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The Borden Co. Limited MONTREAL



"Let the Maritime Provinces Flourish by Their Industries." BORDEN FACTORY, TRURO, N.S.

TENDERS

Sealed Tenders marked "Tenders" and addressed to the undersigned, will be received until March 3rd, 1926, for the erection of a new Church to be built of wood at St. Margaret's, P. E. Island. Plans and specification can be seen at the office of Messrs. Chappell & Hunter, Charlottetown; at the office of A. F. McQuaid, Esq., Souris, P. E. Island, and at the Parochial House St. Margaret's.

Silver Sheen Foxes Ltd 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.



FEEDS FOR HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS. Poultry Supplies. POTATOES are high in price, you cannot afford to feed them to your stock. Buy our STOCK FEEDS for all animals on the farm.

Professional Cards

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

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

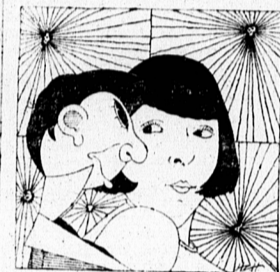
Dr. C. C. Archibald Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital. Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Treating Eyes and supplying Glasses Office, Bayer Building Great George Street

The YELLOW STUB by Ernest Lynn

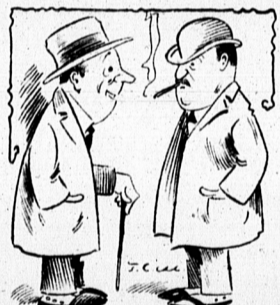
BEGIN HERE TODAY "This begins more and more to look like a real story," observed Howard. "The mystery of the theater ticket, eh? No, let's see. Our inspired headline writers would probably think of it as the mystery room of the yellow stub. Let me take a look at it, will you, Rand?"

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER IV Jimmy held out the yellow stub to the police sergeant. "That means," he said, deeply excited, "that the man who registered for the room, and the man who murdered my father, was in this theater the night before last, Howard," he turned to the reporter, "you were right when you said a murderer invariably left some sort of clew."

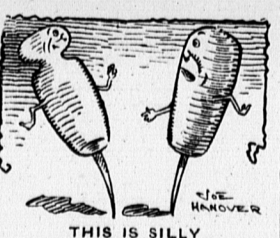
SMILES



BURNT CHILDREN, ETC. "He says he wants nothing more to do with red-hot mamas." "Burnt children dread the fire."



MISSED AMERICAN STATESMEN "Diogenes was looking for an honest man." "Yes, I understand he didn't waste any time looking around Washington."



THIS IS SILLY "Hello, how do you feel today." "Awful right!"



He: The Charleston must be good for the joints. She: Yes, all of them are making money out of it, I understand.



A BREAKING WAVE Brown: Your wife says she's going to get a permanent wave. Harduppe: It's going to be a breaker, I fear.



"It means," said Jimmy, pocketing the telegram, "that I'm leaving for Montreal tomorrow night."

Barry's arm was around Jimmy's shoulder. "Your mother's in bed, Jim. She says, 'When he turned away from me all to pieces—naturally, Jan, the window, he gazed steadily into it with her, trying to comfort the other man's eyes. He said, simply, 'I'll never cease to marvel at the way Janet took it. Never a tear. Not a sign of a breakdown. Just like a little soldier, Jim.' 'I'm afraid of that kind of grief, Barry. Knowing Janet as I do, I know she'll hold her head high and eat her heart out rather than give way. I'd rather she let it out and got it over with. Stubborn blood in her.' 'And this,' Jimmy was saying, 'is the only worth while clew we've found.' He produced the yellow stub and laid it on the table in front of him. 'I suppose I ought to turn it over to the police. I simply walked out with it in my pocket. You know as much about the whole thing now as I do.' 'What a mystery,' murmured Barry slyly, 'and what a damn shame. A man without an enemy in the world to meet that kind of a death—and in a place like that.' Jimmy considered. 'Apparently he had an enemy somewhere. Perhaps God knows where. Perhaps it's in the city where this theater is—wherever that may be. I suppose the only way to locate the Paragon Theater is to wire the police force of every city we can think of. Nothing at all out of the ordinary there are dozens of theaters with that name.' Barry picked up the torn yellow ticket and idly studied it. 'Monday night, November 25. That shows it couldn't have been in the room very long at least. Here's something else.' He held it up close to his eyes. 'Wait a minute, Jim. Look here!' he exclaimed. 'Budd & Halter Printing Co., Chicago. Right there in fine print, under the word 'orchestra.' Read it for yourself.' Jimmy picked up the stub and read it. 'Penny I didn't notice it before,' he mused. 'I suppose it was the abominable light in that terrible room.' He shuddered. 'We'll find out now where your theater's located,' declared Barry. 'I'm sending a telegram right now to Budd & Halter.' He fished a piece of paper out of his pocket and went to work with his pencil. 'How's this?' he read. 'Your name on stub of yellow theater ticket issued by Paragon Theater. Important that police know where Paragon Theater is located. Please wire.' He moved over to the telephone. 'I'm sending it right now, Jim.' The coroner's verdict was murder. The autopsy, he wrote in his report, disclosed a concussion of the brain, although the direct cause of Henry Rand's death was asphyxiation by gas. 'The blow on the head,' he said to Jimmy later, 'might not have been sufficient in itself to cause your father's death, although it was a serious case of concussion. However, there is no doubt that the blow struck violently at the back of the head with some weapon that kind of an injury in a fall. He never had a chance to regain consciousness with all that gas in the room. A suicide theory simply isn't plausible.' 'I knew it wasn't, Cononer.' 'Row H. Setton C. Seat 31,' he read. 'Paragon Theater. Good only Monday night, November 25, and looked out. His jaw set grimly as he fought back the tears. 'Your man at least knew that a good seat when he saw one.' Jimmy turned to the night clerk called Bridg. 'I've got to use the telephone. Is there one around? I don't see any in the room.' 'There's a wall phone right here in the hall.' Jimmy rang the number of his home. He heard Barry's voice in the receiver. 'Hello—Barry. It's true, Barry. I know, Jim. The reporters were here—for pictures. . . . God! I'm sorry.' 'I'm coming right home, Barry.' 'In coming right home, Barry,' said Jimmy, and hung up.

To Electors of Ward Four

Ladies and Gentlemen: On February 10th the citizens of Charlottetown select those who will constitute the governing body of this City for the next two years. At that time it is my intention to offer as a candidate to serve the interests of the people of Ward Four.

To the Electors Of The City Of Charlottetown

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am in the field as a candidate for Mayor at the coming Civic Elections. With a record of twelve years continuous service as Councillor for Ward Three, including four years as Chairman of the Street Committee and eight years Chairman of the Fire Committee, I feel that I am justified in seeking your votes for the highest office in the gift of the city.

Election Card

To the Electors of Ward Five Ladies and Gentlemen: Having decided to again offer as a candidate for Councillor in Ward Five, I respectfully solicit your votes and influence on Feb. 10th next.

Election Card

To the Electors of Ward Five Ladies and Gentlemen: I have decided to offer myself as a candidate for Councillor in Ward Five, I respectfully solicit your votes and influence on Feb. 10th next.

ELECTION CARD

TO THE ELECTORS of the City of Charlottetown: Ladies and Gentlemen: Complying with the request of a large number of electors, I am again a candidate for the Mayorality at the Civic Election to be held on February 10th, 1926, and through this, medium respectfully solicit your influence and support at the Polls.

Mark Your Ballot On February 10th. for S. A. McDonald

The People's Candidate for Mayor

If there ever was a time when wise, sane administration was needed in our civic affairs that time is now. Place at the head of our city government for the next two years the man who has made a success of his own business. One who is in sympathy with the laboring class. Your vote for S. A. McDonald on the tenth insures both.

Electors of Ward Five

Ladies and Gentlemen: Two years ago you elected me as one of your representatives at the Council Board. I trust my services have merited your approval and further confidence.

To the Electors of Ward Five

Ladies and Gentlemen: I have decided to offer myself as a candidate as Councillor in Ward Five at the forthcoming Civic Election.

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That One Pimple May Become Many

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