


**GOOD HEALTH**



**Nature's Remedy**  
Increases the Pep and Vigor by relieving Auto-Intoxication  
A SAFE, DEPENDABLE LAXATIVE

**SMILES**



TOUGH  
"Jake, there's only one objection 've got to this life."  
"Wozzat, Mose?"  
"We don't have any vacation to look forward to."

**ANNUAL MEETING**

The Annual Meeting of the New Perth Dairy Company, will be held in the Creamery on Tuesday, the 18th inst., at 2 o'clock, p. m.

R. G. McLAUREN, President.  
W.M. CAIN, Secretary.  
3623-1-7-11-1.

**ANNUAL MEETING**

The Annual Meeting of the Federal Dairying Co., Eldon, will be held in the Belfast Hall, on Wednesday, January 19th at 7:30 p. m. Also the postponed Annual Meeting of the Belfast Egg Circle at 8:30 p. m.

J. R. McWILLIAMS, Secretary.  
W. H. McINNIS, Secretary.  
3738-1-13-31.

**FOR SALE**

A ranch of 15 pairs foxes, Registered in Canadian National 6 proven breeders averaged 4 1/2 pups in the litter in 1926. Every pup born in the ranch now living. The first reasonable offer takes the bunch. Use of ranch if desired, p. m.

I. A. S. CARE OF GUARDIAN, Charlottetown.  
3639-1-7-11.

**NOTICE**

The Annual Meeting of The Crapaud Creamery Company will be held in Crapaud Hall on Tuesday, January 18th, 1927 at 2 o'clock, p. m.

H. V. NORTON, Secretary.  
3690-1-11-61.

**Mill Property FOR SALE**

Valuable mill property known as MacLeod's Mills situated on main highway, one mile from village Montague. Consists of flour (roller) saw and shingle mill, kiln and planer, together with 17 acres land. Commodious dwelling, barns, warehouse and outbuildings. Short dam, large reserve water, unfailing heavy head. Ideal site for power plant.

A. J. MacLEOD,  
Montague, P. E. I.  
3506-12-24-11.

**DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**

**In The Probate Court**

17th George V., A. D., 1927

In Re-Estate of John C. Proctor late of New Glasgow in Queen's County, in the said Province, deceased, testate.

By the Honourable A. Bannerman Warburton, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, &c., &c.

To the Sheriff of the County, of Queen's County, or any Constable or literate person within said County,

**GREETING:—**

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Adam Brown of New Glasgow aforesaid, farmer, the Executor of the above named Estate—praying that a Citation may be issued for the purpose hereafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province on Thursday the tenth day of February next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock, forenoon, of the same day to show cause if any they can why the accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on Motion of Donald McKinnon, Esq., Proctor for the said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, in front of the Hall at New Glasgow aforesaid, and in front of the Hall at Hunter River in Queen's County aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

(L. S.)  
Given under my Hand and the Seal of the said Court, this third day of January, A. D., 1927 in the seventeenth year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) A. B. WARBURTON,  
Judge of Probate.  
3622-1-7-11.

**22,000,000 HOTEL FOR QUEBEC.**

The Quebec City Council has approved a contract which grants an option to the Montreal Market property to Hegeman, Harris Co., of New York, who, it is believed, intend erecting a \$22,000,000 hotel there. The option is for six months and, if taken up, obliges the company to complete the hotel by December 31st, 1928.

**AUCTION SALE OF FURNITURE**

I will sell for Mrs. MacIntyre at her home No. 39 Rochford Street, on Monday, January 17th, commencing at 1.30 p. m., all her household furniture and effects; mats, dishes, stoves and all furniture.

Everybody come.

BENJ. CARTER, Auctioneer.  
3758-1-14-21.

**PUBLIC MEETING**

A public meeting of residents of Fort Augustus, Johnston's River, Auburn and Dromore will be held in Webster's Corner Hall on Monday, the 17th instant, at 7 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of discussing an extension of the Georgetown Railway Line from Mount Stewart on the south side of the East River, and connecting with the Murray Harbour Line. Federal candidates, Messrs. Sinclair and Jenkins, are invited to attend.

ON BEHALF OF THE RESIDENTS

**PARADISE**

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

(Continued)

And then I shall nip in quick and drop the first gas. Chrissie's keeping the mugs away from my uniform. Good old Chrissie!

"But there won't be another real war for five or six years," said Pollock, reverting without shame to his old role of prophet. "Not because there aren't enough men all over the world to take up arms again—as a matter of fact there are thousands like yourself—but simply and solely because the cushy little gentlemen who hold the political reins are quite unable so interest finance in that direction just at present. But as soon as Germany permits herself to recover after a long period of feigned bankruptcy, behind which she will put her house in complete order, then will be your chance. She will sell her soul to possess Paris."

"Oh, well, I shall have to wait," said Tony. "Unless, of course, Americans come over in increasing numbers. Then hoarding tips, I may be able, after a brilliant season, to dash off at a tangent."

"Oh! Start a car of your own, do you mean?"

"Oh, Heaven, no!" said Tony, with a flash in his eyes and extended nostrils. "Nothing at all like that." His hand itched to lay hold of the chart.

The false notes and pathetic screaming were by no means muffled by the thinnish wall. Sherwood writhed again, his nerves all flying, and covered his ears with his hands. "What a cursed idiot! I was not to have had that piano carted away," he cried out. "I ought to have remembered that Kitty loves to sing."

"Poor old soul. Why shouldn't she? She never can do it at home."

"Why not?" asked Pollock. "Does Lumley threaten to divorce her? Amateur singing is worse than unfaithfulness. Or is there no piano in Hill Street among that water of furniture?"

"That's it," said Tony. "Tara-ra-boom."

Sherwood sprang to his feet, in horror. "If that damn row goes on," he said, "I'll start a counter-irritant. I'll set the infernal house on fire." He would have put his head up the chimney if it hadn't been for the guard.

Pollock was naturally only fairly sympathetic. He was very economical of sympathy, keeping it all together for himself. "What would you have done if, like me at one time of my career, you'd hitched your wagon to a musical comedy star?"

"Cut my throat or gone to live on an island." The word touched a spring in Tony's heart. Forgetting Chrissie's strange request to keep his father's letter dark, he went to the desk, opened a drawer and brought it out with a flourish. Like a woman with a secret, a boy with a new toy, he had longed to show it off. "If you want to know what I mean by a tangent," he said excitedly, "you might like to listen to this."

Tara-ra-boom—

"That? Why? What is it? Anything to be amused," said Pollock, and made a long arm for the cigar box.

Whereupon, standing with his back to the mantelpiece as every Englishman does, Tony read old Lord Scrimshank's letter and then displayed the chart.

"What about that?" he asked. "The King and Queen of Paradise Incognito. Those are your hosts to-night." And with a photograph smile and a mandarin head he turned from side to side as though passing through a cheering crowd.

For the first time since Lady George's claim to attention Sherwood was under control. He listened to the reading with fixed and eager interest, the worm in his brain active. Scott, was this the way to work things, to make one more widow in the land?

"Um. Quite charming," said Pollock, running a finger up and down the bridge of his nose, as he did when a play was good, a scandal succulent, or a woman strangely enchanting. "Might be rather worth while—that island. Nitrate, perhaps. Oil possibly. Coconut, of course."

"Ah," said Tony with exultation, his face alight, his heart pounding.

The island, the island! It called him, it caught his spirit, it made him homesick. Pollock had money to pay for the journey back to the good old days! And by Jove, there was Sherwood, deeply examining the chart. He had been given a brain wave. He had obeyed a hunch. Hadn't he asked Chrissie to watch him? Things were moving. She should reign in Paradise yet.

Pollock asked for the letter and read it all over again. "How characteristically Scotch, to funk having his leg pulled by a lawyer for an unaccountable burst of romance. Don't suppose it was a very extravagant purchase either, all those years ago. A master of cynicism, that old devil. Pardon me, Fortescue. De mortuis nil nisi bonum, eh?"

"W'bout the smallest doubt," said Tony. "Whatever the dickens it means. Do you wonder I called that a tangent? Pollock, if you could see me at night gazing at the chart, transported from the place I sit in to that—that freedom, that kingdom, that sunlight spot of childish pride, needing a leader, a white Chief, understanding human nature, giving kindness, doing stunts, winning loyalty, devising improvements but doing nothing to spoil, to missionize, attending binges, gaining confidences—"

Something came to his throat.

"Yes, and as your moral parent said, loving taxes," Pollock laughed heartily. Anything to be amused, he had said, charmed that others should work when he indulged in leisure. But this—why this was more than amusing. It was delightful. A novelty. A refreshing splash of Conrad, Stevenson. Better than a chapter from a novel because, by Gad, the thing was true. The letter was alive with the old man's emotions, wounded pride, at having such a son, anger, scorn, bitter sarcasm, the wistful and pathetic reminder of a first and only love. And there was the chart, roughly but accurately drawn with a Scotch hand, showing where the deeds of possession an waited all those years to be adventured after, to give the owner not only that Tony had said, which was merely a matter of permanent throwback stuff, but by Gad again, profits, eh, what? If not, why not? Nitrate did come from such places, he knew vaguely. Coral and other things.

But before he could make a proposition, an offer to finance a voyage of discovery—a holiday badly needed—Teddy got in. He was not a chip of the old block for nothing. He had been seeing things, tangible things. He didn't give a curse for the island as such, but he thought very highly indeed of it as a means to a more and more to be desired end.

He looked up quickly from the chart, covering all that with a business expression, the grocer's look. "Now, then," he said. "When would you like to have a dash at this place—a bachelor party—the two of us—"

"Good Heaven's," cried Tony, hardly trusting his ears. "You don't—Teddy, you don't really mean—"

"Yes, I do. Of course I do. Why not?" He was quiet and firm, not eager, not pressing; glad to experiment, glad to be able to do a good turn for a pal. "How soon can you start?"

"Yes, and I'm in this," said Pollock. "Damn tradesmen. How nippy they were."

Tony felt that he was walking on air. His mirage was consolidating at last. "Any time. Tomorrow. The day after. That is, if they can get a joker to fill my place. I'd hardly like to put them in the cart." A touch of the old man there.

"A thousand men in a queue," said Sherwood. "You know that." "Well, then, how about the end of the week? I can wind up with style—hand over as per R. A. F. Teddy, my dear old Teddy, is it possible that you're going to do this thing for me—right off the bat?"

"I like this? What a wonderful chap you are. It's almost too good to be true." And he put his arms round Sherwood in that winning way of his, and danced him about the room, laughing and laughing, but with something like a sob. Damn it, was it an everyday affair to a poor devil who had been born four hundred years too late to find

**INADEQUATE WORDS**

Dad (thunderously): I come upon you embracing my daughter, sir! What have you to say about this?


Lover (meekly): I must leave it to your imagination, sir. Words are inadequate to describe the bliss.

**FLEW OFF IN A RAGE**

Mother (referring to daughter's aviator beau): Did John fly off in his airplane, dear?

Daughter: No, mother, he flew off in a rage.

**Rub Away Baby's Colds**



**A Boon to Mothers**

Mothers everywhere who realize the danger to delicate little stomachs of too much dosing appreciate the value of Vicks in treating croup and children's colds.

With Vicks there is nothing to swallow—you just rub it on. The body heat releases the ingredients—Menthol, Camphor, Eucalyptus, Thyme, Turpentine—in the form of vapors which carry the medication directly to the nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs.

At the same time Vicks is absorbed through and stimulates the skin like a poultice or plaster. Colds go overnight, croup is generally relieved within 15 minutes.

**VICKS VAPORUB**

Over 21 Million Jars Used Yearly

**YES—**

you can easily make the most delicious

**Cakes, Biscuits, Doughnuts, Cookies, etc.**

with

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**

MADE IN CANADA CONTAINS NO ALUM

E. W. GILLET CO. LTD. TORONTO, CAN.

**Sixty Years Conflict With Liquor Evil In P. E. Island**

A Series of Papers Reviewing Drinking Conditions and Temperance Effort and Enactments Up To Our Present Day of Prohibition Enforcement

(BY AN OBSERVER)

**HOME BREW AND ILLICIT STILLS**

The Rev. Mr. Herman was rather unfortunate in the selection of his text for the memorable address, on the eve of his departure, delivered in the Opera House, he chose to speak from 2 Timothy 3: 13—"But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." If he sought to apply it to the objects of his attack—the temperance people—it was a miscarriage of truth. These have no doubt often been "deceived" but it is their character to charge that they are in any form of "deceiving" business. It would equally be a direct contradiction of his own estimates of the keen judgement of the smuggler or bootlegger to admit that he was capable of being "deceived," although filling to perfection the other role of "deceiver."

We have had labored and "deceptive" computations to show an enormous profit to smuggler and bootlegger from the illicit "forty over proof rum" from the waste molasses vats of Demarara. And then from other sources a loud wailing over this "poison" stuff being sold from underground and hidden corners on its mission to knock out and kill. From the temperance standpoint all alcoholic intoxicants are essentially inebriants, no matter how pure they may be, but it is hard to understand that a logic or philosophy which transforms Demarara rum from its standards of purity when marketed from legitimate sources, to the most virulent of poisons when sold by the illicit dealer.

Home brew is another of the stately ghosts paraded on public platform, in the press and shouted from the street corners, striking through the land on its deadly mission. Our "farmers" are so intent upon this business of human slaughter as to waive the usual courtesies of the road in their eagerness to "swap recipes for making liquor." In addition to those ordinary processes the writer has been told, with pretended sincerity, that almost every second farm house has a secret illicit still. It must be apparent in such a case that the still must be of a very limited capacity, or else the consuming powers of the next door neighbor must border unto an enormous glutony to drink sufficient to give his neighbors still even a moderate employment.

Such a state of affairs would rather tend to discount those stories so liberally broadcasted, as to the home of four poins, four beer, and light native wines, with the present year the story was rampant of many human lives sacrificed drinking wood alcohol or methylated spirits.

He could also learn some lessons from Quebec, the father province of government control. Poisoned liquors are not so much in evidence in the greater county of cocaine and the system-destroying opium drugs. These provinces are in striking contrast with the three Maritime Provinces, where prohibition pertains, and especially in our Garden of the Gulf, wherein alcoholic poisoning is as rare as earthquake shocks. It is bad enough for teachers and preachers on behalf of the liquor traffic to malign temperance effort and enforcement, an couple these men our commonwealth with "ignoramuses," but it is infinitely worse for them, in their wiggling, to make out a good case, to malign their own clients, the bootleggers and denizens of the traffic, as poisoners of the people.

Why should the product of the illicit still, or the home brew keg be more poisonous than that of the legal brewing concern? If common sense reasoning were applied, it would have the same relation as the home bakery products in bread and cakes has to the factory made and in favor of the home made article. How many thousands, living on factory baked bread or cake, long for a slice of mothers bread or a hunk of the old home cake? Would the home brew beverage be less wholesome, or prepared with less cleanliness or care? There is the chance that it might not be distilled up to the same fire strength of the up-to-date distilling machine. Possibly it might be wanting in the "kick" so eagerly sought after by those souls forever hankering after a glorious drunk. But is this a serious fault in our temperate age? It is to the brewing interests and to the chronic drunk, but should it be a catch vote proposition to the temperance and moral reformer?

I am putting in no plea for the illicit still or home brew concern. We can get along most comfortably without them, in any form or shape. My purpose is one of comparison, to place these stuffs in their proper relation to the intoxicants of commerce, and to show that, although anathematized as a crying danger to the lives and health of our people, it is of the two the lesser menace, and by long odds the least of the two great evils. Some will say that home brew not made by experts is liable to miscarry in quality. Even so, when not doctored with poisonous drugs by unprincipled knaves, it will not develop a character so injurious, and if it otherwise falls it will do no harm, for no one will drink it.

If you can figure out the percentage of first class blacklegs the bootleg fraternity can boast of—for only recalls of the most iniquitous type will resort to deliberate poisons—you can estimate the proportion of home brew to come under their appellatin of man-killers

**IN MEMORIAM**

**MR. WILLIAM WALTER FOLEY**

It was with feelings of deep regret that relatives and friends learned of the death of Mr. William Walter Foley, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Foley, which occurred at his home in Cardigan on Sunday, January 9, 1927 at the early age of 29 years. The deceased who was in good health until a few days previous to his death, was a fine young man of sterling character and was well known and highly respected throughout the whole district. As soon as his illness became serious his sister Mrs. Conohan and brother Andrew were telegraphed for. But earthly aid was unavailing and he passed peacefully away before they could reach his bedside, the trip from the United States meeting many interruptions in railway connections.

Interment took place at Cardigan on January 11th, the funeral cortage leaving his father's residence at 9 a. m. An exceptionally large number of friends attended to pay their last tokens of respect. High Mass was celebrated at All Saints Church by the Rev. M. Rooney, who also conducted services at the grave.

There are left to mourn besides a sorrowing father and mother, eight brothers and sisters: Mrs. Wallace McIntyre and Mrs. Frederick Shepherd, Cardigan, John Geneva and Michael at home, Mrs. Garfield Conohan of Cambridge, Mass., Aeneas, employed with Horton Steel Co., Sask., and Andrew with the Continental Paper Co., Rumford, Me.

The pall bearers were: James McSwain, Cyrus Shaw, Roderick McAulay, Fred Shepherd, Warren Gallant, Edmund Gallant.

The sympathy of the entire community goes forth to the family in God further and gulp down the great

the evidence almost wholly point to its absence from the element of poison apart from its alcoholic content. It is vastly unlike the blue vitrol, fust oil, sulphuric acid and aqua fortis preparations of license which are imported against the law, and through treacherously dangerous wood alcohol preparations so popular in government control provinces, of more modern invention. Those who clamor so loudly for license can go back to the days when right in our own city a well known liquor seller would fill a cask with sweetened water, dump in a few bottles of brandy, whichever brand he wished to imitate, enough to give it the flavor, then a few dashes of vitrol and other poisonous drugs to give it kick and strength and dish it over the bar to the thirsty dupes with easy money to spend.

Or the admirer of government control, as the safe guard against poison liquors, can find food for reflection in British Columbia where the press of today have their records of human fatalities from drinking wood alcohol concoctions, right in that land where millions of dollars worth of liquors are disposed of by the government under their system of control, where intoxicants can be got the easiest of any place in Canada. Likewise in Ontario, the Mecca of moderation, the home of four poins, four beer, and light native wines, with the present year the story was rampant of many human lives sacrificed drinking wood alcohol or methylated spirits.

He could also learn some lessons from Quebec, the father province of government control. Poisoned liquors are not so much in evidence in the greater county of cocaine and the system-destroying opium drugs. These provinces are in striking contrast with the three Maritime Provinces, where prohibition pertains, and especially in our Garden of the Gulf, wherein alcoholic poisoning is as rare as earthquake shocks. It is bad enough for teachers and preachers on behalf of the liquor traffic to malign temperance effort and enforcement, an couple these men our commonwealth with "ignoramuses," but it is infinitely worse for them, in their wiggling, to make out a good case, to malign their own clients, the bootleggers and denizens of the traffic, as poisoners of the people.

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**Can You solve this Puzzle?**

**A valuable Lot FREE!**

A	L
E	I
R	R

These letters, properly rearranged spell the name of a late famous Canadian premier.

Can you guess what his name was?

If you are clever enough to solve this fascinating, but simple problem, you stand a chance of becoming the owner of a valuable and highly profitable lot—AT NO COST TO YOU WHATSOEVER—situated in the valuable oil producing district of the Province of Alberta.

All you have to do to stand a chance of becoming the owner of this valuable leasehold property is to send us your solution of this problem. If you are declared the winner, you will receive a certificate of ownership from a well-known Canadian trust company.

This is an opportunity you should not neglect. This evening, or right now, work out the solution of this puzzle and send us your answer.

--- USE THIS COUPON ---

Century Oil and Land Co. Limited  
190 St. James Street, Montreal

MY SOLUTION IS .....

MY NAME .....

MY ADDRESS .....

**Zam-Buk**

**SAVES DOCTORS' BILLS**

**ECZEMA ENDED**  
Madame A. Lariviere of Fall River, Mass., suffered with eczema for three years, and had treatment from several doctors, all of whom gave the cure. "Finally," she says, "I went to a specialist, which cost me another \$20, but I was no better."  
"A friend advised me to try Zam-Buk, which I did, and for which I have ever since been thankful. I very soon felt some relief, and perseverance with Zam-Buk completely rid me of the disease."

**SEVERE CUT HEALED**  
Mr. C. Oakley of Saskatoon, who sustained a terrible cut on his leg, says: "Had I known of Zam-Buk when the accident occurred, I could have saved myself a \$40 doctor's bill! A doctor sewed up the cut and attended me for five weeks, but the wound did not heal, and he advised me to go into a hospital."  
"I objected, however, and used Zam-Buk instead, and in two weeks' time was back at work."

**SAVED OPERATION**  
"Father developed a painful sore on his face," writes Miss N. Lewis of Silver Lake, Oregon. "Numerous remedies and treatment from several doctors failed to heal it, and the doctor advised an operation. Someone advised him to first try Zam-Buk. A few applications brought relief, and continued use of Zam-Buk entirely healed the sore, saving father from an operation."  
Zam-Buk is best for eczema, ringworm, salt rheum, boils, pimples, ulcers, a blemishes, blood-poisoning, piles, cuts, bruises, burns and scalds. All ointments 50c box.

**FREE** Send this ad, name of paper and 1c stamp (for return postage) to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for free trial box.

poisons. And when you get busy on your estimates, apply the same rules to the commercial liquors handled by bootleggers, and you will discover that the same mercenary spirit, has similarly loaded the imported article. In the language of the preacher "you pay your money and you take your choice." You can probably find a modicum of home brew poison, if you search deep, you can get also the drug adulterated smuggled stuff, perhaps easier to find, but don't labor under the deception that you will make either of these poisoners honest by changing your prohibition system.

Those magnified home brew instigates, and illicit stills, with their kick quick fame, is part of the propaganda of the liquor interests, too often given wings of flight by sincere temperance people, to prejudice public opinion against existing temperance laws. Its insincerity is shown in the fact that at all times, in all countries, it is directed against the prevailing system, no matter how perfect it may be. It is to fool people, who should right in that land where millions of dollars worth of liquors are disposed of by the government under their system of control, where intoxicants can be got the easiest of any place in Canada. Likewise in Ontario, the Mecca of moderation, the home of four poins, four beer, and light native wines, with the present year the story was rampant of many human lives sacrificed drinking wood alcohol or methylated spirits.

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