

M
O
S
T

O
F

T
H
I
S

P
A
G
E

I
S

M
I
S
S
I
N
G

**That's it! Clean and—
—Free from Dust**

"SALADA"

Sealed Packets Only - Never in Bulk
Black—Mixed—Natural Green E212

The PURPLE MASK

by Grace Curward

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



Copyright, 1916, by the Author

THIRD EPISODE—(Cont'd.)

And all the time Pat was becoming more expert. Her associations with Jacques resulted in her cleverness being repeatedly praised among the Apaches at Cafe Chat Noir.

"She would make a wonderful leader for us," would be Jacques' comment every time he could introduce the subject to one of the band. "We should make her Queen of the Underworld, that's what we should do."

One day there came a telephone call for sleuth Kelly from the chief of the Parisian detective force. The robbery of a famous art collector's treasures had been the latest achievement of the mysterious thief. A painting of fabulous value had been cut from its frame, and all Paris was agog with the boldness and cunning of the crime.

"We want you to help us on this theft of the Mona Lisa," said the chief of detectives, to Kelly, over the phone. "I'll do my best to help you," was Kelly's brief comment.

Impelled by a suspicion he could not set at rest the Sphinx called up Mrs. Van Nuys' home and asked for Pat. When the girl answered Kelly tried to be mysterious in his opening remarks, but Pat was undecieved.

"This is Kelly the great detective, I am sure," said the girl, and the little laugh that she sent over the phone irritated the Sphinx.

"Possibly not great," he replied, "but you've got the Kelly all right, Miss Pat. I called up to invite you to go with me to the Cafe Chic to-night."

"Sorry that I have a previous engagement. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that I'm going slumming instead of to the fashionable cafes." The girl realized, after she had taunted Kelly with her response, that she might have made a mistake.

"I was only fooling," she made haste to aid, in the hope of diverting Kelly from her real purpose. "The truth is I am not feeling well, and will not be able to leave the house at all this evening."

Kelly expressed his regrets, and after a few trifling pleasantries the Sphinx ended the conversation. Abruptly turning to one of his men, Kelly commanded:

"Skip down to the Chat Noir and see if the Apaches are expecting anything extra to-night." And the man made haste to obey. Kelly waited impatiently for his man to return, and finally his vigil was rewarded.

"They are making great preparations for a big time, boss," said the detective. "I learn they are going to crown some woman 'Queen of the Underworld.'"

"Such being the case, we must be present at the coronation," said Kelly. And the Sphinx, with several gendarmes, was watching from every place the men could hide themselves along the street that led to Cafe Chat Noir, just as soon as dusk fell and the underworld began to start upon its nightly pilgrimage of crime and debauchery.

In the sewers that formed a network underground, there were other gendarmes ready to pounce upon the

unwary at Kelly's prearranged signal. Men and women singly, in couples and in groups, came down the street, singing and chattering in utter disregard of the amount of disturbance they created.

As the evening wore along the crowd within and without Cafe Chat Noir grew more numerous and accordingly more boisterous.

It was near the midnight hour, when Kelly's sentinels passed the sign along that something unusual was on the way. Down the street dashed a cab at reckless speed and halted abruptly at the entrance of the Chat Noir.

Kelly's quick eyes saw a slight figure descend from the cab. The form was dressed jauntily in high boots and tights, that encased a limb so shapely that Kelly was certain that the new arrival was not a man. Over the shoulders of the figure swung a cape that was caught in front by dainty white hands—and across the top of the face a mask of purple silk.

"The Queen of the Underworld," Kelly exclaimed under his breath. "We shall be in at the coronation." Without halting to speak to anyone, the figure in the long cloak and purple mask entered the cafe.

Immediately the clatter and tumult was hushed. For an instant perfect silence reigned within the cafe, and then a great shout, as though the dense throng of Apaches were acclaiming in one voice, turned the cafe into a bedlam of rejoicing.

"Hail Queen of the Underworld," they shouted.

Suddenly at the main entrance, Sphinx Kelly appeared backed by a group of fellow detectives and gendarmes.

"Hands up! Everybody!" was his loud-shouted command.

The sound of his voice had not penetrated far into the jangle of noise, but on the instant the lights went out and Cafe Chat Noir was so dark that the keenest eyes could only discern the outline of scurrying forms.

There was a creaking noise as, at the back of the cafe, a door swung open and in rushing, struggling streams the Apaches began to pour through in speedy exit from the cafe.

Kelly knew full well that this was what they would do. He urged his men along in pursuit.

The Apaches knew the dark passages almost as well as they knew the streets far above their heads. Along the sides of the sewers ran plank or concrete runways over which workmen passed in keeping the sewer system of the great city in perfect order. There were cross sections of these "streets" where sewer led into sewer, in a perfect labyrinth of grimy and slippery passages.

Kelly ran with his best speed to get as close to the fleeing Apaches as he possibly could. He caught sight of a cloaked figure running like a wild deer.

He was sure he could not be mistaken in his "man." He kept the fleeing figure in sight, and began, finally, to overtake the person he believed he had seen descend from the cab at the door of the Chat Noir. One of the gendarmes, just ahead of the Sphinx, made a spurt as if to capture the cloaked figure, but a shout from Kelly made him alter his purpose.

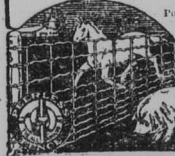
Kelly wanted this person for his own captive, and putting on still more speed, soon arrived within arm's length of the fleeing form. In another instant he had caught the flowing cape, and pinned the figure helplessly in his strong arms.

Holding tight to his charge, Kelly shouted orders to his men. Most of the Apaches had escaped capture, but there were enough within sight of Kelly to put up a strong fight, in their attempt to rescue the cloaked figure.

After a short but tremendously active period of fighting and scuffling, the gendarmes captured most of the Apaches, while others fled, leaving Kelly in possession of his prey. Ordering his men to proceed to jail with their own prisoners, Kelly started to

PEERLESS PERFECTION

For Those Broad Acres



Put up a fence that will last a life time—a fence that can't sag or break down—that will hold a wild horse—that hog can't nose through—that can't rust—a fence that stands rough usage by animals or weather and is guaranteed.



PEERLESS PERFECTION Fencing is made of Heavy Open Heart Steel Wire with all the Imperfections burned out and all the strength and toughness left in. Heavily galvanized. Every intersection is locked together with the Peerless Lock. The stiff stay wires keep the fence rigid, therefore fewer posts are required. Send for Catalog and literature. It's attractive. It will interest you. It's well worth a stamp. Send today. Best Dealers throughout Canada handle our complete line. THE HANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd. Winnipeg, Manitoba Hamilton, Ontario

BREAD

BIG, wholesome, nutritious loaves, of delicious nut-like flavour, downy lightness and excellent keeping qualities.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

For Breads—Cakes—Puddings—Pastries