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Hamilton Police Commission rat-  
ified the seven per cent. general sal-  
ary increase made by the council.  
Conceit and deceit usually in-  
habit the man with the small mind.

**The Vital Flame**  
A Stirring Serial  
of Primitive Passions  
by May Christie

CHAPTER XVII.  
Then, with a desperate effort to  
placate him:  
"I did my very best in the card-  
room, Jose. You said at the time  
how well I'd done!"  
He nodded, grudgingly.  
"You're a wonder, when you  
really try! But lately it seems as  
though you'd got religion. You'll be  
wanting to go into a convent next!"  
"And leave you?—I couldn't!"  
He could beat her and ill-treat her,  
as indeed he very often did, but—  
like a faithful dog—she would crawl  
back to him. Some women are like  
that. Jose was a double-dyed rogue,  
but he had hypnotized Deirdre. And  
he realized his power.  
He changed his tack now.  
"Jake and Andy and I have fixed  
up a little job for you, Nico, lady-  
like, refined," he chuckled nastily.  
"You know the Beau Regard hotel  
in Biarritz? The Countess of Blank-  
shira is stopping there, and Jake  
has engaged the room next to hers,  
on your behalf—he can't take it for  
himself, because the Countess is  
so terrified of burglars that she  
pays the manager to put only ladies  
on that floor—and I want you to go  
on over, and get friendly with her,  
Deirdre. You can do it perfectly, so  
don't start jawing. Wear the quiet  
brown 'transformation,' and pose as  
a titled French widow. You'll pull it  
off all right!"  
He waited her reassuringly on  
her bruised arm, and she gave a  
little cry of pain.

"If I don't pull it off, I'll get five  
years in quid, maybe," she mur-  
mured. "The police 'ud rake 'up  
everything. Sometimes Jose, I think  
Scotland Yard's watching me, and  
just waiting, waiting—"  
"Nonsense, girl, don't lose your  
nerve! D'you remember the last  
time you were of French nobility,  
when you bored the hole in the wall  
into the English madam's dressing  
room, and chloroformed the maid  
was asleep in a chair, for fear she'd  
wake, and cleared the whole place  
out?"  
And he chuckled appreciatively.  
Her dog-like passion for him mere-  
ly bored him, but he turned it to  
good account. He fully realized  
how able was this woman's skill  
in sleight of hand!  
Deirdre drew him on a divan that  
was gay with multi-coloured cush-  
ions, and slipped a hand about his  
neck.  
"Listen, Jose. I have a plan." She  
rubbed her cheek against his olive-  
tinted one. Her voice was low and very  
much in earnest. "I've been round  
the managers and agents, and they're  
all on the lookout for a clever dancing  
couple, as you and I used to be, and  
we could easily land a job on the  
halls, at—say—thirty quid a week." Then, hurried-  
ly, seeing his face harden:  
"I'd sleep easier at night, Jose, if  
you and I were running straight!  
Time and again I wake up, all of a  
tremble, thinking the 'tocs' are  
here."  
"Aha! So that's why you take  
the sleeping-powders? Fine excuse,  
my dear!" he sneered.  
She flushed sensitively.  
"—I'd give 'em up, Jose, honest  
I would, if I had an easy con-  
science! And—and I love you so—

ad it'd kill me if the police were to  
put you away—or maybe catch me  
first and lock me away from you.  
—we're swell dancers, Jose—we  
could draw down big money. No one  
can get near our class—"  
"Shut up, you fool!" the man  
said, irritably, pushing her away,  
and rising. "I'm after bigger 'fish  
than your beautey job. If you don't  
do as I tell you, don't be surprised  
one fine morning to find me gone—  
for good—or maybe I should say 'for  
evil!' And he chuckled grimly.  
Deirdre buried her face in the  
garish cushions, with a heart too sad  
for tears.  
"How beautiful you look to-night,  
Marcella!"  
Warwick Treman leant across the  
table in the crowded grillroom of  
the restaurant Marcella had select-  
ed, and gazed appreciatively at his  
lady-love.  
She had been rather silent and  
"distracted" throughout dinner, but  
of course the constant banging of  
the orchestra had prevented talk.  
(Marcella had chosen this place  
partly for that very reason, had he  
only known it.)  
She tried to smile at him, a wan  
attempt.  
"Flatterer!" she retorted.  
"Someone else had used those very  
words to her, hardly more than a  
week ago. How happy she had  
been! And how wonderful if the man  
opposite could have been transform-  
ed into that fascinating, handsome  
"someone else."

What a painful thing love was!  
Really one suffered far beyond its  
compensating pleasures!  
She must drag Miles Holden from  
her mind and heart.  
Warwick was talking eagerly.  
Something about a car. She nodded  
at intervals, as if taking in the gist  
of everything he said, although her  
thoughts turned painfully and per-  
sistently to that faithless "some-  
one" who had wrought such havoc to  
her peace of mind.  
What was Miles doing at this mo-  
ment? Where was he?  
"We'll go for a trial spin to-mor-  
row, shall we?" Warwick was say-  
ing. "It has no differential, but I'm  
sure you'll love it."  
Marcella stared.  
"The little car I'm giving you,"  
said he, explaining.  
"Oh, no, I couldn't! I mean—it's  
much too soon—" she stammered.  
She scanned the big room quickly,  
hoping to light on a brand-new toppe  
to distract her mind. Her gaze was  
on a yellow-haired woman who  
seated alone at a distant table, and  
her elbows stuck out before her, and  
her two hands propping up her chin,  
in an attitude of hopeless dejection.  
There was something familiar in  
the woman's pose.

"Why, that's a girl I met on  
boardship. Deirdre was her name.  
Poor soul, how miserable she  
looks!" cried Marcella in quick pity.  
Then, to her companion:  
"I'd like to run over and talk to  
her for a moment. I'm sorry 'for  
her."  
Warwick Treman's gaze followed  
Marcella's.  
"The blonde woman at the table  
over there?"  
"Yes. Awfully down on her luck,  
poor creature!"

The man rose at once. He had al-  
ready paid the bill, and—  
"I'll get my hat and stick from  
the coatroom, and meet you out-  
side," he said hastily, in a queer,  
strained voice, staring at the yel-  
low-haired woman with a growing  
conviction. Was it... could it be  
... Good God!  
"All right, I shan't be more than  
a moment," said Marcella.  
She did not see that Warwick Tre-  
man's face had turned a sickly  
green, and that beads of perspira-  
tion had mantled on his forehead.  
(To Be Continued.)

**The Market Report**

**LIVE STOCK MARKETS.**  
Toronto.  
Toronto, July 13.—Cattle, export  
steers, choice \$8 to \$8.25; do  
heifers, \$7 to \$7.50; do bulls \$4.50  
to \$5.25; Choice store, dehorned  
\$6.50 to \$7.50; Butchers, choice,  
\$7.75 to \$8.25; do heifers, \$7.50 to  
\$7.75; do medium, \$6.25 to \$6.75;  
do commn, \$5.75 to \$6.25; Baby  
beaves, \$9 to \$10.50; Cows, fat,  
choice, \$5 to \$5.50; do medium,  
\$4.25 to \$5; do canners and cutters,  
\$2.50 to \$4; Bulls, butcher, choice,  
\$5 to \$5.50; do medium, \$5.25 to  
\$4.75; Feeders, short keep, \$6.75  
to \$7.25; Feeding steers, choice \$6  
to \$6.50; Stockers, good, \$4.75 to  
\$5; Calves, choice, \$11 to \$12.40;  
Springers, choice, \$8 to \$10;  
Milkers, choice, \$7 to \$8; Spring  
lamb, \$14 to \$14.50; do medium,  
\$11.50 to \$12.50; Buck lambs, \$8.50  
to \$9; Sheep, light, \$6 to \$7; Sheep,  
heavy, \$3.50 to \$4; Sheep, yearlings,  
\$9 to \$10; Hogs, f.o.b., \$13.75 to  
\$14; do off cars, \$14.75 to \$15;  
Premium per head on selected hogs  
\$2.25.  
Montreal.  
Montreal, July 13.—Cattle, but-  
cher steers, good, \$7.25 to  
\$7.75; medium, \$6.75 to \$7; com-  
mon, \$5.50 to \$6.50; butcher heif-  
ers, good, \$6.50 to \$7; medium, \$6  
to \$6.50; good, \$5 to \$5.50; butch-  
er cows, good, \$5 to \$5.50; med-  
ium, \$4.50 to \$4.75; canners, \$2.25  
to \$2.50; cutters, \$2.75 to \$3.25;  
butcher bulls, common, \$3.50 to  
\$4.75; Good eal, \$8.50 to \$9; med-  
ium, \$8 to \$8.50; common, \$6.50  
to \$7.50; \$6.50; \$4.75 to \$5.50.  
Lamb ranged from 15c to 16c, with  
an extreme top of 17c. Sheep sold  
from \$4 to \$8. Hogs sold for \$15.75

with poorer quality \$15.50 or less.  
Sows were plentiful and sold from  
\$11 to \$11.50, with a top of \$11.75.  
Chicago.  
Chicago, July 13.—Cattle, best  
steers, \$10.25; medium weights,  
\$10.40; light yearlings, numerous  
at, \$9.75 to \$10.25; she stock  
steady, bulls and vealers, 15 to 25c  
lower; bulk vealers, \$12 to \$12.50;  
few at \$13. Hogs, bulk desirable,  
160 to 220 pound weights, \$13.90  
to \$14.25; bulk, 240 to 300 pounds  
butchers, \$13 to \$13.70; bulk, pack-  
ing sows, \$11 to \$11.50; few to  
shippers upwards to, \$11.75 or  
slightly above; most slaughter pigs,  
\$13.50 to \$14. Sheep, No. 1 dock,  
Washingtons, \$14.35 to small kill-  
ers; bulk, 73 to 77 pounds, \$14 to  
\$14.25 to packers; bulk sorted  
natives, \$13.50 to \$13.75, top at  
latter figures; cull natives mostly,  
\$10 to \$11; sheep steady, bulk fat  
ewes, \$5 to \$6.50; yearlings, mostly,  
\$11.50; top, \$12; western feeder  
lambs, largely unsorted; two doubles,  
63 pounds Idaho, \$13.75, 25 to 50c  
lower.

**GENERAL TRADE.**  
Montreal.  
Montreal, July 13.—Butter—  
Creamery, solids, 33c per lb.;  
prints, 34c per lb.; cooking, 31c per  
lb.  
Lard—20-lb. pall, 19c; prints, 21c.  
Eggs—Fresh, extras, 37c; fresh  
frets, 32c; seconds, 29c.  
Cheese—Large, 21c lb.; twins,  
21 1-2c lb.; Quebec, 21c lb.; Still-  
ton, 26c lb.; old cheese, 28c-30c.  
Dressed Poultry—Milkfed chick-  
ens, 35c to 38c per lb.; broilers, 38c  
to 45c; selected chickens, 28c to  
32c; turkeys, 40c to 46c; ducks, 25c  
to 35c; green, 30c to 38c per lb.;  
geese, 21c to 25c.  
Dressed hogs—Fresh killed coun-  
try stock, 23 1-2c to 23 1-2c per  
lb.  
Flour—First patents, \$3.70 per  
bbl.; per 100-lb. bag, \$4.85; second  
patents, \$3.20; strong bakers,  
\$7.60.  
Milled bran in box car lots,  
\$27.25; shorts, \$29.25; middling,  
\$36.25.  
Rolled oats—Standard grades,  
\$3.10 to \$3.20 per 90-lb. jute bag.  
Potatoes—Quebec No. 1, 18c,  
\$1.75; N. B. #2; P. E. L. Reds,  
\$1.50; blues, \$1.  
Hay—No. 2 timothy, \$15 to \$16  
per ton; No. 3 timothy, \$12 to \$13  
per ton; delivered in Montreal.

**RADIO**

**THURSDAY, JULY 15.**  
KDKA (108.1) Pittsburgh, Pa.  
2.30 p.m.—Bas. ball scores every half  
hour.  
3.30—"Stockman Farmer" report.  
5.30—P. A. A. dinner concert.  
6.15—Baseball scores.  
7.40—Special farm programme.  
8—"Stockman Farmer" news.  
8.30—Half hour with famous com-  
posers.  
9—Symphony players and baritone.  
9.55—Time, weather and baseball  
scores.  
10.05—Pittsburgh Post dance pro-  
gramme.  
WLWL (298.3) New York.  
9 p.m.—Question Box.  
9.30—Theresa Lisleux Ensemble.  
9.45—Henry Gordon, tenor.  
10.10—Giovanni Lettino, cellist.  
10.15—Alma Stoll, contralto.  
10.40—Ninore Instrumental Trio.  
WEAF (492) New York City.  
11 a.m. to 1.45 p.m.—Bass sing-  
er; talks; violinist; soprano; or-  
chestra.  
4 to 8 p.m.—Parnassus Trio;  
Columbia lecture; soprano; dance  
orchestra; dinner music, Waldorf;  
mid-week hymn sing; Park Lane or-  
chestra.  
8—Serenaders.  
8.30—Hire's Harvesters.  
9—Chiquet Club Eskimos.  
10—Silvertown orchestra, Knecht  
To WCAR.  
11-12—Buffalodians' orchestra.  
WGY (379.5) Schenectady, N.Y.  
5.30 p.m.—Babeock Lake Orches-  
tra.  
6.30—"WGY Book Chat."  
6.45—WGY Orchestra.  
7.30—Marine Band.  
WLAN (422.8) Cincinnati.  
12.30 p.m.—Organ concert.  
12.30—Health talk.  
2.00—Modern Drama.  
4.00—Imperial Serenaders.  
4.35—Pupils of Adelaide Apfel.  
6.15—Gibbons and Holbrook.  
7.00—Gibson orchestra.  
8.00—Salvation Army Band.  
9.00—Buckeye Instrumental Trio.  
10.00—Castle Farmers.  
10.15—Latonla Melody Boys.  
10.30—Piano and saxophone  
duets.  
11.00—Downing and Reynolds.  
12.15—Crosley Sky Terriers.  
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And not one fly, mosquito or roach will  
leave your home alive.  
BLACK FLAG kills every kind of bug in the home—  
Two forms—liquid and powder. At drug, grocery,  
hardware and department stores. Powder, 20c up.  
Powder gun, 10c! And the lowest liquid prices  
you ever saw!

**BLACK FLAG** LOOK!  
Black Flag LIQUID  
Sprayer . . . 50c  
Quart . . . \$1.05  
Pint . . . 55c  
1/2 Pint 30c

**LIQUID or POWDER**  
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**ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS**  
by Olive Roberts Bartor

The Money and the Basket Tree.  
"We forgot to ask those queer  
creatures if they had seen anything  
of Inco and Flops," said Nancy when  
she and Nick had gotten their  
breath.  
"Oh, well!" said Nick. "I'm sure  
they were not there anyway. Inco  
never, never would make up with  
rubber bathtub toys or Christmas-  
tree ducks."  
At this both the pink tickets  
stretched out of their pockets and  
said, "They weren't there anyway.  
We told you not to go there."  
"But the goats butted us over the  
wall and we couldn't help it," said  
Nancy. "Were you going to take  
us?"  
But before either of the pink tickets  
had time to say a word, Nick  
grabbed Nancy's arm. "Look!" he  
cried. "Somebody has lost a lot of  
pennies."  
"And nickles and dimes," declar-  
ed Nancy dropping on her knees and  
starting to pick them up as fast as  
she could.  
"And quarters!" shouted Nick.  
"And half dollars! And here's a  
whole dollar! This must be Captain  
Kidd's treasure."  
"I can't hold any more," said  
Nancy. "My pockets are full and  
both my hands. I wish I had a bas-  
ket."  
She began to look around for  
something to hold her money, and  
what should she spy but a tree full  
of ten-cent baskets.  
Without a word she walked over  
and picked two, then she came back  
and handed one to Nick.  
"Hurray!" shouted Nick. "Won't  
we be rich, Nancy! I'm going to buy

**"I do it"**  
"I 'Nugget' them  
myself—polish  
them and water-  
proof them with  
this good  
'Nugget' Polish."  
It takes but a minute to produce a first-class shine.  
My shoes wear longer, too, because 'Nugget'  
feeds and preserves the leather."  
**'NUGGET'**  
Shoe Polish  
Black—Tan—Toney Red—Dark Brown and White.  
'Nugget' Polishing Outfit—complete for home use—  
in cardboard box 50c.—in metal box 60c.

**BAYER** Genuine  
**ASPIRIN**  
Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for  
Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago  
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism  
**DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART**  
Safe Accept only "Bayer" package  
which contains proven directions.  
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets  
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.  
Bayer is the trade mark (registered in  
Canada) of Bayer Manufacturing of Monroville,  
Pittsburgh, Pa. (U.S.A.). While it is well known  
that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets  
of Bayer Company will be stamped with their special trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

**FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS**

**Easy Marks!**

HOW DOES OSCAR KNOW WHERE ALEK IS?  
SEARCH ME, AS SAID AND TELL US IF WE'D GIVE HIM SOMETHING—TLL GIVE HIM THIS WHEEL-AY SUNG-SHOT AN' TOP IF HE'LL TELL!

GEE—I HATE TO PART WITH ANY STUFFS AN' KITE BUT TLL GIVE OSCAR ANYTHING TO FIND OUT WHERE ALEK IS!

WELL, ALEK YA GOT EVERYTHING—TELL US WHERE ALEK IS!

YEAH—HURRY UP—IM GETTIN' NERVOUS.

WHY, HE'S LOST!

WHY YOU BIG DRUNK YOU!! GUAINE THAT STUFF!!

WE ANGHTA KNOWED BETTER THAN BELIEVE HIM—HEY!

I KNOW MY BUSINESS!!