

SMOKE
TUCKETS T & B



THE SLEUTH

"As I was telling this fellow here, I got caught," said the other young man. "I got something better to do."

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

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

"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 clippings. Some day maybe I'll write a book, or start a detective agency."

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

"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. Hartigan 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 Hartigan elevated his glass.

"Here's to the corpse that brought us together!" he said. "May he rest. Presently he became aware that they were talking of the crime and the elusive criminal. No striking new thoughts were brought out. Neil was hardened by now, and took his own 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

having Neil Ottaway under surveillance, 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." "Ah, they're a lot of bores, 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 criticizing the finest body of men on God's footstool? A cigarette-holder, a hall-room 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.

"Ah! I didn't know that you — I didn't mean anything by it," he murmured.

Hartigan glared at him, preparatory to another blast. The young man murmured something about having to see a 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 I —"

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 resigned yesterday. All a self-respecting man could do. The force is all right, mind you. It's them that knock 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 suffergents, to blazes with the whole push!"

Under Neil's unstinted sympathy the ill-used ex-policeman expanded like a flower in the sun.

"Say, do you know who I am?" he asked at last with an impressive air. "No," said Neil.

"I'm Hartigan, the guy who arrested Neil Ottaway 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 blam 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 hurts!" said Hartigan. "I made friends with him, see? A nice, decent-looking 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 it!"

"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 doing a bit of detective work of my own. Shaved off me moustache to disguise myself. That's why I watched the funeral to-day."

"You're sure Ottaway did it?" inquired Neil.

"Sure am I?" said Hartigan surprised.

"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 like."

"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 Ottaway they haven't looked into the crime at all. You see, a recent young fellow."

"Seemed like."

"Now, then, had 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 Ottaway? 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 Ottaway? He dressed and went out. Why should he take the trouble to dress 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 right, son!" ex-

claimed Hartigan. "There's work for me! I'll do it now!"

"Here's luck to you!" said Neil, raising his glass.

"I say, fellow," Hartigan observed diffidently. "You say you're interested 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 suspicious nature. Suppose we get together to-morrow, after I look up this clue? Are you on?"

"Sure thing!" said Neil. They shook hands on it.

"Where'll it be?" asked Hartigan.

"How about Union Square, nine a.m., on a bench near the Lincoln statue?"

"O. K.!"

CHAPTER IX.

Neil's double activities keeping out of the hands of the police himself while he solved the Tolson 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. Prompt measures were called for.

After parting from Hartigan he walked the streets lingering his lonely coin, and debating how to lay it out in order to insure the largest winnings.

He finally decided to stake all on a trip to Coney Island. This day, Saturday, it had been widely announced in the newspapers, would see the official opening of the summer season. Moreover, the American sun was doing 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 resumption of the Metropolis of Diversion, he couldn't find a job.

Shortly after noon he was set down in Surf avenue with a hungry and determined eye. That unreasonable street was running under a full head of insanity. In the pitiless sunlight the temporary buildings in their premature decrepitude, and the permanent buildings in their port dressiness outlived each other in ugliness. The clangor of trolley cars and automobiles, the music of a hundred pianos and steam melodions, the roar of the roller coasters and the shrieks of the passengers all combined to shatter the ears. More persuasive than the racket was the soft scuffle of thousands of leather soles on the pavement, and the rustle of the creatures' clothes.

The invariable crowd surged slowly up and down, showing weary, sated faces, wistful in the quest of real entertainment.

"We have an odd way of taking our pleasure!" thought Neil.

"To make a pretty long story short, Neil was completely unsuccessful in his search for a job. The proprietors of beer-gardens, bath-houses, scenic railways, merry-go-rounds and side shows looked him over and shook their heads. Though he had put his shell-rimmed spectacles in his pocket at the beginning, still his clothes made him cut a bit too fine for their purposes. More than his clothes, per-

haps, it was a certain sentence in the eye of "know too much for me!" one employer, 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.

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 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 one.

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

"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. Near-est 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, valiantly, and for the moment forgot all about the Tolson murder, the police, even his insistent hunger.

When, presently, he sat back to survey 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 so, and all elegant and smooth like. That don't suit my style. That may be art, but there's no imagination in it. Imagination is what counts with me. It's imagination makes you see joke. Friends, I don't claim to be no regular artist, but only a man like yourselves what sees the funny side of life. Stand back a little further. You can see better when you ain't so close. Don't forget the poor artist!"

Neil's idle curiosity gave place to amazement, and then in turn to indignation. Looking about him he saw that he had returned to the spot where he had left his effigy, and gradually

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One of the finest discoveries in medicine was given to the public when Catarrhazone 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, who says:

"Nothing too strong can be said for Catarrhazone. 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 Catarrhazone by a clerk in Findlay's drug store, and purchased a dollar package. It was worth hundreds to me in a week, and I place a priceless value on the benefit I have since derived. I strongly urge every sufferer to use Catarrhazone for Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh."

The one-dollar package lasts two months; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c; all storekeepers and druggists, or the Catarrhazone 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 confront this robber of his fame.

He saw a spare, middle-sized man clad in a faded yellow suit of youthful cut, several seasons old. A certain 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 charlatan, the spell-binder. 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 a piece of wrapping paper, weighed down around the edge with sand. On it dropped pennies, nickels and an occasional dime.

"Sorry I can't show you the original model of this here guy. He was sleeping 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 offered me a five-spot to let him beat it up, but I turned him down. So he beat it. Don't forget the poor artist, friends. Remember I turned down a five-spot to give you a little fun!"

Neil furiously angry, stepped forward and stamped out the figure. The exhibitor with movement swift as a cat's, swept up the money on the paper and fell back warily. A loud murmur of protest went around the crowd.

"The man is a liar!" said Neil, glaring around. "He couldn't model a barrel. I made this myself for my pleasure. You'd better get your money back."

So saying he elbowed his way out, and strode up an inclined walk to the pier him open-mouthed, and broke up, jeering. He did not see what became of the man in the yellow suit.

Neil walked out on the pier a little way. There was a show going on out at the end, but the long approach was almost deserted. There were tables against the railing on either hand, and waiters flitted to and fro. However, as signs everywhere informed the public that all seats were free, Neil ventured to sit down with his back to the shore.

As he cooled down he reproached himself heartily for his folly. "It's only by the grace of God there wasn't a detective in that crowd. Fat chance you have of keeping out of their hands if you're going to lose your head as easily as that!"

Some one was watching him from behind. He stole himself to meet trouble. Glancing over the rail, he 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 the yellow suit.

As soon as Neil's eye met his the man grinned sheepishly, and began to sidle toward him. In spite of himself Neil found something taking in the rascal's worn, sharp, cheery aspect.

"Excuse me, mister," said the man in yellow silkily. "No offense taken or meant. You and me ought to have a little talk."

Without waiting for an answer from Neil, he slid into the seat opposite.

(To be continued.)

PALE, LISTLESS GIRLS

Are in a Condition That May Lead 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 a mother. If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness and depression, 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. Four daughter needs the help that only new, rich blood can give for she is anemic — that is bloodless.

Should you notice any of these signs, lose no time, but procure for her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or her unhealthy 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, drooping girls health, brightness and charm, with color in the cheeks, sparkling eyes, a light step and high spirits. If your daughter shows any signs of anemia insist that she begin to-day to cure herself by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Miss Grace E. Haskins, Litchford, 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, listless 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' Pink Pills, I am as healthy as any girl in Northern Ontario, and I am giving my experience that other girls 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., Brockville, Ont.

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 get 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 sniffings, he finally hit upon a plan. He went to a drug store and bought ten cents' worth of fluid 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 story 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 tears. 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 we're going to right the wrong.

Some time the weak we will help make strong. Some time we'll come with Love's aid, sweet song. Some time, perhaps, but when?

— E. A. Brinkmeyer.



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