

November 7, 1917

gist. Later, just as he was starting home, he found the bit of paper which he had carelessly put in his pocket last night; and, more to fulfil his promise to Gertrude than with any hope of gain, he dictated a letter of inquiry to each of the names written thereon.

Three of these letters were answered that week and in every case the answer came, not from the person addressed, but from the person's secretary. All, he learned, were out of town for the summer. Receiving no response to his other letters, he assumed that these people also were away and, lacking secretaries, that their mail had been forwarded. On Thursday he heard from the genealogist, who informed him that a careful search failed to reveal that Rudolph Henkel, the millionaire, had a nephew named Presley Henkel.

A few hours after the arrival of this epistle, Henkel entered Sage's office. The young man carried an oblong parcel and his face was beaming.

"I've got the stuff at last," he chuckled, and lovingly tapped the parcel. "Now if you will come with me to the chemist—"

"I think not," said Sage, and there was a certain cold finality in his voice which caused the other's radiance to suffer a change.

"W-why," he stammered, taken aback, "what's happened? I thought—of course, if it's not convenient just now—"

"I've decided not to invest in your proposition, Mr. Henkel."

"Isn't this decision rather sudden?"

"It's sufficiently judicious, I think."

Henkel sat down, slowly, and placed his parcel beside him on the floor. And again, though only for an instant, a malignant glitter flashed in his eyes. Facing his victim across the flat-topped desk, he went oilily ahead:

"I can see some untoward influence has been at work, Mr. Sage. You discredit my business connections. It surely can't be that you doubt the merit of my discovery, else you would willingly agree to an impartial test. Perhaps," he added hopefully, extracting an envelope from an inner coat pocket, "if you will read this letter from my uncle—"

"Thanks, but it wouldn't affect my decision in the least," waving the letter aside. Suddenly, struck by another thought, Sage looked curiously at the agreeable young man. "By the way, Mr. Henkel, where is your Uncle?"

He was undisturbed by the query. "He's in South America now, Mr. Sage. This letter," removing the sheet of paper from the envelope, "was written before his departure. I suppose," said Henkel, with a winning smile, "Uncle Rudolph was afraid I might get in a hole, and it seems I have. Won't you read the letter, Mr. Sage? It really proves everything I've told you."

Thus persuaded, Sage read the letter, typewritten on a letterhead of the Henkel Clothing Company. It seemed entirely genuine; but when he handed it back:

"I see. However, it doesn't change my mind. And now I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Henkel; I'm a busy man this morning." Sage rose and remained standing till his caller had likewise risen. He then sat down and resumed his work where it had been interrupted.

"This is quite final, is it, Mr. Sage?"

"Quite. Good-day, Mr. Henkel."

Henkel stood a moment longer, irresolute, looking narrowly at the other man, who didn't glance up from his desk. Then, with no further word he quit the office.

This time his mask was lowered till he reached his automobile and motored away in the direction of Sage's home.

(To be continued.)

"Children," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "this picture illustrates today's lesson: Lot was warned to take his wife and daughters and flee out of Sodom. Here are Lot and his daughters with his wife just behind them; and there is Sodom in the background. Now, has any girl or boy a question before we take up the study of the lesson? Well, Susie?"

"Pleathe, thir," lisped the latest graduate from the infant class, "where ith the flea?"



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