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Treat corns with Minard's Liniment.

Killing the Goose
London Daily News (Lib.): At a conference of the Independent Labor Party it was proposed that a surtax of 2c in the £1 should be placed on all unearned incomes over £500 a year. What is needed quite as much as a redistribution of wealth is a re-creation of wealth, and yet that is the one thing which Labor Party resolutions, with uncanny ingenuity, seek to wipe off the slate of possibility.

City Chap—I say, is that bull safe? Farmer—Well, he's a dang sight safer than you are right now.

For Real Lasting Refreshment
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"After Every Meal"

ISSUE No. 21-27.

GREAT BRITAIN CONSIDERS WAYS TO AID COLONIES

Air, Road and Rail Developments Being Discussed at British Gathering.

London.—Economic and administrative questions affecting the fortunes of 60,000,000 people, the majority of whom are in equatorial Africa, are to be dealt with at the conference of colonial governors, which opened here. The proceedings are on the lines of last year's imperial conference, but concern the crown colonies, protectorates and mandated territories of the British Empire, instead of the self-governing dominions.

Among the more important subjects being discussed are civil air development, the co-ordination of road and rail transport systems, and the effect of the recent developments in mechanical traction on agricultural and mining activities in the colonies. Particular attention is to be paid to agriculture, forestry and the establishment of a system of exchanging information about the results of research work in these and other directions.

As regards education, it is hoped the conference will be able to agree to the establishment of a central advisory council to deal with educational policy in all non-self-governing parts of the empire.

The use of films for educational purposes will also be considered as well as film censorship. The latter is a highly intricate problem, owing to the fact that many photoplays produced and shown in Europe and America are regarded as unsuitable for the backward races in the colonies where, however, there is a keen demand for movie pictures.

The conference is expected to last till the end of the month. The proceedings will be private and only occasional communiques will be issued to the press.

CHINA POT BOILS ACTIVITIES RESUME

Honanese-armed Farmers Reported to Have Captured Nationalists Train.

Shanghai, China.—Fighting in China's civil war is being resumed on several fronts after a long lull. General Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Nanking Nationalists, is in contact with northern forces in Anhwei Province along a line from Puchowfu, north of Lake Chaohu, to Hochowan, on the north bank of the Yangtze River below Wuhu.

Fighting has also been resumed in Honan Province, where the Northernners have occupied Chumation, 150 miles north of Hankow on the Peking-Hankow Railway.

A large body of Honanese-armed peasantry known as the Red Spears, acting in sympathy with the Northernners, have reached a point on the Peking-Hankow Railway on the border of Hupeh Province, in which Hankow is situated. They are reported to have captured a train belonging to the Hankow Nationalists, killing some of those aboard.

Many Nationalists are reported to be cut off between Chumation and Sinyangchow.

The Hankow party's headquarters has been withdrawn to Siaokan, a few miles north of Hankow.

Canton, China.—Many secret radical organizations were unearthed by the Government to-day. The leaders were arrested. The Government announced also that its forces had inflicted severe defeats on the "Reds" in important outlying districts. The city is quiet.

London.—The British Government will gladly co-operate with the United States and other nations in negotiating a treaty abrogating the extraterritorial rights in China, the House of Commons was told Friday by Godfrey Locker-Lampson, parliamentary secretary for the Foreign Office.

Mr. Locker-Lampson's statement was made in reply to a member who asked if the Foreign Secretary's attention had been called to the assertion that the United States was willing to negotiate such a treaty when over China was prepared to protect American property and citizens.

Minard's Liniment for dandruff.

Triumphs of M. Jonquelle

By MELVILLE DAVISON POST
THE MAN WITH STEEL FINGERS.

The great drawing-room through which M. Jonquelle advanced was empty. But it was not silent. A vague music, like some weird conception of Tschaiikowsky, seemed to fill about the room, extending itself—a thing that crept blindly and disturbed as though it would escape from something that followed it tirelessly and invisibly.

It required the fingers of a master, on the board of a keyed instrument, to produce these sounds. They came from the room beyond, a second drawing-room looking out on the Bois de Boulogne.

Monsieur Jonquelle had not allowed the servant to announce him. "One is not permitted to disturb Lord Valleys at this hour," the servant had said.

Monsieur Jonquelle's card had added to the man's perplexity. One was also not permitted to deny an entrance, anywhere, at any hour, to the Prefect of Police of Paris. The man had made a hopeless gesture, like one resigning himself to the inevitable.

Monsieur Jonquelle, after the door had closed behind him, remained for some moments quite motionless in the eddy, as one might write it, of this strange, weird music, in which there was always a note of ruthless vigor—a note of barbaric vigor, harsh and determined.

Monsieur Jonquelle could not place the music in any remembered composition. It was not the work of any master that he knew. It was an improvisation of the fingers that produced it.

Presently he advanced into the room from which the music issued. He paused a moment in the doorway, watching the figure with white, nimble fingers hard as steel. Then he spoke.

"Your pardon, monsieur," said the Prefect of Police. "I am desolated to disturb you."

The man at the piano sprang up and turned swiftly as though his body accomplished the act with a single motion.

To the eye, the man was strange. His shoulders were very broad and stooped; his face was wide, massive—the face of a Slav. His hair was thick, close and heavy, but it was not long, and affected no mannequism.

The man was very carefully dressed, after the English fashion, and with its well-bred restraint. But the impression he gave one was decidedly not English. It was that of a Slav adapted to an English aspect.

The eyes one did not see. One rarely saw them. They seemed to be hidden by heavy lids like curtained windows. And there was no expression in the face. The face was a mask. It seemed always in repose.

The big nose, the square, brutal jaw, and the wide planes of the face, were white as with a sort of pallor. Monsieur Jonquelle had a sudden, swift impression. The man before him was either the greatest criminal or the greatest genius that had ever seen.

Jonquelle had also a further impression of failure. He had meant to startle this man, and observe what followed. And he had startled him; but untrue to every experience, there was nothing to observe. The man's face remained without an expression; he was behind it hidden from every eye. It was a mask that could not be changed by the will of another. Monsieur Jonquelle wondered in what manner it would change at the will of the man that it so admirably obscured. It was a thing he was not interested to discover.

It was only for an instant that the man was without expression. Then he smiled and came forward into the room. The smile began with a queer lifting of the lip and extended vaguely with but a slight changing of the man's features.

His voice, when he spoke, was low, well modulated and composed. His manner was easy and gracious.

"Ah!" he said, "it is Monsieur Jonquelle, the Prefect of Police of Paris. I am honored."

Monsieur Jonquelle removed his gloves; he sat for a moment twisting them in his fingers like one in a certain embarrassment. His host, also seated, regarded him with the vague

smile which appeared now as a sort of background on the mask of his face. The Prefect of Police hesitated.

"Monsieur," he said, "I have called upon you for an opinion upon a problem which has always perplexed me. It is a problem upon which the opinions of persons without experience are wholly without value, and unfortunately, all those who have had experience and were, therefore, able to give me an opinion, have been always persons lacking in a certain element of intelligence. I have not had the opinion of a man of intelligence, who was also a man of experience, upon this problem."

He paused. The man before him did not reply. He waited as in a profound courtesy for Monsieur Jonquelle to complete the subject with which he had opened his discourse. He had taken a small chair, and he sat in it as a man of great strength and vigor and of an unusual bulk rests his weight upon something which he is uncertain will support it. He did not move, but the expression of his face changed slightly. His eyebrows lifted as in a courteous inquiry. Monsieur Jonquelle went on. He seemed not entirely at ease.

"I shall not pretend at ignorance of your affairs, monsieur. The law-

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HOME-BAKED BREAD IS BEST OF ALL

There is no consideration of family or culture that in any way mitigates its severity or in any direction preserves one from odium, once the machinery of a criminal court of England is on its way. The evaporation of it is a horror to me, monsieur; but if it can result in any benefit to you or to another, I am willing to recall it. What is the problem, monsieur, upon which you would have my opinion?"

"It is this, monsieur," replied the Prefect of Police. "Is it your conclusion, upon this experience of life, that there is a Providence of God that undertakes to adjust the affairs of mankind—to assist the helpless and to acquit the innocent—or do you believe that it is the intelligence of man that accomplishes this result? . . . What is it, monsieur, that moves behind the machinery of the world—chance, luck, fortune or some sort of Providence?"

Lord Valleys seemed to reflect while the Prefect of Police was speaking, and he now replied with little hesitation.

"Chance, monsieur," he said, "is unquestionably the greatest and most mysterious factor in all human affairs, but it is modified and directed by the human will. . . . Human intelligence, monsieur, and chance are the two factors."

The Prefect of Police continued to look down at his hands.

"I have been of a different opinion, Lord Valleys," he said. "I think there is an intention behind events, a sort of will to justice, to righteousness, as one has said. It is not chance as we usually define the word, and the human will cannot circumvent it. . . . It is strange, as I see it, Lord Valleys."

"This thing we call human intelligence seems to be able to aid, to assist, to advance the vague, immense, persistent impulse behind events, and to delay and to disturb it, but not ultimately to defeat it."

"Take the extraordinary events that have happened to you, Lord Valleys, and tell me, if you can, how they could have arrived by chance?"

"Your uncle, Lord Winton, took the title and the whole properties of your family by the accident of birth. Your father, the second son, having no title and no fortune, entered the diplomatic service and was allotted to one of the little courts of south-eastern Europe. He married your mother there, and you were born and grew up in the atmosphere of Serbia."

"There was little chance that you would ever have fortune or title. Lord Winton had two sons; one of them married an American; the other remained unmarried. There were three lives between you and this title and its immense estates in England. . . . What chance was there, monsieur, that these persons should be removed and these benefits descend to you?"

He paused.

"But they were removed, monsieur, and the benefits have descended. The war appeared. Both sons of Lord Winton lost their lives in it; Lord Winton is himself murdered; and you come, monsieur, from a paupered kingdom of southeastern Europe to be a peer of England with an immense estate. Even the American

granddaughter of Lord Winton takes nothing under this extraordinary English law of entail. Would you call this chance, monsieur?"

Lord Valleys found no difficulty at all with the inquiry. He replied directly:

"Monsieur," he said, "it was all clearly chance except the murder of Lord Winton. That was, of course, design."

(To be continued.)

"You didn't take a vacation this year, did you?" "No, I thought I needed a rest."

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Diamond dyes do a perfect, "professional" job of dyeing, too; the druggist has sample shades and simple directions. In full color, request a free copy of Color Craft of DIAMOND DYES, Dept. N32, Windsor, Ontario.

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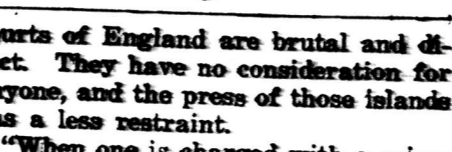
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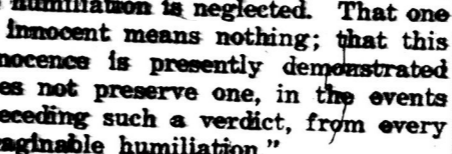
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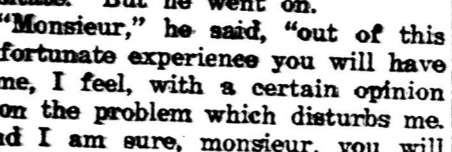
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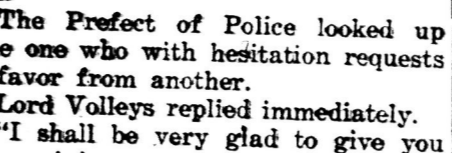
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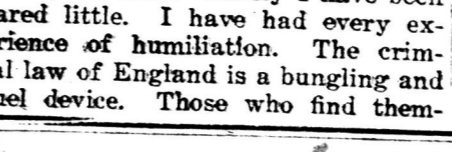
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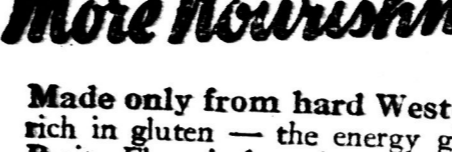
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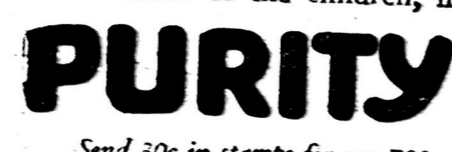
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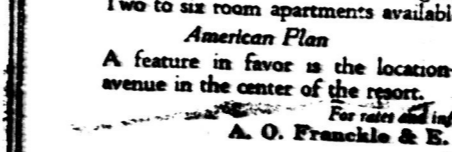
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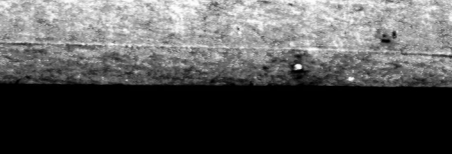
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The man at the piano sprang up and turned swiftly.

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