



Complexions that Stand Scrutiny

THOROUGH daily cleansing with the mild, creamy lather of PALMOLIVE is the surest means of securing the natural complexion that bears close inspection. Thus the Palmolive doctrine of soap and water has been adopted by hundreds of thousands of progressive women, who appreciate the value of this scientific combination of Nature's greatest cleansing agents.

The value of these famous oils was discovered 3,000 years ago by the royal women of ancient Egypt, who derived great benefit from their use even though obliged to use them in their crude natural state.

Fortunate modern women are inheritors of their great discovery.

PALMOLIVE SOAP

The PALMOLIVE line includes PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO, which is pure liquid PALMOLIVE especially prepared to make proper care of the hair easy, and PALMOLIVE CREAM, a delightful cream which freshens and invigorates the complexion.

All sold everywhere by leading dealers. For trial packages please accept our

THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER—A miniature cake of PALMOLIVE SOAP, bottle of SHAMPOO and tube of CREAM, attractively packed, mailed on receipt of five 2c. stamps. Address

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., Limited

155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.

American Address: B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.



CANADIAN NORTHERN

THROUGH SERVICE

Toronto to Winnipeg

NOVEMBER 1st

Via PARRY SOUND, SUDBURY, PORT ARTHUR
and FORT WILLIAM

Connections at Winnipeg Union Station
for Edmonton, Calgary, Prince Albert,
Saskatoon, Regina, Brandon and all
important points in Western Canada
and the Pacific Coast

Leave Toronto 10.45 P. M.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday

ALL MODERN EQUIPMENT
RELIABLE EXPRESS SERVICE

Through tickets to all points and berth reservations from
Local Agents or write to R. L. FAIRBAIRN, General
Passenger Agent, 68 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

then, Packe, you will stroll into Victoria and will ascertain the platform at which the Brychester train pulls up. Alongside that platform you will observe in the carriage-way the usual string of cars and carriages. Amongst the cars you will see an elegant motor-brougham driven by a chauffeur in a dark, olive-green livery. That chauffeur will be myself, and when I see you, I shall touch my cap to you. You will give me a nod, and will then mingle with the other folk on the platform. When the train comes in, you will unobtrusively spot your lady, and you will quietly observe into what conveyance she gets. You will then step into my motor-brougham and tell me through the speaking-tube sufficient to enable me to follow that conveyance. After that, you can leave it to me to do the rest in a fashion that will satisfy you."

Packe looked at Scraye, who nodded his head with satisfaction.

"Good," said Scraye. "That should be excellent."

"You're certain about your make-up, Jimmie?" asked Packe. "You can lay hands on the brougham and the livery?"

"Certain of everything," answered Trickett. "You do your part, and I'll do mine. I shall know what I'm about."

"Supposing she drives to several places?" suggested Packe. "How are you going to hang about while she visits there?"

"I say—leave it to me," repeated Trickett. "I once played this sort of game before, for a lark, and I'll carry you through. After you've once pointed out the quarry, and you yourself are safe in my brougham, just do what I tell you, and you'll be all right. But I say," he continued, turning to the Marquis, "if your suspicion's correct, and she's got hold of the thing, do you really expect that she'll carry it about her?"

"What else should she do with it?" asked Scraye, a little surprised.

Trickett laughed.

"Bet a million to one she's got rid of it already!" he said. "She must be a fool if she hasn't. However, we'll see. Packe, we ought to be getting back. I've got to dine with a man to-night."

Packe turned to Scraye as they all rose.

"Afterwards?" he said. "What about afterwards? I mean after whatever we do or don't do, to-morrow?"

"I was going to say," answered Scraye. "All my guests leave me to-morrow morning. I shall go up to town in the afternoon. As I shall only be there for a day or two I shall stay at the Ritz. Come there, both of you, to-morrow evening at eight and dine, and then you can tell me what happened and we'll talk more."

PACKE and Trickett went out to their car and drove away from Brychester as unobtrusively as they had entered it. They were a couple of miles on their journey before Trickett spoke.

"So that's what you call a mystery, is it, Packe?" he asked.

"And a good one," replied Packe. "What do you call it?"

"Case of good, plain theft," answered Trickett. "What amazes me is the innocence of a chap like Scraye. The idea of thinking that she'd keep that thing anywhere in her own neighbourhood after once getting hold of it! Pooh! What do you suppose she came into Brychester for this morning? To look at the Cathedral? Not much. Packe, I'll bet you a new hat that the first thing she does to-morrow is to drive to—no, I won't tell you—I'll write it down on a scrap of paper and give the paper to you to open after she's paid her first visit, and then we'll see if I'm not right."

"You're qualifying for the detective service, Jimmie," said Packe. "It's a bet, and, of course, you'll lose it."

"Wait till noon to-morrow," responded Trickett, coolly. "And by the by, while we're on the subject of to-morrow, just remember two things of importance. One is, bring money in your pocket. And the other—don't forget I'm your chauffeur."

Packe walked on to the arrival platform at Victoria next morning expecting Trickett's second admonition. He

strolled slowly along the line of cars and carriages which awaited the train, and was somewhat doubtful as to whether he ought to be glad or not that there were so many of them. It might, he thought, be difficult for Trickett to successfully follow that in which Mrs. Wythenshawe drove off. But suddenly he caught sight of Trickett's youthful face, and for the moment was constrained to turn away lest he should burst into laughter. For there was the neatest and most highly-respectable of coupe motor-broughams, and there on its driving seat, arrayed in a perfectly-fitting livery of olive-green ornamented with gilt buttons, was Jimmie Trickett himself, stolidly reading a newspaper. He presently caught Packe's eye as it was turned towards him, and without a flicker of his rosy countenance he solemnly raised a gloved hand to his peaked cap.

Packe, restraining his feelings by a mighty effort, nodded carelessly and walked down the platform. Within another minute the train came in—an express, which, originally starting from the south-west of England, made no stop between Brychester and London. It was a long and crowded train that morning, and Packe had no difficulty in keeping an observing eye on its alighting passengers without attracting attention to himself. Posted on the fringe of the bustling crowd he managed to pass everybody in review. He saw Colonel Durham and his wife; a moment later he saw Mrs. Wythenshawe, attended by a maid. In the middle of the platform they paused, the mistress evidently giving some instructions to the servant, who presently turned away in the direction of the luggage-van. The next instant Mrs. Wythenshawe had stepped into a taxi-cab stationed a little in advance of Trickett's brougham, and Packe, seeing that the way was blocked for both vehicles, leisurely made up to his own. Trickett descended and opened the door, once more saluting in correct fashion.

"The third taxi-cab before you," muttered Packe. "The tall woman in dark furs."

"I spotted her," responded Trickett. "Get in and behave yourself."

Packe dropped back into a luxurious seat, laughing at the humorous side of the adventure, and wondering what it would lead to. Presently the brougham moved off; when they were clear of Victoria and were gliding away up Buckingham Palace Road he saw that the taxi-cab which Mrs. Wythenshawe had entered was only a little in front of them. Unconsciously, he memorized the number which he saw plainly on its rear panels. And suddenly he remembered a twisted scrap of paper which Trickett had given him the afternoon before when they stopped for a cup of tea halfway between Brychester and London, and he pulled it out of his waistcoat pocket and fingered it.

"Wonder if Jimmie's going to be a true prophet?" he thought. "I suppose we shall see presently. There's one thing certain—she's not going straight home to Wilton Crescent."

THE two cars ran on at a steady pace, regulated by the first one, past Buckingham Palace, along the Mall, round into St. James' Street, and into Piccadilly. They rounded the corner at the Circus and turned into Regent Quadrant. And as they passed Vigo Street, Packe became aware that Jimmie Trickett was slowing down, and looking out, he saw that the taxi-cab was stopping. A moment more, and Trickett came to a full stop. He glanced round through the glass panel at Packe with the ghost of a wink, and the next instant was at the open door of the brougham.

"Get out, go into that tobacco-shop, there, immediately in front of you, and buy something, anything, but keep one eye on me," commanded Trickett as he once more went through the cap-touching ceremony. "I'll watch her—she's going into the post-office."

Packe went across the pavement into the tobacconist's shop. He could only think of cigarettes—he became muddled when asked what kind he

(Continued on page 21.)