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THE YELLOW STUB
GREAT NEW MYSTERY SERIAL
By Ernest Lynn

HENRY RAND, middle-aged credit manager of a department store, at dinner with his family, is reminded that the following day is his son, JAMES RAND'S 27th birthday. Jimmy, as he is called, announces he has planned a theatre party for the family, which includes his mother and sister, JANET. He intends, also, to include BARRY COLVIN, Janet's fiance.

Henry Rand is a staunch upholder of all the homely virtues, including that of punctuality, which is almost a religion with him. When, on the night of the party, he fails to put in his accustomed appearance at quarter to six the family becomes alarmed.

While they are wondering, the phone rings. Jimmy answers it. It is the police. Henry Rand's body has been found in a room at the Canfield Hotel.

Jimmy goes to the hotel. His father is in a gas-filled room that had been registered for by H. A. Jones of New York.

Police believe it is suicide. Jimmy doesn't agree. A woman's handkerchief is found in the room.

The coroner arrives and discovers a small well at the back of Henry Rand's head. While they are talking, Jimmy discovers the yellow stub of a theatre ticket, evidently used two nights before.

CHAPTER VI.
"Not much to go on, Rand, but better than nothing," Detective Mooney folded his wallet, in which he had just replaced the yellow theater stub and the handkerchief.

The train was pulling into Chicago. "As far as I'm concerned," observed Mooney as they were leaving the Pullman, "the first thing to do is to get in touch with the local police. Courtesies of the profane, you know."

He continued, more seriously, "I'll let the detective bureau know I'm here and what for. Chances are they'll be glad to give us a lift if they can be of any use. After that I'm darned if I know our next move, unless it's to go down to this Paragon Theater and see if there's any chance of running down the guy who bought this ticket." He tapped his chest, where the wallet reposed in the inner pocket of his coat.

"There's about as much chance of doing that," he added, "as of finding a needle in a haystack."

"But still a chance," Jimmy persisted.

"Well, I'm not overlooking any bet, no matter how slim they look. Give me credit for that."

"Look here, Mooney," Jimmy hastened to add at sight of the other's injured look, "don't think I have any idea that this thing is going to be cleared up in a day. I haven't. As a matter of fact, I've come here prepared to stay for some time and the first thing I'm going to do is to hunt up a rooming house and a job. I haven't the slightest idea of how to go about running down a crew, I'm not one of these story-book amateur detectives. I'm darn glad you're along with me, Mooney."

"I have an idea, though, that I can be of some help. Besides," he added, "when we catch this—this man we're looking for, Mooney, I want to be there."

Mooney looked at him shrewdly. "So that's the way the land lies," he said. "I've an idea, Rand, that you intend to make it hot for this customer if you do find him. Look here, now," he turned on Jimmy, "you'll not be pulling any rough stuff on anybody while I'm along. The law will take care of 'em."

Jimmy was staring vacantly at the passing crowd in the station. He did not answer. When he spoke he gave no indication that he had even heard.

"While you're down at police headquarters, Mooney, I'll be looking around for some place to live, and perhaps for a job. And if I want to do any job hunting," he added, "I'll have to get a hustle on. Today is Saturday and most places will be having a half holiday. Suppose I meet you at two o'clock."

"Two o'clock," agreed Mooney. "In front of the Paragon Theater. We might as well start out on the right foot."

Jimmy's search for suitable living quarters was short. He found what he was looking for after answering a couple of classified "ads."

It was a large room, and spotlessly clean, with a double bed, two comfortable chairs and a mahogany finished dresser. The bath was nearby in the hall.

There was even a telephone—an extension of the one downstairs. Mrs. King, the landlady, a tall, angular woman with a tired look in her eyes, explained that the gentleman who had been occupying the room and who had just moved out—"to get married"—had been particularly insistent on having a phone in his room.

"Of course, if you don't want it," she added, "we can have it taken out. It will cost you 50 cents a week extra."

"I think I'll have it," decided Jimmy. "How much is the rent?"

"Eighty-five a week, with the phone—in advance."

"Here's a week's rent," Jimmy handed her the money and she stuck it in the large pocket of her checked gingham apron.

"The phone, Mr.—Mr—" "Rand," supplied Jimmy, "James Rand."

"About the phone, Mr. Rand, you can use it all you want for outgoing calls. The incoming calls ring at the one downstairs. I've have to call you when someone phones you and you can answer it right here."

Jimmy walked to the window and looked out. The room was on the second floor, front, and overlooked a neatly kept yard in a neighborhood where business was fast changing what apparently had once been a desirable residential district.

What especially pleased Jimmy about the room was its nearness to downtown. Close enough to walk to and from work, he thought, and there would have to be strict economy. A saving of car fare would help.

He washed and changed into fresh linen. Then, armed with his newspaper, he set out in search of a job.

Where his search for a room, though, had been short and successful, his job hunt was long and fruitless. It seemed to him that he had been going up and down elevators all morning, only to find that some successful applicant had been ahead of him or to listen to the polite "regrets" of office managers and other executives who murmured hazily something about "lack of experience, Sorry."

He met Mooney promptly at two. The lobby of the Paragon Theater was crowded, it being Saturday matinee.

"When the crowd gets inside," declared Mooney, jerking his thumb toward the entrance, "we'll have a few words with the bird who sells the tickets."

"It does seem like a waste of time," admitted Jimmy forlornly. "Like talking a shot in the dark."

"Who's throwing cold water now?" jeered the little detective. "This morning you were saying it was a chance, at least."

The lobby gradually emptied. "Come on," said Mooney, "we'll take that chance now."

"Sold out for the matinee," the young man behind the barred window informed them before Mooney could ask his question.

"We're not lookin' for matinee tickets," replied Mooney.

"Advance sale over at the other window," The young man was preparing to close up for the afternoon.

"Not so fast, brother, not so fast. We want to get some information. Mooney pulled back his coat and allowed the ticket seller a glimpse of his badge. "Do you ever keep a record here of the people who buy tickets?"

"What do you mean, keep a record?"

"The man behind the window was scornful, and annoyed at being held up."

"Here's what I mean," Mooney persisted. "Suppose John Smith calls up and asks for a reservation on Monday night. Would you have a record of the seat you had laid aside for him?"

"Not after he had called for it. We write his name on an envelope and hold the ticket until a certain time. If he doesn't call for it by then we put it on sale. If he does, he takes the envelope with his name on it."

"We've got a ticket stub here," put in Jimmy, "and we're trying to locate the man who used it. I suppose we're crazy to bother you, but it's pretty important."

There was frank friendliness in his voice, and the ticket seller appeared mollified.

"That's all right, you're not bothering me. I'll be glad to help you out if I can, but there isn't much we can do about it. It's almost like trying to trace the purchaser of a yard of ribbon in a department store. Let me see the ticket." He held out his hand.

Mooney took out his wallet and fished out the handkerchief and the yellow stub. He replaced the handker-

chief and tossed the stub beneath the brass window grating.

The young man picked it up and studied it. "Monday night, November 25th," he read. "That was last Monday night." He returned to the stub again. "Row H, Section C, Seat 31." He looked at Mooney and Jimmy and shrugged. "I might have sold the ticket myself, friends, but I'm darned if I could tell you who bought it."

"Well, thanks very much for your trouble," began Jimmy.

"Wait a minute. The man behind the window had picked up a seating chart. 'There's an outside chance that this seat might be a permanent reservation. We have quite a few seats laid away for regular patrons, and H Center is a pretty good seat. H-m-m, let me see.' His forehead raced over the floor plan.

"By gosh, you're in luck!" he cried excitedly. He reached for a little leather-bound book and opened it. "This record says that Seat H31 is reserved every Monday night by Thomas Fogarty—address Mayfair Hotel. A chance in a million, and you hit it."

"Imagine that!" Jimmy exclaimed softly. "Just imagine it, Mooney. The luck of it."

Mooney was still staring at the ticket seller.

Finally he found speech. "Thomas Fogarty!" he ejaculated. "That's big Tom Fogarty, I'll bet a million dollars! One of these hard-boiled political bosses and as crooked a bird as ever managed to stay on the outside of a jail."

(To Be Continued.)

RADIO

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 3rd.

CKAC, Montreal, (411).
1.45 p.m.—Windsor Hotel luncheon concert, under direction of Raoul Duquette.
4 p.m.—Weather, stocks and grain reports.

CHYC, Montreal, (411).
8.30 p.m.—Canadian National Carbon Company's "Everready Hour."

10.45 p.m.—Melody Kings from the Ritz-Carillon Hotel.

ONRO, Ottawa, (435).
8 p.m.—Chateau Laurier Hotel Concert Orchestra in popular and classical selections.
9 p.m.—Studio programme of soprano, violin and cello solos and instrumental trios.
10.15 p.m.—Chateau Laurier Dance Orchestra.

KDKA, Pittsburgh, (309).
6.30 p.m.—Dinner concert.
8.30 p.m.—The Wall Paper Pierrots.
9 p.m.—Concert by the Faculty of Wickersham School of Music.

WCAP, Washington, (469).
7 to 11 p.m.—Programme from WCAP Studio and from Station WEA F, New York.

WSAI, Cincinnati, (326).
7.30 p.m.—Programme from Station WEA F, New York.
9 and 11 p.m.—Jack Little, Wendall Hall.
10.15 p.m.—The Congress Playing Card Quartette.

WGR, Buffalo, (810).
8.30 to 10 p.m.—Joint broadcasting with Station WEA F, New York.
10 p.m.—Baritone solos.
10.30 p.m.—Novelty programme.
11 to 1 p.m.—Hotel Statler Orchestra, Arthur Melgier at the organ.

WEAF, New York, (492).
6 to 12 p.m.—Dinner music from Waldorf-Astoria Hotel; services by United Synagogue of America; Chamber Musicale; Davis Saxophone Quartette; Ipana Troubadours; musical programme by "Roxy and his Gang"; Hotel Commodore dance orchestra.

WKRC, Cincinnati, (326).
6 p.m.—Hotel Alms Orchestras.
9 p.m.—Classical Hour, featuring the Everfresh Orchestra.
9.30 p.m.—Ben Alley, tenor.
12 p.m.—La Vista Club House Orchestra.

WIP, Philadelphia, (508.2).
6.05 p.m.—Dinner music, Benjamin Franklin Concert Orchestra.

WGY, Schenectady, (370.5).
6.45 p.m.—Dinner music by Eastman Theatre Orchestra, Rochester.
8.05 p.m.—Musical programme from Station WHAM.

WGBS, New York, (816.3).
7.10 p.m.—Jersey Collegians.

WOO, Philadelphia, (508.2).
7.30 p.m.—Hotel Sylvania Orchestra.
8 p.m.—Chamber Musicale, soprano and tenor solos and Symphonic Instrumental Quartette.
8.30 p.m.—David Saxophone Octette.
10 p.m.—Fox Theatre Studio Programme.
10.30 p.m.—Ritz-Carillon Orchestra.

WBEZ, New England, (333.1).
8 p.m.—Repertory Theatre Orchestra.
8.30 p.m.—Tyrolese Ladies' Quartette.
9.15 p.m.—Violin, soprano and piano solos.
10.15 p.m.—Hotel Brunswick Orchestra.

WNAC, Boston, (208.3).
1.50 p.m.—Matinee performance of "Lohengrin" by the Chicago Civic Opera Company, from the Boston Opera House.

Complete radio programmes sold at Canada Radio Stores.



Young Blood

"When I was a boy," says Grandpa — and then he stops, and you see a twinkle come into his eyes. "When he was a boy?" Of course, he's still a boy, as all the world knows. You, too, whatever your age may be, can keep the high spirits and energy of the heyday of your life if only you have learnt how to keep your blood young, as Grandpa has done.

It's on the condition of your blood stream that your health depends. If your blood is pure and vital, then at 30 you can double the experience of age with the boundless enthusiasm of youth. There's no difficulty and no matter about it. All you need do is to start now and maintain the Kruschen habit of the "little daily dimed".

NOT ONE BUT SIX
There are six salts your body needs for its proper health: to cleanse it of all clearing waste matter; to keep the blood pure and vigorous, and to brace up and vitalize the whole system. Any medical man will tell you that these six salts are the Sulphates and Chlorides of Sodium, Magnesium and Potassium. If you had an ideally healthy life in the open air, took plenty of exercise and drank no mineral in your diet, your body should extract these salts for itself from your food. But the artificial life you lead prevents this. Kruschen Salts are just those six vital salts. That's why it's so absurd for people to tell you that Epsom and Glauber will "do just as well." Epsom and Glauber are simple salts only; they are aperients and nothing more. Kruschen, with its six salts, does you six times as much good.

It's the little daily dimed that does it! Start now taking that cascade blend in your breakfast cup of coffee or tea, and feel yourself every day healthier, more cheerful, more energetic and more successful in your work and play. There are 140 doses in the large 7½c bottle — nearly enough for six months — so the cost is less than a half a cent a day. Get a bottle to-day and start growing younger tomorrow.

Kruschen Salts
Tasteless in Coffee or Tea
Put as much in your breakfast cup of coffee or tea, on a 10 cent piece, it's the little daily dimed that does it.

Good Health for Half a Cent a Day
A 7½c bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 140 doses—enough for six months—on a 10 cent piece, taken in your breakfast cup of coffee or tea. Every day, half a cent a day. The dose prescribed for SOLE IMPORTING AGENTS: CHARLES GYDE & SON, MONTREAL.

CAFETERIA SERVICE.
Was Tried Out By The Consecration Church Folks.
Consecration, Jan. 28.—A service was held in the Anglican church on Sunday evening, also at the same hour, Rev. Mr. Wolfgram conducted service in the United Church, and again the cornet added to the efficiency of the music in the choir gallery. R. Zetoff was called recently to Wellington owing to the illness of his father.

The concert and tea put on by the Ladies' Aid, last week, in the United Church, was quite an enjoyable affair and the cafeteria way of serving lunch by having the congregation go in one way to the vestry and out at the other side of the pulpit was quite interesting only that it was a little slow especially for those who were the last to be served. The programme was quite enjoyed by all present. There were recitations by Mrs. Harrison (neé M. Arkells) who visited Consecration for the occasion; also there were musical numbers and a trio of three girls who sang in harmony without instrumental accompaniment. Mrs. Dass very kindly gave her services to make up the programme. Her first number was a group of songs, "Nothin'" and "Mighty Lak a Rose." Mrs. Dass' fine soprano voice did full justice to these selections and for an encore she sang "Jessie's Dream," an incident in the Relief of Lucknow, which was exceedingly well rendered and the accompaniment of Scottish martial music added to the vividness. Two duets also were well rendered by Mrs. Dass and Mrs. MacDonald entitled "Lullaby" and "Life's Dream is O'er."

F. Ward has been delivering wood in the village this week. It is expected that a new doctor will locate here next month.

SHARBOT LAKE NEWS.
Filling the Ice Houses of Villagers and Cottagers.
Sharbot Lake, Jan. 30.—A wee boarder has come to the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Riddell; it's a boy, M. Drew attended county council in Kingston this week. Pierce Harrison has returned from Smith's Falls. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sergeant have returned from Detroit where they have visited their daughters for the past month.
Mrs. A. Erwin visited friends in Norwood a few days. The weather has turned very cold this week. We have excellent sleighing. Jerome Thomson has the contract of filling all the ice houses both in the village and for the cottages also. He has several men working at it now. The ice is very good. The son of H. Donnelly is improving from severe burns. Mrs. J. Bourk went to Lavant to attend Mr. Lee's funeral.
Mrs. M. Avery is visiting friends at the 300. M. Avery is taking out timber at Wilbur. Mrs. K. Suddaby is visiting her parents in Kingston. Miss Blanche Armstrong has returned from Kingston; Miss M. Buchanan, Sydney, visited her home here, recently.
Mrs. E. C. Walroth spent a few days in Kingston. Mrs. H. Walroth visited Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Campbell, Verona, this week as they are leaving for Brighton to reside, taking charge of the C.P.E. station there.

THE FAMILY REMEDY for over Forty Years
So Says British Columbia Lady of Dodd's Kidney Pills.
Mrs. E. Callier Suffered from Pains in Her Back and is Now Completely Relieved.
Vancouver, B.C., Feb. 1 (Special)—"I can truthfully recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills," states Mrs. E. Callier, 917 11th Avenue East, in an interview. "I was doubled up with pains in my back, but after taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I have not felt a pain in two years. My father always kept them in the house, as he was subject to lumbago. He always felt relieved after taking them. We have used Dodd's Kidney Pills in the family for over 40 years. I hope Dodd's Kidney Pills will do others as much good as they have done our family." Statements like this have built up and maintained the reputation Dodd's Kidney Pills hold today.

You will find that Dodd's Kidney Pills will relieve Kidney trouble, no matter where or in what form it is found.

SKINNY MEN RUN DOWN MEN NERVOUS MEN
Don't Miss This
You're behind the times if you don't know that Cod Liver Extract is one of the greatest flesh producers in the world. Because it contains more vitalizing vitamins than any food you can get. You'll be glad to know that McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets come in sugar coated form now, so if you really want to put 10 or 20 pounds of solid, healthy flesh on your bones and feel well and strong and have a complexion that people will admire—ask Jas. B. McLeod, Macleod's Drug Store, Branigan's Drug Store or any druggist for a box of McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets.

Only 50 cents for 50 tablets and if you don't gain five pounds in 30 days your druggist will hand you back the money you paid for them. It isn't anything unusual for a person to gain 10 pounds in 30 days, and for old people with feebleness overtake them they work wonders.

Children Cry for

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MOTHER— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

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