

THE LONDON FREE PRESS DAILY PAGE OF COMICS

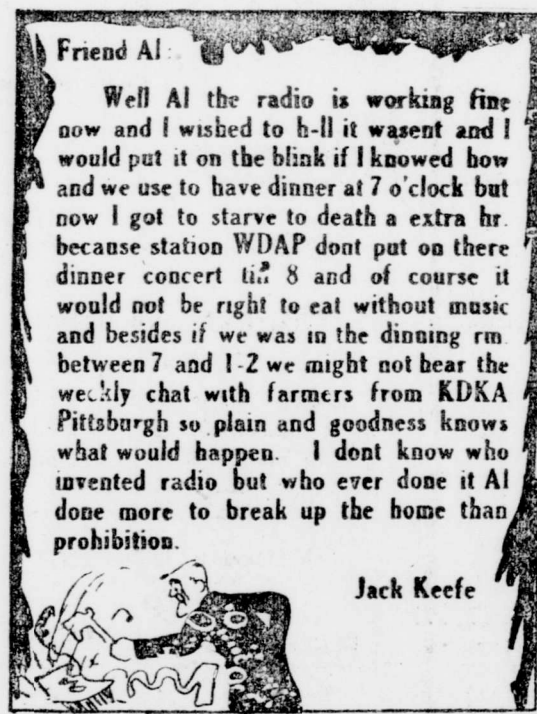


IN A LEGATEE'S SHOES (Continued).

I found myself in the dining-room, seated at a table on which were decanters of brandy and whisky, while the footsteps of the two men echoed up the stairs. "Well," I thought, "now you've done it." When I looked about me, the effect of luxury was carried out on a larger scale, by pictures, one of which, without the slightest doubt, was a Rembrandt. I wondered what actually had been brought in for. I did not believe my host. That he should bring in to comfort an old lady at her last hour, that he should pick a stranger from the street in this pious attempt would be believable only if he loved his sister beyond description, but there had been no words of love, no signs of agony. He was not sitting with her when I arrived. He was quite willing to leave her. It wasn't that; it was something else, something darker. It was at that moment that I became conscious of a sound in the distance, a regular sound, as if somebody were giving a nail. I listened acutely. I could not hear it again. Next door, perhaps. Absurd! People didn't drive nails at 3 o'clock in the morning. There it was again, faint but persistent, tipped to the doorway and listened. It came persistently, a muffled, regular sound. Suddenly I had the instinct rather than the certainty that the person who was making the sound could have made a louder sound, that the person was afraid, was throwing out a signal. The conviction rushed into my mind that, somewhere, somebody was locked up, and was faintly tapping at the door, having heard me come, fearfully seeking release. I listened. I could not locate the sound at first. Then I realized that it came from the back of the hall. Still on tiptoe, I went out into the hall and opened a door at the end. This led only into a little washing place. But the sound came again. It was behind me now. Of course: the room behind the dining-room. I tried the handle: the door was

locked! And, as I touched the handle, the tapping within became louder, grew more rapid, more feverish. The key was in the lock. Evidently everybody in the house was in the plot to keep the person within. I turned the key; before me, lit up by strong lights, stood a woman, aged about forty, her mouth quivering, her face stained with tears. She was so breathless with excitement that at first she could not speak. Her appearance surprised me. I saw now that she was more than forty, but she had a strange, tragic beauty, and was clad in an evening frock of which I never saw the like. There existed a cruel contrast between the luxury of her appearance and the expression of her features. She was faded and wrinkled, and her cheeks were wet with tears, but I could see by the straightness and delicacy of the nose, the shape of the lips, and the length of the eyelashes, that this woman had once been beautiful. Perhaps a long life of suffering had ruined her loveliness. "Oh," she murmured, "thank you for letting me out." I was minded to ask her why they had locked her in, but knew that she would tell me more easily if I kept silence. "I heard everything," she went on in a rapid murmur. "I heard them bring you in. 'Yes, of course,' I went on, adding provocatively, 'I'm Charlie.' She had actually jumped back and spread her hands before her, as if fearing a blow. "Don't!" she whispered. "Please . . . don't say you're the same as they, that you're in the plot." "Of course, not," I replied. "I shouldn't have let you out if I had been. I'm only a stranger brought in to see an old lady upstairs who's dying, just to give her pleasure for a moment." The fear had gone out of her eyes. She half smiled. "O, surely you don't believe that," she said. "Then what am I to believe?" (To be continued.)

YOU KNOW ME AL



That's Getting Too Personal

BY RING W. LARDNER

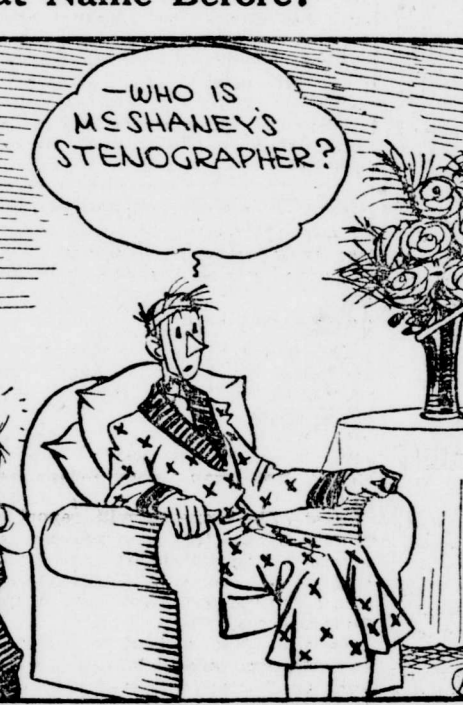
"CAP" STUBBS



BY EDWINA

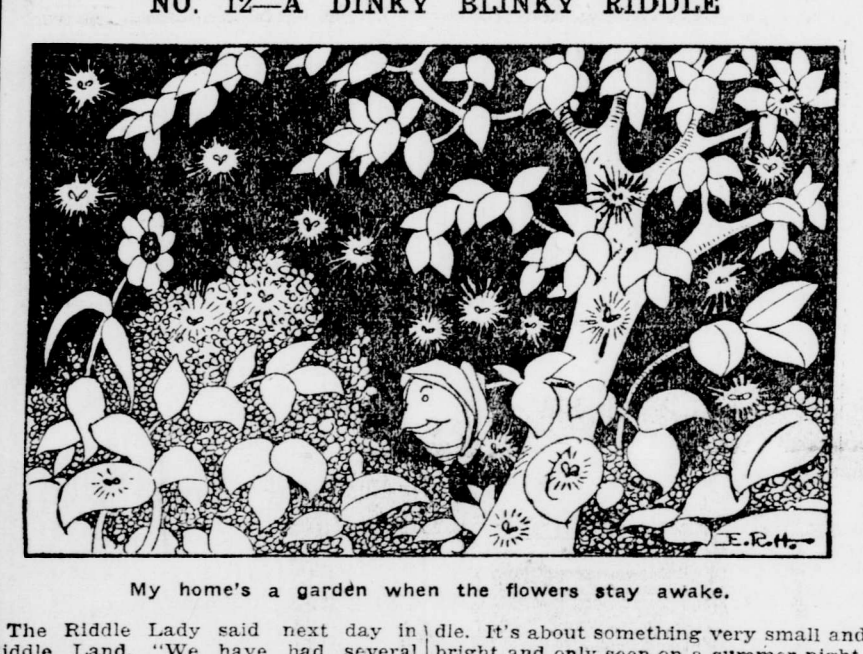
It Looks That Way

BILLY'S UNCLE



BY BEN BATSFORD

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS



My home's a garden when the flowers stay awake.

RHEUMATISM PAINS ARE NOW IN SEASON

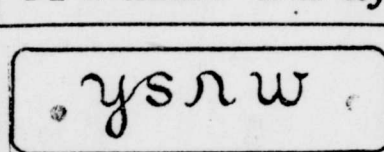
Says Glass of Salts Helps To Overcome Rheumatism Acid.

Rheumatism is easier to avoid than to cure, states a well-known authority. We are advised to dress warmly, keep the feet dry, avoid exposure, and above all, drink plenty of good water and avoid eating sweets of all kind. Rheumatism is caused by body waste and acids resulting from food fermentation. It is the function of the kidneys to filter this poison from the blood and cast it out in the urine; the pores of the skin are also a means of freeing the blood of its impurity. In damp and chilly cold weather the skin pores are closed, thus forcing the kidneys to do double work; they become weak and sluggish and fail to eliminate this waste and acids, which keeps accumulating and circulating through the system, eventually settling in the joints and muscles, causing stiffness, soreness and pain, called rheumatism. At the first twinge of rheumatism get from any pharmacy about four ounces of Jad salts; put a tablespoonful in a glass of water and drink before breakfast each morning for a week. This is helpful to neutralize acidity, remove waste matter, also to stimulate the kidneys, thus often riding the blood of rheumatic poison. Jad Salts is inexpensive, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used with excellent results by thousands of folks who are subject to rheumatism.—Adv.

HER CHILDREN HAD WHOOPING COUGH

This is one of the most dangerous diseases of children. It starts with fever and cough. The cough is at first short and sharp, but gradually increases in severity and occurs in sudden spasms, vomiting follows, and sometimes there is nose bleed; the child turns livid in the face, the eyes appear as if they would burst from their sockets, and suffocation seems imminent still relief is brought on by the "whoop." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will clear the bronchial tubes of the collected mucous and phlegm and in this way ease the racking cough, and in a short time make it disappear. Mrs. L. Ambrose, Sarina, Ont., writes: "My little ones were both sick with whooping cough. I read where Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was good, and I only used two bottles and they were better. I had chronic bronchitis for three years and tried everything until, finally, I got Dr. Wood's. I would not be without this remedy." Price 45c a bottle; large family size 80c. Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Adv.

A Puzzle a Day



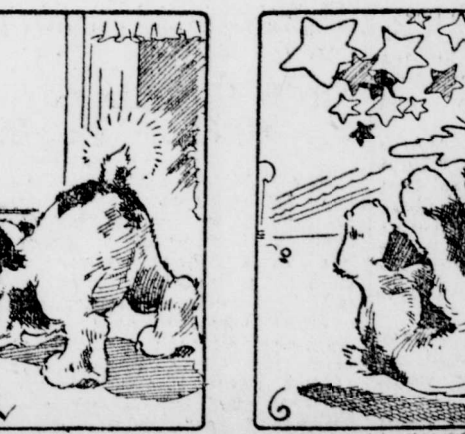
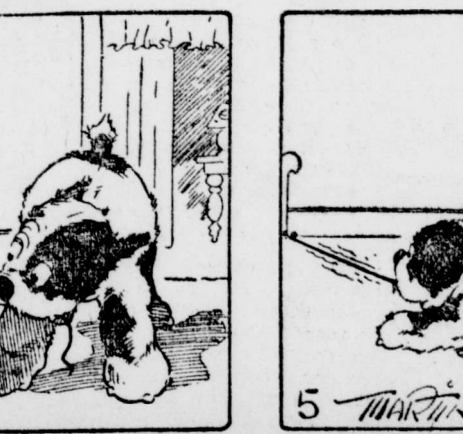
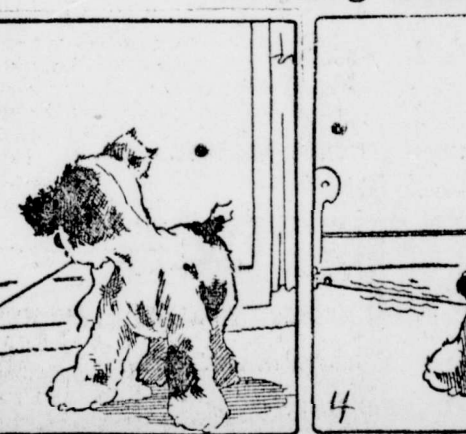
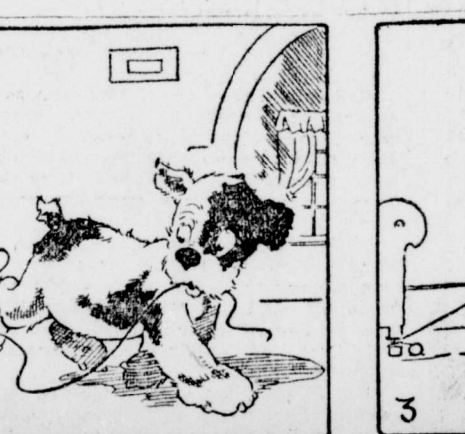
Can you read the word written above? It looks like "ysnw," a very peculiar word indeed, and certainly not in the English language. But if you look at it correctly, you will find the writing spells a very simple word of four letters. Yesterday's answer: THIMBLES. Insert the letter "A" eight times, and form the following sentence: THAT MAN RAN AN ALFALFA FARM

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER

TAKEN FROM LIFE



BY MARTIN

A Long Stretch

