

It Will Delight You "SARADA" TEA

Perfectly balanced—superb in flavour.

Triumphs of M. Jonquelle

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The strange woman in the invalid chair has been talking angrily with her companion when M. Jonquelle, greatest of French detectives, entered the beautiful Italian terrace. The woman introduced her companion as MARTIN DILLARD, an American. The American greeted the "sister ungraciously. Jonquelle explained that he had come to inquire why the house in Paris, owned by Dillard and to which the woman had a key, burned to the ground.

CHAPTER II.

The American broke in. His voice was no longer restrained. "I don't see what you've got to do with it," he said.

Monsieur Jonquelle did not at once reply. He looked at his cigaret as though it were somehow unsatisfactory; puffed it a moment until the tip glowed; then he tossed it over the edge of the terrace into the bushes. Almost immediately the bushes parted and two persons came up onto the terrace. They were footmen in a rather conspicuous foreign livery. They paid no attention to either Monsieur Jonquelle or the American. They addressed themselves with apologetic diffidence to the woman in the chair.

They explained that a parrot belonging to the Princess Kitzenzoff, who occupied the great villa above, had escaped and was concealed somewhere in the thick shrubbery of madame's garden. Would they be permitted to search for it? The woman in the chair moved her head slowly in assent. Then she dismissed them with a gesture. They went down off the terrace and toward the rear of the villa in their search, and the woman in the chair addressed the American.

"You must believe," she said, "that Monsieur Jonquelle is an old acquaintance and that this explanation is not to be denied him. Neither are you to be denied it. You came here for it precisely as he has come for it. You have followed me here, trailing out my flight, as he has followed. The two of you arrived nearly on the moment, and I shall be pleased to include the two of you in my explanation. You were demanding it as Monsieur Jonquelle arrived—with some heat, if I correctly remember."

The American replied in his abrupt manner: "I don't understand this thing," he said. "But I do want to know how this house happened to burn while I was absent. You are the only person who had a key to it, and you must have burned it or you would not have run away and hid yourself—now, what's the story?"

The woman had a bit of delicate lace in her fingers. She put it up a moment to her lips. Then she spoke, addressing her two guests. Her voice was slow, serene, and detached, like one who speaks without interest, without emotion, and without any concern for effect. It was like a voice from a mechanical appliance, having intelligence, but no will to feel.

"I have been attached to Monsieur Dillard," she said. "There was a fortune before us, an immense, incredible fortune. The anticipation of

it bound me to him, and so the burning of this house must have been an accident. The lure of a fortune is the only influence that does not loosen as one advances into life, in a world where presently every emotion fails. Therefore Monsieur Dillard had a right to feel that he could trust me, since my interest in this fortune was identical with his own."

She paused, and seemed to address Monsieur Jonquelle directly.

"You will be concerned, monsieur, about the mystery of this fortune. It was not dream, and depended upon no uncertain hazard of chance. Monsieur Dillard is an artist—an artist with a genius for turning art to a practical use. There have been greater artists than Monsieur Dillard in production, but not in methods by which art can be made to serve a practical purpose; that is to say can be made to produce a fortune. It is the life-work of Monsieur Dillard not to produce art, but to bring the artistic skill of his masters of art to his practical purposes. And, in this department, he has no superior in any country. The house in the Faubourg St. Germain was in fact a storehouse. It was, at the time of its destruction by fire, literally packed with masterpieces—beautiful works of art of an incredible value."

She did not move the position of her body in the chair. But she again vaguely touched her lips with the handkerchief in her fingers, a bit of filmy lace.

"Monsieur," she said, "there have been in the world three men who are supreme in what is perhaps the highest of all artistic production. I shall name them to you: Monsieur Whistler, the American; Monsieur Hellen of Paris, and Wagenheim of Munich."

She moved a trifle in the chair. Then she went on: "The misfortune of producing a masterpiece in oil or in water-color is that one copy only of this masterpiece exists, and if by any misfortune it is destroyed, every adequate evidence of its beauty has disappeared forever. This is the unfortunate feature attached to the work of all the great masters."

"But it is a misfortune that does not attend the etchings of Monsieur Whistler, Monsieur Hellen, and Herr Wagenheim. The beautiful face of the lovely Americans preserved by the etchings of Monsieur Hellen can be reproduced in any number. That beauty does not depend upon the jeopardy of a single picture."

Her voice seemed to advance, but not with the stimulus of any emotion. "It is not commonly known," she said, "that an extreme skill is required to obtain in the prints all the beauties of these etchings. The prints are commonly made by persons having only the usual workman's skill."

"But it was always realized by the masters of this art that the extreme and delicate beauties of their etchings could be produced only by an adequate skill, by a skill almost equal to their own, in the printing of fine picture. This skill constitutes the peculiar genius of Monsieur Dillard—a skill which he has striven to perfect, and which he has finally brought to the highest excellence."

"He labored in the house in the Faubourg St. Germain for a long time and with an incredible patience, until he became the superior of any man living, and the house, as I have said, was literally packed with the most beautiful and most valuable reproductions of this character in the world. This accumulated treasure represented the incredible fortune which was before Monsieur Dillard and myself."

"It was on the night that he had gone to Bordeaux in order to make some arrangement for the removal of the treasure that the unfortunate fire occurred that wiped out our fortune in an hour, leaving Monsieur penniless and myself with but the ruin of another illusion. And it happened, monsieur, in the simplest fashion."

There was absolute silence on the terrace before the villa. The vaguely blue sea seemed to underlie a world of smothered. Heavy odors were in the air. A little beyond the terrace the leaves of a flowering vine moved with the fortness of the Princess Kitzenzoff searched as noisily as ghosts for the lost parrot. The shadowy figures of the two footmen were outlined to the woman in the chair,

and perhaps to Monsieur Jonquelle, but they were not visible to the American.

He sat like a tense figure in some organic medium, grim, rigid, always in that immobility which seemed to await the next word before it flashed into violent life; as though nature's words were the delicate implement of a vivisectionist moving about a nerve which it never touched, but which it constantly menaced.

"It was the simplest accident," the woman repeated in her placid voice. "The original etchings of an immortal like one of the three which I have already named are priceless—they cannot be replaced."

"Out of the fear that the house might be entered, after the reproductions had been made, these originals were placed under some rubbish in the basement of the house."

"This basement had not been entered for a long time, and when these originals were concealed there, care was taken not to disturb the appearance which this room presented of not having been opened for an incredible age."

"It was low, with an earth floor. The ceiling was of wooden beams, dried out and beginning to decay and as inflammable as tinder. The whole of this ceiling was hung with cobwebs, laced over them, hanging like veils in shreds."

"On the night of the disaster, before leaving the house, I went into this basement to make sure that the originals stored there remained as we had placed them. It was late, and I took a candle. This was a fatal indiscretion."

"When I arose from an examination of the place where the etchings were concealed, the flame of the candle came in contact with the hanging spider-webs, and immediately the whole ceiling flashed into flame. In an instant it seemed to me the entire ceiling of the room was on fire. I had barely time to escape before the room was a furnace."

(To be continued.)

RECORD OUTPUT OF AUTOMOBILES

Production During May Totalled 25,708 Cars Worth \$17,411,660

Ottawa.—Production of automobiles in Canada during May totalled 25,708 cars having a sales value, F.O.B. plant, of \$17,411,660.

This was the greatest monthly output in the history of the industry both in number and the total sales value. The previous high levels were established in May, 1926, when production totalled 24,934 cars and in April, 1927, when 24,611 cars were made in Canada.

Compared with the preceding month May production showed gains in output of all types of cars with the exception of chassis and buses. Open passenger cars advanced in number to 5,638 from 5,092, closed model passenger cars to 15,711 from 15,078 and trucks to 3,286 from 1,712. Production of chassis declined to 1,071 from 2,724 and only 2 buses were made in May as against 5 in April. The sales value of cars produced in May exceeds the total sales value reported for May of last year by 1.6 million dollars and was almost a million dollars higher than in April, 1927.

For the first five months of the year the cumulative production of automobiles in Canada totalled 107,800 cases valued at \$63,211,982. This marked a gain of 4 per cent. in quantity and 9 per cent. in value over the 103,127 cars valued at \$62,685,152 made during the corresponding period of 1926.

The apparent consumption of automobiles in Canada during May amounted to 26,253 cars as determined by adding the imports of 5,916 to the production of 20,338 made for sale in Canada. For the five months ending May 31 the apparent consumption, thus computed, totalled 95,803 cars.



Not for many years had old Brown been more than five or six miles from his native village, but having come into a little money he decided to visit old friends in London and Birmingham. "Taxi, sir," a driver shouted in his ear the moment he emerged from the London terminus. Brown shook his head and went on his way. Having seen his London friends, he went on to Birmingham. Again, as he emerged from the station, a man approached and asked: "Taxi, sir?" "No, you fool," said Brown angrily. "I told you 'No' in London. Now you stop following me around!"

See captions with Minard's Liniment.

Callouses
Quick relief, no matter how painful, with **Dr. Scholl's Zino-pods**

Hope for the Umbrella

Manchester Guardian: In America, they say, every citizen who aspires to hold his head up among his fellows must have a motorcar, whatever else he lacks. In tropical Africa they are not so ambitious, for, according to the Governor of French West Africa, the hall mark of respectability there is the possession of an umbrella. He urges the French Ministry of Commerce, in a message which we print to-day, to concentrate on umbrella export, for "there is not a workman, fisherman, or agricultural laborer who does not devote his first savings to the acquisition of an umbrella"—not, he it noted, as a "mark of elegance." For us the umbrella's heyday definitely passed with Victoria. No royal personage dare now review his troops beneath its shelter as did the Duke of Cambridge. It has, indeed, not only lost its majesty, but acquired a certain quite unbecoming vulgarity. The more cheerful, then, from the manufacturer's point of view is this anxiety of the tropics to redress the altered balance of its white man's fashion.



THE BOW FROCK.

Charmingly youthful is the attractive frock shown here. The bodice, having a V neck and soft gathers at each shoulder, is slightly gathered to a front plaited-skirt, while the back is in one-piece. Bands and bows of ribbon effectively trim the long or short sleeves and the bodice. No. 1572 is a style any home modiste will find quite simple to fashion and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 2 1/2 yards 39-inch material, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch, and 7 1/2 yards 1 1/2-inch ribbon, by allowing 20 inches for each bow. Price 20 cents the pattern.

Every woman's desire is to achieve that smart elegant appearance which draws favorable comment from the observing public. The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are originated in the heart of the style centres and will help you to acquire that much desired air of individuality. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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 Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Canadian Coal for Canada

Toronto Globe (Lib.): The question of getting a permanent supply of Western coal for Ontario's needs hangs on a slender thread. For the sake of Canada and the Western miners it is to be hoped that a way can be found to transport it economically, but the possibility of doing this should not halt plans for using fuel from other parts of the country. If there is a prospect of locating coal in Northern Ontario, as has been claimed, the Government should be persistent in its pursuit. If both North and West fail, every effort should be made to utilize Nova Scotia coal, in accordance with the plans passed on at the last session of the Dominion Parliament.

Minard's Liniment for carache.

First Tramp (reading an old newspaper): Here's a story about a cow who did no work for thirty years. Second Tramp (wearily): Oh, don't talk shop.

BICYCLE BARGAINS

New and Slightly used \$10 upwards. Transportation Free. Write for Price List. PERHAPS BICYCLE WOULD BE YOURS. 120 Dundas Street West, Toronto.

An Ottawa Idea

Canadian Dominion in Suggestion to Celebrate centenary jubilee.

Ottawa.—Whether the Dominion Jubilee of the Dominion by the creation of a dukedom for which a million acres of land would be set aside in the suggestion of a female member of the old and authentic aristocracy of Ottawa, writing to the local papers.

She thinks it would be a grand thing to signalize the jubilee by such a grant to the Crown and believes it would be followed by the appointment by His Majesty of a Duke of Canada like the Duke of Cornwall and York. The dukedom, it is figured, would be self-supporting in that it would likely lead to a great industrial development to say nothing of the social side.

The writer favors the eastern shore of Hudson's Bay for the enterprise, but is not particular about that, alternatives suggested are in Ungava, the Maritime Provinces, Northern Ontario, the Peace River district or British Columbia.

The Settin' Fools

"Where were you boys when I called for you to help me an hour ago?" asked Farmer Jones at the supper table.

"I was in the barn settin' a hen," said one.

"And I was in the loft settin' a saw," answered another.

"I was in grandma's room settin' the clock," came from the third boy.

"I was up in the pantry settin' a trap," said the fourth.

"You're a fine set!" remarked the farmer. "And where were you?" he asked, turning to the youngest.

"I was on the doorstep settin' still!" was the reply.—The Outlook.

The Flier's Prayer

Take me somewhere east of Suez, Where the worst is like the best, And there ain't no public speakers And a boy can get a rest.

—New York Sun.

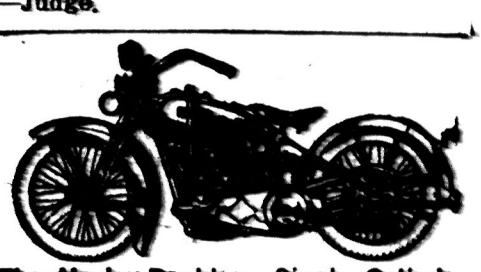
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GILLEX
Saves Soap Saves Water
Permanently Washable



Snake in the grass.
"That fellow's a snake in the grass."
"How come?"
"Didn't you see him squirm when I accused him?"

Still Doing It

One of the chief tricks of Howard Thurston, the magician, is to make a horse vanish into thin air. Pooh, pooh! Henry Ford did that thirty years ago.—Judge.



The Harley-Davidson Single Cylinder Motorcycle is the greatest little machine that has been made. Safe to ride, easy to control, and most economical. Stands without a rival. 100 Miles to Gallon of Gasoline. Price \$360. Down Payment \$100. Balance \$22 per month. Walter Andrews Limited, 346 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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"The yellow can with the black horse"

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After Every Meal

ISSUE NO. 25-27.

OWL
At the end of day-coach stands why so small of cigar...
Don't expect given you free...
The New York...
If you imagine sympathetic you have a suggestions...
The inevitable...
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