

# Discover For Yourself "SALADA" GREEN TEA

To drink a cup is a revelation. Try it.



BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

In appreciation of his daring in rescuing her and her companions from highwaymen.  
Mme. de Sevenie had invited the man who preferred to be known as Andre Duchemin to dine in her chateau.  
Duchemin accepts, despite his desire to avoid all social activities during his leave of absence from the English Secret Service. He was anxious to meet again.  
Eve de Montalais, the American widow who had been one of those saved by Duchemin from the highwaymen's attack.  
En route to the chateau, Duchemin pondered over the arrival of four men and a woman. He was able to learn only two names:  
Phinuit, apparently a secretary, and the chauffeur, Jules.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER VI  
SCENTING THE LONE WOLF.

Dinner was served in a vast and sombre hall whose darkly paneled walls and high-beamed ceiling bred a multitude of shadows that danced about the table, restlessly advancing and retreating as the candles flickered, failed and flared in the gusty draughts.

Rain in sheets sluiced the windows without rest. Round turrets and gables the wind raved and moaned like a famished wild thing denied its kill.

After dinner Duchemin sat talking with Madame de Montalais over their cigarettes. To smoking, curiously enough, Madame de Sevenie offered no objection.

"Monsieur knew New York?"  
"It is my home," said Eve de Montalais softly, looking away.

Her father had been a partner in a great jewelry house, Cottier's, of Paris, London, and New York. (So that explained it! She was wearing the blue diamond again to-night, with other jewels worth, in the judgment of a keen connoisseur, a king's ransom.)

Across the drawing-room Madame de Sevenie sharply interrogated a

manservant who had silently presented himself to her attention.

"What is it you want, Jean?"  
The servant mumbled his justification: An automobile had broken down on the highroad near the chateau, the chauffeur was unable to move the car or make any repairs in the storm, a gentleman had come to the door to ask.

He moved aside, indicating the doorway to the entrance hall, beyond which Mr. Phinuit was to be seen, standing with cap in hand, tiny rivulets running from the folds of his motor-coat and forming pools on the polished flooring.

Mr. Phinuit was desolated to think he might be imposing on Madame's good nature, but the night was truly inclement, Madame la Comtesse was already suffering from the cold, and if one might beg for shelter for her and the gentlemen of the party while one telephoned or sent to Nant for another automobile.

But Monsieur might feel very sure Madame de Sevenie would never for-



give herself if the hospitality of the Chateau de Montalais ailed at such a time. She would send servants to the car at once with lights, wraps, umbrellas.

There was no necessity for that. The remainder of the party had, it seemed, presumed upon her courtesy in anticipation, and was not far from the heels of its ambassador. Even while Madame was speaking, Jean was opening the great front doors to those who proved—formal introductions being duly effected by Mr. Phinuit—to be Madame la Comtesse de Lorgnes, Monsieur le Comte, her husband (this was the well-fed body in tweeds) and Mr. Whitaker Monk, of New York.

These personages were really not at all in a bad way. When Eve de Montalais had carried Madame la Comtesse off to her own apartment to change her shoes and stockings, the gentlemen trooped to the drawing-room fire, and grew quite cheerful under the combined influence of warmth and wine and biscuits.

Mr. Whitaker Monk might have been any age between thirty-five and fifty-five, so non-committal was that lantern-jawed countenance of a droll, with its heavy, black, eloquent eyebrows, its high-bridged nose and prominent nostrils, its wide and thin-lipped mouth, its rather startling pallor. A chance meeting at Monte Carlo, he said, with his old friends, the Comte et Comtesse de Lorgnes, had resulted in their yielding to his insistence that they tour with him back to Paris by this roundabout way.

"A whim of my age, Madame. As a young man I explored this country on a walking tour, inspired by Stevenson. You know, perhaps, his diverting 'Travels with a Donkey?'"

"How strange, then, is coincidence," Madame de Sevenie suggested. "You who made a walking tour of this country so long ago, Monsieur, regard there that good Monsieur Duchemin, himself engaged upon just such an undertaking."  
"But is there anything more wonderful than the workings of the good God?" Madame pursued. "Observe that had it not been for Monsieur Duchemin, we should all, I, my daughter, my granddaughter, even poor

Georges d'Aubrac, be lying dead at Montpelier-le-Vieux."  
Naturally the strangers require to know about that, and Madame de Sevenie would talk, in fact doted on telling the tale of that great adventure. Duchemin made a face of resignation, and heard himself extolled as a paladin for strength, address and valor.

Now the enigmatic eyes of Monk were boring into him, seeking to search his soul, with a question in their stare which he could not read and, quite likely, would have declined to answer if he could. Also the eyes of Monsieur de Comte de Lorgnes were very round and constant to him. And before Madame de Sevenie was finished, Phinuit strolled in and heard enough to make him subject Duchemin to a not unfriendly, steady and open inspection.

"But Monsieur Monk!" Madame la Comtesse exclaimed with vivacity: "do you now what I have just discovered? You and Madame de Montalais are patriots. She is of your New York. You must know each other."

"I have been wondering," Monk admitted, bowing to Eve, "if it were possible I could be misled by a strong resemblance."  
Eve turned to him with a look of surprise. "Yes, Monsieur?"

"It is many years ago . . . I was in the private office of my friend, Edmund Anstruther, of Cottier's, one afternoon—"

The effort of the memory knitted Eve's brows; but in the end she shook her head. "I am sorry, Monsieur. But I am so glad to meet a friend of my father's, Monsieur."

"Your father and I entertained one passion in common, one which he was better able than I to gratify, for good diamonds and emeralds. I have often wondered what became of his collection. He had some superb stones."  
"I inherited them, Monsieur."

The Comtesse de Lorgnes gave a gesture of excitement. "But what a fortunate woman! You truly have those magnificent emeralds, those almost matchless diamonds, of which one has heard—the Anstruther collection?"

"I have them, Madame la Comtesse," said Eve, with a smiling nod.

"But, one presumes, in Paris, in some impregnable strong-box."  
"No, Madame, here."

"But not here, Madame de Montalais!" To this Eve gave another nod and smile. "But are you not afraid?"

"Of what, Madame? That they will be stolen? No."

"But what of criminals from outside, from the great cities, from London and Paris and Berlin?"

"What of the Lone Wolf?" the Comtesse de Lorgnes added. "I have heard that one is once more in France."

Duchemin blinked incredulously at the speaker. "But when did you hear that, Madame la Comtesse?"

"Quite recently, Monsieur."  
"I had understood that the mon-

seur in question had long since retired."  
"Only for the duration of the war, Monsieur, I am afraid."  
"It is true, according to all reports," the Comte de Lorgnes said; "Monsieur Lanyard—that was the name, was it not?"

"If memory serves, Monsieur le Comte," Duchemin agreed.  
"Yes." The count screwed his chubby features into a laughable mask of gravity. "Now one remembers quite well. He passed as a collector of objets d'art, especially of fine paintings, in Paris, for years before the war—this Monsieur Michael Lanyard. Then he disappeared. It was rumored that he was of good service to the allies for a spy, acting independently; and after the armistice, I have heard, he did well for England in the matter of a Bolshevik conspiracy over there. But not long ago, according to my information, Monsieur Lone Wolf resigned from the British Secret Service and returned to France—doubtless to resume his old practices."

"Perhaps not," Duchemin suggested. "Possibly his reformation was genuine and lasting."

The Comtesse de Lorgnes laughed that laugh of light derision which is almost exclusively the laugh of the Parisienne of a certain class. Remarking this, Duchemin eyed her mildly.

"At all events," Phinuit put in promptly, "I know what I would do if I possessed a little fortune in jewelry, and I learned that a thief of the ability of this Lone Wolf was at large in France: I would charter an armored train to convey the loot to the strongest safe deposit vault in Paris."

"Thereby advertising to the Lone Wolf the exact location of the jewels, Monsieur, so that he might at his leisure make his plans perfect to burglarize the vaults?"

"Is that likely?" Phinuit jeered. Duchemin gave a slight shrug.

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Going fishing—take Minard's Liniment.

"One has heard that the fellow had real ability," he said.  
The servant Jean came in, caught the eye of Madame de Sevenie, and announced:  
"The chauffeur of Monsieur Monk wishes me to say he has completed repairs on the automobile, and the rain has ceased."  
(To be continued.)

Those Extra Years!  
Le Devoir (Ind.): (Parents will in future be able to get income tax exemption for the maintenance of children up to 21 years, instead of 18, as formerly.) Children between the ages of 18 and 21 often cost the family a good deal, without bringing anything, or practically anything, in to the family exchequer. The change in the law should help to encourage parents to prolong the period of their children's education. Much has been said in this connection concerning university studies; it goes without saying that the new regulation will help a certain number of parents whose children are following courses at the universities, but it must also include plenty of children who are still at college properly so called, of others who are taking courses at technical schools or are apprenticed, and particularly those others who are pursuing under the immediate direction of their parents their apprenticeship to a livelihood.

QUALITY STANDARDIZED.  
You cannot get good tea without paying a fair price for it. Cheap tea lacks strength, freshness, and will give less satisfaction per pound.

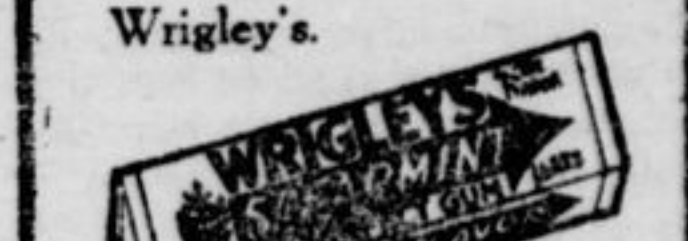
Safety in Numbers.  
"Willie, have you your shoes on?"  
"Yes, mother, all but one."

Minard's Liniment soothes tired feet.



Why! This is My Old Standby!

We use it at our house every day. The children just love Wrigley's.



After Every Meal

St. Patrick Born in Somersetshire.

In Somersetshire, about twenty-five miles from Bath, at Glastonbury, legend states, was England's first Christian Church.

Here St. Patrick was born and here he died. Here also Joseph of Arimathea came with the Holy Grail, planting his staff on the hill, which later grew into the famous Glastonbury Thorn, which blossoms at Christmas time every year.

What People Saw in the Window.

"What Swell Music I Could Make With That Horn."  
By C. V. Bittelmann

"Gee! I'll bet that makes swell music!" A lad who had about enough freckles to be twelve years old stood beside me looking through the polished pane of a music store.

He looked up at me, apparently sensing the presence of a kindred spirit. There was a sparkle in his eyes; and, after a moment's hesitation, he decided to take me completely into his confidence. "Gee!" he said, "I could make swell music on that horn!"

I knew exactly how he felt that lad about it, for I was twelve years old once, and freckled. My freckles are gone now, but I still experience the same sense of fascination whenever I see musical instruments on display, the same thrill of unplayed music, the same desire to get one of the instruments in my hands and toot on it!

Other folks paused to look at the alluring array of music-making devices in the show window; some passed on quickly, but nearly all remained or at least a minute or two. You and I have seen the same thing repeated day in and day out in front of countless music stores. Most of us would say that a display of instruments always attracts people, which is true enough.

But Freckles explained the attraction when he voiced his reaction as he looked with worshipful eyes at the beautiful trumpet: "Gee! I'll bet I could make swell music on that horn!" It was the lure of the music the horn represented before the window; more than that, the music was Freckles' own.

The window trimmer—and he was a skilled one—probably thought he had put "musical merchandise" instruments in the window. But how much more he had put there!

I saw a young girl looking at a very handsome violin fetchingly tilted in its rich plush-lined case—what throbbing melodies one could draw from those strings! I, too, looked at the violin, and saw some of the things the girl saw—the things the window trimmer didn't realize he was putting in his display. . . . Then I saw an orchestra; I could hear its cross-sounding sweep of harmony. . . . An evening of music at home. . . . And through it all the music of that violin.

These, I fancied, were some of the things the girl saw in the window—and in every picture she was the violinist!

A tenor banjo attracted two young men; it was easy to see their picture; always a tenor banjo, with its glittering array of metal trimmings, brings to mind the pulse-quickening rhythm of the dance, the college prom and, of course, the girl.

A middle-aged man studied carefully a large photograph of a boys' band. . . . perhaps he had a boy. . . . Who doesn't get a thrill from a boys' band? . . . Nothing better for a boy; he could play that big brass horn. . . . Ought to be easy to come-pa-oom-pa. . . . I could do it myself.

These winks now—what a surprising amount of attention they receive from boys and girls and young folks—and older ones, too. Look at that old codger staring at the \$15-uke! Does he want it for his daughter, or . . . Silly, isn't it? But a uke always seems to start thoughts of soft strumming harmony. . . . hammock canoe. . . . girl with bobbed hair and brown eyes.

And there's a crowd around the display of popular music. Just paper, printed more or less artistically! But it's not the art work or the exotic color schemes of the intriguing titles that attract us; they simply tune our thoughts to the spirit of the enchanting melodies and enticing lyrics we know are here. . . . What pictures of youth, joy and melody are hung there with those colorful music covers!

Home scenes. . . . sister at the piano, or maybe brother whanging out his version of the latest. . . . college scenes. . . . the cottages at the lake.

Seeing Their Pictures.  
But back to the window with the other folks who are seeing their pictures as they look at the various instruments that touch their individual fancies: the trumpet, the guitar, the saxophone or drum.

Though they probably would not have used exactly the same words, I knew that the innermost thought of practically every person who joined me there in front of the music store had been voiced by Freckles when he said, "Gee! I'll bet I could make swell music on that horn!"

Gibraltar Rises Above Quiet Sea.

Rising above the quiet of the sea, seen from the lovely scented gardens of Spain, Gibraltar, dotted with its hidden batteries, stands like a bristling sentinel, sword in hand, in all the majesty of martial dominion. It seems like England to walk its streets; but soldiers with caps cocked over one ear swagger along with their rifles, their "Bobbies" parade along as full of information, courtesy and respectability as in London; even the churches and alle houses seem transplanted from Shakespeare's land.

Thanks to motorcars and good roads, the chances of getting into a rut nowadays are being reduced to a minimum.

Spring's on the Snowman—Here's what of the picture until next

Clock Ran for 47 France, ordered to be his palace ran for 471

MEN AND  
Plays Piano at 104 Mrs. Eleanor Coster Ty Norfolk, plays the piano at 104. She celebrated her 104 other day. Mrs. Tylden's John Sandringham, and the Queen periodically pay her

Cyril Maude's Last P The news that Mr. Cyril making his last appearance stage in "The Wicked Earl Majesty's Theatre, London, dis-appointment to his all over the country. But he l after he had promised to sing part in this play he t end to be man of for a dreamed that he came ha a failure. But he was c carry on. When this pl will retire to the country.

Perhaps the best story b cerns a command perform moral. When Mr. Maude re dressing-room the King h him. Imagine Mr. Maude's ment when, without tann valist, hearing his step- "Well, go 'n' on, has he made yet?"

Saved by a Serial Sr. Emley Carr, the part-proprietor of "The World," has revealed that once called upon him and prioring question, did, dose of your serial die? He daughter is very paper. Sl the serial in your paper, loves her complaint is f that from which your h It has so preped upon her am convinced if your her effect upon my daughter's Regretfully the editor.

Ways of Carrying The Asiatic Indian w her infant in a blanket front, somewhat below the Bengalee woman, with aetride low down upon and her left arm support The Egyptian woman e a stately manner, the astride her shoulder, rest upon her head, and with ing to speak of. The Brazilian woman e a somewhat similar me full address, it sitting neck. The Chinese baby right upon the back in a the South African in a formed by a blanket abo the mother.

The Lower Austrian s bers by swinging it b one shoulder upon her Northern Austrian car upon a board, after the st models in confectioary The Lapland baby is sledge-shaped cot, mad it seems to have been ch forearm, and then a for the opening for its face prevent it from crawling the dogs from kissing it, can be imagined.

The most unique style of the Esquimaux woman wide, high-top boots, a baby right end foremost, outside of one of them, carrying her cooking and sals in the other. The N woman carries her pap to a board, and that strap back by a band over the

Petty Prince. Ronnie was once trav land in a stage-coach. It broke near a blacksmith's of Vulcan being out. It fit the fire and welded it a mastery style.

His fellow-passengers, very communicative and ing the earlier part of now became very "respectable" espas selves aloof from the m clearly revealed his m manner in which he men Arrived at their jour the day, the travelers a Ronnie proceeding onw ion Coast.

Next morning, when st fast with his noble hor, shown in, and proved Mr. Ronnie's follow-tr confusion at finding the breakfasting with my e easily imagined.

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