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# THE YELLOW STUB

GREAT NEW MYSTERY SERIAL By Ernest Lynn

Henry Rand, 55, a business man, is found murdered in a cheap hotel in Grafton. The only clews are a woman's hand-kerchief and a yellow ticket stub from a theatre.

Jimmy Rand, Henry's son, and Detective Mooney trace the ticket to a Thomas Fogarty, who says he gave it to a woman named Olga Maynard. Police search for her.

Jimmy meets and falls in love with Mary Lowell, and gets a job in her office. Later he accidentally encounters Olga Maynard. He meets her at night and confronts her with the evidence against her. She faints when he says she is suspected of murder. He is in the street holding her when he sees Mary Lowell and a

man companion watching them. The next day Jimmy learns Mary's companion was Samuel Church, a wealthy lawyer. Mary refuses to speak to Jimmy and later in the day he is discharged. He gets a phone call from Police Lieutenant O'Day to come down to headquarters.

Chapter XIII. "What's up?" Jimmy asked O'Day. "Come down and see." O'Day

Jimmy went back to his telegram from Mogney, Olga Maynard, it said, him." had been seen in Grafton on the day of the murder-had interviewed two cabaret owners about a job. Mooney thought it best to place a charge of murder against her when she was found and hold her in Grafton. "Look here," growled O'Day when

he arrived at the police station, "the next time you run across somebody we're looking for, you let us know." "What do you mean?"

"We've found the Maynard woman. She says you were with her last night. Why didn't you tell us?' "I was going to bring her down here tonight, Lieutenant. I give you my word. I wanted to talk to her alone and see what she was like. She didn't do it, Lieutenant."

"She didn't, eh? Well, I'm not so sure. Come on upstairs. We'll need you when we talk to her." Olga Maynard was white-faced without her rouge. Her eyes, shift-

ing restlessly, wore a hunted look. came in with O'Day. "You told in the room?" them!" she accused. "You said you

"He did not," O'Day declared. "He thin evidence, at that." just got a piece of my mind for not telling. We were looking for you, sister, and we've got you."

He produced a telegram. "This is from Mooney," he said to Jimmy. Hotel?" He turned to the woman. "Here's proof that you were in Grafton the day Henry Rand was murdered. How about it?"

"I've never denied it. Sure I was there-looking for a job. Why should I lie? But I don't know thing about the murder." "You're lying!" O'Day shot back

at her. "I'm not. It's the truth-I swear it is. I went to the theatre that night on Fogarty's ticket-I mit it. And the next night-Tuesday-I took the sleeper for Grafton I got there in the morning and spent be- the day looking for work. I'm Brazil occupies an area equal to cause they are entitled to an appeal cabaret singer and I've had some hard luck here. I wied to find

cabaret or theatrical job in Graf-"Mooney said you had interviewed a couple of cabaret proprietors," admitted O'Day, indicating the telegram. "All right, what did you do

"That's all. I didn't get anywhere, so I took the train Wednesday night back to Chicago."

"You didn't stay all night in Grafton-didn't register at any hotel?" ly at Jimmy. "I'll swear I

O'Day asked. "You're not tellin' the truth. You know how the handkerchief were in the Canfield Hotel while you were in Grafton. We know you thing or two now.

even saw the Canfield Hotel." hotel-and the stub was found in the went to Grafton. room with Rand "

there to throw you off the track."

Chew a few Pleasant Tablets,



settles the stomach and corrects di- "All right-what did you do with

This guaranteed stomach corrective costs but a few cents at any drug dance, and I gave it back to him. store. Keep it handy!

have to do better than that, sister. We're dealing in facts not fairy stories. How do you account for this? Before you left for Grafton you were living in a cheap rooming house. You're out of a job and broke. You go to Grafton and come back to Chicago and move into pretty nice apartment. Where did

you get the money?" "I didn't get any money. I got back here Thursday morning and started looking for work again. took the first thing I could get-a clothing model's job. On the strength of that I rented an apartment. don't like rooming houses."

"Do you think a jury would believe your story?" scoffed O'Day. "I don't know. Do you believe I

committed a murder. "It looks like it. Whether you did or not, your coverin' somebody up. You know who did it. You were in the room when the murder was committed. I believe you even got. Henry Rand into that room-didn't you?"

"No!" cried Jimmy, leaping from his chair. "I don't believe that, Lieutenant. She might be covering somebody up, but-"

"Sit down, Rand." O'Day waved him aside. "Didn't you?" he continued, turning to Olga Maynard. "No, I didn't, I tell you," she said flercely. "I never even heard of

"Listen, sister," said O'Day. "I've been trying to place you and it comes to me all of a sudden. Seems to me you were one of those who got ride in the wagon the time we raided the Studio Club. How about it?" She turned away from O'Day's

steady look-bit her lip. "What of it?" she asked. "Nothing-except it wasn't very nice company. Not for a lady." She flushed hotly. "All right

maybe it wasn't. But you can't hang me for that." "We can come pretty near hanging you for something else. Come,

now, tell us who was with you in Grafton. Who was this guy H. A. asked. Jones who registered for the room?" "I wasn't with anybody in Graf-

"All right, what's the jury going to say when we show 'em you were in Grafton the day of the murder She flared at Jimmy when he and your theatre ticket was found

She smiled sarcastically. "They were coming. You told them to get wouldn't convict me on circumstantial evidence, Lieutenant. Pretty O'Day studied her through half

shut eyes. "That ain't all," he said softly. "That ain't all. You still say you didn't go near the Canfield

"I still say it." "All right. Then how did this ge in the room where the murder was

He produced the handkerchief and confronted her with it. "Come on answer me." She was staring, whitefaced, at the handkerchief, speechless with surprise.

"If-if I wanted to lie," she said slowly, "I'd say that, wasn't my handkerchief. There's no initial or

anything on it-" "The perfume is the same as you've got on the one in your hand,"

"Just the same, you couldn't prove it was mine, Lieutenant. This is a common enough brand of perfume. and so is the handkerchief. But won't lie. It's my handkerchief. Do you mean to say they found it in the room with-with-"

"They found it in the room with Henry Rand, yes. The handkerchief and the ticket stub. Now do you admit you were in the room?"

"I'm still telling you the truth Lieutenant." She looked appealing Mr. Rand. I'm telling the truth. No "No. I didn't go near any hotel." I was not in that room. I don't

"Listen. Maybe I've been cover "All right, I say I wasn't. I never ing somebody up that I didn't intend to cover up. That handkerchief gives "Then bow did that ticket stub me an idea. Lieutepant, I lost that get in the room? You admit you handkerchief Monday night. I had used the stub. You admit you were it when I left the Paragon Theatre. in Grafton the day of the murder. but I didn't have it when I went Yet you say you never saw the home, and I didn't have it when I For Bronchitis

"Do you see this?" She held up "I can't explain it. Maybe some- her headed bag, "When I went in the body found the thing and planted it theatre I put the ticket stub in here -with my handkerchief. Well, after O'Day laughed scornfully. "You'll the theatre I went to a place to eat and dance. You know, Mr. Randthe Madrid, where you saw me the

"This might sound like a weak alibi to you, Lieutenant. You might think I'm lying, but I'll swear I'm

"Go ahead," said O'Day, "I'm trying to think." She passed her hand uncertainly over head. "I gave that bag to the man He put it in his coat pocket, and

bag, and so was the ticket stub. I ruess. I remember asking him for my handkerchief after one dancemy bag. He opened the bag without taking it out of his pocket and rought out the handkerthief. I renber he said, 'What kind of pickpocket do you think I'd make?" He did it real cleverly."

gestion the moment it reaches the the handkerchief then?" asked stomach.

He just stuck it in his nocket-did

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"You mean he kept it?" Jimmy

"Let me finish. We quarreled and I went home and left him there. Before I left I asked him for my bag. My money was in it. He kidded me for a minute or two-tried to make me think he was going to keep itbut I threatened to call the man-

"He gave me back the bag, and it was still unfastened where he had taken the handkerchief out. I'd forgotten about the handkerchief, but he must have kept it, not knowing he had it. The next day, as I told you, I missed it, but I didn't try to think what I had done with it. It was just a cheap handkerchief.

"I think that when he pulled my handkerchief out of the bag, he also pulled out the ticket stub, and they were both in his pocket when he gave the bag back."

"And you think he's the man who left the handkerchief and the stub in the Canfield Hotel?" asked O'Day. "That's the only explanation I can think of."

"All right-who was the man?" (To Be Continued).

AT BISHOP'S MILLS.

Death of Mrs. McLees Is Mourned by a Large Circle of Friends. Bishops Mills, Feb. 9 .- The death occurred on Monday, Feb. 1st, of Mrs. McLees, relict of the late James McLees, at her late residence, at W.M.S., spray; wreath, Mrs. C. S. the age of seventy years. Mrs. Mc- Easton, Misses Marjorie and Nellie especially for faithful services in spray, Mrs. W. E. Render, spray.

the former Presbyterian church. James and William Morrison, of this 7. Cassidy. village; Frank Morrison, of Victoria, B.C.; three sisters, Mrs. J.

Among the floral tributes was a wreath from the family, Presbyterian

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Lees, was well-known and respected, Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. T. Elliott, Getting Out Supplies For the Com-Among those from a distance at-The funeral took place from the tending the funeral were George Kerracher returned to Toronto on

residence of her sister, Mrs. E. Jones, Morrison, Kenora; Fred Morrison, Sunday. We are glad to see Norman on Wednesday, Feb. 3rd, a large Smith's Falls; Messrs, E. and J. Darou home from Perth Hospital number of friends and acquaintances Littlejohn, Oxford Mills; Mr. A. much improved. Fred White is sawbeing present, Rev. Mr. Atchinson, Elliott, Scrieber; Mr. and Mrs. ing wood in this community. of Montreal, officiated. The hymns Wilkins, North Augusta; Mrs. C. S. people are taking out ice for and scripture readings, had been Easton, Prescott. The pall-bearers summer, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mcselected by the deceased. She leaves were R. Hulburt, D. Cochrane, S. Kerracher left for their home, in to mourn her loss, three brothers, Buker, H. McLellan, J. Thompson, Detroit, on Monday. A farewell party was tendered

Miss Dorothy McMullen, by a num-Johnston, Mrs. E. Jones, of this vil- ber of the young people of this lolage, and Mrs. T. Elliott, Sault Ste cality, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. Bigford, on the eve of her de-A "social evening" was held the vacant parsonage of the United Church on Saturday evening. There was music, games, and later refreshments were served. The proceeds Sunday, Mrs. J. W. Walroth left for

Miss Viola Great is visiting raistives at Haddo, Mrs. F. J. Hovt and son, of Antwerp, N.Y., are visiting relatives here. Mr. Lloyd, of Montrelief will come from Inhaling CA- real, will conduct the service in the Helted Church next Sunday afteribes. It alleviates the cough, takes Coosidy of Rockstohowan, is the that dry tickle out of the throat, gives | guest of his brother, E. J. Cassidy

Dancing Enjoyed. Seeley's Bay, Feb. 9 .--- Miss Ella roit and Grand Rapids, Mich. Cutt-

On Feb. 4th over thirty-five couples gathered at the home of seph Seabrooks, on the big hill and spent the evening dancing and playing cards. A four piece orches tra furnished music for the occasi Each one reported having a wonder just a soothing ful time, returning home in the was

venor to breathe hours of the morning. George Martin's son has been serfously ill; everyone hopes for a
speedy recovery. Quite a number
from here attended the dance at
the Lyndhurst, Friday night, and report a good time.

THE FARMERS ARE BUSY.

Fallbrook, Feb. 8 .- L. G. Mc-

William Playfair and sons have the contract of hauling gravel from venient for repairing the roads between Balderson and Fallbrook the summer. George Hunter is hauling hay from T. J. Ennis' Mrs. William Burke returned to her h

Mrs. Robert Ennis was removed to her home from Perth Hosp will be used to improve the interior Ottawa, to-day to attend the annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary the Church of England in Canada

> The Slight Cold Of To-day May Be Serious To-morrow

Our advice to you is that on the fi

