



No Corns now

Go about it in the right way, and even the most obstinate corn can be got rid of. Cutting, or so-called corn solvents allow the corn to reappear, painful as ever. The right way to get rid of corns is to dip your foot into a footbath containing Radox Bath Salts. Radox forms a protein salt of the actual corn itself. This softens the corn that it can be lifted out bodily. Radox Bath Salts do not affect the living skin (the corn) which it dissolves. Your druggist stocks Radox Bath Salts. Half pound pink package 60 cents.

Radox Bath Salts

Sole Importers: Gyde & Son, Montreal

George Clark Wright

Civil Engineer and Contractor. Office 81 Brock St., cor. Wellington and Brock Street. Phone 326.

MAGNESIA BEST FOR GASSY STOMACH

Bisurated Magnesia Promptly Ends Gas, Sourness and Acid Indigestion.

If everything you eat turns to gas and your stomach is a constant ferment of sourness and Acid Indigestion, try taking a little pure Bisurated Magnesia after meals for a while and get the immediate relief from stomach trouble this simple prescription unflinching gives.

It is a serious mistake to seek relief from indigestion or a bad stomach by using pepper or other artificial digestants. You get relief but weaken the stomach and do not reach the cause which, nine times in ten, is simply "too much acid" in the stomach. Bisurated Magnesia, taken after meals, dissolves or neutralizes this acid, sweetens and cleans up the stomach, drives out gas and bloating and lets the stomach digest your food as nature intended without a particle of trouble. Reliable druggists everywhere supply the genuine Bisurated Magnesia in both powder and tablets in sealed packages. Do not confuse with ordinary citrate, milk or lump magnesia. Be sure to get Bisurated, which is not a laxative and is especially prepared for stomach trouble.

DR. RUPERT P. MILLAN DENTIST. 43 Princess Street. Phone 1830. Gas for Painless Extraction. OPEN EVENINGS BY APPOINTMENT.

DR. J. C. W. BROOM Dental Surgeon. 150 Wellington Street. Phone 678. Evenings by appointment.

HANLEY'S (Established 1871) Steamship passages booked to all parts of the world. Pass-ports arranged.

Through tickets issued over all Trans-Atlantic, Trans-Pacific, Alaska, Bermuda, West Indies, Mediterranean, Round the World Steamship Lines. Prepaid passages arranged for you to visit J. F. Hanley, C.P. & T.A., C.N. Bys. Office, Canadian National Bys. Station, corner Johnson and Ontario streets, Kingston, Ont. Open day and night. Phone 39 or 2557.

DOMESTIC COKE! More Heat Than Any Coal \$13.00 per ton. Let us have your trial order and be convinced. W. A. MITCHELL & CO. 12 ONTARIO STREET Telephone 67.

Dominion Meat Store Opp. Y.M.C.A. Phone 1876

Tomorrow's Specials Creamery Butter .35c. Leg of Lamb .30c. Lamb Fronts .18c. Lamb Shoulders .18c. Lamb Stews .18c. Pure Lard .18c. Pork Sausages .20c. Brisket Point .6c. Boiling Beef .9c. Pot Roast .12c. Oven Roast .14c. Canned Goods .2 for 25c.

TRY OUR SAUSAGES

"THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CABIN" A Double Escape

By E. J. RATH

Copyright, 1926, by G. Howard Watt.

Spencer Trumbull, in order to be near his girl in the Adirondacks instead of taking a health trip, hires his old college and war-days chum, Billy Trask, to make the sea trip in his place and promises him one thousand dollars and expenses if he takes his place under the eye and care of Keeler, a male nurse, who is a stranger to both, and thus fulfill the orders of Trumbull's father's physician. Trask starts aboard the Gulf Stream in a wheel chair, and no sooner is pushed on deck by Keeler than he beholds a girl at the rail—the "goddess," he dubs her. She is Miss Kent, a society girl with a mania for nursing, who takes at once to the interesting invalid despite her dragon of an aunt, Miss Grimm. Meanwhile, Keeler makes himself a hero to Sidney Sands, a girl in the second cabin, concealing his identity. Trask breaks bounds and meets Sidney, who fascinates him.

and his brother were at the ringside and he asked it as a particular favor. He never could do enough for me after that. "So you became a nurse?" "Just an orderly in a hospital at first, sir. You see, I was handy in taking care of the violent cases." "I can imagine it." "Yes, sir. I was usually able to quiet them with no great trouble. Although the best scrap I ever had in my life, sir, was with a sick man. He was out of his head a bit, and will you believe it, Mr. Trask, when they brought him around his mind was as straight as a string?" "And then you went with Dr. Van Norden?" "He took me out of the hospital, sir. Put me on difficult cases and things like that." "You mean to say you liked that sort of work?" "Well, work, sir. It's a fair living. The work's easy enough, except—well, except in a case like yours, sir." "Have you had many like me?" "Never in my life!" exclaimed Keeler earnestly. Trask grinned. "Did you tell Miss Sands anything about the Tennessee Tornado?" Keeler was plainly shocked. He looked at his patient with reproachful and surprised eyes. "Why, no, sir! That's nothing for a lady to know, Mr. Trask. I wouldn't have her hear of it. You'll not say anything about it, I hope?" "Not a word. But how about Captain Ferriss?" Keeler became embarrassed again. "But you understand how that is, Mr. Trask. I couldn't tell her I'd been a fighter. And it wasn't any better to say I was a nurse. I had to be somebody, sir. So I did the best I could."

Artistic Lying. "Have you ever been to any of those places that you romanced about?" "Only to Australia, sir. I fought there for a year. But travelling there and back sort of gave me an idea about the world generally; that and reading about it." "Well, you did an artistic job of lying, Keeler. I'll compliment you on that. But what did you expect to gain by it? You don't imagine that Miss Sands—?" "You never can tell, sir. Sometimes they take a fancy to adventures. But, of course, I should expect to tell her before I married her."

"Married her!" Trask gasped the echoing words. "You mean to say you've got the nerve to think that she'll marry you?" "There's always a fighting chance," murmured Keeler. "I've taken a lot in my time, sir." Trask burst into laughter, but he was not wholly mirthful within. He felt a sneaking sympathy for Keeler, a sort of irresponsible admiration for his vaunting duplicity. After all, was he in any better case himself?

"She's a very fine young lady, sir," observed Keeler, resentful of the laughter. "Oh, absolutely. I'm with you there. But don't you see what a tremendous fall you're coming to, Keeler, when you have to tell her the truth?" "I suppose so," said the nurse with a sigh. "I expect it's partly happened now."

"Because I called you 'Keeler' instead of 'Ferriss'?" Keeler nodded. "Well, it's a standoff," said Trask. "You called me 'Trumbull.' Where does that leave me? And she saw right away that we knew each other." Keeler awakened from a trance and displayed renewed interest in his patient. He remembered that he was still without an explanation. "I don't understand about you, sir," he said. "I've laid my cards down, Mr. Trask, or Mr. Trumbull, whichever it is. Would you mind giving me an idea about yourself?" "I'm a hired man the same, as you, Keeler."

"And your right name is Trask?" "William Hamilton Trask. Do you remember the man who came aboard with me, that you first saw at the club?" Keeler nodded. "That was Trumbull, your patient." "But—" "He simply put it over on you, and the doctor, and his father and everybody else concerned. He hired me to go on the trip. Keeler devoted a minute to assimilating this intelligence. "It explains a lot, of course," he said. "You didn't look much like a patient to me, sir. So the other one was Mr. Trumbull? I'm sorry the thing happened, Mr. Trask; it wasn't playing square with me." "But you draw your pay just the same." "Not if Dr. Van Norden ever found out. Why, it would ruin my professional reputation, sir! It's like putting me where I was when they matched me where I was when they matched me to meet an unknown, and then being in the champion. It wasn't giving me an even break, even if I did last eleven rounds, Mr. Trask." "But there's no need for Dr. Van Norden to know Trumbull has disappeared off into the woods. They think he's on the ship." Keeler shook his head doubtfully. "I've got a hunch it isn't going to come out so easy as all that, sir. You're a friend of Mr. Trumbull, are you?" Trask sketched the acquaintance

ship, while his nurse listened attentively. Then for a little while they sat silently contemplating each other. "Well, we know each other, anyhow, Keeler," remarked Trask. "So what's to be done about it? I suppose I'll have to keep on being called 'Trumbull' while I'm in this cabin." "It looks like it, sir." "And go around in that confounded chair? I'm getting tired of that." "It wouldn't do to recover the use of your legs too soon," said Keeler cautiously. "You must take it gently."

"Of course, in the second cabin it's all right," mused Trask, consoling himself. "I can be exactly who I really am." "It's best for you not to go there again, sir." "Why?" Keeler cleared his throat and hesitated. He liked this able-bodied invalid who had been committed to his charge, but he was afraid of him—when Sidney Sands was concerned. "It's like this, sir. I called you 'Trumbull' down there, and it might be hard to explain. And then there's the things I said about you to Miss Sands. I'm sorry I did it; but it's done, I didn't know who you were, of course."

"But I'll explain all that to her." "Mr.—Trask! You'll not give me away, sir?" There was keen alarm in Keeler's voice. He leaned forward in his chair and thrust out his hands in an involuntary gesture of supplication. "But I called you 'Keeler,' didn't I?" "I'll manage to explain that, sir," said the nurse hastily. "I'll fix that all right. You leave it to me, Mr. Trask." "You mean to tell me that you propose to go on parading as Captain Ferriss?" "What else can I do?" "Keeler, you're shameless! I won't permit it. You've got no right to palm off such stuff on an innocent girl."

"Well, I wouldn't want to be disrespectful, Mr. Trask, but doesn't that make about an even break between you and me, sir?" "Certainly not! I've told Miss Sands who I really am, I'm not traveling under a false flag, sir." "I wasn't thinking of her, sir," said Keeler, with an apologetic cough. "It was Miss Kent I had in mind."

Trask was jolted. It was as if he had run headlong into a stone fence. "You see," added Keeler, pressing his point eagerly, "it's the same between you and Miss Kent as it is between me and Miss Sands. If it's wrong for me, it seems as if it ought to be wrong for you, sir." "Keeler, this is blackmail!" "Now, Mr. Trask. You surprise me, sir. I'd not think of such a thing. I was only trying to point out that—well, that it was about six of one and half a dozen of the other. And there's no real harm done, either, so long as you stick to your story here and I stick to mine there."

"Yes. But when I see Miss Sands again, how about explaining affairs between you and me?" "Won't Miss Kent do for you, sir?" he pleaded. "Trask laughed. "I like to roam around, Keeler," he said. "What harm is there in it? Besides, how am I going to get rid of that dragon?" "That's a hard one, too," admitted Keeler sadly. "But I'll help you all I can there." "Anything to keep me from going back to the second cabin—is that it?" "I wouldn't like to put it that way, sir, but—"

DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER'S STORY

Another Toronto home provides evidence of how a simple cut, scratch or bruise may pave the way to deadly blood-poison, and how vital is the need for keeping Zam-Buk, always handy? When called upon at 3, Business Avenue, Mrs. J. E. Zealley, daughter of the late Dr. Bevan, of St. David's, S. Wales, said:—"My boy Alfred scratched his leg with the brass tag of a shoe lace. A nasty poisoned sore developed and it defied all the usual ointments. Hearing splendid reports about Zam-Buk I decided to give it a trial. To my great relief, the pain soon ceased healing to set in. All inflammation and poisonous matter was quickly removed by Zam-Buk, and it healed the sore without leaving a scar."

"Again when I fell over a steel fender and injured my knee badly, Zam-Buk alone saved me. My daughter, a nurse, was of the opinion that only an operation could remove the mass of inflammation and pus. But I again pinned my faith to Zam-Buk, and it cleansed and healed the wound." All druggists and stores sell Zam-Buk at fifty cents a box. Equally valuable for eczema, pimples, cuts, burns, etc.

ing his point eagerly, "it's the same between you and Miss Kent as it is between me and Miss Sands. If it's wrong for me, it seems as if it ought to be wrong for you, sir." "Keeler, this is blackmail!" "Now, Mr. Trask. You surprise me, sir. I'd not think of such a thing. I was only trying to point out that—well, that it was about six of one and half a dozen of the other. And there's no real harm done, either, so long as you stick to your story here and I stick to mine there."

White Pine Lumber

We carry choice stocks from the large mills. Nice, well-manufactured, carefully dried lumber. A variety of sizes and lengths. It sells on sight and is bound to please these carpenters and workmen who take pride in their work.

S. ANGLIN CO. LIMITED COAL, LUMBER AND WOODWORK, BAY AND WELLINGTON STREETS, KINGSTON, ONTARIO Private Branch Exchange Phone 1571.

don't mind my saying it." Trask gazed upon his keeper with amusement and admiration. "You've become a sudden champion of Miss Kent, Keeler." "I always try to speak well of the ladies, sir." "In short, you want me to keep away from Miss Sands?" Keeler was silent and uncomfortable. Trask studied him briefly, then shook his head. "Sorry, Keeler, old man, but it can't be done." Keeler groaned. "That being the situation, how is it between us? Peace or war?" inquired Trask. "Good heavens, sir! It'll never be war. I've taken a liking to you, Mr. Trask. We—or—we may be rivals, sir; but there'll be no war between us. But I'll ask you, sir, to give another thought to Miss Kent before you decide. She's a wonderful young lady, Mr. Trask."

"It's better, sir. There'll be explanations required then." "And you expect to keep on being 'Captain Ferriss' down below?" "Unless you give me away, sir." "Well, how am I going to explain calling you Keeler in front of the ladies, sir?" "And how are you going to explain my calling you 'Mr. Trumbull'?" countered the anxious guardian. Trask frowned. "It is something of a puzzle," he admitted. "If you want my frank opinion, Keeler, I think we're both in Dutch—downstairs." Keeler nodded his head mournfully, signifying his fear that Trask was hitting very close to the mark. There was a knock at the state room door and as Keeler arose to answer it he made a swift signal to Trask, who dropped hastily into the wheel chair. A moment of whispered conversation between the nurse and somebody outside followed, and then Keeler stepped on deck and closed the door after him. He was gone for several minutes. When he returned his brow was moist and his eyes anxious. (To Be Continued.)

A Flavour all its own Quaker Corn Flakes

Matching Designs Hollow and Flat Pieces. THE GROSVENOR on Adam Design of Rare Beauty. Good Taste decrees this harmony of design in your table service. Featured in the Displays During COMMUNITY PLATE WEEK IN KINGSTON - Oct. 30th to Nov. 6th. Progress in the fashioning of exquisitely beautiful silverware for your table, has taken a further stride towards perfection. Community craftsmen have created gloriously lovely Tea, Coffee and Dinner pieces, to match in design, COMMUNITY PLATE flat silverware. They have become the vogue. The Grosvenor Design Tea Service illustrated, is considered to be a modern masterpiece; above criticism in the beauty of its classic Adam ornamentation; in the tapering, curving loveliness of its lines; in its softly glowing finish and superb craftsmanship. Surprisingly the ownership of such gorgeous silverware does not involve extravagant outlay. For instance; Six Grosvenor Teaspoons cost but \$4.25. Other pieces in Grosvenor flat silverware are correspondingly moderate. A Grosvenor Bread Tray may be had for \$11.00. A Grosvenor Meat Platter for as little as \$23.00. Grosvenor Correct Service Pieces are priced from \$1.00 to \$10.00. Come and see these fascinating displays of COMMUNITY PLATE. You will not be importuned to purchase. On View at all the Better Shops. FREE! Ask for your copy of the "Bride and Hostess Book," an interesting brochure on the art of entertaining. TUDOR PLATE Silverware. By the Makers of COMMUNITY PLATE. Lower in price, surprisingly beautiful.

SAGE TEA KEEPS YOUR HAIR DARK

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" for only 75 cents. This is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it dardens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Cuticura Toilet Trio Good for Scalps