



### If you ask for Bovril-get Bovril

Bovril is not merely a "Beef extract." It is the strength and substance of beef, nourishing, invigorating, energizing, with world-wide reputation for unvarying quality. Drink Bovril for lunch—or whenever you feel tired and "let down." But when you ask for Bovril at fountains—hotels—restaurants—see that you get Bovril—and not a substitute that lacks the essential vital elements that distinguish Bovril.

## BOVRIL

Sold only in Bottles

Made in Canada



### House Wiring and Repairing

All Kinds of Electric Apparatus

Satisfaction guaranteed. Best work at reasonable prices. "THE DOWNTOWN ELECTRIC STORE"

### HALLIDAY ELECTRIC CO.

Corner King and Princess Streets. Phone 94.

### FOUR out of FIVE are caught.



It's sheer carelessness to let pyorrhea cause trouble in your mouth. Yet your dentist knows that four out of five past forty, and many younger, suffer from this serious gum disorder.

It begins with tender bleeding gums. Soon the teeth loosen in their sockets and the poison spreads through the system, causing rheumatism, neuritis, and other similar diseases.

Forhan's for the Gums is the simple, easy way to keep you out of pyorrhea's clutches. It's a pleasant dentifrice that firms the gums and gives the teeth a thorough cleansing. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which has been used by dentists for the last 15 years in the treatment of pyorrhea.

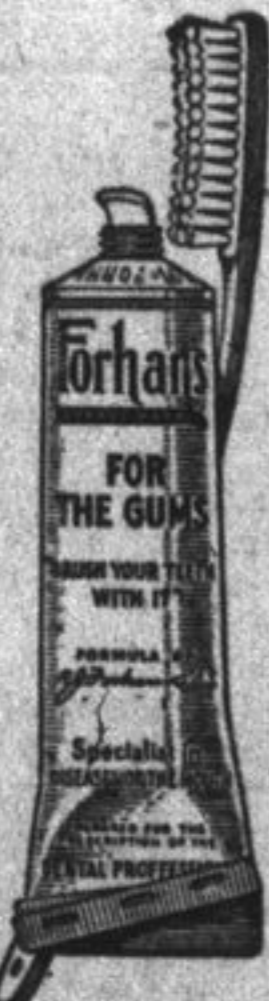
If used regularly and in time, Forhan's prevents or checks pyorrhea and so is an important safeguard to health. Begin today to use Forhan's night and morning as a wise precaution. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Give Your Dentist a chance

Too many wait until an aching tooth forces them into the dentist's chair. It's fully to suffer this needless pain when all you have to do is to give your dentist a chance to prevent trouble in your mouth by visiting him at least twice a year for a thorough tooth and gum inspection.

## Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea



## 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.

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 welt 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 VII.

"All right, Mooney," Jimmy slapped the detective on the back. "We'll go down to Mr. Fogarty's hotel and let him try to explain this."

"Not so fast, not so fast," shot back Mooney. "For all of his surprise, he had been doing some rapid thinking. He turned to the ticket seller. 'Have you got two seats right behind this one for next Monday night?'"

"See what I can do." The young man began to scan through a stack of tickets. "Here you are—seats 30 and 31 in Row 1. Just what you want. By the way, has Big Tom Fogarty got in to a jam?"

"I'm not saying, brother," Mooney reached for the tickets and tossed a bill through the grating.

The ticket seller flushed. "None of my business, of course, but if you can get anything on Fogarty you'll be the first one that's been able to do it."

"Yeah? Well, they all make mistakes sometimes," Mooney pocketed the tickets. He turned to Jimmy. "We're not showing our hand to Fogarty yet. We'll have a chance to find out a few things about him, and Monday night we'll get a good look at him."

They turned away from the window, leaving the clerk abaze with curiosity. "Why wait?" Jimmy asked Mooney. "Fogarty's the man we're looking for. Why give him a chance to get away?"

"He's not running away," declared Mooney. "I know the kind of gent we're dealing with, and I'm not talking to him until I have something more to go on."

"We want something more to go on," Mooney had said. Well, they had it. What they learned about Fogarty was sufficient, in Jimmy's mind, to put him behind the bars for a lengthy stay.

"Crooked as a snake," declared Mooney, after a talk of several hours with a friend in the Chicago detective bureau.

"A ward heeling politician and the best little vote buyer that ever threw an election. Mixed up in a lot of high pressure bootlegging and suspected of knowing a lot about one or two high-jack murders. But they can't get a thing on him. We've heard a lot about that bird back in Grafton."

"Got plenty of money and plenty of influence. A professional bondsman, too."

They had gone later to the Mayfair Hotel, where Mooney had learned the number of Fogarty's room and promptly had learned from a chambermaid that Fogarty had not slept in his room the previous Tuesday night.

"That was the night before your father's murder," said Mooney, "the night this H. A. Jones of New York registered at the Canfield Hotel. It might not mean a thing and then again it might. This fellow Fogarty's been living in the same hotel for five years and the maid says he's often out all night."

"Still, it's something for him to explain. We've got the stub of the theater ticket he bought and he's got to account for that, too. You see, Rand, it doesn't pay to rush at things too fast."

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fast. Now when we set Fogarty he'll have to have a pretty tight little story to work himself loose. You wanted to clamp down on him with just the ticket to go on."

The little detective smiled at his own cleverness. Jimmy couldn't help admiring him.

Mooney, it seemed, had some other work on his hands in Chicago. There was an automobile theft case which the chief had told him to look into while he was there.

"Killing two birds with one stone," smiled Mooney. "We've gone pretty near as far as we can now until we see Fogarty. I'll be busy Sunday and part of Monday. Suppose we get together Monday afternoon and plan our reception for Mr. Fogarty. That'll give you Monday morning to look around for that job you were talkin' about. That is," he added with a wink, "if you still think you'll be here long enough to need one."

"I'm beginning to think it might not be necessary," Jimmy answered, "although this Fogarty thing looks almost too good to be true."

Sunday morning Jimmy sent a telegram to his mother and sister: "Feeling fine and making progress. Write to me." He sent along his address.

The day passed swiftly. In the evening he hunted up a church. Slipping into an empty pew he sat listening to the organ while the church gradually filled up. He reached for a hymn book and idly skimmed through it. Most of the hymns were familiar to him. Janet used to play them on Sunday evenings at home.

He became gradually aware of a girl sitting just across the aisle from him. He could see her profile. The thought occurred to him that he would like to be an artist long enough to paint it. Her nose, slightly tip-tilted, and her firm little chin seemed so clearly etched against the background of light.

He could not see her eyes, and the small hat she wore hid most of her hair. What he could see of it was black and straight and bobbed. Her whole pose seemed to him to fit naturally into a church background.

They were praying. He found himself on his knees, not listening to the regular prayer, but praying of his own accord. When he looked up he glanced involuntarily across the aisle. The girl was looking at him. He half expected to see amusement in her eyes and flushed slightly. Instead, he could have sworn there was sympathy, and understanding. She turned her eyes away and Jimmy noticed that they were blue, with heavy black lashes.

He had walked for perhaps half a block before he became dimly conscious that she was walking ahead of him. He wondered, half guiltily, whether she might not suspect him of following her—there was no one else near.

He was about to turn around when he saw an automobile pass him and then slow down when it reached her to accommodate itself to her gait. He could see two young men in the front seat. One of them was speaking to her.

She drew away to the inside of the sidewalk and quickened her pace. The automobile kept even with her. She stopped then and glanced around. She was plainly distressed. He hurried. One of the men was getting out of the car.

Jimmy was beside her. "Sorry to keep you waiting," he said hurriedly, lifting his hat. "I was delayed inside."

He wondered whether he was "getting away" with his bluff. He wasn't looking for trouble. He suddenly thought of Janet.

He saw that he wasn't fooling the man who was getting out of the car. He was handsome in a way, but a loose-lipped mouth spoiled what otherwise would have been a down-right good looking face.

"What a smooth worker you are," he sneered to Jimmy. "Come on, sister, hop in."

Jimmy edged over toward the curb. "Beat it," he said quietly. "Let's take a crack at the wise guy."

The man at the wheel was climbing out, too. Jimmy could smell liquor. He stiffened. Suddenly he lashed out with his fist and caught the nearest man flush on the chin.

(To Be Continued.)

FIFTY-SIX YEARS MARRIED.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Todd, Maple Grove, Celebrated.

Maple Grove, Feb. 1.—Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Todd celebrated their fifty-sixth wedding anniversary, on Jan. 20th. Members of the family were present for the occasion. The annual tea meeting, held at the church, was a decided success. Over 250 people took supper the first night. Much credit is due Charles Cook, Ottawa, for the splendid programme given. The second night was children's night. The church was well filled with people. The school put on the programme under the management of Miss Dormer, teacher. All the features were enjoyed by everybody. Much credit is due the ladies of the neighborhood for the fine supper provided.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Abrams spent Sunday at Osburn Abrams'. Miss Myrtle Abrams, Kingston, spent the week-end with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. James Bell at William Bell's, Woodburn.

A PLAY WELL PRESENTED.

It was Put on in Odessa on Friday Night Last.

Odessa, Feb. 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry McCrowe and Mrs. Al Day, Cataraqui, and Mrs. William Day, Westbrook, called on friends last Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Holmes

## Do You Do This?

FRIENDS are coming at seven tonight. You've fondly planned those dishes that will please. Perhaps a pudding—or a cake. How carefully ingredients are selected. Fresh country cream—finest creamery butter—highest grade flour—then perhaps a flavoring extract made from coal-tar chemicals. Imagine!

Shirriff's True Vanilla is a delicate flavor that truly tempts the palate. Straight from the deliciously fragrant tropical vanilla bean. Pure ingredients deserve Shirriff's True Vanilla—the flavor stays. Six drops of Shirriff's True Vanilla equals 18 drops of artificial vanilla. And 25c flavors 25 cakes—Economy!

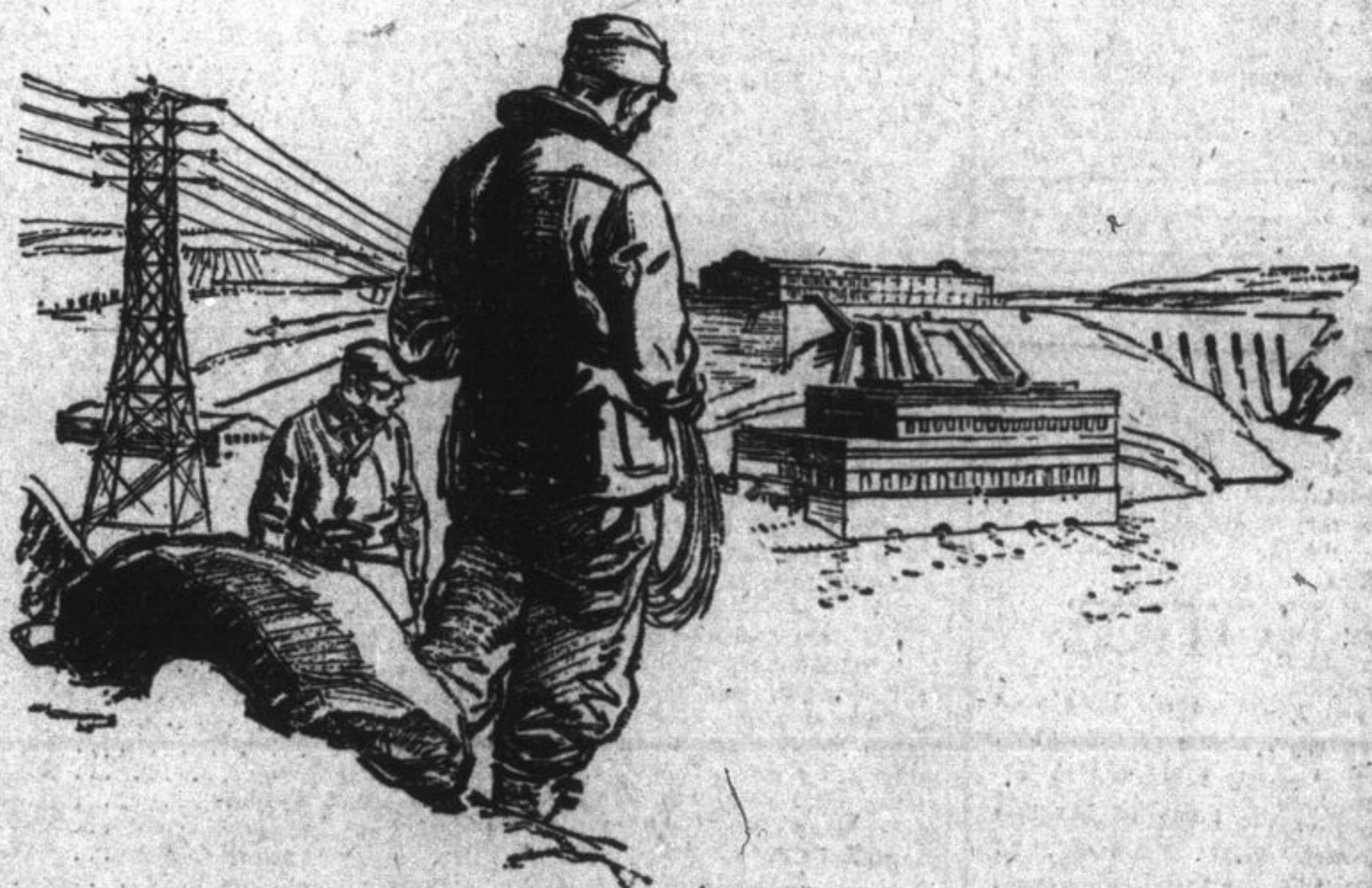
Price 25c

See Your Grocer's Counter

## Shirriff's True Vanilla

Also Makers of Shirriff's Marmalade and Jelly Powders

Established 1880



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"We could not get along without the telephone. Without it our service would be completely demoralized,"—said the Chief Engineer of a big power development.



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Is there a lesson for you in this great service directed and controlled by telephone? Are your telephones idle when they should be busy? Are there opportunities for making sales going to waste?

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"Use the Bell to Sell"

CANADA'S harnessed water is now equal to \$300,000,000 worth of coal a year. It lights our cities from end to end, it turns the wheels in the factories—and this indispensable service depends on the telephone.

There is an immense harnessed power in YOUR business—the telephone. It reaches everyone.

Gear your business to this dynamo—the telephone—and watch it grow! Use Long Distance. Be the leader in YOUR field in giving service!

HOW THE TELEPHONE IS BUILDING UP BUSINESS (from letters in our files)

"Our large telephone department is busy day and night serving customers."—Public Utility Co.

"We maintain a fleet of automobiles to answer telephone complaints of all kinds."—A Light, Heat & Power Co.

A. J. EVANS, Manager

BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA



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Carefully cut into squares or lumber. First class sawing at reasonable rates. Prompt service. Satisfaction guaranteed.

### DAVIS DRY DOCK CO.

KINGSTON, ONT.

A black eye may be a mark of esteem—when you esteem yourself a better boxer than the other fellow.

Officers of the law can subdue the wicked; the hard part is to make the righteous behave.



Breathe through a CATARRHOZE INHALER, and instantly you will get ease and comforting relief. Every spot that is sore, every surface that is irritated is bathed with a soothing, balsamic vapor. For quick action on throat troubles; to destroy a nasty cold; to prevent grippe, you'll get wonderful satisfaction from Catarrhose.

Complete outfit, \$1.00 and lasts two months. Smaller size, 50c. At all druggists.



Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Keep the Back Clean and Healthy. Promotes Hair Growth.