

# "SALADA" TEA

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Blue Label Quality, 45c 1/2-lb. Red Label Quality, 45c 1/2-lb.  
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Four grades sold in Black, Green and Mixed Blends.

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## The SKELETON FINGER



BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Sir Dudley, laboring under the suspicion of murder of his cousin, James Glenister, is overjoyed when he is informed by—

Mrs. Simon Trickey that her husband had died suddenly, but the boy was short-lived, for Mrs. Trickey told him of a diary her husband left which contained some information about the late James Glenister. However, a

Mrs. Coningsby, sister of Simon Trickey, had stolen the diary to protect her lover, Sir Dudley, and it had by mischance fallen into the hands of James Wragge, a detective.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Then he went on to tell the story of Simon Trickey—and how Trickey's widow demanded the continuance of the annuity. "She swears that someone has stolen the diary, but that she remembers enough of it to make things hot for me if I don't shell out," Sir Dudley finished. "I told her that if she couldn't produce the diary she had a leg to stand on, but—"

"I don't like it, Ivy."

Mrs. Coningsby rose from the sofa, took a cigarette from a silver box on the table, lit it and resumed her seat.

Mrs. Trickey can't do any harm without the diary," she said.

"Mrs. Trickey," exclaimed Sir Dudley. "I never mentioned the name. How the devil do you come by it?"

"Sit down and don't be melodramatic," Mrs. Coningsby adjured him. "Mrs. Trickey is my sister-in-law. Your clerk, Simon Trickey, was my brother."

"Why, you never told me."

"Was it likely it was hard work enough to start socially as Ivy Beaudesert of the chorus without labeling myself as his sister. I knew all about that diary and that it would blow you sky-high if it ever came to light. I also knew where Simon kept it."

"Then it was you who pinched the thing?"

"Not so fast," Mrs. Coningsby checked him. "You may as well have it all while we are about it. The diary wasn't your greatest danger so long as Simon was alive. He could probably have repeated every word of it. The diary would only become a direct menace to you when it became the sole menace, so I had a double task, you see, Dudley."

"I am afraid I don't," rejoined her hearer.

"You must be pretty dense, then," Mrs. Coningsby laughed mirthlessly. "First I had to kill my brother and then steal the diary. I did both. How is that for a woman's service to the man she loves?"

Sir Dudley Glenister leaned back in his chair, took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow.

"Where is the diary?" he asked heartily.

Mrs. Coningsby put down the stub of her cigarette in the ash-tray at her elbow and very deliberately lit another.

"Come beyond recall," she replied. "I burned it."

"Come, Dudley! Ain't you going to be aware that a hopeless duffer Wragge is—the officer who is conducting the case officially."

"Well," said Norman in parting, "you will phone or wire me the result of your interview at the Three Pipes Club. I shall be there all afternoon."

He was. He lunched there and instructed the hall porter that he expected to be called up and would be found in the smoking room when he was wanted.

Four o'clock came without any call for him and Norman began to be seriously alarmed.

Two hours more passed, and when Tommy Slivedonald came in to carry him off to the billiard room for a game of snooker he yielded because he thought it might deaden the suspense that was laying such a cold hand on his heart. But in twenty minutes he flung his cue aside and, pleading headache, wandered out into the hall again.

As he entered it a hurrying page ran into him.

"Sorry, sir," said the boy. "I was coming to fetch you. You're wanted on the telephone."

Norman plunged into the booth and seized the receiver.

"Is that you Kathken?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" came the agonized reply. "He's got me, Norman. Follow to 'The Bull' and pick up clues there, but don't call in the police. I am to be killed at once at first sign of pursuit. I—oh, you cruel brute!"

The utterance died away in a strangled sob and over the wire came the sound of a short, sharp struggle. Then all was still. Norman called and called again, but the silence was as of the grave.

Now that he was up against it Norman felt strangely braced. His task lay clear before him and that was better than loafing about in a state of impotent funk. Leaving the club he went round to his rooms and summoned his servant, Alf Grinstead.

"I want you to go out and hire me a motorcycle, Alf," said Norman. "See that it is in good order and be as quick as you can."

While his man was gone he changed into suitable clothes, and reviewed the nightmare he had just gone through. He completed him toilet for the road by slipping an automatic pistol into the side pocket of his Norfolk jacket.

Grinstead was back with a reliable motorcycle as soon as he had finished dressing, and the trusty fellow brought news as well.

"A bloke shadowed me to the garage and back, sir," he reported.

"Now come down to the street and tip me off if that shadow is still lurking about," said Norman. "He may have returned."

But there was no sign of the sleuth when Norman mounted the motorcycle and went roaring up the quiet West End thoroughfare.

Gerrard's Cross, with its modern colony of smart villas, was next left behind, and in turn the gates of Bulstrode and of Hall Farm were flung to the rear by the mile-devouring Diesel engine. Just sixty minutes from Jermyn Street Norman ran into the broad High Street of Beaconsfield and stopped at his goal.

The Bull was one of the old-fashioned country inns which with the advent of railways fell upon evil days, to awaken after a long interval into a new lease of prosperity under the benign auspices of King Patrol. But on this winter night there was no sound in the dimly lighted entrance hall when Norman entered but the ticking of a grandfather clock and a hum of distant talk from the public bar somewhere at the back.

On one side was a half-closed door labeled "Coffee Room." The white-draped tables were all unoccupied.

"Waiter!" Norman called sharply. "An old man rose with a start in a distant corner and shuffled forward, rubbing his blue-veined hands deprecatingly.

"Sorry, sir," he wheezed. "I was having a bit of nap. You wish for dinner, or just a chop or something?"

"No, I don't," Norman replied. "I want to inquire about a lady who was to meet a gentleman here at two o'clock to-day. You probably know her—Miss Glenister, who used to live at Beechwood Grange."

The waiter shook his head. "I haven't been here long," he explained. "There were a lot of motor folk in for luncheon, sir. I didn't have much time to notice. I think I remember a young lady, though she had no truck with anybody, so far as I know. She sat at that table by the window and had a plate of cold chicken. She stayed long after she'd finished and—yes, now I mind she once went out to the front door and came back again."

There seemed to have been a hitch in the program, but the last words contained the germ of an idea.

"Did she stay long after she went out and came back?" Norman asked.

"Not more than five minutes, sir. She paid her bill, tipped me handsome and went off. I happened to be looking out of the window and she turned to the right when she left the hotel."

"That is the way to the railway station?"

(To be continued.)

Minard's Lintment Kills warts.

International Road Urged

The construction of an international highway, linking the United States with Central and South America, is provided for under the terms of a bill just introduced in the Senate by Senator Tashler L. Odde, of Nevada.

The purpose of the highway, which is sponsored by the American Motorists Association and other organizations, would not only be for better highway facilities and communication between the countries, but would be conducive of good will. Senator Odde declared in introducing the bill.

Are again rising, and now is the time to buy, in our opinion. Send for our recommendations or any information without obligation. Orders promptly executed. Write, wire, or phone.

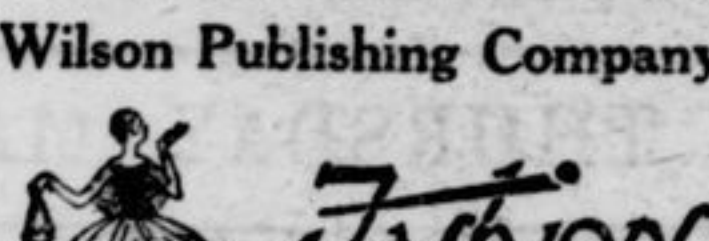
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Wilson Publishing Company



Oh, the pipe organ pumper climbed up to his loft  
His reefer, his ear muffs, his rubbers he doffed,  
And he bent o'er the handle for tunes loud and soft  
In those wonderful days of yore.  
Chorus.  
Oh, Doppel-gedickel, Gerohrgedeckt, Gerohrgedeckt, Gerohrgedeckt, Oh, Doppel-gedickel, Gerohrgedeckt, Gerohrgedeckt, Gerohrgedeckt, Gerohrgedeckt, Gerohrgedeckt.

No wedding or service or funeral hymn  
Could click unless he slaved away with a vim.  
The life of the churches revolved around him  
In those wonderful days of yore.  
Chorus.  
Oh, Doppel-gedickel, &c.  
(Caution—Hold Doppel—Stress Stress Gedickel.)

The choir and organist flew in a rage  
When the bellows went flat on a tre-mulous gauge,  
But the best of his licks brought no increase in wages  
In those wonderful days of yore.  
Chorus.  
Oh, Doppel-gedickel, &c.  
(Note—Easy on the Gedickel here!)

So now we are gathered to render him praise  
For the labors he wrought in his juvenile days,  
To dust off his merrily our voices we raise,  
And those wonderful days of yore.  
Chorus.  
(Cease Dopping!—Also Gedickling.)

Spring Fashion Hints

"Crystal ornaments are enjoying an immense vogue, both the genuine cut from rock crystal and imitations made of pressed glass," says "Delineator" reporting the latest developments of the spring mode.

"Agne's chemise caps are not new, but their popularity grows continually," continues the Fashion monthly. "Women have them in many different colors to match different costumes. Reptile skins are smarter now used as trimming than as entire shoes. The new note in evening sandals is the combination of several materials. Big chiffon handkerchiefs are revived for evening, sometimes they match the gown, sometimes the slippers."

In the matter of spring clothing, "Delineator" experts report: "Vintage, a success of several seasons ago, will be worn again this spring. Black and white stand together at the head of the evening mode. With each chic in its own right, they form a notable combination."

Washington views the outlook as favorable for agriculture as a whole. No reference is made to agriculturists in the hole.—Weston (Ore.) Leader.

Tom—"I once loved a girl who made a fool of me." Tim—"What a lasting impression some girls make."

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.  
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Our great party's attitude on farm-relief seems to be that, if tariff revision downward on the big campaign contributors is necessary to attain the desired end, then the farmer doesn't need any relief.—Ohio State Journal.

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### The Pipe Organ Pumper's Official Anthem

(As written by Arthur Pound and unveiled at the first annual dinner of the guild.)  
Tune—"Oh, Lady Mary."  
Movement—Andante Con Moto or something like that.

Oh, the pipe organ pumper climbed up to his loft  
His reefer, his ear muffs, his rubbers he doffed,  
And he bent o'er the handle for tunes loud and soft  
In those wonderful days of yore.  
Chorus.  
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Quebec Soleil (Lib.) Lord Asquith remained, with Lord Balfour, each one in his separate camp, the type of English statesman, far-seeing, prudent and well-informed, who has made the Empire what it is. Others will continue their work, but it will not be of the same character; for their day is done. Following so soon that of Marshal Haig, the death of Lord Asquith plunges Great Britain into general gloom. The simultaneous departure of these two men, equally devoted to the national interest and incarnating so well the noblest qualities of the British people, cannot fail to make a profound and painful impression.

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Physicians prescribe Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trademark.

Making An Old Tent New

If your tent is so thin that you are sure it will not go through another season you can give it double life by the following process, says Charles Roth in "Field and Streams Magazine."

"Spread your tent out flat on the ground," he instructs. "Mix one gallon of gasoline with one pound of green soap and with this mixture go over the tent lightly, using an old broom. Go over the top and sides too if you have done enough. Let it dry. Wipe off the surplus grease and roll up the tent."

"This process will waterproof your tent, make it mildew proof, and put life and body in the fibres of the canvas, rejuvenating it completely."

"If your tent is new you can insure its long life by treating it with paraffin and gasoline as I have described. It will never leak or rot out."

### Internal Fire Hazard Serious in Winter

Deputy Fire Marshal Advises Care With Heating Apparatus

"The internal fire hazard is the most serious one in rural Ontario just now," states George F. Lewis, Deputy Provincial Fire Marshal. "With farms snowed in, there is practically no danger from outside the buildings, but that from within more people being in the house or barns and because heating apparatus is being used."

More fires are caused from defective heating apparatus than from any other cause at this time of year, according to Mr. Lewis. Especially where no modern fire-fighting equipment can be called in, as is the case in the country, people are urged to pay particular attention to their heating systems. During a cold spell, when more fire than usual is required, if the woodwork comes too close to unprotected pipes, fire may develop. Wherever possible, Mr. Lewis advocates using the shortest pipe between the stove or furnace and the chimney and wherever this pipe goes through a wooden partition ample protection in the shape of metal collars should be provided. Country dwellers are also urged to adopt the practice of the city householder and remove ashes at frequent intervals. Too often these are allowed to accumulate in the cellar and are stored in wooden boxes or barrels. Mr. Lewis urges that all ashes should be placed in metal containers which will prevent any danger of fire caused from hot cinders and he would caution these containers outside at least once a week.

In the barn, during the winter, smoking lanterns and the use of gasoline engines were cited as the most frequent causes of fires. Smoking the Deputy Fire Marshal would absolutely prohibit in barns where there is so much inflammable material about. He advocates storage of gasoline in metal drums away from the barn, keeping gasoline equipment in fireproof out-buildings, and the use of safety lanterns hung from hooks.

Developing Canada

Canada's need of men to plant and harvest crops, work in the mines, fill the manufacturing plants and maintain the railways is so great that President E. W. Beatty of the Canadian Pacific Railway urges that something be done to attract desirable immigrants. He has found in ally in Sir Henry Thornton, President of the Canadian National, who proposes that freight rates be advanced 5 per cent. in order to raise \$2,000,000 every year and use it in prosecuting a vigorous immigration policy.

Sir Henry offers to be one of three trustees, the others being President Beatty and a member of the GGovernment, to administer the fund. It is his opinion that if and were retained and prepared for farming in Western Canada 300,000 Americans in the prairie States could be induced to move over the border to Canada.

Sir Henry Thornton also desires immigration from Great Britain and Northern Europe. He predicts that his plan would ultimately lead to "a regular stampede" of homeseekers. Immigrants from Europe have come in slowly, in many cases dreading the severity of the climate. One cause of slow immigration to Canada has been lack of funds to advertise its resources and opportunities. The climate is really one of the healthiest in the world. Ample grain lands are still available, in the Churchill River country alone there is room for 250,000 farmers. From Hudson Bay to the Rockies the Garnet wheat, developed by the Central Experimental Farm of Ottawa, will ripen ten days earlier than the Marquis, Canada now exports wheat valued at almost \$400,000,000 annually. Manufacturing and mining would support great numbers of people. The mineral belt extends for many hundreds of miles.

Canadians may not take kindly to Sir Henry Thornton's proposal of an increase of freight charges, with its consequent effect of retarding the development of industries in this northern country. The argument that nothing substantial can be done for immigration without a large fund and that Canada would eventually benefit by the opening of new lands and the coming of more workers is not to be overlooked.

On this hazy, gray morning, lowing the storm, a busy call to Forest Service headquarters planes to scout the stricken area, hundred miles away. Nods between pilots and mechanics, the pilots and observers, and the race out to get the wind. As of steady, unrelenting flying, the mountains loom near. The air is swirling up the way above the divide, and swinging across. Here circle over a lookout house on the topmost rock of a barren mt. A figure—the lookout peers below, waving his arms.

"Then the Eagles separate, pointing its nose in different direction. The pilot sits at its cockpit while the observer, with maps before him, keeps his alert eye on the unrolling carpet of green hills. No lookout can see in deep, rugged canyon below. A man on the ground under the timber sees little more in prospect than does a mouse traversing a ty-acre meadow in the little run he has carried through his wilderness.

"The plane veers sharply to side. The pilot leans over the map and points, and the observer understands. The course of eagle is altered toward an et blue-gray wasp hovering above

### Briton, in "Moth" Five Records

Brit Hinkler Spans Great Flight Ever Attained in Feats