

Was So Nervous The Least Noise Made Her Jump

Mrs. W. H. Yates, Ashern, Man., writes: "I was bothered very much with my heart and nerves, and the least noise would make me jump and almost stop my heart beating."



When I had taken the one box I felt quite a lot better and by the time I had taken three boxes I got relief."

Price 50c. a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



Everybody wants to start the New Year with a feeling of prosperity and security.

What better symbolizes these conditions than a full coal bin? Let us supply you.

"THE MAXIMUM OF HEAT" W. D. GILLIS & CO. PHONE 176

INSIDIOUS EYE STRAIN

We use this adjective advisedly.

Sufferers from Eyestrain may have perfect vision and therefore do not suspect the presence of any eye defect.

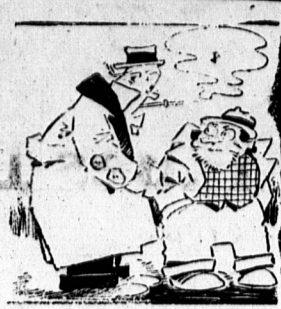
The motive power of the entire human organism is Nerve Energy.

Normal eyes, it is computed utilize about 20% of this Nerve Energy, but when Eye-strain is present, a much larger proportion is required.

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED

G. F. Hutcheson Optometrist

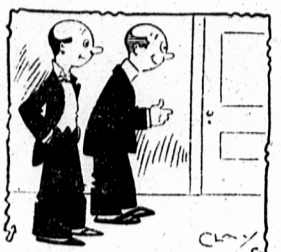
SMILES



ONLY A BIG FIRE

Visitor: I hear your town was nearly destroyed by a great conflagration recently.

Native: Somebody's been stuffing yer, mister—the only thing that's happened here was a big fire.



HER GOLDEN LOCKS

"What keeps Jim shut up in the parlor with that girl so much?"

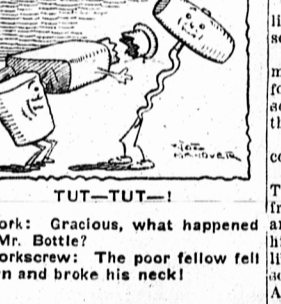
"Her golden locks."



TUT—TUT—!

Cork: Gracious, what happened to Mr. Bottle?

Corkscrew: The poor fellow fell down and broke his neck!



HAD FOUND IT—BR-R-R!

She: Are you still looking for a cold winter this year?

He: No, I've found it—br-r-r!



Mr. Levy came home one day and found his wife in the act of giving their son three quarters.

"Mommer, mommer," he cried excitedly. "You should give it three quarters to the baby!"

"No, popper," said his wife soothingly. "It pleases him. I let him put them in the gas meter. He thinks it's a bank!"—Chicago News.

Irene Rich has just completed her second Russian picture, but under vastly different circumstances than her first in Warners production of "My Official Wife."

Her first Russian picture was the "Battalion of Death," made nine years ago, when the only experience she could boast was three days' work as one of the women soldiers for ten days.

PARADISE

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

"It's not true that you're going to play the cornet in the street, is it?"

"Tony turned at the abrupt question. Disliking funerals, post-mortems and long-drawn-out good-byes he had been the first man to hurry from the room and the restaurant. It was Sherwood who followed him into Shattlesbury Avenue and tapped him sharply on the arm.

"Oh, hullo, Teddy," he sang out, flashing the well-known smile. "How goes it, son?"

"That doesn't matter. I want an answer to my question."

"Of course it's true," said Tony. "And if I hadn't learned to play the good old cornet while I was hanging about the hospital in '17, I should now be signing on with a little gang of burglars who are very good friends of mine. As a single man, I should have enjoyed that sort of outdoor sport enormously, but, y'see, Chrissie's been brought up on rather narrow lines and so—"

He waved the thing away with a half-regretful eloquence.

An expression of horror spread over Sherwood's ill-assorted features and the ugly scar on his left cheek bone, an everlasting memento of Contalmaison, turned a dull red.

As the man who had, as he considered, stolen Chrissie's heart, he hated Tony in the self-punishing manner of a religious fanatic who makes an all-day-long ecstasy of his detestation of the devil. As the officer under whom he had served for several years he admired and respected him for his humanity and imagination, efficiency and courage to the extent of hero-worship, as he had had no difficulty in doing while on active service, not as Tony, the pre-war rotter, the Jose fish and glib cadger of peace times, but as Wing Commander Stirling-Fortescue, the finest officer in the R. A. F., he was shocked and appalled at the idea of his calling from his dizzy height to the gutter of a street musician.

"Look here," he said, trying to keep his place at Tony's side, as they dodged through the people who poured out of the theatres into Piccadilly Circus. "I can't stand it. There must be something else that you can do."

"What, for instance, with Army, Navy and Air Force all lined up for jobs?"

"Quaint old thing, Teddy. What, after all, did it matter to him?"

"Can't you go to the Earl of Stirling and get him to wangle you something?"

Tony laughed. "My dear old man, my brother like my father before him, is a most exemplary person. He wouldn't touch me with the end of a six-foot pole."

"Why? Doesn't he know your record in the R. A. F.?"

The question was not answered. Tony's attention was drawn away from Sherwood's nagging cross-examination by a sight that stopped his heart. Tilted against a wall like a sack of potatoes was an ex-soldier without his arms and legs. A greasy cap gaped hungrily at passers-by, and two arresting eyes in a young and well-cut face asked with bitter sarcasm for charity.

Tony's silver coin, but better still his quick salute, won a smile of gratitude that must have made the pen of the recording angel tremble in her hand.

Sherwood's aim was bad. His coin hit the wall and rolled among the feet of hurrying people. A woman stopped it, picked it up, and having seen the actions of the two officers, dropped it in the cap, adding six-pence of her own. The incident came under the notice of others, one or two of whom, with a certain sheepishness, followed the example of the woman who had held them up by her sudden scramble.

The rest, casting a callous glance at what had long become a familiar and even tiresome sight, passed on.

"Tony cleared his throat. "Who puts him there and takes him home? A Chrissie, do you suppose?"

The dogged and persistent Sherwood stuck to Chrissie's husband like a leech. "All right, then," he said, jabbing Tony's arm again, to compel him wandering attention. "Just listen, will you? I've got a scheme that'll take you off the streets."

"Good old Teddy! What's the brainy idea?" Remarkable this excellent little fellow's loyalty and friendship.

"I'll make a place for you in the advertising department of my head office and pay you five hundred a year."

"My Heavens, Teddy!" he said putting his arm round Sherwood's muscular shoulders in his winning way, "what the dickens can I say to that?"

"Nothing. Just take the job and carry on. That's all you're asked to do."

He didn't want to be fussed over by this man. Nor did he want to be touched, which made him shudder. In making this offer, he was not attempting to do something in a round-about way for Chrissie, who was always in his thoughts—deeply, wholly and rather terribly loved. His one desire was to put the late chief into dignified work on a living wage as a tribute to his gallantry. That was all. And having done that, he could continue to hate with all his curious soul as he was damned well going to do.

All this was perfectly clear to Tony. His uncanny knowledge of human nature, greatly enhanced by his close association with so many men under the primal influences of war, made it easy for him to see the workings of Teddy Sherwood's elemental mind. Be-

Guard Against "Flu" With Musterole

Influenza, Grippe and Pneumonia usually start with a cold. The moment you get those warning aches rub on good old Musterole.

Musterole relieves the congestion and stimulates circulation. It has all the good qualities of the old-fashioned mustard plaster without the blister.

First you feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief. Have Musterole handy for emergency use. It may prevent serious illness.

The Musterole Co. of Canada, Ltd. Montreal



Better than a mustard plaster

ing in uniform and not yet having fallen back into his pre-war carelessness, the self-respect that he had acquired offered a barrier against the acceptance of what was previously a charitable act. If he lost his arms and legs he that poor devil propped against the wall, he would, with Chrissie to keep, have been forced thankfully to live on Sherwood's coins. As it was his luck had held and he was sound in wind and limb. What might happen in the future to weaken his war-acquired morale who could tell. In his present mood he shied at the idea of taking Sherwood's money some day for Chrissie's bread. He would do that job himself and start the new life clean.

So he said, "It's foolish for me to attempt to thank you for what you want to do. But you know me. I can't no more knuckle down to a pen-and-ink routine of an office than be a parson. Your manager would give me the order of the boot before the end of my first week. Besides, I'm signed up to the joker who runs the band and I'm joining up to-morrow. So there it is."

"You mean that?"

"Yes, old boy, I mean it, though I'm enormously grateful to you for your kindness."

"You prefer to blow a cursed cornet and rattle a box in the face of people who want to forget the war?"

"You? You're not thinking of the all, slight, crafty man in front of him as the son of an Earl when he shot out this shrill incredulous question, but as Wing Commander Stirling-Fortescue, whose deplorable career had been brought to an end by a war for which he had been born, who had been raised out of the gutter and put on his feet by the kind of work for which he had had the same vocation as writing is to some men, the Church, surgery, or discovering the South Pole to others; who couldn't have been so excellent in the air if he had been any good on earth."

"Oh, my, I do," said Tony. "Heavenly! Daylight!"

Sherwood, after a pause during which he found it utterly impossible to find words suitable to express his disgust, irritation and grief, flung up his hands, turned on his heels and dived into the crowd headfirst.

Whereupon, eager to join up again with Chrissie, from whom, except for occasional week-ends, he had been separated during the period of the war, Tony turned his face towards—where? Home? That hardly seemed the right word for those two dingy little rooms that he had taken that morning in the shabbiest of the houses in Pantion Street—rooms which, once had been finely played in the forward sweep of the Allied armies and which were furnished with an odd assortment of bits and pieces resulting from his various engagements upon the London stage. They were, however, the best that Tony could afford, having saved no more than fifty pounds from his fight with them, unoccupied. How long he would be able to hold them on what he might earn as a performer on the cursed cornet was the new problem to be faced. The old optimism which had carried him through the daily adventure of pre-war times still bubbled in his veins, and the Micawber spirit of waiting hopefully for something to turn up was more alive in him than ever. He was never worried about Chrissie. He never worried about Chrissie. He knew her for a sportsman. He knew with what amazing courage and gorgeous cheerfulness she was able to accept whatever came her way. If she couldn't snow-white, she would snow-brown as he had always done. She had a genius for making the best of things, for showing no surprise at the inevitable. Hadn't she made their bed-sitting room in Brewer Street gleam with cleanliness—even beauty—while he had been away?

He didn't want to be fussed over by this man. Nor did he want to be touched, which made him shudder. In making this offer, he was not attempting to do something in a round-about way for Chrissie, who was always in his thoughts—deeply, wholly and rather terribly loved. His one desire was to put the late chief into dignified work on a living wage as a tribute to his gallantry. That was all. And having done that, he could continue to hate with all his curious soul as he was damned well going to do.

All this was perfectly clear to Tony. His uncanny knowledge of human nature, greatly enhanced by his close association with so many men under the primal influences of war, made it easy for him to see the workings of Teddy Sherwood's elemental mind. Be-

Special Gifts Follow In Some Families

(Continued from page 1)

Rev. Brother Anthony of Sacramento, who is one of the teaching faculty in the new Christian Brothers' School for boys, is a first cousin of this McKinnon family, and of Miss Clemmy McDonald, mentioned above. His name in the world was Angus McDonald, a native of near Charlottetown, P. E. I. The writer was visiting Rev. Brother Ananias of this new school in Sacramento recently and there had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Brother Anthony. Had this Brother specialized in worldly positions he would have shone in the literary world or as the principal of a college. He is now nearing 60 years of age, enjoys good robust health, has a ruddy complexion, and has somewhat the appearance of Bob Ingersoll, but his talents run in far different channels. If a good Christian personality has much sway in shaping the morals of our youth I would say the world is made better because of Brother Anthony. Brother Anthony paid a visit to his native home in P. E. Island fifteen years ago.

The readers of The Maple Leaf will remember years ago to have read articles over the pen name of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Perhaps they never knew that it was a religious who was writing.

Rev. Brother George of Sacramento, is another "blue nose" of P. E. Island. He is a native of Souris. He is about 40 years in the Christian Brotherhood. Had Brother George become a financier in the world he would now be a distinguished banker. The wise management of the various Christian schools around the Bay Cities and Sacramento is due in a large measure to this highly awakened and gifted scholar and school manager.

Miss Clemmy McDonald is a very busy woman, and holds a position of responsibility, but on account of meeting her professional cousin, Rev. Bro. Anthony, she had the pleasure of ten minutes' visit. She has a pleasant expression of the face with dark eyes, and is a woman of comely appearance. She bears all the dignity of her experiences in the nursing profession. There is no sign of the flapper about her. Her hair is not bobbed. She has that natural poise of humor and respect that makes her well adapted for her calling. She is not of the woman suffrage type. I have special reason for going into these few details. When you read this you practically read the type of women from the Maritime Provinces who are frequently found in the nursing profession throughout California and the United States.

It was at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, that Miss Clemmy McDonald outlined her training.

Since my write-up about Daniel McKinnon and his family and their present relatives in Sacramento has led me to mention Brother Anthony and Brother George, I will say in conclusion that the new Christian Brothers School in Sacramento is a revelation of educational facilities. The architecture, to say the least, allows an immense elbow room for some 500 students, and the lighting and sanitary plumbing cannot be excelled. Everything is new and modern. Only two stories in height, of solid concrete, and fire-proof, the buildings are in a semi-circle covering several acres of ground. This school is located in a suburb of Sacramento, at the intersection of 21st and Y streets, on the main highway to Oakland, via River Road. The teaching faculty is composed of thirteen Christian Brothers. There are several natives of Canada among them. They are planning to build a new gymnasium.

We read today so much about the wave of crime in the United States that it brings to the mind of this school among the greatest ideals in this modern world. So money invested in the education and training in this school is money doubly well spent. The commercial course in this school is one of the best.

walled so eagerly for the war? Hadn't she given the desire to live to hundreds of hearts, and she, who knew "Wendy" wherever there was mud?

(To Be Continued)

444 WOMEN BANKRUPT

In numbers, liabilities and assets bankruptcy proceedings in England were fewer during 1925 than during the three preceding years (according to a report issued yesterday by the Board of Trade).

That during the year 1924 women failed, as compared with 417 in 1924.

The trades in which the greatest number of failures among women occurred were:

Milliners and dressmakers, 47. Drapers, 37. Grocers, 33. Mothers and outfitters, 21. Lodging house keepers, 20.

The total number of bankruptcies for last year (men and women) was 4,708.

Public Meeting

The undersigned will hold a meeting of the Electors of Georgetown and vicinity in the Town Hall at Georgetown on Tuesday the 11th inst at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

The object of the meeting is to unite in doing everything possible to obtain the construction of a SUITABLE frost-proof potato warehouse at Georgetown.

January 5th, 1927.

J. J. HUGHES

Laxatives are dangerous said 2/3 of the doctors

RECENTLY we asked doctors, all over the country, the proper treatment for constipation. Two-thirds condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics. More than three-quarters favored the Nujol type of treatment.

Doctors Advise Nujol

Nine doctors out of every ten told us they were advising the Nujol type of treatment for their patients in place of laxatives—and for these reasons: 1. Nujol is not habit-forming; 2. A more natural method; 3. A lubricant is better than a laxative; 4. Does not gripe; 5. Is not irritating; and 6. Nujol gives lasting relief.

Unlike Laxatives

Laxatives and cathartics act by irritating the intestinal tract. They cause

the bowels to frantically expel the contents of the intestines and thus rid the system of the drugs that pills and potions contain. Nujol acts entirely differently. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens the dried waste matter in the intestines and lubricates the passage so that the muscles of the bowels can expel the waste matter regularly, naturally and thoroughly. Nature-given Remedy Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it. Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation, whether chronic or temporary. Avoid substitutes.



For Constipation

MURRY ROAD WANTS A NEW SCHOOL.

The residents of Murray Road, Lot 11, met at the home of Mr. Jas. C. Tuplin to talk over the matter of building a new school.

Mr. Robert Skerry was chairman, and Mr. George R. Tuplin secretary. Some correspondence bearing on the matter of the new school that had been received from the Premier and Supt. of the Board of Education, was read and commented on by the meeting.

It was stated by Mrs. Rose McDonald that there was on or about 35 land-owners and 18 householders within the limits of the proposed district. It was moved by Mrs. Rose McDonald, that a committee of five be chosen to carry on the business of the district towards getting the new school motion carried.

It was moved by Mrs. McDonald, seconded by Wm. Fitzgerald, that George Tuplin be secretary-treasurer of this committee. Motion carried. It was moved by Wm. Fitzgerald, seconded by Mr. Tuplin that Mrs. Rose McDonald be one of this committee. Motion carried. Moved by Mrs. McDonald, seconded by Mrs. James Tuplin that Robert Skerry be chosen as chairman of this committee. Motion carried. Moved, seconded and carried that John Connelly be one of the committee. Motion carried. It was moved, seconded and carried that Stephen McDonald be one of the committee. Motion carried.

After considerable discussion by the ratepayers present, it was unanimously decided to push the matter of building a new school, and the committee chosen here forward

copy of the minutes of this meeting to Premier Stewart, also to Mr. G. S. Sharp and Mr. John D. Kennedy, who holds the patronage for the district, stating the number of children of school age in the proposed district, the disadvantages they have always had in trying to educate their children. The accompanying letter to the Premier was then drafted and after being read to the meeting, it was unanimously decided that a copy be forwarded at once to the parties mentioned, and that everything possible be done towards furthering the project. The meeting then adjourned.

Tenders for Material for Haldimand Bridge

Sealed tenders will be received at this office, until noon on Thursday, January 6th, 1927 for the supplying of the following materials for the repairing of Haldimand Bridge, Lot 15. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

80 cords of poles, 16 feet long, not less than 4 inches at the small end, spruce or fir.

20 cords of poles, 18 feet long, not less than 4 inches at the small end, spruce or fir.

13,000 feet B. M. of 3 inch plank, 14 ft. long, spruce or hemlock. 13,000 feet B. M. of 3 inch plank, 10 feet long, spruce or hemlock. 2,000 feet B. M. of squared lumber 4"x3", 16 feet long, spruce or hemlock.

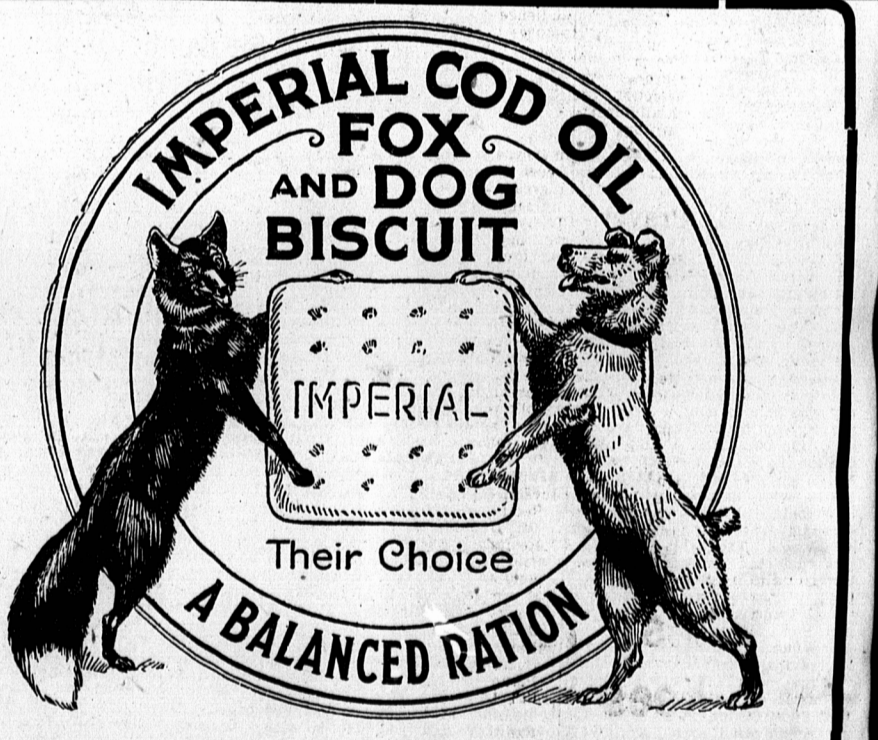
Plank and squared lumber to be square-edged and free from knots and shakes, and all material to be subject to the approval of the Minister of Public Works.

Poles to be delivered at site. Parties tendering for plank and squared lumber may tender for material F. O. B. Wellington or at site. All material to be delivered not later than the 15th of March, 1927. Parties tendering may tender for the whole or in part.

For further information apply at this office. Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tender for Haldimand Bridge."

L. B. MacMILLAN, Secretary of Public Works

Department of Public Works, Charlottetown, P. E. I. December 17, 1926. 3142-12-21-4ts-81.



SUCCESSFUL WINTER FEEDING REQUIRES IMPERIALS

The "Power Foods," which supply energy and strength, are a necessity for your breeding foxes at this time. All the energy and strength must come from food and chiefly from one class of foods called "carbohydrates." From one-third to one-half of the foxes' diet should be made up of them. IMPERIAL COD LIVER OIL BISCUIT ranks very high in carbohydrates and its the correct cereal to feed at this season. IMPERIALS are also rich in vitamins and mineral salts, both absolutely necessary for healthy, vigorous foxes.

BEST RESULTS IN REPRODUCTION are obtained from the regular feeding of IMPERIALS during the gestation period, as they are laxative and have a cooling effect on the blood. Feed the morning meal of dry IMPERIALS. IMPERIALS are sold by leading distributors or direct from the factory.

Imperial Biscuit Co., Ltd. Phone 721 Box 446 Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Short Courses in Agriculture and Technical Subjects

By arrangement with the Federal Department of Technical Education short term courses lasting eight weeks and commencing January 11th, will be given in Agriculture, Motor Mechanics, Woodworking, Civics, Commercial Arithmetic, Suitable English Reading, and Drawing.

Applications will be received up to January 5th, at the Department of Agriculture, from which full information may be obtained relative to any of the above courses.