



**PERRIN'S**  
**ARROWROOT**  
**BISCUIT**

Arrowroot Biscuits are a severe test of the baker's skill—it is easy for you to see from their delicious flavor and golden brown crispness how well we succeed.

The kiddies and even the babies may have as many as they want—nothing is better for them.

Every Package Guaranteed. At your grocer's.

Send for the Perrin "Sampler" Package. It contains so many delicious surprises that you will be sure to consider it worth the 10c. (coin or stamps) that covers the cost of mailing it. Mention your grocer's name.

**D. S. PERRIN & COMPANY**  
LIMITED  
London, Canada

# BRITZ

OF HEADQUARTERS

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by the British & Colonial Press, Limited, Toronto.

"What's new?" he called to Britz. The lieutenant shook his head. "Very little," he answered.

"Still working on that line?" inquired Manning, permitting himself the luxury of a slightly sarcastic intonation. He was not over fond of Britz, perhaps as no department head ever feels really cordial toward a too capable second-in-command. In his direction of the Bureau he needed the shrew sleuthing brain, and so it was seldom he risked offending him.

The faint asperity of his superior's tone was not lost upon Britz, but he ignored it.

"Yes," he said, pausing near the threshold for a second ere he went to his way to the other room. "I propose to fight it out on that line if it takes all winter!"

Manning grinned.

It was a busy quarter of an hour Detective-Lieutenant Britz passed in his Mulberry Street office. Awaiting him was a cablegram from Logan, saying briefly he was trailing all the workmen who had taken part in the manufacture of the paste. Missioner necklace, and that none of them had left Paris.

Britz frowned slightly as he read the message, then with a heavy frown he turned and addressed his far-away assistant by his cable word, he wrote: "Logan, Paris. Was Mahranee made there, too?"

Britz tapped a bell and looked up as a Headquarters patrolman opened the door.

"Rush this down to the Western Union office," he said. "Take it yourself, and see that it goes once."

Then as he saw a question struggling for escape from the bluecoat's muscle-bound intelligence, he added: "No, don't send it over our loop; take it right down to 125 Broadway, and take it yourself; and, what's more, take it right away; don't let there be any mistake about this."

The patrolman saluted stiffly, and Britz swung his feet to the leaf of his desk. The lieutenant took from his pocket a cigar, black and clumsy enough to indicate its value to any connoisseur; made his teeth meet with a savage crunch in one end, and struck a match with a rasp that evidently was a slight outlet for his emotions, and smoked studiously. He had learned something in the course of the last twenty-four hours. First was the fact that Griswold was a master of the pencil; and next came the knowledge that men who would stop at nothing, even in the heart of New York, were on the alert for somebody they anticipated would come out of the Missioner house.

An equally interesting point in connection with these men was that they were not of the West. Britz's memory was a criminal directory of Manhattan. He had at his thoughts' end a picture of every crook who had ever been caught on the island. Desperate as many of them were, and daring as not a few of them had shown themselves to be, he recalled vividly several instances that had gripped the attention of specialists in many lines, and there was not one among them he felt sure, who would have dared the abduction of a valuable man in that particular way and in that particular place. The deed had been committed unquestionably by a band of desperadoes from another land. They came from some mysterious country where midnight crimes on occasion proved noonday achievement. Now, it hardly would pay the Hindoo ruffians, however expert, to become pioneers of their peculiar brand of crime in a place so distant from the scenes of their normal operations unless they were inspired by a purpose big enough to attract them the width of this world, and make them pursue it in indifference to the probability of their safe return. Undoubtedly, New York at that moment was the unconscious possessor of about as enterprising a band of thugs as Hindostan could produce; but those thugs had not come to establish thuggee as one of America's protected industries. They were here for a specific object, and in the clarity of the great sleuth's intelligence, that object showed forth luminously—they were here for the Maharanee diamond.

The Swami had done his best to deceive him. It went without saying the Brahmin was connected in some way with the acts of the low-caste Hindoos, and, moreover, even in the darkness of the hall in the Missioner house, Britz had not failed to recognize the man All of Kananda, Britz as yet knew nothing. That anglicized potentate had absented himself from the scholar's room throughout the detective's visit, and Nandy so far forgot the club ethics he had learned in London as to peer and listen through portieres of the inner doorway, but Britz did not know this. The Headquarters man was convinced, however, that the Swami had cognizance of—even if he did not actually direct—the attempt upon his liberty. He guessed, too, that it was by accident he was whirled away from the park path, instead of a man the Orientals evidently considered it worth their while to capture and search.

True, he was not much closer to isolation of the germs of suspicion that sprouted in his mind in regard to Sands, Griswold, Blodgett, and All. Conjecture in the cases of two or three of them, but how to account for its achievement by any one of the four was something that still puzzled the acute mentality of him whom the Swami had called "New York's cleverest detective."

Where was the Maharanee made? How could it have been made? He saw no reason for deception on the part of the Swami in that regard, if the priest wished merely to hide from his visitor his interest in a priceless diamond, nothing would be more natural than for him to admit the possibility of such a jewel being false.



RUTH ST. DENIS, Dance artist, who appears with her original company at the Grand on Friday, Aug. 28th.

"I don't see how there can be any cheer for me," he said, "as long as that poor girl is a prisoner in the Tombs. When are we going to get her out?"

"I know just how you feel about it, doctor," said Britz sympathetically, "but you'll have to leave that in my hands for the present. Miss Holcomb must stay where she is a while longer."

"But surely," persisted the physician, "it cannot be necessary to leave her there forever to establish her innocence. You know she is guiltless; I know it; Mrs. Missioner knows it, and it would not take much to bring all her acquaintances to the same view. Why must we wait?"

"My dear fellow," said the detective, "you forget that a large proportion of our fellowmen are not prepared to believe anything of the kind. In the eyes of the public your fiancée is the only person who can be suspected of having stolen Mrs. Missioner's jewels. All the circumstantial evidence points in her direction; in fact, as far as the public knows, she was caught red-handed. Bear in mind my esteemed colleagues are not given to over-modesty. You may depend on it, they've filled up the Headquarters reporters with big stories about their discovery of one of the diamonds in Miss Holcomb's room. Trust Donnelly for that."

"Oh, what do I care about the public!" cried Fitch. "What has it done for us? What does the public amount to, anyhow? What's the use of talking to me about the public? All I'm thinking about is the fact that a girl who has never harmed anybody in her life is locked up in the Tombs with jailbirds and felons of every kind! It's enough to make a criminal out of a person! And with nothing to sustain her except the hope of what you and I may do to get her out; and here we are dragging along, digging out facts inch by inch like a pair of relic-hunters prodding the ruins of Herculaneum!"

The usually mild-mannered physician was goaded to rudeness by the imperturbability of the thief-taker who confronted him. He started to fling himself in a chair, then brought himself up roundly, and with a quick step reached the detective's desk. Planting his fists upon it with force that drove the blood from his knuckles he looked the lieutenant directly in the eyes and asked:

"Are you playing fair with me, Britz? Are you really trying to clear my fiancée of all this horrible mass of false evidence which has been collected about her? Are you really deep down inside of you, convinced of her innocence—are you as convinced as I am?"

A steady look was the only response Britz was a man who made his words his servants. He saw no reason for multiplying them now against the perfectly natural impetuosity of Miss Holcomb's lover.

"My God, man! It's not possible you're playing with me in a case like this!" Fitch continued. "You would just use me as a tool to build up a case against that girl? It cannot be you have permitted yourself to think she is guilty, and that you hope, by keeping me on the string, to get information about her you could not get anywhere else. Why, that would be—it's too damnable to think of!"

The sleuth's look never wavered. His cool, gray eyes projected their self-possession through the doctor's excitement into the inner justice chamber of his brain. Fitch gazed into them a few moments longer; then the tension of his muscles relaxed; his eyes fell away from the lieutenant's, and, turning slightly, he suddenly believed the swami to be sincere in saying he knew of no one in any European capital who could fashion a duplicate of the giant diamond.

It was when his thoughts were tangled in the tightest of knots in that line that a card was brought to him by the twin brother of the heavy-footed bluecoat, who even then was supposingly on his way to the Western Union office with the cable to Logan.

"Show him in," said Britz after a glance at the name; and, as his visitor entered, he swung his feet from the desk, advancing halfway to the door, and extended his hand cordially.

"How are you, doctor?" he said. "I hope I see you cheerful."

A wan smile broke the rigidity of the doctor's countenance for an instant, and he shook his head slightly.


### A Promising Outlook

ALL indications point to continued advancement in the development of Canada—invest now in the Standard Industrials and share in the general prosperity.

Upon request we shall be pleased to suggest suitable investments for you.

**A. H. Martens & Co.**  
Members Toronto Stock Exchange  
BOND and SHARE BROKERS  
C. P. R. BUILDING, TORONTO

### No Corns



**Next Sunday**

In 48 hours your corns will be gone if you use this simple method.

Apply **Blue-jay** tonight. Tomorrow you will not even think of the corn. Day after tomorrow the corn will be loosened. Simply lift it out.

Some people keep corns year after year, merely paring them once in a while. Some people use old-time treatments, and think corns can't be cured. They wrong themselves. A famous chemist has solved the whole corn problem. And his invention—**Blue-jay**—now removes a million corns a month.

Go try it. Note how the pain stops instantly. Note how gently **Blue-jay** undermines the corn. Note how soon the whole corn comes out, without any pain or soreness.

Next Sunday you can be as free from corns as a barefoot boy. And, so long as you live, you will never again let corns bother you.

**Blue-jay For Corns**  
15 and 25 cents—at Druggists  
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York  
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

### A MESSAGE FOR YOU

IT DON'T COST ANYTHING TO MAKE A GUESS  
MASSEY \$45.00 BICYCLE FREE

Every purchase you make entitles you to a guess. Bicycles, tires, tubes, cement, oil, saddles, pedals, and any old thing you need for your wheel. Gratonolas, Records and Needles. Hammocks Boat Cushions, Lawn Bowls, Tennis Racquets and Balls, Baseballs, Gloves, Spikes, Bats, etc. Fishing Poles, Flies, Trolling Spoons, Lines, Reels, Hooks Sinkers, Floats, etc.

Anything and everything counts. Get your repairs done quick and right.

**TREADGOLD SPORTING GOODS CO.**  
BICYCLES & SPORTING GOODS  
PHONE 529 88-90 PRINCESS ST.

**Cook's Cotton Root Compound.**  
A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1 \$1; No. 2 \$2; No. 3 \$3 per box. Sold by all druggists or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Walker).

**OUR TOBACCO**  
With the "Rooster" on it is crowing louder as he goes along. Only 45c. per pound. For chewing and smoking.  
AT A. MACLENNAN, Ontario Street.

Arriving daily Plums, Peaches, Pears, Green Gages, by the basket.

Phone 1405. Prompt Delivery.



**WILSON'S FLY POISON**

Every ten cent packet will kill more flies than \$3.00 worth of any sticky fly killer. Refuse substitutes, which are most unsatisfactory.

### IN SUCH PAIN WOMAN CRIED

Suffered Everything Until Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Florence, So. Dakota.—"I used to be very sick every month with bearing down pains and backache, and had headache a good deal of the time and very little appetite. The pains were so bad that I used to sit right down on the floor and cry, because it hurt me so and I could not do any work at those times. An old woman advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I got a bottle. I felt better the next month so I took three more bottles of it and got well so I could work all the time. I hope every woman who suffers like I did will try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. F. W. LANGRISH, Route No. 1, Florence, South Dakota.

"Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

ly and rather weakly sat on the edge of the desk.

"I'm sorry I broke out like that, old man," he said. "Of course, you are acting in good faith. It is not conceivable that any man of your stamp could be guilty of double-dealing with two persons as helpless to protect themselves in a case like this as are Miss Holcomb and myself. But, by all the gods! this longdrawn out uncertainty is enough to shatter anybody's nerves. It is playing havoc with mine. It's knocking all my experiments, my ambitions, my very practice into into several kinds of a cocked hat. How much longer can I do anything, think of anything, plan anything while Miss Holcomb rests under such a suspicion and is subject to such daily, hourly, and momentary wretchedness as I know she suffers in that infernal hole! You are asking too much of flesh and blood!"

"Now, doctor," said Britz, lowering himself gently into a revolving chair, and restoring his carefully polished feet to their comfortable position on the desk leaf, "let us be reasonable. You say I expect too much of you. Now, what do you expect of me? Do you think that I am the whole Russian Secret Service system rolled into one? Are you jollying yourself with the idea that I'm a Turkish Grand Vizier with all the genius at my command? You know very well I am doing the best I can with the material the Department appropriation permits. I have taken the pick of the force, but only a few of my assistants have anything on their shoulders. You cannot drive dubs."

Fitch nodded impatiently.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," continued the detective relighting his cigar, and drumming on the table thoughtfully. "I will make a bargain with you. I will let you go to get that girl out of jail, and I don't blame you a bit. She is altogether too fine a girl for that sort of thing—not that anything can contaminate her though; the stuff in her is too good for that. You can't spoil the real sort by a few weeks' association with undesirable citizens, but just the same, you want to get her out. I'm going to tell you something I do, too. I know you are in love with Elinor Holcomb, and I know you are not a bit more anxious to see her out of that place a free woman than I am, and I know I am not a bit more eager to see her come out with her reputation as white as milk than you are. It stands to reason, as you are the man to be responsible for her name all your life. I only hold myself accountable until this case is ended. How, then, can you think of suggesting such a thing as setting her free as long as the smallest scrap of suspicion stands against her? Why, you must be crazy!"

Fitch winced.

"See here," he said, "you don't have to talk to me that way. You know perfectly well when I say I want her out, I mean I want her out in exactly the same position in the eyes of her friends she was in before she went there. I know I'm an impetuous chump, and of course I have not any idea of forcing your hand in any way. But you needn't pretend you don't understand how hard it is for a man in my position to hold himself in."

Britz laughed—not unpleasantly. In fact, there was a ring of hope in the sound that made the doctor prick up his ears and turn to him expectantly.

"See," said Fitch, "you know something."

Britz nodded.

"Something important? Good news?" The detective's head was motionless. With exulting deliberation he took the pencil from his pocket, examined the point used that point to push the ashes of his cigar, slipped the pencil back into his pocket, and then nipped the cigar between his teeth. He then brought the fingers of his two hands together, tip to tip, and looked at the physician with an air of judicial abstraction.

"Good boy!" he said. "I don't know just how good it is. It may be the key to the whole situation, and it may only deepen the mystery. All I can tell you about it is that it's a new lead. I can't tell you anything more about it until I run it down."

A sound of impatience came from Fitch. He started to spring from the desk, then whirled his back toward the detective and poised himself on the edge, drumming a lower panel with his heels.


"A sound of impatience came from Fitch. He started to spring from the desk, then whirled his back toward the detective and poised himself on the edge, drumming a lower panel with his heels.

**What Do You Think of This?**

Isn't it SMART AND HANDY? Wouldn't you like to carry one home?

# What Do You Think of This?

Isn't it SMART AND HANDY? Wouldn't you like to carry one home?



**FRONTENAC Special BEER**

FRONTENAC BREWERIES, LIMITED MONTREAL

ALL the latest methods are adopted by the Frontenac Brewery in order to please its clients. It stands alone in using this popular and up-to-date delivery scheme.

**AND YOU KNOW**

That Frontenac Beers, each in their kind, are made in the best equipped Brewery, from choicest raw materials, by a master of the art, and are, therefore, equal to the best imported.

# Frontenac

RED LABEL "THE FAMILY BEER" BLUE LABEL FRONTENAC "SPECIAL"

Mild and wholesome with the fine and clean taste of Bohemian Hops. The Beer that is drunk in the good old towns of Germany and France. Type of the American Brews for Dinners, Receptions, Clubs and Restaurants.

**ON SALE EVERYWHERE**

FRONTENAC BREWERIES, LIMITED, Phone: St. Louis 5610 MONTREAL

**GEO. M. THOMPSON, Kingston**  
Distributor for Kingston and Suburbs:

(To be Continued.)