

### Stop Night Coughs

One dose of Buckley's Mixture brings immediate relief and sleep returns. Keep it handy—acts like a flash on coughs, bronchitis and all throat and chest irritations. Stops coughing spells as soon as taken.

Wards off the more dangerous diseases—pneumonia, flu, etc.

All druggists sell Buckley's Mixture—"Strong" or "Modified" on a money refunded guarantee.

75c—40 doses



W. K. Buckley, Limited, 142 Mutual St., Toronto 2

### Life Insurance Salesman Wanted

High grade salesman to take over Charlottetown territory for well established Life Insurance Company. Must be go-getter and able to show results as producer and organizer. Address in confidence, with brief personal history, Box 116, Guardian.

### SMILES



LUCKY FOLKS Bird: My those folks are lucky That must be Florida in there.



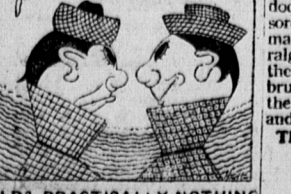
FEBRUARY O month, of all the year most brief! With you there's something wrong Though short your course we've found with grief Your bills are no less long.



He: I love you more than any thing on earth. She: With I could say the same of you. He: Why can't you? I did.



TOO GREEN TO BURN "Did the boss fire that greer hand?" "I hardly think so, I heard him say he was too green to burn."



COLD? PRACTICALLY NOTHING "Holy cow, ain't this a cold day? Down to zero I bet!" "Oh, that's nothing—why come at such a small degree of

# The YELLOW STUB

BEGIN HERE TODAY

HENRY RAND, 55, a business man, is found mysteriously murdered in a cheap hotel. The only clues are a woman's handkerchief and a yellow ticket stub from the Paragon Theater in Montreal. JIMMY, the murdered man's son, decides to go to Montreal until the mystery is solved. He and DETECTIVE MOONEY trace the ticket stub to a THOMAS FOGARTY, who proves an alibi and says he gave the ticket to a woman named OLGA MAYNARD. Jimmy and Mooney try to find her but they learn she has gone to Grafton, where the murder took place. JANET RAND, Jimmy's sister, breaks her engagement with BARRY COLVIN, and Jimmy, while in Montreal meets MARY LOWELL, who is instrumental in getting him a job. He is with Mary in a cabaret when he hears a man pronounce the name of Olga Maynard.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER II

Olga Maynard! He wheeled sharply in his chair and saw who had pronounced the name. The two men were looking across the room at a table in a far corner. Jimmy saw a girl sitting alone, smoking a cigarette. She certainly fitted Fogarty's description of Olga Maynard, he thought. Tall, blonde, highly rouged—he could tell that from where he sat. He stared at her.

Mary's voice cut in: "I think we had better go. Do you mind taking me home?" She had seen him start at the mention of Olga's name—had seen him stare across the room. There was ice in her tone.

Her words brought him suddenly to a realization that he had offended her. "Mary, I'm sorry, I was startled. Must we go now? We've only had one dance." He was thinking stalling for a time. It wouldn't do to let Olga Maynard see out of this sight now that he had found her. How could he talk to her with Mary present? He cursed the chance that had thrown the two of them together. If only Mary didn't insist on going there'd be some way of getting word.

"Are you coming?" asked Mary coolly. She had risen. He scrambled to his feet with a muttered apology. He was furious with himself. He saw Olga Maynard winking them as they passed her table near the door. He thought frantically of trying to give her some signal but didn't dare.

"Will you give me my vanity box, please?" They were standing in front of the hat checking room. He brought it out of his pocket. Mary took it and vanished into a dressing room. He tossed the hat checks to the girl behind the counter. "Be right back," he called to her and hurried straight over to Olga Maynard. "I beg your pardon," he said swiftly. "Your name is Olga Maynard isn't it?"

She surveyed him amusedly through half closed eyes. "Who wants to know?" she drawled. "I'm sorry—Will you meet me here in a half hour? Damn it, he cried impatiently at her quick look. "I'm not trying to make a date. It's important. Will you meet me?"

"Well, I like that! Where did you get hold of that line? Say, I'm with company myself, if you want to know. Here he comes now Mister. He nodded toward the door. He debated briefly whether to get hold of a policeman and have her arrested. He decided instantly against it. "Listen," he said desperately. "You meet me here tomorrow night. I've got a musical comedy job for you. A friend of mine told me a about you—Tom Fogarty."

"She started. "Say, who are you?" she asked. "Colvin—Barry Colvin," he flung back. "That was the first name he could think of. "I'll be here tomorrow night. Same time." "He was tipping the check room girl when Mary emerged from the dressing room. She was frigidly silent on the ride home. He was half tempted to do everything—why he was in Montreal and who Olga Maynard was—but on reflection he decided stubbornly not to. Back in his room, he threw his hat angrily on the bed, convinced that he had made a batch of things.

Olga Maynard met him. She kept him waiting half an hour, but she was worth it. He had accepted your resignation of the Rustico Egg Circle, the members of our business in hand may be summed up in three words, faithfulness to duty, a quality which, besides living most honorably, has made you a figure in the establishment and progress of one of our most successful industries. It was with regret that we have accepted your resignation of the Rustico Egg Circle, the members of our business in hand may be summed up in three words, faithfulness to duty, a quality which, besides living most honorably, has made you a figure in the establishment and progress of one of our most successful industries. It was with regret that we have accepted your resignation of the Rustico Egg Circle, the members of our business in hand may be summed up in three words, faithfulness to duty, a quality which, besides living most honorably, has made you a figure in the establishment and progress of one of our most successful industries.

He never doubted for a minute that she was coming. "Well," she said, sitting down at his table. "I'm here." He had risen. "It was good of you to come." He offered her a cigarette and lit one himself to hide his excitement. "She waited for him to speak. "Maynard," he began, "I lied to you last night about my name. It isn't Colvin. My name—he was watching her closely to observe the effect of his words—"is Rand. James Rand I'm from Grafton." "She betrayed no surprise. "Grafton's a good place to come from," she remarked dryly. "I've been there."

"Yes, I know you have. As a matter of fact, you were there week before last." "Say, who are you—Sherlock Holmes in disguise?" she said, half angrily. "I didn't come here to hear my history. What have you been doing—trying to get something on me?" "No, I haven't, but listen to me."

"You said," she interrupted, "you had a musical comedy job lined up. I'm interested. If you haven't, I'm not. Now tell me what's on your mind." "I'll tell you in a minute what's on my mind, but first I want you to answer a few questions. Tell me this—did you go to the Paragon Theater the evening of Nov. 25? That was a Monday night—the night before you went to Grafton."

"Yes," she answered. "You were there?" "Sure I was—looking for work—and I didn't find it. That's why I'm back. Take me out of here. I'm sick. I'll faint if I don't get out in the air."

"Where do you live?" Jimmy asked her. "I'll take you home." She gave him an address in Peel Street. "Come on," he said, "let's go out." He signalled to a waiter. He paid the check and took her arm. She leaned heavily on him as they walked to the door. "You've got to tell me all you know about this," he said to her when they reached the street. She was acting, was concealing something, he told himself. He continued: "If you don't tell me maybe you'll tell the police."

"You answer me!" He brought his hand smartly down on the table. "You shrugged her shoulders. "All right, Fogarty at least is telling the truth. Now then, did you ever hear of a man named Henry Rand?" "No." "Did you ever know a man named H. A. Jones?" "No. Say, for God's sake cut this out and tell me what it's all about! You'd think I'd murdered somebody, the way you act."

"Miss Maynard," he said, "that's exactly what you are expected of doing. "No—you're lying!" She sprang to her feet. Her eyes darted a look of rage at him. "You dirty dog!" she whispered hoarsely. "You're trying to get something on me. Why can't they leave me alone?" "Why can't you leave you alone?" he broke in. "You know who I'm talking about. You know very well. You can go to hell I'm leaving." She grabbed her pocketbook—a beaded bag.

"Miss Maynard," he took hold of her wrist, aware that they were nearly creating a scene. "don't go yet. Sit down and listen to me. You've got to." He was holding her wrist cruelly tight. She winced with the pain and sat down, he half forced her into her chair. "I'm not trying to get anything on you, as you say. You listen to these facts and see for yourself. Henry Rand was my father. He was murdered in a hotel in Grafton on Nov. 27. You've just told me you used Fogarty's ticket at the Paragon Theater two nights before. Well, the stub of that ticket was found in the room with my father. How did it get there?"

She was white beneath her rouge. She was gripping the edge of the table with her hands. "It's a lie!" She leaned toward him, tense. "It's a lie! I don't believe it!" "It's the truth. How do you suppose I know you used Fogarty's ticket? We found the stub and traced it down to Fogarty. He told the police he gave it to you." "The police—God! Do they know this?" "They're looking for you now. The landlady at your last address said you had left town. I was there."

"I tell you," she said, her voice strained and slow, "I don't know anything about it. It's a frame-up. How about Fogarty, if he knows so much? What to prevent him having a duplicate ticket made and planted? Where was he?" "He's already proved an alibi. He was not in Grafton when the murder was committed. You were." "Sure I was—looking for work—and I didn't find it. That's why I'm back. Take me out of here. I'm sick. I'll faint if I don't get out in the air."

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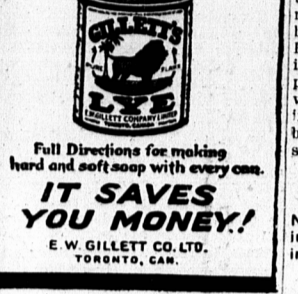
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### Make Your Own Soap!

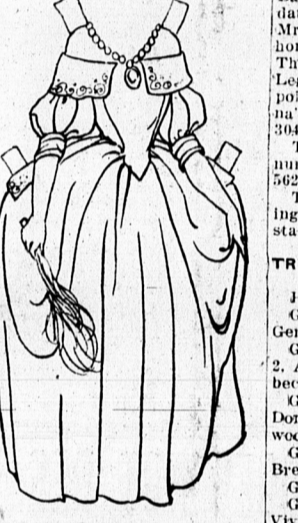
with waste fats and GILLETT'S PURE FLAKE LYE



Full Directions for making hard and soft soap with every can. IT SAVES YOU MONEY! E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, CAN.

### Beauty and the Beast

COLOR CUT-OUTS



A KIND ANIMAL Children who are saving the paper dolls which go with this story of "Beauty and the Beast" will soon have a complete set of all the characters. This one is a beautiful dress which the Beast gave to Beauty.

(When Beauty and her father at last arrived at the home of the beast, they were startled by a deafening roar and the beast appeared before them. "Do you offer your life in place of your father's of your own accord?" he asked Beauty. "Yes," she said, trembling. So the beast kept Beauty, and instead of taking her life, he made her queen over everything in his house. She wanted for nothing and every wish she voiced was granted immediately. She never saw the beast except at the evening meal and then he was very kind to her. But every night he would say, "Will you marry me, Beauty? And every night she would answer, "No, Beast."

(This beautiful dress which Beauty wore in the Beast's house is rose-colored with a golden lace collar. The jewels in her necklace are sapphires and her headpiece is of blue stones, too.)

Perhaps the greatest living authority on weather, points out that there seems to be a periodic variation extending over a term of 35 or 36 years. The variation, however, is slight. Seventeen or eighteen years of warm and dry weather are followed by seventeen or eighteen of cold and wet weather—the dry usually, but not always, coinciding with the warm years. The alterations of temperature and rainfall are not apparently of a nature serious to affect animal or plant life. This conclusion is borne out by much other testimony, such as the records of the grape harvest, the frequency of severe winters, and the dates when the rivers of Europe are open to ice-free navigation, which are known for 700 or 800 years.

(Canadian Press) MONTREAL, N. Y., Feb. 10.—Villages along the Canadian border shivered today in the coldest weather of the year. The lowest temperature 32 degrees below zero, was reported at Owl's Head. In Malone it was 24 below, Titusville 30 below, Mountain View 25 below, and Fort Covington 15 below.

### Coldest of Year

(Canadian Press) MONTREAL, Feb. 10.—Away in Ellesmere Land, within twelve degrees of the North Pole, on February 20, three officers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police will be listening on their radios for messages from friends and relatives in the world to the south of them. With them will be two Eskimos, who are also radio fans. The messages will be broadcast from the various stations of the Westinghouse Company in the United States. The police officers are Sergeant Joy and Constables Bain and Diersch and the Eskimos Panik-Jah and Nook-Ku-Ping Wa. The Eskimos act as guides to the police officials on their patrols up and down Canada's far flung Arctic possessions. In the summer of 1925, the Canadian government exploring ship "Arctic" under the command of the veteran explorer Captain Bernier of Quebec, called at Craig Harbor, Ellesmere Land. At that time Robert M. Foster, of Montreal radio operator on the Arctic, left the party radio sets of the short wave variety, which are capable of picking up the special transmissions broadcast from the Westinghouse station at Pittsburgh.

### Special Program For Radio Fans In Arctic

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### EGG LAYING CONTEST.

Notes on the P. E. Island Egg Laying Contest for the 14th week ending Feb. 6, 1926. Continued unfavorable weather caused production to remain at a low level, although there is a slight increase in the number of eggs over that of last week. The weekly production, however, is now 290 eggs less than for the corresponding week in last year's Contest. Mr. Talmage Foster's Barred Rocks lead for the week with 35.5 points (41 eggs). Mr. Connor's White Leghorns were second with 35.3 points (42 eggs). Mrs. Frank Halliday's Barred Rocks were third with 35.1 points (39 eggs). Mr. Talmage Foster's pen of Barred Rocks leads the Contest to date with a total of 412.7 points. Mr. Everett Howatt's White Leghorns are second with 338.2 points. The Experimental Station, White Leghorns, pen, is third with 330.2 points and Mr. Charles MacKenzie's Barred Rocks are fourth with 304.3 points. The total eggs for the week numbered 537. Total eggs to date 5628. Total points to date 4676.1. Two eggs were disallowed during the week as being under the standard.

### TRYON CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL

Honor Roll for January. Grade X.—1, Aletha Mabey; 2, Gertrude Howatt; 3, Edith Lord. Grade VIII.—1, Marion Howatt; 2, Asher Howatt; 3, Margaret Callbeck. Grade VII.—1, Charles Wright; 2, Dorothy Woodside; 3, Herbert Hayward. Grade VI.—1, Norman Wright; 2, Brenton Carr. Grade V.—1, Margaret Rosekison. Grade III.—1, Alice Pooley; 2, Vivian Dawson; 3, Alden Crossman. Grade II.—1, Lilla Wright; 2, Corinne Crossman. Grade I. (a)—1, Eric Robinson; 2, Calvin Howatt; 3, Elmer Mabey. Grade I. (b)—1, Ruth Robinson; 2, John Fell; 3, Roy Mabey. Perfect Attendance—Ella Rogerson, Charles Wright, Norman Wright, Herbert Hayward, Eric Robinson, Ruth Robinson, Alden Crossman, Clarence Crossman, Vivian Dawson, John Fell, William Fell.—Mildred Toombs and Bertha Carruthers teachers.

### FORTUNE COVE SCHOOL

The following is the standing of Fortune Cove School for the month of January. Grade VII.—1, Vera Brown; 2, Kier Brown. Grade VI.—1, Jennie Arsenault; 2, Doris Goughlan; 3, Arthur Gallant; 4, Fidele Gallant. Grade IV.—1, Alice Arsenault; 2, Francis Gallant; 3, Waldo Murray. Grade III.—1, Margie Arsenault; 2, Ira Wallace; 3, Allison Wallace. Grade II.—1, Emma Arsenault and Phoebe Peters equal 2, Lorne and Lloyd Yeo equal. Grade I.—1, Elizabeth Arsenault, 2, Roberta Wallace and Louise Gallant equal; 3, Ray Murray.—Mary J. Smith, teacher.

### STANLEY BRIDGE SCHOOL

Honor Roll of Stanley Bridge School for January. Grade IX.—1, Margaret Quinn; 2, Jean MacLeod and Evelyn Anderson equal. Grade VII.—1, Elmore MacKay; 2, Arthur Walsh; 3, Una Farish. Grade VI.—1, Paul Fleming; 2, Myrtle MacKay; 3, Margaret MacKay. Grade V.—1, Urban Walsh; 2, Geraldine Queen; 3, Preston Bennett.

# Make a quick get-away SHREDDED WHEAT is always ready to eat

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS MONTREAL TO TORONTO DETROIT CHICAGO INTERNATIONAL LIMITED Leaves Bonaventure Station, Montreal, 10.00 A. M. Daily. Ar. Toronto 5.40 P. M. Ar. Detroit 11.30 P. M. Ar. Chicago 8.00 A. M. OCEAN LIMITED Makes Connection Daily from all Maritime Province Ports. For Fares, Reservations, Etc., Apply to W. K. ROGERS City Ticket Agent 7556-2-5641. L. P. RITCHIE Ticket Agent, Station

## ROYAL MAIL

"The Comfort Route" TO EUROPE

Regular sailings of the famous O' steamers FROM HALIFAX, N.S. CHERBOURG SOUTHAMPTON S. S. "ORDUNA" March 8th THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY HALIFAX, N.S.

### AUCTION SALE Silver Sheen Foxes Ltd Annual General Meeting

OF CHOICE DAIRY CATTLE ON MONDAY, FEB. 15TH I have been instructed to sell for Arthur B. Roberts on his premises Winsloe Road at 1 o'clock sharp: STOCK:—1, Jersey grade cow, just freshened; 1 Jersey grade cow due to freshen Feb. 13th; 2 Jersey grade Cows, due to freshen March 18th; 2 Holstein Grade Cows due to freshen April 5th; 1 Ayrshire grade Cow, due to freshen May 13th; 1 Ayrshire grade cow, due to freshen in May 20th; 2 Milch Cows not in calf; 1 Fat Cow; 1 Heifer, 15 mos. old; 1 Sow due April 4th; 6 Fall Pigs. Also 1 Driving Mare, 8 years old; 1 General Purpose Mare; 100 bus. Red Potatoes, 50 bus. mixed feed, quantity of hay. If any not fine sale will be held Wednesday the 17th. Sale Positive. Terms made known at sale. ALEX. MCGRAE Auctioneer 7600-2911wa.

### NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that John Angus Darrach, of Dunedin, in the County of Queen's, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, Farmer, will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the present session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from his wife, Jane Darrach, of Dunedin aforesaid, Married Woman, on the ground of non-consummation of his marriage with her. Dated at Charlottetown, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, this 5th day of January, A. D. 1926. Thompson, Cote, Burgess and Thompson 122 Wellington St., Ottawa, Canada Solicitors for the Petitioner 7371-221-151.

### Mistaken Identity

MOSCOW, Feb. 10.—Investigation today proved that the body of the woman found in the snow in one of Moscow's principal streets last Saturday was not that of Princess Oubenskaya, as reported by the police, but that of Helen Vassil'evna Dubinskaya, of Vladivostok. The mistake in identity was due to the fact that both women appeared in the police records as drug addicts, both were reported missing and there was marked facial resemblance between the two. "Been burglarized, eh? How about that camera you had set for such an occasion?" "That was all right. The camera no doubt took the burglar, but hang it all the burglar took the camera."

# Quaker Flour

Always the Same—Always the Best

For flaky pastry, delicious cakes, and large, light loaves of bread.

A product of The Quaker Mills, Peterborough and Saskatoon