

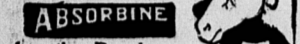
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that make a horse roar, wheeze, have thick wind or choke - down, can be reduced with



also other Bunches of Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 bottle delivered. Book 3 R free. F. Young, Inc, 141 Lyman Bldg, Montreal

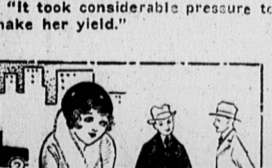
## SMILES



"It's rather stupid to give a bride a shower when she has a tub in her prospective home."



ONLY UNDER PRESSURE  
"Did she finally consent to it you kiss her?"  
"It took considerable pressure to make her yield."



SHY ON THE ROCKS  
"I don't believe you have grit enough to propose to a girl."  
"I've all the grit needed, my boy—I'm shy on the rocks."



WHERE SILENCE SHOULD REIGN  
Reggie: I have such a cold, Miss Sharpe, my head is just ringing with noises.  
Miss S.: I didn't know a vacuum ever transmitted sound, Mr. Sapp.



HER OWN WEIGH  
"Just think of Sophie insisting she weighs only a hundred and fifty. I told her she was silly."  
"I wouldn't argue it with her, dear—she's bound to have it her own weigh."

## MISS BROWN OF X. Y. O.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim (Copyright 1927 by E. Phillips Oppenheim)

Paul returned presently with their half bottle of claret. "I do not go any longer to the Cosmopolitan," he announced, a little abruptly. "When I added it up I found that it did not pay. I had to leave here too early and there were so many who did not understand the situation—who asked for me to dance with them and gave nothing."

"Like me," Miss Brown murmured. "And me," Frances echoed. He smiled down at them.

"Now and then of course I dance with my friends," he said. "It is always understood that I am permitted to do that, but at times I have been fettered by a head waiter to dance with a very unattractive stranger, and have danced with her five or six times, tried to improve her eyes, and then she has thought that all is well if she offers me a glass of wine. Can such a woman, I wonder, think that one dances with her for pleasure? However, I do better now. I have an engagement at a small night club which has just been opened."

"We will go there," Miss Brown suggested. "Perhaps you can find some one to dance with me."

Paul hesitated. "I have not quite made up my mind about the place yet," he confessed. "I have only been there twice myself. It seems all right."

"The police have never troubled you about that Charges street affair?" Frances inquired. He shook his head.

"I did not expect that they would. It would have been a very bad thing for Bretskopf if his name had got into the paper in connection with such a case. I think some of his friends have been looking for me, but they will find it hard to do me a mischief. I keep myself in training."

Their dinner was brought and Paul returned to his duties. His sister came and said a few polite words; his father rose in his place and addressed a courtly bow to them; Madame beamed a little sedately from her desk. Afterward they were left alone for a time.

"I am quite convinced," Miss Brown said, "that this young man is in love with you."

"I wonder whether he is," Frances reflected. "I watched his face when he saw us come in. It was boyish but very attractive. He never even noticed my new frock," Miss Brown added pathetically.

"If you want admirers," Frances began. "I don't. At least not casual ones."

"They have to be casual at first. I rather liked that young man Greatson. I think he'd approve of your new frock."

"I don't suppose Mr. Greatson has a thought to spare from his work just now," Miss Brown observed. "He's Abel Deane's private secretary, you know."

"I like young men who work," Frances admitted. "So do I," Miss Brown assented. "That's one reason I like Mr. Paul. Should you marry him, Frances, if he wanted you?"

"Why do you ask such foolish questions?" was the somewhat irritated reply. "He has his whole family to support, and I'm afraid he must find it a desperate struggle. His clothes are so well brushed and well pressed, but they're pitifully shabby. He confided to me last time I saw him that he asked at the Cosmopolitan to be allowed to wear a short coat and a black tie, as he couldn't afford a clean white one every night."

"Paul came over to wish them good-by when they paid their bill. 'If you would really care to come later and see what you think of my new show, I would be very glad to take you,' he suggested a little doubtfully. 'It is not the sort of place to which you could think of going alone. If you did not like or if I did not think it well for you to be there, you can come away at once.'"

"I'm sure we shan't want to," Frances declared. "Any sort of place where we can hear some music and get an odd dance will be delightful."

"We are going to a movie first," Miss Brown told him. "Shall we call round here and fetch you afterward?"

"It would be most agreeable," Paul assented. "Not before 11 o'clock though, if you please. We can take an omnibus, or if it is fine we might walk. It is only in the next street."

The movie was only moderately amusing. Paul was waiting for them when they returned to the restaurant, and walked between them toward the club—a protecting figure, his hand frequently respectfully touching Frances's arm as he directed their progress.

They climbed some crazy stairs, for which their escort apologized, and entered a not unpleasant looking room, with bright decorations and tables arranged round the walls adorned with colored lampshades. There was a small orchestra in one corner, an eager little manager, who approved of the appearance of Paul's guests, and insisted upon shaking hands with them, and several competent-looking waiters. They had their choice of tables, and Paul, who after a controversy with Miss Brown insisted upon being host, ordered a simple supper. Then he rose to his feet.

"Will you dance with me, please," he begged Frances, "before the people come? It would give me

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great pleasure. Miss Brown will excuse us, I know. She is so good-natured."

So Miss Brown, notwithstanding her new frock, sat alone in a corner for half an hour while Paul and Frances, very much to the admiration of the increasing company, danced. When they returned at last to the table, Frances looked unusually animated. Paul gravely offered himself to Miss Brown. Supper, however, was on the table, and a hovering waiter whispered in their ears that they had only twenty minutes in which to drink the bottle of wine, upon which Paul had insisted.

"If you have a chance afterward," Miss Brown said, "you must have your supper first, though."

A cheery frow followed. A good many theatrical celebrities fame in, some of whom Paul recognized and pointed out. Then his period of respite came to an end. He was sent for to dance and was able to make only occasional visits to their table. During one of these he directed Miss Brown's attention to a little party who had just come in. There was a glimmer in his eyes as he watched them. Malakoff appeared to be in charge, and with him were Bretskopf and Krasset, the third of the foreign envoys. They were accompanied by three elaborately dressed and coiffured and somewhat obvious looking ladies, and they made a great deal of noise as they took their places.

"That is the way the money of my poor peasants is being spent," Paul said sadly. "Look at the Jewels those women are wearing—all new within the last few days. They are habitues of the place and among the least welcome."

Miss Brown looked at his darkening face. "Promise me," she begged. "You need have no fear," he interrupted. "I am with you and Miss Austin. The man is safe unless he himself becomes objectionable."

Paul was summoned away and the girls proceeded with their supper in leisurely fashion. Presently all three of the newcomers were dancing. Miss Brown saw Bretskopf recognize Paul and scowl. A little later on, when Paul had found time to visit them again, Bretskopf and the girl who was sitting arm in arm with him, whispered together. The girl looked across and watched her and at Paul, who replied stiffly. She whispered to Bretskopf. An evil smile flashed into the latter's face. He sent for a waiter, who presently crossed the floor and approached Paul.

"A gentleman there wants you to dance with his lady friend," he announced. "You can tell him," Paul replied. "That my time is all engaged this evening."

The waiter hesitated. The message was an unusual one. He returned, however, and delivered it, Bretskopf's scowl deepened, and he beckoned to the manager. They talked together for a moment.

"Why don't you dance with my?" Frances whispered. "You can't be dragged away. I can pose as a client, can't I? You can say that you are taking me on cheaply because our steps match so well."

Paul shook his head. "Thank you, Miss Austin," he said. "It is very thoughtful of you, but this matter must be settled otherwise."

The manager came across to them. He was looking a little perplexed. He addressed Paul in friendly fashion. "The gentleman there wants you very much to dance with Mademoiselle Lola," he announced. "You have no objection?"

"I am sorry to say that I have," Paul replied. "I will dance with no one who is in the company of that person."

The manager frowned. The tone was new to him. "Who is the man?" he inquired. "Bretskopf—the revolutionary. Believe me, Mr. Maturan, I have excellent reasons for my refusal."

"It isn't usual, you know," the manager ventured. "The circumstances are unusual," Paul pointed out curtly. "The man Bretskopf is a scoundrel and a murderer. I will touch no one who has been in his company."

"They have ordered a very expensive supper," the manager gumbled. "No one spends money like these. However, I will see whether Mademoiselle Lola will be content with Alfred."

He departed on his errand of compromise. Bretskopf's face darkened as he listened to what he had to say. The girl leaned back fanning herself, with an amused smile. She shook her first playfully at Paul, who was finishing his supper calmly.

"I hope this won't mean any trouble for you," Miss Brown said. "I do not wish to lose my job here," Paul acknowledged. "I would sweep the streets if it were necessary to earn money—but there are things which are impossible."

The manager returned. He was obviously a little annoyed and had the air of a man tired of the subject. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you

## ALBERTON SCHOOL

Miss Fielding's dept. of A. H. S.—Grade X.—1. Ralph Larkin; 2. Joyce McArthur; 3. Jean Oulton. Grade IX.—1. Doris O'Brien; 2. Ethel Oulton; 3. Mary McQuaid.

## MORELL EAST SCHOOL

The following is the standing of Morell East School for February: Grade X. 1. Marjorie Webster; Grade VIII. 1. Teresa O'Brien; 2. Mary Hogan and Frances Compton (equal); 3. Francis Rungham; Grade VI. 1. Margaret Rungham; 2. Lucretia Thompson; 3. Vincent Tobin.

Grade V. 1. Marion Compton; 2. James Hogan; 3. John Aylward. Grade IV. 1. Elizabeth Hughes; 2. Augustus Walsh.

Grade III. 1. Elizabeth Mullin; 2. Margaret Aylward; 3. Leo Tobin. Grade II. 1. Lois Compton; 2. Helena Hogan; Daniel MacDonald, Teacher.

## VERNON SCHOOL

The following is the standing of Vernon School for the month of February: Grade X. 1. Helen O'Donnell; 2. Margaret Huntley; 3. Ruth Furness.

Grade IX. 1. Martha Enman; 2. Carmena Fraser; 3. Donald Huntley. Grade VIII. 1. Dorothy Furness; 2. Claude Henry.

Grade VII. 1. Mary Gorman; 2. Joseph MacDonald; 3. Louis Sullivan. Grade IV. 1. Irene MacDonald; 2. George Sullivan; 3. Gladys Huntley.

Grade III. (Sr.) 1. Margaret Sullivan; 2. Keith Dougan; 3. Margaret MacDonald. Grade III. (Jr.) 1. Lona Fraser; 2. William Martin; 3. Florence Fraser.

Grade II. 1. William Larkin; 2. Jay Sullivan; 3. May Martin. Grade I. 1. John Gratto; 2. Harold Dougan; 3. Guy Sullivan.

Perfect Attendance—Margaret Huntley, Mary Henry, Ruth Furness, Helen O'Donnell, Donald Huntley, Ruth Fraser, Carmena Fraser, Martha Enman, Irene MacDonald, Hazel Huntley, Gladys Huntley, Margaret MacDonald, Margaret Sullivan, Lona Fraser, Florence Fraser, Freddie Furness, May Martin, John Gratto.

## WEST ROYALTY

The following is the report for West Royalty School for February: Grade X.—1. Kathleen Curley. Grade IX.—1. Harry Lewis 2. Catherine Clabbe.

Grade IX (Jr.)—1. Richard Curley. Grade VIII—1. Betty Curley 2. Elizabeth MacDonald 3. Lottie Roberts. Grade VII (Sr.)—1. Hazel Hurry 2. Jean MacKinnon.

Grade VII (Jr.)—1. Eric Hurry 2. Stanley Hurry. Grade VI—1. Lillian Hurry 2. Gordon Roberts.

Grade V—1. Catherine Carson 2. Isabel Curley 3. Richard MacKinnon. Grade III—1. Raymond MacKinnon 2. John Bell 3. Ellen Curley.

Grade I (Sr.)—1. Ivan Fizzle 2. Budea Fizzle 3. Laura Hurry. Grade I (Jr.)—1. Maurice Curley 2. Helen Hurry 3. Ivan MacKinnon and Henry Hurry.

Perfect Attendance—Kathleen Curley, Betty Curley, Helen MacKinnon, Hazel Hurry, Jean MacKinnon, Eric Hurry, Catherine Carson, Lorne Hurry, Jack Bell, Bernard Trainor, Laura Hurry, Ivan Fizzle, Gerald Trainor, Henry Hurry, Helen Hurry.

Percentage of attendance—90.2. Bramwell Chandler, teacher.

to put away your prejudices," he said to Paul. "The gentleman insists. He points out that you are engaged here to dance, which is quite true, and he claims the right to engage you. He says that you can double your fee."

(To Be Continued.)

## ACCIDENTS!

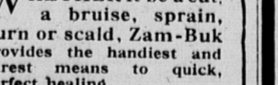
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## HARTSVILLE AND VICINITY

Mr. Alfred Cameron, Hampton recently visited here.

Mr. M. A. MacLeod, Granville, was here on a business trip Friday.

Mr. John MacLennan, Sr., was a recent visitor to North Wiltshire.

Mr. Baden Balderson, North Wiltshire, spent Sunday in Hartsville.

Mrs. Christie MacLennan is visiting in Milton the guest of Mrs. Cumming.

Mr. R. R. Jewel, and Mr. David MacLeod, spent the week end in Wiltshire.

Mr. Duncan MacIntosh, and Mr. Kenneth MacLeod, paid a flying visit to Wiltshire.

Mr. John A. MacInnis and Mr. John D. MacDonald were recent visitors to Darlington.

Miss Janet Nicholson and Mrs. Duncan Nicholson, were recent visitors to Hunter River.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Nicholson, spent Sunday in Clyde, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Emeritt MacLeod.

Mr. James Campbell, Cape Traverse, is visiting in Springton, the guest of Mr. D. A. MacIntosh.

Mr. Harold Cutcliffe, Cape Traverse, paid a flying visit to Hartsville, and reports the roads in good condition.

Mr. Murdoch A. MacLennan was a recent visitor to Charlottetown where he was the guest of his son, Mr. Albert MacLennan.

Mr. Russell R. Jewell was a recent visitor to Charlottetown where he was the guest of his brother, Mr. Herbert Jewell.

Mr. and Mrs. Cathel MacLeod, Bradabane, spent the week end in Hartsville, where they were the guests of Mr. John MacLennan, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. MacLeod, Charlottetown, were recent visitors to Clyde, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Everett MacLeod.

## FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale my Farm containing 96 acres of land, with 7 good buildings situated at Tryon, five miles from Carleton Sliding, and six miles from Albany, is one of the best farming sections of P.E. Island. Land has not been mussel-mudded and is ideal for growing potatoes.

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At North River on Saturday, March 24th, at 12.30 sharp of all stock, crop, implements and household furniture.

Registered Clydesdale mare, six years old (winner of eight first prizes); registered Clydesdale stallion, 3 years old, sired by Ballarat, (winner of two first prizes and championship in 1926); 9 choice dairy cows, 7 due to freshen before June 1st, 2 farrow, 1 pure bred Jersey bull calf, brood sow with brood of nine, six weeks old, 1 pig, 3 months old, sixty hens.

Binder, new (M.H.) hay cutter, rake, 2 wire cable hay lifts, with blocks and carrier, 1 truck wagon, 1 cart, 1 driving wagon, 1 wood sleigh 1 box sleigh, 1 driving sleigh, 2 single ploughs, and gang plough, Simplex separator, Fuller and Johnson pumping engine, 1 platform scales, work-harness, (double and single), driving harness, fanners, (Hall), spring and spike harrows, wheelbarrow, post hole digger, 25-foot rubber hose, double blocks and rope, numerous other small implements. Ford car, (run about 5000 miles) fur sleigh robe, milk cans, churn.

Crop—250 bushels seed oats, quantity of hay, straw, sheaf grain and turnips.

Piano, radio and other household effects, all furniture and stoves. No reserve, as farm is sold.

Terms of sale, 9 months credit on approved joint notes for all sums over ten dollars. Discount of 6 per cent per annum for cash.

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AFTER YOU have dressed your children, fed them, and sent them off to school, do you feel like going back to bed? Do you shrink from your daily task of dish-washing and house-cleaning? Are you tired? Discouraged?

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