

SMILES

BY GENTLE



It takes a load off a man's chest when the moving is done.



HE'D BUY 'EM IF SHE'D WEAR 'EM

Wife: John, I positively ought to have more clothes.

Hubby: I'll say you ought! An I'll buy 'em if you'll wear 'em, my dear.



SOMETHING OF A NAG

"Isn't your wife a little hoarse?"

"Well, she's something of a nag."



He: Going abroad this summer?

She: No. I'm going to make my old husband do another year, I guess.

IDLE ISLAND

By Ethel Hueston

THE STORY

At the unexpected touch and pressure, he threw himself back in his seat suddenly and looked at her. For the first time she saw his face. She never knew how she reposed the cry of horror that rose instinctively to her lips at the sight of him. She had never seen him before. The face was sly, vicious, hard, the most evil face of all she had seen that night.

It was not Rand. She was alone at sea with the murderer's band. Her flesh crawled upon her quivering nerves as she shrank back. She was sure he could not fail to hear the great pounding of her heart in her throat, the sob on her lips.

Rand, Rand!—The name beat in her ears, throbbing in her pulses. Sheer terror, panic seized her. She grew frantic in terror and despair. She edged away from him, farther, farther, until she reached the door, where she peered out into the dim corridor. Now and then sounded the whir of bells below; the spit of steam and the pound of the engines increased.

The corridor was empty, dimly lighted. Gay edged outside the door and stood a moment uncertainly. Doors down the corridor, to the right and the left. One stood open—a cabin—there were chairs, a desk, bright lights. If only she could gain access to some passenger, some traveller, she thought she could not fail to gain protection. Gay slid slowly along the wall until she was beyond sight of those in the smoking room. Then, with a desperate flying leap, she gained the open door, the shelter of the cabin. It was empty of occupant.

Steps sounded on the stairs leading up to the smoking room, a voice called out. Gay flashed a frightened glance about the room. Beneath a shelf of books along the wall of the cabin a wide bunk was made up, the blankets turned back. Beneath the bunk showed a foot locker. But the bunk was wide, and Gay was not large. With movements quick as thought itself, she squirmed under the bunk at the foot, behind the locker, and wriggled up until she was out of sight from the room. In the silence she moved up a little, so that she could stare out from behind the shadow of the foot locker.

The cabin was unusually large, with a bath adjoining. The desk was covered with books, papers, writing equipment. There was a typewriter. On the walls were files of papers, more books, professional instruments, and on a row of hooks were coats, caps, uniforms—men's things. Gay's heart sank. It was a man's room, a seaman's room. There was gold braided on the cuff of the coat on the walls, four stripes.

"Oh, dear heavens," gasped Gay "It is Garman's cabin!" Her eyes swam dizzily, her head reeled. Garman—who didn't stick at murder—poor Blakely—

Instinctively, half realizing what



"Come On In, Ingram—Cold as the Devil."

she was about, she started to shudder out from beneath the bunk. But she was stayed by sudden noises, steps and voices in the Corridor. "Bring us coffee, Burt—Come on in, Ingram—Cold as the devil." The voice was deep, assured, with a pleasant quality in the depth. Between the two men, Ronald Ingram and the captain, stepped quickly into the room, pulled off their gloves and wraps, drew chairs up to the desk, their backs to the bunk. Gay, crouching there in her stuffy woolen garments, watching them furtively, one eye riveted to the captain between the trunk and the great boot. A large figure, broad, not tall, with a massive head, and dark soft hair in great abundance. The face was like the face of a saint, mild and spiritual, very dark. The lashes of the eyes both mild and kind, Gay's fairs filled a little at sight of his benevolent face. He busied himself with the papers until the boy came with coffee, which both men accepted in silence. As soon as he had gone, the captain took up the business in hand: "Papers all right?" "Fine. Best set he ever turned out. Feet."

The captain studied the papers again.

"Pulled a boner bringing that fool Besser on board," he said softly. "What am I to do with him?"

"Sorry, but I had to bring him. I snooping about, and I didn't know how much he had picked up."

"Why didn't you?" The captain's gentle voice trailed off suggestively.

"Two reasons, and both d—d good ones. We couldn't get rid of him in

YES

you can easily make the most delicious Cakes, Biscuits, Doughnuts, Cookies, etc. with

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



MADE IN CANADA CONTAINS NO ALUM E. W. GILLETTY CO. LTD. TORONTO, CAN.

My God, I'll never forget poor Blakely, and how he kept coming in on every wave. That cove, I tell you, is a trap. The tide gets nothing out, brings everything back—Five times since Blakely came in—the men cursing and praying—crossing themselves—And at the last we had to keep him there in the shack till he rotted. I tell you, Ronnie—Besides," he said, "this was my bargain with you. I told you in the beginning that I stuck at murder, and I still do. D—d if I'll kill them unless I have to."

"A good preacher was lost in you, Ronnie," the captain said affectionately. "You've got a conscience—or a weak stomach—same thing—Why, what's one crook more or less in a world full of 'em?"

"Blakely was no more a crook than I am," Ronald muttered doggedly. "The captain laughed jovially. "Well, bless us, boy, what else are you? Come have more coffee—You've got the blues." He touched the bell. The captain glanced at the list of names in his hand. "Bring Mr. Rivers," he said to the seaman who answered.

"There's a reward of three thousand for him, but he had plenty on him, so I said five."

One of the men from the Little club came in, his hat in his hand. The two officers nodded to him curtly, without offering him a chair. He laid his papers before the captain.

"John D. Rivers. London. Passports, visas, birth certificate everything O. K.—Ninety dollars, Mr. Rivers. I understand you are going home on this old freighter because of the economy—Sorry we can give you no better accommodations," he said suavely, but we do not cater to passengers, really—Fare, ninety dollars.

The man Rivers without a word counted out five thousand from his wallet, and laid it on the table. Ingram handed him a receipt for the money.

One after another the men from the Little club were ushered into the captain's room, their papers examined with great attentiveness, their money taken—usually fat rolls of bills for which a form receipt was given in exchange.

When the last man had gone out the captain figured swiftly on the back of an envelope for a moment. Then, detaching a small amount from the heap in his open drawer, he counted out a portion of it, and put it in a section of the wall safe besides the desk.

"One thousand eight dollars for the good ship Roger Williams," he said. "Twelve stalwart passengers at ninety dollars a head."

The rest of the money he tucked quickly into a steel box, and touching a secret spring in his table fitted the box within it, closed it again. "And for the brains and blood behind the Roger Williams—a wee mite more," he said laughingly.

They smoked for a moment in silence. The captain poured fresh coffee. "The papers were good," the captain said in a tone of satisfaction. "My getting better and better—We may need to keep a friendly oversight on him. He's getting almost to good. Well, let's turn in, I'm tired. You look the face on the bar-room floor, Ronnie. Cheer up. Things are looking up to heaven. That takes care of everything, doesn't it?"

Up to instant they both paused, on the edges of their chairs, for a final pull at their cigarettes. And in that moment Gay wriggled out from beneath the bunk silently and took one firm but fearful step toward them.

"It—doesn't take care of—me," she stammered weakly.

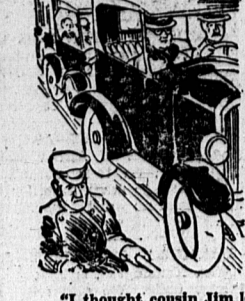
CONTINUED

Always Safe! Fletcher's CASTORIA Children Cry For It! A pure vegetable preparation to relieve common baby ailments, such as constipation, colic, gas, colds, etc. Genuine Castoria bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Argumen

AUNT HET

BY ROSE QUINN



"I thought cousin Jim looked right in his coat, except he didn't have a cigar stub in his mouth."

POOR PA



"I wish Betty's beau would leave so I could go downtown. I'm afraid if I start while he's here, he'll volunteer to take me."

CANADIAN LISTED AS DESERTER CLAIMS HE WAS PRISONER OF WAR IN GERMANY CAMP AT TIME

VANCOUVER, Jan. 17.—Colonel R. J. Orde judge advocate general, department of militia and defence, commenced investigation yesterday of the claims of former Sergeant John William Cooke, who seeks \$3,225 pay and allowances from the government for the period of the war when he was listed as a deserter from the 47th Battalion, and which time he claims he spent as a prisoner of war in Germany. Cooke was denied the right to sue the department of militia and defence and the present investigation was granted in lieu of legal action.

Cooke's Army Record

Cooke said to-day that he joined the 47th Battalion in New Westminster in April 1915. He is an old Imperial army soldier. When the 47th went to France in June, 1918, he was the fourth division, Cooke was left behind as an instructor and later went to Seaford. He said he went to France with a draft in May in 1917 and joined his old battalion as a sergeant. In October 1917 he was invalided to England with a poisoned leg. After treatment, but before his sick leave was up, he claims he was recalled to the British Columbia reserve regiment at Seaford and sent back to France. Before his second departure for France Cooke claims he had "troubles" with Major Bruce and the commanding officer ignored his "general complaint" and demoted him to the ranks on the night before the draft sailed. Arriving at La-Havre he found himself on the roll as a private and his papers were missing. Colonel Orde said Cooke's record showed he was reverted to the ranks on February 20, 1917, for inefficient. Cooke denies this.

Captured by Germans

After awaiting for his papers at La Havre, Cooke said he was sent to the line and joined the 25th Battalion at night. Next morning they went over the top and he was captured. He thinks this was at Passchendaele. Cooke said everything was done in such a hurry he did not know much about the unit except that it was the 25th and Colonel Slater was the officer commanding. He fell into a German machine gun position and was taken prisoner along with two or three others. Colonel Orde said that his diary of the 25th showed that the battalion was at Merricourt, 125 miles south at that time and that Colonel Blais was in command. No Colonel Slater had ever commanded the battalion. Cooke then related that he was taken to a German prison camp where he and another sentenced to 15 and 10 years imprisonment respectively for kicking a German guard. He later escaped and subsequently lost his memory until he came to his senses in an English nursing home in July or August, 1920.

PRESENTATION AT BRISTOL, LOT 40

On Tuesday evening, January 8, the box-holders of Bristol Mail Route No. 1 assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hammond MacEwen, and presented them with the following address and (\$20) twenty dollars in gold. The address was read by Miss Mabel O'Brien, the presentation being made by Mr. Joseph Macdonald, Bristol, P.E.I. January 8, 1929. Mr. and Mrs. W. Hammond MacEwen Dear Friends:— One again—the ever-swinging pendulum of time has brought to a close another Gregorian year. With the passing of the old and the advent of the new, came to us the tidings, that you, dear friends, as our partners were to be with us no



Janet Gaynor (Fox) and the bathroom her loveliness inspired

Smooth skin all-important... leading directors declare

THE innocent loveliness of petal-smooth skin can set heart-strings vibrating!

When the close-up reveals the full charm of the screen star's smooth, soft skin, a thrill of emotion grips the audience.

Famous directors say screen stars must keep their skin so smooth that even under the merciless glare of the close-up it is lovely.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap. There are in Hollywood 451 important actresses, including all stars. 442 of these use this fragrant, white soap. All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. You, too, will love the smoothness it gives your skin.



LOUISE BROOKS, beautiful star, says... "Lux Toilet Soap gives the skin a lovely smoothness."



MARY PHILBIN (Universal) says... "A star's skin must have marvelous smoothness—I entrust mine to lovely Lux Toilet Soap."

LUX Toilet SOAP... 10¢

Queen's County L.O.L. Meeting

The annual meeting of Queen's County L. O. L. will be held in Tanton Lodge Room on February 5th at 11 am. ANDREW E. DOLLAR, Secretary. 4234-1-29-31.

WE DO NOT SAY 3 Crown Tea Is the best Tea you can buy. We leave that to you to say when you try it.

Farm for Sale at York The subscriber offers for sale his farm of 74 Acres at York in Queen's County, conveniently situated, one-quarter mile from Railway Station—72 acres in a high state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to WALTER F. DOCKENDORFF, York.

or MacKinnon & McNeill, Solicitors, 90 Great George Street, Charlottetown. 4156-1-24-tis 2wks. As another dawn broke the eastern horizon, the boxholders made ready for home, from every corner came the murmur "The Best Yet."

The Saving Flour! Its superior strength makes Purity go farther than ordinary flours. It is perfect for all your baking—cakes, pies, buns and bread—so the one flour sack only is necessary. Try Purity Flour to-day—it is certain to please you. PURITY FLOUR Send 30c in stamps for our 700-recipe Purity Flour Cook Book.



It's Growing!

The shoulder-length bob is taking a real place among fashions of the hour for the younger set. In many high schools and colleges, more than half the girls are letting their hair grow to the new length. This style is worn by New York City girls is shown in the above photograph of Miss Edna Rabbe, 1925 Avenue G, Brooklyn.

Miss Rabbe says: "I am certainly delighted that I let my hair grow to the new length now that I have found a way to keep it easily manageable and attractive. My hair is ever so much fluffier and more vigorous than it has been for a long time. And it is free from all traces of dandruff, now. I attribute its improvement to the method I am using to care for it. It's so popular among the girls in my set, all we do is put a little Danderine on our brushes whenever we use them. This makes my hair so easy to dress any way I want it and holds it in place as I arrange it. Danderine soothes my scalp and keeps it and my hair so clean, I don't need to shampoo more than twice a month, now. And all my friends admire the way it makes my hair so bright and sparkling." Danderine does more to bring out the natural color, the gleam and lustre of your hair, than shampoo or brilliantine. It removes that oily film from it, gives it new life and lustre. It cleanses and invigorates the scalp; helps overcome dandruff. Danderine is delightfully fragrant; isn't oily, doesn't show. All drug stores have the generous 50c bottles.

Administrator's Sale

By auction of all household effects at 273 Fitzroy Street, Tuesday, Jan'y. 29th at 1.30 o'clock sharp, consisting of parlor, dining room, bedroom and kitchen furniture, one piano, four old swinging mirrors, 2 old chests of drawers, 1 old reception chair, lot dishes, beds, bedding, oil cloths, one carpet square, new, tables, chairs, paintings and engravings, and everything in and about the premises. Nothing reserved. Sale starts positively on time. Nothing reserved. Terms cash.

W.M. McNEILL, Adm. Estate late Annie Scantlebury. J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.

AUCTION SALE

I will sell by Public Auction at Robinson's Island on Jan. 20, 1929, commencing at 1 o'clock, quantity of stock consisting of: 1 Grade Holstein Cow, 10 years old, due to freshen in May. 1 Grade Holstein Cow, 9 years old, newly freshened. 1 fat cow 1 heifer 15 mos. old 3 spring calves. 14 sheep, 1 ram 1 boat, engine and dory And numerous other articles not mentioned. All sums \$5.00 and under, cash; over that amount 8 mos. credit on approved joint notes. 6% off for cash.

WILLIAM ROBINSON, Auctioneer. 4147-1-23-25-28-29

Professional Cards

Mark R. McGuigan B. A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

McLeod & Bentley J. A. BENTLEY W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law Office: 183 Richmond Street MONEY TO LOAN Charlottetown, P. E. I.

McDonald & McPhee B. A. J. A. McDONALD H. F. McPHEE B. A. BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN Riley Building Charlottetown

Stewart & Lowther J. D. STEWART, K. C. N. W. LOWTHER BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. 84 Great George Street MONEY TO LOAN 7021-1-4-tf.

Bell & Mathieson R. E. BELL D. L. MATHIESON L. L. B. Barristers, Attorneys, Etc. MONEY TO LOAN 8-18-411mo

Dr. D. T. Wayne DENTAL SURGEON 130 Richmond Street Charlottetown, P. E. I. Office Hours Phone 543 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.

FACE TERRIBLY DISFIGURED

Pimples Itched and Burned. Cuticura Heals.

"I had a breaking out of pimples on my face, neck, shoulders and arms. They itched and burned so badly that I had to scratch, causing severe irritation. My clothing became soiled and I could not sleep on account of the irritation. My face was terribly disfigured. The trouble lasted about four months. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After about the fifth application there was a marked improvement so I purchased more, and in four weeks I was healed." (Signed) Miss Millie Dickout, Brown's Cove, Ont., Sept. 15, 1927. Use Cuticura to clear your skin. Sample Soap Free by Mail. Address: Cuticura Dept., P.O. Box 1024, St. Paul, Minn. Cuticura Shaving Soap, 25c.

LIVE HOGS

We are taking live hogs daily, excepting Saturday, paying highest market prices. Davis & Fraser

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED E. W. TAYLOR J. S. TAYLOR Optometrists 142 Richmond Street