

BEGIN HERE TODAY
SIR NORMAN GREYES, formerly of Scotland Yard, is devoting his time to tracking down Michael Sayers, arch criminal. Sayers is known as Greys, and under the alias of Stanfield, Sayers drives in a small car to Brown's bank in the suburb of Leeds and robs it of over 7,000 pounds. Stannington, the local police chief, is in which Michael Sayers, his confederate awaits him, Sayers runs for Scotland. Roberson, who takes charge of the small car, is arrested, but freed for lack of evidence.

Sir Norman is sent to Scotland, where he finds him living under the alias of Grover. Grover dines with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Sayers and is invited to a game of golf by Michael.

NOW GO ON WITH STORY

Sir Norman Continues

"With pleasure," I assented.

"At 10 o'clock?"

"I will be in the clubhouse."

"We go to bed, up here," he remarked, "practically with the sun."

I rose to my feet. I took my leave and as I walked down the drive, with the yellow moon shining through the sparse trees, I felt the ghosts of tragedy gathering.

A five minutes to ten on the following morning I watched Mr. James Stanfield push open his private gate leading onto the links, and stroll across toward the clubhouse. I waved my hand and stepped back into the locker-room. Three or four men in tweeds and golfing outfit were waiting there. In five minutes my prospective opponent entered. In five seconds the handcuffs were upon my wrists, and one of the three apparent golfers had the matter in hand.

"You are charged," he said, "with feloniously wounding William Hammell, manager, and John Stokes, clerk, of Brown's Bank in the Menwood road, Leeds, and with stealing from the premises the sum of seven thousand pounds. I should recommend you to come with us quietly, and to reserve, for the present, anything you may have to say."

Looking at him as he stood leaning a little against his own locker, I could have sworn that there was no manner of change in the face or expression of my enemy. He ignored the others and looked across at me.

"This is your doing," he asked. "Altogether," I admitted. "You knew it—last night?"

"It was you who reminded me that I need not take salt," I replied. He nodded.



HER EYES WERE FILLED WITH A MINGLED LIGHT, A LIGHT OF ALLUREMENT AND CRUELTY. I MOVED TOWARD HER.

"The trick is to you," he confessed. "I am ready, gentlemen."

He walked quietly out to a waiting motor car, with a burly policeman on either side of him, and a very important man from Scotland Yard in the party. Rimmington and I were left behind, and presently we essayed a round of golf. All the time my

IOWA PHYSICIAN MAKES STARTLING OFFER TO CATARRH SUFFERERS

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Davenport, Iowa—Dr. W. O. Coffey, Suite 118, St. James Hotel Bldg., this city, one of the most widely known physicians and surgeons in the central west, and author of "Found a Cure," which completely healed him of a catarrh in the head and nose, deafness and head noises after many years of suffering. He then gave the treatment to a number of other sufferers and stated that they also were completely healed. The Doctor is so proud of his achievement and so confident that his treatment will bring other sufferers the same freedom it gave him that he is offering it at 10 cents a supply absolutely free to any reader of this paper who writes him. Dr. Coffey has specialized on eye, ear, nose and throat diseases for more than thirty-five years and is honored and respected by countless thousands. If you suffer from nose, head or throat catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises, send him your name and address today—Advertisement.

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Dr. Edwards, a well-known physician in Ohio, perfected a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil to act on the liver and bowels which he gave to his patients for years.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, are gentle in their action yet always effective. They bring about that natural buoyancy which all should enjoy by toning up the liver and clearing the system of impurities.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are known by their olive color. 10c and 25c advertisement.

A mixture of Thothario and In-

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

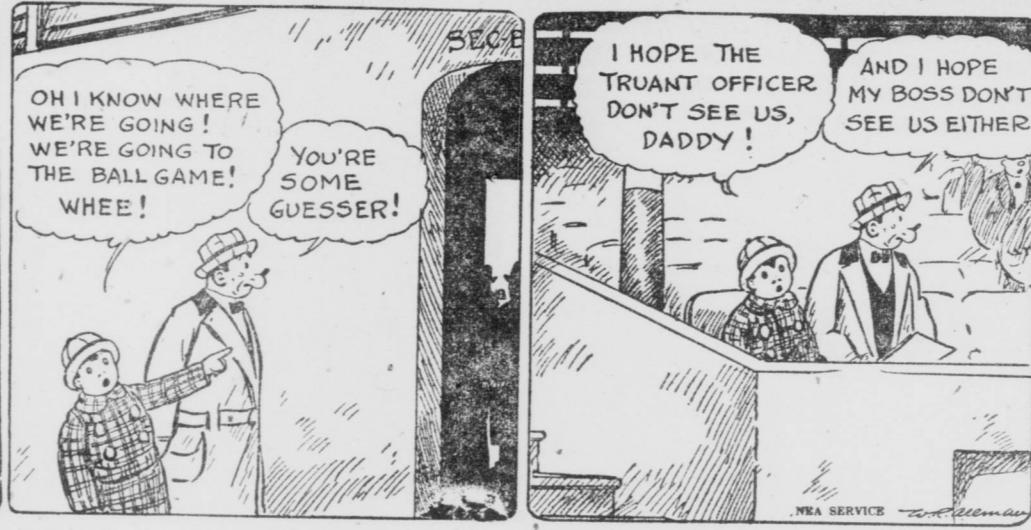


OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



TO OFFICER KNUM GOES THE HONORS FOR SOLVING THE NEIGHBOR HOOD MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING CREAM CONES

Playing Hookie



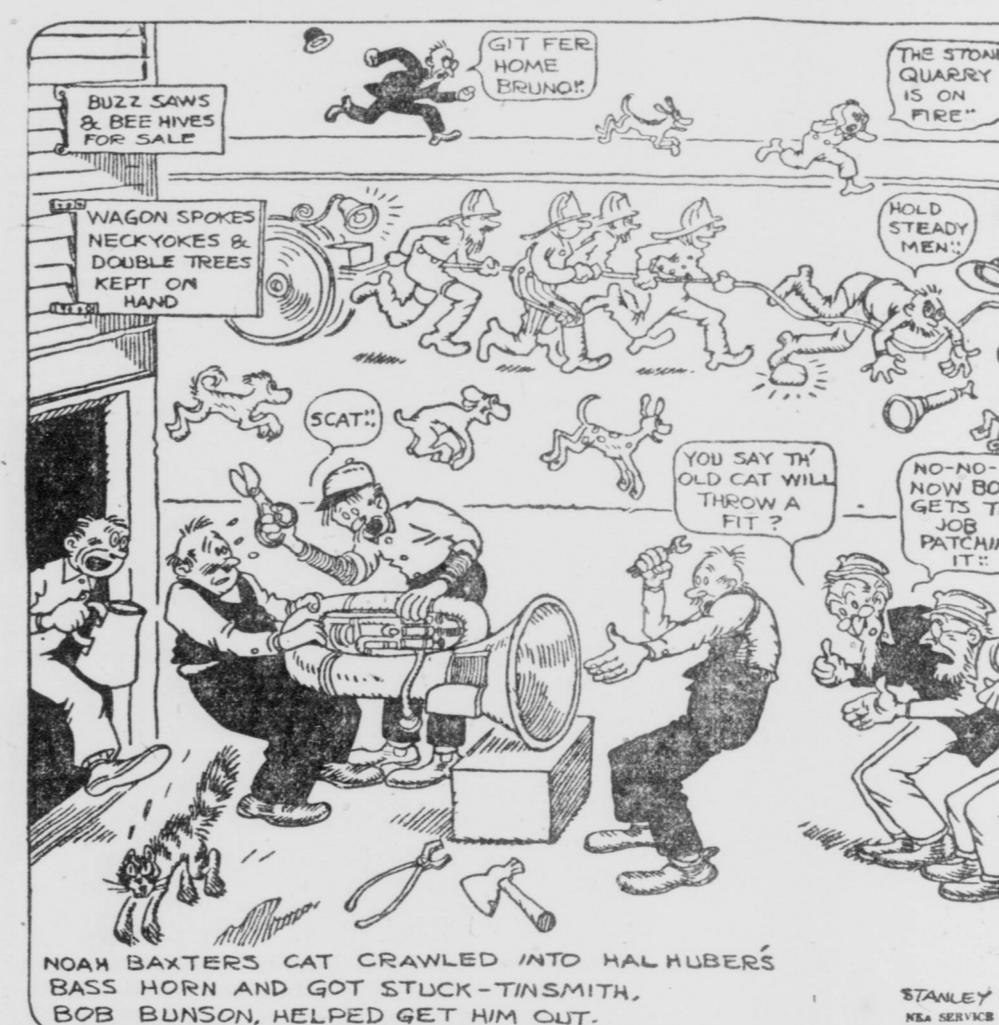
CITIZENS TAKE LAW IN HAND



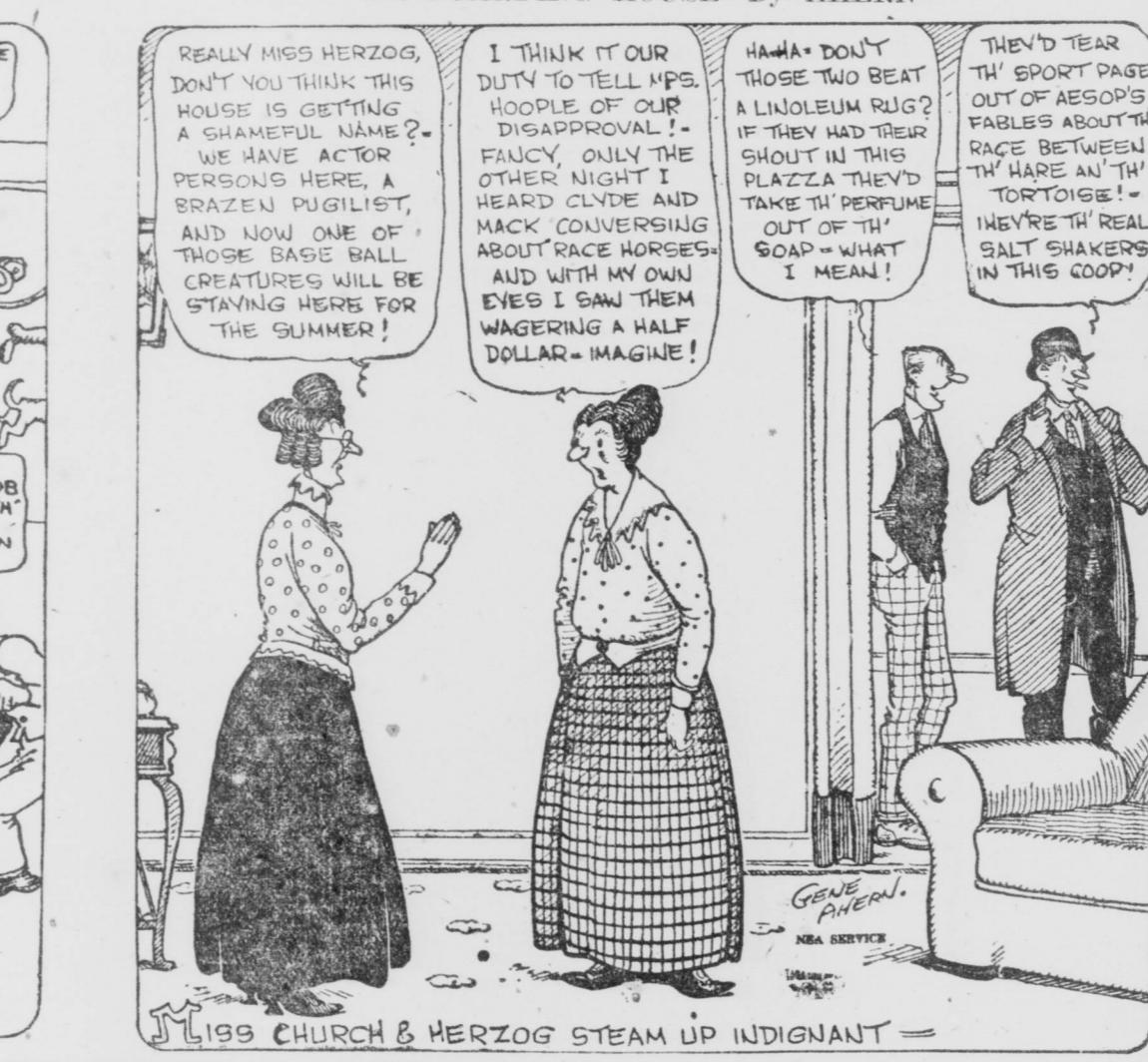
THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—By AL POSEN



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



NOAH BAXTER'S CAT CRAWLED INTO HAL HUBER'S BASS HORN AND GOT STUCK—TINSMITH, BOB BUNSON, HELPED GET HIM OUT.



CITIZENS TAKE LAW IN HAND

NORTH SYDNEY, N. S., May 3.—Citizens of Sydney Mines took the law into their own hands and practically

wiped out administration of the town by the council.

They held a mass meeting at which 2,000 citizens attended, appointed a large committee of citizens to handle civic affairs, and passed a resolution demanding that Charles Ballard, whom they alleged is the local chief of the "rum runners," quit town within twenty-four hours.

The meeting and its results are the direct outcome of an assault upon W. Teabault, Inspector under the Nova Scotia Temperance Act. The majority of the council were held morally responsible for the fate of the Inspector.

Ballard, against whom the meeting issued a decree of expulsion, has 100 convictions under the Temperance Act against him.

Whales suffer a great deal from rheumatism.