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In a few moments you can transform even plain, dull, flat hair. You can have it abundant, soft, glossy and full of life.

Will U. S. Keep Pledges to Britain

LONDON, Jan. 27.—Lord Beaverbrook's Sunday Express makes a violent attack on America today, saying in headlines across the top: "Does America intend to keep faith on the pledges made to Britain?"

"America says that the British Ambassador made a promise during the war when the money was borrowed, the Express adds, "and this should be honored during the peace."

"The Express also says that when America is ready to keep her pledge we will be ready to keep ours. For the moment, however, there is no reason for undue haste."

"The argument continues that if Baldwin is unwilling to accept the Baldwin terms she will have to wait until a future, not very remote, when Britain herself can negotiate for money in the open market on terms far better than those offered by America."

TWO BAD BITES

Dingoes being asked, "What is that beast which is the most dangerous?" replied, "Of wild beasts the bite of a slanderer and of tame beasts that of the flatterer."

NOTICE

To be sold by Public Auction at the Oyster Bay Ranch on Wednesday, Jan. 31st at two o'clock sharp 1 box, 1 pen and den and a quantity of wire.

Andrew Gallant, Sec'y. 1148-26-fm31

The Charlottetown Hotel Company Limited. Annual Meeting Notice. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Company will be held in the Dining Room of the Hotel Victoria on Monday, February 5th, 1923, at 8 o'clock p.m.

The Girl Who Had No Chance

By MARION RUBINCAM

ONE EVENING Chapter 10

Though Dr. Lane had given Duncan O'Neil no medicine, he himself seemed to have had a tonic effect upon the little gentleman. For when Ruth tapped on her father's door the next morning his voice sounded much healthier than it had for days.

"How charming it looks,"—how charming you look," he said, surveying first the table and then his daughter. "You always remember to bring flowers—you serve me in style as though I were a millionaire."

"We're rich in flowers," Ruth answered, unconscious of the irony in her words. She had pulled the gorgeous spray of tiny golden daisies from the vase and placed this with the breakfast things.

"Never mind, Ruthie. It will come out all right. I feel so much better. I shall get up this morning and in a few weeks I'll get about as well as I can."

"But after that Ruth shook off her depression, outwardly at least. She did the errands that morning and cleaned the second floor rooms that afternoon, and found time to sit with her father on the porch, each rolled in coats as protection against the chill of first October days.

"I'm sorry—and I'm glad too," the girl turned her head in surprise. "Sorry for you, glad for myself. Tim went on. And as Ruth still looked puzzled he began to laugh. "He had a nice laugh, a nice voice, and he chose to use it right."

"But you were what happened?" "Oh, they didn't turn me down. I wrote and said that things had happened over which I had no control—nice, important sounding letter, you know," he bragged, laughing all the time "that made it necessary for me to stay on here."

"The world is full of chances," he never thought of it that way before. And here I've been moaning about as though I'd missed my one and only chance to be something."

"Of course I'm right," Tim said triumphantly. "But do you know why I did it—why I stayed on here? He leaned over to whisper to her. "Because you had to go. Do you think I wanted to stay alone when you were left here feeling blue?"

No Retraction From Dr. Grant Fails to Resign

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, crowded as never before, reaffirmed today the utterances which prompted Bishop William T. Manning to make a formal demand Friday that he either recant or resign.

Speaking from the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Church in which he has been rector for thirty years, Dr. Grant failed to retract a single one of the statements which caused Bishop Manning's action and led churchmen to discuss the probability of a trial for heresy. Instead of retracting, Dr. Grant repeated: "Your son comes home from college," Dr. Grant said in closing. "You say, 'Son, let's go to church.' Dr. you want your son to reply, 'Father, don't ask me to listen to all that bunk.'"

At the same hour members of St. Simon's Episcopal Church in the Bronx passed a resolution calling upon the Bishop and the Ecclesiastical authorities to take steps to enforce the law and "canons of the church in such cases made and provided."

The resolution charged that Dr. Grant had "cast reproach on the sanctity of holy matrimony; had made statements leading to the encouragement of the violation of the ordination vows of the clergy; had denied the miraculous elements of the gospel and the divinity of Jesus Christ, and the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed."

Maggie Cline Noted Star is Dying

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—Maggie Cline, variety star in the days of Tony Pastor's, is near death in her home in East Front street, Red Bank, N.J. Physicians from New York and Philadelphia are attending her for a complication of influenza, the least of which is erysipelas.

"Maggie has long been known as 'The Irish Queen.' Few of those who saw her, garbed in brilliant green spangles, will ever forget the way she sang, 'Throw 'Em Down, McClokey.'"

She played James Gibbons Hunkeler once described her as "a Bowers Brunhilde, a unique feminine microcosm of Hibernian and histrionic lyric art; the very embodiment of a female Mahari, whose palette burns with glowing elements."

Miss Cline went to Red Bank to live more than 20 years ago and never left. For several days there has been a steady stream of callers at her home, wishing her well, and eager for news of her improvement.

Ex-Sheriff Slain by Former Friend

MONROE, La., Jan. 27.—John P. Parker, Jr., former sheriff of Ouachita parish, who was shot on a Bastrop Road fifteen miles from Bastrop, Friday night, by Carey Calhoun, of Monroe, died at a local sanitarium here early Saturday, without having regained consciousness.

"I'm sorry—and I'm glad too," the girl turned her head in surprise. "Sorry for you, glad for myself. Tim went on. And as Ruth still looked puzzled he began to laugh. "He had a nice laugh, a nice voice, and he chose to use it right."

Sedan Turned Turtle and Then Caught Fire

TORONTO, Jan. 27.—When a sedan motor car skidded on the Lake Shore Road, east of Port Credit, yesterday afternoon, it turned turtle in the ditch, caught fire, and four persons were injured. Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Carrey, 477 Yonge Street, Toronto, passengers in the rear seat, were cut by flying glass and were also slightly burned. The names of the driver of the car and the other passenger have not yet been learned by the police. Mr. and Mrs. Carrey were waiting at Sunnyside for a Lake Shore bus and the driver of the car, who was going west on the Lake Shore Road, gave them a lift. According to Constable Rutledge, Port Credit, who investigated, the car skidded on the icy road. Persons in the car had to break the windows of the car to get out of the wreck. The car was reduced to ashes. Injured motorists rushed to the hospital. Mrs. Carrey had six stitches put in to close a wound, and the driver of the car had several stitches put in his face. He was also slightly burned.

It may sound strange but it is perfectly true that the peasants of Russia parade as they pay their taxes in grain, writes William Bestwick from Moscow, who continues: "I may seem exaggerated to people who have been fed on stories of widespread discontent among the Russian peasants, but the fact of the matter is that many a bright and early morning, on the way to work, I had heard the martial airs of a military orchestra resound in the still air, and saw hundreds of peasants drive their wagons loaded with grain to the government warehouse."

First came several huge, unfurled flags; then the orchestra, then the committee representing the peasants, usually the "Vollospolk" or the county executive committee, and then followed a long procession of wagons loaded with sacks of grain, the driver on each wagon a taxpayer, who, under the new tax law, pays his taxes in kind.

The parade usually marched down the main street, crowded about the big central warehouse in front of which was built a platform beckoned with flags. After the wagons had taken up positions on the square, the peasants would crowd around the platform, listen to the speakers, and present some prominent representative of the Moscow or Charkov Government with bread and salt, the highest gift within the power of the Russian people one with which, not so very long ago, they honored Nicholas II.

Was it all camouflage, or was this demonstrative manner of paying taxes a real measure of the government's standing with the peasants, who, after all is said and done, make up the big reservoir of governmental power in Russia. It later became quite clear to me that the "prodniog" demonstrations bore the unmistakable stamp of sincerity, so characteristic of the Russian peasant.

"Prodniog" is one of those snappy revolutionary terms recently coined in Russia. It is made up of the abbreviation "prod", which is the root of the adjective "prodovestvenny", meaning feeding, supplying provisions, and the word "niog", meaning taxes—taxes paid in provisions.

It is the most popular term in Russia today, for on the successful completion of this campaign hinged in no small measure the fate of the Soviet Government. Indeed, after last year's famine it was difficult to see how the government could maintain its army, do its huge share in feeding the starving and generally keep the machinery running unless its depleted grain stocks were replenished in full measure.

A Greater Issue Involved. But that wasn't all. There was a still greater issue involved. Because of the famine since October 1917, when the Bolsheviks seized power, has the prestige of the Soviet Government with the peasantry been put to an acid test under such circumstances as prevailed in Russia last autumn. The agonizing memories of the famine still fresh in his mind, fearful of a recurrence of the horror and therefore reluctant to part with any substantial part of the produce raised, the drastic revolutionary laws providing for confiscation annulled, the peasant was appealed to to do his bit by the country, voluntarily to surrender a part of his yield to the government.

It was one of the most vigorous propaganda campaigns ever made and according to all indications brought results far more substantial than was originally expected. At the beginning of October a large number of gubernias states had delivered to the government 100 percent of their respective quotas and the rest of the gubernias were about to complete their program as outlined by the government. The success of the grain tax campaign, now drawing to an end, proves that the Soviet government has vastly benefited by its past mistakes and is now well under way in its execution of a sound and enlightened policy, which may mark the dawning of a new and happier era on Russia's horizon.

MYSTERY HOSPITAL SHIP OF THE MERSEY

Grim Ruse of a Smuggling Doctor to Defeat Watchful Revenue Officers—Coffins Used to Convey Contraband Goods From Ship to Shore—Dramatic Pursuits of Smugglers.

The smuggler of the present day is said to pride himself on his consummate cunning, his stock of resources, his subterfuge and his ability to cover his tracks so effectively as to leave little opportunity for the detective to run him to earth. But these characteristics were possessed just as much by the old time contrabandist, who in many respects even excelled his modern prototype in devising clever and crafty means wherewith to cover his occupation.

There once lived in Chester a worthy doctor, by name Edmund Forester, says a London writer. He was not a native of that city, having been born in York, where he lived and brought up a large family. At the age of 43 he found that his revenue did not suffice to cover his domestic expenditure and pay for the education of three sons.

Eventually he and his family moved from York to Chester, and the time came when he announced that he was about to provide the children with a new and wonderful cure. He said that those whose were stricken would be taken, free of expense, and established on a ship which he had purchased and moored in the river Mersey.

The hospital ship was really a receiving depot for illicit cargoes brought alongside when the yacht "Patience," a mysterious vessel, sailed from the north. Cases and kegs were unloaded with the slightest risk and stacked away below till opportunity occurred for distributing them and realizing their value.

Every day provisions were brought aboard by small boats. Naturally, a fair quantity of food was required to feed the fifty or sixty patients always under the doctor's care, and little notice was taken of the fact that quite frequent supplies arrived at the floating hospital.

If these little boats had been inspected when they made their revenue voyage to shore something very interesting would have been found, for in each case they were well loaded with contraband. It was in this manner that the local agent was supplied with his share of duty-free stuff, and in a fairly easy fashion.

A Ghastly Procedure. But Dr. Forester's connection was becoming a very wide one, and some other means had to be found to transport in secret large quantities of contraband, for which the requests were being made by would-be customers far away, even in distant Yorkshire and North Wales. A scheme was formulated which made it necessary, for a time at least, to discount the success of the sanatorium cure. It was decided one time the revenue people were to be turned behind and gaining rapidly. This was when the doctor's party were passing through a wood, having almost given up hope. It was here that one of the chased put into operation another subterfuge.

Shouting directions to his companions, he led them off the road into a glade and performed this manoeuvre so suddenly that the pursuers did not appreciate the position in time to alter their course. They dashed past the opening, and travelled some way along the track before they could pull up. When they returned and entered the glade not a man was visible, not a smuggler was to be seen, although it was a bright, moonlight night. A search was made among the trees, but with no success. As they were thus occupied, the smugglers, who had actually been

MACDONALD'S BRIER The Tobacco with a heart. For those Smokers who like their tobacco Cut Fine or who roll their own MACDONALD'S Fine Cut. PACKAGES 15¢ & 25¢. Includes image of a cigarette pack.

the wagon's cargo at the hostelry and leave it there till morning. When this had been done, a quaint sight might have been seen in the little parlor eight men stood warming themselves before the glow of a blazing fire, not one of them exhibiting any signs of grief, but rather every evidence of joy and satisfaction. And in the centre of the room were six coffins. Now there came a crash of glass, and through the window there appeared the body of a revenue man, the first of a party of ten who scrambled into the room, guarded the only exit, and began to fight and struggle with the assembled company.

Although this was the first occasion on which Dr. Forester's staff had come into conflict with the revenue men, they were not at a loss for a means whereby to outwit them. Seizing a form, one of the wagons whirled it through the air, and felled a preventive man stationed against the window. Another threw on the fire a jar of ale and in the darkness the two drivers, with the doctor's lieutenant, who had come to superintend operations, made their escape, ran round to where the horses were stabled, leaped on their backs and rode away into the night.

Three officials followed their example, and commanding a like number of animals belonging to the inn-keeper made chase. The chase went on right through the day, and into the night. Right across England from east to west rode these men, with their pursuers hot on their heels. At one time the revenue people were a turling behind and gaining rapidly. This was when the doctor's party were passing through a wood, having almost given up hope. It was here that one of the chased put into operation another subterfuge.

Successful Ruse. Shouting directions to his companions, he led them off the road into a glade and performed this manoeuvre so suddenly that the pursuers did not appreciate the position in time to alter their course. They dashed past the opening, and travelled some way along the track before they could pull up. When they returned and entered the glade not a man was visible, not a smuggler was to be seen, although it was a bright, moonlight night. A search was made among the trees, but with no success. As they were thus occupied, the smugglers, who had actually been

New Brunswick Swept by Violent Snowstorm. MONCTON, Jan. 27.—The storm which hit Moncton yesterday morning increased its intensity during the day and night, while snow fell continuously, and at three o'clock this morning a sixty mile gale was blowing. From reports being received at C. N. R. headquarters it appears the storm hit the north shore hard, blowing in all the cuttings along the main branch of lines and badly crippling the passenger service while the freight service was practically suspended.

BRITISH COAL EXPORTS. The year 1922 has been an important period for British coal exporters, bringing about a notable recovery in the industry. The prosperity of the industry, the export coal trade has an immediate effect upon British trade as a whole, and a writer in the current issue of "The British Trade Review" points out that as renewed activity has been apparent in the coal trade in the second half of 1922 "there has coincided with this movement a slow but sure recovery in most of the manufacturing trades."

THE TRADE RECOVERY. Not every trade has fully recovered from the slump, but special reports from the chief exporting industries, published in the current issue of "The British Trade Review," make it clear that the main body of British manufacturing production is now much busier than a year ago, and that traders have good reason to expect better times in 1923.

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SOVIET IS SELLING RAW FURS IN PARIS. PARIS, Jan. 27.—Under the transparent legal disguise of the name Arcos, Limited, the All-Russian Co-operative Society, sales agents for the Russian Soviet Government, has established itself in Paris and is conducting a public auction of furs. It has already realized about \$1,000,000. The site has attracted considerable attention, as Arcos, Limited, has made no secret of its acting for the Soviets. However no holder of the old Czarist bonds has made any attempt yet to collect from the proceeds of this auction.

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