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This Paper.

SLEUTH

I got something better to do."

"Well, how about you, Jack?" queried Hartigan, facetiously of Neil. "Ir it's a fair question, what are you doin' in this mob of boobs?"

For a single horrible moment Neil thought the policeman was playing with him. But the expression of slowwitted jocosity was reassuring. This bull of a man was incapable of such subtlety. Neil took inspiration from the thought of his little friend, Kid

"I'm interested in crime," he said with a serious air, "My old man wants me to go into his firm, but I can't see it. Crime is the only thing I like to work at. I follow all the big trials, I keep the newspaper elippings. Some day maybe I'll write a book, or start a detective agency."

Neil's good clothes had already in spired Hartigan with respect, and the suggestion of a well-to-do father was not lost on him. "You're right," said agreeably. "Crime is very teresting when it ain't fed to you too

Thank God for a stupid policeman," thought Neil. The street was now clearing rapidly. and there was no further excuse for

the three to linger. They strolled to the corner. "Come and have one on me," suggested Neil. Both the others looked pleased, Harfigan wiped his mouth with the back

of his hand in anticipation. "it's real hot for the season," he deprecated. They lost no time in lining up before the nearest mahogany rail. As a result of the excitement around the

corner the place was doing a glorious

business. When they were served Har-

tigan elevated his glass. 'Here's to the corpse that brought us together!" he said. "May he rest Presently he became aware that

Like everybody else in the vicinity, they fell into the talk of the crime and the clusive criminal. No striking new thoughts were brought out. Neil was hardened by now, and took his gwn name in vain as freely as anybody else. From the crime they passed naturally to the police.

"That's all a bluff about the police

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Every soldier shaves

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atmosphere and a

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gift of the hour.

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for the whole job.

"As I was telling this fellow here, I | having Neil Ottoway under surveilgot caught," said the other young man. lance, pointed the young man with the cinnamon tie in his scornful way. Neil smiled inwardly. Hartigan bristled, but managed to keep himself in for the moment.

"The police ain't got no show," he said. "Nobody won't leave them alone." "Ahh, they're a lot of boobs, anyhow," said the young man rashly. Hartigan exploded. "You could be run in for that!" he cried, pounding the rail. "Insulting an officer in the performance of his duty! Who are you to be criticiaing the finest body of men on God's footstool? A cigaretteholder, a hallroom boy? I've a mind to take you out and turn you over to the

officer on the beat!" The scornful one gradually wilted. His sallow complexion took on a greenish tinge.

"Ahh! I didn't know that you - I didn't mean anything by it," he mur-

Hartigan glared at him, preparatory to another blast. The young man murmured comething about having to see 3 friend, and faded away. Hartigan's indignation died down in

subterranean rumblings. . "Finest force in the world! Young big-mouth! I'll lay you he has good reason to respect the force. You observed the way he made tracks when he saw that

He stopped and devoted himself to his glass, feeling perhaps that he had said too much. "So you're on the force," said Neil.

"Yes-no-that is, not exactly." Hartigan was a trifle flustered. "Oh, I don't mind telling a friend," he went on. "To tell you the truth, I resigned yesterday. All a self-respecting man could do. The force is all right, mind you. It's them that knocks it that's rotten. Anybody that knocks the police force is a-" Hartigan made a reflection on their parentage and spat fervently. "Magistrates, reformers, newspaper reporters and suffer-

Under Neil's unstinted sympathy the ill-used ex-policeman expanded like a flower in the sun. "Say, do you know who I am?"

asked at last with an impressive air. "No," said Neil. "I'm Hartigan, the guy who arrested Neil Ottoway the night before last for burglary!

No!" gasped Neil, wondering a little if he were not dreaming this topsyturvy situation. The ex-policeman's eyes were turned inward on his grievances, and there was little danger of a recognition now.

"Yes, sir, arrested him and took him to court, and there they let him slip through their fingers! Did you ever hear the like? Let him walk right out of the front door! And then blamed me for it. And suspended me yesterday without a hearing!" He forgot that he had said "resigned."

"A rotten shame!" murmured Neil. 'Yes, sir, it hurte!" said Hartigan. I made friends with him, see? A nice, decent-appearing young chap for an artist. Ain't got much use for that lot. They ought to be put to work. I say. But I talked to him squarely and friendly, and saved him the end seat in the wagon. This is what I get for

'There's ingratitude!" said Neil. "Well, I got a little money put by," Hartigan went on, "and I'm willing to spend every cent of it to bring him in again. I'm doin' a bit of detective work of my own. Shaved off me moustache to disguise meself. That's why I watched the funeral to-day."

"You're sure Ottoway did it?" inquired Neil. "Sure am I?" said Hartigan sur-

prised. "Owed him his rent and all. And him with a big diamond and a roll! And the body found in his room and all. Who else could have done it?" "Oh, it's clear enough. Too damn clear. Makes me think there must be

something behind. My knowledge of

crime makes me think nothing is ever the way it looks "ke." "Well, now, that's so." Hartigan was impressed. "What's your idea?" "I haven't any," Neil confessed "Only the police have been so busy looking for Neil Ottoway they haven't looked into the crime at all. You - decent young fellow.

"Seemed like." Lou want and the diamond or the roll of bills on him. The papers said he was poverty-stricken."

'Maybe he salted it away." "What do you want to waste your time for looking for Neil Ottoway? There are eleven thousand police after him. If you could prove somebody else committed the crime that would square you, wouldn't it?"

"Sure! But-" "Well, it's worth looking into, isn't it? Take that telephone message. His wife told the police somebody called him up the evening he was killed, and he seemed pleased with the message. Why should he be pleased to hear from Neil Ottoway? He dressed and went out. Why should he take the trouble to dries up? Now, it would be easy for anybody who knew the ropes to trace the source of that telephone call. Also the telegram his wife got later."

By God, you're raht, son!" ex-

wer, more candid than the others, told him with some heat. Neither would the humbler vendors of soft drinks, popcorn, salt-water taffy or hot dogs listen to him.

was a certain sentience in the

"You know too much for me!" one

At the end of two hours he gave up, or at least retired temporarily to take counsel with himself. He went off to one of the narrow stretches of beach still left clear of underpinning, and sat down to beat some idea out of his dejected brain. The alternative of walking ten miles back to town on an empty stomach was not an enlivening

He was surrounded by various groups and single figures resting in the sand. Exhausted by the interdiffidently. "You say you're interested minable promenade on the pavements above, they came down here and stared helplessly out to sea. That, at least, didn't cost anything.

claimed Hartigan, "There's work for

"I say, fellow," Hartigan observed

in this case. Why can't you and me

work together on it? Now I'm a good

policeman. If there's any stick-work wanted, I'm right there with the goods. But I wasn't cut out for no

detective bureau. I ain't got naturally a suspicioning nature. Suppose we

get together to-morrow, after I look

"Where'll it be?" asked Hartigan

"How about Union Square, nine a.

CHAPTER IX.

Neil's double activities - keeping

out of the hands of the police himself

while he solved the Tolsen mystery

for them, bade fair to be brought to

a standstill by the lack of munitions.

He was reduced to a ten-cent piece,

and dinner time coming on as usual.

After parting from Hartigan he

walked the streets ingering his lonely

coin, and debating how to lay it out

He finally decided to stake all on a

trip to Coney Island. This day, Sat-

urday, it had been widely announced

in the newspapers, would see the offic-

ial opening of the summer season.

Moreover, the American sun was do-

ing worthily, and a northeast breeze

was making the waste-paper dance in

the gutters of the cross streets. There

was sure to be a crowd. Strange,

thought Neil, if in the grand resump-

tion of the Metropolis of Diversion, he

Shortly after noon he was set down

in Surf avenue with a hungry and de-

termined eye. That unreasonable

street was running under a full head

of insanity. In the pitiless sunlight

the temporary buildings in their prem-

ature decrepitude, and the permanent

buildings in their pert dressiness out-

vied each other in ugliness. The

clangor of trolley cars and automo-

biles, the music of a hundred pianos

roller coasters and the shricks of the

and steam melodions, the roar of the

passengers all combined to shatter the

ears. More persuasive than the rack-

et was the soft scuttle of thousands of

leathern soles on the pavement, and

the rustle of the creatures' clothes.

couldn't find a job.

tertainment.

pleasure!" thought Neil.

in order to insure the largest winnings.

Prompt measures were called for.

m., on a bench near the Lincoln

"Sure thing!" said Neil.

up this clue? Are you on?"

shook hands on it.

statue?

"O. K.!"

me! I'll do it now!"

raising his glass.

"Here's luck to you!"

The sculptor in Neil began to stir again. He had been deprived of his work for two days, and it seemed as many years. What models!—and a medium ready to his hand, too. Nearest him lay a corpulent gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion sleeping on his back, with his large new shoes pointing stiffly to heaven, and his hands clasped tightly on his equator. Evidently he was taking no chances with his rings while he slept.

"Effigy of a Twentieth Century Knight," thought Neil, with a chuckle, and his hands began involuntarily to shape the damp sand. "No sculptor ever dared depict a man like that," he told himself, vaingloriously, and for the moment forgot all about the Tolsen murder, the police, even his insistent hunger. When, presently, he sat back to sur-

vey his handiwork, the spell was broken by a titter of applause behind him. He was startled to observe that a semi-circle of admirers had gathered without his being aware. There they stood grinning and craning their necks. The thought flashed through Neil's

mind: "You fool! to give yourself away like this!" However, he was careful to betray no agitation. Half expecting a detaining hand to fall on his shoulder he nonchalantly got up and sauntered away, losing

himself quickly among the piles of a building extending out over the beach. He walked half a mile down the shore and back again without receiving any inspiration as to how his necessities might be relieved. Neil, like all self-confident young men would not concede that circumstances might be too much for him-but self-confidence began to be put to a strain. The situation resolved itself into a horribly simple formula, viz., to eat one must have money. No amount of ingenuity was of any avail to change it.

On his return he came to a little crowd gathered on the sand, and idly joined the edge of it. From the centre issued a voice: "-just a natural born gift. Never

took no lessons in modeling. Didn't want any. In the art school they make you put in every little thing just The invariable crowd surged slowly so, and all elegant and smooth like. up and down, showing weary, sated! That don't suit my style. That may faces, wistful in the quest of real en- be art, but there's no imagination in it. Imagination is what counts with "We have an odd way of taking our me. It's imagination makes you see

joke. Friends, I don't claim to be no To make a pretty long story short, regular artist, but only a man like

their heads. Though he had put his | Neil's idle curiosity gave place to shell-rimmed spectacles in his pocket amazement, and then in turn to indig- ing around. at the beginning, still his cothes made nation. Looking about him he saw barrel. I made this myself for my him out a bit too fine for their pur- that he had returned to the spot where pleasure. You'd better get your money poses. More than his clothes, per- he had left his effigy, and gradually back."

Thousands Testify to the Lasting Benefit Secured From

CURES WITHOUT DRUGS!

One of the finest discoveries in medicine was given to the public when Catarrhozone was placed on the market about fifteen years ago. Since then thousands have been cured of asthma and catarrh. An interesting case is reported from Calgary in a letter from Creighton E. Thompson,

"Nothing too strong can be said for Catarrhozone. I suffered four years from asthma in a way that would beggar description. I went through everything that man could suffer. I was told of Catarrhozone by a clerk in Findlay's drug store, to sidle toward him. In spite of him. and purchased a dollar package. It was worth hundreds to me in a week, and I place a priceless value pect, on the benefit I have since derived. strongly urge every sufferer to use Catarrhozone for Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh.

The one-dollar package lasts two menths; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c; all storekeepers and druggists, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

realized that it must be his own work which provided the excuse for this harangue on art.

Once more forgetting prudence, he pushed his way into the circle to confound this robber of his fame. He saw a spare, middle-sized

clad in a faded yellow suit of youthful cut, several seasons old. youthful grace clung to him still. though he was middle-aged and faded like the suit. His eyes gleamed and danced with the wary, mocking light of the quack, the chariatan, the spellbinder. Speech ran from him like water from a tap. He had an old whisk-broom and a pail of water, and while he talked he dipped the one in the other and sprinkled the sand model as a florist sprays his flowers.

Beside the effigy he had spread piece of wrapping paper, weighed down around the edge with sand. On it dropped pennies, nickels and an occas-

"Sorry I can't show you the original ing over yonder when I done it. When he woke up and saw himself, maybe he wasn't hot under the collar—oh, no! Not a bit! Wanted to fight me, he did, but he was too fat. Then he offive-spot to give you a little fun!'

Neil furiously angry, stepped for-Neil was completely unsuccessful in yourselves what sees the funny side of ward and stamped out the figure. The his search for a job. 'The proprietors life. Stand back a little fur-exhibitor with movement swift as a of beer-gardens, bath-houses, scenic ther. You can see better when you cat's, swept up the money on the paper he railways, merry-go-rounds and side ain't so close. Don't forget the poor and fell back warily. A loud murmur air. shows looked him over and shook artist!" "The man is a liar!" said Neil, glar-

"eH couldn't model a

and strode up an incline pier overhead. The cra

jeering. He did not see what of the man in the yellow suit Neil walked out on the way. There was a show g at the end, but the long ap almost deserted. There we against the railing on either h waiters flitted to and from as signs everywhere informed the lic that all seats were tree, Neil tured to sit down with his back to

himself heartily for his folly. only by the grace of God there wasn't detective in that crowd Fat chance you have of keeping out of their hand if you're going to lose your head easily as that!"

some one was watching him from behind. He steeled himself to meet Glancing over the rail, he trouble. measured the distance to the sand below. Say twenty feet; it could be done, he decided, and it would take a bit of nerve to follow that way. He took a fair look over his shoulder at him some relief that it was no detective, but the same fellow in vellow enit.

As soon as Neil's eye met his man grinned sheepishly, and began sel Neil found something taking in

the rascal's worn, sharp, cheery "Excuse me, mister," said the man in yellow silkily. "No offense taken or meant. You and me ought to have

little talk." Without waiting for an answer from Neil, he slid into the seat posite.

(To be continued.)

PALE, LISTLESS GIRLS

Are in a Condition That May Load to a Hopeless Decline.

Perhaps you have noticed that your daughter in her "teens" has developed a fitful temper, is often restless and excitable without apparent cause. In that case remember that the march of years is leading her onto womanhood, and that at this time a great responsibility rests upon you as mother. If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness and sion, feels tired out after a little exertion; if she tells you of headaches and backaches, or pain in the side do not disregard these warnings. daughter needs the help that new, rich blood can give for she anaemic-that is bloodless.

Should you notice any of these signs.

ose no time, but procure for her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or her unmodel of this here guy. He was sleeps healthy girlhood is bound to lead to unhealthy womanhood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enrich the impoverished blood of girls and women, and by so doing they repair the waste and prevent disease. They give to sickly. fered me a five-spot to let him beat it drooping girls health, brightness and up, but I turned him down. So he charm, with color in the cheeks. beat it. Don't forget the poor oartist, sparking eyes, a light step and high friends. Remember I turned down a spirits. If your daughter shows any signs of anaemia insist that she begins to-day to cure herself by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Miss Grace E. Haskins, Latchford, Ont., says:-"It would be impossible for me to speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago my health was such that my parents were seriously alarmed. I was pale, listiess and constantly tired. I suffered much from headaches, and my trouble was aggravated by a bad cough. I tried several medicines, but to no avail, and my friends thought I was in a decline. Then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended and my mother got three boxes. They were the first medicine that really helped me, and a further supply was got and I continued taking them for several months until they completely cured me. To-day, thanks to Dr. Williams'

> may benefit by it." You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for 2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-

Pink Pills, I am as healthy as any

girl in Northern Ontario, and I am

giving my experience that other girls

CAT FINDS LEAK

Ingenious Plumber's Rose Was a Success.

"There are more ways than one to kill a cat," says an old proverb, and there are more ways than one to use a cat," is the new reading. Here is an illustration:

A plumber was called upon to locate a supposed leak in a ten story tenement house. After a day's cogitation and sundry profitless soundings and snifflings, he finally hit upon a plan. He went to a drug store and bought ten cents' worth of finid extract of valerian-commonly called catnip. Then he took the elevator to the top floor and poured the valerian diluted with water down the drain. Half an hour later he took a cat and visited each floor in turn.

The cat exhibited no interest until a room- in the seventh storey was reached. Then, with a bound, it sprang from his arms and began to paw the wall, mewing loudly. A hole was made in the wall and there, sure enough, was the leak. That plumber deserves to make a

fortune from his ingenuity.

WHEN?

We are going to do a kindly deed, Sometime perhaps, but when?
Our sympathy give in a time of need,
Some time, perhaps, but when?
We will do much in the coming year:
We will banish the heartaches and
doubts and tears,

And will comfort the lonely and dry their Sometime, perhaps, but when? We will give a smile to a saddened heart.

Some time, perhaps, but when? Of the heavy burdens we'll share a part. Some time, perhaps, but when? Some time were going to right the wrong; Some time the weak we will help make strong: Some time we'll come with Love's ald sweet song. Some time, perhaps, but when?



GREENSHIELDS AVENUE. - -