

## McConnell's PARK STREET

Only a few words about dishes. McConnell, Park street, will sell for cash, Saturday, March 16th. (This is for one day only.)

Saturday, March 23rd

Three dinner sets for \$9. regular price, \$7; three tea sets, regular \$3, for \$2.50; three chamber sets, \$1.75 each. I will only sell the above number of sets at the price named. China and glassware also will be sold at 10 per cent off regular price.

### GROCERIES.

5 lbs. Prunes, 25c.  
6 lbs. Figs, 25c.  
All Pickles, 10c. a bottle.  
6 bars Sweet Home Soap, 25c.  
7 lbs. rolled wheat, 25c.  
Sunset Brand Broiled Mackerel, 15c. per can.  
Matches, 10c. package for 8c.  
4 lbs. Dried Apples, 25 cents.  
Clothes pins, 1 cent per doz.  
The above are bargains you should take advantage of.

## John McConnell

Park Street East 'Phone 190



## Dr. Spinney & Co.

Detroit's Old Reliable Specialists.

Ripe in Age, Rich in Honor, and the Experience of a Third of a Century. Whose successes are Without a Parallel; the Sufferer's Friend; the People's Specialist.

WOMEN weak, pale, tired, nervous, dependent, no action, losing flesh, fretful, overworked, given to worry and solitude, backache and headache, nerves, astringent, sleepless nights, faint tremble, faint feeling, Leucorrhoea, painful periods, or any Female Diseases, quickly cured by our FAMOUS PRESCRIPTION.

YOUNG MEN led into evil habits, not knowing the harm, and who are suffering from the vices and errors of youth, and troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Headfulness, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Flashes on the face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil-fortunings, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad taste in the Mouth, Dreams and Nightmares, Loss of the Genito Urinary Organs, sometimes accompanied with slight burning, Kidney Troubles, or Diseases of the Genito Urinary Organs can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, especially to the poor. CURES GUARANTEED.

VARICOCELE and PILES, and KNOTTED VEINS of the Leg cured at once without operation. Doctors will deny this. But we are proving our claims every day. The method is simple, the cure is certain and permanent. \$1,000 for Failure.

RUPTURE AND FISTULA CURED. THE SIGNS OF SYPHILIS are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loss, pimples on the back and wartlike growths. We cure these for life without injurious drugs.

Have you the seeds of any past disease working in your system? IMPO- TENCY or Loss of Sexual Power, and do you contemplate MARRIAGE? Do you feel safe in taking this step? You can't afford to take any risk. Like father, like son. We have a never failing remedy that will purify the Blood and positively bring back Lost Power.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN. — There are many troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits aropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen, and color of a thin milky hue, again changing to a dark, turbid appearance. There are men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The doctors will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

BOOK FREE—Those unable to call should write for question list and book for home treatment. Thousands cured at home by correspondence. Our honest opinion always given, and good, honest, careful treatment given to every patient.

## Dr. Spinney & Co

Office Hours—9 to 8 p. m.; Sundays, 9 to 11 a. m., also 2 to 4 p. m. Consultation free.  
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Private entrance, 12 E. Elizabeth St.

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CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.  
I cured a horse badly torn by a pitch fork with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

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St. Peter's, B. C.

I cured a horse of bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

THOMAS W. PAYNE.

Bathurst, N. B.



## A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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casion as well as break into a house and stand the racket had better give up the business."

The man's audacity staggered me. I was quite terrified, but I liked him for it.

"You see, miss, I can't afford to stick at trifles. My professional reputation is at stake, and the more I thought it over the more I hungered to get inside that house in Featherstone Gardens, and this is how I worked it: First I set a close watch on the house, front and back, and found before midnight that no one had gone either in or out. I reckoned that there were not very many of them, and we mustered half a dozen, two of them practiced 'crooks'—professional burglars, miss. We got into the house right enough—the crooks managed that—in half an hour. First thing was to lay hands on the caretaker. There was no one else in the house. He swore to that, and we soon saw that he was speaking truth, for we drew every room, ransacked every corner, turned out every cupboard, but nary soul was to be found. They'd all cleared out but this one critter. So I went back to him and threatened his life. He was very stiff, but a revolver is a mighty persuasive, and presently he outs with the story; lies maybe, maybe truth, but good enough to make him worth keeping till we could get some corroboration."

"What was his story? Anything about Captain Wood? Did he admit that they had taken him?"

"You bet he did. Told us the whole game from first to last. The first he knew pretty well before; the last is that they have taken him out to sea in a steamer. The steam yacht Fleur-de-Lis, auxiliary screw, 274 tons register, cleared from Victoria dock yesterday at 3 p. m. I've been there and verified it this morning."

"Already?"

"Yes," he went on. "The yacht Fleur-de-Lis, Chapman master, left the dock at 3 p. m. yesterday. They knew her well then. She was waiting ready for sea, fires banked, blue pter flying, waiting only for her owner, and left her berth directly he was got on board. He was an invalid, came in a carriage to the dock side and had to be carried on board wrapped up in blankets."

"Ah! Joe was right then."

"A lady helped him, thought to be his wife, but she did not accompany him to the ship. She staid on shore—very much upset, they told me who saw her, and could hardly be persuaded to re-enter the carriage. But a gentleman at last made her, and they drove away."

"So I went back to him, and threatened his life."

together. So the parties have split up. One lot are adroit with their prisoner, meaning, I've no doubt, to keep him away at sea, incapable of interfering, while the others carry on their spolia-tion in New York. That's how I figure it now," said the detective shrewdly.

"I dare say you're right," I interrupted him hastily. "But surely these speculations will not help us. We've got to give chase to that yacht. How is it to be done?"

"You see, she has a tremendous start."

"No auxiliary screw can do more than eight or ten knots, I believe. Mother and I were in the Mediterranean last year with one of the best. Let us hire something faster. There must be plenty of steamers. I will pay any price gladly."

"Then we have no idea of what course the Fleur-de-Lis has taken."

"There are signal stations all along the coast, I believe. We hear of ships being reported every hour almost, as long as they are in sight of land."

"She will fly no signals and will certainly get out of sight of land."

"Oh, dear, dear!" I said, almost crying with rage. "You only make difficulties. It's too terrible to think of. Is there nothing you can suggest?"

"Scrofula in the blood shows itself sooner or later in swellings, sores, eruptions. But Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures it."

Have you no advice to give? I shall go and consult Sir Charles Collingham. He is a man in authority, and can help, I believe. I shall tell him what you have discovered."

"Well, miss, let's each go our own way. But see here. Take this. I've noted down a description of the Fleur-de-Lis just as I got it from the dock-yard. It's the only guide you'll have in tracing her, for she won't fly her number, you bet."

### CHAPTER VII.

AT THE ADMIRALTY AND LLOYDS.

Sir Charles Collingham lived out Kensington way in a new red house on Campden hill. I got there in less than half an hour, for my carriage was at the door, and although I knew something of his ways from Willie Wood, I hoped to catch him before he left home. It was not yet 10 a. m. He was out already on his bicycle when I arrived, but he came up, fortunately, just as I was asking for him.

"Come for news or brought some, hey, Miss Fairholme? If it's the first, I can't help you—worse luck; if the other—and, egad, by the look on your bonnie face I believe you've something to tell! Is that it? Ha!" He hopped off his "bike" with all the alacrity of a young man and led the way into the house.

"Surprising chap, that American!" he cried in his brisk abrupt tones. "I suppose we're bound to believe him. Actually did break in and all that, hey? Anyhow, he's forwarder than we are, for I've been down to Clarges street to inquire if Master Wood had turned up and drew blank, of course."

"Oh, but Sir Charles, how could he?" I said quickly. "And ought we to be talking, wasting time here? He has been kidnapped, as you see. Surely it is our business to follow up this clew without a moment's loss of time. He must be rescued, recovered."

"And the papers—they will have carried off the papers with them, you may depend upon that. By the Lord Harry, you are right! But how, how in heaven's name—how are we to overhaul that yacht? I do not see my way."

"By following in another, to be sure. I will pay anything. Only do, please, let us lose no more time. Could not we get a man-of-war?"

"By Jove, you're right! If we could have a faster cruiser now. Upon my soul, I believe it might be done. If I could only persuade them at the admiralty. It's an affair of national importance to rescue those papers."

We drove straight to the admiralty in Whitehall, where the general was admitted without question or delay. We were soon introduced to a Captain Putney, who proved to be naval secretary to the first lord and a very charming man, I dare say, but I took a great dislike to him, for he began at once to make difficulties, speaking, I thought, in a sneaky, put you down sort of way which was very irritating.

"What could we send? There isn't a ship," he said, addressing the others, and seeming to imply that the whole British navy had ceased to exist. "Besides, if I could lay hands on a gunboat or dispatch vessel, what course would she steer? What is she to look for? The whole thing is a wild goose chase. I'm dead against it."

"I think we'll see Sir George," remarked my dear general stiffly. "We can discuss these points better with him," and we again moved on, Captain Putney following, grumbling and growling all the way.

But Sir George Pease, Hugh he was the first sea lord, sided with Captain Putney. The information was too vague; nothing was positively known, neither about the papers nor about Captain Wood.

"You see, Sir Charles, you have nothing to go on about those papers. were they stolen, seized, whatever we may call it. Who can be certain of that, or of anything, except that they have disappeared, as Wood has? And you infer that the same people have taken them both. How do we know that? You take too much for granted. Or, let us admit they were taken, how do we know that they were put on board the yacht? It is all pure conjecture. I should be very sorry to act to take upon myself to act; we must wait for the first lord."

"When do you expect him?" I asked impatiently. I was getting cross at all these difficulties and delays, and I could see that Sir Charles Collingham was dangerously near losing his temper. He only controlled himself by remaining stolidly silent.

"He is always here in the afternoon; takes the office on his way to the house. You might see him, then, Sir Charles, if so minded," said the naval secretary.

"The afternoon! Probably four good hours hence. Absurd!" I cried hotly, "when every moment is precious. Why, this pirate yacht has already had 24 hours' start. Oh, come, Sir Charles! Let us go somewhere else. There are other ships besides warships—steamers, yachts in dozens, for hire."

why do you hesitate? Will no one help me?"

I asked this possibly with some warmth, for I heard some one say as we went off, Sir Charles and I:

"My word, what a little fury!"

From Whitehall the general took me to Lloyds. He knew the secretary, he said, and something of the ways of the place—its wonderful organization and the vast machinery at its command for knowing all about ships, almost from hour to hour. But the secretary, a grave gentleman, with a dry twinkle in his eye, shook his head very doubtfully when he heard the whole story.

"I fear we shall not be able to lay our hands upon that yacht—at least for some time to come—if she wishes to keep out of the way. We can track her down the river, of course, as far as Southend on one side, the North Foreland on the other. But if after that she steers a straight course eastward till out of sight, she will be lost in the German ocean."

He touched a bell on his table and gave instructions to a clerk.

"Communicate with signal stations down the Thames, and then with those on the east and southeast coasts, and inquire for a yacht answering this description—it is the Fleur-de-Lis, in fact. She is registered here; you can verify her from the books. Ask if she has been seen or spoken with, and if so, what course she is on. That won't take half an hour. In the meantime, you might be inquiring for a steamer to send in chase. That is your idea, is it not?" and again he signaled in a desk tube, summoning another subordinate.

"Can anything come of it?" asked Sir Charles doubtfully.

"Why not? You will, of course, have to send a posse of police in her. It will not be enough to overhaul her; you will have also to overawe the abductors—always supposing you come up with and can positively identify the Fleur-de-Lis, neither of which is very probable."

"It is just what I tell this young lady. We've got first to catch the boat, and then to be sure it is the Fleur-de-Lis, before we go a step farther."

"Exactly. Ah, Trevor—this was to another clerk who now came in—"let me know with all dispatch what steamers could be hired for a special mission. Class of no consequence, but she must have a speed of 15 to 16 knots, and be ready for sea this afternoon. Price of charter by week or month, all found—crew, captain, coals on board. Sharp's the word, you understand? Who is going in her? You should have some police officers, in case there is any arrest to be made. Perhaps you will see to that, Sir Charles?"

"I should like to go in her," I now said.

"My dear child," protested Sir Charles, "that is pure nonsense. In the first place, I think it is highly improbable that she will catch up the yacht. But if she does there will be some rough and tumble work—fighting perhaps. Those villains, after going such lengths, will not be very willing to give up their prize. It would never do for you, Miss Fairholme."

"I cannot bear to remain inactive. I want to be doing something," I contended.

"I expect you would be inactive enough on board the steamer," said the secretary. "Ranging up and down the waters probably, a wretched sort of cruise and always in ignorance as to what was going on at home. I think you would be wiser to find some other outlet for your energies."

At this moment the first clerk came in with a slip of paper in his hand.

"A small steam yacht, flying no colors," he read aloud, "was reported passing the North Foreland about 8 p. m. last night, and a steamer, the same no doubt, was seen from Beachy Head this morning at 5 a. m. Her course apparently W. S. W. westerly. Nothing seen of her since. Start Point and Lizard have been warned specially to look for her and report."

"She is making for the Atlantic, I expect," was the secretary's commentary. "At least that would be a fair inference. But once in the wide ocean, who shall say what will become of her?"

"Could she, not be intercepted from Plymouth or Falmouth?" I suggested.

"What would you calculate her rate of steaming at the progress she has made?"

"It's a good suggestion, Miss Fairholme. I should imagine the yacht would be off the Start soon after midnight and Plymouth by early tomorrow morning. I could wire instructions to Lloyds' agent to send out a tug, and no doubt Sir Charles could arrange for police constables with search warrants and authority to detain the Fleur-de-Lis."

"That will I, by the Lord, and send an officer of my own besides. I have other reasons—official reasons—for

Mr. Snuggler was pleased to express his approval when he heard what I had done, wishing to come up with that yacht and detain her for search. On the whole, I think that this is the most prompt and sensible course. You

TO BE CONTINUED.

"AS GOLD IS TO SILVER" so is

# "SALADA"

Ceylon Green tea in comparison to Japan tea. It's as far ahead of Japan tea as "SALADA" black is ahead of all other black teas.

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ALMOST A SUICIDE—A VICTIM TESTIFIES.  
C. L. Kestin, a mechanic, living on Twenty-fourth street, says: "I had a 'crisis,' but gave this treatment for Drs. Kennedy & Kergan to publish in gratitude to the noble work done for me by them. I was a physical and nervous wreck. Self-abuse was the cause, and my downward. At the age of 23, I had lost my vitality. I tried to consult doctors in my city; I could not face them with my disgrace. I had Forceps, Emotions and no benefit. I then tried a specialist here with the same result. A friend confided in me that he had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, and I resolved to try them. The result was a complete cure. My nervousness disappeared, emissions ceased, eyes grew brighter, and I gained 15 pounds in weight. A new life has opened up to me. I can never repay or forget Drs. Kennedy & Kergan."

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Is the precedent established by Dr. Goldberg, consequently you take no risk, as you need pay nothing until a permanent and complete cure has been established. Each time you call you see Dr. Goldberg personally, who has 18 DIPLOMAS, certificates and licenses received from the various colleges, hospitals and states, which is sufficient guarantee to his standing and abilities.

## YOUNG, OLD, MIDDLE AGED MEN

There are thousands of you troubled as a result of early indiscretions or contracted Blood Poison; if you are not the man you should be; if you feel tired in the morning or troubled with exhaustion, nervousness, dependency, loss of energy, weak, aching back and kidneys, frequent painful urination, or sediment in urine, impotency, weakness, or other signs of nervous debility and premature decay, we will guarantee you a complete and permanent cure by our Latest Method Treatment, which is recognized a most positive cure for these conditions, and you pay when cured.

Read what our patients say and be convinced.  
The original sworn affidavits and testimonials can be seen at our offices, \$500 for any we cannot show; at request of patients we publish only initials.

To Whom It May Concern:  
This is to certify that I had been a sufferer from Nervous Debility, night losses and seminal weakness for a long time, had been doctoring both in Canada and Detroit without receiving any benefit, and placed myself under Dr. Goldberg's care Dec. 28, 1928; I noticed an improvement in my condition in less than one week; was discharged entirely cured April 28, 29, and have had no return of said trouble.  
Signed, Wm. A. Smith, Notary Public, Wayne Co., Mich.

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