

Real Quality "SALADA" TEA

Paying less can only mean poor tea.

Triumphs of M. Jonquille

by MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

THE GREAT CYPHER.

It was a night of illusions. The whole world was unreal. The city could not be seen. There was a sort of fairy vista extending over the gardens across the bit of park into the haze, pierced by the narrow white shaft of the National Monument extending into the sky.

There was a heavy odor of jessamine and honeysuckle lying about the southern portico of the Executive Mansion. But there were no lights. The white of the portico was in heavy shadow. A big, strong, masculine voice, cultivated and firm, was speaking.

"I am glad that business of your embassy brought you to America, Monsieur Jonquille," it said, "because I wanted to ask you about that lack expedition of Chauvannes." I knew Chauvannes in South Africa. He was a first-class man. What was the mystery about his death? The current report at the time could not have been the truth. It was too fantastic.

One might have made out the figure of the Frenchman by looking at him closely in the dim light. He sat in a long chair, his legs extended, a cigarette, unlighted, moving in his fingers. His voice was low and clear when he spoke, like one engaged with a reaction.

"It was all the truth, Excellency," he said, "as we now know." The big voice interrupted. "That fantastic story!"

The Frenchman's voice did not change. "The truth about it," he said, "is even more fantastic than the current story of the time. Nobody believed it. Nobody could have believed it. When his journal finally came in, everybody thought Chauvannes had gone mad before the end. The things he wrote down simply could not have happened!"

He paused. Then: "But it was every word the truth. There are the emeralds in the Louvre."

The big man beyond Monsieur Jonquille, obscured by the thick shadow, made an exclamation of astonishment.

"The emeralds," he said, "are of course proof of the fact that Chauvannes found some evidences of the thing he was after. But his journal could not have been the truth. The man who wrote the closing pages of that journal must have been mad."

The Frenchman replied with no change in his voice.

"Excellency," he said, "the man who wrote the closing pages of that journal was not only not mad, but he was so clever that I have never ceased to admire him. He was in a desperate position, from which he knew perfectly well, there was no escape, and he undertook to do a thing that not only required the soundest intelligence, but it also required a degree of cleverness that has not been equaled by anybody. I feel that I ought to stand and uncover whenever I think of Chauvannes."

There was a sound in the darkness as of one drawing one's body swiftly together in a chair. There was a



"They must have been an exquisite devil's guard—these three."

a greater wonder than the fantastic incidents with which Chauvannes filled the closing pages of his journal.

"I think the first clue we got was the method Chauvannes had taken to be sure that the journal would get into Paris after his death. His direction, written on the back of it, was that the bearer who brought it in should be paid five thousand francs by the executors of his estate. You see he was offering a reward for the thing to get in."

"Only one of the three men that Chauvannes constantly speaks of in his journal ever appeared. One can imagine what happened to the other two—the same thing, doubtless, that happened to all the persons who started with Chauvannes northeast to the Nyanza after he had abandoned his excavations."

The big man beyond Monsieur Jonquille in the dark seemed to have composed himself to listen. He went silent, and Monsieur Jonquille went on:

"These men, who were the only persons alive with Chauvannes when he finally reached the Kuri on the morning of the 17th of December, must have been three of the most desperate adventurers in the world. They were evidently broken men at the end of their tether, willing to stake everything on a last chance, or they would not have joined Chauvannes. They were not men he selected. He never would have selected men of this character. They seem to have followed him in and to have literally annexed themselves to his expedition when he left the Congo east of the Leopold. They must have been an exquisite

devil's guard—these three; the half-wild Apache Leture, the Finn Miller, and the American beachcomber they called Captain Dix.

"The Apache as the one who came in with the journal. He must have been, after all, what you must call the 'best man' of the three. Nevertheless it was these three half-birds who came out alive with Chauvannes. And what he had to say about them is on every page of the journal. It must have changed his mind very shortly after they joined him, because the first impressions he wrote down, which were probably what our own would have been, were afterward scratched out. We might have believed that some one else had made these erasures but for the fact that the journal from this time on never fails to speak of these three men in the highest terms. Their tirelessness, their energy, their courage, their devotion to Chauvannes is the one note that continues through this journal to the end."

"Of course, one could say that as these men had to depend on Chauvannes to bring them out, the presence of a common peril would have united them in his support and that while they were apparently exalting themselves for him, they were, in fact, laboring to get out of that wilderness alive."

"They were evidently densely ignorant persons of a low order, every one of them. The Finn and the American beachcomber had no education whatever; Leture could read, he was a deserter, we think, from the Foreign Legion—and he had a sort of devil's shrewdness. But he was no match, when it came to wits, for Chauvannes. None of them were. They were ignorant and superstitious. But they were determined, desperate to the last degree and afraid of nothing."

"One of the features of the journal that first impressed me was the fact that Chauvannes had no illusions about these men. He understood them perfectly. He pinned the success of his great plan to an accurate conception of the Apache Leture. He thought this desperate human creature was what you would call the 'best man.' He expected him to come out the best man, and he laid the plan he had in mind to fit that eventuality. And he was right. I saw that when I got to thinking about the journal."

"And I saw something else. I saw that Chauvannes realized his own situation pretty early in the march of events. He knew what he was going into. And he knew where the thing would lead. He realized it a long way ahead. This fact, as I have said, was one of the conspicuous features of the journal. I suppose one, in an incipient madness, might realize all the accurate features of the situation that lay about Chauvannes, and before him, as he did; but I doubt it. I think only a man sound and sane could have seen it with the certainty that Chauvannes saw it, and at the distance beyond the event. Only the soundest intelligence, in the calm control of every faculty, could have realized that the thing before him was inevitable. A man in any other state of mind would have undertaken to delude himself. He would have resorted to futile devices, or to some tragic issue before the end, or to some futile hope. It took a mind like Chauvannes', profoundly sane, to see that the thing that awaited him was inevitable!"

"I studied that journal as closely as a cipher dispatch. The evidences of Chauvannes' mental condition did not appear until the entries beginning about the seventeenth of December—the day on which they finally came out of the forest on the old elephant trail. Of course, strange things had happened before that—the decimation of the force, for one thing. But Chauvannes never seemed to attribute this to any but a natural cause, a sort of united plan of the dwarf camps to destroy the members of the expedition."

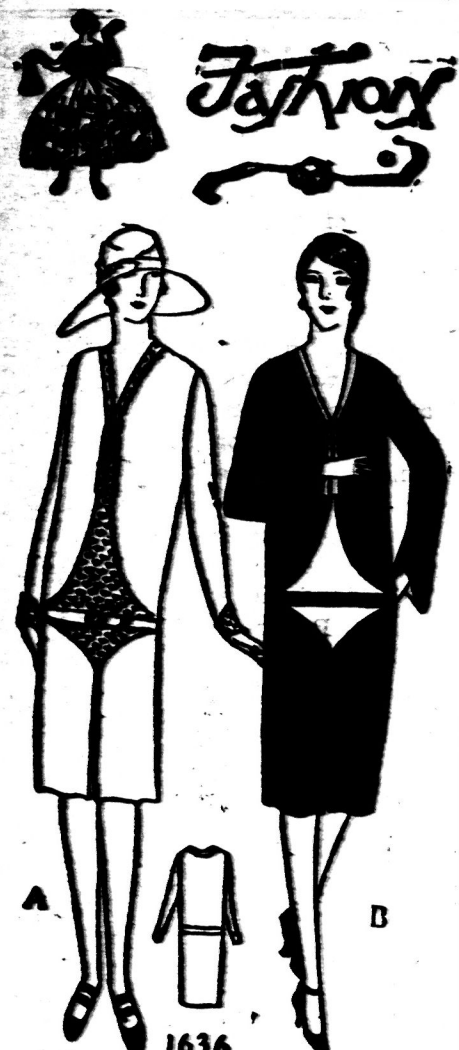
(To be continued.)



"She'd Be a Riot. 'Mr. Censor, if I'd go out on the beach in this costume, would I be annoyed by the police?' 'No, little girl, you'd be saved by the police.'"

WHEN in TORONTO

Call and See Our Stock of Guaranteed Used Ford Cars and Trucks, over Sixty Cars to choose from. Cash or EASY TERMS. Make Your Headquarters Here During Exhibition. Riverdale Garage Limited 755-763 Danforth Avenue, Toronto. Authorized Ford Dealers



A CHIC DAYTIME FROCK

Exceedingly smart is this attractive frock having the modish bolero effect, a V neck finished with a tie collar, and long dart-fitted or loose sleeves. The skirt has an inverted plait in front and the back is in one piece. No. 1636 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 additional 39-inch contrasting material for each view. Price 20 cents the pattern.

The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. 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.

Golf in the United States and Great Britain seems to be a case of trying to "Keep up with the Joneses."

Used by physicians—Minard's Liniment

Interesting Fish Mark On Seashore

"London streets are paved with gold," runs the optimistic old ballad, but the possibilities of the seashore are a much more hopeful prospect. Valuables are often picked up between the high and low tide-marks at seaside resorts, and a search in caves where the waves wash daily in and out, or along rock crevices and shelves where foam and jetam lodge, may well bring its own reward. writes J. V. in the London Daily Express.

Year after year, rings, watches, brooches, bracelets, cigarette cases, purses and money are lost in the beach by holiday-makers, and either buried in the sand or washed out to sea. Their owners rarely see or hear of them again, but the professional beachcombers know where to hunt for such treasure-trove.

It is astonishing how beach loot can travel. There was a queer case, last year, for instance, when a midlander dropped a wallet, containing £500 in notes, on a North Wales beach, and had it returned a fortnight later. It had been washed up at Formby, in Lancashire, twenty miles distant from Prestatyn, where it was lost.

All sorts of interesting finds have been made along the shores of Selkirk Hill, where the sea is encroaching more and more upon the soft crumbling flats, disturbing the mud and sand, wherein lie buried relics of the past, such as Roman coins, tiles, ornaments, and once—only a few years ago—the skeleton of a mammoth.

At Selkirk, and at East and West Wittering, close by it, the seeker may find agates. Cromer, too, is an agate ground, as are some other East Coast resorts; cornelians are quite common in Wales, and have been found on the Suffolk shores. Scarborough is famous for its jet, and both Suffolk and the north-east coast sometimes yield amber.

The longshore hunter cherishes always the faint hope that he may light upon ambergris, the precious secretion of the sperm whale, though it is rarely washed up in our home waters. Southern seas are more likely hunting grounds and good finds are occasionally made off India, Africa, and Brazil.

Some Norwegian seamen, whaling in Australian seas a few years ago, caught a whale which proved to be worth £27,000, as it contained about 900 pounds of ambergris! That kind of luck is rare, but any one who notices a lump of opaque, blackish-grey,

Exhibition Visitors

Call to See the New 1928 Model Harley-Davidson Motorcycle, with its front wheel brake, new oiling system, and carburetor, which makes it the most up-to-date motorcycle. If you are more interested in a second-hand motorcycle, we have them from \$100 up to all the best makes, and all are guaranteed.

WALTER ANDREWS LIMITED 248 Vange St., Toronto

soapy substance on the beach when holiday-making this year would be well advised to make inquiries before using it as a cricket ball, or throwing it back into the sea for the amusement of the dog, as scent manufacturers pay upwards of \$2 an ounce for it, so much is ambergris in demand as an ingredient in the making of certain perfumes.

The Limit. Wife (to fast-driving husband)—"Oh—Jim, don't go any faster!" Jim—"I can't."—Punch.

Depending. A weather expert says that August will be fine and warm. Weather permitting, of course.—Passing Show.

A horse that lies down and goes to sleep every few minutes is causing its owner some concern. It concerns us, too, as we've been backing it for years.

Drives away pain—Minard's Liniment

If a small boy refuses a second piece of cake, it's a sign that there's something wrong with him—or the cake.



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, Saint John.

A Whole Week's Entertainment

Stories

—by leading writers of fiction and humor. A story each week by Fanny Hurst, the highest paid short story writer in the world.

Pictures in Rotogravure

Pictures of people and places you hear talked about. Stars of the screen and stage; the world of sport and business and world statesmen.

Comics

16 PAGES colored Comics each week, including Bringing Up Father—Tillie the Toller—Gasoline Alley—The Gumpe—Winnie Winkle and Smitty.

News

The Standard keeps you in touch with the latest developments in world politics, business, finance, sport, fashions, art, literature and science.

for the whole Family—

The enlarged Montreal Standard brings you each week 56 pages of interest and entertainment. Stories from the pens of leading story tellers and humorists. Cartoons. News of the world by camera and cable. Keeps you informed of the latest developments in world politics, commerce, finance, fashion, science, sports and art. Up to the minute news of radio and the motor car. Pictures and stories of leading figures in the news of the world. An entire week's entertainment for the whole family—all for 10 cents.

56 Pages

The Standard 10c Canada's Great Illustrated Newspaper 10c All News Dealers Sell It

Ontario Sales Agent

Ontario News Company, 122 Richmond St. W. Toronto, Ontario

WIGLETS

is the ideal sweet for children and you, too.

It aids appetite and digestion, and satisfies the craving for sweets.



After Every Meal

ISSUE No. 26-27