

A Trial Will Convince!

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Triumphs of M. Jonquelle

by MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

THE GREAT CYPHER.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

The group of men were seated on the steps of the Executive Mansion. It was evening and the great statesman, hunter, explorer and now Chief Executive was listening attentively to the story of

M. Jonquelle, greatest of French detectives. Jonquelle was telling of Chauvannes, whom all the world believed mad and who had died in Africa leaving the wonderful diary and the emeralds he had discovered. "But Chauvannes was not mad," insisted M. Jonquelle.

Then he told how the explorer's record described the journey into the Congo with three white men, worthless but afraid of nothing.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER II.

Chauvannes found that wilderness veined through with these camps, precisely as Stanley found it when he was following the Ituri in his effort to relieve Emin Pasha. And Chauvannes seems to have had precisely the same experiences as Stanley, in that the poisoned arrows, which the dwarf tribes used, were always fatal to the natives, but not to the white men of the expedition. At least, the three white men with Chauvannes, and the explorer himself, always escaped, while the persistent destruction of the other members of the expedition continued until only Chauvannes and the other white men came out alive.

"The expedition was not large. It was as small as Chauvannes could get on with. He never intended it to be more than a scouting party, to lay out the things he was looking for. The discovery of the emeralds was a sort of accident in removing the portion of an ancient wall that an uprooted tree had dislodged."

There was a moment's silence. Then Monsieur Jonquelle went on: "I said a while ago that the incredible things set out in the journal did not begin to appear until about the seventeenth of December, when they had really come out. It is true that some indicative things are noted in the journal before that date. Chauvannes could not sleep. He returns again and again to this fact. Bromides did no good. He continues to complain about the failure of the bromides. He wonders if the drugs have lost their virtue, or if they could not have been pure. He notes that he tested this with one of the other men and observed the effect. The bromides were all right. This fact gave him a good deal of concern. He could not sleep. And the drugs upon which the medical profession depend in such a case, failed."

"We find this feature in considerable detail and beginning some time before December, seventeenth while the expedition was still in the forest of the Congo, in its awful march to the northeast."

"I don't know when it was that Chauvannes realized what was ahead of him, but as I have said, I think he saw it almost from the first day of the march north."

"I studied that journal word by word and sentence by sentence. I felt

at the time that no one of us understood it, that the thing meant something which ought to appear if we were able to grasp a proper conception of it. I felt before it as I used to feel before these clever German dispatches, which appeared on their faces to be merely a narrative of a domestic incident, when they were in fact army orders containing a definite direction. I was right, as events proved, but the government authorities in Paris at the time considered my notion fantastic.

"Still, as I have said, the strange digressions in his journal did not begin to appear until about the seventeenth of December, when they came out into the great grass-covered plateau outlined to the east by a low mountain range, beneath which lay Lake Albert Nyanza. As it happened, they had come out ten days ahead of the date which they had determined upon for the arrival of the lake boat. It was to receive the expedition at the same point on the Nyanza that Stanley met Emin Pasha."

"Now, here was another indicative point. They did not go ahead to the Nyanza as Stanley had done. They camped on a grassy slope—it looked like an English lawn, Chauvannes said—within the first day's march of the forest. Here they remained."

"Chauvannes had all the modern implements that an explorer carries with him, and he laid down the exact location of this camp with the most painstaking accuracy. It was charted in the journal in half a dozen different forms and checked in every variety of way. He seemed to have spent



a lot of time at this. He was determined that the exact spot of this camp should be definitely located for all time and beyond all possibility of error. And he did not fail. The exact location of that camp is as certain as any boundary monument on our Belgian frontier. It can be located to-day within the error of half a meter. He had plenty of time for this, because he remained in this camp with Leturc while the other men went on to the Nyanza."

"The route to the lake could not be laid out to the eye. It was directly below a marked rocky promontory of the skyline. But the men with Chauvannes thought it better to be certain of the way out, and as they had to put in the time until the boat arrived, it seemed advisable to go over the route. The American beach-comber Dix and the Finn set out for the Albert, Leturc remained in the camp with Chauvannes."

"It was here alone with Leturc that Chauvannes finished the journal, which I finally decoded, as one might say, at the Service de la Surete in Paris."

"I have said that the only thing indicating Chauvannes' condition before the seventeenth of December, when they came out on the old elephant track into this heavenly country below the Albert, was the fact that he could not sleep and that the bromides had failed him. But this was not precisely all. The journal began to indicate a state of mind in Chauvannes that he apparently hesitated a long time to record, the impression that they were approaching some sort of creature of which they had very little, if any, dependable information."

"At first Chauvannes put this down as an illusion arising from the de-

pression of human. But he began to speak of it later as a sort of definite premonition to be reckoned with.

"Of course, when the journal first came into our possession, we took this, and the incredible things that followed, to be merely the illusions of a man whose nervous system had broken down. This was a profound error. Every statement following in the journal was, as it proved, of the most definite importance. One got here at this point in the journal a pretty clear conception of the condition of Chauvannes at the time."

"The three with him, whose care, devotion and untiring solicitude are, as I have said, the persistent note of this latter part of Chauvannes' journal, were now very much concerned about him. They seemed to understand the danger, to himself, as one in such a mental state, for they secured and destroyed all the ammunition to the private weapons which Chauvannes carried; they even broke the blades of the knives. They appeared to realize that a homicidal seizure might develop from such a mental condition, and they seemed to fear that it might take the course of a suicidal mania. They were wholly without fear for themselves, as Chauvannes' journal repeats over and over again."

"It is here, now, at this point, that the whole journal of Chauvannes begins to be taken up with the extraordinary things that he observed. The impression of some strange creatures close on the camp, in the neighborhood, became an obsession."

"It was on the first night in the new camp after they had emerged from the forest that Chauvannes had a sensation, as he puts it, of something delicately feeling over his face. It seemed to be a very slight, moving touch, as of the tip of a feather, but it was clearly distinguishable. The man put up his hand and made a swift gesture in the darkness about him, but there was absolutely nothing that he could touch. He says that this thing happened more than once in the night, and each time, although he put out his hand instantly, it came in contact with no physical evidences of any creature about him."

"The thing occurred again the next night. On this occasion Chauvannes distinctly felt that swift, lingering touch pass over his face; and again, instantly, he clutched about him in the dark, beating the whole place with his arms in a desperate effort to come into some physical contact with the creature. But it was wholly to no purpose. He touched nothing. There was no sound anywhere, and the men sleeping about him in the tent were not disturbed. He says that on the following morning he mentioned this thing again, but the three men with him had no experience of it, what- ever."

"If these creatures, of which Chauvannes had the strange premonitory sense, had finally appeared, they seemed to be directing their attention exclusively to him. At any rate, the men denied having been disturbed by anything. They had seen nothing, felt nothing. But they were disturbed about Chauvannes."

(To be continued.)

Bathing Pool Gift Won Fead Friends

Egyptian King's London Visit War-Time Royal Courtesy to British Army

London—King Puad of Egypt while visiting in London was remembered by many British officers for a concession which they regard as one of the most kindly acts of the World War and is now being told in London military circles. This was to set aside a beautiful bathing beach at Ras-el-Um in Alexandria for the use of English hospital "Sisters" and officers from neighboring camps.

There was just one restriction. A pavilion built over the water was the private gymnasium and swimming place of the Princess. When a red flag was hoisted this signaled the fact that she was taking tea in the Kiosk, and men had to keep at a distance. The hospital women, however, might watch the procession of Egyptian maid attendants robed in black, with the white yashmaks which hide all the face except the eyes.

But when two red flags were hoisted this meant that the Princess was bathing and no man might even enter the water, although the Princess's pool was completely inclosed and hidden.

One morning a naval officer who usually bathed by himself forgot the convention about the two red flags. He had just entered the water when two frantic sentries rushed toward him, shouting and waving. The officer took one glance at the two flags and ran— and since has occasion to remember his absent-mindedness when his comrades review the tale.

Canada and the Empire

Chicago Tribune: The probability, we believe, is that Canada will become more, rather than less, independent of England. Canada is polyglot in its makeup and will continue to be so for generations. Canada will maintain its own integrity and its place in the Empire but for diverse reasons which will be little understood by Englishmen and other Europeans.

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THE CARDIGAN DRESS IS MODISH

Exceedingly smart is the attractive cardigan dress shown here, and a style suitable for both the miss and matron. The two-piece skirt, having inverted plaits in front and back, is joined to a dart-fitted under-bodice. The jacket has a facing and collar in one, a vestee, and smart patch-pockets. The long dart-fitted sleeves are finished with bands, and a trim belt fastens in front. No. 1526 is for ladies and misses and is in sizes 16, 18 years, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. View A, size 38, requires 4 1/2 yards 38-inch material, or 3 yards 54-inch. View B, size 38, requires 2 1/2 yards 38-inch plaid material, and 2 1/2 yards plaid; 1 1/2 yards 36-inch material for under-bodice. Price 20 cents the pattern.

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The Trouble in China

Hongkong Press: It is becoming more and more clear as the days pass that the danger to foreign interests in China arises not so much from military, as from political, activities. Who cares particularly whether Chiang Kai Shek allies himself with Chang Tso Lin or Feng Yu Hsiang or whether the Tupan of Shansi remains on the fence or takes an active part in the fighting if the result of either one combination or the other will not help to stop the steady undermining of treaty rights now in progress in all parts of China—North and South alike? The country is divided as it has never been divided before. Practically every province is a law unto itself, but the multitude of petty military dictators are united in one object—that of securing as much money as possible for themselves. The Nationalists, being the larger party, are simply showing them the way in which revenue can be raised at the expense of trade; and the Foreign Powers, with the forces ready to protect their own countrymen, can apparently do nothing but watch and lament the gradual disintegration of organizations upon the building up of which years of labor have been expended.



French Leave.
"Have you ever taken French cooking?"
Cook—"No'm—never taken anything but French leave."

"Don't you think she is crazy, getting engaged?" "No, not crazy—just sentimentally defective."

Juliet (home from holiday)—"You know, being back in town I do miss all the cows and sheep and pigs and things." Ernest—"Yes, but you still have me, darling."

Mrs. Macthump—"An' what will ye do now that ye 'ave no mother?" Jimmy—"I dunno, mum." Mrs. Macthump—"Well, me boy, whenever ye feel the want of a good lickin' come to me, and I'll be a mother to ye!"

Colonel Lindbergh's "Luck."

The myth of "Lucky" Lindbergh was short-lived. His burial grows deeper as one by one the facts back of the historic adventure come to light. The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics supplies some new ones. At the committee's request engineers in touch with the building and preparation of the Spirit of St. Louis have prepared a report, now issued over the signature of Mr. Donald A. Hall, of the Ryan Airplanes, builders of that other half of "We." Through the mass of technical detail, interesting only to airmen, there shines a fact which interests everybody. As has already begun to be evident, not even the tiniest detail of that remarkable flight was left to chance. Luck was eliminated. So far as human foresight and engineering skill were adequate to the task, everything was planned and provided for. The committee's report is far more than a document in aircraft engineering. It is a document for the common human business of how to get some job well done.

Admitting all this in so far as the engineering features of the airplane were concerned, many commentators, ourselves included, found a niche for Colonel Lindbergh's luck in the success of his relatively imperfect methods of navigation. We were wrong. In an incidental paragraph, apparently inserted almost as an afterthought, Mr. Hall's report lets another secret out of the bag. Colonel Lindbergh did not start off on that flight by guess, trusting to luck that Europe was somewhere in the offing and would not be missed. He spent, Mr. Hall discloses, a full month in the intensive study of navigation especially of the method of dead reckoning which it had been decided to use. Special charts were worked out covering the possible contingencies. That these charts have not been heard of previously in the news is due, one imagines, to the fact that they were kept inside the colonel's head, instead of in the publicity office.

If a group of experts on how things ought to be done in this world sat down, after the event, to consider the best possible way of arranging such a successful enterprise as the colonel's, it is hard to see anything that they could change. As an adventure carried out with the minimum of pretence and the maximum of accomplishment, the flight of the Spirit of St. Louis is likely to stand long supreme. The luck of Lindbergh is a kind of luck everybody can have.

The most fortunate commander, some one has said, is he who has the best maps. Only one good fortune of the colonel's seems to remain a true gift of chance. He was really lucky in lacking a press agent.

The Tariff Issue is Dead

Winnipeg Tribune (Ind. Cons.): The tariff is not an issue between the parties. The principle of protection is thoroughly established. Protection is essential to the economic life of the country, and everyone recognizes it, even the political demagogues who rant most fiercely about it. And, with the principle established, the method of application is likewise stabilized. Regardless of whether Liberal or Conservative governments are in office, the tariff remains practically unchanged. It is useless for the Conservatives to try to make headway by berating the Liberals as free traders. They are not, and the country knows it, while continually talking on that strain gives the impression that the Conservatives are advocating substantially higher tariffs, which is not the case. The tariff as an issue is dead. When the fact is realized, and the Conservative Party turns its attention to worthwhile questions, its prospects of winning the support of the West will be materially improved.

Drives away pain—Minard's Liniment

Customer—"You sent me a very small oxtail, Mr. Bloggs. Butcher—"Ah, ma'am, if we butchers could only persuade the hox to emulate the Kangaroo!"

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"Do you think he will lead her to the altar?"
"No; I think he'll follow her there."

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If the farmers can manage to hitch the corn belt and the cotton belt together they may be able to pull a farm bill through Congress.

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