

So warm, comfy and satisfying

SHREDED WHEAT

with hot milk and a little cream

ST. FELIX SCHOOL

Standing of St. Felix School for January.

Grade VIII.—1. Agnes Arsenault; 2. Alice Gallant; 3. John Chiasson.

Grade VI.—1. Annie Gillis; 2. Louisa Martin; 3. Marie Jane Gaudet.

Grade V.—1. Evelyn DesRoches; 2. Rita Chiasson; 3. Jean Winters.

Grade IV.—1. Dorothy Arsenault; 2. Ada Gillis; 3. Clarence Gillis.

Grade III.—1. Adeline Chiasson; 2. Annie Gillis; 3. John Pineau.

Grade II.—1. Leone Mosher.

Perfect Attendance for the term—Leo Gallant, Leone Mosher, Raymond Chiasson—Margaret Gallant, teacher.

Life Insurance Salesman Wanted

High grade salesman to take over Charlotte territory for old established Life Insurance Company. Must be energetic and able to show results as producer and organizer. Address in confidence, with brief personal history. Box 116, Guardian. 764-2124.

Annual General Meeting

The General Meeting of the Shareholders of SILVER SHEEN FOXES, LTD., will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown at 8 p. m., on Monday, the 22nd day of February, 1926, for the reception of the Annual Report, the election of Directors, etc.

W. G. SPENCER, Secretary.

7547-2417.

INSIDIOUS EYE STRAIN

We use this adjective advisedly.

Sufferers from Eyestrain may have perfect vision and therefore do not suspect the presence of any eye defect.

The motive power of the entire human organism is Nerve Energy.

Normal eyes, it is computed utilize about 20% of this Nerve Energy, but when Eyestrain is present, a much larger proportion is required.

Hence defective eyes, through their consumption of an excessive amount of Nerve Energy, may seriously affect the functioning of other organs of the body, and produce ill health.

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED

C. F. HANCOCK
Optometrist

Professional Cards

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

Mark R. McGuigan
B. A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
Money to Loan
Cameron Block Charlottetown, P.E.I.
2220-1-11-11.

Dr. C. C. Archibald
Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital
Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Testing Eyes and supplying Glasses
Office, Bayer Building
Great George Street
Office Hours—9 to 12.30, 1.30 to 5

NEW YORK FISH ADS.

SMELT AND EEL SHIPPERS
ATTENTION

For Top Prices. Prompt Returns and General Satisfaction

Ship Your Production to
CHESEBRO BROTHERS & ROBBINS INC.

Established 1888. Shipping Stencils Sent on Request

1, 2 and 3 Fulton Fish Market,
New York N. Y.

HGCI
The YELLOW STUB
by Ernest Lynn

BEGIN HERE TODAY

HENRY RAND, 55, a business man, is found murdered in a cheap hotel in GRAFTON. The only clues are a woman's handkerchief and a yellow ticket stub from a theater in Montreal.

JIMMY RAND, Henry's son, goes to Montreal, where DETECTIVE MOONEY traces the ticket to a THOMAS FOGARTY, who says he gave it to a woman named OLGA MAYNARD. Police search for her.

JIMMY meets and falls in love with MARY LOWELL, and gets a job in her office. Later he accidentally encounters Olga Maynard. He meets her at night and confronts her with the evidence against her. She faints when he says she is suspected of murder. He is in the street holding her when he sees Mary Lowell and a man companion watching them.

The next day Jimmy learns Mary's companion was SAMUEL CHURCH, a wealthy lawyer. Mary refuses to speak to Jimmy and later in the day he is discharged. He gets a phone call from POLICE LIEUTENANT O'DAY to come down to headquarters.

Now go on with the story

CHAPTER 13.

"What's up?" Jimmy asked O'Day.

"Come down and see," O'Day beckoned.

Jimmy went back to his telegram from Mooney. Olga Maynard, it said, had been seen in Grafton on the day of the murder had interviewed two cabaret owners about a job. Mooney thought it best to place a charge of murder against her when she was found and held her in Grafton.

"Look here," growled O'Day when he arrived at the police station.

"What do you mean?"

"We've found the Maynard woman. She says you were with her last night. Why didn't you tell us?"

"I was going to bring her down here tonight, Lieutenant. I give you my word. I wanted to talk to her alone and see what she was like. She didn't do it, Lieutenant."

"She didn't, eh? Well, I'm not so sure. Come on upstairs. We'll need you when we talk to her."

Olga Maynard was white-faced with restlessness, a hunted look. She flared at Jimmy when he came in with O'Day. "You told them," she accused. "You said you were coming. You told them to get me."

"He just got a piece of my mind for not telling us. We were looking for you, sister, and we got you."

He produced a telegram. "This is from Mooney," he said to Jimmy. He turned to the woman. "Here's the proof that you were in Grafton the day Henry Rand was murdered. How about it?"

"I've never denied it. Sure I was there—looking for a job. Why should I lie?" But Jimmy knew a thing about the murder.

"You're lying," O'Day shot back at her.

"I'm not. It's the truth—I swear it. I went to the theater that night on Fogarty's ticket. I admit it. I took the sleeper for Grafton. I got there in the morning and spent the day looking for work. I'm a cabaret singer and I've had some hard luck here. I tried to find a cabaret or theatrical job in Grafton."

Mooney said he had interviewed a couple of cabaret proprietors, admitted O'Day, indicating the

telegram. "All right, what did you do next?"

"That's all. I didn't get any where, so I took the train Wednesday night back to Montreal."

"You didn't stay all night in Grafton—didn't register at any hotel?" O'Day asked.

"No, I didn't go near any hotel. You're not telling the truth. You were in Canfield Hotel while you were in Grafton. We know you were."

"Then how did that ticket stub get in the room? You admit you used the stub. You admit you were in Grafton on the day of the murder. Yet you say you never saw the hotel—and the stub was found in the room with Rand."

"I can't explain it. Maybe somebody found it and planted it there to throw you off the track."

O'Day laughed scornfully. "You'll have to do better than that, sister. We're dealing with facts—not fairy stories. How do you account for this? Before you left for Grafton you were living in a cheap rooming house. You're out of a job and broke. You go to Grafton and come back to Montreal and move into a pretty nice apartment. Where did you get the money?"

"I didn't get any money. I got back here Thursday morning and started looking for work again. I took the first thing I could get—a clothing model's job. On the strength of that I rented an apartment. I don't like rooming houses."

"Do you think a jury would believe your story?" scoffed O'Day.

"I don't know. Do you believe I committed the murder?"

"It looks like it. Whether you did or not, you're covering somebody up. You know who did it. You were in the room when the murder was committed. I believe you got Henry Rand into that room, didn't you?"

"No!" cried Jimmy, leaping from his chair. "I don't believe that Lieutenant. She might be covering somebody up, but—"

"Sit down, Rand," O'Day waved him aside. "Didn't you?" he continued, turning to Olga Maynard.

"No, I didn't, I tell you," she said fiercely. "I never even heard of him."

"Listen, sister said O'Day. "I've been trying to place you. You seem to me one of a sudden. Seems to me you're in the wagon the time we raided the Studio Club. How about it?"

She turned away from O'Day's head and looked at her lip. "What of it?" she asked.

"Nothing—except it wasn't very nice company. Not for a lady."

She flushed hotly. "All right, maybe it wasn't. But you can't hang me for that."

"I've got a pretty near hanging you for something else. Come, now, tell us who was with you in Grafton. Who was this guy H. A. Jones who registered for the room?"

"I wasn't with anybody in Grafton."

"All right, what's the jury going to say when we show 'em you were in Grafton the day of the murder and your theater ticket was found in the room?"

"They wouldn't convict me on circumstantial evidence, Lieutenant. Pretty thin evidence, at that."

O'Day studied her through her half closed eyes. "That ain't all. You still say you didn't go near the Canfield Hotel?"

"I still say it." All right, then how did this get in the room where the murder was committed?"

He produced the handkerchief and pointed her with it. "Come on, answer me." She was staring, white-faced, at the handkerchief, speechless with surprise.

"If I wanted to lie," she said slowly, "I'd say that wasn't my handkerchief. There's no initial or anything on it."

"The perfume is the same as you've got on the one in your hand," O'Day cut in.

"Just the same, you couldn't prove it was mine, Lieutenant. This is a common enough brand of perfume, and so is the handkerchief. But I won't lie. It's my handkerchief. Do you mean they found it in the room with—"

"They found it in the room with Henry Rand. Yes, the handkerchief and a ticket stub. Now do you admit you were in the room?"

"I'm still telling you the truth, Lieutenant." She looked appealingly at Jimmy. "I'll swear I am, Mr. Rand. I'm telling the truth. No, I was not in that room. I don't know how the handkerchief got there. But I think I begin to see a thing or two now."

"Listen. Maybe I've been covering somebody up that I didn't intend to cover up. The handkerchief gives me an idea. Monday night, I had it when I left the Palladium Theater. But I didn't have it when I went home, and I didn't have it when I went to Grafton."

"Do you see this?" She held up her beaded bag. "When I went in the theater I put the ticket stub in my bag—with my handkerchief. Well, after the theater I went to a place to eat and dance. You know, Rand—the Madrid, where you saw me in the other night."

"This might sound like a weak alibi to you, Lieutenant. You might think I'm lying, but I'll swear I'm not."

"Go ahead," said O'Day.

"I'm trying to think." She passed her hand uncertainly over her forehead. "I gave that bag to the man who was dancing with me to hold for me. He put it in his coat pocket, and afterwards gave it back."

"My handkerchief was still in the bag, and so was the ticket stub. I guess, I remember asking for my handkerchief after one dance—it was warm. I told him it was in my bag. He opened the bag without taking it out of his pocket and brought out the handkerchief. I remember he said, 'What kind of a pickpocket do

you think I'd make?" He did it real cleverly."

"All right—what did you do with the handkerchief then?" asked O'Day.

"The music started for another dance, and I gave it back to him. He just stuck it in his pocket—didn't put it in the bag."

"You mean he kept it Jimmy asked.

"Let me finish. We quarreled and I went home and left him there. Before I left I asked him for my bag. My money was in it. He kidded me for a minute or two—tried to make me think he was going to keep it—but I threatened to call the manager."

"He gave me back the bag and it was still unfastened where he had taken the handkerchief out. I'd forgotten about the handkerchief, but he must have kept it not knowing he had it. The next day, as I told you I missed it, but I didn't try to think what I had done with it. It was just a cheap handkerchief."

"I think that when he pulled my handkerchief out of the bag he also pulled out the ticket stub, and they were both in his pocket when he gave the bag back."

"And you think he's the man who left the handkerchief and the stub in the Canfield Hotel?" asked O'Day.

"That's the only explanation I can think of."

"All right—who was the man?"

(To Be Continued)

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont

French children are noted for their smart frocks and coats. The model above is a copy of one made for a small French child, and also duplicated for her smaller sister, as the two always dress alike.

Beige tweed, which has a fairly rough surface, is the material used for this one. Soft brown suede faces the collar and the front revers.

The narrow belt which disappears through slits at the sides is also of beige suede.

With this the little girl wears a soft beige felt hat with a rolling brim which turns up all the way around.

SEARLETON SCHOOL

The following is the standing of Searleton School for January.

Grade VII.—1. Gladys Lowther; 2. Margaret MacNeill; 3. Harold A. Fleck.

Grade VI.—1. Margaret Affleck; 2. Jean Calbeck; 3. Frank Bell.

Grade V.—1. Mary Nonan; 2. Kenneth Green.

Grade IV.—1. Edith Sobey; 2. Olive MacLean; 3. Wilda Bell.

Grade III.—1. Donald Cameron; 2. Eidon Sobey and Lloyd Cameron equal; 3. Mildred Silliker.

Grade I. (Sr.)—1. Carman Lowther; 2. Arnold Calbeck; 3. Olga Green and Marjory Cameron equal.

Grade I. (Jr.)—1. Ruby Hayes; 2. Preston Sobey; 3. Christina Nicholson.

Perfect attendance—Gladys Lowther, Gilbert Bell, Frank Silliker, Edith Sobey, Gladys Blackmore, Olive MacLean, Ray Sobey, Mildred Silliker, Myrtle Silliker, Eidon Sobey, Leith Blackmore, Carman Lowther, Preston Sobey.

Handiest thing in the house

RELIEVES COUGHS
Take a teaspoonful of "Vaseline" Jelly. Stops the tickle. Soothes irritation. Helps nature heal. Tasteless, odorless. Will not upset you.

Cheesebrough Mfg. Company
(Consolidated)
550 Chabot Ave. Montreal

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

Beauty and the Beast
COLOR CUT-OUTS



THE PRINCE RESTORED

This is the last day's chapter of "Beauty and the Beast." Children who have saved the dolls can now act out the whole story with characters and costumes for every scene.

When Beauty found the poor Beast there, almost dead, she regretted dreadfully that she had not kept her promise to come back in a week.

"Oh, Beast," she implored him, "only get well and I will stay here all the rest of my life!"

"You will never love me," moaned the Beast.

"Oh, Beast," she answered "I really think I do love you!"

Suddenly there was the sound of music and the palace blazed with light. The Beast vanished before Beauty's eyes and in his place stood a handsome prince. She had broken the spell which bound him to remain a beast until woman would say she loved him.

So Beauty and the Beast were wed and reigned happily amid the prince's rejoicing subjects.

(The prince's gorgeous suit is of purple with cap and shoes to match. His hose are golden as well as his dagger and the tassel on his sleeve.)

Nature Cure

Go to nature, you wrinkled, care-worn souls, and consider the work being recommended by the Saviour gestation they have to make for the future. We are to sit down in the living of an acceptable life in Christ, presence of the wild flowers, and—J.H. Jowett.

From the Heaviest Woolens



To the filmiest Silks

THE same quality in Lux that thoroughly cleanses and preserves woollens, deals gently with the filmy things that are so beautiful and cost so much.

To use Lux for the entire family wash is to prolong the life of fabrics, thereby lessening the strain on the family treasury.

Important

The long enduring popularity of Lux has encouraged imitations. For your protection Lux is never sold in bulk—only in packages with Lever Brothers Limited name on each package.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

534

Vast Expansion and Advanced Equipment make New Prices Possible

The history of Dodge Brothers and their subsidiaries' drastic price reductions is simple and brief.

A better and better product followed by greater and greater demand.

To meet that demand, an expansion of buildings and equipment involving an expenditure of more than \$10,000,000.

Output vastly increased, with subsequent reduction in the cost of materials and production.

Installation of advanced labor-saving and quality-increasing equipment. For instance, one giant steel-body press costing \$10,000 replaces ten former presses costing \$7,500 each, and does the work more efficiently.

Result: At the finest line of vehicles in Dodge Brothers history at prices that seem incredible in view of Dodge Brothers traditional quality—

That seem more incredible still when considered in connection with improvements that include—

Rich and attractive colors.
Smart and stylish body lines.
Four dependable cylinders.
Absolute smoothness of engine operation.
Greater power, snap and elasticity.

And advanced steel body and windshield construction that afford exceptional driving vision at a time when clear vision and safety are paramount in the mind of every motorist.

Touring Car	• • •	\$1095
Roadster	• • •	1095
Coupe	• • •	1170
Standard Sedan	• • •	1235
De Luxe Sedan	• • •	1485

f. o. b. Toronto (Taxm Extra)

W. B. PROWSE & SONS
CHARLOTTETOWN

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

MADE IN CANADA