

Judge the quality of Green Tea by the colour of the brew when poured into your cup before cream is added. The paler the colour the finer the Green Tea. Compare any other Green Tea with "SALADA"—None can equal it in flavour, point, or clearness. Only 38c per 1/4 lb.

# "SALADA" GREEN TEA



BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Hope Ranger, daughter of wealthy parents, disappears after a luncheon at the Plaza. A reward of a hundred thousand dollars is offered for her safe return. Eustace Higby, attorney, and Juarez Charlie, adventurer, both warn friends of Ranger, assist the father in his search for his daughter. Frank Bryan is Ranger's private secretary. A message comes to Loring instructing him to buy a hat for Hope and leave it at a specified place. Loring acts according to instructions and in due time receives a picture of his daughter taken in the hat he purchased.

George Kelsey is detained at a sanitarium and makes friends with a girl registered as sister to a nurse named Copley.

Now go on with the story. With a sigh of relief, Charlie sank into a chair and busied himself in rolling a succession of cigarettes.

"Perhaps a finger-print may, could help us?" Ranger was still dwelling on this theme. "That letter and the photograph must have been handed by the person who put them in the envelope, and it might be—"

"At last Charlie could unlash himself. "Good Lord, Lorry!" There was actual entreaty in his voice. "What do you understand? Won't you realize what we are up against? You talk about making these people pay, and sit here weaving kindergarten schemes to trap them, and all the time they've got you sewed up tighter than a drum. They've got your daughter in their hands, and they tell you plainly that if you don't come across with a hundred grand by to-morrow—and pay square with them, too—you'll never see her again. What are you going to do about that?"

Ranger flinched for a moment before this vigorous presentation, but he rallied. "Why, if I can't do anything else, I'll deposit the bonds as directed, and then have enough men at hand to nab whoever comes after them."

"And you expect 'em to walk unsuspecting right into your hands, huh? Lorry, Lorry! A Wop kidnaped from the East Side would be a better man to fall for a game like that. Do you know this place where you're supposed to plant the bonds?"

"Certainly. Behind a loose stone in the archway where the Lone Hill road runs under the railroad tracks."

WRIGLEY'S NEW HANDY PACK P.K. CHEWING SWEET

A treat in the Peppermint-flavored sugar-coated jacket and another in the Peppermint-flavored gum inside—utmost value in long-lasting delight

3 handy packs 5c

along the road all the time, your waltzers would have to be planted practically in plain view to see the one that stops and gets the jack."

Ranger, when he gave it thought, could not well deny the strength of the objection. His head reaped, the worried lines began to reappear in his face.

"And now, this," Charlie caught up the letter from the Combine. "You say you found it on your desk when you came back from luncheon. Any idea how it got there?"

"I meant to speak about that," Ranger's mouth tightened ominously. "I've had everybody in the building questioned, but no one admits being near the office."

"What does Bryan say?"

"I haven't had a chance to talk to him yet. He left before I did to go to Newark, and hasn't got back yet. I don't see—"

"But anyhow," he grew grim again. "I'm going to give him his walking papers—on suspicion."

"I wouldn't," Charlie demurred. "You want a fellow of that kind where you can keep an eye on him. Show him this letter and consult him about it."

Testing it with his fingers, Charlie found the block easy to lift out. Still behind it was a crooked, shallow tin still large enough to hold a package of securities. "But anyhow," he grew grim again. "I'm going to give him his walking papers—on suspicion."

"I wouldn't," Charlie demurred. "You want a fellow of that kind where you can keep an eye on him. Show him this letter and consult him about it."

Charlie climbed back on his motorcycle, and returned to the "jungle." He appeared, as he had expected, to have it wholly to himself. This was a season when its nomadic habits were more apt to be in the West, following in the wake of circuses and street fairs, or answering the need for harvest hands. The ashes of the last camp-fire were at least three weeks old.

Nevertheless, as a proper measure of precaution, he scouted through the entire patch of woods, and as the light grew stronger climbed a tree to reconnoiter the surrounding country.

He slid down from the tree, and after hiding his motorcycle carefully under a pile of brush, laid down in a sandy hollow and pulling his hat over his eyes, prepared to sleep.

When he awoke several hours later, the sun was warm on him, and he lay luxuriously for a while listening to the varied and various wood sounds, all long familiar to him. Finally he rolled over and pulled out his watch. It was almost 11 o'clock.

He ate from his package of sandwiches, uncorked the thermos bottle, and then rising, swung himself up with a good deal of agility into the tree under which he had been sitting.

The hours passed on. The sun had crossed the zenith and declined toward the west. Charlie in his leafy retreat disposed of his remaining sandwiches and what was left of the coffee in his thermos bottle.

The rest of the time he put in at timing automobiles.

At half-past three, Ranger's big touring car came along from the direction of town. Through the glasses, Charlie could recognize the figure of the manufacturer himself in the driver's seat. He was quite alone; and as he neared the crossing, seemed to be glancing to right and left.

"Wondering what I'm up to, I guess," chuckled Charlie.

Yet his complacency did not keep him from very carefully timing the pace of the car as it swept along over the marked course.

As it happened there was nothing else in sight when Ranger reached the cut, and he drove straight ahead.

"At the rate he's traveling, he ought to be out in one minute and 14 seconds," Charlie calculated. "We'll get a line now on just how long it takes to pull out that stone and put it back again."

But it was almost five minutes before Ranger reappeared on the further side of the crossing.

"He'd be careful and a little slow," Charlie reflected; "so that's no fair to get around the unpromising conditions. He did not go home that night after leaving Ranger's office, but instead registered at a cheap East Side hotel where he spent the evening in an exhaustive study of an automobile road map of Westchester County.

About two o'clock he came downstairs and passed out, casually remarking to the night clerk that he was wakeful and thought he would take a walk before he turned in.

He rose, and walked up and down the road, muttering "Lorry, Lorry, Lorry," he said at last, "I don't want to talk about it, even to you. You just follow in my tracks—you've got to anyhow. Mrs. Ranger won't stand for anything else—and place those bonds as they've told you. Then leave the rest to me."

"But you'll need help of some sort!" Ranger puckered his brows. "You're not going to tackle this crowd alone, single-handed?"

"Well, not exactly," drawled Charlie. "You used to go to the races considerably, I remember. Then, if you don't mind, I'd like to borrow a stopwatch and a pair of field-glasses."

CHAPTER X

Where the Lone Hill road, one of Westchester County's main thoroughfares, dips under the railroad tracks, it passes through an archway of masonry between 50 and 75 feet long; and as this archway is high enough to accommodate a load of hay, and the surrounding country is one of level fields, the approach on either side is through a steep, walled cut.

But Charlie thought he saw a way to get around the unpromising conditions. He did not go home that night after leaving Ranger's office, but instead registered at a cheap East Side hotel where he spent the evening in an exhaustive study of an automobile road map of Westchester County.

About two o'clock he came downstairs and passed out, casually remarking to the night clerk that he was wakeful and thought he would take a walk before he turned in.



At a garage eight or ten blocks away where he had left his motorcycle, he got it, and chugged briskly over the Williamsburg bridge as if heading for his lodgings. On the other side, though, he deviated from the direct route, and twisted aimlessly through a succession of ill-lighted, tenement streets until he was sure he had thrown off any one who might be trying to trail him, when he turned north, and crossed back to Manhattan by way of the Queensboro bridge at Fifty-ninth Street.

Dawn found him at a little patch of woods along the railroad track about half a mile distant from the archway at the Lone Hill road crossing, where the ashes of a burned-out camp-fire and a scattered litter of rags, newspapers, old tin cans and worn-out shoes betokened a hobob "jungle."

Beside it ran a back road, little more than a wagon-track, crossing the railroad here on the level, and forking into the Lone Hill road a quarter of a mile beyond. From his study of the map, he knew that this by-way again intersected the main road about a mile and a half above, and he remembered that it was marked as rough and bumpy but passable for machines in case of emergency.

The wise campaigner, though leaves nothing to chance. In order to make sure that it was open and without obstructions, Charlie rode out to the intersection with the Lone Hill road, and circled back by way of this to his starting point.

In the archway at the railroad crossing he dismounted to take a look at the place designated as a depository for the Liberty bonds, and from the instructions in the letter found no difficulty in locating it. Just about midway of the tunnel and at the height of a man's shoulder, there was a discolored streak on the masonry caused by dampness, and the mortar had crumbled from around one of the stones, leaving it loose.

Testing it with his fingers, Charlie found the block easy to lift out. Still behind it was a crooked, shallow tin still large enough to hold a package of securities. "But anyhow," he grew grim again. "I'm going to give him his walking papers—on suspicion."

"I wouldn't," Charlie demurred. "You want a fellow of that kind where you can keep an eye on him. Show him this letter and consult him about it."

## A ATTRACTIVE NEW FROCK

The smart daytime frock shown here will be found quite simple for the home modiste to fashion. The skirt has two plaits at each side of the front and is joined to the bodice, while the back is in one piece. There are tucks at the shoulders, long sleeves gathered to wristbands, or three-quarter length and having lace cuffs to correspond with the chic vestee, and a narrow belt fastening with a buckle in front completes this modish frock. No. 1587 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 bust requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch, or 2 3/4 yards 54-inch material; 2 1/2 yards 3 1/2 inch lace for View A; 1 1/2 yards for View B. Price 20c the pattern.

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 add service order to Wilson Pattern Service, 75 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Minard's Liniment for Insect Bites.

Empire Settlement

H. T. M. E. in the London Financial Times: Therefore, the only way to healthily induce migration to the Dominions is to increase the employment overseas; in other words, to increase the wealth of these young countries; and this transference of money must go hand in hand with migration of individuals.

When a motorist finds that the steering wheel is beginning to wobble, it is time for him to get out his vest. It is time for him to get out his vest. It is time for him to get out his vest. It is time for him to get out his vest.



Nurses know, and doctors have declared there's nothing quite like Aspirin to relieve all sorts of aches and pains, but be sure it's Aspirin the name Bayer should be on the package, and on every tablet. Bayer is genuine, and the word genuine is in red-ink on every box. You can't go wrong if you will just look at the box.

THE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION of Canada

Established 1907.

Assets \$298,157.00, surplus to policyholders over \$150,000.00

THE ONLY PURELY CANADIAN COMPANY ISSUING Sickness and Accident Insurance to Members of the Masonic Fraternity Exclusively.

Agents in all principal Cities and Towns in Canada.

E. E. GLEASON, Secy. Assn. Mgr. J. G. FULLER, Pres. & Gen. Mgr. Head Office: GRANBY, Que.

## A Slippery Job

Dana Expedition to Define and Classify Eel Species in Pacific and Indian Oceans

Copenhagen—The Danish biological expedition of professors, explorers and heads of several government departments, under the leadership of Prof. Johannes Schmidt, has just started a two-year cruise around the world aboard the famous ship Dana. Despite inclement weather there was at the quay a large and enthusiastic gathering which bade the adventurous expedition bon voyage. It included the Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister and a number of other distinguished people.

The chief task of the expedition is to define and classify 12 species of eel in the Pacific and six in the Indian Ocean.

Professor Schmidt is already world famous because of the light he has succeeded in throwing upon the mysterious phases of strange creatures in subtropical seas.

The expedition will also measure hitherto unfathomed depths of the ocean and undertake a series of oceanographic and physico-chemical investigations, being equipped with up-to-date instruments.

The Dana is said to be the smallest craft ever to circumnavigate the globe. The expedition is under the patronage of the Prince Waldemar and Carlsberg funds. The Dana will pass from the Atlantic through the Straits of Gibraltar to the western portion of the Mediterranean, thence proceed to the West Indies by way of Madeira and the Azores, then through the Panama Canal into the Pacific, on to Tahiti, the Fiji Islands, New Caledonia, New Zealand and eastern Australia.

The expedition in March, 1929, will continue its voyage to Japan, China, the Dutch East Indies and Siam. The Indian Ocean will be explored along a line from Java to Madagascar, whence the Dana will follow a route along the east coast of Africa, through the Red Sea, and thence home.

Mrs. Schmidt will join her husband somewhere in the Pacific and accompany him to Tahiti, where she will disembark.

A preacher, while returning from church one Sunday, was run into by a small red-headed boy and the following conversation took place. The boy was running at full speed when he ran into the preacher.

Preacher: "What is the trouble, my little man? You seem to be excited."

Boy: "I am trying to stop a fight."

Preacher: "Who is fighting?"

Boy: "Me and Mickey!"

Sunburn? Use Minard's Liniment.

More and Better Paper in this Wrapped Roll of WHITE SWAN TISSUE

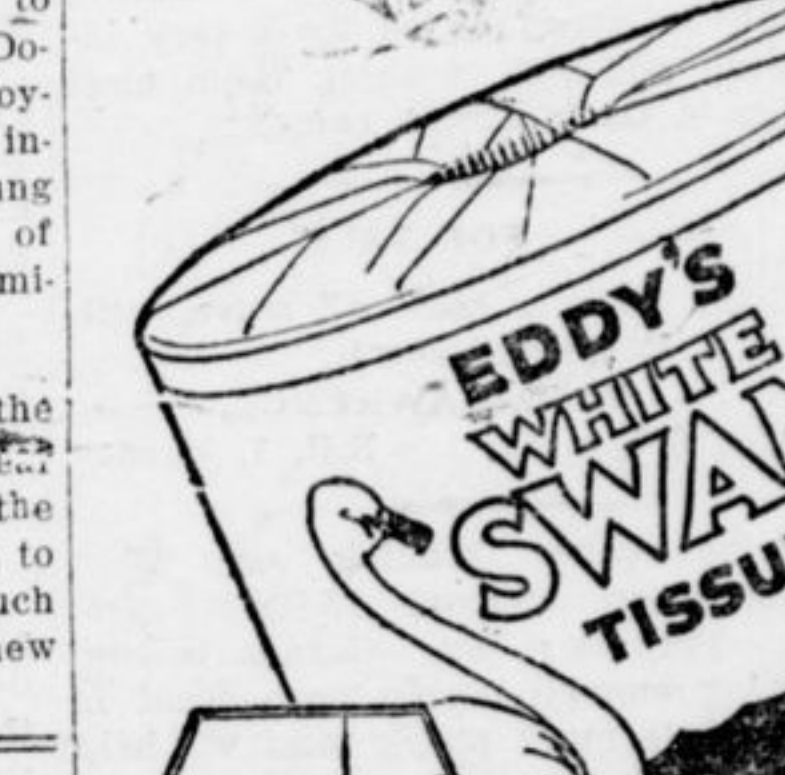
PEAPAS you have been buying supplies of Toilet Tissue on a basis of 50 many rolls for 25c. If so, you have been getting value of a sort, but the big 15c. WHITE SWAN ROLL offers you a real value far in excess of that.

THE WHITE SWAN TISSUE ROLL gives you 750 sheets of the highest grade Tissue—more than three times the quantity contained in the average 5c. roll.

And the quality of WHITE SWAN TISSUE is infinitely superior, snow-white, velvety soft. Even in texture—the roll itself completely wraps up a paper of immaculate cleanliness, a tissue that comes to your bath-room untouched and unwrapped.

See "WHITE SWAN" at your dealer next time. Then you will get 5 quality tissue, a Toilet Roll that will serve as an indication of your pride in your bathroom appointments.

EDDY'S Toilet TISSUES FINEST VALUES IN CANADA



WOMEN these days have it all their own way. Divorces are granted them because "hubby" comes home "half-grown" or sways a little "practical acid" in the coffee, but where is the court that has yet been so merciful enough to grant a man separation from an onion-eating wife?

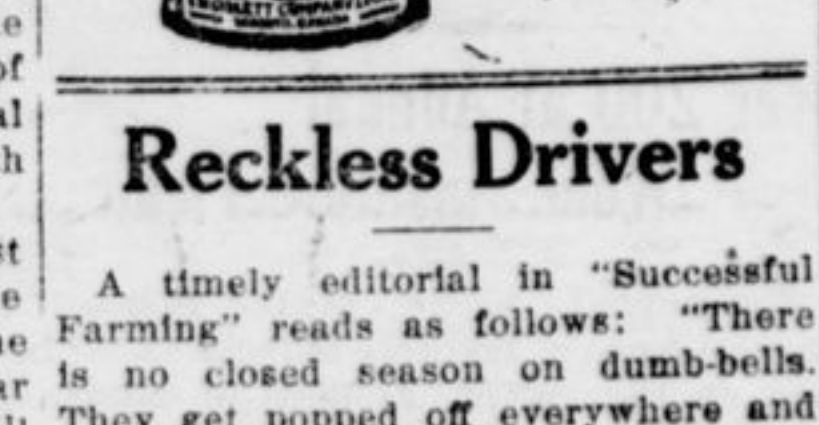
California expert has discovered a method of raising plants without soil, but want the world really wants is a way to raise 'em without brieters.

## "Swat the fly" with GILLETT'S LYE

A teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye sprinkled in the Garbage Can prevents flies breeding

Use Gillett's Lye for all Cleaning and Disinfecting

Costs little but always effective



## Reckless Drivers

A timely editorial in "Successful Farming" reads as follows: "There is no closed season on dumb-bells. They get popped off everywhere and all the time. Last year 128 automobiles ran into trains on one railway system. One went a long freight train, the fifty-first car of a long freight train. It was that car's dumb-bell driving, what is it?"

"This has nothing to do with those who tried to beat the train at the crossing and got hit. One hundred sixty-eight just head on against a train that was already at the crossing. Other railroads have the same story to tell. There were 5,640 grade crossing accidents last year on all railroads, with 2,371 killed and 6,913 injured.

"It shows one of two things, maybe both. Either the drivers are asleep, so to speak, at the wheel, or they are driving without proper brake control of their cars. Both conditions make them a highway menace. Such cars usually carry others. Good brakes, good lights and good driving are essential to the safety of the highways."

These are the very latest patterns we have in stock," declared the young salesman in a large draper's. "You'll notice that the edge runs right round the border," he continued smoothly, "and the centre is just in the middle." "How lovely?" exclaimed his rather fussy custom. "I'll have two of those."

Sunburn? Use Minard's Liniment.

## Results of a Royal Tour

### Afghanistan Will Grow in Importance as a Result of King's Visit to Europe

#### Watched With Interest

The near future should give the world an interesting chance to watch Afghanistan's growth in importance. The index measure may be the "news value," both in the frequency and length of the "stories" that have to do with those Hindu Kush fastnesses, but back of such journalistic indications will lie, of course, an enhanced position commercially and diplomatically. With Amanullah, the mountainous land's monarchical "desman," again returned to Kabul, it is definitely to be expected that early word will come through corollary to that royal jaunt, which included three of the six continents.

Afghanistan has held no mean place in the regard of the great powers ever since the desirability of Asiatic interests first was recognized. In terms of strategic value it ranks high. Its war-loving tribesmen, for three generations, have imparted zest and color to England's a-minorist problem along India's northwest frontier: often enough the color has been too red, indeed, and in test far too tragic. As a "buffer state," between Russia and the great peninsula under the British Raj, diplomatic prominence was added to this racial turbulence, nor did the understanding reached in 1906 between Grey and Nevolsky prove of use for more than a brief dozen years. What imperialist St. Petersburg accepted, so did Moscow have relinquished, albeit neither officially nor frankly. Bolshevist Russia, defeated yesterday in its hope of launching "the world revolution" in Europe, today turns to Asia with the same sinister desire, and one of the roads to the goal runs from the Ural mountains through Khiva and Khandakhar. Amanullah made a most fitting visit to London, to be sure, but to Moscow as well—the first call which a crowned head has made in Russia since Communism sat in the saddle. So the ancient city of Turkh had the last word. What's to be the upshot?

Again: What reactions upon the situation in Egypt and India may be expected to follow this wholly new contact with the non-Muslim world, set up by the progress of a potentate who calls himself Ameer no longer, but King, to be the closer to the Occident, orientally absolute though he remains? In both Cairo and Delhi the status quo is uncertain; restless is too pale a word for accuracy in either connection. Will this Muhammadan ruler, of a land now in its eighth year of full independence, use his lately emphasized prestige to influence those discussions?

There is also the far broader and less precarious matter of the development of the wealth of this proud Asian folk, now led by so enterprising an autocrat. There is a deal there to be opened up for use: coal and copper, oil and iron merely stand first on a long list of national assets. Outside capital will be needed; expert knowledge will be imperative. To categorically. "We wish to obtain money for developing our industry and natural deposits," he said, "but only on condition that no political purpose is pursued in connection with the loans." It remains to be seen which states of the West are to gain admission and on what terms. Already German engineers have been engaged to investigate and report upon railway opportunities. United States capital is reported to have won for itself the handling of mineral concessions, but also is a Russian loan rumored. There is still, then, an uncertainty about it all broad enough to be distinctly interesting.

When starting on his journey, Amanullah remarked: "I am going to show the world that this land of mine must be included on the maps. This, I repeat, he has done. Afghan news, throughout the summer and fall, is going to make good reading. It may turn out to be of large international import.—Christian Science Monitor Editorial.

## Empire Solidarity

Belfast Northern Whig. It is satisfactory to know that the Free State Government has joined with Great Britain and with its sister Dominions in welcoming the action of the United States in regard to the outlawry of war. But in the very freedom of choice now accorded to the members of the Imperial family in such matters there lie the possible germs of future discord. In the event of a republican majority being returned by the South-electors a few years hence, and a Republican Government taking office, could the Irish Free State be rolled upon to accept a loan from Britain on any "momentous" international question?

Women these days have it all their own way. Divorces are granted them because "hubby" comes home "half-grown" or sways a little "practical acid" in the coffee, but where is the court that has yet been so merciful enough to grant a man separation from an onion-eating wife?

California expert has discovered a method of raising plants without soil, but want the world really wants is a way to raise 'em without brieters.

# PURITY FLOUR

BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING — Breads, Cakes, Buns and Bread — DOES ALL YOUR BAKING BEST

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO