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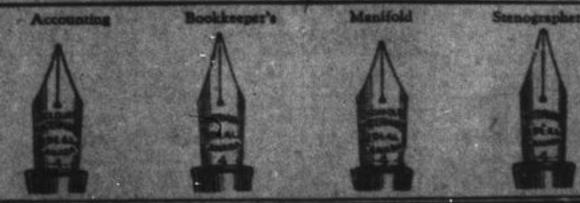
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Peace is a blessed period when nobody is mad enough to believe offic

GREAT NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

By Ernest Lynn

HENRY RAND, middle-aged credit that the following day is his son, Jimmy, as he is called, announces he fore last." has planned a theatre party for the family, which includes his mother Holmes in disguise?" She said, half and sister, JANET. He intends, also, angrily: "I didn't come here to hear to include BARRY COLVIN, Janet's my history. What have you been

Henry Rand is a staunch upholder of all the homely virtues, including that of punctuality, which is almost a religion with him. When, on the night of the party, he fails to put in his accustomed appearance at quarter to six the family becomes

alarmed. While they are wondering, the phone rings. Jimmy answers it. It is the police. Henry Rand's body has been found in a room at the Canfield Hotel.

Jimmy goes to the hotel. His father is in a gas-filled room that had been registered for by H. A. Jones of New York. Police believe it is sucide. Jimmy

chief is found in the room. The coroner arrives and discovers a small welt at the back of Henry Rand's head. While they are talking, Jimmy discovers the yellow stub of a theatre ticket, evidently used two nights before.

CHPTER XI.

Olga Maynard! He wheeled sharply in his chair to see who had pronounced the name. The two men H. A. Jones?' were looking across the room at a table in a far corner.

smoking a cigarette. She certainly the way you act." fitted Fogarty's description of Olga Maynard, he thought Tall, blond, exactly what you're suspected of dohighly rouged-he could tell that | ing." even from where he sat. He stared

at the mention of Olga's name—had can't they leave me alone-" seen him stare at her across the room. There was ice in her tone.

tled. Must we go now? We've only pocketbook-a beaded bag.

them together. If only Mary didn't ing her into her chair. of getting word

coolly. She had risen.

nal, but didn't dare.

took it and vanished into a dressing a lie! I don't believe it!"

girl behind the counter. "Be right ticket? We found the stub and tracback," he called to her and hurried ed it down to Fogarty. He told the straight over to Olga Maynard

"I beg your pardon," he said swiftly.. He was bending over her table. this?" "Your name is Olga Maynard, isn't

through half closed eyes. "Who wants to know?" she drawled.

patiently at her quick look. "I'm not planted? Where was he?" trying to make a date. It's important. Will you meet me?"

"Well, I like that! Where did you get hold of that line? Say, I'm with She nooded toward the door. He debated briefly whether to get the air."

hold of a policeman and have her arrested. He decided instantly against ed her. "I'll take you home."

"Listen." he said desperately. "You meet me here tomorrow night. you. A friend of mine told me about they walked to the door. you-Tom Fogarty."

she asked. back it was the first name he could

night. Same time." He was tipping the check room girl when Mary emerged from the dressing room....She was frigidly silent on the ride home.

think of. "I'll be here tomorrow

He was half tempted to tell her everything-why he was in Chicago and who Olga Maynard was-but on reflection decided stubbornly not to back in his room, he threw his hat angrily on the bed, convinced that he had made a botch of things.

Olga Maynard met him. She kept him waiting a half hour, but he never doubted for a minute that she was coming.

"Well," she said, sitting down at his table, "I'm here." He had risen. "It was good of you to come." He offered her a

cigarette, and lit one himself to hide got a bottle of it, and after the first

She waited for him to speak. "Miss | time I had finished the bottle I was faynard," he began, "I lied to you last night about my name. It isn't Colvin. My name "-he was watch- "Dr. Wood's" is put up only by There were no better cooks in the ing her closely to observe the effect | The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Teranto, d days. Your stomach just wasn't of his words-"is Rand, James Out. Rand. I'm from Grafton."

She betrayed no surprise. "Grafmanager of a department store, at ton's a good place to come from," she dinner with his family, is reminded remarked dryly. "I've been there." "Yes, I know you have. As a mat-JAMES RAND'S 27th birthday. fer of fact, you were there week be-

> "Say, who are you-Sherlock doing-trying to get something on

"No. I haven't, but listen to me

"You said," she interrupted, "you had a musical comedy job lined up. I'm interested. If you haven't, I'm not. Now tell me what's on your mind.

"I'll tell you in a minute what's on my mind, but first I want you to answer a few questions. Tell me this-did you go to the Paragon Theatre the evening of Nov. 25th? That was a Monday night—the night before you went to Grafton."

"You answer me!" He brought doesn't agree. A woman's handker- his hand smartly down on the table. She shrugged her shoulders. "All right-I did. Sure."

"Where did you get the ticket?" "Tom Fogarty gave it to me." There was bewilderment in her eyes. "All right. Fogarty at least is telling the truth. Now then, did you ever hear of a man named Henry

"Did you ever know a man named

"No. Say, for God's sake cut this out and tell me what it's all about. Jimmy saw a girl sitting alone, You'd think I'd murdered somebody,

"Miss Maynard," he said, "that's

"No! You're lying!" she sprang to her feet. Her eyes darted a look, Mary's voice cut in: "I think we of rage at hime. "You dirty dog!" had better go. Do you mind taking she whispered hoarsely, "You're tryme home?" She had seen his start ing to get something on me. Why

"Why can't who leave you alone?" he broke in.

Her words brought him suddenly "You know who I'm talking about to a realization that he had offended You know very well. You can go to her. "Mary, I'm sorry. I was star- hell. I'm leaving." She grabbed her

"Miss Maynard," he took hold He was thing; stalling for time. her wrist, aware that they were very It wouldn't do to let Olga Maynard nearly creating a scene, "don't go get out of his sight now that he had yet. Sit down and listen to me. found her. How could he talk to her You'e got to." He was holding her with Mary present? He cursed the wrist cruelly tight. She winced with chance that had thrown the two of the pain and sat down, he half forc-

insist on going there'd be some way "I'm not trying to get anything on you, as you say. You listen to these "Are you coming?" asked Mary facts and see for yourself. Henry Rand was my father. He was mur-He scrambled to his feet with a dered in a hotel in Grafton on Nov. muttered apology. He was furious 27. You've just told me you used with himself. He saw Olga Maynard Fogarty's ticket at the Paragon eyeing them as they passed her table Theatre two nights before. Well, the near the door. He thought franti- stub of that ticket was found in the cally of trying to give her some sig- room with my father. How did it get there?"

"Will you give me my vanity box, She was white beneath her rouge. please?" they were standing in front She was gripping the edge of the of the hat checking room. He table with her hands. "It's a lie!" brought it out of his pocket. Mary She leaned toward him, tense. "It's

"It's the truth. How do you sup-He toosed the hat checks to the pose I know you used Fogarty's police he gave it to you."

"The police! God! Do they know

"They're looking for you now. The landlady at your last address said She surveyed him amusedly you had left town. I was there." "I tell you," she said, her voice strained and slow, "I don't know "I'm sorry-I'm in a terrible anything about it. It's a frame-up. hurry-I'm with a young lady," he How about Fogarty, if he knows so he stammered. "Will you meet me in much? What was to prevent him a half hour? Damn it," he cried im- having a duplicate ticket made and

"He's already proved an alibi. He was not in Grafton when the murder was committed. You were." . "Sure I was looking for workcompany myself, if you want to and I didn't find it. That's why I'm

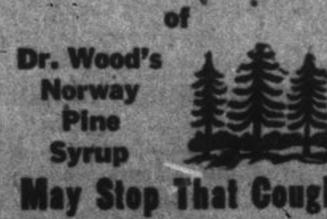
know. Here he come now, Mister." back. Take me out of here. I'm sick. I'll faint if I don't get out in "Where do you live?" Jimmy ask-

> "Come on," he said, "let's go out." He signaled to a waited. He paid the check and took her

I've got a musical comedy job for arm. She leaned heavily on him as "You've got to tell me all you

She started. "Say, who are you?" know about this," he said to her when they had reached the street. "Colvin-Barry Colvin," he flung She was acting, was concealing

A Few Doses



Mr. Frank D. Comeau, West Bath-

urst, N.B., writes:- "I had a very bad cold and cough that settled on my fungs, and I thought that I would never get rid of it. One day a friend spoke to me about

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omething, he told himself. He con- caught her in his arms. They were recovering from his recent illness. me, maybe you'll tell the police."

is quality.

"Look here," he said, "you're not door. playing fair with me. I'm trying to be decent with you and you accuse ne of being a party to some kind of a frame-up. Every word I've said to you tonight in true. I'm asking you

would have fallen if he had not Mr. S. Grant are glad to know he is

hailed a txicab. She blazed at him. "I don't know The light from the street lamp time at her father's. Mr. and M. anything about it, I tell you. Let me above them was bright on her heavi- W: S. Reed entertained a number ly painted face and blond hair. She their friends recently to an oyster "What did you do with the theatre was limp in his arms when he no- supper. George Grant was in the

ticket after you used it?" he asked. ticed the man and woman in front of city on Wednesday. Many from her She answered him wearily: "I the hotel staring at him. They were attended the play in the hall at Chip don't know. I suppose I threw it in evening clothes. The woman was pawa last week, away. What do you think I'd do Mary Lowell, He lifted Olga Maywith it-put it in a scrap book?" | nard into the cab and closed the

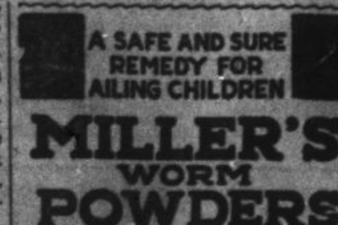
(To Be Continued)

Bell Rock News. Bell Rock, Feb. 6 .- Many farmers

to give an explanation of how that are busy getting up their supply of ticket stub could have got into that wood. The social at Leonard Meeks' room and you refuse. I've been on Friday evening was a great sucwasting time. I should have turned cess. Mrs. C. Gonu is spending this you over to the police when I first week in Newburgh with her son, Lloyd, who is ill with measles. Mrs. "I've been persuading myself that James Meeks has returned home you didn't have anything to do with from Napanee. Mr. and Mrs. Albert dose I took I got relief, and by the it. Now I'm beginning to think I Warner and daughter, of Yarker, was a fool. I've a good mind to call | visited at Roy Moir's over the weeka policeman now. They want you end. Miss Eileen Gonu, of Moscow, for murder do you understand is spending a few days at her home here, Miss Cicely Murphy, of Strath-"Murder! Oh God, no! They cons. was at Mrs. J. Timmins' on can't!" She swayed toward him and Wednesday. The many friends of

tinued, roughly: "If you don't tell in front of the Mayfair Hotel, He Mrs. Almond Veley has returned to her home after spending some

> the inventor of a device to keep motorist's hand warm in cold weather. The heater is in the steering post and wheel and comes from



the exhaust pipe.

AS SWEET AS SUGAR