

# ACCIDENTS!

WHETHER it be a cut, a bruise, sprain, burn or scald, Zam-Buk provides the handiest and surest means to quick, perfect healing.

It is from certain valuable herbal extracts that Zam-Buk gets its power to subdue pain and inflammation, its germ-destroying activity and fine skin-growing property.

Zam-Buk is splendid for chapped hands, frost-bite, chilblains, etc. Get a box to-day!

## Zam-Buk



## Buckwheat Flour

The "Pancake" kind made from clean ISLAND GROWN BUCKWHEAT.

Only 5 cents pound.

Get some of it at

## CARTER'S

Seed & Feed Store

## White Python

By Mark Channing, Author of "King Cobra"

The two men halted for a moment. Suddenly the Lepcha uttered an exclamation.

Far up that sloping black hillside could be heard the flat, shivery tinkle of falling shale.

"A mountain goat! Go forward!" said Gray in subdued tones.

"Nay!" whispered back the Lepcha, hoarsely.

The next next second there floated down to them the sound of a

slanche.

"Run!" shouted Gray.

Then the avalanche struck them. Two huge boulders crashed down between him and the Lepcha, who was now some twenty years ahead of him, carrying away the narrow ledge between them, and leaving in its place a sloping, sliding, smoothness.

Commending his soul to his maker, Gray dug his toes into the shifting mountainside, and made his way upwards.

After a perilous curved course up the hillside, he struck the continuation of the ledge the other side of the breach.

He found the Lepcha searching for his beloved ban which had slipped from his hand.

From directly above them, and slithering rapidly down on to them,



Lepcha Hears the Voice of the Nalgorja

man shouting.

"Oh, ye who slew that which served me!" it cried, "ye will not escape! I, who can vell the face of the moon at my will, I will destroy ye!"

See!

Into the tense silence came the sound of the scrunching of a heavy stone on the shale, followed by a dull thud that was immediately followed by another. Then other, quicker, louder, thuds—mingled with a harsh, rapidly increasing roar.

The nalgorja had started an av-

was coming what sounded like a second, smaller avalanche.

A hoarse scream out of the darkness, and a sprawling human body hurtled down. Knocking the Lepcha's feet from under him, it shot into space.

The Lepcha, half-buried in the shale that had flowed over him, was sliding rapidly downwards.

Gray seized a projecting arm, and throwing his great weight backwards, tugged the little man to safety.

Another second and he would have been smashed to red pulp on the jagged rocks a thousand feet below.

### CHAPTER 16

#### THE FATE OF K. B.

K. B. gazed at Timor Khan, complacently. He was perhaps more pleased with the joy written on that strong countenance, than with the success of the cataract operation he had carried out.

"It is good to be able to see again, is it not?" murmured the Bengali, studying Timor's face.

"Now you can once more lead your people," Timor Khan!

The Khan placed a hand on K.B.'s shoulder.

"Amchi, hearken! I go at once to the Valley of Peace, that my joy may be shared by my people! They shall acclaim you a Khani! . . . ."

This Buriat dog shall be triply chained, and you shall command the escort which shall take him to India! Great, great indeed shall be your fame among us!"

"Within the first hour after the reins of power are in your hands, Khan, said K. B. impressively, brushing aside the Khan's thanks, remember to flash the mirror in the way I have explained! Standing on a high place, let its face be directed to the sun, so that the light from it shall leap towards the summit of the mountain that is named Chomol, until a flash answer it, let it continue to be so flashed. In this manner I shall know that the time has come for certain things to happen!"

"It shall be done," answered Timor Khan.

He laid a hand on the hilt of his sword.

"Chorjeff Khan has threatened to let loose upon my people the power of that vast country which is our neighbor . . . . What will happen, think you?"

"Nothing will happen of that kind!" answered K. B. decisively. "You are leading your people back to your own country and leaving Tibet for ever. The Dalai Lama is ready to make a treaty with you. What cause can there be for war, therefore? They will not dare to lift

### A Morning Smile

The diner addressed the waiter.

"This chicken was hatched in an incubator."

"How do you know that, sir?"

"Because no bird that had turned out as tough as this."

### CAUTIOUS

The minister had just married an elderly and rather dour Scot to a woman considerably younger, and after the ceremony he remarked to the bridegroom—"Well, Macpherson, you'll be going for a honeymoon now?"

"Honeymoon?" echoed the other.

"What's that?"

"Oh, you know," laughed the clergyman. "A little trip somewhere together before you settle down to married life."

The bridegroom shook his head morosely. "A, na!" he said. "I dinna hold w' gallantries about w' a strange woman."

# EVEN "NICE PEOPLE" FIGHT

**DON'T YOU DARE!**

**YOU WAIT AND SEE!**

Controversy always follows the introduction of any new scientific discovery. But no discovery in years, probably, has caused so much heated discussion and had so far-reaching effects as this one. See what happened to these two housewives.

ETHEL, HOW DO YOU DO IT! HERE I'M STILL IN THE MIDDLE OF MY WASH... AND YOU'VE ALREADY GOT YOUR SHOPPING DONE. DIDN'T YOU WASH THIS MORNING?

OF COURSE! BUT WASHING'S NO LONG JOB FOR ME.

NO LONG JOB! WHY MY WASH ISN'T NEAR AS BIG AS YOURS AND IT TAKES ME ALL DAY.

HERE'S THE SECRET, ROSE—OXYDOL—IT'S A NEW KIND OF SOAP THAT TAKES ALL THE SCRUB AND WEAR OUT OF WASHING—DOES THE WORK IN HALF THE TIME. HERE, LET'S TRY OXYDOL ON YOUR NEXT BATCH OF CLOTHES.

WHY, THAT'S A GRANULATED SOAP, ISN'T IT? I'M USING A GRANULATED SOAP ALREADY.

DON'T BE FOOLED BY APPEARANCES. OXYDOL MAY LOOK THE SAME, BUT IT'S ENTIRELY DIFFERENT... A NEW INVENTION. JUST 15 MINUTES' SOAKING DOES THE TRICK!

15 MINUTES' SOAKING! DON'T YOU DARE PUT THAT SOAP ON MY CLOTHES! WHY IT MUST BE TWICE AS STRONG AS THE SOAP I'M NOW USING—AND I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE THAT ONE'S TOO HARSH.

NOW ROSE, I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR. YOU WAIT AND SEE.

15 MINUTES LATER

WHY ETHEL, I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE IT! ONLY 15 MINUTES—AND THOSE CLOTHES ARE SHADES WHITER THAN EVER BEFORE. BUT ARE YOU SURE THAT SOAP IS SAFE?

I'M NOT ONLY SURE—I'M POSITIVE! I'VE WASHED MY PRINT DRESSES IN OXYDOL AT LEAST 15 TIMES—AND THEY'RE JUST LIKE NEW. AND OXYDOL GIVES YOU MORE REAL SOAP FOR YOUR MONEY, TOO.

GOODNESS—I THOUGHT ALL GRANULATED SOAPS WERE THE SAME. I CERTAINLY WAS BEHIND THE TIMES. I WISH EVERY WOMAN KNEW WHAT A GREAT DIFFERENCE OXYDOL MAKES.

**IF YOU THINK ALL GRANULATED SOAPS ARE ALIKE—READ THE FACTS—THEN TRY OXYDOL!!**

**THOUGHT ALL "NO-SCRUB" SOAPS WERE HARSH... UNTIL SHE TRIED OXYDOL**

Mrs. D. Ed Williams writes:

"Back in 1927 I read an advertisement about a 'no-scrub' soap. To be able to save time in washing clothes appealed to me so I tried it, but my experience was most disastrous. My clothes were faded, and the fabric was nearly ruined. Then and there I decided there were two kinds of soap fast-washing soaps and safe-soaping soaps but that these two qualities could never be found in one soap.

"But not long ago I noticed my neighbor was getting her washing on the line much earlier than usual. I asked her why. 'Oxydol,' she said, 'has cut my washing time in half.' So I decided to try again. I used Oxydol in my next week's wash water—and to my amazement and delight I did the complete laundry in less than half the usual time it takes. As for the colors—Oxydol actually seemed to bring out the original colors I had nearly forgotten were there, and left the fabrics just as they were before they were washed."

34-C-10

MADE IN CANADA

THE NEW NO-SCRUB NO-BILL LAUNDRY SOAP THAT'S Really Safe

Multiples 500 TIMES IN SUDS.

## Spring Clothes

### Fashions

You'll be wanting something new and charming in a jacket dress for spring. And here is a delightful pattern. Its slimming, too, with paneled detail down the front of the dress. The revers collar is effective too! The jacket has loose wrist sleeves for ease of movement. They give a certain grace to the hands.

As for materials, rough crepe silk print resembling a monotone, canton crepe, foulards in diagonal weaves etc., are very smart. Some of the supple woollens could also be used and will make up very satisfactorily.

Style No. 687 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 5 yards of 39 inch material with 5/8 yards of 39 inch contrasting.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 687. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City .....

State .....

### SEMI-ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS

The semi-annual examination of Cherry Valley School was held on Friday afternoon, February 1st, with a good attendance of parents and visitors. The pupils were examined in the various subjects by their teacher, and answered with a promptness and accuracy that showed they had been carefully trained. Prizes for Spelling were awarded to Estelle McIsaac and Dorothy Ings, after which all present were generously treated to candy and candy by the district

a finger against you," he went on grimly. "India is ready to send an arm to your aid. And they know it! . . . I go, now, to meet the Gakhor lama," continued the little Bengali. "I will tell him you have gone back to your people. But travel with lightning speed, Khan. Sahib! There is not a moment to be lost! . . . ."

Properly speaking, what was called the garden of the gompas was no garden at all, but a weed and grass-grown open space in which were many thorn bushes and one or two stunted trees.

"There is no twilight in the East, and night had fallen when the Bengal made his way towards the tallest of three funery monuments, peering short-sightedly ahead of him.

A man came forward to meet him. It was the nalgorja.

"The Gekhor lama awaits you, Rimpoche," he said. And leaning back his weight on the chain of a snow-leopard he was leading, he passed on.

As K. B. neared the rendezvous he heard the snuffing of a yak.

It struck him as strange that the animal should be there at this time of night. But K. B. had come here for a purpose and that purpose should be fulfilled—uneasiness or no uneasiness!

The next second he was knocked senseless.

The four Khambas who had been lying in wait, dragged him into a clump of bushes.

Forcing open his jaws, they dropped a brown pellet between his teeth and threw his immense form on to a quantity of unsteamed yak wool spread out on a soiled cotton sheet. Heaping this over him, they brought together the edges of the sheet and tied the resultant bulky package with camel-hair ropes, so that it looked like a large ill-made bundle of wool. Having it on to the yak's broad back, the party made for the gates of the gumpa.

Barely had they started when the tall form of the Gekhor lama left the monastery and walked towards the chortens. He did not seem to see them.

Crossing the market place, the party had just entered a narrow street when a broad-shouldered Mongol planted himself astride

their path. It was the brother of K. B.'s servant.

That said, he began to howl and weep, and beat his breast violently, ceasing only to suddenly upbraid the patient carrier for his disloyalty in following his new masters.

"Where go ye, Khams?" he demanded, courageously enough, since his nearest approach to a weapon was a short spit he used for roasting collops of meat over a fire.

"That beast is surely the property of one who owes me much money!"

Attracted by the sound of his lamentations, some passers-by gathered round.

The Khamba leader glanced at them fiercely. This hitch—if the prisoner were freed—was likely to cost him his head. He knew the Lama Devil! Matters were further complicated for him by the yak lowering his shaggy head and giving a series of loud snorts, and beginning to back into the crowd.

"The man is right, Khan!" protested a burly Sikkim trader, straddling his legs. "If ye are taking away the beast of the master, how shall the servant hope to be paid."

In Tibet, a yak is often the sum total of a man's worldly possessions, outside his cooking pots.

An idea came to the Khamba leader. He could deal with this accursed Mongol, later, if only they could get away from this steadily gathering crowd.

"Lead thou the beast, then!" he said. "When we reach the next stage of our journey, we will go into the question of this debt. If it be a just one, you shall be paid!"

Amid a murmur of approval from the bystanders, the Mongol (who wished nothing better), took over the animal's nose-ropes, and the party resumed its way.

Some hours later the leader of the Khambas called a halt.

"Here we rest for a short while!" he said to the Mongol. "Go apart and sleep over there!" He indicated

tested a burly Sikkim trader, straddling his legs. "If ye are taking away the beast of the master, how shall the servant hope to be paid."

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"Here we rest for a short while!" he said to the Mongol. "Go apart and sleep over there!" He indicated

a small wayside shrine some ten yards away, whose tall bamboo poles fluttering with votive flags, showed up clear out against the starlit sky.

"This beast—" began the Mongol.

"We will look after thy beast! Keep thy hands from our bundle and cease croaking, lest thou be

## FARMERS' WEEK

February 19th, 20th and 21st.

### QUEEN SQUARE SCHOOL HALL

ENTRANCE FROM SYDNEY STREET

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH

2:00 P. M. and 7:00 P. M.

Meetings Central Farmers' Institute.

The night session will be open to the public. An address of Horse Production will be delivered by Dr. J. A. Sinclair, Cannington, Ontario.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH

9:30 A. M.

Annual Meeting P. E. I. Sheep Breeders' Association. 2:00 P. M. and 7:00 P. M.

Annual meeting P. E. I. Dairymen's Association.

At the evening session an address will be given by A. Cutten, Truro, on "Production Costs from the Farmer's Standpoint."

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21ST

9:30 A. M. and 2:00 P. M.

Annual meeting of the P. E. I. Co-operative Egg & Poultry Association.

7:00 P. M.

Annual meeting P. E. I. Swine Growers' Association.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd

1:30 P. M.

Meeting of Horse Breeders for organization purposes. An address will be delivered by Dr. J. A. Sinclair.

The POULTRY SHOW will be held from February 18th to 22nd in the Lyceum Theatre, Prince Street.

A large attendance at all meetings is requested.

### Department of Public Works & Highways

#### PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

##### TENDERS FOR MATERIAL

Bayville Creek Bridge, Alaska, Lot 10.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this office until noon of Saturday, February 23rd, 1935, from any person or persons willing to supply and deliver at the site of this bridge, the following materials:—

150 cords poles in 16 ft. lengths, not less than 4 ins. at small end

85 piles in 15 ft. lengths, not less than 8 ins. at small end

40 pieces 6 ins. by 6 ins. in 17 ft. lengths.

30 pieces 2 ins. by 5 ins. in 16 1/2 ft. lengths.

70 pieces 4 ins. by 5 ins. in 6 ft. lengths.

3,000 F.B.M. of 3 in. plank in 15 ft. lengths, not less than 7 ins. in width.

Tenders shall be marked "Tender for Material."

Poles and piles shall be of spruce or fir, well cleaned, straight and sound.

Lumber shall be of spruce or hemlock, square edged and sawn to the exact size specified, perfectly sound and free from wane and shakes.

All material shall be delivered on or before the 29th day of April, 1935.

Parties tendering shall submit a price PER CORD for poles; a price EACH for piles and a price per M.B.M. for sawn lumber.

All material shall be carefully inspected and measured before delivery is taken by the Department or payment made.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

L. B. MACMILLAN,  
Deputy Minister of Public Works & Highways.

Charlottetown,  
Prince Edward Island,  
February 7, 1935.

(Continued on Page 6)