

Ask Your Grocer For It

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

Superior to any other green tea sold.

Triumphs of M. Jonquelle.

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST
THE FORTUNE TELLER.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

M. Jonquelle, greatest of French detectives, reads from a diary the tale of a crime that took place years ago in far-off Virginia.

The diary tell how the son of Peyton Marshall stole his father's will because he believed his father at his death has been strangely influenced by the Englishman, Mr. Gosford, and had left his \$50,000 estate all to Gosford instead of keeping his promise and leaving it to his son \$30,000. The son admits he took the will and surrenders it to the executors who are gathered in the plantation library with Gosford and the old doctor, Gaekel.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER III.

It was my father who broke the silence.

"Gosford," he said, "what scheme were you and Marshall about?"

"You may wonder, sir," replied the Englishman, continuing to write his notes; "I shall tell you."

"But I will tell you," said the boy.

"My father thought that the states in this republic could not hold together very much longer. He believed that the country would divide, and the South set up a separate government. He hoped this might come about without a war. He was in horror of war. He had traveled; he had seen nations and read their history, and he knew what they were talking when they urged war."

He paused and looked at Gosford. "My father was convinced that the South would finally set up an independent government, but he hoped a war might not follow. He believed that if this new government were immediately recognized by Great Britain, the North would accept the inevitable and there would be no bloodshed. My father went to England with this scheme. He met Mr. Gosford somewhere on the ship, I think. And Mr. Gosford succeeded in convincing my father that if he had a sum of money he could win over certain powerful persons in the English Government, and so pave the way to an immediate recognition of the Southern Republic by Great Britain. He followed my father home and hung about him, and so finally got his will. My father was careful; he wrote nothing; Mr. Gosford wrote nothing; there is no evidence of this plan, but my father told me, and it is true."

My father stopped by the table and lifted his great shoulders.

"And so," he said, "Peyton Marshall imagined a plan like that, and left its execution to a Mr. Gosford!"

The Englishman put down his pen and addressed my father.

"I would advise you, sir, to require a little proof of your conclusions. This is a very pretty story, but it is prefaced by an admission of no evidence, and it comes as a special pleading for a criminal act. Now, sir, if I show, if the request required it, I could give a further explanation, with more substance; of moneys borrowed by the decedent in his travels and to be returned to me. But the will, sir, was for itself, as Mr. Lewis will assure you."

My father seemed brought up in a cul-de-sac. His face was tense and disturbed. He stood by the table; and now, as by accident, he put out his hand and took up the Japanese crystal supported by the necks of the three bronze storks. He appeared unconscious of the act, for he was in deep reflection. Then, as though the weight in his hand drew his attention, he glanced at the thing. Something about it struck him, for his manner changed. He spread the will out on the table and began to move the crystal over it, his face close to the glass. Presently his hand stopped, and he stood stooped over, staring into the Oriental crystal, like those practitioners of black art who predict events from what they pretend to see in these spheres of glass.

Mr. Gosford, sitting at his ease, in victory, regarding my father with a supercilious, ironical smile.

"Sir," he said, "are you, by chance, a fortune-teller?"

"A fortune-teller," replied my father, his face still held above the crystal. "I see here a misfortune to Mr. Anthony Gosford. I predict from what I see, that he will release this bequest of moneys to Peyton Marshall's son."

"Sir," said the Englishman, now provoked into a temper, "do you enjoy this foolery?"

"You are not interested in crystal-gazing, Mr. Gosford," replied my father in a tranquil voice. "Well, I find it most diverting. Permit me to piece out your fortune, or rather your misfortune, Mr. Gosford! By chance you fall in with this dreamer, Marshall, wormed into his confidence, pretended a relation to great men in England; followed and persuaded him until, in his ill-health, you got this will. You saw it written two years ago. When Marshall fell ill, you hurried here, learned from the dying man that the will remained and where it was. You made sure by pretending to write letters in the room, bringing your portfolio with ink and pen, and a pad of paper. Then, at Marshall's death, you inquired of Lewis for legal measures to discover the dead man's will. And when you find the room ransacked, you run after the lawyer."

"That is your past, Mr. Gosford. Now let me tell your future. I see you in joy at the recovered will. I see you pleased at your foresight in getting a direct bequest, and at the care you urged on Marshall to leave no evidence of his plan, lest the authorities discover it. For I see, Mr. Gosford, that it was your intention all along to keep this sum of money for your own use and pleasure. But alas, Mr. Gosford, it was not to be! I see you writing this release; and Mr. Gosford, my father's voice went up full and strong—"I see you writing it in terror—sweat on your face!"

"The Devil take your nonsense!" cried the Englishman.

My father stood up with a twisted, ironical smile.

"If you doubt my skill, Mr. Gosford, as a fortune teller rather a misfortune teller, will ask Mr. Lewis and Herman Gaekel to tell me what they see."

The two men crossed the room and stooped over the paper, while my father held the crystal. The manner and bearing of the men changed. They

grow on the instant tense and fixed with interest.

"I see it!" said the old doctor, with a queer, foreign exclamation.

"And I," cried Lewis, "see something more than Peyton's vision. I see the penitential in the distance."

The Englishman sprang up with an oath and leaped across the table. Then he saw the thing.

"My father's hand held the crystal above the figures of the bequest written in the body of the will. The focused lens of the glass magnified to a great diameter, and under the vast enlargement a thing that would escape the eye stood out. The top curl of a figure 3 had been erased, and the bar of a 5 added. One could see the broken fibres of the paper on the outline of the curl, and the bar of the five lay across the top of the three and the top of the 0 behind it like a black lath tacked across two uprights.

The figure 3 had been changed to 5 so cunningly as to deceive the eye, but not to deceive the vast magnification of the crystal. The thing stood out big and crude like a carpenter's patch.

Gosford's face became expressionless like wood, his body rigid; then he stood up and faced the three men across the table.

"Quite so!" he said in his vacuous English voice. "Marshall wrote a 3 by inadvertence and changed it. He borrowed my penknife to erase the figure."

My father and Lewis gaped like men who see a pennant in least sight out through an unimagined passage. There was silence. Then suddenly, in the strained stillness of the room, old Gaekel laughed. Gosford lifted his long pink face, with its crumpled beard bringing out the ugly mouth.

"Why do you laugh, my good man?" he said.

"I laugh," replied Gaekel, "because a figure 5 can have so many colors."

And now my father and Lewis were no less astonished than Mr. Gosford.

"Colors!" they said, for the changed figure in the will was black.

"Why, yes," replied the old man, "it is very pretty."

He reached across the table and drew over Mr. Gosford's memorandum beside the will.

"You are progressive, sir," he went on; "you write in iron-nutgal ink, just made, commercially, in this year of 'fifty-six by Mr. Stephens. But we write here as Marshall wrote in 'fifty-four, with logwood."

He turned and fumbled in his little case of bottles.

"I carry a bit of acid for my people's indigestions. It has other uses." He whipped out the stopper of his vial and dabbed Gosford's notes and Marshall's signature.

"See!" he cried. "Your writing is blue, Mr. Gosford, and Marshall's red!"

With an oath the trapped man struck at Gaekel's hand. The vial fell and cracked on the table. The hydrochloric acid spread out over Marshall's will. And under the chemical reagent the figure in the bequest of fifty thousand dollars changed beautifully; the bar of the 5 turned blue, and the remainder of it a deep purple-red like the body of the will.

"Gaekel," cried my father, "you have trapped a rogue!"

"And I have lost a measure of good acid," replied the old man. And he began to gather up the bits of his broken bottle from the table.

Another triumph of M. Jonquelle, "The Triangular Hypothesis," will continue after this.

The Sovereign People

Le Soleil (Lib.): The Minister of Justice declares that the sovereignty of the people "operates through the agency of the Federal Government in those matters which our Constitution assigns to it; it operates through the agency of the Provincial Governments in other matters reserved to the provinces; it operates through the agency of other organized bodies of the Federal and Provincial Governments in questions which have been reserved to these organizations. But it is always the people of Canada which acts." In other words, all government in this country is responsible to the people in the last resort, and if in any respect the administration does not comply with the popular will, it must give way to another which it is sure to find.

by the wishes of the majority or resign, until at last the people get what they want done. It is true that the citizen commands the manoeuvres of the State. This is the reason for Mr. Lapointe's dictum "In a democracy every citizen becomes a dictator."

Aviation

Le Soleil (Lib.): It seems to us that there is nothing definitely scientific about these (aviation) exploits. They bring glory, sensation and enthusiasm. That is not what the world asks of aviation but some certainty of diminishing distances with the least possible danger. To obtain such a result it is necessary for the genius of man to be equipped with just publicity and more earnestness not only to render aeroplanes more stable in the air, but also to find means of creating stopping places in mid-ocean. Unfortunately, the sea is so restless and so deep that it hardly permits the fixing of floating islands where aviators could depend upon being able to break their journey.

Winard's Liniment for Toothache.

CORNS
Scholl's
Zinc-pads



A CHARMING FROCK FOR THE JUNIOR MISS.

This chic frock is extremely smart and quite easily fashioned. The skirt has gathered side sections, and the V-neck may be worn with or without the shaped collar. There are long sleeves gathered to narrow wristbands, or short sleeves with pointed cuffs, and the sides of the bodice are adorned with buttons or small bows of ribbon. No. 1654 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 39-inch, or 1 1/2 yards 54-inch material, and 3/4 yard additional 39-inch contrasting for View B. Price 20 cents the pattern.

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.

A Tragedy of the West

I'll tell you a secret, listen dear,
The birdies this year, have their nests lined with fur.
You ask me "how that ever could be,
How they got fur, you never can see,"
To make their nests so warm and snug

For the dear little deities, that you and I love.
Ah! That is the story I'm now going to tell,
Perhaps two pussies could tell you as well.

For-out in the garden one bright moonlight night
When everyone was out of their sight
There came two pussies, under a tree,
And said to relate, they couldn't agree.

One pounced at the other, and the other jumped in,
Oh! between them they made a terrible din.

They scratched and they cried and turned round and round
Until they both found themselves flat on the ground.

Then growling again they started to fight
And when it was over, you should just see the plight
Of one poor little puss, for Alack and Alas!

He was obliged to leave his fur coat on the grass!
When bright Mr. Sun looked down in the morn,

And saw how the poor little puss had been short,
He smiled, for he knew Mrs. Sparrow was free

To gather the fur, for her nest in the tree.
The loss to poor puss, was gain to the sparrow.
So don't let this story your feelings much harrow.

Now you will see how the Birdies this year
Were able to line their sweet nests with warm fur.

Insect Ravages in Canada

Regina Leader (Lib.): It doubtless will be a surprise to Canadians to know that the annual devastation in Canada from insect pests is, in the aggregate, well over \$100,000,000. These are grave figures and indicate the importance Canadians must attach to the problem of insect pests. It is only by the most intensive efforts on the part of the entomological departments of the various governments that these pests are now controlled in some degree and prevented from wiping out entirely the food products of the nation. So necessary has this struggle become that it has been predicted the next great war of humanity will be against this ruinous scourge. Better headway in the fight is being made in Canada than in the United States, and all Canadians must feel a debt of gratitude to the experts in the employ of the various governments, both federal and provincial, who are devoting themselves with such diligence to this really menacing situation.

"Behind the clouds the sun still shines," but this is seldom true of a clouded face.

Canadian Firm Opens New Building In Boston, Mass.

Salada Tea Co. Opens New Home Under Auspicious Circumstances

BUSINESS EXPANDING

One hears a great deal about the expansion of United States industry in Canada; therefore, it is interesting to note that Canadians can, and do, expand their business in the other side of the border. This was emphasized at the recent opening in Boston, Mass., of the magnificent new building of the Salada Tea Company—a Canadian enterprise with world-wide ramifications.

The building was opened by the Honorable P. C. Larkin, in the presence of Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, Mayor Nichols of Boston, and leading State and city officials. Referring to the imposing nature of the building, and the fact that it was the largest in the world devoted to the packing of tea, each speaker commented upon the success which had attended this great Canadian enterprise in the United States field.

Architecturally the building is a handsome ten-storey structure, and enjoys the distinction of possessing a pair of the finest Lronze doors in the world. These doors, which are the work of Henry Wilson, an English sculptor, were awarded a medal by the French Salon, where models were on exhibition this spring. They are said to rank in beauty with the doors of the cathedrals in Milan and Mayence.

The interior of the building is notable for the remarkable collection of tapestry, carvings, cloisonne ware, metal work and ceramics. Great Buddha's, which have seen centuries pass, gaze patiently with folded arms upon a modern business. Richly colored Oriental rugs transform the floor into gay garden patches with aisles of marble. In the great windows some of the smaller and rarer pieces present themselves to the passing public. Throughout the building officials and employees will have light, airy and most pleasant surroundings in which to work, with a luxuriant clubroom on the top floor for rest and relaxation. The clubroom is furnished with handsome lounges, and large, comfortable chairs upholstered in English red morocco, tables in color to match, Oriental rugs on the floor, and rare Chinese tapestries on the walls, with antique pieces distributed around the room, and on the inner wall a huge, inviting, open fireplace. Just below the clubroom is the cafeteria, to be maintained for the use of the employees.

Speaking about the beauties of the new building, Mr. Larkin said: "Of course, you know, we don't want to be boastful about these works of art. The building is new, but we have been many years collecting some of the nicest things we have. All our buildings have the same general sort of surroundings for executives and employees. We started doing these things years ago—before we even had much money to spend in such ways.

"It isn't extravagance, really. Forbidding surroundings hinder production in any line of business. I know that it's good business. We very seldom have any one leave our employ. Sometimes two whole years go by without a person leaving the company either in Canada or United States. We have never had any labor disputes of any kind. Such things cost money. It is expensive to train new employees. It is expensive to put employees in a just-like place and have them merely endure their work until the time comes when they can get out."

The English language has again displayed its versatility. Lee Long of Chicago's Chinatown, stirred to honor Lindbergh, but unable to pronounce his name, has called the new arrival at his home One Long Hop.

GILLEX



Regular Exercise

Victoria Colonist (Cons.): These are days of State and municipal hygiene, but the State never interfered with the pleasures of a people to the extent of forbidding exercise of any character that is harmless. The State, through its health authorities, advocates exercise as necessary to well-being, but it can only advocate, not enforce. In the last analysis it is not so much diet as lack of well regulated exercise that is responsible for so much national disease. The person who exercises with the best discretion can afford to ignore the advice of cranks and quacks—on the diet question because he or she will eat healthy conditions if they live healthy lives in every other way. The possession of good health should be a matter of self respect and a family duty.

Policy of Co-operation

Manchester Guardian (Lib.): For English observers the most striking fact about industry in the United States is the new policy which has attracted both employers and trade unionists in the last few years. This is the policy of co-operation. We think of the employer in the United States as hostile to trade unions, and we know that industrial disputes there are conducted with a ferocity and bitterness unknown here. This is true, but it is also true that employers and trade unionists in the United States are giving more attention to the problem of co-operation than has been given by employers and trade unionists in Great Britain.

Winard's Liniment for Asthma.

"Hello, Perkins, where did you get that black eye?" "It was only a sweetheart's quarrel." "Sweetheart's quarrel! Why, your girl didn't give you that, did she?" "No, it was her other sweetheart."



A New Slip

Did you know that a fifteen-cent envelope of Diamond Dyes will duplicate any delicate tint that may be the vogue in dainty underwear? Keep your oldest lingerie, stockings too, in the shade of the hour. It's easy if you only use a true dye. Don't streak your nice things with synthetic tints. Dye or tint anything; dresses, or drapes. You can work wonders with a few, inexpensive Diamond Dyes (true dyes). New colors right over the old. Any kind of material. FREE: Call at your druggist's and get a free Diamond Dye Cyclopedic. Valuable suggestions, simple directions. Piece-goods color samples. Or, big illustrated book COLOR CRAFT free from DIAMOND DYES, Dept. NS, Windsor, Ontario.

Diamond Dyes

Just Dip to TINT, or Boil to DYE

Nicer Cakes!

Cakes baked with Purity Flour keep fresh for three or four days. Purity is a vigorous, "dry" flour that absorbs and holds more water or milk. Tasty cakes, rich pies, and large, light buns and bread are always yours when you use

PURITY FLOUR

Send 30c in stamps for our 700-recipe Purity Flour Cook Book. Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited. Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, St. John.

"How do you keep your shoes always looking like new, in spite of all the dashing you do?"
"Simple!—Never any 'cracking under the strain' when I look after them with 'Nugget'."

"NUGGET" SHOE POLISH

There's a "Nugget" shade for every shoe made.

JOICY FRUIT has the flavor of fresh, ripe fruit. It is beneficial too, cleaning mouth and teeth, cooling the throat and helping digestion.

After Every Meal