

COLDS THAT DEVELOP INTO PNEUMONIA

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

Of all known drugs, creosote 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 creosote, other healing elements which soothe and heal the inflamed membranes and stop the irritation and inflammation, while the creosote 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 Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

CREOMULSION



Feel Glorious!
Nicest Laxative,
"Cascarets" 10c

Don't stay headachy, bilious, constipated, sick! One or two pleasant, candy-like "Cascarets" any time will gently stimulate your liver and start your bowels. Then you will both look and feel clean, sweet, refreshed; your head clear, stomach

right, tongue pink and your skin rosy. Because cheery, harmless "Cascarets" never gripe, inconvenience or sicken. "Cascarets" has become the largest selling laxative in the world for men, women, children. Buy a box at any drug store.—Adv.

The Dream Detective

By SAX ROHMER

"Think of you wanting to buy Lady Crepsie's picture, you sentimental old fool!" he said. "If it had been another I could name who wanted it, the case would have been different."

"Then I heard Ryder's voice. 'What do you mean, Mr. Heideberger?' he asked."

"I awaited the Jew's reply with some curiosity. As I had anticipated, it consisted of a foul and unfounded imputation against my poor mother. It was, in fact, more than I could bear in silence, and the tolerance of old Ryder, too, had reached its limit. For, at the moment that I wrenched open the panel and sprang into the room to confront this slanderer, I heard the sound of a blow, followed by an animal-like roar of anger from Heideberger."

"The next moment, he seized the old man by the throat. Before he had time to proceed further I struck him heavily with my fists, so that he released his grip and turned to face his new assailant. 'One tribute I must pay to Heideberger. He was, seemingly, incapable of fear; for this sudden attack by a person he had not known, to be present seemed only to arouse a new resentment. His face, as he turned and looked me up and down, contained no trace of fear. 'So it's you that wants the picture, is it?' he sneered. 'I suppose you are.' 'Stop!' I said. 'I am Roland Crepsie, and can listen to no more of your foul slanders!'"

"For a second he hesitated, looking from me to Ryder and then toward the picture, dimly discernible in the light of the candle which he had

brought with him. Then, before I could divine his intention, he drew a blade, took a step in the direction of the portrait. 'You shall never have it!' he said."

"He had actually inserted the blade in the canvas—as an examination will show—when I came upon him, and we closed in a desperate struggle."

"In what followed, one can almost trace the finger of destiny. Heideberger was a more powerful man than myself, but in his fury he endeavored to stab me with the knife which he held in his hand."

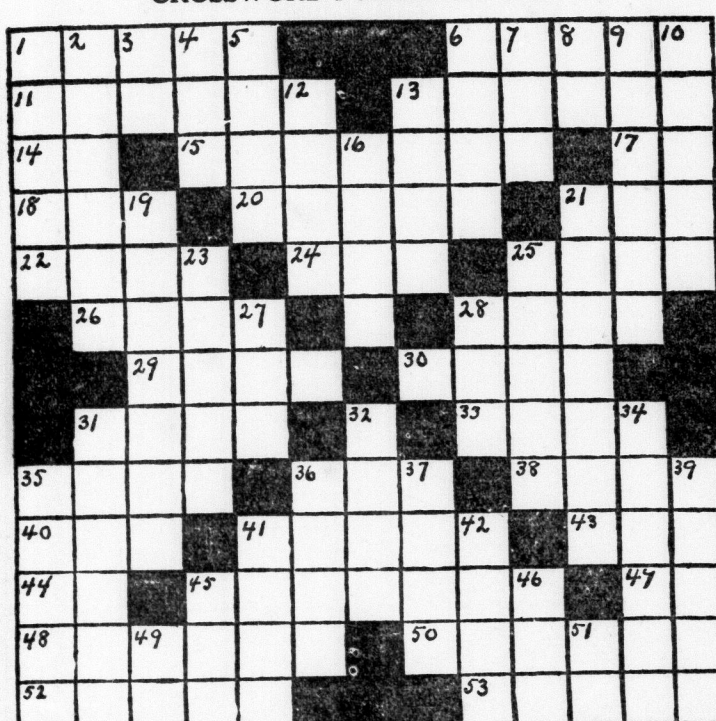
"I seized his wrist, but he wrenched it from my grasp. I leapt back from him—as he struck down with the knife—and to the left of one of the posts supporting the minstrel's gallery."

"In the blindness of his anger, Heideberger failed to perceive the proximity of this post. Moreover, it was very dark under the gallery. He threw himself forward savagely—and struck his shoulder against the post. The impact was tremendous."

"Gentlemen! I tremble, now, to relate what happened! The ax of Black Geoffrey, which had hung for centuries before the rail above, was shaken from its place by the shock and its time-worn fastenings were torn bodily from their hold. At the instant that Heideberger's huge body struck the post, the great ax, as though detached by invisible hands, fell, blade downward, cleaving the head of the unfortunate man and remaining, with quivering shaft, upright in the oaken floor!"

"The suddenness of the tragedy almost dazed me, and I was awaken-

CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 382



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Nimble
- 6 Large wading bird
- 11 Woolly
- 13 Pertaining to frogs
- 14 Prefix meaning not
- 15 Money
- 17 State (ab.)
- 18 New Zealand parrot
- 20 Water nymph
- 21 Neither
- 23 Finishes
- 24 Bend the head
- 25 Brown
- 26 So be it
- 28 Vehicles
- 29 Hard metal
- 30 Chestnut cover
- 31 In a row
- 32 Endure
- 33 Clue
- 36 Droop
- 38 Celestial body
- 40 Pacesetter
- 41 Elderly women
- 42 Point of the compass (ab.)
- 43 Man's nickname
- 45 Tardy
- 47 Symbol for Tellurium
- 48 Mute
- 49 Planted
- 52 Girl
- 53 Fruit (pl)

VERTICAL

- 1 Similar
- 2 Subside of lead
- 3 Within
- 4 Boy
- 5 School for boys
- 6 Unyielding
- 7 Entity
- 8 State (ab.)
- 9 Vegetable (pl)
- 10 Approaches

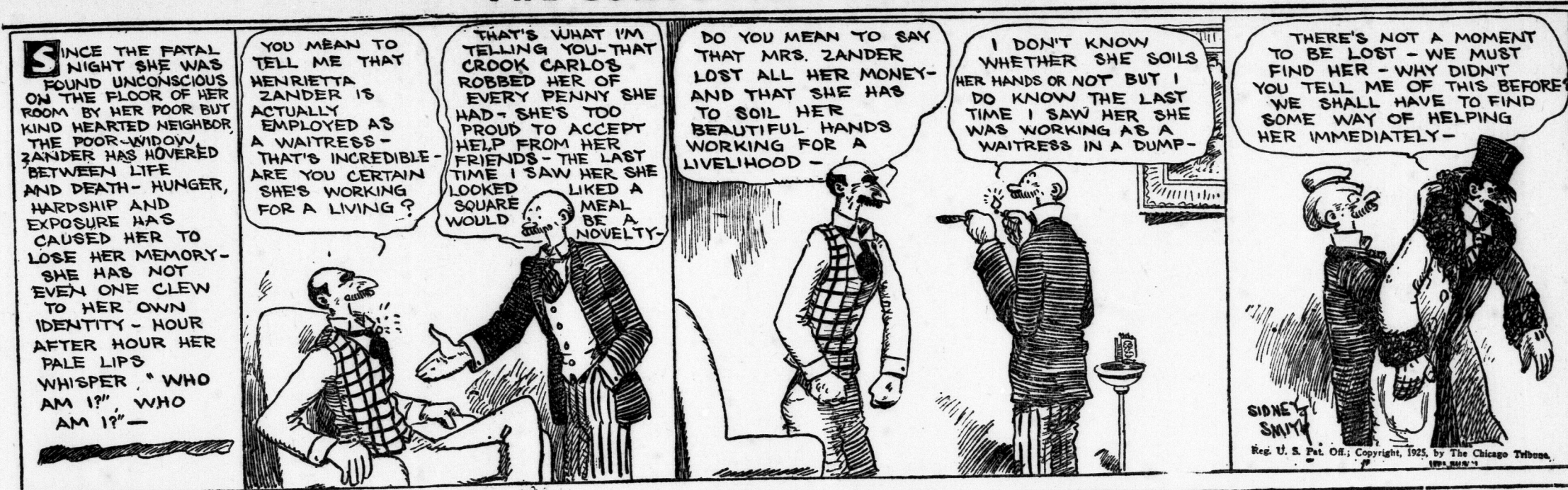
SOLUTION TO NO. 381



- 12 Dash
- 13 Electric catfish
- 14 Animal
- 15 Pateens
- 16 Relate
- 17 Asiatic antelope
- 18 Weeds
- 19 Precipitate time
- 20 Young bear
- 21 Loss of speech from paralysis
- 22 Parent
- 23 One who raves
- 24 Abyss
- 25 Season
- 26 Precures
- 27 Hollow grasses
- 28 Lairs
- 29 Quize
- 30 Resting place
- 31 River in Scotland
- 32 Chinese coin
- 33 Davyism (ab)



THE GUMPS—TO THE RESCUE



MUTT AND JEFF

All's Well That Ends Well.

By BUD FISHER



ed to its awful reality by old Ryder's cry—'Oh, Master Roly!' As Master Roly I had always been known to the old butler, and this name it was which someone stated to be 'holy'."

"Our subsequent action was, perhaps, ill-advised. Removing the ax, intending to return to my lodgings and think the matter quietly over."

"By an unlucky accident, the brute threw me, at some distance from the farm, thereby all but bringing about a second tragedy; and what followed is already known to you."

"Of Ryder I need only say that rather than incriminate me he was prepared to pay the penalty for a deed which was in truth a visitation

of God. Doctor Madden recognized me, of course, and to him also I am eternally indebted. I had proposed to make this statement before a magistrate later today."

"You see," said Morris Klaw. "I have done nothing! It would all have happened the same if I had been in Peru."

"Grimshy cleared his throat. 'Without casting any doubt upon Sir Roland's word,' he began, 'there's no evidence to go to a jury that he didn't—'"

"Pull down the ax himself?" suggested Klaw. "Grimshy looked uncomfortable. 'Well—is there?'"

"There is!" rumbled Morris Klaw. "I am he! This case most triumphantly substantiates my theory of Cycles! Almost parallel it occurred hundreds of years ago, at Dyke Manor. The ax has repeated itself!"

"Hum!" said Grimshy. "Your theory of Cycles wouldn't hold water with twelve good men and true, I'm afraid, Mr. Klaw!"

"Yes!" replied Morris Klaw. "No? You think not, eh? Well, then, there is another little point. I am an old crank-fool, eh? So? But you? You are sublimely mad, my Grimshy! You say he, or Mr. Ryder, may have

snatched down the black ax? Yes? Have you tried to reach the spot where it hung before the fall?"

"No," confessed Grimshy, with the light as of the dawning of an unpleasant idea in his eyes. "No," said Klaw, placidly. "But I have Mr. Grimshy. It is impossible to reach within three feet of the spot, from the stair or from the gallery; and no live thing but a giraffe could reach it from the floor!"

"We were seated in the train, homeward bound. 'For this case,' grumbled Klaw, 'I get no credit. It will be said that it

all came out without aid from you or from me. Never mind—I have my fee!'"

He patted the haft of the great ax, which ghastly relic in some way he had arranged to appropriate. Grimshy was watching Sir Klaw out of the corner of his eye. From a dainty gold case she offered him a cigarette. Grimshy, a no cigarette smoker, but he accepted, with alacrity.

The beautiful Sir took one also, and lay back puffing sinuous spirals from between her perfect red lips. "CONTINUED MONDAY."



"I don't understand why I should be so tired in the mornings."

"ARE you often that way?" "Why, for months I have felt wretched every morning. And it is not because I do not go to bed early enough."

"How do you sleep?" "Not very well. Lots of nights I lie awake for hours, restless and fidgety, thinking about everything, but not resting or sleeping."

"Have you consulted a doctor?" "Yes. The doctor says I am anaemic; the blood is thin and watery, and the nervous system run down for want of proper nutrition."

"Are you taking any medicine?" "No, not now; he gave me some tablets to make me sleep, but I had to keep on taking them, and I could not see that they were of any lasting benefit. I don't like drugging myself that way."

"Why don't you try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food?"

"I don't know just why, unless it is because I thought it was only for the nerves,

whereas what I need is something to enrich the blood."

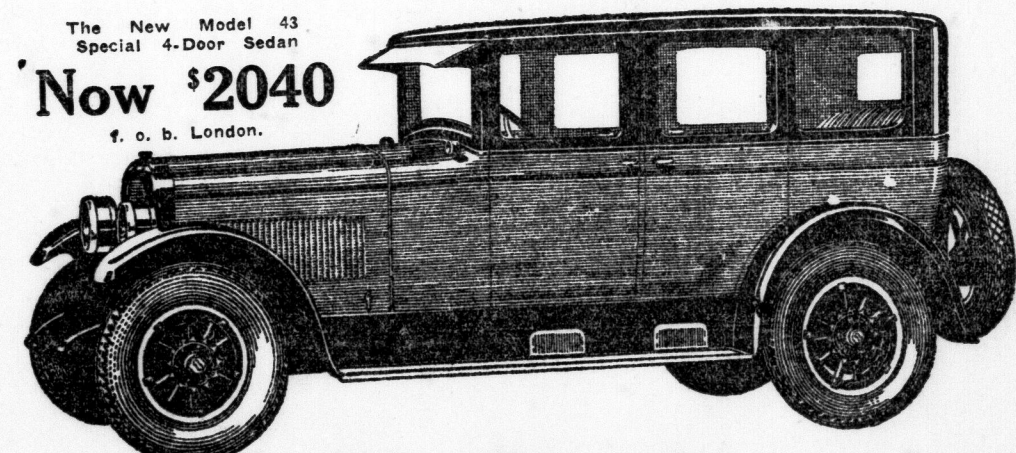
"Well, that is exactly what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does. It is only by enriching the blood that you can restore exhausted nerves."

"Perhaps I should try it. 'I certainly would if I were you, for I know it is wonderful the way it helps some people who are anaemic and generally run down in health.'"

"I have no appetite, you know, and what I do eat does not seem to go to the improvement of the blood. When one gets in that condition it is most discouraging. This is why I have such blue days sometimes, and I do hope the Nerve Food will help me."

"I am sure you will not be disappointed, and if I were you I would not lose a day before getting started with this treatment."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 60c a box, all dealers or The Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada. Look for the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on the box you buy.



Now \$2040
f. o. b. London.
It's a Powerful Big Six and a Big Buy!

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