BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Monica Viney, beautiful widow, lives ments, her head on one side. Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, smith—or somebody—and force it pityingly. British North Borneo. Peter Penning- open?" a great bronze jar which he declares he more to be one of the bronze man's got him-contains the ashes of Chai-Hung, we got to bed. Lien-Yin's coming hadn't chosen me to be one of the Dronz want to see him?" Hewitt doubts the report of Chai- round in the morning-and then we bearers!" Hung's death.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY corner of the desk.

"I didn't want to disturb you, but the window." sheer loneliness of the place is getting on my nerves. I just had to come in."

ter take a stiff dose of quinine—and siayed." turn in."

She smiled faintly.

on the table.

"He'll come back all right." he declared, aware all the time of a certain for a long sea trip." unaccountable huskiness in his throat. "Pennington always does."

Her gaze traveled to the bronze jar. "Is that the thing?" she demanded dully.

Hewitt nodded ward, half-fearfully, her hands out that our enemy was dead." stretched in front of her. Presently she stood before the jar, looking wist-

fully down at it. "And to think-that everything depends on that!-everything, at least, that matters!"

The Commissioner ferked up his head and stared hard at the wall in front of him. He did not want to very fact that she did know startled him. In the silence that followed, he caught the measured tread of the sentry on duty outside, the insistent hum of nocturnal insects, the pattering of the absurd kitten across the boards. On a tray by the bookshelf there reposed a decanter and glasses. He went over to it and poured out a stiff

She took it unquestionably, making a wry face as the spirit burnt her throat.

"So-Pennington does matter?" he said quietly.

The warm blood mounted to her cheeks.

"Of course." "I'm glad of that."

He was placing the glass back on

the tray when he realized that his sister had followed him across the

here? Can't you just look in—to make be empty." sure—and send it back to them

He shook his head and laughed to dispel a certain uncomfortable inward feeling that Monica's present mood "That's the devil of it," he told

her. "I can't find out how it works."



sure in generous measure! Peppermint Flavor

14SUE No. 27-28

She surveyed him for some mo-

with her brother, Capt. John Hewitt, "Why don't you send for a black-

shall know all about it."

She clutched at his sleeve. "Jack, I can't sleep here with that his forehead. thing in the house. I've been feeling Suddenly Monica uttered a little andah. He placed the jar carefully on a perfectly horrible ever since they scream and pointed wildly to the floor. Monica looked up at Pennington,

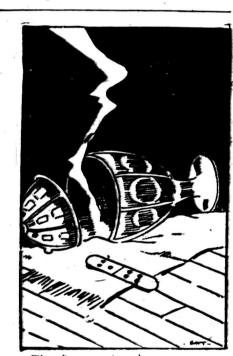
"You've got a touch of fever," sug- hands—like claws—rested on the sill. of the remains Hewitt had expected to ming the door after him. gested Hewitt sympathetically. "Bet- I should have gone mad if I had see.

In spite of himself, the Commis-"I don't think it's fever. It's this ture through which the cool night air sioner glanced at the wide open aperswful uncertainty. I'm worried about filtered. His keen gaze fell upon no--Mr. Pennington. He's been on the thing but the rectangular patch of island too long. The natives must be blackness she had expected to see. He

tomb, with the followers of Chai-Hung Monica. You're worrying too much John's Pond, a distance of three miles, There was no net. In our hurry to sat by the little stove and gload over tuted a serious drawback to progress about young Pennington, and you in much less than the same number get started that morning we had come the string of trout, and listened to a in China. vice, you'll get married as soon as he We had supplies for a couple of days the trout into the boat by the deli- out in the swamp behind the cabin. comes back—and get him to take you in our light packs, and both carried cate, tapered leader. He gave a After we had turned in for the night

bronze jar with his finger naid. "No, ports.

but he will as soon as I show him



The bronze jar lay open.

ther. "there's nothing on earth to pre-ployed. vent us going to bed."

was passing her fingers over the metal go the blessed boat . . . and the Missus from which to improvise a net. Just surface.

to do with it—the band with the four little gold stude."

terror, leant helplessly against the able.

altogether understand.

"Don't keep me like this for long," worms if you wanta eat fish. came the familiar, measured drawl of We climbed aboard the "Halleinia Chinese Pennington. "I've got Lien- Ferry" and "Ee-onked" our way across

I'm as hungry as a hunter!" pon back into the drawer in disgust, water, and now and again we would "Look here, old son," he complained. see a quick splash, followed by slow. ing us shocks like this?"

The scarecrow produced a rubber isin'. pouch and began rolling himself a

"I'm sorry if I hurt you, Mrs. Viney,

"I wanted to see what was inside." "Poissond!" said the Commissioner She had recovered from the surprise hearsely. "Poor little devil!" his sudden entry had given her. Her cheeks were flushed and the folds of declared the girl sorrowfully. "Mr. the kimono at her bosom rose and fell in tun wieth her quick breathing. Pennington ran his lower lip along I've been hanging around here all

"What did you suppose was inside?" fools of yourselves."

He flung out the words like a chal-He flung out the words like a chal-

"The ashes of our deeply-lamented friend-Chai-Hung."

"The ashes of fiddle-sticks! Chai-"I should scarcely like to do that. Hung—of all men—starting out on a ton is hired by the government to apwill should scarcely like to do that. Hung or all men-starting out on a prehend Chai-Hung, leader of The You see, it wouldn't be policy to pronew line—and arranging to be cre-Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese ban- voke any further unpleasantness by mated! Doesn't sound very probable. Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese ban- voke any further unpleasantiness by does it? And yet I suppose even I ed, "where's this fellow Lien-Yin," he show dits. Lien-Yin, former agent of Chai- deliberately committing sacrilege. Be-Hung, comes to Captain Hewitt with sides, it's an uncommonly fine urn." might have been deceived by the dea great bronze jar which he declares He looked down at his watch. "Time lightfully plausible story if they

"Good Lord!"

Hewitt passed a clammy hand over

brought it here. You call it nerves, The Siamese kitten that had been and there were tears in her eyes.

the gummed edge of the paper and evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the

all three recoiled in horror.

There fluttered out on to the floor a strip of pasteboard. By a freak of The younger man surveyed him chance, it fell face, uppermest, showing seven black dots on a vivid yellow ground the dread sign of the Yellow

The Commissioner was the first to "Look here, Pennington," he shout

The other nedded toward the door. "Your man's got him out there.

"I want to make certain he doesn't get away."

He fumbled with something in the drawer again and made for the ver-

The movements ceased abruptly and grateful to you for what you did."

(To be continued.)

WITHOUT A NET

By KENNETH F. LEE

flyrods, for John's Pond has a repu-coupla swift shimmyin' wriggles a big porcupine climbed up on the "Aren't you looking rather far tation in that part of the country which lifted his weight of the barb- porch and started gnawing the wooden ahead?" said Monica demurely. "You for harboring large and succulent less. . probably put a derisive fin to box that held our catch, and I had to trout with fierce appetites, and we his nose, an' went away from there take the flashlight and a chunk of The Commissioner tapped the were bound to investigate the resilently and swiftly. Not so good! stove-wood and go out and argue with

> held it until we brushed against them, trout we were going to eat. to freely baptize both of us. We were over the trouts' heads and clutching till dawn. soaked to our hides long before we 'em around the neck, but that pr the foot of the pond.

hidden in the underbrush, and a pair til its gunwale was nearly in the of oars that had quite obviously been water and sliding the trout in over serving as a lunch for the porcupines. the side, but about the first crack out The handles were chewed nearly of the box a big "lunker" changed his through, but we decided that maybe mind at the crucial moment and dived they could be used, so we stowed our under the boat, twisting the tip of my packs in the bow of the craft and pet Cross rod until I had mysterics started up toward the head of the for fear it would break.

Proposed in the port of the for fear it would break.

Right there I quit. find a log camp.

has been in use for upwards of thirty that I'd bust that rod for." My heartyears? A tin boat with collapsible ribs felt sentiments didn't make the least that have been "collapsed" ever since bit of a hit with the Missus, and she the Spanish-American War? If you said so right out loud. "We'll go haven't, it is of very little use to try back and make a net . . . or a gaff, or and convey any real idea of what this samething but we're going to have experience was like.

an oar, that cockeyed boat let out a in here, and get nearly drowned, just series of wails that reminded me of to eat bacon," she declared firmly. wonder if this clumsy thing proves the time "Square-Head Oleson" went It has not taken me ten years to "Must we keep that wretched jar anything. For all we know—it may on a drunk accompanied by an accordion that he swiped from the cook at "In which case," smiled her brothe lumber-camp where he was em-

But Monica was not listening. She "Ee-onk! Ee-awnk! EE-Onk!" would half an hour in search of materials

nearest of the four gold knobs. It hov- to the landing in front of the camp what we want!" she piped up en- edge and joined to the two-piece skirt. ered for a second—a bare half-inch we both knew that "Ee-onk" tune by thusiastically, waving the broiler Graceful jabots are arranged at the from the metal, and then—a form heart. I have no doubt all the wild triumphantly over her head. plunged wildly through the open winthings within five miles of the pond
dow, landed in a crouching attitude on
were in a state of nervous prostrahad made much difference in out ders and the side of the wide belt. No. the bare boards, and, extending a lean tion. I nearly was, anyway. But the chances for a trout supper . . . not 1681 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 arm, thrust her bodily into a corner. little log cabin, with its shingled porch then. But we got into the tin music inches bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yds. The bronze jar toppled awkwardly and rustic furniture, did much to dis- box and went back to the trout pool 39-inch, or 21/2 yds. 54-inch material. and rolled to the floor, where the Si-pel the gathering gloom. After we and sarted in casting all over again. View A requires ½ yard additional amese kitten fell upon it in a frenzy had started a crackling blaze in the It was nearly dark, and the big trout 39-inch contrasting material (cut of delight. Hewitt wrenched open the rusted stove and ascertained that there were coming up into the shallows crosswise) for linng the jabots and drawer in which his automatic lay, was plenty of dry bedding for one of from the cool depths of the pend; the sleeve frills. Price 20c the pattern. and Monica, her eyes wide open with the bunks, we began to feel comfort- lify-pads boiled with them. They had

wall, gazing into the scarred, swart "If the trout are here, we're all too. face of a Chinaman. The intruder's set!" I announced, hastily stringing My first rise was a daisy, an active, greasy coat was torn and weather-up my light flyrod and selecting a heavy fish that slashed out of the stained, his feet were swathed in san-Silver Doctor, a Royal Coachman and water with my dropper fly solidly in dals of plaited straw, and his features a Brown Hackle, with which formid- his jaw. No fish was ever handled wore an expression that 2 did not able trio it was my intention to pry more painstakingly than that gentlethe lid off that pond immediately. man, for I could anticipate the way he Patterns sent by return mail. "Put them up!" said the Commis- Listen, Brother Fisherman: When an sioner coldly, and the celestial, com- Ontario trout refuses to do business plying readily, bestowed on the as- with at least one of the three files ed Hewitt a broad, boyish grin. mentioned, its time to get husy with

Yin trussed like a chicen outside, and a little cove over to where a hig stream entered the lake. Here Hip-The Commissioner tossed his wes- pade dotted the surface of the calm see a quick splash, followed by slow-What the deuce d'you mean by giv- widening circles, that told a tale of feeding trout. It sure looked prom-

> About the second cast, my files droppinggently into a clear space

up at the dropper and came clear of the water, the little barbless hook bit-The Missus and I had enjoyed a ing deep into his jaw as he fell back

out into the little clearing at to be a lot like trying to catch the I found an old "tin" rowboat partly we tried tipping the tin boat over ungreased pig at the county fair. Next.

Right there I quit. "We'll eat ha-Didja ever row a "tin" boat that con!" I declared, "There isn't a trout something . . . but we're going to have Every time I so much as wiggled trout for supper. I didn't walk 'way

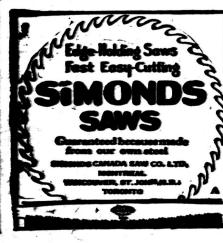
learn that arguing with one's Better Three-fourths is lost motion . . . so the band, all the way to camp. There I would take a little pull at the oars. We rummaged around for upwards of surface.

"I fancy that band has something to do with it—the band with the four little gold stude."

She held her thumb poised over the nearest of the four gold knobs. It hov
To the landing in front of the landing in fro

their reputed appetites right along,

Minard's Liniment for Insect Bites.



would smell in a sizzling pan of Peking Now Peiping

He put up a gallant fight, but at length came rolling his pink sides to- As soon as the Chinese Nationalists ward the boat, where the Missus completed their conquest of the terriawaited him, holding the wire broiler tory north of the Yangtze it became down into the water, its sides gaping, evident that drastic changes would be and both her hands gripping the made. All vestiges of the old regime handles firmly. I slid the big trout in Peking it was decided, should be "I'm sorry, Jack," she said wearily. I know, but I've seen things at the playing with the bronze urn was lying on its back, kicking spasmodically. She said softly, "but I'm awfully out of water, and the lady brought therefore not surprising that Peking ing on its back, kicking spasmodically. on my nerves. I just had to come in."

She slipped into the chair he had shadowy objects. That was what it, the wretched creature was dead. Pennington, screwing up his eyes.

Tould have More received abruptly and grateful to you for what you did."

Clamped the handles together . . . and province in which it is situated, Chihli, boosted Mr. Trout right up into the is to become Hopeh, which means heat in one smooth sweep. pushed forward, and the kitten, free ing itself with an effort, began chassworn I heard them breathing and open, its gaping mouth, dark and hol
'Monica'!" bawled the Commissioner charges and nearly upset the boat in one smooth swoop. Hot Digmorth of the Yellow River. The gety Dawg! We both let out Comanchange is significant of the gradual charges and nearly upset the boat disappearance of old Chinese coning a giant cockroach across the floor.

"Vou've got a tough of fever" and to be a fraction of a second two low like a tunnel, displaying no sign over his shoulder. He went out, slamin our joy. After we had recovered our usual abandonment of the pigtail.

away without it. So I tried lifting pair of Bobcats cussin' each other The trail, after it left the railroad To make a bad matter even more so into the brush at the end of the porch alder run, and before we got fairly the other. . . and we were getting twenty minutes, or perhaps half an She came slowly back toward the started, a heavy thunderstorm came hungrier all the time. Of course, we hour, two more "porkys" made their up and the alder leaves displayed a had bacon and beans and similar fod- appearance on the porch, and took up "Proof," she echoed in a voice so very unpleasant capability for catchder in our packs, but we had come to the good work where their dear delow that it was scarcely audible. "I ing and holding water. That is, they John's Pond to eat trout . . . and parted had left off. I chased that pair, and then showed a decided tendency Well, we tried slipping a hand and slept like a pair of wooden Injuns

left side, and flared cuffs finish the HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

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Nova Scotia Halifax Herald (Cons.): This province has turned the corner. Better days are ahead. There is a new spirit abroad in the land. It is impossible to go about Nova Scotia to-day and not recognize on every hand the evidences of this awakening, this forward surge. Nova Scotia is a different province to-day. Our people have a fresh hope and courage. A great deal has been accomplished; a great deal remains to be accomplished. It cannot be done in a week or a month or a year. It will take time. But it is going to be done. And in the general prosperity the miners and their families will share

servatism, which began to go with the

pose I whacked the big trout over Peking, like St. Petersburg, later the head with the hilt of my belt Petrograd, and ultimately Leningrad. knife, and then settled down to fish was destined to take a subordinate in earnest. We got all the trout we place in the affairs of the country. It needed in short order, and after I had had been losing prestige in proportion a dozen or so the Missus took her turn to the rise of the southerners. Regret getting to know him. I haven't slept walked deliberately to it and tossed hair-raising downhill ride on a rail- with a splash. Then we had a circus a big fish as well, or maybe a little step which, it may be hoped, it marks . . . and let me assure you, brothers, its disappearance as the northerners wandering through the jungle on this wild-goose-chase for that creature's tomb, with the followers of Chai-Hung

wandering through the jungle on this wild-goose-chase for that creature's tomb, with the followers of Chai-Hung

walked deliberately to it and wester into the garden. Then we nad a circus which lasted maybe three busy minthe end of his cigar into the garden. There is nothing there, you see,"
Section Crew from Kennebago taking utes, after which the Big Boy was to the trail that led in to ready for the net. But, Damnit!

We quit at dark, and that hight we government, lack of which has constituted a serious drawback to progress.

The Laborer and His Hire

Manitoba Free Press (Lib.): There are indications that the Government is learning, albeit with great reluctance. that the glory of holding a Government job is not sufficient compensa-She left her chair and crept forshe le er is lost by the Government to a business concorn-usually in the United States, so that the loss is both governmental and national-it is ridiculous that the defence should be made that the Government was rewerless in the matter because, under the civil service er was in receipt of the maximum salary permitted. Research is more necessary to the Government of Canada than to any business concern inside or cutside the country. The Government has far more money than the business and educational institutions that are constantly raiding the service and carrying off its best men; and it can stop this practice at will.

> The Level Crossing Danger Toronto Globe (Lib.): With the ever-growing congestion of traffic upon the highways of the country, the time must come when better protection will have to be provided at many level crossings than is at present to be found. This work should be begun



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Like a li began to its hands station in summer e erying, the with bund happened : arms and did not an that what opened a ing science the work human in the same passed 1 aroused idiosyncra: was seated for just s passed bad which to i His eyes

concealed obviously there was child, and Dr. Ales cal anthro seum of question l of the litt tous behav would get proached possibility

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Probably

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because th reffection borne out of my corr well-éducat the scientif "It is, of soever upor and not n is purely not continu walk natur ents have these mani children s above than mentally a

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havior atav tapped by eventually "I have travel as r fours when old," writes lina, physi great-nephe eight gene try on bot!

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"I am so of interest see mother was interes run about ran about c walk. The agile than est boy. "The you ladders, ba thing, in f

effort to wa

trees and

up them e child." "As a rul children tha are born ample vital above the ity and eve able that th or defective

and there is who has d "It seems is the robe not the we tive baby ti peculiarity

all-fours, in I write lo don't belie

I have been sir, there to body else other day .-

California.