



Prevent Falling Hair With Cuticura Shampoos
The first thing to do in restoring dry, thin and falling hair is to get rid of dandruff, itching and irritation of the scalp. Rub Cuticura Ointment into the scalp, especially spots of dandruff and itching. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Seep 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Tablets 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyness, Limited, 244 St. Paul St., W., Montreal.

*Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Facts About Canada

Early in April, 1786, the Rev. James McGregor, was set aside in Scotland by the Synod with which he was identified for work among the settlers in the far off Province of Nova Scotia. He sailed for his new field of labor in June and reached Halifax on the 11th of July, after almost a month on the ocean. He was born in Scotland in 1769 and had been educated at Edinburgh where he covered himself with honors in his scholastic course.

The week of his arrival he pushed on to Truro riding the entire distance on horseback over a trail that was almost impassable. On the 21st he continued his search for the settlers over the sparsely settled country and on the following day he reached a clearing where he gathered a congregation in a barn and preached his first sermon.

At the time of his arrival Nova Scotia and Cape Breton had not been visited by a minister of any denomination nor was there a Presbyterian minister in either Prince Edward Island or New Brunswick. The regions received visits from Dr. McGregor during every summer and winter for over 40 years, and the solitary dwellers in the woods lavished upon him a most profound affection. In this way he travelled all over the Maritime provinces and ministers to the settlers without denominational distinctions. Of him one wrote: "He never seemed to notice fatigue or hardship and appeared to regard toil as a positive pleasure." His death took place on the 3rd of March, 1830, and his funeral was attended by 2,000 people—an immense crowd in the days when settlers were fewer and the methods of travel were so difficult. A monument was erected in honor of his 41 years of strenuous toil in the Maritime district of Canada.

During last year the number of sea-going vessels that entered and cleared at Canadian ports was 32,346. This did not include coasting vessels.

Of these vessels that entered and cleared last year at Canadian ports 6,099 were British, 11,115 Canadian, and 15,132 foreign. The men employed on these vessels numbered 784,038.

The tonnage of the sea-going vessels that entered and cleared at Halifax last year was 10,554,699 tons, Halifax leading all other Canadian ports.

The war tax stamps, special delivery stamps, ordinary postage stamps and post cards issued in Canada last year numbered 926,964,039, having a value of \$24,561,872.

During last year there were issued in Canada 9,100,707 money orders, calling for the payment of \$142,376,809. The money orders paid in Canada had a value of \$127,219,233.

The coal produced in Canada last year amounted to 13,586,100 tons, having a value of \$4,051,720. Nova Scotia produced nearly one-half of the coal output, namely, 5,702,316 tons.

According to statistics compiled in 1917, there were then 34,392 industrial establishments or manufacturing plants in Canada, and the capital invested in them amounted to \$2,786,649,727. The employees on wages numbered 601,306.

Dread of Asthma makes countless thousands miserable. Night after night the attacks return and even when brief respite is given the mind is still in torment from continual anticipation. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy changes all this. Relief comes, and at once, while future attacks are ward off, leaving the afflicted one in a state of peace and happiness he once believed he could never enjoy. Inexpensive and sold almost everywhere.

THE MAELSTROM

By FRANK FROEST.
Late Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard.

He gave a number into the telephone and hours seemed to elapse before he got Menzies. In quick rush of words he made himself known to the detective and recited the happenings of the evening. He was not to know that barely a dozen disconnected words had reached the detective. His strength was waning and he wanted Menzies to know everything before he gave way. As he finished the receiver dropped listlessly from his hand, and for the first time in his life Jimmie Hallett fainted.

At the other end of the wire Weir Menzies was left with one of those harassing little problems that he hated. It was an irregular hour—an hour when he had reckoned on being safely on his way home. For all the insistence of the voice at the telephone it might be quite a trivial affair. Menzies did not like losing sleep for trifles. People in trouble are apt to take distorted views of the importance of their difficulties. That is why private inquiry agencies flourish.

Menzies had once been asked to investigate a highly important West End robbery at the house of a duke. The duchess herself had demanded the services of "the ablest and most experienced detective possible," and had refused to give details to any one else. Menzies went to discover that a pet Pomeranian had strayed. "Madam," he had remarked after a frigid five minutes, "at one period I should have been delighted to try to find your dog. I was then paid for such matters. I am now paid for other things. There are many men as competent as I for the investigation to which you attach such importance. I regret that it would be a breach of duty for me to undertake it. I am merely a detective, but the salary I am paid for the use of my time would be out of proportion to the result, even if successful. I must refer your grace to the local police-station. Good evening."

Since then he had been very cautious of ambiguous messages. He thought of his well-aired bed and sighed. Half was tempted to turn over the affair to the local division of police to deal with the case or leave it to the night staff of the criminal investigation department. The fact that he had been appealed to by name ultimately swayed him.

In two minutes he had set in motion the machinery which would reveal the point from which the voice originated. It needed no complex reasoning, no swift flash of inspiration. He broke up a game of dominoes—your own tips, perhaps you such one to extract from the Kensington directory a list of thoroughfares ending in "Gardens," and the names of persons who resided at the respective thirty-fours, and the other with a telephone directory to eliminate all those not on the telephone.

"And get a move on," he added. "I don't want to hang about all night. Ask Riddle to come up and phone 'em through the local people as you check 'em off. Tell 'em they'll oblige me by sending out as many spare men as they've got to ask at each address if any one rang me up."

He adjusted his coat with precision, lit a cigar, and sauntered over to the underground station opposite. Barring accidents, the address would be ready for him by the time he reached Kensington.

His anticipation was not disappointed. One of the advantages which the criminal investigation department has over the individual amateur detective, beloved by Mageronteln Road, is the co-operation at need of a practically unlimited number of trained men.

True, the detective staff at Kensington had long since gone home, since there was no extraordinary business to detain them, but in this case a dozen ordinary constables served as well. Nine of them had returned when Menzies walked in. There was only one who interested him. He had reported that he could get no reply from Linstone Terrace Gardens.

"Did you find who lives there?" questioned the chief inspector.

The reply was prompt. "Yes, sir. Old gentleman named Greya-Stratton. He lives alone. Had two servants until last week, when he sacked 'em both because he said they had been bribed to poison him."

"Ah!" Menzies nodded approval. "You're got your wits about you, my lad. Where did you get all this from?"

The constable flushed with pleasure. He was young enough in the force to appreciate a compliment from the veteran detective. "The servant next door, sir," he answered. "That will do. Thank you." Menzies rubbed his hand with satisfaction as he turned on the uniformed inspector by his side.

"It begins to sound like a case," he muttered. All his petulance had gone. When he came to the point, the man was an enthusiast in his profession. "I'll get you to come along with me, Inspector. It sounds uncommonly like a case."

CHAPTER III

The First Step.

The eminent Tooting churchwarden, perched on the stalwart shoulders of his uniformed colleague, wriggled his way on to the roof of the porch with an agility that was justifiable neither to his years nor his weight. He was taking a certain amount of risk if there were so serious an emergency within the place, for even a chief detective inspector may not break into a house without justification.

He worked for a while with a big clasp knife on the little landing window with a skill that would have done credit to many of the professional practitioners who had passed through his hands, and at last threw up the sash and squeezed himself inside.

"Wonder if I'm making a damned fool of myself after all!" he muttered, with some misgiving as he struck a match and softly picked his way along the corridor. He was peculiarly sensitive to ridicule, and he knew the chaff that would descend on his head if it leaked out that he had elaborately picked out and broken into a house, empty for quite a plausible reason.

There would be no way of keeping the matter dark, for every incident of the night would have to be embodied in reports. Every detective in London is bound to keep an official diary of his work, however free a hand he is given in his methods.

He burned only one match to enable him to get his bearings. Noiselessly he descended the stairs into the hall, and his

quick eye observed a splash of light across the floor. It came from under a doorway. He turned the handle and pushed. The door resisted. "Locked," he murmured, and knocked thunderously. "Hello in there—Any one about?"

Only the muffled reverberation of his own voice came back to him. Frowning, he strode to the doorway, slipped back the Yale lock and admitted the uniformed man.

"If I had nerves, Mr. Hawksley, this place would give me the jumps," he observed. "There's something wrong here and I guess it's in that room. See, there's a light on."

"That's queer," commented the other. "It could only just have been switched on. I didn't notice it outside."

"Shutters," said Menzies. "Shutters and draw curtains. Come on. I'm going to see what's behind that door."

There was no finesse about forcible entry this time. Half a dozen well directed kicks shattered the hump of the lock and sent the door flying open. Menzies and his companion moved inside.

For the moment the blaze of the electric light dazzled them. Menzies shaded his eyes with his hand. Then his glance fell from the overturned telephone down to the prostrate figure of Jimmie Hallett. He was across the room in an instant, and made swift examination of the prostrate man.

"Knocked clean out of time!" he diagnosed. "Help me get him on the couch. Hello, there's another of 'em." He had observed the body on the hearth rug.

He bent over the murdered man in close scrutiny, but without touching the corpse. His lips pursed into a whistle as he marked the bullet wound that showed among the gray locks at the back of the head. He was startled, but scarcely shocked.

He straightened himself up. "This looks a queer business altogether, Hawksley. You'd better get back to the station. Send up the divisional surgeon and phone through to the Yard. They'd better let Sir Hilary Thornton and Mr. Foyle know. I shall need Congreve and a couple of men, and you'd better send for Carlsson and many of his staff as can be reached quickly. They'll know the district."

The faculty of quick organization is one of the prime qualities of a chief of detectives, and Menzies was at no loss. The first steps in the investigation of most great mysteries are automatic—the determination of the facts.

It is a kind of circle from facts to possibilities, from possibilities to probabilities, and from probabilities to irresistible inferences. But the original facts must be settled first, and for any person to fix them single-handed is an impossibility.

There are certain aspects that must be settled by specialists; there may be a thousand and one inquiries to make in rapid succession. Menzies had no idea of playing a lone hand.

For a couple of hours a steady stream of officials and others descended on the house, and Linstone Terrace Gardens became the centre of such police activity as it had never dreamed of in its respectability and retirement.

Men worked from house to house interviewing servants, masters, mistresses gloaming such facts as could be obtained of the lonely, eccentric old man, his habits, his visitors, friends and relations.

Inside the house the divisional surgeon had attended to Hallett ("No serious injury; may come round any moment") and waited till flashlight photographs of the room had been taken from various angles ere examining the dead man.

(To be continued.)

WOLFE LETTERS TO DEAR FOR CANADA

£60,000 FOR MISSIVES WRITTEN TO GENERAL MONCKTON CONSIDERED EXORBITANT.

Canada will not be a competitor for the letters of General Wolfe to be offered for sale in London in February. These letters and documents are in the possession of a Mr. Monckton, a descendant of General Monckton, one of Wolfe's brigadiers at the taking of Quebec. The owner of these historical documents is also the owner of a number of well-known London restaurants and tea rooms.

Dr. Doughty, Dominion Archivist, some time ago examined the Wolfe letters and sought to obtain them for Canada, but the price asked was so exorbitant that negotiations ceased. Mr. Monckton wants £60,000 for the letters written to his distinguished ancestor by General Wolfe. Some of the documents were of purely American interest and a number of Americans were associated with Mr. Doughty in the attempt to secure the collection, agreeing that the cost should be divided and the documents allocated to the country in which they were of the greater interest. These associates refused to consider the exorbitant value placed on the collections. One of the most interesting documents, which refers to the conduct of affairs in Quebec, if Wolfe's army was successful, is not an original, but only a copy of the original now in the Dominion archives. As the documents will be offered subject to reserve bids, and the price placed upon them is so great, Canada will not be represented at the same.

In Germany, the University of Berlin has 16,000 students.

YOUNG WOMEN AVOID PAIN

This One Tells How She Was Benefited by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Regina, Sask.—"For two years I suffered from periodic pains and nausea, so I was unable to get around. My mother had me take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am much better and able to go about all the time, which I could not do before. I recommend Vegetable Compound to my friends if I know they suffer the same way, and you may publish my letter if it will help any one, as I hope it will."—Miss Z. G. BLACKWELL, 2773 Osler Place, Regina, Sask.

If every girl who suffers as Miss Blackwell did, or from irregularities, painful periods, backache, sideache, dragging down pains, inflammation or ulceration would only give this famous root and herb remedy a trial they would soon find relief from such suffering.

It hardly seems possible that there is a woman in this country who will continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, proving beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other medicine in the world.

For special advice women are asked to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of forty years experience is at your service.

W. E. Kelly, K.C., of the firm of Kelly and Porter, Simcoe, is mentioned as a possible successor to the late T. R. Slight as Crown Attorney of Norfolk County.

Lumberman's Friend

The Original and Only Genuine.



YARMOUTH, N. S.

SOMETHING SIMILAR.

"Are scientists still trying to learn the monkey language?" asked Mr. Gilpin.

"I don't know," said Dr. Dubwaite. "But if they want to hear a pretty fair substitute they ought to listen to my youngest daughter talking to one of her 'rah-rah' friends over the telephone."

Spanking Doesn't Cure!

Don't think children can be cured of bed-wetting by spanking them. The trouble is constitutional, the child cannot help it. I will send FREE treatment, with full instructions, if your children trouble you in this way, send me money, but write me today. My treatment is highly recommended to adults troubled with urine difficulties by day or night. Write for free trial treatment.

Mrs. M. Summers
BOX 8. WINDSOR, Ontario

JUDICIAL COURTESY.

First Autolist—I thought you said if I were sociable with the judge I could get off?

Second Autolist—Were you? "Good morning, Judge, how are you to-day?" and he replied. "Fine—twenty-five dollars."

WOOD'S PHOSPHORINE

The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Weakness, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$2 per box, 3 for \$5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pack, on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

THE HARDEST PART.

Judge—Did your wife hit you with a piece of brick-a-brac?

Mulligan—Divil a brack about it, yet honor, just a brack.

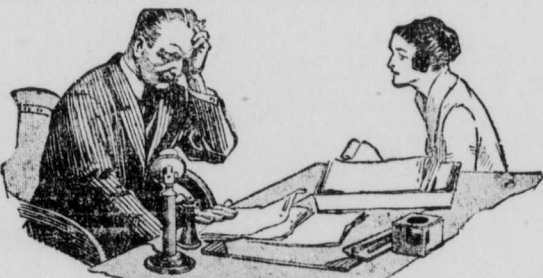
Cook's Cotton Root Compound

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 61c; No. 2, 53c; No. 3, 45c per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly WOOD'S)

CARRIES 4 TON OF BONE.

The record yield of bone taken from one whale was 8,115 pounds. This occurred in 1863.

MURINE—Whiskers, Cleansing, Heirloom, and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; 2 Drops After the Movie, Motoring or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when your Eye Needs Care. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



Old Age Deferred

By DR. LEE H. SMITH.

Business men who must speed up the works and make business boom during these days—after the war—must recognize the necessity of keeping fit. When mind is befogged, when you have dull headaches or feel logy, when not "up to snuff," keep the bowels free with a mild laxative. In the morning take a tepid sponge bath (cold water may be used if it does not chill), follow with a brisk rub down; a sufficient "setting up" exercise in good air until you are in a warm glow. Have you tried it lately?

Don't let the poisons accumulate in the intestines either, but try a dose of castor oil the first thing on arising, or a pleasant laxative occasionally, such as one made up of May-apple, aloin and jalap, rolled into a tiny sugar-coated pill, and sold in every drug store as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Then a cup of hot water before breakfast, and you'll feel better than a king! If you continue in life thus, you can pass a Life Insurance examination at sixty.

If you wish to prevent old age coming on too soon, or if you want to increase your chances for a long life, you should drink plenty of soft (rain) or distilled water daily between meals. Then procure at the drug store Dr. Pierce's Anuric (anti-uric-acid). This "Anuric" drives the uric acid out and relieves backache and rheumatism, as well as kidney trouble. Anuric dissolves uric acid. Try it now!