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Sport Versus Athletics

Condensed from The Forum (Nov. '24) Robert Kilburn Root.

While every autumn sets new records of congregated attendances there is, I think, a steadily growing sense of something not altogether right and normal in the great edifice of organized college athletics of which the "big" football game is the crowning pinnacle. What is wrong? It is certainly no cause for regret that the vigorous youth of our universities like to play many games. Heaven forbid the contrary! If, then, I have to speak with scant respect of organized athletics, the reader will please understand from the start that I am no enemy of outdoor games. On the contrary, my chief quarrel will be with the existing state of organized athletics as it is summed up in the fact that it is itself an enemy of healthy play. What purports to be, and should in fact be, play and a game has become debilitated into a scientific profession. Commercialism has laid a coarse and heavy finger on it.

If our college athletes are only technically amateurs, and essentially professionals, something is indeed wrong. Of professionalism in the technical sense of the term there is, in our more reputable colleges, little or none at all. "Amateur standing" is jealously guarded by many. The college athlete is expected to use the summer vacation to earn money, he may sell groceries; but he must not sell golf balls or baseball bats. He may tutor a boy in Latin or Algebra—though the star athlete is not always fitted for such occupations— but on peril of his amateur soul he must not for hire teach a boy to play tennis.

Amateurs they are according to the letter of the code, these sturdy youths; but could there be anything less amateur in its real essence than present-day college football? Even the vast assemblage of spectators is professional. If you go to a big league baseball game, you know that the whole affair is frankly commercial; but you, the spectator, may still be an amateur. When you feel like yelling, your lungs may bellow forth as lustily as you will. But at a college football game your enthusiasm is organized. You cheer when you are ordered to cheer. It is a kindly tyranny to be sure; for the cheer-leader is an engaging lad, lithe and graceful in his amazing contortions. The enthusiasm of the undergraduate spectators who fill the cheering sections has for many years been the great stimulant of the college daily has solemnly preached to them the duty of being present not only at the minor games, but at daily practice also, that by their presence they may "support" the team. If on a pleasant autumn afternoon they desert the hard stadium to play a round of golf or a set of tennis—mere selfish exercise and sport—it is with the guilty consciousness of a duty left undone. Shortly before the "big" game they are assembled in a great mass meeting rally, where captain and coaches and even officers of the university—appeal to the emotion of "college spirit" till every last vestige of any just sense of proportion is banished from their adolescent minds.

If the enthusiasm of the spectators is professionalized out of all spontaneity, what of the twice eleven players? So far as it is feasible to make them so, they are highly trained automatons executing the will of their coaches. There are dramatic moments, when, with a fumbled ball loose on the field, an individual must use his own quick intelligence and initiative. But as for the broad strategy of the game, it has been laid out in advance by the coaches, and the tactics have all been studied out, not by the boys who play, but by the council of elder statesmen who sit on the sidelines. The intelligence and ingenuity of a highly paid professional coach at Princeton is pitted against the skill of another highly paid professional coach at Cambridge. And under this supreme dictator is a small army of lesser coaches; so that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that there is a coach for every one of the eleven players.

And the animated chess-men themselves, what do they think about it? They have "made" the team, and in the sense of ambition realized, no doubt, they are extremely happy. But I have talked to many "varsity" players, and have never found one to whom the football season, or at any rate the closing weeks of it, was not something to be stolidly endured. They hate the daily grind of practice; they lie awake at night with nervous apprehension of the fatal fumble that they may make on the Great Day, before the cloud of accusing witnesses. And we call it a game, and amateur sport! For the spectators it is a splendid spectacle and an ecstasy of surging emotion. And football as a game is a very fine thing. But what you pay your three dollars to see on a crisp November afternoon is not a game, but a commercialized spectacle and an exhibition of highly organized professional skill. It is any part of the proper function of a university to provide a great public spectacle, the providing of which tends to the complete sub-

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Well folks I'm home again you see. So thought I'd make a call. Because I haven't been around since sometime in the fall.

I haven't time to see you all So please don't be offended, Or I forget to call on you The way that I intended.

But there's so much now going on With one thing, and another, I really haven't got the time, To go and see my mother.

But one night as I passed the hall I heard each din and clatter I called inside to see if I could find what was the matter.

But oh! the sad pathetic scene That met me as I entered. A scene of far off battle days, And all eyes on it centered.

The soldiers lying round their tent. The campfire dimly burning And in their eyes a saddened look As if their hearts were yearning.

We did not like to encore that, For everyone was sighing And if that scene had been again, All hands would have been crying.

Our charming chairman then appeared, And told us to just listen. The number that was coming next (Would make our eyes all glisten.)

A play was staged, called "Turn Him Out". And that they did quite neat, sir. But feeling sorry they gave him "Half an Hour to Eat", sir.

Next came a poor old Scotchman on He'd been out in the weather. And sang to us about the time "His hoose was in the heather."

A lot of songs then followed that And some of them were dandy. And so on down the list until The sale of cakes and candy.

And from a town of bridges came The man who did the selling. But bidding was so very slow It's hardly worth my telling.

Then came the Highland Fling, and it "Was followed by some prancers. Who jumped about, in and out. They surely were some dancers.

We clapped, and then the next we heard The organ started groaning. As if it were for some lost soul Or if in pain 'twere moaning.

So now I think I've told you all I'll take a trip to Borden So I must run to catch my train In order to dodge Gordon.

"Pop, what do we mean when we speak of an average man?" "An average man, my son, is one who isn't half as good as his wife thinks he is before she marries him, nor half so bad as she thinks he is afterward."

ordination of proper university interests? Is it wholesome that these lads should be made a spectacle for the gaping multitude at three dollars a seat, that their pictures should fill all the Sunday supplements, that the quivering ether should be syllabing their names and blazoning their every move to the "radio tans" of half a continent? One can think of a number of remedies. One might begin by reducing very materially the number of intercollegiate contests in a given season. During October a dozen Yale teams might play football intramurally, and then in November the best of these teams, or some composite of the best, might meet champion teams similarly chosen from Princeton and at Cambridge. One might, of course, abolish altogether the professional coaching system. But I have scant faith in any program of reform, or in any nostrum. (What we need is, in theological language, a change of heart. So long as the university world and its multitudinous patrons prefer the great spectacle of professional athletics, there is little use in urging mitigations. But do they so prefer? So far as one can discover, no one in particular is responsible for the present deformation of college sport. It is the result of blind drifting. The professional coaching system, for example, has become more and more professional, more highly specialized, by the same processes which turned all Europe into a camp of competitive armaments. If one plays a game, one very naturally wishes to win; and a genuinely amateur team would have small chance to win again a professionally trained rival. So, step by step, each would-be champion meets and goes beyond its rival. The best hope for the recovery of amateur methods lies in some Washington Conference of the great athletic powers.

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Rakwana Golden Orange Pekoe - first for thirst

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. CATHERINE MACKENZIE. The funeral of Mrs. Catherine Mackenzie, widow of the late Captain Peter A. Mackenzie, took place on Tuesday afternoon, February 15, from St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, of which she was for many years a devoted member. The service was conducted by Rev. John Emble, and the singing of the 23rd Psalm and the 2nd psalm was led by St. Andrew's choir. The pallbearers were Messrs. J. W. Heighon, A. L. Whitman, Blake Carleton and Angus Stewart. Interment took place beside her husband in Seaview cemetery.

Mrs. Mackenzie, who before her marriage was Miss Catherine McSwain of Prince Edward Island, was 89 years of age. Captain and Mrs. Mackenzie were both well known in Pictou. Captain Mackenzie followed the sea in his earlier years, then settled at Pictou Landing, and for many years ran a ferry, the "Macquis of Lorne", between Pictou and Pictou Landing, and conducted a general store and bakery at the Landing. They moved to Pictou a few years before his death, which took place about 12 years ago. Mrs. Mackenzie is survived by her only daughter, Miss Lizzie Mackenzie of Pictou, and one sister, Mrs. D. Malcolm MacLeod, Darling Road, L. 22, Prince Edward Island.

Return to Canada During Annual Vacation Season

Former Residents of Maritimes Still Cherish Fondness for Old Homeland. BOSTON, March 9.—Even though they have left their homeland to seek fortune in New England, the thousands of former residents of Canada's Maritime Provinces still cherish their fondness for the country from which they have come. Their annual summer pilgrimages to the scenes of their childhood are evidence of their attachment for their native provinces.

When Spring comes and the resident of suburban Boston goes out to overhaul his old automobile for another season, as likely as not he will find that the man polishing the car next to his is from New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, or Prince Edward Island, and if he is able to get away from his work for a couple of weeks the Canadian is probably planning to go back "home."

MRS SARAH JOHNSON.

There passed away to her eternal reward at her home in Margate on Feb. 17th, 1927, a very estimable lady, in the person of Mrs. Sarah Johnson, relict of the late Andrew Johnson, who predeceased her ten years ago. The late Mrs. Johnson was born in Irish town, being a daughter of the late William Delaney, one sister Mrs. G. Emerson, Dorchester, Mass., and one brother Johnnie Delaney French, Riverview, N. B. Her many deeds of kindness and charity will long be remembered, but it is in the home, where she will be missed, as a kind and loving mother. She took an active part in religion and church matters. She was a life member of the W. M. S., and a regular attendant at Church when able.

She leaves to mourn their loss, three sons and two daughters, James in Vancouver, B. C., William L. in Margate, and John A. on the homestead, Mrs. Stanley Casely in Kensington and Selena at home. The funeral was held on Saturday, Feb. 19th to Margate Cemetery, and was attended by a large number of neighbours and friends, who came to pay the last tribute of respect to one they loved.

The services at the house and church were conducted by Rev. George Ayers, assisted by Rev. Dr. Saint of Kensington, the choir singing beautiful hymns for the occasion. The pall bearers were Messrs H. R. Baker, Frank Glyden, Alfred Mayhew, Hiram Thompson, J. W. Woodside and George E. Brown.

Wage Conference

MONTREAL, March 9.—A further conference will be held tomorrow between the committee representing the freight handlers and clerks employed by the Canadian Pacific Railways and the railway officials in an effort to come to a satisfactory arrangement in the present wage dispute.

New Liquor Act Introduced In Ont. Legislature

(Canadian Press.) TORONTO, March 9.—Ontario's eagerly awaited legislation providing for government control of the sale of liquor in the province superseding the Ontario Temperance Act and proposed in the interests of real temperance, made its public appearance in the Ontario legislature early this evening to the accompaniment of tumultuous applause from the government supporters.

CENTRAL BEDEQUE SCHOOL

Honor roll for February: Principal's Dept.: Grade X-1 Verma Schurman 2 Ruth McKenna 3 Maurice McKenna. Grade IX-1 Alice Bagnall 2 Althea Smith 3 Mary McKenna. Grade VII-1 Marion Fizzell 2 Leonard McKenna 3 Albert Lord. Grade VI-1 Muriel Leard 2 Ena Webster 3 Carman Johnson. Junior Dept.: Grade 5-1 Phyllis Dawson 2. Ethel Smith 3 Doris Crossman. Grade IV-1 Lorne Wright 2 Anthony Arsenault. Grade III-1 Charles McKenna 2 Marion Lord 3 Florence Somers. Grade II-1 Arnold Calbeck 2 George Somers. Grade I-1 Blanche Johnson 2 Lillian Schurman. Pledge of Silence: Ruth McKenna, Alice Bagnall, Marion Fizzell, Ethel Smith, Charles McKenna, Norman Wright, Boyde Ceall Arnold, Calbeck, Blanche Johnson. Charles Stuart, Principal. Kathleen Bagnall, Assistant.

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MORE AMERICANS VISIT BERLIN

BERLIN, March 9.—The total number of foreign visitors in Berlin during the year 1926 exceeded that of 1925 figures by 3,041, but the increase in the number of American tourists was 3,485. This represented an increase of 13 per cent. above the American figures for the previous year. England and Sweden also increased their 1926 contingent considerably. The grand total for the year was almost 200,000.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE MAY REGAIN LOST GROUND

BOSTON, March 9.—New England's agricultural products have declined two fifths in the past few years, A. W. Gilbert told the New England Hardware Convention here, closer co-operation between town and country and on the part of all factors are party responsible for the revival of agriculture, he indicated.

The convention brought out the inter-dependence of the hardware trade and agriculture. It was pointed out that apples are one of Massachusetts' leading crops and the relation between raising good quality apples and the use of good machinery was shown by the apple exhibit at the show.

On the other hand, it was brought out that forty per cent. of all retail hardware sales made in New England were to farmers.

THE AFTERNOON OFF

Jones: "By the way, my grandson works at your office." Smith: "Yes, I remember he went to your funeral during last Wednesday's football match."

TWINS AGED 94 RECEIVE STAGE OFFER

(By British United Press) LONDON, March 9.—Brighton's famous twins, Matthew and Mark Gunn, who recently celebrated their 94th birthday, are considering a theatrical career in Paris, and possibly New York.

This amazing plan is the outcome of an offer from an agency in Paris from whom Mark has received the following letter:—"Dear Sir,—I note in today's paper that you have the distinction, along with your brother, of being the world's oldest twins.

"We venture to write to ask you whether you would be averse to turning this wonderful heritage to financial gain and come to Paris or perhaps to New York, as theatrical stars, both of you.

"I would ask you if this artistic idea is at all appealing to let me have in a few days details of whether you can sing songs, play any instrument or take part in straight acting, when I shall be pleased to make you a definite offer.

"Please excuse this somewhat presumptuous suggestion, but you will agree that it is the original, and so called, man, that gets anywhere.

The brothers say that they are unable to sing, dance, or act, but that if the agency thinks they are sufficiently interesting they are willing to consider an offer.

Matthew and Mark are an amazing couple, and their liveliness would put many younger men to shame. They can eat almost anything and do not know the meaning of such words as insomnia or dyspepsia. Matthew still enjoys smoking in any form, but Mark gave up the habit a few years ago.

On their last birthday they received a congratulatory letter from King George.

CAPT. NATHANIEL JOST.

The funeral of the late Capt. Nathaniel Jost took place Feb. 23rd after a short service at his home. The remains were conveyed to the Geddle Memorial Church where a large number of friends and neighbors had gathered to pay their respects to the memory of one they had known for a great many years.

The service was conducted by Rev. Joseph Harrison, assisted by Rev. C. L. Stines. Interment was made in the Geddle Memorial Cemetery. The pall bearers were all men who followed a seafaring life, namely: Capt. Alfred McLeod, Capt. Wally McLeod, Capt. Wm. Cole, Messrs. A. C. McLeod, Franklin Doughant, John Matheson. The late Capt. Jost was born in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, eighty seven years ago, coming to the island with his wife and family in the year 1860. Being a man of powerful physique in his younger days he was counted one of the ablest captains sailing out of Lunenburg.

There are left to mourn a daughter and one son Mrs. Alva Sutcliffe of Hollywood, Cal. V. Watson at home, also several grandchildren.

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Real home style Beans—as made in the homes of Prince Edward Island. Sold by all grocers. 12c and 20c per tin. 7000 TINS OF FRASER'S BEANS were sold by Island retail grocers last week. Buy FRASER'S BEANS for Saturday night.

FRASER'S Home Style Product

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SMELT FISHERMEN'S TENTS SAIL OUT TO SEA ON ICE, AND THEN SAIL BACK AGAIN

EAST SULLIVAN, Me., March 8.—It's a poor tide that doesn't do somebody a good turn, when it turns. At least so think the smelt fishermen hereabouts. When a spell of moderate weather came recently, the smelt fishermen who have been plying their trade on Frenchman's Bay, came down in the morning to find not only were their tents and paraphernalia missing but the ice was all out of the bay. All the ice and sixty-three tents were gone. So everybody went back home again or congregated in the stores where the fishermen tried to wrestle with the problem of what to do in a case like this. No very important conclusions were reached on the subject of controlling tides, etc.

BRITISH CRUISER TO VISIT VERA CRUZ

MEXICO CITY, March 9.—The foreign office announced today that the British cruiser Colombo would pay a courtesy visit to Vera Cruz on March 15. The officers will be entertained by the British colony and Mexican officials. The Colombo sailed from Ontario Nicaragua on Saturday. She had been sent there to provide a refuge for British citizens in case their lives were in danger by the fighting between Liberals and Conservatives.

STINNES HEIR, DISGUSTED WITH LAWSUITS WILL SEEK OWN FORTUNE

BERLIN, March 8.—Disgusted with a two year family feud over administration of the \$30,000,000 estate of Hugo Stinnes, the great industrial magnate's eldest son, Dr. Edmund Stinnes, plans to leave Germany and build up a new fortune either in the United States or South America. He is suing in a Berlin court for divorce from Frau Margaret Stinnes in grounds of estrangement caused by his long absence investigating business possibilities in the United States last year.

"Are you a native of this place?"

"The visitor to the sleepy little village asked a boy. "Be I a what?" "I want to know if you are a native of this place?" "At that moment the boy's father appeared at the open door of a cottage, and cried: "Ain't you got no sense, Jim? He means wuz ye livin' here when you wuz born, or wuz ye born before you began livin' here. Understand? Now answer the gentelman."

We Keep the Crock!

Ben's Baked Beans are baked all day long in crocks to give them the old-fashioned brown goodness that made Boston the hub of the world. Then they are sealed in cans so that you can always have them handy for a hungry meal. At your grocers, 20c.

Ben's Baked Beans

"Maritime ~ from can to contents"

-By George McManus

Bringing Up Father

