

Children Cry for Fletcher's



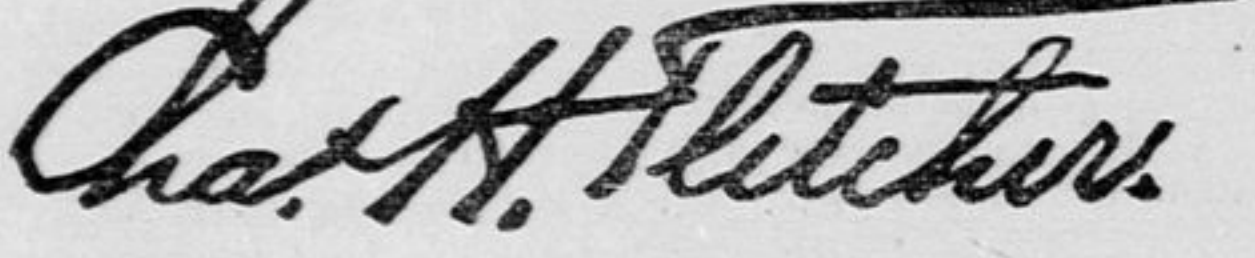
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher...

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Britz of Headquarters

Britz relaxed his hold on the half-struggling men's throats and pushed them against the back of the sofa until they half sat, half lay there, head to head. Then he stepped back, rested his hands on his hips, and eyed them mockingly.

only by the thickness of the leather, peered through the parting between the curtains into the library where the detective stood.

Britz had not obtained a good view of the intruder's face, for it was half hidden by a loose fold of the turban upon his head that indicated the stranger's nationality.

A MISTAKEN IDEA There are some people who still resort to drugged pills or alcoholic syrups to overcome colds, nervousness or general debility, and who know that the pure, unadulterated nourishment in Scott's Emulsion is eminently better...

hole in the leather portiere showed him that he was the very first tyro in that sort of thing. The two visitors went through the millionaire's furniture and other possessions with a minuteness that would have made a fine-toothed comb look like a garden rake.

Their search seemed fruitless until they arrived at a desk under a hanging incandescent lamp, at which Britz assumed Sands was in the habit of writing his more personal letters.

Britz, working more swiftly than the millionaire, made his first find. It was a sheet of notepaper of fashionable size and tint, on which had been written a few lines in a feminine hand.

That was all. Whether that "all" was much or little, Britz, offhand, was not prepared to say. The use of Griswold's given name at the beginning of the note apparently meant a good deal. But who was Millicent?

The millionaire shook his head. While it was true, Britz reflected, that the big man was known as "Silent" Sands in Wall Street society, he was certainly more economical of words than anyone he had ever known in his life.

de Easterners were bound handkerchiefs as soft, yet any scarf they could have in the bazaars of Calcutta. When the task was it was done pretty neatly.

"Mind letting me see what it is?" Sands shook his head slowly, decisively. "What's the objection?"

"I should like to know right here and now just how far this qualification extends?" "Well, Mr. Sands," answered the detective as he relaxed his cigar and disposed himself in the most comfortable attitude in the chair beside the desk.

"Oh, that was very good of you," said Britz. "I should like to know right here and now just how far this qualification extends?"

"You are in a mood of f riddles, lieutenant," said Sands slowly. "Now, you see, I am not. My time is too valuable."

"Well, what are you going to do about these fellows?" asked Britz. "I don't know whether to bother about them," said Sands. "I guess I can take care of them."

"You don't suppose that I take my prisoners through the streets like a member of the Traffic Squad, do you?" Sands indicated the instrument and Britz took it up and called for 3100 Spring.

"Headquarters?" he asked over the wire. "Yes, this is Britz. There's a wagon sent from the West Thirtieth Street Station to the St. Barnabas Apartment House. No; don't send the reserves; just send a couple of men. Good-bye."

As he hung off, he turned and faced his host. "Mr. Sands," said he, "there are one or two points about which I would like to talk to you this evening. I came to you frankly and directly because I found one of your cards in the possession of a man who, while mentally unbalanced, knows something about the fake Maharane diamond. After arriving here, I had the opportunity to serve you in the way of protecting your property. And I wasted no time in meeting with you. You see fit to ignore my efforts in that direction, although I may say that if it had not been for me these second-story specialists would have been up or down the fire escape and many blocks away long before you could have caught them. I do not mind telling you, Mr. Sands, that even though you were centre rush at Harvard, you are not quick enough for Central Office men. And now, when you find something on one of these men that may or may not be of interest to me, instead of letting me see it, or telling me its contents—I'd take your word for it—you stuff it into your pocket and tell me to go to blazes. Moreover, when I ask you what disposition you want made of these burglars, you almost tell me it's none of my business."

Sands went on with his search of the second Oriental. He was not as clever in his movements as Britz, and when he tried to conceal something, he signally failed. For the detective, though his eyes seemingly were fastened on the note addressed to Griswold, saw the millionaire take something out of the Oriental's tunic and then slip it into his waistcoat pocket.

"I know it," said Sands emphatically. "Well, I don't know about that," Britz returned. "I think I'm the best judge of what interests me; and, as I have played a pretty active part in this little incident, it seems to me the least you can do is to gratify my curiosity."

"Well, I will not," was Sands's defiant answer. "And, while we are on the subject, Lieutenant Britz, let me say I should like to understand the purpose of your visit to my rooms."

"I certainly should," Sands replied. "I come home to find you sleeping through a hole in my portiere, and two Easterners, with whom apparently you have had nothing to do, going through my desk and other belongings. I rather think I am entitled to know the why and the wherefore."

"I rather think you are, Mr. Sands," said Britz. "And I don't mind telling you I came here to see you privately. I arrived just in time to see these gentlemen drop to that fire escape and come in by that window. After that I had the pleasure of witnessing the dexterity with which they ransacked your chiffonier, your desk, your bed-side table, your bed, your chairs, your rugs, and everything else in the room. Maybe you will explain to me the reason they have such a deep interest in your housekeeping arrangements?"

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what becomes of these prisoners. They are going to the Tenderloin Police Station, and a charge of burglary is going to be entered on the blotter against them.

"I am not going to prosecute them," said Sands. "Oh, you're not, aren't you? Well, I think you will," returned Britz. "Anyway, if you don't feel like prosecuting them, I'll do it myself. This case is not in your hands now; it belongs to the people of the State of New York, and if you don't choose to appear as complainant, I'll call you as a witness for the State. So, Mr. Sands, if you are not hopelessly addicted to cigars or cigarettes to the exclusion of all other forms of the weed, permit me to suggest that when we have left you alone, you retire to the remote background of your apartment, put that in your pipe, and smoke it!"

Sands became genuinely angry. It took a good deal to disturb his equanimity, but the detective's manner, as he saw it, was offensive. Sands seriously meditated for an instant an attempt to grasp the Headquarters man by the collar, rush him to the door, and drop him down at least one flight of stairs. The sleuth's coolness and courage avoided any unpleasantness of that sort, and his unwilling host quickly regained his grip upon himself.

The tension of the situation was relaxed by the buzzing of the electric bell at the outer door of the apartment, and the entrance of a somewhat blustering bellboy with an announcement that a patrol wagon was at the door and two policemen were asking for Detective Britz of Headquarters, who was visiting Mr. Sands.

"You two artists are so fond of silk that I guess I'll let you wear those ornaments a little while longer."

"If you experience a change of heart, Mr. Sands, I shall be very glad to hear from you in regard to what you found on our dark friend. Of course, since you are in your own rooms, and since the article was evidently stolen in the place by the fellow, I cannot compel you, without a great deal of trouble, to let me see it. It is not at all certain it would be worth my while to take the trouble, but it may dawn upon you before very long that it will be worth your while. Mr. Sands, not only to let me see the thing, but to tell me everything you know about it. Good-night, Mr. Sands."

And there was something ominous in the military click of the detective's heels as he walked across the echoing warquetry to the elevator.

CHAPTER XVII. The Glistening Dance Doris Missioner was affected much more deeply than she would have thought probable when she read the arduous proposal of marriage from Brunton Sands. To say that it surprised her would be to set feminine intuition at a discount. She had known for a long time that Sands was in love with her, and on several occasions had been perilously close to the necessity of accepting or rejecting him.

It was not the sort of man with whom any woman could trifle, even if she wished to do so; and Mrs. Missioner, in spite of the adulation shown to her on all sides from the beginning of her social career, was not that sort of woman. She had no desire to keep her millionaire lover in suspense; but, on the other hand, she did not wish to take so important a step without knowing to the full the exact state of her heart's feelings. In all the long period of the industry captain's wooing, she had never been able to decide for herself whether she cared for him sufficiently to become his wife. Matrimony was a grave subject in her eyes—a much more formidable one than would be imagined by those who knew how happy her first union had been. But, there is happiness, and then again, there is happiness. Doris had been happy as Missioner's wife. It is true, in the sense that she had had everything she wanted; that she had a great deal more than she wanted, and that the millionaire who had taken her from the threshold of a seminary had devoted himself to making her life still more luxurious than the almost boundless measure of luxury with which he had surrounded her. She had been happy, too, in the knowledge that she had the whole heart of a man who had the respect of men, the esteem of women, and the trust of little children. Yet, in the midst of her happiness if the name could be applied to the mere contentment of her life with Missioner, there had been something

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FARM FOR SALE—Being the west half of lot 32, first Concession Township of Fenelon, on the Victoria Road, containing one hundred acres more or less. Less one fifth an acre taken off for long Point Methodist church on the farm. Post office or der cultivation, balance second growth timber, suitable for ranch or grain. For further particulars apply to Myles Eaygarth, Victoria Road P. O.

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FARM FOR SALE—Good 200 acres, Lot 7, Con. 6, Township of Ops, four miles south of Lindsay, frame bank barn with stone foundation (40x80ft.), log dwelling (18x26ft) with frame kitchen (12x18ft.) good well, never-failing creek runs through farm. Property must be sold in order to wind up the estate. Apply to Geo. Murphy, or F. McClory, Executors. The Traynor Estate, Lindsay, Ont.

VALUABLE FARMS FOR SALE—The properties of Mrs. Alice Murtha. (1) The east part of lot 18, concession 8, Ops, 75 acres, all first class land, good buildings. (2) West half lot 19, concession 9, Ops, 190 acres, 15 acres cleared, balance pasture land and wood, frame barn. Properties will be sold in one or separate parcels. Only three miles from town. Apply Stewart & O'Connor, barristers, Lindsay.

Notice of Application for Divorce NOTICE is hereby given that Lottie Thorndike, of the City of Peterboro, in the County of Peterboro, in the Province of Ontario, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next Session thereof for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, George Miller Thorndike, of the Town of Aito, in the State of Michigan, one of the United States of America, Barber, formerly of the Township of Mariposa, in the County of Victoria, in the Province of Ontario, on the ground of adultery and desertion. DATED at Lindsay, Province of Ontario, 15th day of June A.D. 1914. Lottie Thorndike By her Solicitor, I. E. Weldon.

Public Notice I hereby give notice that I shall not hereafter hold myself responsible for any debts contracted in my name by any person or persons without my written order or consent. Dated at Lindsay, this 21st day of August 1914. NORMAN RAY, Little Britain P. O.

STRAYED from my ranch, Lot 7, Con. 9, Carden, on or about the 19th July, one Holstein cow and one light red 2 year old steer. Any person knowing their whereabouts kindly notify James Drury, Victoria Road P. O.

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