

HELPS Sickly Women Who are Depressed



To Get 'PEP,' AMBITION, Test Dr. HAMILTON'S PILLS

The following letter tells how a very sick lady recovered health and strength. 'Last winter I was sick with gripe, and when spring came I was weak, bilious, and rheumatic, my head ached every morning. I didn't get any help till I tried Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They took the yellow color out of my face, put new tone in my stomach, and increased my appetite. The bilious attacks and rheumatic pains gradually departed. Dr. Hamilton's Pills made a new woman of me.'

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS TONE the SYSTEM

MARSHFIELD SCHOOL

The following is the Honor Roll of Marshfield School for the month of March: Grade X-1. Dorothy Gibson; 2. Helen Dennis. Grade IX (Jr.)-1. Ferne Mill; 2. Beth Gibson. Grade VII-1. Athol McBeath and Allison Scott (equal). Grade VI-1. Andrew Black. Grade V-1. Lo's Scott; 2. Alva Muttart; 3. Olga Scott and Waldron Boswell (equal). Grade III-1. Isobel Gibson; 2. Peter Black; 3. Bessie Thompson. Grade II-1. Roy Boswell; 2. Irving Boswell; 3. Jackie Carr. Grade I (Jr.)-1. Ward Thompson. Grade I (Sr.)-1. Eva Thompson. Grade I (Jr.)-1. Arthur Jenkins and Wilma Scott (equal). Perfect attendance: Dorothy, Beth and Isobel Gibson, Ferne Mill, Athol McBeath, Arthur Jenkins, Waldron Boswell. Mildred I. Coffin Teacher.

How Are Your Eyes?

If you are having symptoms of strain-headaches, sore eyes, or dizziness—consult a specialist. At your service with years of experience and a thorough refracting service. Call in and discuss your difficulties.

G. F. Hutcheson

G. F. HUTCHESON, F. G. HUTCHESON.

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The Girl in the Crimson Cloak

By J. R. WILMOT

On the farther side of the estate a girl sat at the wheel of a motor car. She was smoking a cigarette. Every few moments she consulted the clock on the car's dash. It appeared almost as if she were inclined to be apprehensive. On the other hand Suzanne Railton liked a dash of adventure. It added a savour to an otherwise uneventful existence. She appreciated to the full that both herself and her brother John were lawbreakers in doing what they had done, but she had always felt, from the first moment they had undertaken this strange task that should give them the chance to escape from the clasp of the law, she considered, should be through with the job by now.

Just then she heard a light tap on the rear window of the car. John had arranged that signal less she should be frightened at his sudden approach. Last night in the darkness, a moment later he had opened the door and slid into the car, beside her. The starter switch and the car hummed up to life. With a word she was guided away along the main road towards the main road junction ahead.

'Well,' Suzanne inquired. 'What luck?' 'Oodles of it,' he grinned in the darkness. 'It was just as we were told. There was a rather clever trick pillar in the old tunnel. It was as if someone would have found them if they hadn't known. It beats all your burglar-proof safes. I had the very devil of a job to get through that window,' he added, 'reminding me, though I should be there for keeps. Your aim is accurate. However, all's well that ends well. No one has been prowling around, eh?' Suzanne shook her pretty hatless head.

'Not a soul. You're quite sure you didn't leave anything behind that might incriminate you?' 'Only the cloak,' he answered, 'and that isn't likely to incriminate us.' 'I wonder,' she mused, as the car swung around a corner and the headlights picked up the faces of men and women who were a major road ahead of them. 'All thinking of that fellow the other night, the one who feigned your cloak?' 'Yes,' she said slowly and sofly, 'I've got a feeling that I don't see the least of the young man. Are you being femininely phreic or merely girlishly hopeful?' 'I asked John Railton, your aim is accurate as the car glowed down. But Suzanne made no reply for the very good reason that she could not truthfully answer him.

CHAPTER IX

ANOTHER CRIMSON CLOAK

Mr. Squire Mannisher in many respects resembled his sister Muriel. He had never married, he maintained Stanford House, Upper Markingham, not because it was necessary for his domestic comfort, but because he considered only a house such as Stanford would adequately match the name 'Squire' and enable his true interpretation to be more generous than ever. He had read in the newspapers about the theft of the Leverton Diamond. But he had been well towards evening before he had had time to do any reading, and he wondered whether or not he ought to telephone to Mr. Squire Grange and offer his sympathies. He had always told himself that Muriel and the lucky in marriage, and the Diamond into the bargain. And now it had gone—been stolen. Squire Mannisher felt that Muriel would not think him for intruding on her private grief at this time no matter how nicely he put it. After all, he told himself, from the depths of a comfortable lounge chair in his hotel, he couldn't send her the Diamond, and he felt that only that would console Muriel and Gervaise.

But they'd called in the police, so everything ought to be all right. The police couldn't get on the track of the Leverton Diamond, though Squire Mannisher prepared to spend another night in London and return to Upper Markingham early the following morning. The story at Stanford House were appraised early of the master's return, and there was the usual aspect of conscientious labour in the room when Mannisher's car came to rest in front of the door. Jeilcoon, Mannisher's factor, opened the door of the car and bowed his master out. That was the sort of thing Mannisher liked. Sentimental efficiency. It was a matter of days and Mannisher inquired about his correspondence.

'It is all in your study, sir,' intoned Jeilcoon. He was going to tell his master about finding a red cloak there, too, but even Jeilcoon's natural fertility of invention failed him when he endeavoured to find the best way of introducing the subject. He had long ago decided that the best thing was to permit Mannisher to make his own discoveries and then if there was any explaining to be done—

Squire Mannisher, having been helped off with his neat black overcoat, proceeded to his study. The curtains had been drawn and the long windows afforded him a particularly pleasant view of the garden bathed in September sunshine. That was one of the reasons why he had chosen this particular room as his study. Mannisher liked brightness about him, probably because it compensated somewhat for the dull places in his own life. He stood for a moment admiring the view across the room. The intensity of his gaze might easily have suggested that Squire Mannisher had been absent from Stanford House for a long time. Actually he had been absent for three days only. But it was always like this. He was always glad to be back-home again.

He turned his gaze away from the window and took a step or two towards the desk. Then he halted suddenly. He had stood before him levelling a gun.

A shaft of sunlight from an angled window was slanting across the room like a golden arrow. But it was not the golden arrow that arrested his attention. It was the scarlet cloak draped across the back of the chair close beside the bureau and which seemed to be pierced by the arrow that held his astonished interest.

Slowly he made his way towards the chair and gingerly lifted the cloak. The touch of it awakened memories in Squire Mannisher's brain—memories of so long ago that he had almost forgotten. There were three of them as children, Muriel, Olive and himself all dressed in those absurd red cloaks as if they had been infant members of a grim secret society. Nearly fifty years ago! That's how long it would be. And since that day until now, the idea of a crimson cloak had never occurred to his mind. Mannisher stepped to one side and pressed the electric buzzer for Jeilcoon.

'Where did this thing come from, Jeilcoon?' Mannisher demanded, holding the cloak at arm's length. Jeilcoon hesitated. 'I'm afraid I don't know, sir.' 'It certainly wasn't here three days ago,' his employer reminded him, 'and you have been in charge of the house. Have you inquired among the maids, for it appears to be a feminine garment?' (To be Continued)

Calling All Dog-Lovers

In the first of these discussions of the laws affecting dogs and their owners in this province, we set forth briefly our aim, to improve those laws so as to lessen the possibility of needless cruelty to animals as well as injustice to their owners. We pointed out that in pursuit of this aim, we would follow the orderly democratic processes of informing public opinion so that it might act through the duly elected legislators. In finding fault with The Dog Act, we wish to be understood as making no criticism of the body which passed the law. Members of the Legislative Assembly are busy men. They are concerned with many difficult problems of the day. Undoubtedly this act was not designed to work hardship or injustice on anybody. It was designed to correct some very real abuses. But we claim that it is an exceedingly drastic cure. In old days we are told of some sardonic individual heading as a cure for the headache. A complete cure, no doubt. So the Dog Act, if enforced, would be a complete cure for the evil habits of some dogs.

It is more than likely that our legislators acted under a sense that what happened to dogs under the act is much less important than what is happening to many men today. That is quite understandable. And, if we could admit the sacrifice of every dog in the

Borden's EVAPORATED MILK I LOVE IT ON MY CEREAL IF it's Borden's it's GOT to be Good!

community would correct the ills that beset the human race, the sacrifice might be very well worth while. But we can not admit that. Too, it may not seem important that a few dogs might be needlessly destroyed. But it is important that our sense of equity and our respect for statute law should not become impaired. It has been brought to the attention of some of our citizens that The Dog Act opens the way for some serious injustices to dog owners. These injustices are yet to have not been inflicted is only due to the fact that our peace officers and magistrates have kept them sense of equity that has kept them from enforcing the strict letter of the act. But there is no guarantee that we shall continue to be blessed with the protection of their discretion, for they could be forced to its strict enforcement at any

time by any person with motive for so doing. We contend that it is unfair to our splendid peace officers and magistrates to face them with the hard choice between enforcing such an act to the strict letter or else fully enforced without either cruelty to animals or injustice to men—H. M. McLean, Inspector S.P.C.A. Pine bath oil leaves an imperceptible film upon the skin after bathing—a grand protective against chapping in these weathering times.

Table with radio program listings for Moscow, Boston, London, Sorenstady, Rome, Tokyo, Caracas, Berlin, Paris, and Prague.

A Hacking, Racking Persistent Cough The constant hacking, racking, persistent cough that sticks to you in spite of everything you do to get rid of it is the kind that is dangerous to neglect. The longer this cough sticks, the more serious menace it becomes to your health. But, there is a remedy to relieve coughs—coughs that won't let go. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is that remedy. It has a healing and soothing action on the air passages, and acts as a disinfectant of the respiratory organs, destroying the germs that may produce serious complications. Ede T. Millers Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople

Comic strip 'THE CONVERT' showing a man reading a poster about high salaries for ball players and boxers.

Comic strip 'THE BIG EGG IN THE BOARDING HOUSE' showing a man with a rabbit on his head and a large egg on his mustache.

BRINGING UP FATHER

Comic strip 'MOTHER-I'M NOT GOING OUT WITH SIR VON PLATTER AGAIN' showing a woman talking to a man.

Comic strip 'WELL-I HAVE SO MANY THINGS THAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE YESTERDAY' showing a man talking to a woman.

Comic strip 'HELLO-MAGGIE-SIR VON PLATTER IS HERE AND IT LOOKS AS IF HE WILL BE HERE ALL DAY' showing a man talking to a woman.

Comic strip 'OH-YES-MRS. JIGGS-I'D LOVE TO-I ASSURE YOU I'VE WAITED AND COME OUT WITH MR. JIGGS-YOU SAY YOU HAVE DINNER AT SIX' showing a man talking to a woman.

TIPPIE and 'CAP' STUBS

Comic strip 'WELL, I WAS PRETTY MISERABLE WITH YOUR AUNT LIBBY SAYIN' SHE WOULDN'T MARRY ME UNLESS I GAVE UP PRIZE-FIGHTIN'' showing a man talking to a woman.

Comic strip 'AND HER PA SAYIN' SHE COULDN'T EVEN IF SHE WANTED TO--AN' HER MA SAYIN' I OUGHTTA BE PUT IN JAIL ANYWAY WHETHER I GAVE IT UP OR NOT' showing a man talking to a woman.

Comic strip 'WELL--' showing a man talking to a woman.

Comic strip 'CONTINUED, IN OUR NEXT-- I'AW--UNCLE BEN--' showing a man talking to a woman.

ILLIE THE TOILER

LOVE'S LEGACY LOST

Comic strip 'RAPSCALLION! IF YOU WANTED MY NIECE, WHY DIDN'T YOU PROPOSE BEFORE THERE WAS \$5000 IN IT?' showing a man talking to a woman.

Comic strip 'I WON'T STOP, NOT UNTIL I'VE THRASHED--' showing a man talking to a woman.

Comic strip 'OH, SO YOU'RE TAKING HIS PART, EH? NOW, UNCLE CALM YOURSELF' showing a man talking to a woman.

Comic strip 'ALL RIGHT--JUST FOR THAT THERE'LL BE NO \$5000 WHETHER YOU MARRY OR NOT' showing a man talking to a woman.

Advertisement for 'RUBBING' for pains, sprains, bruises, burns, rheumatic aches.