

MASTER WORKMAN SMOKING TOBACCO

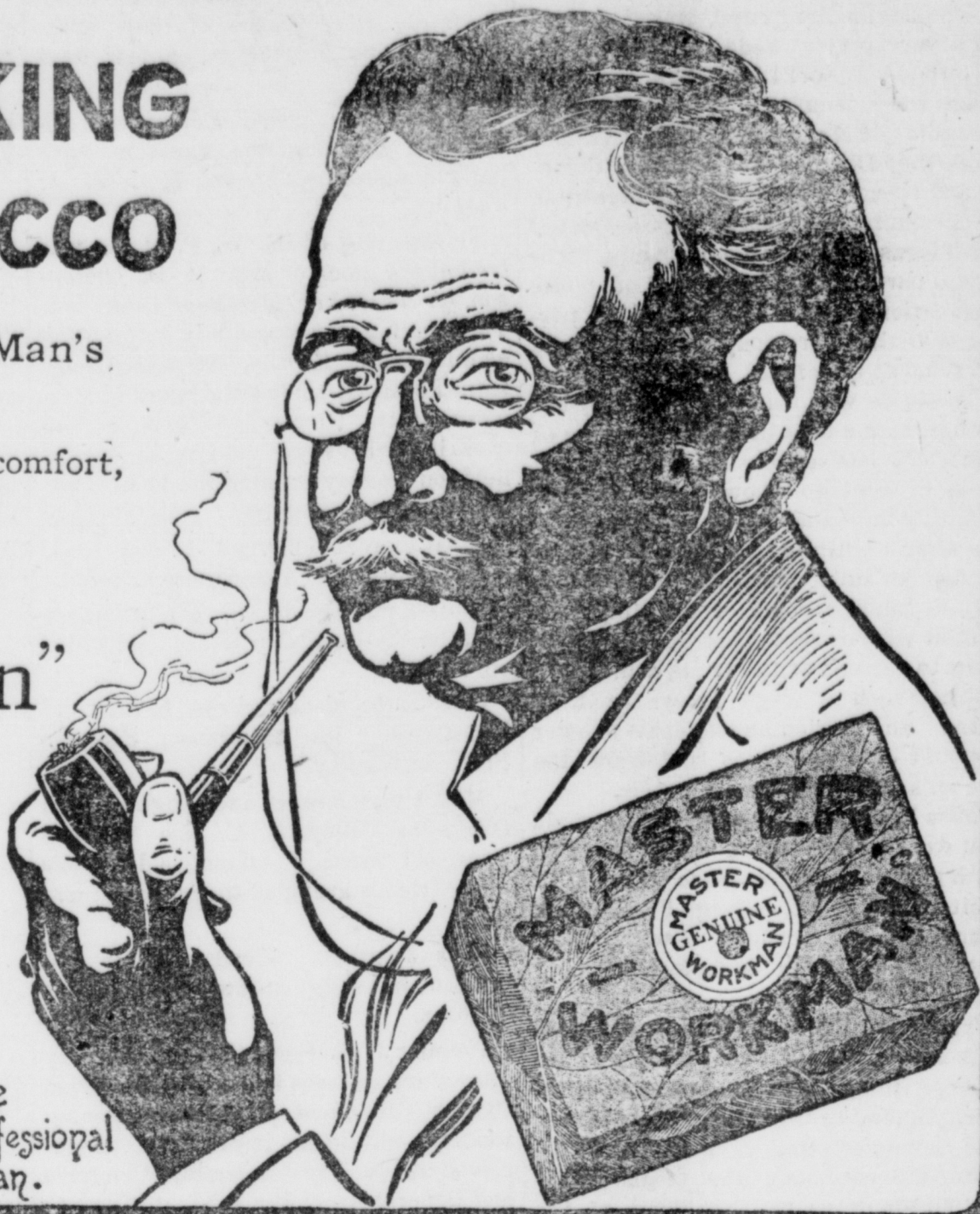
The Professional Man's opinion:

When I want real comfort, I fill my pipe with

"Master Workman"

Smoking Tobacco

This world-famous Brand can now be obtained for 15c a cut at all the best Stores.



The Professional Man.

THE PEARL DOCTOR

Arthur B. Reeve, in the New York Sun.

"Now, what more natural, then, for a millionaire like Wheaton to do than to hear of or think out a way to kill all the birds with one stone? Here was Louise DeVoe, beautiful, well-formed, fascinating, a girl who had captivated him. He would try the pearls on her. She wore them once, we know. He would engage her as the 'pearl mother,' or 'pearl doctor' to restore them. More than that, he would know that he himself had not a ghost of a chance of smuggling them in. Every one knew he had them. But a woman? Smuggling is second nature to a woman like Louise DeVoe. The story of their theft was a mere blind. She smuggled them in for him," concluded Clare, with conviction, "and then began her long task of mothering them for her wealthy admirer."

Lawson was amazed at the rapidity of her reasoning. What had been inexplicable before was becoming simple and obvious.

"And then," he hazarded, "when she had restored them, perhaps they quarreled, and to get them back again he murdered—"

"Not too fast, Billy," she cautioned. "Think again before you use that word murder. If it had been murder that was intended in this case, how much more surely it might have been done by more brutal methods, or even by more scientific methods. No, it is my judgment that murder was never intended."

She stopped as if to reconstruct the scene in the new light. "Louise DeVoe had probably retired for the night wearing the pearls," she went on, "for it was during the night that they were to get their most precious warmth and sustenance. Ethyl chloride was chosen because it was a quick and sure anesthetic. A few seconds at the most and she would surely be unconscious. A few seconds more and the now rejuvenated pearls could be slipped or cut off her neck. Another whiff of the ethyl chloride would insure anesthesia for enough minutes to escape. It also caused her death."

"The sale through Margot is another blind; the case is perfect," cried Lawson enthusiastically. "Clare, you are a witch. It is perfect."

"No," she answered cautiously, "not until I hear from Paris. I can't make no move, accuse no one until then. Will you meet me at my office to-night after dinner? I shall certainly have some word by then."

They were sitting in her cozy little office when the door opened and a messenger of the French cable company en-

tered with a cablegram.

"Sign for it, please," asked Clare as she tore it open and read it. She had decided instantly on her course of action adding, "Will you call a cab while I telephone the Prince Henry?"

An hour later when they hurried into the hotel, Detective Callahan had provided a small private parlor for their use. Already Gaston Margot had been summoned. Wheaton had been found also and had reluctantly consented to make good on his promise to aid her, by bringing the replica of the Valdoreme pearls. At they waited, Miss Le Compte entered, having been released after an urgent request to the manager of her theatre.

Clare greeted her frankly. Without mincing matters she plunged into the revelation she was about to make.

"I have asked you to be present, Miss Le Compte," she began, "because of a remark that you made the other day. You said that Miss De Voe had been foolish ever to wear the Valdoreme pearls."

"Yes—yes," she admitted. "I saw her wearing them once on the boat coming over."

"Would you recognize them?"

"I think so."

The door opened and Margot stepped in. "Good evening," he said, cuttingly. He seemed purposely to ignore every one in the room except Clare, to whom he evidently attributed the summons. "I am sorry you are not satisfied yet with what I told you of the replica."

"Oh," she smiled, "don't let that worry you! I shall not detain you long." At length Wheaton arrived in a high dudgeon at being dragged away from a dinner party into an affair every connection with which he had been so anxious to avoid.

"Miss Kendall," he remarked, with difficulty concealing his annoyance, "I thought you said that you were going to carry this thing through quietly. He shot a glance of surprise at Margot and of distrust at Miss Le Compte. "I am sure," he added, "I have done my best to keep it quiet and cover up the scandal."

Margot met his gaze defiantly. Were the two playing at histility? Had Margot been simply a high class 'fence' for the disputal and convenient reappearance of stolen goods? Apparently the whole thing was an enigma to Miss Le Compte who looked from one to the other with startled astonishment in her big brown eyes.

"Have you the pearls?" asked Clare quietly.

Wheaton suddenly laid them down on the table in their beautiful new jewel case. Clare opened the case and held

up four loops of pearls perfect in their beauty. From the smallest loop hung, pendant, two of the largest pearls any of those in the room had ever seen. There they were, the wonderful jewels which for generations had charmed and aroused the cupidity of two continents. They shone like things of life and purity, yet what black tragedy was it that they covered?

"Miss Le Compte," asked Clare incisively, "is this the necklace you saw Miss De Voe wearing?"

Clare looked at her keenly. The girl hesitated. "It looks very much like it," she admitted at last, "exactly like it in design. But those pearls were darker and a trifle shriveled, I thought."

Margot who had been glaring at her as if her very presence was an offence, smiled with an air of triumph. Wheaton moved in his chair, nervously as if he wanted to terminate the scene, but said nothing.

"They were dark and shriveled," repeated Clare as if to herself. Then she added, addressing Violet but really including all in the room: "You have never heard that dark and shriveled pearls can be restored?"

Violet shook her head doubtfully as if she did not understand.

That some people are 'pearl mothers' so to speak, and by wearing them can bring them back to life and health?

"Tush!" interrupted Margot. "You refer to those fool stories that have made so much ink flow regarding the famous necklace of Madame Thiers in the Louvre. All bosh—bosh! A short time ago, I am informed, the French ministry ordered an examination made by some experts. They found that the pearls are all in perfect condition and have never been in better health. I believe it is all bosh about restoring pearls. Once they begin to go, it can't be done."

"No?" queried Clare. "You will excuse me, Monsieur Margot, but I shall ask your opinion later. Meanwhile, since Miss Le Compte seems to know nothing I wish to ask Mr. Wheaton when it was that he last called on Miss De Voe at the Prince Henry and under what circumstances—the last time," she repeated.

Wheaton was visibly confused. Apparently he did not relish even admitting having called on the girl.

"Miss Kendall," he remonstrated, "I must decline to involve myself further in this case than to say that for days before I saw her dead body in your presence I had neither seen nor heard from her."

"To whom were you indebted for the information that a replica," she laid special emphasis on the word, "of the Valdoreme pearls was on sale at Margot's?"

"That I cannot answer," he said, avoiding a hasty glance of inquiry from Miss Le Compte. "I have said I must decline to have my name involved any further in this unfortunate case."

It was evident that his reluctance was creating a very unfavorable impression.

Margot smiled sardonically. "I am afraid you are mixing up three affairs which have no connections with each other, Miss Kendall," the pearls, the replica here and the suicide of Mademoiselle De Voe."

"It was no suicide," cut in Lawson, laying down on the table the fragments of the glass tube which Clare had brought to him. "Miss De Voe was murdered—unintentionally, I believe, but actually murdered—in an attempt to get the pearls which she was wearing at the time."

"While restoring them," added Clare. Violet looked even more wide-eyed at the information.

"Since Mr. Wheaton denies having seen or heard from Miss De Voe for days before the tragedy," went on Clare, "I must ask her friend what she knows. Miss Le Compte, do you know whether Miss De Voe had any visitors on the day or night before the tragedy?"

Wheaton fixed his eye on her. "She did not meet it. 'None that I can swear to,' she answered, evidently much to Wheaton's relief. Margot smiled again.

"You know of nothing that could have impelled any one to use such an instrument as Dr. Lawson has shown us here on the table?" pursued Clare mercilessly. No man would have had the heart to badger the trembling stage beauty further in seeking evidence. It was just here that Clare showed her superiority over a man detective.

Violet shook her head.

"There are in Paris," resumed Clare, facing the whole room, "criminals among the higher ranks of the Apaches known as endormeurs, sleep makers. To become an endormeur one must possess, I am told, a high education and knowledge of society as well as courage, while the principal qualification in a woman is beauty. With a tube of keleno or ethyl chloride, such as was used in this instance, they will rob in broad daylight in cabs, in private dining room and compartments or railway carriages; almost anywhere. The only thing is to get a victim in such a position that they can get at him and then get away without attracting attention. Now, a hotel is not the most easily entered place in the world."

Clare paused. Callahan nodded. She had come at last evidently to a question as yet unanswered in his own mind.

"Mr. Wheaton," she hurried on, "I know your story. You have been blackmailed. You have bought back the real Valdoreme necklace which cost you so much to have restored. It is not a replica. Even at that price you cannot purchase silence. Mr. Callahan, call 4,000 Main, police headquarters, and ask them to send a couple of Central Office men here directly. Dr. Lawson, you are interested in the scientific and criminal aspects of this affair. Suppose you read that."

Clare had tossed the cablegram on the table. Lawson picked it up and read: "Paris police report Violet Le Compte very friendly last summer Apache Andrade, believed now New York assumed name."

Violet Le Compte had as suddenly regained her composure as she had lost it. She was indeed a consummate actress, whether as a trembling, tearless, guileless ingenue or a towering, scornful woman of the world, blinding justice by her sheer regal brunette beauty.

"It is of no use to assume that haughty air of injured innocence, Miss Le Compte," concluded Clare. "You are the only person known by the hotel employees to have had access to Miss De Voe's room that night. You cannot escape Dr. Lawson's science and intuition that prompted me to cable to Paris."

A growl of rage burst from Margot. Clare turned to him. "Margot you may have become in New York," she flashed. "In Paris, Andrade. Be quiet. We are two to one against you and your accomplice. Besides, here are the police."

The End.

LAIRD OF ASSYNT

Vancouver Man Big Landed Proprietor in His Native Scotland

The Duke of Sutherland sold to Mr. J. W. Stewart, a well known railway contractor of Vancouver, the northwestern part of the parish of Assynt, in the county of Sutherland. The property has an area of over 50,000 acres, and embraces the districts of Stoer, Achmelvich, Inver and Kylesku. The land forms one of the most fertile spots in Scotland, and from an agricultural point of view is ideal. The scenery is of the choicest and no more bracing and invigorating spot could well be found in the kingdom. A large number of shooting tents are annually in the district, and angling is to be had in

abundance. Mr. Stewart, the purchaser, is a native of Drumbeg. He came to Canada about thirty years ago, and from the first fortune smiled upon him, everything he turned his hand to being successful, with the result that in a very short time he became one of the leading railway contractors of Canada. It was always his desire to become possessor of a piece of his native country, especially the part where he was born and reared. That ambition has been realized, and the intimation that one of their own kith and kin had become the proprietor was received with great rejoicing.

When it became known that Mr. Stewart was the proprietor of the lands, the people of the district united to honor the occasion in true Highland fashion. Bonfires were set alight on the hilltops, at which parties gathered for rejoicing and dancing to the merry accompaniment of the bagpipes, the new proprietor's health, and the health of his wife and family, being toasted amid every token of good-will.

The principal rejoicings took place at Assynt, at which there was a large and enthusiastic gathering. Mr. D. Mackenzie, in voicing the feelings of the people, referred to the rejoicing which was universal among the friends and neighbors of Mr. Stewart and his respected family at the fact that one of themselves had become laird of the countryside. They had evidence of that in the large gathering met on that occasion to do honor to Mr. Stewart, who they were now proud to think and speak of as Laird of Assynt.

COMPULSORY TRAINING

Quite Justified in New Zealand Says Visitor—Yellow Peril Real

"Very cheerfully I consented to my son taking the time away from business to undergo the compulsory military training," said Mr. John Watson, of Auckland, New Zealand, in discussing at Montreal the measure adopted by his country. "We are trying to keep Australia and New Zealand white. That is our aim and it threatens to be a difficult one to carry out. We are not much impressed with the German menace, and the need of a North Sea fleet, but we do understand what the yellow peril means.

"I firmly believe that as soon as China and Japan are in a position to take aggressive measures that we can look out for trouble. They have tried gaining our country by colonization, and only drastic measures prevented New Zealand from being overrun. The head tax of \$500 held them in check for a while, but the wealthy Chinamen already with us were very fond of advancing the tax to compatriots and bringing them in to work out the loan.

"Our next step was the educational test, requiring newcomers to have some knowledge of English, and this served the purpose. The Chinese population is now decreasing." Mr. Watson first saw snow while crossing the Canadian Rocky Mountains.

Smoking Made Harmless

Nicotine is the poison that lurks in tobacco, and many have been the efforts and experiments to do away with this harmful feature in "the pipe that cheers." It has been found with different methods that when the nicotine has been extracted the tobacco was quite tasteless; but dealers and manufacturers have now reached their end by the simplest of processes—soaking the nicotine out of the tobacco.

This is the method. Soak the tobacco in fresh, pure water in an earthen dish for about an hour, then remove the tobacco and dry it out of doors.

Chemical analysis of the water in which the tobacco has been soaked shows that a very large percentage of the nicotine has been dissolved. This solution, incidentally, is a useful poison to kill insects on greenhouse and other plants.

Tobacco treated loses its aroma to some extent; but the smoker soon acquires a liking for the purity of the blend, and saves in health and pocket by buying tobacco in natural leaf form from the wholesalers, soaking carefully for several hours, and drying slowly on paper.

Sheep as Beasts of Burden

All sorts of animals are pressed into service as beasts of burden in various parts of the world. In Tibet, for instance, sheep and goats are used as pack animals, and a flock of these animals, well loaded, journey from there to the Rampur fair, in India. The hardy little beasts take over a month on the long and arduous journey, traversing on the way several high passes, where other pack animals would be useless.

Once in India and their loads delivered, they are kept on the plains during the winter, and then sent back with a stock of grain for Tibet and regions on the border where food-stuffs are scarce.

No Burnt Fingers

Tongs equipped with a spring to insure them holding firmly are a French novelty for handling hot dishes.

Without adversity a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—Fielding.