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Great opportunity for an enterprising
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for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all
druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of
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MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

The BLACK BOX

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Univers.
Film Manufacturing Company

For ten years I have protected my
master, Prof. Edgar Ashleigh, at the
cost of my peace of mind, my happi-
ness, my reputation. This book, even
though it be too late to help me, shall
clear my reputation.

Quest closed the volume.
"French," he decided, "we must find
the professor. Will you have your
men search the house and grounds im-
mediately?"

The inspector left the room like a
dazed man. They could hear him giv-
ing orders outside.

"The next page," Lenora begged.
"Just one page more!"

Quest hesitated for a moment. Then
he turned it over. All three read
again:

Ten years of horror, struggling all
the while to keep him from that other
self, that thing of bestiality, to keep
his horrible secret from the world, to
cover up his crimes, even though
their shadow should rest upon me.
Now Sanford Quest has come. Will
this mean discovery?

"Another page," Quest said. "Don't
you see where it is leading us? We
have the truth here. Wait!"

He strode hastily to the door. French
and one of the plain-clothes men were
descending the stairs.

"Well?" Quest asked, breathlessly.
"The professor is not in the house,"
French reported. "We are going to
search the grounds."

Quest returned to the library.
Lenora clung to his arm. The diary
lay still upon the table.

Quest opened the volume slowly.
Again they all read together:

The evil nature is growing stronger
every day. He is developing a sort
of ferocious cunning to help him in
his crimes. He wanders about in the
dark, wearing a black velvet suit
with holes for his eyes, and leaving
only his hands exposed. I have
watched him come into a half-dark-
ened room and one can see nothing
but the hands and the eyes; some-
times if he closes his eyes, only the
hands.

"Mrs. Rheinholdt!" Quest muttered.
The door was suddenly opened and
French entered.

"Beaten!" he exclaimed, tersely.
"You haven't found him?" Quest
asked.

French shook his head.
"We've searched every room, every
cupboard, every scrap of the cellar
in the place," he announced. "We've
been into every corner of the grounds,
searched it all backwards and for-
wards. There's no sign of the profes-
sor."

Quest pocketed the diary.
"You're perfectly certain that he
is not in this house or anywhere upon
the premises?"

"Certain sure!" French replied.
Quest shrugged his shoulders.
"Well, we'd better get back," he
said.

They were on the point of starting,
the chauffeur with his hand upon the
starting handle, French with the
steering wheel of the police car al-
ready in his hand. And then the little
party seemed suddenly turned to
stone. For a few breathless seconds
not one of them moved. Out into the
clammy night air came the echoes of
a hideous, inhuman, blood-curdling
scream. Quest was the first to re-
cover himself. He leaped from his
seat and rushed back across the em-
pty hall into the study, followed a lit-
tle way behind by French and the
others. An unsuspected panel door
which led into the garden stood slight-
ly ajar. The professor, with his hand
on the back of a chair, was staring
at the fireplace, shaking as though
with some horrible ague, his face dis-
torted, his body curiously hunched
up. He seemed suddenly to have
dropped his humanity, to have fallen
back into the world of some strange
creatures. He heard their footsteps,
but he did not turn his head. His
hands were stretched out in front
of him as though to keep away from
his sight some hateful object.

"Stop him!" he cried. "Take him
away! It's Craig—his spirit! He
came to me in the garage, he followed
me through the grounds, he mocked
at me when I hid in the tree. He's
there now, kneeling before the fire-
place. Why can't I kill him! He
is coming! Stop him, someone!"

No one spoke or moved; no one, in-
deed, had the power. They at last
Quest found words.

"There is no one in the room, pro-
fessor," he said, "except us."

The sound of a human voice seemed
to produce a strange effect. The pro-
fessor straightened himself, shook his
head, his hands dropped to his side,
ghastly pale, but his smile was once
more the smile of the amiable natu-
ralist.

"My friends," he said, "forgive me.
I am very old, and the events of these
last few hours have unnerved me.
Forgive me."

He groped for a moment and sank
into a chair. Quest fetched a decan-
ter and a glass from the sideboard,
poured out some wine and held it to

his lips. The professor drank it eag-
erly.

"My dear friend," he exclaimed,
"you have saved me. I have some-
thing to tell you, something I must tell
you at once, but not here! I loathe
this place. Let me come with you
to your rooms."

"As you please," Quest answered,
calmly.

He gripped Quest's arm. In silence
they passed from the room, in silence
they took their places once more
in the automobiles, in silence they
drove without a pause to Quest's
rooms. The professor made his way
at once to his favorite easy chair,
threw off his overcoat and leaned
back.

"Quest," he pronounced, "you are
the best friend I have in my life! It
is you who have rid me of my great
burden. Tell me—help me a little
with my story—have you read that
page from the Medical Journal which



The Professor Sat There Like a Fig-
ure of Stone.

Craig has kept locked up all these
years?"

"We have all read it," Quest re-
plied.

"It was forged," the professor de-
clared, firmly, "forged by Craig. All
the years since he has blackmailed
me. I have been his servant and his
tool. I have been afraid to speak. At
last I am free of him. Thank God!"

"Craig, after all," French muttered.
Lenora stood a little apart with
a faint frown upon her forehead.
She touched Quest on the shoulder.

"Mr. Quest," she murmured, "he is
lying!"

Quest turned his head. His lips
scarcely moved.

"What do you mean?" he whispered.
"He is lying!" Lenora insisted. "I
tell you there's another creature
there, something we don't understand.
Let me bring the electro-thought
transference apparatus; let us read
his mind. If I am wrong, I will go
down on my knees and beg for for-
giveness."

Quest nodded. Lenora hastened to
the farther end of the room, snatched
the cloth from the instrument and
wheeled down the little mirror with
(To Be Continued.)

When the war news is good we don't
care a Rotterdam if it does come first
from Holland.

When it comes to real driving, it is
becoming apparent that Russia is out-
jockeying the Teutons.

Look at Gold Soap. You
can see that it is the biggest
cake on the market.

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that it is the best cake on the
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Canada in the Procter &
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WOMAN'S COLUMN

TO REMOVE STAINS.

The handling of stains on colored
goods is often difficult. Sometimes
cold water and a good soap will re-
move the spot. For stains from
iron rust, mildew or ink, a chemi-
cal will be necessary to remove
them, and a chemical will usually
take out the color as well as the
stain. So we are confronted by
the choice of a stain or a white
spot, and the only way out that
we know is to be careful and avoid
stains.

Ink stains can be removed if as
soon as the accident happens you
wet the place with lemon juice or
vinegar, or use a weak solution of
oxalic acid; and rust stains can be
readily removed by using oxalic
acid. Five cents' worth of oxalic
acid powder, put in an eight-ounce
bottle of water. Wet the rust stain
with the solution, let lie a few min-
utes, and if the stain does not dis-
appear, repeat.

Instead of blacking the gas
stove, rub over with olive oil. This
keeps it a nice black and saves
much trouble.

To clean discolored water bot-
tles put in some garden mold, fill
with cold water and shake well.
They will become clean and white.

After each washing day damp
the rollers of the wringing machine
with ordinary paraffin. This pre-
vents them from wearing out, and
the water from soaking in the
wood. It will not harm the clothes.

STUFFED TOMATOES.

Boiled macaroni is cut in quite
small pieces, seasoned with salt,

pepper and onion juice. Remove
the pulp from the tomatoes and
fill the cavities with the macaroni
mixtures. A bit of butter is placed
on top and the tomatoes baked for
about half an hour in a quick oven.
The pulp of tomatoes so used is
utilized later for a tomato sauce
to be served with the stuffed vege-
table.

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In other words, the blood is watery
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The stomach is wrong.
Assimilation is poor and food is not
changed into blood. Naturally the
system is robbed of vitality, lacks
strength and reconstructive power.

Don't slip from vigor into weakness.
Don't allow the appetite to fail, but
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stomach. Everything you eat is trans-
formed into nutriment that supplies
what your thin, weak system needs.

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rosy cheeks and dancing eyes—that's
the kind that Ferrozone makes.

The strength and buoyancy that de-
fies depression and tiredness—that's
the sort you get with Ferrozone.

Every pale woman can transform
her bleached-out appearance with Fer-
rozone.

Not only will it improve looks and
spirits, but by rebuilding all weak
and tired organs Ferrozone establishes
a soundness of health that's surprising.

For women and girls who want to
feel well, to look well, to be well, and
stay well, nothing known in the annals
of medicine is so certain as Ferrozone.

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Concentrated cure in tablet form,
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