

Old Dutch Cleanser chases dirt—



DIRTY

and safeguards your family with Healthful Cleanliness

Old Dutch Cleanser homes are healthful homes

Old Dutch Cleanser protects your home with Healthful Cleanliness because it removes the dangerous invisible impurities as well as the visible uncleanness. Old Dutch chases all dirt—none is left behind.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch. To the eye it looks like a fine powder but through the microscope you see thousands of flaky, flat-shaped particles of distinctive character. These particles possess natural detergent qualities—they erase the dirt.

This drawing of a highly magnified Old Dutch particle illustrates how completely and safely Old Dutch works. Being flat-shaped, these particles make a perfect contact with the surface. They make a clean sweep and leave the surface smooth and free from scratches. Old Dutch doesn't harm the hands.

Old Dutch doesn't scratch. Avoid damaging grit. This drawing shows a highly magnified particle of hard, scratchy grit at work. Being of irregular shape the sharp, hard points dig into the surface and leave scratches which not only mar its beauty but are lodging places for dirt and impurities.

Made in Canada



TO RE-DECORATE BUILDINGS BY PRESSING BUTTON

NEW YORK, N. Y., Feb. 3.—The possibility that homes, public buildings and theatres may soon be completely re-decorated every day by merely touching a button was demonstrated recently before illuminating engineers, scientists and representatives of the electrical industry at the opening of the new ballroom of the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn.

The application of the third dimension in color lighting makes possible thousands of color combinations and patterns upon walls painted plain white. These colors and patterns remain stationary or continuously merge by means of a remote control board.

LOOSE LIONS IN ENGLAND

LONDON, Feb. 11.—British United Tigers and Lions stalking about without restraint upon a

large space of English ground, that is the prospect opened up by the scheme for a vast open-air zoo, which will be at Whipsnade, Bedfordshire, only 32 miles from London.

Separate enclosures will, of course be provided for the different species. In providing these and the necessary ditches it is understood work will be found for about 300 men for more than two years.

Some details of the scheme have been given by D. Seth-Smith, curator of the Zoological Society.

"This method of keeping animals in captivity," Mr. Seth-Smith said, "will be perfectly safe. The actual plans of the enclosure are still very much in the air, and it is difficult to give details of the way in which the public will be protected.

"It is probable that the dykes will be somewhere in the neighborhood of 12ft. deep. We know just how far a lion or tiger can climb or jump, and our plans will be made accordingly, with a wide margin of safety.

"Our idea," he added, "is to breed animals and birds in conditions as nearly natural as possible, and towards that end we are doing away with cages and iron bars.

"It is our belief that under these conditions we shall be able to improve the stock immensely. Trees and foliage will be imported from the native lands of the animals and everything done to make the park as 'homely' as possible.

It is probable that Whipsnade Park will be opened towards the end of next year, although work on the 500 acres of ground will not be completed for several years.

They may look alike—but



It's the quality inside a pair of shoes—not their appearance—that counts most. Lamps also look alike but if you seek the greatest value for current consumed you will buy Edison Mazdas.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

A CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

An Attic... Salt-Shaker

CHATTY WEEKLY BUDGET OF STORIES ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE

W. ORTON TEWSON

A LINCOLN birthday laugh: When Lord Lyons was British Minister at Washington, he called one day at the White House to officially announce the birth of the Duke of Clarence, only to find President Lincoln completely exhausted following a Cabinet meeting. Not to be denied, however, the diplomat began: "I have the honor to announce to your Excellency that her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales, etc."

THE speech over, he paused, expecting some sort of a response. None came. Lincoln seemed almost as if asleep. So Lyons began again, and finished. Still no response. Realizing the absurdity of the situation and having hard work to keep his face straight, the British Minister got off to a third start.

THEN Lincoln appeared to wake up. As the speech ended, he leant forward and giving Lord Lyons—a confirmed bachelor, mind you—a playful dig in the ribs, exclaimed: "Bravo! Glad to hear of it! Go thou and do likewise!"

AN OCCASION on which the late King Edward, when a student at Cambridge University, got "fed up" with all work and no play to say nothing of the "royal cotton wool" in which he was wrapped and decided to have a day in London "doing things he was not authorized to do" is amusingly described by Michael MacDonagh (in "The English King.") One day Edward was missing at the University. It was found that he had gone to London on an express train. A telegram was sent to Buckingham Palace.

THE express pulled into Paddington station. The young Prince alighted to find himself confronted by the station master and two royal servants who conducted him to a carriage in waiting. Seeing that the game was up he entered the carriage and said sarcastically to the footman: "Drive me to Exeter Hall"—then the well-known home of evangelistic services.

He was driven instead to Buckingham Palace.

ANOTHER story of King Edward's Cambridge days survives. Goldwin Smith had been lecturing on Elizabethan statesmen, and especially on Sir Walter Raleigh. At the end Edward said to him:

"I think, sir, that you have forgotten Raleigh's most important gift to his countrymen."

"What was that, sir?" asked Goldwin Smith.

"The introduction of tobacco," was the reply.

All through his life Edward was a devoted smoker.

THE PRINCE was even more anxiously shepherded on his visits abroad. During his tour of the United States, he stayed at the White House, the guest of President Buchanan, who would not allow dancing. No wonder (says Mr. MacDonagh) Edward was detected letting himself down by a rope from his bedroom window!

It is related that his grandson, the present Prince of Wales, when he visited the White House, was told this story and shown the bedroom by President Wilson. Evidently the Prince could, from his own experiences, appreciate his grandfather's feelings, for turning to the President with an assumed air of sadness he asked:

"Would a twisted sheet do as well as a rope?"

THE evening before H. G. Wells sailed for home after attending the Washington Disarmament Conference, several years ago, he visited with the Joseph Pennell at their studio apartment on the top floor of a skyscraper on Brooklyn Heights.

The view out of their windows from the Ocean, with New York across the river, Pennell declared to be "ten times more wonderful" than the view he had of the Thames from his Adelphi Terrace, London, studio windows, and he used to rave about that.

HOW Wells was struck dumb—"he turned his back on Mr. Ambassador Egan, also here, and shut up, fancy!"—by the view is mentioned in a letter, from Pennell to his London publisher. Then Mrs. Pennell herself in her "Life and Letters" of the distinguished artist) says that Wells, after he had long stood inarticulate (something unheard of for Wells) turned and said:

"Pennell, I wouldn't want to paint this—I wouldn't want to draw it, there are no words for it. But, for the first time, I wish I were a musician

that I might play it."

CYRILMAUDE—now in first class health again and planning an early return to the stage—tells a story about an elderly lady with whom he acted for many years and who always got a "little bit tight" on a Saturday night.

"I used anxiously," he says, "to make my dresser watch at the stage door for her arrival and let me know how she seemed."

"She's very bad tonight, sir," he would say. "She patted the cab 'orse when she drove up the door. She's always extra bad when she pats the cab 'orse!"

ANOTHER of Mr. Maude's stories is about a quaint old actor named Blakely, with whom he appeared in "London Assurance" early in his career. It seems that Blakely had to be kicked by Maude in the course of the play's action. At the first rehearsal Blakely offered his colleague a most tempting target and the latter took full advantage of it.

Arthur Bouchier, who was also in the cast, at once stepped forward and explained to Maude the proper way to kick anyone on the stage—that is with the side of the foot instead of the toe.

Blakely bent down for Bouchier to show how it should be done, and after the kick, turned round and said genially:

"Yes, I prefer Bouchier—Maude's such an earnest actor!"

A GENIUS in her own right, Mrs. Carlyle suffered from being the wife of a genius. "I can't bear to be thought of as only Mr. Carlyle's wife," she once said. She delighted to tell "before company" anecdotes that made him ridiculous. But it was always the fun that was uppermost. One of her best and oft-told stories related to an occasion "when I did not get the last word,"—which she considered a wife's perquisite.

"We need a garden roller," she would say, "and a neighbor had one to sell. So I sent Carlyle to buy it; and he went and bought it, and reporting to me what he had done, concluded, 'The lady of that house is a handsome woman.' 'O, Carlyle! I cried, 'she isn't. And I explained to him how very absurd it was to suppose a woman like her handsome. He only replied to me, 'She is a most handsome woman.' 'Carlyle, Carlyle! I cried again, 'she isn't. I tell you, and I copiously explained to him how he was talking nonsense. He listened patiently to a long rignarole, and I believed I had convinced him—till it ended. Then he dumbfounded me by his final delivery—'She is the most handsome woman I ever set eyes on.'"

THOMAS A. EDISON, who will be eighty-three on February 11, used to be able to write the Lord's Prayer in a circle the size of a dime. My authority is the late Edward W. Bok who tells in his reminiscences how on one occasion he saw the inventor actually do it. It was many years ago when one day Edison looked at young Bok—then in his first job—quizzically and asked:

"Have you the Lord's Prayer in a handy form so that you can carry it around with you and read it, as you should, every day?" Bok shook his head in the negative.

A DIME was produced and Edison proceeded:

"We take this dime so, and he placed it on a piece of paper, and then we draw a circle around the edge; close, see, so that the circle is just as large as the outside of the dime. There. Now, then, what do you think I am going to do? I suppose you have asked yourself, 'What has all that got to do with the Lord's Prayer?' Well, I don't blame you, I'm getting old, son, do you know it? Getting talkative. Sure sign."

"NOW, then," he continued, his fine thoughtful face wreathed in smiles. "I'm going to write the Lord's Prayer in that circle for you. Sure, you think I can't do it, hey? Well, you watch."

"And," adds Mr. Bok, "he did, as I watched him as only a boy could watch and see an unbelievable miracle wrought in his presence."

WHEN Edison had finished he said: "Now, of course, you can't read it with the naked eye, but it's all there, every word and comma and dot. Just see if it isn't."

He fished out of his pocket a small magnifying glass, which was his inseparable companion, and handed it to the amazed lad.

"With breathless interest," says Mr. Bok, "I thought the glass and every word in the Lord's Prayer came before me."

AMONG Eugene Field's special friends was Sol Smith Russell. Field and Russell were fellow dyspeptics, so Gene used to take particular delight in relating the story of how one night, after having given a performance in New York City, Russell went into a restaurant about midnight and ordered a repast of bread and milk. Nearby he spotted an oldtime actor named Parsons attacking with marvelous gusto a plate of corned beef and cabbage.

"MERCIFUL heavens," Parsons, cried Russell. "How dare you fill yourself up with such victuals at this time of the night!"

"Oh I can stand it," replied Parsons, happily.

"But my dear fellow," expostulated Russell, "do you know how long it takes corned beef and cabbage to digest?"

"No, I haven't the remotest idea," said Parsons.

"Well, I happen to know," said Russell. "It takes five hours—five solid hours."

"Oh, that's all right," said Parsons. "I've got just about that much time to devote to it."

Moncton Airport Mail Centre For Maritime Provinces

MONCTON Feb 11.—Moncton's facilities as an air mail centre was further demonstrated Saturday, when orders were received at the local post office from Ottawa to inaugurate a daily service (Sunday excepted) to Summerside and Charlottetown, P. E. I. The new service will go into effect this morning, when at 10:25 o'clock Pilot Fleming will take off from the local airport conveying beside the regular mail, messages of congratulations from the city officials to those of the island centres which will be linked up in the mail service.

The Moncton airport has handled more mail matter than any other airport in Canada, and besides the new service to the Island, a weekly service will also be given to the Magdalen Islands, while the five days a week service will be continued between Moncton, Saint John and Montreal. The weight of mail carried from the Moncton airport now exceeds that of any airport in Canada, and will be greatly increased with the additional services now being put into effect. Mails of the Maritime Express and the Saint John train, will be rushed to the airport, while Moncton will also be the central distributing point for the mails taken off the night trains from Nova Scotia and other points.

The mail plane in command of Pilot Walter Fleming will take off from the Moncton airport at 10:45 a. m. and will arrive at Summerside at 11:15 a. m. and at Charlottetown at 11:35 a. m. This will mean an advance in the delivery of the Island mail of from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. The service is designed to handle only letters and newspapers at the ordinary rates of postage.

It is interesting to know that since the Moncton to Montreal service went into effect on December 9th only seven trips have been missed, and those only on account of the heavy snow and sleet storms. In fact many of the trips were made during storms the pilot flying entirely by compass, the visibility being such that flying blind was the only manner in which the pilots could reach their destination. Since January 15th not a trip has been cancelled on this route and 92 percent of the trips have been made since the service was inaugurated, and they were all carried out on schedule.

Very Itchy Pimples on Face For Years. Healed by Cuticura.

"For years I was troubled with pimples and blackheads. The pimples were hard, large and red and affected my face. Some of them fissured and caused eruptions, and at times were very itchy. I tried all kinds of remedies without success. I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using it purchased more. In about a month I could see that it was helping me, and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Lois Love, Ridgedale, Saskatchewan. See the Ointment in the Tubes and Soap over everywhere. Sample each free. Address: Cuticura Dept., P. O. Box 1024, Lowell, Mass.

Don't live to regret HALF-CLEAN TEETH!

More surface brushing isn't sufficient protection—it takes Colgate's penetrating foam to wash away particles from tiny crevices where decay starts.



25¢

ECONOMICAL!

The 25c. tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand at that price.

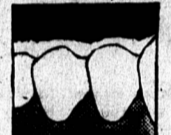
Here is why Colgate cleans better

The real test of a toothpaste, say dentists, is "How well does it clean?"

For no dentifrice can do anything but clean. Claims to "cure" pyorrhea; acid mouth; soft gums are all false and misleading, according to high dental authorities.

Colgate's cleans best—because of the remarkable action of its unique penetrating foam which sweeps down into the tiny crevices of teeth and gums where food particles collect and where ordinary pasty dentifrices can't reach.

Don't risk half-clean teeth by leaving these crevices uncleaned. Use Colgate's which not only polishes the outer surfaces of teeth, but gets down into the hard-to-clean places, cleansing and purifying—giving your teeth an extra protection exactly where it is most needed.



Clearly magnified picture of space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the cause of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low surface-tension) penetrates deep down into the space between teeth, cleaning it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



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Leading fox ranchers have demonstrated that, in addition to meat, it is absolutely necessary to feed a liberal supply of IMPERIAL BISCUITS daily during the winter season, in order to keep the bowels regular, and also to ensure the females having an adequate supply of milk during the lactation period.

IMPERIAL COD OIL BISCUITS are made from a formula which has been prepared with these results in view and which reliable tests, extending over a considerable term of years, have proved to be signally successful.

Ranches, which have continued the feeding of IMPERIALS regularly in winter, have had the largest litters of young foxes and also the highest average of pups raised to maturity; in addition, they have practically eliminated the destroying of young by the females.

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