

**Ask Your Doctor First, Mother**

Before You Give Your Child an Unknown Remedy to Take

According to any doctor you may ask, there is one duty every mother owes her child. The duty of asking him before giving her child an unknown remedy to take.

Yet, unfortunately, every day mothers violate this simple rule. Take the advice of unqualified persons—instead of their doctors—on remedies for their children. If they knew what the scientists know, they would never take the chance.

**Doctors Say PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia**

When it comes to the very frequently used "milk of magnesia," authorities stand solidly together. Ask your own doctor about this. For over 50 years, doctors whose life work it is to study the safety and quality of drugs that go into the

home, have said "PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia for your child." For "Phillips" is the result of over a half century of continuous laboratory experiment. And is rated among the finest products that science knows in its field, the kind of product your child deserves.

So Always Say "Phillips" when you buy. And see that your child gets what you ask for—Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Do this for your own peace of mind.

**Also in Tablet Form**

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at all drug stores everywhere. Each tin contains 12 tablets.

MADE IN CANADA

**PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia**

**BOOKS, ART MUSIC**

(Continued from Page 2)

The Gothic period, approximately from 1100 to 1500, showed a great development in the arts of stained glass window making and of tapestry weaving. The earliest stained glass was of the type known as mosaic glass, made up of small pieces which were held together by means of leading. The leading at first played an important part in the design of the window but as the art progressed and the size of the glass used became larger the leading itself eventually served a structural purpose only. The stained glass windows of the Sainte Chapelle are simply marvellous. They are of the thirteenth century and represent the story of the Bible, one entire wall pictures the story of the Old Testament and the opposite wall tells the story of the New Testament, in the liveliest colours imaginable. The end wall has what is called the flaming heart window. The whole chapel is of exquisite beauty. The old art of making stained glass was never afterwards lost and it has seen since been equalled.

The art of tapestry weaving was brought from the East at the time of the Crusades. Its manufacture centred in the city of Arras, France, which maintained its supremacy during the whole of the fifteenth century. Then Flanders and the Netherlands became the great centres of weaving.

In England, in particular, Gothic art gave way very slowly to the arts of the Renaissance. The reigns of Henry, VIII and Elizabeth marked the period of transition, and the picturesque forms of architecture resulting from this intermixture of Gothic and Renaissance art, charm us especially in the Elizabethan buildings with the irregular, rambling, rooms, half timber construction and oak paneling often ornamented with Gothic linen fold decoration and classic pilasters.

Never before or since the Elizabethan period has there been such an outburst of singing. Lyrics were composed and songs heard everywhere. They were introduced into dramas, comedies, prose romances, and on all possible occasions. "The Paradise of Devices," "The Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions," "A Handful of Pleasant Delights," and "England's Helicon" were the euphonious and descriptive titles of some of the anthologies of lyrics published at that time. Several contained the music as well as the words. The style of many of the lyrics tended to artificiality but there were some, of great beauty, which truly expressed the Elizabethan temperament.

**GREENVALE SCHOOL**

Honor Roll for end of half-year, January.

Grade IX—1 Joyce MacLaren, 2 Rena MacLaren.

Grade VII—1 Gladys MacLaren.

Grade VI—1 Catherine MacLaren.

Grade V—1 Elliot MacLaren.

Grade IV—1 Alice Simmons, 2 Eric Whittlock.

Grade III—1 Helen Brown, 2 Jean Martin, 3 Mildred Spence.

Grade II—1 Reggie MacRae, 2 Louis Martin (equal), 2 Eric Paul, 3 Gladys Paul.

Grade I—1 Ethel Moore, 2 Lillian Matthews, 3 Alice Wonnacott.

Grade I Sr.—1 Marie Martin, 2 Lois Paul, 2 Florence Bertram.

Grade I Jr.—1 Marion Matthews, 2 E. H. MacMillan, Teacher.

**CABLE HEAD WEST SCHOOL**

Honor Roll for the month of January.

Grade IX—1 Joyce MacLaren, 2 Rena MacLaren.

Grade VII—1 Gladys MacLaren.

Grade VI—1 Catherine MacLaren.

Grade V—1 Elliot MacLaren.

Grade IV—1 Alice Simmons, 2 Eric Whittlock.

Grade III—1 Helen Brown, 2 Jean Martin, 3 Mildred Spence.

Grade II—1 Reggie MacRae, 2 Louis Martin (equal), 2 Eric Paul, 3 Gladys Paul.

Grade I—1 Ethel Moore, 2 Lillian Matthews, 3 Alice Wonnacott.

Grade I Sr.—1 Marie Martin, 2 Lois Paul, 2 Florence Bertram.

Grade I Jr.—1 Marion Matthews, 2 E. H. MacMillan, Teacher.

**MAPLE PLAINS SCHOOL**

Honor roll of Maple Plains School.

Grade IX—1 Ambrose McCarville.

Grade VIII—1 Olga Walsh, 2 Louise Cairns, 3 Doris Kelly.

Grade VII—1 George Murphy.

Grade VI—1 Alfred Kelly, 2 Inez Walsh (Myrtle Murphy absent).

Grade IV—1 Lester Walsh.

Grade III—1 Leo McCarville.

Grade II—1 Preston Murphy.

Grade I (Sr.)—1 Marion McCarville, 2 Elsie Walsh, (Nora Murphy absent).

Grade (Jr.)—1 Leo Murphy, 2 Edna Murphy.

Teacher, Anna Fitzsimmons.

**QUICKEST METHOD TO RELIEVE A COLD**

**Follow Directions to Ease Pain and Discomfort Almost Instantly**

When you have a cold, remember the simple treatment pictured here . . . prescribed by doctors everywhere today as the **quick, safe way**.

Because of Aspirin's quick-disintegrating property, Aspirin "takes hold"—almost instantly.

Just take Aspirin and drink plenty of water . . . every 2 to 4 hours the first day—less often afterward . . . If throat is sore, use the Aspirin gargle.

But be sure you get ASPIRIN. It is made in Canada and all druggists have it. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every Aspirin Tablet. Aspirin is the trade mark of the Bayer Company, Limited.

**DOES NOT HARM THE HEART**

**White Python**

By Mark Channing, Author of "King Cobra"

Collin Gray and his guide were pushing forward rapidly. Two days after the terrible experience on the shale slope, they reached the top of the last pass they would have to cross.

By good fortune, the Lepcha had with him a good supply of tsamba meal, which, mixed with chopped wild onions had been their sole food. Twice they had crossed snow passes well over twenty thousand feet in altitude—on one occasion, in a blinding snow blizzard. Never had Gray experienced such cold.

The sound of the Lepcha coughing woke Gray from a deep sleep. Raising himself upon an elbow, he looked at the sun. It was about ten o'clock, he judged.

His little Lepcha looked up from a fire he was blowing upon and, mingled respectful salutation with a friendly grin. But he knew that no lama likes to be spoken to before he had said his morning prayers, so he said nothing.

Walking sedately a short distance, Gray lifted his right arm and intoned the Lamaic prayer to the sun.

"It has arisen! Om! The Glorious One has arisen! Om! Om! . . . The goddess Marici has arisen! Om Maricman Svaha . . ."

Always when he uttered the words of that centuries-old hymn of praise, there crept into his heart a realization of the beauty and reasonableness of the belief of the benign godhead of the Sun.

The Lepcha came towards him. "Hiampo is over there, Rimpoche!" he said, pointing a brown hand towards the farther end of the tableland that formed the top of the pass.

"It is well," answered Gray in the idiom. "The Abbott Samdad Chiamba shall reward you for the good services you have rendered me!"

"I need no reward, Rimpoche! Thou art a man and one worth serving!" "Knowest thou the holy Abbot well?"

"He and I are good friends," replied Gray. "He, too, is a man



Gray sees blinding flashes coming and going.

half-way up the snow-covered side of Mount Chomolungma. Six thousand feet below them lay a scene of rare and tranquil beauty.

In the centre of the deep, oval valley, bastioned round with pine-covered forests, lay a lake so intensely blue that the blue of a summer sky was not deeper or more beautiful.

Never had Gray seen so many waterfalls in one place. Mechanically he counted them. There were thirteen of them—long, narrow, "slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn" mingled with their distant thunder came Samdad Chiamba's voice as it spoke to him that night in Waldgrave Square.

"Do you know that place, Chiamba?" he had said. "If Gray had not known it them he recognized it now. He was to-day looking down into the valley depicted in that silken painting on the wall of the subterranean chamber!"

The superb conception of the builders of the Hiampo monastery, thrilled him.

Standing some hundred feet above the lake level and about a hundred yards distant from it, the great glooms with its golden Chinese roof shining in the sun, faced due East. Its red-painted walls, pierced with innumerable windows and crossed and recrossed by a score of wide galleries, showed that it had been built to house probably ten times the number of monks that Samdad Chiamba had told him it now contained. In its great courtyard, on the galleries, and along the shores of the lake, were scattered hundreds of diminutive red-clad forms. This great height from which he was looking down on them as they turned themselves, made the lamas look like the Nibelung dwarfs in the Rhinegold legend.

Down the center of the main building ran a brown-colored path, apparently about a hundred feet in height and a quarter as broad, which he knew was a huge yak hair curtain hanging before the entrance to the Holy of Holies. The monastery of Hiampo possessed, he had heard, the largest

statue of the Buddha in the world. Doubtless it was seated behind that curtain, radiating that strange peacefulness and patient but aloof acceptance of the inevitable which marks, so mysteriously, every statue of the Buddhist Blessed One.

"Under the Lake of the Peacock's Tail, Rimpoche, sleeps a god whose name is 'The Encompasser!'" said the Lepcha. "He has the body of a serpent, and is so big that, were he to hold his tail in his mouth, he could lie coiled about the valley! It is said that one day, he will awake and devour all the women in Tibet!"

This mention of a woman brought to mind an instant thought of Piers. No aviator who had been forced down among these jagged icy peaks could possibly survive. If she'd been forced down and had not been killed, she could not exist long in that foodless waste of snow, and granite.

But something else was his mission. Soon he would have all his plans plotted out, and the drive would begin. Fate had sent him Samdad Chiamba; and in Samdad Chiamba his hopes now centered.

"What is the name of that lake?" he questioned, jerking his chin the direction of an immense sheet of water lying in a basin in the heart of several thousand feet above the gompa.

"It is called the Lake of the Tiger-devil," answered the Lepcha. "So deep is it, that they say it has no bottom!"

"Point out to me the road by which we descend," said Gray, musingly.

He had been vainly looking for some sign of the continuation of the faint track which, like a falling coil of rope, led steeply down and was lost to sight in a maze of Titanic pinnacles and enormous boulders.

One of the rock pinnacles, extraordinarily narrow for its immense height, shot upwards for something like fifteen hundred feet.

Observing the direction of his gaze, the Lepcha said: "That is called the Chimney of Hell, Rimpoche! One day it will smoke, and then the valley, too, will be swallowed by The Encompasser!"

"The road? The road passes round its base, Rimpoche." Gray did not hear him. He was watching a series of blindingly bright flashes coming and going

**W. C. T. U. Notes**

FRANCES E. WILLARD

Frances E. Willard Memorial Day, February 17th.

Some work for fame and some for paltry pelf, Some for the hour's joy and pride of self: She wrought for man—the lifting of the race, To wipe the tears that stained her sister's face— And God has given her peculiar place.

Her voice was heard amid the din and strife, Pleading the weakling's cause, claiming his life. Of you men sainted those who hid the face In convent-cell, who fled the ties of race— This woman lived within the market-place.

Sainted? Ah, yes! And loved? O rarely so! Queen of all hearts is she—most high, most low! Not her rare knowledge, not her honeyed tongue, Not her mild, mighty reach, her keen eye flung— Not these, her gifts, make still her praises sung.

Fame came to some through pen of priceless art: Hers through the pulsing of her matchless heart, Which spent its tireless love, its deathless flame. Not without sacrifice, and toll and pain, Yet counted all—if but for others—gain.

She brought her woman's heart—as rare and sweet As Mary's spikenard!—to the Saviour's feet. Its perfume spilled, filled all earth's lofty space. Made the world richer, since her dwelling-place, Set her apart for aye, crowned by God's grace! K—Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark.

**A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF FRANCES E. WILLARD**

By A. A. G. C.

Frances E. Willard was a child of New England parents and was born in Churchville, N. Y. but she grew up in the city of the Wild West, having spent all her most impressive years in Wisconsin, at "Forest Home," the home built by her father, and of which she carried a most loving memory all through her life.

It was at Forest Home that she was called, with her brother Oliver and sister Mary, to the great work of the Christian Union of Women. It was here that she learned so much from that breezy "out-of-doors" which she all her life so devotedly loved. Here, too, that wisest and tenderest of mothers, Madam Willard, taught her children wonderful lessons from Nature: joined in their games; and above all, imbued them with that warm, living love to their Heavenly Father, which never left them to their last days on earth.

It will doubtless be very consoling to some girls to learn that Miss Willard cordially detested "stitchery" of all kinds, and it is on record that the only time, as a child, she ever sewed willingly, was to help make a flag for her beloved Sister and Stripes for the Forest Home Processions on America's patriotic day, July 4th.

Patriotism was a ruling passion with her: one of the earliest proofs of that we have in the picture given of her with her little sister Mary, singing at the window watching Oliver off with his father in the old farm wagon to record his first vote after he came of age. Tears filled Frank's eyes as, turning to Mary, she said: "Why can't we vote, too; don't we love our country just as much as he does?" And was his answer? "Yes, of course we do; but don't you go ahead and say so, or we shall be called strong minded!"

Another passion with Miss Willard was the desire to know; to be educated "to amount to something," as she put it.

Mr. Willard was very ambitious for his children, and he finally decided they should go to the Northwestern Female College at Evanston, a beautiful suburb of Chicago. For a few weeks her parents, Miss Willard always afterwards referred to as "home."

Thither the family moved in 1858, and now we have a period of development; hardly to be equalled in all Frances Willard's life. One day a few weeks had passed when she was made editor of the college paper, and here the characteristic which chiefly distinguished all her public life first came into prominence—the power of leadership.

In 1871 she was invited to become the first president of the Evanston College for Women, which was then the highest academic honor that could be paid to her.

Her first "public" visit to England was made in 1893 and was a never-to-be-forgotten occasion, because of the principal medium of advertising, during good times and bad, believing that because of their influence on homelife, they are the ideal advertising medium for a household product like Nestle's "Milk."

Mr. Ellison is well acquainted with Canadian business conditions, making many trips from coast to coast.

**GIRLS!** For relief from pains, undue weakness, nervousness, headaches, you will find nothing more effective than Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills.

**MOTHERS!** If you are nervous, irritable, all tired out and can't rest at night, Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills will give you new nerve force and rebuild your health and strength.

**THE COOK'S CORNER**

**SNOW FUDDING**  
1 tablespoon granulated gelatine  
¼ cup cold water  
¼ cup boiling water  
1 cup sugar  
¼ cup lemon juice  
3 egg whites

**SOFT CUSTARD**  
(Baked Custard)  
2 cups scalded milk  
3 egg yolks  
¼ cup sugar  
½ teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon vanilla

**SPANISH CREAM**  
1 tablespoon granulated gelatine  
3 cups milk  
3 egg whites  
¼ cup sugar (scant)  
¼ teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla

**MILBURN'S HEALTH AND NERVE PILLS**

**THE COOK'S CORNER**

Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar and lemon juice, strain and set aside in cool place, occasionally stir mixture, and when thick enough to hold mark of spoon beat with wire spoon or whisk until frothy; add egg whites beaten stiff and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Mold, or pile by spoonful on dish; serve cold with soft custard.

Beat eggs slightly, using a fork; add sugar and salt; stir constantly while adding hot milk gradually. Cook in double boiler, continue stirring until mixture thickens, and when a coating is formed on the spoon, strain immediately; chill and flavor. If custard curdles from being cooked too long, beating with egg beater will restore smoothness, though custard will be less thick. Egg should be beaten slightly for custard, that it may be of a smooth, thick consistency. To prevent scum from forming, cover with a perforated tin while cooling.

Scald the milk with gelatine, add sugar, pour slowly on egg yolks, slightly beaten. Return to double boiler and cook until mixture coats spoon, stirring constantly; remove from range, add salt, flavoring and egg whites, beaten stiff. Turn into individual molds, first dipped in cold water, chill, and serve with cream. More gelatine will be required if large molds are used.

There are so many delightful ways to carry out today's pattern. The main dress shows a perfectly stunning dress for cocktail, restaurant dining and theatre wear. It's gracious and lovely in every detail and favors the square cut neck and tunic, so smart just now.

For more formal wear, the miniature sketch above shows the model without the tunic and with short rather full sleeves. It may also have decolletage back. Pattern has provided perforations for same. It's very graceful carried out in crinkly crepe silk, printed or plain crepe satin, etc.

No. 599 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 6 7/8 yards 39 inch with 1 yard 4 inches ribbon.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 599. Size . . . . .  
Name . . . . .  
Street Address . . . . .  
City . . . . . State . . . . .

**To Prevent "FLU" Disinfect Your Nostrils**

Dangerous germs which lodge in the breathing organs give you Grippe, Flu, or Influenza. You can destroy these germs if you cleanse your nose, mouth and throat with Catarrhazone.

Protect yourself against "Flu" by using Catarrhazone; it stops a cold in a few moments, cleans the nostrils, takes soreness out of the throat.

For Influenza, Catarrh, Nose Colds, Irritable Throat, you will get prompt and effective action from Catarrhazone. Carry the Inhaler in your purse or pocket, etc., use it frequently. Complete outfit \$1.00. Smaller sizes 50c at all dealers.

**A Morning Smile**

Passenger (in bus stuck in snow-drift)—"We can't sit here all day, driver. What are we going to do?" Driver (fed up)—"Well, 'ow about makin' a nice snow man?"

**ADVERTISING APPROPRIATION GREATLY INCREASED SAYS NESTLE'S EXECUTIVE**

Bradford Ellison interviewed Today States Nestle's Business in Charlottetown Exceptionally Good.

"When business shows concrete evidence of increased activity and improvement as it does today, industry can justly invest greater sums in their advertising and selling programmes," is the opinion of Bradford Ellison, Vice-President of Nestle's Milk Products (Canada) Limited, Mr. Ellison, when interviewed today, went on to say, "Our business last year was the most satisfactory in the Company's history, and we firmly believe that our forthcoming newspaper advertising campaign, plus an energetic, forward-looking sales policy, will bring us further increases during 1935."

"We have used newspapers as our principal medium of advertising, during good times and bad, believing that because of their influence on homelife, they are the ideal advertising medium for a household product like Nestle's 'Milk.'"

Mr. Ellison is well acquainted with Canadian business conditions, making many trips from coast to coast.

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**THE OLD RELIABLE REMEDY FOR WEAK NERVOUS PEOPLE**

**MILBURN'S HEALTH AND NERVE PILLS**

**Combines Dependability with Low Price**

**MORSE'S BLUENOSE TEA** is the great bargain in tea to-day. At 45 cents it has quality equal to that of many brands selling at 50cts.



There are so many delightful ways to carry out today's pattern. The main dress shows a perfectly stunning dress for cocktail, restaurant dining and theatre wear. It's gracious and lovely in every detail and favors the square cut neck and tunic, so smart just now.

For more formal wear, the miniature sketch above shows the model without the tunic and with short rather full sleeves. It may also have decolletage back. Pattern has provided perforations for same. It's very graceful carried out in crinkly crepe silk, printed or plain crepe satin, etc.

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**for BRUISES**  
There's nothing so good as Minard's "King of Pain" Liniment. It's the best for all aches, pains, sprains, bruises, etc. Gives quick relief!

**Professional Cards**

**McLEOD & BENTLEY**  
W. E. BENTLEY, K. C.  
J. A. BENTLEY, K. C.  
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Office: 180 Richmond Street.

**BELL & MATHIESON**  
R. R. Bell, D. L. Mathieson, LL.B.  
Barristers & Solicitors  
Money to Loan  
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

**A. J. HASLAM, B.A., LL.B.**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.  
MONEY TO LOAN  
New Brace Building

**MacGuigan & Trainor**  
Mark R. MacGuigan, K. C. &  
C. St. Clair Trainor, B. A.  
Barristers, Solicitors, etc.  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Office: Over Provincial Bank,  
Richmond Street, Charlottetown

**J. A. MacDonald, K.C.**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR &  
E. Riley Building  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.  
Money to Loan and Collections  
given the very best attention.  
375-2-8-1 month

**H. F. MacPHEE, B. A.**  
NOTARY, SOLICITOR  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR  
Riley Building, Charlottetown