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When you go to the "movies" do they seem blurred, indistinct, or perhaps they hurt your eyes? If so it is your eyes that are at fault and not the "movies."

If you have to sit up near the screen to be able to see the titles, your vision is defective. In either of the above cases, you should have your eyes examined at once.

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WE NEVER CLOSE
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Good fellows in the tavern are often bad fellows in their homes.

Kitty's Laundry List

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Never," said Kitty sternly to herself, "never shall I have anything more to do with a man!"
The train came along at this minute and she sprang up the high steps and found an empty seat in the rear coach. She sat for a few minutes watching the snowy landscape swim past her and thinking with mortification and anger of the week-end she had just spent.

Helen Saunders had invited her purposely so that she could meet Will Farnsworth. She had heard the virtues of Will, his unexcelled qualities drummed into her ears, until she had almost begun to hate him. But Helen—the inveterate matchmaker—now that she was married, had somehow made her curious about him.

And at the last moment he had telegraphed that he couldn't come! Which might have been forgiven except for the fact that when they were out snow-shoeing Helen had seen a sleigh flash past and had cried, "I do believe that's Will! Of all the—"

He had never come near them and Kitty knew it was on her account. He was an old friend of the Saunders, which left no reason for doubt why he had been so careful to avoid them over this week-end.

"And yet I'm not so horrid. I don't see why he needs to be afraid. I thought, taking out her vanity case and peering into the mirrored face with searching eyes.
Brown eyes. Brown hair that showed chestnut tendrils, a nose that was saucy and a mouth that may have been too wide for beauty, but was bewitching when it showed the dimples at its corners.
Kitty pulled up her veil, opened her bag and drew out a book. A love story, of course.
She lost herself in its pages, lost herself so deeply that she scarcely noticed when the train stopped, was barely conscious when the conductor came down the aisle, and she reluctantly opened with one hand her purse, while continuing to hold the book with the other. She held out her ticket and went on with her story.

Pretty soon it was taken from her and she cuddled back into her corner, until at Chapter VII, she found her eyes were filling with tears—she couldn't go on any more now.
She lifted her head then and saw that someone was sitting in the seat beside her. A man, of course. Kitty turned her face to the window, swallowing her tears as best she could, and hoping the stranger would not notice. If only things would happen the way they did in novels!
"I think this is yours," the stranger said at last.

Kitty turned quickly to look at him. He had nice gray eyes, slightly hollowed cheeks and an engaging smile that showed white, fine teeth.
"Why, yes," Kitty said, looking down at her laundry list in the young man's hand. "It must have slipped out of my purse."
The young man said quite gravely: "You held it toward me such a long time that I thought I ought to take it."
"I don't understand!" Kitty said laughingly.
Then she felt quickly in her bag and found that her ticket was still there. The young man was smiling frankly. "Perhaps you thought it was your ticket. You see, I had my pass, so the conductor thought you were my—"
"How perfectly awful!" Kitty ejaculated.
"Yes, I know it would be awful, but you can fix it up with the conductor by giving him your ticket at the next station and freeing his mind forever from any doubts."

Kitty folded her laundry list into a tiny oblong and put it carefully away. The young man watched the delightful contour of the cheek turned from him and saw it flush into rose.
"I say," he said suddenly, dropping that tone of amusement. "I know I haven't any right to say it, but I could see you were in trouble. Is there anything I could do to help you? I know this isn't any way to introduce myself." He felt around in his pocket and drew out a card that bore the name:
"William J. Farnsworth,
General Passenger Agent."

Kitty looked at it for a moment. Then the demon of mischief leaped to her brown eyes.
"You mean you say I was—crying?" she asked.
He nodded sympathetically. "I couldn't help seeing. I hope you won't think I'm the sort that picks up girls everywhere. Why, I run away from

em! But I'd feel grateful if you would let me be of service."
"It's nice of you," Kitty answered, "but the only thing you could do would be to tell me that the heroine lives happily ever after—" she patted the red-covered book.
"Crying over a story!" he ejaculated. "But that's easy enough." He turned to the last page and began to read the final paragraph in a voice that vibrated pleasantly above the rattle of the train.
"She held out her hand to him with a little glad cry of surprise. Hugh's eyes met hers with a long look of understanding. 'You forgive me, Sonia.' He read the answer in her clear blue eyes, and as he gathered her close in to his arms she knew it was for this she had been waiting."
"Thank you," Kitty said softly.

Her face burned. Somehow the words that might have been sentimental or meaningless had, with his reading, sprung into life. She stole a look at her gray-eyed companion and thought with regret what good friends they might have been. Never that now.
"I get off the next stop," she said primly.
"I wish you'd tell me your name. I'd do anything—get people to introduce us properly, if it took weeks, if you only would!" he begged.

Kitty looked at him for a moment. Revenge is said to be sweet. But Kitty Tenant felt its taste bitter in her mouth as she answered. "I think we will say good-by here."
The young man struggled for a moment with something he wanted to say, and then laughing light sprang into his eyes again.
"So I'm never to see you again?" he asked mockingly.
Kitty nodded.

"Good-by, then," he said, standing with his hat off and watching her disappear down the aisle.
Kitty could not resist looking back at him from the platform; he was watching eagerly, and she smiled—for the last time.
In the week that followed she found she could not drive him out of her mind. His gray eyes, his engaging smile and his deep masculine voice came back to her again and again until she thought she had forgotten him.

"It would be so easy to meet him," Kitty thought, "and never shall I do it. He didn't choose to meet me in the first place." She stood washing out her best silk stockings in her wash bowl and wishing that Mrs. Wiggins gave a little more heat to her boarders.
"And I forgot my laundry!" Kitty said.

She hurried into her things, drew out the folded laundry list that brought back swift pictures of a ride in the train and ran around to the Dupont laundry. Opening the door, her heart seemed to stop and then give a wild leap that sent the blood rushing to her cheeks. For there before the counter was Will Farnsworth!

"She held out her hand to him with a little cry of surprise. Hugh's eyes met hers with a long look of understanding!" he quoted. "Do you know I've been waiting for you in this laundry!" he asked, and then at the question in her eyes. "You see, I had your laundry list. The rest was easy."
As he carried her bundle home, walking beside her, Kitty knew what good friends they were going to be.

EVERY DAY MONDAY IN KOREA

Laundry Work is Ceaseless in Eastern Land, Since Invariable White Must Be Spotless.

Every day is Monday in Korea. From early morning the thump-thump-thump of the washing paddle sounds on the bank of stream and canal. Until late at night the rat-a-tat-tat of the ironing sticks tells of the washerwomen, whose work is never done.

The crowded hut may be dirty and malodorous, but the gentlemen of the household must appear immaculate in loose white trousers and jacket and sheer long overcoat of white, and his wife must have her spotless jacket, full pantaloons and white is "descent black" of Korea. Originally the color of mourning, it became, like black in the East, the badge of respectability and sobriety. Though it is losing its vogue in the ports and larger towns, it is still, in the interior, the ordinary garb, winter and summer, of a large part of the population.

All save the poorest, however, keep bright-hued feast day silks laid away in the family chest, and the children and young girls are always as brilliant as butterflies.

There is the interminable washing and ironing. Then there is the sewing—and the household sewing in Korea is no small task; for all the garments worn by the family are taken apart before each washing and sewed together again after they are beaten smooth with the ironing sticks. —Asia Magazine.

Early History of the Hat.

The use of heaver in making hats commenced about 1200, for Chaucer mentions it. Flanders turned out the first. Hatters' guilds began to appear in England, and apprentices were taught the art of making felt hats and decorating them. Nine cents a day was then a hatter's wages. In the sixteenth century the first hat stores began to do business, and hats, therefore so widely decorated as poetic fancy began to be standardized. In other words—style began to rule. By 1600 styles were very much in evidence, but were very changeable. Shakespeare's plays speak of various types of hats then worn.

Life as I See It.
At 46 it is useless for me to expect girls to look at me with any great interest. I feel young, but the girls do not know it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.



WINTER NEEDS

OVERSHOES—the popular winter footwear for Men, Women and Children.

HOCKEY BOOTS—Real dan dies for Boys, Girls, Ladies, Men at popular prices.

SKI BOOTS—The real Ski-Boot—High Top, \$8.50. Short Top, \$8.00.

SNOWSHOES..... \$3.50 and \$4.00

EVENING FOOTWEAR.

ABERNETHY'S SHOE STORE

GANANOQUE

Jan. 23.—Mrs. S. R. Spellen, Toronto, is the guest of her brother, William Wing.
Mrs. James McMillan, Ottawa, is in town on a visit to her father, Neil McCarney, at the Provincial.
Miss Gillian Sampson will leave shortly for Albuquerque, New Mexico, to visit Miss Louise Matthews. Mrs. Sampson will accompany her as far as Chicago.

Miss Edith Louch, R.N., who has been with her parents since the holidays, left yesterday to resume her duties in New York City.
Dr. I. Bogart, Kingston, was in town yesterday attending the directors' meeting of the St. Lawrence Summer Association Limited.
Miss Vivian Henne is entertaining this evening.

Misses Nellie Kidd and W. Reid attended the Q.B.C. dance in Kingston Monday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. Byron Boyce and W. Peck were in Brockville yesterday owing to the death of their brother-in-law, W. P. Dalley, late bursar of the Eastern hospital there.
Rev. Father Lacey, Kingston, was in town yesterday.
Mr. and Mrs. Colin Battams have left to take up residence in Clayton, N.Y., where Mr. Battams has accepted a good position.

Michael Kelly, Kingston, was in town yesterday.
Miss Margaret Gavin, Lansdowne, has returned home after spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. W. O'Brien, Wellington street.

Genia Branscombe's Concert.

Friends of Genia Branscombe, the famous Canadian music composer, have received word that on Thursday evening she will give a concert in New York that will be broadcast from WEAF, the powerful new station of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company. The entire programme will consist of her compositions and she will be heard making the announcements. Some of the artists who will interpret her are: Mme. Louise Hubbard, a prominent New York oratorio and concert soprano; Earl Tuckerman, a well known baritone and Kathryn Platt Gunn, a distinguished violinist.

Mothers Should Not Neglect Bronchitis in the Babies

Mrs. E. Langdon, Kingston, Ont., writes:—"My baby boy had bronchitis when he was two weeks old, he recovered from the attack but took it again several months later, and on account of the severity I was almost panic-stricken to know what to do for him. My mother advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, as she had used it for several years with splendid results.
I got a bottle, and after I had used it I could see a decided improvement in him; after several bottles he was completely relieved.
My boy is now two years old, and he has never had an attack of bronchitis since.
As a mother, raising a family, I am very grateful to know that I have found a real remedy for bad colds and bronchitis, as it lifts care and anxiety from an anxious mother's shoulders."
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 35c. a bottle; the large family size 60c.; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SAGE TEA BEAUTIFIES AND DARKENS HAIR

Don't Stay Gray! It Darkens So Naturally That Nobody Can Tell.
You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old famous Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.
Those whose hair is turning gray or becoming faded have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful.
This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound to-night and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.



SIMMONS' MATTRESSES
BUILT FOR SLEEP SWEET AND CLEAN

All Simmons' products, famous Ostermoor and Banner Springs—Walnut Finished All-Steel Beds, Spring and Mattress for..... \$32.75

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Township Councils

HINCHINBROOKE.

Piccadilly, Jan. 14.—Council met and subscribed to the declarations of office as follows: R. A. Hamilton, reeve, J. E. Howes, S. Jackson, A. E. Beattie and C. D. Godfrey, councillors.
Moved, Jackson-Godfrey, that collector's time be extended until next meeting of council, and that he settle with the treasurer on or before that date. Carried.
Moved Beattie-Howes, that A. Shultz be refunded \$9.10, township rate on account of loss by fire. Carried.
Moved, Jackson-Godfrey, that George Kiel be appointed road superintendent for Division No. 4 instead of A. C. Firm. Carried.
Moved, Jackson-Howes, that G. W. Leakins be paid \$152.17, on account of work on hall, balance to be paid on final settlement. Carried.
Moved, Beattie-Howes, that the following officers be appointed: Thomas Howes; B. of H., D. Goodfellow; auditors, L. B. Bateman, G. H. Goodfellow; school attendance officer, G. A. Smith. Carried.
Moved, Beattie-Howes, that William Clark be appointed caretaker of hall, salary, \$10. Carried.
Moved, Beattie-Howes, that the following cheques be drawn: E. McKnight, \$3; H. Wilkins, \$48; G. Leakins, \$100; B. Cornwall, \$14.50; G. A. Smith, \$16; G. Leakins, \$152.17. Carried. Council adjourned to meet at Parham, Feb. 23rd or at the call of the reeve.
—GEO. A. SMITH, Clerk.

\$110,000 EXPENDED ON COUNTY ROADS

During Last Year—The Report of Road Superintendent R. H. Fair.

The report for 1923 of the county road superintendent, R. H. Fair, shows that last year about \$110,000 was expended on the county good roads system and the suburban road area. This amount includes the county's share of the cost of the Collin's Bay road diversion. Mr. Fair reported that the exceptionally dry conditions last summer affected a good deal of the work on the macadam roads. He says that more dragging will be needed to repair the roadways this year. The dragging will be followed up by the roller.

There are 225 miles of roads in the good roads system of Frontenac. In the suburban road area there is thirty-eight miles. This is a big mileage to take care of, and a great deal has to be done with a limited amount of money. Frontenac cannot afford to oil its roads to any extent, as it costs \$600 a mile to oil an ordinary county road. The provincial highway oiling costs \$1,000 a mile. However, the roads of Frontenac are excellent for all kinds of travel, and Mr. Fair's work is showing up well.

In a very corrupt state there are many laws.

Pimply Skin Face Rashes Due to Bad Blood

Clear Your Complexion Now! Have Red Cheeks, Bright Eyes and That Youthful "Peppy" Look.

TELLS OF A REAL COMPLEXION MAKER

Paint and powder never make a beautiful complexion. Ruddy cheeks have their foundation in the vitality and sound health of a well regulated system. Beauty is always missing unless accompanied by health.
Rich, red blood must tingle through your veins, must circulate strongly to every nook and corner of the body. The way to get that red blood is to keep the system clean, keep it free from wastes, keep it eliminating the poisons. You tone and cleanse the system in an ideal way by taking Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Although very mild, and suited to young girls and women, Dr. Hamilton's Pills act on both the upper and lower bowels, and thereby remove all foul matter. It is really surprising how much poisonous matter Dr. Hamilton's Pills dislodge; you'll be free from headaches, you'll look your best, you'll realize the cleansing, health bringing properties of Dr. Hamilton's Pills from the day you start to use them. Sold by all dealers in 25c. boxes or by mail from The Catarthozone Co., Montreal.

FARMERS ARE ALARMED.

Transvaal Seeks Ban on Food Export—Drought and Locusts.

Johannesburg, Jan. 23.—The disastrous results of the drought and the plague of locusts are alarming the Transvaal farmers, who have telegraphed to Prime Minister Smuts earnestly requesting the government to take the strictest measures without delay to improve the situation. They suggest the prohibition of the export of foodstuffs from the affected districts, local control of foodstuffs, prohibition of speculation in foodstuffs, a moratorium, and an appeal to the nation to support these measures.

Took Safe Out of Office Through Hole in the Side

Port William, Jan. 23.—A novel form of robbery occurred here on Saturday night or Sunday morning when a large hole was cut in the side of the office of the McKay Flour and Feed Company and the safe taken out of the building. It was transported to a woodyard nearby and then rifled, the combination being cut right out of the door. About \$500 in cash was taken.
The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gold for all that.

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Men's Gunmetal and Mahogany Brown Bluchers and Bals, with Rubber Heels. Exceptional value.

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For Men, Women and Children.

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SHOE STORE

WOMEN! DYE ANY GARMENT OR DRAPERY

Waists Kimonos Draperies
Skirts Dresses Gingham
Coats Sweaters Stockings



Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Drug stores sell all colors.

At 46 it is useless for me to expect girls to look at me with any great interest. I feel young, but the girls do not know it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.