

Surpassing All Others
in General Excellence—
"SALADA"
TEA

is enjoyed by millions of devoted friends
Black, Green or Mixed—Sealed Packets only



Victor Records

The World's Latest Love Song!

"Always"

Played by a Famous Orchestra
Sung by a Famous Tenor

- Always—Waltz George Olsen and His Music 19955
- Always—Vocal (Tenor with orchestra) Henry Burr 19959
- Honeymoon—Waltz Green Brothers' Marimba Band 19861
- Thanks For The Buggy Ride—Fox Trot Waring's Pennsylvanians 19913
- Just Around the Corner—Fox Trot Art. Landry and His Orchestra 19930
- Dinah—Fox Trot Jean Goldkette and His Orchestra 19947
- Sweet Child (Tenor) Gene Austin 19928

All on Records

10-inch double-sided
Price 75c.

At "His Master's Voice" Dealers

Victor Talking Machine Company
of Canada, Ltd.



ANOTHER BOOKLET for FARMERS

In pursuance of its policy of friendly co-operation with the farming interests of this country, the Bank of Montreal is now issuing a new text book for farmers, entitled "Hogs for Pork and Profit." The booklet is a practical guide to the breeding and feeding of pigs, and its value is greatly increased by photographs illustrating every point that is made. A copy may be obtained, without charge, on application at our nearest Branch.

Previous booklets distributed by the Bank are—

- "Diversified Farming"
- "The Cow, the Mother of Prosperity"
- "Poultry for the Farm and Home"

The Bank has distributed tens of thousands of these booklets throughout Canada, and numerous farmers have expressed their appreciation to our local Managers.

BANK OF MONTREAL
Established 1817
Total Assets in excess of \$750,000,000

Kingston Branch:
P. DU MOULIN, Manager.

Out in Regina they are going to old-timers. Just which class is this keep young prisoners away from the intended to protect, we wonder?

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 Harry Colvin, because of the "disgrace." Jimmy Rand, his son, goes to Chicago, where the theatre is. The stub is traced to Olga Maynard, a cabaret singer. Jimmy meets and falls in love with Mary Lowell. Later, 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 night before the murder. Jimmy receives mysterious warnings to leave Chicago and later is attacked by two men, but escapes.

With Jimmy and Mary estranged, Church gets Mary's promise to marry him. Jimmy and Olga, out one night, see a man they both recognize—she as the man who got the stub, he as one of his assailants. The man escapes, but they identify him by his police photo as Ike Jensen.

Church, motoring with Mary, runs over a dog. His heartlessness causes her to break their engagement. Mary writes Jimmy a letter, telling him about it. The office boy sticks it in his pocket and forgets it.

Barry Colvin, without Jimmy's knowledge, seeks out Mary Lowell and tells her who Olga Maynard is. Late that night Jimmy gets a phone call from Olga, saying she has found Ike Jensen. Her voice ends in a gasping cry. Then there is silence.

Chapter XXI

Jimmy jiggled the receiver hook in desperation, but the sound that came to his ear was the tranquil "Number please" of Central.

"God!" he cried, putting the phone away from him. "What happened to her? What happened?" He grabbed the phone again and asked for police headquarters. "And for God's sake, hurry!"

He got hold of O'Day, then, and told him: "Get as fast as you can to Olga Maynard's apartment. I gave O'Day the address. Ike Jensen's been there. I think he's killed her. I'm starting out right away."

Then he ran up the stairs, taking three at a time, and madly grabbed at his hat and overcoat. . . .

All during that day at the office Mary Lowell had sat expectantly at her typewriter, starting eagerly every time the telephone rang. But the call she waited for did not come.

She was first to greet the letter carrier on each of his frequent rounds. But there was no mail for her.

"Why," she asked herself time and again, "why doesn't he answer?" She pondered on the variability of her moods. Yesterday Barry Colvin had been to see her and what he told her had lifted her magically out of the depression into which she had lately settled.

And to-day . . . To come to work so cheerful, so expectant, and to hear—nothing. It was more than she could bear.

Mr. Hilton stopped once in the midst of dictation and looked at her very sharply.

"You're tired, Miss Lowell," he said gently. "I wish you would take a couple of days off. Do you good." Mary's mother, who since the breaking off with Sam Church were perpetually a grieved expression, met her at the door with sharp complaints about being late and "dinner will never be ready if you don't hurry."

In fact, Mary's mother found it very easy to find fault these days. There had been many attempts on her part to persuade Mary to reconsider her decision about Church, but they were futile.

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Lowell sighed as she moved heavily about the kitchen, getting in the way while Mary did all the work. "I got so discouraged. I could lie right down and sleep for two days, I'm so tired."

Mary made no answer; she was too busy cooking.

"I'm not at all well," Mrs. Lowell continued. "The doctor told me what I needed was a complete rest and a change."

(Which was not at all what the doctor had told her. What he had said was that she wanted a rest and a change. He hadn't said she needed it.)

Mrs. Lowell sighed deeply. "But I suppose I'll never get it. I suppose I'll end my days in drudgery." Her drudgery consisted largely in watching Mary do all the important housework. Occasionally Mrs. Lowell knitted, and dusted a few pictures, and prepared a salad.

"Please, mother," Mary begged. "I simply never imagined anyone could be so foolish." Mrs. Lowell went on.

As she sat on her bed, in utter dejection, she wondered if the cutting remarks she had made to Jimmy when last they met had opened a breach that was irreparable.

"But I wrote him," she said. "I told him everything. I did all I could. Why didn't he answer?" She was hurt, deeply hurt.

"He simply doesn't care any more," she told herself.

She sat before her mirror and watched her reflected face. "Oh, Jim," she cried, "if you only knew how much I loved you. You're—you're breaking my heart."

Her face dropped slowly down on to her arm.

She sat that way a long time, just how long she did not know, but her mother's complaining voice, rising on a note of querulousness, broke into her thoughts.

"Mary, if you have such a headache, why don't you go to bed? Your light is keeping me from going to sleep."

Without answering, Mary roused herself and put out the light. She undressed in the dark and then got into bed.

But she lay there sleepless, dampening her pillow with tears. Hours passed, but they failed to bring her sleep. . . .

How was she to know that the letter she had written to Jimmy Rand was at that moment lying in the pocket of Paul, the admirable office boy? . . .

At that moment Jimmy Rand was dashing madly up the hall steps leading to Olga Maynard's apartment.

The door was standing half open; the rooms within were in silent darkness.

He fumbled, then switched on a light, and the telephone met his eyes.

The receiver was still off the hook. "What's happened to her?" he gasped. "God! Where is she?"

He tramped through the small apartment—just two rooms and a kitchen—turning on lights and exploring every corner, every closet.

But there was no Olga—no trace, even, of her.

A tramp of feet coming up the stairs. And then a squad of uniformed men, led by Lieutenant O'Day, came into the room.

"She's gone, Lieutenant," Jimmy waved his hand around. "She's gone." He groped for words and found none, and sank despairingly into a chair.

O'Day's voice was professionally crisp. "They didn't kill her, then. Any sign of a struggle? Any evidence that they hurt her?"

"Nothing."

"Well, I'll take a look around. Tell me what you know first. What happened?"

Jimmy, in a high state of excitement, told him. "She phoned me. She said, 'I've found Jensen. He's in the house across the street.' Then she said, 'Oh!—as if someone had grabbed her or something. A sort of gasping cry."

"And that was all?"

"That was all. I called you up right afterward."

O'Day turned to the men who had come with him. You men go outside. Run across the street to the house opposite this and see what you can find out. You know Jensen's description. See if he has been rooming there.

"Wait a minute. If you don't get anything there, go next door—go to every house in the block. Wake 'em all up. If Jensen went into any house on this street we're going to find out about it."

Enjoy The Pleasure of Perfect Health

Dodd's Kidney Pills Purify the Blood, and Pure Blood Means Good Health.

Mr. J. Lovell was Relieved of Kidney Trouble by Dodd's Kidney Pills After Other Remedies Had Failed. St. Lucien, P.Q., March 15 (Special)—"For three years I suffered with bad kidneys. I tried different remedies but they did me no good. Having read in your almanac of numerous persons being relieved, I tried four boxes of your excellent pills and felt better immediately. I shall tell my relations who suffer from kidney trouble that they can take Dodd's Kidney Pills with perfect confidence."

This statement comes from Mr. J. Lovell, a well known resident of this place.

If you enquire among your neighbors you will find scores of people who have discovered in Dodd's Kidney Pills relief from some form of kidney trouble. It may have been the dry, itching skin, dizziness, nervousness and inability to get refreshing sleep that mark the earlier stages of the disease, or it may be diabetes, dropsy, rheumatism or some other of the dangerous diseases that mark its advanced stages.

on the table and stepped back and studied it.

"Tell me," he said to Jimmy, "how you found this place when you came in. Where was the phone—right where I picked it up?"

"Yes. The receiver was off the hook. I put it back."

"Any lights on?"

"No, all the lights were out."

"This rug here that's mussed up and wrinkled. Was it like that when you came in?"

Jimmy hadn't noticed the rug. "I don't know, Lieutenant. I suppose so. I didn't touch it."

O'Day quietly stroked his chin, stood with his feet planted wide apart and studied a while in silence.

"What do you think happened, Lieutenant?" Jimmy had risen from his chair, and stood facing O'Day.

"Don't bother me now, lad. Let me think." He smiled apologetically at his customer's "I'm not one of these fancy Sherlock Holmes detectives," he explained. "I'm a little slow at getting my mind to work. I have to have time. I want to see this thing first, just as you saw it when you came in."

He walked to the door and stood on the threshold, his eyes wandering around the room and then through the hallway.

"This door was open?" he asked.

"Yes, I came right in."

"And all the lights were out, you say?"

"My nodded."

"Huh." O'Day turned abruptly away and walked into the next room, exploring. He shook his head slowly. "I wonder if—" and then he broke off and resumed his search.

Quite abruptly he came to a pause in front of the mantel above the gas grate. His hand reached up and picked up a picture that was lying face down, on the shelf.

He frowned as he looked at it. He glanced around at Jimmy, who quite oblivious of O'Day's movements, was standing before a window, his hands clasped behind his back, looking out into the street.

O'Day turned back to the picture. A comprehending light came into his eyes.

"Mother of heaven!" he breathed. Then he unfastened some buttons on his coat and stuck the picture into his breast pocket.

(To Be Continued)

GOOD CEDAR SHINGLES!

ARE ALWAYS RELIABLE.

We are specially stocked with all the best grades at attractive prices.

LET US HAVE YOUR ENQUIRIES NOW.

ALLAN LUMBER CO.
Victoria Street, near Union. Phone 1042

House Wiring and Repairing

All Kinds of Electric Apparatus
Satisfaction guaranteed. Best work at reasonable prices.
"THE DOWN TOWN ELECTRIC STORE"

HALLIDAY ELECTRIC CO.
Corner King and Princess Streets. Phone 94.

World Leadership Brings Low Prices

World Leadership for Graham Brothers Trucks is more than a phrase.

It is a vital, practical thing that means satisfaction and money to buyers.

It means satisfaction because public demand is based on satisfaction—and the demand for Graham Brothers Trucks is growing greater every day.

It means money to buyers because large demand means large production—and large production is the secret of low prices.

Graham Brothers are the largest exclusive truck manufacturers in the world. By that fact the buyer profits.

He profits by the quality that created the demand—and by the astonishingly low prices that demand made possible.

- 1-Ton Chassis . . . \$1350
- 1½-Ton Chassis . . . 1725
- MBM Low Chassis . . . 1795

F. O. B. Toronto, taxes to be added.

M. OBERNDORFFER
124 CLARENCE STREET.

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLE BY DODGE BROTHERS
DEALERS EVERYWHERE

A Digest of the BEST in WIT

By Courtesy of ZIFFS MAGAZINE

Say It with Posies

"Mother, would Daddy let me ride in his airship?"

"Why, child, your father has no airship!"

"Yes he has, 'cause I heard him tell Miss Brown that he'd see her in town and they'd do some high flying."

Low Bridge, Duck!

Uncle Hergey: What were you doing last night, Sweetie?"

Euphelia: Oh, helping mother around the house.

Unk: Was she drunk again?"

Now Will You Be Good!

An excessively self confident traveling salesman was again making himself obnoxious in Pop Anson's Grocery Store. While he was there a tolerably respectable looking white lady and her big fat Chinese husband came into the store. After they had made their purchase and left, the traveling salesman asked, "I wonder why that woman was crazy enough to hitch herself up for life to a lazy Chinaman like that?"

"I'll tell ye how it came about," replied Pop. "She once told me that she only had two proposals made 'er. One from that Chinaman and th' other from a travelin' salesman. So she married th' Chinaman."

News From Bethel.

Bethel, March 12.—The biggest snow storm of the season passed over this section, making the roads heavy again. A number from here attended the play given by the Westbrook Dramatic Club in Yarker, Tuesday night. Mr. Harry Riddle and wife, of Boston, visited at his sister's, Mrs. Joe Lewis, for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hamilton spent a couple of days in Nanapan this week. Mr. Jay Hamilton is reported better after a severe attack of bronchial catarrh. Mr. and Mrs. James Doyle, Miss Estella, Messrs. Jarrod and Percy, Mr. J. Dewey, of Camden East, also Mr. and Mrs. Lyall Kilcup, Meacock, Mrs. Sarah Connolly and Mr. Elgin McWilliams were entertained to tea at the home of Mrs. Myrtle McWilliams. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Bell, Colebrook, spent Sunday evening at Levi Sessay's, and Mrs. A. Robinson spent a day recently at Mr. H. Robinson's.

Nature's own body builder



"Ten years ago I thought I never would get rid of my stomach trouble. After three bottles of Tanlac I felt better and better. That was two years ago. I've never felt better than now." (Vancouver, B.C., Window's Out.)

Tanlac is Nature's greatest tonic and builder. Made from roots, bark and herbs after the Tanlac formula, it revitalizes the blood, tones up the digestive organs and puts the whole system in fighting trim.

Don't go about your work sickly and discouraged. Take the example of millions who have been helped by Tanlac. Stop at your druggist's today and get this wonderful tonic. You'll be surprised how quickly you improve. For constipation take Tanlac Vegetable Pills.

CERTIFIED

absolutely one hundred per cent. true cod-liver oil.

SCOTT'S
"BLUE SEAL"
VITAMIN-CERTIFIED
NORWEGIAN
COD LIVER OIL

the kind that any member of your family would take with pleasure.

At your druggist.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS
SCOTT & BOWNE
TORONTO, ONT.
MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION

PAIN from Bladder Irritation

Soon eased by
Santal Midy
Removes all Irritation
Look for the word "MIDY"
Sold by all Druggists

Intimate friends are people who drop in for the evening every time you plan to go out.