

Here's Simple Way to Curb a Cold



Two "ASPIRIN" Tablets—A Full Glass of Water—That's All

1. Take 2 "ASPIRIN" tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 "ASPIRIN" tablets in 1/2 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

The modern way to curb a cold is this: Two "Aspirin" tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Then repeat, if necessary, according to instructions in the box.

At the same time, if you have a sore throat, crush and dissolve three "Aspirin" tablets in one-third glass of water. And gargle with this mixture twice.

The "Aspirin" you take internally will act to combat fever, cold pains and the cold itself. The gargle will act as a medicinal gargle to provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain. It is really marvelous; for it acts like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

Try this way. Your doctor, we know, will endorse it. For it is quick, effective and ends the taking of strong medicines for a cold.

"Aspirin" tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited, of Windsor, Ontario. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.

Demand and Get ASPIRIN



NOTICE

PAVED HIGHWAYS CLOSED TO MOTOR VEHICLES

Commencing on this date, until further notice, all paved highways in this Province are closed for motor vehicle traffic, except in such cases where the total weight of vehicle and load does not exceed 4,000 pounds, and except in the case of regular passenger bus services and in other cases where special permission is obtained from the Minister of Public Works and Highways.

Anyone driving on Provincial highways contrary to this order shall be duly prosecuted.

Dated the 31st day of December, A.D., 1936.

By order,
P. S. FIELDING,
Clerk of the Executive Council.

NOTICE

The annual meeting of The Kinkora Dairying Association will be held in the Kinkora Hall on Tuesday, February 2nd at 3 P. M.

J. W. FARMER,
Secretary.
L-4035-1-28-30-2-1.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
L'Esperance Building, Charlottetown.

NOTICE

The Official Receiver of Farmers Creditors Arrangement Act will be at Mt. Stewart on February 2nd and 3rd (Earl Jays.) On February 3rd at St. Peter's Bay, (Leslie's Hotel). On February 4th at Souris, (White's Hotel).

WM. D. WRIGHT,
Official Receiver.
L-4043-1-28-30-2-1.

Farm & Mill Property FOR SALE

100 acres of land, about 45 under cultivation, balance under lumber and firewood. Mill in good condition, re-built last year, good dam of water all year round. House and barn in good shape. Will sell at a bargain. Apply to owner on premises.

ROBERT WEBSTER,
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AN INDIVIDUAL SERVICE

Since no two pair of eyes are alike, no one pair of lenses can bring the same hoped for relief to two persons. An eye examination is individual. Great accuracy is demanded, and results are secured by the use of instruments that can be depended upon to reveal conditions exactly as they exist.

G. F. Hutchison

THE SILVER ASSASSIN

By WILLIAM J. MAKIN

CHAPTER I FULL MOON

The serious-faced, sandy-haired man at the head of the table raised his goblet of brandy liqueur.

"Your very good health, gentlemen!"

A murmuring response rose at the long table beneath the shaded pink lights.

"Your health, Allister!"

"Delighted to be here!"

Almost in unison the six guests raised their goblets and sipped the Napoleon brandy with evident appreciation.

Although the scene was a luxuriously furnished dining-room overlooking the discreet Berkeley Square, none of the six guests had the appearance of a Mayfair idler. In fact, two bald heads, a tussled mop of hair, and a straggling beard, combined with old-fashioned and in some cases, green-edged dinner-jackets, suggested men with serious ideas of life.

They were all astronomers, and nearly all professors. Their feet might shuffle carelessly the dust of this earth, but their eyes and minds explored the dust of the stars. The possessor of the straggling beard was the famous Dr. Heinnesch, of Zurich. It was his watery blue eyes that had first peered into that chaos of cosmos, the Milky Way. He had mapped and catalogued it with a completeness that had earned the admiration of at least ten brother astronomers who could grapple with his system.

The taunt, liverish face of an American guest, Edwin Kyne, took on a glow as the brandy eased down his throat. One of the distinguished astronomers who lived and worked in the Mount Wilson observatory perched 6,000 feet on a Californian mountain, he came down from those sunshine heights rather like a marauding tiger when new theories were being argued. As an old-fashioned scientist of the New World he believed in tearing, rending and thoroughly destroying the new-fangled theories of Old World astronomers.

Even now he was purring in delectable fashion to his neighbour.

"A universe that is exploding!" He almost exploded himself. "Believe me, Eddington has lost himself. If he argues that the universe is rushing away at a colossal rate from our solar system, I reply that it is just bad mathematics. Just bad mathematics."

He liked to repeat a phrase, to emphasize his dogmatism. His neighbour, a dark, youthful member of the party, took the remark with graceful ease.

"Perhaps you agree with Eliot," he replied, "that the world ends 'not with a bang, but a whimper'?"

"Who is Eliot? I can't say I recall him as an astronomer."

"He isn't an astronomer. Just a poet," smiled the young man.

The American took another sip. "I'm talking astronomy," he said. The young man sighed.

"At least none of us will be alive to check Eddington's theory," he ventured. "Do you remember what Sherlock Holmes replied to Dr. Watson after that obtuse individual had explained exactly how many million miles we are away from the sun? He said, 'I'm glad to hear it, Watson. I'll do my best to forget it.' That's how I felt after hearing Eddington explain his theory of an expanding universe."

"I never read thrillers," said the American, severely. "I haven't the time."

The dark-haired young man shook his head.

"But what a lot you've missed! It was reading fiction that led me into astronomy. Now a book on astronomy is my favourite form of thriller."

The American grunted.

"That sounds a flippant remark, my young friend. By the way, I didn't catch your name when we were introduced."

"Bretherton—John Bretherton," smiled the other. "I'm at Oxford. A don, you know."

"I might have guessed it from your accent. Your accent," nodded Kyne.

Bretherton was not disturbed. "We produce motor-cars also at Oxford," he said, easily.

The American lowered his voice.

"Well, sir, you seem to know everybody here. Maybe you can tell me about our host."

"Phillip Allister,"

The American nodded.

"Yes. You see I'm just here on a visit. I was pleasantly surprised to receive an invitation to this party. But, up to now, I've not been able to get it right. Who is Phillip Allister anyway?"

The young man sighed, drained his goblet, and glanced enviously at the luxurious room and the table with its gleaming silver.

"All that one need know is that he is a millionaire," he said. "A rich playboy of science, if you will."

"Meaning, that he dabbles in astronomy as a hobby. As a hobby?"

"I think it is a little more serious than that. Allister must have spent forty thousand pounds on his private observatory alone."

"Two hundred thousand dollars!" The American was impressed. "Where is it?"

The young man jerked his thumb towards the ceiling.

"On the roof of this house. An observatory in the middle of Mayfair. You'll see it later."

Kyne, with the help of brandy, affected interest.

"Say, that's great! Has he specialized in any particular one?" Bretherton nodded.

"Out of the billions that shine in that sky above us, he had chosen the most spectacular to the eye at night—the moon."

The American dropped to earth.

"That's a pity," his voice purred dangerously again. "The moon is dead. Volcanic ash and craters. Dead, I tell you."

The quiet, drab voice of their host drewled from the top of the table.

"I don't agree with you, Kyne. And I hope to make you change your opinion before this evening is concluded."

Despite the quiet tone, the sandy-haired Allister revealed a queer gleam in his neutral eyes.

But the tiger was now roused in Kyne. He stretched out a sun-browned paw on the table.

"I consider astronomy has gone far beyond the moon," he challenged. "It was an excellent and, I daresay, exciting study for the Babylonians who were more interested in astrology than astronomy. But the best scientists decided long ago that the moon was dead, and so now we can leave this dead world to its cosmic decay and explore the mighty universe beyond. The moon is dead."

"But even a dead dog breeds

W. C. T. U. Notes

MY AIM

I would be true to God, to friends, to duty;
I would be faithful in each little thing;
I would be just to all, in every dealing;
With joy I'd make the orphan's heart to sing.
I would be doubly kind to those whose're lonely,
—Knowing but too well, what that sorrow means;
I would be sharing with my poorer brother,
Until with very happiness, his spirit beams.
I would be slow to judge my erring sister,
For I too often make mistakes in life;
I would not let myself repeat a scandal,
For this could surely but engender strife.
I would be bright, and keep my sorrows under;
To God, alone, let them revealed be.
So shall I tread the path of life serenely.
As on I journey toward Eternity.

HARVARD STUDENTS TAKE A STAND AGAINST DRUNKEN ROYALISM

Society, in what is considered a Christian civilization, has been slow in recognizing the dangerous and baneful influence over mental faculties resulting from imbibing intoxicants. There is no way of estimating what harm may be committed by one under its influence. Last Autumn, following the Harvard-Dartmouth football game there was a drunken bout. A college janitor undertook to quell the fracas. His reward was the loss of an eye, a broken nose and jaw, and a fractured skull. A night watchman who came to his assistance was also handled roughly.

The action of the students to this unsavory event has done more to banish such drunken roysdom than all the opposition of the faculty in the past.

The press announced "Harvard

NEW TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

A NEW issue of the Island Telephone Directory is scheduled for publication on April 1st. Listings will be closed on February 15th. Persons who intend to become Telephone Subscribers at this time, and subscribers who wish changes made in their present listings, are urged to send their requests to our nearest Business Office at once. We cannot undertake to give effect in the new issue to orders received after February 15th.

Please note carefully this closing date.

Because of the extensive field it covers and the frequency with which it is used by the public, the Telephone Directory has become recognized as an ideal advertising medium.

Telephone subscribers represent a preferred class of buyers from whom your message will gain the utmost results. Be sure to reserve space before February 15th.

ISLAND TELEPHONE CO., LIMITED

students have joined to clap a stopper on drinking in the college." The Student Council passed resolutions for the expulsion of the guilty parties.

These Harvard students have something to do when it comes to living up to tradition of those English colonists who founded this educational institution, the earliest on the continent of North America. In 1630 English colonists settled at what is now called Boston, Mass., but during the next three years started a plantation at "New Towne," the name being changed to Cambridge. In 1836 the colonists' taxes were doubled, and, to cite the ancient English of three hundred years ago, these taxes were to be used "towards a school or college." Its name is in honor of the Rev. John Harvard, B. A. of Cambridge

England, who willed this college in the wilderne's half his estate and his library, the object being "the education of the English and Indian youth of this country in knowledge and godliness."

In connection with this Massachusetts Bay Colony there is much interesting temperance history. For example, it is recorded in 1630: "Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts discontinues the practice of drinking healths one to another and wishes others to do the like."

Favorable Signs for Temperance

There are signs on the Canadian horizon that cannot be ignored, as the increasing disfavour of the beverage rooms. The very crowds of young people frequenting them is the important factor in this growing realization of their evil effects. Beaverton, recently, by a vote of 350 to 191 voted to stay in the dry column where it has been for a quarter of a century.

Ingersoll also voted 1,178 against 1,481, giving a good substantial majority of over 300.

The continued "dryness" of the town of Ingersoll calls up the temperance orator, Mr. Joseph Gibson,

for many years postmaster of that town, and whose influence, doubtless, influenced the votes of many with whom he was not acquainted. Truly our deeds good or evil, live after we have passed on.

Another infallible sign of a renewed interest in a sober Canada is the interest up our Dominion from immovable influences. When the Young People's Union Convention of the Toronto Conference met not long ago in Owen Sound two-day session, resolutions were passed not only condemning beverage rooms but likewise public dance halls and pool rooms as having a demoralizing effect upon young people.

When the Board of Evangelism and Social Service of the General Board of the United Church in their report took occasion to deplore the increase in drinking, when they surely should have been superfluous to have had to add that total abstinence from all liquor should be the rule and rote of every member.

The only safe principle to adopt in regard to intoxicants is one ex-

(Continued on page 13)

Safe Speedy Relief SCIATICA

Poisons along sciatic nerve cause stabbing pains in thigh. For quick relief use T-R-C's Sciatica Remedy. 50c and \$1 at all druggists.

32 Months Old, Quintuplets Tip the Scales in Glee



Annette's a proud little girl as she shows you how tall the quins are getting these days. The periodic weighing-in is always good for squeals of laughter, for each month means perhaps another quarter inch in height, and a pound or so in weight for the quintuplets.



Eagerly waiting their turn, the quins cluster around the scales as Dr. Dafoe adjusts the weights. Yvonne, on the platform, can't wait, and tries to do a little adjusting herself as Marie, left, watches her closely. Cecile and Emilie in the center are just having themselves a chuckle, whereas Annette, right, is making sure that the doctor doesn't make any mistakes in adjusting the weights. Each month a complete record of height, weight, teeth, and diet is made, together with a note on all changes, so that Dr. Dafoe may be sure proper progress is being made.



Chubby, chunky little Yvonne appears at first glance to be taking a "bathing girl" pose in this picture, but, if you'll look closer, you'll see that she's just stepping off the scale after registering a new record-all-time high for quintuplets which didn't make Dr. Dafoe unhappy.

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(To be Continued)