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spiritual sympathy. suited to draw out better feelings and th its possibilities regarded his dissense as kings, but m establish their rent manner from world. He pointed etween real and and showed that om was bestowed v of moral fitness. ever pointed the



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THE-SLEUTH

account. He did not doubt that the count ran: girl's skirts were clean, though there was so much to be explained, but he way last night liberated a boy who felt that being a woman, she very said that the desperate young crimlikely required to be saved from herself. At any rate for the sake of his peace of mind he must know the

There was, moreover, the healthy instinct of self-preservation, which even a young man in love may not ignore. He had no notion of allowing himseif to be led like a lamb to the slaughter-with the dim figure of had been terrified into silence. But another man in the background profiting by the sacrifice.

Having made his resolve, the next thing was to debate ways and means luctantly told his story. of carrying it into effect. He acknowledged frankly to himself that he was nearly every man he had rather fancied himself in the role until he was called upon to play it. The impressionable and expansive nature of the actually run into him on West street, artist, while it may conceive of a marvelous detective story in the abstract, is not fitted to the relentless, singleminded pursuit of the concrete.

However, his great need would have to supply this lack in his nature. It would have to supply many another of the police who have Neil Ottoway in the best position to hunt on his own account.

Though Neil's head was smooth enough to pass in a crowd, the professional eye of the barber he visited next morning was not deceived. "Who cut your hair?" he asked in

"Fellow in a little country town," said Neil carelessly. "Though I was stuck there for a couple of weeks, so I let h.m do it. And this morning the house wired me to come in." "He wasn't no barber, he was a

butcher, he was. It's lucky you come to me. I'll fix you up good." The newspapers with their fresh

erop of rumors hourly afforded Neil more entertainment than information. He was becoming hardened now to the liberties they took with his name. This amazing figure of a Neil Ottoway they had built up was like somebody else now, a distant relation, possibly, but not the inviolable "me." No tale conthe whole thing may be the product

Lacking any real testimony, they novels and a course of sensational were free to endow him with a splendid jurid past. All the unsolved murders of ten years past were ascribed

A MOTHER'S WORK

's Too Often Followed by Nerv ous Debility and Shattered

Mothers as a rule spend so much time in looking after their children ing down. The daily humdrum of street: household cares quickly thin the blood | The boy was given into the custody and weaken the nerves. Then fol- of his father, who undertook to prolow headaches, pains in the side and duce him in court any time his eviback, swollen limbs, palpitation, a dence might be required, but it is not constantly tired feeling, and often an supposed that young Percy will be inclination to fretfulness. These asked to figure in the limelight again. symptoms are the signs of poor blood. It may be hazarded that a somewhat and are the inevitable penalty of ov- painful interview took place in the erwork and over anxiety in the care Randall domicile last night which

Whenever a mother finds her ful. health failing and household duties Neil smiled upon reading this. becoming more than she can comfort- "Good oid Kid Doty!" he thought. ably manage, whenever extra demands are made upon her strength, she should adopt the safe and simple same confidence on the part of the expedient of enriching her blood with police. They were still promising to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills arrest Neil Ottoway within an hour are especially valuable to the nursing or two. The inference was that they mother and the woman worn out with | could put their hands on him at any household cares. 'Pney renew her moment, and were waiting only until blood supply, strengthens her tired they had secured a certain myster Hmbs, and drive away the headaches lous piece of evidence. Neil felt miserable. They have restored thou-sands of despondent women to good that the police were really cognizant health and bright spirits, and will do of every move he made? He looked for you as much as they have done for uncomfortably around the lobby of the others if you will give them a fair big hotel, where he sat.

Mrs. W. F. Burns, Gueiph, Ont., him that it was simply that timesays: "A few years ago we had thhee honored expedient of a baffled anchildren born in three years which tagonist a bluff. He remembered left me so run down and nervous that other cases that he had followed. They I was not able to do my work. The last baby lived only two weeks and could. Moreover, there was internal the worry that added to my weak con family doctor for several months part in telephoning the police was suptried to build me up, but nothing pressed. And although they knew the seemed to benefit me. I suffered boy's story was true, they had had to agony with my head and was terrified discredit it to save their own faces. with a fear that I would lose my reas-The headaches from which I suffered would leave me completely not overlooked. It was to be held prostrated. During one of these spells I went to another doctor, who advised a change or scene. I went away for a few weeks, but was, discontented and wanted to be back home. so my husband came and brought me home again. A few days later my sister came to me and asked me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pilla. I got three boxes and by the time I had used was not he might as well be arrestthem all I was completely well, could i do all my own work without feeling tired, and was like a new woman. This was five years ago, and since then two other children have come, and I am still enjoying perfect

health Pills from any dealer in medicine, or nothing eise to go on, he must make by mail at 50 cents a boy or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medleine Co., Brockville. Out.

to-him. Evidently he had commenced The net result of Neil's stormy his career of crime in knickerbockers. scene with Laura was to fix him in His principal concern with the mornthe resolve to unravel the mystery of ing editions was to learn what had be-Casper Tolsen's murder on his own come of his young friend. One ac-

The sleuths on the trail of Neil Ottolnal had imprisoned him in an unoc cupied building on Dickson street, where he was found. The boy gave his name as Kid Doty, sixteen, no home. He was discovered tied hand and foot in a vacant room filled with

debris, and overrun with rats. For a long time the pottee could get nothing out of him. Apparently he when he learned that they were already well informed as to all, the movements of Neil Ottoway, he re-

It appears that young Daty aspires to be a detective. Reading in a newsnot the ideal detective, though like paper of how Neil Ottoway had secured a disguise as a stoker he started out to find him on his own account. By a remarkable coincidence he did and shadowed him to the empty house on Dickson street. There the boy, according to his own story, attempted to arrest the fugitive with a rusty revolver, but was overpowered and tied up as described.

under surveillance, narrowly escaped being frustrated by the amateur. There is a strong suspicion, however that

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cerning him was too wild to be printed. of an imagination overheated by dime motion pictures.

This suspicion is lent additional color by the fact that the boy would not or could not carry his tale any further. No amount of questioning would induce him to tell what went on in the empty house during the time that he says he spent there with the fugitive. He seemed to take the pose that the police were his rivals, and made believe that he intended to use whatever evidence he had secured to further his own game! The police were much amused by the youthful would-be sleuth.

and in household work that they over- called for him at police headquarters, At a late hour last night his father look the absolute necessity for that and it transpired that his name was rest and relaxation upon which their really Percy Randall, son of Havihealth depends. The consequence is land Randall, of Meigs, Thorley & Ranthat soon they find their health break- dall, lawyers with offices in Nassau

of children and the affairs, of the may have the effect of discouraging the detective ambitions of young nope-

"True blue"

All the newspapers expressed the

A moment's reflection reassured would arrest him fast enough-if they evidence in the newspaper story that shattered my nerves. Our they were still at sea. Neil's own

In the copious discussion of the Tolsen case reference to his funeral was that same morning. Back and forth in his mind Neil played with the idea of attending it. Of course it would be a foothardy thing to do, the crowd would be larded with detectives; still, sometimes the most foolhardy-appearing act proves in the outcome to have been prudent. If his disguise was sufficient to carry him through; if it

ed soon as late. It was the chance that he might learn something to further his own search that impelled him. He was not unmindful of the morbid attraction the occasion would have for the real murderer. Since he could not work You can get Dr. Williams' Pink upon the terrors of Laura, and he had a start somewhere.

He examined himself in a full-length mirror. The loss of his bold, upstand-

ing thatch he viewed with a sigh; he cherished it. Still it made an extraordinary difference in his appearance. His hair had been his leading motive; people remembered him by it. He could not believe that any one would be able to identify the careless, unconventional artist as the smooth,

ming young man-about-town who faced him, elegantly tapping a cigarette on the back of his chamois-gloved hand. Neil had changed his expression to suit his clothes, too. The round shellrimmed glasses provided the last touch of affectation.

"I wouldn't know myself, if I didn't know it was me," he thought. Besides, the police were still looking for a stoker. . . . Neil de-

cided to go to the funeral. The late Casper Tolsen's address in the east Twenties, a block between Second and Third Avenues, near Cramercy Park. As he turned the corner from Third Avenue he caught his breath in astonishment. He was prepared for the grewsome trappings of woe and for vulgar curiosity; but here was a crowd of thousands of white faces, completely filling the street from wall to wall. A cordon of po-

SMCKE LUCKETTS

ice was required to keep a clear space around the hearse. Moreover, every stoop and window was full, bodies clung precariously to every projecting ledge and every rail,

and heads stuck over the edge of the "This is fame!" thought Neil. "Lord, what a yell would go up if I were exhibited to them!"

He shivered, and for a moment was inclined to beat a retreat. However, as his startled nerves quieted, it suggested itself as the safest place in the world for him. He smiled, remembering his confident hope of picking out the real offender. To mix with such a crowd wiped personal identity out

It was the tail end of a fashionable street, over the dead line of Irving Old-fashioned middle-class dwellings lined each side; there was but the one design of house in the entire block. Hideous respectability was the keynote. The decorative horrors of thirty years ago were still naively displayed within the parlor windows. Neil seized every opportunity that offered to edge himself unobtrusively forward. A waiting crowd is passive; none opposed him. Faces flashed on his consciousness and faded out; fresh and wrinkles, hairy and shaven, resy and sallow, clean and dirty. Here the differences ended; for individuality had been surrendered to the crowd. It was one huge gape centreing on the

hearse. No emotion was suggested save a primitive curiosity. Neil, who had a vital interest in the matter, studied in self-defence to show him the half smile of one admitting would instantly have betrayed him. He a face as blank as the others. Occa- an equal among the crowd of the unsionally he identified a detective by his washed. size or air of officialdem.

Neil finally succeeded in worming of the spectators. He did not care to utterly worthless young male that gized. "I get to wait here awhile." show himself quite in front. Appar- every large city produces in such numall day. At intervals the police with off his graceful limbs admirably, and room," he said, offhand. a concerted effort forced the encroach he displayed a nice taste in habering circle back. In the midst of the dashery, particularly in a cinnamon-silent breath of relief escaped Neil. He



There was nothing to indicate that the occasion of the gathering was the funeral of a man foully murdered. The black-clad driver of the hearse lolled it." on his seat with his elbow supported on his crossed knees, and looked down from his point of vantage with a sneer. Conscious of his importance in the scene like a free citizen he showed his contempt for it. The horses slept. Neil wondered behind which stolld face in the front rank lay guilty knowledge. Nothing showed on the surface.

After an interminable wait the door of the house opened, and a stir passed through the crowd. The bustling undertaker appeared, ushering the coffin borne by six solid husbands and fathers, perspiring and oppressed by selfconsciousness. Neil had a vivid mental picture of what lay within the long, black box. It was thrust in the hearse, the pallbearers meanwhile glancing over their shoulders with much the same uneasy suspicion that royalty has of the mob.

Next appeared a long procession of floral offerings borne by the undertaker's brisk, well-fed young assistants. There were crosses, anchors, wreaths, an open book, a broken column. All these were placed in proud the cinnamon tie continued. "When array in an open carriage preceding he begins to slink along and look guilthe hearse. The cortege moved on a ty the first cop that sees him just na-

A stronger thrill passed through the crowd as the shrouded widow appeared on the top step, supported by her relatives. This was the note of human interest that for the crowd gave relish to the show. Neil regarded her with compassionate interest. Whatever the truth of this confused matter, here at least was an innocent sufferer. This was the climax of the scene.

Pretty seen the crowd began to stir and break up. A large number remained staring fixedly at the house as if they got some subtle emotional satisfaction out of its stone face. Neil was not quite ready to leave

the spot. He found a refuge out of the press in a street-level doorway near the corner, where he could watch the

Neil nodded to him, and sized him deafeningly inside him. up. An easily recognizable type, he himself into the first rank but one decided, the slender, good-looking and if I seemed to crowd you," he apolo-

sneering, yet had a boyish comeliness which recommended him even to one who saw the evil, so potent is the harmony of feature. As in all men of his kidney the pre-

dominant note of him was an immense scorn for all the world. "Huh!" he said for Neil's benefit. indicating the passing crowd with a ned, "the G. A. R. has certainly turned out in force to-day." "G. A. R.?" asked Neil.

"Grand Army of Rubber-Necks. Lord! what a bunch of worm-eaten nuts!" "Weil, we're here, too," said Neil, good-humoredly.

"I got something better to do, I can tell you," returned the other, loftily, "But I got caught in the blame crowd and I can't get out of it." "I see," said Neil. "What do you think of this case, anyhow? I suppose

you read the papers." "Don't think anything of it. A common kind of crime. A guy croaked for his sparkler and his roll. I don't see why they make such a fuss about

"Well, it's a kind of myslery," suggested Neil.

"Mystern nothing! This fellow Ottoway did it. all right. I suppose the poor fool will let the police nab him directly. These fellows have no nerve. Why, anybody could stall off the police if they put their mind to it."

A feeling of resentment stirred Neil against this cock-sure young idler. "Well, what would you do if you were in his place?" he asked, quietly. "Oh, they'd never get hold of me." said the young man confidently, but vaguely.

"Yes, but what would you do?" insisted Neil.

"I wouldn't do anything!" returned the other triumphantly. "That's just where they make a mistake. They run. and naturally somebody takes after them. I'd stay right here and bluff it out."

"Pretty good advice," observed Neil, dryly.

"A man never gets caught till he loses his nerve," the young man with few steps at a time to give place to turally has to take him in. Look a cop square in the eye and he daresn't touch you."

"You seem to know," said Neil. The other favored him with a sharp glance, suspecting ridicule. But Neil's face was bland . Their further talk on the subject was interrupted by a heavy, red-faced man, who struggled out of the crowd and edged himself between them. He turned around and wiped his face with his handkerchief. Semething vaguely familiar in his

aspect made Neil anxious. Naturally he did not want to see any acquaintances just them. Presently the man took off his derby hat to mop his forehead, and Neil saw with a great inward start that it was no other than Officer Hartigan.

Civilian vlothes changed him greatly, faces float by. The other corner of and he had shaved off the noble musthe doorway was already occupied by tache; but it was he. Neil felt that a youth of his own age, who threw the slightest untoward movement remained staring calmly out of his corner, while the alarm bells clanged

ently this crowd was prepared to wait bers nowadays. His well-cut clothes set acid test of his disguise. "Plenty of Neil steeled himself. This was the



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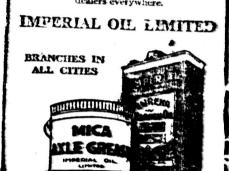
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the cinnamon tie. Neil determined to stay where he was. Once establish his new character in Hartigan's mind and the danger of identification by him was over forever.

The three of them fell into conerse about crowds.

Beats me where they all come from!" said Hartigan "Any little thing'll raise 'em any time a fire, a fight, or a guy in a fit. A fella 'ud think nobody in New York never had to work for a livin'." "Ahh! they're all bugs!" said the young man with the cinnamon tie.

mother's son of them!" "I suppose that's what they'd say about us," observed Neil. "Oh, well, sometimes a man's got a

purpose in foolin' around." Hartigan was portentous.

scornfully. "Crazy as wood-ticks, every

(To be continued.) ----

IN THE INTEREST OF EFFICIENCY

It may be of general interest to the Canadian public to know some examples of the way in which their railways, through the Canadian Paci fic Association for National Defence. are exchanging traffic in the interests of efficiency. In one case the C. P. R. diverted

by way of the Soo Line one thousand cars of freight so as to relieve the north shore of Lake Superior. These cars passed south from Winnipeg to Minneapolis and by way of Sault Ste. Marie into Ontario. They consisted chiefly of grain for domestic consumption in Canada One hundred cars of freight per day

are being diverted from the C.P.R. at Quebec and travelling by way of the National Transcontinental to Halifax. While there is no saving in mileage, this, in the interest of the country. relieves the C. P. R. main line to St. John for classes of export freight more urgently required there. In Toronto an arrangment was such resafully carried out whereby one

hundred and twenty cars of freight eastbound for Montreal were turned over from the C.P.R. to the C. N. R. every day. The Grand Trunk has also diverted season has been diverting one hundred

and fifty to two hundred cars of coal per day to the C.P.R and T. H. & B. in order to lessen the congestion on the Grand Trunk from Niagara frontier to Teronto and other points. The Grand Trunk has als diveted fifty cars per day to the C. N. R. at Toronto.

In Western Canada the Canadian Northern has on several accasions transferred surplus traffic to the sistr railways in the West.

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