

THE TREASURE TRUNK

By GERALDINE CASE.

It was entirely Lindsay's fault. As he waited for the trunk check, he forgot everything in the world except the face of the girl beside him.

She was not over twenty, a slender flower of a girl, with satiny waves of sunny hair framing in her tender, wistful face.

Then he remembered that he had just exactly three minutes to beat time down the concourse and catch the Northwest express.

He had checked his heavy leather suitcase. That left him free to run, but he waited for her, and they passed through the gate together, the last to take the train.

There was an empty seat near by. He had checked his heavy leather suitcase. That left him free to run, but he waited for her, and they passed through the gate together, the last to take the train.

and he got a check from the conductor for it. So far, it was satisfying to him simply to watch her profile and the droop of her long lashes.

It was desperate, but his only chance to find out anything about her. He slipped a dollar bill to the porter, and put it up to him to make enquiries.

Through ticket to Moose Trail, said, "came back the answer in due time."

Lindsay scowled, and nodded. He was bound for Trent, three hours' journey past Moose Trail. She would step off into the embrace of these everlasting mountains and he would never see her again.

She left the train at Moose Trail, and not once had he held even her gaze. There was a boy waiting to meet her, and he saw her bend her head to kiss him.

All the rest of the journey the singing rails lumped the name to him, Lola. Before the week was up he would be back there at Moose Trail, turning the surrounding country upside down until he had found Lola and that treasured tid.

Bidford was at the hotel when he arrived. It was nearly dinner time, and he was hungry, but the older salesman insisted on getting the trunk and suitcase up from the depot first, and looking over their contents. Lindsay handed over his checks and plunged into a bath.

When the porter brought up the baggage, Bidford called out to him to hand over his keys.

"What sort of a fancy watch

charm do you call this trunk, anyhow, Al?" he added, carelessly.

"It's all to the good," came back Lindsay's voice, muffled in a Turkish towel. "Got it in Chicago, burglar proof, bomb proof."

A deep rumble of laughter from old Bidford started him. He slipped into pajamas, and came out into the room. On the bed lay the suitcase, open. On the floor was a little yellow steamer trunk, very new, very lightly made, very feminine.

The lock was a simple one. Bidford had found a key that opened it, and now he threw back the cover of the trunk. A mass of girlish belongings lay exposed to view. Above all, a delicate musk-scented emanation of perfume, of woodland violets, from the girl from Moose Trail.

"Where's the bride, Al?" asked Bidford, chuckling. "I never suspected you of this, old man. Let's lift up the tray."

"No, you don't," said Lindsay. He crossed the room and banged down the cover of the trunk, knocking out one photograph on the floor. As he stooped for it he saw it was she herself, and underneath was written, "With love always, Lola."

"It's a mix-up in checks, I know where mine went," he explained. "Don't get fussed up and report it, now. Give me half a chance to make the change."

"And help you cover up the chance you took, a loss of \$60,000 while you chased up a girl."

"It's a lie, understand. I never chased her. I wanted to badly enough, but I came through to deliver the goods to you straight. Now, I'm going back and find her, and I'll ship the trunk to you by express, but you let me alone for a few days."

"It's a girl case, then?"

"If I can find her," blurted out the youngster. "I don't even know her last name, but I'm going back to find out."

He landed in Moose Trail late that night, and routed out the sleepy ticket agent. Before he let him go he had the name of the girl and where she lived. Also he had found his trunk standing carelessly in one corner of the dinky little express office and had been told she had discovered the mistake, and left it there to be claimed. He ordered it sent on to Bidford, and went out into the moonlight night, grinning happily.

Two miles over the hill road, the second house upon the mountain side above the dam. He walked it quickly, the cool, keen air bracing his nerves. When he came in sight of the house, the whole humor of the chase swept over him. He could not waken her, a total stranger, and



GRACEFUL SUMMER SCARVES.

Softly edged with black marabout all around is the fine ninoon wrap sketched on the figure in the middle, the available colors including cerise, royal blue and anyshiter.

Another most graceful example of the season's shoulder-wrap of ninoon is depicted on the left, this Parisian scarf (gauged at the back) justifying itself very triumphantly in a distance of the right can be lined with white or black satin, or with a grey, emerald green or cerise.

say he loved her, and had followed by there in the middle of the night.

So it happened that when Tommy Tyndall came along at sunrise, he found a stranger leaning comfortably on the bars smiling at him. He had business with Miss Tyndall, he said, about her trunk.

Tommy's eyes danced at that. "She's awful mad about it," he vouchsafed.

But Lindsay, tasted a bit of the sweets of revenge, when he told at the breakfast table an hour later, how he had picked up the wrong check and nearly lost \$50,000 worth of jewels.

Old Ben Tyndall's eyes glistened. "Pretty careless to cart stuff like that around, ain't it?"

"I wouldn't take fifty thousand for the treasure in my own trunk," Lola said wistfully. "It's a very, very precious to me."

"Just keepsakes," explained her father. "Girls are sentimental," but Lindsay's glance caught and held her this time, and he saw the color rise slowly in her cheeks.

"I think you lost the real treasure trunk, Miss Lola," he said slowly. "I'm mighty glad I found it, but I was coming back to Moose Trail anyway."

Tommy leaned across the table confidentially.

"She said she thought you would. She told me about you on the way home, and said she hoped she'd see you again some time."

"Tom!" flashed Lola. "Don't!" Lindsay's eyes gleamed with happiness and pure boyish fun.

WEDDINGS IN CHINA

At Home of Groom, Whom Often Bride Sees for First Time.

Marriages in China are celebrated at the home of the bridegroom, not at the home of the bride, as in the May World Magazine. Before quitting her own house the bride is arrayed in her best dress and jewels.

her hair is elaborately arranged and she wears a large hat. A mantle is then thrown about her head and a red silk cloth is placed over her face. Her mother then puts her in a gilt sedan chair, used only for weddings, and locks her in, giving the key to one of the attendants, who delivers it to the bridegroom when the procession arrives at the latter's house.

No priest or magistrate officiates at the marriage. The happy pair, the bride still veiled, enter the ancestral hall together and bow three times to the family tablets, afterwards sitting down to a table on which are two cups of wine—an offering intended to propitiate the ancestors of the family.

They next enter the reception chamber, where the husband removes the veil and mantle from his wife, seeing her face, perhaps for the first time. The guests and friends then enter the hall, gaze upon the blushing bride and convey their felicitations to the happy pair. A wedding banquet is held in the evening at which the bride, very tactful, pays special attention to her parents-in-law.

Vast Market for Jellyfish. A very profitable industry in Chosen on a new line has been suggested by the authorities of the fishing section of the governor-general. It is the fishing for jellyfish, so abundantly found in the seas of West Chosen.

While the sea offers much obstruction to the fishing industry in general, as its presence in large numbers often makes the use of net impossible and sometimes compels the fishermen to abandon their work, the fish itself will bring in a large amount of money if caught, properly prepared and exported to China for cooking purposes.

China is a vast market for it, for it is there that salted jellyfish is considered a great delicacy and one of the indispensable foodstuffs, especially in the summer.

There is a great demand for it every year from Shanghai, Nihpoo, Hongkong and Canton. In Whangshai province great numbers of them are often seen drifted ashore after a storm, and as many of them as one wishes can be gathered gratis. Unemployed Koreans may be hired at low wages as gatherers or workmen in preparing the jellyfish for salting.

How a Clever Bear Fished. This year, the berries being destroyed, many bears visited the river for fish. I was walking up the river shore one evening about sunset watching for a deer. Rounding a bend, I saw perched on a flat rock some few feet from the shore, a large black bear. I could not tell at first what he was doing. He was stooping down with one paw in the water, waiting it gently to and fro. I watched closed and saw, just beyond his reach, a large male salmon, so nearly dead that he could not swim. The bear was using his paw to create an eddy which would draw the fish within his grasp. Slowly the salmon drifted towards the rock.

It was amusing to watch how carefully the bear moved his paw so as not to frighten his prey. At last the fish came within reach. Full on reached over, gave it a quick snip, seized it in his jaws and leaped ashore. The whole performance tickled me so that I let him go off, the animal dangling in his mouth, without even taking a shot at him.—Charles Stuart Moody, in Outing Magazine.

The Failure of the Railways. Industrial Canada, Toronto. The history of modern transportation presents a few such spectacular failures as the attempts of the railways of Canada to carry the national traffic during the past year. The farmers of the west, as they contemplate wastes of frozen wheat, realize its fact. The manufacturers of the east, as they supplicate for cars and railroads, realize it, realize it. The consumers of west and east realize and suffer. What is the reason? There is a simple reason. The greatness of the country has come upon the railways suddenly and has found them unprepared. "Show us your facilities for handling traffic," is the order that has been issued to the railway board. How will the railways answer. How will it be discovered that too many over-worked locomotives have been in the hospital when they should have been on the road? Have the companies enough cars, enough rails, enough men, enough of anything?

Time Nothing to Him. At a recent dinner at which several members of the legal fraternity were present, a well known jurist declared that the useless questions used by young lawyers when cross-examining their first witnesses reminded him of an answer given to a convict.

"A street laborer," he said, "was digging just outside a State prison. One of the convicts called out from his cell. 'Say, what time is it?' 'The man kept on digging and did not reply. Finally after the prisoner had repeated the question two or three times, the laborer looked up at him and remarked:— 'What do you care? You aren't going any place.'"

Fishhawk Attacks Young Boy. Roland West, a Georgetown boy, was badly scratched and his clothes were torn by a fishhawk. He was in danger of having his eyes scratched out when Oscar King hurried through the Slaughter Neck marshes on hearing the boy's cries, and beat the bird until it flew away.

West had found a bird's nest in a tree containing three little fish-hawks. He started to take them away when the mother bird swooped down and began clawing the boy, who fell to the ground where the enraged fowl renewed its attack.—Milford, Del., dispatch.

The good time may also be followed by bad results.

Will Recover Sight of Eye. The gratifying news was received by telegram in this city Monday morning, that the injury which Frank Smith received to his right eye, from a bursting electric light bulb, in Windsor, one week ago, would not result in the loss of his sight. The specialists took the bandages from the eye on Monday, and found that he would, in time, quite recover the sight of the eye.

High Death Rate in the Spring. At the very time of year when all nature is awakening to new life, human beings are overcome by lassitude and distaste for physical activity, and the death rate mounts higher than at any other time during the year.

What can be the cause? It seems to be due to the mode of life during the cold winter months. By living cooped up in overheated, ill-ventilated rooms, the lungs are deprived of the life-giving oxygen, the blood becomes loaded with impurities which are not eliminated from the system as they should be by the liver and kidneys.

These filtering organs are torpid, sluggish and inactive, and need Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to restore them to health and activity. There is no way by which the blood can be purified except by the eliminating process carried on by the liver and kidneys. Hence the effectiveness of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a means of purifying the blood.

Advertisement for Gillett's pens, featuring the Gillett logo and the text 'THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND. MADE IN CANADA.'

Advertisement for Lime for Sale, Drury's Coal and Wood Yard, Phone 442, 425 Wellington St.

Advertisement for Cook's Catina Root Compound, featuring an illustration of a person and text describing its benefits.

Advertisement for New Shoe Repairing Business, Robert Paynter, 115 Brock St., Phone 570.

Advertisement for All Good Housekeepers, H. J. Myers, 115 Brock St., Phone 570.

Advertisement for Coal, Booth & Co., Foot West Street.

Advertisement for Gold Medal, London, 1911, Largest Sale High-Grade Tea in World.

Advertisement for Ridgways Tea, featuring an illustration of a tea box and text describing its quality.

Advertisement for Dunlop tires, featuring the Dunlop logo and text 'THE NEW DUNLOP SPECIAL BICYCLE TIRE'.

Advertisement for Fresh Arrival Ganong's Chocolates, The Finest in the City, 50 cents per pound.

Advertisement for A. J. Rees, 166 Princess St., Phone 58.



CAPT. AND MRS. TURNER, of the Salvation Army Corps, who are to leave Kingston next week.

\$500.00 for 25 Jingles in June (We paid \$1000.00 for 25 Jingles in May)

\$500.00 will be paid in June, 1912, for Post Toasties Jingles—\$20.00 to each of 25 persons who send in crisp, snappy Jingles—most acceptable for a "Toasties" Jingle Book.

Names of persons from whom Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., purchased Post Toasties Jingles in May will be mailed on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope.

Form for submitting jingles, including fields for name, address, and jingle text. Example: 'We Paid \$20.00 for this Original May Jingle. (As an example only.) There is an old woman of Crewe, Who vows she has nothing to do, She is happy and gay, eats Toasties all day And now she's 102. Purchased from MISS ADELE NOR DHEIMER, 473 Davenport Rd., Toronto, Can.'

Use of above form of answer is suggested, but not required.

We will buy 25 Post Toasties Jingles, acceptable for use in a Jingle Book, received during June, 1912, at \$20.00 each.

Only the Jingles we pay for will be used, but no Jingles, whether purchased or not, will be returned.

The names and addresses of the writers of the 25 Jingles purchased in June, 1912, will be printed and mailed to each enquirer who sends us a 1c. stamped and addressed envelope for return.

The Jingles will be judged honestly upon merit, so if you are a sensitive person and in addition become acquainted with

Post Toasties —the delicious ready-to-serve, crisp bits of toasted Indian Corn. Try a dish with some milk or cream and a sprinkle of sugar.

not a good sportsman. DON'T TRY, for we have no time to "pet up" those whose Jingles are not accepted.

Fill in the missing line of the incomplete Jingle printed above, making the last line INCLUDE the name "Post Toasties" or "Toasties" with correct rhyme and metre.

Or, write an original Post Toasties Jingle of not less than 4 lines, any one line of which must contain "Post Toasties" or "Toasties."

As many Jingles may be submitted as desired. No Jingle submitted in May, 1912 will be considered in this June, 1912, offer.

A Wonderful Cave of Ice. No one knows how many wonderful caves, more extensive, perhaps than the vast mammoth cave of Kentucky, yet remain to be discovered. Not long ago some boys accidentally found the entrance to a marvellous cavern of ice at the foot of Cow Mountain in Colorado. Three great chambers of it already have been opened, the walls and ceilings of which are covered with great masses of ice in grotesque forms. In the centre of one of the rooms is a lake nearly fifty feet square with no apparent outlet.

What an excellent refrigerator such a cave would make! It would supply the needs of a whole city.

Drink drowned grief always leaves a troublesome ghost.