



BABY'S COLDS

Children's delicate digestions are easily disturbed by too much "dosing." Still, the little ones' cold troubles cannot be neglected.



At the very first sign of croup, sore throat, or any other cold trouble, apply Vicks VapoRub over the throat and chest.

There is nothing to swallow—you just rub it on. Colds go over night, croup is usually relieved in 15 minutes.

Over 21 Million Jars Used Yearly

13,000 Russians Coming To Canada

LONDON, Jan. 6.—Seventy Russian families who have arrived in London on the steamer, Baltique, from Libau, the Baltic port of Latvia are the forerunners of 13,000 other Russian families who will leave Russia to become settlers in Canada during the coming spring.

According to the Daily Mail, when the Baltique entered the Thames, the Mall says, every one of the refugees participated in a service of thanksgiving for release from bondage, and for the protection they will receive under the British flag.

FOR SALE

A ranch of 15 pairs foxes, Registered in Canadian National 6 proven breeders averaged 4 1/2 pups to the litter in 1926. Every pup born in the ranch now living. The first reasonable offer takes the bunch. Use of ranch if desired.

I. A. S. CARE OF GUARDIAN, Charlottetown.

3633-17-12.

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In The Probate Court

17th George V., A. D., 1927

In Re-Estate of John C. Proctor late of New Glasgow 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,

GREETING:—

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Adam Brown of New Glasgow aforesaid, farmer, the Executor of the above named Estate—praying that a Citation may be issued for the purpose hereafter 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 the Province of Prince Edward Island, on Thursday the tenth day of February next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock, forenoon, of the same day to show 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 Donald McInnon, Esq., Proctor for the said Petitioner. 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 Hall at Hunter River 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 third day of January A. D., 1927 in the seventeenth year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) A. B. WARBURTON, Judge of Probate.

3626-17-14L

Professional Cards

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

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.

McDonald & McPhee B.A. J. A. McDONALD, H. F. MCPHEE B.A. Barristers, Attorneys, Etc. Money to Loan.

PARADISE

By COSMO HAMILTON Author of "Scandal!" and the "Blindness of Virtue."

And so he swung into the familiar Haymarket with exhilaration in his heart. He was on his way to Paradise. Anywhere became home where she was. Hard luck that the war was over and that his uniform must be put away tomorrow. Some one who mattered yesterday, who had power, made life to a number of men either worth anything or nothing, he was down to his old level today.

He was back in the ranks of the civilian army of flotsam and jetsam.—Fortescue army. But he had a darned good time—revealed in every moment of those four swiftness of fighting. He had mastered his job discovered his meter, enjoyed an unbelievable happiness, flown to the very outpost of Heaven. There would be another war before long; everything pointed to that. Meantime life offered a new series of adventures and Chrissie was his mascot and his wife. Hurrah!

At the corner of Pantan Street he was held up suddenly by a young and charming creature whose damp hat was set at a rakish angle and whose slight figure seemed to have been poured into his admirably fitting clothes. Up went a facile hand in salute and a smile of delight lit up that corner of the street.

"Well met, sir!" The voice was light, crisp and filled with joy. "So glad to see you again."

"Very kind of you," said Tony. "Have we ever met before?"

"Have we?" There was an illustrating gesture. "No wonder you don't recognise me in this kit, but I had the honour to serve under you in the Gallipoli push, and meeting you at this moment is almost psychic thing. I was only saying one of our days at the Club just now that, if ever I struck you in town, my temporary ugliness of things must certainly be relieved by at least a 's'."

Tony laughed. He had not been in the Gallipoli push. He had never seen this cool audacious fish, his probably excellent soldier. "A lashed good trick," he said with admiration, "and one that I shall do without a single doubt. But I have a devilish luck. I much regret to say, so better luck next time. So long, old bean." And on he went, followed by a cheery "Thanks so much." But for Chrissie he gladly would have shelved at something to the man in whom he recognized a congenial spirit, a brother artist. As it was, he husbanded his infrequent coins for his girl.

Pantan Street was gloomy. The lights of the Comedy Theatre had just turned out. The shutters of the various shops were down. A stray cat arched its back and flattered a battered tail and a policeman edged along in the shadows in silent boots. From an open window of the Italian restaurant there floated the hard relentless music of a mechanical piano, and blown on the southwest breeze came Big Ben's reverberations that Tony knew so well. London again. Everything apparently unaltered. The war might never have happened. Long way to Tipperary.

He let himself in to a narrow insalubrious door with a latchkey, took the uncarpeted stairs to the floor three at a time, and barged into the living room in which long ago, he had been accustomed to share the small-part man's hard-earned sandwiches when times were bad.

Chrissie's warm and cheery voice came in from the other room.

"That you, Tony?"

"Yes, old thing."

"I won't be a second. I'm scrambling some eggs."

A great kid! Chrissie! She knew that his dinner had been impossible to sit under the emotion of that evening. But where had she raised the implements with which to cook and eat her scrambled eggs? And as to the room, the dirt and dimness of which had seemed unconquerable that morning—she had touched it with her magic wand and snowed it brown and clean. Clean? Spotless. Windows gleaming, the battered table covered with a scarlet cloth, the bed consummately camouflaged as a studio d'ivan, the pictures straight, a bunch of flowers in a

shilling vase, their mutual collection of photographs all neat upon the mantelpiece, her books laid out, the poor old carpet young again, a handsome handkerchief tied about the broken lamp shade, a nice aroma of soap, "Three Castles" and polishing fluid. Oh, good old Chrissie. My heavens, she'd brought him luck! Bow the crushed cornet? Rattle a box in the face of people who'd forgotten the war? Watch him. Ten bob a day, if he could blow and rattle as much as that, meant three quid a week, and with an occasion driven back by the trick that had been tried on him just now—whose grumbling? Hadn't they both managed to escape with legs and arms, health and optimism? Wasn't love blazing in this place? It's a long way to Tipperary; old yer and out, naughty boy; Keep the home fires burning; Where's the good old Kaiser now? All policemen have big feet. Tiddle-de-um-tum. . . . tum-tum!

IV

Her hair was the same colour as the scrambled eggs. And as soon as she had placed her tempting dish upon the table, wiped her astonishing small hands on a corner of her apron and caught the stamp of admiration that was stamped on Tony's face, she slung herself against his chest, and put her forehead to his ribbons.

He picked her up, the funny little thing, carried her to a chair and stood her on it, so that her Eps should be on a level with his lips. And as he held her tight and took her, he could feel that she was sleeping and knew why. "Yes, the good old war's all over, and you don't have to share me any more. You've got me altogether now."

"Oh, Tony, Tony!"

"But you've always had me—day and night you've had me, year by year."

"No, no; not like this."

"Yes, yes, just like this, because I'm yours, I love you and I'm faithful. But for you and the old shield you made of prayers, I shouldn't be here to hold you now. I know that and so does the Bosch. Didn't I always say you'd bring me luck?"

"My dear, my dear."

It might have been the emotion of the evening, the shock of being no longer a Wing Commander, the humiliation. What did it matter what it was? The fact remained that, without shame, and for all that, most the first time in his life, his tears came and fell hotly on her golden head. And for many moments they held each other tight, while the scrambled eggs grew cold.

"The thing that makes me sick," he said, "is that this is the rotten best that I can do. The luck's still on my side. I'm gettin' everythin' from you."

"She laughed at that. It was so absurd, so silly. "Who gave me life? Who gave me love and kind-

Don't Be Skinny

Gain Pounds of Weight in 3 Weeks with Yeast and Iron—or pay nothing



It seems incredible how fast IRONIZED YEAST adds pounds of good firm flesh—on women and men, children and old people. Doctors know the value of vegetable iron and yeast in building up and improving the body.

IRONIZED YEAST, in a highly concentrated form, contains all the blood building properties of vegetable iron with yeast. It is nine times more effective than a cake of ordinary baker's yeast or iron alone.

Oil Unnecessary IRONIZED YEAST gives you all the weight-building benefits contained in cod liver oil.

New Combination for You People ask—what is the magic in IRONIZED YEAST that transmigrates sallow, lifeless, faded complexions into the fresh, smooth, lovely skin of early girlhood? Wrinkles disappear. Hollows fill out. No wonder thousands of women pour in letters to us in praise of the marvelous, youth-giving effects of IRONIZED YEAST!

Yet the answer is simple. Vegetable iron and yeast have been used for years to vitalize the body; to make rich, healthy blood; to improve digestion and bowel action and add weight. In IRONIZED YEAST these two valuable elements are combined in a special formula that is nine times stronger than yeast and iron used separately.

That's why IRONIZED YEAST works so quickly. No nasty, pasty taste—Safe to take—contains no harmful drugs.

Try it on "Money-Back" Offer! Go to any drug store and get a full size treatment. If, after this generous trial you are not delighted with effects, ask for your money back. It will be refunded immediately. In 2 styles—sanitary packages, \$1.00; bottle, \$1.25. For economy's sake, get the \$1.25 size. If inconvenient to buy from drugstore, send \$1.25 direct to THE IRONIZED YEAST CO., Fort Erie, Ont., DEK 1584.

British Warships Rushed To Hankon

(Canadian Press) SHANGHAI, Jan. 6.—British warships whitened the waters of the great Yangtze River today in their haste to reach Hankow to protect foreigners from Chinese hordes who Monday and again yesterday attacked the British concession district. The warships were kept hard to reinforce others who were stretch the British and other foreign concessions. On a silence closed down today after receipt of despatches from Hankow stating that all barricades had been torn down by Chinese mobs which poured into the British concession and damaged the British report stated that the mobs seized the customs house and drove the British from their quarters. Troops of the Cantonese government took charge of the concession appearing more promptly than on Monday when a small British force without firing held its ground for four hours against thousands of frenzied Chinese who attempted to do violence to the foreign civilians of the district.

The British sailors and marines again Tuesday held their fire and retired with only a few Chinese troops took possession. Foreigners endangered as a result of anti-foreign agitation number more than a thousand.

The little foreign colony, 558 miles from the mouth of the Yangtze River is in the midst of a host of Chinese population of more than one and one half million, inflamed by speeches of radical leaders who have detailed alleged wrongs from which the Chinese have suffered at the hands of the British and other foreigners, but more particularly the British.

Who married me? Who gave me love and kindness? Who made me a lady? Who made me a lady? Who gave me the chance to pray, to project, to be proud, to adore, to work, to sink, to cook—oh, my Heavens, then scrambled eggs!

She freed herself, sprang down from the chair, went to the table and gazed with a rueful expression at her sullen handiwork.

"It was Tony's turn to laugh. "That's precisely how I like 'em," he said, lying and swinging a chair to the table. "Solid and just on the verge of slabby. Can we rise to the height of salt, old thing?"

She was in and out of the back room before he could say knife and possess himself of the fork. On her tray was salt, butter, bread, cheese, pepper and a napkin. "Wasn't he a blooming get?"

"It's the Ritz," he said, but before he could touch her she dodged and was in and out again. A glass and a bottle of beer. "Nonsense! It's the Palace, Buckingham Palace," and sat her on his knee.

"Eat," she said, "eat and say nothing, or I shall be frightfully hurt."

His interpretation of her tears was the right one, almost femininely right. While for him demobilization might presently lead to demoralization, to her it led to another honeymoon, to complete possession of the kitchen service, to peace that had been long in coming. She had rejoiced in his distinction, thrilled at his reckless bravery, basked in the reflected glory of his airmanship, but to her the war had been, not as to him and all the others of his kind, a rag, a "beastie," a competition in stunts, a well-paid binge, but a senseless horror, an incredible nightmare, a night of organized imitation of hell, the end of which showed all the old bad men of politics snarling and snapping at each other as they scrambled over the broken bodies of their faithful victims, with hate, depravity, ruin and jealousy and disease as the aftermath of a preventable orgy which had shattered civilization and poisoned all the rivers of the earth.

She gave her a few days, time to spend some of the money that she had saved for this very purpose and they should be worthy of the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Stirling-Portescue, the envy of their friends. Already they were better than those in which she had been brought up off the Fulham Road, passed the weeks of her touring in the provinces, and never gone back to on the wrong side of Westminster bridge. He should see.

The least that he could do was to carry the tray into the back room. She permitted him to insist because she wanted to witness the pleasure of a big surprise. . . . Over the clothes pegs hung a curtain a brilliant chintz. The dull stove had been polished, plates stood in all their gleaming newness under a pattern on the wall above the well-cleaned sink; a huge zinc can stood at the side of a gaping tap bath.

"You're the wonder of the world," cried Tony. "You're just as great an artist off the stage as you used to be on it, Chris. Oh, God, what can I ever do for you?"

"You've done it all, she said. (To Be Continued)

Tomorrow's Radio Program

INTERNATIONAL RADIO PROGRAMS SATURDAY, JANUARY 8

INTERNATIONAL RADIO PROGRAMS EVENING CONCERTS

7.00 P. M. WCX (517) Detroit. Goldkette Ensemble.

7.20 P. M. WEEL (319) Boston. Capitol Family.

7.30 P. M. WGY (380) Schenectady. Musicale.

7.45 P. M. WBZ (333) Springfield. Boston Symphony.

8.00 P. M. WHAR (275) Atlantic City. Seaside Trio.

8.15 P. M. WIP (509) Phila. Natl. Federation of Music Clubs.

8.25 P. M. WRC (468) Wash. Concert.

8.30 P. M. WCAE (461) Pitts. Studio Program.

8.45 P. M. WIP (509) Phila. Special feature.

8.50 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

9.00 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

9.15 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

9.30 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

9.45 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

10.00 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

10.15 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

10.30 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

10.45 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

11.00 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

11.15 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

11.30 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

11.45 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

12.00 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

12.15 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

12.30 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

12.45 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

1.00 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

1.15 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

1.30 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

1.45 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

2.00 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

2.15 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

2.30 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

2.45 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

3.00 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

3.15 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

3.30 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

3.45 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

4.00 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

4.15 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

4.30 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

4.45 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

5.00 P. M. WJZ (456) N. Y. Special Studio Feature, also WBZ.

Sunday School Lesson

THE INTERNATIONAL IMPROVED UNIFORM SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

First Quarter: Lesson 11: Luke VI 27-38: January 9 1927

Golden Text: Ye therefore shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect. Matthew V 48

THE STANDARD OF CHRISTIAN LIVING

Jesus is the most arresting, thought-provoking, conscience-stirring teacher the world has ever had. He is the great Reformer. He takes all the current and accepted maxims and turns them exactly around. For example, enemies are to be loved, haters are to be good done to them, blessings are to be exchanged for curses, the other cheek is to be turned to the smiter.

No wonder these have been called the impossible commands, utterly impractical and transcendental. But the very audacity is the world's condemnation. That very confession is the confirmation of Jesus' judgment of the world. His indictment stands. It is no righteousness and the kingdom of heaven has not come.

But it is not the mere literal objective doing of these things. That would be some instances at east produce the very opposite of what is desired or intended. Unless back of the act there is the spirit of the Master it is as futile as the turning of prayer wheels.

There must be forgiveness, charity, forbearance, and love. Where these abide the expression, whatever it may be will be genuine and it will take its own natural form.

Jesus' own life is the best commentary on his precepts. Their alleged impossibility falls to the ground when one sees him doing what he has enjoined upon others. He loved his enemies, did good to them that hated him and blessed those who cursed him.

But in spite of all this Jesus was no weakling. On the contrary his moral courage has never been surpassed. He rebuked hypocrisy in such terms that it could not stand before him. He to the letter. He was Jesus' fire and more striking picture than that of Jesus cleansing the Temple. Yet there was nothing vindictive in any of Jesus' rebukes. He harbored no hate. His purpose was preventative and reformative.

The graces Jesus taught are exemplified are the very lineaments of the face of God. When one sees them in the face of a man he recognizes his Divine paternity and is ready to say of him "That is a son of God."

UNDER THE STUDY LAMP

When Clovis heard of the ignominy heaped upon Jesus and the cruelty of his death he exclaimed "Had I only been there with my Franks I would have avenged his injuries! But that would have been exactly what the Master would not have wished. How inveterately the world and spirit of Jesus has been misunderstood. . . . A group of rude boys was once seen chasing a rag-picking Jew down an alley, pelting him with stones and shouting after him the most odious of epithets "Christ killer". Could anything be more alien to the spirit of Christ than this? No indeed, what he would not have men do. . . . He stopped a lady on Boston Common and asked her to give him a dime. She refused and looked at him narrowly. Then she said, "No, I won't give you money, but if you will come to my house tonight I think I'll have something to say to you." With that she unrolled him his visiting card. Exactly at the moment the door bell rang. She answered it in person and took her caller into the parlor. After a pleasant talk on general subjects she said I would like to have you go into partnership with me. Here is fifty cents. Buy some papers. Sell them. Bring back my money and you may keep the profit. The next night the happy boy returned the half-dollar and his equally happy partner gave him a dollar to invest. Soon the prosperous self-respecting street-merchant needed no further advances and finally graduated with honor from the "English High". Did not the lady obey the Master's command "Give to everyone that asks?" In a better form than if she had given him the dime he asked for?

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

January 9 1927 Romans X 1-10: Luke XII 8-9

Motto: Confession: The Act of making an avowal

WHY CONFESS? CENTURY DICTIONARY

There is no finer description of a Christian than that which the apostle likens him to a "living epistle, read and know of all men." The traits of the Master must be as evident in his character as words written upon a fair page. In early days parchments were so costly that they were sometimes "twice written." Gratius tells of having seen the "Confessions of St. Augustine," written across Cicero's "De Republica." This copy, some Christians seem to be of a twice-written kind. Read one way they are followers of Christ, but read another way they are followers of the "Word." This is a reproach to be avoided.

DAILY READING

Monday Confession includes belief Matt 16: 13-29

Tuesday Change of heart Psalm 51: 1-10

Wednesday Obedience to God Matt 7: 24-29

Thursday Transforming love Titus 3: 1-7

Friday Brotherly Love 1 John 3: 15-16

Saturday Christlike life Romans 3: 59

TO THINK ABOUT

Why do some find it hard to confess Christ?

What chances have we to confess Christ?

Why is it necessary to confess Christ?

MUST ADVERTISE

Canadian Fruit

(Canadian Press.) TORONTO, Jan. 6.—"The export of Canadian fruit and vegetables is very small," said Charles E. Simpson, president of the Eastern Canadian fruit and vegetable jobbers, in convention here. "We must develop a larger export market and also urge the consumers to use more of the Canadian produce. Advertising is a splendid medium but I think cure lies in sound merchandising."

SMILES



WHERE ON EARTH IS THAT?

"She's going to travel incognito."

"In what part of the world is that?"

TONSUE-PLAY HAMPERED

He: You don't seem to talk with your usual facility.

She: No; I've a heavy coat on my tongue.

ON THE RIVER

Old Hunter (out for ducks): Know how to make a duck-blind? Greenhorn (tripping his gun): Sure—shoot him in the eye.

IT'LL DIE OUT THEN

"But Tom is such a terrible flatterer!"

"Oh, well! You'll be married in a little while, won't you?"