JUST A SIMPLE LITTLE THING THAT NEEDS A TWIST OR SOMETHING AND THAT'S ALL

LOOK AT IT

THE SPRING

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

By J. P. Alley

MISTIS' COOK SAY SHE

AIN' NEED T' PUT NO

PAINT ON HER FACE-

- JES' PUTS A SMILE

ON IT, EN DAT'S ER-

statement?" he said quickly to the

"No, sir."
"Get her to the station. You know

the charge," said the inspector after

a rapid glance at Joan; "tell the su-perintendent I'll be round presently." He returned at once to the sitting-

room. The three made their way down to the stair, Mrs. Trent sup-

"She didn't do it!" The elder oman had suddenly broken down

"Stow that!" said the exasperated

He feared having a fainting woman

deal with, and would have pre-erred arresting a dozen men. Joan,

in fact, seemed the calmest of the

three-an unnatural calm. She was

as white as ivory, staring fixedly be-fore her as Mrs. Trent helped her

down the stairs. The shock had stunned her; the meaning of it all scarcely reached her brain. A cab

"What is this?" he said sharply,

stepping up to the cab. A cry of amazement came from him. "Joan!"

It was Philip Mottisfont. He seized

inside and was reaching over to fas-

"What is the matter here?" cried

moment so primitive a light of pas-

"Look here, sir," he said quickly

"Arrest!" gasped Philip.

into it a man came sliding

sergeant, "come on down with her-

you'll be making her worse."

ferred arresting a dozen men.

stood at the curb, and as Joan

gether. "I'll never believe it— couldn't do it. Must you take? Wait till her husband comes.

forting Joan and sobbing bitterly.

sergeant

altogether.

She didn't do it."

through the gloom.

NOU GH!!

Float Beacon Lights On Mercury

THERE is said to be an increasing demand for quicksilver in manufactures of electric appliances. An interesting use is the floating of the lights of lighthouses upon a body of quicksilver. The metal is not consumed, and the loss in use is insignificant.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

A Handy Man Around the House.

Study Botany In the Desert

SOME years ago the Carnegie Institution located its "Deserf Botanical Laboratory" two miles west of Tucson, the site being presented by local authorities. The object of this laboratory is to study the plants characteristic of arid regions.

THE STRANGER"

A Gripping Story of Love Triumphant Over the Plots of a Master Criminal

BY JOHN **GOODWIN**

Agnes Visits Joan and Demands That She Give Up the Tallbois Pearls—the Poison Charge

CHAPTER LXXXIII. The Vials of Wrath.

Joan was so amazed that for a noment she was unable to speak. Her blue eyes flashed fire and had I-I-!!" she found her voice first it is likely that she would have startled even Lady Tallbois. But as they faced each other in the faint light of the hall a wave of compunction swept into Agnes' volcanic mind.

"Say!" she said quickly, "we're both women, you and me. We've both been up against it: a hand of crooks n squeezing the pair of us-Old Nick only knows how it's going to end. See here, my gal-I guess I've been rougher with you than I oughter been. That's for you to start

This confession, the last in the world that she expected, took the wind out of Joan's sails and the words from her mouth. She stared blankly at her unbidden guest. "All I want's a straight deal! A straight deal between you and me," said Agnes. "Your husband here?"
"No! I am alone."

"It don't matter. He'd ha' been welcome to hear what I got to say to you. Let's get this thing fixed up. Where can we talk? In here?" She walked into the sitting-room the door of which was open. The ole proceeding absolutely petrified Joan, who, however, had a vague impression that Lady Tallbois was smitten with remorse for the way she had behaved in the past and had ome to say so. It must be admitted that no answering chord awakened in pitterly at the girl's hands.

Lady Tallbois had thrown berself into a chair in the sitting-room as if the place belonged to her. Before she could open her mouth Joan spoke.

"You murderess!" she whispered "If you have anything to say I thickly, "you've will hear it," said Joan, "and then water—poisoned." please go at once. Understand that I want nothing from you. You have treated me with the greatest cruelty and you, who are a millionairess, have ruined my husband by that claim of yours. I tell you at once, for that there is no forgiveness!"

"Eh!" cried Agnes, astonished in "Oh, I suppose it was your right," said Joan bitterly. "I was helpless;

it was easy to persecute me!"
"Now look here," said Lady Tallbois, grasping the arms of the chair, "don't you get my goat! I'm keeping a hold of myself, I am. It would have been easiest for me to come here with a couple of cops and make a snatch job of it. But I'm not dead sure, even yet, that somebody hasn't tried to fool me. So I'm glvin' you the chance, seein' you've had bad luck, to turn down the deal and hand over. I want them pearls. I want em more than I want you jugged!" e leaned forward and stared in-

"You got the necklace! Bring it out! Lay it here on this table."

Joan began to feel quite certain that her visitor was insane. "You hear me," cried Agnes, "get

the pearls. Spread 'em!' Would you mind explaining?" said Joan quietly. "I haven't the vaguest what you are talking about. Knayth necklace cried Agnes harshly. "Goin' to bluff me, are you? Can't you understand English? Tell me you sin't heard

"The Knayth pearls? Of course I've heard of them. What then?" Lady Tallbois rose.
"You got them!" she said watch-

ing Joan keenly. "They're gone from Knayth—you stole them! I've got the straight griffin they're here now -they're in your baggage! Wanted 'em so you could guy that dude into marrying you, eh? Give 'em up-I'm

Joan turned deathly white. So cold trembling. and fierce an anger rose in her that she felt as if her blood was turned She stepped swiftly up to Lady Talbois. "You dare to accuse me!" she said

in a steady, level voice. Her eyes gleamed with the cold flame that shines in a sapphire. "You dare come here and tell me that lie to my face! There was a moment's silence. "Gee!" murmured Agnes, "you go

Her voice was lower. She stared at Joan with an odd fascination. You got-you got a look of John Goodenough about you," she mut-tered, "when you talk like that. There ain't nobody else can-Joan walked to the door, and flung

it open.
"Go!" she said. Her hands opened and clenched. "You got the pearls!" she mutrapidly, "you got 'em, ain't B'gee, yes — what you turn white for, if you ain't got 'em! Is this a bluff or not? See here—lemme search your things? Lemme search -maybe I'll believe you."

"I refuse! Go instantly." The pent-up wrath in Lady Tallpowder.
"Go, eh!" she cried, "then it's the about it presently," said the ser and then aside to Mrs. Trent,

cops for yours! I'll be here with them in two minutes! You for the station-house, you white-faced thief!
You thief—you thief!"
You therefore and then aside to Mrs. Trent, "Help me to get her to the cab, can't you! It's got to be done, and I don't want her fainting on my hands."

You thief—you thief!"

Joan found herself walking me.

her throat.

For pity's sake, gimme some water! in Joan's breast. She saw before her nothing more than one who was not responsible for her actions—a woman

Lady Tallbois gulped the water feverishly, and sank down into the

"There was no answer. It was certainly not Philip's step she heard on the stair, but a woman's. The next moment there was a scream from the Joan's breast. She had suffered too turn white. She hastened back,

her.

"You murderess!" she whispered thickly, "you've done me! That the poisoned."

She covered her face with her hand and writhed. "Poisoned!" she gasped. "I'm dyin'

Joan, aghast and wholly uncomprehending, bent over her. Lady Tallbois caught her arm with a convulsive grip.

ears. Mrs. Trent, the housekeeper, had entered. She ran to the prostrate girl's side. "What's this!" she ejaculated.

"What's wrong with her?"
Lady Tallbois gasped out something inarticulate.

Joan staggered out, her brain swimming. Again the sharp scream rose, echoing through the building. A man's gruff voice called out from

below. below.

There was the sound of heavy footfalls ascending the stair. Joan reached the back room where the telephone was, hardly knowing how

round her, and it became dark. receiver dropped from her hand and her senses left her.

Joan opened her eyes and say of the necklace-that's worth twenty Mrs. Trent bending over her with an ashy-white face.

"Better?" asked the woman un ected herself with an effort. "Can you get up?" muttered Mrs

Somehow Joan found herself on her feet. She regained her strength, but was still mentally bewildered. He red She wondered why Mrs. Trent was room.

"Now, you must-The door was opened brusquely

"You can't come here now!" sergeant gloomily. "Mrs. Mottisfo you will come with me at once. have a cab below. Be quick, please. "With you-why?" said Joan. 'You are under arrest.'

ful fear at her heart.

Philip Intervenes.

dilated eyes. She did not utter a sound. It was Mrs. Trent who first Agnes' breath was coming quickly. spoke, stepping to the policeman teeth.

yourself till you'd got her away?" distress was visible.

"No need to understand, just combosom exploded like a keg of downstairs with me; you'll know all about it presently," said the sergeant, geant roughly, shaking him off, "lady under arrest. Stand back! Get on there, driver!"

Joan found herself walking me

Clear as Crystal— The absolute purity of

is reflected in every cup. The most delicious GREEN TEA in the world. JUST TRY IT

shook her clenched fists in the air. She staggered slightly.

"They all rob me!" she cried in a strangled voice. "All! Crooks an" thieves an' liars, every way I turn!

She caught hold of the table, and swayed blindly. One hand grasped at

her throat.

"Water!" she gasped hoarsely.

Joan stared at her, appalled.

"Water!" whispered the girl,
groping before her, "ain't there none.

who suffered. Joan sped out of the room. There was a jug of water standing by the flower-vases on the hall table. She returned with the jug, splashed some water into a glass and handed it to Agnes. "Drink!" she said.

chair with a shiver.

"Bitter as gall!" she mutte
"Bitter as my life is—an' yours!" She lay back, breathing quickly.

Joan badly shaken herself, stood by her, uncertain what to do. She heard door slam, somewhere in the building, and a step on the stairs. Joan hurried out on to the landing, hoping it was her husband.

"Philip!" she cried.

"You've done me!" she said thickly "You've done me!"

A startled cry broke on Joan's

"Get a doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Trent, "ring 776—Dr. Blake—tell him to come quickly!"

she got there. She lifted the receiver from the hook and tried to give the Then the room seemed to spir

Joan gazed round dazedly and col-Trent, trying to raise her. "Do, dear, if you're able. Be quick!"

"That's it," whispered the woman.

and a police sergeant came in.
"Go out!" said Mrs. Trent fiercely "I've got my duty to do," said the

"For what?" gasped Joan, a dread-"For murder," said the sergeant

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Joan stared at the sergeant with

"You brute!" she said between he "Couldn't you keep that to The sergeant, quite unreasonably, looked ashamed of himself. Joan's

"I don't understand," she said, swaying gently, "did you say—"

You thief—you thief!"

Mad with fury, she whirled round and made for Joan as if she would attack her bodily. It seemed that nothing could prevent a struggle.

Agnes glared at her, halted, and Joan found herself walking mechanically into the hall, escorted by the sergenat and Mrs. Trent. A police inspector in uniform put his head out of the sitting room.

"Come to, has she? Made any sion sprang into his eyes that the sergeant, who was a man of long experience, thought that he was going

"Look here, sir," he said quickly, "there's an inspector upstairs in your rooms. He'll tell you all about it. Take my advice and see him, then you can come on to Bow street."

"Philip," said Joan faintly.

Mottisfont was very white. Heart and soul urged him to go with Joan and see her through it. Reason and common sense bade him get the truth from the men in charge upstairs. He from the men in charge upstairs. He turned to the sobbing Mrs. Trent. "Accompany her to the station—dc all you can for her," he said, opening the cab door, "in with you."

He caught his wife's hand.

"Joan, this is some crazy mistake!
I'll put it right—in half an hour I
will be with you. Have no fear."
Joan looked at him and smiled.
There was now perfect confidence in

ner eyes.
"I am not afraid, Philip," she said

Jack Tar-Jiminy, but I hate to hink of leaving you! Mimi-Well, Sailor Boy, youou're kind of attractive yourself. Jack-Less than two weeks ago my ship struck port and I met you. Mimi-You haven't let any grass grow under your feet, have you? Jack-I guess if you were a sailor with only a day or so in each port you'd be a fast worker yourself. Mimi-If it's speed that counts in know it-

Jack-You're some quick little Jack-Look here, little girl.

serious. Mimi-Can sailors ever be serious Jack-Of course they can if it's the

Mimi-I guess there's a right little Jack-Aw, stop! I mean it. ellow gets tired of just kidding with girls-he wants a wife and a home waiting for him-

-"Home!" That sounds good o anybody! Jack-Say, Mimi, I guess you know been kinda stuck on you— Mimi—Honest? Well, you're kind a nice sailor boy yourself! Jack-Well, then, let's you and me

Mimi-Do you mean it? Jack-Sure! And when I'm away Il write to you from every port. When Mimi—Oh, I just love to get picture try! postals from all over the world Jack-Sure, you can get an album

Mimi-Will you write me about Sailor Boy's girl in every port, too?

Jack-I'll cut out all of that-that anything serious-Mimi-And you won't even speak to nother girl? Jack-I couldn't do that-I'll have to be nice to the ones I know, won't I?

Mimi-Why, of course! You wouldn't be a sailor boy if you weren't. Mimi-Oh, don't worry about me. Jack-Then it's all settled? Mimi-And you're going to be my

Jack-And what is my little going to do when my ship sails and eaves her all alone? Mimi-"All alone," did you say? Jack-I'll worry about your being

Mimi-But you mustn't. Sailor Boy, because I'm the Queen Bee manicur-Jack-Yes?

Jack-What? Mimi-And I'm looking forward to

anything but a lonely summer. -Yes, yes-Mimi-Because, you know, the brokers are all good spenders—and at Hollyhock and Shasta Daisy seed

Jack-You don't mean you have to work at night during the summer? Mimi-Oh, yes, dear-keeping the brokers from spending lonely evenings when their families are in the coun-Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger

WHAT THE TIN BAND IS FOR. By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Fear not the thing you can't explain In time you'll find 'twill be made plain -Farmer Brown's Boy.

It is supposed that people eat to live, but it sometimes seems as if baby birds live to eat. My, my, my, such hungry little people as they are! You see, they grow so fast, very fast in the arm of the sergeant, who had got deed. They grow so fast you can almost see them grow. This is why they need so much food. The four babies of Drummer the Woodpecker Philip fiercely, "where are you tak-ing my wife?"
"To Bow street!" replied the serand Mrs. Drummer were just like other bird babies. they all fed than all began crying for nore. Drummer and Mrs. Drummer were kept busy from daylight to dark

hunting for food for them.

The thoughts of both were now wholly of those babies. Drummer was even more proud of them than he had been of the eggs, but he had no time in which to show his pride. He had even forgotten to worry about Chat-terer the Red Squirrel. His one hought was of food. My, how he did sleep nights! It was just the same with Mrs. Drummer. Both were so tired when night came that they were asleep the instant they had settled down.

Then one morning as Drummer was flying over to the maple tree with food for those crying babies he saw something that made his heart almost stand still. What he saw was Chatteren the Red Squirrel making terer the Red Squirrel making straight for that maple tree! "Oh, dear!" thought Drummer. "Oh, dear me! Now one of us will have to be on guard all the time, and how

ever will those babies get enough to

He hurried on and found Mrs. Drummer just coming out of the doorway. He told her what he had seen, and together they waited. They didn't have long to wait. In a moment or two they saw Chatterer scampering across the doorward doorway. He told her what he had seen, and together they waited. They didn't have long to wait. In a moment or two they saw Chatterer they flew away in search of more food.

(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "An Awakening in the Green Forest."

To Ribbongrass.

Gladioli bulbs are on the way, also Aunt Nannie's lily seed, which you will find in same parcel. Will forward addresses requested. Thank you for mite.

pened. Chatterer fell back to the ground! The Woodpeckers couldn't understand it. Chatterer himself understood it still less. Once more he tried, and once more the same thing happened. The third time Chatterer climbed carefully. He didn't rush as he had done at first, So it was that when he came to the band of tin put around the trunk of the tree hy Farmer Brown's Boy, he didn't derstood it still less. Once more he make the mistake of jumping on to it as he had done before. He simply out one paw up and found right away hat his claws would not catch into this queer thing.

Then Chatterer slowly went all the way around the tree at the lower

edge of that band of tin, trying to find a place where he could get up. But there was no place. His claws wouldn't catch in that tin, and there was no way for him to get across it. If ever there was an angry Squirrel ago and sent her the English violets that Squirrel was Chatterer. He that Squirrel was Chatterer. could hear the bables of Drummer and Mrs. Drummer crying for food above him, and try as he would he couldn't get up to them. He looked around for another tree from which fortunate enough to get a package he might jump across into this tree. ne might jump across into this tree, but there was none near enough. This tree stood quite by itself. Do what he would, Chatterer couldn't get a step higher up in that tree, and those babies were perfectly safe so far as babies were perfectly safe so far as

he was concerned. tin band was for. They understood that once again Farmer Brown's Boy had proved himself their very best friend. Their babies were safe. There friend. Their babies were safe. There was nothing for them to worry about. They would law to the control of climate. They could laugh at Chatterer the

MAIL-BOX A New Name. In a little note for myself, which I enjoyed very much, Ada's Hubby has suggested just the nicest sort of new name for our badge. He calls it our emblem of "Healthier Children." I hope we shall all remember that,

SAY LUCY! 1

THINK IT NEEDS A NEW SPRING I'LL GET IT TOMORROW— CAN'T DO A

THIS ONE-

Old Sol Gets You.

Dear Miss Grey,-This is certainly Jack—But I'll be back before you days bring extra work to us. I tell you, Cynthia, it takes old "Sol" to show up the winter's grime and dust and tell us just what we have to do. We women all seem to have the same fever these days, a desire to take our scrub brushes and pails and start at the attic and never stop till we are through with the basement. It's no wonder the children say:

'Father, dear father, come home with me now, For mother's house-cleaning today. I have just been out to the mail box for my 'Tiser. Some one has asked if it's "early training" or "force to the "Cynthia Grey" column first. I laugh and say "It might be a little of both." Isn't "We, Us & Co's donation just the best ever? I do want to "get in" on that for my garden contest and help the fund as well.

reach you safely? I sent them the first of the week. I am sending a stamped, addresse envelope for the cinnamon vine bulbs

you said I could have. With all good wishes for the Mail-Box and Boxites. SHASTA DAISY. Did you ever hear this, Shasta

Housecleaning days are here again, The maddest of the year, Of wailing men and waving mops, And home a desert drear"

But, it isn't really true, is it, with he businesslike way women go about housecleaning nowadays, not just a wild orgy to inspire a comic strip artist? Thank you so much for your gen

erous donations. For being such gladioli bulbs and the cinnamon vine bulbs are off and on their way to keep company with the Shasta

One Good Turn.

Dear Cynthia Grey,-It's a long, ong time since I wrote to the page, although I am a constant reader of Cynthia Grey and always looking for something to improve upon. While reading the letters a while ago, I saw one from Aunt Nannie saying she had put up a hundred packages of Panama lily seed, so am sending to see if I can get a package. I hope I am not too late.

slowly Drummer and Mrs. Drummer began to understand what that the hand was for. They understood street near The Advertiser's front long journey, haven't they? Your

To Ribbongrass.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

By CORONA REMINGTON.

"Propinquity is such a dangerous thing," said Miss Martha Evanston "Propinquity is just what I'm praying for." Margaret Cole told herself fervently, while she replied to her caller's remark mildly

shoulders. "What's the use of my telling you when you must already telling you when you must already know? For instance, now, if a young man, a bachelor, were to take that vacant apartment next to yours here and you were to see him constantly—every day probably—the chances are you'd fall in love with him and he with you."

"Well and—"

"M. El sounds like Me," she laughed, calmly passing him the box, "That's what we'll call him. Thanks. M-m-m! They're good. Me's a connoisseur, anyway, but I wish he wouldn't send candy to you."

"Why not?" she asked in hurt tones.

"Well, and—"
"Well, andi" snorted Miss Evanston rising. "Well, and—well, 1,000 times out of 999—oh, you know what I mean—999 times out of 1,000—there's no congeniality, absolutely none. Nothing but propinquity."

"Well what's the difference be."
"Well what's the difference be."

solutely none. Nothing but propinquity."

"Well, what's the difference between going with a man as girls do and propinquity? And how can you fall in love with a man without being with him?"

Miss Evanston started toward the door.

"There's no use my arguing with you, child. But remember this, I was your mother's closest friend, and I feel a little bit responsible for you—heaven help me!—and I don't approve of your living in this apartment and 'baching,' as you like to call it."

She was outside now and sudshe was outside now and was

denly her eyes caught the neat card laughed again.

"Ha, I thought so! Young or old? Young, of course. "M-m-m, neither I should say."
"What's he do?"

"He's the Johnston in the Jenkins Johnston law firm." "Seems to me you know a good bit about him already. Watch your step, young girl. You're too pretty. He'll be asking you to be his sten-ographer next, if I know anything about men."
"Hardly," she laughed, but inside

she muttered a soft prayer to the gods, "Would to heaven!" parting visitor her telephone rang.
"This is Johnston, Miss Cole, I'll "This is Johnston, Miss Cole. I'll be home soon as I've had dinner and I was just wondering . . If you haven't an engagement tonight could

come in a little while and talk? A 'ellow gets so tarnation lonely' "I-I guess so," Margaret answered. "Good! Thanks ever so much. What time?"

"Eight?"
"All right. danced around the room, sat down. got up, danced around the room again, stopped in front of the little got up, danced around the library table, picked, up a vase of flowers and changed the water in it, thought a moment, put on her hat and went out.

After they had talked for half an hour or more she opened the box of candy. "You haven't much curiosity," he laughed; "how long has it been here?" Most girls would have torn it open before the messenger could get his back turned."

The little card fell on the floor and Mr. Johnston picked it up. "In what way dangerous, I wonler?"
Miss Evanston shrugged her thin
shoulders. "What's the use of my
telling you when you must already"
"M. E.," he quoted. "Scuse me,
but I couldn't help seeing it. Now,
who on earth is M. E.? Don't believe I like him."
"M. E. sounds like Me." she

denly her eyes caught the neat card on the door of the next apartment.

"I thought it was empty," she said.

"It was until ten days ago."

"Mr. Albert Kyle Johnston," she read aloud, scanning the card, "Have you seen him?"

"Once or twice," Margaret answered nonchalantly.

"Ha I thought sel Young or classes any more for a long, long time." time."
"I'll try my best, but if a little

enthusiasm slips out once in a while you won't scold, will you?" He kept his word pretty well all through the long winter. Three or four evenings a week he spent in the apartment next door and treated himself on M. E.'s candies. admitted that he derived a sort of vicious pleasure in eating them be-cause he realized how annoyed M. E. would be if he knew it.

Spring came at last, and with it Easter Sunday, warm and caressing. They attended services together, then motored out to the country afterward with a picnic lunch Margaret had prepared packed in a little be heir feet. They stopped the car by the side of the road and spread their lunch under a blossoming apple tree.
"I can't bear the suspense any
more, Margaret," he said, taking her hand. I must know whether you love

You know how it's been with me ever since I met you."
"I don't know what make up the receiver, you so," he said fervently, "I guess it's propinquity," she answered smiling.

Propinquity, pshaw! It's you-just you. And we are pretty congenial in our likes and dislikes—don't you "Yes. It sometimes harmone 1 000

when she returned she carried a box under her arm. She opened it, slipped a card inside with the intials M. E. and wrapped it up again. only I don't like M. E., and I believe "We're congenial on that point too, was a good way to spoil him only you don't know it," he laughed

"My Hands Trembled and I Could Not Sleep"



"When I began taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I was so nervous that when I picked up a cup of tea my hand would tremble like a leaf. I could not sleep well, could not remember things, and there were neuralgic pains through my body. After taking seven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am in perfect health."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

50 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toront

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