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Syrup
May Stop That Cough

Mr. Frank D. Comess, West Bathurst, N.B., writes:—"I had a very bad cold and cough that settled on my lungs, and I thought that I would never get rid of it.

One day a friend spoke to me about your wonderful remedy, so I sent and got a bottle of it, and after the first dose I took I got relief, and by the time I had finished the bottle I was completely relieved of all my trouble."

"Dr. Wood's" is put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Don't wait for the thermometer to register danger before opening the radiator covering. Your warning is the sudden rise of the red line, regardless of where it happens to be when the rise commences.

Miss Edna Farley, former tax collector of Belleville, died suddenly Saturday morning at the family home here.

This is a rich country; but how many families never have heard the words: "Go easy with the butter." A hyphen is the only plausible excuse for breaking a word.

Superior
in every way
that makes Tea
a most delicious
and refreshing
beverage.

Chase & Sanborn's
SUPERIOR
TEA
BLACK, GREEN, MIXED

As acid stomach caused by indigestion often creates rheumatic symptoms. Set your stomach right with Seigel's Syrup. Any drug store.

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. Police find a woman's handkerchief and the stub of a yellow theatre ticket.

Janet Rand, his daughter, breaks her engagement with Barry Colvin, because of the "disgrace." Jimmy Rand, his son, goes to Chicago, where the theatre is. The stub is traced to Thomas Fogarty, a political boss, who says he gave it to Olga Maynard, a cabaret singer.

Jimmy meets and falls in love with Mary Lowell. Later he encounters Olga. She faints at hearing police want her for murder. Mary, out with Samuel Church, a wealthy lawyer, sees Jimmy lift Olga into a taxi and misunderstands.

Olga tells police the stub might have come into possession of a man who "picked her up" two nights before the murder. Jimmy receives mysterious warnings to leave Chicago and later is attacked at night by two men, but escapes.

With Jimmy and Mary estranged, Church gets Mary's promise to marry him. Mary tells Jimmy this when they meet and he, trying to hurt her, accuses her of marrying for money.

That evening Jimmy and Olga see, in an auto, a man they both recognize—she as the man who got the stub, he as one of his attackers. The man and his companion escape. Later they recognize his police picture as that of Ike Jensen.

Church, out driving with Mary, runs over a dog. His heartlessness kindles hatred in her and she breaks their engagement. The next day he attempts a reconciliation at her office but fails. On the street he encounters Jimmy, who offers his hand in congratulation. Church snarls and turns away.

Chapter XXXV.
A round hole was in the pane, a hole fringed with splintering glass. Jimmy threw the window up with a bang, for the light shining from behind them prevented them from seeing a thing outside.

Glass came tumbling out of the sash and fell about them. Up the street, in the darkness, a fleeing figure.

"There he goes!" Barry grabbed Jimmy's arm in his excitement.

"Climb down the porch," Jimmy led the way and they clambered over the railing, hung by their hands and dropped to the ground.

They ran up the street, but whoever it was that had fired the shot had vanished.

Barry said, as they were returning: "He may be hiding. I don't

relish the idea of having him take another shot at us."

But Jimmy had no such fears. A concrete danger—something they could put their fingers on, so to speak—was not half so troublesome, he explained, as the vague premonitions he had been experiencing.

"In a way, Barry, it's comforting to know that after all it's a human being we're dealing with. There's been something supernatural about this watching, and the letters."

In front of the house, ironically enough, they encountered a policeman, the one O'Day had stationed as a sort of bodyguard since the night Jensen and his companion had followed Jimmy home.

He was just back, he explained, from ringing in at the call box. No, he had heard no shot, hadn't seen anyone.

"The fellow must have been watching—waiting for the right moment," said Barry.

"You didn't get a good look at him?" The policeman had pulled out a notebook.

"No. Just a glimpse of him running away in the darkness. Couldn't even tell you how big he was."

"I'll ring in for some help and we'll search the neighborhood." The policeman seemed troubled. "I'll have to make a report. Sorry I wasn't here at the time. I'm sort of responsible, you know."

"Not your fault," Jimmy assured him. "I'll explain it."

Mrs. King met them at the door, all a-flutter. The shot, it seemed, had awakened her.

She insisted on all the details from Jimmy before she agreed to go back to bed.

"He must have hidden on the porch," Jim said Barry. He and Jimmy had climbed out of the window and were looking in the room.

"That explains the open window that I saw when I came in the room."

"But he couldn't have been out here all the time you were here. You said you had been in the room here nearly all evening."

"No. Chances are he waited outside until I lit the light. Then when he saw who it was he jumped down and came back later. . . . I guess you'll admit now that I was right."

"Right about what?"

"I told you this fellow who has been writing the notes meant business. He meant to kill you, Jim. No question about it. Why don't you listen to reason and come home?"

"Barry, let me ask you a question. If you were in my place would you let a thing like this scare you off? You know why I came here. Would you pack up and leave after getting as far as I have?"

"I don't know how to answer you, Jim. All I know is that I have a very wholesome respect for my scalp. That very likely would be my first consideration."

"That's just talk. You know very well you'd stick it out. This sort of thing can't go on indefinitely. We'll catch those fellows sooner or later."

Sleep was out of the question. Police came later to ply them with more questions and to survey the porch and the broken window.

And so the two of them sat and talked far into the night.

At that moment Samuel Church sat in the library of his magnificent home, busying himself with a pile of legal papers. There was an important damage suit against the C. & R. Railroad which he would have to defend. He scanned the documents—some of them formidable looking affairs—briefs, depositions and notes on testimony he would have to bring out.

And yet it was hard for him to concentrate on his task. A frown knit his brow. He stared dreamily at the ceiling, pressing the tip of his pencil against his lips.

He glanced at his watch. Two o'clock in the morning. Again he sat back in his chair, studying the ceiling.

Then, fired with a sudden resolution, he rose and opened a drawer. Taking out some stationery, he uncapped his fountain pen and slowly composed a letter. He addressed it to Mrs. F. C. Lowell.

It was a very well written letter. . . . He loved Mary Lowell, and she had promised to marry him. . . . Now, because of a sudden whim, she had broken off with him. Wasn't there some way of getting her to realize the mistake she had made?

Of course, it had been rather heartless of him—that affair about the dog. Yes he was a busy man, a preoccupied man. Impetuous business engaged his thoughts most of the time. He was sorry it had happened and quite honestly admitted he had been wrong.

Mary must not condemn him on the strength of that one little thing. . . . An honest man, a good name, wealth. . . . all these things she was turning down. He had been hasty and wanted to apologize, but Mary hadn't given him the chance. He needed an ally.

This letter he read over. Then apparently satisfied, he stamped it and left it where the butler could find it and mail it the first thing in the morning.

Again he leaned back in his chair, and again that worried frown between his eyes. . . .

He stood before his safe, twisting the dial. Presently he swung the heavy door open and drew forth a

wallet, held together with a heavy rubber band.

From this he extracted a folded paper and a letter. With a quick glance around the room, as if to assure himself that he was unobserved, he opened them and read them. . . . But he read them mechanically, unseeing, as if their contents already were familiar to him.

The worried frown on his brow deepened. From time to time he glanced up from his reading. He seemed to be waiting for something. He looked at his watch again, muttered an imprecation and then very carefully replaced the papers in the wallet and put them back in the safe. . . .

The butler entered the room quietly.

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Church."

He nodded, comprehendingly. "Show him in." Then he settled back in his chair and waited.

"I suppose," said Jimmy, as he and Barry were dressing the next morning. "I ought to go out and look for a job. But what's the use? I can't seem to hold them after I get them."

"The whole thing looks pretty suspicious to me," Barry remarked. "It looks as if your friend of the letters is conspiring to keep you out of work. Probably he realizes that if you go hungry you'll be forced to go home."

"It does look that way," agreed Jimmy. He was thoughtful for a moment. "Still, we might be dead wrong entirely. There are such things as coincidences."

"Why don't you have the police question this man Porter? If someone did approach him, maybe the police can get him to admit it."

"No use. He could easily say, if it came to a showdown, that he was satisfied I wasn't going to fill the bill—or that I wasn't he kind that would stick."

"Well, give up the idea of working while you're here, Jim. I've got enough to tide you over a while, if you'll accept a loan."

"Nothing doing, Barry. Thanks just the same."

And nothing Barry could say would make him change his mind.

There was a letter for Jimmy downstairs. When Mrs. King handed it to him he introduced Barry.

"You won't mind if he stays with me while he's in town?" he asked. And she told him she would be glad to have any of his friends.

Jimmy broke away before she could inquire further into the affair of the previous night. "She's a good old soul, Barry, but, like all women, inquisitive. And I don't like explanations, though Lord knows she deserves one."

He tore open the letter as they walked downtown. It was from Olga Maynard, asking him to meet her at noon.

He did, in front of the Mayfair Hotel, and he thought she had never looked prettier.

"You won't mind if I treat you to lunch, will you?" she asked. "It was my idea, meeting you, and it's my invitation."

He demurred, but she was insistent. "All right," he laughed.

"You said," she began when the head waiter had shown them to a table, "that you'd come to see me. You haven't. Are you mad with me?"

"Mad with you? Heavens, no!" He looked at her seriously. "I've been so busy. So many things have happened."

She was toying with her silverware. "You're sure you're not sorry you made that promise?" She did not look up.


"Try me," he fenced. "When shall it be?"

She raised her head to see if he was serious. As she did so she started violently. She was looking past Jimmy, toward the entrance. Her eyes narrowed in hate, blazed wickedly.

"There's a man I could cheerfully kill," she said.

(To Be Continued.)

LOFTY PERCH



England's new giant airship, now being built, will tie up this 200-foot mooring mast, just completed at Bedfordshire. See the steeplejack on top?

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Takes Guess-Work from Your Baking

WHEN bake day comes then milk uncertainties must go. A ruined milk dish wastes your time, your money and your temper.

Milk uncertainties! You know them! Skimmed milk left after you took the cream from the top; you need two cups when only one and a half is left; milk you thought fresh is just on the turn.

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Carnation is just pure, fresh milk, evaporated to double richness, kept safe by sterilization. It keeps. Always safe, always sure and—you can't run short. Get Carnation from your grocer.

MUFFINS.—1 1/2 cups flour, 4 tsp. baking powder, 1 tbsp. sugar, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 egg, 3/4 cup Carnation Milk diluted with 3/4 cup water, 2 tbsp. fat. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk to well-beaten egg and add to first mixture. Then add melted shortening. Bake in greased muffin tins fifteen to twenty-five minutes. This makes ten muffins.

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