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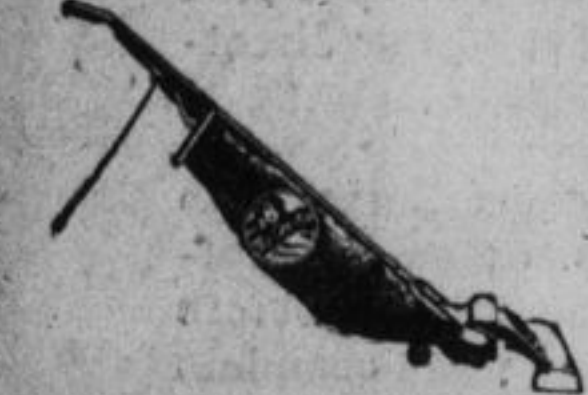


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THE WAY TO BE WELL

Good Health Maintained Through Rich, Red Blood.

There are many men and women who, every few weeks, have spells of weakness, during which time they are little better than invalids; yet at other times they feel very well. Why does their health fluctuate so?

In the case of men worry and overstrained nerves are usually responsible for this state of unfitness, and inability to face the anxieties of daily life.

As for women, her back aches, she is dizzy with sick headaches, and often has stabbing pains in the side. The only real health is all-the-year-round health; and the secret of it is good, red blood and plenty of it. One way to keep the blood in good condition is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There is scarcely a nook or corner in Canada where someone will not be found who will tell you the benefit they have had through the use of these pills.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE MAN ON WATCH

When the Turks run up against the British they will find the clash much different from chasing and slaughtering Armenians and helpless women and children.

Announcement is made of the cure of a broken neck in two weeks at Chicago. Soon science will be able to cure broken hearts of Wolfe Island girls.

It is denied that there is any rule at Queen's University forbidding the co-eds smoking cigarettes or drinking wine.

When is a drunk not a drunk? This is a conundrum that any of the Kingston policemen can answer for you.

Some Kingston Masonic brethren who went to Pelton on a fraternal visit butted into a Salvation Army street corner meeting and took up the collection with great success. Now they will have to do the same thing on Princess street some Saturday night.

The judges who sat on the murder trials here are experienced jurists, and the life sentences given the young criminals before them are to be termed just rather than severe. The social organization must be protected.

The Portsmouth Philosopher remarks that judging by the success of some of the players, lawn bowling must be a game of chance rather than of skill. Holy smoke!

The Lammpan contends that the standard of womanhood is not improved by ladies smoking and drinking. There are things that women must not do merely because men do them. Mimicking men causes the loss of womanly characteristics.

Some short-sighted auto drivers are as lucky as drunken men, who never hurt themselves even in falling.

A blood test as a proof of paternity will not do, for at best it is a mere guess. There are many people who would not convict a man on finger print evidence either, and they are right.

Sounds funny, doesn't it—that the people who are themselves the law must not applaud in their own court when they see it. Only the judge and the lawyers can crack jokes there and break the solemnity of the proceedings.

The Dominion Alliance tells what is untrue when it announces that there is no such thing, but rather an increase during the past few years. The present week in Kingston

Women Need More and Better Blood

To be strong, well, equal to demands of home, society, office or shop. It is a fact proven by thousands of grateful letters that Hood's Sarsaparilla is remarkably beneficial to young or older women. The most common ailments of women drain and weaken the system and sometimes result in anemia, nervous weakness, general break-down. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives the blood more vitality and better color, makes stronger nerves, and contributes to the length and enjoyment of life.

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

By A. M. LITTLE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

A revolver shot was heard two minutes after ROBERT ABLETT, ne'er-do-well brother of MARK ABLETT, bachelor proprietor of the Red House, had been ushered into Mark's office on his return from a 15-years' absence in Australia. ANTONY GILLINGHAM, a gentlemanly adventurer and friend of BILL BEVERLY, one of Mark's guests, arrived at that moment to meet Mark.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

Bill was silent, wondering how to put in words thoughts which had never formed themselves very definitely in his own mind. Seeing his hesitation, Antony said: "I ought to have warned you that nothing that you say will be taken down by the reporters, so you needn't bother about a split infinitive or two. Talk about anything you like, how you like."

"Well, Mark fancies himself at arranging things. He arranges things, and it's understood that the guests fall in with the arrangement. Arranging things for you?" "Yes. Of course, it's a delightful house and opportunities for every game or sport that's ever been invented. But with it all, Tony, there's a faint sort of feeling that—well, you've got to do as you're told."

"He's a devil for taking offense. That Miss Norris—did you see her?—she's done for herself. I don't mind betting what you like that she never comes here again."

"Why?" "Bill laughed to himself. "We were all in it, really—at least, Betty and I were. There's supposed to be a ghost attached to the house. Lady Anne Patten. Ever heard of her?"

"Never." "Mark told us about her at dinner one night. He rather liked the idea of there being a ghost in his house, you know; except that he doesn't believe in ghosts. I think he wanted all of us to believe in her, and yet he was annoyed with Betty and Mrs. Calladine for believing in ghosts at all. Rum chap. Well, anyhow, Miss Norris—she's an actress, some actress too—dressed up as the ghost and played the fool a bit. And poor Mark was frightened out of his life. Just for a moment, you know."

"Where did the ghost appear?" "Down by the bowling-green. That's supposed to be its haunt, you know."

"Was Mark very angry afterward?" "Oh, Lord, yes. Sulked for a whole day. He got over it—he generally does. He's just like a child. That's really it, Tony; he's like a child in some ways. As a matter of fact, he was unusually backed with himself this morning."

"Is he generally in form?" "He's quite good company, you know, if you take him the right way. He's rather vain and childish—well, like I've been telling you—and self-important; but quite amusing in his way, and—Bill broke off suddenly. "I say, you know, it really is the limit, talking about your host like this."

"Don't think of him as your host. Think of him as a suspected murderer."

CHAPTER VIII ANTONY'S bedroom looked over the park at the back of the house. He was sitting on his

bed, in shirt and trousers, absently smoothing down his thick black hair with his brushes, when Bill shouted an "Hallo!" through the door, and came in.

"I say, buck up, old boy, I'm hungry," he said. Antony stopped smoothing himself and looked up at him thoughtfully.

"Where's Mark?" he said. "Mark? You mean Cayley." Antony corrected himself with a little laugh. "Yes, I mean Cayley. Is he down? I say, I shan't be a moment. Bill." He got up from the bed and went on briskly with his dressing.

"Oh, by the way," said Bill, taking his place on the bed, "your idea about the keys is a wash-out."

"Why, how do you mean?" "I went down just now and had a look at them. Some were outside and some inside, and there you are. It makes it much less exciting. When you were talking about it on the lawn, I really got quite keen on the idea of the key being outside and Mark taking it in with him."

"It's going to be exciting enough," said Antony mildly, as he transferred his pipe and tobacco into the pocket of his black coat. "Well, let's come down; I'm ready now."

Cayley was waiting for them in the hall. The three of them fell into a casual conversation.

"You were quite right about the keys," said Bill, during a pause. "Keys?" said Cayley blankly. "We were wondering whether they were outside or inside."

"Oh, oh, yes!" He looked slowly round the hall, at the friendly doors, and then smiled in a diffident way at Antony. "We both seem to have been right, Mr. Gillingham. So we don't get much farther."

"No," he gave a shrug. "I just wondered, you know. I thought it was worth mentioning."

"Oh, quite. Not that you would have convinced me, you know. Just as Elsie's evidence doesn't convince me."

"Elsie?" said Bill excitedly. Antony looked inquiringly at him, wondering who Elsie was.

"One of the housemaids," explained Cayley. "You didn't hear what she told the inspector?"

Cayley told them of what Elsie had heard through the office door that afternoon.

"You were in the library then, of course," said Antony, rather to himself than to the other. "She might have gone through the hall without your hearing."

"Oh, I've no doubt she was there, and heard words. Perhaps heard those very words. But—He broke off, and added impatiently, "It was accidental. I know it was accidental. What's the good of talking as if Mark was a murderer? Dinner was announced at that moment, and as they went in, he added, "What's the good of talking about it at all, if it comes to that?"

"What, indeed?" said Antony, and to Bill's great disappointment they talked of books and politics during the meal.

Cayley made an excuse for leaving them as soon as their cigars were alight. He had business to attend to, as was natural. Bill would look after his friend. Bill was only too willing.

"Let's go outside," suggested Antony. "I want to talk to you."

"Good man. What about the bowling-green?"

They came out of the front door and followed the drive to the left. The road bent round to the right, but they kept straight on over a broad grass path for twenty yards, and there in front of them was the green. A dry ditch, ten feet wide and six feet deep, surrounded it, except in the one place where the path went forward.

"Yes, it hides itself very nicely," said Antony. "Where do they keep the bowls?"

"In a sort of summer-house place. Round here."

They walked along the edge of the green until they came to it—a low wooden bunk which had been built into one wall of the ditch.

They finished their circuit of the green—"Just in case anybody's in the ditch," said Antony—and then sat down on the bench.

"Now then," said Bill, "We are alone. Fire ahead."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)



"NOW THEN," SAID BILL, "WE ARE ALONE."

about anything. Mark gives himself away... Ugly, black-jawed devil, isn't he?"

"Some women like that type of ugliness."

"Yes, that's true. Between ourselves, I think there's one here who does. Rather a pretty girl at Jalandra—he waved his left hand—down that way."

"What's Jalandra?" "It's a country cottage belonging to a widow called Norbury. Mark and Cayley used to go there a good deal together. Miss Norbury—the girl—has been here once or twice for tennis; seemed to prefer Cayley to the rest of us. But of course he hadn't much time for that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?" "Talking about with a pretty girl and asking her if she's been to any theaters lately. He nearly always had something to do."

"Mark kept him busy?" "Yes. Mark never seemed quite happy unless he had Cayley doing something for him. He was quite lost and helpless without him. And, finally enough, Cayley seemed lost without Mark."

"He was fond of him?" "Yes, I should say so. In a protective kind of way. He'd size Mark up, of course—his vanity, his self-importance, his amateurishness and all the rest of it—but he liked looking after him. And he knew how to manage him."

They reached the inn, and Antony went upstairs to his room. He re- turned his brushes to his bag, glanced round to see that nothing else had been taken out, and went down again to settle his bill.

CHAPTER VIII ANTONY'S bedroom looked over the park at the back of the house. He was sitting on his

presents some pretty telling evidence.

Happily October will see the garden flowers blooming, as the frost failed to nip them in Kingston. October without flowers would be a dull month.

An American visitor records his enjoyment of the way Kingston observes the Sabbath. Where he lives

your news? Tell the boys and girls of comfortable, good looking suits you sell, tell them of your toy land, your radio, your books; tell them about your store—they'll be glad to know that you have departments of interest to them—and tomorrow—when they are grown-ups, they'll remember you and continue to be your patrons. Don't try to fool them. These youngsters of to-day have remarkable memories.

THE TOWN WATCHMAN.

Youngsters of to-day are the grownups of tomorrow. Has it ever occurred to you to tell the little folk



LEADING FIGURES AT CHILD WELFARE CONVENTION, TORONTO. Top row, left to right: J. A. P. Hayden, Ottawa; Mrs. R. Hooper, St. John; Miss W. Whitton, Ottawa; and Madame P. E. Marchand, Ottawa. Bottom row, left to right: Dr. J. A. McBride, President, Montreal; F. Paquin, M.D., Grand Mere, Quebec; and Y. Baudry, Ottawa.

Advertisement for Mercury Hosiery. Features an illustration of a woman in a dress and stockings. Text: 'The Charm of the Ankle Line', 'Mercury Hosiery', 'Mercury Mills Limited - Hamilton - Canada'. Includes details about the stockings' construction and availability.

Advertisement for Brock's Bird Seed. Features an illustration of a songbird. Text: 'LIVING Music Box', 'Keep a Songbird in Your Home', 'Brock's Bird Seed', 'NICHOLSON & BROCK, 87 Market St. TORONTO'.

Advertisement for Lemmon & Sons. Text: 'Why It Saves Coal—', 'The Hecla Pipeless Furnace has all the big features of the famous Hecla Furnace.', 'LEMMON & SONS AGENTS 117 PRINCESS STREET KINGSTON'.