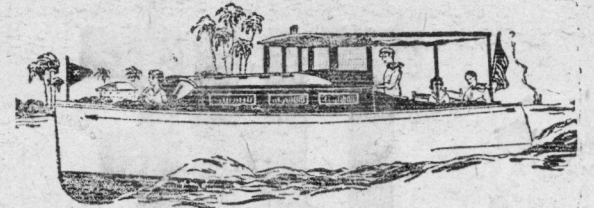
(To be continued.)

An advertiser wants a typist for billing. Plenty can do the cooking.

Use Minard's in the Stable.

The Cruisabouts Are Unequalled Boat Value!

JUST IMAGINE—a floating summer home 23' long, 8' 10" wide and 2' 4" draft fully equipped with berths for five and deck space for more than twelve at the unusually low price of \$3,555 at the factory.



**Richardson**  
1930 Cruisabouts

Sales and Service by  
**T. B. F. BENSON, N.A.**

371 Bay Street Toronto, Ont.

DIFFICULTIES

The business of youth is to conquer difficulties; the business of age is to avoid them.

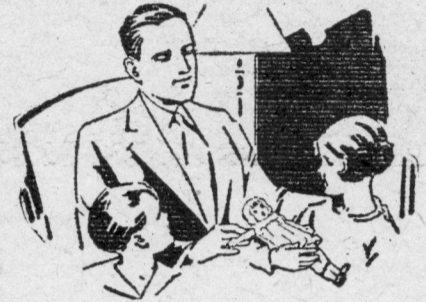
TEMPER

A stubborn mind conduces as little to wisdom, or even to knowledge, as a stubborn temper to happiness.—Southey.

Hero worship is strongest where there is least regard for human freedom.—Herbert Spencer.

Minard's—50 Year Record of Success.

Would you rob your children?



It is not fair to your children if they are compelled to support your old age. It is humiliating to you. Avoid the possibility. Take advantage of the Canadian Government Annuities System, and at 65 you will face the remaining years self-respecting and secure with a steady income for life.

**CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES**

Annuities Branch  
Department of Labour,  
Ottawa

**HON. PETER HEENAN**  
Minister

BACKED BY THE WHOLE DOMINION

Mail this Coupon today POSTAGE FREE

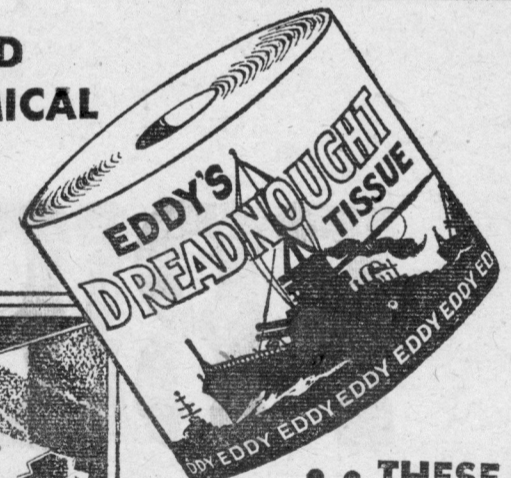
Annuities Branch, Dept. FWL-1  
Department of Labour, Ottawa

Please send me COMPLETE INFORMATION about Canadian Government Annuities.

Name.....  
Print Clearly

Address.....

SAFE AND  
ECONOMICAL



• • THESE  
STERILIZED  
EDDY TISSUES

ASK for it by name, and you will get a safe, pure, soft, Sterilized Tissue and the best value for money in any one of these Eddy Rolls • Full weight—full count—in a quality tissue worthy of the finest bathroom.

THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY LIMITED  
HULL - - - CANADA

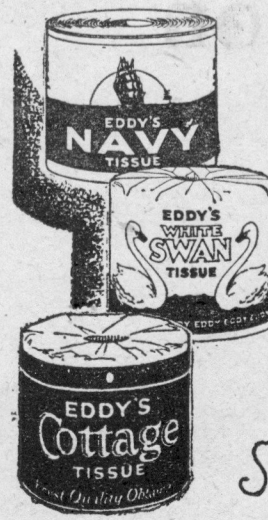
"DREADNOUGHT" A big value line. Seven ounces of Sterilized creped tissue - - -

"NAVY" A full weight Roll—700 sheets of soft, safe, Sterilized paper - - -

"COTTAGE" The aristocrat of Sterilized Tissues. Completely wrapped Rolls, 3,000 sheets, - - -

"WHITE SWAN" A snowy white Sterilized tissue. In wrapped, dust-proof Rolls of 750 sheets - - -

ONLIWON  
Finest Sterilized Tissue. Served from a sanitary, dust-proof cabinet, in nickel or porcelain finish. - - -



**EDDY'S**  
Sterilized TISSUES  
CANADA'S FINEST