

Invarying Quality "SALADA" TEA

That is why people insist on Salada.

Triumphs of M. Jonquelle

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

THE TRIANGULAR HYPOTHESIS.

The man's loose body seemed to have been packed into his clothing as though under a pressure. There was the vague note of victory in his voice.

"Monsieur," he said, "no dead Frenchman has ever been valued to us at less than fifty thousand francs. He may have been a worthless vendor of roast chestnuts before the Madeleine, but if he died in Stamboul, he was straightaway worth fifty thousand francs. You will observe, monsieur, that your government has already fixed the price for murder."

The Prefect of Police looked across the long, empty room at the closed door.

"But was this dead man a citizen of the Turkish Empire? We seem to have a memory of him."

The Oriental smiled.

"Citizens," he said, "are of two classes—your Foreign Office has laid it down—the citizen which is born, and the citizen which is acquired. Each are valued to us at least fifty thousand francs, as your schedule in the indentities to the Sublime Porte so clearly set it out. Dernburg Pasha was acquired, monsieur. But he is dead! And the indemnity for him, as you have so admirably established it, is not subject to a discount. . . . You came from the Foreign Office, monsieur?"

The Prefect of Police bowed. He put his hand into the pocket of his coat as with a casual gesture, his fingers closing over an article that lay concealed there.

The Envoy went on:

"I found the Minister Delleaux of an unfailing courtesy; if a subject of our empire had been murdered in Paris, an adequate indemnity would be paid."

The scene at the Foreign Office, when he had been called in before the Minister, came up for an instant to Monsieur Jonquelle. The tall, elegant old man had been profoundly annoyed. This murder came at a vexatious moment, at precisely the moment when the Foreign Office was pressing for the indemnity on the French subjects slain in Stamboul. The very argument had been unfortunate. Stamboul must be made safe, and here was Paris unsafe! Here was Dernburg Pasha dead in the Faubourg St. Germain.

Monsieur Jonquelle had made no reply to the Minister. He had come down to the house in the Faubourg St. Germain of Paris; he had gone over it; he had examined everything; but he had made no comment. Either he had arrived at no conclusion, or else he had a large knowledge of the affair, coupled with some definite plan.

It was an old house, maintaining in its essentials a departed elegance. The floor of the drawing-room was of alternate blocks of white and black marble, laid down like a chess-board. There was a door at one end leading into a small-walled garden. On the other side of the drawing-room, directly opposite, there was another door of precisely the same character leading into a sort of library—the



He was found with his throat cut.

WRIGLEYS

After Every Meal

1840E No. 42-77

"I should be glad to know how you think they came here."

"The explanation is entirely clear," replied the Turkish Envoy. "The assassin went out in haste with the knife in his hand, and these blood drops dripped from the point of it."

"That would be possible, monsieur," replied Jonquelle. "That might happen."

The Oriental stooped over a little and glanced along the corridor.

"You have observed these blood-drops, monsieur? They are quite clear."

"I have observed them closely," replied the Prefect of Police. "There are seven of these blood-drops. They are about the length of a man's step apart, and they are each clearly visible in a white square of the floor. Your explanation seems admirable, monsieur."

He turned suddenly from a contemplation of these evidences into a vague casuistry.

"Monsieur," he said, "I have thought a great deal about chance evidences of crime. Do you suppose there are any laws of chance?"

The Oriental seemed to reflect.

"The very word 'chance,' monsieur," he said, "precludes the meaning of any law. Events which result from the operation of law are naturally outside of the definition of the word 'chance.'"

The Prefect of Police did not pause to discuss this comment; he went on, as though the reply was merely an interruption of his discourse.

"Events," he said, "all inculcated evidences in criminal investigation, we divide into two classes; those which happen by design and those which happen by chance. By design we mean by the will and intention of some individual, and by chance we mean all those events which happen outside of such an intention. Would you think, monsieur, that there would be any distinguishing features, by virtue of which one might put indicative evidences of a crime under one or the other of these heads?"

He continued as though he had entered upon a subject which closely engaged his attention.

"It is an immense and fascinating field for speculation. It seems to be the persistent belief of every human intelligence that it can, by design, create a sequence of indicative evidences, which will have all the appearance of a happening by chance. But after long reflection and the study of innumerable instances, I have come to the conclusion that this thing cannot be done. It is my opinion that no human intelligence can grasp the vast ramifications of events which a sufficient comprehension to enable it to lay down a sequence of false evidences that will have, at every point, the aspect of a chance happening."

He did not wait for a reply. He seemed to lose all interest in the subject with the closing word of his final sentence. He turned abruptly to another phase of the matter.

"Monsieur," he said, "what, in your opinion, was the motive for this death of Dernburg?"

The Oriental replied at once.

"I do not know that, monsieur," he said. "But does it matter? We are not concerned to establish the motive for this murder. I do not care even to establish the identity of the assassin. We have established that he is French, and that is sufficient for the indemnity. You may determine the motive, if you like."

"I have already determined it," replied Jonquelle.

"And what was it, monsieur, since you have determined it?"

"It was despair!" replied the Prefect of Police. "Do you know what Dernburg Pasha was doing in Paris?"

(To be continued.)

room in which Dernburg had been found in the morning, dead on the floor.

To the Envoy of the Turkish Government in Paris, this assassination had the aspect of a diplomatic flavor. He had gone at once to the Foreign Office with his demand for an indemnity, and then he had come here into this drawing-room and sat down before the door until the matter should be settled.

"Monsieur is satisfied?" he said. "He has seen everything?"

"I have not quite seen everything," replied Monsieur Jonquelle, his glance traveling to the slight bulge in the man's tight-fitting waistcoat pocket, "but I am entirely satisfied."

"The evidences are complete, monsieur," said the Envoy, smiling. "Dernburg Pasha lived alone in this house. Late last night a Frenchman called on him. They were in the room yonder together. The windows were open, although the shutters were closed. Persons passing on the street heard the voices distinctly—the voice of a Frenchman, monsieur, and the voice of Dernburg Pasha. Is it not true?"

"Unfortunately, monsieur, we cannot deny it. It is precisely the truth."

"And it cannot be denied that Dernburg Pasha is dead. He was found this morning on the floor of the library yonder, with his throat cut—monsieur has himself observed the indicative evidences of this assassination."

The late visitor—he looked up sharply—"monsieur admits that he was a Frenchman?"

"Ah, yes," replied the Prefect of Police, "the man was a Frenchman."

The Envoy went on with his summary of evidence.

"The late visitor, a Frenchman; the quarrel; the dead man remaining in the library; the spots of blood on this floor that dripped from the weapon in the assassin's hand as he went out—he escaped from the door yonder into the garden and thence into the street: it is all certain, monsieur?"

"It is all very certain," replied the Prefect. He paused—then:

"But while the events are certain, I am not precisely certain that we have the same conception of them. For example, monsieur, will you tell me how, in your opinion, the assassin escaped from the garden into the street? This garden was not used; the gate leading into the street is nailed up. I should be glad of your opinion on this point."

"With pleasure," replied the Oriental.

"The man escaped from the garden in the simplest fashion. He climbed over the wall, monsieur. The wall is of no great height. It is entirely possible."

Monsieur Jonquelle lifted his eyebrows like one relieved from a perplexity.

"Quite possible," he said. "An assassin could have climbed over the wall without the slightest difficulty. I am obliged for your opinion on this manner of escape, monsieur."

For a moment he seemed to reflect; then he addressed another question to the Envoy.

"Monsieur," he said, "there are blood-drops dripped from the point looked down at the marble extending to the closed door of the library be-

Legislative Restraint

F. J. P. Veale in the Nineteenth Century: When restrictive legislation proves ineffective, definite harm is always entailed in consequence. If unenforceable in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it means most people become accustomed to break the law with impunity—a very bad way to train good citizens. The hundredth culprit who is caught is merely embittered with the injustice of being punished for doing what he knows everybody does. The American who is imprisoned for drinking home-made wine feels as justly aggrieved as the English motorist who is fined for driving on an open road at a few miles an hour beyond the speed limit—a speed limit which he knows is openly ignored by everyone from Cabinet Minister downwards.

Caricature

London Herald (Lab.): The German Burgomaster whose claim against a caricaturist for publishing a ludicrous sketch of his august features failed, should console himself with the reflection that the Court's judgment did declare him to be a public, and, by implication, a famous personage. And, indeed, to be taken by caricaturists as a subject is, for the aspirant after fame, the final gauge and guarantee that he has succeeded. What an enormous advantage it is to the politician to have a caricaturable face or a distinctive habit on which the caricaturist can seize! How much did Mr. Gradstone owe to his collars, Mr. Chamberlain to his monocle? Where would Mr. Baldwin be without his pipe?

Muscle is not a drug, but a diet. Sir Henry Hadow.

Minard's Liniment for Asthma.

Dr. Scholl's Zano-pads

Jockey

A FROCK OF DISTINCTION.

Decidedly smart is the frock pictured here. The pointed bodice is joined to the skirt having plaits at front and a slightly flared back, a shapely collar, and long sleeves gathered to deep cuffs. No. 1576 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch material, and 1/2 yard 39-inch contrasting for View B. Price 20 cents the pattern.

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

A careful driver is usually a "wreckless" driver.

She was an enthusiastic Sunday school teacher and had spent many Sundays driving home the Commandments to her scholars. Little Willie came running to her and said that Sammy had stolen his apple. "Saul," said the teacher, gravely, "you know what you have done?" "Yes," said Samuel, hanging his head. "What?" "Started to eat William's apple." "What does the Eighth Commandment say?" "Thou shalt not steal!" "Well?" "But, teacher, the Tenth Commandment says that 'Thou shalt not covet,' and I thought it better to break the Eighth Commandment and have the apple to eat than to break the Tenth Commandment and only covet it."

Dr. Dee, Wizard

Anniversary of Famous Scientist and Magician of Queen Elizabeth's Time Was Born 400 Years Ago

SCHOLAR AND MYSTIC

Just four hundred years ago the famous John Dee was born. He was an extraordinary compound of ingenious scholar, credulous dreamer and astute charlatan. Among British astrologers only William Lilly, who predicted the Great Fire of London, has enjoyed greater popular repute as a necromancer.

Dr. Dee was called the "White Wizard" because of his profuse white hair and beard. He boasted of his descent from an ancient Welsh family. His father, a wealthy vintner of London, sent him at 15 to Cambridge, where for five years he applied himself to mathematical and astronomical studies.

His Reputation Increased

"I was so vehemently bent to study," runs his own account, "only to sleep four hours every night."

Leaving the university, he spent nearly a year in Holland, in order to visit the eminent mathematicians residing there, and on his return was elected fellow of Trinity College, newly founded at Cambridge. He took the degree of Master of Arts. Dee began to be suspected of practicing black magic when he mystified the university in a classical play with a mechanical device representing a man soaring to the sky on a beetle's back.

Fearing persecution as a sorcerer, he deemed it expedient to go abroad and remained some two years at Louvain University, where he attracted a great deal of notice. His reputation for learning grew. At Rheims a course of public lectures on Euclid's "Elements" had an enthusiastic reception and at Paris he was urged to accept a professorship of mathematics. But he declined and returned to England in 1561. Edward VI conferred on him a pension of 100 crowns, which Dee soon exchanged for the rectory of Upton-on-Severn.

He was accused of using enchantments against Queen Mary's life and passed many weary months in prison until some of his friends induced the Queen to liberate him by an order of council.

On the accession of Elizabeth, Lord Dudley consulted Dr. Dee respecting a propitious day for the coronation. Queen Elizabeth had been vainly attempting to comprehend some of Dr. Dee's mystical writings and sought his aid to unravel their meaning, devoting three days to conversing with him on the interpretation of his obscure treatises.

Dr. Dee settled down in rural quiet and seclusion beside the Thames at Mortlake to pursue his favorite studies. Of rare and curious books and manuscripts relating to the subjects that interested him he possessed a unique assortment. He made a collection of scientific and magical instruments as well. His "Speculum," or mirror, in which he asserted that he saw prophetic visions, is now in the British Museum. It is a ball of pinkish glass about three inches in diameter. He also used a piece of cannon coal for his clairvoyance. Queen Elizabeth visited him to inspect his treasures, but as she arrived a few hours after his wife's funeral, she would not stay and only examined some of his instruments which he brought out of the house.

Genuine and Fantastic
Dr. Dee traveled to Vienna to pre-

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

DISINFECTING

sent to the Emperor Maximilian an elaborate philosophical treatise dedicated to him. On a second journey abroad he fell dangerously ill in Lorraine, and Elizabeth sent two physicians to tend him. When in 1578 the Queen's health caused anxiety, he was dispatched to consult with physicians and astrologers in Germany respecting it. Later he was employed to investigate a claim to territories newly discovered by Elizabeth's subjects.

There had been genuine scientific learning of real value mingled with his fantastic notions. But in 1571 he met Edward Kelly and became convinced of the duplicity of that rascal's pretensions to occult knowledge. The Kelly was an apothecary who had been convicted of forgery and had had his ears cut off in the pillory. Kelly professed to have discovered the philosopher's stone, capable of converting copper into gold and lead into silver. He said he was able to call up spirits.

Dr. Dee joyfully engaged this wonder-worker as an assistant at £50 a year. For some years the pair wandered about Poland and Bohemia, sometimes living in luxury on their gains from the credulous, sometimes starving in poverty when they fell among skeptics. They enjoyed the hospitality of the young Count Rosenberg in his castle of Trebona for months, and the most marvelous tales are recorded of their performances, especially their communications with the world of spirits.

Dr. Dee received an invitation from Queen Elizabeth to return, which he promptly accepted. She even furnished him with the means to travel in state like an ambassador.

He arrived back in 1589. Despite financial aid from the Queen and his friends he remained poor and petitioned for an appointment. At length, in 1595, he became Warden of Manchester College. Nine years later he returned, weary and discontented, to Mortlake. His last years were passed in dire poverty and complete neglect, and he died in 1608 at the age of 81. His tomb is in the parish church.

The Gate

The Gate of Menin, meet for Ghost-Souls—
And thou, the Lion of Britannia's Isle,
Posted aloft, sleep not, but guard
a while,
Till heavens crash, the records and
the scrolls,
O Souls rest unperturbed, with infidel-
ies
As bright as saints', chastened and
without guile;
The "Missing" shall be found, the
Father's smile
For those who paid the soldier-soldiers'
tolls.

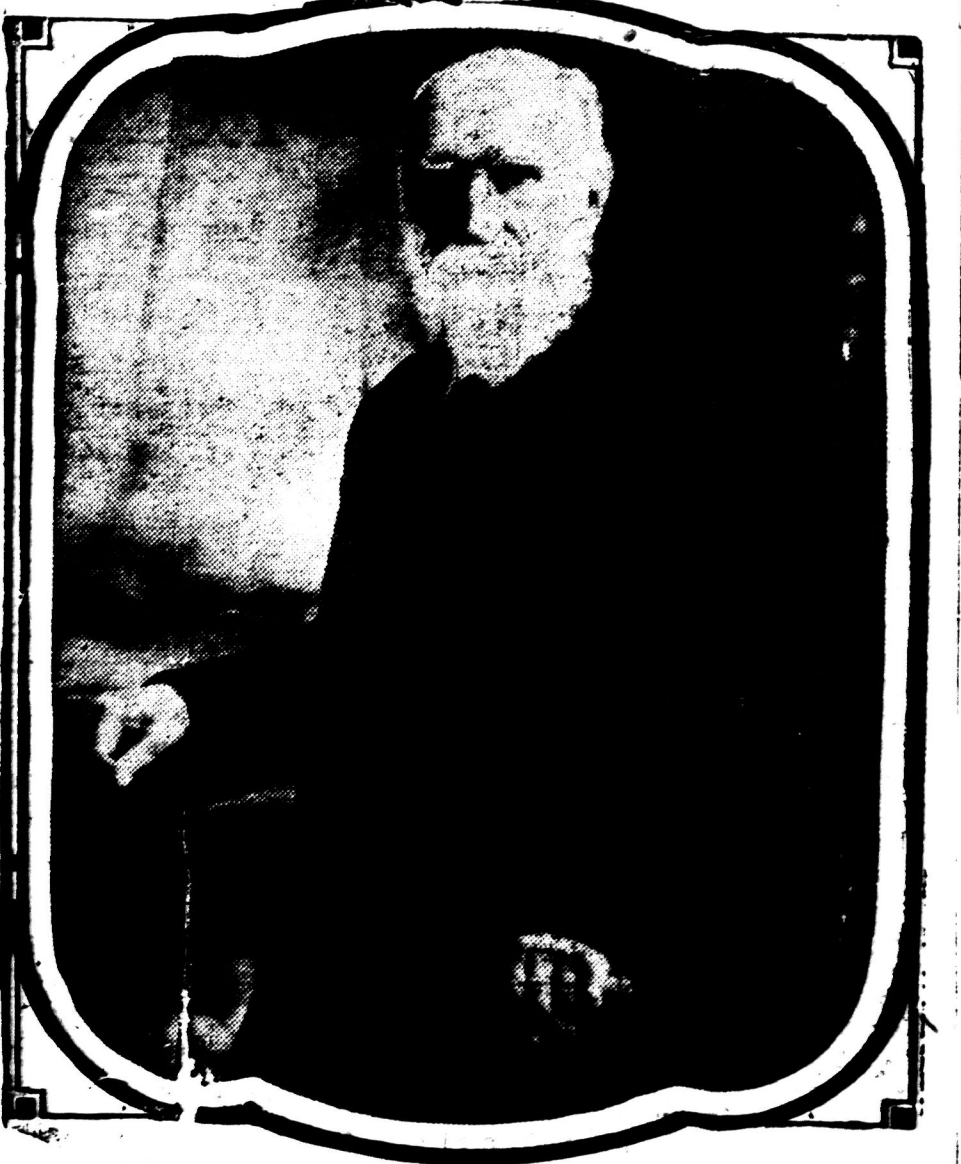
Ah! once you walked the earth and
gods supreme
In beauty—the elite of all our race—
How shattered by the bolts of Hell,
no place
Of burial in yours in proud esteem!
Yet in the Hall of Memory we trace
The names we love, glorious with as-
tral-gleam!

—Andrew, in Montreal Star.

If rubber heels for street cars, why not shock absorbers for loudspeakers?

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Canada's Grand Old Man



A CENTENARIAN SENATOR
Senator George C. De Saullles, who celebrated his 100th birthday anniversary last week. He was 79 years of age when he was appointed to the Canadian Senate. He was presented with a painting of himself.

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