

A Few Doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup May Stop That Cough

Mr. Frank D. Comeau, 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. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

HEALED HIS RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of recovery was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely healed my rupture. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may have a complete recovery without operation. If you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 155 M. Marcellus Avenue, Manassas, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

Young vigor to old folks

"My nerves were unstrung and I used to tremble all over. Leg aches at night, rose exhausted each morning. Tanlac restored health and appetite. I am 71, but now eat and work as well as 30 years ago." Harry Johnson, 53 Elm St. Windsor, Ont.

One of Tanlac's greatest blessings is the new life and vigor it brings to old folks. Every day men and women up in the seventies and eighties thank us for Tanlac's wondrous benefits.

Tanlac is a natural tonic, made from roots, barks and rare herbs. Harmless to man or child. It cleans the blood, stirs up the liver and puts digestive organs in working order.

If your body is weak and run-down, if you lack ambition, can't eat or sleep, you'll be delighted with Tanlac's results. Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation.

Clear Your Skin With Cuticura Soap to Cleanse Ointment to Heal Absolutely Nothing Better

for BURNS FOR SCALDS, CUTS AND BRUISES, FOR COLDS, COUGHS AND BRONCHIAL AFFLICTIONS, FOR STIFF Joints, SPRAINS AND STRAINS AND NUMEROUS OTHER AFFLICTIONS COMMON TO MAN AND BEAST. THERE IS NOTHING SUPERIOR TO THAT OLD TRIED AND RELIABLE REMEDY, DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

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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. 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 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 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 Iko 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. Jimmy gets a phone call from Olga, saying she has found Jensen. He rushes to her apartment to find her gone. Her disappearance becomes a newspaper sensation. O'Day then tells Jimmy that he found a picture of Henry Rand in Olga's apartment.

Barry Colvin tells Jimmy that Mary Lowell has broken with Sam Church. They are walking along the street. They see Mary Lowell approaching. Just as Jimmy is raising his hat he spies a familiar figure running for a street car. He wheels suddenly and runs like a mad man.

Chapter XLVII. Jimmy, a gloom-shrouded figure in the fog, his pulses racing madly—whether from fear or excitement he did not know—slowly approached the house where he had seen Kid Divis disappear.

He stood now just in front of it. A short flight of steps led up to the front door, another short flight down to the basement entrance. It was the basement entrance which Divis had used and Jimmy made his cautious way down the steps. He stood just outside the door, his ear pressed against a panel. But he heard nothing and for just a brief-second he debated whether to try the door and see if he could slip in unheeded and unseen.

But he had a change of mind. "Better look around first," and his voice, a low whisper, was eerie-like in the fog. Again he was suddenly cold, his blood running chill. An involuntary shiver shook him as he stood in the basement entrance trying to decide on some plan of action that would enable him to see inside the house without himself being discovered.

Fleeting memories came of boyhood nights before the fireside with thrilling detective fiction. Surely, he thought, none of it was more hair-raising or perilous than this—and this, strangely, was real life. It was impossible, and yet it was true.

He knew, instinctively, that inside this house was the secret to those mysterious warnings he had received; to Olga Maynard's fate; to Jensen's whereabouts; even to his father's murder.

"It only this place wasn't so far from nowhere," he complained. "Foolish to try anything alone. Even more foolish to take the time to get police out here. They might clear out."

He thought of running to the nearest house and asking for help.

Relieved After Other Remedies Had Failed Ontario Lady is Very Enthusiastic About Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. P. Alexander Was Run Down, Had Pains in Her Back and Her Blood Was in Poor Condition. Nickleton, Ont., Mar. 22 (Special)—One more tribute to the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing for women of Canada comes from Mrs. P. Alexander, well known and highly respected here.

"I was very run down and often had pains in my back," Mrs. Alexander states. "My blood was also very bad. I read in the paper about Dodd's Kidney Pills and thought I'd try a box. I have tried many other medicines and they did not relieve the pain in my back. Shortly after taking half a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I felt my pain was not so severe, so I continued taking them—three boxes altogether and can say they have no equal for kidney trouble. My father would never be without them in the house. He suffered very much from kidney trouble."

Weak, nervous, run-down women should give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial at once.

But the nearest house was a good quarter of a mile away and, besides, how was he to know whether it would be friend or foe living there? He climbed the stairs again and found himself at the front basement window. He peered at the darkness within, but saw nothing, and the silence was oppressive and fearful.

Slowly he made his way around to the side—the side whence he had seen the light shining down the road. The light was still there, casting a dull glow through a drawn shade. Jimmy bent down and looked.

He thought: "If anyone comes between the light and the window, I'll see his shadow."

He could detect a low murmur of voices, but they seemed far away. And no one moved between the light and the window. There was just that dim, unfriendly glow through the shade.

He strained forward, listening, and suddenly he thought he heard a voice rising on a note of anger. And, while he listened, the voice ceased. There was a brief silence, and then from the room came the sound of a woman's scream. . . .

He checked the cry that sprang to his own lips. The voice was Olga Maynard's.

He turned around helplessly. Should he run for assistance, or should he try to enter the house alone? Would it do any good? It seemed so foolhardy, and yet—God!—Olga had cried out for help. She needed him.

As if in answer to his question, the cry came again. This time it was not a scream, but a low moan.

"God help us!" he cried. "I'm going in," and he ran as swiftly as he could around to the front entrance. Before the door he paused. Should he try to rush boldly in—maybe by breaking a window—and trust to the value of a surprise attack? Or should he try to stealth?

"Hurry, hurry. Do something." His voice was a desperate whisper. He cautiously tried the knob of the door that had opened in answer to Divis' knock. He was somehow not surprised to find that it turned. Divis had not locked the door behind him.

He stealthily turned the knob all the way, and then, with a silent prayer that the door swing open without a betraying squeak, he slowly pushed it open until there was enough space for him to push his body past.

Carefully he closed it behind him, felt the latch click home with only a faint sound, and stood in semi-darkness in a hallway.

To his left, the door swung open, was an unlighted room. Jimmy judged that it might be a living room or, more probably, one of those old-fashioned basement "parlors."

Just ahead of him, and to his right, was a flight of stairs with thin carpet nearly worn through. And a little farther down the hall, and to his left, a door stood ajar, letting a broad beam of light sift into the darkness.

He judged it was the room through whose window he had first seen the light and outside which he had just been listening. He heard voices—a man's heavy bass, another man's voice, higher pitched.

He had heard that first one. It was Jensen. And he heard the labored, catchy breathing of a woman trying to suppress her sobs.

Then carefully, his hand supporting him against the wall, he tiptoed down the hall and peered into the room, taking pains to keep clear of the beam of light.

There, sitting in a chair, his back to the door, was Kid Divis. He had taken off his coat, but his cap still perched on the back of his head. Directly opposite Divis was Olga, likewise sitting in a chair. Her head was down on her breast. Jimmy could not be sure, but he thought her position indicated she was held in the chair, possibly by a rope around her arms.

And Jensen was standing. He held in his hand a heavy glass tumbler, half filled with whiskey, or what Jimmy took for whiskey. He drained it and set it down. He turned to Olga, his face brutal with drunkenness.

"Stop your sniffin'!" he growled. He raised a heavy paw threateningly.

Jimmy stiffened. If he should strike her he would cast everything to the winds and rush blindly in. It was more than he could bear.

But Jensen changed his mind. His hand fell to his side and he shrugged, poured himself another drink.

"Go easy, Ike," said Divis. "Ain't ya had enough yet?" "Aw shut up!" came from Jensen, thickly. "Y' make me sick."

Jimmy retreated slowly along the wall. He found himself again before the door that opened on the living room. His foot—luckily, it made no noise—came in contact with a hard object on the floor. He reached down for it, half groping, for he could not distinguish it in the darkness.

He picked it up, and to his touch it felt like a heavy, round metal knob, with a crudely fashioned handle. Holding it up toward the light that sifted from the other room, he beheld what apparently was the broken-off end of a heavy brass andiron.

Then he carefully set it down again and pulled off his overcoat and hat. These he laid on the floor just inside the front room. He picked up the broken andiron again and held it firmly in his right hand.

He stood there in the hall, wondering what he should do—what he COULD do. He wished for Lieutenant O'Day's powerful presence. Strange thoughts flashed through his mind. . . . the heroes of those boyhood detective thrillers. . . . how feeble and incompetent he looked beside them. . . . he was scared—scared stiff—yet he knew that if Jensen laid his hands on Olga again he would dash madly, blindly, into that room and strike out with the crude weapon that he held in his hand.

He grasped the broken andiron more firmly. From the room came Jensen's drink-thickened voice again, his words an indistinguishable blur as they floated through the hall.

Then another sound—from upstairs. He jumped nervously. Loud and clear it came to his ears, the ringing of a telephone bell. It sounded strangely foreign to this old house. It came again, an insistent, long ring.

He heard a chair scrape in the room where he had seen Jensen and the others. That Jensen's voice: "Damn telephone. Naw, sit still, Kid, I'll answer it. . . . Probably the big fellow wantin' to talk to me. Damn nuisance, the phone's up stairs."

Jimmy heard Jensen's heavy foot-falls, saw his shadow move out into the hall and lengthen fantastically on the carpet.

He stepped quickly into the friendly darkness of the front room. Should he swing the andiron as Jensen passed to go up the stairs? Swing at his head with all his might and then leap madly in at Divis?

He decided against it. There was that telephone call. He wanted to know who was calling—when Jensen had referred to when he spoke of the "big fellow."

He stood where he was and let Jensen pass. He could have taken two short steps and reached out with his hand and touched him as he turned to mount the stairs. A sudden plan flashed through his mind as he saw Jensen's broad back moving upward. . . .

He waited until the man had reached the floor above, heard him grunt "hello" into the phone, then, his muscles taut, his nerves tense, he softly tip-toed toward the lighted room.

Divis was still seated in the chair with his back to the door, his feet comfortably propped on the bare table. He was slipping slowly from the heavy tumbler than Jensen had been using.

As silently as a cat Jimmy moved. He could still hear Jensen's voice, muffled by the distance, at the phone.

And now he stood framed in the doorway. There was Olga, her head drooping wearily. She was tied in the chair, Jimmy saw. He took one cautious step toward Divis and saw Olga suddenly look up, saw the frozen horror on her face as she beheld him.

And Divis—Divis saw it, too. He set the glass down on the table, slowly moved to turn his head. . . .

And then Jimmy sprang forward, raising the hand that held the broken andiron.

(To Be Continued.)

EVENTS AT INVERARY. The Women's Institute Workers Are Active These Days.

Inverary, March 19.—The Ladies' Aid will be held at the parsonage next month. Mrs. Melville Williams and little daughter, Ivy Myrtle, will leave for their home in Saskatchewan, next Tuesday. The At Home, held in the Agricultural Hall, under the auspices of the Women's Institute, on the 17th, was a wonderful success. Mrs. Irs Darling is confined to her room through illness.

The Women's Institute has decided to keep the travelling library which is at the home of Mrs. Charles

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QUALITY plus Convenience reasonably priced—that's the reason why Shirriff's Marmalade is served on breakfast tables in thousands of Canadian homes every day in the year.

Quality—because the ingredients are pure. Finest Seville oranges imported direct by us from Spain and pure cane sugar skilfully blended in spotless kitchens to produce that rare Shirriff flavor which comes from a fine old recipe.

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Loney, for another three months, in order to give all who wish an opportunity to read the books. Kenneth and Miss Wilmott, Barriefield, were recent visitors at the home of Richard Arthur. The Women's Institute is preparing to build a walk in front of the Agricultural Hall; and for this reason some of the farmers are busy drawing sand.

GIFTS FOR SUFFERERS. friends. The Kepler Ladies' Aid gave Mrs. Stover a beautiful comforter, also one was given by her Elginburg friends. Mr. and Mrs. Stover were the recipients of a large quantity of canned fruits, pickles, vegetables, linen, china, aluminum, agate ware and clothing. During the lunch hour Mr. Stover thanked the guests for their generous thoughtfulness. The evening was spent in playing various games and in music.



"Mother Has No Time!"

HARASSED by broken sleep—headache—indigestion—it seems that "mother has no time" when the children bring their books and questions. Those treacherous drug stimulants—tea and coffee—have slowly and surely set her nerves on edge. For nothing else could destroy that loving patience only a mother has.

Tannin and caffeine found in tea and coffee are artificial stimulants which are harmful. With you these agents may work fast or slow, yet sooner or later their poisonous effects are certain, sure.

Drink Instant Postum. Sleeplessness, indigestion—all that host of nervous ills caused by tea or coffee—dis-

appear wherever Postum becomes the family beverage. Delicious, satisfying, instantly made in the cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. Or there is Postum Cereal made by boiling or percolating twenty minutes. At your grocer's, restaurant, club or on the train, ask for Postum. Read Carrie Blanchard's splendid free offer. Then—today—mail the coupon.

You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups". You know, too, how good it is for them to have a hot drink! Make Instant Postum for them, using hot milk (not boiled) instead of boiling water! They'll like the taste immediately! And they will get the food value of the wheat, plus the nourishment of milk, in a hot drink that is economical and so easy to make.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer "I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your feet by giving you your diet week's supply. It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families. Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

Instant Postum "There's a Reason"