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Odors—Jac Rose and Brise Char-
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Good stabling in connection.

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A safe, reliable regulating
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1 month	3.00

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tory. The latter has steam power and
is equipped with modern machinery.
Great opportunity for an enterprising
young man to start business. Reason
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It makes a fat girl fatter and a thin
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Wood's Phosphorine,
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Tones and invigorates the whole
nervous system, makes new blood
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for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all
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The BLACK BOX

by **E. Phillips Oppenheim**

Novelized from the Photo-play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal
Film Manufacturing Company

"It's coming!" Lenora moaned.
Quest stood perfectly tense. The
picture suddenly flashed into brilliant



"I Caught the Girl Trying to Make
Her Way Into the House."

clearness. They saw Craig's features
with almost lifelike detail. From the
corner of that room where the profes-
sor was standing, came a smothered
groan. It was a terrifying, a paralyz-
ing moment. Even the silence seemed
charged with awful things. Then sud-
denly, without any warning, the pic-
ture faded completely away. A cry,
which was almost a howl of anger,
broke from Quest's lips. Craig had
fallen sideways from his chair. There
was an ominous change in his face.
Something seemed to have passed
from the atmosphere of the room,
some tense and nameless quality.
Quest moved forward and laid his
hand on Craig's heart. The girl was
on her knees, screaming.
"Take her away," Quest whispered
to Lenora.

"What about him?" French deman-
ed, as Lenora led the girl from the
room.
"He fought too hard," Quest said,
gravely. "He is dead. Professor—"
They all looked around. The spot
where he had been standing was
empty. The professor had gone.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The first shock was over. Craig's
body had been removed, and the girls
had taken Mary, half stunned with
grief, to their room. French and
Quest were left alone.

"That is some disappointment,"
the former remarked gloomily.

"It is a disappointment," Quest
said, slowly, "which may clear the
way to bigger things."

"What's in your mind now?" French
inquired.

Quest shook his head.

"A turmoil. First of all, where is
the professor?"

"Must have scooted right away
home," French suggested. "He was
looking pretty sick all the time. Guess
it must have been a powerful shock
for him, and he isn't so young as he
used to be."

"Give me that paper of Craig's
again," Quest asked.

The inspector produced the docu-
ment from his inner pocket, and
Quest, stretching it out upon his knee,
read it word for word.

"Never to communicate or to have
anything to do with anyone of the
name of Ashleigh, eh?" he remarked,
as he handed it back again. "Rather
a queer provision, that, French."

"I've been thinking that myself," the
inspector admitted.

Quest glanced at the clock.

"Well," he said, "if you're ready,
inspector, we'll be getting along."

The two men drove to the outskirts
of the city almost in silence. The
professor's house seemed more than
ever deserted as they drew up at the
front door. They entered without
ringing and crossed the hall towards
the library. On the threshold Quest
paused and held up his finger.

"Someone is in there," he whispered,
stepping quickly forward. "Come!"

He threw open the door. The room
was empty, yet both Quest and French
were conscious of a curious convic-
tion that it had been occupied with-
in the last few seconds.

"Queer, but it seemed to me I heard
someone," French muttered.

"I was sure of it," Quest replied.

They stood still for a moment and
listened. The silence in the empty
house was almost unnatural. Quest

turned away with a shrug of the
shoulders.

"At any rate," he said, "Craig's dy-
ing thoughts must have been truth-
ful. Come."

He led the way to the fireplace,
went down on his knees and passed
his hands over the bricks. The third
one he touched, shook. He tapped
it—without a doubt it was hollow.
With his penknife he loosened the
mortar a little and drew it out easily.
The back was open. Inside was the
black box.



"He Fought Too Hard," Quest Said Gravely. "He Is Dead!"

"Craig's secret at last!" French
muttered, hoarsely. "Bring it to the
light, quick!"

They were unemotional men, but the
moment was supreme. The key to the
mystery of these tragical weeks
was there in their hands! Their eyes
almost devoured those few hastily
scrawled words buried with so much
care.

See Page 62, January Number,
American Medical Journal, 1905.

They looked at one another. They
repeated vaguely this most common-
place of messages. As the final result
of their strenuous enterprise, these
cryptic words seemed pitifully inade-
quate. Quest's face darkened. He
crumpled the paper in his fingers.

"There must be some meaning in
this," he muttered. "It can't be al-
together a fool's game we're on. Wait."

He moved towards a table which
usually stood against the wall, but
which had obviously been dragged
out recently into the middle of the
room. It was covered with bound
volumes. Quest glanced at one and
exclaimed softly:

"American Medical Journal, 1905!"

French, there's something in this mes-
sage, after all."

He turned over the pages rapidly.
Then he came to a stop. Page 61
was there; page 62 had been neatly
removed with a pair of scissors.

"The professor!" he cried. "The
professor's been at work here!"

The two men stood looking at one
another across the table. Strange

(To Be Continued.)

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Nothing Helped Him Until He
"FRUIT-A-TIVES"



ALBERT VARNER

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I had belching gas from the stomach,
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mouth after eating, while at times I had
nausea and vomiting, and had chronic
Constipation. I went to several doctors
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without benefit. I tried many remedies
but nothing did me good. Finally, a
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this grand fruit medicine and it made
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"Fruit-a-tives", and you will get well!

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Bad handwriting is often used to cov-
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Don't imagine that there is anything
harder to keep than an umbrella.

It is easier for a man to be the
architect of his own fortune than to
be the builder.

We believe that any man who would
attempt to match his logic against a
woman's tears is one kind of a padded
cell candidate.

PUBLIC MEETING

A PUBLIC MEETING of citizens will
be held in the Council Chamber
WEDNESDAY, Aug. 30th, at 4.30 p.m.,
when Mr. T. B. Kidner, Vocational Sec-
retary of the Military Hospital Com-
mission, will explain Vocational Train-
ing schemes being taken up by the Do-
minion Government.

MOSES MITCHELL,
8-29 Mayor.

TO THE POLICYHOLDERS OF
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE
COMPANY OF AMERICA.

NOTICE is hereby given that a meet-
ing of the policyholders of The
Prudential Insurance Company of
America will be held at the Home Of-
fice of the said Company in the City
of Newark, New Jersey, on Monday,
the fourth day of December, 1916, at
twelve o'clock noon, for the purpose
of selecting fifteen persons to be voted
for by the policyholders' Trustee as
members of the Board of Directors, at
the annual election of Directors of the
Company to be held on the eighth day
of January, 1917.

At such meeting every policyhold-
er of the corporation who is at the age
of twenty-one years or upwards and
whose policy has been in force for at
least one year last past, shall be en-
titled to cast one vote in person or by
proxy.

FORREST F. DRYEN,
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