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If your pie-crust isn't always what you would like it to be, don't blame the recipe, or the oven—chances are it's the flour that's wrong.  
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For all your baking

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THERE'S a delicious tang, a distinctive flavor to the Genuine Barbados Extra Fancy Molasses.

And a wealth of food value, too!  
Undiluted, unadulterated, it is the pure juice of the Barbados Sugar Cane, made and packed according to Government Standard for your protection.

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**THE YELLOW STUB**  
by Ernest Lynn

BEGIN HERE TODAY

HENRY RAND, 55, a business man is found murdered in a cheap hotel in GRAFTON. Police find a woman's handkerchief and a yellow ticket stub from a theater in MONTREAL.  
JIMMY RAND, his son, goes to Montreal. The stub is traced to a THOMAS FOGARTY, who says he gave it to OLGA MAYNARD, a cabaret singer.  
Jimmy meets and falls in love with MARY LOWELL. Later he encounters Olga Maynard, and she tells him that she is suspected of murder.  
Mary, out with SAMUEL CHURCH, a wealthy lawyer, sees Jimmy lift Olga into a taxi and misunderstands.  
Olga is arrested. She tells police the ticket stub and handkerchief might have got into possession of a man who "picked her up" two nights before the murder. She doesn't know who he was and police look at her. Jimmy believes her and goes back to Grafton to persuade the district attorney to release her.  
BARRY COLVIN, in love with Jimmy's sister, JANET, asks him if there was anything in Henry Rand's past life that might give a clue to the murder.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER 16

Barry continued: "Yes, Jim, out of the past. Somewhere in your father's life is somebody who had an object in getting him out of the way. Perhaps he didn't know himself that he had enemies, but he had them."  
"Good Lord, man, you don't for a minute think that this thing was done on impulse? It was carefully planned. Why they almost succeeded in making it look like a suicide. Why should anyone do it? What possible motive?"  
"I don't know, Barry," Jimmy shook his head.  
"Let's get at this thing."  
"Dad didn't have any money?"  
"No."  
"Blackmail? Jealousy? Fear? Jim, I think someone was afraid of your father."  
"You know better than that, Barry. Dad wouldn't have scared a cat."  
"You don't get me. Either he had something on someone or that person was afraid he would find it out, too. Now take a fool's advice and stay out of Montreal."  
"I will not. I'm going back tonight."  
"You're just too stubborn to admit you're in danger. You're in somebody's way in Montreal. That's why you got that note, and the phone call, and the telegram here. Stay home and let the police find the man you are talking about. The Maynard girl can help them."  
"If you know," he shrugged—"well, they didn't stop at murder before."  
"Nonsense, Barry. This thing is all a bluff. You mean to say that someone is going to take the trouble to kill me if I don't leave Montreal?"  
"Whoever did that thing to your father knows you're staying in Montreal and probably knows why."  
"Well, let them play their game with me. If they show their hand it will make it much easier to nab them in the end. I'm going back tonight in the hope of running into the fellow she described. The police wouldn't do as well, for if he's the kind of man I think he is he'll be able to spot a policeman a mile off—even in plain clothes."  
"And now, Barry, shut your head. By the way, how are you getting along with Janet?"  
"I haven't moved her an inch," Jimmy laughed. He saw Barry stiffen, and hastened to grab his arm.  
"Forgive me, Barry. I know it's no joke. He became very serious. 'I think I know how you feel.' 'Jim, till you're in love yourself.' 'I think,' said Jimmy, turning away. 'I think I know, Barry.'"  
"Janet," said Jimmy, his hand on her shoulder, "why don't you cut out all this nonsense and put Barry out of his misery?"  
"You know why, Jimmy, and Barry knows why," said Jimmy. He faced her squarely. Happy. "Sis?"  
"She averted his eyes. 'Of course you're not,' he said abruptly, he went on, staring into the fireplace, "there isn't any too much happiness in this world at best. Don't pass any of it up. We're fools if we don't grab all we can."  
"He came to her and looked earnestly at her. 'Janet, don't earnestly this beautiful thing between you and Barry.'"  
"She would have spoken but he cut her short. 'I know what you're going to say—that it's just for a while. You don't want to involve Barry in this tragedy.'"  
"Janet, I believe—I know—that somewhere Dad is trying to tell you not to do this."  
"He had gone as far as his voice would take him. A sob rose in his throat. He flung himself into a chair and buried his face in his arms."  
"She was beside him—on her knees—her face working with emotion her chin quivering.  
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"Now, why did I do that?" he muttered. "Just like a boy with a chip on his shoulder."  
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Just in front of him was a street intersection. The last corner he turned on his way to his room. As he made the turn he paused to listen, but only the howling of the rising gale could be heard.  
He swore. "What's the matter with me?" He had that strange hot and cold sensation that men often experience when a crisis is to be met.  
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The rain whipped along now on a rising wind, chilling him. His incessant tramping all day long had soaked him. He hurried ducking his head to meet the wind.  
He was perhaps a block or two from his rooming house when again he stopped. Some sixth sense—some watchdog in his mind—seemed to warn him of impending trouble. He looked back of him. There was nothing in sight. "I'm as nervous as an old woman," he growled angrily.  
Just in front of him was a street intersection. The last corner he turned on his way to his room. As he made the turn he paused to listen, but only the howling of the rising gale could be heard.  
He swore. "What's the matter with me?" He had that strange hot and cold sensation that men often experience when a crisis is to be met.  
Again he listened, straining his ears, and this time he heard a sound—a quite definite sound like a footstep—some distance down the street behind him. He stood quite still for a moment, pressed himself flat against the building and waited.  
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"Good Lord, man, you don't for a minute think that this thing was done on impulse? It was carefully planned. Why they almost succeeded in making it look like a suicide. Why should anyone do it? What possible motive?"  
"I don't know, Barry," Jimmy shook his head.  
"Let's get at this thing."  
"Dad didn't have any money?"  
"No."  
"Blackmail? Jealousy? Fear? Jim, I think someone was afraid of your father."  
"You know better than that, Barry. Dad wouldn't have scared a cat."  
"You don't get me. Either he had something on someone or that person was afraid he would find it out, too. Now take a fool's advice and stay out of Montreal."  
"I will not. I'm going back tonight."  
"You're just too stubborn to admit you're in danger. You're in somebody's way in Montreal. That's why you got that note, and the phone call, and the telegram here. Stay home and let the police find the man you are talking about. The Maynard girl can help them."  
"If you know," he shrugged—"well, they didn't stop at murder before."  
"Nonsense, Barry. This thing is all a bluff. You mean to say that someone is going to take the trouble to kill me if I don't leave Montreal?"  
"Whoever did that thing to your father knows you're staying in Montreal and probably knows why."  
"Well, let them play their game with me. If they show their hand it will make it much easier to nab them in the end. I'm going back tonight in the hope of running into the fellow she described. The police wouldn't do as well, for if he's the kind of man I think he is he'll be able to spot a policeman a mile off—even in plain clothes."  
"And now, Barry, shut your head. By the way, how are you getting along with Janet?"  
"I haven't moved her an inch," Jimmy laughed. He saw Barry stiffen, and hastened to grab his arm.  
"Forgive me, Barry. I know it's no joke. He became very serious. 'I think I know how you feel.' 'Jim, till you're in love yourself.' 'I think,' said Jimmy, turning away. 'I think I know, Barry.'"  
"Janet," said Jimmy, his hand on her shoulder, "why don't you cut out all this nonsense and put Barry out of his misery?"  
"You know why, Jimmy, and Barry knows why," said Jimmy. He faced her squarely. Happy. "Sis?"  
"She averted his eyes. 'Of course you're not,' he said abruptly, he went on, staring into the fireplace, "there isn't any too much happiness in this world at best. Don't pass any of it up. We're fools if we don't grab all we can."  
"He came to her and looked earnestly at her. 'Janet, don't earnestly this beautiful thing between you and Barry.'"  
"She would have spoken but he cut her short. 'I know what you're going to say—that it's just for a while. You don't want to involve Barry in this tragedy.'"  
"Janet, I believe—I know—that somewhere Dad is trying to tell you not to do this."  
"He had gone as far as his voice would take him. A sob rose in his throat. He flung himself into a chair and buried his face in his arms."  
"She was beside him—on her knees—her face working with emotion her chin quivering.  
"Brother, dear, what's come over you? Where's my light-hearted Jimmy?" Her voice broke. She stopped abruptly to wipe away her tears and regain her composure. It was Jimmy who was broken—who must be comforted.  
"Jimmy," she said finally. "I believe this is going to come out

right in the end. It's only a question of waiting a little while. You don't see my side of it. My pride, Jimmy. If I change my course I have no pride left, and Jimmy, dear, if a woman brings no pride to her husband she brings nothing else."  
He looked up. "Is it pride, or stubbornness? No, no—wait." He closed her mouth with his finger. "Sis, I know now how Barry feels. There's a girl... Stubbornness—my stubbornness, although I called it pride at the time—though not hate her to me."  
He rose to his feet. "Janet, we spoke a moment ago of a tragedy. The greatest tragedy of all is to miss the happiness that is in your grasp."  
Jimmy left the train the next morning in Montreal in a slow bus steadily downpour of rain that drizzled down from low, leaden clouds.  
He hurried to police headquarters. O'Day was off duty, and Jimmy told the chief of the action that had been taken by the district attorney in Grafton.  
"All right, when we get official confirmation, we'll prefer a minor charge against this Olga Maynard and release her on bail," said the chief.  
"Bail? Where are we going to get bail? She hasn't any friends. I haven't any money."  
"I'll have to be done, Rand."  
"Wait a minute," said Jimmy. He picked up the telephone, and gave a number. "Mayfair Hotel?" he asked. "Will you give me Thomas Fogarty's room?"  
"And so, Mr. Fogarty," Jimmy was saying, half an hour later, "they're holding her for bail. In a way you got her into this scrape although not intentionally. They tell me you go home and quite frequently why don't you put up the bail for her?"  
Fogarty flung away his cigar. "All right, Rand, I'll do it. I'll go down there and take care of it right now."  
He put on his coat and hat and followed Jimmy out of his room.  
As if the weather were not miserable enough, the day that Jimmy spent in his search for work was even worse. He tried office after office. It seemed to him he answered every want ad in the paper. He tramped weary miles and met nothing but disappointment.  
He tried the automobile agencies, advancing his qualifications as a successful salesman in Grafton. But they told him, they didn't need salesmen; they needed customers.  
Night came and he was tired and hungry. He would stop somewhere warm, he told himself, and then go home to a hot bath and bed. He would feel better in the morning.  
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