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The Finest of All Fine Teas



BEGIN HERE TODAY

Loring Ranger offers a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the return of his missing daughter Hope. Acting upon instructions from Hope's abductor, Ranger deposits a hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds at a specified place.

Dr. Bristow has a private sanitarium and in it Hope is held a prisoner. Dr. Kelsey is detained there because he knows of criminal dealings of Bristow.

Hope and Kelsey become friends and together they manage an escape in Bristow's car. They ride to an abandoned house owned by Hope's father. Kelsey falls asleep and Hope hears the voice of Bristow in the yard. Juarez, Charlie, adventurer and close friend of Ranger, is trailing Hope to the sanitarium.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Hope knows there is a hiding place in the house. I am going to give myself up. Reach my father. Love forever.

Without giving her impulse time to cool, she hurried back to the cupboard and crept into the passage, closing the panel carefully behind her. Kelsey still lay in deep, exhausted sleep. She bent over him, her lips near to his, then drew back, fearing to awaken him. Very gently she slipped the note between his relaxed fingers, and then felt her way along the wall until she reached the other exit.

Outside at last; and no sign that she had attracted any attention. Shielded by two or three out-buildings,



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ISSUE No. 38-'28

and concealed by patches of shrubbery, she reached the gap in the hedge. Passing through it, she made a quick detour to the right to muddy her skirt and shoes in the trickle of a brook; and so at last came to the open space where the wrecked automobile lay.

She heard the man approaching who had been whistled back from the woods, and began dodging from tree to tree as if attempting to hide.

They saw her, as she had intended they should. Two of them caught her. She made a show of struggle, but they held her fast by the arms.

In answer to their shouts, Bristow and the others came running through the hedge.

"Ah!" he said with unctuous satisfaction as if a weight had been suddenly removed from his chest. "Now to get the other one." His eyes were like points of steel as he came close to Hope.

"Where's Kelsey?" he demanded. She looked at him vacantly.

"Who?"

"Kelsey," he repeated, "the man you went away with. Where is he?"

"That man? He was under the automobile, there was blood on him."

"Yes, yes. But what became of him?"

She leaned toward him with the air of imparting a confidence.

"That man is crazy. He said he wasn't but I know better. I wanted him to hide in the woods. I know these woods." She passed her hand uncertainly over her forehead. "I don't know how I know them, but I do. I wanted him to hide here, but he wouldn't do it. He talked about getting a boat down on the beach, and when I wouldn't go with him he ran away." She waved her hand vaguely toward the shore.

Bristow's eyes bored through her, but she looked beyond him listlessly indifferent.

Finally he gave a curt order to have her taken back to the hospital.

CHAPTER XXI.

Kelsey woke up slowly, dragging from his long, exhausted sleep and blinked his heavy eyes.

Why, it was daylight! His whole sleep-fogged brain was roused now. Why was the panel open? Ah! There Hope stood in it—No!

It was a man.

The man in the opening ducked, and raised an arm to shield himself.

"I'm a friend!" he cried, throwing himself against the side of the cupboard. "Honest; you can believe me. A friend of Ranger's."

Kelsey loomed above him, still threatening; but his lowering glance had shifted. What was this he was holding in his clenched hand—that bit of white paper sticking through his fingers, between the spreading knuckles?

Juarez Charlie had dodged; and quick as a cat on his feet, stepped from the cupboard into the room.

Kelsey had unclenched his hand, and was straightening out the paper. He could see that there was something written on it, but the light was too dim and gray for him to decipher it. He was in the room and at the window in two strides.

Here he read Hope's message. The rain was dashing against the window-panes, the wind wailing about the house.

The uprushing blood darkened his face. He whirled savagely, and caught Charlie by the shoulder, shaking him hard.

"Who are you? One of their men? Did you help take her?"

"I did not," Charlie wriggled like an eel from that biting grasp and stood rubbing his shoulder. "I'm one of Ranger's men, Juarez Charlie. Do you get that?"

He swaggered, his hands in his trousers' pockets, his head at its most impudent angle.

"I've been wandering about with one-third of a picture-puzzle, trying to piece the rest out of the air. And you've got the other two-thirds. They know that I'm on their trail, and that I've been in Barcelona. They think you're drowned."

"Drowned? Me?" Kelsey repeated.

"She told them you'd made for the shore, and a boat. Then, that terrific storm. Did you sleep through that?"

"I seem to have slept through everything, but my own especial judgment." I'm going through that storm."

"But still," Charlie continued, "there's always the chance of your being alive and at large. So, every-thing considered, they've got a new situation before them, something they haven't foreseen."

"But if you're what you say you are, one of Ranger's men, all you have to do is go out now and telephone him and the authorities."

"Oh, is it?" Charlie retorted with acrid sarcasm. "This thing isn't quite as simple as it sounds. You start out to telephone, and you'll be nabbed sure."

Half-convinced, Kelsey gave way quickly.

"What sort of a place is this sanitarium?" The brusque tang of the question gave Kelsey the feeling that Charlie was really heading somewhere and aroused him from his melancholy abstraction.

"Bristow?" He looked up. "One of the best in the country. Only for the very rich of course; thoroughly modern, splendidly managed. Bristow is an alienist of the first rank, with a criminal twist and a craze for money."

"What were you doing there?" Kelsey told him briefly of his position as assistant-surgeon, and the circumstances of his detention; of his first experience with Hope and of the role she was playing; of their subsequent meetings and the escape.

Charlie's cigar burned to ashes in his fingers as he listened, his face sharpened down until it was wolfish; but he did not utter a question.

"Bristow?" He held up one of his lightning-rolled cigars, naming it.

"But," squinting thoughtfully, as he laid it on the table, "he couldn't swing it alone. Too big. Who else is in it?"

He shot the question at Kelsey like a bullet from a rapid-fire revolver.

"Miss Copley. She's a nurse. Looks strikingly like Hope. Passes as an



Two of them caught her.

older sister in charge of the insane younger one."

Charlie pursed his mouth in a whistle.

"Any one else?"

"Higgins. An ex-alderman. An old millionaire. Made a fortune in Wall street, they say."

Charlie bounded up with a stifled exclamation, his tongue clicking his teeth.

"Hobo Bill! That does settle it. Hobo Bill! I might have known it. Hobo—The Joker in the deck!"

He bobbed about the room like a cork, snapping his fingers, muttering broken phrases under his breath.

"The hobo messages!—This booby-hatch for a headquarters!—The nurse, a ringer!—I've got the whole thing!"

CHAPTER XXII.

"In the first place," said Charlie, "I've known Ranger ever since I was a boy, and when I heard about his little girl, I started out on my own to find her. I know 'crock psychology' better than old Byrnes ever did; but this gang that are holding her fooled me forty ways from the ace. But last night I got a tip that led straight to Bristow's Sanitarium."

"I rode as fast as my motorcycle could race from Westchester to Barcelona, taking all the short cuts. It was one of them that I came on you two. And so I rushed for a doctor, thinking you were ready to kick in, and as soon as I reached the village I got pinched. So I just turned in and went to sleep; that is, as much as that fierce storm would let me.

"But in the meantime my mascot had got busy. She it was who gave me the lead to Bristow. I'd had dinner with her, and put her back in a bus with her party. They all went on to spend the evening with some friends, and as they came back about midnight, they stopped at the Lone Hill garage for some gas. Up steps the garage man's assistant, a shock-headed lunk, that had driven me and my queen to the Inn. He was all twittering with excitement, and tells her that I've been arrested over here at Barcelona."

"What a headpiece that girl's got. Here's her friends kind of giggling at her for being took in. She don't believe that; for she saw me with Ranger. And Barcelona is the tip she gave me. But she wants to make sure. So what does she do but call up the man whose name's been in all the papers as Ranger's attorney, Eustace Higby."

"He tells her that I'm all right, and

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To spend Christmas with the folks at home will be more appreciated than all the presents you could send to them. Everyone will be happier if you are with them.
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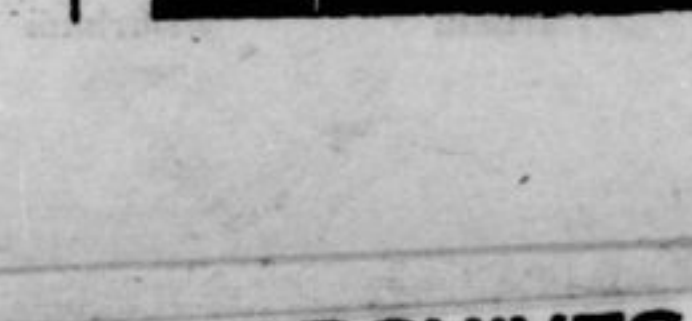
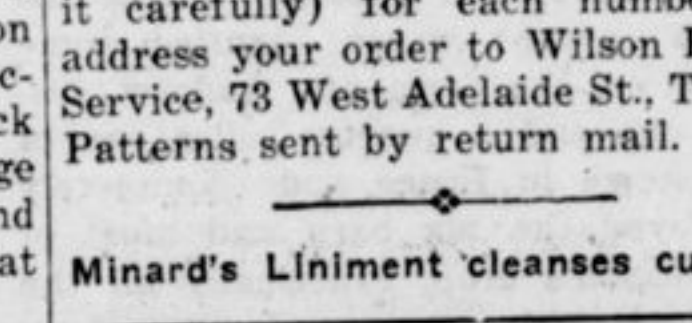
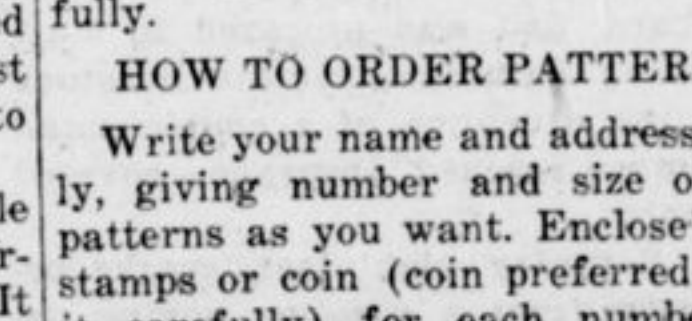
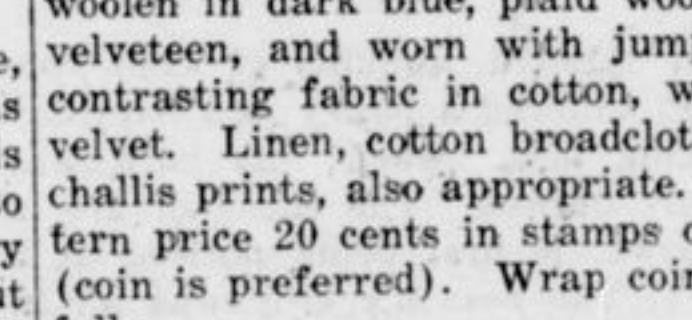
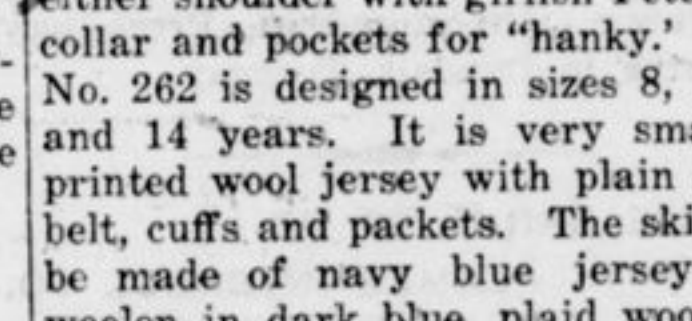
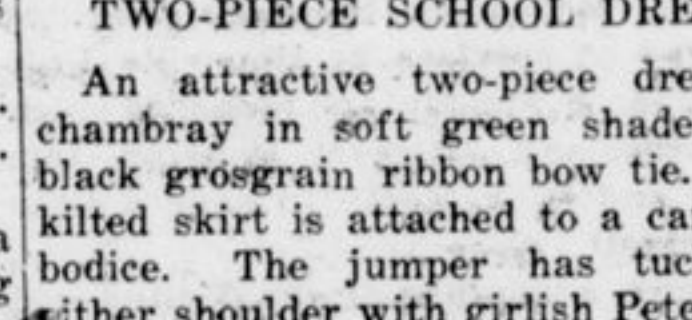
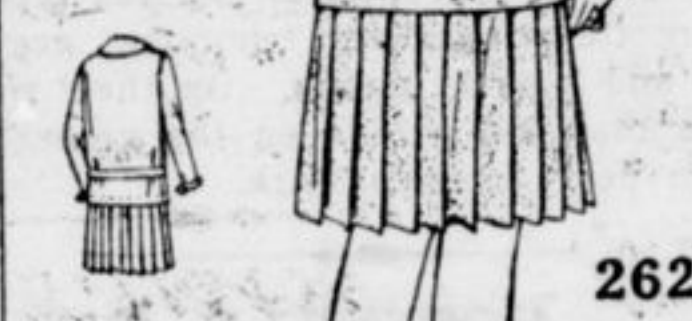
WHITE STAR LINE CANADIAN SERVICE

then he routs out Frank Bryan, Ranger's private secretary, and shoots him down here on the morning train to get me out."

(To be continued.)



Learn



Hope Yet

Gil Made From Dogfish Livers Said to Keep Mosquitos Away

Mosquitos, black flies, mingles and other insect pests are kept away, it is said, by the application of an oil being manufactured at Vancouver, B.C., from the livers of dogfish. In early days the Coast Indians used dogfish oil as a preventive against the onslaughts of insects but the cure was worse than the disease, as it was rancid offensive. Cree Indians of Northern Ontario have also found dogfish oil most effective for similar purposes, although disagreeable because of the extremely strong smell. By a new process, however, all the virtues of the oil are retained and an agreeable aroma added. The markets for such an oil are almost unlimited. In New Zealand and Australia the dairy herds have no surcease from the insect pests. Northern Quebec and Northern Ontario are expected to absorb quantities of the palliative, while sportsmen and prospectors of British Columbia are potential buyers.

Fish-oils are growing in importance every year as new uses for them are discovered by science and industry.

The great increase in the number of small rendering plants wherever there are fishery interests of any importance may eventually solve the so-called dogfish problem.

These small sharks, sculpins, silver hake and other trash fish without food value are all legitimate grist for the mill. Fish meal for live-stock and fish fertilizer for the land, and fish oil for a diversity of purposes are in growing demand.

Byrd's Paper Supply Totals 60,000 Sheets

Holyoke, Mass.—Materials upon which to record permanently a 20,000-page story were carried south by Commander Richard E. Byrd's antarctic expedition, it has been learned here. Sixty thousand sheets of paper were placed aboard the City of New York, two-thirds of which were for carbon copies, according to officials of the American Writing Paper Company, which supplied this material.

The 20,000 sheets on which Commander Byrd will inscribe his log and other members of the expedition will record their scientific data, are said to be made of compounds which will resist wear. If the expedition is successful, it is expected that these records will be of high historical value.

A motor car with one horn can toss a man farther than a bull with two horns.

Shakespeare lived to-day his works would not be included in our literature.—Lord Gorell.

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In the store or on the 'phone, always ask for Christie's Biscuits
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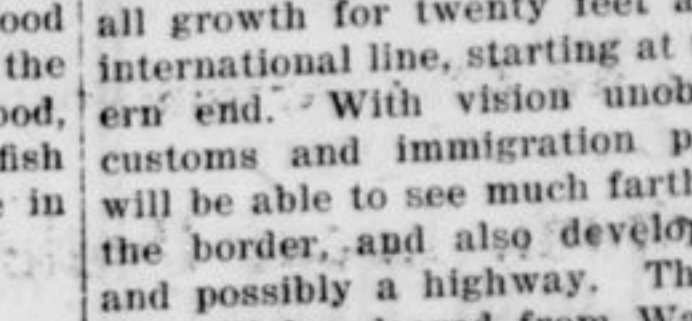
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Boundary Timber Cleared To Expose Run Runners

Blaine, Wash.—Run runners and smugglers will encounter even more difficulty crossing the border between Canada and the United States. A crew of woodsmen is at work clearing all growth for twenty feet along the international line, starting at the western end. With vision unobstructed, customs and immigration patrolmen will be able to see much farther along the border, and also develop a trail and possibly a highway. The boundary will be cleared from Washington to Minnesota. It is reported.



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Mustard Pickle
Slice 100 small cucumbers and 1 quart small onions. Put in enamel dish in layers with salt between. Put a heavy weight above and let stand overnight. Drain off liquid. Mix 1 ounce celery seed, 1/2 lb. mustard seed, 1/2 lb. horse's mustard, 2 tablespoons black pepper, all in with 2 pint olive oil, stir in 2 qtz. vinegar pour over pickles. Mix well and seal in sterilized jars.

Lord Lovat, like some others in the Old Land, seems to find it difficult to understand that Canada is and always will be a cosmopolitan country. The greatness of this nation is being built upon the mixture of many races. This is necessarily the case for if it were possible for us to transport to the dominion the entire population of the British Isles there would still be room in Canada for millions more. We have in this country to-day men and women representative of practically every nationality under the sun. They or their forefathers have come here for a definite reason. That reason was the improvement of their condition in life and the search for greater opportunity. They reached the conclusion that Canada offered this greater opportunity and so they came. Thousands of them have succeeded here. They have burned the bridges behind them. They are firmly rooted in Canada. Their lives, their hopes, their aspirations are Canadian. Canada is their home. And Canada is glad to have them because they and the many others because are aiding in the great task of developing our country.

Lord Lovat and others should take note of the Hon. Robert Forke's remarks to the Empire Parliamentary Association in Ottawa.

"We welcome all immigrants of the right type," the Canadian minister of immigration said, "but especially do we welcome those of Great Britain who come here to make their home. Our policy is to welcome all immigrants who can possibly be assimilated."

Mr. Forke added that he greatly regretted paragraphs which had appeared in certain English papers that British immigrants were not welcome in Canada. Such statements were not in accordance with facts. British immigrants are welcome; no denunciation of the empire was putting forth more strenuous efforts to obtain people from the Old Land, he said.

There seems to be a determined effort to give the impression that the government is turning away British newcomers and having a band at the dock every time a boatload of immigrants arrives from Poland or some other country. Such charges and insinuations are, of course, absurd, the best answer to them being that the man in charge of the whole immigration department, is himself a British immigrant.

Lord Lovat came to Canada to discuss immigration matters. If he made the remark attributed to him at Winnipeg, one must conclude that his prejudices are stronger than his discretion.

Canada's quite capable of handling her own immigration regulations.

American (as Flying Scotsman dashes): "Say, ho, I guess you call that an express?" Porter: "That? No, it's just doing a bit of aboutin'. It'll be back in a minute!"

When Captain Wolfe and the daughter of Lord Lovat, Lord Lovat, who, at Winnipeg, was quoted as saying that he failed to understand why Canada was bringing 51,000 immigrants from "non-preferred" countries annually and only 50,000 from the British Isles. His Lordship also stated, according to a despatch, that the British people view, with alarm, Canadian readiness to bring to this country what may be termed "subservient peoples."

To this Mr. Forke replies that "if British immigrants won't come to British Canada, we can't help it. The British immigrant who is able and willing to groom the land is practically being subsidized to come to Canada. This is not the case with the 'subservient peoples' referred to by Lord Lovat. They come to Canada even though given no encouragement to do so by the government."

According to despatches from Ottawa, Lord Lovat's remarks in Winnipeg have caused surprise and are regarded as "unfortunate." One might go further and say that they are decidedly out of place. Is it anyone's fault if 51,000 non-British Europeans decide that they wish to move to Canada and if we allow them to come in? As pointed out in an Ottawa despatch, a very large percentage of these people come here with money in their possession, remain in the occupations to which they are directed, and rarely become a charge upon the community. They make an excellent citizens and it does seem a shame that a visitor from Great Britain should apparently go out of his way to make disparaging remarks concerning them. Some of these newcomers may have belonged to "subservient peoples" in Europe, but that is not the case which they become citizens of Canada. This country is not interested in what they were, but in what they are.

Mr. Forke himself an immigrant from Scotland many years ago, and one of thousands of Scotsmen who have made good in this country—puts the situation clearly when he says that great efforts, financial and otherwise are being made to attract people here from Great Britain. If they won't come in sufficient numbers to overbalance the immigration from other lands—lands that receive no such encouragement from the Canadian authorities—why should this country be blamed? Mr. Forke and his associates cannot go over to Great Britain and compel people to come here. Canada has invited them and extends assistance and co-operation. What more can she do?

Lord Lovat, like some others in the Old Land, seems to find it difficult to understand that Canada is and always will be a cosmopolitan country. The greatness of this nation is being built upon the mixture of many races. This is necessarily the case for if it were possible for us to transport to the dominion the entire population of the British Isles there would still be room in Canada for millions more. We have in this country to-day men and women representative of practically every nationality under the sun. They or their forefathers have come here for a definite reason. That reason was the improvement of their condition in life and the search for greater opportunity. They reached the conclusion that Canada offered this greater opportunity and so they came. Thousands of them have succeeded here. They have burned the bridges behind them. They are firmly rooted in Canada. Their lives, their hopes, their aspirations are Canadian. Canada is their home. And Canada is glad to have them because they and the many others because are aiding in the great task of developing our country.

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Lord Lovat

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