

The PURPLE MASK

By Grace Givard
Novelized from the Motion Picture Play of the Same Name by the Universal Film Mfg. Co.

THIRD EPISODE

The Capture.
Sphinx Kelly halted abruptly at Mrs. Van Nuys' table, still toying with the handcuffs. Pat sat breathless for an instant, looking Kelly square in the eye.
"Very dramatic, Mr. Kelly," Pat finally said, with a sarcastic smile. "You seem to want everyone in the place to know that you are a detective, or somebody trying to show off." Kelly's face flushed hotly. He was on the point of making a sharp retort, but his better judgment mastered his impulse to rudeness. Without a word he returned the handcuffs to his pocket, stood looking for a second, straight into the defiant eyes of the beautiful girl and then walked away.
Hastening to the main entrance, Kelly posted one of his assistants at the door and demanded:
"See that no one leaves the place until everybody has been searched." Then the Sphinx returned to Jakobski's table.
The old money shark had only been stunned by the blow that suddenly fell upon his head as the lights in the Cafe Chic were snapped off at the switchboard.
"Do you know if it was a man or a woman who struck you?" Kelly asked the still befuddled Jakobski.
"Oh, it was a man—and a strong

man, too," was Jakobski's retort, as he rubbed the lump that had been raised upon the back of his head where the blow had fallen.
Kelly instructed the waiters and attendants in the Cafe Chic that every guest in the room must be searched, and under direction of the Sphinx, the work of investigation rapidly proceeded. While Pat and Mrs. Van Nuys were waiting in the ladies' retiring room to be searched by the girl attendants, Kelly stood near the portieres that formed a protecting screen separating the main cafe from the entrance to the ladies' room.
So intent was Kelly in supervising the search that he failed to notice a small, white hand, as it projected from behind the portieres. There was an instantaneous flash of gleaming pearls, set with diamonds, as they reflected the brilliant light, then the dainty hand quickly deposited its precious burden in the outside breast pocket of Kelly's coat.

Soon Mrs. Van Nuys and Pat emerged from the retiring room and resumed their seat at the table. And when everybody had been searched, the disquieting report came to Kelly, from his assistants, that the Jakobski pearls were still missing.

The baffled detective was the object of derisive jeers and much mocking laughter from the merry throng his actions had so unceremoniously inconvenienced.

Kelly stood the taunting and complaint for some time, and then, he again approached Mrs. Van Nuys' table and said:

"If you will take my advice, ladies, you will soon leave this place. In my insistence upon doing my duty, I have angered the crowd and they are apt to start a general disturbance at any moment. If you will allow me to escort you home, my cab is waiting outside, and I will feel honored if you will permit me to serve you."

The Sphinx was looking steadily at Pat during the time he was speaking, never glancing at Mrs. Van Nuys. The girl seemed conscious of a gentle glow overspreading her cheeks. She seemed to note in Kelly's eyes a gleam she had never seen there before.

"We had better accept Mr. Kelly's offer, auntie dear," said Pat, when the Sphinx had finished speaking. "We have had excitement enough for one evening, I'm thinking."

Mrs. Van Nuys agreed, and the trio moved to the door and made their exit amid an uproar of jeers and cat-calls directed, of course, at the baffled and humiliated sleuth.

When Kelly seated himself between Patricia and Mrs. Van Nuys, the girl was careful to place herself on the side next to the sleuth's outside breast pocket. She knew what treasures the pocket contained and was determined to regain possession of the pearls.

Pat insisted upon conversing, with spirit, as the cab rolled along. Mrs. Van Nuys was not so talkative, and her silence was noticed by the Sphinx, who frequently addressed himself particularly to the woman, in order to seem politely interested in her.

Once when the Sphinx turned his head to speak directly to Mrs. Van Nuys, the girl, watching catlike for her opportunity, slipped her slender hand into Kelly's pocket and deftly drew forth the Jakobski pearls. In another instant she had safely secreted them upon her person, and Kelly, the great detective, was once more fooled by his frail and beautiful nemesis.

Safely home at last, Pat securely locked the pearls in her jewel case and retired.

The next day Mrs. Van Nuys received word from Jakobski that he would be compelled to foreclose, when it soon came due, a mortgage he held upon an orphan asylum Pat and her aunt were greatly interested in. Mrs. Van Nuys and Pat discussed the matter, and more than ever Mrs. Van

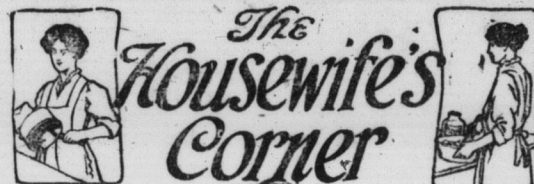


"Pat" Emerging From the Retiring Room.

Nuys bemoaned the fact that her resources had been limited.

"Never mind, auntie dear," was Pat's consoling remark, when the discussion finally terminated. "I have promised that I will get money to carry on our charities—and I'll do it by hook or crook."
"But you must not let your tender heart impel you to do reckless and foolish things, my child," said Mrs. Van Nuys protestingly.

For several weeks after Pat's adventure at the Cafe Chic, the newspapers were filled with reports of various robberies by the disreputable authorities. The disappearance of the Jakobski pearls had been the first of a long series of unsolved mysteries. Sphinx Kelly had discussed the affair at Cafe Chic with his assistants, and reluctantly admitted that the crime had completely baffled him.
(To be continued.)



To Keep Rhubarb For Winter.

Have the jars perfectly air-tight with new rubber rings. Wash them thoroughly and sterilize by boiling or baking them for half an hour. Cut the rhubarb up as if for stewing and fill the jars as full as possible, then fill to overflowing with cold water which has been previously boiled for half an hour and cooled. Run a fork or spoon down to break up any air spaces. After being sure that no air is left in the jar, while the jar is overflowing seal down tightly. Put away in a cool dark place to keep. Handle or move the jars as little as possible.

We have been told that gooseberries, red currants and very fresh blueberries will keep if prepared in the same way.

The success of these fruits depends on having the fruit very fresh and the jars air-tight and properly sterilized.

To Dry Cherries.

Stone the cherries and spread them out in shallow dishes or platters (the dishes must be crockery, not tin), letting the juice remain in the dish with the cherries. Allow them to stand for a week or longer in the sun, covering with a netting to keep off flies, until they are thoroughly dried. Pack away in cotton bags or pasteboard boxes. When wanted for use they may be stewed or made into tarts. If the cherries are intended to be used as raisins for cakes or puddings prepare in the same way but sprinkle over them a large handful of sugar and allow them to dry.

Dried Apples.

Windfalls and apples that will not keep may be dried for winter use. Pare, core, and cut in slices, and spread out on clean new boards or home-made racks to dry, covering with a netting to keep off the flies. About a week will make them brown and dry enough to keep. If there is an empty upper room in the house with plenty of sunlight the cherries and apples could be dried in it.

Of course, neither cherries nor apples must ever be left out in the rain if dried out of doors.

Beans Preserved For Winter Use In Salt.

String green beans and cut up as if preparing for the table. Have them perfectly dry. Never pick on a wet day. Spread the beans out on platters and give a good covering of salt. Let them stand overnight. The next morning pack in glass jars, or in a covered crock putting a weight on top of the beans. When required for use take from the crock as many as are needed and soak the overnight in water and then boil as fresh beans. They require a little longer cooking than fresh green beans.

Corn Preserved For Winter Use.

Cut the corn from the cob and prepare it in the same way as the beans.

Fresh Cucumbers in Salt.

Peel and slice the cucumbers thin, put a layer of sliced cucumbers and

a layer of salt in a glass jar. Repeat until the jar is full, and press down as tightly as possible. Seal tightly and when required for use take out the quantity needed and soak over night. Pour a little vinegar over them and sprinkle with pepper. They will be just like freshly sliced cucumbers, not having changed color at all.

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THE BOMB THAT BOUNCED.

An English Airman Created a Sensation at St. Quentin.

Not long ago, The Youth's Companion related the amazing part played by football during the battles on the Somme, when the British troops actually kicked their ball before them across the battlefield to victory during a charge upon the German trenches. Now comes Mr. William Cooper Stevenson, in the Outlook, to show that not infantry alone have made the football field and the field of honor one: the field of the air must be considered also.

It seems, indeed, that the air service preceded the land service in employing a football against the enemy. At least a certain audacious aviator, whose biplane bore his nickname of Syd conspicuously painted on its wings, that his antagonists might know with whom they had to deal, found a use for one as long ago as April, 1918.

The town of St. Quentin, held by the Germans, knew him well; it lay in his beat or district, and he flew over the place almost daily to observe what was going on and to upset as many plans as possible. The first of April was perfect flying weather, and the townsfolk—all of them that remained—and their conquerors were equally on the lookout. At last a speck appeared in the western sky, growing rapidly larger and larger.

"C'est le bon Syd!" cried the Frenchmen. "Schweinhund!" growled the Germans, and "Good morning!" boomed the anti-aircraft guns, filling the sky with white puffs like halos. And on came the Englishman, casual and indifferent.

When directly over the hotel de ville the visitor let fall a large, round object. There were frightened shrieks. "Attention!" "La bombe!" and hasty bolts indoors. But Germans and Frenchmen alike who were away from the danger zone watched it descend in hypnotized silence. It landed in the middle of the street. And then—sapsrist!—it bounced!

Up higher than the roofs of the buildings it bounced; and then dropped to bounce again. The Germans, waiting to hear the awful crash that did not come, muttered, "Some more of that American ammunition!" and stuck out their heads—but only to spy the bouncing apparition and pull them in again with exclamations of fright. At last, however, the thing gave a final little bob and rolled peacefully into the ditch.

And then what shouts of laughter echoed through the streets of St. Quentin! The English airman had dropped a Rugby football. The saucy Syd, at the risk of his life, had successfully April-fooled the enemy.

Waging War on Pests.

Every housekeeper becomes very much concerned at this time of the year about the invasion of the home with such pests as roaches, bedbugs, ants, fleas, moths, flies, mosquitoes and other annoying and destructive insects. Following measures for the extermination of vermin and insects found in the home are recommended:

Roaches—Coal oil is one of the best agents for the destruction of roaches and their eggs. It should be sprayed freely into the cracks and crevices of the floors and other woodwork where they breed. Powdered borax mixed with a little sugar is also a good remedy. Cracks and crevices which are their hiding places should be closed up with putty or paint. All foodstuffs should be kept under cover and crumbs carefully swept from the floor. The kitchen sink should be kept scrupulously clean, while the kitchen closets should be thoroughly scrubbed.

Ants—These can easily be destroyed by tracing them to their nests and pouring into them gasoline, benzine or coal oil.

Fleas—The larvae of fleas live in the interstices of carpets, matting and in the corners and cracks of floors. Cats and dogs should be kept thoroughly clean. Hot water, soap and the scrub brush are very effective in destroying the pests, which hide in the crevices of the floors. Gasoline is one of the best destructive agents.

Bedbugs—Spray their hiding places with a solution of corrosive sublimate (one ounce to a pint of alcohol). This substance is poisonous and should be so marked. Gasoline should be sprayed freely in cracks and crevices.

Moths—Thoroughly brush and clean clothing before it is put away for the summer. Pack it in large paper bags or boxes, which should be made airtight by sealing the edges with strips of paper. Wardrobes should be free of dust and thoroughly cleaned. Naphthalene or tar balls should be freely distributed in trunks, closets and in the pockets of clothes.

Flies—Keep the garbage pail covered tightly. Fly paper freely distributed will be a great help in destroying them. A solution of potassium bichromate (one teaspoonful to two ounces of sugar water) or a few drops of formalin in sweetened water will kill flies, when placed where they can drink.

Mosquitoes—Burning pyrethrum powder or sulphur will stupefy them. They fall to the floor and can be burned with the sweepings. Do not allow any water to accumulate.

When washing spinach put a handful of salt in the second water, which will cause the sand to sink to the bottom of the pan. Thus only three waters will be needed.

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The use of dyes or coloring matter of any kind is unnecessary in refining Cane Sugar. This is emphasized in a notification sent to all refineries by the Dominion Government prohibiting the coloring of sugar, and in cases where it is found, prosecution proceedings will be entered under the Adulteration of Foods Act.

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Lantic Pure Cane Sugar was first put on the market about two years ago. Since that time over 200,000,000 lbs. have been consumed by the Canadian Public, and we are now turning out 750,000 lbs. of Pure Cane Sugar each day.

The reason for this enormous business is not hard to explain. It means that the discriminating consumer has learned by actual use that Lantic Pure Cane Sugar is superior to all others.

Having erected the most modern sugar refinery in the world, costing over \$4,000,000, we steadfastly adhered to our original policy of making only absolutely Pure Cane Sugars of highest quality, in which NO BETTS ARE USED NO ULTRAMARINE BLUE IS USED NO ANILINE DYES ARE USED NO VEGETABLE DYES ARE USED

During the last two years we were told that we could increase our business in certain sections of Canada, if we would color our yellow soft sugars, as the public were accustomed to the more brilliant color. We refused and are glad we did so. The recent action of the Government has since vindicated our judgment.

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