

EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME



THE WAX LADY

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

A novelist, seeking nocturnal adventure, loafs upon a bench in Hyde Park, London. Coming through Victoria Gate he sees a little man carrying a huge bundle on his shoulder. A policeman, curious to know the contents of so large a bundle, challenges the man. A wax figure of a woman is brought to light and the man declares he is carrying it to his barber shop in Acton. Out of curiosity the novelist follows the man with the bundle and when he sees him turn in a direction opposite to Acton challenges the man for an explanation. He notices that the little man's finger nails are stained with machine oil and concludes that he is not a barber, but a man who opens a wax figure to show the novelist. The novelist is amazed when he finds the figure empty.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Guv'nor, this is a do. There's nothing more to be said but to go 'ome. And I'll leave this lady 'ere. I got no feelings for 'er." He raised his foot to kick the figure to pieces, but I stopped him.

"Don't do that. After all, she's rather pretty."

"Guv'nor!" shouted the little man. "Not so loud," I said.

"I got another idea. I was the first to go. I don't think I made a mistake. Then other figures I told you about was on the floor. My young woman was on the table. Didn't think of it at first. Guv'nor, I couldn't have made a mistake. There's something else. Guv'nor, I got a feeling that I know what's happened; when I wasn't looking, my mate picked up one of the figures of the floor and put it on the table instead of mine just after I'd done. And off I went with this 'ere bargain."

"E stayed behind to clear up, as 'e said, and 'e's walked off with the whole of the swag. The I did not speak for a moment. This seemed quite possible. My man would not have made a mistake such as this. He was still grumbling 'elected," he said, feelingly, "the worst about our profession is there ain't no 'onor in it. But I'll get even with 'im."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going round to 'ave a chat with 'im. I'm going to bed now, but I'll see 'im tomorrow morning. I will."

"Why wait till tomorrow morning? I ain't that bad plan? How do you know he won't sell the stuff tonight?"

"Guv'nor," said the little man, "I don't know what your occupation is, but you're wasted in it. Off I go to Marjorie this very minute."

III

I followed; we were becoming friendly, we two, besides, it would be well from my 'ome. I would be over where the other man lived. We were fortunate enough to find a taxi, which the little man promptly insisted should drive us to the Grand Central Station, out of which, after a moment, we emerged to turn toward the north, making for some mean streets. When we reached the place, we found it in complete darkness. Only one light

shone from a window in an educated, cockney voice.

"Look at 'im," said the little man, derisively. "He's the innocent child. Mean to say, 'im, you didn't palm off an empty figure on me while you 'oped it up both of 'em? Oh, you dirty 'un. I've a mind to do for you."

I pushed past the angry man. "Nonsense. You don't want to bang for this, do you?" I addressed the black mustache. "The position is this: we are out. He didn't mind if he burnt

the house. It's not his own, I suppose. While we were in the bedroom, he undid one of those petrol tins and splashed it all over the floor. He laid a trail of petrol and lit it. If I hadn't gone into the bedroom after you, talking, said the little man, angrily, "It's done us. But what I want to know . . . Why, guv'nor, look 'ere!" He picked up a large piece that was obviously forehead. "There's my thumb mark."

I smiled. "No. Don't you see that just before pushing the figure into my arms, the figure we brought with us, the empty one, he pressed his thumb where you find done on the forehead, and he palmed upon me the figure he had palmed on you before!"

There was a long silence. Then the little man summed up. "Guv'nor, in my profession you can't choose your mates as you'd like to. I'm an engine cleaner, I am, and no nonsense about me. What I ought to 'ave told you, I'd told you, I'm off, is that my mate was a conjuror."

Another story of midnight adventure by W. L. George, "The Poisoned Girl," will start in our next issue.

ON COMPENSATION CASE.

John A. Sinclair, chairman of the Workmen's Compensation Board, left on the C. P. R. yesterday afternoon for Montreal and other cities. He is gone in connection with the appeal which the board will carry to the Supreme Court of Canada in its litigation with the Bathurst Co., Ltd. Dr. W. B. Wallace, K. C., accompanied Mr. Sinclair to Montreal.

WESTFIELD WANTS SHEDDIAC RECTOR

The Anglican congregation of Westfield Saturday night unanimously decided to ask Rev. W. Tomalin, of Shediack, to become rector of Westfield and arranged to present the request to Mr. Tomalin and to His Lordship Bishop Richardson. The Westfield parish has been without a rector since the removal of Rev. C. W. Nichols last fall. Mr. Tomalin is a native of England, and a graduate of Wycliffe College, Toronto. He has served as missionary at Duck Lake in the Canadian Northwest, and for a time was rector of Trinity church, St. Stephen. For the last few years he has been rector of St. Martin's church in Shediack. He is rural dean in that community also.

NERVOUS HACKING

Cannot be relieved by a glass of water, the healing and soothing effect of CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY. Every user is a friend.

By BLOSSER

ADAM AND EVA—BUBBLES

By CAP HIGGINS

TAKEN FROM LIFE—TURN ABOUT

By MARTIN

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Stanley

EXPLOSION ALARMS ORPHAN CHILDREN

Smoke, Steam and Water Fill Building When Jacket Heater Explodes

There was some excitement in the West St. John orphanage yesterday morning, when those in the building and citizens passing near the building were startled by a loud explosion, followed by a dense volume of smoke and steam which spread through the building and out through the windows. On investigation it was learned that a jacket heater, which heats the water and supplies the laundry in the building, had exploded and immediately there was considerable thick smoke, steam and water.

At first it was thought that there was a fire in the building but no alarm was sent in. William M. Campbell, one of the board directors, was telephoned to and after he had telephoned to No. 7 fire station, Queen street, the building had exploded and immediately he responded to the alarm himself and was quite satisfied that the damage caused was not worse than he had at first believed.

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NEURASTHENIA

Neurasthenia denotes a condition of the entire nervous system. It is sort of nervous exhaustion or undue sensitiveness which by continuation may result in complete nervous prostration. The onset of this trouble usually occurs between 20 and 30.

In younger persons this condition produces such conditions as over-sensitiveness, chills (St. Vitus' dance) especially in young girls, insomnia and night terrors.

In such attacks, where heredity is partially to blame, the real beginning of mental disease and melancholia is noted.

It is also true where these conditions affect the children that the parents often lack mental control and are subject to frequent attacks of irritability and anger.

The advanced neurasthenic type may be traced in many casual conditions. Injuries are a frequent cause. The nervous condition is almost irremediable in many of those who have gone through some harrowing wreck or accident. Severe mental and physical work, worry, lack of proper rest, improper diet, thoughts about one's self regarding lack of success, defeat of ambition or long continued sexual disorder are other causes. Acute infectious diseases play havoc with the mind of many persons and cause a lowered nutrition in all bodily functions.

If you have any of these symptoms have a complete health examination at once. Staying at home for a day or two is of no remedial value. Treatment of the severe nervous types of neurasthenia requires time and great care. Those cases which show weakness and a lack of capacity for centering the mind on details must have rest, and careful diet under a skilled physician's orders.

The conditions which have impaired the bodily processes have been undermining the powers of digestion, circulation and proper secretion, as well as motion and sensation.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

A LEGGY RIDDLE.

This was the next riddle the Riddle Lady asked in Riddle Land when Nancy and Nick were there:

"One foot that can't walk. One mouth that can't talk. One knee that comes and goes. Room for five pink toes."

"One leg that can't stand. Wears a collar—a stretchy band. Funny lips—up and down. Trots all over town."

"Each morning eats a meal. Stuffs like Paddy, mouth to heel. That's all! Day or night. Never eats another bite."

"'Cept when Santa brings a treat. Gives him all he wants to eat. Just at bedtime, too! A question. If it gives him indignation."

"Hasn't any sprinkler nose. Don't know why it's called a hose. Maybe 'cause it's black and 'round! And never makes a sound!"

"Johnny Dumpling went to bed. Never took his off," his said. Must have dreamed he went a-walking In his . . ."

(To Be Continued.)

ORIGIN OF MAN IS MINISTER'S THEME

In spite of the severe weather there was a large congregation in St. Andrew's church last night when Rev. J. S. Bonnell, the minister, gave the third of his sermons in the series on Evolution and God's Sovereignty. Mr. Bonnell dealt with the accounts of man's origin as given in such works as Van Loon's book, the Outline of Science, and H. G. Wells' the Outline of History.

He quoted from some of the best accredited scientists to show that there was still a great deal of speculation involved in the accounts given of the methods of man's development from a prehuman stock. He contended, however, that science provided strong evidence from physiology, anatomy and embryology to show man's connection physically with the majestic organic whole from the dawn of life until now.

Mr. Bonnell stated that science was concerned only with the method of creation, whereas religion was concerned with the origin and purpose.

The Genesis account of the creation.

Green is the color of the Mohammedan Prophet.

Abbey's

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AND PACIFIC COAST

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