

# MORSES TEAS always please

**RUSTICO CONVENT**  
Honor Roll for Rustico Convent for the month of January.

Grade X—1 Cecile Doucet and Alma Blaquiere, equal; 2, Albert Gallant; 3, Louise Arsenault.

Grade IX—Yvonne Pitre.

Grade VIII—1, Margaret Gallant; 2, Frances Doyle; 3, Yvonne Doiron.

Grade VI—1, Bernice Pitre; 2, Minnie Gallant; 3, Gertrude Gallant.

Grade V—1, Clara O'Meara; 2, Elsie Blanchard; 3, Corine Doucet.

Grade IV—1, Martha Gallant; 2, Alice Martin.

Grade III—1, Bernadette Paquet; 2, Lucie Doiron; 3, Alice Doucet.

Grade II (a)—1, Edward Blanchard; 2, Alain Blanchard.

Grade I (b)—1, Zilda Doucet; 2, Georges Pineau; 3, Winnifred Doucet.

## STOMACH BAD! INDIGESTION

Chew a few Pleasant Tablets, Instant Stomach Relief!



The moment "Pape's Diapepsin" reaches the stomach all distress goes. Lumps of indigestion, gases, heartburn, sourness, fullness, but-ter, palpitation vanish.

## Silver Sheen Foxes Ltd Annual General Meeting

The General Meeting of the Shareholders of SILVER SHEEN FOXES, LTD., will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown at 8 p. m., on Monday, the 22nd day of February, 1926, for the reception of the Annual Report, the election of Directors, etc.

## AUCTION SALE

OF CHOICE DAIRY CATTLE ON MONDAY, FEB. 15TH

I have been instructed to sell for Arthur B. Roberts on his premises Winsloe Road at 1 o'clock sharp: STOCK:—1, Jersey grade cow, just freshened; 1, Jersey Grade cow due to freshen Feb. 13th; 2, Jersey Grade Cows, due to freshen March 18th; 2, Holstein Grade Cows due to freshen April 6th; 1, Ayrshire Grade Cow, due to freshen May 13th; 1, Ayrshire grade cow, due to freshen May 20th; 2, Milch Cows not in calf; 1, Fat Cow; 1, Heifer, 15 mos. old; 1, Sow due April 4th; 6, Fall Pigs. Also 1, Driving Mare, 8 years old; 1, General Purpose Mare; 100 bus. Red Potatoes, 50 bus. mixed feed, a quantity of hay.

Terms made known at sale. ALEX. McRAE, Auctioneer

7600-2917wa.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC SAILINGS

FROM SAINT JOHN, N. B. TO LIVERPOOL

Feb. 12, Mar. 12 ..... Montclair  
Feb. 19, Mar. 19 ..... Montclair  
Feb. 26, Apr. 2 ..... Montrose  
Mar. 5, April 23 ..... Metagama  
Mar. 26 ..... Montclair  
TO CHERBOURG — SOUTHAMPTON — ANTWERP

Mar. 18 ..... Marloch  
\*Calls at Greenock

CRUISES WEST INDIES  
Montroyal ..... March 1

Apply Local Agents  
G. BRUCE BURPEE  
Dist. Pass. Agent  
4 King Street  
Saint John, N.B.

## ROYAL MAIL TO EUROPE

Regular sailings of the famous O steamers FROM HALIFAX, N.S. TO CHERBOURG AND SOUTHAMPTON

## SMILES



AN ELECTRICAL DIALOGUE  
Bert: I'm a live wire.  
Bess: I'm shocked.



OF COURSE  
1st Snowman: Goin' to the ball?  
2nd Snowman: What ball?  
1st Snowman: The snowball, of course!



"He said life without me would be impossible."  
"And he could easily find out from your former husband what it would be with you."



IN A BIBLE TIMES SUNDAY SCHOOL  
"How old is your boy?"  
"Fifty-seven."  
"Just the right age for our cradle roll."



IN SCHOOL  
Teacher: What can you say of the canine teeth?  
Young America: Nothing, teacher; I have never been bitten by a dog.

# The YELLOW STUB

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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

HENRY RAND, middle-aged business man, expected home by his family to celebrate his son JIMMY'S 27th birthday, is found dead by the police in a cheap hotel. The room is filled with gas. There is a wet on the back of his head.

The only clues are a woman's handkerchief and the stub of a yellow theater ticket from the Paragon Theater in Montreal.

Jimmy's sister JANET, breaks her engagement with BARRY COLVIN after the murder and your ticket Fogarty. And here's something else. That ticket was used last Monday night and the man who held it was in Canfield Hotel in Grafton Tuesday night. Fogarty, you were in your room here Tuesday night. Where were



FOGARTY PICKED UP THE YELLOW STUB AND EXAMINED IT. "BY GOD!" HE EXCLAIMED, "IT'S MY TICKET, ALL RIGHT!"

night he and Mooney lay a trap for FOGARTY. They follow him to his hotel room.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER 9

"Come," a deep bass voice spoke from the room.

Mooney turned the knob and slipped quietly into the room with Rand at his heels. They closed the door behind them and stood facing Fogarty.

He was sitting on the bed, tearing a letter from its envelope, and did not look up at once, obviously thinking a bell boy had come.

The utter silence in the room made him turn his head. He saw Mooney and Jimmy. The letter dropped from his grasp. He jumped to his feet. "Who the hell are you?"

"Sit down, Fogarty," Mooney strode into the middle of the room and displayed his badge. "No body's going to start any rough stuff as long as you behave yourself. We want to ask you a few questions."

"You fresh dick, I'll have you busted for this!" The veins in Fogarty's fat neck swelled. His face turned several shades redder.

"All right," answered Mooney, "but wait till I get through. In the first place, Mr. Fogarty, did you ever hear of Mr. Henry Rand?"

"The little detective was watching Fogarty closely."

"Never heard of him."

"Henry Rand of Grafton?" pursued Mooney, his eyes still on the other's face.

"No," Fogarty shook his head.

"What's the game?" he asked angrily.

"Just this, Mr. Fogarty. A man by the name of Henry Rand—this man's father here," indicating Jimmy, "was killed in a hotel in Grafton last Wednesday. The room was engaged Tuesday night by a man who gave the name of H. A. Jones of New York. That man by the way, had red hair," he said.

"What's this, a frame-up?" Fogarty gave a contemptuous laugh. "You'll have to come closer than that."

"I'm not through yet," continued Mooney. "In the room where the crime was committed they found a woman's handkerchief and the stub of a theater ticket. Here's the ticket."

"Here, let me talk to him."

"Hello, Mr. Blaine? This is Phil Mooney talking—a friend of Tom's. I want to know from you when was the last time you saw him, you did, eh? When did the game break up?... What am I drivin' at? Ask Tom, he'll tell you."

He hung up the receiver. "Your story's good as far as it goes, Fogarty, although it will take a lot more checking than that. Now suppose you explain how that ticket got into that room."

"There was a knock at the door," Fogarty called. A bell boy deposited a tray bearing ginger ale and cracked ice and departed.

Fogarty opened a bureau drawer and pulled out a bottle. "Have a drink, Mr.—say what's your name anyway?"

"Mooney," answered the detective.

"No, I don't drink."

"Mr. Rand?" Fogarty turned to Jimmy with a gesture of the hands towards the bottle.

"No thanks not just now," Fogarty poured himself a stiff drink, mixing it with ginger ale and ice.

"Mooney," he said, "I can't tell you how that ticket got in the room, because I didn't go to the theater that night. It might sound like a funny alibi to you, I swear I gave that ticket away Monday afternoon."

He paused. "All right," snapped Mooney, "who did you give that ticket to?"

"Mooney, I gave that ticket to a woman."

To Jimmy, who was listening intently, Fogarty's words were like blow in the face.

"No, Fogarty!" he cried. "It couldn't have been a woman that did this!"

"Wait a minute, Rand," Mooney ordered. "Let's hear this thing through." He opened the wallet. "This handkerchief," he said, "fits in some place.... Go ahead, Fogarty."

Fogarty emptied his glass, his hand a trifle unsteady. "Here's all I know about it, Monday afternoon I happened to be passing the Paragon Theater and I went in and got my ticket for the show that night. Ordinary I call for it in the evening just before the show starts, unless I'm ordering an extra seat.

"But I went in and got the ticket and looked around at the bill-

anything to you about going out of town?"

Fogarty did not answer. He was staring out of the windows, his brows knit in a frown.

"Come on, out with it, Fogarty!" snapped Mooney. "You're not out of the woods yet yourself."

Fogarty turned to face him. "Yes, she did," he said. "She said she was going to Grafton the next day to look for a job."

(To Be Continued)

## Beauty and the Beast

COLOR CUT-OUTS



TRAPPED!

Here is the terrible Beast in "Beauty and the Beast." The story will be finished at the end of the week and the set of paper dolls complete.

When Beauty's father had finished eating in the strange house, he felt ashamed, for he was afraid his host would appear and be displeased. The evening passed, however, and no one came. Finally at twelve he began wandering through the rooms until he came to one in which there was a bed. There he lay down and slept very



soundly.

In the morning he went into the garden, and seeing there some beautiful roses, he plucked one for Beauty in remembrance of her request. But as he broke the flower from its stem there was a dreadful roar and a horrible beast appeared.

"Ungrateful man!" the beast cried. "I have sheltered and fed you and now you pluck my precious roses! You shall pay for this with your life!"

(This ugly black beast is wearing a red suit with golden collar and cuffs.)

Cartier's Little Liver Pills remove the constipation poison from the system. Not habit forming. Druggists 25 & 75c red packages.

## She Laughed!

Thought It Was a Joke  
Brooklyn, Mrs. K. Kummer writes:—"Please take notice that I can write again. I have been troubled with what I thought Rheumatism. I laughed when someone suggested that I try Cartier's Little Liver Pills for I never thought that my trouble was constipation. About three months later I found out that I am a new person. I am thankful to you for the help your pills have done for me and my friends."

Cartier's Little Liver Pills remove the constipation poison from the system. Not habit forming. Druggists 25 & 75c red packages.



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ENO is world renowned. For 50 years and more ENO has never varied in quality or purity. Its good effect on the human system has earned for it universal favor and a permanent place as the health drink of Anglo-Saxon men, women and children. The sun never sets on ENO'S "Fruit Salt" so widespread is its distribution and so universal is the demand for it.

## ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

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Sales Representatives for North America: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, Toronto

## WARNING

Notice is hereby given that any person or persons circulating or causing to be circulated, any false report about the undersigned or story with a damaging intent as has been done in the past will be prosecuted according to law. (Signed) BERT J. TROWSDALE, Westmoreland, CHAS. C. RAND, (Witness.) Dated at Grandup this 4th day of February, 1926. 7615.

## E. R. BROW

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Musterole is easy to apply with the fingers and works right away. Often it prevents a cold from turning into "flu" or pneumonia. It does all the good work of grandmother's mustard plaster without the blister.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Try Musterole for sore throat, cold on the chest, rheumatism, lumbago, pleurisy, stiff neck, bronchitis, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back and joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frost-bite—colds of all sorts.

The Musterole Co. of Canada, Ltd. Montreal

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WILL NOT BLISTER  
Better than a mustard plaster

## Best Way to Loosen Stubbom Cough

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up a stubborn cough. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest-soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter cough.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get 16 ounces—a family supply of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.