

SMOKE TACKETTS  
**ORINOCO**  
 CUT FINE FOR CIGARETTES - CUT COARSE FOR PIPE

# THE SLEUTH

"I don't blame you for going up in the air like you did," he went on. "Artists are always touchy. You can't tell me. I'm my business to manage artists. I've had twenty years' experience with artists and I guess I know the real thing."

Neil bowed ironically.

"Artist! There was the original Fattina now, the Oriental dancer. Why she blackened the eyes of every manager she had had but me. That woman had an arm! But when she began to tear loss I'd just say to her, 'Fatty, my dear, I just love to see you lose your temper, because then I know you're going to give a good show.' And she'd close right up! All you want to handle artists is tact!"

He grinned delightfully, and for the life of him Neil could not help grinning back.

"I want to tell you I wouldn't appropriate no man's art as my own," the other went on, much encouraged, "except, of course, to fool the public, and that's legitimate, according to the greatest showman of us all. Not if I had a chance to make a deal with the artist. But when I find it lying around loose and unregarded, as you might say, and just asking to be exhibited, car you blame me? Now, honest, can you?"

"Why, when I come by on the beach the boobies were just gazing your model, didn't know no better. So I up and told 'em how good it was—with tact, you understand. Of course I had to let on I did it or they wouldn't have understood my game, and if they wanted to toss me a little change, I couldn't very well toss it back. But of course I want to do the square. I took in eighty-three cents. Here's forty-two. It would have been good for five bones before dark if you hadn't busted it."

Though he called himself a fool while he did it, Neil's pride forced him to shove the money back. At the same time the other man's scrupulousness caused him to feel a little ashamed of his display of temper.

"Keep it!" he said. "I didn't do it for money."

The other man thankfully pocketed the money. Said he:

"Every little bit helps, as the old woman said when the fly got in the currant pudding. I'm a showman by trade and down on my luck. I ask

"Tain't charity! You're giving an honest show."

"Can't be done, old man."

"There's the artistic temperament for you!" wailed Archie.

He spent half an hour in arguing the matter cunningly.

"Sorry," said Neil at last. "I need the money worse than you. But I couldn't give them the satisfaction of thinking they had been charitable to me."

"Oh, you want to hire a hall!" Archie snorted.

He sat biting his fingers and thinking hard, the picture of resourcefulness hard pressed. For the moment he was quite unaware of his companion. Neil rejoiced in the individual flavor of the man. His hand involuntarily sought his pencil, and the blank look in the middle began to be transferred to the deal table. The jaunty air of the young-old showman teased him.

Archie, all unaware of his occupation, asked bluntly: "Have you any money?"

"Not a sou," said Neil cheerfully. "Can't you suggest something?"

"You're the manager," Neil suggested.

Suddenly Archie perceived what Neil was doing, and his eye lighted up. "Can you draw, too?" he cried. He hastened around the table to see better. "Yes, sir! There he is, the seedy old guy! And done in two minutes! Oh, you can keep that up we're all right! That's better than messing in the sand."

"You wouldn't mind doing portraits for money, would you? No shame in that."

"But I can't do straight portraits," objected Neil. "Only character sketches. They make most people sore."

"Not if you prepare their minds right!" cried Archie enthusiastically. "You can prepare the public's mind for anything—with tact! That's my job. Leave it to me, son!"

"How do you propose to operate?" Neil inquired, interested.

"I'll hire a concession on Surf Ave.—just space enough for a couple of chairs off the sidewalk. I have a place in mind alongside a hot-dog stand. I'll have to give up half what we take because I can't pay in advance, but I'll make a better dickler to-morrow. All you got to do is set there and draw to beat hell. Little funny pictures, that's all. I'll bring the business to you."

Archie's sharp eyes discovered a hand-bill blowing under a nearby table. He pounced on it. "Draw one of me on the back of that," he said. "For a sample, like. Never mind my feelings."

Neil obeyed. As he handed over the completed sketch he said:

"Mind, I don't agree to anything in advance. We'll just give it a trial to-day."

"Sure!" cried Archie. "Wait here till I get back."

He returned with triumph in his eyes. "Come on!" he said. "We'll get them before they spend all their money."

Five minutes later Neil was hard at work in the odor of sizzling sausages. The first sitter, a gentleman of leisure, had been secured by the outlay of a dime. He was a good subject. Meanwhile Archie mounted on a soap-box outside and opened his song.

"Here's your chance to get a funny pitcher of yourself by one of the greatest comic artists! I won't tell you his name because he's too well known, but wait a minute, and I'll show you what he makes of this good-lookin' feller sittin' here. You've all seen his comics in the Sunday papers. Children cry for them. Only one doctor ordered up a chance to get a funny pitcher of yourself by the best cartoonists for the small sum of twenty-five cents, two bits. Quarter of a dollar, friends, think of it! It's as good as gettin' your pitcher in the pocket of a doctor. Anybody who's stuck on his job, better not try it. But if you like a joke, come on. Look what he did to me! Ain't that a scream, folks? No matter how handsome you are, I guarantee you a funny pitcher of yourself for quarter of a dollar, or twenty-five cents!"

The samples held up excited laughter, and a fat man promptly offered himself for a victim. After that there was no lack. Archie, excited by success, outdid himself. His "spiel," always in the process of selection, amendment and amplification, improved hourly like any other. He thoughtfully considered work of art. Neil, listening to it grow, laughed, and admired. He saluted his new friend as a genuine protégé of the comic muse.

With only the briefest possible pause for supper, they kept it up until nearly eleven o'clock, when the crowd was beginning to thin out, and what remained had spent all its money anyhow.

Archie stepped down from the box, holding in his larynx. "Voice all gone," he croaked. "Let's call it a day. I don't want to kill you first off."

"What are the takings?"

"Eleven fifty. I agreed to pay half the receipts for the stand up to three dollars only, so we split for twenty-five to each. Not so bad, eh?"

"They were worth more than a quarter," said Neil, frowning. "I hated to see the artistic temperament!"

"There's the artistic temperament!" groaned Archie reproachfully. "Grasping, I call it!"

"They didn't know how good they were," Neil grumbled.

"But I know," said Archie artfully. "The artist's fellow on the New York Jingo can touch you! To-morrow we'll do twice as well!"

Now, Neil, thankful enough that no accident had occurred, was not disposed to put himself in jeopardy a second day. Was not his talent for tartare part of the description in the hands of the police? He regretfully shook his head.

"What's the matter now?" Archie demanded, crestfallen.

"I can't do it, old man."

The showman by his adroit argument finally got Neil in a corner. "It's too public, that's why!" he explained at last in desperation.

Archie suddenly fell silent, regarding Neil sideways out of his wary, bright eyes. With a flash of uncanny perspicacity he asked abruptly: "Are they after you?"

Neil, off his guard, could not help a startled look. He saw that the sharp eyes marked it, so he didained to dissemble.

Archie continued to watch him narrowly. The frankfurter man had put away his stock and doused his lights, so that the two were standing in partial obscurity, and alone.

"By God! I have it!" whispered Archie excitedly. "With your modeling and your drawing, you're Neil Ottaway!"

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**Above Analysis**

Women wish to be loved without a why or a wherefore; not because they are pretty or good, or well bred, or graceful, or intelligent, but because they are themselves. All analysis seems to them to imply a loss of consideration, a subordination of their personality to something which dominates and measures it. They will have none of it, and their instinct is just. As soon as we can give a reason for a feeling we are not longer under the spell of it; we weigh, we compare, we are free, at least, in principle. Love just always remains a fascination, a witchery, if the empire of woman is to endure. Love must always seem to us unadvisable, insoluble, superior to all analysis, if it is to preserve that appearance of infinity, of something supernatural, and miraculous which makes its chief beauty.—Amel.

## Pale and Feeble But Now Well Again

**Mlle. Richer Expresses Gratitude to DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

Tells How With the Impurities Cleared From Her Blood, She Found a New Lease of Health.

St. George de Windsor, Que., May 20.—(Special)—Grateful for the splendid results she has obtained from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, Mlle. Marie-Anne Richer, a well-known resident of this place, is telling the good news of her friends.

"I am happy to recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all the world," Mlle. Richer states. "I was pale and feeble and my blood was filled with impurities, but after taking some boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I feel that I am cured."

"I am grateful for the marvelous effects obtained from Dodd's Kidney Pills. If the kidneys are not doing their work of straining the impurities out of the blood the circulation becomes clogged, and sickness is bound to develop. The natural way to cure such sickness is to cure the kidneys. The cured kidneys cleanse the blood of the impurities, the seeds of disease and the result is good circulation and good health all over the body."

Thousands of other women in Canada join with Mlle. Richer in telling the splendid results obtained from Dodd's Kidney Pills as a kidney remedy.

## Entire Dinner In One Dish

With the aid of vegetables it is quite possible to have an entire dinner in one dish—a dinner that is wholesome, nutritious and very palatable. Here are a few recipes with fish chowder? Here is the recipe: It is enough for a family of five:

1½ pounds fish (use moderate-priced varieties, such as cod, haddock or flat fish).

9 potatoes, peeled and cut in small pieces.

1 onion, sliced.

2 cups carrots, cut in pieces.

3 cups milk.

Pepper.

1 tablespoon fat.

1½ tablespoons cornstarch.

Cook vegetables until tender. Add fat—mix cornstarch with one-half cup of the cold milk and stir in the liquid in the pot to thicken. Add the rest of the milk and the fish which has been removed from the bones and cut in small pieces. Cook until the fish is tender, about 10 minutes. Serve hot.

## FLY TIME IS COMING.

In attacking the fly menace, man's reliance should, of course, be the prevention of fly breeding. Nevertheless, it is important to deal with swarms, swat, attack and poison the pests wherever they may be found.

In U. S. Hygienic Laboratory Bulletin No. 108, Professors Phelps and Stevenson describe experimental studies with various kinds of fly-destroying agents, and give the following as their conclusions:

"The use of muscicides or fly poison preparations has many distinct advantages over the methods of combating fly nuisance within the household. A serious drawback to this method has heretofore been the extremely poisonous character of the substance available and the consequent danger, especially to children, attending their use."

"A somewhat comprehensive survey has been made of other chemical substances having a possible muscidicidal properties with a view to substituting them for the arsenic preparations now commonly employed."

"This study has necessitated the development of an experimental technique for the determination of relative muscidicidal efficiencies of various preparations. The procedure developed and permit the determination of a relative coefficient, one-thousandth normal sodium arsenite, serving as a standard basis of comparison."

"Of the substance frequently recommended, potassium dichromate and quatsis syrup have been found to be of high value. Formaldehyde, on the other hand, when properly employed, has been found to be much more efficient than the standard arsenic solution. The studies have indicated the most efficient strength of the formaldehyde solution to be from 0.5 to 1 per cent, which is equivalent to 0.5 to 1 per cent of the 40 per cent solution sold as formalin."

"A muscicide of almost equal efficiency and of distinctly superior qualities in many ways has been found in the substance sodium salicylate, a 1 per cent aqueous solution of which is recommended. This can be approximately 100 times as strong as three teaspoonsful of sodium salicylate in a pint of water."

Since so many suffer disappointment, hoping to economize by buying cheap tea, it should be pointed out that inferior tea is actually an extravagance, since a pound of Salsola yields so many cups and, besides, has that delicious flavor.

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