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5th Ave., New York, by maintaining a most exacting standard of quality year after year, has won for this thoroughfare world-wide reputation and fame.

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The most exacting standards of quality, strictly maintained from year to year, has won an enviable reputation for "83".

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YOU will like the tang and flavor of these specially brewed ALES. They are of the highest quality and compare most favorably with the finest imported English ales. Order a case today. The best is none too good for you. Sold at all Government vendors. Free delivery.

BURTON TYPE ALE

AND

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DEMAND

"Rupert Brand"

Kippers

"THE DAINTIEST BREAKFAST FOOD."

Smoked Daily by

Canadian Fish & Cold Storage Co., Ltd.

PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

Thrilling Mystery Story in 30 chapters

THE GREEN SHADOW

by HERMAN LANDON

Synopsis

Adele Castle is on the way to visit a mysterious Dr. Moffett, accompanied by the equally mysterious Miss Conway, who has told her Virgil Ellsworth Castle, her father, is in serious trouble and that Dr. Moffett can aid him. Adele has called up her friend, Paul Ainsworth, and told him to trail Miss Conway's car. Two items are featured in the newspaper Mr. Castle was reading before he left for his office; the pursuit by the police of "Mr. Graves," who was associated in a reputedly shady deal which netted $10,000,000, and the latest exploit of the "Picaroon," a crook who preys on the rich and then offers the return of his loot if they give one-tenth of its value to charity.

Adele Castle has just had the weirdest adventure of her life. She has been taken by a mysterious Miss Conway to meet Dr. Moffett, who she meets but does not see. For as she enters the room of an old house in a part of New York she does not recognize she is met by a green light through which she observes only the vague outline of a man, who talks to her about her father.

Adele Castle is told by Dr. Moffett that her father is the mysterious Mr. Graves who was the associate of the man, Daniel Forrester, who died after getting $10,000,000 by fraud. She is sent to her father with a message which she delivers in person at his office.

INSTALMENT FIVE

A PAWN IN THE GAME

Mr. Castle went from cringing dejection to a mood of grim, savage vindictiveness. "If I could only get my hands of him! I would crush the life out of his yellow hide. I would—But there's no chance. He won't fight in the open. He prefers to skulk in the dark. Don't you see what he is doing? He is trying to influence me through you. He is using you, a girl, as the pawn in his dirty game. The contemptible rat! The treacherous, poisonous snake!"

"Darling, darling!" Adele murmured. "You mustn't."

Mr. Castle calmed himself with a grim effort. There was a strained, ashen look in his face, a mingling of mental agony and biting scorn.

"Let's see what we can do," Adele suggested. "But first you must tell me everything. It is true that you are the mysterious Mr. Graves, isn't it?"

Her father nodded heavily. "Yes, it's true. But don't despise me, dear. I could stand anything else, but not that. Oh, I've been a fool! For fifteen years I have been making money for the Knickerbocker Finance Corporation, but my personal affairs have suffered gravely.

"A year ago they were in a dreadful muddle. They are in a somewhat better condition now, but even today I wouldn't know where to borrow even such a sum as $50,000. I have been lying awake nights scheming and planning. Everything I touched on my own account seemed to go wrong. I have worried night and day."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Adele murmured.

"Why didn't you tell me, dad? I've been extravagent—terribly. If I had only known——"

"There, there, don't reproach yourself. It's all my fault. If I had planned better, things wouldn't have got into such a mess. You are all I have, dear. I have always wanted you to have everything—the finest education, the finest clothes, everything your heart could desire."

"Yes, I know, dad, but I feel so guilty——"

"Yu mustn't feel that way. I could have afforded it easily, if only I hadnot bungled things. I was careless with my investments, and afterward I got reckless. One project after another collapsed. But there I shan't worry you with the details. It's enough for you to know that when Daniel Forrester came to me one day about a year and a half ago I was on the brink of ruin."

Mr. Castle groaned. "Forrester was a glib talker. He had a brilliant scheme ,one that promised enormous returns on a very small investment. I was able to raise a little money, enough to put the project on its feet. We became partners, although I stipulated that my name mustn't be associated with the enterprise.

"It wasn't that I had any doubt as to the honesty and legality of the undertaking, but I didn't want it to become known that my interests were divided between the Knickerbocker Finance Corporation and this other thing. If I had looked a little more deeply into Forrester's brilliant scheme, perhaps I would have become suspicious. But I didn't; there were too many other things on my mind, and Forrester had come to me with the best sort of recommendation.

"I took an active part in the management of the project and reaped half the profits. The profits tided me over the crisis, and that was all. I had very little left over. And it wasn't until Forrester was dead that I discovered that I had been associated with a criminal enterprise."

$100,000 Blackmail

"Poor dad!" Adele whispered.

"I—I don't deserve your sympathy," said Mr. Castle brokenly. "I was careless. A man in my position should have known better. And I am not making excuses for myself. If I had paused to give the matter adequate consideration Forrester could never have inveigled me into such a crooked business. I just saw a chance to recoup my personal fortune, and I jumped into it with my eyes only half open. There's the story. I had hoped to keep the disgraceful secret from you, but now it's out. Do you hate me?"

"I love you," said Adele passionately.

"Don't," said her father. "I don't deserve it, and so it hurts."

She leaned over and kissed him.

"My first thought when I saw how things were," Mr. Castle went on, "was that I must reimburse the investors who had been victimized by Forrester and myself. I knew it would take years, and it would have to be done very quietly, but it seemed the only decent thing to do.

"I hoped to set aside a portion of my income each year for that purpose. I thought there would be only a slight chance that my participation in the scheme would become known. Then, soon after Forrester's death, the police and the newspapers began to talk about a certain mysterious Mr. Graves who was supposed to have been associated with Forrester.

"Even then I had little fear that my secret would leak out. I knew there were compromising papers in Forrester's desk, including a partnership agreement, but during his illness, Forrester told me he had destroyed them. It's possible that his mind wasn't clear, that he confused the intention with the accomplished fact. At any rate, one evening about a month after his death, I received a telephone message."

"From Dr Moffett,' 'Adele surmised.

"Yes, from Dr. Moffett. I have never seen the man. I have received numerous telephone calls from him and a great number of typewritten notes, all to the same effect. Dr. Moffett is a blackmailer, of course. He claims to have documentary evidence of my partnership with Forrester, and he has repeatedly pointed out to me what would happen if this evidence should be made public."

"Exactly what would happen, dad?"

Her father drew a long, shuddering breath. "There is a possibility I would be sentenced to imprisonment for a number of years. Yes we might as well have the facts. There is a strong sentiment against the mysterious Mr. Graves. A jury would be very likely to convict me. But even if I should be acquitted I would be absolutely ruined. A man can never live down a black mark like that. My career would go smash, and you——"

"Don't consider me, dad," said Adele with a smile. "And I'm sure it will never come to that. Dr. Moffett is willing to sell you the evidence for $100,000, isn't he?"

"Yes, and he might as well ask a hundred thousand millions."

"Couldn't you borrow the money from some one?"

Mr. Castle shook his head with a hopeless expression.

"Wouldn't Dr. Moffett accept half a loaf rather than no bread at all?"

"Moffett thinks I am rich, and that I am only stalling when I tell him his demands are impossible."

Adele considered for a moment. "I tell you what we'll do dad. We'll go away—far away—where nobody will ever find us. I don't mind being poor for a change. It will probably do me good. Let's do it, dad!"

"No, my dear. I don't like the idea of running away. Besides, it would take me a long time to make a fresh start in a strange place. Your future——"

"Pshaw! I don't care a fig about my future. All I care about is you. We could be ever so happy, dad. I could do something to help toward oud support—teach music or French or swimming perhaps. I'd just love it. Won't you consider it, dad?"

Mr. Castle smiled feebly at her eagerness. Her face was radiant again. Her eyes shone as brightly as if she had never gazed into the mysteries of a green room.

He shook his head with something of his old-time vigor and determination.

"No, little girl. I couldn't think of it. You can see what would happen. Doctor Moffett would fly into a rage. To sasisfy his spite he would turn the evidence over to the authorities. My flight would be a confession of guilt. I would be a hunted man for the rest of my life. I would never have a moment's peace. And you—you would be dragged into all this. It's out of the question."

Adele's face fell. She knew her father was inflexible when he spoke in this tone. Besides, she could see now that the idea of flight had its drawbacks. She could picture her father a broken, hunted man, fleeing from place to place, always pursued by the fear of detection.

The Picaroon Writes

She nodded soberly. "Perhaps you are right, dad. It may be better to stay here and fight it out. But we must fight together. You mustn't keep anything from me." She paused for a moment. "You say you have never seen Doctor Moffett?"

"No. He has communicated with me only by mail and telephone. That's what makes it so hard. An enemy who doesn't come out in the open is doubly dangerous."

"Maybe we can force him out." A vague smile touched Adele's lips. "Tell me exactly what he has threatened to do."

"He has threatened to destroy me by degrees if I fail to meet his demands. Little by little, blow by blow, he intends to increase the pressure until I pay what he asks. Just as if I could. The first blow has already fallen. He has told you that your father is a crim——"

"Hush, dad! It isn't true. You made a mistake, that's all."

"Anyway Doctor Moffett has struck the first blow. He had to convince me that his bite is as bad as his bark. Besides, he probably thought you would be horrified at the prospect of your father being exposed as a—lawbreaker, and would prevail on me to buy his silence.

"He made a miscalculation there. He didn't know you. But the first blow has fallen. The next will come when he tells the Board of Directors what sort of a man their chairman is. If that fails he intends to notify certain influential friends of mine.

"If I still resist, he means to scatter various vague clues which will accelerate the search for the mysterious Mr. Graves without giving the authorities any definite information regarding his identity. He thinks he will frighten me into submission. If it fails, he will retaliate by taking his evidence to the authorities. And that will be the end."

He flung out his arms in a gesture of despair. A spurious smile played about his lips. "Now you know it all, little girl. Maybe it's just as well that you do. You had to know some time. But tell me"—and he straightened up a little—"what did Dr. Moffett say to you? Where did you see him?"

"At the house. That is, I didn't——" Adele hesitated. It was impossible to explain. Her father would either think she was out of her head, or else he would be freshly alarmed by the amazing tale she had to tell. "It's a strange story, dad. I can't tell it now. I want to be alone and think. There!"

She flung her arms about his neck and kissed him. Then she ran quickly from the office. On the sidewalk she started to hail a taxi, but changed her mind and rode home in the subway instead.

"I've been extravagent long enough," she told herself.

A letter awaited her when she reached home. There was no stamp on the envelope, which bore a typewritten address, so evidently it had been delivered by a messenger. Her eyes widened in amazement as she read the brief communication inside:

The grass in Central Park is still green, and green is a lovely color. There is a comfortable bench near the 72nd street entrance. If you should happen to be seated there at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, some one would be pleased to discuss nature's color scheme with you, with particular emphasis on green.

In the meantime, don't worry.

THE PICAROON.

"The Picaroon?" said Adele in a dazed tone, looking up from the typewritten letter. Then she looked down again. She read the note a second time.

"Green—green," she murmured.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

MR. CASTLE'S FACE SAGGED. "YOU—YOU KONW?" HE ECHOED DULLY.

Our classified section may be of special interest to you today.

BUCHANAN BOYS ON THE LOUISE

Party of Fifty-Four Lads Going North Among Them Being Seven Canadians

Aboard the steamship Princess Louise this morning going north were a group of 54 Buchanan tour boys in charge of Miss Dorothy Pudrith. Seven of the lads are from Canadian points such as Winnipeg and Moose Jaw and they vary in age from ten to eighteen years.

This tour is an annual one and is sponsored by George E. Buchanan of Detroit, Mich. One third of the fare has to be earned by the lad, one third is contributed by the parents and the other third is borrowed from Mr. Buchanan and repaid as soon as possible so that some other boy may use the money.

The party will visit Atlin Lake and other points and return on the Princess Charlotte.

WHITE HORSE
REAL OLD SCOTCH
WHISKY

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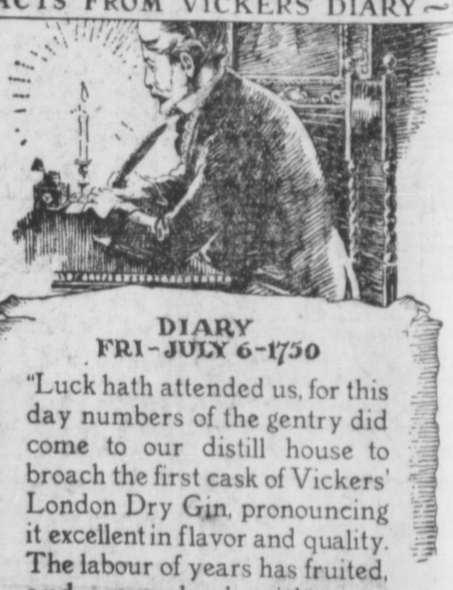
1st of a Series

EXTRACTS FROM VICKERS' DIARY—1750



DIARY
FRI-JULY 6-1750

"Luck hath attended us, for this day numbers of the gentry did come to our distill house to broach the first cask of Vickers' London Dry Gin, pronouncing it excellent in flavor and quality. The labour of years has fruited, and we embark with great confidence on this business."

In savoring this rare, smooth Gin, you, too, will pronounce it excellent in flavor and quality as the great gentlemen of London did in 1750.

VICKERS'
FINEST LONDON DRY
GIN
REPUTED QUART $3.25

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LONDON 1750 ENGLAND

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