

TRIUMPHS OF M. JONQUELLE

By Melville Davison Post.

THE MAN WITH STEEL FINGERS.
Begin Here Today.
M. JONQUELLE, greatest of French detectives, was ushered into the presence of the strange and fear-compelling LORD VALLEYS, the English-Serb, who had just inherited the title and estates of his murdered uncle, Lord Winton.

Three lives had stood between Lord Valleys and the wealth of his uncle. But both of Lord Winton's sons were killed in the great war. Only one, who married an American, left an heir, and it is this heir, a daughter, who is now the heiress of the title and estates of his murdered uncle, Lord Winton.

Then came the murder of Lord Winton and the inheritance of the estate by the strange, powerful and morose Lord Valleys.
Go On With the Story.

CHAPTER II.
THE murder of Lord Winton, the wise English authorities attributed to me, Lord Valleys continued coolly.
"They spared no effort to fix it upon me. That they were unable to do so is not, I think, attributable to this thing which you call Providence. It is attributable rather, I think, to the intelligence of my legal counsel."

He looked directly at Monsieur Jonquelle. His big, placid face lifted; his voice was even and untroubled. "I am not embarrassed to discuss it, monsieur," he continued. "When the war had ended with the death of Lord Winton's sons, I was, by virtue of what you have so aptly called 'the accident of birth,' next in succession to the title. I thought it both advisable and courteous to present myself to Lord Winton, and I went to England for that purpose."

Lord Winton was an eccentric person. As he grew older, and after the death of his sons, his eccentricity became more dominant. I did not find him on his estates at Ravenscroft; he was at this time in London in a little old house which the family has always owned on a street toward Covent Garden.

"On the night that I called to see Lord Winton, it was quite late. I found him alone in his study. He seemed disturbed to see me, but he was courteous, and I cannot complain of his welcome. He seemed, however, not to realize that I had grown into a man. He seemed to regard me as a queer, foreign lad to whom he owed some obligation of hospitality."

Lord Valleys stopped. He leaned a little forward in the chair, and his voice took on a firmer note.

"Monsieur," he said, "I am saying to you now a thing to which I testified at the English trial, and which was not believed. Lord Winton told me that he expected a person to call on him within a very few minutes and to remain for a long time. He asked me to return at the end of an hour. I got up to go. As I went down the stairway, a hansom, entering the street from the direction of the city, stopped before the door. The door was closed but the sound was clearly audible."

"Lord Winton, who was behind me, came also down the steps. On a console in the hall were several candles which I should bring up to custom, had placed there. An idea came to Lord Winton, for he stopped me as my hand was on the door to go out. He took up one of these candles in a tall brass candlestick, and touching me on the arm, handed it to me."

"Instead of going out," he said, "suppose you go down into the wine-cellar. There should be some bottles of Burgundy of a famous year stored there by your grandfather. See if you can find them, and we shall have a glass of wine with our talk. I have a great deal to say to you, my nephew. The wine will sustain us."

"What will see, monsieur, that this idea that I was merely a grown-up lad, came to visit an ancient relative, was quite fixed with me. I went down the stairs, and I found the wine-cellar. As the servants had gone out, he was sending me, as though I were a lad from Elton, to find the wine for our conversation. He gave me the key, a direction about the steps and doors. He even said there was a box of biscuits on the dining-room table which I should bring up. It was all, you see, monsieur, quite as though I were an undergraduate from some English public school."

The man looked down at his arm, placed hands resting upon and obscuring the arms of the chair in which he sat.

"This, monsieur," he said, "is a portion of my evidence which the English criminal court refused to believe. It was incredibly stupid!" Monsieur Jonquelle looked up sharply at that sentence.

"The English criminal court," he said, "was even more stupid than you imagine. It was, as you have said, incredibly stupid."

Lord Valleys made no comment. "There was only my word for the statement," he said. "I could not prove it, and yet it was the truth."

The man was startled by Monsieur Jonquelle's reply.
"One knew that although one would have been troubled to describe the evidence. It is precisely the truth," said Monsieur Jonquelle.

Lord Valleys looked steadily at the prefect for a moment before he spoke.
"I regret, monsieur," he said, "that you were not present in that English court."

The man looked down again at his wonderful hands, steel strong, and as supple as silk; then he went on.
"It happened, however, that this chance, which you question in human affairs, came to my aid. One of the Metropolitan police on duty on this night in the neighborhood of Covent Garden saw a hansom drive away from Lord Winton's door. The time, as nearly as could be fixed, corresponded with the hour which I had indicated in my testimony. And for the first time in the course of the criminal trial, the case for the crown was shaken."

Neither my solicitors nor the crown were able to discover anything further. The driver of the hansom could not be located, and the one who called that night upon Lord Winton remained a mystery."

Lord Valleys continued to speak deliberately and without emotion. He did not know why this person, with whom Lord Winton had a mid-night appointment could have been, and I do not know what occurred at that mysterious conference, except, of course, the resultant tragedy, which was afterwards known to everyone.

Winton gave me and went along the hall to the stairway, which descended into the basement of the house. I had in my hand the key to the wine-cellar.

"The last I saw of Lord Winton in his life was his tall, bowed back as he stooped to open the door, his hand on the latch. He seemed a sort of heavy shadow outlined against the door in the dim light of the gas-jet that burned feebly."

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tain in which bin it was to be found, and I had to make a search of very nearly the whole of the cellar. This did not disturb me, for Lord Winton had fixed an hour as the length of the visit of the person whom he expected, and who, in fact, had arrived. And I was not to return until that time. It was, as nearly as I can determine, about 11 o'clock of the night when I went down the steps to the wine-cellar.

The man remained silent a moment as if in some contemplation. Finally he continued:
"An unfortunate accident occurred. In rising from a bin over which I had been stooped, the candle touched a straw hanging from above, and immediately the dried-out, half-rotten wood of the beamed ceiling flashed into flame."

"I was appalled, but I did not lose my sense of necessity. I undertook to put the fire out. I made a desperate effort against it, there in that underground cell, for I knew the house must burn if this whole wood ceiling took fire. The place filled with smoke. It became very nearly impossible to breathe, but I did not give up the fight against the fire. Finally, when I was blinded, choked and very nearly unconscious, I broke open the door leading from the basement of the house and ran out into the street. It seemed that I should never breathe, and I continued to run."

You know what followed. I was taken up by one of the Metropolitan police; the burning house was extinguished, and Lord Winton brought out. He was dead! The small blast of a knife had been driven into his body low down on the right side. The year was 1914. The death was deep. It had severed a vital artery."

The final installment of this thrilling mystery will appear in our next issue.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES
FOUND AT LAST.
Rich is he who doth command Friendship that will not desert.

A sadly frightened and very hungry young Fox lay beside a log in the Green Forest. All three had been there for some time, but he had not been able to get any sleep. He was a prisoner in Farmer Brown's barnyard, where he had been a prisoner. Yes, sir, he wished just that, to be a prisoner in the Green Forest, and this is just what the young Fox was. As a prisoner in Farmer Brown's barnyard he had had plenty to eat and the best of care. As a prisoner in the Green Forest he was likely to starve to death.

All night he had struggled to free himself, but in vain. That chain which held him had wedged so tightly in a crack in an old log that, do what he would, he couldn't get it free. So when morning came he was in despair, and completely tired out. He was so tired and discouraged that he hardly noticed the racket which Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow and Chatterer the Red Squirrel were making. As soon as it was light enough all three had hurried over to see if he was still there, and when they had found that he was had started in to try to torment him by shrieking at him and calling him names and making fun of him.

That same morning Farmer Brown's Boy had eaten an early breakfast, hurried through his work, and started out again to look for that young Fox. He headed straight for the Green Forest, for the afternoon before he had searched all through the Old Pasture. Now the voices of Blacky the Crow and Sammy Jay carried a long distance. Even before he reached the edge of the Green Forest Farmer Brown's Boy heard them. He paused for a moment to listen. He knew by the sound that those two scamps were greatly excited over something. His face brightened. "Perhaps those rascals have found the young Fox," said he to himself. "I can tell by the sound of their voices that they have found something unusual. I'll go over there and see what it is."

So with Bowser the Hound trotting at his heels, Farmer Brown's Boy headed straight for the place where those voices were coming from. The nearer he got the louder those voices became. He knew the voice of Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and it sounded as if it were coming from a distance.

"Caw, caw, caw!" Here comes Farmer Brown's Boy. He hurried, and hope grew in his heart. Blacky the Crow was the first to discover Farmer Brown's Boy. "Caw, caw, caw!" he shrieked louder than ever. "Caw, caw, caw!" Here comes Farmer Brown's Boy. Now, once those news would have filled the heart of the young Fox with fear. Probably that is what Blacky the Crow thought it would do this time. But it didn't. No, sir, it didn't. Instead it filled the young Fox with joy. You see, he knew that Farmer Brown's Boy was a friend. He knew it probably would mean that he would have to go back as a prisoner in Farmer Brown's barnyard, but that would be better, a thousand times better, than being a prisoner in the Green Forest. So the young Fox picked up his ears and listened eagerly.

Presently he heard footsteps. Then he saw Farmer Brown's Boy slowly approaching, and looking this way and that way. The young Fox sat up and whined. Yes, sir, he did just that. Of course, Farmer Brown's Boy heard him and hurried over to him.

"What little rascal!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy as he saw how the young Fox was held a prisoner. "You poor little rascal! I wonder how long you have been a prisoner here."

Then he went to work to get the chain free from the log, while Bowser the Hound looked on, wagging his tail. When the chain was free he picked the young Fox up in his arms and started for home, while Blacky the Crow and Sammy Jay hurried to tell all the other little egrets of the Green Forest what had happened. (Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "The Proof of True Friendship."

RESOURCEFUL.
The lady of the house was reading in her drawingroom when the nursemaid rushed in, exclaiming: "Oh, ma'am, the twins have fallen in the well!"

"How very annoying," said her mistress.

"What shall I do?" wailed the maid.

"Go into the library—very gently, so as not to disturb Fido—and get me the last number of the 'Modern Mothers' Magazine." It contains an article on 'How to Bring up Children.'



Sends Patterns.

Dear Miss Grey—Am sending a dozen patterns and have kept one so I can cut some another time and send to you when your supply runs low. Isn't this lovely weather these days? Too bad the frost took all the pretty flowers. I have a small slip of chrysanthemums that has not been hurt yet. It is covered with little yellow buds. Isn't it terrible to see the frost sweeping through the north? But the east is sending some comfort. Our city is raising \$1,000 to send. It is hard to hear of little ones suffering, and cold weather here. Wishing you success, I remain as before, your sincere friend, CYNTHIA.

Thank you for the patterns. Hopeful. It was good of you to cut them out for me. I will send you a slip of chrysanthemums as a token of my appreciation. I am very much interested in the letters from the Lancashire and other Boxites. I enclose small note for hospital fund, and will try to send more as soon as possible, and will gladly pay postage and repay in some way for any baby's clothes I might be lucky enough to get. PUMPKIN FACE.

I am mailing you Berkshire Lass' address also. I have been numerous requests for Muselman's name and address. I am afraid you are too late to receive the coat. Thank you for the inclosed hospital mite.

A Big Baby Crop.
Dear Cynthia, and Boxites. — I haven't got anything to offer this time but a mite for S. C. H. I will send more if I get patterns. They say there are lots of new babies this year, so I am in hopes some mother who has had experience with the little clothes will give me a baby's pattern. I want to make a baby's layette. They tell me the patterns you buy are too large, so I wondered if any mother who sews, or has a baby's coat, petticoat with yoke, also Gertrude style. Also a kimono. Is white flannelette the best to make them of? What is the best material to use for napkins? What should baby's hands be made of? I would like these patterns soon, awfully well so that I can give them to the mother-to-be before

JOY.
Thank you, Joy, for the inclosed hospital mite, also thank you for sending a parcel to one of my Boxites. Will write again soon.

Another Request.
Dear Miss Grey—I saw in the paper where Doonside offered quilt blocks, which she said anyone could have by sending fifty cents for the hospital fund. I would like them for our church, as I intended to have three or four made, but have been sick for a long time. Am working at home. I will send some money later for the cot. WESTERN STAR.

I am sorry to have to tell you, Western Star, that the blocks were given out a long time ago. There never was an offer in the Mail-Box which proved so popular as Doonside's. If anyone else has patches to give away, the Mail-Box would welcome them.

Is Making a Quilt.
Dear Miss Grey—This is my first visit to your Mail-Box, so I will not stay long. I saw in the paper where Doonside has offered patches for a quilt. I would like to get them if I am not too late. When I get it finished I am offering it for sale to the highest bidder, and the money goes to the S. C. H. fund. I hope I am not too late, as I would like to do something for the fund. I am inclosing 50 cents for the patches and postage. Yours sincerely, A. KERRWOOD LASS.

I am sorry, but the patches were given out some time ago. If you want the money returned, please let me know. It is splendid of you to offer the money received from your quilt to our hospital fund. With so many interested ones working for us, we will soon have our \$1,000. With the Thanksgiving money all in, we have passed the eight hundred mark. Isn't that splendid.

Butter Scotch Pie.
Dear Miss Grey—Would you please send me the famous stocking-foot pattern? I am sending a recipe for a pie, which we all like. Butter Scotch Pie.—Beat yolks 2 eggs and add 1/2 cups milk and let come to a boil. Mix 1 cup brown sugar, 2 heaping tablespoons flour, pinch of salt, and add to milk and eggs. Cook until it thickens. Before taking from fire add 1 teaspoon vanilla and piece of butter, the size of an egg. Pour into a baked pie shell and put the beaten whites of the eggs on top and brown in the oven. Inclosed find mite for the S. C. H. fund. Glad to see your fund growing. Best wishes, from a NEWCOMER BUT AN OLD RECIPE.

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October Joins Corner.
Dear Miss Grey—This is my first letter to your cozy corner, and may I call again? I read your page every day, and find it very interesting. I wish some girls would write to me. I soon would answer. Anyone wanting a recipe for a good cake I would be glad to give it to them.

OCTOBER.
Certainly you may call again, October, and if any of the younger Boxites would like to correspond with you, they may have your address from the Mail-Box, as I have placed your name on file.

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Dear Miss Grey—This is my second letter to the Mail-Box, as I did not see my first one in print. Perhaps my pen-name had something to do with it, but will change it this time. I inclose a stamped envelope for A Kitchen Girl's address. I see in the paper where Inez Marie gave a remedy for blackheads. I shall try it, as I have a great many, but my husband doesn't need to put his shaving cream away because I haven't got such a thing as a husband. Well, I can't use the space for this, so will close. Will sign.

I am sorry you did not see your first letter in print. I am sure it never could have reached the Mail-Box, although you had your letter addressed correctly this time. I did not have time to work out the hieroglyphics you signed for a pen-name, so gave you the name of A. QUESTION.

I am mailing you A Kitchen Girl's address, as you requested.

Expects a Newcomer.
Dear Miss Grey—After reading your splendid Mail-Box letters and answers for some time I have at last taken courage to write. I inclose addressed envelopes for Muselman's address, as I am expecting a new comer around Christmas time, and I would so much like to get the long cashmere coat she is offering. I have three children now, but have never been able to afford a long coat yet, and it does not look at all likely that I could this time. My little girl is not yet 2 years old, and is quite delicate, not walking yet. I would be very grateful indeed if you could inclose the address of Berkshire Lass to one of the Boxites from Berkshire, as that is my home, and I would like to correspond with someone from these parts. Still I am very much interested in the letters from the Lancashire and other Boxites. I inclose small mite for hospital fund, and will try to send more as soon as possible, and will gladly pay postage and repay in some way for any baby's clothes I might be lucky enough to get. PUMPKIN FACE.

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the stranger arrives, as she has nearly anything ready. Love to you all.

FLY BLISTER.
The following list of articles for a layette has been prepared by the Child Welfare Association and contains only the essential articles.

Layette (only essentials).—Three day slips, 3 flannelette night slips, 3 flannelette Gertrude slips, 3 straight bands (wool and cotton mixed), 3 shirts, 3 pairs long wool stockings, 8 cheesecloth quilted pads, 24 diapers, 2 washable wraps of flannelette or light wool shawl. Entire cost about \$10.00. These articles can be seen any morning at the child welfare office, Institute of Public Health. The materials needed—ten yards flannelette, 27 inches wide, makes 3 night-gowns and 3 Gertrude slips, 27 inches long before hemming, 26 inches when finished; one ball pink or blue embroidery cotton for feather stitching seams; 1/4 yard white lawn makes 3 day slips, same length; 3 yards narrow lace edging, 18 yards diaper cloth, 27 inches square; 6 yards cheesecloth and 1 small cotton mat make 8 quilted pads 18x27 inches, to protect bed or cot (easily washed); 1 piece rubber sheeting, 18x27, to put under pads; 2 yards heavy flannelette, 36 inches wide, hemmed, with pink or blue featherstitching makes 3 square washable shawls; 6 yards narrow tape for necks and sleeves of slips; 2 dozen small buttons; 3 spoons white cotton; 1/4 yard nursery flannel, wool and cotton mixed, torn into three, makes three bands 6 inches wide. Shirts, knitted bands and stockings can be bought or are easily made of old flannelette. 6 seams feather stitched or blanket stitched, all seams on outside of garments. I am mailing you patterns for the articles used in this layette, which I received from the Child Welfare Association. Please return them as soon as possible. Thank you for the inclosed hospital mite.

NO CHANCES.
The girl's lips quivered, and her breath came in labored gasps, but she did not speak.
"Do you not love me?" pleaded the young man.
"I—I don't know!" was the answer. Gently he placed his arm around her.
"Darling, would you like me to ask your mother first?"
With a sudden cry of terror, she grasped his arm.
"No. No. No!" she shrieked, convulsively. "She is a widow. I want you myself!"

NOTHING DOING.

A certain guided youth once fell in love with a fair maid, and when he found out where she lived, he sent her a small note.

The contents of the note were to the effect that he loved her for herself alone.
"P. S.—You can meet me at the station, and to make no mistake, I will wear a light pair of trousers and a dark cutaway coat; in my right hand I will carry a small cane; in my left a cigar—Yours forever, Adolphus."

As the boy waited an answer, she took the letter to her father, who made reply and added:
"P. S.—I shall make no mistake; I will be dressed in my shirt-sleeves."

I will wear in my right hand a stick in my left hand I will wear a six-shooter. You will recognize me by the way I tap your head with the stick."

Wife—Anything you tell a man goes in one ear and out of the other.
Husband—Anything you tell a woman goes in both ears and out of her mouth.

HEADS POLISH DELEGATION.
Warsaw, Nov. 19.—Prince Radziwill, who was a prominent figure during the German occupation, has been appointed head of the Polish delegation to the Moscow disarmament conference.

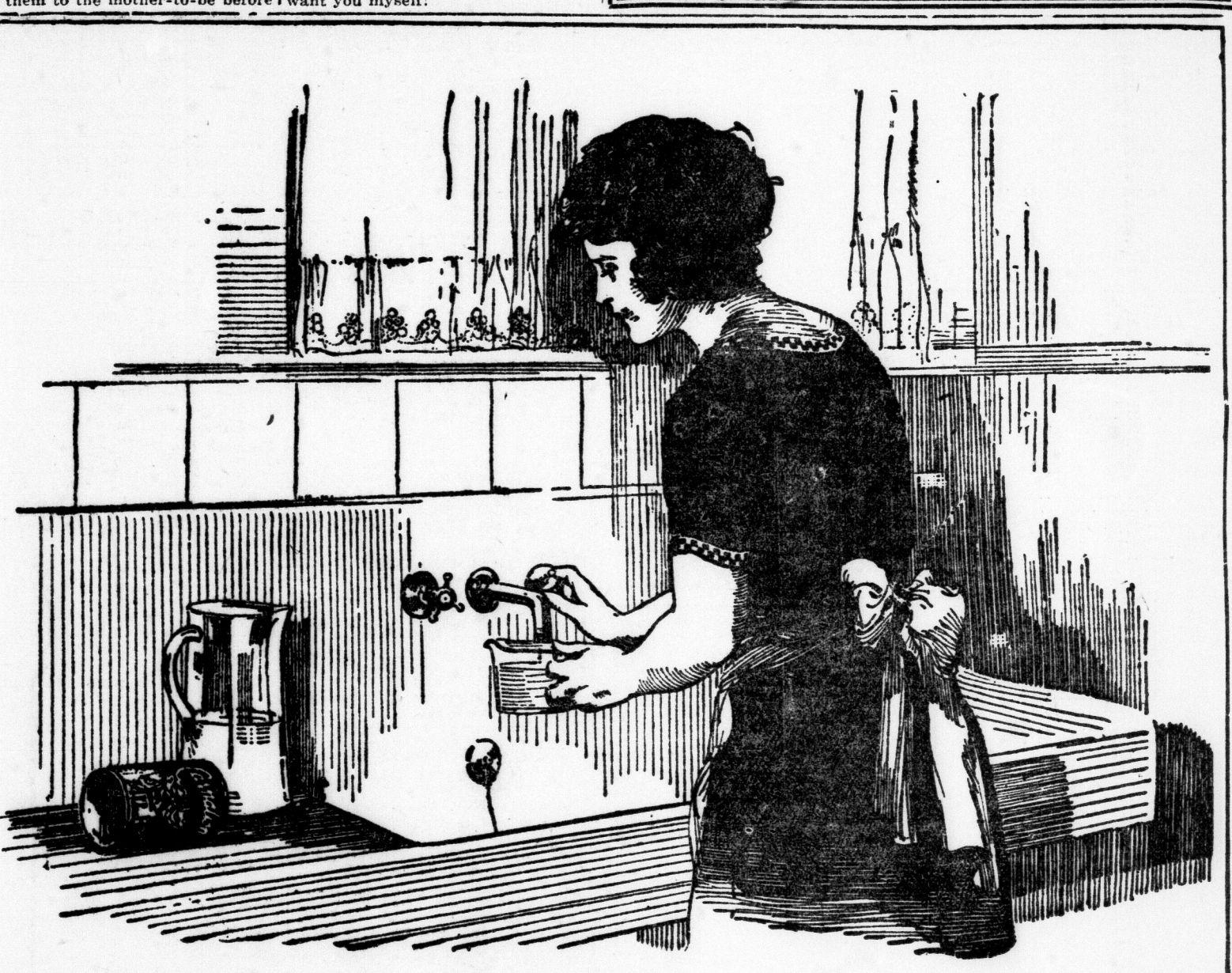
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CREAM WHITE SAUCE

(For creaming vegetables)

2 tablespoonfuls flour, 1/3 cup Carnation Milk, 2 tablespoonfuls butter or substitute, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 2/3 cup water. Melt butter or butter substitute, add flour and stir until thoroughly mixed. Add the milk diluted with the water and cook about five minutes or until mixture thickens, then add seasonings. This recipe makes one cup. All vegetables may be creamed. The vegetables should be cooked by either boiling or steaming. After cooking with salt, drain and add cream sauce.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, LIMITED, 1145 JOHN STREET, AYLMER, ONT.



Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

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CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO., LTD.,
AYLMER, ONT.
Condenseries at Aylmer and Springfield, Ont.

Cheese and Pepper Salad

BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 1 cream cheese | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup cottage cheese | 1 red pepper (canned) rubbed through a sieve |
| 2 green peppers | 1 head lettuce |
| 1/2 teaspoon finely cut onion | French dressing |
| 1/2 teaspoon paprika | |

MASH cheese and if dry moisten with cream or French dressing. Add seasonings and red pepper. Wash, cut a slice from the top, and remove seeds from the green peppers. Fill solidly with the cheese mixture, and chill. Cut in slices, and serve on lettuce with French dressing.

Cream Cheese Dressing

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|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1 cream cheese | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1/2 teaspoon onion | 1/2 teaspoon pepper |
| 1/2 teaspoon paprika | |