At Four o'Clock
"SALADA" TEA
U 122
clears the head and rests the body.

SMILES

She: Actions speak louder than words.

He: And your actions are a loud speaker.

WHAT STRUCK HIM MOST

"Were you struck by her pretty lips?"

"Not as much as I was by her pretty hand."

SHE'D BRIBE THEM IF SHE COULD

He: Do you think she'd tip the scales at a hundred and fifty pounds?

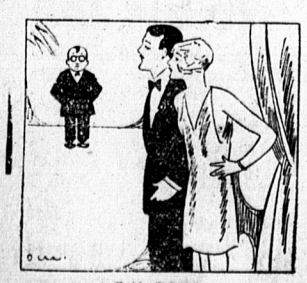
She: Yes, she'd actually bribe them if she could.

GOT HIM GUESSING

"Say, how come you buy a bottle of horse liniment every day?"

"Well, what's funny about that?"

"Why you ain't got no horse."



LOW DOWN

She (indignantly): How can you say the cultured Mr. Short is low down?

He: Because he's only five feet from the ground.

Debtor at Bow County Court: A man may apologize when he delivers a summons, but there is still a fly in the ointment.

For ECZEMA
Take Our Herbal Remedies Book on Skin Diseases. New Treaties on Chronic Diseases by Herbal Remedies. Pamphlets on Loss of Manhood and diseases of men. Booklet on Female ills and advice, free by mail. 30 years' experience. (Without criticising or disparaging your doctors write us, before losing hope. Treatment by mail our specialty.
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LLOYD GEORGE ON CHINESE PROBLEM

Former Premier Gives His Blessing to Sir Austen Chamberlain's Present Policy

LONDON, Jan. 21.—Former Premier Lloyd George, who got himself into hot water recently because of his speech denouncing military coercion in China, gave his blessing tonight to Sir Austen Chamberlain's present policy. Addressing members of the Liberal Party in a political speech, he said:

"The Government now has adopted the identical policy which Bright and Cobden were hounded out of the House of Commons for advocating 70 years ago, namely, while doing all in our power to protect British lives and property at the same time extending to the Chinese full recognition of their national rights in their own country, making justice and right, instead of force the basis of our trading agreements with China.

"The Liberal Party ought to give Sir Austen Chamberlain all the help in their power against the attack of evil counsellors behind him, and perhaps around him."

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION

An event replete with Christian significance transpired in Kensington on Thursday evening that emphasizes religion in its highest concept. Miss Margaret Jane Caseley is the young lady in whose honor the celebration was consummated. The exposition in the address will show the spirit that animated the good people of Kensington so to take cognizance of the event. Mr. George Brown, Margate, in a brief yet practical speech introduced the initial number on the program by calling on Mr. J. A. Ready, who read the following address:—

Anniversaries recur with absolute accuracy and with varying degrees of intensity. Just fifteen years ago today, you, who had hitherto enjoyed robust health and practical activity, had the misfortune to fall sick and to sustain a period of suffering from which you have had the courage and ambition to survive. Yet you had faith and hope so essentially efformated in your soul that you preserved your very being, and to-day we see you the picture of health, though, in a degree impotent in the use of some physical faculties. But we most earnestly pray that we yet shall see you completely restored to normal status, and that you will again be able to exercise all the finer accomplishments which your sex have eminent reason to extol.

We keenly admire the sincere appreciation that you have displayed for any little attention that may have been shown you, and this gratitude is only another evidence of the admirable spirit that animates your being.

Earnestly optative are we that a future not too far distant will see you completely restored to health.

Signed by your many friends.

The address was accompanied by a substantial purse which was presented in the name of the donors by Mrs. Geo. Sims.

Miss Casely accepted the gift with the most impressive gratitude and acknowledged the address, with expressive appreciation. In a few terse yet eloquent sentences, she demonstrated the possession of faculties in no measure impaired by successive years of physical disability and displayed a spirit of buoyant hopefulness that surely has sustained her very being through all these years of bodily incapacity.

Brief remarks were made, by Messrs. J. F. Profitt, H. Crozier Dr. E. G. Gillis, Joseph Davison, D. McKenzie and Jas Pendergast. Vocal solos were rendered by Messrs. T. N. Donahoe, T. Semple, and Mrs. Chester Simpson, and some spirited choruses were well rendered by the guests present.

Special emphasis was laid upon the fact that all denominations had united to make the event so signal a success. Y.

WOMEN'S PRIZE IS UNAWARDED, NONE FINISHED

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—None of the women swimmers finished the Catalina race, and the prize offered for the winner among that sex, is therefore unawarded. Margaret Hauser of Long Beach, California and Margaret Stager of Portland, Oregon, were the last women to give up. They were taken from the water when they were three and six miles respectively from the finish, though they swam four hours and twenty minutes after Young had finished the race.

PARADISE

By COSMO HAMILTON
Author of "Scandal" and the "Blindness of Virtue."

(Continued)

Half an hour later, when Sherwood stood guard over the bags on the quay, watching the launch return to the yacht for Tony and Chrissie who were saying "Goodbye" to the Captain, the other officers and the crew, he was affected suddenly by a queer hunch to turn round, and obeying, caught the man in the pith helmet deliberately examining the luggage label that was attached to one of Tony's kit bags.

"Here, what are you doing?" he sang out sharply.

The answer was even more to the point than the question. "What the 'ell that's got ter do wiv you?"

"Wh-at! If you don't mind your own damn business, I'll chuck you off the jetty."

"Yer will, eh? Oh."

The man in the pith helmet slowly straightened up. Six foot two, and weighing fifteen stone at a rough guess, with a width of shoulder that was Gargantuan and a chest beneath an old blue, almost buttonless shirt that would have been the envy of a professional weight lifter, he was the one to do the chucking, it appeared.

And so Sherwood wisely hedged. "Well, if you want to know anything, I suppose you can ask," he said, ready to leap away if one of those hard brown arms reached out.

The man touched the kit bag with the toe of a shoe which had not been cleaned in its life. "Gor blimey," he said, in the voice of one who sees something in which he has never believed. "If this don't tike the blinkin' cike."

From the window of near-by warehouse there came the tinny strains of a fox trot from a hissing gramophone. "How yer gonna keep 'em down on ther farm after they've seen Paree."

Sherwood was puzzled. What was there about an ordinary kitbag to move this benighted heathen to such profound surprise? "The first time you've ever seen a civilized piece of luggage"? he asked.

There was the most scathing contempt in the two pig eyes that ran slowly over Sherwood's body. "'Tain't ther bag, yer blinkin' little fool. And it ain't so much the nime. It's my comin' at at the same time as that there blinkin' yawt." If the word occulut had a a place in his abbreviated dictionary he might have used it then. "It's blinkin' wonderful, strike me if it ain't. And after further rumination he added, "This mornin' I adn't no more idea of comin' across to Apia than playin' the blinkin' 'arp. Why should I? I didn't warn't nothin'. I'd took over baccy, booze and a girl the last trip. They'd last me over ther month. I sez. But after midday grub, ther feelin' come over me to tike the boat; I tikes it, catches sight of that there sea dandy makin' the bay—more blinkin' tourists—gets the feelin' ter look at the label.—Stirling-Fortescue, be Heavens! And if that ain't blinkin' wonderful, what is?"

The question seemed to require an answer. All that Sherwood sould say was, "I don't see what that name can mean to you."

"Why should yer? Yer don't know who I am. But I don't mind tellin' yer, me boy, I was brought up on the nime of Stirling, 'ad it in mer food and swipes and it was 'anded darn ter by me father, that night 'e turns 'is toes up over acrost."

"I must be very far from bright," said Sherwood, "because there's nothing in all this that conveys anything to me."

"Then you ain't Stirling-Fortescue, that's certain."

"No. I'm not," and he didn't see any point in adding to that confidental creature that he wished to Heavens he were.

"But it will convey sumamt to Stirling-Fortescue when he noses up ter me. 'And I'll tell yer why, right now. I'm Bill Quex, I am, Yuss. Son of ther man that was left in charge of Parad'se. No error. But 'e's dead and so's Lord Stirling, and I was born on The Island and 'as squatters rights. In other words the island's my island, see, and I'd like to meet ther blinkin' blighter wat 'as thoughts of turnin' me out. No wonder I 'ad the feelin' to take ther boat to-day."

"I see your point," said Sherwood. "But my friend Stirling-Fortescue, who has timed his arrival with yours, it seems, is here to claim the island, and all he's got to do is to produce the deeds, lay them before the Governor or the Consul, and out you go, of course."

"Yuss, but that ain't so blinkin' easy," said Bill Quex.

"Why isn't it?"

"Why? Because accordin' to ther legend wot I've grown up with all my life, them blinkin' deeds weren't never took 'ome by old man Stirling. See? And as they ain't at Government 'Ouse, and they ain't, boss, and me father 'ad 'em, where the 'ell are they? Produce the deeds, will 'e? Where from"?

"Don't you think there are duplicates in Government House"?

"Maybe. I don't give a darn. I've got the only proof of ownership that's worth a lawyer's fee. Squatter's rights, see? Squatter's rights, Gov'nor, since day of birth. The law's the law out here, same as anywhere else." He laughed, disclosing a faulty line of teeth. Then he spat, turned on his heel and walked away.

"Wait a second," cried Sherwood, who began to see in this queer meeting the inspiration that he had hoped to find on shore.

"'Orl right,' said Bill Quex, turning. "My time's cheap."

Sherwod shot a quick glance at the yacht. The launch was lying alongside. In a moment or two Tony, Chrissie and the others would be on their way to the jetty. If it were possible to start a line that would disturb the confidence of this usurping king and with it win his active antagonism, it must be attempted at once, he saw. "If the law is the same out here as everywhere else," he said, "I don't think you've been long enough on the island to establish squatter's rights, Mr. Quex."

"Yer don't eh?" The anxiety in his voice went to prove that he had been asserting a fact of which he was none too certain, after all. "Who the 'ell arsted yer ter think about it, anyway? It ain't got nothin' ter do with you."

"But apart from that you have no objection, have you, to a feeling of sympathy in this matter?"

"Sympathy! Gor blimey. I don't want no blinkin' sympathy." He was positively outraged.

"Then it's no use my wasting breath. It occurred to me that I might have been able to give you a useful tip." Sherwood turned on his heel. Would it work? would it?

"'Ere, 'old on, Gov'nor," said Quex, making a long arm and putting a powerful and unclean hand on Sherwood's shoulder. "No offense took where none's intended."

The smile of self-approval on Sherwood's face could pass very well for one of cordial understanding. It worked, as the turn away had done, with complete success. Quex came out of his swagger, his sham assurance. He disclosed a perfectly human anger and pitifulness. He said, "Wot's ther blinkin' idea of this 'ere feller comin' to the South Seas, anyway, eh? Ain't 'e got enough lands without 'ankerin' after a little bit of island wot's 'ome ter me and mine? 'Is father never 'ad no use fer it, never sent a word about it, never give it a thought. It wasn't even a sentiment to 'im. Why should this blinkin' toff wiv 'is floatin' pallis come sniffin' around on a whim, eh? 'E won't give a couple of curses about evictin' a cove who was born to the plice, who scratches a livin' off of it and blinkin' well belongs. You bet yer life's wont. Orl right, then, I shall put up a blinkin' fight ter stick, see? And when I starts that game, the fur begins ter fly. Do yer blame me, Gov'nor?"

"No," said Sherwood. "Not under these particular circumstances." How excellent this was! The luck of such a meeting! "Go warily," he said to himself. "Plant temptation in this brute's mind, the hope of keeping what he considers to be his property, and things will go my way."

"Well, you're orl right, you are."

"Thanks," said Sherwood, submitting to a handshake that made the bones of his fingers ache. "And let me tell you before I forget it that I and not Mr. Stirling-Fortescue, am the owner of the yacht. He has nothing but the baggage you see here, and the island left to him by his father. As to those deed—"

"Ah!'

"I can't see any reason why you shouldn't know that he caries a chart in his pocket showing the spot on the island where his eccentric parent buried them years and years ago. I've seen it."

"Oh, you 'ave, eh?"

"Yes, and so can you, by the exercise of a little tact."

"Wocher mean?"

"Once you get him to the privacy of the island with the cordial welcome of a caretaker glad to be relieved of his responsibility—"

The two men held each other's eyes. The wound on Sherwood's face became a fiery red.

"But I thought I 'eard yer say as 'e were a friend of yours?"

"A figure of speech, Mr. Quex."

The silence was broken only by "How yer gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree," until Sherwod put into sudden vitriolic words the kernel of his trouble.

"I hate that man like Hell!"—"That is a useful tip," said Mr. Quex.

(To Be Continued)

GOT HER FEET WET CAUGHT BAD COLD

Mrs. Ernest Hall, Cardinal, Ont., writes:—"Last winter I got my feet wet and I caught a terrible cold. I took different kinds of medicine, but none did me any good and I seemed to be getting worse all the time.

One day I was reading about what your medicine had done for others, so thought I would get a bottle. After I had taken a few doses I found it was helping me, so I took a few bottle and was completely restored to health. I cannot praise

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

too highly, as I believe that if it were not for it I would be an invalid today."

Price 35c. a bottle, large family size 60c.; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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For Deep Chest Colds

All colds should be treated with vapors, for vapors alone can carry the medication DIRECTLY to the air passages and lungs.

Vicks is a "vapor" treatment in salve form. For deep chest colds you first apply hot wet towels over throat and chest to open the pores, then massage briskly with Vicks for 5 minutes, spread on thickly and cover with a flannel cloth.

Vicks not only penetrates like a poultice or plaster, but the ingredients, vaporized by the body heat, are inhaled all night long.

This double action usually checks the most stubborn cold overnight.

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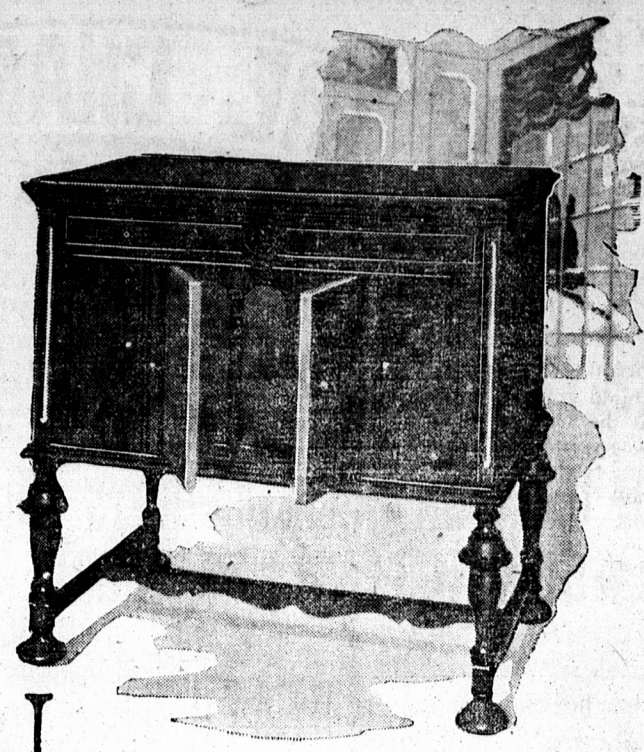
OVER 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY



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Victor Talking Machine Company of Canada, Limited

16-Year Age Limit On Ontario Weddings Asked

Provincial Council of Women Wants Revision of Laws With Swedish Statutes as Guide; Number of Brides of 14 Shocks Mrs. W. H. Lang.

TORONTO, Jan. 21. —An earnest request for revision of Ontario's marriage laws with the Swedish laws as a model, was laid before Premier Howard Ferguson, and members of his cabinet today by a deputation representing the Provincial Council of Women.

Mrs W. H. Lang, heading the deputation, asked that children under 16 years of age be forbidden to marry even with their parents' consent, and Mrs. Lang stated it had been a terrible shock to her to learn the number of 14-year-old brides there were in Ontario.

Mrs Lang also asked that the parents' consent be required up to the age of 21 years, that the mother's as well as the father's consent be required and that the question of making certain diseases a legal ban against marriage be considered.

MRS. ORMISTON TO BRING SUIT FOR DIVORCE

SYDNEY, Australia, Jan. 21.—With the avowed intention of instituting divorce proceedings against her husband, Mrs. Kenneth Ormiston, the wife of Aimee McPherson's telegraph operator, has left here for Los Angeles.

Interviewed prior to her departure, Mrs. Ormiston, a pretty brunette with two children, declared she would "fight to the utmost" to free herself and that her attorney's were in possession of sufficient evidence. While she refused to divulge the names of those who are to be named co-respondent, she admitted that several would be so named. Whether or not Aimee would be among them, she would not say.

Mrs. Ormiston was formerly Miss Ruth Peters, a daughter of Australia's largest ice cream manufacturer. Since her arrival here last February she has remained in strict seclusion, apparently awaiting the outcome of the conspiracy charge against the Los Angeles evangelist.

Large Shipments Of Grain Moving

WINNIPEG, Jan. 22.—The grain movement through the port of Vancouver during the next six weeks will be very heavy. Twenty one boats with a capacity of 2,562,000 bushels of grain, are due there before the end of January, reports the Transportation Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and of this amount 1,841,000 bushels are for the United Kingdom, 647,000 bushels for the Orient and 75,000 for South America. In February a total of 2,300,000 bushels will be shipped by boat, one and a half millions going to the United Kingdom and 800,000 to the Orient. Today there are eight boats in port with a capacity of 777,382 bushels, with storage in elevators totaling 5,650,738 bushels. The situation at the Head of the Lakes has not changed greatly in the past few days. There are 46,685,000 bushels in storage there with 1,783 Canadian Pacific cars to be unloaded. Yesterday the all-rail movement east was 99 cars with 48 billed and surrenders totaling 893,000 bushels. Grain inspections on Canadian Pacific lines lines yesterday were 470 cars, marketings 264,978 bushels with 275 cars loaded.

Want Milk Bill Hearings Reopened

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—An appeal was made today to the Senate Agricultural Committee to reopen hearings on the Lenroot-Taber Bill, which would prohibit importation of milk except under permits granted for eight producers complying with certain standards.

Lenin Anniversary Royally Honored

(Canadian Press)

MOSCOW, Jan. 22.—Disciples of Nikolai Lenin joined today in Nation wide tribute to the memory of the "Founder of Bolshevism" on the occasion of the third anniversary of his death. Discarding all news, the Soviet newspaper devote all their space to the life and works of the dead Premier. The Government has forbidden the sale of alcohol for two days ,and all theatres and restaurants have been ordered closed during the observance of the anniversary. In the heart of Moscow a museum dedicated the memory of Lenin was formally opened today. It contains his desk, books, bed and other personal possessions. Despite zero weather the usual crowds gathered around Lenin's tomb in Red Square to view the embalmed feature of the dead leader lying in his casket.

CRIPPLED
with rheumatism? Minard's will ease the pain, relieve the stiffness.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Auction Sale at Summerside

CORNER SPRING AND CONVENT STREETS

Having decided to reside in Ontario permanently and as freight rates are almost prohibitive I will therefore sell without reserve all my high class furniture and other personal property on

THURSDAY JAN. 27TH AT 1 P.M.

consisting of in part 1 Kitchen range, Pandora (new last season); 1 Kitchen Table and Chairs; 1 Water Motor Washer and Wringer; 1 Refrigerator; 1 3 Burner Oil Stove and all kinds cooking utensils usually found in a well equipped house; 1 dining room suite complete (surface oak) 1 Parlor Suite, Walnut); several Rockers; 1, Solid Oak Roll Top Writing Desk; 1 Massive Living Room Table (Antique) we cannot truthfully say how old this table is, but we do know that an anglican clergyman named Archdeacon Reid brought it from England 100 years ago and it composed part of the furnishing of the Bishop's Palace; 1 reading lamp and the furnishing of 4 bedrooms also a quantity of pictures, curtains and shades and in fact everything used around an old home, also 1 Ford Coupe new last season. This car is equipped with a Frontenac Engine and all extras needed on any car including 1 set Hydraulic Snubbers costing $50.00, also 1 90 Overland Car with new batteries and tires in good running order, and a quantity tools used around a garage and carpenter's also about 10 tons coal.

Now this is no overstock sale, every article will be sold to the highest bidder.

Terms made known at sale. If day is unfit sale on next day.

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