

"How Delicious" is the opinion of all who have once tried "SALADA"

If YOU have not tried it, send sample, stating the price you want. Black, Green or Mixed Tea.

The Secret of Old Ch...

By DAVID W...

(Copy)

CHAPTER I. The Soldiers of Fortune.

The front door of No. 9 Mortimer Terrace, Regent's Park, shut with a bang that was muffled in the fog which had descended upon the metropolis in the early morning of November 14, 1907, and two dejected-looking men made their way down the little box-bordered path and beneath the dripping branches to the garden gate. Their coats were buttoned tightly up over their evening dress, for the early air of a November morning is apt to strike chill to those whose night hours have been spent in the heated atmosphere of the card room. At the end of the terrace, where it joins the outer circle of the Park, the men stopped.

"I believe he's playing the same game as we are," one of them said sourly as he puffed angrily at his cigar, which had gone out.

The other gave a little laugh. "Looks like it. A hundred and ten fifty last night, a hundred and ten Thursday and eighty-four to-night. If I hadn't had that 'flush' at the end it would have been a good deal more. I can't say, Eddie, that I congratulate you on your 'pigeon.' You used to be able to pick 'em out better than this."

"There's nothing like feeding your bird up before you pluck him, Vivian, and it's best to—"

"Make sure that he isn't a crow, eh?"

The elder man shivered slightly, and having relit his cigar, held out his hand.

"Well—it's the fortune of war, anyway. I leave you here, don't I? I'll pick up a stray cab at the bend. Good night."

The younger man stood where Eddie Haverton had left him. The acute depression which he had kept in check was now settling down upon him like a black mantle, and he cursed the luck which had tempted him to take a hand in Eddie's little game. The fair-haired young fellow, who was now counting his gains in the Mortimer Terrace house, had seemed such an easy prey when Eddie had introduced them in the West End bar, so willing to be fleeced. It wasn't often that Haverton made a mistake.

For all it seemed so easy, the sharpers had spread their net no less carefully than usual. In turn they had brought into play each trick or ruse of which they had knowledge, but all to no purpose—the small, mild-faced youth always held the cards, and after each night of play the dawn had found him with a goodly little pile of notes and gold on the green-topped table before him. The hitters had not only been bit, they had been masticated.

As Vivian Renton stood there in the damp fog an idea entered into his active brain, a suggestion that he should return to the room he had just left and by some plausible tale work upon the feelings of the man whom they had been playing with. Hubert Baxenter had seemed a decent sort of fellow, and he knew him to be in no need of money. Perhaps he might consent to lend a little of the gold he had won. To Eddie Haverton, perhaps, the loss of a few hundreds meant very little, with Vivian it was everything.

No one, save himself and his creditors, knew how hard pressed he was, and that the few coins which he fingered in his pocket as he stood in indecision were all that lay between him and a debt-encumbered destitution—and Vivian Renton was not the man to be in that condition long. The fog, moving in slow wreaths, hung round him in a heavy stillness, broken only by the sound of some cab bearing a belated reveller homewards, or the peevish chatter of an animal in the Zoological Gardens near by.

Another and more sinister idea crept into the evil brain of Vivian Renton. Why should he not return to No. 9 and tap the little fair-haired man on the head? He knew him to be alone in the house that night, and he could bind and gag him without seriously injuring him. The fog was all in his favor, and he would be out of the country before any hue and cry could be raised. He turned on his heel and, with his chin buried in his muffler, slowly retraced his steps.


The man who had shut the door upon Eddie and Vivian returned to the

Used Autos

BREKLEY SELLS THEM USED
cars of all types; all cars sold subject to delivery up to 200 miles, or test run of same distance if you wish in advance, order as purchased, or purchase to be refunded.
BREKLEY mechanic of your own choice to look them over, or ask us to take any car to city representative for inspection. Very large stock always on hand.
Brekeley Used Car Market
400 Toronto Street, Toronto

Hubert took up the notes, changing the gold into other notes to make up the amount, enclosing them in the envelope, and sealed it. The odd fifteen shillings he put aside to give to the crossing-sweeper at the corner in the morning. Personally he did not intend to benefit by so much as a penny piece. "Out of evil," he quoted, "cometh why, what's that?"

The young solicitor wheeled round in his chair as he heard the front gate open and the crunching of steps on the gravel. Then he



TRADE MARK

UNDERWEAR and HOSIERY

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

YLES
PRICES
ADIAN PEOPLE

Sold at
Most
Good Shops

Quick Disguise.

There's a man out in front who he wants to lick you," said the urchin of the Chiggersville Clari-

How large is he?" asked the editor, who was in the composing room making a proof of an editorial on the rights of a free people.

"He's a great big fellow, sir."

"All right," replied the editor, as he whipped off his collar and disarranged his hair, disarranged his hair, smeared ink on his face, ears and arms. "Go back and the obstreperous visitor that there nobody on the premises now but galley boy."

Women! Use "Diamond Dyes."

Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies, Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye breaks, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dyed-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card.

Women who aspire to become commercial travellers should have a ready tongue, a wide understanding of people and affairs of the day, exceptionally good health, and an endless supply of physical and mental endurance.


Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

Loans to her Allies and Dominions absorbed 180 millions of Britain's national income during the last year.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT

Bulk Carlots
TORONTO SALT WORKS
C. J. CLIFF - TORONTO

WHY LOOK OLD?



When one application of **Milton's Hair Restorative** every 2 months keeps the hair natural. No oil, no dirt; the hair can be washed when desired. Try it. Black or Brown.
Price, \$2.00.
Sent prepaid to any address in Canada.
A. Carnochan, Powell Ave., Ottawa

In
2, 5, and
10-lb.
tins

at every meal, and thrifty housewives order and at a time. Thus apply on hand. How that no emergency ting or candy-making it is economical.

LIMITED, MONTREAL
and Syrup
Sweetener"