

Do This to Ease Sore Throat Instantly

Relieve Soreness in Three Minutes This Easy Way



1. Crush and stir 3 "Aspirin" Tablets in 1/2 glass of water. For quickest relief from sore throat you've ever known, follow directions above.

2. Gargle thoroughly—throw your head way back, allowing a little to trickle down your throat. Do this twice. Do not rinse mouth.

Relief will come almost instantly. For the "Aspirin" acts like a local anesthetic to ease throat pains; and at the same time soothes irritation and soreness.

Doctors endorse this treatment. For it provides a medication, and it DEMAND AND GET "ASPIRIN"

Notice of Mortgage Sale

To be sold by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown in Queen's County, on the 29th day of March A. D. 1936, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, A.M., that parcel of land situated on Lot or Township number sixty-five in Queen's County bounded and described as follows, that is to say: COMMENCING on the east side of the Line Road at the southwest angle of land in the possession of James Malone and running at right angles to said road and along the south boundary line of said James Malone's land for the distance of twenty-seven chains and fifty links to the rear line of land in possession of John Murphy and thence along the said rear line until it strikes land in the possession of Francis Malone and thence along the North boundary line thereof twenty-seven chains and fifty links to the said road, and thence along the said road sixteen chains and fifty links to the place of commencement containing fifty acres of land a little more or less and is the land mentioned and described in a certain indenture of Assignment made the eleventh day of March A. D. 1876 between Patrick McCarroll of the one part and Patrick Malone of the other part and as described in a Deed from the Commissioner of Public Lands to Patrick Malone bearing date the 29th day of December A. D. 1877.

The above sale is made under a Power of Sale contained in an indenture of Mortgage dated the eighth day of July A. D. 1925 made between Daniel Malone of Queen's County, Farmer and Ursula Malone his wife, of the one part and Alexander Coade of Queen's County, Labourer of the other part. Default having been made in payment of the principal and interest thereon secured.

Dated this 14th day of February, A. D. 1936. ALEXANDER COADE, Mortgagee. L-1022-15-22-29-3-7.

NOTICE

Until further notice my Store will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock.

M. McSWAIN, Kingston.

L-3349-3-4-7-11-14

The End of Vision Uncertainty

Lack of knowledge and uncertainty and neglect are responsible for every case of visual error that CONTINUES. To take advantage of facilities for improving vision, which exist everywhere, means the end of worry and uncertainty and the beginning of visual comfort and better general health.

G. F. Hutcheson

Professional Cards

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THE BLUE DOOR

by RACHEL MACK

On a highway leading from a southerly direction a small, unnoticeable automobile had just picked up a nail and blown a tire. The car, traveling rapidly at the time, was thrown smartly across the road and was partially wedged between a tree and a fence. The driver, its sole occupant, recovering from the shock of the impact, lifted himself from the steering wheel and rubbed his chest. His prodding hand found a sore rib that made him wince with pain. From a cut on his palm blood was trickling. He was the man who, some time before, had escaped from a place where the criminally insane are detained.

Climbing cautiously from the car, John Smith inspected the damage done. He could, he decided, get out of there, but first he must change the tire which had blown out. This he proceeded to do, getting the tools from the place he knew them to be, and applying the jack with fumbling, unaccustomed fingers. It took him all of an hour to do this, at last, weary from his exertions, he sat on the running board and smoked a cigarette while his mind wrestled with his problems.

His hand had started to bleed again. He wrapped the blood-soaked handkerchief tightly and frowned. He contemplated looking for a doctor in the next town, then decided against it. He could not afford to have any one recognize his picture, should it be published in the interest of his capture. No, better push on to Worthville. Better put himself in the old woman's hands.

"The old house is like a fort," he thought. "I could dig in there and stay indefinitely." A car was coming to a halt beside him. Breaks ground, tires skidded, and from the window of a gleaming coupe a tanned, hard, less young man leaned out and called pleasantly, "Can I help you?"

"Thanks, no," John Smith replied in a gruff voice, not his own. His hat was pulled low over his eyes. He partially concealed his mouth and chin by manipulating his handkerchief. He was unajured and called pleasantly, "Can I help you?"

"What you know about that?" exclaimed the young man, with surprised interest. "Well, you're lucky you didn't crash that tree." "Yeah," replied John Smith. He was narrowly evading the nonchalant, clear-cut young man whose gaze was so direct and who wanted to be helpful. He wondered why the young man looked vaguely familiar to him. After all, he, John Smith, had been in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Monday the twenty-third day of March 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 Petition closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Arthur McQuaid, Esq., Proctor for said petitioners.

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, at the store of Herbert Pizzell in Covehead aforesaid, and at or near Marshall's sawmill in Covehead aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof. Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this nineteenth day of February A. D. 1936 and in the first year of His Majesty's reign. (L. S.) (Sgd.) H. J. PALMER Judge of Probate L-3081-2-21-29-3-7-14

helped her put them away on the pantry shelves. Studying the ample outlay, Ruth suggested: "Suppose I make you a cake, Penny—A day-late birthday cake!" "My!" exclaimed Penny in surprise. "That would be grand. I can't recall when I had a cake—but can you cook Miss Elaine?" "I can cook better than I can play golf," replied Ruth impressively and with secret humor. "I learned it at school."

"I can't hardly believe it!" Penny marvelled. "You cookin' a cake? It looks like it's no end to the ways you surprise me." Ruth was collecting materials—eggs, flour, sugar, baking powder—and was locating a mixing bowl. "We'll put beaten egg whites in the icing," she said, "since you've got plenty of 'em." "Furgettin' the icing?" "Could you somehow make the icing pink Miss Elaine? I always thought it would be elegant to have a cake with pink icing."

"Why, yes," Ruth answered, after thinking over the pathetic request. "I can't recall when I had a cake—but can you cook Miss Elaine?" "I can cook better than I can play golf," replied Ruth impressively and with secret humor. "I learned it at school."

"We'll cut it tonight after supper," Ruth said, "while it's still soft and fresh." Later, after Penny had served Ruth and had cleared the supper table of the simple one-course meal, the cake was brought on. It was decorated with a peddle, it was ridiculous that it should be served by Penny rather than shared with Penny. She thought: "I know Elaine would never do it, but I'm going to ask her to sit down at the table with me, so we can eat together."

She did. The old woman, after a bit of demure, drew up a chair to the big walnut table and eagerly held out her plate for one of the soft thick slices. She had just begun to eat, wearing an blissfully happy expression on her face, when there came echoing through the house the sound of a knocker striking a door. Her jaws stopped in mid-air, as it were, while she hunched forward to listen. The knocking came again. Old Bertha laid down her cake and got up. "I'll go see who 'tis," she said. "It's likely a peddle. You wait here—" She lighted an extra candle and went out into the hall closing the heavy door behind her.

Ruth tasted the cake critically. It was light and fine textured and utterly delicious. Like a peddle, it was glowing with innocent pride in her culinary accomplishments. She thought, "I wonder if John McNeill likes cake?" She pictured herself stirring up one for him, standing in a big green and white kitchen with gingham curtains at the windows and ferns and geraniums blooming on the window sills. The fancied kitchen she wore a white linen house dress; a red ribbon was tied about her head. There was a stretch of smooth lawn visible through the windows, and an old-fashioned flower garden. Like the next door, Ruth imagined the driveway in his car, and jumping out and dashing into the kitchen and taking her in his arms and saying, "What! Baking another cake?" "But you know you like cake, John!"

When she realized that she was day dreaming in this sentimental fashion she blushed furiously and jumped to her feet. "I won't!" she told herself sharply. "I'll like him and enjoy him while I'm here, but I won't fall so hard I'll have a broken heart to carry away with me!" She began to collect the dishes and to take them to the kitchen. She forced herself to stop thinking of John. Instead, she disciplined her mind by recalling the most absorbing book she had ever read. The book was a fairly old one—Beau Geste—and if one of the attractive young men who faced peril in the Foreign Legion had John McNeill's face, she let it pass. At least there was no heroine in the story who looked like herself. "I drew hot water and washed the dishes. It was not until I heard Penny's returning footsteps in the big butler's pantry that Ruth realized how long the old woman had been gone. During the past half hour she had all but forgotten Penny's existence. "I saved you, you know, Penny," she said, "it's there on the plate. Whatever kept you so long?" (To Be Continued)

W. C. T. U. Notes

SHALL WE GO FORWARD

How shall we meet the challenger of wrong? With a supine, jackadassical song? Or, as we walk 'mid the human throng, Shall we push the plowshare of progress along? Forward the march, though painful and slow, Through semi-darkness—comparative glow— We can not fall but onward go 'Till level with heights that were seen from below.

From ignorance and and its heavy thrall, To divine inspiration for each and all; On our hearts we feel the message fall— Clear, pure-toned, high—a celestial call.

From chains to freedom—loosed link by link; Where knowledge calls we never shrink; Prejudice yields to less narrow brink, Horizon, widen—love, rise and think.

NANCY O. PARKE.

SIDE LIGHTS ON LAW ENFORCEMENT

When law enforcement is mentioned many people think at once a policeman. If a complaint is made against a policeman these people will at once conclude that the subordinate constable is not to blame, as no doubt he is obeying the instructions (whether aggressive or passive) of his superior officer, the chief while some would go so far as to intimate that all officer of the law may perhaps have a soft pedal order from the head legal administrator of the province, the Attorney-General.

We have every reason to thank God that we live in a democratic country, yet such reasoning as above mentioned would appear to reflect the mind of a subject of an autocracy. Perhaps we are not aware that the humblest constable, before being sent on duty, takes the same solemn oath as the higher lights in the realm of law enforcement. Has it ever occurred to you that you as a private citizen could co-operate with these men and women, and that your co-operation would always be appreciated?

If you knew that the home of your next door neighbor, or the corner grocery or your mother-in-law's chicken coup was being burglarized, your first thought would be to inform the authorities regarding the actions of this law-breaker. That would be an act of co-operation. But would you take the same interest to prevent the debauching of boys and girls and young people in your neighborhood by passing on to these authorities your knowledge or conviction that a bawky house at bootlegging joint or a gambling den was in progress there?

If every law-abiding citizen in Manitoba and Canada would make a solemn personal resolution to perform this simple duty our country would be cleared of all such law-breakers within a year. Try it. It works. — HATTIE L. LYONS, Supt. of Law Enforcement.

WOMEN EMANCIPATED

Recent accounts tell of girls in an eastern college laying aside the veil so long worn by the women of the Arab race. Still later news items tell of the Hindus deciding to remove from the facades of their temples the figures that have degraded and disgraced their worshippers. So much for the good. The most startling statement appeared recently in an article wherein the writer called attention to the fact that "the women of Russia are now so emancipated that they share full equality with men." Such an utterance must give pause to any right-thinking person. Emancipated? From what? Let us view the facts as revealed by eye-witnesses as printed in recent journals. These facts must be borne in mind—That pre-natal care and relief from hard work is accorded to all women for one month previous to the birth of the child and for three months after she cares for her baby. Then it is given over to State care and really becomes the chattel of the State and the mother is "Emancipated" from bestowing her love for, and guidance of her child. Kitchens controlled have in some areas "emancipated" her from preparing the dishes best liked by her family and developed a State menu. Doubtless State regulated recreations has given rise to a great diversity of choice of pleasure and interests. But it goes without saying that this must break up the unity of homes and make people mere puppets of fate. Home ties are further broken by the right of men to claim any woman as his own when the day's work is done; perhaps this is further emancipation but do not these facts teach us that we must more carefully guard the heritage that is ours. We must arouse ourselves to combat evil encroachments in our midst. Laxity in Sabbath Observance, carelessness in choice or reading matter, companionship, the growing use of cigarettes and liquor all send out a call: every Christian woman to sound out a warning and be on the alert to subdue evil in every arm. We can never afford to become lax in guarding our liberties and need to be more alert to discover the beginnings that lead to the disruption of our homes and the upsetting of our faith in God.

\$500.00 PRIZE FOR SOLVING FIVE SIMPLE LINES.....

EMPLOYEES OF THIS COMPANY AND MEMBERS OF THEIR FAMILIES NOT ELIGIBLE. First prize of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS CASH will be awarded to the entrant who puts the five lines in the authors' correct order. Each line is by an author of repute. There are no alternatives. If more than one correct answer is received the prize will be equally divided. No more than one prize to a person in each contest. Entries containing substitutes or additional words disqualified. Send solution on plain paper with your name and address on back of entry and envelope to address below. ENTRY FEE IS 25c FOR TWO ANSWERS TO ONE CONTEST. NOT MORE THAN EIGHT ANSWERS FROM ONE PERSON IN ANY ONE CONTEST. MINIMUM ENTRY FEE, 25c. Remit Entry Fee by coin, Postal Note, P.O. Money Order, Express or Bank Money Order, or Currency Note—Cheques and Postage Stamps are not accepted. Entries must be postmarked not later than Wednesday, March 11th. The correct solution of this competition under sealed cover has been deposited in the vaults of the Trusts and Guarantees Co. Limited, who also hold in trust the sum of Five Hundred Dollars for payment to prize winners. It is an essential condition of entry that our decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters. Keep copies of your entries for checking against published correct answers.

KOREKT-LINES THE EASIEST OF ALL COMPETITIONS

No. J.10—Rearrange correctly the words in the following lines: 1. A STITCH IN TIME NINE SAVES 2. GOD SAVE OUR KING GRACIOUS 3. JUST A SONG TWILIGHT AT 4. ROCK OF AGES CLEFT ME FOR 5. MAY DREAMS HOW YOUR BE LIFE

WINNERS IN COMPETITION 67—Thirty-six entrants succeeded in this competition by solving the five lines correctly and therefore share in the prize money of \$500.00. Cheques for \$13.85 are being mailed to each of the following: B.C.—Wm. Mott, New Westminster; K. Lambert Vancouver. ALTA.—Wm. Peterson, Three Hills; A. Giles, Edmonton; A. Clark, Calgary; Mrs. G. Beattie, Turner Valley. SASK.—Johannes—R. MacDonald, Mrs. W. Rivett, Mrs. E. Stacie, Regina; Mrs. J. Blondeau, Jaskin, M.A.N.—Mrs. H. Damsby, Winnipeg. ONT.—Kingston—Daisy Johnson, Mrs. E. Ballard, Mrs. E. Ballard, Mrs. E. Ballard, Hamilton; Mrs. E. Mainville, Cheltenham; G. Holmes, Havelburg; G. Yester, Niagara Falls; Miss M. Blue, Webbwood; Mrs. S. Stewardson, Newmarket; Mrs. Smith, Ottawa; Marie Wright, Weston; Toronto—S. Goslin, Mrs. A. Freeman, Wm. Cox, Alice Cox, Mrs. A. Harris, Hill, Mrs. E. Lawrence, QUB—Miss Jean Oddy, Westmount; R. Suddes, P.O. Val D'Or, N.S.—H. Dauphines, Bridgewater, W. Tupper, Digby; Plessa Ogilvie, Parrishboro; A. Cameron, Eureka; Mrs. G. Stuart, Upper Siewickie.

CORRECT ANSWER TO COMPETITION 68. 1.—A Stitch in Time Saves Nine. 2.—God Save Our King Gracious. 3.—Just a Song at Twilight. 4.—The Rock of Ages Cleft Me for Thee. 5.—May Dreams How Your Life. —Had Some Narcissi Flowers 1 saw (from "Narcissi" by J. Morton George). All entrants will be mailed a complete list of winners. WATCH FOR NEXT WEEK'S NEW CONTEST

KOREKT-LINES Co. Dept. Z Box 254, Toronto, Ont.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE URGE HEAVIER FINES FOR DRUNKEN DRIVERS

Toronto—Heavier fines are more frequent cancellation of motorcar licenses were urged in a resolution passed regarding drinking drivers at the recent annual meeting of the Sons of Temperance, Ontario, division, over which Miss Doris Parvis of Ramsley, the only woman ever to hold the position in Canada of grand worthy patriarch, presided. Juvenile work was announced as the outstanding factor of future programs. The importance of putting on a total abstinence campaign in the Province through public meetings, pledge signing and the formation of divisions was stressed by Dr. A. P. Brace, field secretary. Approval was expressed of the movement on foot to remove private profit from the manufacture of beverages as well as distribution. The Liquor Control Board was commended for the closing of beer parlors and wine shops on Thanksgiving Day. At a wine and liquor convention in Chicago some time ago, the chairman of a Women's Moderation League urged that the State should be more alert to discover the beginnings that lead to the disruption of our homes and the upsetting of our faith in God.

Lad Sets Mother's Pyre Ablaze in B. C. Hindu Cremation



Karmi had been separated from her husband, Karier Singh, for 13 years. In India she longed to come to Canada to join her husband and bring along her 13 year old son, Bhag. There months ago she arrived in Victoria. Stricken with pneumonia, she died. Karmi's body was taken to a sheltered nook in the Royal Oak burial park, where it was placed on a pile of cordwood, with an extra piece of wood for a pillow. A bouquet of flowers was placed near the head. Her countrymen and countrywomen, gathered around. The husband stood at the head of the pyre with his son beside him, and was photographed (as above) at his request. More wood was piled around the body until it was hidden from view. When the Hindu women in the gathering retreated to a distance from the gathering of men around the pyre, Karmi Singh, elder of the Hindu colony, with a flowing patriarchal beard that reaches near his waist line, began the funeral chant of the Siskar, the traditional lament of the race. As the prayers came to an end, the pile of cordwood enclosing the body was saturated with oil. Finally, Enag, the son, stepped forward and with a lighted stick (below) set his mother's pyre ablaze. HARDLY A COMPLIMENT My education cost me one thousand pounds. Yes, one doesn't get much for money nowadays.

FOR COLDS Head Colds; Head Mince; Croup; Sore Throat; Hoarseness; and Sore Throat; Heat, then rub well into affected parts. Real relief... quickly! MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT