

Does That Cough Stick On Your Lungs?

Mr. Islay MacNab, Bogart, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with a terrible cough that I could not get rid of, and my doctor told me that I had a slight touch of bronchitis. Nothing but a bottle of Dr. Wood's Pine Syrup did the trick."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup



I get such relief by using it that I would advise all those who are subject to bad colds or coughs to keep a bottle of this remedy in their homes all the time.

You don't experiment when you buy "Dr. Wood's" as it has been a household remedy for the past 17 years. It is put up only by The T. Millers Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Is Your Child Thin and Weak?

Cod Liver Extract in Sugar Coated Tablets Put On Flesh and Builds Them Up

In just a few days—quicker than you ever dreamed of—these wonderful health building, flesh-creating tablets called McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets will start to help any thin, underweight little one.

After sickness and where rickets are suspected they are especially valuable.

Most people know that from the livers of the lowly codfish vitamins of the first class are extracted—the kind that help all feeble underweight men, women and children.

These wonderful tablets for 30 days and if your frail, puny child don't greatly benefit—get your money back.

A very sickly child, age 9, weighed 12 pounds in 7 months.

Ask J. B. McLeod, Mahood's Drug Store, Branigan's Drug Store, or any druggists for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets—as easy to take as candy and 50 tablets, 50 cents.

Your Dealer says No Pie can be Better than its Crust—use PURITY FLOUR

If your pie-crust isn't always what you would like it to be, don't blame the recipe, or the oven—chances are it's the flour that's wrong.

Purity Flour, milled from the finest hard wheat, silk sifted and oven tested, is fully worthy of your talent for baking.

With Purity Flour you can always make flaky, golden-brown, delicious tasting pie-crust. Ask your favorite retailer.

PURITY FLOUR For all your baking

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Let Cuticura Soap Keep Your Skin Fresh and Youthful

MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

AS SWEET AS SUGAR RELIEVE THE CRUELSTITCHES OF THE PAINFUL BURDEN OF WORMS AND HELP TO BRING ABOUT THE END OF THEIR REIGN.

It is estimated that the world's production of flaxseed this year will be 75,000,000 bushels, or 67 per cent. higher than last year.

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 clues are a woman's handkerchief and a yellow ticket stub from a theatre.

Jimmy Rand, Henry's son, and Detective Mooney trace the ticket to a woman named Olga Maynard. Police search for her.

Jimmy meets and falls in love with Mary Lovell, 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 Lovell 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 XXX. Jimmy quickened his step, galvanized into sudden action by the sight of her.

"Mary," he said softly, looking down at her. He felt strangely stirred; the blood raced madly through his veins.

She turned quickly, startled at the sound of his voice. The red mounted swiftly to her cheeks, almost as if he had surprised her in the act of thinking about him.

"Good morning, Mr. Rand." She took his outstretched hand.

"So I'm just Mr. Rand to you, am I?" he said. He laughed mirthlessly.

"You forget quickly, don't you?" She made a pretense of studying her glove and didn't answer.

"It was not so long ago," he went on, "that it was Jimmy. No, it was Jim. Everybody else calls me Jimmy, but you said you wanted to call me Jim. What was it you said—that Jimmy seemed so diminutive?"

"Don't," she put up a protesting hand. "You have no right to remind me of that."

He made as if to sit down on the bench and she moved over to give him room beside her.

"It is you," he said, "that have no right to treat me as you have treated me. Mary," he went on, gazing earnestly at her, "you hurt me. You hurt me cruelly."

"And what about me? It probably never occurred to you that I might have been hurt, too."

He leaned toward her eagerly. "You mean?" he asked, "you mean you cared?"

She fingered her glove nervously, not daring to raise her eyes.

"I didn't say that. You may put any interpretation on it you wish. I'll only tell you that you disappointed me. Wait a minute." She checked him with a wave of the hand as he was about to speak.

"Let me just say what I want to say and then I'll go. I shouldn't say it, but I want to—I can't help it, even though I had made up my mind never to speak to you again."

"You—you destroyed something beautiful for me, Mr. Rand." He winced at her mention of his name.

"Perhaps I'm talking like a romantic young school girl, but I keep remembering the way we met. It was romantic—your saving me from being annoyed by those men, and fighting for me."

"I remember," he murmured. "You called me Sir Launcelot, and you were Elaine."

"You seemed so clean and manly," she went on, "and then you had to spoil it. You were not so different from other men, after all."

"Spoil it? What do you mean?" "It's not necessary to ask, is it?" "Mary," he said, "you judged me without a trial. You didn't give me a chance to explain."

"What was there to—" "I know what you're going to say," he went on hurriedly. "That there was nothing to explain. Now hear me. You've got to hear me. You say you keep remembering the way we met. Don't you suppose I do? God bless you, I've hardly thought of anything else. You were so fresh and beautiful—so different from any other girl I'd ever known. You seemed that way right from the start, from the time I first saw you sitting there in the church."

"And then that night at the restaurant," he continued, "the words tumbling from his lips, and you said you were going to call me Jim. Mary, that seem like the most wonderful thing in the world to me."

"Don't," she breathed, turning away from him. "You have no right to remind me of that after what has happened."

did, and he was instantly sorry that he had. Two bright spots of color glowed in her cheeks. "You are entitled to your opinion," she said. "Perhaps I was jealous. At any rate, it was sufficient to kill whatever regard I may have had for you."

"Mary, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. I've hurt you."

"What does it matter?" she said wearily. "I'm getting used to it."

"Mary, I've been a fool. It's this temper of mine. It makes me say things I don't want to say."

"You said," she put up, "that you wanted a chance to explain. I've given you that and you still haven't told me anything I don't already know. I saw you with this woman in your arms, lifting her into a taxi-cab. You cheapened me in front of the man I was with—Mr. Church. I had been telling him about you. You cheapened me, I tell you, and yet you wonder that I didn't want to speak to you the next day."

"She had fainted," he said. "That's why I was lifting her into the cab. Mary, let me tell you the whole—"

"Fainted?" There was an edge of sarcasm in her voice. "I was informed differently."

"Informed?" he said bewilderedly. "Who could have informed you, and what?"

"What you called a faint was described to me as intoxication."

"And you believed it?" he asked, not angry, mounting into his voice. "Who told you that?"

She answered coldly. "Isn't it sufficient that I believed it?"

He let his hands dangle limply over his knees and stared unseeingly at the ground. "Yes," he said. "I suppose it is." Listlessness was in his voice.

Something in his tone caught her. Her hand went to her throat and there was a pain in her eyes. But he didn't see it.

"She touched his knee with her hand. 'I'm still listening,' she encouraged."

He kept staring at the ground. His mouth twisted queerly as he spoke, as if the words cost him a struggle to utter them.

"Mary," he said, "you've hurt me more than you'll ever know. They say that I'm stubborn—that stubbornness runs in the Rand family. Maybe they're right—maybe I'm being stubborn. It's costing me something to say this. Something tells me I shouldn't, and yet I am."

"I was going to explain all about this whole affair. I was going to tell you what brought me to Chicago and who this girl was and why it was so important for me to find her. I told you she fainted, and I was going to tell you the trouble she got in that caused her to faint."

"But you've prevented me from doing it. A man likes to feel that he can be trusted. I don't know what kind of men you're accustomed to meeting—but I would feel that I had been robbed of some of my self-respect if I capitulated in the face of what you've just said."

"You accuse me of holding a drunken woman in my arms, from which I suppose I am to infer that I am the one who got her drunk."

"No," she protested. "I don't accuse you of it. I'm only telling you what I—"

"It makes little difference," he interrupted. "The point is you believed it. I suppose I could deny it, but I'm not going to. You can believe what you like. You said I had hurt you. Perhaps it is not in my power to hurt you again, but I hope I can. That's what I want to do. I've been trying to get a chance to explain but I'm not going to. You can draw your own inferences about the whole affair until you tell me that you believe whoever told you that thing lied."

"Jim," she said, and it was the first time she had called him by that name. "I believe you. Please forgive me. I, too, say things I don't mean."

"But you did believe it. Who told you?" "Whoever told me must have been mistaken," she said.

"He was not mistaken," he shot back savagely. "He lied—lied deliberately. Who was it?"

"I—I prefer not to say. He didn't want to tell me, but though he was doing so for my own good."

He laughed. "How considerate of the gentleman! Could anything be more quixotic than that? Listen, Mary, you needn't try to shield him. There's only one person that could have told you—the one person besides yourself who saw us. It was Church, wasn't it?"

She flushed at the question, but made no answer. "Of course it was. If I had the gentleman here I think I'd punch his head for the trouble he has taken in my behalf."

plucking nervously at her handkerchief. "Oh, don't!" His anger was running away from him. "Has it occurred to you that I'm the one who has had all the explaining to do? It seems I got in wrong for being seen with another girl. How about yourself? Was I to take your presence in Mr. Church's company for granted?"

"Oh, please stop, Jim. You're only making matters worse." She put her hand on his sleeve, pleading. "Who is this man Church, anyway?" he persisted. She turned to face him squarely, the look of pain again in her eyes.

"He's the man I'm going to marry," she said softly. It stunned him. "God, no!" he said after a long silence. She had turned away, was crying. "You mean, he asked, 'you mean you've promised—you're engaged?' She nodded.

"Mary," he cried, a sob in his voice. "It's not true. Say it's not true. I love you, Mary, I love you." (To Be Continued).

It is easy to tell. Those who love her best are the ones that tell her frankly how fat she is. You never hear of a prophet getting stoned for predicting a hard winter that doesn't show up.

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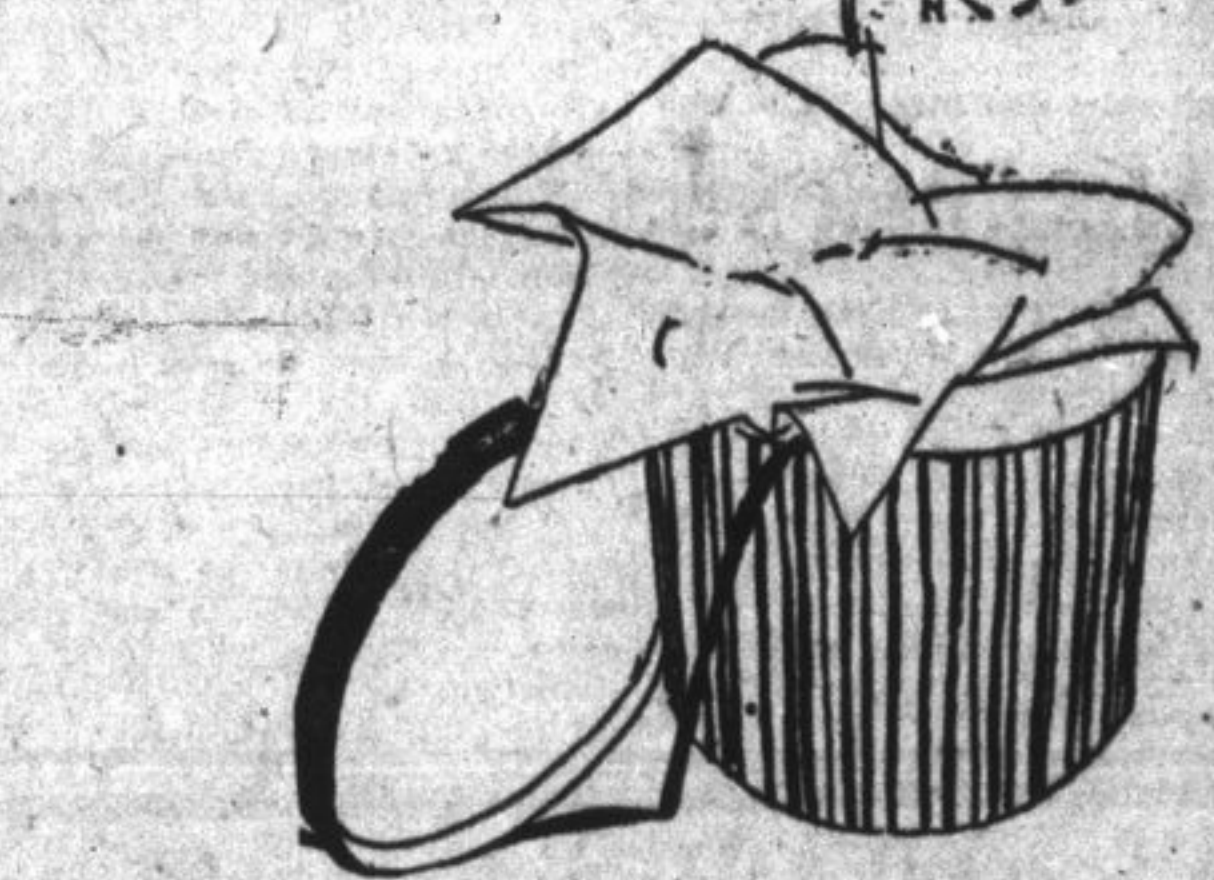
FEATURING A BRILLIANT ARRAY OF 1000 IMPORTED HATS Style starts with "The Right Hat"

100 Chic New Model Hats from \$7.50 to \$9.00 On Sale for Our Opening \$4.95

Here are a group of Hats that never fail to make a hit wherever there is youth, dash and snap. Two shades in a Hat are at least twice as chic as one, particularly if the contrast is expressed in grosgrain ribbon. They radiate that feeling of smartness that at all times captivates the fancy. Trimming is a subtle thing, in grosgrain ribbon that speaks for its own smartness in Pleatings, Bandings and Ruchings.

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