



Dear Peggy,
I went! And
Bill told me I looked
like a million dollars!
My complexion now
would truly make
the apple blossoms
blush for shame.
My dress was pretty
swish too! She
secret? — I
kept a bottle of
Campana's
Italian Balm
in the kitchen for
a month, and rubb'd
some on my face
and hands every
time I turned a-
round. Campana's
is surely an anti-
dote for laze-
worked hands.

Marie.



NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the share holders of the Hazelbrook Dairying Co., Ltd. will be held at Hazelbrook on Wednesday, January 16th at 2 p. m. All patrons are cordially invited to attend.

A. W. JONES Secretary

819-1-5-101.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the shareholders and patrons of the New Perth Dairying Co., will be held in the Factory on Tuesday, the 15th of January, 1924 at 2 o'clock p. m.

ALEX. HAMILTON, Pres.
WM. CAIN, Secretary.
New Perth, Dec. 30, 1922.
789-1-4(tue)31.

Professional Cards

S. S. Hessian
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
Etc.
MONEY TO LOAN
Montague P. E. Island

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

Palmer & Palmer
H. J. PALMER, K. C.
Barrister, Etc.
Money to Loan
Bank of Nova Scotia Building
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

MacDonald & McPhee
B. A.
I. A. McDONALD H. F. MCPHEE
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Barristers, Attorneys, Etc.
Money to Loan
Riley Building
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Dr. C. C. Archibald
Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate
Medical School and Hospital
Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose
and Throat
Office Bayer Building, Great George
Street
Telephone 500-5.
Office Hours—12 to 5 p. m. 1 to 5 890-11-31.

MA JONG

COUPON

From the Charlottetown Guardian

Please find enclosed 50c for the Ma Jong Game as announced.

Name _____ Address _____

BLACK-OXEN

Published by arrangement with Associated First National Pictures, Inc. Watch for the screen with Corinne Griffith as Coquette.

SYNOPSIS

All New York society is talking of the beautiful young woman who has been seen at every first night performance recently. She is said to be the image of Mary Ouden, a belle of thirty years ago who had married a Count Zattiani; but all attempts to establish her identity prove futile, Clavering, a newspaper columnist, finally manages to meet her—and they immediately fall in love. He asked her to marry him and this finally forces her to reveal her identity. She herself is Mary Ouden, her youth restored by the famous Steinh gland operation.

To Clavering she tells the whole story of her unhappy marriage, her subsequent love affairs abroad, her husband's death, of her war work and its toll of her health, and finally of the operation in Vienna which has brought back her youth of body if not of mind. Clavering is shocked at the revelation, but his love is undiminished. He wants her to marry him immediately, but finally consents to wait two months. Meanwhile, he settles down to writing a play, while Mary enters again into the social life of which she had been a leader in her youth. The papers are full of her story and she becomes quite the rage.

Her popularity among the men, however, arouses the resentment of the youngest women, those of her own apartment, and they take the occasion of one of her dinner parties to manifest their hostility.

(Continued)

"It will be heavenly," Gora made up her mind at once that she would waste no more ingenuity to stop this marriage. Its modernity appealed to her, and she foresaw new impulses to creation. "The American Scene," conceivably, might grow monotonous with time; and with these daily recruits bent upon describing its minutiae with the relentless efficiency of the camera. And with all her soul she loved beauty. With the possible exception of Bavaria she knew Austria to be the starting of nature.

Once more she chose to believe this woman would manage Clavering to his own good, and to the satisfaction of his friends, who, as she well knew, were alarmed and alert. They were too polite to show it, but much of their enthusiasm for the marriage was directed toward the knowledge that she was a scientific phenomenon. Fundamentally the brilliant creative mind is quite as conservative as the world, or the inarticulate millions between, for they have common ancestors and common traditions. They feared not only to lose him, moreover, but had begun to ask one another if his career would not be wrecked.

Miss Dwight concluded that such an uncommon and romantic marriage might be a spur to Clavering's genius which might weaken in the conventional marital drama set in the city of New York.

She rose and for the first time kissed Madame Zattiani. "It will be too perfect," she said. "Let me visit you in summer when he is rehearsing. He can arrange to have his first nights in September, and then write his next play in Austria, filling his time while you are absorbed in politics. Heavens, what a theme! Some day I'll use it. Perfectly disguised, of course."

"And I'll give you points," said Mary, laughing. She returned the other's embrace, but when she was alone she sighed and sank back in her chair, without picking up her book. Miss Gora Dwight had given her something to think of! The last thing she wanted was a serial honeymoon. She wanted this man's companionship and his help.

Cream Will Clear a Stuffed-up Head

If your nostrils are clogged and your head is stuffed because of nasty catarrh or a cold, apply a little pure, antiseptic cream into your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage, soothing and healing swollen, inflamed membranes, and you get instant relief.

Try this. Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store. Your clogged nostrils open right up; your head is clear; no more yawning or snuffling. Count fifty. All the stuffiness, dryness, straggling for breath is gone. You feel fine.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Orwell Dairy Co., will be held in the Orwell Cove Hall on Tuesday, Jan. 15th, 1924 at 1.30 p. m.

F. F. DREELAN, Secy.

MA JONG

COUPON

From the Charlottetown Guardian

Please find enclosed 50c for the Ma Jong Game as announced.

Name _____ Address _____

But she had slowly been forced to the conclusion that Clavering's was a mind whose enthusiasms could only be inspired by some form of creative art; politics would never appeal to it. In her comparative ignorance of the denaturalized brain, she had believed that a brilliant gifted mind could concentrate itself upon any object with equal fertility and power, but she had seen too much of the Sophisticates of late, and studied closely the too many of his moods to cherish the illusion any longer. Playwrighting seemed to her a contemptible pastime compared with the hideous facts of life as exemplified in Europe, and she had restrained herself from an angry outburst more than once. But she was too philosophical, possibly too fatalistic, not to have dismissed this attitude eventually. Clavering could not be changed, but neither could she. There would be the usual compromises. After all, of what was life made up but of compromise? But the early glow of the wonderful dream had faded. The mistress was evidently the role nature had cast her to play. The vision of home, the complete matchlock, had gone the way of all dreams.

XLII

She was not sorry to forego the doubtful luxury of meditation on the sadness of life. When Miss Trevor's card was brought to her she told the servant to show her up and bring tea immediately. She was not interested in Agnes Trevor, but at all events she would talk about her settlement work and give a comfortably commonplace atmosphere to the room in which tragic clouds were rising. As it had happened, Mary, during these past weeks, had seen little of New York women between the relics of her old set and their lively Society-loving daughters. The women between forty and fifty, whether devoted to fashion, politics, husbands, children, or good works, had so far escaped her, and Agnes Trevor, who lived with Mrs. Vane, was practically the only representative of the intermediate age with whom she had exchanged a dozen words. But the admirable spinster had taken up the cause of the Vienna children with enthusiasm and raised a good deal of money, besides contributing liberally herself. She was said to have been a beautiful girl, was now merely patrician in appearance, very tall and thin and spinsterish, with a clean but faded complexion, and hair-colored hair beginning to turn gray. She had left Society, but she was still a woman, and devoted herself to moralizing the East Side.

She came in with a light step and an air of subdued bright energy, very smartly but plainly dressed in dark blue tweed, with a large black hat in which a wing had been accurately placed by the best milliner in New York. Her clothes were so well-worn, and her grooming was so meticulous, her accent so clean and crisp, her manner so devoid of patronage, she subtly remote, her controlled heart so kind that she perennially seemed the humor, rather sloppy, preternaturally acute, and wholly unartistic young ladies of the East Side.

Mary, who had a dangerous habit of characterizing people in her Day Book, had written when she met Agnes Trevor: "She radiates intelligence, good will, cheeriness, innate superiority and uncompromising virginity."

"Dear Mary!" she exclaimed in her crisp bright tones as she kissed her amiable hostess. "How delightful to find you alone. I was afraid you would be surrounded as usual."

"Oh, my novelty is wearing off," said Mary dryly. "But I will tell them to admit no one else today. I find I enjoy one person at a time. One gets rather tired in New York of the unfinished sentence."

"Oh, do," Mary's quick eye took note of a certain repressed excitement in the fine eyes of her guest, who had taken an upright chair. Lauging did not accord with that spare ascetic figure. "And you are quite right. It is seldom one has anything like real conversation. One has to go for that to these of our older women who have given up Society to cultivate the intellects God gave them."

"Are there any?" murmured Mary.

"Oh, my dear, yes. But, of course, you've had no time to meet them in your mad whirl. Now that these of our older women who have given up Society to cultivate the intellects God gave them."

"I'm afraid it's too late. I shall in a fortnight."

"Oh!" Miss Trevor's voice shook oddly, and the slow color crept up her cheeks. But at that moment the tea was brought in.

"Will you pour it out?" asked Mary.

"I'm feeling rather lazy," of course," Miss Trevor was brightly acquiescent. She seated herself before the table. The man retired with instructions that Ma-

The Wonderful BREATHEABLE REMEDY



All Dealers 50c. 50c. and 1.00 from The Pape Co., Toronto.

Mary watched her closely as she stirred the tea with a little brown sugar. The warm, sweet, distributed the lemon and then poured out the clear brown fluid.

"Formosa Oolong," she said sniffing daintily. "The only tea I hate people who drink scented tea don't you? I'm going to have very strong tea, so I'll wait a minute or two. I'm—rather tired."

"You? You look as if you never relaxed in your sleep. How do you keep it up?"

"Oh, think of the life the young woman lead. Mine is a quiet little life in a country road by the water. But—"

"The last word came out with the effect of a tiny explosion. It evidently surprised Miss Trevor herself, for she frowned, poured out a cup of tea that was almost black, and began sipping it with a somewhat elaborate concentration for one so simple and direct of method.

"I'm afraid good works are apt to grow monotonous. A sad commentary on the triumphs of civilization over undiluted nature." Mary continued to watch the torch bearer of the East Side. "Don't you sometimes hate it?"

She asked the question idly, interested for the moment in probing under another shell hardened in the mould of time, and half-hoping that Agnes would be natural and human for once, cease to be the bright well-oiled machine, she was by no means prepared for what she got.

Miss Trevor gulped down the scalding tea in an almost un lady-like manner, and put the cup down with a shaking hand.



"Oh, think of the life the young woman lead. Mine is a quiet little life by comparison."

"That's what I've come to see you about," she said in a low intense voice, and her teeth set for a moment as if she had taken a bit between them. "Mary, you've upset my life."

"I suppose you have troubles of your own, dear, and I hate to bother you with mine—"

"Oh, mine amount to nothing at present. And if I can help you—"

She felt no enthusiasm at the prospect, but she saw that the woman was laboring under excitement of some sort, and if she could not give her sympathy at least she might help her with sound practical advice. Moreover, she was in for it. "Better tell me all about it."

"It is terribly hard. I'm so humiliated—and I suppose no more reticent woman ever lived."

"Oh, reticence! Why not emulate the younger generation? I'm not sure—although I prefer the happy medium myself—that they are not wiser than their grandmothers and great-grandmothers. On the principle that confession is good for the soul, I don't believe that women will be so obsessed by—well, let us say, sex, in the future."

Miss Trevor flushed darkly. "It is Miss Trevor. That's what I am—a maid. Just that and nothing more."

"Nothing more? I thought you were accounted one of the most useful women in serious New York. A sort of mother to the East Side."

"Mother? How could I be a mother? I'm only a maid, and even down there. Not that I want to be a mother—"

"I was going to ask you why you did not marry even now. It is not too late to have children of your own."

"Oh, yes, it is. That's all over nearly. But I can't say that I ever did long for children of my own, although I get on beautifully with them."

"Well?" asked Mary patiently. "What is it you do want?"

"A husband!" This time there

The Middle Ground

By Marion Rubinsam. A LETTER FROM JANE Chapter 73

Out of all this trouble, Amy Talbot had acquired sympathy with other people, and with other people's problems—and a conviction. The conviction was that she had failed.

She wanted, with all the desperation that only a mother can feel for her children's happiness, to see Jane and Donald safely away with each other—that much she had done; to bring Claire and Luther together—there she had failed; and to prevent Amy from making a mistaken marriage, there she was bound to fail. Amy, she felt sure, was secretly engaged to Adam Arnold.

Meantime, as consolation, she mind-pictured Jane and Donald on their honeymoon. When the sight of Jane's empty chair brought a little ache to her heart, she would fancy the two sitting together on a shadowy deck, watching the waves of the ship, hand in hand, while they looked out over the mysterious moonlit ocean.

This was the sort of thing she had read. The fact that Jane and Donald were desperately shy about their recent marriage, and that they almost avoided each other in public to prevent any suspicion that they were "bride and groom," did not occur to her. In fact, had she known that during the long, lazy hours when they might have been looking into each other's eyes, Jane curled up in one chair reading a book of Donald's on tropical fevers, and Donald sat in another chair studying the philosophic writings of St. Augustine, she would have been extremely disappointed.

Jane's first letter arrived in a month. It bore the postmark of a small port in South America and, according to Jane, was picked up there by a fast steamer. North of Havana, where mail is shipped to Florida and catches a fast train to New York, so you'll get this in no time," she wrote cheerfully.

"Donald and I have been married nearly two weeks and I don't feel married at all! I only hope he doesn't! When I see him sitting and staring moodily at the day after cold spasms of fear, thinking he may already be regretting trying himself up to me—so I go off to the other deck and stay hours and hours reading, until he comes and hunts me up. I think that's an excellent idea."

"We have avoided young married couples on board, and I'm observing that the idea of faults of conduct, I do believe married people stick together entirely too much—there's one young woman who never leaves her husband's side, or lets him go away for more than a few moments. She even sits in the smoking room when they play cards and loses face by work, and he can sit still hours now, without jumping up after ten minutes to walk up and down."

"I could have told her that, and I'm not a doctor," Mrs. Talbot exclaimed out in a point. "I was reading the letter aloud at break fast to Luther and Amy."

"I could have told her so—myself," Amy put in. "It proves we all know more about other people's affairs than they do themselves."

Amy had been called early in order to hear the letter read, and in her blue gown and cap with trailing ribbons, she was drinking a great deal too much coffee to wake herself up.

"The mother continued—"

"We've another week before we land at Buenos Ayres, meantime making several ports of call—that's how they speak of these odd little seaside towns with lovely views."

Mary felt a faint sensation of distaste, and wondered if she were reverting to type as a result of this recent association with the generation that still clung to the distastes and the disclaimers of the nineteenth century. Why didn't you marry when you were a girl? I am told that you were quite lovely."

"I hated the thought. I was in love with a man, but I had a sort of cold purity that was not of the era. The bare idea of—that nauseated me."

"Pity you hadn't done settlement work first. That must have knocked prudishness out of you, I should think."

"It horrified me so that for several years I hardly could go on with it, and I have always refused to mix the sexes in my house down there, but, of course, I could not help hearing things—seeing things—and after a while I did get hardened—and ceased to be revolted. I learned to look upon all that sort of thing as a matter of course. But it was too late then. I had lost what little looks I had ever possessed. I grew to look like an old maid long before I was thirty. Why is nature so cruel, Mary?"

"A husband!" This time there

For Refreshment

when fatigued, try a cup of

"SALADA" TEA

Always so pure, fresh and delicious.

TENDERS FOR MATERIAL

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until noon on Thursday January 17th, 1924 for the supplying of material required at the undermentioned places, on or before March 15th, next, ensuing.

1. At Charlottetown or F. O. cars at local stations for Hillsboro Bridge:
2. At Vernon River Bridge:
3. At Douse's Bridge, Lower Mainpeque Road:
4. At Gillians Bridge, Kildare:
5. At Goffs Bridge, Lot 6:
6. At South West Bridge, Lot 8:
7. At Doughty's Bridge, Lot 6:
8. At South West Bridge, Lot 8:

MORTGAGE SALE

There will be sold by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building, at Charlottetown, in Prince Edward Island, on Monday, the 21st day of January, A. D. 1924 at the hour of twelve o'clock noon—ALL THAT parcel of land situated lying and being at Auburn, Township Number Thirty-six, in Queen's County, Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows: being on the east side of the Monaghan Road and bounded on the north by land of Patrick C. Quinn on the east by the division line of Lots Numbers Thirty-six and Thirty-seven, and on the south by land of James J. Trainor, and containing sixty acres of land a little more or less, being land formerly owned by George Burnett and lately by Charles Trainor: ALSO ALL that other tract of land situated at Auburn, Township Number Thirty-six aforesaid, lying on the east side of the Monaghan Road aforesaid, bounded on the north by land of John S. Grimes, and on the east and south by land of Michael Burns, and containing fifty acres of land a little more or less, being part of one hundred acres of land conveyed by "The Commissioner of Public Lands" to the late Charles Trainor by deed bearing date the thirteenth day of March, A. D. 1888: ALSO ALL that other tract of land, situated at Auburn, Township Number Thirty-six, bounded and described as follows:—Commencing on the west side of the Monaghan Road, at the southeast corner of James Welsh's farm, and thence west one hundred chains, thence south eight chains, thence east to said Road, and thence north to the place of commencement, containing eighty acres of land a little more or less, being thus described in a deed from "The Commissioner of Public Lands" to Francis Quinn, bearing date twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1881.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the 15th day of July, A. D. 1919, and made between John Francis Quinn of Auburn, in Queen's County aforesaid, farmer, of the first part, and George Dixon, of Highfield, in Queen's County aforesaid, farmer, and Ada Dixon, of the second part, default having been made in payment of the interest secured thereby.

For further particulars apply at the office of McLean & McKinnon, solicitors, Royal Bank Building, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Dated the 24th day of December, A. D. 1923.

GEORGE DIXON and ADA DIXON
Mortgagees
879-12-28-P741.

LETTER OF SYMPATHY

Letter of sympathy to Mr. John Waye and family.

The members of the Methodist W. M. S. of Hunter River wish to convey to you and your family their deepest sympathy in the loss of your devoted wife and mother. We will miss her in our meetings where she was always found when

Trapper Finds Vicks Handy For A Host of Ills

Mr. C. Phoenix: "I am very pleased to recommend Vicks VapoRub. I am a hunter, trader and trapper, also a fisherman. I use Vicks VapoRub in place of liniments, because it is very handy to carry and always gives such quick relief for small animal and insect bites, and for chapped hands and feet. My boots would blister my feet and I rubbed it on them and it made them just right. When I go trapping next fall I will have plenty of Vicks VapoRub in my kit. I call it the 'Trapper's Friend.' I have not had a cold all winter and I go out all the time and sometimes stay out all night with my traps."

Vicks VapoRub, the discovery of a Southern Druggist, is a combination in salve form of Camphor, Menthol, Eucalyptus, Thyme, Turpentine, etc.

Absorbed through the skin and at the same time inhaled as a vapor, Vicks reaches immediately inflamed congested air passages.

It is the modern direct treatment for all cold troubles, the successor to goose grease, camphorated oil, liniments, poultices and plasters.

Used for croup and children's colds, Vicks gives remarkably quick results and also avoids nauseating internal dosing. Just is good for cuts, burns, bruises, bites, stings.

At all drug stores, 50c a jar. For a free test size package, write Vicks Chemical Co., 344 Paul St. W., Montreal, P. Q.

Though Vicks is new in Canada it has a remarkable sale in the States. Over 17 million jars used yearly.

Short Course in Agriculture

A short course in Agriculture will be held in the hall at Bridgetown, beginning on Monday evening, January 14th at 7.30 p. m. and continuing each afternoon and evening until Friday, January 18th at 7.30.

Agricultural subjects of local and general interest will be fully discussed. Everyone welcome.

892-1-11-tstwt41.

LIVE STOCK

D. J. Carmichael, Elliotvale, 1 Imported Holstein Bull 3 years. Chas. N. Black, Bedeque, 1 Shorthorn Bull, 4 years. Dan G. McCormack, Launching, 1 Ayrshire Bull, 3 years. McRae Bros, Wiltshire, 1 Ayrshire Bull, 21 months. R. Roy Howlett, Annandale, Lot 56, 1 Shropshire Ram Lamb.

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Lobster Fishermen Attention

We are open to contract to purchase Live Lobsters for delivery at our Tignish Run and Sea Pond factories, during Spring Season 1924.

THE STRAITS FISH COMPANY, LIMITED
Point de Chene, N. B.
A. F. Davison, Managing Director.
824-1-7-101.