

Her Three Boys Had Terrible Colds That Hung On

Mrs. G. Ames, 35 St. George Street, Chatham, Ont., writes: "Last winter my three boys had terrible colds and coughs that hung on so long that it began to worry me. "I went to my druggist and he asked me if I had tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. "I told him I had not, but that I would, and I must say that after they had finished the third bottle they were entirely rid of the cough. "I will never be without a bottle of Dr. Wood's on hand." Price 35c. a bottle, large family size 50c., put up only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND In The Probate Court 18th. George V. A. D., 1928

In re Estate of John R. Wigmore late of Long River 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.

WHEREAS upon reading the Petition on file of Thomas Wigmore of Graham's Road in Queen's County aforesaid, and Daniel Johnson of Long River aforesaid, the Executors of the above named Estate praying that a Citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter 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 Wednesday the Fifteenth day of February next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the said day to shew 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 Justin M. Hynes, Proctor for said Petitioners. 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 School House at Long River aforesaid; and in front of the School House at Clifton 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 4th day of January A.D., 1928, and in the Eighteenth year of His Majesty's reign. (Signed) A. B. WARBURTON, Judge of Probate. 1731-1-9-M41.

Poultry We will be buying live and dressed poultry daily until the end of the season. Highest prices paid. SWIFT CANADIAN CO.

JLESTER DOUGLAS WHOLESALE PRODUCE Exporter of Prince Edward Island Certified Seed and Table Stock Potatoes 39 QUEEN STREET CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

FILL OUT AND MAIL TO THE ORATORY EDITOR CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN, CHARLOTTETOWN. CANADIAN AND INTERNATIONAL ORATORICAL CONTESTS Being conducted in Prince Edward Island by the Charlottetown Guardian. I am a pupil of college or school. I am interested in the Oratorical Contests and I would like to take part in them. On February 1, 1928, I shall be less than 19 years of age. Name Home Address Date of Birth School Grade Teacher's Name

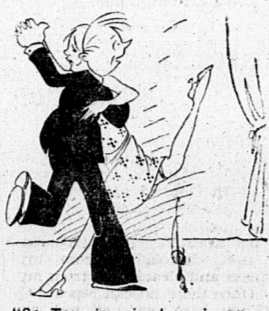
SMILES



"To have Flu is bad grammar."



EASILY TOLD 1st Hunter (quite green): How can you tell when a skunk is on the defensive? 2nd Hunter: When it's offensive, my friend.



THE REASON "So Tom is mixed up in one of those triangles, eh?" "Gosh, no! It's a hexagon in his case."



THE REPTILE "The reptile! How dare he speak of me that way!" "Why not! I learned the wretcher had one more gown than I had."



Safe for WHOOPING COUGH PERTUSSIN "The reptile! How dare he speak of me that way!" "Why not! I learned the wretcher had one more gown than I had."

SONIA

By VIDA HURST

INSTALLMENT XXXIV.

HOURS passed, but Sonia was not conscious of their passing. She was aching with cold when she dragged herself from the floor. Dark-ness forced her to stop and turn on the electric switch. Her rack-ling sobs seemed to come from another person. Married to a man like Don Still-water! Yet how willingly she had offered her sacrifice! With what high courage she had proffered her reputation to save a mur-derer, and he had told her, even while thanking her, that he could easily have escaped conviction. He had deceived her from the be-ginning. Yet, piercing to her very heart, came this repeated cry: "I loved you too much."

Weak willed, undisciplined, the son of a dotting mother, his char-acter had been slowly undermined. He had to have whatever his heart set upon. Sonia shivered as she realized to what depths of suf-fering he was to descend.

Her infatuation was crushed with a single blow. She pressed her hands to her heart and snatched them away, loathing herself.

"Oh, daddy, why do I have to?" His patient, anxious face? He had never failed her. How it could hurt him to see her wounded to death—broken, beaten. Thank God, he had not lived to suffer that. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she told herself she was no longer entitled to sympathy. Every one had warned her. Even after her father's death, her mother had pleaded with her. Futility, in the face of her passion for Frank-lin! That passion was burned as with acid, out of her heart, but the scars could never be removed.

She had always detested common vulgarity, had pledged herself only beautiful adventures. How fate had cheated her! Tricked her into giving her first, fresh, love to a coward!

Chin in hand, she looked out over the lighted city. She had thought she was free to twist events to suit her pleasure. No more free than a top in the hands of a malicious child.

How gaily she had come to Chic-ago to follow the dark course al-ready mapped out for her! Her volition had nothing to do with it. But if this were true, Franklin's crime had been inevitable. No one could be held responsible.

Trembling with weakness, she felt the flaw in her reasoning, but was too exhausted to pursue it. Too eager for any loophole of escape! The future was black. She only knew that she could never face Don. She would hide from every one. Move away from this room to another, equally grimy, exist as she could, do any kind of work she could to keep from going mad.

But in the midst of her musing the door opened and Don Still-water came in.

She faced him, desperately, un-certain if this, too, were not a frag-ment of her dream.

"Sonia!" "Don't touch me!" "But, my dear, I was so surprised when I telephoned your mother. I left you some money. Why should you come here?"

Some last tattered shred of self-respect forced her to control her quivering features. She said, boldly, "Oh, I don't mind it. It's gone enough."

He was watching her intently. "Are you ill?" "No, I'm all right."

"I would have come sooner, but I missed your letter. It was for-warded and followed me for weeks. But you got it?" she insisted, almost eagerly, waiting for the blow to fall.

"Yes, eventually. Also one from my mother. I was so sorry, So-nia, to hear of your father's death."

"Oh, don't!" she begged, choked, tortured.

"Don't blame yourself too much. Your father must have been unbal-anced."

She stared at him, fascinated. She could not take her eyes from his rugged, kindly face. Then she moistened dry lips and asked, "Did you come to annul our marriage?"

She saw that his eyes were cir-cled with weariness, his face hea-vy with pain.

"Annul our marriage? Why? So that you can marry that cur who let you lie for him?" "Don, you believe I lied."

"Of course, you lied."

She groveled on the floor before him, hiding her face against the easy rug.

"For Heaven's sake, Sonia! Nev-er do that again!" He lifted her roughly, held her in stern, inflexible arms.

"Do you think I wouldn't know you lied? Lied to protect the man you were infatuated with.... But because you were a fool is no reason for my releasing you. He isn't fit to touch your feet. Do you think I'd ever give you to him now?" She sobbed. "You would believe in me when my own father thought me guilty?" "He was not himself, Sonia—worried and overworked all his life."

"Oh, God, let me die!" She faced her swollen counten-ance in a mirror, remembering that dancing image of long ago. She smiled bitterly. Dizzy and faint she sat on the edge of the bed, gulping milk, muttering: "Oh, I'm sick—I'm so sick!"

had the next breath: "If I could only die!"

The room took on a green, un-natural tinge, the walls undulated up and down. She cried aloud: "I'm dreaming! I've never been to Chicago."

Of course, she was dreaming. Her father would slip to her door in a moment.

"Come, honey, it's time to get up."

How she would surprise him. She would throw her arms around his neck, crying, "Darling... I love you! I've had a terrible dream..."

As if she had just heard it, the realization of his death swept over her. Pictures flashed before her staring eyes. Her mother pinning up her graduating dress.

"Stand still, Sonia."

Her father, insisting on her go-ing to Sunday School.

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She repeated, "You believed in me," wonderingly.

Her heart was soft and as hum-ble as a child's. In that instant she saw the light. The miracle had come.

"Sonia," he whispered, "does our marriage mean so little? You came to me to escape Franklin Crane. Do you want to go back to him?"

"Oh no—I despise him..."

"Then never mention it again."

He lifted her face to his, but she cried, wilyly, "Don't kiss me. Please..." Her cry was smothered by his lips.

He kissed her passionately. And again shame ran like fire over her.

She cried to herself, "You see you can't tell him how you have played the fool."

She began to meet his questions with cheerful mechanical replies. She planned, "Make him think you're all right. Pretend—your must pretend."

He drew her into the big chair.

"You've worried yourself sick over this. Why, I knew the moment I received your letter. When you made no attempt to offer an ex-planation, I should never have left you, Sonia. But I'll take you with me tonight to my hotel. And our marriage will be announced in to-morrow's papers. No more of this secret stuff. When Muncie reads that, it will know the truth, Sonia, did you really think I would give you up?"

"Any other man would."

"After the hour we passed to-gether before I went away? Why, you love me, dear. You proved it—that night."

Her voice replied: "Oh, Don, I do..."

For a long time he held her, whispering tender condolence, kis-sing her gently, "My little broken sweetheart, they've almost killed you."

She lay cold, the blood in her frozen veins circling slower and slower to the death march in her heart.

"I am going to start practicing Sonia."

"Yes, I had an offer before I left to go in with Mr. Langdon. It's a splendid opportunity. I'll look him up to-morrow."

"But your study in Berlin?"

"It will have to wait until later. We might as well face the music right here, Sonia. It's doesn't help to run away."

He held her face between his hands, well-shaped, sensitive hands, which Sonia had always loved.

"And this time our marriage is to be no farce, my darling. No reser-vations between us from now on. We shall be man and wife."

The significance of his words reached her slowly. It was life he offered, clean, sweet life, with the great past wiped off the slate.

As always, Don had come to her rescue, stretched out a saving hand. But could she accept it? Could she ever accept anything from him again after her disloyalty to him?

"You rent this room from the people downstairs?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll run down and tell them you're leaving. You can be collecting your things."

She watched him, stunned, until he had closed the door.

His words of passionate faith had torn the veil from her eyes. He was the only man in her life who had been worth loving.

"I have been a fool," she whis-pered. "I am responsible for the wreck I've made of it. I am not worthy of him. My disgrace will drag him down."

She paced the floor with limbs so faint that blackness enveloped her. But she knew with sick-ening certainty the exact corner where a bottle of tiny poison ta-blets stood. Oh, God, for strength to take them! If they would only kill her instantly, painlessly.

with harsh words, so that she might have crept away.

She was fumbling with the door to the medicine closet, reaching to the top shelf.

She whimpered, "Oh, I'm afraid. I didn't want to do it this way. God, don't let it hurt..."

Uncorking the bottle, pouring the tablets into an eye hand.

(To Be Continued.)

The Human Clock

(By British United Press) LONDON, Jan. 27.—The "human clock" is the successor to the "hu-man barometer"—the man who can foretell weather by the variety and intensity of his aches and pains.

The human clock is a man or wo-man who can tell the hour of the day without consulting a time-piece.

Dr. Bernard Hollander, the fam-ous psychologist has not only made a study of this time-sense, but has trained himself in the use of it.

"I thought it would help my pa-tients if I could show them that I had developed the time-sense my-self," he said recently.

"It is an interesting faculty, that of being able to control the subcon-scious mind so that it can keep a record of time, and psychologists have long been aware of it."

"The simplest form of it is being able to go to sleep and wake up at the exact time desired. Many peo-ple can do this, even though the times are irregular. Everybody could do it if he determined to."

"The time-sense that is in every-body's subconscious mind is like a clock. If the mind has a strong will-power it can control the alarm as it likes."

"There are people whose time-sense is so extraordinarily well de-veloped that they can tell the exact time although they have not seen a clock for many hours."

"They are the exceptions, but for ordinary purposes any one can be trained to carry the time in his subconscious mind, to be able to remember to do certain things at a certain time, and to wake punctu-ally at the required minute."

To The Electors Of Ward One

Ladies and Gentlemen:— I am again in the field as candi-date for Councillor for Ward One. If elected it shall be my endeavor to faithfully discharge my duties as your representative, giving special attention to the needs of the Ward and at the same time doing my part in carrying on the civic adminis-tration in an efficient and economic manner.

I thank you for the generous sup-port accorded me two years ago, and respectfully solicit your votes at the coming election.

DR. F. C. DOUGAN 2081-diy.

Girl's Scared Nose

(By British United Press) LONDON, Jan. 27.—How far does a scar on a pretty nose reduce a girl's chance of marriage?

Three Austrian civil courts, in-cluding the Supreme Court of Ap-peal, have been called upon to de-cide this question.

A girl of 19, strikingly beautiful, had her nose cut in a collision be-tween two cars, and she claimed \$1,500 from the drivers for her les-sened prospects of marriage.

"She is so beautiful," said the drivers' counsel, that the slight in-jury is of no consequence, espe-cially as the modern girl uses the pow-der-puff so lavishly that it is im-possible to discern the real nat-ural colour of the face."

"Compliments are all very well," replied the girl's lawyer, "but it is not fair to assume that a girl has always her powder-puff in hand."

The girl was awarded \$300, the Supreme Court holding that many men would object to taking a bride with a scar on her nose.

To the Electors of Ward Five

LADIES & GENTLEMEN:

It is with pleasure that I once again offer to Ward 5 and the Citizens in general my services as Councillor in the Civic Election on Feb. 8, 1928.

Having been one of your repre-sentatives for the past two years in the City Council I have endeavored to give you the best services possible within my power.

Needless to say that I stand for everything that would be for the BEAUTIFYING and BETTER-MENT of our City.

It has been my aim in the past and will be in the future to keep our TAXES as LOW AS POS-SIBLE. Permanent civic improve-ment will receive my cordial sup-port. ECONOMY BEING THE WATCHWORD in all such under-takings.

As I will be unable to call on all personally, I take this opportunity of soliciting your support on Elec-tion Day.

Respectfully yours, SAMUEL KENNEDY

CIVIC ELECTION!

In pursuance of an Act of the Legislature of the Province of Prince Edward Island, made and passed in the Third year of the reign of His Majesty King Edward VII., Chapter 17, intituled "An Act to consolidate and amend the several Acts incorporating the City of Charlottetown and all Acts in amendment thereof or in ad-dition thereto.

I do hereby give Public Notice that an Election of a Mayor for the said City, Three Commissioners of Sewers and Water Supply for the said City, and of One person to serve as a Common Council-man in the City Council for each of the Wards Numbers 1, 2 and 3, of the said City, and of Two persons to serve as Common Council-men in said Council for Ward Number 4 of said City, and of Three persons to serve as Common Councilmen in said Council for Ward 5 in the said City; being in all a Mayor, Three commissioners of Sewers and Water supply, and Eight Common Councilmen repre-senting the City as follows:

- For Ward Number One One Councillor
For Ward Number Two One Councillor
For Ward Number Three One Councillor
For Ward Number Four Two Councillors
For Ward Number Five Three Councillors

WILL BE HELD ON WEDNESDAY

The Eighth day of February, A. D., 1928

At the several Polling Places as Described in Proclamations Post-ed in the Several Wards of the said City.

NOMINATION DAY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST, A.D. 1928

At the Office of the City Clerk, City Hall, from the hour of Twelve O'clock noon, until the hour of Four O'clock in the after-noon of the same day.

For Qualifications of Electors see Act 3rd Edward VII., Cap. 17, Secs. 24 to 29; also Act 1st George V, Caps. 13 & 14, also Cap. 9 Act 17 George V. Sec. 5.

G. P. NICHOLSON, City Clerk, City Clerk's Office. LEONARD B. MILLER, Mayor of the City of Charlottetown. Charlottetown, January 20th, 1928

Good Health Calls For Constant Care

GOOD health is not something that "just happens." It must be cultivated and conserved. Recurring attacks of indigestion, headaches, colds and all the other symptoms of a poor state of health cannot be disregarded with im-punity. Frequent indigestion is a danger signal and unless the warning is heeded, serious illness will follow.

Sleep and rest are great recop-erative forces, but they do not, of themselves, clear the system of the day's accumulation of poisons. The organs of elimination—the lungs, bowels, kidneys and the pores of the skin must be kept active. Ex-ercise that will react on these parts of the body are necessary to keep them functioning normally.

A careful watch over one's diet is also important. You cannot ex-pect to clog your system with starches and sugars or to stimulate nerves and organs by indulgence in caffeine, nicotine and alcohol, and still escape the inevitable results.

The lessons of right living are simple and known to almost every-one. Watch them carefully and you can forget to worry about the ailments attendant on old age.

Diet for Average Person BREAKFAST: Fruit; bran or graham muffins; cocoa or a coffee substitute. Two glasses of water between breakfast and lunch.

LUNCHEON: Some soup; vegeta-ble gelatin salad; dark bread; glass of milk. Two glasses of water be-tween lunch and dinner. DINNER: Lean meat, fish or chicken; a green vegetable; a baked potato; stewed apricots or tapioca pudding; weak tea, cocoa or chocolate. Two glasses of water between dinner and bedtime.

© A. A. McGovern. Address all letters to Mr. McGovern, No. 41 East 42nd St., New York City, No. 37

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