

Chronic Fatigue Tells of exhausted Nerves

In health, rest soon overcomes fatigue. When you become chronically tired there is an underlying cause.

Perhaps you cannot rest or sleep because of the irritability of the nerves—Memory and attention soon weaken when the nervous system is exhausted. It is difficult to concentrate the mind and the daily task becomes a worry and a burden. Indigestion and sleeplessness ruin your temper, and you become depressed and discouraged.

Whatever may have been the cause there is a way in which to regain health and that is by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. New Nerve Force is created to restore the functions of the bodily machinery and ensure the healthful working of the mental and physical organs.



DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Probate Court list Edward VIII, A. D. 1936.

In Re Estate of John M. Nicholson late of Dundas Cross in Kings County in the said Province Farmer and Merchant deceased.

By the Honourable HAROLD LEONARD PALMER, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, in and for the County of Kings County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Allan McDonald of Mount Hope in Kings County aforesaid, and John McLure of Albion Cross in said County, Farmers, the executors of the above named estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County on Monday the twenty-third day of March next coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon and to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Arthur F. McQuaid, Esq., Proctor for said petitioners.

And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least one consecutive week from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places, to-wit: in the hall of the Court House in Georgetown in Kings County aforesaid, in the general store of Matthew & McLean, Ltd., in Bridgetown in said County and at the Executive Office in Dundas in Kings County aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice hereof.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 6th day of February A. D. 1936 and in the first year of His Majesty's reign.

(L. S.) Signed—H. L. PALMER Judge of Probate L-1022-2-15-22-29-3-7

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Probate Court list Edward VIII, A. D. 1936.

In Re Estate Patrick Wynne late of Emynvale in Queen's County in the said Province Farmer deceased.

By the Honourable HAROLD LEONARD PALMER, Surrogate Judge of Probate, Esq., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Ernest J. Trainor of Tyronne in Queen's County aforesaid, and William E. Griffin of Emynvale aforesaid, the Executors of the above named estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in front of the school-house in Emynvale aforesaid, and at the store of Frank J. Trainor in Tyronne aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice hereof.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 6th day of February A. D. 1936 and in the first year of His Majesty's reign.

(L. S.) H. L. PALMER Judge of Probate L-902-2-15-22-29

Professional Cards

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MONEY TO LOAN
Office: 180 Richmond Street.

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Money to Loan and Collections given the very best attention.

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Camden Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Notice Of Mortgage Sale

To be sold by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown in Queen's County, on the 26th day of March A. D. 1936, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL that parcel of land situate on Lot or Township number sixty-five in Queen's County bounded as described as follows, that is to say: COMMENCING on the east side of the Line Road at the southeast angle of land in the possession of James Malone and running at right angles to said road and along the south boundary line of said James Malone's land for the distance of twenty-seven chains and fifty links to the rear line of land in possession of John Murphy and thence along the said line of land to the place of commencement of the line of land in possession of Francis Malone and thence along the North boundary line of said Francis Malone and fifty links to the said road and thence along the said road eighteen chains and fifty links to the place of commencement of the line of land in possession of James Malone and thence along the said road to the place of commencement of the line of land in possession of Patrick McCarron of the one part and Patrick Malone of the other part and as described in the Land Mortgage Certificate of Public Lands to Patrick Malone bearing date the 29th day of December A. D. 1935.

ALEXANDER COADY, L-1022-15-22-29-3-7

KITCHEN FIRST AIDS FOR 'FLU

Is your kitchen well equipped to deal with influenza? And what is more important, are you?

Cinnamon is particularly important. This spice possesses considerable antiseptic properties, which can be put to profitable use against the flu germ. You must purchase the best cinnamon bark or stick cinnamon for the preparation of your brews, unless, of course, you would prefer to buy it in essence.

For children, cinnamon water is capital, and is quite easily made. To a quart of boiling water add a quarter of an ounce of stick cinnamon, broken up, and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Allow to stand till cool; then strain. Drink freely.

Should your child turn up his nose at cinnamon water, you may be able to tempt him with cinnamon drops.

Mix half an ounce of the best powdered cinnamon with a pound of powdered white sugar and half a pint of water and boil to a syrup of candy-like consistency or until it snaps when dropped into cold water; then spread out the thick syrup upon a well-oiled flat dish and score it into appropriate sections before it hardens.

For influenza, it is essential that any cinnamon treatment should begin in the early stages, preferably within twenty-four hours of the onset.

The cinnamon should be taken in fairly large doses at frequent intervals; for instance, half an ounce of the decoction or two teaspoonfuls of the tincture in a little water every half-hour for the first two hours, then the same dose hourly until the temperature is normal.

A welcome medicinal thirst-quencher for the initial feverish stage is a nitrate of potash lemonade.

Dissolve one or two small teaspoonfuls of powdered nitre in one and a half pints of cold water (which has first been boiled and filtered); then add a slice or two of fresh lemon and sweeten with a little syrup (it is not desirable to remove all the acidity). This quantity can be taken during the twenty-four hours.

Egg water, egg-flips, egg cordials and egg-nogs may be used as occasion arises. Alcohol is added to an egg preparation when debility is a conspicuous feature.

SEEKING AND ENERGY

Abnormal sight demands an abnormal amount of energy. Result—nerve force depletion—headaches—nervous instability, and bodily ills that cannot be accounted for. Correcting the first cause—abnormal vision—is the only hope of eliminating all the troubles. An eye service is essential.

G. F. Hutcheson

Dotted Line Honey-moon

By JOSEPH McCORL

INSTALLMENT 27

Jaqueline's cry burst out at the touch of Larry's fingers. They were sticky, wet.

"It's nothing," he assured her quickly. "Just a lurch in the shoulder. I think it's almost quit bleeding. . . just messy."

"Larry, stop the car! Let me see it!"

"I'd rather not, dear. I'm making out all right. I want you to get home. . . Vince will help me out."

"Stop just a minute," she insisted. "Turn on that little light. I don't care if they do catch up to us. Nothing matters. . ."

She was so insistent that he pulled over to the side of the road and stopped. He slipped his coat from his shoulder with Jacqueline's help; then she loosened his tie and opened his shirt.

"There's a handkerchief in my breast pocket," he told her. "Fold it into a pad and we'll try to tie it in place with my other handkerchief." His fingers were exploring. "Just below the top of my shoulder, as I thought, I ploughed the muscle. There. Slip the other handkerchief through and tie it. . . like that. Any sort of knot. This isn't the time to do any explaining, if anybody comes along."

"Are you sure you can drive, Larry? I can steer, if you'll do the other things."

"No, indeed, I'm a famous one-arm driver. Let's go."

"Don't talk, dear. Save all your strength."

"Of course I'll talk. I want to get some things out of my shattered system. Don't know when I'll be seeing you. . ."

"I don't want it to. You've been such a . . . trump. I think you've guessed a good deal about tonight. This will be sketchy. My father spent years in perfecting a manufacturing process. . . rather technical, but it had to do with textiles. Quite revolutionary. Like most inventors, he wasn't much of a business man. Impractical."

"I know," Jacqueline helped. She was thinking of Vince.

"Well, to make a long story short, he took in a partner. A stock company was formed and a factory started in East. This partner attended to all the details, but most of the stock was unloaded on Dad's friends. He was well known and well liked. As it always happens, a lot of that stock was held by people who put most of their savings into it."

"I understand."

"Later, I found out through a friend of my father's in the textile business that another concern was starting a process similar to Dad's. For some unknown reason, he never had patented it. Somebody else did. I didn't have the money to do any investigating, but I did find out that his former partner was the principal stockholder in the new firm. And that they were making money hand over fist."

"What a shame! It was the same as stealing it!"

"You telling me? I didn't mind the money, but I swore, if I ever had a chance, I'd see to it that my father's name was cleared. If the package we got tonight is what I think it was. . . it's all we need."

"Do you want to tell me what it is?"

"Of course, my father had a precise way of recording all his experiments. He never destroyed any calculations or results. . . put them all in a memorandum book, or books. Written so fine that you could hardly read them. Mother told me that he always kept the practice up and cached them where they were safe from fire. I knew where that was, or thought I did."

"Exactly. And I grew more suspicious when I learned that this other fellow had bought our old place and was camping close by. The fact that our house was empty. . . Well, it gave me a hunch. Maybe this guy knew of those records. He couldn't find them, but he wasn't going to take a chance of some tenant fixing up the place and stumbling on them. If he were so high that he wouldn't stop at anything to win, Guess the sounds rather fantastic. It took me a long time to figure it out."

"I'm surprised you didn't try to get them sooner."

"There was a catch there. If anything went wrong, I wanted to be in a position to fight. The other fellow had influence and money."

"But, Larry. . . there's one thing I can't understand. If your father had those records, couldn't he have cleared himself and not felt a chance?"

"That's something that probably will never be explained. He may have been so crushed that it drove him to kill himself rather than be humiliated in court. On the other hand, I'm suspicious that he never had the chance."

"You don't mean. . . ?"

"Yes, I do," was the grim response. "I don't suppose I could ever prove that. But I can't get away from it. The whole thing was hushed up too quickly. I hope it's coming out now. Rennie Hicks and I takes everything we have. . ."

"Larry ended his sentence abruptly and leaned back wearily."

"Oh, what is it!" Jacqueline clutched at his arm. "You've tried to talk too much. Are you faint, dear?"

"Just a bit woozy."

"Can you make it?"

"Of course. I'll get you home."

"Get Vince. Must get that book to Rennie. . . he's waiting."

"Don't talk, dear. Just drive."

It seemed hours to Jacqueline before the roadster came to a stop before Courtland street. She flew into the house where she found Vince, wild-eyed and pacing restlessly up and down her living room.

"Skipper!" he cried anxiously. "Where in the world. . ."

"Don't wait to talk, Vince," she panted. "Larry is out in the car. He's hurt. Help me bring him in!"

"Larry's weak protests were promptly overruled by his wife."

"You've got to come in a few minutes, dear, and let me see to your shoulder. Help him, Vince. . . be careful!"

"I've got to get that book to Rennie," Larry groaned. "He's waiting for me."

"Vince can take it to him. Come now, I'll help, too."

And in spite of himself, Larry was escorted into the apartment where he stumbled over to the couch and lay still, his eyes closed. But when Vince tried to remove his coat, he roused himself with an effort.

"Cut that package open and let me see those books," he ordered. "All right," was his comment, after he had leafed through a few pages. "Vince. You know where Hicks lives?"

"Sure."

"Take these books to Rennie. Don't let anything stop you. Then wait there for me. You won't fail me, will you, old man?"

"No chance. Shall I take the car?"

"Leave it for me. I don't want to call a cab here. It's pretty dark yet, and I don't think anybody'll spot the bus out front. Just as soon as Jack ties me up. . . He muttered one of his old-time grins. "Pardon me, Vince, this is my wife. . . Mrs. Cutter."

Vincent Anthony produced his handkerchief and blew his nose loudly.

"Gimme those books," he said gruffly. "You're both of you crazy."

By the time Larry had ceased himself painfully out of his coat, Jacqueline was at his side with a basin of hot water and clean clothes.

"Cut the shirt, while I take it easy a minute," Larry suggested. He leaned back with his eyes closed. "It's a load off my mind to get those books away. They've got dates and everything in them. It ought to be clear sailing for us now."

"Don't talk."

"I like to talk to you. Then I'm sure you're here and I'm not dreaming. Don't happen to have a drink, do you?"

"No, I'm sorry. I'll make you some black coffee in a minute. Does that feel more comfortable now?"

"I'll say. You're a regular little campaigner, Jack. Some day we'll go on a real roughing trip. . . when I get through being a fugitive."

"Don't say that. You make me feel. . . ashamed."

"Skip it, dear. I'll have to lie low for a bit, I suppose, until Hicks and Hicks get their lines

Island Readers Relish Humor Of Montgomery Books

Among the many interesting articles received in connection with the Prince Edward Island Library Essay Competition, few provide more stimulating reading than those submitted on the subject: "Books That Have Made Me Laugh." Humour is contagious; it can sweep a community like an epidemic, and apparently this is what has happened in the case of some authors whose works have circulated widely throughout the Province through the medium of the demonstration library branches.

"Of all the books I have read since I joined the Public Library," writes one contributor, "the ones in which I found the most pleasure were written by our own Island authors, Lucy Maud Montgomery. The stories she wrote about Anne of Green Gables were full of humor and I have had many a good laugh reading them. I have read 'Anne of Green Gables' three times and each time it seemed funnier."

This opinion is supported by another contributor, who attributes the humor of the book to Anne's "proclivity for 'getting into scrapes'." The only sad part of the story, in this reader's judgment, is the death of Matthew while Anne is attending Queen's Academy at Charlottetown.

Of Miss Montgomery's books one contributor—a school pupil—writes: "The 'help pass away' many weary hours when one is waiting for rain to stop or when one does not know what to do. I love reading books and especially humorous stories. I want to thank the Library authorities for all the pleasure I have received from them, through these books. What a benefit it was for Prince Edward Island, the day the Public Libraries were established here."

That opinion seems to be unanimous among the contributors, however varied their tastes and opinions otherwise.

So far as the "Anne" stories are concerned, they have, of course, more than humour to recommend them, especially to Prince Edward Island readers. Equally interesting essays could be written on their pathos, their sound moral tone, their inclusion of the pioneer virtues of thrift and industry, etc. The point is, however, that their admirably qualities are enhanced, in the opinion of Island readers, by the laugh-provoking episodes and humorous character studies. The humor is never forced; it is based on inherent truth and on those fundamental traits which distinguish native Prince Edward Islanders and have contributed in no small degree to the building up of this great Dominion.

Every branch library throughout the Province is generously stocked with Miss Montgomery's books—a tribute not only to the writer but to the healthy taste of the reading public. Older readers, of course, needed no introduction to this literature, but it comes with something of a thrill to younger library patrons to find that the land of Romance is not necessarily at the rainbow's end, or in some remote and inaccessible period of time, but may be just around the corner; that an Island lady, still living and writing, discovered it no farther away than at Cavendish, and that it may even now be lurking—waiting to be revealed—in the nearby school-house, in the cross-roads store, or in the daily routine of life on any Prince Edward Island farm. That is something of an inestimable importance to find in any book.

SENTIMENTAL BACK IN VALENTINES

By The Canadian Press

Whether modern St. Valentine's Day customs had their genesis in the ancient pagan feasts of Lubericalia or "just grown" through the years as an expression of affection or derision as the spirit moved, the missives of the millions will add as usual to the postman's burden for a day or two.

The gorgeous lace-trimmed creations, with flowery expressions of sentimentality of Victorian days, appear to be staging a comeback this year, but the jesting card of other dimensions is likely to remain the most popular variety of this unseasonable fest.

The Leap-Year angle is well in evidence on 1936 cards. Confirmed bachelors had best beware of innocent-looking mail on Feb. 14. Many a "snake-in-the-grass" may be lying in wait to prove as costly as the valentines of former years.

Samuel Pepys throughout his Diary gives an interesting picture of the custom in 17th century England. "Valentines" were usually drawn by lot but in some cases, chosen. Men were expected to bestow gifts upon the obligation to woo their designated mates.

Pepys says: "The Duke of York being once here (the Duchess of Richmond, formerly the celebrated Miss Stuart) Valentine, did give her a jewel of about £300; and my Lord Mandeville her Valentine this year a ring of about £300."

Again the diarist relates: "In the afternoon, my wife and I and Mrs. Martha Batten, my Valentine, to the Exchange and there laid. And I must clear out of here before I get you in any mess. You must be dead for sleep."

"If you weren't hurt, I'd say it was the nicest and most exciting time I ever had," she told him lightly. "Now for coffee." How strange to be tending Larry this way, and how wonderful to be after slipping his coffee, Larry relaxed again and Jacqueline insisted he must rest a few moments longer. She promised to sit close beside him. And he might hold her hand, too.

"The next thing she remembered was hearing a sharp rapping on the apartment door. She sat up with a start, to find Larry on one elbow and staring about in a confused fashion.

"It's only somebody in the house," she whispered.

"Why, Jack, you've let me sleep," Larry was beginning uneasily, when his words were cut short by another rap.

"Open up," said a quiet voice.

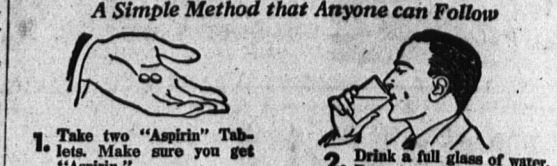
Larry motioned to his wife to go to the door. She opened it, stepped back with a faint exclamation of dismay.

Standing there was Lieutenant Frank Staples. And peering sharply over his shoulder. . .

Old Martin Jacobs, who sold her the Southern Furnace stock. (To be Continued)

COLD? Do These 2 Things Instantly!

A Simple Method that Anyone can Follow



1. Take two "Aspirin" Tablets. Make sure you get "Aspirin."

2. Drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment 2 hours.

The moment you feel a cold coming on follow the pictured directions above.

Your doctor will approve this as perhaps the quickest, easiest way known to fight colds and sore throat.

"Aspirin" taken internally will combat a cold almost instantly; if throat is sore, crush and stir 3

DEMAND AND GET "ASPIRIN"

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

(Continued from page 2)

It is a curious and a pathetic thing that the most spoiled children in the world are those of parents who have had a hard time in their own childhood. If they had stern and strict parents, they let their own children go wild without any control at all. If they have had to work when they were children, they let their children grow up in idleness and never lay the slightest tax upon them. If they were poor and had to do without things, they lavish money on their children.

They rear their children to be idlers, extravagant, self-indulgent, selfish and knowing no law but their own wills. It never seems to occur to them that their children will be what they are making them, just as they are what circumstances made them.

The discipline their parents gave them, the respect for law and order that they bred in them, the work they had to do and the hardships they had to fight through made them the strong, fine men and women they are, just as their spoiling is making their children into weaklings and good-for-nothings.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Am I old-fashioned in my ideas about the girls of today being too independent? I thought that when a man was in love with a girl and had a fair idea that she loved him, he would buy an engagement ring all by himself and then, when he popped the question, and she said "yes," he would slip the ring on her finger. But the way they do it nowadays, the man proposes first, then he and the girl go to the jewelry store and she picks out the ring to suit herself, which seems highly unromantic to me. Please set me straight on this important matter.

ANSWER:

I think you've got this matter wrong, and that if you are viewing it purely from the romantic angle there is more glamour in the man proposing, at least, that he is not sure of the state of the girl's affection until he asks the great question. For a man to buy the engagement ring and have it handy in his pocket before he ever gets the girl's linking of the state of his feelings makes him look too certain of getting her and that she will just be at his chance to be his. It puts her in the attitude of a lady of the harem waiting for the Sultan to throw his handkerchief to her.

And it is good, hard sense for the man to let the girl pick out the engagement ring herself, because getting just the kind of ring she wants and that she will adore as long as she lives means so much to the girl and she knows it. Women are funny and pernickety about those things, you know, and as there is nothing in a whole life that one gets so much kick out of and is proud of as her engagement ring she should be allowed to choose it.

Of course, in the olden days girls took what they could get in men and engagement rings, but there wasn't any more romance about them than there is now. Every girl has only to look through her engagement ring to see heaven.

Dear Dorothy Dix—A man in his late forties has been courting me for some time. I know that he loves me and would like to marry me, but he has never proposed because he is handicapped by a physical defect. He is brilliant mentally and has a charming personality, but an inferiority complex because of his misfortune. I love him and want to marry him. How can I let him know this and that his deformity means nothing to me?

ANSWER:

Inasmuch as you feel sure of this man's feelings toward you, why don't you write him a letter and tell him that his physical blemish only makes you love him the more and that, nothing would give you so much happiness as to marry him and spend the remainder of your life in trying to make up to him for the cruel blow that fate has dealt him.

I often think that the only thing in which women display greater intelligence than men is in looking at the soul instead of the body and not letting physical defects repulse them. Many women marry blind men and deaf men and cripples, and are blissfully happy with them because the men have fine minds and true hearts and tenderness and understanding.

But a man rarely marries a woman who has any physical defects. They prefer a pretty face and body to a beautiful character.

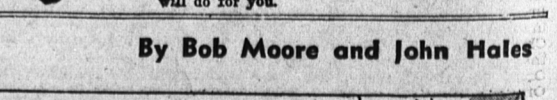
Restless Nights - Peppless Days

Take the Joy Out of Life

The potent cause lies in the hurried life we lead, in the extreme nervous tension and fever heat which we follow in the pursuit of wealth, position and pleasure.

Late hours, want of necessary rest, excessive mental or physical exertion all put a strain on the system it is unable to withstand. No wonder then you pass restless nights and get up in the morning with no ambition to go about your daily tasks.

Take Milburn's H. & N. Pills and see what they will do for you.



GORDON FIFE, Soldier of Fortune



Her Highness Insists



DISMISS THE GUARDS - CAPTAIN FIFE WILL ACCOMPANY ME ALONE - UNLESS HE THINKS IT TOO DANGEROUS.

