

BEWARE THE COUGH OR COLD THAT HANGS ON

Chronic coughs and persistent colds lead to serious trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified crocodile that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medical discovery with two-fold action, it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and kills the germ.

Of all known drugs, crocodile is recognized by medical authorities as one of the greatest healing agencies for persistent coughs and colds and other forms of throat troubles. Creomulsion contains, in addition to crocodile, other healing elements which soothe and heal the inflamed membranes and stop the irritation and inflammation, while the crocodile goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and destroys the germs that lead to consumption.

Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of chronic coughs and colds, bronchial asthma, catarrhal bronchitis and other forms of throat and respiratory diseases, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or flu. Money refunded if any cough or cold is not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist. Creomulsion Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Adv.

A Surprise

People are surprised at the quick action of simple buckthorn bark, magnum sulphur, and a little creomulsion mixed in Adierka. This removes stomach GAS in ten minutes and brings out a surprising amount of old poisons matter you never thought was in your system.

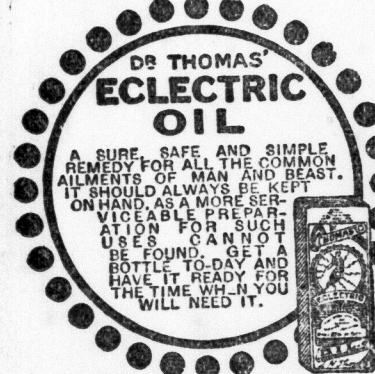
No matter what you have tried for stomach trouble or constipation, Adierka is so wonderful in its quick action that you will be astonished. This excellent intestinal evacuant stops that full, bloated feeling and makes you enjoy eating. Don't waste time with pills or tablets, but get REAL Adierka action today! The Standard Drug, Limited.—Adv.

PIMPLES ITCHED ALL THE TIME

Face and Arms Covered,
Could Not Sleep at Night.
Cuticura Heals.

"My face and arms were covered with pimples and blackheads. The pimples were hard and red and scaled over. They itched and burned all the time, and I could not sleep at night. My face looked so badly that people talked about it. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using it I got relief so purchased more and in two weeks I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Muriel Jollymore, Lower Wentworth, Nova Scotia.

Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura Soap with touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed to soothe and heal. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant and refreshing. Sample each free by Mail. Address: Canadian Depot, "Cuticura," Ltd., Montreal, P. Q. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.



Westinghouse

RADIO tubes need renewal just like the oil or spark plugs in your motor. You will be surprised to hear how the latest type of Westinghouse Radio Tubes will increase your enjoyment. Made for every type of socket and every kind of service. Look for the Westinghouse trademark and be sure of the genuine.

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY
Limited
Hamilton - Ontario

Radio Tubes

WESTINGHOUSE RADIO TUBES SOLD BY
WM. GURD & CO.
185 DUNDAS STREET

WESTINGHOUSE RADIO TUBES SOLD BY
W.M. Phillips
288 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON. PHONE 1026.
CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE RADIO TUBES SOLD BY
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The Dream Detective

By SAX ROHMER

"Ah! you wag your head. I knew you would wag your head! But beware that your brains do not rattle. That is what I hear, and this is the thing in the mind of the murderer at the moment that he does the murder—a chord in G Minor, Mr. Grimsby! I, the up to date investigator, and this chord intrigues me. Why? Because it is not a playable—yet it is a chord upon a piano."

"Not playable!" Grimsby exclaimed.

"Not playable, my friend, except by a man having enormous hands! And also, except by one having enormous hands."

"This is what I first perceive when I see his body, and that you have perceived also. I myself, have large hands, but although I try I cannot span within inches of the monster who kills him. And so, when I hear this chord, and I question and I try and I find that it cannot be played by any normal hand, I listen for him. And to him I have one other clue—a hashish cigarette!" Grimsby muttered.

"I said hashish, my friend—a cigarette containing the drug Indian hemp. A kind of cigarette very rarely met in England. In that astray, among a dozen others, I detect it immediately. It is not strange. Where did he get it? For this I wait. He is drawn to the place of the murder? It is why, when I hear of the house-warming, I plan to go. Perhaps it is accident—perhaps something else."

"He was a mad genius, that Skobolev. He tries to know supreme emotion, that he may write supreme music. But his compositions cannot live—for no other man can play them, on the piano at any rate. Where did he get the poor Weibey? Who can say? Perhaps they were acquainted, perhaps they met in the street. Weibey was the Bohemian. He invites Skobolev into the Bohemian. Good! There could be no evidence. It was his opportunity—to know the emotion of murder and to get safe away."

"Tonight, in the studio, at last I hear again my dream chord—the chord in G, in G Minor, yet when I telephone to you, my good Grimsby, you think I am the old fool. I say, 'Hurry to Chelsea. I await.' You obey, but you reject. I say, 'When at the place, we go. I send the message, "the clock is in the corner." Enter.' You enter and you permit the stranger to escape the law."

He shrugged, stooped to where his brown shoes rested upon the floor beside him, took out the scent spray and squirted verberna upon his forehead. "I have the hot brain," he explained. "It is the activity. But yours, my friend"—turning to Grimsby—"is as cool as a lemon."

EIGHTH EPISODE
Case of the Headless Mummies.
CHAPTER I.
The mysteries which my eccentric friend, Morris Klaw, was most successful in handling undoubtedly were those which had their origin in kinks of the human brain or in the mysterious history of some relic of ancient times.

I have seen his theory of the Cycle of Crime proved triumphantly time and time again: I have known him successfully demonstrate how the history of a valuable gem or curio automatically repeats itself, subject, it would seem, to that obscure law of chance into which he had made particular inquiry. Then his peculiar power—assiduously cultivated by a course of obscure study—of recovering from the atmosphere the other, call it what you will, the thought-form—the ideas thrown out by the scheming mind of the criminal he sought for—enabled him to succeed where any ordinary investigator must inevitably have failed.

"They destroy," he would say in his odd, rumbling voice, when clumsy tools of their crime, they hide away the knife, the bludgeon; they sop up the blood, they throw it, the jenny, the dead man, the suffocated poor infant, into the ditch, the pool—and they leave intact the odic negative, the photograph of their sin, the thought thing in the air!" He would tap his high yellow brow significantly. "Here upon this sensitive plate I reproduce it, the hanging evidence! The headless child."

Speak of Pettigrew the collector; he lives out Wandsworth way; he's one of our trustees. Well, some demented burglar broke into his house last night, took nothing, but cut off the head of a valuable mummy!"

"Good heavens!" I cried. "What an original idea!"

"Highly so," agreed Coram. "The police are hopelessly mystified, and as I know you are keen on this class of copy I thought you might like to run down and have a chat with Pettigrew. Shall I tell him you are coming?"

"By all means," I said, and made an arrangement forthwith.

Accordingly about eleven o'clock, I presented myself at a gloomy Georgian house standing well back from the high road and screened by an unkempt shrubbery. Mr. Mark Pettigrew, a familiar figure at Sotheby's auctions, was a little shriveled man, clean-shaven, and with the complexion of a dried apricot. His big spectacles seemed to occupy a great proportion of his face, but his eyes twinkled merrily and his humor was as dry as his appearance.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Searles," he said. "You've had some experience of the out, I believe, and where two constables, and a plain-clothes gentleman who looked like a horse have merely upset my domestic arrangements, you may be able to make some intelligent suggestion."

He conducted me to a large gloomy room in which relics, principally Egyptian, were arranged and ticketed with museum-like precision. Before a wooden sarcophagus containing the swathed figure of a mummy he stopped, pointing. He looked as though he had come out of an ancient Egyptian corpse.

"Hor-an-ku," he said, "a priestess of Sekhet; a very fine specimen. Mr. Searles was present when it was found. See—here is her head!"

Stooping, he picked up the head of the mummy. Very cleanly and scientifically it had been unwrapped and severed from the trunk. It smelt strongly of bitumen, and the shriveled

features reminded me of nothing so much as of Mr. Mark Pettigrew.

"Did you ever hear of a more senseless thing?" he asked. "Come over and look at the window where he got in."

We crossed the dark apartment, and the collector drew my attention to a round hole which had been drilled in the glass of one of the French windows opening on a kind of miniature prairie which once had been a lawn.

"I am having shutters fitted," he went on. "It is so easy to cut a hole in the glass and open the catch of these windows."

"Very easy," I agreed. "Was anyone disturbed?"

"No one," he replied, excitedly; "that's the insane part of the thing. The burglar, with all the night before him and with cases containing portable and really priceless objects about him, contented himself with decapitating the priestess. What on earth did he want her head for? Whatever he wanted it for, why the devil didn't he take it?"

We stared at each other awhile. "I fear," said Pettigrew, "I have been guilty of injustice to my horse visitor, the centaur. You look as stupid as the worst of us."

"I feel stupid," I said.

"You are!" Pettigrew assured me with cheerful impudence. "So am I, so are the police; but the biggest fool of the lot is the fool who came here last night and cut off the head of my mummy."

That, then, is all which I have occasion to relate regarding the first of these mysterious outrages. It was quite unable to propound any theory covering the facts, to Pettigrew's evident annoyance; he assured me that I was very stupid, and insisted upon opening a magnum of champagne. I then returned to my room, and since reflection upon the subject promised to be unprofitable, had dismissed it from my mind, when some time during the evening Inspector Grimsby rang me up from the Yard.

"Hullo, Mr. Searles," he said; "I hear

you called on Mr. Pettigrew this morning?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Did anything strike you?"

"No; were you on the case?"

"I wasn't on the case then, but I'm on it now."

"How's that?"

"Well, there's been another mummy beheaded in Sotheby's auction room!"

CHAPTER II.

I knew quite well what was expected of me.

"Where are you speaking from?" I asked.

"The auction rooms."

"I will meet you there in an hour," I said, "and bring Morris Klaw if I can find him."

"Good," replied Grimsby, with much satisfaction in his voice. "This case ought to be right in his line."

I chartered a taxi and proceeded without delay to the insalubrious neighborhood of Wapping Old Stairs. At the head of the blind alley which harbors the Klaw emporium I directed the man to wait. The gloom was very feebly dispelled by a wavering gaslight in the shed-like front of the shop. River noises were about me. Somewhere a drunken man was singing. An old lady who looked like a pantomime dame was critically examining a mahogany chair with only half a back, which formed one of the exhibits displayed before the establishment.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

WALTER LEAGUE.
Tavistock, Dec. 16.—The annual meeting of the Weather League of Wellington street Lutheran church elected as officers and committees: President, Ross Phillips; vice-president, Miss Selma Welcker; secretary, Miss G. Merklinger; treasurer, Miss Bertha Strohm; social committee, Mrs. H. Neel, Miss Clara Wettlauffer and John Pfeiffer; program, Mrs. A. Puscheck and Miss Olivia Hunke; membership, Misses A. Shindler and Lillian Appel; editor, John Pfeiffer.

131 DUNDAS ST. 15 MARKET SQUARE.

David's Shoe Store

London's Favorite Slipper Store, is now ready with a big stock at low prices.

Women's Boudoir Slippers with rubber heels,	Cosies, ribbon-trimmed,
89c	98c
Women's English Plaid Felt Slippers,	Boys' Boudoir Slippers,
98c to \$1.75	\$1.00
Women's Quilted Satin and Silk Slippers, assorted colors,	Men's English Felt Slippers,
\$1.50	\$1.25 to \$2.25
Misses' and Children's Felt Slippers,	Men's Boudoir Slippers, with rubber heels,
75c to \$1.25	\$1.25
	Men's Kid Everetts and Romeos,
	\$1.75 to \$3.45

Advertise In The Advertiser

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS

SELF-SERVE, CASH-AND-CARRY SYSTEM



FOR THE FIRST FEW HOURS

BESIDES THE ARTICLES LISTED BELOW, THERE WILL BE MANY ITEMS BELOW WHOLESALE PRICES

ANNOUNCE THE
OPENING
Of Our Large New Groceteria Tomorrow
FRIDAY, at 2 P.M. at 260 DUNDAS ST.

IN INTRODUCING OUR SELF-SERVE, CASH AND CARRY SYSTEM INTO LONDON WE FEEL ASSURED OF THE SAME ENORMOUS VOLUME OF BUSINESS THAT WE ENJOY AT OUR OTHER GROCETERIAS THROUGHOUT ONTARIO.

Careful and efficient buying in large quantities and selling through our self-serve, cash and carry system, reduces our overhead expenses to a minimum and enables us to sell high-grade food products at surprisingly low prices. You will be delighted with the Loblaws Groceteria—its cleanliness, its neatness, its conveniences will appeal to you. Selection of goods will be easy; you may take your own time to choose your favorite brands; no one will urge you to buy—in short, shopping will become a source of pleasure. Keen buyers bent on making the income go as far as possible, are especially invited to our opening. Come, look around, examine the goods; all are plainly marked at our low Groceteria prices.

CANDIES	
MILK CHOCOLATE BARS	31¢
ASSORTED KISSES, half lb. box	10¢
LICORICE ALL SORTS, lb.	32¢
FRUIT SLICES, lb.	32¢
JELLY BEANS, lb.	19¢
CRYSTAL CREAMS, lb.	19¢
SATIN MIXTURES, lb.	21¢
GUM DROPS, lb.	15¢
HUMBUGS, lb.	19¢
BUTTERSCOTCH, lb.	19¢
HOLIDAY MIXTURE, lb.	15¢

Allen's Almond PASTE, Tube,	24c
New Grecian CURRANTS, 2 lbs.	29c
Thompson's Seedless RAISINS, 2 lbs.	27c
Patricio Ground Sweet ALMONDS, tin	24c
New California Black FIGS	24c lb.
Orange and Lemon PEEL, lb.	26c

OLIVES	
CLUB HOUSE BRAND, LUNCH QUEEN, 5 oz.	14¢
LUNCH QUEEN, 8 oz.	23¢
BANQUET QUEEN, 12 oz.	39¢
QUEEN, Mason Jar	34¢
PIMENTO STUFFED, 5 oz.	19¢
PIMENTO STUFFED, 8 oz.	32¢
PIMENTO STUFFED, Baby Mason	29¢
MANZANILLA, 12 oz.	38¢
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS QUEEN, selected (large), 21 oz.	44¢

NEW VALENCIA	
Raisins 2 lbs.	27c
BURFORD BRAND	
Tomatoes No. 2 Tin	9c
DOMESTIC	
SHORTENING No. 3 Pail	41c

Delmonte Crushed Pineapple, No. 2 tin	28c
Delmonte Sliced Pineapple, No. 2 tin	29c
FINEST FRENCH MARASCHINO	
Aylmer Sliced Pineapple, glass jar	43c
Special Mixed Nuts, lb.	22c

CROSSED FISH	
SARDINES 2 Tins	25c
SOVEREIGN RICH SOCKEYE Salmon Tail	37c
H. P. Sauce Bot.	24c

FINEST NEW SHELLLED	
Walnuts lb.	49c
AYLMER BRAND	
Corn No. 2 TIN	13c
BAKING POWDER	
Magic 16oz tin	29c

Quaker Brand Loganberries, No. 2 tin	24c
Delmonte Royal Anne Cherries, No. 1 tin	28c
Delmonte Royal Anne Cherries, No. 2 tin, 34c	28c
OUR EXTRA CHOICE CREAMERY	
Cherry Valley Brand Butter lb.	44c
New Tarragona Almonds (in shell), lb.	28c
Fancy French Budded Walnuts, lb.	34c

PALMOLIVE	
Soap 3 Cakes	20c
EXTRA FANCY JAPANESE	
Crabmeat 1/2s	39c
FINEST FRENCH ROQUEFORT	
Cheese lb.	48c

BOWE'S ALMOND	
Icing Lb. Tin	42c
BURFORD BRAND	
Peas No. 2 Tin	12 1/2c

Delmonte Bartlett Pears, No. 2 tins	32c
Delmonte Melba Peaches, No. 2 1/2 tin	39c
New Table Raisins (4 Crown), package	29c
New Table Figs (4 Crown), lb.	24c

DELMONTE FRUIT	
Salad No. 1 tin	29c
FAIRY	
Soap 4 Cakes	25c

PEEK FREAN'S	
Specialty Imported for Christmas Trade	
SHORTCAKE BISCUITS, 44¢	
bulk, lb. LATTICE, 39¢	
GLAXO, 39¢	
ASSORTED SHORTCAKE, 69¢	
round tins, 43¢	
SHORTCAKE, small tins, 43¢	
SPECIAL ASSORTED CREAMS, tin	79¢

LOBLAW'S CAKE	
VALENCIA, lb.	21¢
FRUIT AND NUT, lb.	32¢
GENOA, 32¢	
CHERRY, lb.	36¢
Lily Brand Chicken HADDIE, tin	24c
Aylmer Celery RELISH, bottle	14c
New Hallowi DATES, 2 lbs.	23c
Finest Dessicated COCOANUT, lb.	22c

PICKLES	
CROSSE & BLACKWELL BRANSTON, jar	32¢
CROSSE & BLACKWELL SOUR MIXED, 9 oz. vase	39¢
CROSSE & BLACKWELL WALNUTS, 9 oz. vase	43¢
LYTLE'S SOUR MIXED, 10 oz.	27¢
LYTLE'S SWEET MIXED, 10 oz.	29¢
LYTLE'S SWEET MIXED, 10 oz.	29¢
MUSTARD, 10 oz.	29¢
MACONACHIE'S CHOW, 32¢	
MACONACHIE'S WALNUTS, 10 oz.	32¢
NATIONAL SWEET MIXED AND SWEET MUSTARD, 35 oz.	29¢
NATIONAL SWEET MIXED AND SWEET MUSTARD, 35 oz.	47¢

FOR SATURDAY'S SPECIALS, SEE OUR ADVERTISEMENT IN TOMORROW'S PAPERS. STORE WILL REMAIN OPEN TILL 10 P.M. FRIDAY.

SAVE We Sell for Less SAVE