

OUTLINE OF HISTORY

BY H. G. WELLS.

THE Persian army remained as it in indecision for some days close to the scene of this sea fight, and then began to retreat to Thessaly, where it was proposed to winter and resume the campaign. But Xerxes, like Darius I, before him, had conceived a disgust for European campaigns. He was afraid of the destruction of the bridge of boats. With part of the army, he went on to the Hellespont, leaving the main force in Thessaly under a general, Mardonius. Of his own retreat the historian relates:

Pursued by Famine and Plague. "Whichever way they came on the march and to whatever nation they seized the crops of that people and used them for provisions; and if they found no crops, then they took the grass which was growing up from the earth, and stripped off the bark from the trees and plucked down the leaves and devoured them; alike of the cultivated trees and those in haste being wild; and they left nothing behind them; thus they did by reason of famine."

"Then plague seized upon the army and dysentery, which destroyed them by the way, and some of them also who were sick the king left behind, laying charges upon the cities in haste at the time he chanced to be in his march, to take care of them and support them; of these he left some in Thessaly, and some at Siris in Palonia, and some in Macedonia."

"When, passing on from Thessaly to the Hellespont, they crossed over to Hellespont in haste, for they did not find the floating bridges still stretched across, but broken up by the storm."

"While staying there for a time they had distributed to them an allowance of food more abundant than they had had by the way, and from



satisfying their hunger without restraint and also from the changes of water there died many of those in the army who had remained safe till then. The rest arrived with Xerxes at Sardis."

Fighting a Fleet on Shore. The rest of the Persian army remained in Thessaly under the command of Mardonius, and for a year he maintained an aggressive campaign against the Greeks. Finally he was defeated and killed in a pitched battle at Plataea (479 B.C.), and on the same day the Persian fleet and a land army met with joint disaster under the shadow of Mount Mycale, on the Asiatic mainland, between Ephesus and Miletus. The Persian ships, being in fear of the Greeks, had been drawn up on shore and a wall built about them. But the Greeks disembarked and stormed this inclosure. They then sailed to the Hellespont to destroy what was left of the bridge of boats, so that later the Persian fugitives, retreating from Plataea, had to cross by shipping at the Hellespont, and did so with difficulty.

Encouraged by these disasters of the imperial power, says Herodotus, the Ionian cities in Asia began for a second time to revolt against the Persians. With this the ninth book of the "History of Herodotus" comes to an end. He was born about 484 B.C., so that at the time of the battle of Plataea he was a child of five years old. Much of the substance of his story was gathered by him from actors in and eyewitnesses of the great events he relates. The war still dragged on for a long time; the Greeks supported a rebellion against Persian rule in Egypt, and tried unsuccessfully to take Cyprus; it did not end until about 449 B.C. Then the Greek coast of Asia Minor and the Greek cities in the Black Sea remained generally free, but Cyprus and Egypt continued under Persian rule.

Herodotus, who had been born a Persian subject in the Ionian city of Halicarnassus, was five and thirty years old by that time, and he must have taken an early opportunity

TRIUMPHS OF M. JONQUELLE

BY MELVILLE DAVISSON POST.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

"Let us assume that there are three ways in which DERNBURG PASHA might have been killed," said M. JONQUELLE, greatest of French detectives, to the Turkish envoy, who was demanding reparations for the murder in Paris of his fellow citizen.

Dernburg had been found dead in the library of his house. His throat was slashed and a trail of blood on the white squares of the checkered marble floor apparently indicated the escape of the assassin. "I might have killed him," said M. Jonquille. "You might have killed him. He might have been killed by a man no longer living."

The last theory startled the envoy.

Go On With the Story.

CHAPTER III.

"IT IS a conceivable theory," remarked Monsieur Jonquille, "that Dernburg Pasha was struck down by a hand that we can no longer consider to be living."

"But if you please, we will take these theories in their order. Did I murder Dernburg Pasha? I am an interesting hypothesis, and I should be glad to consider it at some length. But it seems to require no extended conditions to conclude it. We have shown that the mysterious visitor who called on Dernburg last night was not his assassin, because the evidence which seems to indicate he was laid down by design and did not come about by accident. They were laid down by the intention of some person, some person who wished to establish that this visitor was the assassin. But this visitor himself could not have wished to establish that he was the assassin; consequently he could not have made these indicative evidences, and therefore he was not the assassin of Dernburg Pasha."

He paused. "And now, monsieur, as I was the visitor who called on Dernburg Pasha last night, it must be clear that I was not the assassin that struck him down. He was struck down by a hand that we can no longer consider to be living. There was a moment's silence. The Oriental did not speak, and the prefect of police continued: "Now, monsieur, we approach the second hypothesis: did you murder Dernburg Pasha?"

"Here, monsieur, one finds himself confronted with certain difficulties."

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES
A BATH.
By Thornton W. Burgess.
There's nothing like a sudden bath To cool off rage and dampen wrath. —Paddy the Beaver.

Paddy the Beaver and Mrs. Paddy worked as fast and hard as they could, towing or pushing logs and branches from the upper end of their pond down to the new dam. Every time they got down there they looked eagerly to the place where they must drag their logs across the dam to get them in the Laughing Brook below.

At every time they saw that which filled them with disappointment and angry thoughts. "What they saw was Prickly Porky the Porcupine, who carries the thousand little spears hidden in his coat, sitting exactly where they wanted to cross and in a contemptuously grinning bark from a stick. It began to look as if he intended to spend the rest of the night there. Prickly Porky was in no hurry. For that matter, he never is. He knew that Paddy the Beaver wanted him to move, and for that very reason he did not want to move. He is just as obstinate and pig-headed as that."

After awhile he finished the bark on that stick. It wasn't a very big stick and his stomach wasn't half full. He wanted more bark. He wanted fresh bark. Down below him in the water were floating logs and branches which Paddy and Mrs. Paddy had brought down and left there to drag over the dam when he should get out of the way. As he looked down at them a spark of interest glowed in Prickly Porky's little eyes. There was the bark he wanted. If he could drag one of those branches or logs up on the dam he would have enough to keep him busy for the rest of the night.

So Prickly Porky croaked to the edge of the water and tried to reach one of those logs. He couldn't quite do it. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter," said he to himself. "I've got all the time there is. If I wait long enough one of those logs or branches will float within reach." So Prickly Porky settled himself to wait.

Now, he could have gone into the water and pulled one of those logs out, just as well as not, for Prickly Porky can swim. In fact, in summer time he often goes in the water. But it was no longer summer. It was almost the edge of winter, and the water looked cold. It was cold. Prickly Porky didn't feel like a cold bath. It was much more comfortable to be patient and wait.

At last a long branch floated within reach. Prickly Porky got hold of the end of it and began to drag it up on the dam. It was just then that Paddy the Beaver arrived with another log. He saw what Prickly Porky was doing and he guessed right away why he was doing it. "If he gets that stick," thought Paddy, "it will take him the rest of the night to eat the bark on it, and that will mean that he will stay right there."

Paddy shot forward and seized the end of that stick. Then he pulled with all his might. Prickly Porky clenched his teeth on the other end of that stick and prepared to pull. But before he could get himself braced—for, you know, he is very slow—Paddy gave a tremendous yank. Prickly Porky held on, but lost his footing. Off the dam into the water with a great splash fell Prickly Porky! That water was as cold as it looked. Prickly Porky let go of that stick and began to swim. He no longer thought about his stomach. The one thing he thought about was getting out of the water.

(Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess.)
The next story: "Old Man Coyote Is Unpleasantly Surprised."

ties. You took charge of this house the moment it was ascertained that the man was dead."

The envoy interrupted: "I did, monsieur. As a representative of the Turkish government, it was my duty to take charge at once of the property of one of its murdered citizens. I came at once and took charge of it."

"That is true, monsieur," continued the prefect of police. "You came as you had the right to do, and you took over this house as it was your duty to do. And from this base we may go forward with the hypothesis in its first inquiry—namely, did I create these false evidences on the floor of this drawing-room, or did you, or did the agency not now living undertake it?"

"Now, monsieur, let us consider these suggestions in a reverse order. If Dernburg Pasha was struck down by a hand not moving alive in the world after he died on the floor of the library yonder, then such a hand could not have gone forward with the manufacture of these false evidences of his assassination, and we may dismiss it. I cannot have manufactured them, monsieur, because it is not conceivable that one undertaking the assassination would construct evidences of his crime to convict himself. Therefore, monsieur, by elimination, we seem to arrive at the conclusion that it was you who manufactured them."

The envoy's face seemed to form itself into a sort of plastic mask.

"Now," Jonquille went on, "if you manufactured them, monsieur, it was with a deliberate object. That object would be to fasten the crime upon another. But one does not undertake to fasten a crime upon another without an adequate reason in himself. Now, what reason, monsieur, could you see, indicating that you wished to establish that I, who called upon Dernburg late last night, had accomplished his murder, and fled, carefully dropping a splash of blood on the white squares of the floor of this drawing room, and escaping over the wall covered with a coating of dust which I did not remove? What could have been your object in undertaking to establish these facts, if you were that every time they saw that which filled them with disappointment and angry thoughts."

"Why, monsieur, should I wish to assassinate Dernburg Pasha?" "Did you not wish to take over this house?" replied the prefect of police. "And if you took it over, you

would take it over with what it contains. Let me show you, monsieur, the treasure that it contains!" He stooped over, slipped the point of a knife-blade under one of the large white marble squares in the drawing-room floor and lifted it up. These squares had been laid down on wooden sills, nailed together, and floored over underneath. Each square had, therefore, a sort of wooden pocket beneath it. This wooden pocket under the white square that Monsieur Jonquille removed, was filled with gold-pieces. The Oriental, bending over, made a profound exclamation of surprise. He remained immovable in an overwhelming wonder. That the man was amazed at something of which, up to that moment, he had not had the slightest conception, was clearly evident.

Monsieur Jonquille permitted the marble square to go back into its

MONSIEUR JONQUELLE PERMITTED THE MARBLE SQUARE TO GO BACK INTO ITS PLACE.

place, and he returned to his chair. The Oriental sat down beyond him, speechless in his amazement. The prefect of police continued to speak as though the man's concern were not a thing which he had observed. "And so you see, monsieur, we have here the motive, the opportunity, and the construction of these false evidences, indicating that you were the assassin of Dernburg Pasha. And again I beg you to observe how fatal it was to proceed with indicative evidences when one wishes to establish a theory. It is fortunate, monsieur, that it is I who considered these evidences against you,

for it is I who know that Dernburg Pasha was dead when you arrived at this house."

"And from the wound in his throat, I knew at once what hand it was that inflicted it—a hand not now living."

"The hand of the dead man!" echoed the Oriental. "You mean the hand of the dead man?" "I mean the hand of the dead Dernburg Pasha," replied the prefect. "The wound began heavily on the left side and talked off to the right. That is the slash of a suicide. Death-wounds, inflicted by one intent on taking his own life, are always inflicted on the left side, because they are undertaken with the right hand, and if they are done with a knife, they begin with a heavy incision that falls out as the knife is drawn to the right—as the strength of the person undertaking to inflict the wound falls. Suicidal wounds, when inflicted with a sharp instrument, have always these evidential signs. They cannot be mistaken."

"Monsieur Jonquille arose. "Let me clear this mystery," he said. Dernburg Pasha was one of the most accomplished counterfeiters in the world."

He opened his hand. "This device, which looks like an alabaster box, is a mold made of plaster for the purpose of counterfeiting one of the largest gold coins of the French currency. Dernburg came here, took this house, carried forward his undertaking until he had stored the squares under this drawing-room with false coins. Then when he had finished—when he had got the coins molded, gold-plated and hidden, ready for the business of their distribution, I called on him last night! It was my voice that was heard outside. I showed him that he was at the end of his tether—that the house was guarded; and I came away leaving open to him the only escape he had. He effected that escape with a razor drawn across his throat."

Monsieur Jonquille paused, his voice firm, even and unshaken.

"You appeared, monsieur, a little later, and seeing an opportunity to obtain an indemnity from France for a murdered subject of your country, you took the razor to your pocket and clumsily daubed the white squares of this drawing-room floor with the evidential signs of an assassination."

Another M. Jonquille story, "The Gypsy," will begin in our next issue.

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