

A leaf from Grandpa's book is a blessing. The daily dose and "that Kruschen feeling."



Following in Grandpa's Footsteps

Willie's got it too! For unflinching jollity and cast-iron optimism there's not a pin to choose between the old chap and the young chap — because the one's just as brimful of bounding health as the other.

But even boyhood is not proof against boyhood ills. The most vigorous of youngsters are sometimes out of sorts.

When your kiddies develop "moods," lose interest in their lessons and their play, are naughty without apparent reason, or mope listlessly about the place you should recognize at once the danger-signals. Something is wrong with their health. They may have eaten something to upset them, or perhaps they are constipated. Whatever the trouble may be, they cannot

become their cheery little selves again until it is removed.

There is one safe, simple way to remedy all these minor ills of childhood: To stir a tiny dose of Kruschen Salts into the child's tea or cocoa or bowl of porridge. The tiniest pinch suffices — about "half a dimeful" — and they never know they're taking it, because given in this way it's quite tasteless. There's no fear of "horrid medicine" scenes with Kruschen.

The tiny dose gently but surely expels all waste clogging matter from the small intestine. Next day the kiddies wake up with "that Kruschen feeling," energy and high spirits completely restored.

Don't wait for your children to be ill. Buy a 75c bottle for the nursery to-day, and be prepared.



Tasteless in Tea, Cocoa, Milk or Porridge. Give each child "just a pinch" — and all will be well.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for Half a Cent a Day

A 75c bottle of Kruschen Salts contains daily use for adults in "as much as will 180 doses—nearly enough for six months—on a 10-cent slice" taken in your which means bounding health for less than breakfast cup of coffee or tea. Every day—half a cent a day. The dose prescribed for girls sells Kruschen. Get a 75c bottle to-day.

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Sportsmen have learned a simple way to take out pain and stiffness when they get lamed up from exposure or over-exertion.

A Philadelphia sportsman writes that he caught cold in his back while out gunning and the next day found himself so stiff and lame he could hardly bend.

"I went to work, but had to come home," he writes. "I applied Sloan's freely and went to bed. The next morning I was as good as new, thanks to the quick and sure action of Sloan's Liniment." (Name and address given on request.)

It is amazing what Sloan's does for any kind of muscular pain. Just put it on lightly. No need to rub. Sloan's alone does the work.

Instantly it sends a healing tide of fresh, new blood right to the sore spots. Your muscles limber up, stop aching and get back their tone. So clean and pleasant to use, too. Get a bottle to-day. All druggists—35 cents.

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THE YELLOW STUB

GREAT NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

By Ernest Lynn

Chapter LIV. If ever murder was in a man's eyes, it blazed in Church's. And there was a maddening deliberateness to him, too, as if he found much to enjoy in the situation and was reluctant to have it end so soon.

But for a man threatened with sudden death, Rand was surprisingly cool. He said: "And you still admit it, Church?"

"Sure," the other sneered, "but little good it will do you, you young pup."

"I just wanted to make sure," remarked Jimmy with a shrug and went on calmly smoking his cigarette.

And now bafflement was written on the other man's face. How could this fresh young upstart be so provokingly cool? How could he jest with death in that manner? A sudden sinking fear assailed him that, somehow, something was wrong—that there was something he didn't know. His finger tightened on the trigger.

"Why don't you shoot, Church?" and Jimmy, facing him squarely, took a step toward him. "Go ahead; get it over with."

"Damn you, I will!" His teeth were set. Grimly he pulled the trigger, and instead of the barking shot he heard a mocking click. He pulled it again, and again the hammer snapped on an empty chamber.

Rand's taunting laugh was in his ears. "Empty, Church. Only one bullet in it, and I wasted that on your book case."

"You fool," he said, "do you think I'm crazy? Do you think I'd deliberately walk away from that gun if it was loaded? I thought you'd do that very thing, Church—confess and then repudiate it the moment you knew I wasn't going to kill you. You see, I anticipated you, and you played right into my hands by admitting it over again just a minute ago."

"I can still repudiate it, Rand," said Church, and it was like the last baring of teeth of a cornered rat. He jumped for the table. "And I can still kill you."

But Jimmy was in his way, and before Church could reach the table drawer there was a loud tramping of feet and a sudden influx of blue-coated men. Strong hands held Church, pinned his arms from behind.

"You see, Church," said Jimmy, "you can't very well repudiate it, after all. These men were planted outside the room. They've even got a court stenographer. You got every word, didn't you, Lieutenant?" Jimmy turned to O'Day, who was standing beside him.

"Didn't miss a thing, Rand." O'Day was eyeing Church wrathfully. "You dirty sneakin' dog!" he observed, and turned his back.

Jimmy opened the table drawer, pulled out Church's revolver and flung it on the table.

He leaned toward Church, who was still held tightly from behind. "There are two reasons why I didn't kill you, Church," he said. "I guess you know what one of them was—a girl we both know. The other—I gave my word to O'Day."

He had time now to relax since Henry Rand's tragic death was somehow lessened by the thought that the man responsible for it stood before him, beaten, exposed and cornered. That and the thought that Mary Lowell would be waiting for him.

And then the poignant realization that Olga Maynard, who had been helplessly enmeshed in this thing and buffeted about, was lying alone on a hospital bed—friendless, without cheer and comfort. . . . Somehow it dulled the keen edge of the victory he had won; his triumph was hollow.

Blind, hot anger surged over him as he regarded Church, the man responsible not only for his father's murder but for Olga's plight as well.

His face within inches of Church's, his hands tightly clenched to keep himself under control and not strike him, he said: "The really contemptible thing about you is that you would have passed the blame on to an innocent woman. You knew that we had something on you ever since the night Olga Maynard and I saw Jensen in that automobile. And then you found out, somehow, that she was suspected."

"So you planned the kidnapping, and had my father's picture planted in her apartment. Church, if I could forgive everything else you have done—which I can't, of course—I could never forgive that."

He turned to O'Day, his face twisting with pity. "Lieutenant, they beat her—that man Jensen—because she wouldn't write a confession. God knows what they'd have done with her after she had."

"Killed her, more than likely," growled O'Day. "Rand, I'm an old fool. I'm sorry for thinkin' what I did about her, an' I'm man enough to apologize when I see her again. But this here bird," and he indicated the cowering Church, "is cooked. There's not only murder against him, but abduction an' a number of other things."

"By the way, Church," he continued, "what was that you stuck in your pocket?" He fumbled with his large hand through Church's coat, fished out a folded paper and spread it on the table.

"It is a will, Rand—the will of Thaddeus Rand. I guess this is yours."

"Take care of it," said Jimmy. "They'll be wanting it as evidence later on. Hold on, though, guess I'll read it over myself. . . ."

"Yep," he said later, when he had gone over it, "it's just as Mooney's informant, whoever he was, said. Henry Rand or his heirs. . . . Samuel Church executor."

He looked at Church again, but he was speaking to O'Day. "I believe that's all, Lieutenant." Once more dull depression settled on him, and the draught of victory was bitter on his lips. There was Mary, the girl he loved, no longer unattainable but waiting to hear from him. And now that, he knew she was his and his agonized longing was at an end his triumph was suddenly flat, like that of some seeker who, blind to everything but his goal, finds it, and when it is in his grasp pauses to look behind him and see what has been overlooked in his quest.

There was Olga, broken in spirit, hurt, with nothing to look forward to. . . . And she loved him; had told him with her lips, with her eyes, with faithful devotion to him. . . . What a debt he owed her—what a debt. . . .

"And God help me," he agonized, "how can I pay it?" He thought, "Church has licked me, after all. . . ."

Surprisingly, it was Church himself who broke into his reverie. He said, with a forced smile and affected indifference, "Congratulations, Rand. You win. Lots of money now. . . . you can marry her, and they lived happily ever after."

"Shut up, you," growled O'Day. He had missed nothing. There was a rare quality of sympathy and understanding beneath his tough hide.

It has not occurred to Jimmy that he was wealthy. He failed to realize it even then. He thought, "Yes, I suppose I can—and trample on that poor girl you dragged into this."

To Church he remarked quietly, "You'll never realize what you've done to me," and turned away to hide his face.

A struggle went on within him. As long as Mary had been out of his reach he had been indifferent to everything else—as indifferent, at any rate, as a sensitive nature would permit.

Then his path had seemed so clear. But now it branched, and one way lay desire and the other way—was it duty? He thought of going to Olga and saying, "You'll be taken care of now. Your troubles are over. I've got influential friends. I'll see that you get your start—your cash."

But the words in his mind were mere empty phrases. It would be nothing short of hypocrisy, he thought.

He groaned aloud, "Lord, that's not paying her back. I owe her everything," and was startled when O'Day put a hand on his shoulder.

"Come, lad," O'Day was saying, "let's get out of here. You need to sleep it over. Too much of a strain. You're tired, an' you're hurt, an' your nerves are all in pieces. You need quiet."

He turned toward his men. "Bring him along, boys," and pointed to Church.

When he spoke again to Rand his manner was bluff and hearty. "Did I tell you how Mooney got that dope from Mexico City? No, Well, he called me up first and sent the telegram as confirmation. I told him I'd want it. Seems he had an old friend who used to be on the force years ago in Grafton and who went down to Mexico, learned the language an' then settled down in some business or other."

"Mooney got in touch with him, an' this fellow did some gumshoe work an' finally found those Mexican lawyers Thaddeus used to deal with. They told him the dope an' he relays it right back to Mooney. Simple as pie, wasn't it—after he got on the right track?"

Jimmy heard him listlessly. As they were leaving the front door, O'Day, with a sweeping glance around him, said, "Fine house you've got here, Rand. Do you realize, my boy, that it's yours? Why, you're a millionaire, lad!" He whispered, "Think of it!"

Then he threw an arm around the other's shoulders. "Aw, Rand, up, lad, buck up! It has been hard, but you pulled through on 'top. Imagine that guy spendin' your money all these years. But it's yours now, an' let's hope you put it to better use."

"I hope," said Jimmy thought-

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fully, "I hope I'll be generous, that's all." He watched dutifully while the officers climbed into the automobile and pulled Church in with them. He climbed in alongside O'Day and sat silent, his mind a muddle of thoughts as he tried to reach some kind of decision. And then, frowning, he set his teeth. He knew. "Want me to drop you off at home?" O'Day asked, "or are you coming down with us?" "I'm going down there later to meet Barry Colrin," said Jimmy. "First of all, though, I've got to see Olga Maynard." (To Be Concluded Tomorrow)

American Governing body refused Prince Carol of Rumania permit to drive in automobile races at Atlantic City.