When Throat Clogs Germ-Laden Phlegm *must be cleared out*

You may speak of it as only a slight cold, but just the same your cold may be spreading downwards. Cold that infects the Bronchial tubes if not controlled, can go further. We all know there are types of cold that mean a prolonged illness. Before your cold creeps any deeper, help to rout it out with Polson's Cough Syrup. Remember, an excess of mucus in the head or throat soon blocks the nasal passages and leads to a rapid spread of infection. This soothing remedy helps to clear the throat and breathing organs of much surplus bacteria-infected mucus. This starts you on the road to better health.

No matter how "stuffed-up" you may be with cold, a cough or bronchitis, look for quicker relief from Polson's Cough Syrup; it is a most successful antidote to the common Cold. Sold by all good Chemists in 35c bottles.

POLSON'S COUGH SYRUP

MAN FASTER

A human road runner can easily outdistance a team of horses.

Patterson Jewellery

If The Bough Breaks

By LOIS MONTROSE

CHAPTER XV

"Annabelle is going to be married this Friday" said Constance. "you can fancy, Alexis, how dreadfully flurried we have been. George, Earl of Cropshire K.C.B. M.P., and a great many other letters after his name, only I don't know what they mean."

"I'll wager you don't" said Alexis Jerome, laughing and narrowing his eyes. "I'll gaurantee you selected the chap yourself, with nice discrimination."

"I was never," said Constance, "as clever as you imagined. And Annabelle was quite capable of falling in love without my guidance."

"So she is in love?"

"Dare we doubt it? Yes, he is quite a lamb, although I have difficulty in understanding him at times. Some of his friends are 'stopping' with us also. Lady Bradon. Very horsy. My father is quite fond of her. Hoggett places breakfast in covered dishes on the buffet. Alice Lady Brandon,—picks up herring with her fingers and rushes to the stable with Luke Then I converse with George and Berwyn, the best-man to-be, and I have learned ever so much about English royalty . . . instructive. Father and I are going to visit Ireland next year."

At last Alexis Jerome interrupted the soft, amusing chatter: "But what I really want to talk about is your extraordinary protege, Nathan Pierrille I want to understand more about him. I didn't know the old-fashioned tempermental genius-in-a-garret type still existed And why, pray, am I not to mention your name to him?"

Constance was silent a moment, thinking: "Now I must be flawlessly discreet I know so little about this Pierrille, in fact,' she said, "First tell me what you think of him."

He patted her hand "I believe you invented the Socratic method. To be candid I think the lad is erratic, self-pitying, self-worshipful, volcanic uncultured, too diligent one-sided, and visionary."

"You are," asked Constance trying to describe a genius?" In fact, it was a portrait of Alexis himself, twenty years ago

"Exactly" said Alexis Jerome His slanting brows met in a frown which revealed an unusual anxiety. "My dear, please tell me all you know about the boy. It is really most important."

She was perplexed It was unlike Jerome to concern himself so personally, humanly, with a promising young man

mising young musician

Constance improvised "He was brought to my attention in such a roundabout way—a friend whose judgment I respect felt that he had talent. It was mostly to please my friend that I dared "

"Talent." exclaimed Alexis sharply. "That is a lukewarm word. But, Constance, allow me to make my own judgment about his ability. What I wish to know is about his family, his background. He is so reticent that I suspect he is ashamed of something. And in that case I shall. . never mind please tell me what you know of him."

Hastily she tried to remember scribbles from Tam's letters. Tam was coming tomorrow. How unfortunate she hadn't arrived before this unexpected cross-questioning. Then Constance would have been prepared to reply with assurance. Now she said casually:

"It is difficult to tell what one really knows of a person. I believe, yes, I am sure that his father was Francois Pierrille, a violinist and his mother is a little German woman, I think. They have no money, but Santo Cressini, an eccentric old music master has taught Nathan since he was a child."

"Ah, ah, very good.' cried Jerome his face enlivened. "Francois Pierrille—he was a good violinist. He was with the New York Symphony the Boston Symphony—I remember hearing of him long ago. tThen he went away, didn't he? Where?"

She could not understand his inexplicable anxiety. Why should it matter, really, to Alexis Jerome who unlike Constance, had no necessity to gauge the boy's private life? Before she could reply, Alexis went on, "Cressini, bah! That erratic old Bohemian! I shall stop that association. Everybody say he's half-cracked. Nathan must have the best . . ." he looked down at her soft fair face caressed by the tendrils of firelight. "I wish," he said "that you would interest yourself in him. As you once interested yourself in a young musician."

Her anger did not betray itself. She contrived to smile vaguely and to make a deprecating dove-like sound in her throat. Once long ago when they sat on this same Empire sofa she had loved Alexis; she had armored him and guided him. That was the time when Trowbridge was seeing Hilda Breck constantly. When Hilda arrogantly flung Trowbridge into disaster it was imperative that his wife wade into the quicksands and help him flounder back to the steady earth. It was as if Alexis had beautiful hands which fell short one note of an octave. The one note was loyalty He could understand generosity only if it stopped this side of sacrifice. He could hear the chord of honor if it did not stretch toward devotion. But that had been her choice, and she had never blamed Alexis until this moment when he lightly termed her passion an "interest."

She had not even blamed him when he decided that as an artist he was deameaned by leaning on her strength socially. He decided that after he arrived and to explain the artist to his predatory self he had defiantly married a plump Alsatian who sang in an English music hall. "Sylvanie,' Constance remembered And also there was fresh in her remembrance the evening when Alexis conducted his first symphony here in the Academy of music and she first saw Sylvanie in a box—gilt curls, seductive body almost bursting out of diamonds an blue velvet: her complacent smile. At Constance's side sat Trowbridge, looking down at his hands as pathetically as a convalescent since Hilda Breck's sailing for Europe That then, was the evening of triumph toward which Jerome had been propelled by the stubborn faith of one woman She watched him play with the baton cruelly as if it were her own loyalty And she knew that he considered his success as an ironical victory over her, the soft, faithful little wife of Destinn

After two years Sylvanie had divorced Alexis and left her daughter in his custody The reports of her then, were vague—a marriage here, a divorce there. The name of Sylvanie Jerome, which she retained, was still good for two paragraphs in any city newspaper In an unbalanced despairing mood Alexis returned to Constance, of course. His vanity was so deflated by Sylvanie's fickleness that he swore his career was over. Little by little Constance again restored his old confidence and when his wounds were healed he went away more arrogant than before.

Then she was adamant about not seeing him again, in spite of all his importunate letters. He accused her of weakness, of coldness of cowardice, but she had not answered until asking that he consider the work of Nathan Pierrille. At Christmas time when Tam sought this favor, Consance had one of those repetitive letters on her desk; she risen and concealed it in a drawer murmuring thoughts which must have sounded irrelevant. She could not explain to Tam why she hated writing to Alexis Jerome.

(To Be Continued)

Clear Your Skin

Are you embarrassed by ugly, disfiguring pimples and skin blemishes? No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried you can now start fighting Pimples, Itching, Eczema-like rash, Ringworm, and other skin irritation; with the very first application of a new treatment called Nixoderm. It stops the itching in 7 minutes and should help make your skin clearer, softer, smoother the very first few days—in fact it must satisfy you completely or cost nothing. Just get Nixoderm from your druggist today under the money-back trial offer. See how fast it works and how much better you look.

MANY CATTLE DIPS

At the most, sheep are dipped twice a year in Canada. In the Republic of Colombo, South America, if cattle on the lower elevations of the country are not dipped every two or three weeks they run the risk of dying from the attacks of ticks or what is called Texas fever.

Bristol and Vicinity

The condition of Mr. Walter McEwen, a patient in the P. E. I. Hospital remains unchanged

Friends of Mrs. William MacDonald will learn with regret that she is confined to her home through illness.

Pte. Valentine MacDonald who arrived from overseas on the last boat at Halifax has arrived home after a short stay over with his sister, Mrs. W. A. O'Brien, in the city. He served in Germany and after the defeat of Hitler was wounded in the arm but he returned to the lines. He is one of the three sons of Mr. and Mrs. William MacDonald who have been in the fighting. Another brother, Joe, is on his way home at present but the third, Cpl. Pius, is still in the war zone.

The serious illness of Mrs. Bill Aylward at her home here is much regretted.

Friends of Mrs. Catherine Alyward will learn with regret that she was injured last week while being driven home from the P. E I. Hospital. The car she was travelling in was in collision with another car and she had her back injured. She is at present resting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Walsh, Morell rear.

City police court received a striking demonstration of the ancient art of controlling the law of averages, as practiced by professional gamblers The Edmonton Journal reports. Constable Silver, the R.C.M.P. expert on such matters, displayed a collection of strange devices seized in a raid and explained how they worked. The equipment shown included everything from special pens for unobtrusively marking cards to an artificial hand placed up the operator's sleeve for the purpose of quietly withdrawing and replacing cards from the deck. There were various types of "educated" dice as well as decks of cards which would always turn up the same no matter who dealt or cut them. A familiar, but always fascinating gadget was the "shaded deck" which looked quite normal but in which some of the cards had delicate shadings perceptible only to a man wearing special tinted glass.

Dr. R. J. MacDonald, St. Peter's, the daddy of all the doctors, is attending some patients here. Dr. MacDonald, who is eighty-eight has been practicing here for fifty-eight years He has brought babies into the world, watched them grow up. Attended their weddings and brought their babies into the world scores and scores of times. This revered Doctor has travelled hundreds of thousands of miles day and night, mostly night, east, west, north and south in all kinds of weather, and many times over, for nothing as many poor people could not pay him. No man can say he ever refused to attend their needs. Their wish is that he may yet be spared to his friends.

The sympathy of this vicinity is extended to Percy Robbins and family in the sad loss of a wife and mother

Mr. Carol McAdam, recently discharged from the army having served since the first day has erected a lovely home in Morell village near his father's res...

The new Co-operative packing plant at Red Head Shore is almost ready but will not be used until spring. The building, seventy feet long, is said to be the only plant of its kind with two floors. The Co-Op. is looking ahead and the second floor may be used for other work while fish packing is going on down stairs. The building is all sealed inside to make it warm for the help in early spring and late fall work.

Mr. H. H. Cox, unloaded a car of coal here last week this helped a little the coal shortage here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester McVarish, and daughter, Edith have moved into their new home in the City, which Mr. McVarish erected during the summer.

Friends here of Heber McEwen, will learn with interest that he was one of the attorneys at the trial of the Luzon's in Ontario, a short time ago. Mr. McEwen taught school in Bristol a few years ago before he began the study of law. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. B W. McEwen, Morell.

Mr. Joseph A. MacDonad, was a visitor to the city this week on business.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Patrick on the arrival of a new baby boy, at the P. E. I. Hospital last week.

Russell Hawbolt, who served several years in the R.C.A.F. has received his discharge and taken up farming.

Harry Aldershaw, who was released from the R. C. Navy a short time ago has been recalled.

Britons Affected by Wartime Diet

LONDON, Dec. 10—(CP)—British doctors are worried by increasing symptons of undernourishment among their patients. Dr. Franklin Bicknell, an authority on diet, said most patients complained of 'terrible tiredness," feeling blown out after lunch and hungry before tea.

"Every doctor knows these signs," he said, "and the next stage is usually one of complete collapse. There is no answer to this except food. For years past we have been getting only slightly more than half the meat and half the fats required for health."

Directed Transport of Troops to France

LONDON, Dec. 10—(CP)—Maj.-Gen. Gilbert Szlumper, 61, the authority on railways who organized the movement of the British Expeditionary Force and its equipment to the embarkation ports in 1939, has retired. The Ministry of Supply announced his release from the post of director-general of supply services.

In the First Great War, he was senior railway transport officer of the British Army. When the Army was mobilized in 1939 he was released by the Southern Railway, of which he was general manager, and appointed director-general of transportation and movements at the War Office.

In addition to the dispatch of the British Expeditionary Force he controlled the 'rush' movement of all troops evacuated from Dunkerque and other French ports.

Vancover Woman Writes to 1,000

VANCOUVER, Dec. 11—(CP)—The postman never fails to bring a fat handful of letters to a certain house in Vancouver. They're always addressed to Mrs. May Allison, but inside the salutation usually is "Dear Ma."

The letters come from almost every country where Allied soldiers have been serving. You see, Ma's family is more than 1,000 strong and it takes a lot of letters to keep up with every member.

Mrs. Allison had 11 children—nine daughters and two sons—her sons joined the armed services when the war broke out. When her sons joined the armed forces it was then Ma began her career as a one-woman entertainment unit. She estimates she has served thousands of dinners to servicemen.

Ma kept track of her giant family in a little black book which now contains addresses throughout Britain, the United States, British West Indies, South America, Mexico, South Africa and Newfoundland.

Last Christmas Ma had 30 guests for dinner and the postman brought her greetings from 200 lads she had previously entertained.

She knows definitely that three of her "sons" have been killed in action. But it's hard to keep up with casualty lists published in other countries. In some cases letters have ceased to come and she suspects the worst.

Now on Sale!

NEW POST-WAR KLEENEX

● From its new ultra-modern mill in Canada's northern timberlands comes the New Post-War Kleenex. Always the favourite of 9 out of 10 Canadians, Kleenex is now better than ever... snowy white . . . downy soft . . . dependably strong . . . New Post-War Kleenex now on sale!

New Post-War KLEENEX now on sale!

Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in Technicolour at your favourite theatre

JOE PALOOKA — GOT ANY BRAKES — By Ham Fisher

OUT OUR WAY — By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With Major Hoople

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

TILLIE THE TOILER — AN AUTHORITATIVE PEN! — By Webster

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS — By Edwina