

**Was Nearly Crazy From Headaches**

Miss K. Brill, 579 Redwood Ave., Winthrop, Man., writes:—"I was troubled with such severe headaches that some times I was nearly crazy with them. One day a friend told me about, and advised me to use



so I tried it, and it has done me a world of good. I just took two and a half bottles, and I haven't had a headache for a long time, now."

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"I could not walk for two weeks," writes a man from Moncton, N. B., Canada. "I had to be carried around like a baby. But one bottle of Sloan's Liniment put me on my feet again."

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"I tried different remedies without any benefit. A friend advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I sent for a free sample. After using it I got relief so purchased more, which completely healed me." (Signed) Leo B. Croft, Crescent Beach, Nova Scotia.

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That's Just What. Mother: Nice little boys don't fight.

Darling Son: Naw, they get the ting this one?—Japan Advertiser.

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**THE YELLOW STUB**

GREAT NEW MYSTERY SERIAL  
By Ernest Lynn

Henry Rand, 55, a business man, is found murdered in a cheap hotel in Grafton. Police find a woman's handkerchief and the stub of a yellow theatre ticket.

Janet Rand, his daughter, breaks her engagement with Barry Colvin, because of the "disgrace." Jimmy Rand, his son, goes to Chicago, where the theatre is. The stub is traced to Thomas Fogarty, a political boss, who says he gave it to Olga Maynard, a cabaret singer.

Jimmy meets and falls in love with Mary Lowell. Later he encounters Olga. She faints at hearing police want her for murder. Mary, out with Samuel Church, a wealthy lawyer, sees Jimmy lift Olga into a taxi and misunderstands.

Olga tells pomes the stub might have come into possession of a man who "picked her up" two nights before the murder. Jimmy receives mysterious warnings to leave Chicago and later is attacked at night by two men, but escapes.

With Jimmy and Mary, estranged, Church gets Mary's promise to marry him. Mary tells Jimmy this when they meet and he, trying to hurt her, accuses her of marrying for money.

That evening Jimmy and Olga see, in an auto, a man they both recognize—she as the man who got the stub, he as one of his attackers. The man and his companion escape. Later they recognize his police picture as that of Ike Jensen.

Church, out driving with Mary, runs over a dog. His heartlessness kindles hatred in her and she breaks their engagement. The next day he attempts a reconciliation at her office but fails. On the street he encounters Jimmy, who offers his hand in congratulation. Church snarls and turns away.

Chapter XXXVI

The sudden transition in her attitude, from one of soft cajolery to this blazing hatred, took Jimmy by surprise. Her violence amazed him.

"Why, why—" he stammered, groping for words, looking at her sharply to see if this was some new pose. But she was still looking past him, toward the entrance, her eyes glinting between slit-like lids. He was abashed in the face of such primitive ferocity.

Then he thought to look around to see whom Olga was looking at. Another surprise was in store for him, for there was only one person coming into the dining room and that was Samuel Church.

Good Lord! he thought. She couldn't mean Sam Church. He finally found words.

"What man do you mean, Olga?"

"Right there." There was no mistaking whom she meant.

"You mean Sam Church?"

The name broke the spell that was holding her, trance-like. "Do you know Sam Church?" She seemed greatly surprised.

"Why, yes." He laughed mirthlessly. "I sometimes feel that I could kill him myself."

She was relieved. "I thought at first he might be a friend of yours."

"Hardly. It's a case of what might be termed mutual unpopularity between us."

She fell silent and turned to her food.

"What do you know about Sam Church?" he asked.

"Plenty," she said shortly.

There ran through his mind the things Lieutenant O'Day had told him about Sam Church that night in the police station. The parties in the big house, the breach of promise suits that O'Day said had never seen the light of day in the courts.

He felt that he had no right to question her further, but something impelled him to continue.

"What did Sam Church ever do to you?" he urged gently. "Why do you say you could kill him?"

"Well, perhaps I didn't mean that. I spoke in anger. The sight of him made me lose my head."

"I wish you'd tell me. I have a reason for wanting to know."

She turned her head away from

him. "It's too long a story," she said faintly. "It—It wouldn't interest you."

"You said," he reminded her, "that you'd tell me your history some time. Remember? The last time we were out together."

"But you might not believe me. You might not understand." She was still turned away from him.

"Olga," he said earnestly. "I've believed everything you ever told me. You don't really mean that. Why, I was the one who believed when no one else did."

He laid his hand on hers. "And I think I could understand, too."

She was silent again. Finally she said: "Tell me how much you already know about Samuel Church."

"Oh, hardly anything," he answered, waving his hand. "Only that he's wealthy and apparently occupies a position of some respectability."

She interrupted, her anger blazing forth once more.

"It's that smug respectability of his that makes him all the more contemptible. If people only knew what I know about him. Oh, I hate him—I loathe him!"

"I suppose I was a fool in the first place," Olga began, "to think that I was ever intended for a career. . . . Although it wasn't my fault entirely. The neighbors always used to praise my voice when I was just a kid, and tell my mother that I had a great future on the stage."

"At any rate, when my mother died—my father had died years before—instead of taking what little money was left and putting it in the bank and then going out and getting some kind of useful job, I spent most of it while I hung around managers' offices trying to catch on."

"I was in New York for a while. Job in the chorus, you know." She laughed bitterly. "But somehow or other they didn't discover any burning talent in me and I lit out."

"I don't know exactly how I came here, and it doesn't make much difference. At any rate, I did, and I found work. I was singing in a restaurant here when I met Sam Church."

"I told you the other night that I sometimes sang at private parties and receptions. It was at one of those—at a party given by Tom Fogarty—and Sam Church was there."

"He seemed to take an interest in me. At any rate, he said he did. He told me he thought I had a marvelous voice that, with a little more training I could be sure of a great career. He said he'd like to help me, that I could count on him as a friend."

"I asked Mr. Fogarty about him later and he told me that Church had lots of money and was in a position to help me if he really took an interest in me. Later Church came down to a party, he said he was singing and he invited me to his house—to a party, he said he was giving. He said he had a proposition he wanted to explain to me."

"Well, I went. There wasn't any party, of course. If I'd had any sense I'd have known it before I went. And what he wanted to do was to bargain with me. There were a lot of things he could and would do for me, only, of course, there were certain terms to be met."

She laughed, rather bitterly. Jimmy thought, and then she went on. "Just the usual sort of story, you know. You've heard of hundreds like it. He wanted to give me an apartment and—oh well, why go in to it? Nothing original about it."

"I turned him down, and then he got nasty. Oh, he's quite smooth, quite the man of the world, when you meet him on the street—when you don't know him. But when he's balked, he's something else again. He said to me, 'I've got money enough to make you, if you're sensible, and if you're not I've got enough to break you.'

"I told him to let me out, that I'd heard that kind of story before. My indifference—I suppose was really quite contemptuous—maddened him and made a regular animal out of him."

Olga smiled—a wan sort of smile. "I suppose it sounds like melodrama and 'Hearts and Flowers' and all that sort of thing, Jim." She wandered off. "I often wonder what it is about my profession if you can dignify it by calling it a profession—that makes a man think a girl is so—so approachable. If I were a stenographer, or a filing clerk, that sort of thing wouldn't happen. Know what I mean?"

Jimmy nodded. "Yes," he said slowly. "I think I do."

"At any rate," she continued, "Sam Church apparently thought it was his legitimate right to make the sort of proposition he did. And it made me mad, the way he takes things for granted."

"Maybe you won't believe me, but I fought him, and I not only fought him but I gave him a beating. He tried to hold me, and I scratched him and tore at him and pulled his hair until he was glad to let me go. Once I caught hold of his necktie and pulled it with all my might. It almost choked him and knocked all the fight out of him."

"Physically, Sam Church is a big coward. He was actually afraid of me after I got mad. When I left him he sort of smiled and mopped his face with his handkerchief, and said, 'All right, young lady, go ahead. But don't think I'm through. I'll break you if it takes every cent I own.'

"There was a lot more he said

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that won't stand repeating. Honest, he talked just like the villain in 'Way Down East,' and I had to laugh at him. Said I'd be crawling back to him on my hands and knees."

"I thought he'd forget it, but I didn't know Sam Church. The next week I lost my job. He'd gone to the proprietor and paid him to fire me. I got another one and lost that."

"You're sure it was Church who did it?" Jimmy asked.

"Of course. Of course, no one would admit it, but Church called me up later and asked me if I was ready to listen to reason. I told him he could go to—." She stopped.

The orchestra, screened off in its corner by potted plants, began to play, and Olga bit her lip, as if she

music was reminiscent of some bitter memory. Church, off in another corner of the room, was eating alone and had not seen them.

"There he sits in all his respectability," she said, tight lipped. "And what could I do? Who'd believe me if I told the story I've just told you? He actually tried to starve me. There wasn't a place in town where I could get a job. I sometimes wonder why he's letting me keep the one I've got now. I suppose he has another interest."

Jimmy winced, as if he had been struck in the face. "Perhaps," he said softly, and was silent.

He reached over and patted her hand. "Poor kid," he said.

Tears crowded to her eyes. She laid her hand on his sleeve, looked

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