SLEUTH.

They knelt one on each side of the ling!" he whispered to himself. basket. Neil held the candle up while Laura unpacked the contents. A well-asked. cut blue suit was revealed, which bore. He told her the story of Kid Doty inside the collar an eminent tailor's name. Beneath it there was a silk shirt; also collar; cravat, socks, hat and shoes. Everything had been thought of down to handkerchiefs, gloves and collar buttons.

"Upon my word!" cried Neil. "This is a regular Johnny's outfit. Much too fine for me.'

"I thought good clothes would be the best disguise after the stoker," she explained, shyly. did you get them," you wonderful wo-

She parried the question. "I brought the scissors. What did you want them

He was not to be diverted. "Where did you get the clothes?" he insisted. "Well, if you must know," with a quaint touch of bravado, "I stole

He was effectually astonished. "Laura!" he cried.

"Are you horrified?" "No! Enchanted!"

"Don't be silly." she murmured "What did you want the seissors for?" "To cut my hair. That's the worst give away of all."

"How can you cut your hair?" she asked, unguardedly.

"I was hoping you might." 'Oh!" she cried, in the hushed, shocked tone that delighted him. 'No one will see you," he teased.

"I don't mind that-if it's necessary. She was unsmiling. "But I never did such a thing. If I bungled it it would be doing worse than not doing it at all, wouldn't it?" "You won't bungle it if you put

your mind to it. Take off a little at time, and it's sure to come out right. We have all night." "I must get home," she said, uneas-

"Do you hate so to be here with

"Please!" she rebuked him. "You only distress me when you talk like Neil sighed. "I'll try not to. But you will cut my hair, won't you?"

"How can I see to do it?" "I'll sit on the floor and hold the candle up. You can kneet behind me."

They took the suggested positions. She hesitated about beginning. "Fire away," said Neil.

"I-I don't know where to start. It seems like a sin to cut hair off. If I "No but God will in His own time," said Neil. "Begin at the neck and work up. Lift the hair with the comb, and snip the ends off. 'That's the profes-

cional technique." Above him he heard her delicate breathing, a little agitated. She made | point. a few tentative cuts. In his mind's eye he saw the puckered brow and the grave, concerned eyes. "Oh, you dar

A GOOD DIGESTION

Depends Upon Keeping the Blood Rick, Red and Pare.

To be able to eat what you want and to digest it properly is a priceless blessing. Good digestion is not appreciated until you lose it. Then you liams." cannot afford to experiment, for f strong medicines are hard on weak stomachs. If you have indigestion do not be persuaded into believing you can oure yourself by the use of predigested foods or so called stomach sadly. tonics. There is no tonic for the stomach that is not a tonic for every part of the body. It is through the blood that the stomach gets its power the blood goes to every part of the body and improvement in its condition not only results in strengthening body. Rich red blood is absolutely necessary to good digestion. If your stomach is weak and you are troubled ing of pressure about the heart, or hair nausea after eating try the tonic Pills. So many dyspeptics have been cured by this medicine that every sufferer from stomach trouble should try in other ways if you give this medicine a fair trial. Mr. Fred. J. Kendall. Darlin avenue, Toronto, says: "For upwards of five years I was a great sufferer from indigestion, which gradually undermined my general health, leaving me in a weak and anaemic condition. I spent considerable money with one doctor and another, but failed to receive any lasting benefit, and had become quite discouraged. One day my wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I thought it would be the same old But she had so much faith in them that she got me a box, and to please her I began taking them. By the time the box was finished, I noticed a slight improvement, and I continued taking them and soon found myself gaining. I could sleep better and my appetite improved without the distressing symptoms that had previously followed eating. I think I took in all about a dozen boxes, and to-day

reach some poor, discouraged sufferer You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills thorugh any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Cat.

I am a stronger man than I ever was

in my life. When I began the use of

the pills I weighed !43 pounds while

now I weigh 167. You may use this

letter as you choose, hoping it may

"Who is in the next room?" she

in whimsical vein She rewarded him with one of her rare short laughs. "Dear, funny boys!"

she said, "Some man who under stands boys ought to make friends with him." "Maybe one will."

'You were out when I moved," she said in her conscientious way. "I had no chance to tell you. I now have a room in West Twelfth street." She "Of course!" cried Neil. "But where gave him the number. "If you want me again you should write there." 'Would you come?" he asked, eager.

"Any time, anywhere," she said

Neil seized the hand that held the comb and pressed it hard to his lips. She snatched it way. "If you do that again I shall stop!" she cried, indignantly. "Have you no sense of fairness?"

'Oh, I don't know that I'm lost to clothes and to stuff them in her shame at that!" muttered Neil, sullenly "You do everything to make me love you to distraction—then you slap my face. I'm only human . Oh, you're right, of course. I'll try to behave,"

The hair-cutting went on, in slience, "What are you going to do next?" of course. But for us to walk toshe asked, timidly, at last. gether, me like this and you like that, it would be a remarkable sight."

He forced a cheerful tone. "I don't know. Whatever comes up. First I



must find a means of livelihood with permission of the police." "I have been paid for three drawings," she said, diffidently. "I have plenty of money now."

"Fine!" He affected not to see the "You—you might take a little of it -against the terrible debt I owe you hurt you. I only ask to love you and

always will owe you." "Don't take that line," he said, oughly. "It makes me savage."

"But you will, won't you." "Yes, later, if it becomes neces-He felt her hand tremble. "I feel

as if I had ruined you," she whis-'Nonsense! If there was good work In the it's there yet, isn't it?"

"Yes, but your name is clouded." "Not my name, really, You had always advised me to drop 'Neil Ottoway and stick to plain Tom Wil-

"I've robbed you of your friends." "Not any real friends. Besides, this will blow over in time." "I must always fight against the

truth becoming known," she said, The question was heavily fraught. with emotional possibilities. Neither could bear to discuss it.

"The hair on top is too heavy for to assimilate and digest food, and as the comb." She changed the subject. "Clip it between your fingers and

cut," said Neil. "Like this?" she inquired. Let her the stomach but every organ in the deny him as she would, her voice was warm with tenderness, her hands subtly caressing.

"Yes!" he said dreamily. "How with sour risings in the throat, a feel- sweet to have your hands in my

She shivered. "I shall be glad when treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink I am through with this," she murmured.

When she was through, Neil felt of his granium a little auxiously. "Feels You will soon know the joy of like a professional job, all right." he good digestion and enjoy better health said, reassured. "I knew you could do it!

She got up. "I must go now." "On, wait!" he cried, for the halfdozeath time, hastily casting around in his mind for an expedient to detain her. "Wait till you see me in my new dieguise. . . I can't tie my tie myself without a mirror." he added.

cunningly. "You'll have to wait. Go in the front room while I change." "Oh, well-" she protested, irresolutely. "But hurry!" The clothes fitted him better than

he could have expected. As he put on the comfortable, gentlemanly garments, Neil's point of view changed again. He had now to play the part of one of the complacent elect of the world. It was somewhat of a height to mount at one step.

In the bottom of the basket he found a pair of those fashienable, large round spectacles, rimmed with tortoiseshell. More than anything else he can put on, they change a man's appearance. By their aid the fattest face is lent something of an insolent and distiguished air. "Clever girl!" thought Neil for the

hundredth time. He threw open the door, and held up what was left of the candle, "How do I look?" he asked, eagerly,

"Very well," she said in her grave way. "I thought they would fit, or

where I stand. What man wore "Let me go!" she panted, struggling "I have a right to an answer!" he insisted. "How do I knew but what I'm wearing the murderer's clothes The best A terrible low cry of pain escaped veast in

the world.

MADE

TORONTO, ONT.

This remark caused Neil an obscure

"You have tied your tie!" she said.

"But not properly. You must

In that most intimate of positions it

was hard for him to resist throwing

"Weil, I didn't, anyhow," he said,

"You know very well," he teased.

"Don't be silly!" She averted her

"How can I let you go alone?"

"You must. I can go where I like

in these clothes—you said so yourself.

As for you, a man can go anywhere,

"I suppose you're right,' he grum-

"You think of everything!" he ap-

He kept the hand. "You say it

"You don't want a grateful kiss,"

"No! I'm hanged if I do!" he said,

She gently withdrew her hand

"Good bye," she whispered, and turned

Something gave way inside Neil

He could no longer hold himseif, "Oh,

can't!" he cried, sharply. "Not like

She struggled with the door-knob.

but he caught and pressed her close

to him. The candle end rolled on the

brokenly. "I love you! I love you! Ah,

take care of you. But I must make

you listen to me. Give me a good

reason for not loving you, and I'll try

back again and I'll trust you with

my life, and not ask a question. But

you neither trust me nor love me,

Don't you see you're driving me mad?

What man am I up against? Let me

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it is his best friend.

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cally.

"Laura, my darling!" he whispered

floor and was extinguished.

head and began to gather up the old

basket. "We must leave separately,"

jealousy. Where had these clothes

come from?

accusingly.

straighten it."

his arms around her.

"Give me some credit."

"Didn't what?"

she announced.

objected Neil.

other way.'

plauded admiringly.

'Well-good-bye!"

to kiss me good-bye."

energetically.

to go.

this!

whimsically as she left him.

Makes

perfect

bread.

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" he exied, contritely. "I was raving. It doesn't matter, anyhow. I'm no sentimentalist. But trust me—or love me!". "You're hurting me! You're hurting me!" she wailed.

His arms automatically released her. "I knew it would end like this!" she cried. "I wish I'd never seen

She ran out of the room, and went stumbling down the rickety stairs. He made no attempt to follow. By and by Neil went heavily into

the back room. There was no more fright in him at the moment. He had a mind to give himself up to the police and let things take their course Scarcely listening to the boy's eager question, he felt for the knot at his ankles with the idea of letting him

"Is your pal gone? You might have let me in on your secrets. I wouldn't have blabbed. But I suppose you've got to try me out first. What are you going to do now, Neil?"

Admiration and utter confidence were blended in his tone. Neil held his hand and began to reconsider.

Kid Doty rattled on: "I've been thinking what you ought to do while was lying here. I've got a scheme You ought to join the police force. Wouldn't that be a stunt. You've got a good figure and all. You could pass the examination. Say, they'd never think of looking for Neil Ottoway among themselves."

"Bully!" said Neil abstractedly. It would never do for him to show the white feather before his little disciple, he thought. Slowly the will to fight on was reborn in him.



"What are you going to do with me?" asked the boy anxiously. "I'm going to leave you now," said

Neil. "Oh, take me with you!" pleaded the don't fight against me so! I wouldn't Kid.

"Can't be done, old man." "Take me with you! I wouldn't be any trouble. I never knew any-

body like you before." to hold myself in. Or love me a little "You won't have to wait here long." said Neil. "I'll telephone to the police immediately to come and let you out. That'll be some yarn, eh?"

"I'd rather go with you," said the disappointed boy. "I'd give up anything to go with you!" Neil gripped his shoulder. "There's something I want to keep in mind.

old fellow. You read the papers. When you see that I am out of this trouble, you must look me up." "When you get out of it?" echoed

the boy. "But you did do it, didn't "Well, I may get out of it, anyhow," said Neil. "Men do, sometimes. You

must look me up, because you and I are going to be pais, see?" "But I'll miss all the fun if you don't take me." "We'll have plenty of fun yet, don't

you fret." "I say, Neil, there's something I want to tell you," said the boy in embarrassed tones. "My name's not

really Kid Doty. It's Percy Randall. Such a sissy name!" Oh. I've heard worse." said Neil

cheerfully. "Good-bye, and don't forget me." "Forget you" stammered the boy.

'Oh, I-I'll never forget you!" The lieutenant in charge of the desk of the precinct police station was reading a newspaper when the telephone bell rang. With the fatiqued air characteristic of police lieutenants | Chat. -an uninterrupted course of crime is the most wearing thing in the world

-he took down the receiver. On this occasion he heard the novelty of a calm voice over the wire: "Hello? Is this the police station?" 'Yes sir'

"You had better send an officer or a couple of officers to a house on Dickson street to liberate a boy who is imprisoned there." The quiet voice startled the police-

man, who was hardened to ccreams. "Hey?" he cried. "Attend to what I say, please. I

didn't notice the number of the house. but you can't miss it. North side of Dickson, haif way between West and Washington streets. Two - storey building; empty stable on street level and unoccupied rooms above. The boy is upstairs. The front room is unlocked.

astonizhed officer. "I don't pay no attention to telephone calls. If you mean business, come in here and show vourself." "I have a good reason," said the

voice sweetly. "Is this a josh?" demanded the lieutenant. "It don't go down with me. How d'va know so much about it

Who are ya anyhow?"

"It is not a hoar." said the voice. undisturbed. "The building is full of rats, and the bay is of a nervous tem- own busiless.—Phaedrus.



Cuticura Soap cleanses, purifies and beautifies, while the Ointment soothes and heals pimples, blackheads, etc. Do not confound these fragrant, delicate emollients with coarsely medicated

Sample Each Free by Mail. Ad-ard: "Cutieurs, Dept. N. Bester laid throughout the world.

perament. If anything serious happens it will be up to you. The father the master in its embrace, and his "What do I care?" roared the exasperated policeman. "Why don't you

iet him loose yourself?" Because I just tied him up and left him there. "Who the blazes are you, anyhow?" "Neil Ottoway."

"Who?" "Neil Ottoway. Shall I spell it out

for you There was a silence in the polic station while the officer struggled with a vertigo. Then-"Oh, go to hell" he cried, slamming up the re

But the next instant he thought better of it and took it down again: "Give me the superintendent, quick!" he said to the overator.

"Hello! This is Lieutenant O'Malley. Find me the source of that last call for here. I'll hold the wire." In less than a minute the answer came: "Pupile telephone in the Hud-

"All right. Give me the police substation in the terminal. . . . Hello: This is Mike O'Malley. Guy just called me from Terminal Station public telephone, extension nine. Said he was Neil Ottoway. . . . Yeh, that's what I said, Neil Ottoway. Look him up, cuick!

In ten minutes the telephone at the lieutenant's alboy rang again. This was the message ne got: "There are sixteen telephone booths here. Half are worked through a switchboard, and half have coin boxes in them. Number nine has a coin box. Consequently the switchboard operato. hundred calls an hour from here. No- of this place. body saw a man answering to Neil Ottoway's description. It's probably a stall."

"Oh, sure," said Lieutenant O'Malley. "Don't let those slick reporter guys on to it. They'd make a big

story out of nothing." He hung up the receiver, and debated a moment or two. "Reardon." he said to an officer on duty. "Take Simpson with you, and go to this house on Dickson street, and see if there'e a kid locked up there. Let Mitchell and Dawes follow you up in plain cloties."

(To be continued.)

WHAT I THINK

It worries me when I hear any one complain that they have "nothing left to live for." For it seems to me that. if they feel like that, they have quite failed to grasp the true meaning of

We are here to do what we can to make life happier for others, of course, but also, I think, to hand on to the next generation the knowledge that we have acquired. We still are under this last obligation, no matter what hard blows Fare may have dealt

Yet sometimes one comes across people who, though they are proud of their own achievements, are very anxious that no one shall find out how they get such good results.

Rather unfair, isn't it? Because they probably got their information. or were put on the track of getting it by someone to whom they owe a large part of their success. So hadding on any useful knowledge we may possess ought to be a great pleasure right to the end; and na long as we can help others we have certainly something left to live for.—Home

The Archbishop of York at Wycliffe College.

On his recent visit to Toronto, the Archbishop of York spent a short time at Wycliffe College, where the Founders' Chapel was the particular point of his interest, the larger part of the building being at the present time used for military purposes. Doctor O'Meara, the principal, showed him the Roll of Honor which gives the names of thirty graduates and seventy undergraduates who are serving with his Majesty's forces as Chaplains or combatants ,and the Memorial Roll hair as it. Every well dressed Japan on which are inscribed the names of two graduates and seven undergraduates who have paid the supreme price of self-sacrificing service. The tablet in memory of the Founders, and Axel Enders' famous picture of "What are you giving us?" cried the the Resurrection, were objects of his special remark.

Before leaving, his Grace offered intercession for the College and its staff, its students and its graduates. He was accompanied by the Archonto, the Mayor of the city, Archdeacon Cody, and a number cierical and lay friends.

honor of his visit.

An old man was arrested for bes ing his wife. Application was made to have him put under a peace bond.

Thinking the case too small for him to bother with, relates Case and Comment, the county attorney asked Judy Albert D. Norton, then a young lawyer, to appear for the state at the trial. An attorney from Macon - man who had quite a reputation as a "plea der"—went over to defend the oman. Curied in front of the defend

was a yellow dog. Vest's "Enlegy of the Dog" had recently appeared in some paper. It was not nearly so familiar then as it has since become When the orator from Macon saw the yellow dog at the old man's feet he recalled Senator Vest's speech, as was alive to the opportunity for

effective appeal to the jury.
"Gentlemen," and he indicated the
mongrei, "when all other friends desert the dog remains. If fortun drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homel the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accomi guard against danger, to tight again his enemies; and when the last scene of all comes, and when death takes body is laid away in the cold grow no/matter if all other friends per their way there by his graveside will be the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes and, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful

and true even in death!" So well was it delivered some of the jurymen cried. All looked toward the aged defendant sympathetically. It is said that even the dog's eyes were moist. It was pretty clear the defendant's lawyer had things coming his way; but Norton had the windup, and during the noon recess he hunted up a paper which had the dog speech in it. This he produced and read to the jury in the afternoon, word for word as opposing counsel recited, and which the jury thought was original.

"You see, gentlemen of the fury." said Norton, "Senator Vest was talking about another dog altogether. He never heard of this yellow cur! The jury found the defendant guilty.

son and Manhattan Terminal Station. Rheumatism is All Gone" She Says

MRS. MILLEY'S TRIBUTE TO DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Newfoundland Lady Tells How She

Suffered for Years, and How She Found Relief Exploit's Harbor, Notre Dame Bay, Nfld, April 29th.—That Dodd's Kidney Pills are upholding their enviate reputation in every corner of Canada

is evidenced by the statement of Mr. ever uses it. There are a couple of Samuel Miller, a well-known resident "For several years I suffered from rheumatism and heart failure," Mrs. Milley states. "I used twenty-two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and my rheumatism is all gone. I know Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful medi-

> friends who are not feeling well, and they, like myself, speak highly

> cine. I recommend them to all my

"I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and got relief." Dodd's Kidney Pills act directly on the kidneys. If the kidneys are weak and sick they cannot do their full work of straining the impurities out of the blood. The result is bound to be sickness and disease. To keep the kidneys sound is to lay the foundation of good health. Ask your neighbors if Bodd's Kidney Pills do not cure sick kidneys.

MARTYRS TO GIRDLES.

A Native Protest Against Feminine Fashions in Japan.

A caustic Japanese critic, Saite Man. has this to say in the okyo Advertiser about women's fashions in "Archaic costumes, especially those

universally worn by ladies, demand reform. The indigent world can be clothed out of the materials wasted in gorgeous kimono sieeves. Nothing in so absurd as the long, heavy, pendulant sleeves attached to a girl's holfday kimono. They serve no purpose, impede locomotion and are a pitiful spectacle. The girdle is more cumbrous and expensive, especially those woven in one piece of heaviest silk. "Formerly the latter were only worn at weddings and state affairs; now every geisha has one. Every wife must have one to sport at the theatre. In price this maruobi varies from 30 to 1,000 yen (\$15 to \$500) and upward. To girdle it requires all the strength of a well built husband or father. I do not know any Japanese woman who ever succeeded in putting on one herself.

"It is over three feet wide, folded into half that width, when worn, and its length is three times the full height of its wearer. In weight it in terrific, thickly embroidered as it is with golden threads. It is chiefest attraction in the whole dress scheme of Japanese womanhood. One might as well ask a woman to discard her ese lady is a martyr to her girdles. Her entire waist is covered with layers of belting. From the viewpoint of health the girdle (obi) is a most vile contrivance, as every doctor as serts.

History of the Louvre.

The Louvre was originally a royal residence. Napoleon turned it bishop of Algoma, the Bishop of Tor- museum and deposited in it the final collection of paintings, statues and are of treasures known in the world. of those brought from Italy have been The new College flag was flown in restored to their rightful post The magnificent buildings of the name Louvre, begun by Napoleon L The master looks sharpest sto his completed by Napoleon III., were in auguratedfin 1857.



em to Tom

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