



HOW OUTDOOR MEN TREAT MUSCLE-STRAIN

Sprains, bruises, rheumatism also yield to this treatment

Outdoor men who do hard muscular work, who undergo exposure and risk of accident every day, know how necessary it is to give prompt attention to muscle-strain, bruises, sprains and other injuries.

A member of a survey party, sent out by the government of British Columbia to do sub-division work three hundred miles from civilization writes:

The chief of our party with rare foresight brought along as a part of our first aid supply a bottle of Sloan's Liniment. And through weeks of exposure and hardship we found it our best help for sprains, bruises, stiff muscles and rheumatism.

Sloan's gives real relief because it doesn't just deaden the pain. It helps your body to throw off the cause.

Just a little Sloan's patted on lightly—and a healing tide of fresh new blood is sent right to the place that hurts. The aching and stiffness are helped right away.

Get a bottle from your druggist today—85 cents.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. Wm. Matthews and family wish to thank their many friends for kindness and sympathy in their hour of bereavement.

Card of Appreciation

Mrs. Nellie MacKinnon and family wish to convey through the press, to their numerous relatives and friends, an expression of their sincere appreciation for the many kind acts and expressions of sympathy received during their recent period of sorrow occasioned by the death of Florence.

FARM FOR SALE

At Centreville Beque, consisting of 17 acres of land in a high state of cultivation. House, barn, garage and poultry house—all practically new and in good repair.

FOR SALE

I offer for sale my farm, only two miles from Bradabane Station. Farm consists of 100 acres of land, 80 acres clear in good condition. The balance covered with firewood. Near church, school and saw mill.

FARM FOR SALE AT ELMWOOD

The farm of the late James Trainor of Elmwood. Containing 125 acres of good land about 50 clear and the balance covered with fine lumber, hard and soft wood well watered by a brook as boundary on two sides and a good well in the yard, handy school, church and stores, also telephone connection in house. Apply to F. J. TRAINOR, Telephone 7842-2-27-101

Professional Cards

McDonald & McPhee B. A. J. A. McDONALD H. F. MCPHEE Barristers, Attorney Etc. Money to Loan Riley Building Charlottetown

SMILES



DUMB AND SATISFIED

"Jack is having a lot of trouble with his neuritis again."



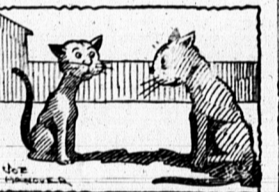
THE LAW IN CLEVELAND

Miss Poison Ivy: "I'll have to law on you for that wallop you give me."

Skippants: Go to it. I can stand fine for assault and battery. Poison Ivy: Assault and battery Notin! I'm gonna sue you for breach of promise



He: Can you cut a figure 8? She: I don't know. I never fell it.



1st Cat: I hear that new dog name is "Ginger." Does he bite? 2nd Cat: No, but he "snaps"



WANTED HIM TO COME HOME EARLY

Smith: I'm going to paint the town tonight. Mrs. Smith: Well, don't give it more than one coat.

When You Feel a Cold Coming On

Advertisement for Bromo Quinine tablets, featuring an illustration of a hand holding a box of tablets and text describing its benefits for colds and fevers.

YELLOW STUD

CHAPTER XXVI

Jimmy was studying the letter, frowned. It was written in the same large, scrawly hand as the first one.

"This is your last chance," it said. "Either leave town in three days or they'll be carrying you out in a pine box."

He shrugged his shoulders, laughing. "Persistent cuss, whoever it is. Rising from his chair, he peeled off his coat and vest, lit a cigarette and threw himself down on the bed to smoke and reflect."

"It couldn't very well have been this like Jensen or the man who was with him tonight," he said. "Unless, of course, they brought it or sent it here earlier in the evening. Who was it that's writing this stuff?"

He jumped up from the bed and extinguished his cigarette. "And how in the devil did the darned thing get there? No stamp on it or anything. It's spooky—actually spooky. I'll have to ask Mrs. King about it in the morning."

He turned out the light and hopped into bed.

Mrs. King was in the kitchen when he came downstairs—it was just a little past six-thirty—and she thought, "What a hard working woman she is. Gets up with the birds and works till all hours at night. I wonder when she finds time to sleep."

"Good morning, Mrs. King," he said. "I found a letter in my room last night. How did it get there—do you know? It didn't come through the mail."

"Why, yes," she turned from the gas range and out of habit thrust her hands in her apron pocket. "A boy brought it shortly after you went out last evening."

"A boy, eh? This was quite unexpected." "Yes, a little fellow of perhaps ten or eleven."

"Did you ask him who sent it?" "Why, no. I didn't consider it any of my business, who sent you letters. All he said was that a man gave it to him to deliver. Don't you know who it is from?"

Again that eager curiosity on her part. "No, I don't, Mrs. King. I'm puzzled about it. It's an anonymous letter from someone who seems intent on having me leave town. It's the second one I've found in my room. You remember that evening I came home and you told me you thought you heard me moving around in my room upstairs?"

"Yes, I remember." "Well, I found one that night. I think you probably did hear someone up there, but it was the man who left the note. I bumped into someone coming out of the gate as I came in."

"Why, Mr. Rand don't tell me that! What does it mean?" "Well, I don't know what it means, Mrs. King. Perhaps you won't feel comfortable if I continue to stay here. I'll move out if you are afraid."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of asking you to move, Mr. Rand. It's so pleasant to have you here. You're no trouble and your so neat and clean—not at all like so many roomers." She sighed. "I'm not afraid, Mr. Rand. There's a policeman around all the time now. I'm only afraid you'll run into some trouble some time while you're out."

His jaw set grimly. "I'll try to take care of myself. I just don't want to be a worry and a bother to you. About the boy who brought the note. What did he look like? Had you ever seen him before around the neighborhood?"

"No, I hadn't." "And you say he came shortly after I had left last evening?" "Yes, wasn't more than five minutes."

"It looks as if somebody was keeping an eye on the house waiting for me to leave. He waited until I was gone so I couldn't question the boy about who had given him the letter."

"I had suspected anything wrong Mr. Rand, I'd have asked him myself. But goodness knows I didn't even give it a thought."

Arrived at the laundry office, he found that the man named Porter had left word, with the delivery clerk that a new driver would report. The clerk, in shirt sleeves and vest, a pencil stuck behind his ear asked a few questions and issued some brief instructions.

"Your main job is to deliver these packages of laundry and collect new batches to be washed. A smart fellow, however, goes a little beyond his job at times to drum up new trade. Our drivers are our best means of selling this company to the people. They're the only ones who get the personal contacts outside."

"Now you look a pretty bright fellow," Jimmy smiled, and the man continued, "Mr. Porter said he thought you had taken this job because you needed work and that you might quit as soon as you found something better. I want to tell you right now that this is no blind alley job. A man who's on his toes all the time and who gets up new business will find an advancement waiting for him. Besides, there's a commission offered for new regular customers. This is a young concern and there's room here for brains. That's just a friendly tip. Now get out and see how it goes."

"Here's your route," he handed Jimmy a sheet of papers. "Know the city?" "Fairly well." "Well, I've taken the trouble to lay out your route for you so you can cover it in the least time. Good luck."

"Thanks, Jimmy offered his hand, and the shirt-sleeved man shook it. "Looks like a pretty bright guy," remarked the clerk to a fellow worker as Jimmy climbed into the

truck. No foolish questions, like some of the Dumbells that come here. A lot of these morons claim to be truck drivers can't be trusted to wheel a baby carriage much less run an automobile."

"What a world!" remarked Jimmy, and laughed. He had driven out of the delivery barn and was actually launched upon his newest—and rarest—job.

He wondered what his mother and Janet would think if they could see him. He wondered what Barry Colvin would think—and Mary. Somehow no matter what course his thoughts took they invariably ended with Mary Lowell. "I was a fool," he said aloud, "to talk to her like that. If I had only unburied a little and explained what this whole thing was about, she'd have understood. One little word from me and it would have been different." He cursed himself for owning a temper that made him say things he didn't mean.

The events of the night before flashed through his mind. There was a slight bump and discoloration on his temple where he had been struck down. The recollection of Olga standing in her doorway and cursing him if he was coming back came to him and aggravated his mind.

He was threading his way through the morning rush hour traffic now and then it was necessary to give his undivided attention to his driving. "No time for wool-gathering," he muttered as a traffic policeman halted him with a turn of his semaphore.

Following the directions laid down in the route handed him by the shirt-sleeved clerk, he turned off the main thoroughfare at the street he had been looking for and soon found himself in a neat worked residential neighborhood.

Daily Fashion Hint Prepared Especially For This Newspaper



IN NAVY TWILL

The trottier frock is one of the most important of day-time fashions. This model features tucks in its decorative scheme, having them at the shoulders in front and on the sleeves below the elbows. The V-shaped neck is finished with a round collar, and at the back there is a circular flounce caught up in a tie-string of self-material. Medium size requires 3 yards 54-inch material.

Pictorial Review Printed Pattern No. 2904. Sizes, 14 to 18 years and 34 to 44 inches bust. Price, 45 cents.

calls were pleasant as this, it was going to be interesting. Time sped swiftly. He covered his route and went back to the laundry, where he received a compliment from shirt-sleeved clerk and was started out on another trip.

Five o'clock in the afternoon found him driving back again to the plant, his day's work done. Traffic again was heavy, the home-ward flow of workers of Montreal. He stopped at an intersection. A large roadster, headed in the direction opposite to his, attracted his attention by its handsome, racy lines.

He gave a sudden start. It was Samuel Church at the wheel, and Church was looking at him. Traffic started again and Church turned to his companion. It was then that Jimmy saw it was Mary with him, and she was facing him directly, but looking through him—not at him.

(To Be Continued)

Bobbed Hair's End Within Year Seen

LONDON, Feb. 28.—The end of bobbed hair is now in sight and it will last another year at the most. This opinion is expressed by M. Manganaro, superintendent of the Societe Du Progres De La Coiffure, a French hair dressers' organization which last night conducted a hair dressing competition.

"Already," declared Manganaro, "I have women requesting to have their short hair made into chignons which they could wear over their brows while their hair is growing again."

He added that women must expect their hair to take at least six months to grow long enough to turn up.

TREE-TOP STORIES



LEAF-TALK

TINY green leaves grew at the foot of the tall fir-tree on the hillside. There was no wind, but one of the leaves kept waving excitedly.

"Come here! Come here!" it seemed to say.

"I think it wants to tell me something," said Rosemary. She stopped down and listened. Quite clearly she heard a delicate voice.

"Listen!" it sang, "soon I am going to have a pink flower growing under my leaves. I'm so happy!" "Why?" exclaimed Rosemary. "I didn't know leaves could talk!"

"Yes, they do," the little leaf nodded up and down. "But all people can't understand our language."

For a Clear Healthy Skin use Zam-Buk

Pimples, Eczema, Rash, & Rough Irritated Skin disappear as by magic.

DON'T neglect any skin trouble, however slight and unimportant! Unless attended to right away, that rough patch or persistent irritation, may easily develop into eczema or other serious disease that may be difficult to eradicate.

Your safest and most certain remedy is Zam-Buk. This highly antiseptic herbal balm quickly soothes pain and irritation, stops germ infection, allays inflammation and soon makes the skin sound and healthy.

THE WONDERFUL HERBAL HEALER

Islanders Among Quincy Industries

The Quincy Patent Ledger contains the following interesting article and Mr. Campbell referred to is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Campbell, Kingston, P. E. I.

It is not a very large building which houses the Campbell Machine Co. Inc., of Wollaston, located near the Norfolk Downs station but it is one of the many small industries of the city which add to the prosperity of the community.

The present factory was occupied in 1920. At that time Mr. Campbell believed he had a good machine and was willing to back that belief with hard work. Five years of hard work, square dealing and an article that the public wanted is bringing its reward. The present building is crowded to the limit, but that is a fault that happens to all growing firms, they are always crowded for room. The title of a catalogue they have just issued is "Floor-Grinding and Polishing Machines."

To the every-day man or woman this brings to mind a clumsy piece of machinery that makes terrific noise, kicks up a lot of dust and makes a mess of everything. That picture was true before Mr. Campbell had an idea it could be remedied.

Before his machines were brought to their present perfection the man with the idea had to do many hours of hard work combined with other hours of studying. He took a course in electric motors, another in chemistry, he studied everything he could find about woods, then he took a three-year course of law so he would be able to conduct his business in a correct way. All the time he was taking these courses, which covered a period of 15 years, he was developing his machine. Not only did he build them but he operated them, going out and running them day after day on jobs.

From this actual demonstration and operation he found the weak points and remedied them. Many a man or firm can build a machine that is theoretically right, but when it comes to the test it is lacking in the very essential that would make it a huge success. Machines often are used for the reason that there is nothing better, but they are far from satisfactory. Mr. Campbell did not wait until his customers told him the faults of his machine, but found them out himself by actual operation, and is still improving them. They are sanding, scrubbing, and stone-polishing machines ranging in size from the "heavy duty" sander to the dainty little household electric polisher about the size of an ordinary vacuum cleaner and working as easily.

Here is the only factory in the East that manufactures machines of this kind. They have sold them in every state in the Union, to Japanese and Philippine governments as well as to many departments of our own government.

The machines are not only used for floor work, but to sand walls, bowling alleys, tables, counters or any surface of wood that needs to be made smooth. Recently they manufactured a machine with a steel brush which is used to polish

Dogs Kill and Eat Man in N. Y.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—Two half-starved mongrel dogs, savage from hunger, sprang at the throat of Harry Griffin, 50 years old, a one-armed laborer, living on Dewey avenue, Yonkers, in the scrub growth of Zedler's picnic grove in an isolated section of the city Sunday night. They dragged him to the ground, but he fought them off and staggered to his feet screaming. He started to run, but they tore at him and he fell again. For nearly two hundred yards he battled on before they killed him. His naked and partially devoured body was found in the grove, 100 feet west of the Bronx river road and one mile north of Yonkers avenue, this morning.

Eight Yonkers policemen and detectives, armed with shotguns, followed the bloodstained tracks of the animals. In an outhouse not far from the home of Mr. Robert J. Zedler, proprietor of the grove, they came upon the slinking form of one of the dogs, with crimson stains upon the fur about his mouth and body. Sergeant Morrisey killed him with a charge of buckshot. The hunt for the second animal—a female—was temporarily abandoned with the coming of darkness tonight, but it will be resumed again in the morning.

By tracks in the snow bits of torn clothing, and from information given them by persons living in the vicinity, Captain Hall and Captain Dennis A. Cooper, of the Yonkers detective bureau, were able tonight to reconstruct with a fair degree of accuracy the details of Griffin's desperate and losing fight with the beasts.

The first signs of the Attack were at a point in the woods in Zedler's grove. The weight of the dogs had brought Griffin to the ground and, from the blood stains, they must have torn at him savagely. Bits of his clothing were scattered about and the police could see where he had fought his way to his feet and staggered onward.

Griffin was unarmed and there were signs where he had turned and kicked at the dogs as he backed away from them. Time after time the snow disclosed, he had gone down before their attacks. Their teeth had torn away his feet and flesh but he had managed to beat them back, regain his feet and stumble toward the Bronx River Road before again falling.

Each time his resistance grew weaker from loss of blood and from pain. The police believed he fought for his life valiantly half an hour before he fell for the last time. It was evident from signs in the snow that here, too, Griffin had tried to regain his feet but he lacked the strength to do so. The dogs got again. He died fighting.

Shortly after ten o'clock this morning Griffin's body was found.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

A Vegetable Relief For Constipation

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) a vegetable laxative with a pleasant, non-narcotic action. Relieves and prevents biliousness, constipation, indigestion, flatulency, headaches. Tones and strengthens the digestion and assimilation.

Use for over 30 years

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs. The same NR—in one-third dose, candy-coated. For children and adults. For sale by your druggist.



FOR SALE

SMALL FARM AND RANCH PROPERTY IN SUMMERSIDE.

About 25 acres of land, 18 of which are under cultivation, balance in pasture and ranch, cut 20 tons hay last year, besides other crops.

Ranch contains 30 pens with new 5 room ranch house all enclosed in guard fence.

Large 7 room house, barn, garage and hen house, all in first class condition with all modern improvements. This property is only five minutes walk from High School and most of it will be valuable as house lots.

Will be sold in lots to suit purchaser and is offered at a bargain as I am leaving the Province.

DR. W. G. CHURCH, Summerside, P. E. I.

B AND O FEED

A Mixture of Ground Barley, Oats and Corn

(Sold under Government Analysis) This is a great HOG FEED cheaper than SMORTS. PORK is HIGH, and going to remain high in price.

Feed the Hogs with our Special B. and O. Hogg Feed

Only \$2.00 per bag of 100 lbs. A better price in Ton lots. This also a great feed for Milk Cows

See it and buy it at Carter's Seed and Feed Store

32 Petersons Answer When One is Called

ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 28.—"Peterson," called the deputy clerk in Circuit Court here facing a petit jury panel.

Thirty-two prospective jurors rose to their feet. "Carl Peterson," amended the clerk.

Seven marched forward. "Carl E. Peterson." "Two responded." "The tall one," mumbled the clerk.

Indigestion

When chronic, is best relieved by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

In most cases, indigestion results from torpid liver and sluggish bowel action. Tablets for the stomach and aids to digestion fall in this chronic form of indigestion. You must get the filtering and excretory organs right before you can expect permanent relief and this is best accomplished by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Chronic indigestion is a very common condition. On this account many suffer for years not realizing that relief is at hand in the form of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Headaches, biliousness are among the accompanying ailments. What a relief it would be to be free of this condition which makes one feel so miserable and it is so easy to treat this well-known regulator of the liver, kidneys and bowels.